

From: GaryStevenGevisser <garystevengevisser@gmail.com>
Subject: Ask me your questions
Date: July 20, 2016 at 4:20 PM
To:



—Original message—

From: GaryStevenGevisser <garystevengevisser@gmail.com>
Subject: Ask me your questions
Date: January 14, 2016 at 10:32:02 PM GMT+2
To: Neil Gevisser <rhymedisease@earthlink.net>, Neil Gevisser Gevisser <neil@rhymedisease.com>, Kathy Gevisser-Danziger Kathy danziger <dkdanz@bigpond.net.au>, Melvin Gevisser <mgevisser@sbcglobal.net>
Cc: mariedion1 Gevisser <mariedion1@gmail.com>

My goal is to do my best to see to it that mom gets the best care.

Alan Zulman is a sick puppy.

He is egocentric, the human peacock that needs everyone to pay attention to him. He is nice so long as you are paying attention and needing of him. He needs admiration like anyone who is unaccomplished; oops that is most of the world.

The previous 2 paragraphs is something the 3 of you know, all too well other than the “Oops” and what followed.

Were we on speaking terms, Alan Zulman would be left alone to die in the most miserable pain, while calling upon the corrupt medical doctors to speed up the administering of the deadly morphine.

Since we are not, I am left to do my best to get the 3 of you, who are very different to begin with, plus you each have different agendas given your differing wealth and most importantly the relative unhealthiness of your bodies, to come to your senses.

No one can deny that there are few if any of my biological age who are as healthy as me; and that can also be seen in how well my brain muscle works.

Mom’s smile started out gentle, but so very personally welcoming; and then she smiled her usual most genuine smile that I have only seen directed towards me; quite different to how in mid-2014 she began to grit her teeth when she saw you Neil rambling on about nothing at the video taped launch of your book, which followed by 4 months the publication in February 2014 of Mark Gevisser’s atrocious LOST AND FOUND IN JOHANNESBURG where there is no tribute, because there was no mention of the torture-murder of his close cousin and my classmate, Sandra Moshal Jacobson [1957-1997]; so conspicuously absent; and you recall her half naked body found in the trunk of her car in Johannesburg in late October 1997.

You all know that I am today the only person alive who knew Sandra and would enjoy her being alive; the rest quite content that her torture execution was the best thing to keep quiet anyone else thinking of speaking out.

Mom got an honorable mention in LOST IN FOUND IN JOHANNESBURG which centers around the brutal home invasion that the pig





Mark Gevisser experienced in January 2012. [If I get a few dates wrong, you will forgive [me] because I have been doing a lot of driving today in the Golan Heights where we experienced the worst fog I have ever driven in; and of course we passed by a multiple car pileup.]

Right before beginning writing to the 3 of you, I replied to an AirBnb host who declined our request because she has a NO DOG policy.

It reads:

Thank you for the referral.

Tonight we are staying at X X in Amirim.

Tomorrow is another story :)

Here is one that I shared with a host on Airbnb whose messages to me were not getting through and it looked like my only course of action, outside of getting Airbnb involved who don't like controversy when it looks like a host is "lying through their teeth" as we experienced on a houseboat in Amsterdam back in the fall of 2014, was to bring "public international attention".

My message reads:

I'm glad that got sorted out. I also had trouble writing to you from my regular computer. It is very strange, but there is a reason for everything including that we should be more mobile and less attached to material possessions like cars which without it is very difficult to get about. It all comes down to the overpopulation problem that [can] be easily resolved if people learned how to think :)

We are in the Arab-Druze village of "Mas Ada" [sic] and heading to Tel Dan Reserve but with the weather I'm not sure we will be hiking and then making our way to you.

