



# Superman's Curse: The George Reeves Murder-Suicide Was a Hoax

*by* Noel Joshua Hadley





A SHOT rang out.

In the home of actor **George Reeves**, people frantically handed somebody else their martini glass and then tried to wake the naked couple in bed, though the police wouldn't be called for nearly an hour. Earlier that evening, Reeves and his fiancée had gotten into an argument at a restaurant or two and, despite planning to wed in only four days' time, Reeves reportedly wanted out of the arrangement. *Dodged that bullet.* Too soon?

Within the matter of hours, the Superman actor would be reported dead. Undoubtedly, the biggest news story of 1959 in the schoolyard sandbox, toppling even the cancellation of the Mickey Mouse Club. For the following sixty plus years, the evening plays out like a game of CLUE whodunit, precisely as it was *designed* to. Ask any room for a show of hands and there will likely be a split decision between George Reeves being the victim of murder and the other half claiming suicide. But as you've hopefully deduced by now, I'm claiming *neither*. Go ahead. Pick your favored scenario. The murder-suicide of George Reeves was a hoax. From what I've been able to gather on the Intel-net, I'm the first to make the claim—which is surprising. How is it that nobody else has put the two

and two together? George Reeves was simply cast into his latest movie. You likely already know its title. The *Curse* of Superman.

If you're *new* around here and prone to have a hissy fit at the mere suggestion that Reeves flying out of his bedroom window on wires is more believable than the *official* narrative, just know this isn't my first throw down in the ring. Eventually, you sit in the audience of the magic show and strain your eyes long enough to *catch* the Wizard's sleight of hand. Afterwards, you'll never be fooled by the *same* trick again. But that is only if you *choose* to see it. Most wont. Our Slave Masters know that people show up at the magic show because they want to be fooled. Try standing up during the middle of the performance and flailing your arms back and forth in order to *warn* the crowd of their deception. I've looked into the abyss, and I *know* what I'm dealing with. The abyss has heavy-set eyes. It stares back.

But look at me—getting all dark and ominous with you. Why are we talking about the bottomless pit when the murder-suicide hoax of George Reeves needs tended to? As we should expect with a Hollywood hoax production, it was one of the sloppiest investigations ever. How sloppy was it—you ask. No photos of the crime scene have ever been found. The gun was never checked for fingerprints. Reeves body was embalmed before the autopsy was performed. And the police threw his blood-stained sheets in the washer. We are told it was *performed* in the manner that it was in order for Hollywood Execs to protect their celebrities. That's certainly one way to put it. *Oh*, George Reeves needed protected, alright. He needed to go unidentified all the way to retirement.

Your probable first thought is *why* they would do something like that. Only *pretend* to kill the Man of Steel, that is. It's questions like that which help me to identify who's the new person around here. Rookie mistake. But that's okay. For past, present, and future discussions, you'll want to become familiar with the word **Psychodrama**. Say it with me. **Psychodrama**. *Again*. **Psychodrama**. Anyone intimate with my work will gladly tell you that psychodrama is *real* magic. Not the fake stuff they sell you in Shakespearean plays. Except the irony here is that it's strictly reserved to the world stage. You may have heard of “performance witchcraft” before. *Same thing*. That's what a psychodrama essentially is. You are *told* something terrible happened by your handlers and now you

are expected to survive the outcome, or in the very least grapple with its implications. That's how the alchemy does its work. The catch being that you are sold on an illusion. The illusion itself, as the stage performance suggests, is key to the casting of the spell.

Case in point, the Zionist Media had just devoted an entire decade to convincing millions of baby boomer children that Superman was *faster than a speeding bullet*. On the morning of June 16, they woke up to learn that he'd chosen a bullet of all things to end it. You figure taking a plunge off the Colorado Street Bridge was probably another discussed scenario, as he would have failed to stick the landing after the latest flying segment. *Here* we see a devastated child identified as a certain Charley Kephart, age 7, of 2225 Berkeley Avenue. You can easily find the house on a map. It's just blocks away from Elysian Park and Dodger's Stadium. Just *look* at that newspaper headline. TV'S SUPERMAN OUT OF WORK, KILLS SELF. *Psychodrama*. Don't believe everything you read in ink, kid.



SADDENED OVER THE DEATH OF HIS HERO, SUPERMAN  
Charley Kephart, 7, of 2225 Berkeley Ave. doesn't know what is make of it.

Why would newspapers run the story that George Reeves was out of work? That's *fake news*. The tabloids were fully aware that *The Adventures of Superman* had been picked up for another entire season—maybe even two. At least 26 *more* episodes. Included in the deal was a proposed tour of Australia and possibly even Japan. That's how popular that show was. They were so determined to get something off the ground that a spin-off show starring the fictional character Jimmy Olsen, complete with stock footage of Reeves, was considered.



For the remainder of the century, *The Adventures of Superman* ranked only behind *I Love Lucy* in syndication. The crew down at Desilu Studios realized they had made a mistake in canceling a good thing and were bringing it back for another run—but even its cancellation and resurgence was probably planned as part of the psyop. The press had already decided on the suicide scenario *before* the police investigation—as if that’s not suspicious. Children already knew the show was canceled and the media wasn’t interested in lifting the illusion. Notice if you haven’t already, it wasn’t George Reeves who died—but Superman. *Sorry* kids. Big Daddy was so depressed that he couldn’t be there for you, flying through millions of television sets as your artificial babysitter, that he decided to end it all. Because nobody is going to make Superman bleed his own blood but himself.

