



The Black Dahlia Hoax

by Noel Joshua Hadley

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PART ONE:

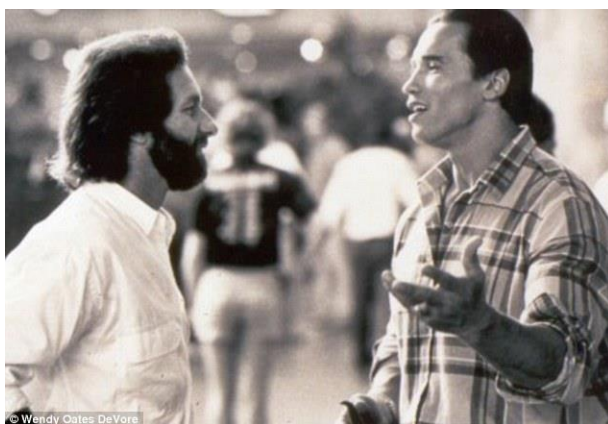
The Girl *Was* a Mannequin

A YEAR or so ago I wrote about The Black Dahlia as something that legitimately happened in history. My conclusion at the time was that Hollywood and the Los Angeles Police Department were in on it. You will have to accept my apologies. Every so often I am *dead* wrong about one thing or another, and *this* is one of those occasions. You're probably wondering why the change of heart. I guess you could say I've seen too much. I've pulled back far too many curtains and, in doing so, have learned *never* to trust a conveniently hung drape. The murder of **Elizabeth Short** was a hoax.

Oh sure, Hollywood and the police were certainly in on it, but so was the girl. Every magician needs an assistant, especially when it comes to the saw in half trick, a crowd favorite. We are told Elizabeth Short was an aspiring actress, but that's not her *real* name. The implication here is that

Elizabeth Short was only a role given to someone in a movie, and I *now* believe I know who that *other* person is. In order to learn her *true* identity, you will have to wait until PART FOUR. *No*, I am not being sadistic. There is simply too much to cover in Parts ONE and TWO before we ever get around to the icing on the cake. And really, the Black Dahlia was so much more than a *mere* role, as we are dealing once again with a home-brewed specialty of Intel. *Performance witchcraft*.

The mistake I made in declaring Elizabeth Short certifiably dead can be found in the **Gary Devore** connection. Just so we're clear, there isn't one. A connection, that is. Claiming to find a bread crumb trail was probably the deluded drink of preconceived notions mixed with wishful thinking. You're probably already confused and haven't the faintest clue who George Devore is. He was in the News a quarter of a century ago.



We are told Gary Devore was *close* friends with **Kurt Russell** and **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, for starters. Therefore, if you haven't the faintest clue who Devore is, then that's a good thing. Spooks swim in the same circle and it means you're not on the inside of it. The Austrian Oak was one of the biggest spooks in Hollywood long before he became the Governor. He even had his chalky meat hooks in the **Tate family** who, if you recall, had a part in orchestrating the [Manson murder hoax](#). That's not nearly the whole of Devore's close connections though. The Daily Mail claims he was **Tommy Lee Jones** best man. *Oh*, but there's more.



He dated a **Jackson**. You heard me right. And no, I'm not surprised because he is out of **Janet Jackson**'s league, or that such a pairing defies belief. She is most definitely out of his league. No arguments there. If anything, their pairing informs us of the game being played. Devore is the sort of man capable of receiving an **MK-Ultra slave** into his bed. I'm not saying Devore was her pimp or handler. He was in proximity with them though. And then coming to learn that he married the widow of **Nat King Cole**? You've got to be kidding me. He and Cole were probably **Lodge** brothers. One more pass-around worth mentioning is actress **Season Hubley**, whom he dated. Hubley was married for a time to his acting buddy Kurt Russell.

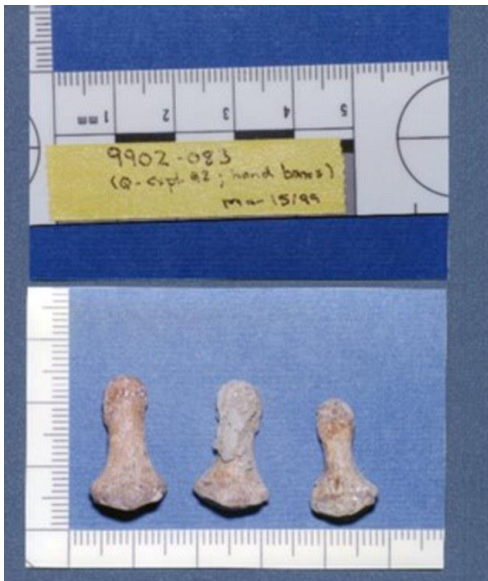
As I was saying, Gary Devore made the News a quarter of a century ago. *Barely* though. Hardly anyone in the Media has made a deal of it, which led me to believe for the longest time that his murder was legitimate. It's not. The story goes as follows. Devore was driving through the Mojave Desert, having just completed his latest script, '**The Big Steal**.' Its title may in fact say it all. The successful Hollywood screenwriter was previously known for such films as 'Time Cop' with **Jean-Claude Van Damme** and 'Raw Deal' with Arnold Schwarzenegger. But *this* treatment was different, apparently. No, not really, but let's go with it for a moment. This time Devore promised to **expose the U.S. governments' role in the invasion of Panama**. *Oh dear*. The date was June 28, 1997, when Devore departed Santa Fe, New Mexico, hoping to arrive home in Santa Barbara within a few short hours. The scriptwriter drove into the *dead* of night. See what I did there? His wife **Wendy Devore** was waiting for him on the other end. Gary Devore however was never seen again.





Not *alive*, at least. The screenwriter's skeletal remains were eventually discovered by an amateur sleuth with a hunch. When his car was dredged from the California Aqueduct one year later, detectives immediately observed several abnormalities. For one, Devore had been driving with his lights off. Not to mention the fact that his laptop and script were brazenly missing, as well as his hands. Strange, since the aqueduct had been searched extensively after his absence, and there were no signs of impact. For the official account to work, Devore would have needed to turn around on a motorway and drive three miles against traffic with his lights off and without any hands.

What I mentioned at the time is that Devore's disappearance and death had the all-too familiar markings of a sacrificial killing. I *still* do. The fact that the writer of 'Time Cop' was exposing anything however is at best laughable. Script writers expose hidden secrets all the time. Anyone with woken eyes can see that. Devore being offed because of his Panama script is peddling misdirection and I fell for it. Hollywood is simply another wing of the Intel community. [The Daily Mail](#) later revealed that Devore was in fact working for the **CIA**. *Whoop-de-doo*. Tell me something I didn't know. Concerning his murder at the hands of Los Angeles Occult members, Devore was likely seeking reassignment. Come to think of it, everything I just said about Devore's disappearance and recovery reads like a movie

script *within* a movie. One can only wonder if he wrote himself into the part.



MISSING
\$100,000 REWARD
FOR THE RECOVERY OF
GARY DEVORE



Identifying Marks: Broken deformed right pinkie

Wt. 185 Ht. 5' 11"
Hair: Brown Age: 55
Beard: Grey/Black

Contact:
Santa Barbara Sheriff's Dept.
(805) 681-4100, or
California Highway Patrol
(213) 953-7383 Log #2929, or
Crutchfield Investigations
(310) 559 3371

Last Seen Driving
1997 Ford Explorer
Eddie Bauer Edition
4 Dr. White with Tan Trim
Ca. License: 3NGH592
Between Barstow and
Santa Barbara on
HWY 14- Between
Mojave and Rosemond on
6/28/97 at 1 A.M.

© Wendy Oates DeVore

The Daily Mail managed to drop several bombshells into their story without ever seeming to appreciate the connotations—or expecting you to. The *first* involves Devore’s trip to the coroner’s office. **Fragments of his bones were said to be over 200 years old.** As if that’s not suspicious. I mean, I figured Gary Devore was old, but come on. Framing him as a potential Waterloo veteran or survivor of the Great Chicago Fire of 1871 is a stretch, wouldn’t you say? Am I missing something here? Seems like the obvious conclusion to make is that the CIA pulled the old *switcheroo*.

And then there’s his MISSING advert. The Santa Barbara Sheriff’s Department slapped his mug on the poster and then put an emphasis on his right hand. Who even does something like that? *Oh*, I get it. I too understand jokes. It’s so funny I forgot to laugh. We’re supposed to identify him by his hand, you see. Specifically, his broken deformed right pinkie. Get it? *I do*. The writer had no hands. Did you laugh that time? Yeah, me neither.



Getting to the CIA part of their story. Devore's widow Wendy told Daily Mail about the "constant stream of phone calls from CIA officials in the month leading up to Devore's death." *Said* no wife of a CIA agent ever. *Sure*, that's exactly what you do as soon as your husband is dismembered by the occult. You go to the Media and tell everyone he was a spook and that you were his secretary, doodling messages on a notepad. A show of hands. Does anybody still think Gary Devore was murdered because of a movie script? *Ridiculous*. Wendy Devore told Daily Mail the following:

"When we first married, he told me he got a lot of calls from government agencies. He told me to ignore it, so I did. If the phone rang, I could take a message or say he was out, but not to speak to them really. We had a few at first, then not very many. Then in the last month one man was calling all the time. He was dealing in things that you're not necessarily supposed to deal in. I found out a lot of people in Hollywood had these connections with the CIA and knew things that will never be made public. After he disappeared, things just didn't add up. It's very easy to sound like a conspiracy theorist, but when you're married to someone you know little things about them that seem insignificant but are actually crucial. I know there are things that don't add up."

The only thing that doesn't add up is Wendy Devore's ability to connect the CIA with Hollywood while still failing to recognize one of her husband's scripts when it's spat out from the Xerox machine, *piping hot*. But even that is misdirection. You've heard it said that loose lips sink ships. *Well*, nobody offered her for divulging. It's like I was saying earlier, Intel loves exposing secrets and then sitting back to watch us deny it. The psyop works both ways. All signs point to the fact that Wendy Devore was doing her part in fleshing the fantasy out. The Daily Mail then tells us the CIA declined to comment. Oh, I get jokes. That's funny.



AS you may have guessed by now, this is the *second* draft to my *Black Dahlia Was a Hoax* manuscript. I may look distracted, but I do believe these excursions serve a purpose. I guess you could say I've learned a thing or two since then. Corrections are necessary. When writing the first draft a year ago I apologized for being wrong about the murder of Elizabeth Short, but now I see that I was wrong about so much more than that. Even the death of Gary Devore was a hoax.

Now that we have gotten that out of the way, let's get back to what I had started out saying. *The Twilight Zone* will come to some use. It so often does, but only in our peripheral vision. There are other Hollywood productions which will need discussed in turn, but right away starting out, there's an episode titled: 'The After Hours,' wherein we learn that some people are simply mannequins. If I ruined the surprise for you, then you should probably know that I just killed two birds with one stone. It's another important conclusion of *this* paper, particularly in PART TWO.

