

From: Gary S. Gevisser
Sent: Thursday, November 16, 2006 12:26 PM PT
To: Catherine Blundell – Risdon Hosegood
Subject: RE: FULLY BRIEFED.... ARE YOU NOT AFRAID FOR YOUR LIFE?.....Lease...

THE FOLLOWING CAN VIEWED without hyperlinks BY CLICKING ON this [hyperlink](#).

XXX
XXX, CA XXXX

Advise when funds have been remitted.

Sincerely yours,

Gg

Ps – You may not even if you have shares in the pig slaughterhouse just outside of Wiveliscombe that bothers my kosher Royal Mater to “**know end**” [sic] at first care to know why **IT IS** that I have the time to exercise “**think**” versus the average greedy-crook-imbecile on my email list who when not thinking 24/7 about how to “**fix**” me spends 2 hours a day in traffic, then the first 2 hours during their 8 hours of horrific sleep thinking about their dead end jobs where the most satisfaction they derive is around the water cooler “**playing business**”, degrading their few if any non-politician co-workers, the next 2 hours dreading the next day’s 2 hours in traffic, the sleep deprivation exacerbated by another 4 hours thinking about all the nonsense petty crimes they picked up listening to numbing talk radio and watching dummifying down full of cliché TV for 2 hours to avoid sex with their partner who feels the same way, each member of the mainstream **mad**dening media mostly thinking of vicarious “**Sandinista**” [sic] sex with their colleagues exercising only their lungs and scalene muscles in the neck frustrated with both themselves and their co-conspirators, the exceptions, they argue at an eardrum piercing pitch to the mainstream extreme that has no one thinking they have an independent thinking brain attached via a spine to their feet, while I make use of those lost forever **IN-FINITE** hours daily to think - always exercising my “**chicken legs**” that cycles the fat in between my ears into muscles - how to relax, about what else I could be doing in order to satisfy my awesome, so naturally athletic and over-the-top sexy wife when not making love to her 24/7, having figured out from an early age listening through the air-conditioning duct in my bedroom, transformed from the lounge, to my **RM** teaching her Charm School pupils all about “**men can be highly successful but never grow up**” - healthy mind-healthy body-a mind a terrible thing to lose as the **DAAC** play into my “**white hands**.”

You will notice once reading through this rather lengthy communiqué just once, which I have only been told is “**fascinating**” only, however, by one individual when it was in a rough draft, the next time you hear the word, “**lawsuit**” or even just the word “**law**” whether it is someone within your very good law firm or someone saying something to

another stranger in the street, you will be that much more desensitized to those 3 letters, **LAW**.

And not long after saying to yourself more often, "*law-war-lord-draw*" before never getting out of your mind the words in this s newspaper article dated **March 4th 2004**, that talks to **American Charles Engelhard's** church funeral,

"drew the likes of former President Johnson, former Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey and Sen. Edward M. Kennedy"

Now forever fixated on Senator Kennedy's elder brother, **John F. Kennedy** just prior to being sworn in as the 35th President and Commander In Chief of all United States Armed Forces forced by **CE**, the Kennedy clan's major benefactor, to meet with **CE's** mafia of mafia Anglo partner **Harry Oppenheimer** at the Carlyle Hotel in Manhattan that in "*talking to*" the awesome **Money Power** of the **DeBeers-Anglo American Cartel** makes all petty crimes seem so petty.

No longer do you wonder why you continue to read what I write but why I continue to make the point that for decades now the **DAAC**, the special interest of special interest mafia of mafia organization responsible for the greatest enslavement, torture and mass murder that continues to this day have not been in the least bit interested in further cleansing their so extraordinarily laundered monies, instead focused exclusively in getting their bought and paid for elected and non-elected government officials to pass all sorts of mind-boggling money laundering and tax laws that serve no other purpose than to keep the masses getting constantly poorer as they **DAAC** continue to allocate the world's limited resources amongst themselves and their corrupt government officials while leaving the world's poor to fight to the death over the pitiful scraps.

There is simply no escaping the truth.

Sticks and stones break bones but words kill.

You would also know that it is not just me and each and every one of the world's major intelligence services who know that I have confirmation that our extraordinarily "***bought and paid for***" TV, radio, print as well as most western Internet websites are doing a whole lot more than just reading my missives when they could so easily follow in the footsteps of my "***secret weapon***" wife, **Marie Dion Gevisser** and go, "***delete, delete, delete, delete, and delete***" just once a day but instead go to the extraordinary measures of not only communicating with me but baring both their souls and their exact physical measurements.

It is worth examining the chronology of events that led to **KFI 640 AM "More Stimulating Talk Sh*t Radio"** [sic] Producer, **Michele Kube** sending me, what I first thought was a joke, her exact from **40 Four Feet** away measurements.

It began with Michele who has previously communicated with me letting me know that she is taken by my, in **MDG's** words, "***Charming Naivete***", emailing me on Wednesday, **October 18** at **11:37 AM** to let me know that once again she is now sending an email I had blind copied her on to her "***junk mail***" folder.

I, anything but naively, responded 5 minutes later, at exactly **11:42** - 4 digits when added or multiplied result in the awesome Chinese lucky number 8 - with ever so brief:

What r your physical measurements?

163 minutes later, at precisely **2:25 PM** Michele, I assume having the time to also check her extraordinary physical measurements for the umpteenth time that day just to make sure **“talking head”** Bill Handle could at least possibly feel if not able to see his erection, shot back:

40FF

28

34

Bear in mind I had other things going on at the time including getting the son of Don Barr to print out for his father an email given how Don had better things to do with his time then sit in front of a mirror, no strike that, computer, so I only got to respond to Michele after I had first sent David at **11:47 AM** this 171 odd word email, my 77 odd word reply to Michele, again thinking her **40 F**our **F**eeet away measurements were a joke, sent at **3:22 PM** read as follows:

Thank you.

I assume the FF is bigger than a triple E!

In which case aren't you possibly exaggerating about your waistline being a 34, more likely a 40?

Send me this instant a photo of your lover along with his-her-its email address and who knows what insight I might gleam from their reaction to my draft email to the Attorney General, the last heavily broadcasted communiqué prior to the publishing of my book, THOFMCAIF!, subtitle **AMFTP!**

I think you would agree that as much as Don Barr **“shuns publicity”** I would be serving the **“best interests of humanity”** by **“shining more of a light”** on why someone such as Don would **“bother with me”** bearing in mind how extraordinarily successful Don is at staying **“off the radar screen”**, unknown to the **DAAC** controlled media who let us know only about those they have already co-opted corrupted **Or** who are vulnerable to be bought off for **“next-to-nothing”**.

Don, now in his mid 70s and far from retired although he handed back some time ago his license to practice law happens to have been born to a very wealthy mineral rich family who had little to do apart from conditioning him right to stand on his own two feet early in life resulting in Don very shortly after coming out of law school earning for himself a \$1 million fee back in 1960, again when still in his twenties after successfully litigating against not just a powerful U.S. Defense-Offense contractor but whose Ivy League trained lawyers failed to intimidate Don who for all I know only got his **“training”** from my **RM** who has made it her business from when first going to work for the Mossad to coach the best of the best litigators in the world,

“how to respond to fast balls thrown at or near head.”

