

To: Kenneth Standard Esq. - President of the New York State Bar Association
Sent: July 25th 2005

Dear Mr. Standard,

You would know this is the greatest time to be alive despite us?

This is what is happening:

I have painstakingly and methodically connected up all the necessary dots for folks of all ages so long as they have an 8th grade education and just the slightest conscience remaining to at least take a deep breath knowing enough about the "real world", how in fact the rich have managed to trickle down the costs of getting rich on to the backs of the poor and at least equally important what are the right questions to ask and very likely capable of answering them correctly without you or I or for that matter there being divine intervention telling any of us what to do or how to do it.

My last broadcasted communique to an attorney in South Africa representing the South African Sunday Times touched as you would expect on a number of important issues of the day none, however, more important than the failure of the Nation's southern African correspondent to fully disclose his "conflicts of interest".

Mark Gevisser, his father, David Gevisser, David Gevisser's first cousin my father, Bernie Gevisser as well as David Gevisser's close friend my Royal Mater today very much under the spotlight, some no doubt more culpable than others but all feeling the effects of whatever remains of their conscience eating away at their soul.

Some say the eyes are telling of everything, leading directly to the soul but for those who have lost their eyesight or were born blind there is still the ear capable most of all to hear the earthshattering deafening silences coming from those atop the pyramid feeling with each tick of the almighty powerful clock increasingly insecure and for good reason.

Us Jewish people in particular have to feel the most shame not because we have failed our status as the "chosen people" but for thinking we could have it all ways, granted the genius teachings of Judaism and then thinking that we could get away for eternity having perfected the victim role whining, so full of ourselves to the point of never <http://www.software995.com/> figuring out along would come another generation of independent thinkers recognizing that religion is simply a word to use when all else fails to offer a comprehensible answer such extraordinary and inspired youth much like I was raised would reflect back on this anything but Aryan looking Austrian, watch him rant and rave and wonder not so much how he could afford the electricity to broadcast but how big a chunk of the pie his talent

agent took, very possibly thinking to themselves that Hitler had to have come from an extraordinarily wealthy family and paid for every gig?

Hitler and Goebbels a more or less believable act than Elvis and Costello?

But now we have the Digital Age, a G-D-Send and for the next generation to reflect on our incompetence and culpability takes no more than an instant, able to go in a flash "back and forth" to the tracing of The Diamond Invention when the New Deal had not a hope in hell of working unless we got people to focus on "**survival of the richest**" versus examining the causes of war in the first place.

Human overpopulation at the root of all evil given how we are in fact not simply animals but very hostile incapable of even observing our extraordinarily soft skins so common to all of us imbeciles who thank G-D have yet to find peaceful aliens given how we would annihilate them in an instant assuming they weren't smart enough to escape in to Deep Space given our incessant whining.

The fact that there is no sound as we know it in Deep Space is rather important if one is capable of logical thought processing applying the highest levels of science and math to at least make sense of both the "Mind" as well as "Hand of G-D" but right this moment all eyes are beginning to focus on how us Americans who led the way to defeating Nazi Germany would elect the son of a virulent anti-Semite, **JFK** never once rebuking his father Joe Kennedy at a minimum for his support of appeasing Hitler having shown his disgust that we might end up going to war with Hitler and their common backers by resigning as United States Ambassador to Great Britain.

To this day I know of no public outcry by a single member of Congress on both sides of the isle who has even questioned **Democratic Senator Ted Kennedy's** failure to "*fall on the sword*" given his knowledge surely that his family's major benefactor, **Charles Engelhard** was an "*open supporter*" of the South African Apartheid government, the 3rd Reich's southern division, "*was also a large contributor to the Democratic Party and a good friend of former presidents Kennedy and Johnson.*"

