

From: Gary S Gevisser
Sent: Sunday, February 24, 2008 6:16 PM PT
To: joey – artist painter.
Cc: rest; Sebastian Capella; Ray Anne Marks
Subject: Joey - we were just talking about you..

when we think you called the cliff house yesterday as we "kicked back".

Marie and I have while executing the solutions to "solving all the problems of the world" which doesn't make those profiteering handsomely from all the chaos and bloodshed all that excited let alone happy, happy, happy, been rather quiet the past 24 hours, yet to even listen to a single phone message.

Not to mention I took over 50 photos of last night's most breathtaking sunset which I hope to place up on the internet. Below are just 2 taken about 15 seconds apart.





Did you get the "serenading us or so we are pretending it is just for us" email we sent you yesterday?

BTW, you along with about 5,000 individuals/groups may not have got an email I began broadcasting Friday yesterday morning that began "dog eat god" [sic] that is now loaded up on my blog at www.just3ants.com.

<http://www.nextraterrestrial.com/pdf/Microsoft%20Word%20-%20GPURKISS-DOGEATDOG.pdf>

The cause of the "problem" resulting in a good number of people failing to get their "daily mineral rich boost" was the "most wired" member of The Yahoo mail team sending me this email below:

From: Yahoo! [mailto:mailbot@yahoo.com]
Sent: Friday, February 22, 2008 10:24 AM
To: gevisser@sbcglobal.net
Subject: Message From Yahoo!

YAHOO! Mail

Hello gevisser@sbcglobal.net,

Unusual Activity Detected.

To protect you, your account has been suspended from sending, saving, and receiving mail for up to 48 hours.

Sincerely,
The Yahoo! Mail Team

Suffice to say I began to solve this one Yahoo mail team member's problem before I laid down next to Marie here at the cliff house, MdG still nursing a very sore back, very possible bone crack, following her, while light on her feet, heavy fall on a rock at the cabin a week ago yesterday; now Marie, knowing I am writing to you softly commenting,

"now, not so excruciating pain; reminding me that we have short time to accomplish our goals".

Marie has been fortunate to have the "best of all worlds", first the one of a kind ocean view allowing her this past week to enjoy all 4 seasons at their most colorful. Dramatic was that fall and of course I can't get out of my mind the 2 very quiet but from deep within "Ugh" that followed the bone crushing fall, about 5 seconds apart.

Second, as she has looked left and right, mostly on her back, *The Yellow Roses* to the right and far right, *The Red Rose* and the, *Path to the Cabin* to the far left of the king sized bed, and to its *left* the small town in Spain, Chelva, I think, that we won in a silent auction, has Marie again commenting,

So very much appreciating Sebastian's paintings for endless hours of entertainment. He's so good. It's nice to just look at his paintings. I wonder when he puts a different value of color let's say in a bush if he thinks of its reaction with the existing color? I am not sure. He has to value-color? I don't quite know how to formulate it. Or if he just puts the value-color pure? I don't think so. He does the middle tone. Okay! But his values are really close. You can see the little nuances; it is very precise in the shadows especially, but he has got it in the light too.

Marie says that if you want her classes next week, you are welcome. We have a doctor's appointment at 10 AM tomorrow. Just contact Ray Anne to make sure because it appears that Ray Anne hasn't got half a dozen or more emails from Marie's email account over the course of the past week.

Getting back to the Yahoo so convoluted "threatening email".

The first question you would ask is, "To protect you" against who?

This very vague Yahoo! Mail Team start out making it sound like I am some sort of criminal, "Unusual Activity Detected" and then to "soften" their head-trip blows follow with, "To protect you" before than landing their knockout-death blows,

"your account has been suspended from sending, saving, and receiving mail for up to 48 hours."

Finally and without it interfering with "taking care of my wife's many needs" which is how she describes what it is that I do 24/7 including putting her X on notice that while he may think this would be a good time to finish her off, enter the cliff house having got the necessary combinations from either one of the two co-opted kids willingly going along with being "used and abused" as The IT "plays victim" for Marie and I interfering with his co-opting-corrupting of the "tTOo" [sic] kids having chosen the "easy come, easy go, money me path to hell", hell as you know here and now on this most awesome planet Mother Earth for all those who usurp their limited authority, he would know that not only is God not done with taking His-Her vengeance on this flat line of flat line plotters human being who makes Hitler look like a "regular chap" who simply had like most rednecks a problem with Jews, Blacks, gays and of course women, I got through to a female supervisor who had been provided a detailed, blow by blow record of how most upset I was that said in summary, "The Yahoo! Mail Team is tortuously interfering with my business" such 10 words having been said in no less than 1,000 words possibly as many as 5,000 to those employees of YaHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO who came before, rose to the occasion, dug deep and solved the problem in a matter of seconds.