Right now Mr. **Jeffrey R. Krinsk Esq.** of Finkelstein & Krinsk is just chuckling to himself, his feet up on the desk in his office overlooking Broadway Blvd. in downtown San Diego, now possibly pulling out his binoculars looking across at the office of his *“arch rival”*, un-indicted co-conspirator **Bill Lerach Esq.** of the 2,000 pound gorilla Shareholder Class Action Litigation law firm of **Milberg Weiss-Lerach**.

Just prior to expanding on that sentence above Mr. **JRK** was beginning to smile from *“ear to ear”*, now giving out a *“grunt”* coming from way down deep, feeling better though, as he now recalls when he and I were once *“playing pong”* of finding a way for my **RM** to visit the U.S. and the instant she disembarked the aircraft before going through customs to have her handed a subpoena which at the time, just trust me, was extraordinarily more funny to me given how little Mr. **JRK** knew about my **DAAC** family, but enough given his over-the-top *“intuition”* to know that he was *“rili”* [sic] on to something very sick.

Not to mention yet again that it was in fact Mr. **JRK** who *“let me know”* the time was right to *“take on the DAAC”* and again for all I know it could have been the *“whisperings”* of his wife, Verizon Communications Corporation’s lead plaintiff, **Marcy Campbell Soup Campbell-Krinsk** who is also on my side?

To mention little as we now go back to an American gentleman who has *“been there, done it”* but like Mr. as well as Mrs. Krinsk, has had not the slightest interest in digging in to the awesome *“Money Power”* of the **DAAC** who deface all human sensitivity making the notion, *“rule of law,”* let alone the much pontificated, *“We are a nation of laws”*, one most extraordinary sick joke.

Don Barr Esq. had to go through the most incredible hurdles to earn his contingency fee of \$1 million when in fact his client had agreed to give him \$3 million of the final \$20 million settlement since without the win his client was bankrupt but the judge who apparently commented that he couldn’t approve such a sum of money since such an amount he would never earn in his lifetime would only go along with the \$1 million fee.

After one daft appeal after the next, back and forth, Don presented his winning case to the United States Supreme Court where Chief Justice Earl Warren called Don in to chambers just to give his a note to give to his father so that Don’s father would call his friend Earl who was feeling “lonely” in Washington D.C.

But earning such a very **SIGNIFICANT** fee when \$1 million some 46 years ago was like \$20 zillion today with as many zeroes added at the end as you wish meant absolutely nothing if Don wasn’t able to convince **Senator Richard Nixon** to introduce a “ryder” [sic] that forced the U.S. government to pay his client, the not exactly *“chicken feed”* \$20 million which in fact doesn’t *“touch sides”* with the \$6 million *“sign on bonus”* my uncle **David Moshal-Gevisser** received 11 odd years later in **March 1971** once **Anglo** head of the **DeBeers-Anglo American Cartel**, **Harry Oppenheimer** saw not only that **Democrat Senator Ted Kennedy**, former **Democrat President Lyndon Johnson** and **Democrat Vice President Humphrey** attended my uncle David’s major benefactor’s **CHURCH** funeral where the American head of the **DAAC**, the murdered **Charles Engelhard** was laid to rest at St. Mary’s Abby Church in Morris Town, New Jersey but so very important that the **DAAC** controlled media made mention some 33 odd years

later of the very heavily co-opted-corrupted of the **DAAC** heavily infiltrated 3 branches of the United States Government attending such a gathering of the world's biggest crooks, sending the most extraordinary **LOUD** signal to politicians and law enforcement throughout the world, "**don't mess with the DAAC**" who will "**gladly**" support the "**second in command**" were their "**supervisor**" not "**behave**".

Second Lieutenant B. N. "Geviser" [sic] might think today is a good time to "**reconnect**" with his first cousin **DG** who my amazing father told me last week, when he called from Los Angeles, that he and his **DAAC "filthy rich"** cousin hadn't spoken "**in decades**".

Don Barr and I first met and got to know each other rather well back in the mid-1980s when I was the **Chief Operating Officer** and Chief Financial Officer of a private marketing-publishing company specializing in the insurance industry and Don was "**cleaning up**" in Culver City a former rundown part of the greater Los Angeles Metropolitan area.

We have since met at his rather large, spectacular garden home in Santa Monica after getting reacquainted back on **January 20th 2005**, a week after I met **Dr. Jonathan "Trouble Bubble" Beare** in Beverly Hills, this time instead of driving I took the train from the Solana Beach Station to Union Station in downtown Los Angeles where we enjoyed a delightful lunch that had Don using my cell phone to say hello to his buddy and my mentor, retired U.S. Navy Officer and Marine Amos P. Wright who according to one Christmas card from his one boss, Mason Houghland, Amos was the "**smartest person on the payroll of Spur Oil including me**", Mason Houghland the only person to have beaten John D. Rockefeller of Standard Oil.

When you click on the "**arden**" hyperlink above you will see in that communication to Devin Standard, who I am expecting to visit with me any hour now, how I talk about Don being on a, "**par with Robert Anderson another important Scotsman in my life.**"¹

Robert Anderson is probably another name you have not heard of although I wouldn't be surprised if in fact every person who has every worked for my **RM's** law firm Risdon Hosegood which, again to remind you, is your law firm, may be very intimately familiar with yet another of her "**good friends**".

The difference between Robert Anderson and anyone else I have ever met on this planet is that he never lies but nor can he remember anything he has ever told you when speaking on the phone.

A little "**shrii**" should have just gone up your spine even if in fact you know nothing about yet another highly secretive individual who is one of many Gentile very good

¹ The hyperlink over the letters "**rob**" shows Robert Anderson playing the bagpipes in my **RM's** Wiveliscombe home. The hyperlink over, "**y li**" show me playing the bagpipes on a flight from London to Zurich in **December 1967**.

This hyperlink takes you to a photo of me later, "**armed with the family's crown jewels**" after my **RM** had forgotten her handbag at a hair salon, looking out the train as we left Zurich for **Kitzbuhel, Austria**.

friends of the Jewish people who have long since dispersed, the overwhelming majority no different to all other faiths including academia, the new corrupt church, very much about, "***muni, muni, muni, me, me, me***" [sic].

There is of course no coincidence that Robert whose wife was another of my **RM**'s over-the-top Gentile secretaries both live together in the same middle class village of Wiveliscombe, just an hours slow drive inland from Minehead harbor with its awesome tides and small fishing boats, a stone's throw away from our spectacular Seacrest=Ccrest Bed and Breakfast Cafe.

Not to mention as most of the world live the most awful lives, mostly eating themselves to a premature death not having the intestinal fortitude to see how extraordinarily easy it is to fix all the ills of the world just by us coming together without forcing a single rapacious individual to "give up" their ill-gotten gains, if Peggy Anderson were to be **Secretary General** of the **UN**, were it not so **DAAC** corrupt, in the next instant there would be peace on earth,

I and my eldest brother, very hard working Neil "***Magic Hands***" Gevisser who also has homes in Wiveliscombe have joked over the years about our Israeli "***brother***" Guy Friedman as being the "***Real Die Hard***" versus actor Bruce Willis who along with his former wife Demi Moore were smart enough to hire Guy for some 12 years as well as Neil although only for a few years.

