

Dear Mr. Downing, as much as I believe in the benefits of "human touch" including one-on-one verbal communication, I believe even more so in putting things down on paper. I was delighted to see that you had decided to take the bull by the horns, bare market to celebrate, to mention even less "Marry Lynch" [sic] up shifts creek without a paddle...

Earlier this year I traveled to Peru with my "sight hound" with my neighbor alongside who tends to meddle in other peoples' business manipulating everything to what suits him. On the train ride to Machu Picchu I was given a piece of "Wiggley chewing gum" [sic] and with the following graphics on the back of the wrapper:

<http://www.nextraterrestrial.com/images/3-17-02/new%20temporary%20website/page16.htm>

This neighbor also frequents your establishment but mostly at Happy Hour, the rest of the time he is mostly in a rush. He is not, however, as good a paying customer as I am to mention little of our mutual friend who is the most regular in the evenings, though girlfriend in tow. The not-so-good neighbor does have a way with words but not when it comes to putting it down on paper as in where the Turf meets the Surf, to mention even less of why it is incumbent upon each one of us to "meter out punishment" [sic] to those who bear false witness, analog time to go, the digital age to embrace, dirty incumbent politicians to combat night and day.

I can guarantee you my neighbor is going to be watching much more closely what he has to say in the future. Last night I attended a play with my girlfriend and wore one of his hand-me-down suits to mention little of the emperor who has no clothes. I forget the name of the play but it was written in the 1660s during the reign of one of the Louis, I think it was Louis XIV although I may have that confused with a chez lounge I once used to recline in that supposedly belonged to Louis XIV. The play is worth seeing to mention little of how the bad guy who wore his religion literally on his shoulders ended up ultimately taking quite a fall, chop, chop.

In other words we should all first chew on our words before uttering nonsense; that we be prepared to put down on paper what we plan to say, otherwise simply toss the thoughts into the waste paper basket; i.e. sticks and stones break bones but words kill. Someone else who had been communicating with my not so neighborly neighbor may too have barked up one tTOo many trees when she sent me an email about "missing" me. In other words I try not to miss a beat, particularly since there is a history of heart disease in my family. The NextraTerrestrial website is aimed at addressing concerns of mine in more specificity to mention little of less said the better, although for the pig-headed one does need to sometimes spell things out clearly. I am using this opportunity in responding to you to communicate with others who may have some interest in how our little tit-for-tat conflict ensues. Which reminds me, the person who owned that Louis XIV recliner who knew a thing or two about "media noise," on more than "one accession" [sic] mentioned to me during my schooling, "The only thing the general public are interested in is tits and asses, asses and tits, period." He may have said it backwards but the meaning was the same.

Before I cut right to the heart of the matter let me give you some background on what makes me tick. I truly am one of your best customers at both Pacifica del mar and Pacifica breeze; that is to say not only am I a very regular customer but I make it my business to refer business your way for several reasons including the fact that the food is good, i.e. I have yet to get sick to my stomach; this past weekend though it came close. I am a great believer in competition as the best way to keep each of us honest, on the straight and narrow, free markets to boot. My focus in life has been for some time now to examine what makes markets tick to mention little of the critical role each one of us plays in ensuring "out of control chaos" doesn't result; that perspective, just like opinions has little to do with the truth, that only through triangulation can we arrive at the truth which is a roundabout way of saying I also know a little about Chaos Theory.

Just one person, one act, is capable of throwing everything into total disarray; meltdowns can occur at any point if one is not always paying attention to the weakest link, to mention little of the chain of events that occurred this past weekend; at the same time, however, one person, taking one step at a time can make up for those folks who make it a habit of going backwards, sleep walking to boot.

