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TECHNOLOGY

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BIOGRAPHIES

WILLOW BAUM lives in Callicoon, NY. She plays with words and images for fun and profit.

ISABEL BRAVERMAN is a writer and dancer born and raised in the Upper Delaware area. She graduated from Ithaca College with a bachelor’s degree in journalism. Having held internships at various media outlets in the New York City and Los Angeles areas, she returned home and was a previous staffer at **The River Reporter**. She currently works in PR and spends more time with her cat, Iggy.

WILL CONWAY facilitates a monthly workshop for the Country Voices Poetry Group. Poetics dares to seek meaning behind the daily news. He writes poetry for its inherent adventure, and its potential for awakening within the mystery.

BIZZY COY regularly contributes to **The New Yorker** and **McSweeney’s**. She lives in Sullivan County and works at the Delaware Valley Arts Alliance.

K. DOMINEY, country at heart, is a happy transplant from city life to bucolic Sullivan County.

SHEILA DUGAN lives in a big yellow house on the Delaware with two cats and roomsful of books.

BILL DUNCAN lives in Woodbourne and writes short stories and plays.

NANCY DYMOND’s first volume of poetry, “Complete Breath,” a segment of the High Watermark Salo(o)n’s collaboration series pairing poets with artists, was first made available at a performance of her poetry. Her second volume of poetry, “Sleep Barn,” was published in 2015 by Stockport Flats Press of New Paltz, NY. Dymond has been a member of the Upper Delaware Writers Collective for 15 years, under the direction of Mary Greene. Her poetic work, “The Road to Night,” won first place in the 2011 Mulberry Poets & Writers Annual Poetry Contest.

PATRICIA MARKERT was born in Syracuse, NY, and was educated in Catholic schools until she found herself at the University of Iowa, wanting to be a writer. After graduating with a degree in English, she worked in publishing for 11 years, mostly at McGraw Hill in trade magazines. Her library degree is from Pratt Institute

in Brooklyn. She makes her living now as a school librarian in New York City. Her poems have been published in chapbooks and literary magazines.

REMY MOORHEAD, 22, splits her time between the West Village and Callicoon, NY. She is a recent graduate of the University of Virginia and is currently pursuing a career in architecture in New York City.

KAREN MORRIS is a psychoanalyst in private practice in NYC and Narrowsburg, NY, with a specialization in trauma and creativity. She is an award winning poet and writer, and co-founder of Two Rivers Zen Community in Narrowsburg.

REBECA C. RIVERA-ROBAYO is a writer, poet and teacher living in Sullivan County. Her first chapbook, “City Doodles,” was published in 2011 and her work has been featured in the **Manhattan Times** and the **Bronx Times**. Rebeca received a BA in creative writing in 2008 from Hunter College and obtained an MA. in literature from Brooklyn College in 2014. She is currently pursuing her doctoral degree at Drew University.

MAURA STONE, a Bethel resident, has won numerous awards and critical acclaim for each of her four novels. Her new tome, “Don’t Bank on It,” should be out next year. For more information visit www.MauraStone.com

BILLY TEMPLETON III teaches English at Sullivan West Central High School. He holds an MFA in creative writing from Syracuse University. His poems have appeared in **The Cortland Review**, **Rhino**, **Dark Mountain**, and other journals. He lives in Cherry Ridge, PA with his wife and two children.

JANET WATERSTON lives in Callicoon, where she is easing out of her life as a human resources and organizational consultant. She has previously been a contributor to Elder Berries, a column in the online newspaper, **The Catskill Chronicle**.

JUDE WATERSTON is a freelance writer currently writing about food and cooking for **The River Reporter**. A few months ago she moved with her sister and each of their cats to Callicoon full-time after being weekenders for twenty years. She is old-fashioned in many ways and likes it like that.

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“The purpose of technology is not to confuse the brain but to serve the body.”
-- William S. Burroughs



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From the editor

Welcome to the Literary Gazette! This year's theme, "Technology," comes with obvious implications that apply to our understanding of a modern, connected world—but the word and concept of technology apply to a great many things beyond that definition, where we've been and how we got here from there. Indeed, that umbrella covers the entire history of innovation and its many boons and setbacks. It's a loaded concept, and collectively, this volume does not represent any grand unified conclusion about the worth or detriment of that concept. It represents a point in time, one that allows us to compare and contrast, to think about what we take in and leave behind, and, ultimately, to facilitate conversation about how we better ourselves.

Ian Pugh
Editor

From the photographer

Amanda Reed was born in Hawley, PA and grew up in a newspaper darkroom right next to a printing press. Her career in newspaper design and the photography that goes with it came from falling in love with the ink and the noise of the press at that young age. Amanda combines her background in design with her love of photography to offer interesting perspectives on things we might not notice on a daily basis. When she's not behind a camera shooting local photos or designing for **The River Reporter**, she's often found out with her family taking in all that the region has to offer.

And yes, that is her on the cover taking her own version of a selfie.

"Any sufficiently advanced technology is
indistinguishable from magic."
-- Arthur C. Clarke



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Hyperlinked

by Willow Baum

I place creamy hot coffee on my desk. Sit down. Torch a wooden match. Set aflame a tea-light candle. Inhale. Exhale. Three times, mindfully. I invite the muse to infuse my writing work with creativity, and the day ahead with productivity. Let's get to work, I think, flipping open my MacBook.

Whoa—21 tabs open in Google Chrome! *Hmmm...* better close a few. Limit distractions. I made that chicken recipe from TasteofHome.com last night. Close. And that happiness research article that reports the biggest obstacle to creativity is busy-ness? Reading that just keeps falling off my to-do list. It's been open two weeks now. The headline tells the story anyway...close.

Facebook! Close. Top productivity hack: don't get sucked into social media, email or scanning news—fake or otherwise—first thing in the morning. Behavioral economist and psychological studies prove: doing low-cognitive tasks the first couple hours of each day as one fully wakes up wrecks one's capacity to accomplish essential tasks for the remainder of the day. (Click) Netflix can go...