So very doubtful if I know of a single male in the world, apart from of course Sebastian who would have managed to solve just this one team member's "problem", most likely us men would have exacerbated the problem, at least initially but by the time it reached the board of directors of Yahoo as well as AT&T-SBC, the "exposure" of their gross incompetency-fraud would have propelled my websites that much closer to being the number 1 websites on the internet, which of course had me questioning at the time I saw this very competent supervisor taking care of matters whether it was a "good" thing she was so competent and instead to have acted rather immaturely to my most calm tirade that began:

Are you not ashamed?

You are telling me that an ATT email server is making the decision to go to war with me?

How so very childish, no strike that, how cowardly that you, your corporation would have the audacity to bully me by shifting your personal responsibility on to a poor computer thinking that I wouldn't first practice my tirade on you, your corporation including each member of the board of directors before then when communicating with your computer-servers be that much more effective, possibly even shutting them down as all those with YahooooooooOOOOooo email accounts feeling that my voice is the voice of the silent majority who have not been co-opted-corrupted, never given a day's thought to inheriting from their parents and grandparents anything

more than one or two tokens of them only wanting their children to be enlightened from day one; bearing in mind that it would be reasonable for me to assume that a computer has far more sensitivity-intelligence than most humans going for the "easy come easy go money" too busy keeping track of their lies from day one.

Not to mention that all Marie got from her father Jonny was his pair of eyeglasses that her mother was ready to trash in the wastepaper basket.

BTW have you given much thought lately to the Wringley's chewing gum wrapper you see at the top of page 16 of www.NEXTtraterresTRIAL.com, that,

"We should chew on our words, measuring each letter and symbol and 2 only utter a sound if we are willing tTOo put it down on paper and be held accountable, otherweiss tTOo toss the thoughts in tTOo the wa_ste-paper basket" [sic].

And of course as my gorgeous wife was keeling over from laughter I suggested this remarkable lady also like us, turn up the music.

Right now we are listening to Dave Matthews.

"What day is this?"

Today, right now the surf is big. I just took a photo as the spray from the rather strong offshore winds created this most picturesque and of course rather "corny" scene that I have no problem living with the rest of my days, and after a restful night's sleep helped by having a "free conscience", to be woken up by the sound of the crashing waves, followed a few seconds later by a gush of ocean swept fresh air.

By the way if you ever have problems with ATT-SBC make certain to be put in touch immediately with supervisor Sherri whose id is SDE9123

BTW Marie **just** telling **me** that she may be getting paranoid with helicopters. The other day soon after Chopper 8 "incident" while I was out taking her 15 year old son Jonathan to Khapkido, a small helicopter came right in front of the cliff just a little more than hovering and then suddenly did a steep climb that caused MDG simply to wave, "hello".

Don't forget to also click on the **PLAY** button and listen to Matthew Good Band in their hit single, Symbolist White Walls:

I'm tired of blood and over priced bubble gum, mom
Nobody wake up there's nothing you could have done wrong
I'm wearing the same grin, I take it all on the chin
I still believe everything that I read
And sometimes it's hard, sometimes it's harder

Sometimes it's on sale, sometimes it never fails
I have a psychic and she says I'm lonely
She says my destiny is turning out all wrong
So now I just sit here
And think of meaningful things to say

Symbolistic white walls
Surround me and you
Every single day
I am cheap and see through

I'm tired of blood and over priced bubble gum
Nobody moves and nobody gets hurt for very long
I'm wearing the same skin, I take it all on the chin
I still believe everything that I hear
And sometimes it's easy, sometimes it's easier
And sometimes it's all free
I have a psychic and she says I'm lonely
She says inside of me is turning out all wrong
So now I just sit here
And think of meaningless things to say

It's all right now
Take the world and make it yours again.

