

LAZARUS
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Credentials Of Ministry

This is to certify that the bearer hereof was ordained
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#7 Interview
Mr OF

WHISPERS
S.O.U.L. Clinic
Interview Questions

Thank you for this interview bro... as I said: The Prison Boom these last few decades is this generation's modern-day holocaust of "criminals". Its time we remind the living out there that we are still alive, all be it in exile. *

Let's begin this interview with: name/age/race/county-year of conviction/
Public Defender - plea - appeal comments. Was the sentence fair - why? Is prison what you expected - as the media projects? How do you make it psychologically acceptable to deal with your crimes - and corresponding time? How many years have you been in prison now? What would you like to tell tax payers about some of the things you've seen in prison, which they'd never imagined could happen to their sons/husbands/fathers? What would you like to say about your observations/experience with prison guards/counselors/administration? What is your disciplinary history? What is your experience/observations with the Psych. Dept.? With the Religious Dept.? With any of the "Rehab. Groups"? Are you any different from this prison experience? What do you think has changed the most about you? How'd that change come about? Do you consider yourself a criminal? What do you think makes someone a criminal? What's your greatest strength? your greatest weakness? What would you like to accomplish? Have you maintained relationships outside prison? Visits/letters/phone calls? Do you feel you have been forgiven for your actions? Have you made amends to the people you have harmed? If you have not had the opportunity to make personal amends with your victim or their family, what would you say if given the chance?

* Interviews will be posted on my blog site: BetweentheBars.org

WHISPERS: Welcome to this S.O.U.L. Clinic Interview which I'll be posting onto my blog site BetweenTheBars, sir. I trust that you appreciate the purpose of this LAZARUS PROJECT, and you're ready to purge — so let's see what you've got.

MRØF: Thank you for having me Whispers. Name rank & serial number? Let's go with Linus. I'm a 34yr. old human. I was convicted after a month-long trial in San Diego County in 2010. I had a Public Defender - but also three private attorneys - and the P.D. was not the one I'd went to trial with. She was a real bitch, but after firing (and successfully suing) my first paid attorney (\$30K), and losing the second private attorney (\$10K plus \$5K in additional expenses for the preliminary hearing only! The price was raised for trial, after the prelim from \$15K to \$30K, when he finally understood the complexity of the case - so we couldn't afford to retain him. I didn't feel that I could complain to my family about how awful the P.D. was because, after all, what could they do about it? We lost a good attorney because we couldn't afford to pay additional fees, so telling them how bad the P.D. was would only upset them and make em feel ashamed, impotent, and as hopeless as I was... and what would be the reason to put them through that? However, my aunt came to one of my hearings - roughly a year into this useless P.D.'s mis-"representation", and for whatever reason, she'd asked the P.D. some questions when they'd met. I never did learn what was said - but the result was that my aunt called her brother, my dad, and told him in no uncertain terms: "You HAVE TO get another lawyer for your son. This one will not help him!" The fact that she seen that so clearly after only a few minutes of conversation, tells how awful this public defender really was. Soon I had another private attorney. In fact, my cellmate for about a month in jail, was really the reason I got another lawyer. He'd decided I deserved help more than anyone he'd known, after hearing my full story and getting to know me and some of the others involved in my case. When he got out of jail, he basically insisted that his mother loan money to my family. Her loan of \$5K pretty much guilted my many siblings to come through with another \$10K in loans, plus the \$5-10K I still had tied-up in stocks... That, plus a "payment plan" for the last \$15-20K of the Lawyer's \$40K retainer, bought this guy for me. It was the single biggest mistake I made through the trial process. He was an idiot, and lazy, and arrogant, and a liar! But he'd said all the right things to me and my family when we interviewed him. Darned slimeball.

I'm afraid I don't understand your question 'Appeal Comments'.

WHISPERS: Did you appeal the conviction?

MRØF: Yes, I had an appeal. I was appointed an attorney. But I'd asked to represent myself when that attorney refused to brief the issues I wanted him to focus on. The court denied both my requests to supplement the brief, and to represent myself, saying that I had no constitutional right - on appeal - to do either. The appellate project director refused to appoint an alternate attorney, and also refused to direct the appeal attorney to brief the issues I'd identified. Not surprisingly, I'd lost the appeal the same way I'd lost the trial; by the incompetence of lazy attorneys. Today I am still attacking the conviction, via habeas corpus, which is in the 9th Circuit now.

