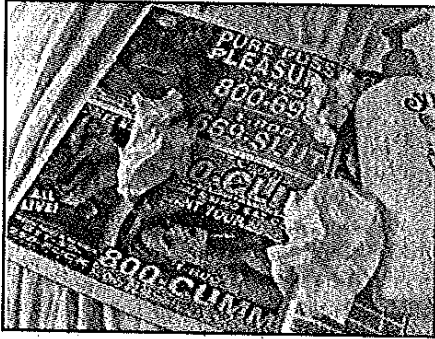


Axe Handles

Gary Snyder

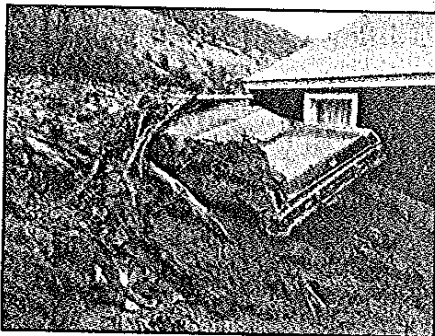
One afternoon the last week in April
Showing Kai how to throw a hatchet
One-half turn and it sticks in a stump.
He recalls the hatchet-head
Without a handle, in the shop
And go gets it, and wants it for his own.
A broken-off axe handle behind the door
Is long enough for a hatchet,
We cut it to length and take it
With the hatchet head
And working hatchet, to the wood block.
There I begin to shape the old handle
With the hatchet, and the phrase
First learned from Ezra Pound
Rings in my ears!
"When making an axe handle
the pattern is not far off."
And I say this to Kai
"Look: We'll shape the handle
By checking the handle
Of the axe we cut with—"
And he sees. And I hear it again:
It's in Lu Ji's *We Fu*, fourth century
A.D. "Essay on Literature" - in the
Preface: "In making the handle
Of an axe
By cutting wood with an axe
The model is indeed near at hand."
My teacher Shih-hsiang Chen
Translated that and taught it years ago
And I see: Pound was an axe,
Chen was an axe, I am an axe
And my son a handle, soon
To be shaping again, model
And tool, craft of culture,
How we go on.

NEWS



Phone-Sex Ad Masturbated To For 0 Cents A Minute

see LOCAL page 11C



Mudslide Kind Of Fun Until The Dying Part

see LOCAL page 3C

Mask Probably Bush

see HALLOWEEN page 11B

Man Unwilling To Discuss Lifetime Denny's Ban

see LOCAL page 9C

STATshot

A look at the trends that shape your world.

Claimed Vs. Actual Causes Of Scars

1. Alligator attack/Shoehorn mishap
2. World's Strongest Man contest/Pie-eating contest
3. Downhill skiing/Stepped on Lego
4. Stigmata/High-five gone awry
5. Rock climbing/Rock tumbling
6. Rescued child from house fire/Flaming-marshmallow incident



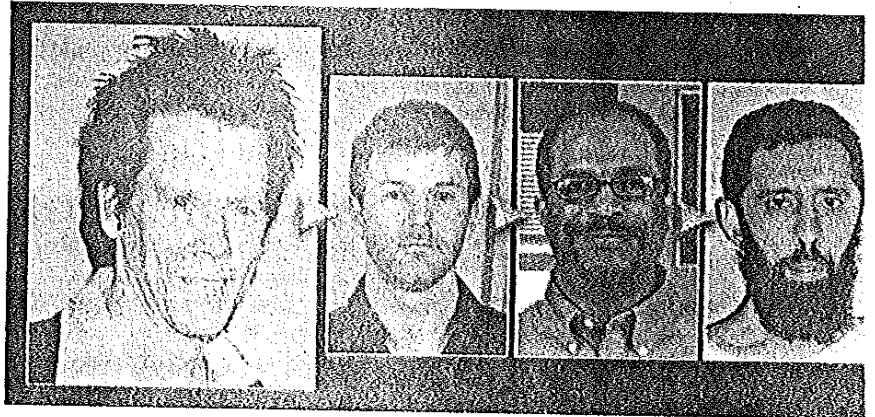
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VOLUME 38 ISSUE 40

