

# *How?*

## *(Sex, Lies and Audiotape, Part VII)*

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How did they pull it off? *Easy*. They did it the old-fashioned way: *They cheated*.

### *How?*

How did they manufacture the recordings? We can only speculate, but we can be sure that "they" did manufacture at least the first two recordings because two of the world's leading forensic audiology experts *proved* it, then pronounced them to be *fakes*. They won't let us hear the third recording, though.

An "extraordinary" number of "electronic transient signatures exist on those two recordings," said both of our sound experts, indicative of things such as editing, turning microphones on/off, equipment malfunctions and so on. The government itself ruled out everything but editing at trial (not its intent, of course).

Clearly, Larry, the Idahun Handyman Hit Man made recordings of at least *some* of the conversations that he and I had in the days and weeks leading up to my arrest, because I recognize snippets of some of those conversations in the two incriminating recordings.

### *Somebody*

Somebody brighter than Larry had to have woven them into the final product, though.

Somebody with a strong motivation to put me away, not to mention the resources.

Somebody arrogant enough to think that I wouldn't or couldn't have the resources to have the recordings analyzed closely enough to disclose their chicanery.

Somebody, perhaps, with the ability to keep me locked up and to hold me essentially incommunicado en route to my "fair" trial, for which I was not

allowed even to *help* prepare my own defense or, more importantly, to offer evidence in my own defense.

So - let's speculate. The FBI admits to violating its own rules in the way that Sotka made the recordings: *Only* Larry the Idahun Handyman Hit Man and, probably, FBI Agent Sotka know the *real* truth (aside from *me*, of course). Larry is a proven and self-admitted liar and thief with a strong motive to lie in this case, so *nothing* he says can be trusted. Is Sotka a liar, too? Yes, as it turned out - a seeming pathological liar, at that. All we needed then was a dirty prosecutor, which is just what showed up on my case, even before the FBI was assigned my case.

### ***The Million-Dollar Man***

They were calling me the "Million Dollar Man" in and around the local Federal courthouse because of the exceptional effort and amount of money that was being employed to ensure that I was put away "for the rest of (my) life," as promised my wife by FBI Agent Mike Sotka, one of the two people relentlessly and ruthlessly driving my prosecution. You have to ask yourself why such resources were being expended in my prosecution if my guilt was so obvious.

You also have to ask yourself why I, a practicing trial lawyer with a spotless record, had to be held for nearly a year *without bail*. My family and friends pledged \$1 million for bail, only to be repeatedly refused by a Federal magistrate shot through with malice and literally *dripping* with contempt. Held in *solitary confinement* for most of that year, not to mention mostly under maximum security and full lockdown, there was no way for me to communicate with others or, more importantly, actually participate in erecting my own trial defense.

Since what remained of my family's life savings (kept on our property as silver bullion) that had not yet been stolen by Larry, the Idahun Handyman Hit Man, was confiscated by the FBI, I was left with nothing but a public defender. It is not for nothing that such lawyers are called "Public Pretenders," believe me.

Without my many, many friends who contributed to a Legal Defense Fund, I never could have afforded to hire a private attorney or the forensic audiology

experts who uncovered the proof that I had been framed. Of course, I didn't reckon with my Federal trial judge refusing to allow them to testify.

Nor did I reckon with the fact that I would be *denied confidential attorney-client communications* by that prosecutor and the judge, but that is a story for another day.

### *Lies*

I always have found it curious that the first thing Sotka declared to Cyndi, something he was to stress repeatedly, was "He (*me*, that is) is a liar." Umm...about *what*, exactly, Agent Sotka? Then, of course, the "victim" *herself* (Cyndi) has complained repeatedly about all the lies that Sotka told her. I, too, have been witness to an extraordinary number of lies told by Agent Sotka.

Why did Sotka have to lie so much if the case against me was such a dead-bang, laydown sure thing? We'll come back to that question later.

If we believe Agent Sotka is innocent (a stretch, I confess), then Larry had to have had a tape player secreted in the barn, which he then twice played into the portable recorder Sotka gave him. Easily enough done, but I *refuse* to believe Larry bright enough to have produced the false recordings. Besides, like Wily Coyote, Larry shops at Acme, don't forget. Did somebody like the ADL produce those recordings for Larry?

Else, Sotka is dirty, then the possibilities unfold endlessly. He and Larry needn't ever even have come to my property for anything except, perhaps, to record background noises. I wonder if Sotka possessed the necessary expertise to manufacture recordings? Certainly, the FBI possesses *tons* of sound-editing expertise, which expertise has been proven repeatedly to have been used to manufacture evidence in the past, both inside and outside the FBI laboratory in Quantico, Virginia. But, then, the FBI is so entwined with the ADL, of course.

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Next: [How Too? \(Sex, Lies and Audiotape, Part VIII\)](#)

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