

From: Gary S Gevisser

Sent: Monday, December 17, 2007 6:31 PM PT

To: President@whitehouse.gov

Cc: **rest**; Office of the Israeli Defense Department Attache - Israeli Embassy Washington DC.; Mossad; United States Justice Department; president@nytimes.com; Author-Journalist Mark Gevisser - son of David Gevisser, executor of American Charles Engelhard's estate; Stephen Cohen - Codiam Inc.; Nicholas Oppenheimer - DeBeers-Anglo American Cartel [DAAC]; Hilary-Bill DeBeers-Rhodes Scholar-Rich Clinton; Roy Essakow - Executive Marc Rich Holdings; Alan M. Dershowitz - Harvard University Law School; Sarah Sim - Prince News, Princeton University; Dad

Subject: IMPLICATIONS OF THE NAZIS HAVING WON WORLD WAR II

Dear Mr. President,

My French-Canadian wife just sold another oil painting.

Right now she and I are watching another magnificent sunset, listening to Tracy Chapman; Marie Dion Gevisser, in her so very cute French accent and rather good voice singing along,

"I just make love to you. Give me one reason to stay here..."

Mr. President, no one likes to feel duped; let alone threatened by those refusing to face up to the truth, that which does not change.

No one including the lazy superrich, responsible for duping the poor, want to believe like the poor who again remember are simply misinformed, not stupid, one most important fact of life that I, not exactly a "nobody", am alive, fit and well, explaining in simple English, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, beginning with the "dire straight" implications for both rich and poor of the Nazis who were not defeated when Germany surrendered on June 8th, 1945, the day my paternal grandmother, Katie Gevisser passed away, some 54 days after her youngest son, my amazing Jewish Fighter-Bomber-Pilot, Bernie Gevisser completed his 71st miraculous mission on April 15th, 1945, dive-bombing the crap out of the De Beers-Nazis.

On May 6th, 1994, Bernie Gevisser in a 3 page letter to his first cousin's son, author-investigative journalist, Mark Gevisser, made reference on page 3 to a man

by the name of Kirsh who my father and most members of my immediate and rather large extended family believed, "closed the 'shop'"



back in 1969 on M.G's [The Moshal Gevisser Group of Companies].

Today, all those 4 people in the photo above taken very possibly by my grandfather Issy Gevisser when he visited his home town of Vilnius, Lithuania back in the early 1930s are dead including the children of those two children who like their mother Pessiah, Issy Gevisser's sister, who you can see in the photo above of our B. GEVISERIS shop standing on the first step; all murdered by the DeBeers sponsored Nazis.

Five days ago, on December 12th, my highly prolific writer cousin Mark Gevisser whose father took over on March 2nd 1971 as the American head of the DeBeers-Anglo American Cartel following the funeral of Mossad assassinated American Charles Engelhard at St. Mary's Abby Church in Morris Town, two words, New Jersey, had the following OP-ED piece published in the New York Times.

OP-ED CONTRIBUTOR
South Africa Grows Up

By MARK GEVISSER
Published: December 12, 2007

Johannesburg



THIS weekend, 5,000 delegates of South Africa's ruling African National Congress will gather in the dusty northern town of Polokwane to elect their next leader. They are faced with the choice of two bitter rivals who were once, as successors to Nelson Mandela, the closest of allies: the incumbent president, Thabo Mbeki, and his former deputy, Jacob Zuma.

Mr. President, not only you but all 3 Branches of the United States Government including the US Supreme Court should now be fully aware of my very carefully crafted communiqués beginning on November 11th, 2004 with the principals of Codiam Inc. who as a result of my uncle David Gevisser's introductions brought me in to their "secret society" as envisioned in the first will of De Beers' founder Cecil Rhodes whose Trust Fund funds Rhodes Scholars such as Bill Clinton who when the times comes to "put up or shut up" is forced to "play along" and grant the most extraordinarily bizarre Presidential Pardon at the 11th hour to treasonous Marc Rich who voluntarily relinquished his U.S. Citizenship.

Mr. President, by now you should have received your copy of this email I sent out this morning to the producer of the 2001 movie-documentary Fidel.

