

EDWARDS INTERVIEW

suit which I am wearing. The pacing reminds me of the death house - certain times when guards asked me to wait while they "attended" to the inmates. Slowly, up and down, up and down, very measured, step by step, turning, then back again. The deliberateness comes back to me. I notice that I am not nervous. Poised, yes, ready to begin, but not nervous. After watching executions everything else seems ordinary - even interviews with governors or former governors. All of us, human beings - nothing more, nothing less. And I have not met a human being yet who did not need compassion. When I had sent Edwards the questions to be covered in the interview, I had told him, "You can trust that I will treat you with no less compassion than I have shown prisoners condemned to die."

At 3:05 Edwards comes out to the foyer and waves me in. No formalities. No apology for the wait. I walk into his office. It is spacious, tastefully decorated with nice, dark-wood furniture and a thick carpet. The drapes along the picture window are of a rich, textured rust with brown and green design. The fabric on the wing chairs matches the drapes. On one end of the room is a large wooden desk. On the floor a poster with his picture and the caption: "Edwards, the 1 in '91." Bookcases behind the desk. A picture on one of them - a white haired woman with Edwards and another man standing behind her, their hands on her shoulders. Must be his mother. The other man must be his brother.