But even today with Robert probably close to 80 if not older and having suffered a few years back a stomach amormism that the doctors thought would have killed most half his age, no one when just shaking the hand of Robert Anderson would doubt his also over-the-top intelligence.

Again my **RM** only having to mention to me once when driving on the bluffs of Durban overlooking Durban harbor to visit her half-brother Durban Yacht Club commodore-Deputy Mayor-printer **Joe Ash** the "***top-top secret***" life Robert had led in South Africa although my **RM** made of point of "***couching***" Robert's highly technical work by saying "***nobody to this day can figure out without the help of Robert what he did for the South African Government***".

And of course you would know that the Jan Smuts South African Government was not the same as the **3rd Reich's Southern Division** aka The South African Apartheid Regime that under the "***command and control***" of American **Charles Engelhard** and Anglo **Harry Oppenheimer** who "***played good cop bad cop***", ruled for some 40 years over South Africa with its rich mineral resources with a diamond studded iron fist.

Since my earliest memories Robert Anderson has always been a very big "***figure***" in my life as well as that of my eldest brother who worked for Robert but that was "***short lived***", Robert "***making a living***" in the sheet-metal business where today he is still considered one of the best if not the best in Wivesliscombe that now has my **RM** when reading this saying loudly, "***Rubbish***" before going very silent not quite sure who is listening.

Another truth is that my **RM** while still no doubt telling the world that she is still laid up in bed fully aware that "***her Robert***" continues to design state-of-the-art systems that not for a moment boggle the minds of anyone who has cared to spend just a few minutes with this Renaissance man of Renaissance men, so humble of course that no one

caught up in this “**dog eat god aspartame**” [sic] world has heard of this most important friend of my mother, my father and most of all my father’s father, **Israel Issy Gevisser**, the quietest and **MOST GENEROUS** man I have been fortunate to know.

My immediate family after first feeling quite a jolt are now this instant feeling not only a whole lot more relaxed but a whole lot better about themselves but still bothered by all those dam Holocaust Memorials which they wish would just go away as they serve as testament to the Jewish people having so lost their way, failing miserably to do what we do best, “**follow the money trail**”.

My **RM** never had very kind things to say about our Paternal grandfather, **Israel Issy Gevisser** while she never missed any occasion to sing the praises of her own father who we all knew was a very big “**crook**” and most probably also murdered.

My **RM** is, however, one most incredibly good liar.

My **RM** loved her father-in-law Issy Gevisser but she only chose to tell me why.

A Name From Here, You Can Trust Over There!

Suffice to say, no one needed to tell my **RM** that this world was a very sick spot for “**independent thinkers**” although once understanding better my mother’s skill at getting others to “**shoot her poison tipped arrows**”, no surprise it was my father, Issy’s “youngest and favorite” [sic] child who was the first person to tell me so, just a few years ago when we were parked outside my property at 1431 Stanford St., Santa Monica, that Don Barr helped me purchase, not assisting with the cash, I had plenty of that and then “sum” [sic] but with the paperwork so that I didn’t have to pay a broker when purchasing the property in **February 1987** directly from the Czechoslovakian owner who I thought was the gardener when I strolled by one day looking for a non-descript property that also didn’t have a “**FOR SALE**” sign.

Not to mention the owner, Ivo Stoka for the next 5 odd years that I traveled frequently, took care of the property as though it was his own.

Over the 18 years I owned this incredibly well built 6 unit complex a good number of people from all over the world lived there, most for rather long periods and no one paying close to market rents and of course few if any really appreciative, but there were no more than a handful “**seeking refuge**” from the **DAAC** spots of the world who have stayed for very short periods just to “**rest their heads**” without anyone including the manager, “**being the wiser**”.

No surprise that one of those individuals was our Israeli “**brother**” Guy Friedman, one of the best if not the best Israeli Special Forces commandos to have served in Flotilla 13, Israel’s most elite Special Forces unit.

There is no harm given all that is going on today including my **RM**’s decision to begin telling it “**the way it is**” as she did in her 3 page **LIFE STORY** email “**broadcasted**” on **October 9th 2001**, to repeat that Guy was just one of the two individuals I had fly in to Miami airport from Israel back in late **December 1996** to provide me with both a “**running partner**” and “**back up**” and a “**back up**” to Guy Friedman had Fred Deluca of

Subway fame and his goons backed up by the **DAAC** infested United States Congress and Justice Department not "**behaved**".

Gold last trading at \$622.30 a troy ounce.

You would also know as you see the wisdom of keeping your own flowchart and timeline of the important events of the day that some 8 months later, on **September 8th 1997** Flotilla 13 suffered its greatest single loss when 11 commandos including the unit commander were killed in what we all want to believe was a terrible "**accident**".

But unless you subscribe to "**The Hand of G-d**" at work it is simply inconceivable that the very big and highly sophisticated bomb and of course relatively lightweight that was carried by one commando was accidentally triggered while "**in enemy lines**" by an Israeli Air Force technician screwing up the "**TNT**" settings.

You may not know that later in **December 1997** when my immediate family got together for a reunion in Wiveliscombe where we all split up amongst the various homes which none of us including me considered as "**safe**" from earthquakes as Robert Anderson's rock home that he built with his own iron hands, my **RM** continued to protest until such time as I "**got it**" that all my amazing fighter-bomber-pilot dad did during his 71 miraculous missions dive-bombing, alongside the likes of **Syd Cohen**, the crap out of the Nazi bastards, was to "**hand throw**" out of a rather confined cockpit his bombs that sometimes weighed a 1,000 pounds.

Not to mention the difficulty after scoring one **Direct Hit** after the next to fly the plane out of harms way, most of all away from his own bombs exploding, knocking out his entire electrical system only with his teeth as both his hands were now suffering from carpel tunnel syndrome.

My **RM** was starting to become a very good bad liar who prior to **December 1998** never needed to repeat anything not once.

Her "**Life Story of Zena**", again emailed out 49 odd months after the **September 7th 1997** debacle, where she makes reference to her grandmother Nechie Badash's family being "**wiped out in a pogrom**" has you once again turning to page 2, the top line beginning with the sentence,

"The war [WW II] was over and her dreams of being a foreign correspondant and dropping behind enemy lines in Europe [at age 16] came to an abrupt end."

Again it is my **RM**'s handwriting above the top photo you see in this hyperlink that should have you questioning "**what in G-d's name**" was this very articulate and extraordinary worldly and might I borrow a journalist's words, "**inspirational woman**" trying to say?

Again my **RM**'s words in the photo that tells a "**thousand words**" reads:

Gary "in training" Jan 68

It was my **RM** who had my step-father, a very good and most trustworthy friend of my father that my father is only now "**figuring out**", send me my father's **South African Air Force wings** on my 34th birthday along with this **note**.

My **RM** made a point after "**visiting**" with me and **Mr. King Golden Jr. Esq.**, my 15-odd-year personal American attorney, at what is now the **Torrey Pines Lodge**:

"He is not very bright.

"Why do you bother with him other than he is a neighbor of The Sperm Donor" [sic]?"

