I doubt if there is any other place in the world where so many people who write for a living have used the phrase, “Words cannot describe ...”. You can describe how 15 women were forced to lie down in a circle outside a maternity clinic and then bludgeoned with cudgels. You can report precisely and evocatively how families hugged each other in terrified resignation as they were sliced with machetes between the pews of a Roman Catholic church. (TURM TO PAGE 2)
CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE

You can try to evoke the eerie unreality of seeing a single arm poking out from the packed dirt of a mass grave containing hundreds of bodies. Or walking through a city in which every occupant is a corpse.

But no medium can capture the confluence of sense at riot. You can’t describe each expression of shock and pain on each decaying face.

You can’t begin to convey the thick, dense lingering odor of human decay that clings to the clothes and seems to have its own taste. You can’t replay for the reader the soundtrack of a hundred thousand flies so bloated from feeding that they can barely stay aloft. You can’t count every orphan wandering the roads alone.

I took three trips to Rwanda between early May and mid-August last year. Each was a study in the ways a human being can die. There was the mass starvation, dehydration and disease at the Rwandan refugee camps in eastern Zaire — the type of death that was common in Somalia.

There were the shredded-torn bodies of uniformed soldiers killed in battle, the type of death common to any guerrilla war fought in the bush.

Then there were the robotic massacres in the towns and villages, the thousands of moments when one group of villagers suddenly rose up and killed another group with every device at its disposal: clubs with wooden studs, machetes, guns, grenades, spears. Even a sharpened umbrella.

This was a special type of killing, among neighbors, up close and personal. The scope and scale and swiftness of such remorseless cruelty gave Rwanda its standing among history’s truly horrible moments.

One day last May, AP photographer Jean-Marc Bouju and I went to a village where everybody was dead. Perhaps 5,000 bodies lay in the streets, in the schoolrooms, in the church, in the hospital, outside the maternity clinic. We wrapped T-shirts over our mouths and noses and forced ourselves to look inside every building, examine every scene.

We wanted to try to understand.

Families embraced each other in church. A teacher lay beneath a schoolroom blackboard. A couple clung to each other beneath a picture of Jesus Christ. A schoolboy, who later that afternoon went wandering the roads alone.

We found some survivors in a refugee camp in a nearby town. They told us the victims far outnumbered the killers. Yet most people went to their deaths on their knees, in terrified obedience. A few days later, we found some people who confessed to being killers being held by the anti-government rebels. We asked them the obvious question. Why?

What is strange after spending too much time in Rwanda is that seemingly incomprehensible events begin to take on a perverse logic.

Many of the people who killed were illiterate peasants. They were told that a rebel army was coming to butcher them. Some were told that there were supporters of this army in their midst. They were told they had to kill these people or else they would soon die horribly.

Many of these people truly believed they were doing their patriotic duty. Old people dutifully compiled death lists that showed who had ancestors from the rival ethnic group. Children listened to the conversations of their playmates’ parents, trying to detect whether they said anything negative about the government.

When the radio said it was time to kill the people opposed to the government, the masses slid off a dark edge into insanity.

Women were raped before and during their deaths. Eyes were gouged out, testicles cut off, babies decapitated, pregnant women speared through the womb.

One mother of five told me how she killed two of her neighbor’s children. While the men dealt with the adults, the women in her town gathered up the children of the families deemed to be enemies. They put them in a circle and began pounding their heads with bulbous clubs designed for this unfathomable task.

They had passed a mass grave. They had passed destroyed homes of murdered people. They even had passed men who harassed them because some of the children were members of the Tutsi minority.

Eight of the 12 had lost parents in the massacres.

One 10-year-old girl had watched men drown her father in a cattle dip. She had watched them take her mother away to what was likely an even more prolonged and tormented fate. All these kids had seen the most horrible things a human being can experience. And yet, on a sunny day in the company of themselves, these children found a reason to sing.

Toward the end of my first tour, after I’d grown accustomed to seeing hundreds of bodies in every possible configuration of death, I reached a small moment of personal truth. I was traveling from the capital Kigali, when we passed what appeared to be a boy no more than 15 years old who had been dead for a few weeks on the shoulder of the highway.

I gave the corpse such a pass that moments later I was rattled by my own reaction. I’d lost the ability to be appalled, and it was more than 15 years old who had been dead for a few weeks.

Mark Fritz won a Pulitzer Prize for his reporting for Associated Press West African during the Rwanda ethnic massacres. His reporting from that conflict also earned him an ASNE deadline award. Fritz is now a national writer for AP based in New York. This article, reprinted from the magazine IPI Report, was originally given as a speech to an AP Managing Editors conference.
Dear Jimmy

Prison etiquette according to Hoffa

By IRV OSLIN

A las, poor Jimmy, I knew him well. Well, let’s say I knew him. A memorial service was held in Detroit recently honoring Jimmy Hoffa, the former Teamster's honcho who disappeared 20 years ago. I’d like to offer my own tribute to Hoffa, whom I met while we were inmates at the Federal Penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

Hoffa was assigned to the A&O detail — known formally as "Admission and Orientation." Essentially, this was the prison welcome wagon. When new inmates came through the door, they were greeted by fellow cons wielding scissors and shaving razors. No, this wasn’t part of a sadistic initiation ritual. All new inmates got a haircut and shave. The haircuts were administered by fellow convicts. To prevent "accidents," the authorities allowed the inmates to shave themselves.