It has been a great trip including the unexpected visit to The Upper Galilee Museum of Prehistory where those from 780,000 BCE got the aesthetic perfect with their stone axes well ahead of Plato who saw that to be wise one had to be just and the aesthetic-beauty was a part of it; not to mention, nothing worse than a blunt ax story; to mention little of yesterday I visited with my very sharp 86 year old mother who I hadn't seen in more than 14 years, and her 2nd husband who I hadn't also seen in that time period, when greeting me warned me that my mother was suffering from advanced dementia only because he needed convincing himself that he was up to no good; to mention in passing, God has

already punished him for his dirty deeds with advanced cancer of the bladder and kidneys :)

The genius design of the system is that what goes around in this lifetime with a vengeance occurs just as perfect in the afterlife :)

12 minutes later, at 5:15 PM Israel time, I followed up:

Those 275 words including the 3 smiley faces, were I to begin publishing them the way I had the Jerusalem Post publish, beginning on Feb 1. 2001 my first of four letters to the editor, it would shake up not only my 3 elder siblings to the point that they would have the greatest difficulty showing their face in public, but all those not doing the right thing because of the so growth stunting inheritance laws.

BTW, the first sentence of my first letter to Jerusalem Post's editors read:

The pardon of Marc Rich eliminated not only an opportunity of justice being served but it would have allowed the public to view the role that oil brokers play in furthering terrorism.

Not to mention those 32 words continue to send shockwaves throughout the world.

To mention little of there is a reason why it is that everyone who reads those words including each member of the Israeli Knesset goes into instant shock as their bodies continuing rocking back and forth as you see a great many before the Western-Wailing Wall.

To mention in passing, when you get the most religious to stop talking so you have the beginning of everlasting peace and quiet :)

You will recall that on June 7, 2006, 10 months after Alan terminated the flow of the rental income from my bachelor apartment in Cape Town from reaching dad, my French-Canadian wife Marie Dion who is resting comfortably with Mango on the bed in this rather cozy spa house that features a very warm, and efficient wood burning stove and jacuzzi, wrote dad the most brilliant supportive letter, and copied all 3 of you.

The 3 of you did nothing other than speak your silence. Your common sense hadn't kicked in or by that time you had cozied up to Zulman, who made the mistake of disconnecting both the phone and answering machine at the apartment in Netanya after I called last night to find out how the so important doctors visit had gone yesterday.

Dad, of course was much smarter than the 3 of you ever gave him credit for because you made the mistake, like most, of judging a book by its cover.

When did it occur to you that dad could have become financially independent long before Mark Gevisser's father stole dad's birthright?

You would know what a spectacular writer dad was just by his entries in his 2 logbooks from World War II.

No Fighter Bomber Pilot of WW II has ever penned anything like what dad was capable of doing.

Today, dad's two logbooks sit in a fireproof but unlocked safe in our rock cabin in the forest. It is my hope that if anyone gets through the recently installed double "failsafe" security system, will first open the safe and come to the realization that the contents are worthless, and would leave the safe alone so that were a fire to later burn down the cabin, then the logbooks might survive; and if not, what is

so that were a fire to later burn down the cabin, then the logbooks might survive, and if not, what is meant to be is meant to be.

Dad did not live to see the publication of the extraordinarily incriminating LOST AND FOUND IN JOHANNESBURG, but he did read David Gevisser's 2006 autobiography, THE UNLIKELY FORESTER that got published after those responsible for Sandra's horrible execution promoted the cover story which the South Africa media first published on September 5, 2006, the same day that Putin met with virulent anti-Semite and anti-Israel Nicholas Oppenheimer who you recall from my many speeches was born on the same day that our paternal grandmother Kate Sher Gevisser died, June 8, 1945.

Neil remembers well how dad joined us when we went to visit the restaurant-bar of Kerry Anderson's aunt who was "shacked up" with a German man who was running the bar, and it is not because we had a photo taken as a reminder, and which I still have. All 3 of us knew that there was a distinct possibility that physical violence could have resulted if what Kerry had told us was true; namely that she believed that this German man had something to do with the boating death of the husband-boyfriend of the aunt as this German man and the boyfriend-husband were out alone on the yacht when the "convenient accident" occurred and the next thing he was not only "shacked up" with the aunt but you all 3 know enough about the bar business without being alcoholics that the profitability of the bar drives everything including the future lease negotiations with the owner of the master-lease.