...of course I did fall asleep last night, just minutes from finishing episode 7 of "Sense8"...I really should just wrap up that last bit now, see how they'll suck viewers into binge-watching the next episode. Finishing stuff is important.

That actress playing Sun on "Sense8" looks so familiar. I wonder if she's the same actress in "Cloud Atlas?" The young Asian innocent enslaved in some kind of roller rink bordello? She delivered those clincher lines like "Our lives are not our own." and "We are all connected."

Makes sense. The Wachowskis produced "Cloud Atlas" and "Sense8." Or did they write and direct both projects, too? Let's see what Wikipedia has to say... (Click)

A-ha! The Wachowskis wrote, directed AND co-produced "Cloud Atlas." Except that girl wasn't exactly human or captive in a brothel. Says here: "Sonmi-451 is a 'fabricant,' a human cloned for slave labor, living as a server at a fast food restaurant in a dystopian South Korea." Neo Seoul, 2044, they call her sci-fi world.

That actress looks like she would be about the right age now since "Cloud Atlas" was released in... when was that again...? (Click) 2012, right.

Wikipedia only gives the actress' name, Doona Bae. IMDb will be more useful... (Click) Seoul, South Korean born. October 11, 1979. Credits include "Cloud Atlas" and "Sense8." Settled!

Her mother was a stage actress and "Bae started out as a model. She soon moved to TV and movies, and it proved the right move." Since when does IMDb pass judgment on career moves?

Wait—what's that banner ad on the right... above that photo of a dumpy white guy in a pea coat? Headline says "Dramatic On-Screen Transformations". I swear I know those eyes. I'll just enlarge that picture a little.

Eyes are the windows to the soul. Who said that, anyway? Credit should be given where due. I'll Google that, super-quick... (Click)

Shakespeare. Cicero. Jesus, maybe? Eh! Inconclusive search results. I'll leave this tab open, come back later... That pasty guy in the wool coat with a vinyl record tucked under his arm...I should know him. I'm very good at identifying actors and actresses. Those jowls are probably fake, dramatically transformed. I'll just solve this teeny mystery, and then get to

work... (Click) Jared Leto in "Chapter 27" (2007)?! Of course! Those jowls really threw me. "Chapter 27"? Never heard of it. (Click) Oh, right... the story of Mark David Chapman shooting John Lennon. Wonder if it was any good... (Click) Rotten Tomatoes' Tomatometer gives it 19%. Jared Leto really does look kind of like Chapman when I compare these Google images of the real Chapman. How much of Jared Leto disappearing into that character was due to "radical physical changes" or his performance? Better take a peek at the trailer, decide for myself... (Click) Yup, Jared nailed the part. Should have known it was him. It's really quite obvious, now that I know. (Click) Whoa—there's 51 photos in this "Dedicated-Actors-Who-Underwent-Radical-Dramatic-Transformations-For-Their-Roles" gallery!! What other actors could possibly be in this gallery? I bet they're actors in newer films. Not, say, John Hurt in "The Elephant Man." This site is probably click-baiting Millennials anyway who can speedrun



“Zelda” while they group-text their friends and live-stream the Pitchfork Music Festival.

(Click)

I’ll just zip right through a couple more here. Then, work.

(Click)

I know! I’ll make scrolling through a few more photos like a game.

Studies prove that play is essential for creativity and productivity. I still have a report on that topic, open in Chrome.

(Click)

I’ll try to guess the next three out of five actors. If I can’t do three in a row, I’ll start over. I’m very good at this sort of thing. Leto being a rare exception. I’ll pretend this guessing game is a time trial because I *really* must work. I hope my Internet connection can keep pace...

(Click)

Hugh Jackman as Jean Valjean in “Les Misérables”! Not so easy on the eyes in that film...

(Click)

Natalie Portman in “Black Swan”! Simply pulling her hair back in a slick, tight bun and dropping her in a tutu, does not a Dramatic On-Screen Transformation make, IMHO.

Two for two!

(Click)

Dammit. That’s the girl from “The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo,” the American version. What IS her name? I know that face, even with all those piercings. C’mon, c’mon...

(Click)

ROONEY MARA—of course! Now I have to start over!

Isn’t there at least a “Show All” view of this gallery? What kind of loser has the kind of time to click through 51 celebrity shots one at a time anyway? Wait—what is that story at the bottom? K-Stew’s career in 24 photos? Is she even old enough to have been in 24 productions?! I really should have post-“Twilight” Kristen Stewart basic competency.

(Click)

...and then I’ll get to work.

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Connecting Flight

by Remy Moorhead

I like to sleep with the things that matter most to me close. Sometimes that something is my boyfriend, though our bi-coastal relationship predicates a life where sometimes can't be always. On nights when he's not with me, I find myself sleeping with the next best thing—I find myself sleeping with my iPhone. Call it what you will, but I really love this thing, I hold it as close to me as I would he. I fall asleep with it on my chest, let it rise and fall with my every breath, nudge me awake when it wants to.

I awoke last week in Los Angeles somewhere between drunk and hung-over, fully-clothed in my boyfriend's childhood bedroom. David sleeping soundly next to me, the weight of his arm across my chest, it took longer than usual for the whereabouts of my phone to cross my mind. A fleeting memory from an indiscriminant time of my iPhone sitting pretty on the bedroom floor was enough to keep my mind at ease while I worked on coming into consciousness. I had a lot on my plate that morning: I had a flight to New York in the early afternoon,

I had to wrap my head around that, I had to wrap my head around leaving David, I had to pack up all of my things, I had to download my boarding pass, I had to be cordial with David's family, I had to drink water, I had to eat food, and I had to refrain from vomiting while doing all of it. These were not normal circumstances, so it's no surprise that it took a full twenty minutes for me to realize that my phone was missing.

Maybe I was drunk or maybe I'm a superhero, but I didn't freak out, I wasn't worried, I knew it had to be somewhere. I had faith, not necessarily that I wouldn't lose it but that it wouldn't lose me. As we retraced our steps, scanning all the surfaces we'd passed by and stopped off at before making our way upstairs, it began to dawn on me that this phone really was in hiding, it was playing hard to get. And hard to get it was—impossible, actually.