AMERICA'S FINEST NEWS SOURCE

THE WAR ON TERROR

Kevin Bacon Linked

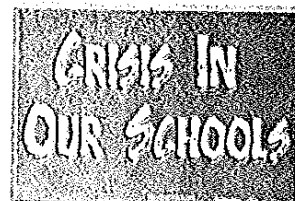


U.S. Students Lead World

UNITED NATIONS—With one in 25 students currently in detention, on suspension, or otherwise held after school on charges, the U.S. leads the world in disciplinary action against schoolchildren, the U.N. Human Rights Commission reported Monday.

"There is a disturbing trend in the corrective measures taken by contemporary American educators," the report read. "The United States is requiring its students to do time in the guidance counselor

or principal's office three times as often as the average Westernized nation. No country incarcerates its young at a rate anywhere near that rate."



Detailed in the 922-page document is an alarming pattern of arbitrary and discriminatory enforcement of uneven interpretation of rules, and unfair punishment disproportionate to the transgression.

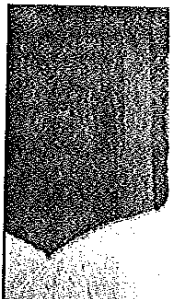
"It is an accepted, almost universally acknowledged fact that detention in America is class-based," UNHRC

Dishwasher Thinks He's Mentoring

GAINESVILLE, FL—Gordon Polone, 49, a dishwasher at Smitty's Family Restaurant since 1991, has taken new hire Craig Garrick, 19, under his wing, patiently mentoring him in the ways of washing dishes. "I've been washing dishes at one restaurant or another for half my life," Polone said Tuesday. "If anyone is qualified to

ine]. We had an earlier-model Hobart. That was way the hell back when Dale was manager."

Polone, who has trained an estimated 30 dishwashers during his 11 years at Smitty's, said he is more than happy to pass on his knowledge to the next generation of plate-scrubbers.



Christopher Logue, MacArthur (An Account of Books 16 → 19 of the Iliad)

But if you want the truth, well . . .
King Menelaos got him by the ears
Bowed back his chubby neck and bit
A lump out of his jugular—

"Sweet God, his dirty blood is in my eyes!
Some Trojan runt will stick me . . ." but
She who admired him wiped the mess away.

If Hector waved,
His wounded and his sick got up to fight;
And if Patroclus called, the Myrmidons
Struck, and called back; with them, as with Patroclus,
To die in battle was like going home.

Try to recall the pause, thock, pause,
Made by axe blades as they pace
Each other through a valuable wood.
Though the work takes place on the far
Side of a valley, and the axe strokes are
Muted by depths of warm, still standing air,
They throb, throb, closely in your ear;
And now and then you catch a phrase
Exchanged between the men who work
More than a mile away, with perfect clarity.

Likewise the sound of spear on spear,
Shield against shield, shield against spear
Around Sarpedon's body.

And all this time God watched His favourite enemies:
Minute Patroclus, like a fleck
Of radium on His right hand,
Should he die now—or push the Trojans back still more?
And on His left, Prince Hector, like a silver mote,
Should he turn coward for an hour
And let Patroclus steal Sarpedon's gear?

The left goes down.
In the half-light Hector's blood turns milky
And he runs for Troy.

It is true that men are clever;
But the least of gods is cleverer than their best.
And it was here, before God's hands
(Moons poised on either side of their earth's agate)
You overreached yourself, Patroclus.

Yes, my darling,
Not only God was out that day but Lord Apollo.
"You know Apollo loves the Trojans: so,
Once you have forced them back, you stop."
Remember it, Patroclus? Or was it years ago
Achilles cautioned you outside his tent?
Remembering or not you stripped Sarpedon's gear,
And went for Troy alone.