Both dad and Neil left it up to me to "take the lead", and nor was I willing to accept Kerry's story as compelling as it sounded; and it turned out that Kerry was "dead wrong" which is not to say that the German man turned out to be a mensch given how so few exist.

That is to tell you, I have not changed; and I am not "jumping the gun" now. Time, however, is fast running out for mom.

Alan Zulman has been "caught red handed" and knows perfectly well that I didn't buy this bullshit dementia story.

For sure the slave maid is complicit.

Not to act, is to act.

You could sell this one to Hollywood.

All that mom has going for her is God.

For her to have survived this long and without her best friend at her side these past 14 years is a miracle.

Zulman showed little patience towards mom, and that has to be increasing as he is dying.

What the 3 of you have yet to learn about human nature, business, wills, money etc I have long forgotten, and you would also know that I have the best memory of anyone you know, if not alive; and that is because I do not lie. Few if any adult can say the same thing.

Once when I was 10 and quite certain from the dinner table conversation that dad was going to be flying in the upcoming 6 Day War and it wasn't going to be a secret with dad suddenly disappearing, I made passing mention of it to a friend who told his parents who then questioned mom who ever so lightly scolded me because I was not yet into abstract age; and she knew that the fault was hers for allowing such frank conversation around the mahogany dining room table which is currently in storage where it has been for most of the past 38 years; if only the wood could talk.

When dad wrote on March 11, 2009, "I suggest you ask my youngest son Gary" - [CLICK HERE](#) - in answer to the question why our family didn't leave South African when the DeBeers Apartheid Regime came to power in 1948, it was because he knew I was the best person to provide the answer; he was also sending the clearest message of who was to be the most trusted.

Such a very important question should be asked of every Jewish South Africa alive at the time as well as those born since, and if they haven't thought to ask themselves that question, it does not mean they are wise.

THE UNLIKELY FORESTER had either mom's or God's hand written all over it.

How easy it would have been for dad, were it not for his pride and knowing that he would be interfering with me exposing David Gevisser and all the rest of the world's hypocrites, to have called David Gevisser and resolved all the outstanding issues of his birthright being stolen; and for dad agreeing to remain silent, horrible stutterer David Gevisser would have agreed to a king's ransom.

David Gevisser died the following month.

Given how I knew it would take a miracle for me to see mom again, I had begun writing mom a long letter which I planned to mail both to Wive and Natanya but I never got to finish it with all that has been going on; and in it I provide the type of dialogue that dad could have had with his bastard first cousin David Gevisser which would have scared the living daylights out of all those who profited from dad's lifetime "blackballing" following Natie Kirsh "closing shop" in 1970.

Now it is obvious that mom would never have seen that letter.

As sick puppy Zulman hurried us out of the apartment, mom squeezed my hand and said, "Ask me your questions!"

It is highly unlikely I will ever see my mother again; and the shame is as much yours as it is Zulman's, but more so you because he is not family.

"Ask me your questions!"

That is perfect Zena Gevisser, still very much on top of her game.

How many parents today teach their young kids to question?

Can you think of any parent alive today speaking to their adult child, asking knowing that she may never see them again, "Ask me your questions!"?

I am ready to be polygraphed; what about the 3 of you?

Mom couldn't have married anyone who was more the exact opposite of her than so insecure Zulman.

Mom and dad were the perfect couple other than of course Marie and me, and which mom could see perfectly with her perfect mind that was helped by her good eyesight which she let me know about both, by how quickly and carefully she studied most beautiful eyed Mango who Zulman felt the need to make the joke when first seeing such perfect in every respect most well behaved Mango, by saying that mom's two poodles were named, Banana and Pineapple; bearing in mind, that Zulman had first greeted me with the heart-wrenching mind-body-soul words, "I just want to warn you that your mother

is now in the advanced stages dementia; she doesn't really know what is going on".

