

From: Gary S Gevisser
Sent: Wednesday, January 30, 2008 4:46 PM
To: mindy
Cc: rest; Adam Tucker'
Subject: FREE ADVICE-RE: wow

Mindy hello – by now you should have at least started the email I forwarded to you earlier that was first sent to Dr. John K. Pollard Jr. who it is doubtful you know, certainly not as well as me and my French-Canadian wife Marie Dion Gevisser who like me you have also yet to meet. Click on hyperlink below to that same email that over time will have hyperlinks added to it as well as edits and additions, all in green, for clarification purposes, in necessary.

<http://www.nextterrestrial.com/pdf/Microsoft%20Word%20-%20jpollard-iamgoingtolike.pdf>

Whenever someone tells me something they are “not” the first thing I want to know is what else are they “not” good at besides for not being very convincing which in most cases stems from not being “credible”.

An important phrase I first heard from my step-father Alan Zulman long before he married my mother after Zena divorced my father after 30 years of marriage was the following:

Can't is not in my vocabulary, the impossible shall be done, miracles take a little longer.

At 15 years of age, the same age as Marie's young 15-year old son JoNathan, now back in The IT's custody and yet to decide whether “man” which of course means the first thing he will have to do is stand up to his bully-coward biological father, Alan Zulman was forced to drop out of high school to go make a living in order to support his younger sister and mother following the unexpected death of his father.

Alan went into business with another gentleman, Abe Dubin, also a long time friend of my mother, and Alan and Abe started out with two sewing machines with financing provided by Alan's “filthy rich” one uncle, Hymie Zulman who owned a very successful sweet-candy company known as Beacon Sweets and it wasn't very long before Alan was the youngest self-made multi-millionaire in South Africa.

And if you are still not exhausted after reading about those lively people meet . . .

FORMER South African modeling expert Zena Zulman collects hats. Her husband, Alan, has grown a pigtail. Both indulgences are the delightfully colourful predictions of an always elegantly dressed South African duo who, as a result, have been affectionately dubbed by friends and colleagues in the rag trade as "the odd couple."

"So what if they call us the odd couple," laughs Zena. "I'm having the time of my life. And I know that Alan is, too."

The attractive, brown-eyed, honey-blond who is visiting Durban from England contends that there is something of the squarer in practically every woman. Some of us collect dolls, she says. Others collect jewellery or china figurines while many more simply accumulate recipes and knitting patterns.

"I'm mad about hats. And I'm so glad my strict Jewish religious observance make it necessary for me to wear some sort of headcovering on every social and outdoor occasion. It gives me a wonderful excuse to indulge my mania."

In her home in Somerset, Zena has something like 80 or 90 headcoverings in widely varying shapes, sizes, colours and materials. These have been collected from all parts of the world.

Photographs by Terence Barrett

THE MAD HATTERS



Zena and Alan Zulman . . . tugging his pigtail is one way of getting attention!

Some of the most exciting have been acquired over the last year, which for her has had "the divine experience of a second honeymoon."

"Don't I know it!" wails South African clothing tycoon husband, Alan. "She's got more hats than Joan Collins. I've just finished making a new cupboard in which to store them all."

ZENA is the former Zena Gevisser, well known throughout Southern Africa as the initiator of professional training schools for models in this area.

Like most big enterprises, Zena's schools had a small beginning. They started in 1967 with a simple course of lectures to help adult women in Durban overcome shyness. The response was so enthusiastic that she was soon encouraged to expand the course to include good housekeeping, fashion, beauty and attractive deportment.

The school in Durban appeared to fit a real definite need among women of all ages and it wasn't long before she was prevailed upon to open similar establishments in Pietermaritzburg, Johannesburg, Cape Town, Windhoek and Salisbury (now Harare). There was

even one in Ekurhuleni in the old Congo. Zena had a regular slot in a women's radio series and she also wrote a column on beauty in an Afrikaans newspaper.

