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May 25, 2014

Dear Sam Friedman, Dan Bross and Other Fairbanks Press:

Thanks for the letter. It brought back a lot of good memories to hear you talk about going climbing in Delta with Stan Justice. He's a really good guy. There's nothing quite like the crisp light blue sky and orange sunlight of spring mountaineering in Alaska. I certainly miss it.

#### HOME OR NO HOME

Writing to you guys feels like writing to Fairbanks itself. That quirky little river town nestled up to the birch covered hills is one of a kind. When I was first arrested and they were trying to break us and get us to testify against each other, they put us all in solitary. It was utterly demoralizing. One day it would be so hot you couldn't stand on the heated floor, then the next it would be so cold that the water in the toilet would freeze. The guards woke us up every 30 minutes, so the whole thing blurred into one sleep deprived never-ending nightmare.

The stuff we were being accused of was so sensationally outlandish it just didn't even seem real. It was a pretty dark place, but then there came a comforting voice. It was "John the Baptist," at least that's what we all call him. I think his real name is Jarard. I'm sure you know him. He's the "homeless" guy who makes his own clothes and speaks in old English. You can see him all over town talking to people for hours.

Like lots of people around Fairbanks, I had gotten to know John the Baptist over the years. When our daughter was born he wrote a poem on parchment with ink made of blueberry skins. He walked to our house on Farmer's Loop to give it to us. It was so sweet. It was about how children are on a mission from God to remind the world what innocence looks like and how laughter should sound. When we were leaving the country after Bill Fulton said he was going to kill me, we didn't have time to take much. But I took that blueberry parchment poem. Bri was just a few days old.

So there I was in a dark little cell when I heard John's distinct voice coming from the cell across the way. "Good tidings to you my friend and blessings on the little beautiful one, the baby girl."

His voice cut through the heavy darkness of that jail like the sun cuts through snowy spruce bows at noon in December. I scrambled to the door of my cell and peered through the grate. I saw him there with his long beard and his fuzzy buzzed head. I laughed with delight. "What are you doing here?" I asked. He didn't even respond, as if the question I had asked was so supremely irrelevant that he could not be distracted by it. "Take heart! All will be well," he announced in his jovial sing-song fashion. It was like he had just stopped by to visit.

If it had been anybody else, I would have felt like I had to explain what was going on and how all this hubbub was nothing but a big propaganda stunt at my expense. But it was John, and I didn't need to

explain a thing. So we stood there and talked for hours, just like the first time I talked to him in the Fred Meyer entryway my first winter in Fairbanks.

Barring a major regime change, I don't think I'd feel safe living in Fairbanks, or anywhere else in this country. But I will miss Fairbanks and its eccentric fixtures like John the Baptist, my friend. I see now that I am the one who is homeless. John may sleep in a box behind the transfer site, but he has a home—Fairbanks.

## POLITICAL PRISONERS

I have spent the last year and a half in what's called the Communications Management Unit, or "CMU." It's a highly secretive unit for political prisoners. There are some good things about it and some horrible things about it. The bad part is that they go by a totally different set of rules for political prisoners. They won't put them in writing and if we talk about them to people on the outside we can lose our communication privileges. I can't name who else is in here, or this will be my last letter. They don't want anything about CMU put on paper because then it can be used against them in court when they get sued by groups like The Center for Constitutional Rights.

Criminal prisoners are allowed to call their families anytime they want, they can make attorney calls, have any books they want, and have contact visits with their families. Political prisoners can't do any of that. We get two calls a week that have to be scheduled two weeks in advance and we can only talk about preapproved topics. We can get a kind of halfway visit where family comes to the prison and talks to you on the phones. It's better than the weekly 15 minutes because you can talk longer, but you aren't allowed in the same room. This is cruel to the children. I hate it.

The good part is that I don't have to live with criminals. The people in here are generally highly educated, well read and cultured. There are Russian captains of industry, pro-life and animal rights activists, people who challenged the bailouts or other banking interests, Libertarian political organizers, family members of powerful (or formerly powerful) figures, enemies of America's puppet dictators from all over the world, Indian tribal leaders who complained about the Feds breaking treaties, and of course the ubiquitous Muslim bogeyman.

There are no fights, no gangs, no gambling, nobody's making alcohol or sneaking in drugs. It's just a bunch of well-mannered, studious men trying to make the most of their time between now and when the wheels finally fall off the Federal crazy train. Every day I'm thankful I don't have to contend with the typical prison folly. But I'd go live in the gladiator pit of spun-out druggies that is General Population in a heartbeat if it meant I could see my children even just once.

I think the entire CMU is a totally illegal human rights violation that has no place in a civilized society.

## A SHOW TRIAL

So how did I get convicted? Well, the first question is what exactly did I get convicted of? Nobody can answer that directly. They just speculate about what could happen some time out in the future if things were different. But if you pin them down and ask 'what did I actually do that's a crime', they don't have an answer. They will turn to all the stuff the informants tried to bully me into doing – and that stuff sounds horrible – but it was all stuff THEY thought up and pitched to me. I rejected it, and when they told me they were going to kill me because I rejected it, I packed up my family to leave the country.

That was the right thing to do. That's what I actually DID. That's why they had to resort to speculation about the future. And that's why the government suppressed their own evidence at trial.

All we would have had to do to beat these charges is play the recordings. Suppressing them did not serve the interests of justice. All it did was prevent the Fed's witness-for-hire from being confronted with the recordings that contradicted their lies.

Emails back and forth between AUSA Skrocki and others show that they knew the theory of the case they presented to the jury wasn't true. But we were prevented from introducing the evidence that showed that.

The FBI intruded into our homes and lives for over two years, without even so much as a warrant. They audio and video recorded our every move. There are over 50 instances on these recordings of me saying no to violence proposed by the government. But we were prevented from showing that to the jury. The U.S. Attorney also filed a motion that prevented us from questioning the government's motive for bringing the charges, and from questioning their witnesses about crimes they committed while working this case and supposedly under strict FBI supervision. We couldn't present any evidence as to my state of mind, such as recordings of Bill Fulton and Aaron Bennett making death threats after I wouldn't join them in a crime, or recordings of me explaining why I was scared for my life and leaving the country.

If the jury had been allowed to see and hear these recordings they would have understood that my state of mind was not "I'm going to commit a crime" but that it was in fact "I'm moving out of the country because Bill Fulton and Aaron Bennett want to murder me for NOT committing a crime."

After Skrocki, Bottini and the rest of the Polar Pen gang hoodwinked the judge into tying our hands, what we had left wasn't attention from the fact that these same prosecutors were in big trouble for committing the same sort of misconduct in the same Polar Pen reasons using the same informants and telling that judge the same lies they were telling my judge while they were being sanctioned by another judge over the same stuff.