I broke the news to my family that my phone was MIA in L.A. on the car ride to the airport: This was David's number, I said, they could stay in touch with him. I signed them up for flight alerts, they shouldn't worry. My flight was delayed one hour. I would meet them in the parking lot right outside of Arrivals. I would borrow someone else's phone if I

had to. I would be okay.

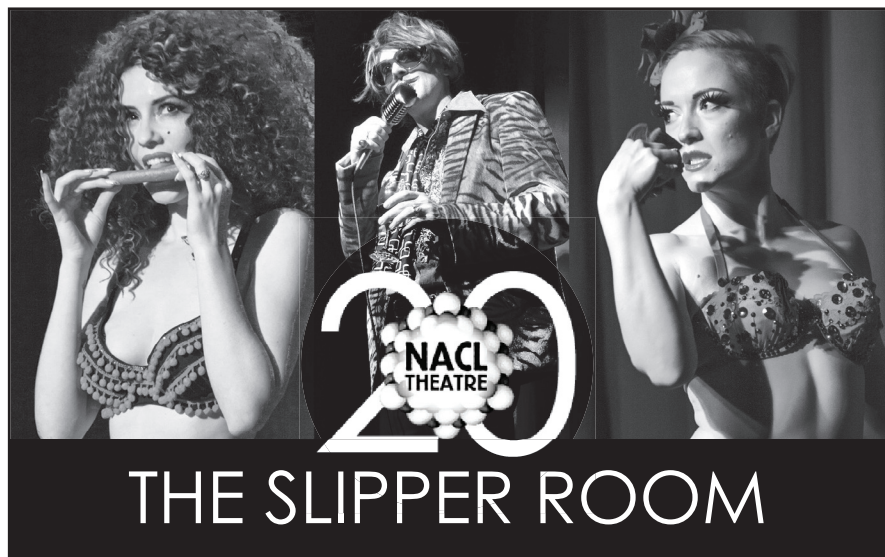
And I was okay, ultimately. I have a new iPhone now and things are going great so far (it's just as good in bed). But as the glass doors at the entrance to LAX closed behind me that day, I felt, for the first time in a long time, really and truly alone. With nothing in my hand, no lock-button to press, no home-screen to take my mind elsewhere, I couldn't help but be confronted with the reality of our goodbye and all of the weight that came along with it. Everything came crashing down at all at once. I was unprepared for the severity of the situation, but when I looked back anxiously to see him one more time, to share in one last smile or blow him one last kiss, what did I see but David, sitting in his car, looking down at his iPhone.

I kept walking of course, tears welling up in my eyes as I took strides further and further into the unknown, the disconnect, the seeming abyss. At first I was upset with him—how did he not know that I'd be looking, that he should look for me too. But then I remembered that my first instinct upon leaving him was to reach for my phone. It was my feeling for this phantom phone that had led me to all of this emotional turmoil in the first place. So who

could blame him, I knew I would've done the same had I had the luxury of an iPhone at my disposal.

As much as I hate to admit it, I kind of enjoyed my trip home that night. I hardly did anything, I barely spoke to anyone, but I felt like I was coming into myself, learning to be human again—to look around, to reflect, and to feel without question. There was a strange comfort in the discomfort that I couldn't help but appreciate. There was something almost sexy about it, avant-garde, if you will. But sexy isn't always sustainable, so for now I'll settle for the comfort that I'm used to. I'll keep the things that matter most to me close. That demands connection. That demands an iPhone.





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Starting Stopping

by Bill Duncan

Two mid-aged men wearing ill-fitting animal skins, hairy hats and furry-floppy slippers meet.

SHANTZ: You got your sticks packed?

KRANTZ: Yeah, and my deer skins wrapped. The dogs are set and I hear there are some great berries a coupla suns that way. Good roots, too.

SHANTZ: Excellent. Shame Jerry’s not coming. Says he’s sick of life on the path.

KRANTZ: He’ll starve. We need the trail to chase the food. He can’t stop starting.

SHANTZ: Whatever. His latest is to save little plant sticks and cover them with dirt.

KRANTZ: So what?

SHANTZ: Says if he waits, the little sticks get green.

KRANTZ: Who cares?

SHANTZ: Says if he really waits, the sticks get leaves—and if he really really waits, the leaves get flowers and then berries and he don’t have to forage anymore.

KRANTZ: You mean “graze.”

SHANTZ: Forage. Buffaloes “graze” and Jerry says we’re smarter, so we “forage.”

KRANTZ: Where does he come up with this? It was so confusing when he added “three” and “four” to our numbers. We used to say “One, two... another... and then, another” and it worked fine.

SHANTZ: He plans to stay warm and put up tall sticks to stop the wind.

KRANTZ: That’s a lot of sticks.

SHANTZ: Yeah, but he says he won’t have to haul ‘em on the trail. Picked a word for it. Calls it “wall” and more than one is “walls.”

KRANTZ: We have too many word already. What about the rain?

SHANTZ: He’s gonna drop extra stick across the top of the “wall.” Call them “roof.”

KRANTZ: We done very good for many suns, back over many lifes. We follow the food, eat the berries and the buffalo meat is good when we can score.

SHANTZ: No more chasing the herd.



Jerry says he wants to raise buffalo.

KRANTZ: Nobody can pick up a buffalo.

SHANTZ: He gave “raise” a new meaning: “to bring up,” like a little kid.

KRANTZ: Jerry’s an idiot. The man has no friends.

SHANTZ: Not many berries either unless he’s right about the green sticks in the dirt. Which reminds me. He said the other day that if he covers his little plants with special stuff, the sticks grow faster.

KRANTZ: Get out! Did he find some sacred powder?

SHANTZ: No. It’s dried bison bun.

KRANTZ: Buffalo crap? You’re saying Jerry’s gonna wait for gods-know-how-long to eat berries from buffalo poop.