Not to mention in my follow up shortly to President George W. Bush I will be commenting on my Royal Mater-Mother after I returned in late 1972 when still age 15 from a 4 month Ulpan to Kibbutz Sde Boker in the Negev Desert, Israel, the only thing my most sensitive, highly secretive mother asked me as I got off the plane, "What happened to all your clothes?" which I knew she wouldn't have been in the least upset about me having sold given how they were all too small and then deposited the net proceeds, all of less than US\$20 directly in to her bank account at Bank Leumi branch in Tel-Aviv.

To mention little again of her pogrom orphaned paternal grandmother Nechie Badash only returning to England in 1929 when my "born to perform" mother was born, a whopping 13 lbs and immediately beginning to teach my very quick study mother, *"Wise beyond her years she listened to the problems of the world relayed in her presence and the solutions to many of these problems."*

Cutting and pasting from the tail end of my mother Zena's memoirs, "Life Story of Zena", craftily written and first broadcast via email on October 9th, 2001, some 53 odd years to the day after she married my father on October 10th, 1948:

Zena weighed a whopping 13 lbs and in no time was used as an advertisement – for Cow & Gate baby foods. Six years younger than her brother, who at the time she was born had moved on to boarding school, She always felt an 'only child'. Not that this caused her any concern. From two years of age she was performing in pantomime and being paid for services.

A leading film company wanted her in movies but her father would not agree always afraid strangers would take control of her young life. With virtually no friends of her age she mixed freely with adults. In the main with her paternal grandmother who was born in Poland had come as an orphan from Poland where her whole immediate family had been wiped out in a pogrom. This same grandmother had her playing whist at whist drives when she was eight. They won many prizes of food hampers and once a whole ten shilling! Wise beyond her years she listened to the problems of the world relayed in her presence and the solutions to many of these problems. Early she had learned to overcome her inborn shyness. Trained by manly her mother in the dance routines for the stage she in turn became a teacher of jive, jitterbug, and all the ballroom dances of the day, particularly to boys who sought her help. Her ever tolerant mother never even commented when the living room carpet became frayed and more or less threadbare! Right through the years of the Second World War she danced and sang until one day, performing a Shirley Temple song (she had become known as "the Shirley Temple of the North of England") her voice broke in the middle of ... "an old straw hat, a pair of overalls and a worn out pair of shoes..."

This traumatic event caused her to think seriously about her future and she decided to forgo the limelight of theatre and become a writer. It was 1943 and Zena was 12 years old. Winston Churchill's wife Clementine sent her a letter of thanks for collecting money to build a new Royal Oak battleship destroyed in the war. Slowly she was learning the art of Advertising and Publicity. A finalist in a national beauty contest she was asked to join the wellknown model school of Lucy Clayton and at the same time trained with the film star Vivienne Leigh's mother as a Beautician. Ever eager to learn new things she joined her parents in their wartime hobby – training in Swedish massage. With all this it [turn to page 2] was not surprising that she had no time for playing with dolls or to her childhood pursuits. The war was over and her dreams of being a foreign correspondent and dropping behind enemy lines in Europe came to an abrupt end. Life was a ball. Dancing Partying – Summer days at the poolside – Attending live theatre at least once a week and much more. Suddenly in 1947 it came, abruptly, to an end. Her father had decided to emigrate to South Africa!!! Landing in Durban the family went to stay at the Minora Hotel. As she went upstairs to leave her suitcase in her bedroom her mother walked into the lounge where a fashion was being organized. Ever Zena's publicity agent, her mother, seeing the struggle that was going on – informed them that although her daughter was only 18 she had a lifetime experience in stage and mannequin work. By the time Zena came downstairs she had a job which turned into a lifetime of Endeavour. The success of that fashion show in aid of Israel brought her into the Durban public eye and stores and manufacturers clamored for Zena's assistance. In Smith Street, sharing rooms with a beautician, she started The Durban School of Mannequins – An Academy of Deportment. Later it became simply Durban Charm School. Initially she advertised for girls to become models. However, she soon learned that a mere five percent of any who came to be interviewed would ever be good enough to be professional. The

training brought new found confidence and self-esteem to all. Mainly her pupils were teenagers and adults.

Her favorite opening to the opposite sex was the joke about a religious man who went to heaven. At the Pearly Gates they asked him what his wish was seeing that he had been such a righteous man on earth. He thought about this and then said he would like to see his old teacher who had died some years before. They told him to sit around and wait. Eventually, he saw coming towards him in the distance his old teacher. He looked the same as he remembered him. Running to greet his long lost teacher he stopped in his tracks. The teacher was holding the hand of a young girl who was stark naked. "Oh" said the student "I see you have been rewarded for your good life on earth". The teacher replied "No, my son, she is not my reward – I am her punishment!".