Mr. Golden Jr. Esq. may have been the brightest individual born in heavily corrupt, major drug drop off point, San Diego.

Mr. Golden Jr. Esq. may have been the top student in all of his classes when he attended Berkeley University in the late 1960s while **Democrat Senator Ted Kennedy** was being "**tutored**" about why it pays in so many ways to keep his big mouth shut, at least about payments made by the **DAAC** to the **Kennedy** clan.

Not to mention how many times **Democrat Senator Ted Kennedy** "**ran into**" **Maurice Templeton** when this relatively high up **DAAC** operative was "**escorting**" the slut First Lady Jackie O who would never have forgotten the rather attractive **blonde-brunette** in the same room on the Greek island of Skorprios back on **October 20th 1968**; "**BB**", we refer to as either **Royal Mater** or "**Roz the Proz**" as my eldest brother wrote in the dedication section of his book of blank verses-poems, "**Picking up the pieces of yourself**" some critical of the Apartheid Regime, published by our also rather secretive uncle Joe Ash in 1972 in South Africa during the **height of the Apartheid years**,

To mention little of the only person who ever objected to the "**Roz the Proz**" designation was our **RM's** second husband, Alan Zulman.

Mr. Golden Jr. Esq. may have been the top law student at the University of Virginia Law School where Attorney General **Robert F. Kennedy** was also indoctrinated with the proverbial untruthful words, "**We Do Not Lie, Steal or Cheat!**"

My **RM** who provided **RFK** with "**a list of people he should NOT meet**" when this **DAAC** Senator of the heavily **DAAC** infiltrated United States Congress visited with us in June **1966**, understood perfectly well when getting **Alan Zulman** to write that 34th birthday note accompanied by my father's Air Force wings that I would pay careful attention to everything beginning with the date.

My **RM** indoctrinated me from an **early age**,

"Don't believe anything you read in the papers including the date".

My **RM** was "**fully briefed**" by me and possibly others on the "**gathering**" which took place a month before my 34th birthday at my 2 bedroom apartment in Santa Monica when King and his bosom-buddy master-spy-traitor **Roger W. Robinson** who should need no **introduction**, visited with me and my girlfriend at the time, **Ms. Annie George**.

“Our man Roger” if you don’t in fact know anything about him, may have in fact told Republican leader of the Senate, **Senator Frist** what caused him back in February 1991 to have nothing short of a **“heart attack”** as he came **“face to face”** with the reality that he was in **“big trouble”** not knowing, however, whether his bosom buddy King, a left wing **Democrat** was in fact part of the **“set up”**.

Not to mention **RWR** knew that King which is his real name and may explain a good number of his **“problems”**. often pontificated even when not high which was rare if ever, that the world would be **“much safer”** with all the **“superpower secrets being shared”** which of course makes you want to cry and feel like giving King one big hug for being so **“out there”** in his thinking that with his one-time good looks may have had you wanting to spread your legs.

But let me remind you Mr. Golden Jr. Esq. when **“spilling his liberal mind”**, again often, both on the west coast as well as when we would all visit in Georgetown, Washington DC, at **Valerie Schulte Esq.**’s town home, was **General Counsel** of **Science Applications International Corporation**, a very significant U.S. Defense-Offense contractor headquartered in San Diego.

And you would know by now of the \$1 million settlement we got out of Westinghouse, another Offense-Defense contractor who had attempted to steal very state-of-the-art laser-switching-technology developed by an Israeli client of Mr. Golden and Co. who in the end defrauded me and my client Irving Cooper who invested in this lawsuit that also resulted in addition to the \$1 million payment return of the technology.

And of course CBS which was owned at the time by Westinghouse didn’t report this on their news or on their much touted **60 Minutes**.

To mention little of King and his wife Sarah, involved heavily today with **“Head Start”** in Washington DC, were married on the balcony of **SAIC**’s corporate offices in La Jolla overlooking the **Children’s Pool**.

To mention in passing the Golden marriage much akin to Bill and Hilary although I am quite certain ever since King joined Sarah in Washington DC knowing on the very day he called me a few years back at **MDG**’s house on Barbados Way to say **“goodbye”** that he would not be opening his mouth to anyone on what deals he did going forward beginning with his involvement with a **robotics** company that was connecting up here in the States the less than **“last quarter mile”** of the Internet superhighway through the sewer systems, the highly proprietary technology, I seem to recall licensed from a French corporation.

Worth mentioning as well, I didn’t think you would mind, that King’s **“partner”** on this **“interesting”**, no one could argue **“dirty deal”**, was his college roommate from the University of Virginia Law School, Mark, whose last name I still forget, was the attorney who once, in our **“presence”** although we were not allowed in to the courtroom, presented to the United States Supreme Court on behalf of American Indians.

And I will spare you the details of how much Mark told King he, again once, so much enjoyed oral sex given to him by a male buddy who apparently had no difficulty convincing Mark who of course was stoned, that once lubricated all components of the mouth feel the same whether part of the female or male anatomy.

Now if you are “**interested**” to find out more about “**our Man Roger**” who was “**calling the shots**” at the White House **from March 1982 until September 1985** then why not check with the Chinese officials who had to listen to all his nonsense when between **October 7th 2002 and December 31st 2005** he was both **Chairman** and **Vice Chairman** of the, **U.S.-China Economic and Security Review Commission**.

RWR didn't know anything about **Ms. George** who knew nothing apart from what I told her which was nothing how very carefully I was “**keeping tabs**” on “**our man Roger**” who was receiving his orders from high ranking **DAAC** operative **David Rockefeller**, Chairman of the Trilateral Commission.

But Ms. George did witness “**words between**” Mr. Golden and me as he and I worked together on a book detailing our close but “**separate**” accounts of the “**travails**” of **Epilady USA Inc.** in the same apartment on the table you see in this **hyperlink** - scroll down - once I “**ferreted out**” Mr. Golden's “**deep rooted**” Anti-Semitism which of course Ms. George could have shared with my **RM**, the two while not “**inseparable**” remain very close, closer in fact than my sister and my **RM**.

Not to mention **YET AGAIN**, the “**need**” by both **RWR** and King to visit in an attempt to “**discredit**” me with Ms. George back in the mid 1990s, around the time I was visiting with my American **DAAC** head uncle **DG** back in South Africa who a short while later after I “**made certain**” he understood **PERFECTLY WELL** that I was anything but “**naïve**” made a point during an intimate dinner to let my **RM** know that he thought I was “**naïve**” which nonsense my **RM** explained to me immediately thereafter which again was back in 1995, due to my uncle simply having had “**too much to drink**” which of course was my **RM**'s way of saying, “**Watch Out!**”

My **RM** is a genius.

Let me belabor this rather important **point** by first reminding you that I was living at the time in the U.S. but agreed to assist **David Altman**, a South African-American friend who was backed by the **Krok** family of South Africa who was using David's **Made In USA Inc.** to get monies illegally out of South Africa.

While the Krok family despite their many “**ups and downs**” are probably worth well over a billion U.S. dollars they are very much “**small potatoes**” and no where near the top of the **DAAC** pyramid which is why they “**feel the need**” to resort to such pitiful ways around “**the rule of law**”.