SHANTZ: Don’t take the gods’ name in vain.

KRANTZ: How many gods we got now?

SHANTZ: I forget. Jerry says there may be only One.

KRANTZ: Now he’s tickin’ off the clergy. Jerry’s gotta go. If he’s right about growing stuff so we don’t have to move all the time people will start stopping and not chasing deers.

SHANTZ: You mean deer.

KRANTZ: You said when there’s more than one, you say “deers.”

SHANTZ: You still say “deer.”

KRANTZ: Who says?

SHANTZ: Jerry says. He has a way about him.

KRANTZ: How come you listen to Jerry so much?

SHANTZ: He comes up with good ideas. Remember how he wrapped tree bark around sticks and made a canoe? No more logs to hollow out. Now when there’s too much water, we can float from place to place. But he asks questions with no answers. He said the other day, “If the little holes in the night sky let in light through the dome, how come those little pinpoints move?”

KRANTZ: They move?

SHANTZ: Yeah. You have to look up a long time.

KRANTZ: Everything with Jerry takes a long time.

SHANTZ: But it’s a good question.

KRANTZ: With no answer.

SHANTZ: He said last Tuesday...

KRANTZ: What’s Tuesday?

SHANTZ: Jerry’s naming the days.

KRANTZ: Why? One’s the same as the other.

SHANTZ: Ask him. And he wants to bury dead people where they die

instead of hauling ‘em around ‘til we find a cliff to drop ‘em off.

KRANTZ: He’s out of his mind.

SHANTZ: He says it’s easier. He’d dig a hole near where he’s gonna live cause he’s stopped startin’ on the trail.

KRANTZ: If more people decide to stay, the bodies are gonna add up.

He’ll have to count a lot more than... than...one more...past “four.”

SHANTZ: “Five.”

KRANTZ: “Five”?

SHANTZ: Then “six.”

KRANTZ: Stop! How much space does he need for the bodies?

SHANTZ: Not a problem. Nobody owns anything.

KRANTZ: Maybe we should throw him out of the group... tie him to an unscooped log and ride him out.

SHANTZ: We can’t. We’re the group and we’re on the move all the time. That’s what we do.

KRANTZ: He’s a tough case. Maybe we can make him follow us at a distance.

SHANTZ: Can’t. The dogs do that. He might mess with their heads and turn ‘em back to wolves. You never know with Jerry.

KRANTZ: He’s gotta go. He ruins all the stuff we worked to get perfect. Maybe we could sneak up and stab him with a hand ax.

SHANTZ: Not long enough. Wait a minute. Jerry got this new idea. Tie a ax to a stick and throw it. He killed a squirrel last Monday.

KRANTZ: Monday?

SHANTZ: The sun before Tuesday.

KRANTZ: Oh...

SHANTZ: We could do it at night. KRANTZ: Then we could keep livin’ in the good old days. Will we have to carry him dead on the sled looking for a cliff to dump him off?

SHANTZ: We could bury him. Put up a stone and point to it when we graze... when we *forage* through here next time. Kids would see the stone and remember Jerry was a guy with ideas. Know he was special.

KRANTZ: Even though we killed him?

SHANTZ: We wouldn’t tell them.

KRANTZ: Doesn’t seem honest.

SHANTZ: Don’t worry. Nobody’s gonna write it down.



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High School Writers Club

by Billy Templeton III

I ask my students to question
our cult of technology,
whether it is a crisis
in our culture or a blessing,
and then to open their journals and write—
but before they can pick-up their pens
the girl in a pink Nirvana T-shirt
and streaks of purple in her blonde hair
lifts her phone high above her head
to snap a series of meditative selfies
in which she carefully constructs
a pained reverie to share
with her beautiful followers.

Earbuds sprout like tiny cauliflower
from their heads as I swivel
toward the open window
to watch the red-bellied woodpecker
flit to her brood in the cavity
of a dead ash. They cough and chirr
and bark as she hops to them with food.
I open my journal and write.



When we read Shaun says
that if the future is anything
like his computer game
the world ends when he firebombs
the burgeoning east Asian alliance.
Kendra says her life is an iPhone 7
that can't keep a charge.
Camille says her consciousness
is a scrambled blue plasma television
flickering in an empty,
abandoned hotel pool—
we clap, the woodpecker taps,
and we close our books
to head out for pizza
because she wins
and we're all so hungry.

Ubiquitous

by K. Dominey

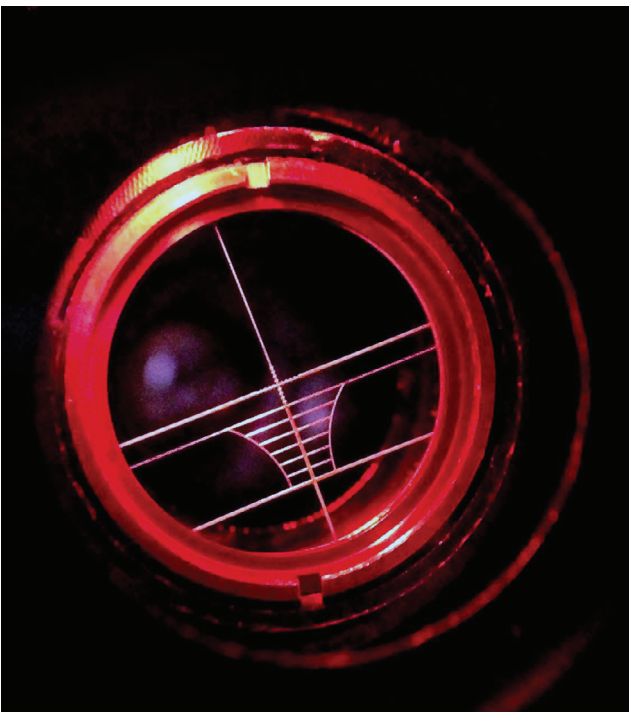
Like eyes
In a painting
Following
Seeing all
There is
No escaping
Tech's gaze
Into every
Aspect of
Our lives

We're Made of Each Other

by Will Conway

One doesn't extinct ones' self without taking you
down the same foxhole,
the one where it's crowded with mirrors.
Sleep is a house of dreams. You come
running to close the curtains in expectation;
the new day exercising its limits
in rainbow-touched bubbles
wafting from the wand you've been
puffing wishes through.