You will tell me the reason is that he was weary of being typecast. *Sure*, let’s go with that. Having more invites than Howdy Doody and Bozo the Clown to every child’s birthday party in America sucks, I suppose. Apparently, a rotunda of women hoping to swoon over him in big red boots and a cape and then *do* his laundry to, *you know*, check and see if he was simultaneously the man of stainless-steel underneath, no longer got it up for him—as leaping over tall buildings in a single-bound goes. You

think Captain Kangaroo ever had it so good? How did Slim Goodbody ever manage to pull it off? *Look*, I get it. Playing the Zionist Messiah can become a bore. You figure even the actual Zionist Messiah, once the Illuminati are certain to pull his arrival off *beyond* the Television, will tire of his role from time to time. Best for Reeves to retire in South America. Kick back a couple of cold ones with Hitler while the aging Fuhrer's health is still good.

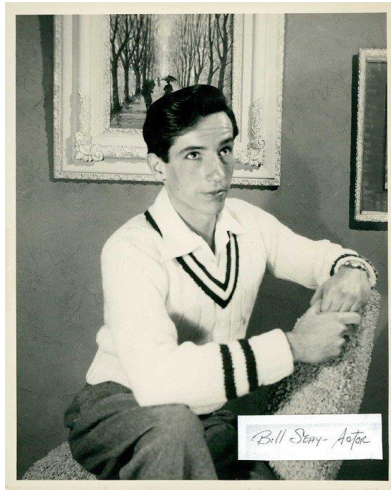


Just to show us how suicidal he truly was, George Reeves posed for a series of photos within days of his death. How many days before Operation Flappy Cape went *live*? Less than a week. If you read my series of papers on the Manson murder hoax, then you'll recall that **Sharon Tate** and **Jay Sebring** did the *very* thing. Here we see George hanging out front of his 1579 Benedict Canyon home. Good looking door, if ever I've seen one. Standing exactly as we'd expect of a happy man, I suppose, whenever entering and leaving the very home that had already been bought and paid for by the wife of an **MGM film studio executive** and **producer**. But we'll get to that in a *few*.

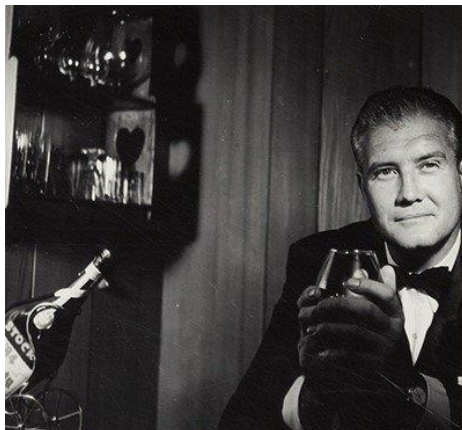
An even happier photo was taken on the driveway with his 1959 Oldsmobile. *Fresh plates*. Look closely, that's a temporary license. He'd just bought it. They certainly don't make them like they used to. Your father's Oldsmobile probably never looked that good either. *Yeah*, that's a man who was going places in style. *Not* suicidal. Going where, exactly? How about Desilu Studios and another 26 episodes, for starters.

The happiest photo of all has George proudly showing off his gun collection inside the home. Apparently, the black button-up shirt and gray

slacks were too casual for a depressed and out of work actor, as he's committed to a costume change. *Same* photo session though.



I might as well point out that George Reeves' last photo-session was taken by *this* guy. Among other films, **Billy Seay** was a former child actor who had appeared in *Our Gang* before it became known as the *Little Rascals*. Not exactly a bombshell bread crumb, but he was *still* an actor. The Hollywood gears were in motion while Reeves leaned over his Oldsmobile to say *Cheese*, and Seay was standing on the set. Therefore, I'm putting this out there because you never really know. If Billy Seay was indeed *in the know* and not just hired on the go, then we're likely to run into the former child actor at some other psyop.





And *now* we turn to a happy photo of a proud and happy man drinking his beloved Brandy. The gentleman's baby bottle. Its label reads Stock 84. Not too shabby. *Still* part of the Billy Seay photo session. Suicide is looking less and less likely of an option, ain't it? A man doesn't show off his *girls'* guns like that only to routinely guide the cold barrel of a stashed Luger towards his forehead. And besides, you'd think a bullet through the mouth is the *surer* way to end it.

Hollywood actor **Jim Beaver** has been talking up his George Reeves biography for some time now. Still unpublished, as of *this* writing. Apparently, he talked to one witness who claimed that Reeves would get so sloshed at home parties that he'd shoot men's hats off. *Oh dear*. Did he first make them stand in front of a haystack and bullseye or are we expected to believe the walls somehow managed to swallow up the bullet holes? Where's a tabloid reporter when you *really* need him? That's just conveniently placed misinformation to paint Reeves in the strokes of an irresponsible gun owner and open up the suicide option.



**Art Weissman** was Reeves personal assistant. He later told **Geraldo Rivera** (*I know*) that George “was not a believer in live ammunition in those guns in the house—because there had been parties in the house before and he didn't like the idea of anybody picking up a gun and

saying *bang*. And so, the fact that there was live ammunition in one of the guns is a problem for me to accept.” So, it was murder then—you will tell me. *No*, it wasn’t. Art Weissman was maybe *insinuating* murder, but Reeves’ inner circle of friends are only divided in opinion down the middle because the narrative was set up for *both* options.



