

## A Righteous Man in a Crazy World



By Anna Von Reitz

Did you ever play the game "You Can't See Me?" as a child? Essentially, if certain conditions were met, the players all agreed to pretend that the other players were invisible. For example, if you reached the sidewalk in front of your house, you were "safe" and could do anything you liked, and the other players couldn't see you.

This is the game the rats have been playing for decades. This is the reason that at certain points in court processes, the attorneys and judges all fell silent. They couldn't see or hear you, because according to the rules of their game, you were "dead".

I know this sounds crazy. I know that the idea of grown men and women doing something like this is at least very odd, but that's the way it is.

They have been deliberately misinterpreting your Trade Name as a Foreign Situs Trust, then seizing the Foreign Situs Trust as a salvaged "vessel" and converting it into an ESTATE belonging to unknown parties "missing, presumed lost at sea". And therein lies their whole excuse for pretending that you aren't actually standing in their courtroom---- their own deliberate falsification of the evidence in the public record allows them to play this game.

Most recently, they have tried to bankrupt your imaginary ESTATE and establish Public Transmitting Utilities named after you, instead.

They have been playing other "mind games" as well. Let's give some examples. If I were to write you a letter, the established convention would be to begin by writing the date in the upper right hand corner and using the form January 6, 2017 ----for example.

But.... what happens if I write it in a different place (say, the upper left corner of the page) or use a different form to symbolize the date?

6 January 2017.....

06/01/2017.....

6/1/2017.....

6/1/17.....

Jan. 6, 2017.....

JAN 6, 2017....

01/06/2017.....

1/6/2017.....

1/6/17.....

January 6, 2017.....

January 6th, 2017.....

6th January 2017.....

Sixth January 2017.....

January Sixth 2017.....

January Sixth Two Thousand Seventeen....

January the Sixth Two Thousand and Seventeen.....

The Sixth day of January 2017

This 6th Day of January Two Thousand and Seventeen.....

Well, I could go on, but you get the idea, right?

How about this all-too familiar situation?

The land parcel located at Township 4 North, Range 10 West of Albion County, Illinois, beginning at the Northwest Corner of the intersection of Elizabeth and Wescester Roads Plat 12-1198, page 2A and running 30' 4" SSW 336 lineal feet to....

Otherwise described as the North 1/2 of the SW 1/4 of Township 4 North Range 10 West.....

Otherwise described as Lots 10,11,12 of Block 6 in the Elmwood Subdivision of the Lexington Meridian, Elmhurst, Illinois.....

Otherwise described as 1112 Elmhurst Drive.....

Otherwise described as.....

Each one of these "descriptions" are copyrighted conventions of one or another level of government or organization that you are presumed to belong to, each one staking a claim on what is supposed to be your land.

The possibilities for confusion and false claims and abuses are potentially endless in such a situation.

Enter Russell-Jay:Gould, a righteous man in a crazy situation. What to do?

As a young man (he is still a young man from my perspective, of course) Russell found himself being targeted by the organizations perpetuating these abuses and making these false claims and presumptions; his only sin was standing up for himself, for his own name, and his own assets, but since his claim to be his own man and in control of his own property was a threat to this System of things, he was put under heavy fire from the local, state, and federal authorities promoting his enslavement.

Please understand--- Russell was on no crusade and he wasn't interested in glomming on to anybody else's stuff. He just wanted to protect his own.

Arduously, painfully, by a process of research and thought and trial and error, at great risk and at the cost of great suffering---- Russell figured out what the vermin were doing. And he then used their own system against them.

How?

He created his own world, his own corporation, and his own naming conventions for everything, starting with his own name. He left "Russell Jay Gould" in their clutches and copyrighted his own rendition of it: Russell-Jay:Gould. This created a separation between "their" Person and his Person.

They could no longer see him, by the same rules they used to separate him from his lawful Trade Name. He became invisible.

He not only adopted a new Trade Name, he adopted a new form of name via the punctuation. And then he copyrighted that unique style of punctuating a name and justified it as correct grammar and punctuation when symbolizing a fact.

So now, Russell-Jay:Gould has established his own "vessel" under his own control and ownership, immune from any claim that the various organizations using other name styles and conventions of punctuation can use against him.

This, in a nutshell, is what he calls the "Grammar War". There is a lot more to it, and he made many, many other discoveries along the way; for starters, he discovered that the way our common everyday language is constructed is incorrect---- falsified so that it cannot and does not deliver any specific and certain meaning that we can depend upon.

Think of the consequences of that discovery?

We can accept a meaning by mutual agreement, but any true meaning isn't there, because the underlying structure of the language --- it's conventions--- are messed up.

And Russell-Jay:Gould proved that.

From there, it became a question of--- what would a correct structure be?

And he delved that out, too.

I have taken a different approach to the same problem---- my response to all the fraud and horse hooey promoted by the commercial corporations responsible for this situation was to attack the fraud at its roots and invalidate all their claims going back to 1860.

My response was (and is) --- my Trade Name is my Trade Name and it is properly at home on the land and soil of my state of the Union. In nautical terms: my vessel (body) and cargo (consciousness) are right where they have always been, thank you, very much.

I have no name. God didn't give me one yet, and Adam can only name animals and things. Considering that I am neither a thing nor an animal, I can create, define, and possess a name the same way I "have" a bicycle or a chest of drawers.

I possess my name, my name does not possess me.

Once everyone gets that straight we can stop pretending not to see what we see and slathering layers of fraud and debt and false claims on other people and on the actual, factual world we all live in.

So while Russell gave up his original Trade Name and created his own form of name to make himself invisible and take himself outside their System, I came back around the other way and kicked their rumps.

What has happened over the last few days is that Russell and I have "met in the middle" of the Old and the New, in that sacred and only space called "Now" --- as he points out --- and he is a righteous man in a crazy world. He's been called a lot of names, attacked, told that he is insane, but he is none of these things.

Russell-Jay:Gould symbolically stands for a very intelligent, very kind, and very caring man who found his own way out of the Matrix.

I have listened to all that he said and explained about Parse Syntax Grammar being correct and I can't argue his logic, at least not based upon his starting points.

My own education in the subject is only beginning, but I can foresee a day when all contracts are written in this form of language----and a necessity that we all learn and safeguard it, so that it does not become yet another "secret language" akin to the jargon of legalese which has been used to enslave and rob people---instead of accomplishing Russell's vision of using Parse to end senseless controversies, dishonest contracts, and fraud.

As you will see if you (please do) investigate it, Parse Syntax will never be the language of poetry. Parse will never be graceful or fluid or melodious---but like a Haiku, it will have its own strict form and potent meaning.

How do I feel about Russell-Jay:Gould? I love him. I am more than content that he is the custodian of the US flag and ready to commend him as Commander-in-Chief. There are some fine points that need to be worked on-- mainly just more education for both of us about the separate worlds we occupy-- but I can foresee a wonderful outcome for living people who, like Russell, just want to live in peace and have control of what is theirs by right.

I give you Russell-Jay:Gould: Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!

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