Was the sentence fair? LOL!! This is a joke question, right? Of course it wasn't fair! The conviction itself wasn't fair! But even if I'd done everything the prosecutor accused me of, the sentence still wouldn't be fair. It couldn't be, since there's no such thing as a "fair sentence". All punishment is injustice, without exception.

WHISPERS: All punishment is injustice, ye say? Pardon my interruption, but I'd like to ask you to please elaborate.

MROF: Punishment is merely violent retribution, an indulgence of base instincts, and the refuge of those too dumb or lazy to imagine any alternative. Punishment is always an admission of incompetence. We punish only because we lack the imagination and/or patience to respond in any purposeful way. Of course it's true that people do occasionally act in terribly harmful ways - tho rarely without the context of having learned that violence and theft are in fact acceptable - at least when done with sufficient "status", and some superficial semblance of a justification. Lessons taught from birth by parents, family, schools and other social arrangements and institutions, from meter maids to our mercenary militaries the world over! The few exceptions to culturally learned acceptance of harmful acts are almost always examples of clearly identifiable mental illness. In none of these cases is "punishment" a helpful response to murders, rapes, carjackings, assaults, burglaries, or any other conceivable "crime", because punishment does not and cannot address the causes of these acts. Punishment scoffs at the idea of trying to understand those causes, to seek change in the ways we think and operate as individuals and societies. In fact, punishment accomplishes exactly what a good society wants to avoid; it exemplifies and legitimizes violence as a means to an end, and ensures the cycles will continue. So, NO! the punishment wasn't fair. But even for them who whole-heartedly disagree with my views on punishment-as-violence, ask yourself: could a 100+yr "to life" sentence EVER be "fair" in a world where no one yet lives past 130yrs or so? And no one is likely to get such "sentence" until they're at least 15-20 years old?! So I think it really shines a light upon the whole farce and facade. It's really just "Lord of the Flies", without the honesty.

WHISPERS: Thank you. Now let's move along: Is prison what you expected?

MROF: Hell no! The first major shock I experienced upon first being caged was that my captors really - truly expected me to close the cage door on myself. I was genuinely dumbstruck when the disembodied voice on the P.A. system commanded me to lock myself in. My response was an incredulous "fuck you"! But the other prisoner in my cage assured me I should just close the door. It took a very long time to get used to doing that... and I mourn the loss of the humanity in me, the loss that makes such an outrageous indignity so mindlessly simple today. There are countless ways that imprisonment is different from anything I could have expected. Truly, no part of this was imaginable from my life experience - but I guess the most striking departure from my expectations has to be the near total lack of self-awareness, and other-awareness, demonstrated by the vast majority of prisoners. You'd think, at the very least, there'd be a degree of general identification and sympathy with others in the same degraded condition, some sort of at least rudimentary solidarity among men who are all - without exception - marched by armed guards into cages, bound by chains and debased by every single aspect of the entire spectacle, threatened with summary execution for any attempt to liberate themselves from the lowest of human conditions - the prisoner, the slave, the subjugated pawn of a power structure - but no. The self-delusion and general cultural denial of the reality of their condition makes prisoners somehow, the very least cooperative and most uncompassionate group I've ever encountered. It's as sad as it is disgusting, every day watching prisoner after prisoner turn on one another - while prostrating themselves completely before the voices in authority, both literally and

metaphorically, insisting "You deserve this - and worse! Now, go spread the word amongst your fellows!" Nope, I surely never expected anything like this.

How do I make it psychologically acceptable to deal with my crimes? Wow, really? Again, I realize that some people in prison have truly done some awful shit, but this question... it's ridiculous! The sort of schlock only a retribution-minded goon could ask with a straight face. Honestly, I have no idea how to even try to answer. First of all, since I never committed any "crime", no harmful act of any kind, the question clearly doesn't apply. I didn't even do what I was accused of; the harmfulness of which is highly doubtful, so I guess I simply can't answer.

WHISPERS: Well I guess that's better than claiming the question is schlock, schmuck! Let's move along: How many years have you been in prison now?

MRAF: I've been in prison 8½ yrs now. I don't distinguish between "prison" and "jail" though since they both serve the same purpose and discard me from the real world, and end my life. "Prison" is worse than "jail", I suppose - because prisons sort of encourage the delusion of "living there", whereas few people in a jail... whether serving a sentence or awaiting trial, ever make the sickening mistake of saying they "live" there. They simply are there - but they "live" in the real world somewhere, where their lives are. The duration is irrelevant. People in prison allow themselves to be talked out of that fact - and into the delusion.

