

From: Gary S Gevisser

Sent: Thursday, December 20, 2007 4:26 PM PT

To: Valerie Coster

Cc: **rest**; Office of the Israeli Defense Department Attache - Israeli Embassy Washington DC.; Dr. Paul "Bozo The Clown" Teirstein; Adam L. Tucker - Just3ants.com; JRK@class-action-law.com; Dr. John K. Pollard - JKPJJKP@alum.mit.edu; Dad; Deborah "Aggressive" Sturman Esq.; Augusto Benito Vargis; Devin Standard; Alan M. Dershowitz - Harvard University Law School; John Loftus Esq. - Not Disgraced Enough Justice Department Nazi prosecutor; Professor Rabbi Abner Weiss; Rainwaters; NO LONGER PRACTICING, thank G-d, Dr. John BIG BEN Stewart MD of Sharp Memorial Hospital - aka The Sperm Donor aka The It; King Golden Jr. Esq.; Roger W. Robinson - Former Chairman U.S.-China Economic and Security Review Commission-Protege of senior DAAC operative David Rockefeller - Chairman of Chase Manhattan Bank; Valerie Schulte Esq. - National Association of Broadcasters; Guy Friedman; Dr. Laura Family; drudge@drudgereport.com; Jay McMichael - CNN photojournalist; Mossad; Kimberly "This Dog Don't Hunt" Hunt; Tony Leon MP - Leader of the Democratic Alliance - Republic of South Africa; Dr. Jonathan "Trouble Bubble" Beare; Jonny NORRIS; Naomi Campbell; Oprah; oreilly@foxnews.com; Tefo Mohapi; Sarah Sim - Prince News, Princeton University; Joyce Kwan - nuzeds@tt.mit.edu

Subject: BEING BORN TO SOMEONE IS NO EXCUSE

Hi,

I was just talking about you to Adam L. Tucker who right now is sitting alongside me at our cliff house, the two of us about to unleash the most extraordinarily crippling blow to the selfish-shellfish "brain dead" which of course will initially go right over their heads until they suddenly have to face up to the reality, that to ignore the truth, beginning with why it is they choose so poorly to find every excuse under the sun to avoid doing the right thing and share my knowledge of De Beers' pivotal role in each and every conflict for the past 100 years that has each and every member of the rich getting richer trickling down the costs of getting rich on to the backs of the poor, so in that same instant they have to deal with the reality that their "game playing", if it isn't exposed in the next instant, would inevitably be exposed, causing that much more of a "tailspin" for those not quite yet "brain dead" but well on their way.

Try the following on a friend.

Explain to them without going in to any detail that the book, The Diamond Invention, written in 1978 by a Hollywood blockbuster author who also continues to write editorials for the Wall Street Journal, explains the most extraordinary worldwide conspiracy that makes it increasingly difficult for the hard working poor to make ends meet, let alone think there is much they can do about it.

Then talk about the weather and what sort of day you both think it will be like tomorrow if other possibly financially poorer people, less distracted than the two of you, get together and instead of talking about the weather after first mentioning

that The Diamond Invention is no fictional story, decide to do something positive, like following Adam L. Tucker's example, telling his valueless wife and family to go hell, seeing how our only exercise of true free will is choosing our environment and the people that we share it with, and being born to someone is no excuse.

Why on earth would you want to be around anyone who wasn't distraught, at a loss, shocked by the abominable actions of De Beers who count on people who are unshaken by their transparent brutality, especially when you don't need to be in the least bit smart to explain how exactly you feel about being so very used and abused.

Then try talking about another distraction, for example how you went to this one restaurant this past week in La Jolla, California and the fortyish female owner who has had more than her fair share of bouts with illness lately, in fact most likely would have died were it not for poor bedside manner but competent cardiologist Dr. Paul Bozo The Clown Teirstein MD performing a miracle, informs you that her boyfriend is "huge", but for some reason the size of his cock isn't enough for her to stop working like a dog.

Now I have the most unobstructed view of the immense and most perfect setting of my next life, void of totally superficial human beings, so consumed to the point that all they can think about is wild mindless sex, of course once their basic needs are met and their deficit needs, the fear of losing what they have, under total control.

People that are the most unhappy with themselves, choose to distract themselves with sex, drugs and over eating to name just a few; so primitive and thoughtless.

It begs the question, why were only men given these exposed sexual organs?

Women also surely have vivid enough imaginations, which Einstein told us is more important than knowledge.

So why do we revert, other than we don't want to deal with the truth.

Most relationships collapse either because of financial reasons or in the case of those that have all the luxuries, when confronted with the truth of their ill-gotten gains, seek out those weaker in spirit than themselves; hence the high divorce rate; to mention little of the number of extra marital affairs that of course I also heard about when still a young teenager, putting my ear to the air conditioning duct in my bedroom leading into my mother's charm school studio directly below, the sound proof ceiling providing no interference.

Bear in mind I got to hear not only the stories told to my mother by her paternal grandmother, orphaned when a gang of marauding Cossacks "wiped out" her entire immediate family, Nechie Badash sharing with my mother, **"Wise beyond her years [Zena] listened to the problems of the world relayed in [Nechie's] presence and the solutions to many of these problems"**, but equally important were the truths told to my very brilliant and trusted mother Zena, by the

most beautiful and talented women who you would know again if you had been in my shoes, get to stay home on Saturday night while the non-charm schooled spent the prior week focused exclusively on their Saturday night date.

It is an amazing thing to have watched how very poorly those models/pupils of my mother, aged when defying her teachings which is not to suggest for one moment that just because you can teach you won't fall victim yourself, but the chances you would agree, are significantly reduced.