Is there no justice?

WHO'S AT FAULT

After all this you ask if Nelson Traverso was ineffective as defense counsel. This isn't the stage of the process where we sort that issue out. Hopefully this case will be overturned on other grounds before we get to that question, because Nelson's not the main culprit here. It's the Polar Pen team who railroaded this injustice through, not him.

Maybe Nelson did the best he could given the restrictions that were put on us. Maybe he wet his pants and totally dropped the ball. Maybe he was threatened. They threatened the MP's to try to prevent them from testifying. Why wouldn't they threaten him? They were already up to their neck in illegalities; what's one more misdeed? They wouldn't get punished any worse because of that if they got caught, and it might keep them from getting caught altogether. To someone without a conscience it's the logical choice.

Nelson could have gone all Don Quixote and exposed how the Polar Pen team was deceiving the judge. He could have made an interlocutory appeal to a higher court about the prosecution's fraud. But some of that hadn't come to light yet. And besides, he shouldn't have to do any of that in the first place. Prosecutors have a duty to obey the law and the rules of court. When a judge asks a prosecutor a question, they rely on them for a truthful answer made in good faith. That's the opposite of what the judge got from these prosecutors.

#### PURE SPECULATION

This whole case is a cheap trick. And because it's not grounded to any actual events that actually took place, the prosecution was free to write the story of the "crime" any way they wanted. I remember the front page of AND the day after I was convicted, Skrocki said, "Mr. Cox's political activities were laying the foundations of a different kind of government and he had the ability to attempt to implement it by force." Ability to attempt?! What does that even mean? All I've ever stood for is respecting people's rights and having the government obey the Constitution. At the time, I didn't think that was a "different kind of government" but now I'm wondering if Skrocki might be right, at least on that point. Our current government certainly doesn't respect our right OR obey the Constitution, so maybe that would be "different."

#### A SOVEREIGN CITIZEN SAYS WHAT?

They wanted to go on and on about how I thought I was a "Sovereign Citizen" like it's some big scary thing. But as soon as I'd try to explain what that means, they'd jump up and shout OBJECTION!!

Okay, here's what that means: If you believe that the citizens are the sovereign masters and the government is the subject servant, you're a sovereign citizen.

If, on the other hand, you believe that the government is the sovereign master and the citizens are the subject servants, you're a totalitarian.

I's not like I thought this stuff up myself. Anybody who reads world history knows this. But I dared to publicly say that I thought the government was beneath the people on the totem pole, the Polar pen team just could not restrain their indignant rage. They acted like I was about to take over the country and make Denny's the new capitol of America. This would be hilarious if I wasn't doing 27 years in prison over it.

#### A DANGEROUS GAME

People got hurt and lives got ruined by what the Feds did. They did irreparable damage to our community and it could have been a lot worse. This business of the Feds paying local thugs to try to push people into committing crimes is a dangerous game. I very much doubt that these cocky trouble causing agents from D.C. got the permission of local judges and their families before they started trying to convince people to kill them. When they made their pitch to me I told them it was wrong, warned the police, and then decided that I was leaving the country rather than get caught up in their mess. But one of these days they're going to make their sales pitch to some nut-job who's a self-starter, and then when Agent takes a day off, Nut-job is going to kill somebody.

If this happens, --God forbid--the government will be partly to blame. Of course, they won't admit they're wrong, because they never do that. What they'll do is close the case, classify the file, then hold a press conference and say that the problem is that the secret police have too little money and the people have too much privacy.

## WRESTLING ISN'T REAL

There are some real problems with this police pageantry that has supplanted authentic investigation and crime fighting. In post 9/11 America, these Jack Bauer wanna-bes who work for the Feds aren't investigators, they're grant writers. They are just trying to make a big spooky show so they can get more money.

My case was a good show: "SCHAEFFER Cox, the closet villain." A Homeland Security film. Executive Producer Joseph Bottini. Production Manager Stephen Skrocki. Written and Directed by Special Agent Richard Southerland Jr. Special Effects and Evidence Tampering by Gerald Olson, Conman LLC.

We have literally hundreds of these police bureaucracies running around destroying lives and families and creating trouble from scratch just so they can promote themselves as the indispensable heroes. It's time for people to see through it.

I remember when I was about 6 years old and my big sister told me that pro wrestling wasn't real. I was offended. I dismissed it as a conspiracy theory. But what she said stuck in my mind. And sure enough, the next time I crumpled tinfoil over the beat-up old rabbit ear TV antenna and tuned in to the WWF Death Match, I started noticing things I hadn't noticed before. I sat there cross legged in my Ninja Turtle pajamas watching Hulk Hogan and The Undertaker for the last time. The blue and pink light of the TV flickered on the walls in the otherwise dark room as the wonder drained from my face and I realized it was all contrived. The boots, the hair, the finger pointing, it was all fake. America is due for a similar epiphany about the police state.

All government bureaucracies and political figures engage in showmanship and self promotion to a certain extent. It's just part of the game and something to be expected. I've done my share of it too. But this business of fabricating crimes has taken it too far. People are getting hurt. The public's trust is being violated. Innocent people are piling up in prison. And these show cops are leaving a trail of bankrupted widows and orphans behind them.

As soon as people start to see through the charades, things will start getting better – but not a moment before.

## DULUSIONS OF JUSTICE

Some people are asking if I was delusional. They wasn't to know if the stuff I said about there being 3,500 people and high tech gadgets was just craziness or true or what.

I'm a little uncomfortable going into the numbers of people after seeing what the Feds did to me and my friends and family. The Feds have no problem going on a witch hunt for innocent people they disagree with politically, religiously or otherwise. So if right now they're feeling like they've burned all the witches in Salem, I don't want to change their minds. But I will say this: we did have around 3,500 people statewide. We had done a lot of hard work with the 2<sup>nd</sup> Amendment Task Force all over Alaska

to build a politically, ethnically and socially diverse coalition of Salt of the Earth people whose loyalty was to their neighbors, not the government.

The reason it got so big in my opinion, is that we built it around the two very simple and universal values of mutual respect and never forcing people to do things they don't want to do. This allowed people with totally different ideologies to see each other as allies. It's a good feeling when someone who holds completely different opinions than you still has your back. It's a myth that people are afraid of people who are different than them. People are afraid of people who are going to force them to change. Our motto was, "If you want to change me, convince me. But don't try to force me." This appealed to everyone except government extremists and members of Federal Supremacist hate groups. The vast majority of people are good hearted and knew what we were saying was right. I believe this is what caused our numbers to grow so fast.

