

Two articles about P.F. "Free" Lazor

The two articles reprinted below originally appeared in the April 30, 2016, issue of *The Journal*, issue No. 183. P.O. Box 1020, Big Sandy, Texas 75755.

Inmate in California Prison Tells His Story

By Dixon Cartwright

Free Lazor, a prisoner known to *JOURNAL* readers as P.F. Lazor, has been incarcerated in the California penal system for more than 30 years.

Mr. Lazor, when talking about his life in California prisons, describes an existence of hardship and deprivation and injustice.

In 1983, when he was 29, he killed a man who, he says, was coming at him with a meat cleaver. Mr. Lazor grabbed a target-practice pistol and shot him. The man bled to death when an ambulance crew was delayed in getting him to a hospital.

Rather than treating the case as an instance of a private citizen properly defending himself, Mr. Lazor was charged with first-degree murder.

The jury acquitted him of first-degree murder but decided to find him guilty of second-degree murder.

The upshot is that, even if he had served the full sentence for the lesser charge, he would have been out of prison after nine years. Yet he's been locked up for 33 years.

Mr. Lazor, who observed the Passover this year with two fellow prisoners, says he's at his wits' end and is unsure of how best to move forward in his quest for freedom.

To read Mr. Lazor's story in his own words, see "A Prisoner Needs Your Help," reprinted below.

A Prisoner Needs Your Help

By P.F. "Free" Lazor

By this article I hope to achieve three goals, all related to a single, greater, overarching, aim of obtaining my freedom from 33 years in false imprisonment. I wish to thank Dixon Cartwright for his help to aid toward this end.

Longtime readers of *THE JOURNAL* may remember learning some details about my

situation, that since 1983 I've been imprisoned for saving my life by lawfully using a legally registered gun in my bedroom against a home-invasion intruder in a violent rage attack that would no doubt have ended in my grisly murder had I not acted defensively.

I was acquitted of first-degree murder, convicted of second-degree murder (by some of the most shocking criminal acts by judicial officials ever committed) and sentenced under the relatively new, ambiguous, convoluted, deceptively written Proposition 7 "death penalty" initiative.

It had been passed into law by special interests who hoodwinked California voters as to what the multisubject measure meant—not passed by the California legislature. My sentence was an actual 8½ years, on a 17-year sentence with half-time reduction for "good time" credits. But, after passage, private special-interest prosecution officials met behind closed doors to "reinterpret" the new statute, because it was so badly worded it was unclear and lacked an enactment/implementation clause.

In that meeting the clear meaning that the sentence would be "15 years" (plus two for gun use), but could also be escalated up to "life" *only for "special circumstances"* and only if some of that long laundry list was found "true" by a jury, was treacherously changed to a catchall phrase of "15 years to life" *as the sentence itself*.

It was applied to everyone convicted of second-degree murder, even where there were no special circumstances, as in my case. By this masterpiece of deception, my sentence has been deviously converted by violent, corrupt prison guards, working in conjunction with ex-prison guards and like ilk who graduated into positions on California's Board of Parole Hearings (BPH) to a sentence



Free Lazor

of "life" where the "15 years" has become meaningless window dressing.

My mandatory release date, equal to any other prisoner with a flat sentence that ends, fully served, on a specified date, was May 1, 1992—and every day since then has been "false imprisonment" and "kidnapping" by guards and BPH officials, as defined by the Penal Code.

My prison files show the semisecret stealth change, in increments, from May 1, 1992, release to a "lifer" status. The mechanism by which this fraudulent sentence conversion has been achieved is a scheme created by prison guards in concert with BPH officials. The prison guards write false disciplinary rule-violation reports (RVRs) and the parole board invented a rule that any such reports will automatically result in parole denial for the natural life of the prisoner. *Voilà!*—conversion of an 8½-year sentence into life without possibility of parole, in criminal violation of my court-decreed sentence. Pretty nifty, huh?

The guards have personally promised that their criminal network (Google "The Green Wall" and "Corcoran Sharks") of fellow gang members will continue to issue false RVRs, while I remain an ultra-model prisoner, for the rest of my life, as retaliation for my exposing things like this scheme and guards' crimes as serious as brutal beatings and murders of prisoners, probably some innocent.

But now a far worse criminal scheme concocted by the BPH has entered the picture that would make Uncle Joseph Stalin blush with envy. Worse than any tactics I've ever read about in Stalin's U.S.S.R., the BPH created a Forensic Assessment Division branch, of their own in-house, hand-picked mercenary psychologists, imposed on all prisoners under these falsely claimed "lifer" sentences, as hatchet men who are now the ultimate gateway through which all these prisoners must pass before release.

This new adjunct to the false RVR scheme is the ultimate retaliation cudgel for all specially targeted prisoners who they deem dissidents (i.e., do not march to the drum of

worshiping the California Department of Corrections [CDC], the bread-and-butter daddy of their BPH branch).

So, although I've never in my life had a mental illness, not even close, and despite decades of favorable parole psych reports to release me, even by the CDC's own psychologists, I'm now suddenly labeled with a myriad of capriciously selected mental illnesses and "danger to society" ratings.

This is conscience-shocking, since my *entire* life history, since a toddler until today, in and out of prison, is a flawless record of one of the most peaceful, anti-violent people who have ever walked this earth. Yet my new forensic rating of danger to society, too dangerous to be set free, *is equal to all Manson-family members, Ted Bundy, Jeffrey Dahmer...*

Besides a lot of heavenly prayer (please), the one earthly hope I have to rectify this horrifying nightmare of libelous reputation-bashing on top of the theft of the rest of my life is to locate an appropriate psychologist and raise the funds to pay him or her.