It is not easy to soar like an eagle when surrounded by turkeys – Zena Gevisser

The problem is that until such time as each one of us has our basic needs met, we have to be increasingly deathly afraid that just one of these most unfortunate people could join forces with another and increasingly easily interfere, not only with our deficit needs but also our basic needs which therefore has at least those of us reading this in "real time" increasingly not so very cocky; bearing in mind, that so long as the poor who are not stupid listen carefully to my teachings of most of all, not succumbing to violence, so in the very next instant one eliminates the one so very important miserable thought of elitists, namely:

"When the poor are finished butchering one another only then will they turn on us and then just like them we can only die once but in the meantime, living well is the best revenge."

There is nothing smart about anyone thinking themselves so very smart not only to ignore the truths I am telling but to derive great satisfaction "making fun" of me who in fact **COULD CARE LESS** about such future ants given how it is so very obvious to me that there is nothing fun about coming back as an ant.

Bear in mind that I am someone who anyone with a brain would know is smart, able not only to stay alive, enjoy life to its fullest without the slightest of fear, all the while taking on every human beast that crosses my path from those at the very top to those as near to mindless as it gets, all of their own free choice.

Have you noticed when you squish an ant, there is this little "popping" sound and its replacement equally indifferent?

Try speaking to your mom about how she feels about you now trying to explain to her before she passes on, that this might be a good time for her to hear that God had nothing to do with the Holocaust that killed some 6 million of us Jewish people or any of the genocides before or after, instead it was just one group of greedy people – imagine each ant distracted by the squished ant to the point that nothing gets accomplished let alone each ant able to carry more than a 50 times its weight making up for its human ant life - who figured out a way to confuse the masses of hard working people to simply put up with the biggest of lies to the point that when De Beers chose the most pitiful looking non-Aryan person to be the leader of next Aryan race that was supposed to be superior to all other races beginning with the

Jewish people who for good reason do a whole lot better than corner the market on Nobel Prizes, there was not a single person including you and your mother and her parents who even bothered to question such nonsense including the utter nonsense of Nobel Prizes, since by the time Hitler came to power De Beers had done a mighty fine job in preparing all the world's future ants.

Explain to your mother that I say God was not just smart but ingenious in allowing humankind to go along with such brutality which was and remains of our making, proving out once again the genius of God.

Of course you can choose to be like everyone else and live out your life in denial and of course die like your mother in denial or you could choose to be the very first human being to at least give your mother the "courtesy", the respect of explaining it all so that when she meets up next with God, God won't first of all tell her that her daughter didn't think her mother was smart enough to handle the truth.

We both wish you and your mom a great 2008.

Love!

Gary

Ps - You may have heard via the grape vine that Marie is now teaching art class to a group of senior citizens, but more importantly she is pricing her very excellent oil paintings according to what the market can bare.

Talking of grapes, there is one sweet story Boris Senior in his autobiography, NEW HEAVENS tells when Chaim Weitzman, the first President of the State of Israel, visited with Boris' well-to-do and very cultured art and music filled childhood home in Johannesburg, South Africa, and after stuffing himself with grapes for which he received the sternest of admonishments from his very English cultured mother who had "no air" about her, most unwilling to bring in modern conveniences to their family's 7000 acre farm, Chaim Weitzman without interrupting the flow of conversation passed Boris grapes under the table without a word being spoken.

So you may ask why would such a perfectly suited gentle man like my father and woman like my mother end up getting divorced after 30 years and my mother writing the most atrocious things about my father who never once breathed an ill word about my mother, nor did my so extraordinarily supportive father ever sought a divorce?

Moreover, my dad who you have never met unlike my mother who you recall rather well talking so much nonsense into your ears, not only was Bernie Gevisser so kept in the dark and belittled for never standing up for himself and to confront what amounted to the entire ruling class of the disgusting Durban Jewish community "blackballing" him, knowing how well equipped he was to restart his own multi-national trading conglomerate were it not for the fact that during the year or so that he stayed on before De Beers stooge Natie Kirsh "closed shop", my dad

received the most extraordinary public humiliation ending when his "close friend", Clemie McLeish, a non-Jewish man who Kirsh immediately made my father's boss, walked into his office that my dad had previously shared with his father, the founder of The Moshal Gevisser Group of Companies, for a quarter of a century, to let him know he was now fired.

And after all this you are of course not surprised that my father would now chose to side with my mother who inevitably forgot from where she came, "From shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in 3 generations".

While I cannot see right now the green grass on this awesome beachfront the various shades of green in the bushes and most breathtaking Monterey Trees that frame the view of God who art in heaven makes me know each moment that I have died and gone to heaven.

[Word count 2004]

From: Valerie Coster

Sent: Wednesday, December 19, 2007 5:59 AM

To: Gary S Gevisser

Subject: Re: Valerie -what did you think of the photos dave clark sent?

Hi Gary

Sorry havnt mailed before, things getting worse re mum, not sure if will make it to christmas, but that is my situation only.

Thought photos better than expected, looking pretty good, I do think it would be interesting to see the kitchen, inside the ex customer toilet and passage to the now customer toilet, also the upstairs and a full veiw of the terrace and flat roof, but that is me being nitpicking! Sounds as if Dave has paid all owed including percentage to you, so I am very pleased that it does all seem to be going smoothly now and you are for the first time getting a return on your property which is great!

I really wish you and Marie an exceptionly happy christmas and every happiness for 2008

Love Valerie

----- Original Message -----

From: [Gary S Gevisser](#)

To: [Valerie Coster](#)

Sent: Saturday, December 15, 2007 1:31 AM

Subject: Valerie -what did you think of the photos dave clark [[Tenant and Proprietor at Seacrest/Waterfront Café, Minehead, Somerset, England](#)] sent?