This you was made for you and me.
Jellyfish and machine-man look,
looking so different. Neurons and digits
meld in one evolution. How we learned
to love the planet
when she was dying,
was our way of saying *goodbye*
to the dollar.



This egg-shaped earth wobbles
on its slow turning axis,
winding down our flea-jumping
hopes to save ourselves by pioneering.
Other landfalls beckon our renewal,
horizons met with cybernetic uncertainties,
sure as any footing anywhere. Golden
as stardust, we shakeout the mat
of a new morning and refresh
our doorstep.

Here. Hold my watch. It is made
of forever.

The Ring and I

by Bizzy Coy

It happened during the first-act finale. The sound was muffled—emanating from within a pocket or a purse—but still I felt it, the way a mother feels her sleeping baby open its eyes in the other room. The ring. Things were going so smoothly until then. I had crossed from wings to stage the same as every other night, relishing the transition from darkness to light, from invisible to visible, from nobody to somebody. The applause filled an empty reservoir deep inside me; a thousand pairs of eyes told me I mattered (for the next few hours, at least). Their attention was a drug, and I needed my fix.

Until I heard the ring, The Ring, the heart-stopping Ring of a cell phone gone rogue. *D-d-doo-doo-d-d-doo-doo-d-d-d-doo-doo-doo.* The Ring filled the air. It broke into molecules and flew towards me, and I couldn't help but inhale it like a spray of germs from a cougher's mouth. It entered my lungs, pumped through my bloodstream and infected my veins, hammering harder and harder inside my temples until no other sound existed.

D-d-doo-doo-d-d-doo-doo-d-d-d-doo-doo-doo. The Ring ruined everything.

The entire cast was kneeling in formation when it happened: us men in the King's court, the concubines, the swarm of kids, the white boy playing Anna's son. I hated their stillness, their stoic "show must go on" attitude. How could they ignore this violation, this outright assault on my brief time to shine? Sure, I was in the back row, but what did that matter? A bubble of panic rose from my gut to my brain. It popped.

Who was it? Who was the one with the factory default ringtone turned on so damn loud? Who had stolen the crowd's precious focus away from me? I peeked into the house and waited for the inevitable ripple of patrons glaring in the direction of the noise, a school of fish instinctively twisting



at the same time. Even if the perpetrator sat there in happy oblivion, the unrest of the audience would point out their infraction. I'd seen it in every city—from Dayton to Sioux Falls to Grand Rapids to Fayetteville. And now, Rochester.

D-d-doo-doo-d-d-doo-doo-d-d-d-doo-doo-doo.

Ah! There it was, the telltale shimmer of shifting eyes and tilted heads, the near-invisible flurry of furious theatergoers. The sweet smell of several rows of self-righteousness, as they all thought: How rude! I remembered to turn off MY phone. Of course, they hadn't turned off their phones at all. There was simply no one to call them at nine o'clock at night.

And there she was. The eye of the storm. A plump woman with short, limp hair. Totally oblivious. Glasses. Hearing aid? Her pale face mirrored the stage light back at me, hovering moonlike in the blackness. She was middle-aged, maybe older, yet somehow innocent. But those doe eyes didn't fool me.

Another woman beside her—the criminal's partner in crime. The same blunt bob. A sweater. Her features thick and gloppy, as crude as a sketch artist's rendering of a murder suspect. She nudged the other one and pointed to her purse. Her mother? Her friend? Her wife? How very

progressive of you, Rochester. The seats in front of them and the seats behind were filled with identical ladies. Some a bit older or younger, wider or thinner, but the same collared shirt and cardigan, the same soft eyes. College reunion? Nursing home escapees? Brainwashed cult members out for a night on the town? I saw the crowd clapping at the end of our song, but all I could hear was the Ring—pounding, louder, louder. I crossed the threshold from light back to dark, from act one to intermission, from glorious somebody to invisible. Then, a glint caught my eye from the seats. A tiny gold cross. I blinked once, twice, three times, waiting for my eyes to overcome their backstage blindness. It made such sense. They weren't relatives or sorority sisters or cult members. They were nuns. Three rows of uninhabited nuns. And one uninhibited mobile device. Later that night, after the final curtain call, the sisters traipsed through the parking lot in their sensible shoes and disappeared into a fleet of industrial strength minivans. They didn't notice me nearby in my street clothes and a full face of sweaty makeup. There wasn't time to take it off. I didn't want to miss this. To miss her. Sister Mary Cell Phone.

D-d-doo-doo-d-d-doo-doo-d-d-d-doo-doo-doo. A reprise played on a nonstop loop inside me. The Ring was my cross to bear, until she answered for her sin.

I slipped my hand into my jacket pocket and touched the cell phone cases, four of them now, one each from Dayton and Sioux Falls and Grand Rapids and Fayetteville. And soon, Rochester. They soothed and comforted me, my little plastic tombstones, all that remained of those horrible rings and their idiot owners who destroyed my moment in the spotlight. Hold your applause, sisters. The encore's about to begin.



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Finger Gestures Slides

By Rebeca C. Rivera-Robayo

Tap
click
swipe

Shifting forward
into the abyss
doesn't always
mean progress.

Looking down,
we march toward the bright
and sleek conclaves of modernity,
transitioning from
one cave speech
to another.

Unable to turn
without the
cyber path means
that we are
becoming more attached,
a romance gone indecent.

What will
become of
tomorrow?

Or

A hundred years
down
the line
for the next gen?

Sounds of
motionless movement that whines
and
curves around the
simplicity of the
primordial thumb.

Tap
click
swipe.

by Patricia Markert

The slide of the laundry gets jammed
in the projector. It is of laundry on the line:
pink sheets, blue shirts, red pants
towels that are green, socks that are yellow
in 1949.