What are the *chances* that George Reeves lived just down the street from the 10500 Cielo Drive home? That’s where the Sharon Tate murder was staged in as little as a decade. *Nope*, not a coincidence. From there, the Lookout Mountain U.S. Air Force Movie Studio, where the atomic bomb footage was *produced*, was just a hop and a skip away. Make a note of **Bill Bliss**’ residence a little further up the lane. We might as well call this birds-eye view of the earth ‘Spook Street’, because that is what it is. When you learn more about the person—or rather *the people*—who provided Reeves his living accommodations, you too will see that his murder-suicide was yet another Intel operation, like the Manson’s, and that it had long been planned.



On *second* thought, why delay the inevitable? The *woman* who paid for the house at 1579 Benedict Canyon Drive and then allowed George Reeves to move on in—free of rent—was **Toni Mannix**. She was born Camille Bernice Froomess, but then became a **Ziegfeld Follies** showgirl under the alias Toni Lanier. You will recall that **Lucille Ball** attempted to make the cut as a Ziegfeld girl but, according to the *official* narrative, was fired in 1932 at the age of 16. Sometime in the 1930s and *while* still a Ziegfeld girl, Lanier became the mistress of **MGM's general manager, Eddie Mannix**. *Ah*, our *next* clue. She finally took on the name Mannix, but not until their marriage in 1951, well over a decade later.

Her 10-year affair with George Reeves began in 1948, some three years before putting a ring on it. Over the course of the following decade, she would shower Reeves with expensive gifts. Eddie Mannix *clearly* didn't mind, as he not only consented to her boy toys and the necessary toys for those play-things, but according to *The Guardian*, "He and his own mistresses often went on double dates with George and Toni, and when they traveled it was Mannix's in first-class, sexual playthings in coach."



Eddie Mannix. There he is. *Yes indeed*, Eddie Mannix. Presenting Desilu with a key. A *giant* key. What sort of door might that key open? We are not told. Probably congratulating them on their televised alchemy, from one Ziegfeld handler to another. I suppose that *would* be depressing, banging the wife of a Hollywood Executive while he approves and never getting cast into any of his MGM movies. *Wink-wink*. How anyone is incapable of seeing that Reeves was being groomed for The Big Day is beyond me. Eddie Mannix, you see, wasn't simply a producer. The man from Jersey was a Hollywood *fixer*.

**Joseph Edgar Allen John "Eddie" Mannix** (February 25, 1891 – August 30, 1963) was an American film studio executive and producer. He is remembered for his work as a "fixer", who was paid to cover up Hollywood stars' often colorful private lives to protect their public image and profitability for the studio.<sup>[1]</sup> Among his most lasting contributions to Hollywood was a ledger he maintained that lists the costs and revenues of every **MGM** film produced between 1924 and 1962, an important reference for film historians.

You see, it says so right here. Even The Wikipedia admits it. I bet you didn't know that MGM had its very own "Special Services Department." *Well*, it did. As head of the public image publicity wing of the filmmaking industry, Mannix was paid to disguise details of the colorful private lives which contracted luminaries often flaunted

indiscriminately. Sounds like thinly disguised Intel work to me, but that's probably none of my business. *Officially* though, when a star was in trouble, they knew who to call. It was Eddie Mannix who took care of them. Solved their problems. Told them what they could and could not say to the press. Hid their crimes. You know, the Big Boy stuff that went *beyond* the expertise of their usual day-to-day handler.

Remember when **Paul Byrne**, husband of **MGM**'s biggest star, **Gene Harlow**, was murdered? Mannix was on top of it. **MGM** starlet **Judy Garland**'s drug addictions. *Not a problem*. The murder of **Ted Healy**, creator of 'The Three Stooges'. *On it*. An unmarried **Loretta Young** is found with child and a very-married **Clark Gable** is the father? Call Mannix. He'll have the press convincing everyone that Young is simply adopting someone else's kid. So clever of him. The Wikipedia sums up Mannix as *follows*:

During his career as a studio fixer at **MGM**, Mannix allegedly left a trail of secret abortions, sham marriages and several other unsolved homicides in his wake.<sup>[13]</sup>

*Oh dear*. Are you telling me there were *fake* marriages in Hollywood and the television and media said otherwise? Say it ain't so. In order to pull off the illusion, Mannix would need a complex web of contacts at his constant disposal. Scumbags from under back-alley rock. There was of course the constant butt kissing to **Louis B. Mayer**, but then consider the reporters and doctors, as well as politicians and the police needed for his day-to-day projects. *Mm-hmm*, Intel. Why do I get the feeling that Mannix could just as easily *create* scandal? You know, like those "unsolved murders." Make somebody "go away" for the purposes of "public image." This week it's a car wreck. Last month it was a plane crash. Just tell them he took a bullet to the skull and let everybody grovel for a cause. Murder or suicide? That's the fun part, as they'll never even think to question the bullet. It's a psychodrama thing.



The Yoko Ono of this story is New York *socialite* **Leonore Lemmon**. She is described to us as a reputed gold digger with a volatile temper; a playgirl who was at one time infamous in New York as the only woman ever tossed out of the Stork Club for fist-fighting. *Also*, an actress. Before meeting George, she was married to a **Vanderbilt**. Specifically, Vanderbilt heir **J. Vanderbilt Webb**. We've already taken a look at the Vanderbilt courtroom *drama* in my Shirley Temple paper and the conclusion is a unanimous one. The Vanderbilts were Media *spooks*.

Upon their meeting in 1958, George Reeves apparently took a liking to her, as he promptly dumped Toni Mannix. *Poor girl*. The nerve of Reeves. After buying him a house and everything. She must have been crushed. *Devastated*, I tell you. Reeves inside circle of friends would later recount how he enthusiastically claimed Lemmon made him feel young again, despite observations that the couple had a tumultuous relationship, arguing frequently. Probably no manipulation there.