Yes, it is rather important who attends the funeral of the one head of the mafia of mafia and the failure of journalists around the world, forget the bought and paid for politicians to then follow up with finding out from Nicholas Oppenheimer, the son of the other mafia of mafia head, not waiting for him or **Harry Oppenheimer's** partner's "*male heir*" in the crime in the crimes of crimes to "*kick the bucket*" **WHY** there is no mention of **CE** on **HO's** memorial website once of course those focused on Freedom of the Press, the right of the press to simply print what they choose which is a far cry from Freedom of speech, have managed to first get their arms around what **Democratic Senator Ted Kennedy**, former **Democratic President Lyndon Johnson** and **Democratic Vice President Humphrey** were talking about when **CE** got

buried back on early March 1971 in St. Mary's Church in Morris Town, New Jersey and not in a Jewish cemetery as one would expect when reading renowned author **Edward Jay Epstein's The Diamond Invention.**

Naturally one of the first questions after feeling a little bit nervous and fidgety not knowing who would be responsible for continuing their gravy train for the trio to enquire about not only the executor of **CE's** worldwide estate but what in the event my uncle David Gevisser were to prematurely "disappear" who would be next in line to manage the estate of the wealthiest person who has ever stepped foot on planet Mother Earth.

Mr. Standard you are playing to that 1% that have it all, that minority that keep the other 99% down.

This is what I think you can do about it:

Thinking first only of your legacy, helping people, your children, your grandchildren, just think of your son Devin's children 10 to 15 years from now when you might still be alive if this keeps going on.

And the fact is it cannot go on.

There simply is not enough to go around just to maintain the current status quo, keep the roads and buildings from falling apart not to forget it wasn't that long ago when Manhattan was inundated with bums bearing in mind those 99% getting up to speed at an exponential rate.

Now what specifically you can do to change the system and get rid of the corruption that has infiltrated pretty much every level of business, lawyers, doctors and such doesn't leave much to the imagination but I will spell it out.

Basically what sets you apart, your Harvard Law School degree, hard work, intelligence, and tenaciousness is no longer good enough, it simply wont get you where you want to be.

Intelligence and skill isn't enough any more, the world is too corrupted.

In this world the only way to succeed is to be corrupt.

Is this what you want for your children and grandchildren?

One cannot hide the facts or for that matter hide behind the facts everything increasingly transparent beginning with the failure of your profession to make not only investors but the next generation beginning with your children and grandchildren intimately aware, repeating time and again until it sunk deep into their psyche the irrefutable "smoking gun proof" of the systemic rot in corporate America that affords you the position of President of the New York State Bar Association.

So extraordinarily telling that the fact that the Securities Exchange Commission asked for and received a list of the 100 Chief Financial Officers attending in the spring of 1999 the Business Week Annual Conference of CFOs in Phoenix Arizona, all 100 participating in the anonymous interactive questionnaire that had the vast majority of them, 67, admitting to having been asked to falsify the financial statements upon which the entire financial system is based, a "material" number, 12, admitting to having done on at least one occasion what their bosses asked all geared to mislead momworkers, orphans, widowers, widows and pensioners and to think that you would keep your job as a CFO if you didn't go along with the program is more than simply naive?

And of course a few months back when I ran into Bill Lerach Esq. Of Milberg Weiss-Lerach the 2,000 pound gorilla **SCAL** [Shareholder Class Action Litigation] law firm, former clients of mine, over at the Armstrong nursery about equidistant from where we both have residences here in San Diego County, now waiting for Federal Prosecutor Carrol Lam, her muscles flexed from having got guilty verdicts against a just another bunch of San Diego County council members to return my phone call, Bill was in no mood to discuss why he had while declaring aloud how "astonished" he was by the "admission" of the top CFOs confirming the "**Alarming Decline in the Quality of Financial Reporting**" he wouldn't have blown his act by asking those 67 who admitted that they had in fact been asked on at least one occasion by their Chief Executive Officers to "**falsify the financial statements**" whether they thought the 33 who answered, "No" whether they were lying or simply imbeciles having spent an inordinate amount of their life lying, stealing and cheating?