As a result of David Altman's very poor financial management of **Made In USA Inc.** which by the way did not result in David enriching himself although of course the connections he made in the U.S. government were priceless including Secretary of Commerce Brown who died shortly after in a plane “accident”, I was left with no choice but to get the new ANC government to help “**cleanse**” all the “**machinations**” by simply “**blessing the deal**” which was to have **SAITEX** [South African International Trade Exhibitionists] [sic] run by a bunch of buffoons to purchase **Made In USA Inc.** while at the same time it would allow me to get “**my arms around**” the extent to which the **DAAC** now had the ANC government just 2 years old, all “**bought and paid for**”.

The day after the ANC government had "**sanctioned**" this nonsense deal I visited with my uncle **DG** in Johannesburg and I began telling my uncle what a "**great job**" I had just done for the Kroks and my uncle, who has the most incredible stutter was doing nothing short of laughing his head off telling me,

"Are you mad?"

Have you gone nuts?

What are you wasting your time let alone your good name doing work for those so crooked and so stupid Kroks who give us Jewish people all over the world such a bad name?

You are naïve" [sic]!

Now you should know that when I was telling him this very truthful story I was not laughing and nor was I smiling but at the moment my uncle spat out the word "**naïve**" I was laughing along with him and for several moments we were both having a good time until my uncle started to feel a little discomfort and then I made a joke, while not smiling, about how his "**boy**" Trevor Manuel, now South Africa's Minister of Finance had done, by sanctioning the nonsense deal, a very good job in continuing to screw up the economy of South Africa as he approved the purchase by **SAITEX** of **Made In U.S.A Inc.** thus making certain not only of the "**limited**" amount of "**foreign capital**" that would **INITIALLY** trickle in South Africa that of course would be "**wethered away**" [sic] by these remnants of the South African Apartheid Regime who were of course being counted on like most successfully South African business people to totally screw up any good business **BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY** the **DAAC** would have people like Trevor Manuel who was back then, again in 1995, South Africa's Minister of Trade and Industry, "**by the short hairs**".

And you know of course, the last thing the **DAAC** want is anyone but them in command and control of South Africa's precious mineral resources, given how this "**money creation**" worldwide institution produce as much foreign and domestic currency as they please with a "**cost of capital**" essentially zero, now for going on more than 100 years.

Genius should be reserved, however, only for those smart enough to not only **KNOW** but how to explain in simple English both "**The Hand of G-d**" as well as "**The Mind of G-d**" who knows best how to "**guide**" each of us to do the right thing and the smart thing which is also the right thing.

Everything leads back to **The Diamond Invention**.

Not to mention you shouldn't have any difficulty figuring the nonsense of **General Electric** officials who gave the **DAAC** much more than a "**free pass**".

Perhaps you could help me think of something more "**riveting**" to get the attention of the Attorney General of the U.S. apart from letting him know how he could personally make an "**untold fortune**" on the "**scrubbing**" Internet business model I was told about recently soon after this **nutcase**, the natural pull of gravity undoubtedly weighing heavily on her asinine behavior, aggravated I strongly suspect by cocaine overindulgence, lashed out of me, believing her out-of-control mind that not only was the wine I was

drinking hers but so was the table she had vacated a good half hour prior when the waitresses at Pacifica, a decent upscale American cuisine restaurant in heavily corrupt and cheap prostitute polluted Del Mar, had me sit at this two person table while removing the woman's unfinished wine glass replacing it with one that I had ordered along with my salad.

What goes around comes around with a vengeance is my slight modification of an expression English speaking people all around the world use often even when not actually voicing such thoughts, deciding to be quiet and let the evildoer "***reap the rewards***" having "***sown their own seeds***".

No longer do you just think of "***Heaven on earth***" but "***hell***" as well, specifically for those who **CHOOSE** because of **GREED** to lie, steal and cheat making it one hell of a time to keep track of their sins from day one that catch up in "***real time***" as the past and the future all come "***to-get-her***" [sic] in the present, the Digital age, with Knowledge-Light-Information traveling at Light-G-d-Speed, a godsend!

Demonstrating my **RM's** literary skills is this "**Fable**" written by my **RM** in **November 1968** soon after she arrived back in South Africa after a quick trip to Greece where her "***cover story***" was to "**protect**" the high-class hooker Jackie O who spread the Kennedy Clap like wildfire, from the media frenzy so carefully orchestrated for the Greek business deal of business deal weddings on the Island of Skorpios on **October 20th 1968** to my **RM's** one client, drug-arms dealer of drug-arms dealer, Aristotle Onassis, my mother simply letting me know,

"When the slut Jackie and I were ONCE in a room together circled by just a handful of men including Ari who was equally nauseated by her presence neither of us had a word to say to each other" [sic]!

If you only read what is highlighted in **green** you will know all that my **RM** ever said as it pertained to what took place on **10/20/68**.

If you don't follow everything including what follows at least when reading it back and forth umpteen times to the point that you thank G-d you are not like the average individual on my email list since for starters I assume you walk to and from work and now adamantly cutting back to zero like me the amount of TV then just keep reminding yourself that while you will find it all possibly a whole lot more than a, "***fascinating read***" surely up there with **Edward Jay Epstein's INTERNET ONLY** most fascinating, no strike fascinating, book, strike book, **The Diamond Invention** while producing worthless-fictitious Diamond Currency, is not the figment of my wild imagination but a very real, heartbreaking fact of life that now has me doing nothing more than "***drawing out***" all those who align themselves with the **DAAC**, the mafia of mafia, so ruthless there is not a word in the English language to describe their rapaciousness as they have torn apart the souls of one time very good and very smart people including the most evil **Democrat Senator Ted Kennedy** who wasn't quite, as this newspaper article suggests, "***drawn to***" the funeral of the American **Charles Englehard** at St. Mary's Abbey church in Morris Town New Jersey back in March 1971, but much more precisely, to let **CE's** murderer Anglo **Harry Oppenheimer** know that he like former **Democrat President Lyndon Johnson** and **Democrat Vice President Humphrey** had got the message "***loud and clear***".

You will also notice after clicking on the “**fable**” hyperlink a hyperlink over the word “**donkey**” that takes you to a photo taken in **1986** around the time Aspartame became part of the mainstream American diet, of my **RM** on the left dressed mostly in red and me on the right, both of us in the foreground holding the “**Blue Donkey**” oil painting I had just purchased, executed rather poorly by mostly sketch artist **Reg Gammon** who you can see in the background.

Not to mention, rather well known in the English western countryside Gammon died a few years later having reached the century mark and no doubt my **RM** is in possession of his most valuable sketches, all “**this**” beginning possibly to explain why people like her “**lucky**” friend, **David Moshal-Gevisser’s** American lawyers weren’t in the least bit interested in what I had to say although of course I never had to open my big mouth given the Letter of Introduction I presented from **DG** that had my **RM’s** “**fingerprints**” throughout.

To mention little of these Bush Street, San Francisco attorneys exclusively interested in meeting my **RM** who I assumed they had all met several times before, certainly I thought when my **RM** visited me in Chicago in early **spring 1980** when there was still plenty of snow on the ground, although you cant see any in this **photo**, just weeks before I joined the **DAAC** on **47th street** in Manhattan where the only job I could tell was to avoid Stephen Cohen, President of Codiam Inc. “**blackening my hands**”.

