

FAQ 38

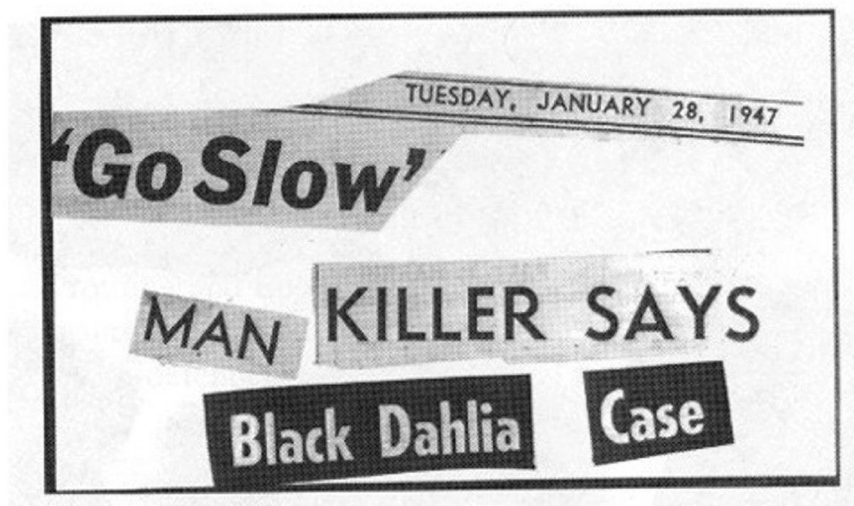
(March 30, 2007)

38.1

Q: Do you think that Man Ray knew or suspected that your father was the Black Dahlia killer?

I have addressed your question in previous FAQs, but to answer it again, YES, I believe Man Ray knew that his friend George Hodel, committed the murder. But, only after the fact. I do not believe Man Ray had any prior knowledge of the killing, nor is there any evidence to indicate he was an accomplice. I think he was as horrified as many others in my father's "inner circle."

Let us examine the killer's pasted note to the police and press, keeping in mind that George Hodel was a crime-reporter for the *Los Angeles Record newspaper in his youth*. What we are reading here is A HEADLINE. (This is why retired detective/author Joseph Wambaugh on his television reexamination of the crime believed the note was sent in by a member of the press. On his show he speculated that a reporter sent it in to "keep the story going.") He was correct in part. It was a man trained in journalism, but what Wambaugh could not know was that he was ALSO HER KILLER.



To Dorero and George--and my homage as I am pleased
when I am asked for my phiz--so much more than when
I am asked for a portrait of a greater celebrity.

I celebrate YOU.

Man

(1946)



2 bis rue Ferou (6)

Dear George, so nice to hear from you.

We're settled here indefinitely, shall we meet
again some time? Send us a couple of pounds of smoky tea!
What do you want from Paris besides a cocotte?

Love, Julie & Man

It is my belief that George Hodel left a second “clue” concealed in his cryptic message to the public. A secret, double entendre, which reveals his “catch me if you can” attitude. Above we see two personal notes from Man Ray to my father and mother. Both signed using his personal name, “MAN”. Those of you who have read my chapter on Man Ray – Thoughtprints are aware of the connections I make to support my belief that the crime is intrinsically connected as an homage to Man Ray and several of his most famous works. (*Minotaur and The Lovers.*) That the murder was George Hodel’s “masterpiece”, a surreal killing dedicated to his friend, and mentor-- Man Ray. I believe he is subtly informing us of this in his message, by using the words MAN KILLER.

By themselves the words sound stilted and make no sense. However, to those few with eyes to see and ears to hear—to those of his “inner circle” –the message makes great sense. To the esoteric and enlightened few he has concealed and named his good friend, “MAN” to whom he has written a secret dedication using a most public forum.. (Another riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.)

38.2

Q: How was Henry Miller connected to your father? Did you meet him at the Franklin House as a young boy?

Again, I would refer you to earlier FAQs related to Henry Miller. If I did meet him as a child, I have no recollection. All we really know is that Henry Miller and my father were acquainted and that Henry Miller on one occasion shortly before father’s sudden departure was seen having a private conversation with George in the Franklin House library. (Witnessed by roomer/tenant Joe Barrett in late 1949 or early 1950)

In later years, my mother did speak of Henry Miller as being a family friend and of having visited him on numerous occasions at his home in the Big Sur area of California.

