

IN THE MONROE COUNTY CIRCUIT COURT

Case No. 53C06-2508-CT-002221

Truth v. Lies

PLEA FOR DIGNITY

On this day of rest, the eve of our day of labor, I file not just a case but a plea for dignity.

I. Introduction

As I await the chance to finally meet my adversary, like David awaiting Goliath, I remind myself that I am not in prison. I am as free as the bird in the open sky.

But these proceedings are dehumanizing, as so much of our society has become. Courts, science, education, and healthcare — once noble callings — have been politicized, bureaucratized, and weaponized. What remains is not justice, not truth, not care, but machinery that strips away humanity.

II. The Sin of Science

My particular problem with the genetic code was dismissed as “too esoteric.” That judgment branded me as esoteric too, within a culture of scientific fascism. But the genetic code is life itself. If life itself has become “too esoteric,” then we have lost our compass. We are no longer human.

The original sin of science was not Darwin’s supposed banishment of God by saying life was math. Darwin’s fault, if any, was silence. The deeper sin belongs to Francis Crick. He discovered the structure of DNA — difficult but straightforward. Then came the codon table — almost miraculous. Yet he failed to ask the simplest question: *Do we have the right table?*

It is the job of science to ask, not to close. When scientists stop asking, they sin. When they refuse to admit the existence of the question itself, they commit the greater sin. Science today is building a Tower of Babel.

III. Confession: My Sins

I confess my own. In geology, I knew what I was being taught about crystals was wrong. I memorized it anyway to pass the test. Knowing a wrong answer is different from explaining the right one.

In medical school, when I first saw the genetic code, the error was even more obvious. The page was flat; the molecules demanded depth. Again, I stayed silent. My job was to take tests, and these were easy.

Years later, my young son handed me a math question, and together we folded a paper dodecahedron. In that instant I knew it contained answers science had ignored. My old problems in geology dissolved in its faces. My programming experiments with crystals and solids suddenly pointed to something larger: the genetic code itself. On my birthday, I saw it. The genetic code and my code were identical. There was only one way to map them. My mind said: *Bingo*.

That was when my greatest sin began: knowing the truth, yet deferring to authority. I stayed quiet. I found no one willing to talk. I became a reluctant heretic — a silent witness to truth.

IV. Betrayal and Punishment

I thought science would welcome me. Instead, I was punished. I was told I was wrong, but never told why. My dignity began to unravel. I was Daniel thrown to the lions.

I came to see I was not up against error, but thought control — Naked Emperor Syndrome. Orwell had warned us in *Animal Farm* and *1984*. Science had become politics by another name, and I had become its enemy by accident.

I lost my profession, my money, my dream. Most of all, I lost my dignity.

V. Illness and Urgency

Then came COVID. I fought on the front lines as an ER doctor. I got COVID. I took the vaccine. Then I got ALS.

I never wanted to make that public. Very few know I have it. I do not even know what it means for me. But I cannot pretend it does not exist, because time is no longer an abstraction.

The longer Indiana University delays, the greater the odds that I will first appear in this courtroom in a wheelchair. That is not my choice, nor my fault. And trust me: I like it less than they do.

That is why I must say this now: time is of the essence.

VI. Act I and Act II

I knew I could not fight alone forever, so I looked for peers. Elon Musk for vision, Terrence Howard for audacity. Then I realized what I needed was not peer review, but Peers — people willing to storm the gates.

That is why I turned to the law. The Scopes Monkey Trial, a century ago, was a staged demand for accountability. So is this. This is *Inherit the Wind*, Act II. But the roles are reversed: it is science now acting as received religious truth, science spreading absurd lies, science invoking the moral authority of fascism to enforce its declarations of ultimate truth.

Despite my long odds — no counsel, no resources, no physical strength — all I needed was to stage Act I. And somehow, I have. There will be an Act II, if anyone wants it. The spotlight will rise, and the public will see the play for what it is: a morality tale. Good versus Evil. Truth versus Lies.

VII. Conclusion

This is my confession. My sins are many. But silence was the greatest of them, and I will be silent no longer. Evil flourishes when good men do nothing.

So I say:

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

WHEREFORE, Plaintiff prays for relief as justice requires, including restoration of dignity, accountability from Indiana University, and such other remedies as this Court deems proper.

Respectfully submitted,
Mark White, human being