New arrivals also got a couple of dozen sets of fingerprints taken and a fresh set of ring shots. Thanks to Hoffa, I received something usually not included with the A&O package — fatherly advice.

Having been raised on Cleveland’s West Side, I was already street smart. But this was prison: the rules were different here. Although I had learned some of them during short stints at various local jails, there were still a few things I didn’t know about prison "etiquette." Hoffa’s advice probably spared me a lot of misery. If not worse.

Generally speaking, prison celebrities are arrogant and obnoxious. They expect — and usually receive — special treatment from both the authorities and inmates. (Once publisher Ralph Ginsberg, whom I later met at Allenwood Federal Prison Camp, comes to mind.) Hoffa wasn’t like that. He introduced himself as though he were just another guy on the assembly line. And, in a way, that’s what he was.

Hoffa came over to me while I was sitting on a wooden bench waiting to get my mug shots taken. (Instead of the usual method, Lewisburg had one of those four-for-a-quarter booths — the kind you used to see in Woolworth stores. Of course, the coin mechanisms had been removed and you weren’t allowed to make silly faces.) “Welcome to Lewisburg,” he said. “You can come in here straight as an arrow, but — if you don’t watch your ass — you might not walk out that way. If you walk out at all.”

I nodded in acknowledgment. “You look like a good, clean-cut kid,” he said. I was 19 then. And, yes, I was wholesome looking. A fellow inmate once commented that I looked like someone who had walked out of a Norman Rockwell painting.

“I’m straight, if that’s what you mean,” I responded. Then Hoffa explained some of the finer points of the inmates’ code of conduct.

Rule number one: Never accept anything from another inmate. I had been aware of this rule, but I hadn’t yet grasped its subtleties. Hoffa spelled it out. If another inmate gives you, say, a cigarette, he is entitled to ask for it back at any time. But there’s a catch: you have to give him the same cigarette — a substitute won’t do. If you can’t produce the same cigarette you have given, the other inmate is justified in beating you up, raping you or killing you. (For the latter, he could face state or federal charges, but would be considered blameless among fellow inmates.)

Hoffa also explained that asking other convicts what they were in for was considered impolite. By the same token it wasn’t a good idea to let others know why you were there. According to Hoffa, it was best to keep your fellow inmates guessing “Let ‘em think you’re the kind of guy who would kill his own mother for a pack of cigarettes,” he told me.

The most important advice Hoffa had to offer was about self-defense. Just as there are no atheists in foxholes, there are no pacifists in prison. He explained that the chief difference between the street and prison is that in jail there is nowhere to run. Hoffa told me that if anyone even looked as though he intended to confront me I should go ballistic immediately. “Pick up the nearest piece of furniture and whack him,” he said.

As it was, I never had to go off on anyone while I was in prison. The other inmates knew I would, and that was enough. Hoffa’s advice had served me well.

I was later transferred to Allenwood and never got a chance to thank Hoffa. I remember feeling a twinge of sadness when I learned of his disappearance 20 years ago. I’m sure few people shed a tear over his assumed demise. After all, people involved in organized crime thrive on mayhem and corruption, and not many of us feel sorry for them when they get their comeuppance.

But then half the creeps running this country have more skeletons in their closets and blood on their hands than most underworld goons. And none of them ever did anything for me.
Building a home for rock 'n' roll

By DAVE MARSH

Standing by the side of Cleveland's brand-new Rock and Roll Hall of Fame stage, Soul Asylum's Dave Pirner held a card instructing him to introduce Robbie Robertson. (Hometown ID being the order of the evening, I suggested, 'Hey, hosers! Hold on to your toques — from Toronto, here's Robbie Robertson!') Pirner had bigger things on his mind.

This is all kinda sentimental,' he complained. 'You've gotta have a line about that. I mean, I know I step over it all the time, and I'll probably keep doing it, but all this ....

'Nah,' I said. 'Your job isn't to draw lines. It's to dance all over the line.' Pirner laughed. 'Yeah, I guess. But don't you think this is all getting pretty institutionalized?'

'Hey, you were just on stage with Iggy. Ask him. We fought that battle 25 years ago, and we lost a lotta parts of it. The question now isn't whether rock 'n' roll is gonna be institutionalized. It's whether we're going to have good institutions or bad ones.'

As always, Pirner was asking the right questions — the ones that made the night and the existence (at long last) of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame Museum, exciting. Could we get it right? Was it worth the bother? I had the right interest: I sit on the Hall's nominating committee. Like the question now isn't whether rock 'n' roll is gonna be institutionalized.

It's whether we're gonna have good institutions or bad ones.

By the I.M. Pei building next door. That's why we had come: The hall's movie theaters play Time-Life's history of rock and roll, and swank ain't the half of it. Rock's multigenerational rebellion had landed in it in a $92-million palace of swank.