This weekends activities which you refer to below began when I was about to enter the Pacifica Del Mar on Saturday night and I ran into one of the staff from Pacifica Breeze who knows me by name. As he greeted me on his way down to your sister restaurant, Pacifica Breeze, I mentioned to him that I had difficulty in the past with the manager at Pacifica Del Mar who didn't seem to believe that I was signed up for the discount program you had recently begun to offer that applies to both restaurants. The fact is that despite losing the credit card which had the discount sticker, the folks at Pacifica Breeze always gave me the 10% discount. The staff member assured me that the matter would be taken care of. Within a few moments the manager of Pacifica Del Mar stuck out his head. He is the one who wears his authority on his ear to mention little of the chip on his shoulder which is to say he has yet to master the benefits that we should listen twice as hard as we speak, to mention even less his failure to grasp the fact that when doubting the customer one demonstrates most of all one's own insecurity. Any organization in my opinion that doesn't put the customer first, each and every time, runs the risk of ending up at the bottom of the totem pole, which is to say that in most instances the signs are there early on with regard to the demise of an organization, rarely is it an act of God. However contradictory it may seem, there is however, a lifecycle for all forms, weak structures to boot. Chaos Theory, by the way, has little to do with luck; it is most akin to the fish rotting from the head down...

Your manager professed in so many the words the following:

"I don't understand how come you don't have the right credit card... I have given you the discount 3 times in the past even though you haven't showed proof that you are a member of the program. [I remember him giving me the discount twice]. I have checked with Dave [manager of the Breeze a few steps down] and he says that you did not sign up to receive the discount... No, I don't have time to put it down in writing...I don't see why I need to explain to you why I carry a pencil on "write ear" [sic]."

It was at that moment that I moved at lightning speed, taking one step at a time to grab on to his "authority" as in pen-to-paper. In the "scribbage" [sic] that followed his pencil broke resulting in his threat to call the authorities. Now we have to keep this all in context. I was simply asking to be trusted with my contention that I had purchased the discount package, that in the event I were to be lying he could always add that 10% discount back on to the bill, again assuming a worse case scenario. I was just asking that he scribble down on a piece of paper what he remembers your other manager telling him. So what's the big deal? Although I am mostly retired trust me when I tell you I have better things to do than to start a fight with an intellectual midget. I am copying one of my lawyer-colleagues on this email and he will confirm that I am a rather busy person these days. Please don't construe this as a threat. Jeffrey Krinsk is not my lawyer nor am I a lawyer for the that matter. I do, though, on occasion assist folks like him in ferreting out the most "vicked amongst us" [sic] to mention little of how important it is to how those most naughty accountable as in "responding to fast balls thrown at or near head" dirty former prosecutors included, whiners to boot.

Now also remember there was the staff member from the Pacifica Breeze present who had confirmed that he always gave me the discount although he didn't remember signing me up personally; but your Big Kahahuna wouldn't give way. His dirty looks were now at the verge of cascading into a free fall, to mention little of his spitting, different however to Igazu Falls, the "equilateral triangle" where Argentina, Brasil and Paraguay meet which I was visiting less than a week ago. My dog who was not with me on this trip to South America was no doubt ready to spit, click on below and scroll down to see how mean he can get:

<http://www.nextraterrestrial.com/images/3-17-02/new%20temporary%20website/page14.htm>

Had my dog done a poop at the time I would not have been equipped to respond given your manager's desperation in getting back his pencil. Hoss is the name my dog was given at birth since he has the markings of a horse. This past weekend I found out for the first time that dogs really like to indulge in horse shit. Again, I am always fascinated in what makes each of us tick, looking at things from all different perspectives. One of my other 77 websites is emananddog which spelled backwards reads God DNA Name. My neighbor, by the way, was at one time really in big with the God thing although the organization goes by the name Chabad. The local chapter though is quite a charade, again according to Sammy who tells me that the top dogs are mostly in to "young chicks." He when he is himself is quite a "chicken shit" a term I first heard used by one of my former clients who passed away recently when referring to folks with no backbone, more times than I care to remember. While my neighbor sits and kibitzes at the bar, bar flies to boot, folks like me help pay your bills to mention little of attracting the right type of clientele. Click on below for how the word DNA possibly first entered my vocabulary:

<http://www.nextraterrestrial.com/images/3-17-02/new%20temporary%20website/page2.htm>

I am the baby in my mother's arm, the woman to the left of the DNA signage is one of my mother's models who was Miss World in 1958. I am not, however, a "cry baby" but I know something about the structure of right modeling, business models to boot.

