

From: Gary S. Gevisser

Sent: Wednesday, February 06, 2008 10:16 AM PT

To: Devin Standard -

<http://www.nextraterrestrial.com/pdf/Microsoft%20Word%20-%20dstandard-sensitive.pdf>

<http://www.nextraterrestrial.com/pdf/Microsoft%20Word%20-%20dstandard-belle.pdf>

Cc: rest; Office for the Israeli Department of Defense Attache, Washington DC - Att-sec@israelemb.org; oreilly@foxnews.com; President@whitehouse.gov; sternshow@howardstern.com; King Golden Jr. Esq.; Leon Cohen - Codiam Inc; Mossad; President; Roger W. Robinson

Subject: LUCKY - Fw: Results

Devin, I see you are online.

Apparently not all of my text messaging starting at 6:06 AM PST got thru to you?

You know today is "our man Roger" as in, National Security Council "top spook" for the De Beers' Chase Manhattan Bank, Roger W. Robinson's 57th birthday.

Again, you would know would make our "Being There" President Ronald W. Reagan, who also carries the same initials as "our man Roger", some 97 years of age, were he alive.

Please try to find a way to drop everything you are doing of less importance and stay online with me all day, and only taking breaks when I do.

Not to mention at around 12 noon I plan to go on a 4 hour hike, the weather perfect here at the Stone Home deep inside the Cleveland National Park, sunny, crisp, the main creek flowing very strong, streams everywhere.

Just assume you have been told this is your very last day and that your legacy, no different to each of us, is at stake.

Bear constantly in mind that I have defied "all odds" in surviving this long and maybe it has to do with the fact that I know certain things that have only been shared with me.

Then again, all you need is "common sense" to know that neither of us will live "forever" and the same applies to each and every one of my adversaries who increasingly have to "contend" with the increasing likelihood that I am also right about God being extraordinarily vengeful in this lifetime as well.

Let me make you aware of something I have never shared with you, or anyone else, to the best of my knowledge.

When I returned from the 4 month Ulpan to Israel starting on September 1st, 1972, some 3 days prior to De Beers sponsored PLO terrorists beginning their rather

brutal slaying of the 11 defenseless athletes at the Munich Olympics, the only question my mother had for me was, "What happened to all your clothes?" and it came with quite a "stern look" on her face, which was so very rare it caught me totally unprepared; aware, however, was I at this point of a number of things of great importance to the Jewish people throughout the world, especially those in the Jewish Underground who never felt the need to go to university to know EXACTLY who profited the most from both World Oil War I and II.

Not to mention, never a "kind word" coming out of my Queen's English speaking Royal Mother's mouth about two families, the American Kennedy clan and the South African Oppenheims who most of the world has always believed were just out their "peddling" pretty, sparkling stones to mostly unintelligent American women who bought into more so than other women in the world De Beers', "*A Diamond is Forever-A Girl's Best Friend*".

No intelligent woman would dirty their hands by investing in diamonds and the emotional aspect of this trade is wearing thin. Your youth will reflect on it badly – Marie Dion Gevisser

<http://www.nextraterrestrial.com/pdf/rbs-english.htm>

As I began to explain that I sold the "nothing to speak of" clothing that was by this time all at least a size if not more, too small since I had grown "considerably", relatively speaking of course, I noticed my very on-top-of-things "etiquette" mother not looking at me, which I don't need to tell you is extremely rude, unless one is wanting to say something of great importance without having to provide facial expressions, particularly when there are others around beginning with my father who was very much in the dark, but not exactly deaf, dumb or blind, not even close.

My mother knew that the 10 or so US Dollars I got for the clothes plus about an equal amount for the miniature flick knives I had bought at the Arab market in Jerusalem which I didn't want to take the risk of being confiscated by South African customs officials upon my return, didn't amount to more than a "drop in the product" considering my mother's access to unlimited amounts of money, gold and the such, but to "go on and on" about my selling totally worthless, at least to me or her, clothing was most certainly going, "totally overboard" bearing in mind just three things:

First, my mother's very close and "lucky" friend, my uncle David Gevisser had less than 2 years earlier received, in agreeing to be the executor of Charles Engelhard's estate, a "sign on bonus" of US\$6 million that was a "drop in the bucket" considering that within 5 months of his benefactor American Charles Engelhard being laid to rest on March 2nd, 1971 at St. Mary's Abby Church, Morris Town, two words, New Jersey, the already extraordinary mineral rich estate of Engelhard did much more than simply "double overnight" when the United States officially went off the Gold Standard; bearing in mind that on August 15th, 1971 my mother as well as I believe my uncle Dave, were just 42 years of age.