Try to act surprised when we finally get to it. It originally aired on June 10, 1960, and was written by the show's creator, **Rod Serling**. On a side note, Serling was a New York born **Joo**. Seems only logical that he would be. The thing about mannequins is, they have a doppelganger somewhere in the world. A *real* person whom they're modeled after. Again, we'll get to that. *Oh*, and another thing. Mannequins are split at the waistline.

I hope you like history because I'm about to dictate another lesson. The body of Elizabeth Short was discovered on January 15, 1947. In *other* news, The War was over, and Intel needed something to do. Nearby, the Lookout Mountain movie studio in Laurel Canyon was ramping up their productions. Even *spooks* gotta eat, you know. Elsewhere, **President Truman** **disbanded the OSS in 1945**, but apparently the *short*-lived Central Intelligence Group, or the CIG if you're into acronyms, wasn't making Daddy proud, because they too were traded in for everybody's favorite Intel group—the **CIA**. Probably just another *good* cop *bad* cop routine. You tell me.

One final comment before continuing. The *murdered* body of Elizabeth Short *will* be shown. She may pop up on any given page, and the pictures *are* graphic. But you probably knew that already. **You've been warned**. Are we simply staring at a mannequin? That is *my* conclusion. You are free to make up your own mind. But as always, you are under no obligation to believe the *official* narrative. People are murdered every day in Los Angeles County. Nearly every single victim you've *never* heard about. It is the Media's job to burn every Intel production, including what they were secretly cooking up at Lookout Mountain, into the collective consciousness. And what I'm trying to tell you is that the Black Dahlia was one such project.



DON'T say I didn't warn you. The weather report for January 15, 1947, cast sunny southern California into a cold, dreary morning. At approximately 10 a.m., **Betty Bersinger** went walking with her three-year-old daughter through the tree-lined streets of Leimert Park in Los Angeles, angling for the shoe shop. With the outbreak of The War, development had slowed in the City of Angels. Despite Japan's surrender some seventeen months earlier, entire lots groomed for the suburban sprawl remained abandoned. It was in one such undeveloped field, and only within inches of the sidewalk, that Bersinger stumbled upon what she *first* described as a discarded **mannequin that had been severed in two** at the waistline, its lower half positioned a foot away from the upper. You heard it from Bersinger first.

Plant a red flag upon that often-repeated detail. Better yet, I've already done it for you. Bersinger is giving us the truth, but then *insisting* that we deny it. The body of Elizabeth Short *was* a mannequin. A darn good mannequin, but we're dealing with the powers that *should not* be and the

back alleyways of Hollywood. What, you don't think Intel was capable of working with mannequins? I will remind you of Roswell. *Same* year.



Officers **Frank Perkins** and **Will Fitzgerald** arrived on the scene within minutes. The L.A.P.D. followed in their wake. Investigators noted that the woman's body seemed to have been posed. She was lying on her back with both arms raised above her shoulders, elbow bent at right angles, legs twisted and spread out in a display of seductiveness. Much as one might imagine or position a mannequin. Among numerous other cuts on her thigh and breasts, portions of which were sliced away, Short's face had been slashed from the corners of her mouth to her ears—creating a look known as the “Glasgow smile.” Mannequin *again*. Our artist is simply leaving his calling card. In a little while, you shall see *who* that is.

The most peculiar aspect however is that she'd been completely drained of blood, leaving her skin pallid white. *Mm-hmm*, you heard that right. White—like a mannequin. And there was **no blood** at the crime scene. *None*. Nada. Not even in the weeds below her. You'd think they find *something* in the way of blood. Anything, but *no*. Her mortician had taken the time to wash her outside and in, stuff everything back to its

proper order, and then carry both ends of her severed corpse to the crime scene undetected, without anything spilling out. *Sure.*

In a *later* interview, Bersinger said children rode up and down that street on their bikes in route to school, and she only thought to report the mannequin because they might get spooked. Keep hamming it up, Bersinger. At 10 in the morning, school would have already been in session. Kids had already traversed that street, and nobody thought to report a woman cut in two. If the fourth-grade classroom buzzed with talk of the *sick* looking mannequin down on South Norton Avenue, then we are not told. You'd *think* insects would be crawling all over her, feasting, but no.



WHAT'S *this*...? Why are there pictures of Betty Bersinger calling the police? Online captions tell us the call regards the woman she discovered in Leimert Park. After fleeing to a nearby neighbor's house, are we expected to believe that she first hired a camera crew? Looks like her photographer tried various angles, hoping to find Bersinger's better side. You know, cast her in the *right* light. Perhaps we are on the set of a **John Huston** movie. Difficult to tell. Is that a map of Leimert Park on the wall? Probably trying to perfect her walking route.

EDIT: The Intel-net explains these photos as Betty Bersinger only *reenacting* her role, as if I couldn't tell. Because apparently, dialing up police headquarters or the local Lodge, *same* thing, leaves much to the imagination. People need to *see* how Bersinger dialed that very important call, and more than anything, her body posture. Normally, when you discover a discarded body in the field, you call the police, answer a few questions, and then vamoose, hoping to wash that bad episode from the front burner of your cognition. You don't buy a mink coat with the money you made on your latest acting gig and make a photo-shoot out of it. This is how crisis actors ensured their part in the newspapers before television became the standard for programming.



THE FIRST reporter on the scene worked for **Randolph Hearst**. Wait, let me try this again. **Randolph Heart**. Did you catch that? If you need a refresher, Hearst is the architect of Yellow Journalism, and the 1898 sinking of the U.S.S. Maine in Havana Harbor was a false flag event, but *also* his Magnum Opus. Hearst literally invented a war and then sold Americans on its legitimacy. Try not to let cognitive dissonance win the day. Elsewhere, we have already seen Hearst and the Hearst family at work in *past* papers, namely the rape accusation thrust upon **Alexander Pantages**—a plot cooked up by John and Bobby Kennedy's father, **Joseph P. Kennedy Sr.** And *secondly*, the kidnapping of **Patty**

Hearst, another royally flamboyant hoax. The mannequin murder is one more that you can pile onto that list.

Her name was **Agness Underwood**. As a first assignment, the Herald-Express had sent her to interview **Amelia Earhart**. Her *first* assignment, mind you. This would have been in 1935, when Earhart completed her flight from Honolulu to Oakland. She'd go missing two years later, a hoax I've been meaning to get to. Underwood's biggest interview to date happened that same year, in 1935, when she hid the alleged murderer **Hazel Glab** "in her own house until the trial wrapped. And when the verdict came down, Aggie hit the presses with her exclusive interview."

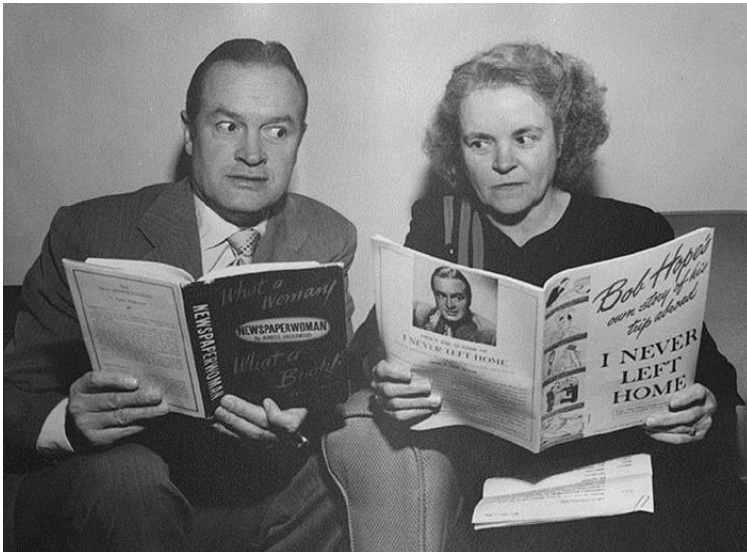


Hub...? Was the Hazel Glab murder trial even *real*? I'm thinking *no*. Glab is listed as a silent film **actress**, a Chicago bootlegger, and a home entertainer of the Hollywood Elite. She danced professionally for a time with **Phillip Ainsworth**, the former husband of *actress* and tragic "screen-goddess" **Barbara La Marr**. She managed much of this while dating **William R. McIntire**, a **Los Angeles cop**, whom she also managed to shoot in the neck. How do you even hold a murder trial for someone who isn't present in the courtroom, or in Glab's case, have their whereabouts unknown? You can't. And you don't have journalists harboring murderers simply to grab their scoop, unless that is, you work for Hearst and Hearst is writing the stories. As an added flourish, her

daughter's Girl Scout troop was meeting in the house while Underwood hid Glab from authorities.

Underwood would then report on nearly every major murder case in the city, but in 1947, Elizabeth Short was her biggest story to date. Who came up with the name *Black Dahlia*? Underwood did. Also, who solved the case? Underwood *again*. You see, Black Dahlia was Agness Underwood's final case. According to Underwood, she was "pulled from reporting on the case twice, each time without warning, or explanation." She was then informed that her new assignment was a promotion to the city editor of the Herald-Express. Not too shabby.

The Media would have you *think* that Agness Underwood was removed on the basis that she was *too good* of a reporter. That she discovered who the killer was and needed to be shut up. But that makes no sense whatsoever. Underwood never once insinuated that anyone threatened her. The police sure weren't interested in finding out what she knew, but that's a given. Many years after the Dahlia case went cold (it was always intended to), Aggie told her children and grandchildren that she knew who had murdered Elizabeth Short. When asked for the name of the killer, all she would say was: "He's dead and it doesn't matter anymore." *Sure*, let's go with that.

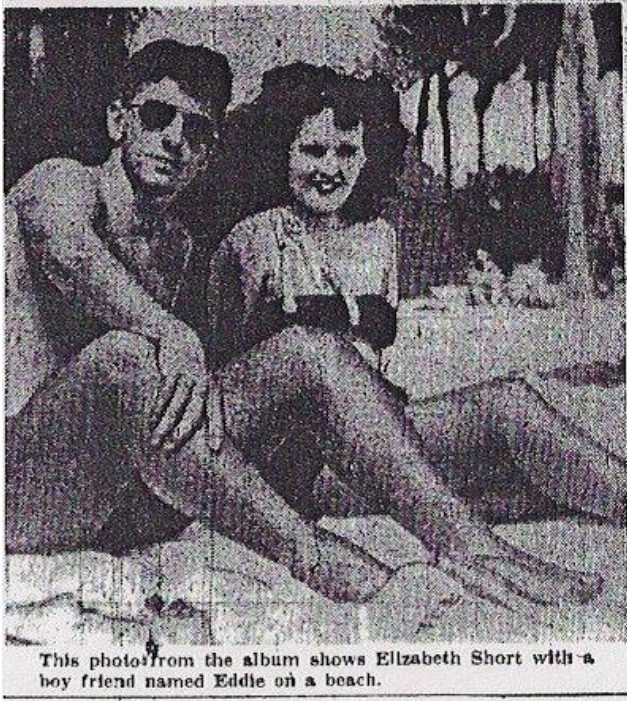


Underwood was probably being nice to her children without letting them in on the biggest secret of all. That they were *uninitiated* and therefore couldn't be let in on the nature of the beast. Namely, her employer. That she loved creating stories just as much as Hearst did, and just as importantly, that she was in on the hoax. Just *look* at Underwood hanging out with **Bob Hope**. He's not sure *if* she knows but she's not sure if she should tell him that she *does* know, just perhaps not the same thing. How awkward. It's a boy's club and secret society thing. Look, you don't get to swap books with Bob Hope and play the game of shifty eyes unless you're *in the know* about something. Underwood did her time, received her reward, and if she was pulled halfway through the swan song, it was only to enhance the psychodrama. And here we are, some 75 years later, still trying to figure out what the hell happened. See what I mean? The performance still has magic left to it.

