



Dr. Carlos Weekly watches as Dr. Samuel Brown prepares a patient's mouth. (Photo: Richard J. Brown)

## Cell Talk

By Asmar Abdul Seifullah  
aka Joe West #40404

Once again the ranks of Oregon State Penitentiary are swelling with Black prisoners. Brothers are turning up out of nowhere and one has to wonder where they're all coming from.

They enter the jaws of this concrete monster smiling and grinning as if it were a boy's camp. Little thought seem to be given to the years of solitude that await them. They come here from all parts of the country; Georgia homeboys, L.A.

lowriders, and New York slicksters, all corralled into this concrete pasture. Here they will be transformed into the living dead...here as the sunny days of youth cloud with bitterness of time's foreverness. They will die inside. Their souls will cry blood salted tears as time becomes the watcher, the keeper of dreams.

Sometime after their arrival - it might take a year or more - they will begin to understand that this isn't a vacation, that their life and sanity is at stake. The days will assault them

with a maddening rush of despair. Darkness will engulf the sun and the fire of desire will burn in the loins of their manhood. As the mind tries to understand this curious turn of events, frustration and frenzy will settle deep in the soul. Time will spin like a carousel without music or bobbing horses. Each hour will mean another heartbreak - another excursion into pain, loneliness - "waiting."

It is believed that man is an adaptable creature but no man adapts to confinement. The freeness of man's soul, his evolution from lesser times forces him to reject the steelessness of prison. Inherently man needs love and the growth of emotions that are denied while incarcerated. He must always be able to see rainbows and chase fireflies. The adventurer in man must explore new worlds and build likeness of himself or his God inside of him. The child inside of man must play sometime, it must laugh and frolic in the richness of being alive.

After a few years in prison, a part of you becomes tainted and foul. You begin to hate the sunrise and curse the mother that birthed you. You question the validity of law and its' enforcement and you wonder where the humanity of man has evaporated to. Life knots up inside of you like a festering ulcer; it throbs and pulsates in the hunger of yearning. You dream of old loves, you remember the last kiss, the smell, the taste of her as you lie waiting for another vision, another climax of birth! Time in its timelessness swirls in a pool of dark waters and you find yourself locked in a whirlpool of sorrow. You swear to yourself that if this hell should ever come to an end, you'll never again gamble a loser's game. You pray, you exhort your God for mercy, you wonder if anything or anyone has hurt the way you hurt in this eternal time capsule. You wait and wait and the waiting kills you daily, hourly you die in a million different ways. So subtle are the changes taking place within you, that before you realize it you're someone else.

The you has become lost in a collage of screaming faces. There isn't a reflection in the mirror anymore and you cry for all the things you were, all the people you could have been but all is lost...lost!

"Fourth tier ninth cell/where my life is spent in a death like/zombie like state of painful uncertainty/where the outside world revolves around the outside world/leaving me to ponder the endless horizon of time/timeless endless time/my mind turns to the ineptness of man/inhaling cancer/watching smoke rings rise & disappear/ah--if only I were smoke/perhaps I could rise & disappear/& slip through the gates of heaven."

Far away in the vastness of space, star shine. They twinkle like lights holding the secrets of dreams. They stand together, yet apart...each having its own glow, its own life and death. Some of them become suns of other worlds while others race across the sky and fall into the nothingness of invisibility. "One last question remain to haunt the solitary man -- what becomes of falling stars?"

## Brown, Weekly join careers

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the labels on their records. Most teachers make no further effort to inspire such a child to learn.

"Edna and I both knew that upon entering high school there was a new separation for some of the children. In that way? Well, I know as an 'under achiever' I was given abridged copies of some books to read while other classes were given the original."

Warming up to his theme, Dr. Weekly is of the opinion that "kids can be geared to failure;" "That because the first few years of schooling are so important, education in Albina should be upgraded;" "Children are not being taught to study, no how to study."

As for higher education and the bleak future he sees for additional Black people being graduated from University of Oregon Dental School, Dr. Weekly stated that at the time of his June graduation, there was one Black senior and one Black junior enrolled there. There was no second year Black student and there was no freshman enrolled.

Says Dr. Weekly, "I went through the Minority Recruitment Program and there was no active recruiting done. I was one of the two Black graduates in 1980. There were five Black graduates preceding me since the school opened! And the 1980 Commencement address contained opinions against government affirmative action programs intended to reach out to those not yet motivated!"

Dr. Weekly recalled that he went through high school without science and without mathematics and that these subjects had to be acquired later. A hampering deficiency which had to be overcome.

Where did the inspiration come to go to higher education? Dr. Weekly credits his parents. They told him: "If you want to be better, BE better!"

The U.S. Navy was a help too, says Dr. Weekly. When he came out of the Navy with service in the Philippines, the only jobs he could get were menial and hard - like cleaning fish, breaking glass in a

recycling plant, and other monotonous laboring jobs.

Dr. Weekly declares he is willing and even eager to talk to any class of young people, be it school or church

situation, to encourage young people to work to better themselves.

The young dentist seems to be saying, "Open (your mind) wide. This will not hurt long!"

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## FROM THE FRONT DOOR

By Tom Boothe

From the Front Door, I wish to thank all of my readers; those who have appreciated my philosophical aspirations, those who have phoned, written and spoke with me in person to inspire and encourage me over the past year. A special thanks to those who have faithfully attended the Tuesday night Forums, making it one of our community's most successful gatherings.

**TO ALL OF YOU FROM ALL OF US  
AT THE HOUSE OF EXODUS  
WE SINCERELY WISH YOU A**

**HAPPY NEW YEAR!**