For the next 25 years or so thousands of students were trained by Zena. Some of them became top South African models and beauty queens. Among the latter was Penny Coelen—now Penny Zori—who won the Miss World Contest in 1988. Another signal success was Cecile Hamman, the first international debut model who, through Zena's agency, had the privilege of working for Royal couturier Norman Hartnell, and various other top fashion houses in Europe.

"But all that is in the past," Zena says. "I enjoyed those days and they're good to look back on. But today is what counts."

She bubbles vivaciously. "Do you know what I've discovered in the last year or so? It's that life doesn't begin at 40, as they say, but at 60! I'm nearly that age and I'm having an absolute ball!"

For the last two years she and Alan have been touring the world on what they happily describe as "an extended honeymoon." They were married in a romantic ceremony on the top of Mount Zion in Israel in May, 1984. It is a second marriage for both of them and their joy and happiness in one another is living

By Eve Stuart



Zena collects hats wherever she goes . . . gold lame head-covering from London golf cap from Fiddler's Dances, California. African cotton peaked cap from Brussels, Belgium.

proof that love and marriage can be a good, if not better, second time around.

ALAN is a retired industrialist, co-founder of a giant nation's corporation now known as South African Clothing Industries.

He took early retirement because 19 years of building up the business was not without stress, which began to be injurious to his health.

"I decided I didn't want to be the richest man in the cemetery. I wanted to live and do all the things I've always dreamed of doing—tour the world, to new places, meet new people. I can't say this last year has been just magic."

To mark his "liberation" from the market place, Alan gave his pigtail—days gone by when Chinese men were into bondage they cut off their pigtail. Well, I've done the reverse. I'm liberal so I've grown a pigtail which," he adds with a mischievous twinkle, "has been much admired by a good many ladies!"

And you, there might be some at find my mania for hats and Alan's pigtail really odd; and the fact that we so often hold hands just for the sheer joy of being together, but who cares? We're having the time of our lives and we both intend to live it up until we die!"

Living it up means traveling in its high summer years to faraway places with exotic names on exciting, but in that provide chances to widen their horizons and increase their knowledge of the world and its peoples. Living it means going out to meet life in all moods, phases and happenings—a discovering the wonder and fascination of it all.

And of course, whenever she goes means, every now and then, a new hat. Zena.

But Alan doesn't mind. "What I back," he says, "is the fact she's got the most beautiful hat-owning face in the world." And does hat collecting excite him, too?

He roars with laughter. "I've a collection. But I'm no way in Zena's league. My dear, don't you think that a mad hatter in the family is quite enough?"

women's Value May 1986

Have you noticed that you are not yet either distracted or totally bored but now that you think about it you are also thinking about what else you could be doing with your precious time knowing that you can always "make money" but cannot make up for lost time.

My very first real job in the world outside of South Africa was working for a relatively small consulting-accounting firm in Chicago, Illinois; Bernstein & Bank Ltd.

Both Sandy Bank and Howard Bernstein would fall in to the category of upper middle class but they still felt the need to, "work for a living".

I had very little contact with either gentlemen in the 2 years I worked for them before moving to New York City and joining Codiam Inc., in prime position to take over from my father's first cousin, David Gevisser as the American head of the De Beers Anglo American Cartel, the cartel of cartels, mafia of mafia, counterfeiters of counterfeiters who for more than a century now have wielded their brutality on the world's hard working poor courtesy of the 3 Branches of the United States Government who De Beers have owned from the moment the US Government approved the financing of this special interest of special group by American banks

led by J. P. Morgan who at the same time financed the Anglo Boer War of 1899-1902 and the De Beers-American led 8 Allied nations invasion of China in 1900.

Again, you may be thinking you have nothing much to lose but time in continuing to read what I have to say.

Adam L. Tucker is sitting alongside me on our rather long and very comfortable Italian black leather couch here at our rented cliff house perched atop the bluffs of heavily real estate and city council corrupt Del Mar.

He is typing away posting up stuff on different message boards on the Internet.

If you are interested I will tell you bearing in mind that we are not right now in "chat room" but if you email me back at another account daacstar@yahoo.com we could do just that.