Well, pardon me, but I'm a rock 'n' roll fan. I've been to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, and swank ain't the half of it. For my taste, it is (give or take the Prado), the greatest museum in the world, and not only because it celebrates my interest: I sit on the Hall's nominating committee. Like the rock and roll and more obscure films. In private carrels, you can hear late lamented deejays, discover the 'best' 500 rock records were created. The display cases offer tributes to individual labels so good that Sam Phillips stood as if mesmerized at the Sun exhibit. All in all, it's the most useful deployment of cybertechnology I've ever seen. The museum makes no false generic distinctions: P-Funk costumes and memorabilia stand next to smashed-up Who guitars and Keith Moon drumheads. And this goes on for three floors, including, among many many other things, an exhibit of rock magazines. Hopefully, his presence in the music world will stiffen the spines of his employers on such issues — maybe he'll even be able to get Michael White, the mayor of Cleveland, to stop harassing rock clubs in his town.)

The question now isn't whether rock 'n' roll is gonna be institutionalized. It's whether we're gonna have good institutions or bad ones.
The concert at Cleveland Stadium had different problems. The absence of many British stars — among the vets, only the Kinks and Burdon showed and, of course, since U2 there haven’t been any big stars from the Isles — forced the Gin Blossoms to sing the Beatles, Jon Bon Jovi to stand in for John Lennon and Sheryl Crow to represent the Rolling Stones. All were overmatched. The program didn’t feature a single Elvis song, which John Fogerty or some-damn-body, probably should have rectified. Other stars seemed defeated by the context: If the audience and reviewers didn’t understand the beauty of Jackson Browne’s The Tracks of My Tears, the saucy audacity of Natalie Merchant’s Dinah Washington tribute (well, Ahmet Ertegun liked it, and that’s a tribute by itself) or the spectacular power of James Brown’s revue (of course it was too big and busy; that’s sorta the point), that’s their problem.

But again... so what? Shows like this are about what’s possible, not what’s most desirable, and chances are none of the above volunteered for their impossible tasks. Having James Brown and Aretha Franklin aboard and allowing them to do their version of what was appropriate is more historically appropriate — and respectful — than forcing them into a version of their ancient selves. Would I rather have seen the Stones, some version of The Who and Wilson Pickett? Sure, but I’d also rather have seen Elvis, Marvin Gaye and Bob Marley.

The meaning of the show came more out of Rolling Stone magazine publisher Jann Wenner’s wonderful speech (and Jann is not generally a wonderful speaker), in which he pledged the hall would be a place to heal generational and racial divisions. Watching Natalie dance with Booker T, hearing Dylan and Springsteen on their gorgeous Forever Young, looking at the young rockist audience get it when Sam Moore sang the definitive soul ballad, When Something is Wrong with My Baby, that promise felt confirmed.

As such tele-spectacles go, this Hall of Fame gave the best I’ve ever seen. Long after midnight, when Little Richard hit the stage and proved that he remains the greatest pure singer of the ’50s, when Moore and Fogerty did a drop-dead, unrehearsed Midnight Hour, when Martha Reeves proved her Motown aimplo by getting away with stopping Dancing in the Street and starting over because of equipment failure, the Hall of Fame concert transcended — as music — any such show I’ve ever attended. It made me recall once again what it was that drove people like me and Iggy and Pirner and Springsteen and Moore and Fogerty and Hynde and Merchant “out of our minds and into our bodies” through the medium of sound. It promised that this will continue to happen. It told me that having created an institution and waxed sentimental was living proof not of the failure of rock ‘n’ roll but of its endurance and power. Hall! Hall! We have, at long last, been delivered from the days of old, and our delivery came the only way possible, by honoring and loving the past for the present it gave us.

Dave Marsh is the author of more than a dozen books on popular music, culture and politics.
ne night a group of performers from the Clyde Beatty-Cole Bros. Circus went to a Red Lobster restaurant in Princeton, N.J. There they met a circus groupie who accompanied them back to the big top. After a failed attempt to have sex with the Human Cannonball inside his cannon (“Calling Dr. Freud. Will Dr. Sigmund Freud please report to the center ring?”), the woman raised the tent with six different performers, who videotaped the action. The evening came to a halt only when one of the men noticed an upside-down cross on the back of her neck. She then admitted that she was, in fact, a devil worshipper. "Ah, but for the wholesome traditional entertainment that is the circus.

The inside jacket blurb offers this view: "Since childhood, Bruce Feiler dreamed of running away to join the circus — ÒCalling Dr. Freud. Will Dr. Sigmund Freud please report to the center ring?Ó In a 1987 show in Hong Kong, his cannon shot him beyond the net, and he ruptured his spinal cord. After the injury, Bale convinced his pool man to take over the act. Then the pool man shoots across an arena and rips a 12-foot gash in the air bag before crashing to the ground. (Despite the extent of his injuries, only Feiler realizes that the man needs to go to the hospital.)