This was a loose, dormant, association. I'll admit I over played how organized we were and how much we had our act together. I was trying to make people feel good about what we had accomplished and what we could accomplish. I wish I could say I was just messing with the FBI who was listening, but I wasn't that devious. And at the time, honestly, I thought they had way more important things to worry about than me. Wrong again!

This brings us to the stuff I said about high tech gadgets and so forth. That stuff was completely imaginary craziness, but it didn't come from me. Let me explain.

When the Feds made the decision to get rid of me, I hadn't committed a crime and wasn't likely to do so. I just wasn't predisposed that way. They sent in a few informants like Chris Manino (the drug dealing chiropractor by Taco King) who offered to help me plan and carry out an attack of some kind. But those informants quickly learned that I had neither the means nor the motive to do such a thing.

But the Feds "always get their man," whether he's innocent or not. So they set out to supply both the means and the motive where it otherwise didn't exist. Bill Fulton and Aaron Bennett, acting as informants, approached me very early on and showed me all kinds of high tech gadgets and pictures of even cooler stuff they had. They assured me that all of it was at my disposal (which is a textbook FBI move). I said that's good to know. I figured that it's never good to be helpless and some of that stuff might come in handy if the country ever really came unglued. But then months went by, and years went by, and I simply showed no inclination towards going out and picking a fight or committing a crime. It was during this time that I mentioned to cool equipment on a few occasions. (Fulton and Bennett had not yet become threatening when I referred to the high tech gadgets they had, or at least I thought they had.) Looking back, the whole thing was probably fake.

The Feds had supplied the means but I still had no motive. This is where they show that they really are psychotic cold-blooded Nazis. They tried to create the motive by threatening my 1½ year old son, Seth. Some cop went on Facebook and found a picture of my son on the living room floor playing with a pile of .223 shells. He then filed a complaint with the Office of Child Services. They then went and got what's called a Writ of Assistance which is basically permission for these masked machine gun slinging door-kickers to come raid our home and take our baby. This was done in bad faith and Trooper Ron Wall was in on it. Ron Wall is one of the drug dealing cops in cahoots with Manino who we were trying to expose with the Liberty Bell. He knows my whole family, I race motorcycles in Tok with his two sons and ex-wife, he knew full well that we are good people and the child neglect complaint was bogus. He just wanted to cooperate with the Feds to get rid of someone who was trying to expose police

corruption. Look, I don't care if you deal drugs; it's the drug war I'm against. The only reason for it is to keep the price high for inside dealers like Wall. But I digress.

We found out about the Writ of Assistance through our attorney, Robert John. Naturally we were pretty scared. The Feds figured that with my children being threatened I would surely have a reason to plot an attack.

This is what brings us to the Blondie's episode. They had Bill Fulton come up from Anchorage and call a meeting along with Bennett. It was going to be perfect: Fulton and Bennett were supplying the means, threats on my family were supplying the motive, it was all together in one place, they'd just convince me I had to protect my family, I'd say yes, the SWAT Team would swoop in and arrest me, and it would be nothing but press releases and ticker-tape parades after that. What could go wrong?

I said no.

And when I said no, Fulton flew into a rage and attacked Les Zerbe with a hunting knife. He held it to Zerbe's throat and said he was going to kill him if I refused to join him and Bennett. We still refused and got out of there real quick. But after that, the nightmare just got worse and worse and worse.

Now, if I told you that I saw Jesus in my oatmeal, and He told me that my life was in danger and people were out to get me, then Yah, I'm a nut! But these escapades were audio and video recorded. You can hear Agent Southerland prepping informants before they "go on stage". There are e-mails between Bottini and Skrocki coordinating these events. We weren't allowed to show this stuff to the jury. But there's nothing stopping us from showing it to the whole rest of the world.

So to answer the question, was I living in a schizophrenic delusional nightmare?

Yes! But it wasn't originating in my mind. Every last bit of it was artificially created by the Feds in a psychotic theatrical production intended to bend my reality into a no-win situation where my only choice would be to lash out like the bogeyman they so desperately wanted me to be. But all that couldn't overcome the fact that it just wasn't in my nature to do what they wanted me to do.

I'm a healthy moral person with healthy loving relationships with my friends and family. I feel empathy for others and I feel bad when I do something wrong. These traits are the opposite of the bluebloods who put me in this prison, orphaned by children, and widowed my wife. I'm healthy, they're not.

If anything, I was suffering from delusions of justice when I thought I could get a fair trial. But I've been cured of that!

## CRIME DOES PAY

The old adage that "crime doesn't pay" isn't holding up these days.

I worked hard in school, saved my money, followed the law, didn't develop destructive habits, bought a home at 19, got married, volunteered in the community, built a successful business from scratch, and had two healthy happy children. Then all of a sudden the Feds classified veterans, constitutionalists, Bible believers, and third party candidate supporters as the new terror threat and before I know it I'm bankrupt, my wife and children are left to fend for themselves, and I'm sentenced to 27 years in prison.

My biggest mistake was thinking that if I didn't break the law, I had nothing to worry about. That's not how it works! And if you think it is, everyone from the prison guard to the judge is going to laugh at you for being so naïve. Then they are going to take your life away while keeping up the show for the next sucker. If you don't believe me, you will by the time the Feds are done with you. And I'm not some one-off case. I'm in an entire unit that's FULL of political prisoners who didn't break the law.

Now let's look at someone whose life choices are evidently much more acceptable to the Feds: Gerald Olson, their stooge. This guy started robbing and swindling people very early in life. By the time he was middle aged he had it down to a science. He moved to Alaska to avoid all his victims in the lower 48 who wanted restitution. He then roamed from Kenai to Dead Horse ripping people off. He put dozens of little old ladies in the poor house by posing as a contractor bidding on home repairs. He would then take half the money up front and never be seen again. He ran a similar scam where he posed as a logger selling cabin kits. Again, he'd get half down, and then split. His other move was to rent heavy equipment then go back a few days later and claim it had been stolen. He made good money by repainting the machinery, putting different stickers on it, then selling it or just using it himself.

There are literally hundreds of civil judgments against him. He has multiple convictions for evidence tampering and he's a drug dealer. He got so infamous for conning people that Channel Two News did a series on him featuring dozens of his victims and warning people about anyone who fit his description.

I guess he's a Seventh Day Adventist. I know he has a wife and three sons, but he went out and got a crack whore girlfriend anyway. Through some chain of events I don't understand completely, he wound up driving semi truck loads of drugs through Canada into Alaska for the Hell's Angels.

While doing this, he got caught when one of his victims saw him driving around town trailering a \$100,000 piece of heavy equipment. When a trooper went out to his house to ask him a few questions about his repainted earthmover with the wrong brand of stickers on it, Olson launched into a sales pitch about how he shouldn't be arrested over the theft and that he shouldn't have to make restitution to his victims because he was willing to work for the cops now. They agreed, and that's just what he did for the next few years as an undercover drug informant.