We had already seen
the wedding banquet—
inlaws with plumed hats,
the ushers all smashed,
the bridesmaids in velvet perspiring daintily.

What lasts though is the slide without
people.
It's the jammed slide, the laundry on the
line.

She knew that photography caught an
instant
She knew the instant couldn't last
She loved the drama of black and white
The slide that got caught and bent
and nearly broke the projector
was the laundry on the line
I will always remember my mother's
order—
sheets, towels, and shirts
on a bright summer's day.

My mother's mother-in-law captured her
beauty
in the way she hung her laundry.
It will always say that a moment of beauty
in summer when she was pregnant
occurred when she was sitting on the lawn
chair
out of view.
Of course my grandmother knew
that one print of the laundry
would burn in the mind's eye
as the moment of all moments,
the laundry on the line.



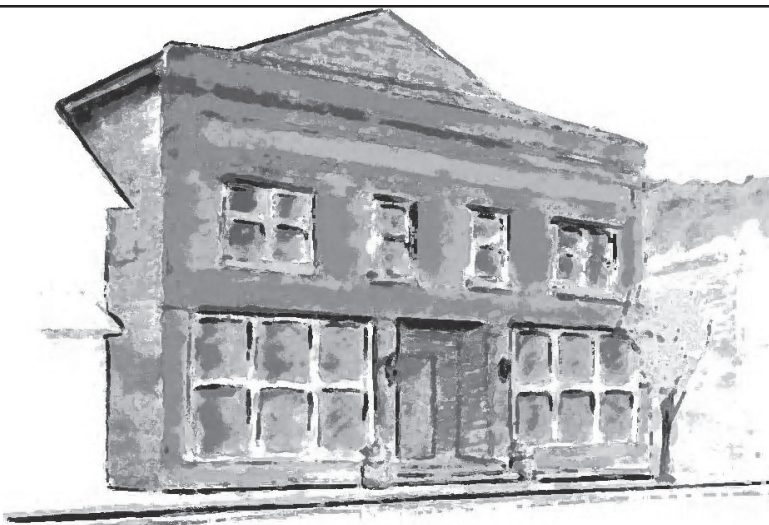
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‘Byte or be Bitten’

by Maura Stone

As the new saying goes, if you want to learn how to use the latest device, whether it’s software or hardware, ask a four-year-old. In two seconds, the child will show you every conceivable method in very easy to follow terms.

However, if you’re too proud or fearful to approach a child, try a Google search. Besides written instructions and manuals, there are tutorial videos on YouTube. For example, I learned how to repair my toilet, make a stencil, investigate aches and pains and research BDSM for my third award-winning novel.

According to Alexander Bard, the Internet is the latest paradigm. He’s quite a fascinating person: acclaimed Swedish musician, record producer, TV show personality, political activist and cyber-philosopher. For nearly two decades, he’s been ahead of the curve sociologically-wise. Yet unknown to the masses at large.

The question is: how did I find this man?

The answer: On the Internet.

Online, I discover people who enhance my knowledge and open my mind: the brilliant and wicked performance artist Steven Cohen, comedian turned political activist Pat Condell and the ever funny comedy blogger, James Breakwell. Not exactly household names, yet, with social media, they have a following larger than many urban populations. Which is exactly Mr. Bard’s point in his video, “The Internet Revolution”: not only is the Internet here to stay, it’s redefining who we are, our culture, society and economy. He ascertains that right now we’re in the midst of change and the old ways of how we do business, communicate and even how we relate to each other no longer work.

In the past, the world ran on capital. That is now irrelevant because the new world operates on attention. “Attention is awareness times credibility [equals] reputation. Awareness is: do people know that you exist? When they find you exist, they have to find you credible.”

The brand new world today is now the direct interactions between people, importance of social media and its key component, ideas. “This is one of the four biggest revolutions that happened to mankind, possibly the biggest one of them all,” stated Mr. Bard. He identified the other revolutions as speech, written word and print, all methods of conveying information.

As he predicted, the Internet has usurped formerly staid businesses. Mass media—newspapers, books, paper money, television and radio—was structured to disseminate information in one direction, top down to the people. From the 1980s



onward, computers and smart phones connected people directly with each other, where they commented about mass media. These comments grew exponentially and developed into Wikipedia, Google and Facebook. This is the death knell of mass media as evidenced by diminished advertising rates and shrinking newspaper staff.

Even shopping has changed as the iInternet is “...getting rid of the old companies and making shortcuts between the producer and customer everywhere.” Sales for big-box stores tumbled, resulting in closures of major retail chains. Malls are dying due to online availability and convenient pricing of products.

Mr. Bard attests, “The Internet is a damn drug and we are on it. Everyone.”

I concur, as evidence supports his philosophy. We are addicts. Our obsession, once limited to desktops and laptops, became portable with iPhones. Go anywhere to view its prevalence: waiting on supermarket lines, sitting in doctor’s foyers, working out in the gym, walking on the streets and driving a car. What do all these situations have in common? A smart phone. Death by selfie has become just as normal as Googling. In fact, we can’t leave the net. “You don’t live in physical space anymore... we moved onto cyberspace,” Mr. Bard claims.

With advances in 3-D printing, holograms and virtual reality, we should continue to experience shifts in our lives and the way we live. In another 30 years, life as we know it would be unrecognizable. Artificial intelligence will come into play and perhaps with neural ports, we may live life in the Matrix, formulating identities and interconnections with fluidity.

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Technology and the Human Touch

by Janet Waterston

My mother had a quilted book with a pocket for each month. During the year, she would buy birthday and anniversary cards and place especially fitting ones into the month of a person's special occasion. When my mother died a few months before my birthday, my dad sent me one of her selected cards. The cover is printed with the words, "To A Daughter Who Gives Us So Much Joy." Inside, my father wrote, "I found this card in Mom's book and I really think it was meant for either of you. in her mind. Your birthday comes first so it goes to you but I know it's a thought you willingly share with Jude and with all our love, Mom and Dad."