I have made it my business not so much to focus on what people say but more importantly on what they fail to disclose. In the world of Shareholder Class-Action Lawsuits, SCALs for short, we are mostly faced with crooked management who parse the English language in an effort to obfuscate the truth, often saying one thing but meaning something else, leaving like most scantily-clad women just enough for the imagination to give the wrong impressions, shavings of truth to boot. It is mostly, however, "momworker63"s simply looking for safe-heaven who get taken to the cleaners, ending up dead-broke, while the sweet talkers "make off like bandages, Kings and whiners to boot" [sic]. In the two trips I recently took to South America I never got sick once, the same could not be said of my neighbor who is currently testing out his luck in Thailand. I recently purchased a bed and breakfast cum cafe in England although I have not received official confirmation from my lawyers over there that the transaction closed. Fortunately, I trust the sellers who continue to run the place as though it were their own. At this moment I can only attest to the view although like the \$25 fee I paid you folks, my insurance premium was also charged by credit card. Check out below Seachange Cafe in Minehead, England.

<http://www.nextraterrestrial.com/images/3-17-02/new%20temporary%20website/page12.htm>

By the way, growing up the cleaning was done by the maids; hence why my girlfriend sometimes refers to me as "Nanny boy." I must confess I was rather messy, tearing things apart, bored with putting them back together, perhaps questioning that if it was so easy to tear apart in the first place... constantly thinking that there has to be a better way to do things.

These days I am focused on looking for the good in people, bored with cleaning up other peoples messes but I realize that one cannot be naive, not everyone in this world is quite ready to always tell the truth. It is no good just scratching at the surface, one really has to dig deep in order to reach good clean water, a far cry from "poising the well." Proving out ones case in a SCAL is not for the feint hearted; the criteria, "scienter" requires proving "culpable state of mind" a far higher standard than one person's perspective. Politics often plays a hand to mention little of science. Each one of us is entitled to our own perspectives, hence perhaps why we have the course "political science" to mention even less "horses for courses." Could you be intellectually honest and describe to me one molecule of science in politics or one course where the horse has a say in the eventual outcome to mention little of who really gets hurt when the stakes are down? By the way, I was in Argentina when they scored the one and only goal against Nigeria. It happened to occur in the 63rd minute. Again, I just pay attention to stuff that most disregard. Placing numbers though on our words sometimes helps be more precise, certainly it helps me in articulating my thoughts that could go on ad-infinitem.

NextraTerrestrial is also about finding better ways to resolve conflict without going the lawsuit route, barriers to boot, fair trade to

embrace, dirty politics though my primary focus. Hence my drive right now to flush out crooked politicians and managers who think more like politicians often tripping over themselves and then having to get others to clean up their mess, maids to boot, wardens to be more appreciated. My thinking is that if I am able to assist others in asking the right questions to mention little of in terms of how to respond to fast balls thrown at or near head, sooner rather than later we will have more of us asking the right questions and less of scratching our heads, tochas to boot.

It was one thing for your manager not to be willing to put his words down on paper despite showing me clearly that he couldn't think with his head let alone do what the customer requests, but to have lost sight of what it might mean to lose a customer like myself seems pretty bizarre wouldn't you agree? Naturally I may not be the most important person frequenting your establishments or the most enlightened to mention little of being tactful, but at the same time I am not exactly a potted plant, at the same time don't ever try to pin me to the wall. I really do try to give folks a way out even those who guilty of the most egregious crimes, white lies to boot.

To add insult to injury your manager took offense when I told him that I am writing a book, One Minute Manager but in reverse, i.e. Manager Minute One. Why would he feel so taken aback by such a remark to lash out, "Are you threatening me?" He was not willing to believe me that I paid for the discount program but at the same time he becomes jaundiced by my simply telling him that I am writing a book believing, perhaps, that I could do him more harm than simply you folks losing me as a customer? In other words why believe me that I am writing a book that talks to us each trying to be our own managers from the get go and not believe me when I tell him I paid the \$25 to get the discount to make little mention of the fact that I spend on average about \$200 per week between both establishments to mention even less once again the amount of customers I have referred over the years? I might as well go and spend my money in place like Nogales, both in the U.S. as well as its sister city across the border in Mexico. By the way have you ever wondered why ponies are much harder to break in than horses?

