

TRUTH  
(Together Revealing Unjustness That Harms)

"Imposing one's will on another is an act of violence."  
-Ghandi-

"Lock him up and throw away the key." I must be honest with you, people look at me as the worst of the worst, the outcast of society, and scum of the earth. The deeper I move into the prison industrial complex and the further into my life sentence I trudge upon, I meet a seemingly hopeless point of incomprehensible demoralization. But somewhere at the deepest level inside of me I know that I am not worthless. Nor am I a piece of discarded trash rambling through narrow and murky pipelines, only to reach my inevitable destiny regulated by swelling tides and unscrupulous squalls. Surging into this vast and turbulent abyss otherwise known as the United States Legal and Criminal Justice Courts System. But this could never be. I am innocent.

My name is Brian Keith Figge, and I am wrongfully convicted and imprisoned for a crime that never took place. And if you would have asked me several years ago that this could ever happen to someone like me, I'd have given you a resounding "no." I mean I was living what many people who are not from this country are calling the American dream. I was an upstanding citizen with a wonderful and loving family, a great job, and I owned my own home as a result of some good old fashioned hard work. I paid all of my taxes on time and I never once in my life took any mind enhancing narcotics other than the occasional glass of wine. Crime was not a word that was chronically utilized

in my family's everyday vocabulary unless we had seen some unfortunate event on the local news. So you can imagine the disbelief and horror I experienced when false accusations and windsweeping libel abruptly immigrated itself into my nearly picture perfect life. I only watched stories about this kind of thing happening to other people on television and so this most definitely could not be happening to me. Furthermore, there must be a huge misunderstanding of which I am confident that our country's amazing legal system will sort all of this out in no time at all.

I waived my rights to silence and counsel. I cooperated with the police in full because I was going to do whatever it takes to make clear that I was completely innocent. And with the desperation of a drowning man who is searching for a life preserver, I did everything within human capacity to prove to everyone and anyone that I was 100% Not-Guilty. I have never declared anything other than having absolutely nothing to do with the accusations against me. And yet, I was only beginning to realize my naivete while scratching the surface of what appeared to my family and I as a just world, with of course the rest of the world viewing the transparency of my own blameless status.

From day one, I have done everything that was requested of me to ensure to everyone else that I had nothing to hide. I even begged my attorney to set up a meeting with the D.A., as well as expert witnesses, but my ideas were shunned aside as ridiculous and inappropriate. I firmly believed that the criminal justice system would eventually clear my name and so I voluntarily demanded to take polygraphs and passed every one of them. My attorney asked the alleged witnesses to take

polygraph examinations as well but they were quick in their refusal to do so. In my knowledge that I am innocent, I was not excited nor surprised at my passing of both polygraphs with flying colors while my attorney, on the other hand, was ecstatic and in utter disbelief due to his having some serious doubts as to his paying client's innocence. Plea bargain deals were strewn at me and I vehemently refused them. Why would I accept a deal for a crime that not only did I not commit, but did not believe even happened?

My realization of the system turning it's wheels against me was painstakingly slow. Were the attorneys for the people going to convict an innocent man? Was a judge going to willingly allow this heinous atrocity to actually take place? And as trial commenced it became painfully clear to me that my rights to a fair proceeding under the 6th Amendment were being violated.

My attorney waived my rights to opening arguments. Resultingly, the jury never heard him declare my innocence and made no effort to refute the insufficient evidence proffered by the District Attorney which supported their spurious and deceptive claims against me. On several occasions during trial, the presiding judge made prejudicial decisions thus inflicting severe mutilation to my defense. Most noteworthy, he dismissed a juror while in the middle of deliberation simply for declaring "I just don't see this happening, your honor!" This juror believed in my innocence. And yet in another instance, the judge ordered a key witness who was under oath to not be cross-examined, therefore crippling my defense in the ability to impeach key testimony that would help the jury to see the lacking of merit in the accusations against me.