And God turned to Apollo, saying:
"Mousegod, take my Sarpedon out of range
And clarify his wounds with mountain water.
Moisten his body with tinctures of white myrth
And violet iodine; and when these chrysms dry,
Fold him in miniver that never wears
And lints that never fade,
And call my two blind footmen, Sleep and Death,
To carry him to Lycia by Taurus,
Where, playing stone chimes and tambourines,
His tribe will consecrate his death,
Before whose memory the stones shall fade."
And Apollo took Sarpedon out of range
And clarified his wounds with mountain water;
Moistened his body with tinctures of white myrth
And violet iodine; and when these chrysms dried
He folded him in miniver and lints

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Education Advertising
Careers in Education and
Health Care Employment

March 17, 2002

Week in

About Face

What Does He Want? The

By JAMES BENNET

JERUSALEM
THERE are times, as they bestride the carnage and chaos here, that Ariel Sharon and Yasser Arafat seem a little like Godzilla and Mothra, roused from political slumber to fight out their antediluvian rivalry over the vulnerable heads of a terrified city. Indomitable and rubbery, equipped with mysterious powers, the two have laid waste to offices, stores, airports and lives — so far without mortally wounding each other.

The question is whether either can address their dispute with anything besides savage blows. After more than a year of pressing Mr. Arafat to answer that question, the Bush administration has begun putting it to Mr. Sharon.

Now, Prime Minister Sharon does not seem like a subtle man. He is known to Israelis as "the Bulldozer," to Palestinians as "the Butcher." But what Arik Sharon really wants — his endgame for the Middle East conflict — is a mystery.

Some people here believe he would sign a far-reaching peace agreement, if

Warrior. Provocateur? Or peacemaker?

Mr. Arafat would first put a stop to all Palestinian violence. Others insist he is executing a dark master plan, provoking Palestinian violence to build a pretext for occupying the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. And some say he is making it up as he goes along, scrambling daily for his political footing as he fends off his chief rival, former Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu.

Seeking support in the Arab world for a possible war on Iraq, the Bush administration recoiled from a massive Israel



By the time we managed to grab a table for ourselves, with Derek revealing a possible past as a rugby forward, both our occupations were out in the open, and we were talking more easily. We had both taken to boats in middle age, and both were inclined to approach the sea as earnest, late-coming undergraduates tackling a new academic discipline. On *Compass Rose* the night before, I'd noticed several books that were twin to my own, like Van Dorn's *Oceanography and Seamanship*, Willard Bascom's *Waves and Beaches*, and Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us*. Now we talked whirlpools, overfalls, tidal gyres, capillary waves—subjects I usually kept under my hat. I'd seen too many people glaze over whenever I worked the conversation around to the fascinating movements of water. But Derek did not glaze over; warming to the theme, he shed his ponderous demeanor. His trip north, like mine, had taken him past a succession of wonders in physical oceanography. When he spoke of the places he had visited, he meant rips, swirls, boils, chutes, slippery water.

I mentioned the great exclamation marks of surf that exploded from Pointer Rocks when a sea was running off Port Simpson.

"Port Simpson?" Linda asked. "I spent ten months in Port Simpson."

Her then-husband had taken a teaching job at the band school. They had arrived in Lax Kw'Alaams just two days after Linda discovered she was pregnant. Autumn turned to winter, the village streets to gluy mud, then rutted ice. Marooned there, unbearably far away from the city of friends with whom she might have shared the adventure of her pregnancy, Linda was lonely beyond measure.

"It was the worst time in my life."

"How were the Indians?"

"Hostile."

"It's an Alice Munro story," I said. But I was thinking of Derek and Linda, and their eight summer weeks aboard *Compass Rose*. That was another Alice Munro story, one I could almost write myself.

"She's a great writer," Linda said.