More importantly right this very instant that every single human being on the planet literate as well as illiterate doesn't know what specific actions the **SEC** then took I can bet you my bottom dollar would have your 10 year old "outbred" grandson, the product of your extraordinary ingenious son who feels the need to remind that the color of his skin is brown and his Lilly White Wheaty Eating Danish wife, looking at you a little differently now then say a picosecond ago were he to read this and perhaps me needing to explain not more than a couple of words wondering about your Harvard Law School degree, your hard work, your intelligence, your tenaciousness enough to make him vomit.

BTW would you know of any rich black people here in the United States perhaps say in Baldwin Hills, Los Angeles sitting atop relatively large oil deposits, no doubt having not got their fair share as say their Lilly White Wheaty Eating counterparts who wouldn't be seen dead hiring black servants thinking more and more about having my uncle David Gevisser despite his extraordinary stuttering serving as their butler and his equally ugly son Mark Gevisser as their taster?

No doubt just like me and my dog, Pypeetoe, you didn't go to bed either cold or hungry last night and you woke up this morning feeling pretty good about yourself to at least continue whatever it is that has you repeating a routine that works for you but once you recognize that less and less independent thinkers are going with the program the less inspired you might be going in to the office each day much the same way John D. Rockefeller I understand began to feel after Ida Tarbell a very courageous journalist at the turn of the last century decided she needed to do something about this scoundrel who flagrantly violated our sacrosanct Anti-Trust laws.

Standard Oil as ruthless as they were, saints, however, when compared to my **DAAC** family, well illustrated when **SO** told my mentor's boss Mason Houghland that he had 30 days to shut down his 3 retail gasoline service stations or be driven out of business by **SO** simply undercutting **Spur Oil's** pricing, John D. Rockefeller's henchman showing "humanity" in agreeing to give Mr. Houghland 6 months during which time this alumni of Chicago University with a degree in economics then went back to Wall Street and borrowed more money and by the time the 6 months was up Houghland now had 15 gasoline stations and **SO** moved on with its tail between its legs, "beat blind", proof of how at least one man with the right connections can win standing up to a bully at all cost, no such "luk" [sic] when it comes to my **DAAC** family.

Yesterday I received confirmation from a manufacturing jeweler who manufactures in both Israel and Thailand that the price he pays his supplier, a sight holder of the **DAAC**, has risen some 50% in the past several months, letting me know that the wholesale price of a **D** [very clear] **IF** [Internally Flawless] 1 carat diamond was now \$20,000 up some \$2,200 from December 20th 2004, "assuming you could find it", this ex-Israeli who was probably more talkative than he should have been, very possibly getting his numbers wrong on a **DIF** 1 carat suggesting the manipulation in the market was due to "Hasidic Jews" operating on 47th Street, my decision to keep the conversation light "compounded" by "tTOo" [sic] factors, the first, my boredom with taking "phatsos" [sic] on educational light journeys and second, I was with Marie enjoying a relaxing lunch together over at the Del Mar Plaza in downtown Del Mar where the young chicks and guys seem more than ever to be fine tuning their prostitution skills, very possibly my wife taking her vengeance on me by applying the stiletto heels of these mother of pearl shoes to my stick-like legs which wouldn't have been pleasant.

There has nor will there ever be a single survivor foolish enough to mess with my **DAAC** family unless they have both my skills and knowledge.

There is only so much I can do to hold back the times of change but there is a whole lot more you can do for both your legacy as well as

your peace of mind knowing perfectly well not only do I speak the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help each of us, G-D, I make perfect logical sense.

The numbers all have to add up in the end and right now one doesn't need to be a rocket scientist to figure out why it really doesn't make any sense if you are anywhere close to the bottom of the pyramid to continue slaving like a dog and of course neither of our dogs have really had to do much more than watch out for when we step on their leashes.

The one simple reality of academia not informing their students that one organization for some 100 years has been allowed to produce its own currency and not only use it as it pleases but has been allowed to trade its unlimited in supply, untraceable and easily reproducible lightweight currency that has never once been inventoried by any independent organization in Manhattan right up the street from the New York Stock Exchange is an outrage that must this instant be brought to an end.

