

From: Gary S Gevisser

Sent: Wednesday, December 05, 2007 12:50 PM PT

To: **John Loftus Esq.** - Not Disgraced Enough Justice Department Nazi prosecutor

Subject: A MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO LOSE-WELCOME BACK!

While I wait for Jeffrey's response, let me know what if any **edits** you think I should make to make it all more understandable.

How are you doing with your book project?

From: Gary S Gevisser

Sent: Wednesday, December 05, 2007 12:33 PM PT

To: JRK@class-action-law.com; Devin Standard

Cc: **rest**; Rainwaters; Jewish Telegraph Group of Newspapers; Office of the Israeli Defense Department Attache - Israeli Embassy Washington DC.; Peter Evans - Author of NEMESIS, c/o Harper Collins; Mossad

Subject: A MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO LOSE-WELCOME BACK!

Jeff,

Welcome back!

This video below even if one wants to take the view that parts of it are "doctored" or better yet, all of it is a total fabrication does not refute my main point that there are in fact good people out there, many with criminal records that they will soon start "flouting" as they are a little fed up and tired of the hypocrites with a different "tongue" to "suit the occasion" who because they have "legally" stolen can afford monkey suits, live in fancy homes, drive fancy cars, have fancy shoes, stockings, a nose hair here and there out of place, a tongue to wrap around a cock, be it a guy or a gal seeking to be "at one" with another they hope or believe is equally misguided and if not then to pull out all stops to co-opt-corrupt them as they take on **the** other party's "weaknesses".

<http://au.youtube.com/watch?v=xq8aopATYyw&feature=related>

"You sleep with dogs you get up with flees", now so much more meaningful?

Of all the male heterosexual Americans I know you and Devin Standard are the only two - notice my correct spelling and therefore not requiring the "sic" - who can see an "easily impressed" chick coming a mile away and much more importantly know that no matter the "sweetness", the "air of grace", the "charm", the "feeling of feeling wanted", the "desire to lose yourself" if only for a moment, forget getting laid, you would choose "smart" and avoid such an individual, "like the plague".

Of course I could be wrong since I can only speak for myself and have never really been around you when you are getting your pants charmed off; but in all likelihood, I am right about you both, especially you Jeffrey, since you waited so very long

before getting married to someone you quite obviously "love" despite having to put up with me suggesting you dump Campbell Soup and join me fulltime.

BTW have you rented out your tennis house, and if not would you consider Adam L. Tucker as a tenant. I will vouch for him.

We are getting down to "brass tacks" and there is nothing that can persuade me to be "tactful" when I know versus believe given how extraordinarily weak is the "human spirit" after a full century of those with the loudest voices backed up by the biggest guns removing what little humanity was there to begin with at the start of the 20th Century when it looked to most keen observers following the public outcry, particularly in England, over the use of Concentration Camps by the British-Americans to suppress the "will" of the Afrikaners who themselves couldn't give a dam about their Black slaves who were treated even more poorly, that we all had enough of fighting brutal wars, especially if it meant murdering the innocent and mostly poor in concentration camps while killing their next of kin on battlefields increasingly technology laden to cull the masses still breeding but no longer needed because of advances in technology to do the "heavy lifting".

A cock can be a mouthful and much easier to "manhandle" and very possibly more pleasant than digesting the prior paragraph but then again I am talking to just "tTOo" [sic] individuals who may be the only male Americans to "get it", and very possibly the only Americans given how again poorly conditioned are some 3 generations of US Americans; and of course such "Poverty of Thought" extends as far south as South Africa, north as Alaska, west as well as east of California leaving out of course the awesome Peoples Republic of Communist China.

Yes, I would be quite happy if I were to be remembered by those who care about me by simply throwing a small stone in to Tiger Leaping Falls,



but only so long as it is not turned into a stream, in which case Icazu Falls in South America would be fine as well.

The word, "communism" continues to have significant negative "connotations" to all those very poorly bred westerners whose Bell Shaped curve mediocrity filled education system has the "most average" of us "rising to the top".

But then again, the only thing such poorly bred who can afford all the luxuries, "life has to offer" have "[rili](#)" [sic] going for them is the, "gift of the gab" that given their

"weak spirit" are totally incapable of recognizing the connection between the "mouth" and the rest of the head that contains one most remarkable brain, the first indicator of the supernatural; the brain when too busy keeping track of the lies from day one, as logic would dictate, manifests itself increasingly in tongue control loss.

