

# 21 editorial

BY MARK MORGAN

Senator Jesse Helms  
The Senate  
Washington DC  
US of A

Dear Mr. Helms,

I caught your speech the other day in the Senate on my old TV. I have heard so much about you. Not all of it good though. But just the same, I was amazed that you had opposable thumbs. No really, my friend Michael said you didn't have them. He is wrong. I guess the joke is on me. Ha Ha. Because I saw them clearly shoved far in your mouth like my sister when she was little. She usually did it when she was sooking. But I know old people like you don't sook.

I agree with you, Cuba shouldn't have shot down those planes but you shouldn't have said those mean things about Canada. Now 26 million people want to kick your butt. Our Prime Minister is tough. He grabbed a guy by the throat and chucked him hard. You are brave to say nasty things about Canada. The only other people to insult Canada are stupid, but I know you are brave. Your large frame and smarts tell me so.

You were saying that Canada is bad for trading with Cuba because Cuba hurts people.

How come Cuba doesn't have...what's it called?... "favoured nations status?" I think China does, and the UN says they hurt people a lot and the news says they point bombs at other people. My Dad says Cuba hasn't pointed bombs at anyone since a whole bunch of pigs tried to take it over and something else about Castor Oil. I don't understand. I also learned a new word today: Hypocrite. That's when someone says something is wrong but they do it too. I trade pogs with my friends. Do you trade pogs with China?

I learned that a man named Bobby Dole is your boss. He doesn't like movies with make-believe hurt and people pretending to die but I think he would send many real people to die if he had the chance. He wants to live in a big white house. but I hear people shoot at this big white house. Good thing my house is green. I hope he doesn't live in the big white house because I don't want anything bad to happen to him. After all if he went, who would take care of all that good fruit?

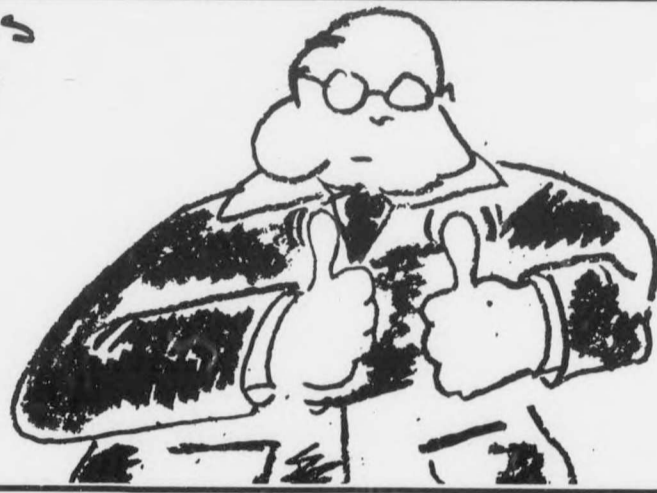
I know you didn't mean to say those nasty things about Canada. Sometimes people get old and just can't remember or think anymore. Sometimes they go to a special home when this happens. Maybe you are forgetting Canada is your friend. You shouldn't tell friends what to do. They will get mad and tell you off, just like my friend Trish told me.

Thank you for reading this. You can read this can't you?

Sincerely your pal  
Mark Morgan

# Blood n' Thunder

SENATOR HELMS  
MAKES SURE  
HIS THUMBS  
ARE  
OPPOSABLE.



## Clark: get a real job Sorry

Dear Editor

Mr. Clark, I feel by reading the article in the March 1st edition of *The Brunswickan*, that you have all the qualifications and experience necessary to be the next Student Union President. My question to you is, what gives you the right to finish your degree, return for only one course a term, and then create yourself a full time job. The salary for this job will be paid by myself and other students. Does this seem right? This position is on a volunteer basis, and it's bad enough that we have to pay for your summer job, instead of you going out and finding a real one. A lot of people have full time jobs and still put many hours into volunteer positions. If this position is to become a full time job, there should be a hiring process put into place and not an election (which I believe too few people vote to really be considered legitimate). From what I have seen from the Student Union in my three years at this university, it should not be hard to fill this position on a part-time basis by a student still attending school full time.

Awaiting a Response,  
Trevor Nichol  
A Curious Student

Dear Editor

We apologize to the people of Red Carpet Services and to the student body of the University of New Brunswick. We are apologizing for our inappropriate and brainless behavior that lead us to steal the microwave from the Student Union Building on the night of December 14th, 1995. We did not understand the severity and punishment of this crime during the event. Being given a second chance we are apologizing in *The Brunswickan* to let Red Carpet Services and the student body know how deeply ashamed and sorry we are.