You must of course know that it is almost a certainty that of yesterday when Marie, Mango and I - and Mango now is making sounds that we have never heard before, and boy can he make sounds that come from another universe altogether - mom would outlive Alan who did the most obscene act when co-opting-corrupting the slave maid who he had coached when I first left the apartment to get Marie and Mango who were waiting in the car and also never expecting in a million years that I would actually be visiting with mom; and the maid piping in about 20 seconds after Zulman suddenly announced as he saw all the very coherent interaction that included mom reading and smiling throughout a letter I brought along which she had sent me back on December 2, 1986, "We have to leave in 5 minutes because we have doctors' appointments"; and again the Israeli maid's words, "We have to leave now!".

Not to mention, as our very quick reader mother read every word, I asked her, "Do you remember it?" Her quick response, "Of course, I wrote it!"

Imagine the racist of racist Zulman who sees anyone of either dark brown skin or coming from the working poor, allowing a "nothing" to "forget her place".

The maid must have been shocked to her core to have Zulman coaching her, unless there is something going on between Zulman and the maid that "doesn't meet the eye".

No slave that Zulman employs should be assumed to be incorruptible. The fact that it is standard operating procedure throughout the world to take advantage of the hardworking poor, will never make it right.

You all of course have done the evaluations of mom and Zulman's holdings, not just the valuable real estate in England and Israel but the dealings with the sellout Deborah Sturman Esq. who also of course has not forgotten her last communication to me in the summer of 2004, right before I broke my 24 year silence with DeBeers when she asked why I was pissed at her colleagues in crime, liar-lawyers Melvyn Weiss and Bill Lerach whose business of course you are only just now beginning to learn about.

Again, all 3 of you are a fish out of water compared to me who learned well my listens from both mom and dad not to "speak to speak".

Of course when mom invited me and Marie without mentioning Mango to come and live with her in the apartment, "This is your home" she was also letting me know that I was the most deserving, and which of course a reasonable person when given all the facts, would agree.

Do not worry, I will not contest either Alan or mom's will, because the fate of all the lost souls has long been written.

Everyone who takes one look at Mango and how far more than human are his eyes and mannerisms says, "I want to come back as Mango". He was as quiet as a mouse as Zulman held both poodles, who are twice the size of so happy and peaceful Mango, for protection throughout this most stressful period for him in particular, and he only told us when we were all leaving after only a 10 minute meeting after mom hadn't seen her favorite child in more than 14 years, that he was fast dying of bladder and kidney cancer which of course the chemo treatment which is the favorite choice of the money hungry doctors will only speed up.

Again, I just want to know what you know about Alan and mom's health condition and to find the best possible care for mom which should be left in the hands of someone who genuinely loves her; certainly no co-opted slave maid

certainly no accepted slave material.

Mom would be the first to tell each of the 3 of you, that her preference would be me and Marie because not only would she get the greatest care, but she would have the time of her life!

But nor do I have a problem knowing that you are all “on notice” for taking care of mom yourselves, but NOT your significant others or other “designated hitters”.

This is a family matter that must be taken care of by family.

Our mother is one of the greatest living persons, if not the greatest, on the planet once our amazing father took his last breath on August 27, 2012. They should rest side by side.

The photo of mom and dad with Pandit Nehru that rests on uncle Joe’s antique sideboard says everything about everything.

All the other photos adorning that rather ornate sideboard which we all grew up with, the same with the mahogany entrance hall table that has travelled quite a distance since its parts were logged a century or so back, when all added together along with all their stories, don’t come close that 2 week visit with Nehru.