Again, think of your greedy and increasingly wasted legacy, not 10 to 15 years from now but when you come home this evening and after talking things through with Devin's extraordinary mom who no doubt agrees 100% with me but would prefer I went easy on her poor, poor, Harvard Law School husband to see how bright your future could as well as that of the next generation all over the world once you get up tomorrow morning feeling more invigorated than ever before willing to now do the right thing and the smart thing which is also the right thing beginning by taking the unedited version of my email to President Bush that Mr. JRK of Finkelstein & Krinsk has yet to return to me and hand deliver it to our great President together with this communique plus this preamble as well as what I sent that South African lawyer-liar.

Sincerely,

Gary S. Gevisser

Ps - There is a small article about my Royal Mater that appears under the main article in the Wellington Weekly News, April 25th 2001, the main article titled, **Extraordinary life of an inspirational woman**, the smaller article titled, **Movie moguls latch on to short story**.

It reads:

ZENA's book, *The Winking Cat*, has been published across the US, Australia and South Africa - and now it has been made available in Wellington [Somerset, England] by a small publishing firm.

"We didn't market it much in this country because I am not so well-known, and the book is only available from one distributor, artist and illustrator Kerry Molfesis," she says.

“The book is only available from Kerry’s Wellington shop, Amaze in Fore Street, or her Exeter shop.”

The book promotes Zena’s own message for living - “whatever happens, keep smiling.” It contains 22 pieces, including four short stories, a series of poems and parapsychology experiences, and the fascinating feature, ***The Menopause Woman Needs Younger Men.***

Her first book, it is an inspiration from beginning to end, offering tips and advice, exploring ancient energy and the unknown.

One of the short stories - ***One Clean Boy***, a drama set in the apartheid years of South Africa - has excited much interest among movie makers in that country and in the US, and the script has been sent to Will Smith, Denzil Washington and Whitney Houston as potential leading actors.

“I hadn’t though of the story in terms of a film, but it could work very well,” says Zena.

There is also a poem, ***Lament for Diana***, written following the death of the Princess of Wales. It was distributed throughout surrounding villages at that time, and the book mentions that “in Wellington it was placed on a railing, and many brought flowers and placed them beneath it”.

The poem was to reach a worldwide audience, too, and Zena recalls” “Tears streamed down people’s faces as they read the lines.”

The Winking Cat also contains two highly poignant poems about the trials of motherhood - but it closes with an upbeat message with Zena’s own cartoon, caption “a night on the tiles, and all that , is better for you than the cat”.

Mr. Standard suffice to say my mother’s and my step-father’s ***The Winking Cat*** was never published in the US, Australia or South Africa.

In total approximately 500 copies were made and most of them were given to the many friends of my Royal Mater and the few friends of my step-father Alan Zulman, a maven in the South African clothing industry, the result of Alan having chosen to “***go to war***” with his former partner who sided with Alan’s ex-wife, Abe Dubin not only having sex with Alan’s X while Alan was “slaving away” running production of this rather significant clothing company that diversified into pretty much everything under the sun including distributing Sharp products out of Japan, Alan naive enough to think his best friend and partner Abe was mostly focused on doing the right

thing and the smart thing which is also the right thing which in Alan's mind and those of every single person I know owning a clothing company was to make certain the suppliers of fabric especially in the Orient who only sleep when having sex were depositing the "excess funds", the result of standard operating procedure in the garment trade around the world known as "under and over invoicing" in to numbered Swiss bank accounts, Alan never believing in a million years that Abe would take not only the liberty of having possibly anal sex with the X very possibly at the same time an Israeli water polo team where getting their rocks off with her when visiting Durban, South Africa but that Abe would eventually dare not to share the spoils of war with his former partner and best friend when Alan decided to "hang up his gloves" and join Royal Mater in Wivesliscombe, Somerset, England TA42NE, their telephone number direct dialing from the U.S. 011-44-98-46-24-0-88.