THE REASON I ultimately decided to take another look into the murder of Elizabeth Short probably has something to do with my haphazardly stumbling upon *this* photo on the Intel-net. We are told Elizabeth Short is at "the beach" sometime in 1945, less than two years before her murder, but look *closely*. See the black line etched around the entire frame of her body? It runs alongside her legs, her shoulders, arms, and ribs, even her feet. Could they make it look any less fake?

Which reminds me. Didn't the killer send numerous letters to the press using only newspaper cut-outs glued onto paper? He *did*. We haven't gotten that far yet, but I get the feeling that the same *creative* department had a hand in her beach photo.





There's another beach photo of Elizabeth Short. *Same* bathing suit. Perhaps *same* location, but hard to tell. Only here she can be seen sitting down with some guy named **Eddie**. Intel didn't come up with a full character name for the boyfriend. He's simply Eddie. For all I know, he's with the General Intelligence Directorate. That would be the Egyptian secret service. You'll know what I'm getting at when this is over. Once again, we're looking at another fake. It's just as fake as the first. *Same* black lines dominate Eddie. He may have been sitting with a blond, for all I know. Better yet, a pair of red heads. Poor Elizabeth was probably sitting alone. Really though, they should have left the first image of Elizabeth Short standing next to a palm in just as low of quality, or else I might have never noticed.



To be clear, there *are* un-doctored pictures of Elizabeth Short. She was 22 while posing for a photo-shoot in front of John Marshall High School. Take a note of her age, but *also* the name of the school. Getting in character, I see. Ready for the *big* day. Short was murdered within a few short months, perhaps weeks afterwards. Still uncomfortable though, as her body posture shows. But once you learn *who* Short truly is, you'll see for yourself that she was almost always a stiff around the camera. There are several pictures from her trip to John Marshall making the rounds online. I chose this one but they're all essentially the same. *Awkward*, as modeling goes. The photographer probably unloaded a role and then

printed the few where Short managed not to squint her eyes. Then again, not even the photographer had any style, telling us he was an amateur at best or only pretending to be one. Go ahead. Do an Intel-net search on John Marshall High School. The campus has personality. It's brimming with character. All one needs to do is point the lens at the front facade and, should even his trigger finger have a smidgen of talent, the artistry will present itself, regardless of his actor.

22. That's how old Elizabeth Short was when she died. They like to slip 22 in there because it designates Short as "the Master Builder." *Wink-wink*. You see, 2 and 2 makes 4, which signifies a human construct which is "fixed and squared." Again, when Shaggy, Scooby Doo and the gang finally unmask Elizabeth Short, you will see what I mean.

The school was named after the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He was *also* a **Freemason**. But not just any Freemason. Starting in 1793, Marshall served as the **Grand Master** of the **Grand Lodge of Virginia**. In 1807, Marshall was called to preside over the **Aaron Burr trial**. It was a fake trial, and the shooting of **Alexander Hamilton** was a hoax. And anyways, *The Black Dahlia* was a movie. The woman playing Elizabeth Short was posing on a movie set. Because that's what John Marshall High School ultimately is. A movie set.

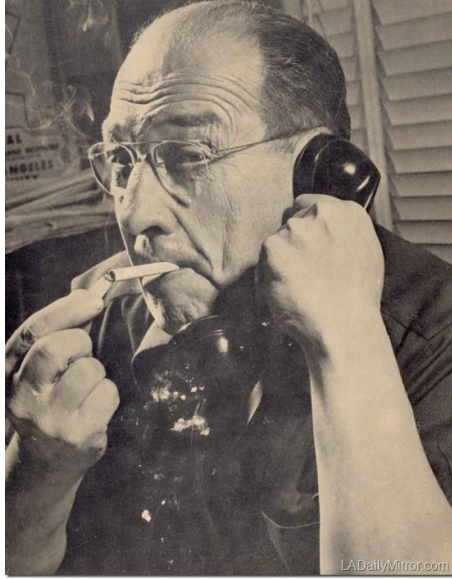
An online search for John Marshall High School as a shooting location delivers the *following* productions. Try not to drool. Grease, Rebel Without a Cause, The Wonder Years, Boy Meets World, Growing Pains, Pretty in Pink, Uncle Buck, Bachelor Party, A Nightmare on Elm Street, Space Jam, Buffy the Vampire Slayer, Can't Hardly Wait, Grosse Pointe Blank, Simon & Simon, Highway to Heaven, Mr. Novak, The A-Team, Big Bang Theory, Girls Just Want to Have Fun, and that Van Halen music video, Hot for Teacher. Here's one more to add to the collection.

Elizabeth Short standing in front of John Marshall may have been chosen as a promotional shoot, wherein the message was made clear among other spooks. The Black Dahlia production is a *go*.

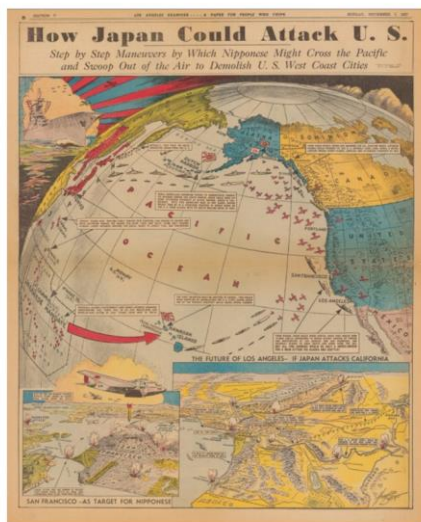


GETTING back to the doctored photos. Here we can see a photo of Elizabeth Short, reportedly taken at the crime scene. Her body is—as you already know—sawn in half, but it is terribly difficult to tell with the blanket covering her. It was the very first photo of Elizabeth Short printed up in the press. And who printed it? You are correct if your guess was the ‘Herald Examiner.’

You will tell me they covered a blanket over her body for modesty purposes, as they would not otherwise be capable of publishing the photo for the public. Why not just blur the body out then? Or better yet, show it from a clever angle. The blanket is fake. Nobody added a blanket to the body of Elizabeth Short at the crime scene. Her covering is given to us courtesy of the boys down at The Lab. But that’s not the only fakery applied to it. Elizabeth Short’s face was manipulated. Where is the “Glasgow smile?” Whose lips are those? That’s not even her eyes and nose. The mutilations have been completely scrubbed to such a degree that we’re no longer looking at Short’s face. It’s another imaginative recreation.

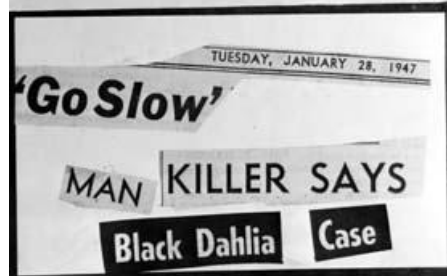
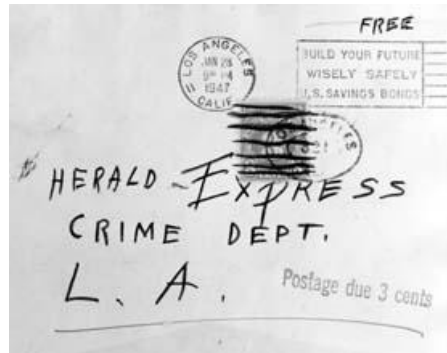
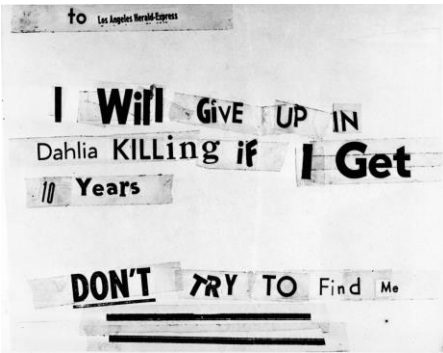


The imaginative artist was none other than Hearst's right-hand propaganda man, **Howard Burke**. Here we see a picture of Burke, probably taking a call from the OSS. Receiving details on *who* was supposed to bomb what harbor or sink our next ship, that sort of thing. You see, after the false flag sinking of the U.S.S. Maine in Havana Harbor that initiated Intel's century-long false narrative in Cuba, Hearst decided a war with Japan might be a good thing. His newspaper war with the Empire started in 1906, lasting 35 years until the bombing of Pearl Harbor. *Sure*, Hearst didn't coin the phrase *yellow peril*, just as he didn't create the tactics to yellow journalism, but he mastered both early on. Regarding the former, Hearst's very first article arrived in 1907, proclaiming: "The Yellow Peril is here." His attacks continued during the First World War, even while Japan aligned with the allies against Germany. The *yellow peril* rhetoric then continued after the war, culminating with a motion picture. By 1933, **TIME** Magazine noted the obvious, that "The Yellow Peril has for 30 years been a great circulation-getter for the Hearst papers."



If Howard Burke's part in the propaganda wasn't predictive programming, then I don't know what else is. The War would not begin in Europe until September of 1939. Japan would not bomb Pearl Harbor until December of 1941. And yet, here we see two full-page illustrations drawn by Burke in 1937 for the Los Angeles Examiner, telling us *precisely* how Japan would draw us into The War. That's all, folks. *I'm done*. Technically, in the *first* image, Burke has San Francisco being bombed, telling us that one of Intel's favored psyop cities was at one time considered. But then notice he has drawn an arrow directly to Hawaii. *Mm-hmm*. Hawaii has always had a part to play in the drama.

His *second* sketch was published in 1938, thereby saving Japan a lot of Intel work, don't you think? Probably not the best idea to publish a detailed map of your "Greatest Defense Outpost," complete with precise locations of barracks, forts, harbors, runways, shipping lanes, radio towers, and anti-aircraft gun emplacements, but what do I know? Just goes to show that the Media's job is *creating* the news.



FROM the very start of the investigation, we are *told* the LAPD was forced to form a symbiotic relationship with William Randolph Heart to solve the crime. *Wow*, this movie is really getting good. Too bad it got snubbed by the Academy. Hearst's proposal to the police was that he would share crucial information, essentially all information that his team of reporters had uncovered, if the LAPD would grant exclusives in return. LAPD Homicide Investigator **Captain Donahoe** grudgingly accepted the terms. Suck it up, Donahoe.