In Zena's very cozy bachelor pad in South Kensington, London, England, quite different to her very blue bachelor pad with the well positioned circular glass shower



at Heron Water, Clifton 2nd Beach, Cape Town, my mother has a tiny pillow that has embroidered the words, "*A Mind is a terrible thing to lose*" although I could be mistaken and that pillow is now in her antique furniture filled apartment



in Netanya,



Israel



From left to right; Bernie, Melvin, Zena, little white dog, me, Neil. – Jan 68
overlooking the Mediterranean Sea, but I don't think so.

I remember well the true greatness of my mother Zena who never allowed us 4 kids to call her by her first name and took umbrage at our cousins who dared to get so "familiar".

"Familiarity breeds contempt" is one of those true great expressions and perhaps it reads better were I to have said, "great true expressions" but I don't think so.

Of course if I put my mind to it I am very capable of expressing my very clear thoughts, certainly better than anyone I know, well aware, however, that I cannot write as well as my very literate mother who had she decided to become a writer could have produced works far greater than Homer's Iliad and Odyssey and the "proof" can be found just in the short piece she wrote back in November 1968 after attending the wedding of Onassis and Jacqueline Kennedy back on October 20th, 1968 when you will recall me mentioning that when Jackie O and my mother were the only two women in the room with only a handful of men present including my mother's client Aristotle Onassis, according to my mother, "Not a word was spoken between us".

Go ahead and read my mother's "Fable".

PIC. JACKIE ONASSIS WITH THE CHARIOTEER

PIC. ARISTOTLE ONASSIS GREEK GOD IN THE MODERN IDIOM.

PIC. VIEW OF THE THEATRE AND THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO AT DEPLHI

The magic air of the gods can make one hungry and on the way back to Athens we stopped at a small village to enjoy a baby lamb roasted on a slow spit. Excepting that the head had been previously removed (out of courtesy to me) the lamb was served split down the middle, lunch for two and washed down by a couple of glasses of Retina wine, we ate the lot! What did the Oracle say "Nothing in Excess"? Of course that can also mean Nothing (or) In Excess that is the story of Greece and the Greeks. Go buy yourself a taste of their "Donkey Summer".



Pics Story Copyright Zena Gevisser.



Nov. '68.

Why “Donkey” summer? The Greeks have a word for everything. Picture that slow plodding much maligned donkey far in the rear, not expected and suddenly he’s there delivering the goods. When the European summer is over, almost gone and forgotten, September slips into October and November and still in Greece the sun is shedding warm rays insisting, like the donkey, that the end of summer can bring the best.

By courtesy of Aristotle Socrates Onassis, 119 South Africans and myself winged our way from Johannesburg to Greece in time to enjoy a few days of “donkey-summer”. The warm November days had nothing to envy of July and August. Blue skies competed with the beauty of the even bluer sea and as my countrymen toured Athens and the ancient sites of the Acropolis and Parthenon,



Me and my middle brother Melvin – Jan 68

within an hour of our plane touching down, I was on my way to Delphi.

Delphi-that pre-Christian holy citadel of man and home of the young god, Apollo.

To those uninitiated in Greek history and mythology the Oracle of Delphi may have no significance, however, there are few who are not familiar with the wise proverb emanating from pre-historic times; 'Know Thyself' 'Waste Not Time' 'Nothing in Excess'. How and when the Oracle was founded is not know, one of the many legends is of a young shepherdess pasturing her goats who had gone into a cave from which vapours were pouring. She was almost overcome by the fumes and suddenly as if inspired by some divine power she uttered the first prophecy, which in time came true. At one time the Oracle was said to be owned by the god, Neptune but, it was Apollo's arrival that heralded its riches.

Apollo was short of officials for his sacrificial temple at Delphi and one day meditating his problem he saw a fine ship. He quickly turned himself into a dolphin, swam out to the ship and towed it into the Gulf of Corinth, where, with the help of Zephyr (the west wind) he brought it into harbour.

Apollo transformed himself into a handsome young man and informing the men that they would never see their wives and families again he suggested that they join him and learn the ways of the immortals.

My mind was full of all these legends as my companion and I sped along the wide modern roads that lead from Athens to the southern slopes of Mount Parnassus. Suddenly to the North and East rising almost perpendicularly were the Phaedriade cliffs. I held my breath as the Cadillac in which I was traveling turned hairpin bend after hairpin bend. (I thanked heavens I was not in a bus, but, would have preferred the smallest Fiat!) Passing through the town of Arachova, perched like an eagle's eyrie, nothing had prepared me for the wild beauty and austere grandeur of the Sanctuary itself.

