

Conference Ends, Mountain Moving Begins



By Anna Von Reitz

I arrived home to a mountain of mail and the need for many, many donations to fund the private work that we, at The Living Law Firm, are doing-- and the costs of travel and lodging and supplies and everything else for our conference these past ten days. It took three days longer than anticipated, and we all went home with additional homework. It has been very intense, and very fruitful.

First, some thoughts about the donations I receive and what strikes me about them: they come from all over, all fifty states. They come from people of all ethnic and racial and working backgrounds. They come in small amounts and large. And they come from all over the world, too.

It's stunning when I think about the people who keep us going and make the research and other actions possible. We are a family scattered from Alaska to Beijing, from Patagonia to Queensland, from New England to Salzburg. We are all seeing the same things, all waking up at the same time.

The view, at the very least, is alarming; and that brings me to my second rumination for the night.

Even though I have been in these trenches for most of my life---- even I am shocked by all the things that have surfaced this past week, and I am left feeling like Moses--- "Who? Me, Lord? You gotta be kidding.... I stutter! I stammer! I can't possibly do this...."

The most stunning thing for me is that none of the suffering so many of us endure is necessary. That is now completely, absolutely clear, obvious, and proven.

No need for poverty. No need for war. No need for debt. No need for foreclosures. No need for disease. Not even any need for unhappiness or bad teeth or hunger. None of it. You don't have to be poor or in debt. You've been robbed. It's as simple as that. You don't have to be unhealthy. You've been poisoned. Deliberately. For profit. You don't have to be unemployed. You've been hung out to dry, because the Slave masters could force some other poor schmuck in Asia to work for less.

Not only have you been robbed, you have been robbed in a fully deliberate and intentional way, by an automated and institutionalized process that has been completely described, trademarked, and patented. Yes, ---patented, like a new gizmo for chopping up green beans, only the "material" being worked on is your life, your substance, your life cycle, your energy, your education, everything.

It is all lined out in excruciating detail, exactly how they process you as raw material being fed into their machine from the moment you are born until the moment you die, and how they benefit themselves from every aspect of everything you need and everything you do and everything you achieve at every point in between. They've even set it up to profit themselves from life insurance policies they take out on you and from your estate --- perpetually --- after you die.

It is all sitting there, plain to view, on the public records of the US Patent and Trademark Office (USPTO). The names of the attorneys. The names of the companies. The names of the executives. The exact dates. Their own intentions, in their own words.

Imagine, if you will, someone walking into the United States Patent and Trademark Office with his slick, multi-million dollar patent lawyer at his side, and turning in his paperwork for a machine that makes cigar wrappers out of human skin. All the steps and mechanisms are fully described--- how they will harvest the skin, what new designs they have for the machines they will use, what they will do with the waste products, what unique advantages their invention presents, and blah-blah-blah.

Apparently, there is nobody at the Patent Office who is bright enough or who cares enough to object and say, hey, wait a minute! You can't use human skin to wrap cigars! Instead, these geniuses at the Patent Office just take their kick-backs, apply their stamps, collect their money and look the other way.

No doubt, with many of these things, the clerks responsible privately thought--- this guy is crazy. This will never work. It will never be allowed. But if he wants to spend his money on a patent, who cares, right? My job isn't to reason why. Mine is to approve as many new inventions and designs and processes as possible, and all I really have to check is if they are new and unique enough to be patent-able.....right? A human skin cigar wrapping device is, after all, pretty unique.... nobody could argue that it isn't.....stamp! Patent number 100019289.....

What if a bunch of log-heads go out and actually build a machine that wraps cigars in human skin? And what if other crazy, immoral people start buying their product?

That's the situation we've got here, folks.

It's not quite as off-the-wall apparent as my example, because the patents have been broken up into pieces and compartmentalized and buried in legalistic jargon purposefully designed to be dry as a desert (We referred to them as either the "Gobi" class verbiage or the "Sahara" all week as we read through several hundred of these things.) --but they nonetheless connect to build the evil machine, and there is a guiding principle and process that has been used to disguise and orchestrate the piece-by-piece assembly of it.

The pieces of the machine that defrauds you and steals your life and your estate and everything you are and everything you can be, started out as signature brands of clothing and perfume and bicycle designs, mostly from Germany. It began in 1897 and really got going in earnest just prior to and after the Second World War. And then the US Navy got involved.... and things slid downhill even faster. The Navy brought in the big banks and the big banks brought in the lawyers.

The rest, they say, is history. Until now.

For at least fifty years, they've had a machine that they all own a part of (so they all have to work together and nobody can go solo and nobody can rat on the others) that sucks babies into one funnel mouth and spits corpse parts out the other, along with lots and lots of juicy taxes and dividends and mortgages and licenses and child labor contracts and bonds of indenture and insurance and every kind of fraud and extortion you can imagine ---- and it is all automated.

All they have to do is misrepresent what they are doing at the hospital when you are born, coerce your trusting, ignorant Mother to sign a piece of paper that looks innocuous enough--- and boom, there you go, shove the donated baby on the conveyor belt and let the machine do what it is designed to do-----suck out every asset that child has by inheritance or can earn -- and give it to the Slavers who split the profits among themselves and lick their lips for more.

And who are they? Our friends at the US Navy yard, especially the Queen's Merchant Marine Service. It's no mistake that "Withholding Agents" are actually Warrant Officers in the Queen's Merchant Marine Service. And also our friendly central bankers and the Bar Associations, who are privy to, part of, and right in the middle of the transactions, applications, assignments, stipulations, and grand felony theft that the machine produces like clockwork.

All they have to do is stand there with their pockets open, and that's what they do. This is the genesis of the old mob saying, "It was like taking candy from a baby," and also the slang of the old Grifters back in the 30's who called their intended victims "marks"----- trademarks.

It's the Big Con. The Big Game. The Mother of All Fraud Schemes. The Great Abomination. And it's right here, right now, at the US Copyright Office and the US Patent and Trademark Office, written in their own words, stamped and dated for everyone to see.

We've been had, by experts. We've been sold down the river by our public employees. We've been so screwed, glued, and tattooed for so long by people and institutions we trusted and we've been misled and deliberately confused and left in the dark for so long, we can hardly recognize the fact of who is employing who? Which end is up? Which tail is wagging the dog?

They want us to think that they are our employers and benefactors, that their casino chips are worth real money, that their property descriptions are real land, that their shit doesn't stink and their gross criminality can just go on forever and nobody else outside their little group of palsies will ever figure it out.

Ever nailed a skin to a barn door?

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