The picture being formed for us is that Reeves was a fool for letting a New York girl with *obvious* mob connections get the better of him. That's adorable and all, but Lemmon was likely arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Mannix from the very beginning. All we're witnessing here is the trade off from one handler to another. We'll just call Lemmon another boy-toy *gift*, the

only difference here is that Mannix needed to cover her tracks and let somebody else get the publicity while a certain *fixer* did the heavy lifting.



*Fun* fact. Reeves and Lemmon met at **Toots Shor**'s Restaurant at 51 West 51st Street in New York City. Why that little detail is so often repeated probably has something to do with the *person* Toots Shor. For starters, he was an **Ashkenazi Jew**, but that's probably unimportant, I'm sure. Here's how The Wikipedia describes him.

**Bernard "Toots" Shor** (May 6, 1903 – January 23, 1977)<sup>[1]</sup> was best known as the proprietor of a legendary saloon and restaurant, **Toots Shor's Restaurant**, in **Manhattan**. He ran three establishments under that name, but his first – and most renowned – was located at 51 West 51st Street. He was known as a saloonkeeper, friend, and confidant to some of **New York's** biggest celebrities during that era.

Did you catch that? He was “confidant to some of New York’s biggest celebrities during that era.” I bet you’d like to know who. The Wiki goes on to list several of them, and as you can probably already guess, they’re all spooks. **Charlie Chaplin**. **Frank Sinatra**. **Jackie Gleason**. **Louis B. Mayer**. Keep scrolling on down the article and they save the best for last. Chief Justice and **33-Degree Freemason** **Earl Warren** is counted among them. Not only that, but Toots also considered Warren to be one of his “closest friends.” Yes, *that* Warren. The *same* Warren who led the Warren Commission. If you need a refresher on your Illuminati history, the Warren Commission had something to do with the assassination of JFK. *Oh*, the tangled web we weave. In conclusion, Toots Shor was unimportant and probably a nobody.



I have included a few pictures of Toots hanging out with the usual suspects. **Joe DiMaggio**. **Muhammad Ali**. **Marilyn Monroe** is looking like her usual self—a cardboard cutout. And then, as formerly mentioned, we see Toots laughing it up with Sinatra and Gleason. As Obi-Wan Kenobi once stated of the Mos Eisley Cantina, “You will never find a more wretched hive of scum and villainy,” but also, “Most of the best freighter pilots are to be found here, only watch your step.” Last but not least, we have Toots sandwiched in-between Earl Warren and **journalist Bob Considine**. The picture is for sale on Getty Images for \$499.00 if you’re interested.

Included in George Reeves love-struck *delirium* is the fact that he and Lemmon were engaged soon after their “meeting” at Toots. Adding insult to injury, Lemmon quickly moved into the very house that Mannix had purchased for him. We are then told how Mannix was so devastated by the recent turn of events that Reeves had to file for a restraining order. *Ob*



*dear.* Blame the fact that I've pulled back too many curtains, but all I'm seeing is the ongoing conflict between a slave and his handler. Or in Emperor Palpatine terms: "Everything that has transpired has done so according to my design." Bwa-ha-ha.



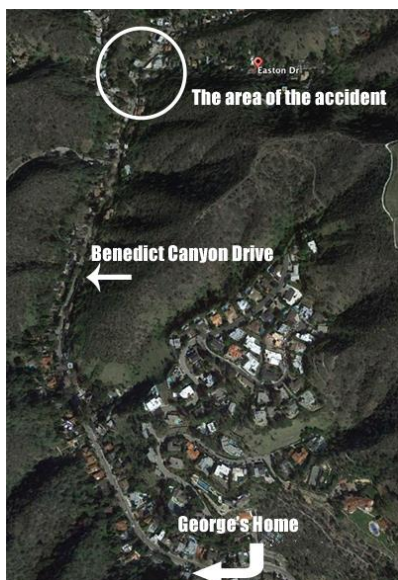
According to *The Unredacted*, "Reeves himself was convinced it was Mannix behind a string of strange incidents that had befallen him in the aftermath of their breakup. He was inundated with menacing silent phone calls at all hours of the morning, and someone even abducted his beloved

dog, Sam." *Um, yeah.* If it walks like somebody's handler, and makes phone calls like somebody's handler, and then kidnaps dogs like somebody's handler. But if that's not MK-Ultra enough for you, there's the matter of the car crash. Yes, there was a car crash.



He was driving a 1957 Jaguar XK-140 Roadster when, on April 8, 1959, shortly after midnight, George Reeves was driving home and lost control of his car and crashed into something. The 57 Jag was capable of hauling ass at 120-125 mph. Zero to sixty in 8.4-9 seconds. *Impressive.* Reeves spent anywhere from 5 to 7 days in the hospital, receiving as many as 27 stitches

before being released. You will tell me that is proof that he was in an automobile accident and nothing more. *Nope*. More MK-Ultra trauma-training funny business if you ask me. It happened some two months prior to his run-in with the bullet. In other news, George was drunk, and his mechanic reported a few years later that the brake lines had been cut. Still writing Superman scripts, are we—*hmmm?*



The site of the accident happened in Benedict Canyon Drive, just down the street from his home. More evidence that he was driving home and simply landed in an accident—you'll tell me. Wrong again. As already mentioned, Benedict Canyon is spook central. The best sort of Intel psyops are executed in a quarantined area. Even the neighbors from Easton Drive who helped him at the crash site were probably one of them. Wait, Easton Drive? Isn't that where Bill Bliss lived? He did. We simply haven't gotten to him yet.