My sleeping is sometimes peaceful with happier memories of my friends and family which soothe me in all that I once had. In contrast to relieving nights, most mornings in prison are unbearable as I lubberly awaken to officers yelling into the overhead mic "Time for Chow!" Wow. So this is what it's come to. I take a look around me at the surrounding steel and concrete of my cell, grimacing as my cellmate rips out a loud one, all the well knowing that his latest donation will be lingering on for a few minutes. And as I am walking to chow I become stupid and disturbed at the idea that there would be anyone out there who wouldn't be excited to eat the State of California's finest Grade C Bologna for the twentieth day in a row. This decadent meat is an exquisite delight and sensation to anyone's tastebuds. I can't help but admire myself out loud "It just doesn't get any better than this!" Sarcasm always helps a little in my ritual mornings of waking up to my nightmare of wrongful incarceration.

To those individuals who lied throughout my court proceedings, my question is "why?," and how do you live with yourselves? Day in and day out I find myself in a spiritual battle with my higher self in an effort to comprehend as to why any sane human being would find it necessary in their sensible souls to dissemble someone else's family, deceive an entire jury, and destroy an innocent man's life. And all for what? There is malignant calamity surrounding all events from my trial up through this prison life, and so I sometimes tend to forget how blessed I still truly am.

Many inmates are forced to share a 9x6 cell which is as small as an average household bathroom, with almost every aspect of our daily living being intentionally and unintentionally dictated

by someone else. We are not in control, and as a result, I have seen many men around me succumb to depression, rage, claustrophobia, and of course hopelessness. Naturally, you can imagine that most inmates did not just automatically happen to be thrown into prison with a healthy set of living habits and people skills. Many have become reliant on heavily dosed perscription medications, with some being totally unnecessary, as well as illegal substances that miraculously find their way inside the institution. Others continue to act out their powerful emotions by hurting themselves or others including staff.

There are those who have no outside support from family or friends and consequently have no means to purchase hygeine products, pens and paper, stamps, extra food etc. On any given day inside here I have seen guys eating out of the trash simply because they were not getting enough to eat in the chow hall due to the shadily small portions served at meal times. Moreover, if you are one of the lucky few to receive a job assignment which includes an hourly wage, you quickly come to realize that you are considered as rabble by correction officers in their paying you an embarrassing average wage amount of 8 cents an hour. Then only to have 55% of that taken from you to go towards your enormous restitution fine, leaving you with \$10 or less per month to go towards your personal hygeine as well as other supplies or extras. I thank God for Glen, Lisa, Mark, Coby, and my father who are supporting me in here with love and giving me everything that I need. I treasure the visits with my father who frequently comes to see me and vows in his belief of my innocence.

As your mom probably taught you, God gave you two eyes, two ears, and one mouth--so use them all in proportion. Listen, watch, and learn. Don't pay attention to anybody else's business, especially the crime they alledgedly committed to get here. A trainwreck can result. It is no matter whether you are in the day room, on the yard , in school, or the chow hall because the prevailing temperature amongst many inmates is foolish imperiousness. Guys wake up and get out of bed in the morning to intentionally go looking for conflict and trouble because they love to surround themselves in chaos. Apparently it's what we know best. This goes for correctional officers as well. Just because a man or woman is employed by the California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation does not mean that they are mentally well or even half sane. Many officers have chosen to work here as a last resort because they were running out of other options and are making it a daily priority to get into some type of altercation with another inmate.

Serenity is a meaningless word inside these prison walls and I have made it a top priority to stay off the radar of others in the interest of getting out of here in one piece. Yet on more than one occsion I have found myself transfused into the rubbling crossfire of others no matter how hard I try to stay away from all of the shenanigans. And so I politely smile and step out of the way at the first opportunity to do so. It is increasingly important to always treat others in here with kindness and respect, which sometimes can surprise another and change of negative energy into a positive one. But sometimes you just have to stand up for yourself and be concrete about it, because

you do not want to be perceived as a little bitch.

