

More Specious BS From the "Bar"



By Anna Von Reitz

Larry Becraft and his side-kick Bob Hurt have been spreading this around the internet attempting to keep those dollars rolling into their coffers and discredit me at the same time:

<https://www.ustaxcourt.gov/InternetOrders/DocumentViewer.aspx?IndexSearchableOrdersID=108275>

Some friends brought it to my attention and asked what happened, so here's my official reply:

Well, nothing happened to it or with it, of course, because it involves two federal PERSONS and not me nor my husband at all. Wake up! I went to the Tax Court without ever "petitioning" it or allowing it to assume any jurisdiction related to me or my husband, and they were made to look ridiculous in front of the 62 lawyers they had brought in for the event.

I then turned around and posted my \$12 million dollar judgment against them and the IRS in the land jurisdiction records. The difference is that they hold a delegated authority from me, but I hold the actual and supreme non-delegated authority over them. So I am turning over my judgment against them to the Marines for enforcement, as the international land jurisdiction is their "beat".

You have to get it really, REALLY straight in your mind who you are and what you are and where the jurisdictional lines are, and then you can go in and stomp all over these rats with impunity.

My husband and I officially revoked our "election to pay" federal income taxes back in 1998. You will note a typical trick in this paper-fraud case. We revoked under our actual Given Names --- James Clinton Belcher and Anna Maria Riezinger, so what the Federales did (and this is typical) is that they pretended that "Anna M. Riezinger-von Reitz" was a new federal PERSON they could glom onto and pretend that the revocation of election didn't apply to "HER"----but of course, I just turned around and revoked "HER" election to pay federal income taxes, too, and shoved it all back up their butts.

The US TAX COURT comes to Anchorage, Alaska, once a year in June. There were two cases – mine and an elderly black woman from Fairbanks, Alaska, who appeared using a walker to get around.

We were the only two cases on the docket and the room was absolutely packed full, standing room only. They had extra bailiffs and police on hand, as if these two elderly women were going to be a big problem.

The other lady's case came first. She had the misfortune of having her house burn down along with all her records in it. Like many other Alaskans, she received a Permanent Fund Dividend the prior October, her house burned down in the winter, and by springtime and the April 15th filing date, she couldn't remember exactly how much the dividend was, so she made an honest guess and was off by a hundred dollars or so.

The sanctimonious ass on the "bench" threw the book at her, charging her with crimes and perjury because her 1040 wasn't absolutely accurate and fined her up one side and down the other so that she suddenly owed twenty times what the entire dividend had been and on and on and on. She was in shock and tears.

And the vermin in the room were in awe, staring at that judge like he was God Almighty.

And next, he turned to me and thought it was all going to go his way with me, too. The Bar Members were all gathered around like wolves on the hunt, leaned over in their chairs, eager to watch him dispatch me in the same way, but instead, I avoided their usual tricks, didn't identify myself as "the NAME" and stated right up front for the record that I wasn't a "Petitioner" and that I didn't "understand" anything that they were alleging and didn't agree to any of their proceedings. Period.

Also, I said that I knew for sure that I wasn't a Warrant Officer in the Merchant Marine Service known as a Withholding Agent and if there was any evidence that either I or my husband held such a position, they better bring it forward right now.

And things went south for them rapidly from that moment on. It would after all be a felony crime for me to impersonate an officer of a foreign government, and it would also be a felony crime for any officer of the court to knowingly address a foreign national and solicit them to commit perjury.

I nailed the judge's sweating butt to his chair and though he huffed and puffed he couldn't blow my house down and he had no signature authority based on the evidence, so both he and his Clerk went home hungry to bed and all the attorneys were most let down and discomfited. They shuffled out with backward glances, downcast eyes, and sat through my testimony on the matter with their heads down like bad school boys caught by the teacher.

After the fact the "judge" issued his "order" against the federal PERSONS, but it was meaningless and unenforceable, because I simply wrote two new letters to

the Commissioner(s) of the IRS and the Internal Revenue Service revoking the “presumed” election of “ANNA M. RIEZINGER-VON REITZ” to pay federal income taxes, too, and made it effective prior to any of the years they were trying to collect upon.

So their fraudulent paperwork remains on the court record, but it has no force or effect.

Fiction can never stand against properly stated and evidenced fact. And I am a fact that the fraud artists definitely don’t want to contend with.

Afterward I met the elderly black woman and her friend in the courtyard outside the courthouse and explained to them exactly what they needed to do to make the US TAX COURT beat feet back to WASHINGTON, DC.

I don’t know what happened to her appeal, but I have reason to hope that she served them back with an Equal Civil Rights Claim and that she also reclaimed the copyright to all variations of her Given Name so that the vermin couldn’t just play more word games and come after her again.

That was all before I got serious about claiming up absolutely every possible variation and permutation and order and punctuation and style and format and font of both my given name and my Pen Name, so the IRS continued to come back and try to attack all sorts of variations of my Name/NAMES, and I continued to revoke election to pay for each and every one of them. Since there are a lot of variations possible with a name like mine, we had quite a correspondence before I nailed their feet permanently to the floor.

I now know that I could have saved myself that paperwork if I had just done a proper Certificate of Assumed Name and claimed all my Names/NAMES at once, but hey, it does have the halcyon affect that the IRS/Internal Revenue Service has registered letters from me revoking election to pay for every single variation of my Name/NAME.

Nowadays, I just spit like Clint Eastwood if I see them coming.

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