I never mentioned my high level connections with the DAAC when I entered Howard Bernstein's office after being with his firm for only 6 months and was now asking for a raise; actually I was looking to double the "slave wage" that I was earning; bearing in mind that when I left Durban, South Africa on March 17th, 1978 I had with me not one but two "letters of introduction" signed by my uncle David Gevisser who soon after American Charles Engelhard's funeral on March 2nd 1971, this mafia head of mafia's funeral drawing the likes of Senator Ted Kennedy, former President Lyndon Johnson and Vice President Humphrey, received a "sign on bonus" of US\$6 million for simply agreeing to be the executor of Engelhard's fabulously mineral rich estate that included not only controlling the world's supply of platinum but a "control" interest in the De Beers-Anglo American Cartel who from their very start have owned the world's drilling industry.

My understanding is that you are currently while looking to find a more permanent "regular job" working as a waitress in the evening and therefore I would assume you rely very heavily on your tips that has you constantly being aware of the importance of "Keep Smiling", and therefore have by now read "cover to cover" Hollywood blockbuster author Edward Jay Epstein's epic, most fascinating non-fiction novel, The Diamond Invention.

By now you should also have read most if not all of my Royal Mother's memoirs titled, "Life Story of Zena" that was included in that rather lengthy email to Dr. John K. Pollard Jr., which ended with the words, "Keep Smiling!" a "trademark" my mother picked up from her father, Al Ash, an extraordinarily successful international trader whose mother, Nechie Badash was orphaned as a young girl, about 8, when a gang of Marauding Cossacks came riding through their tiny village on horseback and wiped out her entire immediate family.

Before leaving for her lunch meeting today, without telling my wife MDG left 4 Tylenol capsules still sealed in their individualized plastic packaging on the tiled kitchen counter here at the cliff house.

Paying attention to detail is only important if you think it is important.

I would be willing to bet my bottom worthless fictitious US-De Beers Dollar that you are not in the least bit bothered by my referring to our Almighty US Dollar as the most bloody US-De Beers Dollar for the simple reason you are convinced that I can back up everything I have to say beginning with you now asking me any question of your choice.

Your very first series of questions should include why neither your parents, grandparents, teachers, professors and of course you had to know at least one church official in your life, ever once explained why the United States would be so preoccupied in "containing" the communists in south east Asia including China made up of the hardest and most family conscience peoples in the world but never saw fit to include in the US' "in support of our south east Asia policy" the elimination in just one air raid the totally illegitimate South African Apartheid Regime whose military wore their own uniforms but marched to the drum of the 3 Branches of the United States Government for an uninterrupted period of 45 odd years, beginning some 12 days after the formation of the modern state of Israel on May 14th, 1948, just a year after my mother and her immediate family immigrated from Leeds, England to South Africa in search of the 3rd Reich's southern division.

When I mentioned to Howard Bernstein that I felt based on what I was earning and what I was being charged out at, that I was being exploited going so far as to say, "In South Africa we discriminate against people based on the color of their skin but here in the United States we will discriminate against everyone so long as we can get away with it".

