

My Awakening

One day in March 1999, I sat down to do my own “tax returns”, as I had done for the previous 30 years. Living in Massachusetts, but working in Connecticut, there were three sets of “income tax” forms “required”, the IRS (Federal Internal Revenue Service), MDOR (Massachusetts Department of Revenue), and CDORS (Connecticut Department of Revenue Services). I gathered mounds of receipts and forms in preparation.

Every year I experienced “playground bully” syndrome, lasting months in anticipation of the April tax deadline and then fear of error afterward. I procrastinated. Every year, the bully was hanging out, waiting for my money. Every year he wanted more, or else. Every year, I cowardly gave it to him without challenge.

In my electronics career choice, almost right is still wrong, so you could say that I’m anally analytical. Upon scrutinizing their forms in search of my illusive “refund” entitlement, I realized that, because I worked out-of-state, Connecticut and Massachusetts forms were contradicting each other, making accurate filing impossible. I had just discovered that CDORS was taxing my wife’s out-of-State Massachusetts income. We both live in Massachusetts. My wife had nothing to do with Connecticut. This makes no sense!

The bully wanted more, again!!! I was outraged. How could “income tax” not be precise? Consulting tax specialists produced differing answers, negating any assurance they could maximize my refund. Collecting their fees regardless of outcome, what would they achieve unless vested in the results? Why would I spend (lose) money to recover (gain) what was already legally mine? Why would I relinquish more money in fees when the bullies were already taking too much?

Doing my own “returns” was an enormous task I dreaded every year. Studying three sets of instruction books and three sets of changing rules every time was necessary to approach accuracy. Each set interacted with the other. Public distribution occurs at the beginning of the next year. I never knew in advance which receipts would be relevant, forcing me to save everything all year long. Further complicating the task was their requirement to include any refunds from the previous year on each of the three sets of multiple-page forms. The time it took to struggle through never ending instructions and wade through all this detail was unbelievable, all necessary for accuracy, year after year. Why was I enslaved to endure this accounting torture, then sign a form “*under penalty of perjury*”¹, only to be fined or convicted for being ignorant?

The insecurity I felt was severely stressful. Family and friends didn’t understand. I tried to explain, but this level of stress and frustration only comes from fully experiencing the mental torture.

That year, with obvious conflict between two States for the same income and my required signature “*under penalty of perjury*” at the bottom, their forms became impossible to complete. My anguish became intolerable. “Enough was enough”. The bully wasn’t getting any more without explanation. I wasn’t going through another year with my head hung low in cowardice.

¹ Reference the bottom of “income tax” forms.

This began my quest to understand. Seeking clarification, my initial investigation created more questions. What I should have obtained were simple legal references with clear explanations. Instead, the bully became outraged. The more I questioned, the more outraged “he” became.

Researching, I found more and more contradictions, creating more unanswered questions. What should have been a simple, quick task exploded into massive amounts of research, but the education quelled my insecurity and cowardice, and bolstered my self-respect. It led me to areas I never questioned before. It opened my eyes to the true face of government.

When questioned, like an immature child throwing a temper tantrum, government retaliated instead of providing straightforward answers. The bullies’ response was severe retaliatory abuse. Like wild animals void of “*Morality and Reason*”, they attacked to stomp out all desire to question, then or ever again (oppression).

Once questioned, computerized fraudulent paperwork spewed forth from multiple offices around the country in a monthly ritual. Abuse escalated. Guided word missiles blew giant holes through our routine life. Questioning has produced severe retaliatory threats. My family lives in constant fear of having our house and all of our property confiscated for fraudulent tax invoices, which I can’t pay even if I surrendered. I cannot convey the frustration of contradictions, the stress of extortion threats, the fear of more surprise retaliatory attacks, and the panic when another unseen trick surfaces.

The bully was very persistent, but I wasn’t going to lose my self-respect ever again. I was not going to cower ever again. I filed a Complaint in Springfield, Massachusetts Federal Court for Fraud and Extortion (Case # 04-30080-MAP) against bogus threats that grew to exceed \$1,200,000.00. The case was prejudicially dismissed without a trial or hearing for “*lack of standing*”. A Boston, Massachusetts Appellate Tax Board Hearing (Case # C287460) refused to justify their bogus assessment, but reduced their extortion from \$108,000 to approximately \$4,000. Both these cases are on file.

Is it acceptable for government to fabricate incomplete (fraudulent) tax assessments, and threaten everything you own with extortion, and then require you to expend enormous amounts of time, energy, and finances to thwart off their purposeful errors? Isn’t “guilty until proven innocent” unconstitutional? Government is still trying to collect fraudulent tax bills, threatening my home, refusing to provide a legal basis, and blocking my Right to an impartial Trial by Jury.

This is my stand against an enraged, rabid, immoral bully. While I may be overpowered, it is the only way I can walk a street with my head held high. Solid, legal and moral justification back the details within. Hopefully, public disclosure will sedate the bully and restore his moral fiber.