Not to mention you wouldn't need to see photos of my mother just some 3 odd years earlier to know how very attractive my Royal Mater-Mother looked when she was one most important "guest of honor" at the wedding on October 20th, 1968 of her client Aristotle Onassis and First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy held on the Greek Island of Skorprios, such "festivities" taking place less than a handful of months after my mother's other client and "sworn enemy" of Onassis who was also schtupping Jackie O, was assassinated on June 6th, 1968 with Ari's "handlers" making quite certain the "money trail" from Palestinian Sirhan Sirhan led directly to the "front door" of Onassis.

<http://nextraterrestrial.com/pdf/jpollard-war.htm>

The photo below shows my mom and dad in their hotel room in "Kitzbuel" [sic], Austria some two months later in December 1968.



My dad seems to have quite the "double chin" but mostly your eyes are fixated on that genuine leopard skin jacket worn by my Royal Mater, and remember people like Ari Onassis never dressed up their women quite the way my mother "held herself" at age 39, in the "very prime of life".

The two photos below were both taken at the same time; the top photo appeared along with a caption in a South African newspaper.



Zena Gevisser, of Durban, and her
a happy silding session during their rec

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TOUGHIES : Gary : Me : Neil



Second, my mother knew when "admonishing" me for selling my "nonsense" clothing exactly where all those monies less the cost of bus fare and a falafel sandwich had gone since not only did it all end up in her bank account at a branch of Bank Leumi in Tel-Aviv, but at least one very close advisor to David Ben Gurion had watched me entering as well as exiting the bank, which was of course, not the first time.

Third, not once did my mother ever ask me a single thing about this trip including the fact that I came top in my class in the final exams at Sde Boker where Ben Gurion was very much "kept up to speed" on Operation Wrath of God, all in Hebrew, scoring 98% or the fact that at Gadna training I scored the highest of my peers on the firing range that was not lost on both Israeli Military officers keeping Ben Gurion and his closest "consiglioires" briefed, nor the fact that despite my "chicken legs" I was "quick on my feet".



Nor did my mother ask me if I had stepped foot on to the Dome of the Rock which in previous visits to Jerusalem my mother had strongly suggested was "not the thing to do" given how she is not alone in thinking such ground to be "sacred"; bearing in mind no one in my immediate family including my mother was ever that religious and while mostly keeping kosher in our home, all of us including my mother would eat non-kosher food when dining out.

So easy to get lost in the detail had me deciding at that time to go extraordinarily quiet bearing in mind I was never a "loud mouth".

Again, never once has my highly in tune mother ever asked me anything else about this rather important trip that took place at a time when Israel was embarking to show the world beginning with the rest of the world's intelligence communities that Israel was now in a position not to have play "second fiddle" to anyone, and if that meant killing Jewish people who "turned", all the better.

There is good reason that so very few Jewish people including Israelis are aware that the top Israeli Military officer responsible for organizing the covert Operation Suzannah in the summer of 1954 not only "turned" on his fellow Jewish Israeli undercover officers causing their capture, torture and some hung, but most likely did so at the very outset.

If you were an Israeli Special Forces commando operating in enemy lines and had the slightest doubt about your superiors beginning with the intelligence you are being fed, how enthusiastic would you be unless you were quite certain any mole would have already been flushed out; meaning that to start with only those raised with a "value system" where material wealth is shared as one finds on the kibbutzim of Israel are the first and last to be chosen for the most important operations.

Which of course for those of us in the west, this raises much more "closer to home" issues given how apart from violent street gangs, the only "loyalty" our kids know is in the "IN GOD WE TRUST" Almighty US Dollar, now on its last legs.

Again, that ingenious Israeli Military Intelligence report has not only you "deafeningly silent" which of course doesn't prevent you from doing your job and sounding "happy as a lark" until you bring yourself once again to that ingenious Israeli Military Intelligence Report that you understand perfectly well has been "endorsed" by both the Mossad and Israeli Military Intelligence who have yet to comment publicly all the while sending the CLEAREST and SHORTEST message that they approve of what I am doing, including SPELLING it out in clear, simple English.

But who would be the "ultimate judge" in deciding whose life to take and whose to spare given all the "black" as well as "double black" Israeli military operations that even the Mossad, the most wired intelligence institute in the world are capable of keeping perfect track of, apart from those who never, not for a moment, lose sight of who stood the most to gain from financing Hitler, all the while blaming ALL the Jewish people in the world for all the major problems in the world?

Of course, it is not in the least bit difficult to figure out "friend" from "foe" bearing in mind that the Diamond Invention had also so very deeply penetrated Jewish communities throughout the world who were mostly non-fanatical Jewish people who didn't have a clue who they were getting into bed with until it was far too late, all their wealth, all their friends tied in to this mafia of mafia.