His last meal was eaten at the Scandia Restaurant, located at the time on the corners of Sunset Boulevard and Doheny Avenue. Actually, George Reeves had *two* last meals on the evening of June 15, as he later arrived at Paul's Steak House, then existing on the corners of Burton Way and Doheney Drive. Are we expected to believe that Scandia left George Reeves with an unfulfilled appetite? Scandia is described to us as an “extravagant global cuisine spot.” Hope those small *global* portions didn't cost him much. Multiple takes from the same movie, I guess. Couldn't decide on which meal to go with for the final edit.

Reeves and Lemmon were apparently scheduled to marry on June 19, only four days away, with a honeymoon afterwards in Tijuana. At both locations there were witnesses who heard them arguing about it. We are often told Reeves was calling the whole thing off. Must be murder then—but by whom? So many women scorned. Perhaps Reeves was simply telling his handler that she wasn't allowed to follow him into retirement after their invite only suicide-murder party, who really knows? Then again, Tijuana may have simply been a code word for another meeting point entirely. Really, if you've been following, it's complicated.

Somebody named **Merrill Sparks** was the piano player at *Paul's*. He later recalled seeing George and Leonore arriving for dinner, and that afterwards, Leonore was “chatting it up” with various people and getting free drinks in return. George sat alone at the piano bar, listening to Sparks’ finger-work. Accordingly, Reeves was “completely composed and immaculately dressed and in a retrospective mood while Leonore entertained the bar patrons.” Probably quietly contemplating his future in Argentina. Space is fake, but given that fictional scenario, if I were an astronaut and this was my last night on *planet earth*, I’d probably do the same thing. Find a piano player and a glass of brandy and stare off into a blank wall while my handler “entertained the guests.” Good times.



It was during his break—Sparks figured around 9:30 pm—that he observed Reeves and Lemmon waiting out front for their car. *Arguing*. How he could have possibly honed-in on such intimate details, such as Lemmon insisting that she get hitched in Baja, only seems to infer that the two were going out of their way (literally, two separate locations) to make their little backstory known.

*“Hey everybody, we’re arguing! We’re going to get married on June 19, only four days from now! In another country! We’re leaving.*

*And we're in disharmony over that decision! It would be a total shame if something bad happened between tonight and then!"*

*Ab*, now I see. Making your backstory known at only one restaurant isn't a very good insurance policy—as alibis go. Better make it two.

They were then observed leaving Paul's together, but *where to*—more food salvaging? No, just wrestling. Lemmon stated in interviews with Jim Beaver that they attended a wrestling match involving Reeve's friend, **Gene LeBell**. The Wikipedia lists LeBell as an **actor** who appeared in **1,000 films** and **television shows**. I would say this was one of them, but LeBell never had any recollections of having seen Reeves after their workout session earlier that day. *Oops*. Reeves' agent neglected to hand the script off to LeBell's agent. Meanwhile, the unhappy couple drove off somewhere other than home. Must have had a last-minute meeting with their booking agent. I get it. Can't blame them. Tensions were high. When it comes to these murder mysteries, you only get so many takes.



Here is the last picture taken of George and Leanne together. We are told it is one week before his suicide-murder. I don't know, tell me the look on George-Porgie darlings face isn't suspicious. He knows what's up. They both do.

Anywho, the story goes that George Reeves and Leonore Lemmon finally returned to their 1579 Benedict Canyon Drive home after a “wrestling match,” or someplace *else* entirely never made known to us (probably unimportant), and that Reeves retired alone for the evening—needing his beauty sleep. Somebody named **Robert Condon** was staying as a houseguest, and so too decided to retire into his room. Condon was a **ghost writer**, currently taking the autobiography of prizefighter **Archie Moore** to the typewriter. How *good* of a ghost writer was he? I can’t find a single picture of him on the Intel-net. Can’t claim him to be an undedicated ghostwriter, that’s for sure.



As a semi-regular restaurant patron, I wouldn’t know the first thing about spotting a ghost writer in the room. But that’s not what happened on the night of Superman’s suicide-murder. Condon was observed by other patron’s restaurant hoping with the couple. “*Oh look*, its Superman with Bobby Condon, the ghost writer! I loved his latest ghost-novel about J. Edgar Hoover being a cross dresser—so edgy!” Again, who is Bobby Condon, where is a picture of him, and what has he even written? We are told the book he was writing at the time was finally released with the title: “The Archie Moore Story, as told to Bob Condon”, but I can’t find any record of it having existed. On eBay, *nothing*. I even paused everything a moment ago to visit the Library of Congress website and this Bob Condon fellow is really playing hard to get. The top title Congress fired back at me was a book by **Bob Hope**. Are they trying to tell me something? Was Bobby Condon really Bob Hope and was Hope in on the joke? Why would anyone include “...as told to Bob Condon” in the title of a book if nobody knows who he is? It’s okay, you can say it. *Spo-oo-oo-ook*.

Reeves was an experienced actor and knew a thing or two about having the people from the writer’s room handy, in case of last-minute re-writes. Meanwhile, Lemmon decided to just hang around in the living room while

Superman and the ghostliest ghost writer of all time retired separately, I guess. Perhaps *waiting* for someone to walk through the front door, because when it comes to the residents of Benedict Canyon, you never really know.



