



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.

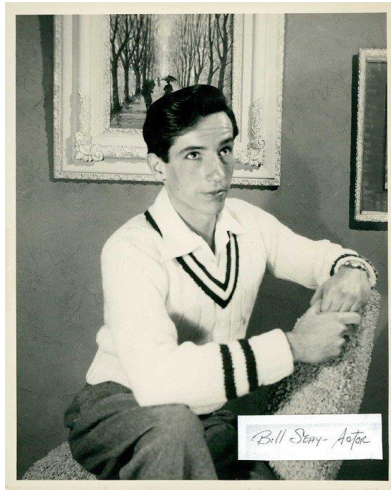


Just to show us how suicidal he truly was, George Reeves posed for a series of photos within days of his death. How many days before Operation Flappy Cape went *live*? Less than a week. If you read my series of papers on the Manson murder hoax, then you'll recall that **Sharon Tate** and **Jay Sebring** 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*.

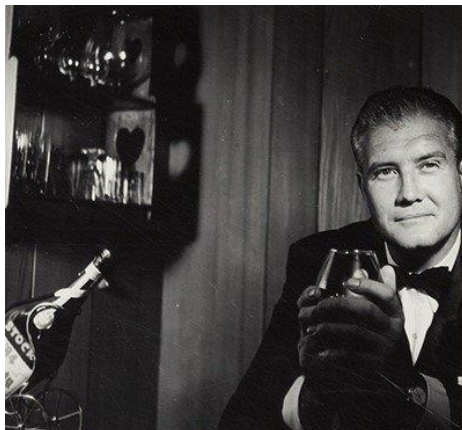
An even happier photo was taken on the driveway with his 1959 Oldsmobile. *Fresh plates*. Look closely, that's a temporary license. He'd just bought it. They certainly don't make them like they used to. Your father's Oldsmobile probably never looked that good either. *Yeah*, that's a man who was going 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