For me the decision was very simple, since my focus remained getting to the bottom of how it was possible for my father and his father to have lost their most extraordinarily successful international trading conglomerate dependant most of all on their very good name and then to top it off, my very brilliant businessperson father couldn't get a decent paying job when again, in the "very prime of life" and whose "backbone" was my highly brilliant, shrewd, extraordinarily "connected" mother who wasn't exactly a "potted plant", not even close.

Bear also in mind as you now look closer at those carbon copied is how my mother from my very first recollections made an incredibly "big deal" about how very underpaid was my father for the entire 25 years he worked for the public corporation, The Moshal Gevisser Group of Companies where his father, Israel Issy Gevisser was the "control person" who could decide not only how much to pay my father but without notice to fire the son-of-a-bitch Sol "Little King" Moshal who for all I know didn't even sign my father's miniscule paycheck; bearing constantly in mind, this "Little King" was nothing more than an accountant "figurehead" Managing Director and Chairman of the Board who never left his office which was right next door to the office that my father shared with my grandfather Issy throughout those 25 years before Charles Engelhard and Co. finally "put a stop".

When Moshal Gevisser was sold in 1969 for considerably less than the fair market value of all its properties that had been purchased for cash, a decision taken by Issy Gevisser, my father was 44 years of age and again, "in the very prime of life", not only in good health but tucked under his belt a wealth of knowledge about every aspect of this very highly diversified conglomerate and he still had the very good Gevisser name, plus a Fighter-Bomber-Pilot with 71 odd missions dive-bombing the crap out of the De Beers Nazi bastards.

So it didn't take me very long, relatively speaking again of course, to figure out this "disconnect" between my mother who also said that right from when she met my father soon after arriving in South Africa back in 1947 and married to my father on October 10th, 1948, her father Al Ash wanted my dad to quit Moshal Gevisser without ever saying what exactly my dad would do or how much he would get paid, all the while letting me know, again from the youngest of age, that her father was extraordinarily cash rich, arriving in South Africa with "a million English pounds sterling in his back pocket".

Making the "computation" rather easy for me in deciding to "go it alone" was my mother impressing upon me that her father had made his wealth as an international trader eventually owning a chain of grocery stores-shops, never though letting me know exactly how many or how large they were, but her emphasis was on that "one million English pounds sterling" that again, in her words were, "nothing to sneeze at".

Another favorite expression of my mother's was, "Money doesn't grow on trees" which most of us English are very familiar with, although most of the world never thought it important to ask where would very possibly the most non-Aryan looking man, a "Little Corporal" from World War I who succeeded by failing in everything he subsequently did, get the financing to fund the extermination of all the world's non-Aryan looking people which logic would dictate should have begun with Hitler being at the head of the line?

So between the time when I stepped off the plane at Durban airport, some 3 months shy of my 16th birthday and when I walked for the first time in to **Codiam** Inc.'s offices located on 47th Street, although their physical address is 1180 Avenue of the Americas aka 6th Avenue, suite 1818, phone number USA 1-212-840-1484,

and you remember of course, Mr. Jeffrey R. Krinsk of Finkelstein & Krinsk's home phone number USA 1-619-222-8842, just in case you cannot reach a bail bondsman, I hadn't grown very much in height but I knew it smart to never forget my mother's most oft repeated Confucius teaching, "The Tallest Trees Make the most wind".

Cheers,

Gary

Ps – Gold last trading at US\$905.90.

Ps II – Think of someone you think should be "exposed" either for doing "good" or "bad" and Google Search their name alongside the very good name, "GEVISSER"

For example, "Codiam GEVISSER".

Another example, "Dr. John BIG Ben Stewart MD GEVISSER"

Another example "Ron Bellows AIG"

Another example "SPIelberg GEVISSER"

[Word count 2624]

----- Forwarded Message -----

From: Barack Obama <info@barackobama.com>

To: gary gevisser <daacstar@yahoo.com>

Sent: Tuesday, February 5, 2008 10:31:31 PM

Subject: Results

gary --

The votes will be counted into the night and into tomorrow, but today we won states and we won delegates in every part of the country.

As of right now, we have won more states and delegates than Senator Clinton. It's a remarkable achievement we can all be proud of.

Tonight, we know one thing for sure -- our time has come, our movement is real, and change is coming to America.

At this moment in history, the stakes are too high and the challenges too great to play the

same Washington game with the same Washington players and expect a different result.

This time must be different.

There will be those who say it cannot be done. But we know what we have seen and what we believe -- that when ordinary people come together we can still do extraordinary things.

Yes, we can.

Thank you so much,

Barack



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