On January 21, less than one week after the murder, The Examiner received their first big clue. *Oh gee*, is it the killer stoking his ego? *Uh-huh*. It is. A person claiming to be Short's killer placed a phone call to the office of **James Richardson**, newspaper editor, to personally congratulate him on their coverage. Probably rubbing one off as he did so. He then stated that he planned on eventually turning himself in, but not before allowing police to pursue him further as some sort of cat and mouse game. To prove his claim, the caller additionally told Richardson to "expect some souvenirs of Beth Short in the mail." One can only wonder if the caller had a good view of the reflection pool from his office in the Munitions Building, Washington. Probably practiced his best **James Cagney** impression in-between bites of his ham and cheese sandwich before finally dialing Richardson. "*You dirty rat*. No, wait. *You dirty—you dirty rat*."

Apparently, despite wanting police Investigators to chase his tail, the killer had already cleverly figured out that Hearst was working with the LAPD, which is why his package, an “overly suspicious” manila envelope—complete with individual words cut and pasted from newspaper clippings—was addressed to the Los Angeles Examiner rather than the buttons. It arrived on January 24, three days after the phone call. You figure it would take that long for the package to travel across the country after being dropped off at some random mailbox near the corners of 20th Street and Constitution Avenue. Or perhaps we’re simply reading the artistic stylings of Howard Burke.

The envelope contained Short’s birth certificate, business cards, photographs, random names written on pieces of paper, and an **address book** with the name **Mark Hansen** embossed on the cover. Who is Mark Hansen? Just one of dozens upon dozens of potential suspects. Specifically, he was a nightclub owner. Why would Intel send an address book? To tell you who the other scripted players are. It seems like everyone involved was vying to be included with the *clues*. The care package had been carefully cleaned with gasoline, just as Short’s body had, directing police to their next clue—that the package had been sent by the killer. Regardless, prints *were* lifted. *Uh-oh*. In return, Investigators sent the packet ~~right back~~ to Washington, ~~this time~~ to the FBI building, hoping for print identification. Here The Wikipedia adds: “However, the prints were compromised in transit and thus could not be properly analyzed.” *Oh*, say it ain’t so. The Intel agent’s identity was spared. That must have been such a relief.

There were *more* letters. Some of them went to other newspapers, but the killer had a penchant for The Herald Express and The Examiner, *obviously*, seeing as how Hearst was such a bad ass and Captain Donahoe probably couldn’t head up an actual murder investigation if his career depended upon it. One of these letters to Hearst even read, “I will give up in Dahlia killing if I get 10 years. Don’t try to find me.”

So, does the killer want to be found or not? *So confusing*. The sheer number of letters which began pouring in would secure the fact that we’re dealing with the most convoluted and confusing game of *peek-a-boo* ever, as it was always intended to be. Clearly, the investigation was designed for public consumption from the very get-go, the procedural motions was a well-

oiled script, and I've probably mentioned this already, but the killer was never intended to be found. Intel wanted a P.I. novel whereas everyone guessed who the killer was without ever getting around to writing the final paragraph. There is no big reveal. In that way, the story never *really* ends. It just goes on and on, and we are left to guessing. Which is where we find ourselves today. The alchemical juices are *still* cooking.

In the *second* part, we will take a magnifying glass out at some of those suspects. They're actors. That's all they really are. There is one suspect who was too good of an actor, as the world came to know him by another name. Like the real Elizabeth Short, he too will be unmasked. As usual, I will try my darndest to report the proceedings without rolling my eyes. If only you could see my computer screen. *Cracked*. Probably from so many pendulum swings of sarcasm. It comes with the profession.



PART TWO:

Brought To You By a Hollywood Studio

OFFICIAL biographies place Elizabeth Short's birthplace in Boston. *Wrong*. I'll give you a hint as to her *true* identity. The real Black Dahlia's nativity scene was more than likely Alexandria. No, not in Washington. The *other* Alexandria. Intel is simply doing all they can to pass notes in class without giving up the ghost. Even if she were, Boston is a major hub for the Jesuit ruling elite families. And while we're at it, let's just throw in a handful of Freemasons. *They* buy their donuts there too. The Bunch of Grapes Tavern on King's Street in Boston became the first duly constituted and chartered lodge in the Americas. It's all a hunch, but if I had to guess, Intel is simply giving the *woken* eyes one more clue as

to *who's* involved. Product placement. For example, had the project originated with **Benjamin Franklin's** lodge, we might come to find that Elizabeth Short was born in Philadelphia. With Boston, we're simply getting to know the Black Dahlia's sponsors.

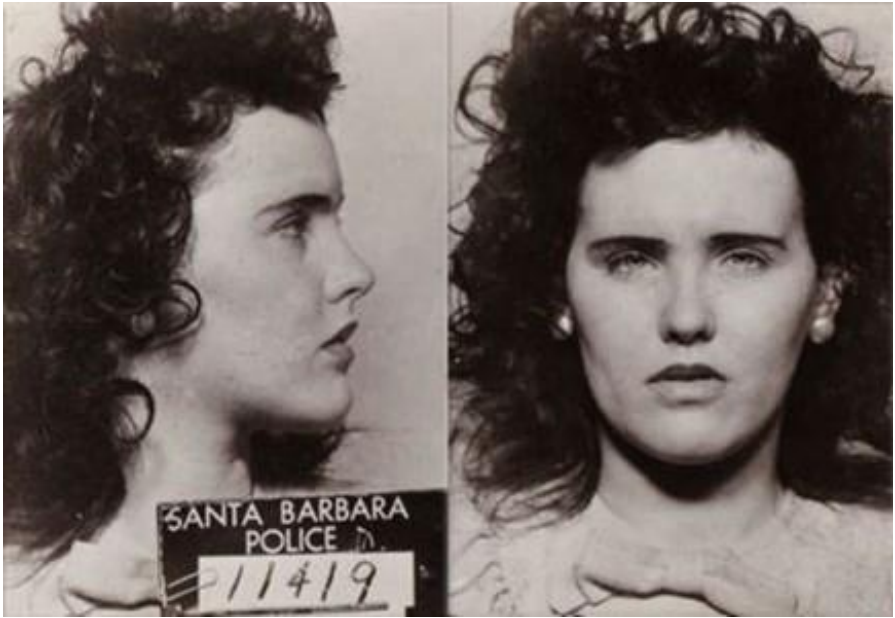
The Black Dahlia has her own Wiki page. It lists 1943–1947 as her “years active”—see what I mean? Are you trying to tell me she wasn't activated until the age of 19, Wikipedia? Apparently, so. In Medford of all places. I *checked*. Medford is only a short five-mile stint outside of Boston and it has its very own Lodge. That's where the Black Dahlia project was probably commissioned then in 1943. *Great*. If I ever see lights of red and blue in the rearview mirror while driving through Medford, I'm totally screwed. There's no way I'm stopping for donuts. I'll just hightail it out of town at a clean 5 miles per hour. Then again, even the cops in the Los Angeles case were probably all Freemasons. That's it. I'm never returning.

Elizabeth Short was **19** when she set out with her father, **Cleo Short**. The number 19 may be significant on account of the Sun Tarot card in the Major Arcana. The esoteric difference between 19 and 1 is that the Fool makes up the later, whereas the former is a higher vibration. 19 designates a new phase of life armed with knowledge and, quite unlike the Fool, is therefore prepared for what is to come.



They ended up in Vallejo, California for a spiel. Still 1943. It is there where Cleo worked at **Mare Island Naval Shipyard** on San Francisco Bay. In mid-1943, while The War was hot, the father-daughter team moved to Los Angeles, but Elizabeth later accepted a job at Camp Cooke in Lompoc, California. Recognize the name, Camp Cooke? I didn't either. Turns out, Camp Cooke later became known as **Vandenberg Air Force Base**. Today it is **Vandenberg Space Force Base**. *Oh sigh*. The Space Force is the Air Force's latest spin-off (consider that the Air Force is a spin-off of the

Army), but seeing as how there's water above the firmament, you'd think they'd be better off sending up the Navy. But I digress. Vandenberg is NASA's west coast port, telling us it is selected as an epicenter of propaganda. If you're having a difficult time following along, Elizabeth Short was likely an Intel project from the moment she left Boston.



On September 23, 1943, Short was arrested in Santa Barbara for underage drinking. *Bummer*. Wasn't she working on a military base during war time? She would have been surrounded by pilots contemplating their impending doom. I thought booze and STDs were more readily accessible than the flu. Either her *training* didn't go so well, and we are witnessing a broken robot needing pliers and a screwdriver, or the script was unfolding exactly as planned. You tell me. She was promptly sent back to Medford. *Uh-oh*. The Black Dahlia is getting reprogrammed in the back alley behind the coffee and donuts shop. She may have been underage, as drinking is concerned, but why would the state of California send a young woman back to Boston, simply for receiving a DUI? *Here*, let's try this again.

In Boston, 20-year-old Elizabeth Short was potentially commissioned *again* and then sent southbound to Florida. Already, Short had spent several winters in Florida due to her asthma, telling us she came from a

family with money. This time around she hooked up with **Major Matthew Michael Gordon, Jr.**, a decorated United States Army **Air Force** officer, then at the **2nd Air Commando Group**, where he was training for deployment to the China Burma India Theater of Operations. And we're talking some deeply penetrated behind enemy lines stuff. We are told Gordon was in a plane crash over India but that he proposed, and she accepted. A second plane crash on August 10, 1945, would *announce* his death, and with less than a week to go before Japan's surrender.



Short returned to Los Angeles in July of 1946 in order to pay a visit to **Army Air Force Lieutenant Joseph Gordon Fickling**, whom she had been acquainted with while in Florida. Who *said* California could keep her out? It is here, in the hundred or so miles ranging from San Diego to Los Angeles County, where Short would live out the final six months of her ~~role~~ life.

Her first known residence was a two-week jaunt at a downtown Long Beach hotel, a few miles away from where Fickling was stationed at the Army Airfield. *Same* city though. It is Fickling who paid the bills. The building at 53 Linden Avenue *still* exists. Though the neighboring drugstore is no more. That's where Short received her name, you know. *Black Dahlia*. I get the fact that she had jet-black hair, but if Short

had a habit of dressing in black, as we are *told* she did, then that is yet another tip-off as to the role she was attempting to embody. Still, how exactly does someone receive a nickname during a two-week stint? I have visited hundreds of places, staying at dozens of them for two week or more at a time, and nobody at the local drugstore or donut shop thought to name me, nor would they likely remember me if I washed up to shore six months later. The drugstore was probably just a front for spooks. Elizabeth Short simply arrived on a business trip, a hop and a skip from the office. You know, getting in character. Reorienting herself.



THE LAST person to see her alive was **Robert Manley**, but his friends knew him as *Red*. We are told the 25-year-old ex-Army corporal gave her a ride from San Diego to Los Angeles and then dropped her off at the Biltmore Hotel. As you might suspect, the buttons were all over Manley like stink on a monkey. Tell me this isn't the scene from a movie. *No*, it is simply Red, taking the ol' lie detector test down at the local Lodge. Is it another reenactment for dramatic effect, like the Betty Bersinger photos? We are not told. Such intensity though. And look at those squiggly lines. The guy is off the charts. You had to have been there.



In yet another scene from *The Black Dahlia* movie, we see Manley in the police station, identifying a handbag and black suede shoe, which had been conveniently discovered on top of a garbage can, rather than *inside* of a garbage can. It's almost as if the killer was indecisive about whether to throw them away or offer them up as a free prize to a passing bum. Should I have discovered a purse and a shoe sitting on top of a garbage can, I can guarantee you my first thought wouldn't be, 'I wonder if this belonged to that woman who was sawn in half.' But I'm not the one writing this story, am I? Good thing Red is on the case.