I will let you know when and if I receive any response but you wouldn't have much difficulty in following my "train of thought" which would have me getting Ms. Estela Bravo even if she and her colleagues decide to go "deafeningly silent", not only to question why it is that the son of the American head of the DAAC, the mafia of mafia, is the writer of Thabo Mbeki's most recent autobiography but why the New York Times would be so very arrogant, no different to De Beers, in thinking it

perfectly fine that my cousin does not explain his father's connection to American Charles Engelhard who was not only an "open supporter" of the South African Apartheid Regime but is prominently featured Hollywood blockbuster author, Edward Jay Epstein's most fascinating non-fiction novel, The Diamond Invention.

Moreover, who apart from my uncle David Gevisser "stood the most to gain" upon Charles Engelhard's death at age the rather young age of 54, the US\$6 million paid to my uncle Dave immediately following those church funeral proceedings totally inconsequential with his and his allies' "Money Power".

At the time of writing Ms. Bravo the 216 word email from my daacstar@yahoo.com email account I was having our carpet here at our rented cliff house cleaned by a very articulate 33-year old, strong and good looking Mexican-American who was born in the U.S. and is leaving next week, not yet for Mexico but rather for Arizona along with his family, because they can no longer afford to live in Southern California, even though the carpet cleaning company that he has worked for some 4 years, I believe, is managing to "stay afloat" but despite the most recent US\$60 billion windfall for the world's rich, cannot raise their prices.

Not to mention this gentleman whose name I didn't get, has on two previous occasions enjoyed the company of my very "to-get-her" [sic] wife, capable of multi-



tasking better than anyone I know and of course Marie Dion Gevisser is very capable of working up a "sweet" [sic].



Now compare



Hilary-Bill "DeBeers-Rhodes Scholar-Lawyer" Clinton to my wife MDG, of approximately the same age.

Not to mention MDG has had no plastic surgery or botox treatment and more importantly neither her gorgeous face nor her body-to-die-for has aged like lawyer-liar-politicians-real estate people too busy keeping track of her lies from day one.

To mention little of MDG not only thinking it pretentious that I mention the Dsquared outfit she wore last night with the patented red high heeled beyond belief sexy shoes or worse yet that I would even bother talking about her so as to distract everyone who is anyone from going to our www.just3ants.com website.

To mention in passing how very close on Saturday, November 24th as we "lazed around" the cliff house, I was to getting MDG to place her "profile" on MySpace.

I am an artist.

Sexy , beautiful and intelligent.

What else do you want to know?

I can't type.

Make it short. Let's cut through the bs.

Just go to jus3ants.com and tell me what you think.

This is some of the things I am interested in apart from art.

My age. Almost 50.

It didn't take long for my math-wizard, logical thinking wife to conclude, ""I am not sure what it will accomplish if I don't respond?!"

Mr. President, I am now going to take a break to enjoy the rest of the sunset as well as check in with my apprentice Adam L. Tucker to see how he is doing with our forthcoming [short-story](#) book, detailing ALT's "take" on my being the first and only person broadcasting the ingenious not-so-top secret Israeli Military Intelligence report and which I hope to begin publishing by midnight tonight; but before I do so, let me show you two similar photographs taken around the same time in the late 1940s, one showing my fighter-bomber-pilot father "going up" in a small seater plane in South Africa