Zena then would say to the audience of salesmen... "Are you my reward or am I your punishment" which would break the ice for as perhaps even to-day but certainly in the 1940s, 50's, 60's even 70's a woman lecturing men was not easily accepted.

Schools were opened in what was then Zambia, Northern and Southern Rhodesia, and the Belgian Congo, Swaziland, Windhoek, Pietermaritzburg, Cape Town, Johannesburg and many small towns often by former pupils who stayed on in Zena's classes to train as teachers. Her curriculum on the importance of being a woman and overcoming shyness as well as how to enter the field of public relations and advertising were taught as far afield as Germany, Switzerland and Hong Kong. It would be many years before Universities and Colleges taught degree courses in Journalism and Public Relations even worldwide never mind in Southern Africa.

Raising funds for charity became the order of the day with as many as 52 charities a year. Some for small events and others for national occasions. Her advice was sought by politicians and business executives for their wives and for themselves..."

Eventually, Zena found herself lecturing to corporate lawyers and public figures in America and elsewhere overseas on the benefits of investment in South Africa. Where ever she went she was well received. The ignorance of academics and others in fields of power on the subject of South Africa astounded her. In the school holidays she would take her small children (all four eventually) on her overseas trips. Once landing in a capital city in Europe she was met in by a leading civil servant of that country. Handing over her blonde, blue-eyed daughter to this lady she was astounded to be told by her "it is amazing how white your child is with a black father!!" Recovering from shock I asked her what she meant and why did she think my husband was black? Her reply was that I had told her over the phone that I was married to a South African and she therefore assumed he must be black!

Within a week of her arrival in Durban not knowing what to do with herself as training models to up very little of time, initially, she took a job with a lawyer, Rowley Arenstein. His wife Jackie ran a communist newspaper The Daily Worker and Zena found herself involved in all kinds of politics as she typed out the different stories and eventually met Africans, Indians and Whites who were against the Apartheid Government. Ashwin Choudree introduced her to his Ghandi philosophy of non-violence and she became friendly with A.N.C. members and Indian organizations.

She was devastated when sisters had to attend different classes of her teachings because some could pass for "Whites" whilst others were labeled "Colored". This was all during her early years as a mother and when her children were born (all four before she was 29) she made up her mind that they must be trained to live outside of the country and sadly the land of their birth. Albert Luhzuli (his cousin worked for her), Chief Buthelezi, Alan Paton had a dramatic effect on her. Brought up in an anglicized rather than religious Jewish home she found comfort amongst the Zionist families of Durban. Janie and Maurice Gevisser [parents of David "\$6 million man" Gevisser and father of author-journalist Mark Gevisser] Mary and Charles Lachman and dozens of other people opened their homes to her and it was a great learning process.

Eventually, Rabbi Avner Weiss arrived in Durban and taught her kashrut and the true meaning of Judaism. His lectures to the children of the community "The Rabbi From Out Of Space" were important lessons for her. From the earliest days of 1949 she visited Israel two and three times a year writing reports for different publications. Her paternal grandmother had been an early resident of Tel Aviv only returning to England when Zena was born. The Gevissers (she married Bernie Gevisser when she was 19 after only a few months in Durban) owned land in Haifa harbour and Zichron Yscov and she rapidly felt at home in Israel.

Reporting on the many wars when Israel was attacked she was the first civilian in the captured area of the Sinai and in later years at her own expense twinned Durban with Eilat. In 1978 she left Durban eventually making her home in Netanya [Israel] and England.

Much of her work carried on in various places and although she gave up lecturing she continued with her writings to this day. Her second husband, Alan Zulman well-known in the clothing industry having started in the early 50's - with a partner - a company which became South African Clothing Industries - collaborated in an Anthology that published recently entitled "The Winking Cat". The first story of the title of the book which is about Ancient Energy offers Zena's philosophy which will overcome all of Life's problems. "Keep Smiling".

What else do you find “funny” about my mother’s writings apart from how much “training” would privileged kids have to receive outside of the country of their birth apart from being able to go in to any bank in the world and withdraw money and then “live like a king”?

