Behind the Walls

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For judges to answer letters from prisoners is common.

For judges to visit prisoners in prisons is rare.

But for a judge to have a group of prisoners inside a state prison, he actually goes regularly to lecture to about the law, well, that's just completely unheard of.

The name Donald L. Kalberer may not be familar to a lot of citizens through-out the state of Oregon, but if you mention the name to residents living in Columbia, Clatsop and Tillamook Counties, it quickly becomes the Honorable Judge Donald L. Kalbere of the Circuit Court.

Another surprising fact about this same Donald L. Kalberer is that it's not unusual to see him walking through prison gates a hundred miles from his county courthouse on a regular basis to be greeted by people convicted of murder, rape, burglary, robbery and other serious crimes. Many of those who greet him were sentenced by Judge Kalberer. Another mind-blower is that these greetings come in the following manner: "Hey, Don...What's going on, old man?"..."What's happening, Kal?"

Strange? Not really, if one listens to Judge Donald Kalberer's personal reasoning. "I believe my civil duty as a judge and as a human being who believes in mankind travels beyond the benches of a courthouse." Kalberer's philosophy has become, "If I can send a man to prison for years for breaking the laws, then there is nothing wrong with my going down to that prison and teaching him something about the laws he has broken."

JUDGE Donald Kalberer (left) meets with OSP Legal Process Class.

How do the prisoners feel about Judge Kalberer's regular appearances? "It's unbelievable, what Don is doing," stated one of the prisoners attending his class. "He has shown by his actions that he really cares what happens to people who many in society have given up on."

The law sessions Kalberer instructs in the OSP Education Department have become very popular. There is a maximum of thirty prisoners who can attend, but there are over a hundred on the waiting list.

When Governor Vic Atiyeh was elected governor and discussed in his inaugural address the need of citizens of Oregon to volunteer their professional service in many of our state institutions Donald Kalberer was one step and one year ahead of the Governor's wishes.

Judge Kalberer became so dedicated to his volunteer efforts in instructing convicted inmates about the law, that he was asked to become the class's western Oregon State Coordinator. Kalberer's duties consist of bringing individuals whose interests or professions are in the fields of law, politics or law enforcement to have group sessions and discussions with the class of prisoners. Judge Kablerer wasted no time getting the following group of people involved from this area: Martin A. Sell, Columbia County District Attorney; Stepehn Atchison and Berkely A. Smith, Deptuy D.A.s; Thelma W. Hounshell, Lucy Miller, Ileeta Shipman, D.A. Office secretaries; Mike Johnson, Earl Myers, Scappose Police Department, and Wynette Cate, court reporter.

Judge Kalbere encourages other judges who have been on the bench for years, but have never been inside of a prison to use the class. He even played a big part in getting Nixon's counselor Chuck Colson, to come to the Oregon State Penitentiary and to speak to the class.

This type of relationship would be feared by may prison officials in other states, but Hoyt C. Cupp, prison superintendent saw this communication as very healthy. The prisoners in the class even adopted Naomi Bond, the Judge's private secretary as their "little sister" for her assistance in making arrangements for people who would be at the class.

Recently Judge Kalberer and his prison students have agreed to work on a juvenile project together. "Who would know more about why and how the youths are introduced to our criminal justice system than those who have participated in it during most of their lives" says Judge Kalberer.

A few months ago Kalberer help create another first at the Oregon State Penitentiary. He shared his class with Oregon State Supreme Court Judge Thomas Tongue, who had come to teach prisoners about the duties of the state's highest court.

Joking, an inmate assured the judge and some of the guests that he had brought with him, that they need never fear being taken hostage. "Because we have lots of respect for what Don is doing. You folks are safer right here with us than you would be in the Judge's own courtroom." The inmate continued by stating, "anyway, with the overcrowding in this "joint," we would have a hard time trying to find a place to put you."

When questioned why the Judge enjoys doing what he's doing among people society claims are out-cast: "Well, I guess at heart I am just an old country boy and love people, even those who have gotten their lives messed up."

What can you say about Judge Donald L. Kalberer, Circuit Court of Columbia County?

Action speak much louder than words.

A PERSONAL MOMENT FOR THOSE WHO CARE

When we attend a function with strangers and our mode of dress does not fit in, it is difficult to be comfortable. At this point most any one of us will change our true personality. We will become too quiet or over compensate by becoming too loud. Love will widen our range of elements where we find comfort. To find approval and to know constructive criticism brings assurance as only one in love can find. 22

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Cell Talk

Asmar Abdul Seifulla, Editor
aka Joe West 40404

Early one Saturday morning, before the sun had reached it's full maturity and while the greyness of dawn still hung in the sky, prisoner #00000 had been awake for hours. He had tossed and turned all night and sleeplessness had left him drained of spirit, his resistance against the assultiveness of a prison day was quite low. He was well aware of the peril of his situation as he stood perplexed -- waiting for the cell doors to open for morning chow call.

Prisoner #00000 is twenty two years of age, but looks younger because of the absence of facial hair. He has long blond hair that extends below shoulder level, like most blonds he has a very delicate complexion that sunburns easily, his facial features are soft and feminine when compared to his prison counterparts, his slight frame also adds to the feminine air that seems to surround him. Even his voice betrays any concept of masculinity as it rises and wavers in moments of stress or the threat of extreme violence. All of his life he has gone to great lengths to prove his manhood -- which is one of the reasons why he is in prison now. Life has never been easy for a man that seems to have more than an abundance of female characteristics. Prisoner #00000 has faced this problem wearily but he has never yielded to the pressure or persecution that his physical features have subjected him to.