Surprise, surprise. Somebody *did* happen to walk through the front door. **33-year-old Carol Van Ronkel** of 2300 Benedict Canyon Drive showed up on the front porch at 1 a.m. wearing only a nightgown. *So*, your basic late night in the Hollywood hills then. Van Ronkel was the happy wife of another **Hollywood scriptwriter** —a certain **Alford Van Ronkel**. His scriptwriting credits include *Destination Moon* and *Destination Space*, so you know those two were in deep. We are *told* Van Ronkel

arrived hoping to disrupt the local ghostwriting celebrity Bobby Condon from his nighty-night regimen and that her husband was left unaware, but that it was no big deal because she “lived in the neighborhood.” There’s an old saying in my household that if you *the wife* want to grab the man’s attention, be sure to stand naked in front of the television while the golf tournament is on. That usually works 11 out of 10 times. I’m sure Alford didn’t notice in the least that his wife was taking their dog or whatever on a walk through the dark canyon in her undies while he remained behind at the typewriter fleshing out his latest NASA propaganda piece. Sometimes we just have to go with these things, and this is one such occasion.



Then again, Van Ronkel wasn't the only person to *conveniently* show up moments before the gunshot heard around the world. We finally get to him. The man, the myth, **William Bliss** was driving down the street when he noticed that Reeves' porch light was on and decided to ring the doorbell, hoping to P-A-R-T-Y. *Sure*, let's go with that and pretend like Reeves never turned his porch light on during any other night of the week. Nobody even knew who this guy was. Not even George Reeves. So very nice of Lemmon to let a girl in her undies and then a stranger into their house. For the record, you are apparently looking at the only known photograph of Bliss. *So mysterious*. His friends called him Bill though. Is he an employee with Lookout Mountain or some other Government agency? We'll apparently never know, will we—as the police never thought to include a key witness in their investigation. I mean, if I'm ever offed in the middle of the night, and you hear about a mystery man who conveniently lives around the block and entered my home because the porch light was on, there's your first clue.

Now that our agents are all in place, we are told that Reeves came downstairs, agitated at the noise from his late-night callers, and in no mood for a party. Because *you know*, Bill Bliss was a wild and crazy guy, apparently. The date was June 16, and the time read 1:20. We are told everyone at the get together was already sloshed, and that they were too incoherent to make statements to the buttons. They must have arrived



drunk then, because if I'm doing the math right, they'd only been drinking George's booze for twenty minutes or less. Must have been guzzling the bourbon like a fish or something. Reeves threatened to throw Bliss out, but eventually both apologized, shared a drink, and then parted as best buddies.

"He's going upstairs to shoot himself," Lemmon told the other three.

Yes, she really said that. No, I am not making this stuff up. Work with me here. A *noise* was almost immediately thereafter heard in Reeves' room, in which Lemmon added, "See, he's opening the drawer to get the gun." Then a shot rang out and Miss Lemmon exclaimed, "See there, I told you. He's shot himself."

What the *hub*...?

From this point onward, the story fractures into several parallel dimensions, depending upon who is telling it. Typical of crisis actors. We hear about Lemmon, Condon, Bliss, and Van Ronkel all inhabiting the *same* room at the time of the incident, and yet Condon and Van Ronkel somehow end up naked in bed together, needing rescued. Bill Bliss later told **Milicent Trent** that he was helping himself to the booze when, alternatively, Leonore Lemmon came running downstairs, seconds after the shot rang out, and exclaimed: "Tell them I was down here! Tell them I was down here!"

*Who* is Milicent Trent and why would agent Bliss be speaking with her about somebody else's death? I'm glad you asked. Milicent Trent *knew* a thing or two about "suicide."



Milicent Patrick, *born* Mildred Elizabeth Fulvia di Rossi (finally becoming a Trent through marriage), was a **Disney animator** and a **Hollywood costume designer**, her most notable work being the iconic Gill-man costume for *Creature from the Black Lagoon*. Other special effects and makeup work of hers includes *It Came from Outer Space*, *Abbott and Costello Meet Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and *The Mole People*. But long before that, her father was superintendent of construction at **Hearst Castle** in San Simeon. In fact, The Wikipedia has Milicent Trent growing close with **Hearst's wife**, **Millicent Hearst**. Confused as to why they're both named Milicent? I am too. The only difference in spelling is that Hearst's wife is given two l's rather than one. All we are told is that Millicent Hearst inspired the name change. Intel knows I like to read their articles. The Wiki is dropping a challenge and leaving me to ponder over the implications.

The Wikipedia seeks to further antagonize me by stating that she met her *first* husband, **Paul Fitzpatrick**, while working at Walt Disney Studios. It then reads: "Fitzpatrick was married, and they began an affair that was discovered by Fitzpatrick's wife, who later committed suicide when Fitzpatrick refused to stop seeing Rossi." Fitzpatrick was free to remarry. Milicent was given another name change. Mil Fitzpatrick.

They then divorced. The next name change saw her as Milicent Patrick, in which she had a relationship with voice actor **Frank L. Graham** in 1950 but soon thereafter *killed it*. You see what I did there? According to The Wiki: “Several weeks after she ended their relationship, Graham killed himself at his home.”

There is a point to this little exercise. At least *somebody* can vouch for the existence of ~~George Glass~~ Bill Bliss, and that person is the woman with a penchant for suicidal relationships and a dozen different name variations—her favorite being a Hearst.

BUT *back* to the murder-suicide paradox. The Bill Bliss *version* has Leonore Lemmon going upstairs at 1:30 to retrieve his Luger from the bed drawer while George was occupied in the shower. When George entered the room, he wrestled for his life, but she still managed to plonk a couple of rounds off into the floor. Nobody heard those two. The third, which Bill Bliss heard but the naked couple failed to hear, did him in. One spin-off timeline sees Lemmon capable of climbing out the bedroom window and returning into the house through some other door, so as to convince everyone present that she wasn't up there. Not to mention the *other* parallel dimension, whereas Lemmon cracks a series of jokes about her fiancée killing himself and then he does it.