Let me quickly point out that the cops are importing and selling drugs themselves, so they aren't busting people for selling drugs, they're busting people because they are competitors.

About the same time Olson is finishing up his snitching on the Hell's Angels, I was coming out with my naïve but well intentioned idea of exposing the drug dealing cops to the public using the Liberty Bell. If any of you remember that last big meeting at Door of Hope Church ON Birch Hill above Cold Spot Rentals, that was when we announced our plan and that's when it really hit the fan for me.

I guess the cops had been beating up on their competitors for awhile and they were about done with Olson's services. They told him he had to go to court and face the music because he hadn't done enough work yet to be let off the hook completely. By the way, this is a perfect example of totalitarian hubris, in that the system acts as though they have the right to absolve Olson of debts resulting from the wrongs he has done to other people, whether those other people are willing to forgive the restitution he owes them or not.

Being the seasoned con man and self described "drug wholesaler" that he is I'm sure Olson knew that the cops were moving most of the drugs sold in Alaska. He also knew all about what I was doing,



because everything I ever did was highly publicized. Not wanting to have to make it right by his victims, and realizing that the cops didn't want to be ousted for drug dealing by some kid in a tweed hat, Olson offered to put his skills as an evidence tampering con man to work and set me up. All the informants before Olson had struck out because I didn't do illegal stuff, but innocent victims were Olson's specialty. He'd robbed little old ladies out of their retirement with elaborate scams, now he was going to rob Marti of her husband, Seth and Bri of their daddy, and me of my freedom and good name. His handlers couldn't have been more proud of their boy Olson. If he could get rid of Schaeffer Cox and keep the drug dealing cops in business, his new colleagues would keep him out of prison, move him to a new town where U.S. Marshals would wait on him hand and foot, pay all his expenses, and on top of all of it they'd tell all his victims to take a hike because they weren't getting a dime of restitution out of the cops' new business partner, Olson.

Olson delivered on his claimed ability to frame an innocent man. He also stole \$30,000 worth of gold coins from us in the process. His partners in crime protected him on that too. I wonder if when he was playing with my 1 ½ year old son on my living room floor he was thinking to himself "well little buddy, I'm about to destroy your home and family and you're going to have to grow up without a father."

We hadn't even brought up the fact that I was trying to expose these cops for drug dealing when they sent in their resident con man to frame me, but we never got the chance to because the U.S. Attorney preemptively filed a motion that barred us from presenting any evidence about or making any reference to what motivated the government to go after me the way they did. I know for a fact that the cops are the dominant drug dealers in Alaska. I've seen it with my own two eyes. Do we have it on video where we can prove it beyond all doubt? No. But that's because when we put together a way for thousands of people in Fairbanks to work together to collect the evidence we needed, the cops panicked and threw me in prison. What does that tell you? And why was it all drug cops running this operation on me? I'm not connected to drugs. I've never even smoked a cigarette in my life. It's because Gerald "Drug Wholesaler" Olson and the cops are both up to their elbows in the same dirty business making money hand over fist.

After I was convicted of crimes I didn't commit—based mostly on Olson's perjurious testimony – Olson got paid a \$300,000 bonus. They paid it to him in \$100 bills so he wouldn't have to pay taxes on it and so his victims couldn't attach it using the judgments they'd won against him in civil suits.

Olson destroyed 4 marriages, orphaned 9 little children, and bankrupted 12 households. It was the most profitable gig of his whole career. He's living large somewhere with an expense account and a driver courtesy of the Feds. So you tell me, does crime pay?

You could say that I did the right thing, followed the law, and that there was absolutely no benefit whatsoever. You could say I would have been better off to have been a crook like Olson. By the numbers, you'd be right. But our Founding Fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the noble cause of liberty. I've basically lost my life. I've absolutely lost my fortune. But you know what I haven't lost? My sacred honor. And I wouldn't trade places with Olson or his handlers for all the legal immunity and drug money in the world.

## A DERRANGED MANIFESTO

These days it seems like every terrifying super-villain has a deranged rambling manifesto. Since that's the role I've been assigned by our omniscient police state and its monolithic propaganda machine, I figured I might as well play along. So here it is, feel free to publish it in TIME magazine.

Schaeffer's Manifesto:

Be a man of your word and do right by people in business.

Respect other people's rights, even people you disagree with or don't like.

Stand up for what you believe in and let others do the same.

Fall in love.

Discover the pleasant ritual of a good cup of tea.

Cry when your dog dies.

Read a lot of books.

The biggest joy in life is a big joyful family, so try to have one.

Do things you didn't think you could do.

Read children bedtime stories.

## FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

This might be interesting to you: The Russian Federation's Ministry of foreign Affairs actually received my case and determined that I am an innocent political prisoner, and that numerous human rights violations have occurred. They released the report in November of 2013.

The centralized media says we are supposed to sneer at Putin, so that's what a lot of people automatically do. But to those people I suggest they first go and read the transcript of what he's actually saying. After I read Putin's speeches and press conferences for myself, I understood why CNN always brings in some hippy with a PhD to analyze his body language. But compared to Putin, America's political figures sound like a bunch of psychotic clowns.

## ROCK SOLD FRIENDS

I want to point out that 12 people were arrested in connection with me and 6 of those were indicted in the same case with me. None of us had ever been in any sort of trouble before. All of us had families and careers and homes and a lot to lose. Every one of us was looking at life in prison. It was pretty scary. The Feds made everyone the same offer: testify against Schaeffer Cox and you'll be home in time for dinner. Any of them could have taken the offer, not one of them did. In the Federal system that is unheard of. I'm very proud of the moral fortitude of my co-defendants.

Yes, it's true that none of us had done anything wrong, so there was nothing for any of us to testify about, but that's not how Federal Court works. The prosecutors will arrange and present the lies to the jury for you. You just have to take the stand and nod your head when they point at you. Still, nobody rolled.

The very thought of a group of people that couldn't be broken was utterly terrifying to the Feds. It made them go into a fit of furious desperation. They started by indicting Coleman Barney's 8-month pregnant wife, Rachel. She was in no way connected to anything at all. She hadn't been under investigation. They had no audios of her. They had zero evidence of any kind. The only reason they went after Rachel was because Coleman wouldn't testify against me. The Feds told him Rachel, who is already mother to their 4 young children, was going to give birth to their 5<sup>th</sup> child in jail and the State was going to take the baby if Coleman didn't cooperate with the government.