Shawn Meaney  
Chris Mattatall  
Barry Winters

## The Mugwump Journal

It started so innocently, as these things often do. I passed by her then came back to talk. She flirted with me, or I with her, I don't remember the details except that it involved Landry. We seemed to like each other, and started to be seen together. This became a regular occurrence - we were going steady if you will. Yet even then she was pulling me in.

She has other lovers, I've always known that, and she deals with us fairly - allotting us each our space. Each of us are conscious of the others, but mostly don't intrude. Of course the lovers' identities change - some leave because she demands too much, others just outgrow her. But she's always seducing more, leading them into her tangled web. Sex isn't important to her, she desires both equally. One person would never be able to meet her true desires, could not keep her in the style to which she's accustomed. Polyamorousity is the only way for her to survive.

And I hear you ask "what do you get out of it?" if she is stretched so thin. However, even with the little she has to give to me, she is without compare. She takes me to places I have never been, and probably never would have been. She gives me gifts that probably deserve a better response. She exposes part of me that is rarely seen, shows it to the world, or at least anyone watching. She reflects my mood, and her words rub off on me.

But these gifts come at a price. She keeps me up late at night, messing with my days. Yet she wants the days too, she wants everything I have to give and more. She occupies my mind for much of the week, driving out thoughts of work or others, rendering it useless for any other purpose. She is a jealous mistress. Yet she expects me to understand and thrive amongst her other lovers.

Those who know me ask why I don't leave - after all there's no legal tie. But there are promises and even promises that aren't legal, I hate to break. And besides, I care for her, and want to make sure that those she's seducing will do her no harm.

So here I sit, as I have so often sat, once again under her watchful eye. I will leave her gaze, and the departure will be soon, because after a while her expectations become too much and there's no option left but to leave, or she swallows you whole, keeping your life on a chain. I've had enough. I want out. I have other responsibilities that need attending too. I've don't need her expectations. I want out. I've been seduced by the media too long.

Neil Duxbury

# Metanoia by John Walk

Dead Man Walking

"Dead Man Walking." That's what guards at San Quentin prison yelled when a death row inmate was let out of his cell. It is also the name of a book by Helen Prejean. It is perhaps best known as the name of a recent movie.

Dead Man Walking is about men awaiting death at the hands of the State of Louisiana. It is about capital punishment. No, it is against capital punishment. It is against state killing.

From the book we recognize that Prejean is not naive about criminals. She is perceptive and reflective.

Prejean has spoken to, and cried tears with, the families of victims. She is horrified by the sheer brutality of the murders committed by condemned men. She wonders if they are truly sorry for their crimes. Yet, Prejean rejects state executions.

Dead Man Walking recounts her walks with condemned men: through Pardon Board hearings; through the torments of their souls; through their paralyzingly fearful and sleepless last weeks, days and hours; through their final walk to the death room, and their brutal, excruciatingly painful end in the electric chair.

Prejean has learned that the more people learn about executions, let alone witness one, the less they are inclined to favour them. They come to recognize that capital punishment "is a poor man's punishment." A rich man is never executed.

While the U. S. Constitution guarantees a fair trial, it is money that ensures it. The difference between a life and a death sentence is not the severity of the crime, but the ability to buy a good, or even minimally adequate, defense. A state execution

is the killing of a man who cannot properly defend himself, and that, argues Prejean, is just as wrong as what he did.

Prejean does not dispute the fact that a society must protect its citizens from crime. But capital punishment does not deter violent crimes, as the evidence makes all too clear. The murder rate in Canada, she points out, peaked in 1975, "a year before the death penalty was abolished." It continued to decline for ten afterward. The murder rate in the US is no higher in states that do not have the death penalty than in those that do.

Why do an increasing number of states randomly select a few of its murderers for execution? According to Prejean, condemned men often become victims of the politics behind capital punishment. A pardon, or its denial, is frequently based on whether a governor will gain or lose politically from it. Further, with the perception of increased homicides comes the cries for the death penalty. Politicians will often

support capital punishment if they feel it will gain them political office. Yet, more and more Americans, and Canadians, feel increasing executions does not reduce crime.

Prejean's religious reasons for opposing capital punishment are compelling. God, she believes, does not act in retaliation. The Old Testament "an eye for an eye" injunction was to ensure that punishment was never more excessive than the crime. But neither did it imply that the punishment had to fit the crime, that is, an eye for an eye, a death for a death. The retribution society gives out should be measured, not excessive. A state killing is as excessive as the original crime.

Most compelling is the question which comes deep from her Christian faith. "If Jesus Christ lived on earth today would he supervise an execution? Would Jesus, who so clearly urged compassion and non-violence, pull the switch?"



Dead men walking: Is it right?