Sickening my uncle **DG** the most right now, notice his son **Mark Gevisser** in the Cc section, forget for the moment my immediate family who besides for my **RM** didn’t have the foggiest clue about **ALL** the machinations that had been going on “**behind the scenes**” ever since my **RM** “**figured out**” that **DG** was the “**snake**” who had done the “**dirty deed**” on the rest of the Gevisser, but knew that I would likely “**blow it**” if she even hinted, to me especially, leaving no chance of me being able “**clean up**” and “**outfox**” the foxiest of foxiest human beings the world has ever known.

Not to mention my **RM** is not G-d and had “**no hand**” in me becoming deathly ill, returning to South Africa after a handful of months during which time while “**sick as a dog**” I got to do a whole lot more than just meet all the major “**movers and shakers**” of **47th Street** beginning with **Martin Rapaport** of the Rapaport Report who still “**fixes**” wholesale pricing of **Diamond Currency** from Stephen Cohen and Co. while Stephen, I assume, still loves chomping down on his **BLT** sandwich.

If only I had a **miniature** video camera with me as well at the time.

My evil uncle **DG** never saw himself “**ruling over**” the likes of “**small Kingpins**” like Stephen Cohen who live a lifestyle unimaginable to people such as yourself while doing nothing more than money laundering which again today is **SIGNIFICANLTY** less important given how the **DAAC** have laundered G-d knows how many times their worthless-fictitious Diamond Currency.

Putting on a front of being “**money launderers**”, doing nothing more than helping with our corrupt elected and unelected government officials continuing to “**prop up**” the utter nonsense of the Diamond Invention which is all about simply allocating the world’s limited resources and then using wars to cull the human overpopulation so necessary in keeping this most devious invention of man alive forever, is a job I bet you think I could do while looking out the two oversized windows of our magnificent, art filled, **RENTed**

studio cliff house at the most awesome view,, a very athletic woman now running south tailed by a seagull,, now a lightly dressed gentleman, also athletic looking but it is hard to tell since his long jeans obscure what could be a rifle tucked away, now he is turning towards me and taking a photo,, I waved back.

But **DG** has always believed even when I met with him privately in South Africa for the last time again back in 1995, the day after I had met with Trevor Manual that at least **CE**'s attorneys wouldn't "**LET ON**" that they thought nothing of my horribly stuttering uncle who was simply paid very handsomely upon **CE**'s murder back in March 1971 to keep his big filthy ugly mouth shut tight forever or at least until someone such as myself was ready to take over from him.

I am now ready and waiting, "**armed to the teeth**" with Knowledge-Information-Light to take on **DG**, Nicholas Oppenheimer and all their lawyers mostly here in the U.S. who "**rili**" [sic] represent the **DeBeers-Anglo American Cartel**.

As you scroll down the "**donkey**" hyperlink which I will repeat **here** you see me lying down on the rather large **mahogany table** with the painting behind me and a much larger Greek style geometrical watercolor painting to my right and to my left which you cannot see is this **antique** mirror which when again master-spy-traitor **Roger W. Robinson** visited with me accompanied by his bosom buddy and **my** personal American attorney, **Mr. King Golden Jr. Esq.** in February **1991** when **RWR** flew into Los Angeles to celebrate with former **President Ronald W. Reagan** both their birthdays, "**our man Roger**" turning 40 on **February 6th 1991** and our "**Being There**" **President RWR 80**, **Roger W. Robinson** very possibly paid little or no attention to either the paintings which while better than most peoples art which at best serve as poorly matching curtains to go with their furniture or the two pieces of furniture

Not to mention that the table once belonged to my uncle **Joe Ash**, my **RM**'s half-brother who to most observers hasn't always got along that well with my **RM** for reasons that my **RM** "**put down**" to Joe not always treating their mother, **Rachel Ash** all that "**politely**" while my maternal grandmother worshipped the ground that my amazing father "**walked on**".

To mention little of what a great job my **RM** did in making certain that my father never got "**dragged into**" her half-brother's shady deals.

To mention in passing, all "**our man Roger**" could focus on was the thin carpeting and smallness of my two bedroom apartment having been driven in by his "**bosom buddy**" left wing King to no where near one of the better areas of Santa Monica, then finding himself looking at a hard to identify stucco building with a tiny garden in front, a car dealership a stone's throw away that when bouncing off a car traveling down the heavy traffic of Santa Monica, Blvd would end up in a liquor store, so oblivious to my buildings very "**strategic**" location bordering the west side of Los Angeles' up-and-coming entertainment district that would soon house the likes of **MGM**.

My father, Bernie Gevisser, I have made light mention of previously, is very possibly the best business person that has ever walked the planet given how so very logical he is, not in the least bit distracted by all the "**glitz**", able to, "**cut to the chase**" when analyzing any "**situation**" while never coming across either as "**threatening**" or ever feeling the need to be the "**center of attention**", an ideal candidate for the Mossad were it not for the fact

that not only was he too "**good looking**" but with his knowledge of several cockpits he simply needed to be "**protected at all cost**" even if it meant my **RM** seeing to it that my amazing father be "**dirt poor**" but never to the point of being dependant on any of his "**generous**" children who would inevitably "**see the light**", if not now then when next meeting up with our Maker.

Zena Ash Gevisser and Bernie Gevisser were in fact the "**perfect**" match which is why the **DAAC American Charles Engelhard** decided to liquidate **The Moshal Gevisser Group of Companies** rather than "**keep it alive**" although in conjunction with **Sol "Little King" Moshal**, the Managing Director of **Moshal Gevisser** these two most evil men, neither of them having any male heirs, had gone about in the most methodical and painstaking manner running **MGs "in to the ground"**, leaving at the time of the "**forced sale**" back in **1969** only "**dead inventory**" in warehouses **WHILE** the **EXTRAORDINARILY** valuable real properties stood out like "**sore thumbs**".

MGs is how we referred to this awesome trading company that in addition to having the trust of all those who did business with its many "**branches**" owned very valuable assets all over the world that of course were not all reflected on the books.

Not to mention yet again, principally for the benefit of my 3 siblings and father, those many "**real properties**" which were so well **SPOTLIGHTED** not only on the books, handed over at **SIGNIFICANTLY** below market value to **Natie Kirsch**, an "interloper" that was given a "**free pass**" to execute the "**fire sale**" of **MGs** when an auctioneer working for minimum wage and a good meal so long as he could demonstrate that he could open his mouth would have been suffice, **BUT** to "**rub salt in the wound**" so that my amazing father would never know what was "**up or down**".

Former fighter-bomber-pilot Bernard Nathan Gevisser who flew 71 odd miraculous missions dive-bombing the crap out of the Nazi bastards was "**tasked**" with flying **Natie Kirsh's** brother-in-law whose last name is **Katz** related to the cricketer **Bacher**, to do a "**fly over**" of the South African real properties ahead of the most extraordinarily orchestrated "**dirty deal**", certainly in the history of South Africa apart from when lands were stolen from the indigenous peoples by the **DAAC** with the backing of both the British Crown and the British Crown Colonies in the Americas more commonly known these days as the **DAAC** controlled **United States Government**.