At this point I wouldn't have faulted Coleman if he had thrown me under the bus to save his pregnant wife. But Coleman is a God-fearing man, and lying for the Feds was simply not an option his conscience would allow him to consider.

We have e-mails between the Polar Pen prosecutors where they are laughing about how many kids the Barneys have and how indicting Rachel is "like smashing her with a sledge hammer" and will "really super-charge the deal with Coleman."

It should be noted that even when the Chicago Mafia was at its peak, they had enough residual morality that they wouldn't attack people's innocent families. The Feds, on the other hand, have retained no such virtue.

Luckily, a judge let Rachel out on bail and she didn't give birth in jail. Later, when they gave up on rolling Coleman, they dropped Rachel's charges. But Rachel was severely traumatized by what the Feds did to her.

When Coleman wouldn't break, they turned their "sledge hammer" on Mike Anderson. Mike is sweet and quiet and sensitive. Jail was hard on him. But he too refused to join the Feds in their thuggery.

They tortured Mike so bad that he tried to kill himself. He never gave the Feds the lies they wanted from him.

They put Mike in a cell totally naked. They called it "suicide watch" which is just a sick bureaucratic euphemism for protracted physical and psychological torture. They would crank the heat so hot that the floor would burn his naked body. Then they would turn the heat down so cold the water in the toilet would freeze. Every 30 minutes these positively subhuman guards would come by and yell at Mike like he was a bad dog or something. They wouldn't let him sleep or shave or even eat regular food. While they kept him in this unbearable condition, they gave him a steady stream of "affidavits" to read about how we, his friends, had committed horrible crimes behind his back and then tried to blame it on him. Of course, we hadn't, this was all a pack of lies that the audio recordings thoroughly debunk. It was just an FBI tool to try to get him to crack.

The law required the prosecution to disclose the identities of all of the undercover informants to the defense. Not surprisingly, given the misconduct of these same prosecutors in related political cases they did not comply with their disclosure obligations. This is a felony crime on their part, but they took it one

step further when they not only refused to disclose Aaron Bennett as an informant, but audaciously had him visit Mike regularly at the jail pretending to be his friend, in an effort to manipulate him for the Feds. The government is not allowed, under court rules, to contact people like this when they are represented by counsel. But these Polar Pen prosecutors have a long history of disregarding court rules.

Bennett continued to work on Mike Anderson right up until the State Court threw out the whole case. The State judge evidently did not find the government's accusations against us very credible when the prosecution could not answer his questions about why they never, in two years, applied for any sort of a warrant if the government was, during that very time, documenting all of our horrible criminal actions as they now claimed to have done. The truth is, the government never applied for a warrant because they had only documented how they struck out for two years straight of trying trick, bully, or coax us into committing crimes we had no inclination to commit.

It wasn't until Bill Fulton's death-threat-ultimatum caused me to pack up to move out of the country that the Feds decided to just arrest me anyway, throw a bunch of unsupported charges at me and see if any of it stuck. But because there was no evidence of a crime, the charges didn't stick. This left me with no state charges at all and only some low level gun tax stamp charges in Federal court. Mike Anderson had no charges left, State or Federal, so he was released.

The Feds had broken down the doors at Mike's house and otherwise destroyed his home. Then they left the doors open when they left. So the pipes all froze and the house was unlivable. This meant Mike was dumped out the back door of the jail bankrupt, homeless and crazy-eyed from months of treatment that the UN has denounced as torture.

But guess who was there to take him in, informant Aaron Bennett. Mike, his wife, and his two kids moved in with an FBI informant!

Bennett tried to convince Mike that I was all bad and that he should cooperate with the Feds to prosecute me. Mike's position was basically "look, maybe Schaeffer's a violent monster like you say. But if he is, I've never seen it. All he ever talked about around me was liberty, the constitution, protecting our families, and non-violent activism."

This put the Polar Pen prosecutors in a real bind because with nobody turning on me, all they were left with was paid informants' testimony that could be torn to pieces on the stand by playing the dozens and dozens of audio clips of me explaining how resorting to violent crimes "would be a fruitless gesture and no good could come from it..."

There was no evidence of a crime, so the Feds couldn't hold Mike, let alone twist his arm into lying for them, which is what they needed to get more than just the unpaid tax stamp charges on me. So here's what they did: even though their own secret audio recordings corroborated perfectly Mike's position that I wasn't up to anything wrong or illegal, they called him into the grand jury. When Mike told the grand jury that I wasn't the guy the Feds were trying to make me out to be, Assistant U.S. Attorney Steven Skrocki came unglued and threw a Caligula fit. He sent a SWAT Team out to Bennett's house, where Mike was staying, and arrested him on what's called a material witness warrant. Mike was back to jail, back to torture, and back to being asked to tell the Feds what they wanted to hear if he wanted out.

This was a total abuse of the material witness warrant, which is designed for witnesses who both have incriminating evidence AND are actively evading law enforcement. Mike was neither of those. This was just the Feds punishing him for not lying. Mike had an attorney, was honoring subpoenas to the grand jury, and was living in the same house with an FBI undercover informant. He didn't need to be sent back to jail with no charges. But he was, and it was more than he could take. He agreed to testify at trial and was released. I don't blame him for doing what he needed to do to get out of that hell hole. And anyway, his trial testimony was helpful to the defense. I'm just disgusted with how the Feds mistreated a good man like Mike Anderson, and with how they thumbed their nose at the law and the judge by not disclosing Aaron Bennett as an informant.

We thought Bennett might be an informant, so before trial we sent a letter to the U.S. Attorney specifically asking them to disclose his role to the defense if in fact he was working for them or any other agency. They replied that they could neither confirm nor deny anything relating to Bennett. So the next time we were in front of the judge we brought up their discovery obligations to him. The judge asked AUSA Skrocki if he was complying with all of his obligations to turn over evidence to the defense. Skrocki looked the judge in the eye and told a big fat lie, "ho yes, yes your honor."

It wasn't until after trial and before sentencing that documents surfaced that confirmed Bennett was an informant. Bennett was crucial to the defense because when he first approached me and started pushing for violence, I told him it was a bad idea. If the Feds disclosed Bennett, they would also have to turn over all of those police reports. Not only that, but when Bennett tried to use threats to persuade me to come over to his violent way of thinking, I went to my friend Steve Cooper, who is the Federal Prosecutor in Fairbanks, and told him there were some dangerous violent nuts that I was worried about and that I need some advice on how to deal with them. The Polar Pen team didn't want to further discredit their already evaporating case by getting into that can of worms, not while all the other Polar Pen cases were falling apart at the same time.