To greet me were the eagles, Zeus (Jupiter) eagles. Circling as in the past when Zeus set two eagles to fly round the earth, one to the East and one to the West to discover the centre. They met, and to all intents and remained at Delphi.

Befitting the home of the gods, the air was champagne quality. I climbed slowly and reverently towards the remains of the Temple of Apollo and the site of the Oracle. In my mind's eye I could see the vapours rising from the now extinct cavity. The prophecies of Apollo were pronounced through the mouth of the priestess, who in the beginning was a young virgin. However, young virgins ran out of favour after rumours of an orgie with a young Egyptian and a woman over fifty was found to be more suitable!

There is no question of the Oracle of Delphi's political, philosophical and religious significance to the then world. Great leaders and statesmen consulted and were influenced by the "phophecies" [sic]. Bringing gifts, they first had to bathe in the Castilian Springs below the temple site, before presenting their problem. Here is another name from the wealth of legend and myth.

Castalia was a beautiful young girl from Delphi with whom Apollo fell madly in love. She, being a virgin and knowing he was a god, frantically ran from him and climbed the sheer rock of the Pheadriade Cliffs. Seeing she could not escape him, she threw herself off the cliff and fell dead near the spring which was then named after her.

Standing where the waters flowed I looked up at the menacing Pheadriade rocks and suddenly remembered the friend of my childhood, Aesop and his fables.

For Aesop's fate was that of many believed to be sacrilegious and he was thrown off the cliffs down to the ground where I was now standing.

Many believe Delphi to be the precursors of such institutions as the United Nations Organizations and certainly some of the prophecies were just as ambiguous as the present day pronouncement: for instance when a king asked about a certain battle he wished to fight, came the answer, "If you cross water a kingdom will be lost". The king thinking this meant his success attacked another country – he was then defeated, but the Oracle of Delphi had not been wrong! Or how about when asked if a child about to be born would be a boy or a girl, the priestess chewed her laurel leaves, went into a frenzy from the vapours and pronounced "Boy No Girl", which if it were a boy had meant Boy-No Girl and if it had been a girl meant Boy No-Girl!

Thus were the early priests of the Temple of Apollo surely amongst the world's greatest psychologists.

Little remains intact of the Sanctuary, but, in spite of the sacking of hundreds of statutes and works of art, by the Romans the museum is full of exciting archaeological finds, in particular the Charioteer, which is the finest bronze antiquity seen by modern man.

Remember from reading the article in a "nothing" newspaper - located in the "boon goDs" [sic] of Great Britain that survives because either DeBeers "say so" or someone DeBeers know better than to mess with "says so" - about my mother titled, EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF AN INSPIRATIONAL WOMAN



that shows a photo of my mother and father Bernie standing next to Pandit Nehru who had them as his guests for a period of two weeks in his private quarters when Prime Minister of the second largest population on the planet, a headline caption to the right of center, "*Men can be very successful but never grow up!*" and just to the left the paragraph reads:

Zena, who 'protected' Jackie Kennedy for a short spell following her wedding to Aristotle Onassis was also part of Robert Kennedy's advisory team on local affairs when he visited South Africa.

And you would know that just 3 months prior to the deal that Aristotle Onassis wanted like he wanted a Mossad bullet to the back of his head, Ari Onassis had been "tasked" with providing the funding, and most importantly leaving the clearest of "money trails", for the assassination of his arch rival Attorney General of the United States Senator Ted Kennedy who along with his elder brother President John F. Kennedy when schtupping poorly Charm School



trained Jacqueline Lee Bouvier Kennedy Onassis, some 58 days younger than my mother still very much alive, did a mighty fine job in spreading the Kennedy Clap.

I assume by now you are both fully conversant with author Peter Evans', NEMESIS.

Let me just quickly take you back to the week of February 7th-14th when my father and two of his buddies from Squadron II [Eleven] were given the week off after bombing the wrong targets and flew by Dakota from Pontedera, Italy, leaving at 9:20 AM, destination Nice, France, eventually making their way to Cannes,



where according to my father's logbook



he "scored", handwritten in red ink,

2 D/H [Direct Hits]!! + ONE FAIR MISS

Below is a photo of Hughlette "**Fair Miss**", age 23, my dad back then still 21, + the one without a name, along with a later photo showing the "**FAIR MISS**", now age 58 and her husband along with my mom and dad.