Yet another version has Bill Bliss waiting for his opportune moment. After shooting Reeves with a single shot to the head, he escapes out the upstairs window and back into the house without anybody else noticing. There is still yet another variation which has an unknown assailant and associate of Bliss sneak in the back while Bliss occupied the others. That's *probably* it. In either tale, Lemmon waited nearly an hour to call the police. She then told investigators she was “only kidding” when she made the remarks about Reeves' plans to kill himself. Say it ain't so.



THE *next* person to arrive at Reeves' 1579 Benedict Canyon home was **Polly Adler**, a **Russian Joo** and infamous bordello owner, who is described for us as a longtime friend of Leonore Lemmon and Robert Condon during their "New York City days." Must have arrived to see Lemmon's fiancée off. Wish him luck, that sort of thing. Polly Adler opened her first bordello in 1920 under the protection of **Dutch Schultz**, a friend of mobster **Charles "Lucky" Luciano**. *So nice of him*. If the Copernican Revolution taught me anything, it's that the realm may be flat and motionless, but love makes the world spin round.

Another nice pairing of persons were architects from the firm of Schwartz & Gross, having completed The Majestic at 215 West 75th Street for Polly in 1924. The Majestic was conceived as a brothel, complete with hidden

stairways and secret doorways. There are naysayers as to the *intent* of Schwartz & Gross' design, claiming that the hidden stairways and secret doorways were in actuality fire escapes, but you and I know better. Funny how they were kept secret and hidden from the police during raids. Had there been an actual fire, the police would have been screwed. Also, you know even the raids are awkwardly staged when clientele *includes* NYC mayor Jimmy Walker and the New York State Supreme Court justice Joseph Force Carter. I'm sure Walker and Carter simply wanted to appreciate architecture with an added adventure in the case of an emergency. Actually, Carter went missing on August 6, 1930, never to be found again. It is thought that he was admiring the nicely crafted building at 215 West 75<sup>th</sup> Street, but from within. Must have gotten lost behind the bookshelf.

Further clientele included cartoonist Peter Arno. He contributed 99 covers to *The New Yorker* from 1925, the magazine's premiere year, until his death in 1968. His father was Curtis Arnoux Peters, a New York State Supreme Court judge. The founder of *The New Yorker* was Harold Wallace Ross, and he was a frequent visitor. So was *New Yorker* columnist and film actor Robert Benchley. George S. Kaufman, visitor. Milton Berle, visitor. John Garfield, visitor. Dorothy Parker was a Rothschild, and she was a frequent guest, but then again, even Kaufman, Berle, and Garfield, like Parker, were Joos. We find one more bread crumb trail leading to *Desilu* Studios with Desi Arnaz, as he was also an admirer of buildings—particularly The Majestic.

It's like I've always said, "If you're going to make a quick escape, unseen by the buttons, best to call Polly up on the phone." That's why Leonore Lemmon dialed her digits, you know. To get the naked people *out*. According to Adler, Lemmon said: "You have to get Bobby out of the house. He's in bed with a friend of mine who's married!"

You will recall that Bobby and Carole were actively sleeping in bed when the gunshot went off, leaving only Bliss and Lemmon in the same room, or simply Bliss by himself, or perhaps even all four of them together, depending on what version floats your boat. *Long story*. Polly soon arrived (being in the neighborhood), as she and her car were reportedly seen at the house that night, but then left before the buttons arrived and without Bobby. She came. She left. Probably unimportant.



Police Chief **William Parker** later recalled: “Everyone in the house was very drunk. It was difficult to determine just who all had been in the house that night.” Preach it, brother. You can say that again. Well, he’s not *my* brother. Somebodies Lodge Brother, likely. Just not my own, as I am not a Freemason. I guess I just got a little overly excited at the confessional. Or did Parker manage a Freudian slip? Either way, we’ve seen this before with the Manson murders when there were 25 fingerprints at the Polanski house and nobody to claim them. That’s a tell-tale sign that the boys down at The Lab are *setting up*, or in this case, *taking down* the set. What are the chances that Polly Adler drove off with the man of the hour?

Parker became police chief on August 9, 1950, and is credited with transforming the LAPD into a world-renowned law-enforcement agency. The department that he took over in 1950 was notoriously corrupt.<sup>[4]</sup> Seeing ward politics, with its heavy involvement by partisan groups in the police department and mingling of political circles with vice and corruption on the streets, led him to conclude that a differently-organized police force was necessary to keep the peace.

Parker became LAPD Chief some nine years earlier, on August 9, 1950. The Wikipedia credits him with transforming the LAPD into a world-

renowned law-enforcement agency, adding: “The department that he took over in 1950 was notoriously corrupt.” You’re probably wondering how he managed to clean it up then. It’s a long broom and dustpan story, but it involves Parker’s partnership with Hollywood and a **television show** called **Dragnet**. You may have heard of it. Chief Parker not only promoted the show but supplied *Dragnet* creator **Jack Webb** with access to police files. Parker is *also* listed as a **producer** of *The Thin Blue Line* panel show, which aired weekly on NBC in 1952. I’m sure that’s where their partnership ended though.



The guy smoking the stogey in the straitjacket is **Theodore J. Curphey**, Reeves’ coroner. Curphey was elected Nassau County medical examiner in December of 1937. That would be Long Island. By 1957, Curphey made the move and became the first Coroner of Los Angeles County. You may want to hold onto something, preferably toilet paper, because Curphey was *also* the **chief coroner** for **Marilyn Monroe**. Don’t say I didn’t warn you. On August 7, 1962, two days after her departure, it is Curphey who announced that a massive overdose of barbiturates was the kiss of death. He *later* said she had lethal doses of both Nembutal or

chloral hydrate, and she could have been killed by either, but you and I know better. Marilyn Monroe was a dude.