Carny knowledge
Deceit, depravity and delirium in a season with the Clyde Beatty-Cole Bros. Circus

By JAMES PONTI

Why would anyone with a good background and two well-received books to his credit spend a year as a clown? The inside jacket blurb offers this view: "Since childhood, Bruce Feiler dreamed of running away to join the circus — ÒCalling Dr. Freud. Will Dr. Sigmund Freud please report to the center ring?Ó He says that after five years spent living in England and Japan (the latter of which was the backdrop for his adventures teaching English and working as a reporter and which produced his first book, Learning to Bow: Inside the Heart of Japan), he felt the urge to see America: "What better way to explore America than from the back lot of a circus?" he says. Apparently, logic is no longer part of the Yale curriculum.

"Throughout American history, this idea of being on a road is a great myth," says Feiler, who cites examples such as Huckleberry Finn and John Updike’s Rabbit books. And he was attracted to the idea of being part of a traveling community. Ultimately, though, he melts in the face of an old faithful — seeing dreams come true. "For two shows a day, seven shows a week, you are making people happy.

With foul-mouthed outbursts, it’s easy to see why the clowns are made to be silent in front of an audience.
A

The appeal of the clowns has little to do with danger and has all to do with forbidden desire,” Feiler says. “I view clowns, and maybe the whole circus, as representing our id — this idea that these are things we’ve always wanted to do but would get in trouble if we did them.

“You look at clown acts, drag clowns, slapstick, kick in the pants. They’re breaking the rules, doing things that are forbidden. I think it’s the same with the rest of the circus.”

Whenever possible, Feiler offers historic perspective on the role of the circus in America. “There is a real difference in the appeal of the circus in 1995 and the appeal in 1895,” he says. “A hundred years ago, when the circus came to town, it was the only game in town. For them, the circus was this window to the world. Exotic animals, foreign people, strange customs brought to life.”

There is the origin of its appeal. It was a monopoly on modern. So the circus presents itself not as cutting edge, but as old-fashioned. “The essence of the appeal today is that the circus is real.”

In all this warm nostalgia, it’s worth noting that one of those old-fashioned appeals is that the circus is a money machine. Feiler reveals that the same souvenir costs more in Reading, Penn., than it does in Wilmington, N.C. And it costs even more in New York City than in Reading.

But this type of price gouging isn’t reserved for patrons. Circus employees practice every form of racketeering imaginable against one another to augment their meager pay. Feiler says this extends to everything from the delivery of mail to the delivery of fresh water for the rumbling RVs.

He also sees a strong sexual current running through the big top. “The circus is incredibly erotic. One of the curses of Barnum is that he perpetuated the fact that the circus is for kids. Think about the skinny costumes and bulging muscles. There’s this incredible sex appeal to seeing a circus,” he says, adding, “The word ‘trick’ is reserved for streetwalkers and wire walkers.”

Still, he sees a genuine loss in the fact that audiences today are not literate in the history of the acts and performers. A traditionalist down the line, he is dead set against the Cirque du Soleil approach, which adds theater and illusion with a thematic musical score. “I don’t consider it a circus,” he says. And he does not concede fading interest. “They said that movies were going to kill the circus, that television, video games [would] kill it off. In 1992, 20 million people will see a circus in America, which is the highest number in history. The reason they’re coming is because the circus at its heart is real people doing real things.”

“Look at the things people are doing in the circus. They’re stepping into a cage with wild animals. They’re keeping 10 objects in the air at once. At its root it is escape, and it is reminding us of these dreams that we had as a kid — these dreams we cannot afford to let get by.”

He has been surprised to find that, despite giving away so many secrets, his book has been well received by its subjects. The Clyde Beatty-Cole Bros. Circus is even selling copies on its current tour. Apparently the feeling is that audiences members won’t have read enough to demand their money back until after the big top is packed and off to another town.

Still, Bruce Feiler did all right by the circus. He showed us the wizard behind the curtain, but as he did so he sang his praises. There is no denying that he loves the circus as much now as when he was a child.

In fact, he has a game that he likes to play with his friends. He tells them to close their eyes and imagine being at a circus, to visualize a triple somersault on the trapeze, taste the cotton candy on their lips, even smell the elephant dung. And he claims that 100 out of 100 times, the person smiles.

One hundred out of 100 times, I just want to cry.
Eventually, they got within one or two tombstones, and I by this time, and they obviously knew I knew about them. Rinky-dink battle charges, but I sat still. I was laughing a bit giggles and see some yellow, then a stripe of claret; they'd nowhere and bounce off the tomb still standing. You'd hear siles (clods of dirt and pebble-dash) would come from Ham soccer jersey; the other was a flash of yellow. Their mis-graves just a little off to the right. One of them wore a West doing so, two boys — around 10 — nipped between the graves just a little off to the right. One of them wore a West

The stone to my right was Africa-shaped and fringed with damp moss. Most of the writing was gone now. “Also Rebecca Askham, mother of the above,” I could make out. And then, “Who died October 1st 1903. Aged 50 years.” The nettles around the bottom were at the top of their power. They stood for pain. The stone on my other side was in memory of “Frank Cyril Nicholson, who died January 13th 1897, aged 14 years.”