This talk of writing led Derek to describe a novel he'd read by Michael Crichton. He couldn't recall the title—was it *Eaters of the*

Dead?—but it was about primitive people, and had caught Derek's attention as a rare work of fiction that was faithful to scientific fact. I thought, *This is exactly what he'd say in the Munro story.*

It was dark when we left the Homestead Cafe. The walkway down to the dock was treacherously slick after a recent shower. We clamored apprehensively down it, while Derek talked of the present state of research on the flow of water through pipes.

"The results," he said, "aren't altogether what you might expect. The most nearly laminar flow occurs in pipes with a roughened surface. The most turbulent flow occurs in smooth pipes, where the surface does nothing to hinder the formation of eddies."

"That's strange," I said. For I instinctively thought of turbulence as something caused by an obstruction—a projecting headland, a rocky and uneven sea-bottom, an island in the stream. "But I like it. It means that turbulence just happens. It needs no provocation."

"Well, that would depend, wouldn't it," Derek said, "on whether confining the flow of water to a pipe counted as provocation?"

I saw it exactly: the confinement and the turmoil; the trapped water boiling in the pipe, spinning furiously off that smooth containing surface. Back inside the boat, I scribbled a note on the behavior of water in pipes, thinking it an image that was bound to come in handy for something, sometime.

Next morning, the sky was blue—not the usual shallow, faded-denim of the Northwest but the blue of deep ocean. Above the snowy mountains to the north and east were a few chalk-scratches of very high cirrus. With the clear sky came a dry easterly breeze, just enough to keep the boat jogging along quietly under sail at four to five knots: the saloon table was so perfectly level that an egg would barely have rolled to leeward on it. It was the best weather I'd seen since leaving Seattle.

Juneau was less than a hundred miles off, and Jean and Julia's arrival was still five days away. I had time to loaf and enjoy the landscape, with no pressing need to clock up mileage. With the sheets set

A tape recorder was not a necessity for gathering the impression that nobody could do it. "More and more energy is being dissipated there," Kazmann said. "Floods are more frequent. There will be a bigger and bigger differential head as time goes on. It almost went out in '73. Sooner or later, it will be undermined or bypassed—give way. I have a lot of respect for Mother . . . for this alluvial river of ours. I don't want to be around here when it happens."

The Corps would say he won't be.

"Nobody knows where the hundred-year flood is," Kazmann continued. "Perspective should be a minimum of a hundred years. This is an extremely complicated river system altered by works of man. A fifty-year prediction is not reliable. The data have lost their pristine character. It's a mixture of hydrologic events and human events. Floods across the century are getting higher, low stages lower. The Corps of Engineers—they're scared as hell. They don't know what's going to happen. This is planned chaos. The more planning they do, the more chaotic it is. Nobody knows exactly where it's going to end."

THE TOWBOAT MISSISSIPPI has hit the point of a sandbar. The depth finder shows thirty-eight feet—indicating that there are five fathoms of water between the bottom of the hull and the bed of the river. The depth finder is on the port side of the ship, however, and the sandbar to starboard, only a few feet down. Thus the towboat has come to its convulsive stop, breaking the stride of two major generals and bringing state officials and levee boards out to the rail. General Sands, the division commander, has a look on his face which suggests that Hopkins has just scored on Army but Army will win the game. There is some running around, some eye-bulging, some

breaths drawn shallower even than the sandbar—but not here in the pilothouse. John Dugger, the pilot, and Jorge Cano, the local contact pilot, reveal on their faces not the least touch of dismay, or even surprise, whatever they may feel. They behave as if it were absolutely routine to be aiming downstream in midcurrent at zero knots. In a sense, that is true, for this is not some minor navigational challenge, like shooting rapids in an aircraft carrier. This is the Atchafalaya River.

A poker player might get out of an analogous situation by reaching toward a sleeve. A basketball player would reverse pivot—shielding the ball, whirling the body in a complete circle to leave the defender flat as a sandbar. John Dugger seems to be both. He has cut the engines, and now—looking interested, and nothing else—he lets the current take the stern and swing it wide. The big boat spins, reverse pivots, comes off the bar, and leaves it behind.