He now finds himself in a society that takes a alternative view to his womanly features, only now there is nowhere to run, no sanctuary, no father, no mother, no sister, or brother to console him into strength. He is alone. He is not a weak person nor is he homosexual but he is unsure of his ability to defend himself against the learing eyes and lustful smiles of the hardened convicts. His indecision has lead him to the brink of all consuming fear. He doesn't talk to anybody, nor does he go to the yard, he leaves his cell only if called out by a counselor or to go to chow. He has heard the stories and now he finds himself in a atmosphere that reeks of "HOMOSEXUALITY" and perversion. He can feel it in the air, it has touched him in not so subtle ways, he knows they are out there waiting for him. One or two of them have come by his cell with offers of protection, (it's me or them kid) cigarettes and comissary have been pushed at him but he has refused all offers.

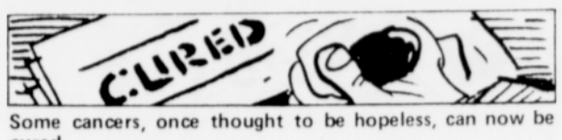
First he tried to get a transfer to the little joint but because of the seriousness of his crime, the length of his sentence and the overcrowdedness, he was denied a transfer. Yesterday two men came by his cell, they told him that he had to come out to the yard sooner or later and they'd be waiting -- they left smiling and he thought about getting a knife to kill them with but he didn't know anybody what would loan him one without requiring a favor in return.

Prisoner #00000 sits in a cell at Oregon State Penitentiary, he is all alone. He is waiting for the death of his soul. He is sure that if they force him to do it or if he weakens beneath the fearful cloud of sodomy that hangs over him -- he will die. He knows that he is not gay and he can't conceive of doing something like that without losing his essence of self but they tell him that it doesn't matter before it's over he will like it. So he sits, he waits, his loneliness and fear consuming the sunrise -- with every heartbeat he prays for deliverence but so far God hasn't intervened. The hours tick away -- the days and nights become one big nightmare and in the nightmare he is raped by a succession of faceless men, his buttocks is ripped and bleeding and semen cakes around his mouth. Tears of pain and himiliation fill his eyes and he vomits up his soul in a frenzy of screams and protest. Long after he wakes, the pain throbs in the pit of his stomach, he thinks maybe he has a ucler but deep inside he knows the pain isn't physical. It's the pain of fear -- the fear of what they will do to him and for how long -- maybe forever.

With a sigh of defeat prisoner #00000 rises, puts on his penitentiary coat and hat, the chow hall has rang and he has decided that today he will go out to the big yard and die.

"This isn't a true story in that prisoner #00000 is a figment of my imagination but there are real men and women like him that do exist in the flesh. They know of what I speak and they are well acquainted with the pain, fear and loneliness of homosexuality in prison. Men lusting after the flesh of other men is indeed a shameful and disgusting act but before you turn the page or read the next article, think about prisoner #00000 -- he could be your son or a friend that you lost track of after high school -- he could be the little boy that played in the sandbox with you years ago -- does he deserve what has been described in these lines, does anybody deserve it? -- NOOOOOOO!!!

"You can do something that might change the course of another human being life, you can stop the perversion, you can do something to save a man or woman from the death that comes from "HOMOSEXUALITY" in prison. Write your legislator, write the governor, write the President, tell them that you know what's going on behind these walls and that it should stop -- support Conjugal visits now!"



Some cancers, once thought to be hopeless, can now be cured.

We are a family in District 14
Let's join together and vote for

Harold Williams
for
State Representative

Committee to elect Harold Williams
Marva Graham, Tres; 6124 NE 11th Ave. Portland

The House Of
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FROM THE FRONT DOOR

From the front door, I saw that all communication decisions were rooted and based upon:

1. One's **position** in life, related to others.
2. One's **temperament**, behavorial and attitude in acceptance and rejection of domestic-social-economic policies and practices; related to others.
3. One's **personality**, how one looks as related to another.
4. One's **performance**, regarding physical activities as related to others.

From the front door, I further saw a need for citizens of our community to fully understand that all **positions** held at home, public or private should be held with humility, courtesy and respect.

One's **temperament** should be controlled to a positive attitude and projected with humility, courtesy and respect.

One's **personality** should be presented with cleanliness of image and respectfulness of presence.

All of one's **performances** should be performed to the best of their ability with sincerity, accountability, responsibility and respect for what ever is being performed.

In the shadows of positions, temperaments, personalities and performances I saw greed, jealousy, fights and general misery as the results for those not yet recognizing and understanding these root communication landmarks. For those who failed to use the gift of humility, courtesy and respect, which are absolutely free in nature, carries with them the penalities of disatisfaction, unrest, frustration and regrets.

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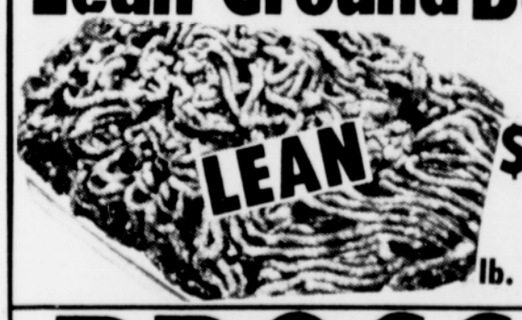

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