It was a cool day, very quiet at times, then some horn or deep engine on the dual carriageway would break in. Frank Cyril died after 14 years; died, it seems, of natural causes. His death must have been very sad, but was probably not mysts-terious. His was a named loss. The cause was known; the end was marked, his spot was here and was in a manner of speak-sing sacred. I sat thinking about all this, feeling the breeze well through the undergrowth, poking with the stick, and in my head the various things that could have happened. I guessed the police had already considered that. Eventually, they got within one or two tombstones, and I by this time, and they obviously knew I knew about them.

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It was a Sunday morning, and a minister strode past me with a Labrador. “That looks like a contented spot,” he said, dog and dog collar glistening. I sat in the middle of a little wood, just to the side of Kenilworth Chapel in East London, on October 9, 1994. The church looked closed and unattended. All around me, in tangles of ivy and nettles and scrub, lay hundred-


The site was fenced off, though I managed to have a look around without much trouble. It was mostly empty, with hard-hatted workmen doing their thing in this or that corner. The ground was uneven, it was full of holes, but I guessed the police had already considered that.

A large Asda superstore stands across the road, with bus stops planted outside. Daniel worked here as a bag filler — you know, putting people’s shopping into bags at the till. This was how he earned pocket money, and he was a well-
Whether missed or not, the common condition of all the child is a very written-down sort of life; it can’t easily be drawn benefits or earning money through their National Insurance number, they are not paying tax, they are not regularly matching the pattern of what is known about them. You can change your identity, but it is not just a matter of knowing — that’s to say, people who may deliberately go missing for reasons of their own. It applies less to the unmissed or to those who have no big documentary lives anyway, they just have lives. When they go missing, there can only be the possibility of ever finding them or ever finding them well. They weren’t to be proved wrong on the last bit. The police spoke of a pedophile ring and revealed details of Operation Orion, an attempt by some to link them to Daniel Handley’s disappearance. One of the suspects was the same man who had been charged with similar offences under the Children Act. For six months or so, Daniel Handley’s whereabouts were unknown.

S

On 20 April 1994, Maxine had left the family home she shared with her husband, David Handley, in Newark Knok and taken the kids with her. She gave them the names of their missing father and mother, and they were living in a house in which they were being looked after by the DSS. The children were living in a room with a white woman and her children. The police were back in the town of Newark Knok and searching for Daniel Handley’s body. The police were doing everything they could to find him, but they were not having much success. The police were still searching for Daniel Handley, and they were not giving up hope of ever finding him. The police were still searching for Daniel Handley, and they were not giving up hope of ever finding him well. They were waiting for more responses and, in the meantime, have brought down the files on missing local children.

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I hate the young, I hate the food

A Brit travels to Boston
and discovers a lite new world

By RUTH DUDLEY EDWARDS

Here I am in Boston, fighting a losing battle not to hate the young. In the immediate vicinity of the university library where I am working, there are about 32,000 of them. It’s not that they are badly behaved. Theyhaven’t an assault weapon between them, as far as I can see. It’s not their clothes — if they want to wear loose prison gear, I cannot lunch off lettuce alone, so I chose the smallest

COLDTYPE

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Behind me at the deli counter the other day were two Greek gods — slim, athletic, spot free, pictures of youth and vigor. Were they discussing sex, politics or even their programs?

large Diet Coke. Yesterday, in the students’ cafeteria, the lad at the next table consumed a pizza the size of Big Ben and washed it down with a low-fat chocolate milk. He made me think of the old story of the woman who failed to lose weight because, having eaten her diet food, she then tucked into her normal rations.

I want to scream when I see or hear the ubiquitous “lo” word, but worse is the wretched “lite.” Written in neon, it blinks from bars and delis and supermarkets — pretending that you can assuage your craving for fattening food, and lots of it, without paying the price in poundage. And the adults are as self-deceiving as the kids. They drink lite beer, but they eat like lumberjacks.

Looking for a restaurant, I wandered down the main drag in search of dinner. Just reading most of the menus was almost enough to destroy my modest appetite. Finally, having discarded everywhere promising large/extra large /super/jumbo/giant portions, I fell thankfully into a sushi restaurant. I ordered something with noodles. My Japanese waitress arrived with a platter as long as she was tall, piled high with protein. She looked horrified when she saw how much I had left, and I felt vaguely guilty.

The following night, wanting privacy, I bought a bottle of decent wine and a take-away Chinese. I had cleverly remembered to obtain both a cornsidek and chopsticks, but I hadn’t thought through the logistics. The food containers were, of course, bursting at the seams, making mixing their contents impossible, but I solved that problem with the ice bucket. When I finished, this was still half-full and, not wanting the room to be forever imbued with the smell of sizzling beef, I put the lid on tightly and left it overnight. Disposing of the remains in the morning, I discovered that the ice bucket now ponged; three days later, it still smells of soy sauce.