That "4-sum" [sic] photo serves as quite a reminder, at least to me of a number of things beginning with of course the most beautiful women in the world get old looking even at the relatively young age of 58.

Equally important as I was "growing up" never "changing my thinking" always thinking as clearly as I did when a young teenager if not younger given how I never felt the need to lie since I never once caught my parents in a lie, something I cannot say about another single human being I know even though I am quite certain I am part of a rather "unique club", was the year 1958 when the photo below was taken of me in my mother's long orangutan arms and so very gentle hands.



Although I am not able to “consciously” remember that day it is, given how the photo was always around me, very much part of my “subconscious” which given how I don’t suffer from “short-circuits” is very much part of my “conscious” mind.

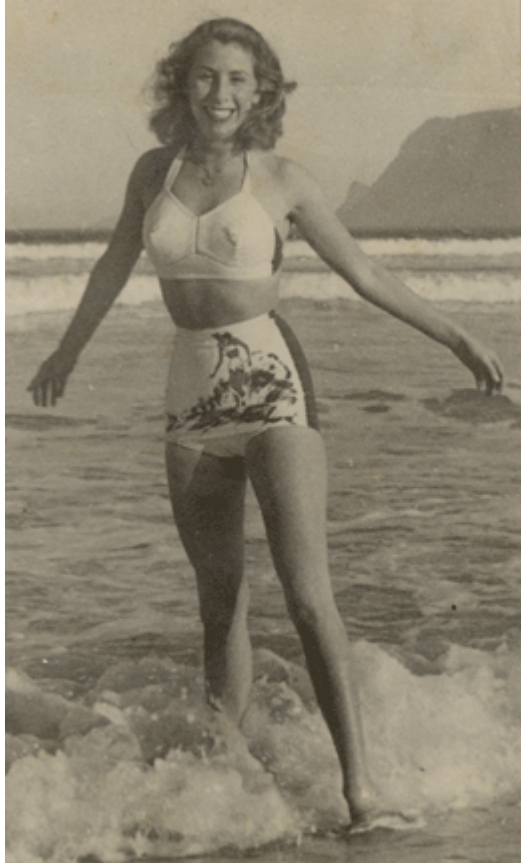
While not even my mother’s top models such as Penny Coelen who won the Miss World in 1958 were “perfect”, a possible blemish here and there on their perfect skin and very toned bodies that a good “hair brushing” couldn’t easily remove, once leaving the Durban Charm School with their Diploma-Certificate indicating they had graduated what was not only a “grueling” physical workout, learning to walk and sit properly, buttocks tightened, head back, chin up and always stomach in, the odds of them “messing up” when choosing a lifetime partner were significantly **less**, bearing in mind that my Royal Mater’s Charm School was a “front”, the monies earned especially from the fees paid to her models including her very top models “nothing to speak of”, let alone all the aggravation from those models who felt “contempt” towards my mother whose only interest was for them to serve the betterment of humanity.

Don’t be deceived by my mother having chosen to take possession of assets of mine that she knows full well belong to me even though we have had this agreement “**what is mine is yours**” from the day she first began sharing her and her immediate family’s most intimate secrets and in a way that I was required to use my brain to figure out the puzzle that had an extraordinary sad face beginning with her most loved grandmother Nechie Badash having to witness her immediate family getting their throats slit.

Growing up I knew that both my siblings and my father had been told the initials same set of facts but for the life of me I couldn’t figure out why none of them, and of them with well above average intelligence bearing in mind in the 29 odd years I have lived in the US I have only met people of average intelligence apart from the two of you, didn’t ever once explore with my Royal Mater prior to her “losing her mind” and now claiming “senility” since what else would explain her childish behavior, what exactly was my great maternal grandmother **doing going back and forth between England and Tel-Aviv, Israel where Nechie Badah was one of the early residents?**

Not to mention, Nechie Badas we all knew came from the same tiny village of Plonsk, White Russia-Poland as David Ben Gurion the head of the Haganah, the principal Jewish Underground movement based in Jerusalem, Israel, fighting both the British-Americans in Palestine-Israel as well as the American-British Nazis in Europe, aided and abetted by the most awesome French Resistance headed by devout Roman Catholics of both French and Spanish decent who hadn't forgotten the Spanish Inquisition that began in 1492 when Jewish person Christopher Columbus, most likely a "Merino" [sic], "sailed the ocean blue" -