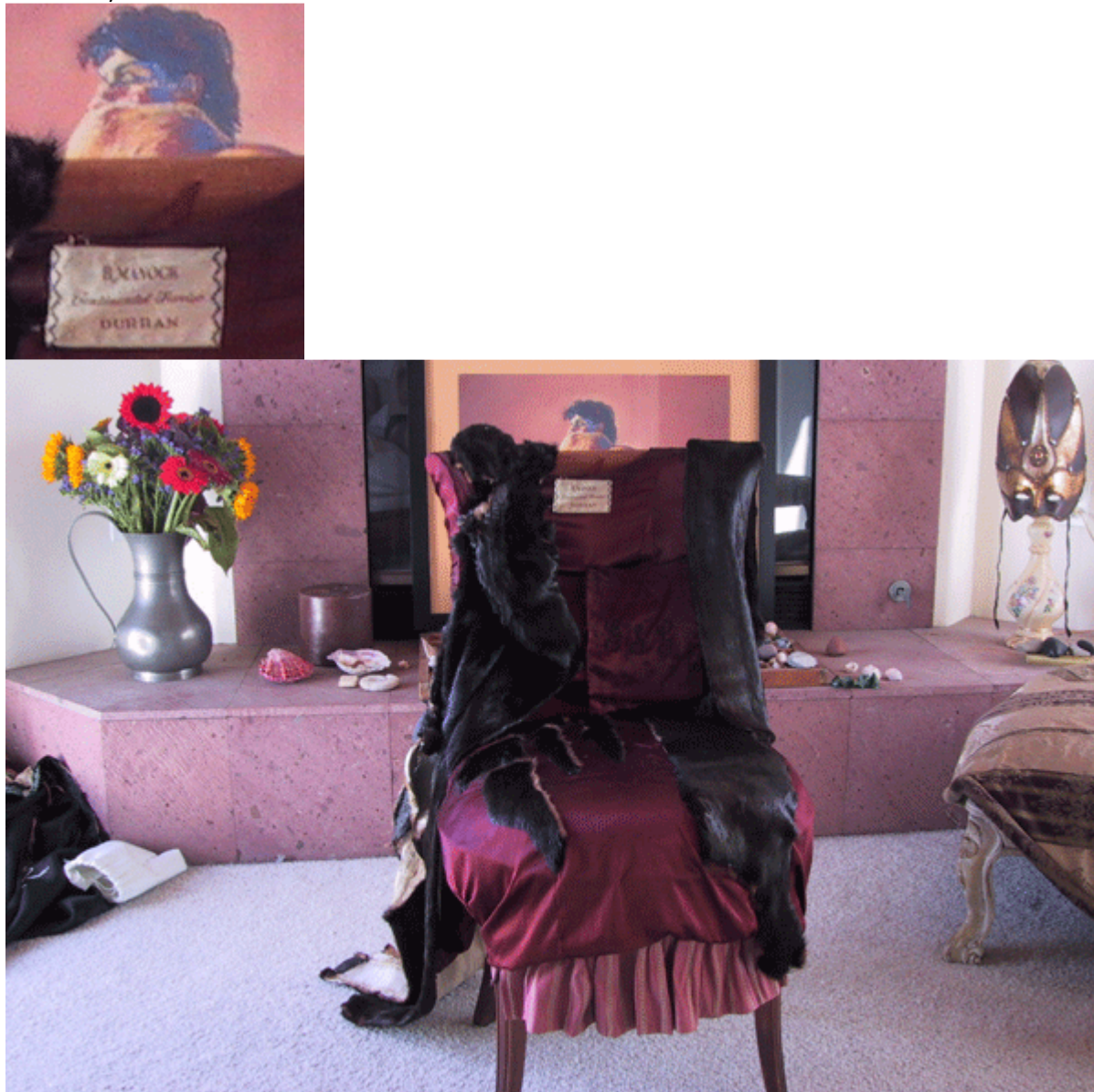
Now of course I had by this time still that one very meaningful "Letter of Introduction" to my uncle's and Charles Engelhard's lawyer whose offices were located on Bush Street, San Francisco, very much "in my back pocket" although I handed it over when meeting with my uncle's lawyers soon after I arrived in the U.S., flying on a Saturday and returning the next day to Chicago, and therefore I was, no doubt, in a position to "push things"; but more importantly, I had the "facts" on my side and besides most businesspeople are reasonable and Howard Bernstein realized that by doubling my salary he and Sandy were still making out "like bandits" given how the work I was doing, while not in the least bit complicated, simply keeping track of the trades of a client in the commodity business, was important and whoever was to replace me would have to go through a "learning curve"; and one of the thing I had going for me was that I was a "quick study" given my decent command of numbers.

I should add that those trades "belonged" to a gentleman by the name of Joe Seigal who second to the DAAC was the largest commodity trader in the world; i.e. just one "screw up" was very likely to enrage Mr. Seigal who had one most extraordinary foul temper.

I only met Mr. Seigal once after I arrived 15 minutes late at his offices on La Salle Street in downtown, Chicago. His secretary was there but not many others

including my supervisor, a partner from Bernstein & Bank, and the reason was because there had been the most extraordinary snow fall that ultimately cost the mayor, Jane Byrne her cushy job.