Instead of doing the right thing, admitting they were wrong, and letting me go, the Feds used their "sledge hammer" on my friends. When that didn't work, they filed a motion to suppress all their own evidence and audio recordings (which corroborated my innocence) and rely solely on the testimony of their overpaid con man, J.R. Olson. This apparently carried the day because I got convicted. But it's not fair that we weren't able to expose Olson as a liar on the stand because we were barred from playing the recordings he himself had made that totally contradicted his testimony. I think that the judge erred in restricting us like that, and I hope the 9<sup>th</sup> Circuit will agree and overturn the conviction.

Unlike Olson, my friends and co-defendants were all honest, hard working people with no criminal record and a good name. If any of them had agreed to lie for the Feds, they could have done it and come off credible. But none of them would do it. It's thanks to them that I have a winnable appeal. I'm proud to know every one of them and I owe them a debt of gratitude for their steadfast integrity.

HELLO. MY NAME IS INIGO MANTOYA

Lots of people tell me how over the top outrageous this case is, then they insist that once it's all sorted out I need to sue the Feds for a gazillion dollars or something.

I want nothing to do with trying to sue these gangsters. I don't want revenge. I don't want justice. I don't want anything, except to get away from this deplorable government and out of its reach. I want to soak the joy of watching my children grow up. If I try to go after the system for what it's done to us, it

will only distract me from what really matters in life. They already robbed me of everything I had. They robbed my children of their daddy. They robbed my wife of her husband, and my family of their bread winner. If I go traipsing back into court once I'm out under the delusion that they will make it right by me and give me justice, I'd just be giving more time, money, and energy to the black robed black hole that sucked it out of me in the first place. NO THANKS! I've got better things to do. A gazillion dollars isn't worth a second trip to that donkey show.

If I thought suing them would keep them from doing this same thing to other innocent families I might feel different. But I know it wouldn't change how they act. From what I've seen so far, the entire Federal system is a joke. And the joke's on us. They never give people justice for justice's sake. Even if they did find that I was a victim who had all my rights violated and they awarded me a gazillion dollars in damages, it would only be so that they could perpetuate the deceptive myth of the mostly good, mostly honest system. By keeping up the false appearance of integrity, they can avoid any genuine reforms and thus keep on vandalizing humanity.

If I sound mad it's because I am. Anyone with an ounce of human decency should be mad when a bunch of unaccountable political thugs come in and frame an innocent man and rip the children's happy home to shreds right during their young formative years. I'd have to be one cold blooded creep to not be bothered by this. But I'm not going to spend what's left of life chasing the six-fingered man. The Feds are paddling their own canoe over the falls just fine without any outside help. Just leave them be! That's what I've said all along.

The main reason retaliation never helps is because in order to exact revenge on the one who wronged you, you must take on a manifestation of evil that is more powerful than the evil with which you were wronged in the first place. All this amounts to is two losses for humanity and one win for evil. I want something better than that. If Skrocki and Bottini had a "come to Jesus moment" and said they were sorry for what they did, I'd forgive them and be their friend. That's what would stop them from doing this to more innocent families. Suing them won't change them. They've been sued (and lost) for this very thing before. They've even been prosecuted for it. It didn't have any effect at all. In fact, while they were being prosecuted for the crimes they had committed in previous Polar Pen cases, they were committing identical crimes in my case. None of it helped. Now, if our only goal is to generate a bunch of overpaid work for BAR attorneys, then by all means let's get busy suing these recalcitrant knaves. But if we want our country to be a better place, we need something else.

## SYMBIOTIC LIES

The first step towards getting better is admitting you have a problem. America has such a huge problem that it can no longer function. It appears to me that there are two groups who are somewhat mutually culpable for our present national dysfunctionality. Each group's contribution to the mess is kind of understandable when you step back and look at it, but that doesn't relieve us of our now urgent duty to mend our ways if we are going to survive as a free people. These groups are: The politicians who are constantly telling lies, and the average American who wants to be lied to. Of course there's a lot more contributing to our problems than just these two groups, but they account for a good portion of it, so I'll focus on them for a moment.

The lying politicians. These guys are a different breed of cat, and I'm not excusing their institutionalized deceit. But let's be honest; the only reason they are out there selling lies is because people keep lining up to buy them. The politician's goal is to be famous and influential. He's just trying to get elected to

the aristocratic cast so he can indulge in the privileges associated with the position. He can't very well do that by running around telling the ugly truth. So every few years he has to put on his makeup and go on a tour de schmooze where he tells people whatever fantasies they want to hear. The politician knows it's all a fake show, but it's what sells. So he does it like a first class whore.

There are one or two political characters who aren't like this, who tell the ugly truth and don't pretend to have the silver bullet in their back pocket if you'll just vote for them one more time. But it's a lonely road for an honest guy who doesn't join in on the self deluded chorus being sung by the establishment. Those guys get their eyes pecked out by the centralized media, their teeth pulled by bureaucrats who feel threatened by their honesty, and primary voters tend to shun them as party poopers. The industry standard for their fellow politicians is to disavow the guy that stands alone, and maybe even take a few cheap shots at him so that you appear palatably conventional.

Now I'm speaking directly to the political figures who have a conflicted inner man who's honest and brave and humble and self-sacrificing, who's still strong and alive under the utilitarian skin of pandering sophistry that keeps you in the game. You know who you are. You can play the same old game the same old way, and you'll have lots of company, but what you are working for is as fickle as a bird on your window sill. All the popularity and supporters, the praise of the shallow media, the people in government sucking up to get on your good side; it's all going to flutter its little wings and be gone in one day. Then you'll be left alone with nothing but the knowledge of who you are.

I'm not asking you to lose all influence by becoming some no-talent compulsive truth blurter. I'm asking you to make a long-term investment in durable credibility by learning to say honest things even when they're painful to say. Some examples might be: "A trillion dollars in bank bailout money disappeared. We don't really know what happened, but we think it got stolen."

"We don't know how to fix the economy. We can help a few of our friends get rich, but in the big picture, the stuff we do pretty much just makes things worse."

Or

"We got tricked into sending the military to fight a war in Afghanistan so the CIA's opiate producers could have a better place for their poppy farms. Also, it cost way more than we expected, so we don't have enough money to pay you that retirement we promised. I can understand if you're mad."

Coming clean with the people may feel like political suicide at the moment, but would you rather be remembered as the first guy to tell the truth, or the last guy to admit the truth? Bruce Springsteen already beat you to the punch with his new album, the lies aren't working as good as they used to, and it looks like admitting how bad off we are so we can start working through it is the next big thing. I'm asking you, for the good of the country, for your own good, start being honest about the situation. First with yourself, then with us. It will make a difference. Believe that.

Now for the average American who wants to be lied to. It's perfectly natural to gravitate towards what we want to hear and avoid upsetting facts, but we have really let ourselves go lately. We Americans have seen our consumer mentality creep into our personal politics to such a great extent that instead of searching for hard facts and asking logical questions, we simply "shop" for whatever opinions FEEL the best to hold.

