

EDITORIAL

Prison life is just one example of how rare the respect for human life is. With reports from Castlereagh prison and, closer to home, Dorchester prison, one has to wonder what has happened to human dignity and respect in these institutions.

For example, how is a prisoner, a human being, expected to retain a feeling that life is worthwhile and he serves a purpose and is useful when he is on a work detail? How can he justify to himself breaking big rocks into little rocks, carting them up to the top of a hill in a wheelbarrow, and then letting them roll down the other side? Or cutting trees in the middle of winter while the axe bounces off them and when they are finally cut, they are just left there to rot. Then when spring rolls around, you plant new trees.

But nobody pays attention to these issues anymore. Who cares whether the men in Dorchester prison can have visitors, have three meals a day, can get some fresh air, or even take a shower? Who cares about the indignity of being stripped before a group of strangers who stare at you, look right into you, but don't really see you? Where is the sympathy for the young seventeen year old who is shoved into a room with five men who abuse him sexually until when the guards finally release him, he'll tell them everything they want to know? Then when these prisoners find this out, he is viciously killed. Thousands of knife wounds have been ripped through his body.

But these are just physical means of destroying a person's self respect. Mental anguish works wonders too.

In solitary confinement, a man is alone with just a foam mattress and toilet. There are two electric light bulbs that are out of reach. There is a bright light during the day and a dim one at night. All you can see are these lights and you always see them. There is no relief except perhaps, that

provided by the rats and cockroaches that come up through the toilet bowl.

Now living in such conditions is not going to brighten one's outlook on life nor inspire one to a greater love of humanity. There is no goal to aspire to. Life is just a game like the one played outside only you have to be tougher and colder to make it.

But that is their excuse. What is ours? What excuse is there for the mind games played that generate the dog eat dog world? Back staving does not only happen in prisons.

What is important is success, physical accomplishments. Is that why the coach yells "Go get 'em boys, tear them apart," to his pint-sized hockey team?

What it boils down to is a re evaluation of our social values. When someone like Raymond Crane comes to talk and tells his story, and we are a little more aware because of it, much has been accomplished.

If the blinders are lifted just a little, and a moment is taken to re evaluate ourselves in the scheme of things and if everyone was to do this... perhaps, just maybe, there is hope for a "better tomorrow." By Frances Smits

UPEI SUN

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The Staff meeting is Monday night at 7 in the SUN's office, fourth floor Main, east end. BE THERE!!

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Feedbag

Dear Friend:

I am on the hunt for photographs in connection with a grant supported book publishing project. I'll be working on three books this Fall, to be published early next year. My grant enables me to pay \$10.00 for every photograph published, and \$250.00 for each cover.

One of the books will be called Reflections, a writer's journal covering five years. The second will be called Destinations, and it will be a combination of poetry with prose. The third will be called The Book of Human Nature, and it will be all poetry.

I am looking for clear B&W photos (good contrast) 5x7 preferred size, but other sizes are acceptable. Colour photos may be submitted for covers. Student work is welcome.

The deadline for all submissions is February 28, 1981. A photographer may submit up to three photographs for each book. For information and application forms, interested photo buffs may write to me at this address:

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Sincerely yours,
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