And what about that, “she rapidly felt at home in Israel” when my not in the least bit money grabbing or anything remotely ostentatious but very cash and Chinese culture rich mother who the best of my knowledge had never previously visited Israel, found out that her future father-in-law owned priceless properties in Haifa harbor, Israel?

Marie, who has no idea I am going on and on, now on the phone with a colleague concerned about her back letting her friend know that she is just so appreciative of the “beautiful art, beautiful view, and my husband is so very attentive, which is not unusual...”.

Not to mention Marie and Jonathan have just rolled out the one of 4 equal sections [painting](#) totaling 3 feet by 24 feet.

To mention little of the painting of the 4 seasons along the Yangtze River was done by a well known artist we met who has spent a lifetime hiking and painting this area that has been gradually going under water as a result of the 3 Gorges Dam project that while quite an extraordinary upheaval [for](#) the hundreds of thousands of Chinese who have been moved, many in to concrete high rises, does have many benefits including controlling out-of-control flooding that has already killed many more than have been forced to move.

To mention in passing Marie just commenting about a “so-so” hand drawing the so very kind gentleman in charge of the Chinese government store had very quickly painted for her as gift after we purchased a few items of clothing and furniture.

Just before the phone rang Marie had for the first time asked since we returned from our 24 day “fact finding trip” to China in the summer of 2006 when Hezbollah special op commandos mimicking the best of Israeli Special Forces Commandos caused the evacuation of Haifa, the 3rd largest city in Israel housing a population of 300,000,

“Aren’t you curious to look at those Chinese paintings rolled in scrolls we purchased in China?”

The photos below which I just took show a most unusual looking sun setting.



Right now the ongoing sunset is so very dramatic it is impossible to describe let alone photograph but I am going to try with the video camera.

Suffice to say I think I know exactly how wonderful it is going to be to die and go to heaven upon earth, now and forever.

Now don't forget to call Ray Anne if you are interested in Marie's spot this week.

[Word count 4122]

From: Gary S Gevisser
Sent: Friday, February 22, 2008 9:59 AM
To: Joey
Cc: rest; Sebastian Capella; Ray Anne Marks
Subject: RE: Hi Joey and Michael -

Dear Joey and Michael – I prefer “sans children” although it is a marvelous place for children and they could be playing in the mud and water and on second thoughts since Gary is also typing for me that it would be great for him as well to have mud fights with both kids who should bring goggles if available otherwise we can improvise. Marie now saying, “we have to think about this because they are young children” her concern without saying it is that I might get carried away.

There is an issue of rattlesnakes as soon as it starts to get warm and although we don’t encounter many it is a concern with young children and you would know and certainly Michael with or without reading my LOOOOONG emails that little baby rattlesnakes are the most dangerous as they have no control over their reflexes and never let go until dispensing their deadly venom, but the toads have started serenading us or so we are pretending it is just for us.

It is up to you entirely; either way we will have a great time. The kids are more than welcome and it might be a great distraction, go to the water with them and feed them.... Understand there is no filtering going on here... the kids would have a lot of fun in the water and there is an area where I, Gary that is, am comfortable in getting Michael with or without his wheelchair right into the water along with me of course.

Just let us know.

Ps – we assume Senorita Rita is your dog and of course she is invited.

From: joey
Sent: Friday, February 22, 2008 9:27 AM
To: gevisser@sbcglobal.net
Cc: Sebastian Capella; Ray Anne Marks
Subject: Re: Hi Joey and Michael -

Dear Marie & Gary,

It sounds wonderful, only the week-end of March 1st - 2nd, we are babysitting Jordan (7) & Tanner (4). I'm sure they would have a great time there or if you prefer it sans children we are available 3/7-3/9 or 3/14-3/16. Also, is Senorita Rita (she loves toads) invited too?

Looking Forward to seeing you soon,

Joey & Michael

From: Gary S Gevisser
Sent: Wednesday, February 20, 2008 7:58 PM
To: joey
Cc: rest; Sebastian Capella; Ray Anne Marks
Subject: Hi Joey and Michael -

I know this cabin trip has been delayed and delayed. Two weekends from now I am planning on being there. It is really beautiful right now with the toads serenading in the early afternoon and the sun shining most of the days. The rains have been gracious. So this would be a good time for you to come.

Marie (Gary doing the typing)

Ps – Maybe Sebastian and Ray Anne would like to come along.