Only upon death when the will is read does one begin to find out how honest or crooked is an individual.

My very humble, smart and honest father's honest and wise father, **Israel Issy Gevisser** who never got over the "**premature**" death of my father's beloved mother back on **June 8th 1945**, died on **February 24th 1970**, my 13th birthday was the following month, **March 24th**, my **Barmitzvah** took place the next month, **April 19th 1970**.

I cannot remember much about my Barmitzvah although I do remember well learning well all the Hebrew I needed to sing so that I wouldn't embarrass myself when standing up in front of the most awful, G-d forsaken, heavily corrupt, most evil Jewish congregation on planet Mother Earth.

How I managed to get through it all I, today can only put down to the "**Hand of G-d**" who of course I had totally given up on given how when I looked around this over-the-top

elaborate synagogue without, however, air-conditioning all I could see sitting closest to the Holy Ark and our over-the-top brilliant Professor Rabbi Abner Weiss were the biggest crooks in the world beginning with the Nazi Lazarus clan of Durban North to my left and the criminal of criminal financial engineers of financial engineers to my right who had made it their business-personal to get their tentacles on to the extraordinary assets of **MGs**, that of course both **Charles Engelhard** and **Harry Oppenheimer** would allow.

But not lost for a moment in my thoughts as my amazing father continued to grieve over the loss of his father who was not the “**warmest and fuzziest**” human being on the planet for reasons that became much clearer as my “**education**” about how the “**real world**” works **was** propelled in to “**high gear**” soon after meeting with **David Ben Gurion** when 15, in the fall of 1972, was my **RM** to my left sitting very quietly in the upstairs section next to one of her very few close Jewish female friends, Shifra Weiss, the wife of Rabbi Abner Weiss.

Very possibly my **RM**'s most trusted friend was her one Christian secretary Elizabeth who later moved to Israel and married a “**courier officer**” [sic] in the Israeli Army who I met only once after I believe I saw him watching me deposit monies in my **RM**'s Bank Leumi account.

The presence of my **RM** was always very soothing as you can see when you scroll down [this hyperlink](#), the photo below the words, “**GG learning to fly**” taken of me, a toddler, and my **RM** on the green grass of **Highbury**, a very Gentile elementary boarding school which I attended for a very short period, Highbury a “**prep school**” for **Michael House**, one of the premier if not the premier **WASP** high schools in South Africa from which the **DAAC** recruited, much like Eton College in England, and Andover here in the United States, although it is the Rhodes Scholars that the **DAAC**, “**just can't get enough of**”.

Yes, you should take a very deep breath even though it is “**us**” British people who like “**us**” American masses haven't got close to our “**fair share of the graft**” but whole a lot more than the enslaved peoples of the 3rd world all beginning in earnest back in July 1944 at the **Bretton Woods Conference** where the **DAAC** controlled United States government “**saw fit**” to use British economist John Maynard Keynes to “**convince**” the 730 delegates from 44 nations that the United States was ready at any time to throw its young flesh and blood on any land, sea or beach should any one delegate dare to question either **DAAC** Diamond Currency or the Almighty United States Dollar, G-d forbid anyone bring up how many Nazi fighters took to the air over the beaches of Normandy on D-Day.

Now your mind, if “**firing right**” should drift towards a name you didn't hear all that much about at least until possibly only today, great **Allied Field Marshall Jan Smuts** who my **RM** had to tell me only once “**was a friend of the Jews**”.

Never did Zena Gevisser say “**very good friend**” of the Jews because of how guarded and awfully precise was my mother when referring to the Oppenheimers of DeBeers who she made a point of letting me know on the less than a handful of times I, not she, raised their so awful names, stating very clearly just as you would hear her on her weekly radio show or on [this record](#),

“THEY ARE ANTI-SEMITIC!”

To place such verbiage in its full context you have to know that my mother never considered “**Anti-Semitic**”, a very loud mouth Indian Muslim lady by the name of Fatima Meer who made “**no bones**” about her dislike of “Israel” which we were raised to believe was just a more “**sly English**” way of saying, “**To hell with all the Jews**”.

To further appreciate the thoughtfulness of my **RM** you “**would know**” that her closest and most trusted friends were South African Indian Muslims which begins to explain why she and my father spent two weeks as the private guests of Pandit Nehru when he was Prime Minister of India.

You would of course “**only know**” if following along as closely as the **DAAC** who today thanks to the Digital Age are extraordinarily easy “**to keep track of**” just by how each one of us “**distances**” ourselves from this most evil institution who for more than 100 years have made it their business to “**feed**” and yes “**breed**” internecine fighting as they buy off different **members** of each family that again today is made so very easy to figure out.

The photo contained in the “**Highbury**” hyperlink takes you to a photo taken in **August 1967** where you see me standing, my **RM** to my right and my eldest brother seated wearing his **Michael House** uniform that bears the Christian White Cross.

Time, you would agree that we remove Attorney General of the United States **Robert F. Kennedy**’s White Christian Cross from our sacred Arlington Memorial Cemetery!

My **RM** also didn’t need to mince or waste words when letting me know how she felt about **President John F. Kennedy** calling himself a “**Berliner**” nor her praise towards the Soviets who after liberating Auschwitz on **February 2nd 1945** didn’t spare any effort or waste time exacting their vengeance.

Not to mention how my **RM** then left it up to me as she began to “**tire**” to follow the rest of the “**money trail**” that began 2 days later at the start of the Yalta Conference.

To mention little of each time she mentioned “Camelot” my **RM** knew I would be reminded of the **Nazi** Kennedys.

This **photo** you see in the previous “**sphot**” hyperlink should make you feel at least a little sad and if not then think about my relations in this **spotted** photo who besides for the gentleman standing, Issy Gevisser’s brother, Beryl Abe from whom the other, I am now told are 30% odd Gevisser men have inherited the “**homosexual gene**”, were all murdered by the Nazis and their **DAAC** supporters who today continue to sit in the “**pound seats**”.

Not to forget the butchering of the children of the two children you see standing with the two adults in front of our **42. B. Geviseris 42** shop in Vilnius, Lithuania.

The last words I had with my mother which I think were just over a year ago although it could be two, were her asking me when simply suggesting that she read, **THE DIAMOND INVENTION**, “**Are you not afraid for your life?**” while not sounding in the least bit “**convincing**”.

Again, I could compute rather well so long as I felt my mother was “**well**”.

Back on **October 9th, 2001** my **RM** was still very much “**on top of her game**” when it looked to most even **UNTIL RIGHT NOW** that she had to have “**lost her mind**” but I think even you should at some point be able to understand the “**method to my RM’s madness**” even if she were to “**protest differently**”.

5 odd years ago my **RM** had already figured out while relatively slow to “**embrace**” the Internet compared to my generation but much faster than those of her generation, that it was now a very different world where her one terrific expression, “**I only debate people who agree with me!**” holds no water.

There was nothing for my **RM** to be gained by remaining silent **KNOWING** perfectly well that no one other than me was likely to “**pick up**” on her extraordinary connections to Israeli intelligence as she went about “**making light**” of not only her and her paternal grandmother’s involvement which began well before Israel’s War of Independence in 1948 but of all the other “jovial” stuff she mentions including the one joke she had to repeat to me twice.