To avoid further embarrassments, I’m thinking of having a cute student to eat my leftovers.
EARLY SUMMER IN ENGLAND FINDS THE MORE ASPIRANT OF ITS NATIVES DISTINCTLY RESTLESS. GLYNDEBOURNE, HENLEY, WIMBLEDON FORNIGHT AND A BRACE OF OTHER TOP-RATED ARTISTIC AND SPORTING FIXTURES . . . AT ANY MOMENT, INVITATIONS TO THESE KEY EVENTS IN THE HAUTE BOURGEOISIE’S CALENDAR WILL BE ISSUED OR WITHHELD, CAUSING A NATION’S LEGIONS OF SOCIAL WANNABES TO SIFT DAILY THROUGH THEIR MAIL WITH TREMBLING FINGERS.


YET WITH INDIVIDUAL ATTENDANCE COSTING A RUMOURED £20 PER HEAD (THIS MAY BE THE NEW VULGARITY, BUT WHO IS SUFFICIENTLY VULGAR TO ASK A HOST THE PRICE OF THEIR AWAY DAY?), THIS WAS SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST A PICNIC IN THE PARK. AND EVEN AMID THE RELATIVELY EGALITARIAN ATMOSPHERE OF THE HURLINGHAM’S CORPORATE DINING ROOM, CERTAIN INVISIBLE LINES PROVED TO HAVE BEEN DRAWN. IN BETWEEN THE MÉLON CHARENTAIS AU PINAUD DES CHARENTES AND THE SAUMON L’ANOTH AU BEURRE BLANC, A FORMIDABLE PR LADY WITH A TANNED AND FRECKLED DECOLLETAGE (‘I’M A LOUSY PERSON AT HEART, BELIEVE ME’) VENTURED A FEW INTRODUCTIONS. TV PERSONALITY MICHAEL PARKINSON DIDN’T NEED ONE. THE EXILED AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTING THE OBSERVER AND I DID, HOWEVER, SO DUTY PREPARED OUR BEST SMILES.

ALL WENT WELL FOR ME UNTIL URGED TO MEET A MAN WITH BIG GLASSES. I WAS CHILDISH TO DO SO. BUT THERE WAS LITTLE TIME TO BROOD. WITHIN MINUTES THE TRUFFALINES ET MUSCADETTES HAD BEEN AND GONE (LITTLE CHOCOLATES TO YOU AND ME, BUT THIS IS A WORLD WHERE THEY LIKE TO CALL A SPADE SUME PELLE) AND WE WERE BEING URGED OUTSIDE TO TAKE OUR PLACES FOR THE AFTERNOON’S PLAY.

‘THERE IS A HUGE MARKET FOR THE STYLE OF TENNIS WE WERE ALL WATCHING 10 YEARS AGO’ BEGAN THE PRESS PACK SOUNDBITTE OF PATRICK CARR, TOURNAMENT DIRECTOR AND THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR LAUNCHING LAST SUMMER’S INAUGURAL EVENT. ‘AUDIENCES MISS THE MORE OUTRAGOUS AND ECLECTIC BRILLIANCE OF PLAYERS SUCH AS ILIE NASASE AND ROSCOE TAMER. NOT SURPRISINGLY, THE HURLINGHAM SENIORS IS PROVING MOST POPULAR WITH ‘SENIORS’ IN THE CITY, WITH THEM TAKING 75 PERCENT OF ALL AVAILABLE TICKETS. HURLINGHAM MAY BE EXCLUSIVE, BUT NOSTALGIA CERTAINLY ISN’T. OH, WHAT A SMOOTHIE YOU ARE, MR. CARR. BUT WHO WOULD WE FIND AMONG THE 14 OTHER CHAMPIONS COMPETING ON GRASS FOR A COMBINED PRIZE MONEY OF £16,300 IN THIS FIVE-DAY UK LEG OF AN INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TENNIS PROFESSIONALS TOUR?’

WELL, JUST AS ONE-TIME HITMAKERS HEAD OFF TO LAS VEGAS OR THE CABARET ROOMS OF CRUISE LINERS, OLD SPORTSMEN HIT THE SUNSET TRAIL. THERE IN THE BROCHURE, AMID A MONTAGE OF MUG SHOTS SIMILAR TO THOSE MEANT TO FAMILIARIZE THE PUBLIC WITH THE STAFF OF LEISURE CENTERS AND FAST-FOOD FRANCHISES, WERE THE GLEAMING LIES OF OVER-35S TIM MASTOVE AND PETE NUNAMARAS AND OVER-45S MARK COW AND KEN ROSEWALL (BIRTH DATE A HUMBLING NOVEMBER 2, 1934). AND JUST TO ADD TO THE NEUROSSES OF THOSE WHO FIND THAT POLICEMEN ARE BEGINNING TO LOOK YOUNGER, OTHER OLD CROCKS LIKE MATTS WILLANS, DI PATT CASH, AND THE SOON-TO-COLLECT-HIS-PENSION DAVID WHEATON (A ZIMMER-DEFYING 26) HAD BEEN DRAFTED IN FOR A LITTLE EXHIBITION PLAY.