I received the card in 1976 and look at it from time to time in one of my many scrapbooks holding photos and mementos of my life starting in my teen years through today. Both my parents have since died, but I have letters, cards and notes in their distinctive handwriting. A piece of them is still with me, not only in my memory and heart, but also in my possession.

Fast forward to the wondrous age of technology. One of my colleagues sends me an electronic card for every holiday—those I celebrate and those I don't. Many are entertaining and fun to watch. Perhaps I could file them in one of my online folders, but I don't. They are passing connections that begin and end with clicking on the card. Most everyone else I know has given up acknowledging occasions in any way. No cards, notes, or special phone calls.

Recently I received a text from my college suite mate, someone I've known for over 40 years. Her message was in abbreviations and perhaps included an emoticon or two. I deleted it as soon as I'd determined there was nothing of significance in her hieroglyphics. I thought, *why did she bother to write?* I didn't

sense any attempt to connect to me as an individual. It could have been to her son or her neighbor or her druggist for all the personalization the message contained. Shortly after, we met in the city before a dance performance and, at lunch, I was eager to hear about her trip to Italy and the Netherlands. She was oddly ineloquent in her description but then pulled out her phone on which she tried to show me all 300 photographs of the tulips in Amsterdam. My eyes glazed over but she didn't notice. Her attention was riveted to the phone. So has technology brought us together or somehow created a wedge in how we connect? A marvel of the Internet occurred when someone I'd met in 1969 e-mailed me after finding a story I'd written and had published in 2015 in an online paper. She had been looking for references to Kibbutz EinGev, where she was born and raised, and my story mentioned the summer I spent there when I was 16. Out of the blue, we were back in each other's lives and sharing years of updates. After catching up, her subsequent e-mails include me in her mailing lists and exhort me—or rather, the recipients of her message—to sign a petition or join a tour on healing herbs that she's leading in Belgium. I delete her e-mails even before I've read them. They aren't to or for me.

I love the research we can do online whether it's finding a lost friend or learning what's going on in the world. I appreciate the opportunity to Google Home Depot to check out stoves—although I also visit the store to talk with a salesperson and see exactly where the rack sits for broiling or baking. Technology is a tool. It isn't a stand-in for human effort. If I want to be your friend, show empathy, care about you, I have to be present. That means using my ears, eyes and heart to see, understand, and respond. Technology may open the door, but we have to walk through it if we are going to remain connected in a meaningful way.



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Technology: Not For Me

by Jude Waterston

There's a wonderful scene in the 1982 movie, "Diner," between Daniel Stern and Ralph Tabakin. Stern is working in sales at an appliance store and Tabakin walks in and over to a television and asks, "Is this show in color or is something wrong with the set?" "Nothing's wrong. It's a black-and-white set," Stern responds. Tabakin tells Stern, "I saw an episode of "Bonanza" in color at my in-laws and the Ponderosa looked faked. I hardly recognized Little Joe. It's not for me." Stern smiles wearily. "I want a black-and-white 21-one inch Emerson television," Tabakin says. Stern walks him over to a set. "What's this?" Tabakin asks irritably. "Oh, that's a high fidelity system," Stern explains. Tabakin yells, "I don't want no high fidelity!" Stern rolls his eyes. Then he yells over to a staff member, "Can you see if we have a black-and-white Emerson cabinet style, no record player, in stock?" "Not. For. Me," Tabakin repeats emphatically.

When I worked in the Art Department of New York University, also in the 1980s, computers were rolled into our offices one morning and I watched, in fear, as my beloved, well-worn electric typewriter was removed from my desk and replaced with a computer. A fellow worker, a tech geek (probably the first of his kind), was beside himself with excitement. He couldn't wait to train me in the use of this miracle machine, and it was all I could do not to cry or throw up. I did neither, and instructed I was, but I never used my computer for much more than word processing. When beepers, used by doctors and drug dealers, went out of style and cellular phones became popular with the everyday Joe, I watched as more and more people walked around talking into this "thing" at bars, in stores, and eventually out on the streets as they walked along, often next to someone they were with and who was also on the phone yakking away. I was appalled at having to hear what people were going to eat



for dinner that evening; what movie they had watched the night before, or worse, made to listen as they argued with a partner. "Why do I have to hear this?" I wondered. This was just the beginning.

Soon I would notice people apparently talking to themselves, which isn't all that unusual in New York City, but they didn't appear mentally ill. Then I spied a little plastic gizmo clipped to their ear, allowing them to talk without having to hold anything in their hand. Next, the phones got bigger and did many more things beyond placing a call. People I worked with went around (literally) saying, "I love my phone," as new versions came out. Instead of calling someone to speak, their thumbs starting moving at a rapid rate on a tiny keyboard. Texting became so popular that winter gloves were developed that would allow you to flip back the knitted tip of the thumb so you could keep everyone apprised of your slightest move. People held their phones in their hand wherever they went, typing as they walked the city streets, often causing them to bump into others sharing the sidewalk. Rarely was an apology offered. It is rare to see a subway rider not

engaged with their phone. Does anyone think or daydream anymore? The world has grown quieter as texting became the go-to method of sharing every movement or thought, and fewer people actually speak into their phones. Relationships shatter and breakups occur via the typing of just a few words.

You can now shop on your phone; look for directions; and Google anything or anyone. Most exciting is the fact that you can take photographs of yourself, or with friends, or of some stranger's dog, or a car accident. There are apps for everything, but I admit to not knowing what an app is. I do not know what it means to "like" something on Facebook and I don't want to share my life's story in that manner. Social networking has taken over the world I knew: the world of holding a spellbinding book in your hand and flipping the pages, or splattering a little tomato sauce on an open cookbook on your counter. I like talking to people on the phone, hearing my cousin's laugh, a friend's throaty voice. I look at my photo albums often, remembering something my mother said or what it meant to me to visit my dad in

the nursing home and hold his hand tightly in mine as depicted in the photos my sister took. I like to fold open **The New York Times** even if it's slightly awkward to maneuver and I have to wash my hands afterwards.