And this one of my royal Mater's very close personal friend Boris Senior

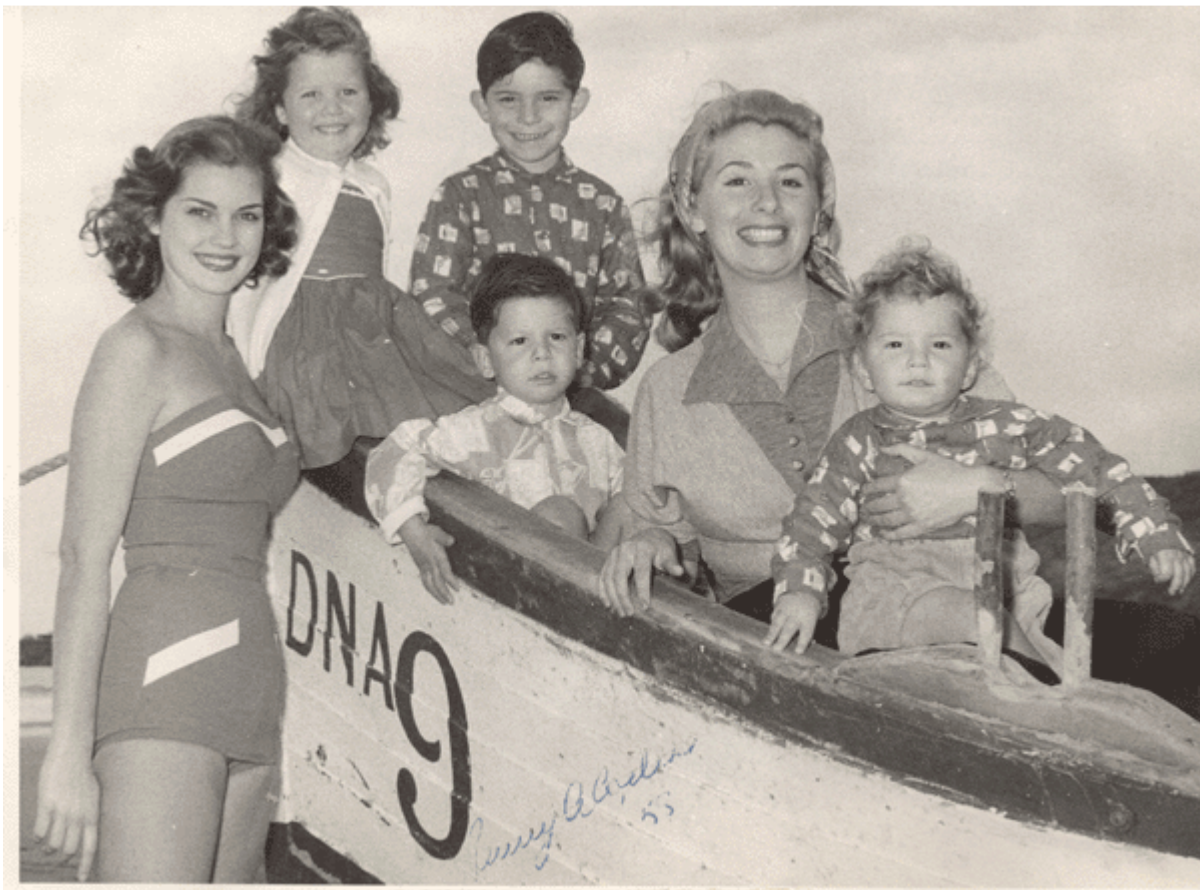


standing next a similar and rather common plane back in 1947, the same year my highly secretive mother and her immediate very cash rich family emigrated from England to South Africa.

This photo along with other interesting photos can be found in Boris Senior's book NEW HEAVENS, the caption beneath the letters "G - A" reading:

"Sam Bennet," Boris' undercover name while a member of the Irgun in 1947. He stands by an Austere liason aircraft, one of the first types to enter service with the Sherut Avir, the predecessor of the Israel Air Force.

The family photo below taken in 1958, shows my mother's model, Penny Coelen, Miss World 1958, standing next to a rowing boat with the markings DNA9 on Durban's White Only south beach near the Little Top where my mother first spotted Penny amongst the crowd of Lily White Wheaty Eaters. In the boat from right to left is me, age 1, my mother age 29, and the rest of my 3 siblings, some 18 months or so apart, Melvin, Kathy-Louise and Neil the eldest who massaged your father when he was Vice President.



Cutting and Pasting Wikipedia - Penelope Anne Coelen

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Penelope Anne Coelen (born 1939, Durban, South Africa) was Miss World 1958.

In 1958, the Miss World Pageant was still in its early years. Its eighth pageant was a great success, attracting 22 contestants from Europe, the Americas, Asia and Africa. Europeans dominated the semi-finals with 9 out of 12 places secured by women from the host continent. 5 of the 6 finalists were from Europe as well, but it was a striking young woman from the Republic of South Africa who took home the coveted crown.

Penelope Anne Coelen, or Penny to her friends and fans, was elected Miss World and was the first major international titleholder to come from Africa. The 18-year-old secretary from Durban enraptured the audience with her poise and beauty. She gained widespread international attention during her reign and received several lucrative modelling offers. After her reign as Miss World 1958, she tried her luck out in Hollywood with the help of James Garner, but failed her screen test but managed to launch her own clothing and endorsed beauty products as well as perfumes. Later she returned to South Africa, married wealthy sugar cane farmer Graeme Rey from the KwaZulu-Natal Province and she remains today a prominent socialite in South Africa, race-horse owner, and is a renowned pistol shot.

She swore that she would never go through the terror of competing again, noting that it was "too nerve-wracking," yet that being a Miss World contestant and titleholder was "something I would not have liked to miss

To be continued...

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