ANYONE EXPECTING THIS TO BE A WORLD OF VARICOSE VEINS AND SURGICAL SUPPORTS WAS IN FOR A RUBE AWAKENING, HOWEVER. ‘I’VE FORGOTTEN TO PUT ON ANY UNDERWEAR,’ SAID A CLEAN-LIMBED IF FRIGHTFULLY BIG AND IMPORTANT...
chubby-faced Nastase to no one in particular as our photographer lobbied off court to take his portrait. Then, on meeting no response, he repeated this non sequitur: “Really, I’m standing here without any underwear.” We smiled blankly, not knowing what else to do. “Someone run and tell the groupies in the front row,” was the whispered suggestion of a man nursing a glass of warm white wine, but none of us moved. And by the time Ilie had emerged alongside Tanner to battle Fred Stolle and Peter Fleming in the opening round of the Doubles, one presumed that his balls were held firmly in place by the black Lyca cycling shorts newly visible beneath his whites.

Mr. Carr was right, meanwhile. For the fans of tennis, rather than those merely of its newest gods and goddesses, this was an ideal way to watch the game; these vets may move around a whole lot quicker than could the lunch-bloat-ed execs 15 years their junior who had escaped the office for a day to watch them, but still it is at a sufficiently leisured and crowd-pleasing pace to allow close scrutiny of the game.

Being more of a people than a tennis watcher, though, I found my attention wandering. And two boxes along, Michael Parkinson’s presence continued to cause silent waves of tension to ebb and flow between a couple who earlier had been seated near him at lunch. The ready flow of anecdotes had so visibly entranced her that her beau turned sulky and, in a significant gesture, wrested off a gray suit jacket. Now, out in the open air but still with them, Parkie had slipped off his tie. How would Mr. Threatened respond? By baring his chest and producing a two-week Wimbledon pass? I never got to find out.

The call of nature led me back inside the Hurlingham’s cool, labyrinthine corridors in search of the gents, after which a wrong turn on exiting found me out on the terrace, where a glitzy, petrol-blue-metallic Rover 400 emblazoned with promotional stickers proved to be the only reminder that commerce had entered this former sanctum of the privileged classes.

Through French windows, I could see waiters and waitresses polishing glasses, positioning plates, smoothing down the white table linen, preparing for the onslaught of tea time. Outside, beneath button-down shirt collars, men were talking into mobile phones — not security staff alert for intruders but businessmen fretting that the corporate world might collapse without them. Between them, the occasional club member snoozed in a deck chair, copies of The Daily Telegraph or The Times spread out across elderly limbs, the sun beating down.

Exactly where lies the future of the English social calendar then? Will the Queen one day ride down The Mall toward the opening of Parliament with a “Sponsored by Kwik-Fit” sash across her regalia? Will the guests of Coopers & Lybrand, Schroders Investment Management and the Swiss Bank bag all the best seats at the Boat Race? Will the movers and shakers hurrying in to sandwiches and scones from Wheaton vs. Cash one day inherit if not the Earth at least the marketable remains of a once green and pleasant land? On Tuesday evening, as the sun died down and young mamas wearing velvet Alice bands and driving Range Rovers cruised in to pick up Chablis-sodden spouses, the questions went unanswered.

Certainly Class War T-shirts and Big Issue vendors were nowhere to be seen — but sometimes subversion can prove more effective than direct action. On returning from my walkabout, I had gone in search of Parkie & Co. How would the rivalry have resolved itself? Would Mr. Threatened have wooed back his partner, or would the Barnsley Boy’s store of stories have driven a rift of permanent dissatisfaction between them? All three had gone, so I couldn’t know. That night, though, I turned on News at 10, and there was Parkie and his wife, Mary, emerging smiling from a cab outside the Goldsmith mansion, two of the chosen oh-so-few. If only he’d been carrying a banner advertising his next engagement, all at the Hurlingham might have bowed down humbly and signalled their envious respect.
A few questions (20 actually) for the ladies

What’s this thing about shoes, Fabio and herbal tea?

By MICHAEL ULMER

I like to think I know a little something about women. My mom is a woman, always has been. I grew up in a female-driven house with three sisters and a dad who thought Hai Karate smelled good; women were obviously the primary influences in my life. I married a woman, and we had two children. Naturally, they are girls. I understand fate: If I had seven more children, I’d have a great girls’ baseball team.

It’s fitting then, that since I have started to write my weekly Globe column for men most of the feedback has come from women. Please don’t take this the wrong way, but what the heck are you doing in our column? I mean, do we read Margaret Wente? Is there something in the spelling of the word M-E-N that can be misconstrued into meaning W-O-M-E-N.

Okay, for those women who are still with me, here are some questions (20, actually) about the things men want to know about women. In 35 years, I have never gleaned a worthwhile answer to any of these questions. All of these subjects, it seems to me, should have been covered in Cubs, because, with very few exceptions, most of us live with women and not wolves.

Admittedly, these questions are based on rancid generalizations. Of late, generalizations have become unfashionable, which I think is a shame, because generally held truths are truths nonetheless. Furthermore, there’s something open and democratic about airing an idea, no matter how ludicrous, that a large number of people happen to believe. I like to think the full examination of half-baked thoughts is what this column has always been all about.