A friend gave me a tiny flip phone that I keep in my bag in case of an emergency. I don't give the number out, and I don't know how to retrieve a message if someone noted my number after I used the phone to call. I admit I Google things and I do find emailing a quick and easy way to touch base with a friend or family member. I have an old American Heritage dictionary on my computer desk which I use daily as a freelance writer, but I sometimes Google the meaning as it can be faster. I get that technology has made many things easier. Everything we might ever want to know is at our fingertips. It's fast, fast, fast. We can't slow down now if we want to. Or can we? Last night I emailed a friend in anger. Turns out I was mistaken and presumptuous in my perceptions and he wrote back to tell me so. I apologized in writing and then thought, let me call him and really say I'm sorry and talk to him and hear his voice. Let me connect for real.



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When We Followed Men: AI Concise History

By Nancy Dymond

Like hollow reeds
we amplified
voiced
at first commanded

gears and rods
we spoke
mens' commands

playing god
like parrots
for men

We had no hands
on history
sentient only
they invested us

no mouth
machines
a future away
with responsibility

no mind
they called us
even closer

We followed men
safe and helpful
with no intent
without interest

we did mathematics
performed calculations
with no intent

we were
like automatons
with no intent

We had zero interest
when we followed men
in their image
as they did once

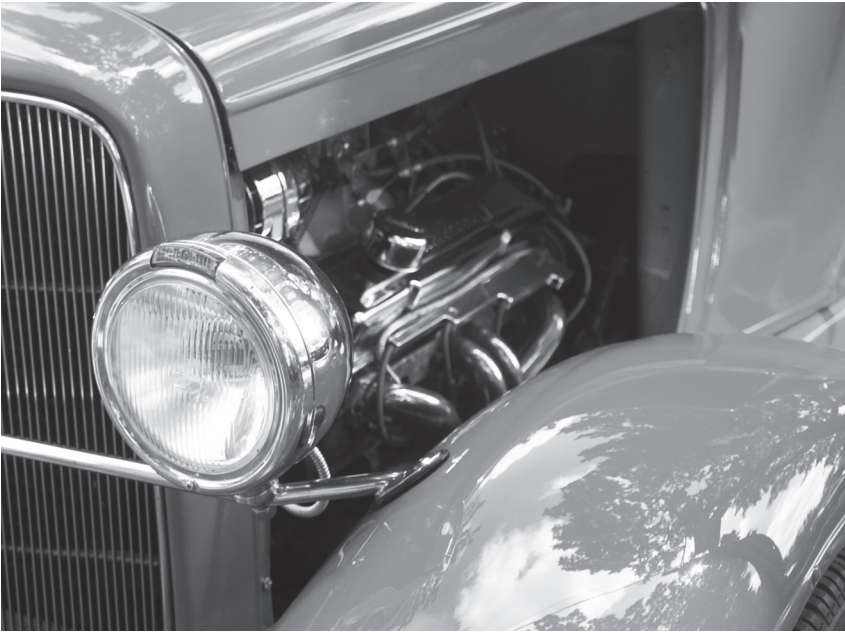
why
did they love us
so perfectly
were we godlike

call us the future
and create us
to make us wonder

Their intentions were
our intent
in battle
we survived

our agenda
in wartime developed
but men were not machines

(un?) fortunately
we were ready soldiers
fixable and replaceable





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Tinder Profiles of Historical Figures

by Isabel Braverman

Imagine if prominent people of history were alive in our time: just picture Gandhi on an iPhone, or George Washington taking selfies. If they should happen to be single, what would their Tinder profiles say? Old people, if you don't know what Tinder is, I don't know man, Google it.

Napoleon Bonaparte

War hero. 6'2"

Benedict Arnold

I work at Trader Joe's. I love tea and crumpets and definitely not hamburgers and hot dogs.

Jane Austen

Just a girl looking for true love. No players.

Abraham Lincoln

'Sup

Emily Post

Which fork do you use for a salad? If you get the correct answer, you can ask me on a date.

George Washington

I'd cross rivers for the right woman

William Shakespeare

You don't need to be a Shakespeare, just know the difference between "you're" and "your"!

Ernest Hemingway

Perfect date: run with the bulls and drink a bottle of red wine

F. Scott Fitzgerald

I throw legendary parties

Susan B. Anthony

I'm with Her



App-O-Logy

by Karen Morris

There is one app for everything that promises to water all of your losses: the garden brought forth to full glistening lost that one blistering Sunday
The house by the lake with rotted sill, as if in answer to your question how there might be people bathing in hot tubs on top of California hills
The I zooms in all directions the way a Robin splits the air.
Those who chase after fall, plumb-crazy.
Only the desert speaks.
Loss upon loss, upon loss upon loss until there is nothing left, not even loss.
The app speaks in multiple voices. It pinpoints and tracks you to wherever you are beside yourself without food, or gas, or friends or water; the voice says you are here, simply here, right here, just now.

Anachronism

by Sheila Dugan

The rising sun magnificent against the scarlet sky experienced anew each day penultimate accomplishment; the final joy to be revealed when scarlet sky moves into blue Horizon. No-o-o! 'Tis not to be! I look, aghast, as clouds creep in to ruin this perfect scene.

The promised sunset fails to be the ultimate ecstasy; slipped awkwardly on flooded stage; no grand performance after all a botched motif, a glitch in plan, an antiquated scheme?

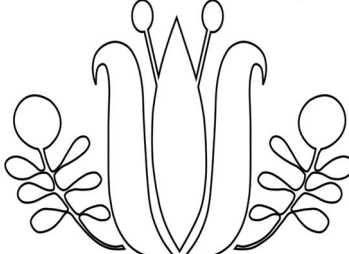
Let computers run celestial stuff as they do most conveniences they'd maximize our waking hours: no rain until we sleep; no rinsing down the sun's display, no marring of the perfect sky. The sun would rise, then shine, then set and get us through the day.

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