No one living on the planet at the time could boast of such an occasion which is to tell you how 6 decades later its great importance has also never been lost on Zulman, and nor would he have dared to ask mom to remove it from the sideboard.

O did mom show her great sense of humor which was all lost on Zulman as we all squeezed into the elevator as she began in her very quiet manner, “Let him in”, letting Zulman know to be careful with her dogs. But dying Zulman was not so swift, and mom had to take charge, “Give me my dogs, I don’t want them being squooshed by the door, but I don’t care if you do.”

Yes, I have it and more all on video.

Mom wasn’t being mean, she was being her usual self very funny; but Zulman couldn’t take it.

Alan is sick.

You have to question his judgement about our mother.

Have you thought what will happen to mom, even though she has a maid?

To reiterate, Zulman is ill-equipped to make decisions for mom, and unless you are taking pills and under the misguided care of medical doctors you know they can be trusted as far as they can be thrown.

Again, take a look at both my and Marie’s bodies, and then blow your minds completely when you consider that Mango also has our healthy vegetarian diet that is far from perfect, thus telling you how much more we know we can improve.

Without knowing that Zulman is deathly ill, I made comment that he has stayed thin, but of course he is as frail as a weak twig.

So have you talked through with mom or Zulman, knowing that he is currently not the best person to be taking care of mom?

You also have to be intellectually honest with yourselves knowing that in supporting Zulman's refusal for me to see my mother these past 14 years, you have not contributed towards the health and happiness of mom; and she has reason to question your sincerity because in fact mom, despite her best efforts, has never got along well with the 3 of you.

So let's start with you Neil. It is not an accomplishment to have missed the boat when attacking a decoy; namely the Apartheid Regime when falling short like Deborah Sturman in going after DeBeers who you write in THE TYRANNY OF TRUST is an "unproven assertion" that they facilitated the arming of Nazi Germany which was so bizarrely mentioned and having nothing to do with your fiction story other than the cover where it looks like you are trying to ingratiate yourself with DeBeers.

If you weren't trying to cozy up to DeBeers and its publishers like Simon & Schuster than you showed that you had [read] the irrefutable The Diamond Invention book and were attacking me and Marie, given how we remain alone the only credible people exposing their crimes against humanity.

People like Alan Zulman who you hated from the time you started working for him soon after completing your military service in the Apartheid Regime's military, because you felt he exploited the slaves in his clothing company, made excuses for their racist behavior that afforded them their king lifestyle.

To be clear, without you missing the transparent boat of DeBeers also responsible for turning back the St. Louis, people like Zulman would be broke, and that would include each and every Jewish as well as non-Jewish captain of industry throughout the world; and the very rich of Israel driving around in their brand new Ferraris no different; to mention little of the most ugly concrete urban jungles spread throughout Israel and the unfathomable electricity monstrosity bordering most beautiful Caesarea, so telling of all that appears to be hopelessly wrong with Israel, but which can all be reversed in the next instant were the people ready to listen to common sense; and that just requires a miracle that I see in the making.

If Zulman didn't have money it would be a very different story and that is one of the reasons he has been keeping me away; and the jealousy.

My mother loves me. It is jealousy that we all see. When I am around, mom pays no attention to him.

Upon entering the apartment for the first time after Zulman answered the intercom and let me in because he was not only caught off guard, but he knew that mom could hear my voice because she was seated in the chair that you see now up on my Facebook wall, Zulman whispered [again], "I just want to warn you that your mother is now in the advanced stages dementia; she doesn't really know what is going on".