Our leading man is tall and handsome—no? He's wearing a black shirt in *this* photo, whereas he wore a white shirt prior. So, we're looking at a costume change. The purse and the shoe were discovered on January 24, same day in which the suspicious looking package, containing the address book, arrived at the Herald Express. *If* the killer were trying to prove his identity, why not send the purse and the shoe as well? And *why* only one shoe—was he keeping the other as a souvenir? The purse and the shoe were spotted near Norton Avenue, some 2 miles from where Short's body had been found. That's like 20 miles in L.A. measurements, but whatever.

They were wiped clean with gasoline, destroying any fingerprints. Gas prices were so much more affordable then.



Naturally, his wife was no pleased to learn what he'd been up to. But it looks like they made up for the Press. **Agnes Underwood**, our favorite reporter, covered the story, in which the old dirt bag assured everyone that his getaway with Beth had sent him back on the straight and narrow. *Still* in police headquarters? It appears so. That's a different coat than last time. Looks like the police offered Red another costume change. How nice of them.



Such a productive photo-shoot. *More* shots of Manley. Now he is wearing a hat. These would be perfect over the fireplace. Since when did mug shoots become glamor shots? *Oh*, Hollywood. The photographer's name was **Perry Fowler**. I decided to look him up on the Intel-net and discovered an obituary by The New York Times. He died in 1966 at the age of 56. The paper says, and I quote: "Perry Fowler, a photographer whose World War II exploits read like a spy thriller..." *Seriously*, NY Times? You're going to make it this easy for me?

The Times then goes on to claim (*really*, you're going to love this): "Mr. Fowler was director of photography for The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. Except for his war service in the Navy and in the **Office of Strategic Services**, he had spent 38 years in Southern California journalism." End quote. If you need this spelled out for you, Southern California journalism was brought to you by the OSS. Any questions?



Manley's stay at police headquarters may have been an all-expense paid vacation, courtesy of Hearst Productions, but it apparently comes at a cost, as the man frisking him is having a little too much fun. Is he even a fuzz? Looks more like Mickey Cohen's obnoxious younger cousin. *Same* hat and overcoat as the Perry Fowler publicity shoot though, telling us he's on his way in for the glamour photo session.



Wait, what's this? Is it the hand of Elizabeth Short's killer, cutting up the latest edition of the Herald Express for his next letter? We're not told. You'd almost think the killer worked from a desk at the newspaper, but that's probably none of my business. Just another scene from the movie, I guess.

HEARST *needed* a kaleidoscope of personalities to fill his columns, *naturally*. That's why they cast 27-year-old **Leslie Dillon**, *aka* Jack Sands. His character is described as a bellhop and former **mortician's assistant**. *Uh-oh*, is that a clue? You're probably thinking:



Why is he a suspect though? Leave it to the fact that he was *also* an aspiring writer and thought it might be a good idea to make LAPD psychiatrist **Dr. J. Paul De River** a pen pal, whereas he might confess his intense interest in sadism and sexual violence, seeing as how nobody was offering him any book deals. *Right*. During their correspondences, Dillon offered up one of his friends, a certain **Jeff Connors**, as a likely suspect to the Black Dahlia movie. Eventually, De River believed that Connors was a “make-believe

friend,” existing only in Dillon’s imagination, and that it was *he* who had sawed the girl in half, not Connors.

In December 1948, Dillon agreed to meet with De River and was given the choice of one of three cities: Los Angeles; Phoenix, or Las Vegas. Dillon chose Las Vegas. The story then becomes even more colorful, as De River and undercover LAPD officers hold Dillon captive for something like two days. Apparently, Dillon was able to sail a postcard from his window, pleading for help. A pedestrian found it on the street below and reported his predicament to the authorities. They then proceeded to drive towards San Francisco, where Dillon was incapable of finding Connors. After offering intimate details about the crime, facts apparently given to him by his “imaginary friend,” the buttons hauled his ass down to Los Angeles. Strange that he would have insider’s information when police surmised that he was in San Francisco during the murder, huh? You’d almost think he is a successful writer, after all, and likes to appear in the production.



Once again, Dillon was given his very own photo-shoot in police headquarters. Obviously not a repeated performance, as his character cannot be found elsewhere on the Intel-net. The photographer tried various angles while Dillon repeatedly wrestled with his top collar button, hoping to cast him in the right light. Here we can see

Dillon’s agent staring in. Or is he his handler? [EDIT: *Ob*, never mind. It’s only creepy **Captain Francis Kearney**.]



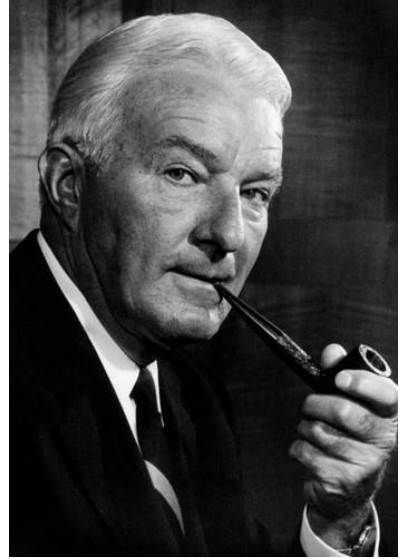
*There's the whole gang surrounding Dillon. An intense interrogation, if I've ever seen one. Looks like Dillon is fully in character, complete with *limp* hands. No wonder why he and the button struggled so. Looks nice though. J. Paul de River is on the far left, looking a lot like Inspector Clouseau. *Next*, we find Detective Lieutenant **William Burns** and Chief of Police **C. B. Horrall**. Sitting stage *right* is Captain Kearney. Playing the bad cop is my guess.*

Their road trip to Las Vegas and San Francisco ultimately paid off, as investigators soon learned that Jeff Connors did indeed exist, only his real name was **Artie Lane**. Why would Artie Lane befriend Leslie Dillon in San Francisco and tell him his name was Jeff Connors? Probably for the same reason Jack Sands would tell police he was Leslie Dillon. *Actors*. Case in point, Artie Lane was employed in Hollywood by **Columbia Pictures**. You'll probably want to take a note of that.



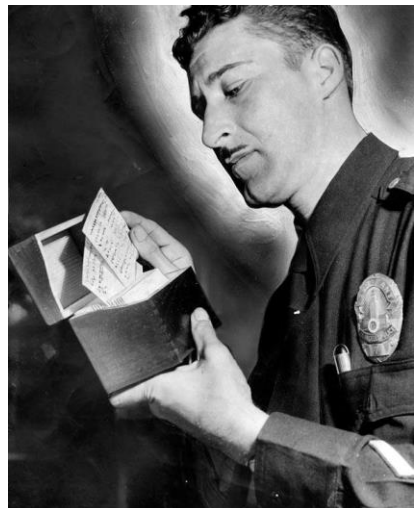
THEY like to throw **Bugsy Siegel** into the ring as a potential witness because he's *obviously* a spook. Advertise your own. If you're unfamiliar as to *who* Bugsy is, he was a mobster who had a movie named after him, but *also* a **Joe**. Best of both worlds. Bugsy built a criminal empire through bootlegging, gambling, and handshakes which involved bodies in trunks, before finally growing soft and setting up shop in a little desert town we know today as Las Vegas—an *obvious* Intel project—where he opened the famous Flamingo Hotel. The mobster helped to raise somebody named **Michael Bowen**. In turn, Bowen transformed The Sixties into performance art and, as we have already seen in *past* papers, had an intimate part in the ridiculous 1967 March to the Pentagon psyop. There's more to this story, of course. It involves Bugsy's right-hand man, **Mickey Cohen**, and The Los Angeles Times.

Norman Chandler was **the publisher** of **The Los Angeles Times** in 1945 and he was a suspect. Hitting it close to home, are we, boys? But before him, his father was the publisher of the LA Times from 1917 until 1944. And even before that, his grandfather was the publisher from 1881 until 1917. *Of course*, the editor of The Times would be a suspect. Best to let everyone know *who's your daddy*. Hearst wasn't the only Big Buckaroo in town. And besides, even newspaper men gotta eat. Might as well *make* news, if only to secure another trip to the lobster bar.



Apparently, Chandler impregnated Short while she was working as a call girl for **Madam Brenda Allen**, and we can't have that. That's where Mickey Cohen steps in, but even those details are rather vague. Allen had begun her labors as a sex worker in Los Angeles sometime in the 1930s, rising to prominence near the outbreak of The War as the successor to **Ann Forrester**, aka "Black Widow." Forrester had previously run a \$5,000-a-week prostitution syndicate but was convicted and handed a prison sentence. In turn, Allen would receive hers, but not without a little *show-and-tell*.

In 1948, an attempted robbery of Brenda Allen and her *then* lover, LAPD Vice Squad Sergeant **Elmer Jackson** (in which Jackson shot and killed the perpetrator), resulted in yet another nationwide scandal. During a raid on the Allen's bordello at 8436 Harold Way above the Sunset Strip, police then confiscated a conveniently displayed box of index cards containing the names, contact info, and sexual predilections of about 250 men whom The Los Angeles



Times described as “notables of the film colony.” Is that what they used to call it? The list was teased but never released. Even the photo looks fake.

Up to this point, Jackson had been attempting to shake down Mickey Cohen. In turn, and at an unrelated trial, Cohen announced that he had recordings between Jackson and Allen made from police headquarters.



The short of it is *this*. Allen was paying for police protection, and even the fuzz were on her naughty *positions* list. In the end, badges were tossed into drawers and everybody walked except for the Hollywood Madam. Probably just another story conjured up by the press, as Elizabeth Short was a *fake* call girl, and Brenda Allen looks like the sort of woman whose number you dial when you need a *fake* scandal cooked up.

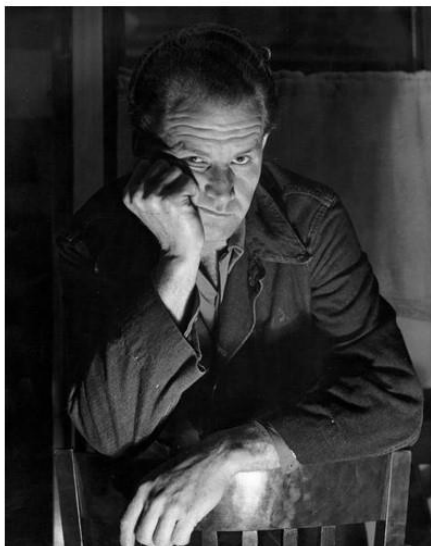


And anyways, just look at Norman Chandler at the **Buchenwald concentration camp**, *third on the left*. It is April of 1945. *Learning the craft. Creating the news. Working for the Zionists his employers. Getting his story straight with the other storytellers.*

But before taking over the family business, a background check on Chandler shows that he attended **Hollywood High School**. Not impressed? You will be. Here's something that I missed in my Manson papers. **Vincent Bugliosi and Sharon Tate** attended the *very* school. Hollywood High. *Small world*. Embarrassing tidbit to miss out on, I know. It's the *little* details. But that's only the beginning. A search on the Intel-net will find hundreds of *notable* graduates rising from the hallways of Hollywood High. I've pulled just a few for your consideration.