We think to ourselves—usually subconsciously—that as long as there’s food at Fred Meyer and our city isn’t on fire, that everything is hunky-dory. The problem for those who adopt this kind of carefree waltz through the complexities of life, is that their first clue that something is wrong is when Rome is burning. Of equal importance is the fact that the only reason the aristocratic power grabbing malefactors were able to get so out of control that they sent Rome up in smoke was because people like us turned a blind eye to their escalating mischief. This is where we’re at today in America.

We don’t believe the government’s mostly good because the evidence supports such a conclusion; it doesn’t. We believe it because we want it to be true. And it’s just this sort of self-soothing presumption, conceived in a factual vacuum, that on the one hand keeps us from suffering any immediate personal disturbance, while on the other hand providing carte blanche to the more sinister facets of human nature that tend to congregate in and around positions of unaccountable power.

The truth is so over the top bad that when a normal honest person first sees it, it’s literally incapacitating for a while. That’s fine. A good person should be stunned and shocked by the government’s current conduct. But all too often the knee-jerk reaction to the overwhelming awfulness is to retreat back into willful ignorance and denial. We may even attribute this retreat to “skepticism.” But truth be told, we are being the opposite of skeptical. We are acting like a wife whose husband is cheating on her who finally just says “I don’t want to know.” The two of them then live in a sort of mutually understood state of pretend circumstances. They figure this is preferable to the truth because the truth will devastate their entire home and family. But the relationship sustained by deceit can’t last, let alone be healthy.

The time has come for us to go ahead and openly acknowledge that we are in an unhealthy abusive relationship with a government that doesn’t respect us and constantly deceives us. We’ve got a long way to go to get back to being a dignified people who treat ourselves and others well. But well begun is half finished and we can make it one step at a time. That’s how you climb Everest, McKinley or any of the big ones; one little step, then a moment of rest, then another little step. The mountain is climbed almost incidentally while you are tending to the next two steps and the next three breaths. The next little step for you and for me is to have enough self-respect to call a spade a spade. Don’t panic about what to do with the truth once we admit it. That’s what makes people despair, give up, and descend. Just take the next step, and then catch your breath.

Let’s take a step together by looking the bull in the eyes on a few hard things:

Congress doesn’t represent us. They represent their corporate sponsors because that’s who put them in office.

The only way the government is going to be able to pay us the retirement dollars they promised is by switching to a new currency then paying us in obsolete U.S. dollars that nobody wants to take. Sadly, it’s going to be less work for us to make other arrangements than it is to get the government to pay out in a meaningful way.

The CIA, NSA, DEA and other large portions of the intelligence community have broken off from the government proper and are now a law unto themselves and answer to no one. They achieved this by generating their own revenue streams through the production and distribution of illegal narcotics, mostly Middle East opiates and Mexican methamphetamines. This effectively ended congress’s ability to act as a check and balance under the separation of powers doctrine whereby congress could withhold



funding from agencies that stonewalled congressional inquiries or otherwise refused to submit to statutory or constitutional restraints. These agencies, now awash in their own drug money, have told congress and their corporate sponsors to get bent. We the people don't even enter into the equation other than as the end consumer of the drugs.

The flood of immigrants coming across the Mexican border will likely cause nationwide social and economic turmoil. But the only reason they are stampeding in to the U.S. is because the DEA, working in partnership with the Sinaloa drug cartel, turned their home into an unlivable war zone.

The liberals didn't ruin this country. The conservatives didn't ruin this country. Joining one group and hating the other is a cop out. The truth is, both groups have plenty in common to live together happily. The ones who can't live in peace are the people, from any persuasion, who want power over the others.

The CIA created Al Qaeda in the 70's and 80's to cause problems for the Soviet Empire. They funded them, trained them and directed their operations. Al Qaeda continues to operate as a subsidiary of the CIA today fighting Bashar al Assad in Syria. ISIS and Al Qaeda are the same. They're mostly comprised of useful idiots, but the CIA holds a controlling interest.

All of this Homeland Security build up and militarization of the police is for regular people like us. The government is spying on you. You do have something to hide, even if you are an honest law abiding person, because the people who took over the system are dishonest law breaking predators who prey on honest people like us because it's easy. And when they fully crack down on us, people with liberal values and people with conservative values are both going to have to let the other just be who they are so we can work together to stop the people whose only value is total control.

The reason all of the domestic news outlets are always covering the same story in the same way, like they're performers in some carefully choreographed Broadway show, is because they all get their marching orders from D.C. They will promote the left/right blame game but never criticize the overall system. You have to read foreign newspapers to get that.

There's a good chance I will sit in prison until the Federal collapse is accelerated when all the officials, who already have a toe in, dive into crime full time. The internal realization that the Feds are insolvent will trigger the stampede. There's also a good chance that many thousands of you will join me before this runs its course.

Friends come and go but enemies accumulate. When the enemies the Feds have accumulated from all over the world finally get sick of drone murders, kidnappings, coups, economic sabotage, drugs, spying and lying, they are going to team up on America and beat down the bully. When this happens, they will not take kindly to us saying "no, that wasn't us. That was the Feds," even though it's sort of true. They are going to say "well, it was your dog. You knew it was vicious. You let it get off its chain. We're holding you liable." And they will be right.

Asking the government to comment on their misdeeds is soliciting a lie, and that's all to comment on their misdeeds is soliciting a lie, and that's all you are going to get, whether it's General Keith Alexander or your local police chief. The ugly truth is obvious, so asking them to explain things means you are looking for an explanation other than the obvious one.

The multi-national banking conglomerates, who issue nearly every country's currency, are more powerful than the governments that they effectively own through debt structures. Even the Feds as might as they are, are just a mid-level enforcer for the global central bankers. This isn't some complex conspiracy; it's just the nature of wealth and power that more isn't enough. The banking powers that be will not stop until they hold a controlling interest in every government, every economy, and every human life. They will snuff out the flame of freedom, beauty and creativity one person at a time until there's nothing left but cold numb slaves who never see the fruits of their labor and are unable to choose their own path. The bankers know that as the American people get wise to the racket, we will become a powerful multi-generational hold-out. This is why they restructured the post 9/11 government into a militarized domestic aggressor, and then bombarded it with an intensive internal propaganda campaign to convince it that the American people are a dangerous enemy who needs to be spied on, crushed, and subdued. The Feds have been tricked into attacking their own countrymen by foreigners who don't want Americans bucking Slave Bank, Inc. and the plans they have for us and our children. It's not complicated, it's just repulsively sinister.