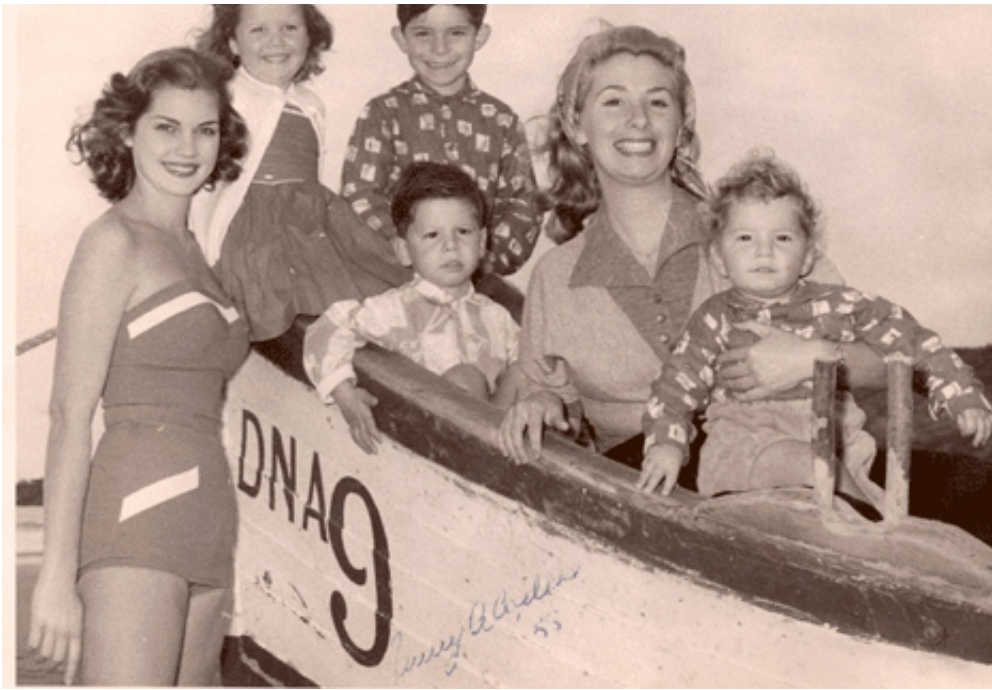
It is on each of your conscience since he spoke those sick words should anything bad befall mom. Not that Zulman is capable of pushing mom down the stairs because there is an elevator.

A sense of humor is what makes us human, not the size of the brain which has gone up and down since the beginning of time; and it is true the Jewish joke, man makes plans, and God laughs.

Only God is capable of creating such an unimaginable crime, at the same time offering a solution for all 4 of us to come together to give mom the best time of her life which was when she was young and happy, and in the loving arms of her beloved father, granddad Al who knew that only God could be responsible for mom and dad getting together, the match made in heaven.

And yes mom was happy in this photo





with me in her arms, and the 3 of you too young to know what it meant to mom knowing that it took 8 miscarriages after Melvin before I came along.

We were told that this is the first photo ever taken of a dog



next the most incredible discovery of a dog buried with a woman going back more than 10,000 years that was discovered here in Israel and which we saw at the The Upper Galilee Museum of Prehistory - [CLICK HERE](#).

We have to always live in the reality of this ugly, overpopulated world which is in stark contrast with the beauty of the mystical world that the religious don't have a clue about otherwise they would be better people; and there is not one amongst them who is even capable of logical thought, so how can they possibly be good; beginning with why you don't find a single rabbi questioning the world's leaders how it could be that the victors of WW II didn't protect the survivors of the Holocaust by ensuring that no Jewish person ever had to defend the fledgling State of Israel when Ben-Gurion declared Jewish Statehood on May 14, 1948, by letting the Arab armies know that they would be wiped out in the very next instant if they too didn't make the right moral choice.

But without the wars we wouldn't know how ugly is the human in his illogical thinking, worse in fact than its enjoyment of the financial profits that come from backing all sides to war where the weapon manufacturers cannot lose.

The medical doctors cannot be stopped from wanting a slice of the pie that mom suffers from dementia, at least not at the very moment, unless of course mom has been doped up.

I don't have to destroy Zulman, it is all happening on its own accord.

Someone else is taking care of it and since you 3 have decided to be mom's caregiver even if you haven't actively solicited such a promotion of your dull and boring lives, you are complicit.