Growing up for life of me I couldn't figure out how it was possible that my very above average in "intelligent" [sic] and very well traveled siblings and father bought in to this utter nonsense story of my mother's very brilliant South African-Israeli attorney Julius Gurwitz having "stolen" our grandfather Issy Gevisser's priceless Haifa harbor properties, although of course our mom would never have suggested that the father-in-law of the moron Gino who I last responded to on September 1st, the 35th anniversary of me arriving for a 4 month Ulpan on Kibbutz Sde Boker where David Ben Gurion had "retired", would have ALLOWED what our mother said was simply "a crooked lawyer who ended up jail" to steal such extraordinarily valuable properties from under the ever watchful eye of the Mossad who not long after my mother and her family arrived in South Africa in 1947,



took possession of such properties gladly handed over to them by both sets of grandfathers, my Granddad Alef-Albert-Al Ash-Badash and Issy Gevisser very much "on the same team".

Not to mention long before I met for the first time with Ben Gurion in a group setting on November 1st, 1972 he knew everything there was to know about me including how I came to break a rib when throwing a stone on the way back from the kibbutz's mess hall that had the head of the Kibbutz, David Banielle believing my hard to believe story, **and** as I later found out someone apart from God had seen it all happen who then informed Mr. Banielle that he should make his way over to the house where Dr. Hatchell MD, a South African doctor, to "lend me support" given that it was unlikely this imbecile would believe my story considering how much play-fighting had gone on amongst us out-of-control childish guys just trying our utmost to impress the chicks with the best looking tits.

Dr. Hatchell, the retard, along with his wife and son Dorian were part of our Ulpan; both husband and wife Hatchells were total incompetents, showing the far better conditioned Kibbutz officials with of course strong military backgrounds, not to mention our Israeli "madrachim-guides" who would only wear civilian clothing in our presence and who had no trouble whatsoever, aided of course by what I had to say, of the need to steer clear of South African kids no matter how bright academically or athletic as many of us guys and gals were when it came to considering any of us for Israeli Special Forces who upon gritting it out "in enemy lines" would be then considered for positions within the Metsada.

Cutting and pasting Wikipedia – Mossad

Among the departments of the Mossad is the Special Operations Division or "'Metsada" (see Kidon), which is involved in assassination, paramilitary operations, sabotage, and psychological warfare.

Psychological warfare is also a concern of the Lochamah Psychologit Department, which conducts propaganda and deception activities as well.

Additionally, the Mossad has a Research Department, tasked with intelligence production, and a Technology Department concerned with the development of tools for Mossad activities.

Moreover, when Israeli "athletes" travel the world, particularly Israel water polo players who have bodies that leave little to the imagination, spelling most of all "trouble" for the "easily impressed" bored housewives and there were many in Apartheid hatred filled South Africa, to "take their pick" and then report back to Israeli Military Intelligence who don't all occupy cushy seats at the Office of the Israeli Department of the Defense Attache at the Israeli Embassy in Washington, DC where when not checking me out "day and night" for my latest postings on the Internet that of course they support 100%, are also not all constantly using their Kibbutz Hagarshrim manufactured Epilady womens shaver since not all Jewish women have such coarse leg hair as the "ugly" South African Krok girls.

For the life of me I couldn't figure out why none of my siblings as well father could figure out a "disconnect" when my Royal mater would explain that the National-Nazi Party of South Africa won the rigged South African General Elections in 1948 within a month of Israel being granted Statehood by the Nazi controlled United Nations who believed us Jewish people fighting for our lives in this most unbelievable War of Independence would last no more than a few hours before being driven in to the Mediterranean Sea, to then be afforded our last rights when drowning our sorrows, such a victory for the Nazis was because Field Marshall Jan Smuts had "decided" to become a "Statesman" and simply got "distracted" allowing his United Party to be defeated by the British-American backed Nazi South African National Party that instantly transformed in to the South African Apartheid Regime that ruled brutally, uninterrupted for a period of 45 odd years with a diamond studded iron fist, over the most awesome overwhelming majority of Black South Africans as US Americans stole blind South Africa's gold.

For the life of me when I would hear about the utter fucking nonsense of protecting minorities over the brutality of the angry majority, I would also get both calm and quiet.

For the life of me to this day I still cannot figure out why the majority are not deathly afraid of me to the point that they would be "deafeningly silent".