Quite “**a read**” those 3 very brilliantly crafted pages that end, “**Keep Smiling**”.

I was small at age **10** but in addition to listening very well, my **RM** only having to tell me again, just once in order for me to “**get it**” given how much I trusted most of all her over-the-top logic that was always presented in the most unassuming and quiet manner unless she was venting about “**fixing**” someone which again I figured out very early on was only to serve as a distraction for both my 3 siblings and most of all our father who by the time I began speaking in **1960** at age 3, when President-elect **JFK** was meeting with the “**Anti-Semite**” **Harry Oppenheimer**, my dad had become totally “**non-confrontational**”.

To repeat the words of wisdom of my 51% partner **Marie Dion Gevisser**,

Being non-confrontational is no excuse for bad judgment!

MDG who for good reason thinks both my parents are “nuts”, principally, I think, because she thinks they think they can get away with calling me “nuts” recently said that I am a, “**blend of your father and mother!**” which I know was intended to be complimentary, although my “**secret weapon**” wife only knows what I and they have told her while her incredible G-d gifted mind can inevitably figure it all out

Zena Rosland Ash Gevisser Zulman’s decision on **October 9th 2001** to what should no longer appear to most reading very carefully my analysis of her 3 page **LIFE STORY**, anything but “**blowing her lid**”, rather to let me know, “**full steam ahead!**”

October 8th 2001 was a very **SIGNIFICANT** day for me which very likely “**triggered**” my **RM**’s decision to “**pull the trigger**” the following day after I recounted to her a “**strategy meeting**” [first click on “**October 8th**” hyperlink and then the hyperlink over “**2001**”] in the conference room next to the Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of **Arden Realty** that was acquired by **GE Capital** in May of this year, **Chairman Dick Ziman** and his two lieutenants no longer with Arden that was a rather significant New York Stock Exchange **Real Estate Investment Trust**.

Not to mention that Ziman was also Chairman of the Board of **Wetherly Capital Group** who masterminded the “**voter fraud**” in the California Gubernatorial elections the following year in **November 2002**.

To mention little of my wife’s will that I had her witnessed back on **January 3rd 2002** by a neighbor attorney following two “**greasing of the wheels**” meetings, ten minutes apart, on **December 28th 2001**, the first included the Governor of California and the most senior executives of Vivendi Environmental as well as Joe Campos, a “**renter**” of **WCG** and the second just the Governor, **Joe Campos** and my close colleague Dr. Rod Smith of the Waterstragist.com.

To mention in passing this “**boomerang-knuckleball**” email I sent the lawyer for the **WCG** on **July 25th 2002** at **8:45 PM** some **195** odd minutes after **William H. Jackson Esq.**, a Stanford Law School graduate emailed me at **5:30 PM** letting me know that he had got my email sent earlier in the day, some **185** odd minutes before he responded; my email of **July 25th 2:25 PM** in response to both a FEDEX overnight package along with a fax Mr. Jackson Esq. had sent me some **110 days prior**.

Worth also mentioning that when the **FEDEX** package arrived at what we call **The Cave** on **April 4th 2002** I was on the phone with Mr. **JRK**, the two of us “*playing pong*” wondering how much, **WCG**, **Burkle**, **Ziman**, **Vivendi**, **Governor Gray Davis**, the **DAAC Democratic Party**, the **DAAC Republican Party** etc etc would be willing to settle with me before I would make all my findings **PUBLIC**.

FOOLS NAMES, FOOLS FACES IN PUBLIC PLACES.

William H. Jackson’s cover letter which you can just make out by clicking on this hyperlink contained verbiage suggestive that I did **NOT** have a “*consummated*” consulting agreement with **WCG**.

For “sum” [sic] reason the two managing directors of **WCG**, Ms. Vicky Schiff with whom I also had a “side agreement”² and Mr. Dan Weinstein, failed to mention that not only did I have a signed consulting agreement containing both their signatures but **WCG** had executed perfectly under the consulting agreement, so much so that they not only paid me my monthly retainer but later issued me a 1099 Federal Tax income form that contained precisely the amounts paid to me not only under the “executed” consulting agreement but for the pre-consulting consulting agreement when Mr. Dan Weinstein under the most ginormous “**dark cloud**” following a conference call with **Indian Gaming Tribal Chiefs** had called upon my unique and universal “**risk assessment**” services, agreeing to pay me my highly discounted consulting rate of \$700 an hour, that entire assignment lasting all of 4 hours when I kept repeating to him over the phone,

“BE QUIET”.

Inevitably Mr. Weinstein took my advice as well as that of Ms. Schiff and also decided to hire me to “**spearhead**” the **California Agricultural Partners** which brought me into “*close contact*” with both Joe Campos and Dr. Rod Smith.

² 10% of all her future gross earnings.

When clicking on to the “os” hyperlink above you will come across a document that I think you would agree is “**very interesting**” beginning with the date **February 8th 2002** given how in **Mr. Jackson Esq.**’s nonsense cover letter he also mentions that my “**services**” were “**terminated**” by the **WCG** on **January 15th 2002**.

Not to mention the most extraordinary wording for the reasoning of such “termination”:

Because the Gevisser Group objected to the confidentiality provisions of the proposed consulting agreement.

To mention little of that so very important meeting some 3 weeks later on **February 8th 2002** where I came away with a whole bunch of irrefutable “**smoking gun proof**” of corruption at the highest levels of the Democratic Party, all took place, once again in the same conference room where I met for the first time Dick Ziman and his two lieutenants back on **October 8th 2001**.

You would know if following current events in the United States that apart from all the chatter on the airwaves about “**lawsuits**” and this 20 foot high 700 mile border fence to prevent Mexican intellectual midgets who I have yet to meet, 19 feet tall, from figuring out a way if not in possession of a tall ladder to either tunnel down or get their corrupt government to no longer accept worthless-fictitious DeBeers-Dollars, not to forget all the distraction petty crime talk and that person upset with his neighbor who pissed off decided while walking her dog to drop her pee on the neighbor’s green lawn in the form of **MDG’s IN-FINITY**, the big story is Burkle, currently in the running to purchase the Los Angeles Times newspaper.

[Word count 11,098]

From: Catherine Blundell - Catherine.Blundell@risdonhosegood.com
Sent: Monday, November 13, 2006 3:16 AM
To: Gary S. Gevisser
Subject: Lease - Seacrest Quay West[Scanned]

Dear Mr Gevisser

In order to remit the funds to your Bank can you please let me know the address of the branch of Bank of America where your account is held I will then arrange to remit the funds.

Yours sincerely

Alan Byrne
Risdon Hosegood

From: Catherine Blundell – Risdon Hosegood
Sent: Thursday, November 16, 2006 8:59 AM
To: Gary S. Gevisser
Subject: Lease - Sea Quay West, Minehead[Scanned]

Dear Mr Gevisser

I refer to my email dated 13 November 2006. Can you please let me know the address of the branch of Bank of America where your account is held so that I can remit the funds.

Alan Byrne

Risdon Hosegood