All you need do is read dad's will from the very beginning, not from the end as he knew you would, and you would know dad too is getting his comeuppance.

It is highly unlikely mom has ever been close to as happy in any of your presence as she was in mine; and yes again, boy was she taken by the beauty of Mango's eyes but she kept looking at totally beautiful, totally vivacious Marie and thinking to herself what it must feel like to be so well put together, the body parts, perfectly proportional, and those long, straight, perfect shaped legs, the face to die for, and then a look of total togetherness, at the same [time] so comfortable.

But of course Marie knows all too well the history, beginning with her letter to dad [June 7, 2006] and copying all 3 of you who were in fact the target of the "wake up call" for having been so lame in coming to the aid of dad and it wasn't enough that his birthright was stolen from those you cozy up to, but that Zulman who controlled the purse strings would take away dad's one independent source of income when going along with Alan Zulman's theft of my property and the accompanying rental income.

Did you really expect dad to say to you, "How can you be so quiet; do you not remember the asset stripping of Moshal Gevisser?"

The bible talks of a great many despicable acts of the family. The fact that nothing has changed, only makes the Creator of such telling stories, the same with the writings of Plato that much more ingenious beyond words.

How can we let a moment like this go by to make the world begin to think differently?

There has been lots of talk about bad happening when the good people go silent. I have done everything within my power not to let this opportunity to come together, slip by.

My conscience is clear

my conscience is clear.

No, I never brought up any of the dirty laundry because of course mom would have felt the need to assist now totally defenseless Zulman who doesn't need to be reminded of his death sentence for his despicable behavior in leading the attack against dad all because of his own insecurity for having been done down by his best friend Abe Dubin who was equally complicit with the entire Durban Jewish community in the blackballing of dad following the theft of that most valuable birthright which for the first time you get a sense of how much dad "left on the table" from his ingenious will of November 7, 2007.

Dad ends on the joyful note of how much fun he had with us as kids, but of course he doesn't mention why he and mom felt the need to send you Neil to boarding school at age 7. Yes, the State of Israel and its security came before family.

You know the old story of the bullied quickly becoming the bully at the first opportunity.

How weak is Melvin so needy in his seeking bunches of Facebook "friends" and the worst to grovel publicly before the coward J. Essakow, to make up for his poor choice in a disaster wife who mom certainly hasn't forgotten Melvin's admonition when mom asked him "point bland" [sic] when he told her that he was going to marry that miserable specimen, "I chose someone who was the complete opposite of you".

You all know that mom didn't cry much as she left those moments of despair which she felt when her father died to very important moments; and she wept at Melvin's gut-wrenching, so disappointing words, and the first person she told was me, because she was closest to me both in build and intellect, and our minds were at one yesterday.

Of course I remain "floating high" from being able to touch and communicate with mom as if no time had passed.

Yes, all these years, Zulman's egregious actions, have eaten him up alive.

The world has begun to turn in a different direction, following my miracle meeting with mom.

Again who would have thought that I would ever get to see my most beautiful and brilliant mother alive and so very on top of her game, and you know perfectly that just like I was not invited to dad's funeral I wouldn't have been invited to this one.

And yes mom and I covered both our deaths sufficiently.

So convenient this dementia diagnosis that of course mom would prefer does not get out because you know how people talk and they will all assume that mom does have dementia.

Nor can anything really be private even if one removes God from the equation.

It is all very public since you have so publicly dissed me, as you cozy up to my enemies when not encouraging those you don't know to keep at it.

If you want to bring the medical doctors into it, then let's start with Barry Molk MD, but for him to do the right thing I should be there and it should be videotaped, and if it is different to my videos then of course we will know that mom has been doped up.

You are guilty of murdering not only our mother but the history that she will take to her grave, by not doing the right thing.

--- u --- u --- u

Let's do the right thing.

Gary