Yes, you don't need to be a fricken, fucken rocket scientist, only a fucking moron to realize that the very moment the first shots were fired in Israel's War of Independence that in fact began in November 1947, the Nazis had in fact won World Oil War II.

The day my father flew as co-pilot to Lt. Faure flying again in a Dakota back from Nice to their base in Pontedera, leaving at 12:55 PM, was the day that shall remain forever, " in infamy".

The photo shoot on February 14th, 1945 showing the back of a US Military Attache cracking a joke with Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia as DeBeers stooge President Franklin D. Roosevelt looked on,



was not lost for one moment on the Jewish Underground who understood perfectly this "shot across the bow" of those Jewish people who knew that it was no coincidence that the Yalta Conference began just 2 days following the Red Army

and it was not the British or Americans liberating Auschwitz which could have been liberated the instant the plans to have it built were first vetted by the OSS, the forerunner to the CIA.

How are you doing with your reading of DIAMONDS FOR HITLER, subtitle THE SECRET WAR REPORT OF THE OSS, Chapter [9](#) of Edward Jay Epstein's most fascinating non-fiction novel, The Diamond Invention detailing with lovely pictures and well thought through chapters, titled with "wording to die for", the extraordinary devious nature of De Beers, the mafia of mafia who own everything and everyone whose names and faces appear everywhere.

Nor was it lost on David Ben Gurion and is closest "consigliores" that immediately following this atrocious conference that put in place the makings of future European civil wars including the Bosnian-Serbian ethnic cleansing civil war during Bill "Rhodes-DeBeers Scholar" Clinton's administration, the so "loved", the so "trusted", the so "respected" wheelchair crippled President Roosevelt would allow himself to be so used to inform with a photo that tells more than a thousand words,

"Hey you fucking trouble making Jewish people who haven't gone up in smoke in the chimneys of our death camps, should you push US against the wall by continuing to push for your own homeland, make no mistake we will back ourselves 100% in supporting our Arab tyrants who the world knows have absolutely no military while we have the entire military mite of the victors of World Oil War II to finish you off in a matter of hours!"

Did it ever dawn on you to ask your parents a little more about devout Christian Field Marshall Jan Smuts and his ability to be as equally deceptive as my Royal Mater-Mother and who would also not need to go Harvard or Boston College or Wharton or MIT or Princeton or Yale or Stanford or Cornell to figure out that he wouldn't have lasted very long had he not made it look like he just another "Statesman" distracted by glitter and glamour of Hollywood-Madison Avenue?

It really isn't all that hard to imagine the overwhelming majority of the "easily impressed" just with what they see in front of their noses couldn't figure out "if their lives depended on it" why Jan Smuts was considered by Einstein one of only 11 men in the planet who understood the theory of Relativity.

My God, how stupid can stupid people be!!

Again you must come back to very busy American Charles Engelhard an "open supporter" of the South African Apartheid Regime, buying off one US Presidential election after the next, one Senate seat after the next, one Vice Presidential candidate after the next, one prostitute like Jackie O after the next, finding the time to visit my grandfather, Israel Issy Gevisser's The Moshal Gevisser Group of Companies headquartered at [173](#) Madon [pronounced Maiden] Road, Durban, South African that had trainloads of goods going in and out of the relatively high security back entrance.

As you come out of your trance remember that President George W. Bush has yet to call for an immediate suspension in the trading of shares in public corporations and nor has Mr. Bush, at least to the best of my knowledge, been provided by Israeli Military Intelligence an advance copy of my forthcoming email directed at him as well as the systemically corrupt United States Congress, the US Supreme Court, the US Justice Department and the such.

Good day,

Gary

Ps – Assuming 1 pm is not too late, I can still make lunch at Rainwaters should you please, even though I am still at our rock home nestled in a gentle sloping hillside deep inside the Cleveland National Forest; again one most awesome sun filled and warm day, Tulu, Adam L. Tucker's lioned furred cat, forget the name of the breed, sunning herself on the inside ledge of the four windowed bedroom plus a skylight now slightly marred by a small part of the satellite dish giving us fast wireless internet access while her mate Simon, the trapeze artist, a different breed, is standing tall on the antique Chinese doors leading in to the very well naturally lit bedroom; Simon, who couldn't hurt a cat, looking like he would be ready pounce on anyone coming through the front door.



BTW, is Campbell Soup okay around cats?



[Word count 5011]