Although I was wearing the genuine seal skin jacket my Royal Mater had made by B.MANOCK a Durban, South African furrier that now serves as our "Chair of Shame",



I was still shivering since my shoes were soaking wet and all my toes frozen, all I could think about was being back in Durban, South Africa and enjoying a summer's day at the beach riding my wave ski.

Mr. Seigal began by yelling, "Do you know how much you have cost me? Do you know that time is money? Do you know that you can never make up for lost time?"

I wasn't talking and nor was I smiling and just stared him down.

Then he summoned his secretary to bring me some warm soup which I drank without saying a murmur and when I was finished and looked up, he smiled and I smiled, then got up and left his office.

You think you are not the greatest salesperson.

You obviously "sold me".

And I am not exactly a dummy, agree?

You were also smart enough to recommend that Adam L. Tucker watch the movie America Freedom To Fascism.

<http://www.nextraterrestrial.com/pdf/Microsoft%20Word%20-%20historyteacher-nothingwillhelpyou.pdf>

You also sold Adam; what about your sibling, your parents and each one of your friends, acquaintances, and never to forget all your relatives including those who consider you a "loser".

So you most probably don't think for one moment that anyone who knows you thinks of you as a "loser" but possibly they may not think as highly of you as I do.

You should take a Charm School course with my mother; the problem is that my mother isn't exactly communicating with me and besides I don't think you could afford her fee.

You of course know how to access her record, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING A WOMAN and if not, well obviously you have better things to do with your time and therefore so do I.

On the other hand you might decide to dig real deep and first and foremost pull out all stops to deal with the aftermath of your bone chilling, very serious car accident.

No one needs to explain to me what it is like to not feel "100%" but when compared to life as an ant, a few aches and pains don't amount to all that much.

When you think, however, about how very little time we spend on this planet as human beings and the more you give thought to how real it is, that short of a miracle the lifespan of us humans who survive the next world war is going to be considerably less, so you must be thinking how can you make the most of whatever time you have remaining without even giving thought to stuff like the "betterment of humankind" which seems to most a "nice pursuit", instead give thought to what if God did exist and was doing nothing more than testing each one of us, 24/7 to just be smart beginning by having each one of us place ourselves in God's "shoes"

and figure out how to communicate with the masses without the need for a member of the clergy providing interpretation by very simply entering "at will" each one of our cells and knowing that when turning one off, another turns on.

Just a thought.

Most nice people I know "finish last", or so my Royal Mater would say.

I don't plan on doing this seminar-workshop for free but I will give you now some "free advice".

Forward this email along with what I sent you earlier to everyone you know including those email addresses you have picked up when serving tables.

Encourage them to sign up and when emailing Adam L. Tucker to let him know that they are signing up under your name. We will then kick back to you 50% of what they pay bearing in mind that US\$20 is the minimum and there is no maximum.

Assuming only one individual signs up they should be encouraged to do the same until such time as you have created your own network and so long as everyone feels they are being fairly compensated you could end up signing up the whole world less of course those I sign up ahead of you.

All the best,

Gary

[Word count 2337]

From: Adam Tucker [mailto:justanotherant@gmail.com]
Sent: Wednesday, January 30, 2008 2:07 PM
To: Gary S Gevisser
Subject: Fwd: wow

----- Forwarded message -----

From: **Mindy**
Date: Jan 30, 2008 1:54 PM
Subject: RE:
To: Adam L Tucker <justanotherant@gmail.com>

I did install yahoo messenger. I talked to a few people about it. I am not the greatest sales person though :) I thought my Dad might watch it, but my Mom is the one who really needs to watch it. She is pretty computer illiterate though so I was just going to relay info I got out of it. My roommate is at work. Her boyfriend I think was hesitant to pay and just has other stuff going on. I know my brother won't, he is way to into his business right now. You should have Gary do it

for free the first time. I might be able to get a few people and if it is good they would spread the word.