Carol Burnett, **actress**. Alan Ladd, **actor**. Carole Lombard, **actress**. Lana Turner, **actress**. Ricky Nelson, **singer**. Sarah Jessica Parker, **actress**. Judy Garland, **actress**. Mickey Rooney, **actor**. James Garner, **actor**. Alan Hale Jr., **actor**. **John Huston**, **director**. Frank Darabont, **director**. Chuck Jones, **animator**. Rob Grill, **musician**. Jill St. John, **actress**. Laurence

Fishburne, actor. Keith Carradine, actor. Robert Carradine, actor. Tuesday Weld, actress. Rita Wilson, actress. Fay Wray, actress. Meredith Baxter, actress. Brandy, singer. Cher, singer. Lon Chaney, Jr., actor. Johnny Crawford, actor. Mike Farrell, actor. John Ritter, actor.



THE LIST of suspects runs on and on, much like the names arising from Hollywood High School. For whatever reason that makes absolutely no sense whatsoever, **Daniel Voorhees** decided to call up the Lodge and confess to the killing. He was then eliminated as a suspect as his handwriting did not match the killers. *Bummer*. Perhaps they should have given him a Hearst owned newspaper and asked to see a demonstration of his cutting and pasting skills, but *no*. Look at the ominous lighting Voorhees was painted in for his very own photo shoot. Probably another Perry Fowler original.

IN my *earlier* report, I made specific mention of the fact that **Raymond Chandler** had already *eerily* described the Black Dahlia narrative in his 1939 sleuth novel, *The Big Sleep*. I even confessed that he was **Intel** without so much as taking a sledgehammer to my own cognitive dissonance. So many regrets. Before becoming accredited as the creator of the “hard-boiled” detective genre, Chandler was a **Royal Air Force pilot**. He was friends with **MI6** agent **Ian Fleming**. The two appeared together on the BBC. And we also find associations between Chandler and **Alfred Hitchcock** who, in turn, had connections of his own to **British Intel**.



The plotline to ‘The Big Sleep’ goes something as *follows*. Chandler has Philip Marlowe, the familiar protagonist of his crime literature, follow a prominent general’s wild daughter to a flophouse where secret porn is being filmed and girls are drugged and coaxed into sexual acts. The film adaptation, which starred **Humphrey Bogart** and **Lauren Bacall**, was released in August of 1946, less than half a year before the Black Dahlia murder, and isn’t that something? That same year, in 1946, Philp Marlowe’s first original screenplay hit the big screen. Are you ready for this? It was called **The Blue Dahlia**. Spooks in the Long Beach drug store named her after the movie.



Bogey may have not been the *first* actor to portray Marlowe on screen, and certainly not the last, but upon the books transfer to film, most would consider him to be Chandler's quintessential creation. And *now* for some genealogy. I found **3 Mayflower passengers** in his family lineage. **John Howland** was his 7th great-grandfather. 8th great-grandfathers include **William White** and **Reverend John Robinson**. And get *this*. His 6th great-grandmother, **Ann Pudeator**, was executed for witchcraft in the **Salem Witch Trial** *hoax* of 1692. Similarly, **Walt Disney** is the 6th great-grandson of **Reverend George Burroughs**, executed for witchcraft, while **Lucille Ball** is the 9th great-granddaughter of Salem witch **Rachel Vinson**. See what I mean? Every person *just* mentioned holds a special place among the children of Cain. Another convicted witch in Salem is **Mary Perkins Bradbury**, Bogart's 6th great grandaunt *via* **John Perkins**. In the world of spooks, being related to a Salem Witch gets you places.

From Plymouth, I found **11 sureties** of the **Magna Carta** in his direct lineage. 21st great-grandfathers include **John de Lacy**, **Gilbert de Clare**, and **Robert Fitz Walter**. 22nd great-grandfathers include **Hugh le Bigod**, **William d'Aubeny**, **Richard de Clare**, **Robert de Ros**, **Saher de Quincy**, **Roger le Bigod**, and **Henry de Bohun**. His 23rd great-grandfather is **Geoffrey de Say**.

Moving on down the line, **King Louis VI** of France is his 24th great-grandfather. **William the Conqueror** is his 25th great-grandfather. **King Robert I** of France is his 30th great-grandfather. **Alfred the Great**, 31st great-grandfather. And finally, **Charlemagne**, 33rd great-grandfather. Bogart is the blood of a different color, and that is blue.



THERE is *still* but one more genealogy to cover today, and it concerns the killer. **Orson Welles**. Yes, the killer. Didn't Welles play Hearst in a movie once? Hearst must have been a fan. Technically, *The Black Dablia* was a magical act, and Welles was a renowned magician. Therefore, he couldn't possibly be the killer, as we are only dealing with everybody's favorite *saw in half* trick. But *first*, before we get to those details, his family lineage.

With Welles, we find **3 Mayflower passengers**. **John Alden**, **Francis Cooke**, and **Richard Warren** are all 8th great-grandfathers. And like Bogart, his 7th great-uncle **Captain John Alden** was accused of Witchcraft in Salem. They're all related. I then found **Magna Carta Sureties** in his parentage. **8** of them in all. **John de Lacy** and **Gilbert**

de Clare make up his 21st great-grandfathers. Hugh le Bigod, Richard de Clare, Saher de Quincy, Henry de Bohun, and William de Mowbray are all 22nd great-grandfathers. Roger le Bigod takes up the rear as his 23rd great-grandfather.

Moving on *down* the line, King Edward I of England is his 19th great-grandfather. King Henry III of England, 20th great-grandfather. King Louis VI of France, 24th great-grandfather. William the Conqueror of England, 25th great-grandfather. King Robert I of France, 30th great-grandfather. Alfred the Great, King of the Anglo-Saxons, 31st great-grandfather. And last but certainly not least, Charlemagne, King of the Franks, 33rd great-grandfather. Conclusively, he's a Cain.

During the War, “and as part of his “Mercury Wonder Show,” Welles performed for soldiers on the very site where the body of Elizabeth Short was found. Specifically, he sawed women in half. He originally performed the trick on his wife Rita Hayworth until Columbia Pictures banned her from participating. *Wait*, didn't Jeff Connors work for Columbia? That's probably only a coincidence. He then performed the trick on two other girls. The *first* was Marlene Dietrich. Before I tell you who the *second* girl is, you may want to hold onto something. I am not responsible for any injuries acquired while reading my work. That person was Marilyn Monroe. They're 8th cousins. Also, Marilyn Monroe was a man. But you probably knew that already.



The magic doesn't end there. Welles movie, 'The Lady from Shanghai,' was made in 1946, but it wasn't released until 1948. It starred Rita Hayworth playing opposite himself. If you're a regular around here, then you'll know this isn't our first rodeo with Rita. If you recall, Intel named an atomic bomb in the Bikini Atoll after Hayworth. So, busy girl.



There's one specific set design in the movie—a twisted fun house of mirrors—involving confession and murder. Also, the split psyche. Welles specifically wanted severed limbs and mutilated faces to embody the stage. Mannequins littered the scene. Particularly odd about these mannequins however are the lacerations virtually identical to those inflicted upon Short. *Glasgow smile*. There are cuts ear-to-ear just below the zygomatic arch.

In one of Elizabeth Short's last letters home, her sister Virginia claimed she had written that a movie director was going to give her a screen test.

I knew it. A *clue*. Short *was* a mannequin all along. Robert Manley's trip to San Diego and back was something akin to *Weekend at Bernie's*. Another Welles connection is the reported fact that he and Short frequented Brittingham's restaurant in Los Angeles. We know this because the waitresses who worked there, who I can only suspect doubled as actresses, claimed Short was going out with someone at Columbia Pictures. Also, his name was George, which just so happens to be the director's full name. George Orson Wells.

On the day in which the killer mailed a packet to Los Angeles newspapers, January 24, Welles applied for his passport and then spent the next 10 months in Europe, despite not completing the editing of *Macbeth*, the film he was currently directing and starring in. The scene containing the mannequins was ultimately deleted from the film by **Harry Cohn**. The fact that they were created three months before her murder is probably just a coincidence and is in no way intended as viewer programming. Only a photograph or two survive as testimony to the scene.

CONSTRUCTION of the mutilated mannequin heads was overseen by make-up artist **Bob Schiffer**. I decided to look further into this Schiffer fellow, and wouldn't you know it, as specialist in women's makeup, Schiffer was often credited with developing the "**1940's look**." *Go figure*. What is the 1940's look, you ask? I had the *same* question. Red lips and thin, arching eyebrows. That's Schiffer's signature. Apparently, the *Glasgow smile* is another one of his signatures, but he's mainly uncredited for that.



Here we can see Bob Schiffer cozying up with George-Porgy, giving him the *right* look. Some of the other faces he made up in Hollywood were Rita Hayworth, **Joan Crawford**, **Ingrid Bergman**, **Cary Grant** and

Errol Flynn, as well as **Fred Astaire** and **Ginger Rogers**. Did he make up Elizabeth Short's face? We are not told. Much of Schiffer's early work is uncredited anyways. His aboriginal film is believed to have been 'The Last Days of Pompeii' in 1935, in which make-up was applied to hundreds of extras who were then promptly thrown to the lions.

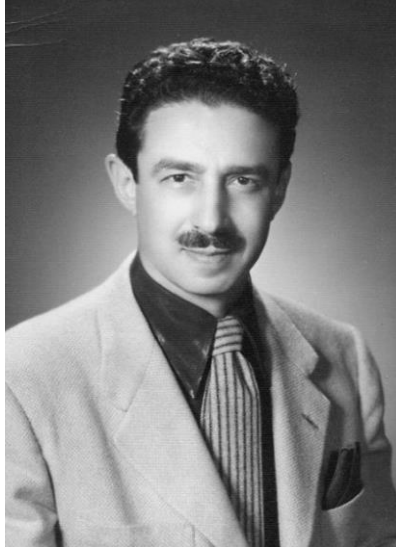
The Intel-net tells me Schiffer was best known for the 1962 film 'Birdman of Alcatraz,' in which Burt Lancaster ages from 18 to 80 in 143 minutes. We are told it was "a painstaking transformation that took two and a half hours each morning," in which Lancaster was applied "with rubber jowls, a beard and a toupee of thinning hair." After persuading the actor to shave his head, he then "wrinkled Lancaster's skin by hand, stretching it with tape and letting it crawl back into place." *Impressive*. You have to wonder how many hours the makeup department put into the Elizabeth Short movie.



Several hundred other films are attributed to Schiffer. Here's just a few of them. A Night at the Opera. The Wizard of Oz. The Lady from Shanghai.

An American in Paris. Gigi. Judgment at Nuremberg. What Ever Happened to Baby Jane? My Fair Lady. And Something Wicked This Way Comes. Starting in 1968, Schiffer became **head of the makeup department at Disney**. It was a position he would hold until his retirement in 2001. Remember when **Dean Jones** became a dog in the Shaggy DA? Schiffer. And then there was that time when **Daryl Hannah** became a mermaid in the **Ron Howard** movie. Schiffer *again*.