I had secured one previously, hiring an independent psychologist and another, a Church of God clinical psych, who traveled to the prison and did an evaluation pro bono (without charge). Both gave sterling reports of no mental illness and less danger to society *than the average person who's never been in prison.*

However, the former retired, and the latter is not trained in the particularized "psych tools" (testing criteria) that the BPH requires, and BPH uses only the most recent report.

So the first two goals mentioned at the outset are (1) to locate an appropriate, competent, honest psychologist trained in the methods BPH requires and (2) to raise funds to pay him or her from caring souls, hopefully, who may be reading this article.

(By the way, the megalomaniacal forensic-assessment psychologist who rated me as dangerous to society as Manson et al. never even consulted with me and, therefore, had no basis to know that in my entire life I've never committed even a single act of moderate aggression, let alone violence, other than the one lawful event that saved my life.)

(3) As to the third goal of this article: For the past month, since my arrival at this new prison, I've conversed regularly with a "jailhouse lawyer" whose track

record in successful legal exploits that have exonerated, freed and favorably helped other prisoners is second to none. (I'm told that Googling "G. Daniel Walker" will bring up about 2,000 news articles and some famous TV interviews.)

He is much better at law than most good attorneys, which his track record proves. Of course, good jailhouse lawyers usually require a fee, but his is 5 to 10 percent that of an outside attorney.

His portfolio of news articles shows he's successfully won resentencing and release of men in my exact situation, where my sentence is disproportionate to the so-called crime and disparate to others with the same crime who have gone home long before me.

For less than \$1,000 total he will fight for my resentencing and freedom on this simple and, lately, much-recognized legitimate ground.

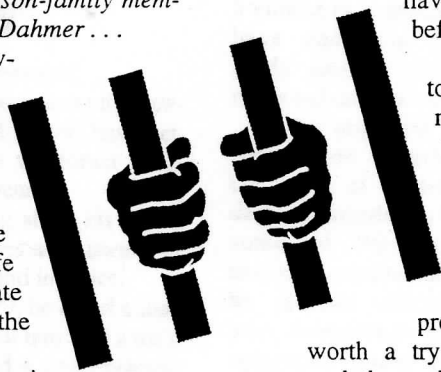
There's never a guarantee we will prevail, but I feel this is worth a try for that amount of money and the realistic good chance of success.

During these 33 years I've never asked people to donate financial aid unless they first offered it, though a few others have asked on my behalf, though not often. I've never been comfortable doing so, but I feel I'm fighting for what's left of my life in these final rounds and will humbly ask of those who are willing and can. Perhaps some could offer matching funds to get the ball rolling.

Important note: Money cannot be sent to me directly in prison. I'm severely penalized if that happens. Any amount would be gratefully accepted but must be sent to (and made out to) Gayle Travis (phone 510-363-3605), 21736 Orange Ave., Castro Valley, CA 94546.

Thank you for remembering Matthew 25:35-36 and Proverbs 3:28.

For info on my character and credibility, life history, legal case history, etc., please see www.free-lazor.org and www.tinyurl.com/freelazor. My parole hearing is set for June 16, 2016, at 8:30 a.m. U.S. Pacific time.



Write Free Lazor C-73842
P.O. Box 1050, D7-106 • Soledad, CA 93960
www.tinyurl.com/freelazor • www.free-lazor.org

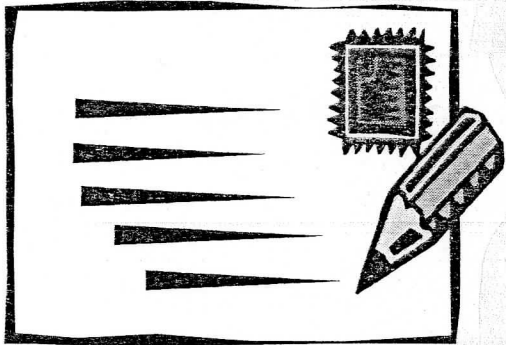
The Journal

News of the Churches of God

THE JOURNAL

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Letters from our readers



The plight of P.F. Lazor

I read with interest the article "A Prisoner Needs Your Help" by P.F. "Free" Lazor in *CONNECTIONS*, on page 9 of the April 30, 2016, issue of *THE JOURNAL*.

I've known Free over the hard-copy mail channels since December 2012 and have otherwise been in contact with him over the phone.

The personality description he provides of himself is certainly correct. He is mild-mannered, cerebral and enormously creative, having written thousands of songs and designed numerous inventions.

His prolonged incarceration has not only deprived him of the greater part of his life, but has deprived society of the contributions he long ago would have made.

The guards have not only conspired with the parole board as described in his article, but have raided his cell on numerous occasions and confiscated and shredded his intellectual property.

Destroyed were documents containing the lyrics, music and conceptualizations of new products derived from the unique creativity of this one man, P.F. "Free" Lazor. These papers are not reproducible, and their content is permanently lost.

He has suffered traumatic brain injury that has impaired his vision. He has been forced to endure, as cellmates, psychotically violent prisoners who had been thrust into the same cell in reprisal for seeking legal remedies or simply appearing before the parole board.

The very violence Free had to suffer from these maniacal prisonmates was used as evidence of violent behavior on the part of Free himself, leading to falsely contrived rule-violation reports that have since been used against him.

Those who would like to know more about this remarkable man are encouraged to visit his Facebook profile at [facebook.com/Free.Lazor](https://www.facebook.com/Free.Lazor).

Also, scroll down his timeline and course through his "Song Snippets" album. Click on the image "Every Song I Sing" and continue from there.

He'll be glad to hear from you. His current address is Free Lazor C-73842; P.O. Box 1050 D7-106; Soledad, Calif. 93960; U.S.A.

Don Sena
Phoenix, Ariz.