

**Adam Tucker**

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**From:** gsg@sellnext.com  
**Sent:** Monday, July 25, 2005 7:09 PM  
**To:** Jan W.H. Vaessen  
**Subject:** Re: Quickwheel

Dear Jan,

First, how did you come across my name and then associate it with Quickwheel?

Second, I was moments away from sending out a "sumwhat" [sic] broadcasted email to the President of New York State Bar Association whose son is the executor of my estate impressing upon Mr. Kenneth Standard Esq. to waste no time and spare no energy in convincing our great President, the most honorable George W. Bush to focus on my DAAC [DeBeers-Anglo American Cartel] family if he has a hope in hell in spreading democracy around the world at Light-G-D-Speed before a suicide bomber decides to explode a whole lot more than one "dirty bomb" not "properly" accounted for when I came across your email now causing me to pause and reflect on a number of things including a walk I took some 16 years ago along the canals of Amsterdam with Solly Krok who had the rights to market Philips' Quickwheel in several countries including the U.S., South Africa and Australia, Solly walking ahead of me as our one lawyer-liar placed his one arm around my shoulders slowing down the pace as he delivered me quite the message of how little money it would take to get a drug crazed kid which he made a point of pointing out to me as we turned the one corner toward this fish restaurant to snuff the life out of any one of Solly Kroks' daughters at \$25 "a pop" bearing in mind that this "phatsos" [sic] who had in his over the top dwelling, extraordinarily comfortable lounge chairs in the downstairs sitting area, photos of Queen Beatrice with the rest of the Dutch royal family to impress only the easily flattered, no doubt already by this time fully briefed by Philips' tog dogs in Anthoven, Holland that I wasn't one to "scare easily" to mention little of how just a day or so before after I uncovered irrefutable "smoking gun proof" of Philips' fraud, a mangled Quickwheel identical to the \$6 million worth of Quickwheels sitting in warehouses in Orange County, California ready to be shipped out in time for the 1989 "Xmess" [sic] season, lying right under the credenza of the General Manager of the consumer products division, the mangled Quickwheel in the almost identical shape to one that had disintegrated on a test Mr. King Golden Jr. Esq. and I had performed on Mr. Steven Ross' brand new Mercedes on Ocean Blvd, Santa Monica right outside Epilady USA's corporate headquarters just days before, Mr. Ross, the former Chief Financial Officer of Epilady who had just months prior received a \$1 million bonus for his "good work", you might have heard, now driving a black convertible Subaru?

Suffice to say it took the GM of Philips whose name I forget, probably not more 30 seconds to summon in security who decided not to push their luck when escorting me out of their Anthoven headquarters by relieving me of a jagged piece of metal coming from the front wheel assembly of the Quickwheel that had wrapped itself around the rear left drive wheel

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of Ross' brand new Mercedes which matched perfectly with the mangled front wheel assembly of the Quickwheel I had pulled out from under the GM's credenza, a good number of steps away from where I was sitting around a rounded table perhaps with your replacement engineers who were not as you would expect very happy with me, how rude not to draw on my Royal Mater's Charm School teachings and not first excuse myself from the table as the GM and his engineers went about first with lots of smiles on their faces pontificating on how Mr. Golden and I were "sum" [sic] stupid Americans who must have "failed" to follow the instructions, "Do you know there was video that came with the set of instructions?" when fitting the Quickwheel to Mr. Ross' back wheel with its deflated tire.

Mr. Ross as one would expect given how so self-absorbed he was along with the rest of the Epilady executives "playing business" with other people's money more concerned about the damage to his brand new Mercedes than the fact that Mr. Golden and I saw not only the \$15 million odd Ross had wire-transferred out to Philips going "down the tubes" forget the personal guarantees that had been signed by a good number of the executives although, I seem to recall the monies going to one or more Dutch Sandwiches under the "command and control" of a Dutchman by the last name Bogweg, but more importantly just a matter of time before the entire house of cards collapsed, Solly and the rest of the "diks" [sic] ultimately being judged by a jury of their peers not only guilty of "fraud" but "malicious fraud" in a civil lawsuit that dragged South Africans, specifically Jewish South Africans living in Santa Monica, through the mud.