And wouldn't you know it, The New York Times tells us he lent his services to **law enforcement**, but *also* the **military**. *Here* they write: "He helped with camouflage work in World War II, and in 1961, during the **Bay of Pigs** invasion, he made up United State operatives to look more Cuban." *Wait*, hold on. Hollywood had a part to play in the Bay of Pigs invasion? Say it ain't so. The Intel-based newspaper further states that Schiffer "**created mock wounds for hundreds of marines and sailors** as part of battlefield training exercises." Once again, *The NY Times* is far too generous in what their willing to offer up. Perhaps they simply expect your cognitive dissonance to win the day.



PART THREE:

George Hodel. Doctor of Evil. *Actor.*

UP until this point, I've purposely been holding back. That is because we are nearing the end and I like saving the best for last. Have you ever heard of the man who wore a thousand faces, none his own? Perhaps not. There are probably several actors who fit that bill. **Lon Chaney** is one of them. If you were considerate enough to glance over my list of Hollywood High graduates, you will probably recall that Chaney's son, **Lon Chaney Jr.**, was one of them. But I digress, as we are dealing with a thousand faces, and **Sir Alec Guinness** is one of them. You will tell me that we are looking at a picture of **Dr. George Hill Hodel**, not Guinness. I wouldn't be so sure of that. Hodel is simply a character in a Hollywood production, and Bob Schiffer's our miracle man.

The script has given Hodel a backstory. He's a child musical prodigy born to Russian **Joos**. Already laying it on kind of thick, Intel. We then find

him in an intimate friendship with **Man Ray**, a surrealist and Dadaist photographer, as well as noted **Hollywood High** alumni **John Huston**. Fun *fact*. Huston liked to film his movies on location rather than a Hollywood sound stage. Also, Bogey was a staple of Huston's films. *Good to know*. We are furthermore *told* the man who lived at 5121 Franklin Avenue was prominent in Hollywood circles as an abortions doctor, protected by corrupt officials within the LAPD. Sounds like a sophisticated role.



I'm not saying George Hodel *is* Alec Guinness, but really, try to spot which of the three isn't him. *Hint*, Hodel is sandwiched between them. You will tell me I made that too easy, as I've already planted the exact same picture of Hodel above. And that is because, like practically every other suspect in *The Black Dahlia* movie, we are shown hardly any photos to prove their existence except what Hearst reporters deliver to us from the newsstand. Alec Guinness is a *real* person. Hodel is simply a character, as assuredly as Lieutenant Colonel Nicholson is a character in *'The Bridge on the River Kwai.'*

Again, I already know what you're going to say. You're going to say something like, "Why don't you find a picture of my grandmother on the internet?" Your grandmother wasn't an elite Hollywood abortion doctor, accused of sawing a porn actress *slash* call girl in half. You would think the paparazzi would be all over his barbarous bum like mayonnaise on a bologna sandwich. Hiding out behind the abortion clinic, waiting for the latest starlet to drive up for her appointment.

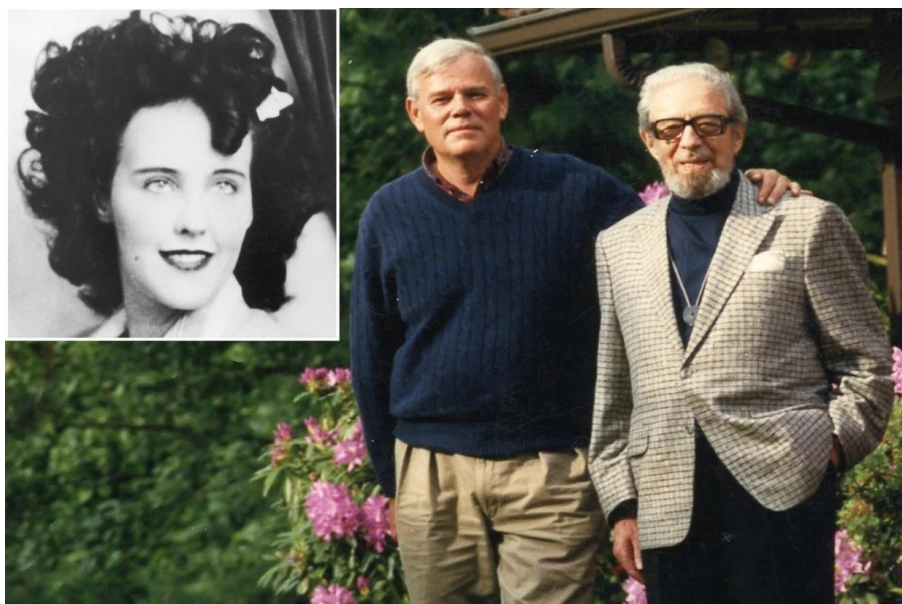
Ob sure, the press respects a patient-doctor confidentiality agreement when it comes to murdering the child (there's some irony for you). But Hodel isn't simply agreed upon to be a baby killer. He's *the killer*. Top banana. Numero uno. Muckety muck. The Grand Poobah. Where are the pictures of the man? They should be everywhere. For decades, we should be reading tabloids proclaiming: BLACK DAHLIA KILLER SHOWS OFF 500 POUND SUMMER BOD!!!—but *no*. Nothing.



It certainly doesn't help that Hodel ends up being yet another suspect in the murder of **Jeanne French**. During the winter of 1947, French was found dead, dumped in a vacant lot, and nude. Her killing became known as the Red Lipstick Murder due to a cryptic message written on her abdomen, which read: "Fuck you, B.D."

Between 1943 and 1950, Hodel is claimed to have murdered 9 women in total. Jeanne French, **Gladys Kern**, **Mimi Boomhower**, **Elizabeth Short**, and **Ora Murray**. This is partly due to every murder mentioned happening within 10 miles of Hodel's house and downtown private medical practice. Some have even gone so far as to claim Hodel as the

Zodiac Killer. Why do I get the feeling that Guinness was intended for a much larger role? Guinness had started out in theater years earlier, but his two breakthrough film performances were *Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist*, which happened in 1946 and 1948 respectively. **Jean Elizabeth Spangler** was an actress who went missing on October 7, 1949—but was never found. Hodel again. Boomhower wasn't found either. Perhaps Hodel is the role which Guinness later shied away from due to *other* commitments, so that not even the Spangler or Boomhower stories have closure.



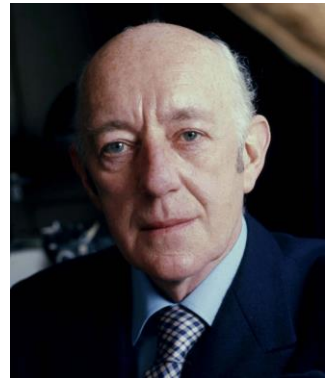
We are shown one photo of a much older George Hodel on the Intel-net. That's his son next to him, **Steve Hodel**. Look at him just standing there. Only pretending to get along. Waiting on his father to die—so that he can finally rat him out as the killer. How nice of him. It appears he's written *three* books on the subject. It's the George Hodel trilogy of Evil or what have you. They're called Black Dahlia Avenger I, II, and III. Each book gives more evidence as to why his father did it. There's even another called Most Evil, making four in all, in which he claims his father was the Zodiac Killer. It's all codswallop, and Steve Hodel knows it.

The younger Hodel has his own bio page, which lists him as a "**Hollywood Division Detective**." It then states: "During his career at

Hollywood Homicide, Steve promoted to Detective II and in 1983 was the senior field homicide detective.”

Wait, *hold the press*. How does one become a LAPD homicide detective when their father was a serial killer, exactly? He even says as much. You would think that makes for a compromising position, especially considering how Lipstick, Zodiac, *and* the Black Dahlia are all technically cold case files, and his father was attached to them in one way or another. I will remind you that Hodel waited until after his father died to “crack the case,” telling us his entire career is compromised. Considering how he was put into a position which might guard the truth of the doctor for the remainder of his life, you’d think Steve Hodel would do a better job of preserving his father’s legacy. In actuality, the apple hasn’t fallen far from the tree. He has continued George Hodel’s profession, and that is Intel.

Continuing: “Steve promoted to **Detective III (the highest attainable rank in detectives)** and retired from LAPD in 1986.” Sounds like they’re describing Masonry, don’t it? Cops *and* robbers *and* Freemasons. It’s all essentially the same thing. But that’s none of yours or my business.



Tell me Hodel doesn’t look like a spitting image of Alec Guinness and vice versa. *Even* as old men. Plant some glasses, a beard, and a wig on Obi-wan and we’ll call it a day. That’s George Hodel. The doctor died in 1999 in San Francisco. Perfect time to retire the character, as Guinness died one year later, in 2000. Bob Schiffer wouldn’t retire from Disney until 2001. Probably waited around to finish his projects. Tie up loose ends. He

needn't wait around for the *real* Elizabeth Short to die, as she had already completed her part in January of 1947. Schiffer died in 2005. But Short—or rather, The Black Dahlia—she outlived everyone.

You're about to find out who she is.



PART FOUR:

Will the *Real* Elizabeth Short Please Stand Up?

WERE you expecting someone else? Probably not a princess. The Black Dahlia—that's *her*. Elizabeth Short's real name is **Fawzia Fuad**. She was the daughter of **Fuad I**, seventh son of **Ismail the Magnificent** of Egypt. Cleans up nicely, don't she? A little make-up and some jewels around an otherwise naked neck goes a long way. That signature lush head of spidery black hair looks *nice* with a crown. Still tight-lipped though,

rarely seeming comfortable around the camera—as hundreds of pictures seem to show. Probably because she was such a bad ass. You know who else was a bad ass? Cleopatra was a bad ass. Both operatives too, ruling their kingdoms by a little something I like to call *magic*.

Fawzia's marriage to the Iranian Crown Prince in 1939 was nothing more than a political deal, which aimed to consolidate Egyptian power and influence in the Middle East while simultaneously blending the regality of an Egyptian royal household with the new Iranian regime. That's the exoteric explanation, at any rate. I looked that much up on the Wikipedia. Her husband's name was **Mohammad Reza Pahlavi**. She was *also* a Trojan horse, as you shall soon see. Fawzia had some friends at Langley.



For her role as Elizabeth Short, they had to deconstruct the doll and dirty her up a bit. Toss the pencil for the eyebrows and loose the cherry lipstick. Tangle the hair. Toss the comb out. Go with the wild and free look. And while we're at it, smudge the face. It all serves a purpose. Give her the look of promiscuity. The biggest difference that I see is the nose. From this angle, Elizabeth Short's nose is a bit thinned in the middle and well-rounded at the bottom. Nothing a reconstruction guy like Schiffer

couldn't handle. Make-up does wonders. Fawzia's eyes are dark *here* due to the lighting. Short is staring directly at a bulb.



Ab, that's better. The ancient world of the 1940's is resurrected in our modern day with a splash of color. Do you see what I did there? *Resurrected*. We'll get to that. Now both pair of eyes have a doppelganger look to them—don't they? In some pictures, Fawzia's eyes look hazel, but *here* they're sapphire. Perhaps even turquoise.