I've had enough. Everything thus far and proceeding forward are the direct results of my wrongful incarceration which has been erosive and damaging. But there is nothing more painful or debilitating than the negative impact on my family members. When I was out on the streets in free society, I made every effort to be the best son and brother to my family, as well as husband to my wife. I even took full care of my mother-in-law. So it becomes unbearable for me to think about those family members who have chosen to disconnect themselves from my life. And in my time of desperate need of all of those who have displayed their sincerest form of love for me in the past, but no longer chooses to do so, I am crushed. I have lost all contact with my precious children and mother-in-law, as well as my wife who has divorced me due to her perception that I lied to her and am actually guilty of these allegations. I have an aunt who believes that the United States Legal System is perfect and just. This is even despite the polygraphs which I had passed and sent to her for her own observations. She places her own son on the loftiest of pedestals and as such can do no wrong, that I ask of her, if the tables were turned and it was her unblemished angel that was the accused one, how would she feel about our perfect legal system then?

I sometimes feel like giving up in my pursuit of justice. How is it that some family members can abandon me and do nothing at all to help me in my proving my innocence? I have seen many other inmates who wholeheartedly confess to their crimes, and even in admitting their guilt, their family members love and

support them unconditionally. It is out in the visiting room when I can see children and grandchildren with their fathers, mothers, and grandparents expressing blissful exuberation while in each others presence. It is this very love and comfort that I hunger for.

Losing my mother has been the most difficult event that has happened to me while incarcerated. Losing a loved one is hard enough in itself, but it becomes despairing and next to impossible inside prison. Information comes to us from the outside streets at a slow pace, and I was filled with sorrow when I heard that she passed that I regret not being present with my mother and family during this time. These are permanent scars that I will carry with me for the rest of my life and I have no doubts that all of the lies strewn about and the injustices performed had taken a massive toll on her spirit and moving her closer to death. This is murder. I regularly ask myself in regards to the people who lied about me and for all that they have stolen from myself and family, what penalty are they paying? They are the guilty ones, not me. What justification do they have in taking another person's life in the way that they have?

My entire experience with the United States Criminal Justice System has been an encompassing reality of a much larger battle taking place in society. A sobering experience of Truth vs. Power. Society has been vindictive in their punishing me for a crime that never occurred. However, more is being revealed to me and I can clearly see that society's version of justice is about those who have the power to distribute injustices to others with impunity and at will. And for those of you who are



reading this can begin to understand the totalitarianism involved in our country's legal system, you can now see that Power Trumps over Truth. Always.

Had I had a competent trial attorney I would not be in prison right now. An attorney who was'nt merely practicing law but was also red blooded and persistent in uncovering the absolute and undeniable truth. An attorney who simply takes pleasure in winning. It was in the beginning that I had a fantastic and seemingly competent attorney, but then later lost due to his choosing to run in an upcoming election for Judge, and so he recommended another attorney to take over his place. This replacement that I had hired was aloof and pathetic. This sly individual not only aided in the current conditions of my life, but was also aimless in his litigative skills and slippery in his cunning lateralization to the District Attorney and Judge. Troublesome indeed.

I suppose my unwillingness to compromise by accepting a "plea bargain deal" and lying to the judge could have possibly deterred my attorney just a bit. But I know the truth and that there is only one truth. And it's because authentic truth never changes that I am athirst in being ordered back into Superior Court to begin the commencement of my inevitable vindication.

My days now consist of searching for a representative. I have written more than one-thousand letters to innocence projects, judges, senators, and even President Barack Obama in my quest for finding a genuine advocate to get my truth out in a courtroom before a judge panel or jury of my peers, and release me from injustice. This new attorney and counselor will understand all

that my family and I have endured thus far, and wholeheartedly remain steadfast in obtaining the justice that I was denied. It is with love and compassion that I know I am strong enough to ensure my never stopping to seek justice. A dear friend of mine, Mark, is encouraging me to make a difference in the world around me and to make a conscious effort everyday to help others in need, choosing to recognize the best in others around me. When my other family members and friends ran away from me, Mark only ran to me asking what is it that he can do to help me. His presence in my life is truly invaluable and I sometimes catch myself when I find that I am perplexed at some prison conundrum, asking the question "What would Mark do?"