Following in his footsteps as L.A.'s second Coroner was an even bigger hoaxer. **Thomas Noguchi** had a hand in the Marilyn Monroe disappearing trick, but then oversaw the autopsies of Albert Dekker, **Robert F. Kennedy**, **Sharon Tate**, **Janis Joplin**, **Inger Stevens**, **Gia Scala**, **David Janssen**, **William Holden**, **Natalie Wood**, and **John Belushi**.



In addition to the awkward fact that Reeves killed himself while a party raged on downstairs and he lay in bed naked, hot and steamy from his shower, Curphey did not think it necessary to perform his autopsy until after the body was washed. But that's probably unimportant. Being incapable of testing for powder traces on his hand and head wound has nothing to do with his decision, I'm sure. You'd think there would be something of the sort present if they were to judge he had shot himself at close range—but no. Testing a blood-alcohol content of .27 was clearly enough to match up his story with the press. We are only shown one autopsy photo but never an exit wound. They tell us the top of his skull was removed. We'll have to take their word for it. Looks like they cleaned up his entry wound *real* nice for the coffin photoshoot though. He would then be cremated, but not for another few years. *Really*, if you need anyone bought and paid for, then Curphey sounds like the perfect candidate for a Coroner.

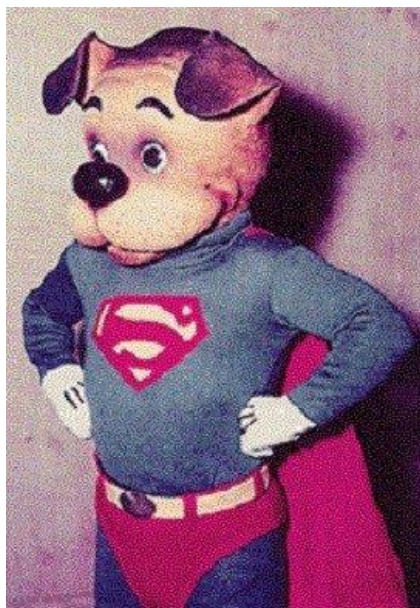




**Jack Larson** does his very best to include himself in the murder-suicide of Superman *psyop* by placing his whereabouts in the 1579 Benedict Canyon Drive home only a day or two afterwards. *Mm-hmm*, Jimmy Olson is on the case. The catch here being that Superman's pal arrived secretly with the old girlfriend, **Toni Mannix**. Because that's something which Larson and Mannix did, apparently—they paired up together to solve crimes and stuff.

Upon entering the home, Larson places the bloody sheets in the upper room bathtub, whereas others claimed they'd ended up in the washer. *Hmmm*, interesting. Tell us more. He then said he turned around and saw Mannix on her hands and knees, investigating two bullet holes in the floor. So, how many bullet holes is that now? The police report has the bullet that killed Reeves lodged in the ceiling, *despite* Reeves laying on his back with his feet on the floor. Also, the shell was found underneath Reeves body while the pistol was discovered at his feet. Do me a favor and read that last sentence several times over, trying to make sense of it. I still haven't.

**Noel Neill** played Lois Lane in the television show, and she claimed there were *far more* than three bullet holes. “You only hear about the four or five in the floor...” Wait, I thought there were only two. “...but there were many others that were in the walls. I had a friend whose husband was later hired to repair the drywall in George’s bedroom. He said the place was literally riddled with bullet holes.” Well, there’s *that* then. *So many* bullet holes. It must have been the Saint Valentine’s Day Massacre up there. Amazing how nobody heard the ruckus. Must have used silencers.



Then again, George Reeves had reason for ending it after all. As a writer and artist for DC Comics and all-around comic book editor, **Fredric Whitney Ellsworth** had switched producing duties with *The Adventures of Superman* for a brand-new spin off series called *The Adventures of Superpup*, which sought to place the Superman mythos into a world populated by pooches. Had the series aired, live-action actors in dog-suites portraying canine versions of Superman and other characters would have weekly viewers howling with laughter. It never aired. *Bummer.*

Leonore Lemmon never stuck around for the memorial service. *Classy girl.* She did however return to the house after the police were gone, seeking out food and booze. Also, to retrieve the travelers checks which Reeves had written his name upon. Reeves probably just forgot them on his way

out. She then left town and returned to New York for good. Perhaps Tijuana was code word for Manhattan after all. Who really knows anymore?

We are told the police never questioned nor asked her to testify because she had ties with **Mickey Cohen** and had been out on a date or two with **Jimmy Hoffa**. I know, right? *Ridiculous*. I'm no police detective, but I would *think* George Reeves call-girl fiancé having close connections with the **Jewish mob** would be an excellent reason to find her number in the phone book and ask the hard questions—but no. Mickey Cohen just keeps popping up in these Intel psyops, don't he? Spooks all seem to swim in the same circles. Also, Cohen once described Toni Mannix as the only person in Hollywood who had any balls. *Wowzers*.



YEARS later, gossip columnist **Edward Lozzi** claimed to have insider's knowledge about the crime after overhearing Tonie Mannix confess on her deathbed to a priest that Eddie had Reeves killed. More MK-Ultra gossip, is it? It's like I've always said, if you're going to confess your deepest darkest secrets to a Catholic priest, be sure to bring along the Hollywood gossip columnist.