#### OPINION WITH INTENT TO DISTRIBUTE

I don't know firsthand because I'm in prison, but I'm told people are catching on to what's happening around us a lot quicker than they were four years ago when the Feds took me out. That's good to hear, because in my case it seemed like the U.S. Attorney's Office just served up two scoops of BS in a waffle cone and everyone snarfed it down, no questions asked. Perhaps this goes back to us believing what we want to believe. If I was guilty, then there was just one bad apple in Fairbanks. If, on the other hand, I was innocent, the whole society has a major and dangerous problem in our midst that we are not prepared to deal with. Well folks, you can believe it; I was summarily railroaded for opinion with intent to distribute.

We need to come to terms with the reality of our situation. No hope is better than false hope, because false hope is a tool of despots used to subdue those who would be effective dissenters. False hope also robs us of our vigilance and sense of urgency. Really, there's no such thing as "no hope." There's such a thing as "no known hope," but there is always hope.

#### HIGH HOPES

Now I'm talking to every cop, agent, judge, soldier, attorney, or other employee of the system. I'm opposed to the government because of what it's become and the good it's destroying. But I'm not opposed to you. We belong to the same humanity, and that gives us more in common than we could ever have to set us apart. I believe that you and I both can make it through this mess we are in together. I believe that things will get better. The reason I believe this is because the human spirit is always stronger than the systems built to break it. I'm not appealing to the system. It has no redeeming qualities. I'm appealing to you, to your human goodness, your proclivity for justice, to the sensibilities of your heart.

The system isn't using you to control me; it's using me as an excuse to control you. Right now the biggest obstacle between evil and its ambition is the goodness in your heart. If you won't do evil for the system, they'll try to convince you that you are doing good. But you know the truth. You can avoid it. You can tell yourself that it's someone else's job to decide who the "Bad Guys" are and who you attack. But you know it's a lie. You're the one who has to live with knowing what you were a part of.

This isn't some post-arrest epiphany I've had. I can be heard on February 19<sup>th</sup> 2010 on the secret FBI audio recordings explaining to the CI that I have no animosity towards the people in government, that I wished we could all get along and go on a picnic, and that I was abandoning my home and business rather than let Bill Fulton and Aaron Bennett use me as an excuse to do harm to you. You realize that? I don't even know you but your well-being was more important to me than everything I owned and had worked hard for my whole life.

My wife Marti agreed to this too, and she had our week old baby in her arms. She took only the valuables she could carry and went off into the unknown with two kids and no idea how we would get by. Then on March 10<sup>th</sup> you guys put on black masks, kicked in the doors, threw the mothers on the ground and held M-4's to their heads while the children screamed. On the other side of town a take-down, complete with no-chain-of custody drop weapons, had been set up for me and Coleman. We had been told we were meeting a truck driver who was going to transport me and my family out of the country. You had been told that I would shoot cops on sight. Someone lied to you to try to get you to kill me. When you charged up on the truck I couldn't see your face because of your mask. But I could see your eyes behind you Eotec, and they were scared. I could tell right then you drank the kool-aid and you thought we were enemies. It was the same Kool-aid the CI's tried to get me to drink about you. If I'd moved, you would have blasted me. If I'd bought the CI's hype I would have pulled the Glock 30 out of my pocket and blasted you. "is it a gun? Is it a knife? Is it a wallet? This is your life! It ain't no secret; you can get killed just for livin' in your American skin. Forty-one shots!"

Both of us were being lied to. Both of us were being manipulated with fear. Who benefits from all this? It's not me. It's not you. Who needs America to fight itself until we're weak and easy to conquer?

Steve Skrocki, you prosecuted me with a zeal that is rare in any man. It is clear that you love America and believe in its form of government. You saw me as a subversive and a threat to the country that is part of your heart. Like one defending his lover from harm, there was nothing you would not do to obtain a conviction. But is the America you love vanishing while you defend her?

I know you like to listen to Bruce Springsteen. Listen to him now, I think he's telling the truth about our country. "Men walk along the railroad tracks, they're going someplace there's no going back. Highway patrol choppers coming up over the ridge. Hot soup on a campfire under the bridge. Shelter line stretching around the corner. Welcome to the New World Order. Families sleeping in their cars in the South West, no home, no job, no peace, no rest."

Is it possible that you and I love and want to protect the same things about the same country? Steve, "I'm buried to my heart here in this earth." I loved America. I loved my countrymen. "The day she ripped apart a dark and bloody arrow pierced my heart."

Could your efforts to defend her be clearing the way for the very thing that will supplant her? Could we both have lost our country already? Do you "awake to find your city's gone to black?" Do you wonder why America is "down in the hole?" Will you "dig right here until you get her back?"

**BLOW A WHISTLE SAVE A LIFE**

This is my cry for help. Not just for me and my family, but for the next family, for the people I don't know, for the whole country, for the idea of a fair trial.

What was done to us was an injustice. Dozens of people, whether knowingly or not, worked in concert to conceal the truth from the jury while convincing them of a lie. This devastated my family and left my children fatherless. What makes it sting all the worse is to listen to my bewildered voice in the days leading up to my arrest as I explained that my children needed their father to be there for them and that I was leaving the country rather than risk getting killed or sent to prison over the utter folly the informants were pushing. Now her I am with 27 years for a crime I not only refused to commit, but took extreme steps to discourage others from committing.

All of the evidence we have supports this. All the evidence that was suppressed at trial supports this. And I'm sure all the evidence that was improperly kept from us supports this as well. But it will take 7 to 12 years for me to litigate that evidence out of the FBI with FOIA requests and lawsuits. My children will be grown by then and the damage will have already been done. I'm asking for someone to turn over all the information there is on this case to us now, while we are still on direct appeal. Do it anonymously if you want to. But do it, because it's the right thing to do.

I'm also asking anyone who knows of any other misconduct surrounding this case to file a complaint, or at least drop us a tip.

You won't be the first. AUSA Steve Cooper went to bat for me and told the Anchorage office to leave me alone because I wasn't breaking the law. He also testified for the defense at trial. Military Police Officer Stephen Gibson warned me that certain agents were planning to kill me in a shootout. He too came and testified for the defense. And there are others who I'm not sure if I'm free to name, so I won't. All of this helped, but the prosecution was able to procedurally outmaneuver the truth and now we need something to warrant a reversal. You can reunite a family and see that justice is done.

It's bureaucracy and institution that suppress and banish our humanity until eventually we find ourselves engaged in atrocities as a routine matter of course, but it's individuals, one at a time, that stand up and bring us back to our senses. This is the cycle, and we were born for times like these. Please, blow the whistle, save a life.

~Schaeffer Cox  
Freeschaeffercox.com