What would I like to tell taxpayers? I think my other answers cover it, but specifically those "things that happen to sons/husbands/fathers: that they'd never imagine"? I guess the main thing is that almost no one even tries to maintain his integrity or dignity in prison - and most who do try fail anyway! What I mean is; your loved one almost certainly adopts and/or accepts behaviors and attitudes inside prison that would make them drop their head in shame if they thought you saw the full abjectness of it. Your open-minded, easy-going brother or father... he behaves in ways so racist while in prison, you'd swear you never met the man before. And that's just the tip of the slime-covered iceberg. You don't want to see the things he sees, says and does. You don't want to know what he accepts done to him, and to others. Don't even try to imagine it - you'll never hug him again. And if he knew you knew - he probably wouldn't even let you if you tried.

Prison guards, Counselors, Administration? Well, the majority appear to be very average people, skewing a bit to the dumb side. They blend back into reality fairly well once they leave here, which in my opinion is what makes them so insidious and contemptable. That nice lady or helpful fellow you are standing behind in the supermarket check-out line, the one who maybe offers to let you go ahead because you're only buying chapstick and a Snickers bar, well... he or she may very well have been elbowing a mentally ill man in the ribs just two hours earlier; or stepping on the apple and ½ pint milk carton a skinny, hungry old guy tried to bring back to his cage (food that was given to him just minutes before); or stealing all the books and mags from someone for no reason other than that he had "excess paper"; or writing someone up for being too late, or being too early, or being too mouthy, or not speaking enough, or having hair "too long", or a new tattoo, or for being the victim of some other asshole's assault... and knowing full well this one putrid little act of self-indulgent despotism that the guard will forget after one week, will almost certainly cause the prisoner to spend more years in

prison, treated like an animal, simply because he wanted to still feel like a human. Prison staff in the real world are vermin, and I always found it especially upsetting to see one, because just like cockroaches - you know when you see one, there are 100 more crawling around somewhere - invisibly. Why am I so harsh? Aren't these just good, normal people trying to pay bills and feed their families? Yes, that's more or less exactly what they are. They could've been postal workers or tour guides, horse groomers or chefs, Scientist or shoes salesman ... but they're prison workers instead. They chose, voluntarily, to earn money for cars and computers and khaki shorts and kid friendly concerts with their sons and daughters, by maintaining the subjugation and misery of their fellow human beings, quite often performing tortures for a paycheck. I'm not sure I believe in the concept of "crime" at all, but if there is any such thing - surely the clearest example of "criminal" must be the one who chooses, completely devoid of necessity, to inflict suffering on other human beings who've not only never wronged them in any way, but whom they've likely never even met before the first time they actively injured or debased them. That's why I'm so harsh: professional cagers are among the most inexcusable malfeasors I can imagine.

My disciplinary history: Two serious write-ups for defending myself in fights I didn't start: one for a positive drug test for cocaine (and I've literally never even seen cocaine in person, nor used any illegal drugs - ever!); a 'grooming standard' violation for having 5-inch long hair; a write up for accepting a tray of food that was brought to my cell door and handed to me (evidently I was supposed to know the expiration date of a cell-feeding order - as if I pay attention to their record keeping issues - and they aren't responsible for knowing what they're supposed to do - or not do); a write up for sending out ten 'indigent' envelopes that were given to me for use in the hole, by a guard - since I had none of my property and had no way to buy anything at the time (though I had money in my account when the indigent envelopes were processed); and finally, numerous write-ups for refusing to subject myself to slavery while I'm held captive.

My experience with the Psych. dept. is mixed. Some clinicians have been helpful and compassionate and intelligent. While others have been tiny-minded tyrants who seem to relish their ability to frustrate and obstruct a vulnerable, dependent population with no options.

I have little experience with the religious dept., though again it's a mixed bag. Some religious leaders have been sincere and helpful, but others have seemed very hostile - even antagonistic and obstructionist.

"Rehab. groups" in my opinion, are mostly collaborations in the carceral monolith, good for little other than indoctrinating weak minds in victimological dogma. However, I have no experience at all with the substance abuse/dependency groups like AA and NA.