You will tell me the nose is off and that this can't possibly be the same person. Have we forgotten already about Bob Schiffer and the magic of Hollywood? I will remind you that we have no proof whatsoever that Elizabeth Short did little more than pose for a few photographers and finally Schiffer, the mannequin maker. Yes, there were boots on the ground, but only for the camera. All the people who claimed to have seen her at one place or another or to even have dated her were probably crisis actors or spooks.

Still not convinced, are you? It's the nose, isn't it? You're only making this hard on yourself. *Fine*. I didn't want to have to do this, but we're going taking a trip down memory lane.

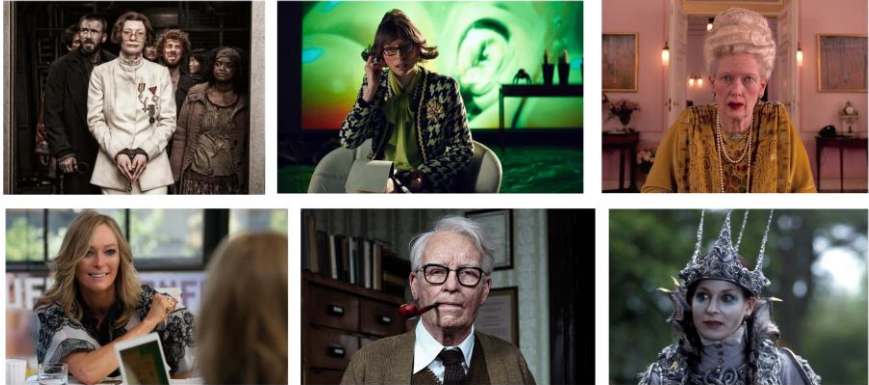


The actress on the left and the right is the *same* woman. **Nicole Kidman**. But... *the nose*... but.... how? *I know*. Kidman is playing Virginia Woolf in the 2002 film, 'The Hours.' Amazing what a little make-up can do.



The woman with the crazy eyes is **Charlize Theron**. And no, I'm not going to show you what Charlize Theron looks like this time around. You're going to have to look her up for yourself. Well, get to it. *I'm waiting*.

Did you type her name into the search engine yet? Even in a police line-up it would be difficult to tell them apart. This is the extent she went to in the 2003 movie ‘Monster.’



And now it's time to play a game which I like to call: 'Spot the Imposter.' **Tilda Swinton** played the white witch, among many other transformative roles. You can see what Tilda Swinton looks like on the *right*, and so, one of these *above* six pictures is not Tilda Swinton. Go ahead. Give it a try. No cheating on the Intel-net. Are you ready for the answer? Barbara Kellerman is the imposter, and she's playing the white witch. You will



tell me that was a blow below the belt, seeing as how I mentioned Swinton as playing the white witch once, but it's not like I told you to eliminate it. Yes, Swinton did indeed play the white witch, but that was another movie. The old man is her though, as assuredly as the old woman. But even the character in the bottom left corner looks nothing like her. None of them do. It's all in the make-up and the wardrobe and the lighting, isn't it?



And now we get back to Fawzia Fuad. See if you can guess which of the two photos is a role she's playing in a movie. I know, that was too easy. The side profile gives her away though. *Same* chin. Even the nose from this angle is a match. Fawzia still looks uncomfortable here, though she is given something to focus in upon while the photographer captures her image. Namely, her own daughter. Princess **Shahnaz**. She's not nearly so glammed up as we've seen her before. Probably because we're observing her day-to-day on the royal grounds.



Looks like another scene from a movie, don't it? We're looking at the funeral of Elizabeth Short. Yes, we're back on *The Black Dahlia* movie again. The date was January 25. Ten days have passed since Betty Bersinger discovered the mannequin. Fawzia Fuad could finally go back to being her old self again. Meanwhile, there are only three mourners in attendance. Who are these people, you ask? That's what I want to know. Probably actors.

You're probably wondering what the Queen of Iran was truly up to while her Black Dahlia counterpart was being activated in Boston and then wreaking havoc with the sailors across the southland. The Wikipedia hints at it in her article's opening paragraph.

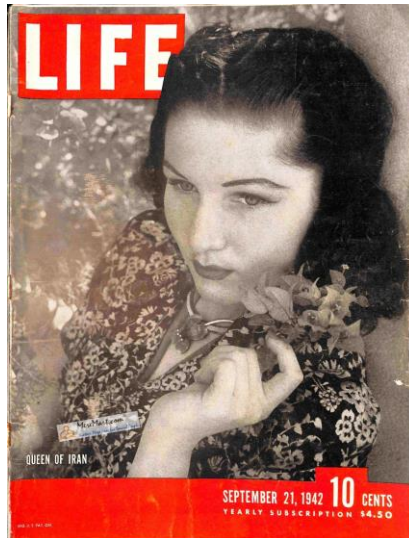
Fawzia was the daughter of [Fuad I](#), seventh son of [Ismail the Magnificent](#). Her marriage to the Iranian Crown Prince in 1939 was a political deal: it consolidated Egyptian power and influence in the Middle East, while bringing respectability to the new Iranian regime by association with the much more prestigious Egyptian royal house. It was never a love-match, and Fawzia obtained an Egyptian divorce in 1945 (not recognised in Iran until 1948), under which their one daughter [Princess Shahnaz](#) would be brought up in Iran.

In 1949, Fawzia remarried Colonel [Ismail Chirine](#), an Egyptian diplomat, with whom she had a son and a daughter.

It reads: “Fawzia obtained an Egyptian divorce in 1945 (not recognized in Iran until 1948), under which their one daughter Princess Shahnaz would be brought up in Iran.” *Sure*, the Black Dahlia was commissioned in 1943, and Fuad didn’t get around to a divorce until 1945, but agent Fawzia needn’t really have boots on the ground until the latter half of 1946. Mostly to meet with the production team and, if needed, fellow cast members. Also, to participate in location shoots, like the John Marshall High School session. Why would Fuad simply walk away from being an Iranian queen, for *lack* of love? Is that what they are going with? I guess that’s what we are going with.



Know who else probably faked her own death? Cleopatra did. I say *probably*, but that double-suicide snake story has all the stank of an Intel psyop written all over it. She was in bed with Rome the entire time. Just like Fawzia Fuad and Elizabeth Short. Another comparison between the two is that they are both regarded as the last queen of Egypt. And anyways, exhibiting one’s death and resurrection is a prominent theme for the Mystery religion neophyte and secret society Elite. On the morning of January 15, Masonic donut eaters knew precisely what they were investigating. If anything, the murder psyop would have proved her worth with the Intel community, particularly the CIA.



What are the chances that the Queen would appear on a cover of **LIFE** Magazine a year before the beginnings of the Black Dahlia project *officially* kicked off? Slim to none. Only one word comes to mind. *Spook*. On September 21, 1942, the fate of The War hadn't even been "decided" on. Intel however simply couldn't wait to show off their latest puppet state, everything the Zionist New World Order had to offer. LIFE Magazine was *in the know*.

The **1953 Iranian coup d'état**, known in **Iran** as the **28 Mordad coup d'état** (**Persian**: کودتای ۲۸ مرداد), was the **overthrow** of the democratically elected **Prime Minister Mohammad Mosaddegh** in favour of strengthening the monarchical rule of the **Shah, Mohammad Reza Pahlavi** on 19 August 1953.^[5] It was orchestrated by the **United States** (under the name **TPAJAX Project**^[6] or "**Operation Ajax**") and the **United Kingdom** (under the name "**Operation Boot**").^{[7][8][9][10]} The **clergy** also played a considerable role.^[11]

The Wikipedia has no trouble in naming the **United States** and **United Kingdom** as the orchestrators of the 1953 **Iranian coup d'état**, though it was known in Iran as the 28 Mordad coup d'état. We then read, it "was the overthrow of the democratically elected Prime Minister **Mohammad Mosaddegh** in favor of strengthening the monarchical rule of the Shah, **Mohammad Reza Pahlavi**." Recognize Pahlavi? Faud's husband.



There's the Mr. and Mrs., looking uncomfortable as they so often do together. The Photographer probably caught them again, mid-argument. I can *hear* the Queen now. "Fine, I'll die for your OSS buddies, but then afterwards you can expect my divorce!" In which, Pahlavi responds: "They're the CIA now, Faud, and they make movies." *So awkward.* Egypt had plans, indeed. Claiming America and Great Britain was involved is just a nice way of saying the Iranian coup was a **CIA** and **MI6** **operation** from the start, though the Muslim clergy was also involved. The Americans called it *Operation Ajax*, the United Kingdom *Operation Boot*. Everybody wanted a part in screwing over the Middle East for Zionism.



The Wikipedia offers us a picture of the Iran coup. *Fun times*. I added in the second for good measure. As a disclaimer, I have never driven a tank, nor have I straddled or ridden upon one. Certainly not while in motion. I haven't played my part in the invasion of another country either, let alone a coup of my own. But I'm pretty sure, *if* I did, that I wouldn't straddle a tank from its loaded barrel. That's not how these machines of war work, nor does it appear safe to the very piece of equipment he's mimicking. A little too hot in the pants if you ask me. That's how *boo-boos* happen. And besides, victories are rarely won from such innuendos, unless we're talking about obelisks, which certainly do have a habit of looming victorious over everyone. Egypt has obelisks. But Rome has *more* of them. And since we're comparing sizes, America has the *biggest* one of all.

Anywho, Pahlavi's rule over Iran wouldn't last. The CIA had other plans in 1979. And that was that. Still a sweet ride though.



Fawzia Fuad returned to Egypt and married **Ismail Chirine** six months after her divorce. Her new husband was initially a banker. Working for the **Sassoon** family, *hmmm?* Did she realize they were **Joos**? Ismail Chirine is also listed as a military officer and **UN diplomat**. Jack of all trades. He even had a part in the 1948 War with Israel.



Princess Fawzia & Ismail Chirine
circa 1987

Princess Fawzia spent the remainder of her life hopping back and forth between sunny winters along the Egyptian coast and all that a summer in Switzerland has to offer. *Nice*. And then The Wikipedia offers us this last nugget of information.

Fawzia lived in Egypt after the 1952 Revolution that toppled King Farouk.^[47] Princess Fawzia's death was mistakenly reported in January 2005. Journalists had confused her with her niece, Princess Fawzia Farouk (1940–2005), one of the three daughters of King Farouk. In her

It says Fawzia's death was mistakenly reported upon in January 2005. That's not a first, if we take Elizabeth Short into account. The official narrative is such a tease, isn't it? Apparently, journalists were incapable of telling the difference between the last queen of Egypt and Princess Farouk. I'm sure it happens to the Queen of England all the time. Can't seem to tell her apart from Camilla. *Oh well*, another day. The Wiki offers us a link to Princess Farouk but no picture of her can be found. Probably because they look so much alike, without the make-up. We'd get the two confused and they can't have that.

~~Elizabeth Short~~ Fawzia Fuad of Egypt died in Alexandria in 2013 at the age of 91.