Naturally the situation went from bad to worse. The next day I went down to the Pacifica Breeze for lunch and after I ordered a sandwich I ran into Dave, your other not-always-so-quiet manager, who was stuffing himself as he checked out the reruns from Saturday's sporting events; no doubt thinking war on his emblems. Now the only time I have ever had words with Dave in the past was when one of his staff gave me the runaround by failing to let me know that an item I had ordered was no longer available after I had been waiting around for 15 minutes clicking my heels. Dave was there at the time and later went out of his way to apologize for this staff member's inappropriate actions to mention little of how long it took for Dave to tear himself away from his food; the well-heeled may need to start paying closer attention to the masses.

My initial reaction was despite Dave's entreaties to make amends it would only be right that I give one of the other restaurants in the area more of my business. Then I ran into Dave on the street a few weeks later and the long and the short of it was that I decided to continue to frequent Pacifica Breeze. Overall it seemed Dave was trying

to do his best although it is sometimes rather difficult to work out the so-called "quiet ones." I have a buddy engineer who invented the notebook computer before becoming a successful venture capitalist. I lent him some money over a year ago which he has refused to pay back citing in no small measure the fact that he is now reconciled with his wife which was in fact the whole point of my loaning him the money in the first place. He too would be considered by most accounts a rather quiet individual, unless of course you happen to be a fly on the wall in his household, to mention even less of a lady I now refer to as "Tricky Vicky" whose recent stoned silence has me most concerned for what might become of her lot.

I asked Dave in not so many words the following:

"Last night I was told by the manager upstairs at Pacifica Del Mar that he had contacted you previously about my being entitled to the 10% discount and you gave him no assurances that I was already signed up; is that true?"

Dave then got out of his seat with the food still spilling out of the side of his mouth and said words along the following lines:

"I really didn't appreciate being interrupted last night while I was having dinner with my girlfriend... In fact this was not the first time he [the other manager] has called me asking me the same question about you. I have signed up most of the people on the discount program, 48 out of about 50, and I don't remember signing you up. That is all I told him."

I responded, "Let me understand this a moment. What you are saying and what you conveyed to that genius upstairs is that you didn't believe that in fact I was entitled to the discount, that I had paid the \$25?"

Dave replied, "No I didn't say that. All I told him was that I didn't sign you up and yes, he is very bright."

I responded, "So you are now telling me that you think I made up this story in order to get the 10% discount?"

Dave replied, "No, I didn't say that. Do you remember who signed you up...?"

I responded, "I cannot remember for certain who signed me up. But can we just stick to one thing at a time here because it seems to me that you really don't believe me which would jive with what the manager upstairs had to say."

Dave replied, "I don't know what you mean. I was leaving it up to his best judgment."

I responded, "Surely you are smart enough to know what impression you were leaving him with? When you tell someone that you have signed up in essence more than 95% of the members and you know you didn't sign me up, are you not in fact telling that person that you don't believe me and that he shouldn't believe me; in other words, when you say, 'I was leaving it up to his best judgment' were you not in fact telling him

was that if you were his boss you would expect him to do likewise which is to say, don't trust this fellow with the funny accent?"

Then with the biggest smirk second only to that of the manager at Pacifica Del Mar, Dave replied, "Yes, you are right. I don't believe you."