I have reaquired myself to Quantum Physics and the "law of attraction." All of us human beings go through various portions of our lives where we are able to optimistically view and act on things from a different perspective. Through a different pair of glasses if you will. This is the one true aspect of my wrongful incarceration that has kept me sane and allowed some happiness and appreciation into my daily life. Using my knowledge, skills, and job assignment to help other inmates to achieve something better for themselves and their families.

Every inmate has a unique perspective and different skill set which can potentially fortify and build a network that provides protection. Most important, giving all inmates a reason to live as well as help lower the ridiculous recidivism rate in this country by being successful when they are released from prison and to not come back. It is from this that alliances can be built.

If you are reading my story and have made it up to this point, then you are a thoughtful individual with a compassionate edge about them. Hopefully, you are beginning to comprehend the envenomed eclipse that the U.S. Criminal Justice System has placed upon my life. You may find yourself asking questions such as: "Am I truly innocent?", "Why would our criminal justice system put someone in prison for life when all evidence points to their innocence?", or even "Why is it that evidence which acquits someone who is innocent standardly withheld from trial?", and most important, "Why did these people lie and what did they have to gain from it all?". Still to this day these questions envelope my psyche.

These people who accused me of crimes and participated in the bludgeoning of a family's spirit are truly disturbed individuals. I know that there must have been some desperate manipulation performed by both the Police Department and District Attorney upon these individuals in order to secure a conviction and not place their job or false pride in jeopardy due to wrongful imprisonment charges being filed against them. I know firsthand about my accusers' psychiatric diagnoses' and records of which include mental illness and so realistically they must have been coerced and under a lot of duress. Furthermore, there are an unknown amount of supporters and family members who have been encouraging and convincing them that their lies were true. The fact that these people were possibly intoxicated and impaired due to psychotropic and anti-psychotic medications perscribed, as well as self-admitted Ecstasy and Hallucinogenic use only suggests that they were in a diminished capacity state of mind.

And had my attorney been successful in obtaining medical records, and in convincing the presiding judge to allow these people's said records to be admitted into my trial, a jury would have found that these people were not mentally stable and that the D.A. was the one committing crimes.

During this time that you have invested in reading my story, other innocent **people are everyday** being wrongfully convicted and falsely imprisoned for crimes that they did either not commit or did not happen. And to the people who are responsible for my wrongful incarceration, unto whose life and family will you desimate and demolish next? And to the District Attorneys and their investigators who were involved in the coercion and psychologically assaulting of said mentally impaired individuals, who will you destroy next? For those human beings that are around them and in their lives enabling them, you'd better beware and protect yourselves for they are capable of lascivious atrocities that I will only leave to your imagination. Or better yet, look them up and find out for yourselves. I challenge anyone who is reading this and is baffled at the reality of what this all implies about our country's criminal justice system, to go online and access public records about my case. I urge you to look at all police interviews, courtroom transcripts, and passed polygraphs and make up your own mind of my innocence.

To my family who supports me and is standing by my side, I love you with all my soul. And to my family who has decided to ignore me and all of this proof in my innocence, I still love you all and know that I always will. I pray each and everyday that I will hear from you and see you soon, and that I will one

day meet the Grandson that I have heard so much about. And to the families of and to the people who are behind my wrongful incarceration, there is an open door to a brightly lit pathway, and it is never too late to change your mind.

It is my greatest hope that everyone who is reading this all the way through will strive and reconnect with anyone he or she knows is behind bars, or anyone else who has recently done some time in prison. Most important, if you do not know anyone who has been incarcerated, to maybe consider volunteering for an organization designed to help those behind bars, or even by donating your own time, kindness, and compassion. Please never forget that we are all human beings just like you, and that many of us in prison are factually innocent. We all share a persistent and undying hope for vindication. And for some of us it's all we have left to keep us wanting to go on living.

Is Anybody Listening? Can Anybody See?  
From Where Your Standing Your Looking Right Through Me!  
This Is The Day That I've Been Waiting For Patiently  
Bring on the 21st Century Breakout  
Are You Breathing? Cuz I Am Right Now.  
Hold Onto Me  
Hold Onto Me  
Hold Onto Me  
I'm Still Breathing

-Authority Zero-

For More information regarding my case, or to be of help or resource,  
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