Conversations resume—in the lounge, on the outer decks, in the pilothouse—and inevitably many of them touch on the subject of controls at Old River. General Sands is saying, "Between 1950 and 1973, there was intensification of land use in the lower Mississippi—a whole generation grew up thinking you could grow soybeans here and never get wet. Since '73, Mother Nature has been trying to catch up. There have been seven high-water events since 1973. Now the auxiliary structure gives these folks all the assurance they need that Old River can continue to operate."

I ask if anyone agrees that the Atchafalaya could capture the Mississippi near the control structures and not through them.

General Sands replies, "I don't know that I'm personally smart enough to answer that, but I'd say no."

Lieutenant Colonel Ed Willis asks C. J. Nettles, chief of

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the regard they never lost for each other fastened those places to the earth. They and their families came out of the war remade, into a remade country. They built summer cottages on the Lake Erie shore and sat on the porches in the evenings and talked about the war.

Mary Anna Jackson was staying in Richmond at the house of the Reverend Dr. Moses Drury Hoge when word came that her husband had been wounded. Rev. Hoge was the Presbyterian orator Jackson had once made a special trip to Richmond to hear; his wife and other Richmond ladies had since befriended Anna. Due to the danger of capture she did not go to Jackson for five days, until after the railroad had been repaired. He had been moved in the meantime to a house on the Chandler farm at Guinea Station, a stop on the railroad south of Fredericksburg. Again Anna brought Hetty and the baby. After the surgery Jackson at first had recovered well, resting comfortably and discussing theology and military strategy with his aides. But by the time Anna arrived, his condition had worsened. She had last seen her husband just over a week before; now she saw him semiconscious, one arm gone, his remaining hand bandaged, his cheeks flushed with fever, his breathing labored, his face scratched and the scratches dressed with isinglass plaster. He revived, recognized her, and said, "You must not wear a long face. I love cheerfulness and brightness in a sickroom." The doctors—several had been sent to assist Dr. McGuire—told Anna that Jackson had developed pneumonia of the right lung. They blistered him with vacuum cups and gave him morphine and opium. He was in and out of consciousness from the time she arrived. He said things like "Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions to the men! Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front!" Anna spent so much time with him that her baby got hungry. One evening, Anna read him psalms and sang hymns.

On Sunday, May 10, the doctors told Anna that Jackson would die in a few hours. She sat by his bedside and held his hand and told him that he would that day be with his Maker in heaven. He regained consciousness and asked her what she was saying, and when she told him he replied, "Oh no; you are frightened, my child. Death is not so near. I may yet get well." Anna flung herself across the bed weeping. Then he asked Dr. McGuire if what his wife had said was true, and the doctor affirmed it. Jackson said that was all right, later adding, "I

have always desired to die on a Sunday." Anna set Julia on the bed next to him. He saw his daughter and said, "Little darling! Sweet one!" The baby smiled at him as long as he continued to notice her. At about three in the afternoon he became restless. He called out orders and murmured disconnected words. Just before he died, he seemed to relax. He smiled as if in relief. He said, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

A short talk given by historians at the Chancellorsville battlefield usually concludes near the visitor center at the spot where Jackson was shot. I stood with a small group of visitors and listened to historian James McKee describe Jackson's wounding and death. Next to me, a boy in a black T-shirt and drawing camouflage pants sighted the pistol of his forefinger at joggers and bicyclists on a nearby road as James McKee repeated Jackson's last words, and I began to cry silently and blink the tears so they wouldn't overflow, as I almost always do when I think of those words, as I have done sometimes late in the evening when repeating them to dinner-party companions. "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." In this sentence, perhaps the most famous dying utterance in American history, Jackson concentrated a lifetime of prayer and struggle and aspiration—his, and that of the young country he had fought to divide. So many crossed water to get here, so many wanted to rest under the shade. The trees of Jackson's vision are the ones we could have cut down but decided not to. His river pertains to the Shenandoah of his early triumphs, and the dangerous Potomac, and the moatlike Rappahannock, and the strategic Chickahominy. But it is the same spiritual water as the river Jordan and the River of Life and the river we shall gather at in the hymn. It is what the historical marker on Jackson Trail East has in mind when it mentions the soldiers never crossing another earthly stream. In his last words, Jackson created America's best-known imaginary landscape.

"Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." In the staccato rhythm of the words I can see each step of the action. The sentence ascends in terraces to rest and peace, it undoes knots inside me, it exhales like a sigh. I can see the shining, whorled river sliding by and the gently rising bank and the shaded grass trodden down after a day-camp picnic, across the river and under the trees. I see the columnar trunks almost in a row and the high ceiling where

the leaves begin and the sketchier clouds and sky somewhere above. And then I get kind of carried away and I extend this landscape indefinitely in every direction and I imagine it as the new good place America in its best moments has hoped to be and I populate it from the whole globe and I fill it with faces like those in a poster from an old epic Western movie and with cooking smells and music and maybe even a few car-burglar alarms for verisimilitude—I will spare you all the details. Suffice it to say that all the drinking fountains work, across the river and under the trees.

Before the Civil War, America didn't know if it was a country or lots of different Promised Lands. People invented the America they wanted to live in and then struggled to live there. Across the river and under the trees combined all these invented countries into one. Across the river and under the trees descended like a beneficence in the last moments of a fierce man's life and crystallized his fierceness to purity. Across the river and under the trees carried no demurring subclauses or riders. It included us all—people Jackson considered infidels, men he would have shot unblinking in life. Across the river and under the trees was poetry to equal the nation-making poetry of Lincoln, and the only line of public poetry to come from the South in the war. Even though Stonewall Jackson fought for the Slave Power and though his faith is beyond me and though he did not like newspaper correspondents and though he killed the boy whose family had the shoe store and though the flag of his cause still scares me when I see it on the radiator grille of a truck in my rearview mirror and though I am more than glad his side lost, I dream of across the river and under the trees.

From Better than Nobody, Nobody Better

Bear News

snout moved back and forth in short arcs, and she watched me out of the corner of her eye.

I detoured around the tree. A couple of hundred yards away, I looked back, and saw the two cubs high on a limb, in the green sunlight coming through the new cottonwood leaves. The lower cub was trying to back down, and the one above was going head first. They were nose to nose, and vexed. I heard a rush of scrabbling sound as the big bear came down the tree below them. The cubs kept craning their heads around, trying to see where they were going, and grabbing and regrabbing the bark with their spread claws. My stomach growled, and I jumped about a foot.



It is possible to walk for a long time in the woods and not see much of anything. Beautiful scenery makes its point quickly; then you have to pay attention, or it starts to slide by like a loop of background on a Saturday-morning cartoon. A pinecone falls from one limb to another, a rock clatters down a canyon, and your own thoughts talk on inside your head. People sometimes say that what is great about bears, and especially grizzlies, is the large tracts of wilderness they imply—that a good bear population indicates a healthy, unspoiled habitat. But bears don't simply imply wilderness—bears are wilderness. Bear is what all the trees and rocks and meadows and mountains

I A N F R A Z I E R

and drainages must add up to. When you see a bear, the spot where you see it becomes instantly different from every place else you've seen. Bears make you pay attention. They keep the mountains from turning into a blur, and they stop your self from bullying you like nothing else in nature. A woods with a bear in it is real to a man walking through it in a way that a woods with no bear is not. Roscoe Black, a man who survived a serious attack by a grizzly in Glacier Park several years ago, described the moment when the bear had him on the ground: "He laid on me for a few seconds, not doing anything . . . I could feel his heart beating against my heart." The idea of that heart beating someplace just the other side of ours is what makes people read about bears and tell stories about bears and theorize about bears and argue about bears and dream about bears. Bears are one of the places in the world where big mysteries run close to the surface.