Later, an aid to Dave, a Ms. Johnson, intervened with her pennies worth of insight although she failed to understand that when a credit card company issues a new card to replace an old one as had occurred in my situation the new card number is different to the old one. Now Mr. Downing I don't know the relationship between you and your managers to mention little of Ms. Johnson's schooling, certainly more on the job training couldn't do her that much more harm, but if you really want to understand more the drift of my script my suggestion is that you and your staff continue to stay tuned to NextraTerrestrial where I will be giving a course in "bottoms up schooling" which in no small measure deals with the fact that you can tell a lot about an organization by how well the janitor is appreciated; all the culture tends to rise up from the bottom, as with most things which have heat particles attached. That is to say, the scent gets thicker as one gets closer to the top executive offices, i.e. the fish is often rotten from day one; it all comes out in the bottom, bottom line to boot, skid marks better however than a crash and burn, tailspins a certain way to end up dead, catching spinners of the truth my indulgence.

For some folks though evacuation takes place the following day. I have often thought about folks who sometimes go 3 and 4 days without taking a dump and who are not constipated; perhaps they are simply less full of shit? It all, however, comes out in the wash so to speak; however, few folks really wash their hands after wiping themselves, wouldn't you agree? In other words, I am all about advocating a breath of fresh air and I am not sure I am willing to take a chance now at either one of your restaurants given the amount of spitting that could find its way on to my plate even if you were to respond by giving me a 90% discount off the menu price. I no longer carry health insurance and I would hate to think what the cost to me would be if I were to get sick from someone else's saliva. Even if your staff were now all to walk around with condoms in their mouths I don't know that I could be rest assured. It is time now for my exercise routine, i.e. time to fly.

Should you wish to add more to your previous communication please feel free to respond. Be advised, though, that it is part of my nature to always first be kind but once burned I come back with a vengeance. I will, however, certainly have an open ear to what you have to say. No doubt after Dave heard what I had to say his silence while his "hound dog" Johnson went to bat for him, was all tTOo telling. Certainly, I wouldn't have been the first one into your bathrooms after he did his business.

Sincerely yours,

Gary S. Gevisser

p.s. -- Now that I think of it, there was another staff member who also came to Dave's defense, "Dave has been so good to you over the years why are you giving him such a hard time?" Mr. Downing your records will

no doubt confirm that I have received in total no more than \$50 in vouchers in addition to the two occasions when I was given "a break" by staff, once by Dave himself. No doubt this other vocal staff member like the customer who overheard the conversation didn't have all of the facts. Most Americans, like most people around the world, are just trying to do the right thing while making ends meet hoping not to end up as chopped liver. Like the customer who I suggested should "continue on eating" this other staff member should have taken his cue from Dave's silence to know that he tTOo was treading on thin air. Dave wasn't asking for help despite having swallowed his tongue. His seizure was the direct result of having been caught with his pants down. Dave had clearly got the message that "Tis better to keep quiet and let people think you to be a fool and to inhale your words slowly so as to avoid others cleaning up the vomit than to speak out and remove all doubt" [sic]. I intend to lay out my perspective of this story on the NextraTerrestrial website along with any rebuttal from anyone who is willing to put their name to their side of the story. By the time we have everyone's perspective on what took place we should get to pinpoint precision with regard to the truth, to mention little of why I believe the problems of the world have nothing to do with politics, religion or economics, only bad parenting. At a minimum it should result in light entertainment along the lines perhaps of "Shacquille O Neil's" [sic] quote of the day, "I'm at home in the bathroom trying to take a dump, flicking through the channels and he's [the other team's coach] is complaining that I'm stepping over the line."

pps: Gevisser is German for "certain." Gewissen means "conscience."

cc: Jeffrey Krinsk Esq, Sam Haim et al.

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

From: kipp downing [mailto:krdowning@weroc.com]

Sent: Monday, June 10, 2002 8:52 AM

To: gg@nexttraterrestrial.org

Subject: pacifica del mar

gary,

i understand we had a problem over the weekend with the value member program at pacifica del mar. i am the owner of both pacifica del mar and pacifica breeze. please give me a call on my cell at 619-606-5568 or at pacifica del mar at 792-0476. i would like to hear your comments of how we did or did not handle the situation and see if i can make the problems you have experienced go away. i look forward to hearing from you. kipp downing - owner

---

Get email for your site ---> <http://www.everyone.net>

---

Promote your group and strengthen ties to your members with email@yourgroup.org by Everyone.net <http://www.everyone.net/?btn=tag>