I had never previously read any of Miller’s writings and am basically unfamiliar with his works other than a book I located a few months ago, which is quite revealing. So much so, that I will quote from it here to demonstrate how much insight can be revealed in a few paragraphs, even if they were written some sixty-years past. From reading the below passages, I would have to say that HENRY MILLER and GEORGE HODEL obviously shared a kindredness of thought as it relates to sex, incest, and their own unconventional sense of morality. From what MILLER reveals in his privately published book, it is easy for me to imagine the two men sharing a lively discussion at the Franklin House.

The World of Sex

By Henry Miller

(Printed by J.H.N. for friends of Henry Miller
1000- Copies printed,
New York, 1940)



pg. 12-

But what is normal and healthy for the vast majority leads us nowhere in seeking a clue to the rules of behavior which govern men of genius. The man of genius, wittingly or unwittingly, through his work and by his example seems to struggle to establish the truth that every man is a law unto himself and that the only way to liberation is through the recognition and the realization that he is a unique being.

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Sex is only one of millions of ways of expressing oneself. The important thing is the expression, not what is expressed. If it would help men to liberate themselves I would recommend them to have intercourse with animals or to fuck in public or to commit incest, for example. There is nothing in itself which is wrong or evil, not even murder. It is the fear of doing wrong, the fear of committing murder, the fear of acting, or expressing oneself, which is wrong.

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In fact, it is our dream life which affords a slight cue to the nature of that life which is in store for us. In our dream life we live indiscriminately in past and future. It is the potential, indestructible man who comes to life in the dream. For his being there is no longer a censorship; taboos, laws, conventions, customs are annihilated. In the realm of sex it is the only true freedom he ever knows. He moves toward the object of his desire unimpeded by time, space, physical obstacles or moral considerations. He may sleep with his mother

as naturally and easily as with another woman. He may take an animal in the field and satisfy his desires without the slightest revolt. He may fuck his own daughter and find it extremely pleasurable. In the waking world, crippled and shackled by all kinds of fetters, everything is wrong or evil except that which has been prescribed by fear. The real, inner being knows that these things are not wrong, not evil: when he can close his eyes he gives himself up to all these practices and pursuits which are prohibited. In his dreams he follows out his true desires. These desires are not only valid and legitimate but must be realized; if they are thwarted or frustrated the world becomes ugly and death-like.

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A certain amount of killing, plundering, raping, and so on, inevitably occurs whenever there is a burst of freedom. Some kind of crude justice has to be dealt out when the scales are tipped and seek to return to balance. Some specimens of the human race ought, out of decency, kindness and reverence for those to come, be wiped out. Some bastards *should* be buggered and thrown over the fence for the wolves and hyaenas to finish off. Some females *ought* to be raped to death and left lying on the spot for all to see. Some mean, miserly cowards and traitors to the race *ought* to be stripped of all they posses and sent naked into the hills.

A man's prick and a woman's cunt will not need to have a name and address tied to it.

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Now and then in the evenings, I pass a show window where a manikin is being dressed. The manikin is standing there nude and the window-dresser is just in the act of putting his arms around the figure to move her an inch to the left or right. Every time this happens I have the same reaction—I feel that the manikin is more alive than the man who is dressing her. Why it is I don't know, but the manikin always seems *sexually* alive. The window-trimmer, on the other hand, is just an indescribable bundle of animate flesh wrapped in meaningless clothes. His movements are utterly senseless. He is going to take the live sexual manikin and make her seductive to the passer-by by putting clothes around her and making her look like the people in the street. He makes the sexual thing dead, just as the undertaker, is ticking up a corpse, makes death look inviting. On every side I see people tampering with the natural order of things, trying to galvanize the inanimate into the semblance of life or else rigidifying the live thing into some death-like pose. Dead or alive, whatever is bare, stark, nude, frightens the shit out of them. A wax cunt in a show window can terrify them even more than a live cunt, so it seems. Even turkeys have to be dressed after the slaughter.