

## A murder wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma...

For seventy years on weathered photographs the stone cold grey eyes of Elisabeth Short beg to bring her murderer to justice. Posthumously but once and for all.



On January 15<sup>th</sup> of 1947 the tortured and trounced body of a 22 years old aspiring starlet was found stark naked on a sidewalk, mistaken for a discharged mannequin at first.

The Black Dahlia murder has to be categorized as the most horrible act of violence ever committed on a woman. The mother of matricides if you will. An act that would have made Jack the Ripper proud and put him to shame at once.

Slain Beth Short was making the headlines of American tabloids for ten consecutive weeks. Hordes of Hearst Press journalists were searching feverishly for an explanation, any at all, to this inexplicably brutal slaughtering of a human being.

In post WWII Los Angeles had become the City of Fallen Angels. Hedonistic movie stars, traumatized GI Joes and fatal femmes were prowling Hollywood Boulevard each feeding their needs in a quest for a night to remember.

A bunch of exiled European avant-gardists who conceived murder as a fine art, a Satanic sex cult staging black masses and some cops on the make and take doing the cover up are the ingredients for the crime of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

Become a witness of conspiracy so complex that any claim of exposing perpetrators had to be repulsed as preposterous. Until today.