The \$33 million odd jury award which included treble punitive damages handed to a young, very hard working and at one time very close friend of the Kroks' daughters who played a key role in helping get the Epilady woman's shaver "off the ground" had a lot to do with the Quickwheel debacle given how absurd it seemed to the jury that a bunch of South African Chartered Accountants-CPAs blah blah aided and abetted by the best lawyers-liars money could buy on the west coast of the United States would have invested in a device that not one of them had actually tested alone without someone from Philips "ensuring" that everything was "copacetic" to mention little of how many "damsels in distress" on freeways who didn't have cell phones at the time to call if not their spouse then surely rich enough to afford a gigolo to change their flat tire rather than run the risk of this "missile like" device costing if not another motorist than say a pedestrian an "arm and leg" were it after wrapping itself around the hub of the automobile to then "spring free" and of course these ingenious South African Chartered Accountants-CPAs blah blah lawyers-liars up the kazoo had not even bothered to check out what insurance company worth its salt would insure such a "weapon of mass destruction" unless of course it was one under the "command and control" of a series of Dutch sandwiches under the "command and control" for all I know of say you?

Bear in mind this Epilady, I am just trying to help you along and bring more color to your book, is a rather torturous device if one happens to have coarse hair growing on one's legs, forget for only just a moment one's pubic hair, there simply very few if any women like my incredibly smooth skinned, 1/32nd Huron Indian, 31/32nd French Canadian athlete of athlete wife who would skin me alive if I dare show her totally naked in an effort to assist Devin Standard, again the executor of my estate, negotiate for me a controlling interest in

this barber shop up the street where I would if not allowed to offer Brazilian cuts to at least have the entire wall facing patrons entirely covered with plasma screen TVs providing a continuous loop showing the steps from A to Z how one can execute such a delicate maneuver with one's significant other assuming the code enforcement officer for the city of Solana Beach felt it would be wrong in this instance to "turn a blind eye" to what a good number of us find a whole lot less objectionable than the corruption going on right under our noses and of course I could see a gay activist group filing a lawsuit were I not to include guys working on guys, over my dead body!

Suffice to say Solly Krok decided after I had told the "phatso" [sic] that he would be better off "trying his luk" [sic] with a guy such as South African Dr. Jonathan "Trouble Bubble" Beare who it turns out he knew rather well, both Trouble Bubble and this lawyer-liar both into "gay Xes" [sic], to take the top dogs of Philips BV up on their offer that he attend alone, specifically spelling out that I was not invited, a soccer match at Philips' soccer stadium in Anthoven the very next day after our fish dinner where Solly was not only the "honored guest" but they allowed Solly to pontificate on how he could help them execute a leverage buyout of Philips B.V. and of course the following morning when Solly joined me for breakfast at the Amstel Hotel in Amsterdam I could only smile from ear never once opening up my big mouth, waiting until I got back to my room to place a call through to Solly's wife, thinking before I started dialing of coming up with some wild story of how I found Solly in bed with a bunch of gay young boys all of course underage who had Solly in space of 24 hours of non-stop "gay Xes" [sic] hooked on heroin and that she, Rita Krok, should immediately proceed to appoint an ombudsman to oversee Solly's trusts both in South Africa and offshore but fortunately-unfortunately the line was busy and the rest is now history, BUT perhaps not?

Looking forward to hearing from you and I assume you are not Mr. Bogweg?

Gary

Ps - Should you have time on your hands and want to enjoy the most incredible weather and hang with me for a few days here in Del Mar, California, willing to work for food and accommodation while helping me from time to time load up my next broadcasted missive to Mr. Kenneth Standard Esq. on to message boards throughout The Internet don't hesitate to let me know.

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

From: "Jan W.H. Vaessen"

To: gsg@sellnext.com

Subject: Quickwheel

Date: Tue, 26 Jul 2005 02:01:56 +0200

Dear Gary,

I was the engineer and projectleader of the Quickwheel untill 1989.

That time I cooperate with Philips and another Dutch company, untill that time my design was very good and tested on many cars in the USA and Europe but later Philips belief they don't need me anymore because they have more shares in the Quickwheel.

They forgot one thing..... I was the designer and know all the details they never had and never get, so the good working samples was allway's destroy after test and demonstration by my self. But Philips belief they can make it by them self because they have the best engineers and all my drawings, yes they have drawings but not the right because I make drawings for Philips and drawings for myself. That time I know where my future of Quickwheel will ended as soon as Philips get more power so I prepare myself, 6 month's later Philips call me back because they could not figger out how it work's, so I ask them where are all the good engineers because I was not needed anymore, however I was not interested to cooperate again with Philips.

From that time they never could get it proper work again. ( but I can !!!!!!! )

With kind regards,

Jan W.H. Vaessen (Netherlands)

p.s. I could write a whole book about the Quickwheel