

Preface

“I found out something I never knew. I found out that my world was not the real world.” —Robert Kennedy, on investigating his brother’s assassination.

I know how Robert Kennedy felt.

I am a fugitive; I live in Switzerland today. An Interpol warrant hangs over my head and U.S. Marshals label me “armed and dangerous.” My world today arises from fabrication, a cardboard village turned three-dimensional because I misunderstood the real rules, the rules that govern a shadowy world of police/lawyer corruption.

On the pages that follow I tell a story of legal system malfunction in such excess that many have said it cannot be true. That is wishful thinking; I know different.

I claim that a police chief hid evidence at a trial where no witnesses were permitted, no evidence was allowed, yet the chief later sent that evidence to me, in Switzerland; I claim that a federal judge maintained a ruling barring contact with my son based on documents that he knew were deliberately falsified; I claim that a New Zealand real estate lawyer stole one quarter million dollars from a Swiss bank, had an arrest warrant issued, then continued to practice law; I claim that court-ordered psychological reports were altered to state their opposite.

I claim that I was prevented from writing this story in the United States because one of the largest judgments for libel in the history of Wisconsin was meant to silence me. And I claim that the violations above were meant as punishment for my refusal to plea bargain... for refusing to help hide child abuse—the abuse of my son.

I further claim that the responsible authorities refuse to examine these claims, even though an investigator could verify most of them within about a good day’s work.

Switzerland has strict libel laws, yet numerous essays, a video, and a book published in Switzerland have never been challenged in a Swiss court. Only Milwaukee courts, with insider arrangements, are considered safe harbor for local corruption.

The story I tell here is grotesque, unattractive, painful to behold. I walked in that landscape, amazed at how wrong my assumptions about justice and protecting children had been at every turn.

Finally, I claim that I have seen the real world, as Robert Kennedy did. And that world remains hidden in plain view of all of us. We just need the courage to look.

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