Moreover, you should know that my amazing father, Bernie Gevisser, a former fighter-bomber-pilot who dived bombed the crap out of the Nazi bastards during the continuation of World War I was not on the very selected list of recipients, you would agree that being a sperm donor or recipient is not grounds for being a good parent, Bernie only hearing about this garbage book from my Royal Mater's financial engineer of financial engineers, Gerald Hackner who was also our next door neighbor when calling up my father who was living at the time in Capetown South Africa to find out my mother's telephone number so that Gerald could call and thank her, my thinking that some of this repetitive stuff would sooth your thoughts of wondering how many members of the Israeli water polo team had what type of sex with Alan's X and should you truly want to know more details I would be more than happy to give you the email address of the brother of one of the waterpolo players, Guy Friedman happens to be a former member of Israel's Flotilla 13 commando unit, the most elite Special Forces unit in the world.

Interesting that ***The Winking Cat*** left out the juiciest of stuff including my Royal Mater's very close relationship with my father's first cousin again the "male heir" of Charles Engelhard whose extraordinary rich estate went through the roof within a handful of years following **CE's** mysterious death at age 54?

BTW Gerald Hackner like his partner Alan Benn rather closed lipped, and his son Sam Hackner today the head of Investec's private banking based in Johannesburg, South Africa, while not exactly a nincompoop having like me attended the University of Natal, South Africa and like many who grew up with me beyond a shadow of a doubt becoming increasingly deafening silent focused not so much on the lies told by their parents, grandparents, teachers, professors at university but what given how it is all about money, greed as well as sex what became of **CE's** extraordinary wealth following the United States of America

mandating soon after **CE's** mysterious death, again the repetition giving you just a little bit of breathing room, that every new vehicle sold in the United States be equipped with a catalytic converter whose most expensive component was platinum, **CE** not only at the time of his death controlling the world's supply of platinum, my uncle David Gevisser now having a built in market without worrying about variable costs such as marketing and sales able to count on the co-conspirator of The Diamond Invention **HO** to supply diamonds if need be for those members of the United States Congress not willing to take their bribes in traceable cash, never to forget what a terrific job **CE** did in masterminding that all important meeting between **President-elect John F. Kennedy** and **Harry Oppenheimer**, **CE's** co-conspirator-inventor of the Diamond Invention responsible for the greatest enslavement, torture and mass murder of all time in the rather public setting of the Carlyle Hotel on the upper east end of Manhattan, such a public setting just a "hop jump and a scotch" [sic] from the heart of the world's wholesale diamond market a far cry from the more intimate sanctuary of **CE's** Camp Chaleur in Quebec, Canada.

Again we come back to what **Democratic Senator Ted Kennedy**, former **Democratic President Lyndon Johnson** and **Vice President Humphrey** kibitized about when attending the funeral back in early March 1971 of **CE** who again died rather mysteriously at the rather young age of 54 from according to Royal Mater, "**an addiction to coca cola**" give me a break, **CE's** wife Jane Engelhard who died last September being credited by the journalist writing her obituary as having taken over the "**running**" of **CE's** rather extraordinary estate that again and again gets no honorable mention in **HO's** memorial website despite or in spite of a black South African website in commemorating the heroes of the South African 1976 Soweto riots pointing out in "black and white" that **CE** was not only an "**open supporter**" of the Apartheid Government, the 3rd Reich's southern division, but was a "**friend of the Kennedys and President Johnson**".

G-d forbid we forget another of my Royal Mater's "tTOo" [sic] clients, **Aristotle Onassis** who began and ended his career shipping drugs and his arch rival **Robert F. Kennedy** whose Christian White Flag in our sacred Arlington Memorial Cemetery opposite a rock wall engraved with a tribute to **RFK** when this so bought and paid for Attorney General of the United States visited South Africa in 1966 at the height of the Diamond Invention enough for you to vomit uncontrollably?

Perhaps at the same time FBI Director Edgar Hoover's name is removed from all government buildings throughout the United States we would all get smart and do the same with anything referencing both **JFK** and **RFK** at a minimum lets tear down that wall that has me feeling like vomiting each time I think of it much like the article **Movie moguls latch on to short story** and then place the pieces on the grave side of true heroes people like Steve Biko.

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