If you are a woman, answer some of these questions for your spouse, son, dad or male friend. Don’t answer all of them; the man may explode.

If you are a man, tear out this column and present it to your wife, mom, girlfriend, sister, friend or significant other. Maybe you’ll have more luck getting the answers than I have.

20 Questions for Women

1. What is this thing with shoes?
2. Why do you hate pumping gas so much?
3. Do you really expect us to believe you find Woody Allen attractive? Would you believe us if we told you we yearn for Roseanne because she, too, has a great sense of humor?
4. How do you know what matches?
5. Why is the central mechanism to your most frequently worn piece of apparel, the bra strap, more difficult to change than a timing belt, and how can you fasten and unfasten it backward?
6. If your appearance is so important, why do you dress Brownies like Fudgesicles?
7. Why do you use those tiny little deodorant sticks? Are your armpits that much smaller than ours?
9. Why do you always ask us what’s going on in a movie when we both have been watching the exact same film for the exact same length of time?
10. Why do you use those tiny little deodorant sticks? Are your armpits that much smaller than ours?
11. Why do you insist that we always start the barbecue? Should we take any message from the fact that it’s always our job to activate the home appliance most likely to be engulfed in flames?
12. Do you prefer a garden to a lawn?
13. Do you really like the taste of herbal tea?
14. If women on average have a higher rate of insulating body fat, why are you always so cold?
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19. If women on average have a higher rate of insulating body fat, why are you always so cold?
20. Since both sex and sperm are now widely available for you, why do you keep us around anyway?

Michael Ulmer’s first book, Captains: Nine Great Toronto Maple Leafs, was recently published by MacMillan.
So you want to join the finest military force in the world? Well, you won’t find anything any tougher than Uncle Sam’s Marine Corps. And their initiation camp is probably the roughest place to learn the ropes, as Middletown Journal photographer Mark Stahl discovered when he visited Parris Island, in South Carolina,
to get a taste of real action.

When it comes to abuse, men and women are all created equal. “Did I tell you to move?” Drill instructor Staff Sgt. Shelley Sergeant politely asks a recruit during basic training at Parris Island.
This is where Uncle Sam’s finest get their first taste of tough love

The finest tongue-lashing money can buy. That’s a promise Uncle Sam plans to keep with every new recruit to the Marine Corps. For two and a half months, at Par-ris Island, South Carolina, the toughest drill instructors you never want to meet promise to pound on you as if you are just so much clay. They’ll yell at you, tear a strip off you, berate, bluster ... the marines—the instructors can still YELL at you so loudly that the local residents can hear on faraway shores in north Africa.

Cringing into this high octane assault on their senses, young men and women — another sign of the changing times — will tell you that basic training is a life-altering experience ... and blind devotion to getting the job done — no matter what the job is — into every recruit’s thick cranium.

Call it tough love in khaki. Call it any damn thing you want. But, when the instructor says, “JUMP,” that’s exactly what he expects you to do. Respect is the name of the game.

No task is too difficult for a marine. A trainee learns the fine points of another necessary skill, swabbing the parade ground.

A recruit learns the finer points of the belly crawl. The 12 weeks of training help build the mental and physical toughness that a marine needs if he is to be one of Uncle Sam’s finest. His life—and those of his colleagues—may depend on his resilience in the face of appalling adversity.

Don’t phone your mother, soldier. She can’t help you. Most recruits are on the verge of tears during their first five days at boot camp — those who can’t adapt to the discipline usually drop out during this time.

Arms folded, ready to pounce, DI Sgt. Dennis Harrison casts an eagle eye over his new charges “They are scared and .... friends.” When the instructor says, “JUMP,” that’s exactly what he expects you to do. Respect is the name of the game.

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Staff Sgt. Eric Pols (left) tries a little marine-style encouragement on a recruit who doesn’t want to climb a rope. But he will.

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Brian Gable: From Fine Art to Fine Art

Brian Gable, editorial cartoonist at The Globe and Mail in Toronto, was born in Saskatchewan in 1949. After studying fine art at the University of Saskatchewan and the University of Toronto, he taught art for nine years at Brockville, Ontario. Gable eased into editorial cartooning in 1977 by freelancing one cartoon a week to the Brockville Recorder and Times and, in 1980, was hired full time by the Regina Leader Post.

In 1987, he moved to The Globe and Mail, where he shares cartooning duties with Anthony Jenkins.

As well as winning the “Most Improved Math Student Award” in Miss Service’s Grade 7 class, he has won Canada’s National Newspaper Award for Cartooning.

Brian Gable’s new book, Another Day, Another Doom, a collection of his cartoons for The Globe, has been published by Douglas & McIntyre, of Vancouver. It costs $7.95.

Good news, bad news. A seemingly-interminable election battle can have an entirely unexpected benefit.

Right: The old farts return in slightly-less-than-triumph for a new Woodstock.

Far right: Our politicians tell us the economy is rising out of the doldrums, but most of us can’t feel the difference.

Left: The great conference on population control has the same performers, singing the same old songs.

Far left: The tobacco industry puts a happy face on a product that promises a good life but often delivers an early death.