Am I different from my engagement? Sadly, yes. Despite intense efforts to maintain my character, successful for many years (prior to first release), I know that I've lost a lot of the best parts of myself from relentless exposure to the psychological toxins of prison. I believe that Oscar Wilde was correct in his Ballad: "The vilest deed, like poison weeds, bloom well in prison air; it is only what is good in men that wastes and withers there..." Imprisonment breaks, deterrates, and erodes - nothing else! Some let themselves be fooled by an illusion of "growth", but it is growth only in the way an iron bar might seem to have "grown"

after years of rusting - it looks different, and even physically larger, but the "growth" is just the change from a strong substrate with integrity - to a big, flaky, weakened mess that crumbles at the touch. I'm finally rusting too.

Do I consider myself a criminal? Of course not! For me, personally, I've been caged despite never having hurt anyone in any way, ever. Some prisoners have hurt others, often many others, often for seemingly unfathomable reasons... but even they aren't "criminals". "Criminal" is thoroughly a pejorative word, good for nothing at all except dehumanizing humans to make it easier to treat them inhumanely. So, my answer as to what makes someone "a criminal": only the laziness and/or callousness of the one doing the labelling, nothing more.

What's my greatest strength and weakness? Who knows. It depends entirely on whom you ask, and on what their criteria are at the time they're asked.

WHISPERS: Hello?

MROF: Oh, you're asking me, you say? Still can't answer. It's like asking "What's the best flavoring?" It depends what you intend to put it on, doesn't it?

What would I like to accomplish? Living. That would be nice, but it's likely I'll never have that opportunity again. As a slightly more conventional answer... I'd like to accomplish the complete subversion and eradication of statism and authoritarianism. Or just to reconnect with my lost friends. I'd like to accomplish a new trial. I'd like to get the truth out.

Have I maintained relationships outside prison? This is my second-time being executed. The first time, I'd maintained nearly every relationship I had in real life, and even developed a few new ones from people I cared about, who put friends of theirs in contact with me. This time, I've lost nearly everyone. I have eight siblings, but no contact with six of them. Parents both died recently. One or two friends of the dozens who used to keep my phone ringing and my days busy still say "Hi" once or twice a year. I'd sent out 26 Christmas cards last year... and I'd received 2, 3 if you count the one that came at the end of January. If I'd a little help keeping my e-mail current and my social media alive, I believe I'd have held on to many, many more friends, but no one took my need for an online presence seriously - so I've died in cyberspace, too. My parents used to visit, but never any of the 10-12 approved visitors I have. Phone calls are few since the prepayment requirement made it a million times harder for people to accept my collect calls. I have 3 numbers I can get through too, now.

Forgiven? I don't need any forgiveness. I try to be forgiving of those who've harmed me through this ordeal. Let's talk about forgiveness for the people who perpetuate encagement yet demand obsequious servility from the caged victims of their self-righteous malignancy.

Amends? For what?! I've never harmed anyone. I am guilty only of being a good friend and treating people with full respect for their dignity, autonomy, and will. Victim?! That term disgusts and infuriates me. There are genuine victims out there, but I haven't created any. I would, however, love to be able to speak directly to my friends and other people whose lives were severely disrupted and degraded when the pigs took me hostage, because I am very sorry that so many people experienced such unpleasant, damaging, and scary things as a result of the cold, career-driven bloodlust of a hand full of pigs. I'm sorry my friends and their families were used as tools by assholes whose only goal was to injure me as severely as possible, no matter

who they had to destroy along the way. I would like to tell a few people in particular, that I've never, ever held them responsible or hated them for anything they did when they were crushed into a corner, that I know no one wanted to hurt me, that I know they were intimidated and afraid, because I literally saw what was done to them... at least the parts that got recorded. I know who the real villains were in this melodrama: they identify themselves proudly with badges.

WHISPERS: Exsscellent! Thank you sir - and this eternal tree enjoyed yer purge as well. Waw! What else is there to say when you meet a fellow traveller, but to say Fare Thee Well. The 'Potential' we share merely needs a worthy 'Purpose' to demonstrate how well we know what we know, ya know? Thank you for your apt contribution here in my Lazarus Project. Now in accord with St. John 11:43 - "Lazarus, come forth"! This S.O.U.L. Clinic facilitates a Science Of Understanding Life, and this Understanding liberates, it does, For the Love of Truth.

Now then in accord with Hebrew 77, let's present the begging bowl and sing ^{5b}
Be Blessed in your blessings and ^{4a} Fare Thee Well.