

Author's BAZAAR ONLINE

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Editor's Note by Dean Rea

More than 40 writers and photographers have contributed material for publication in *Author's Bazaar* during its three-year history. A recent informal survey suggests that many of these talented people plan to help ensure that this on-line hobby publication continues to appear monthly.

In this issue, Lee Kirk regales us with another “chicken” story. Louise Fusfeld entertains us with a story about an

adventure-starved Sappy. Delores Miller describes how she spent a summer with pickles.

In his short story, David Griffin confides that he once was a genius but now is striving to become a Life Coach. Another story written by Dave that appeared in *Stone Voices*, a quarterly, has received a “literary distinction” award for the Summer 2013 Summer Art Exhibition and Literary Showcase.

Sheryl L. Nelms, who is a regular contributor of poetry, treats us to a mouth-watering visit to Saint Croix.

You will become acquainted with Lois H. Addicott, who was 103 when she died, by reading a memorial written by Greg McKelvey.

Two authors comment on the changing communications marketplace:

Richard Rea, a retired University of Arkansas speech professor, bemoans the passing of the art of personal interaction.

Arnold Ismach, a former daily newspaper editor and retired dean of the University of Oregon School of Journalism and Communication, questions whether the digital revolution is supplying information the public needs to be informed about important issues.

The Chicken, The Egg and Transcendental Meditation



By Lee Crawley Kirk

Call it a cackelberry, a hen fruit or what you will, the egg has offered inspiration and enigma since man first held one in his hand and woman first cracked it into the communal frying pan.

Eggs have stimulated philosophers to speculate on the mysteries of life, artists and architects to simulate its per-

fect shape, and physics students to study stress resistance by flinging eggs off fifteen-story buildings to see if they bounce. (The Persians are credited with a proverb that responds to this effort: “If a rock falls on an egg, alas for the egg! But, if an egg falls on a rock, alas for the egg.”)

Of course, there are all kinds of eggs, from the pencil-point dry motes laid by an insect to the beebee-sized jelly blobs of a fish, from the leather ball of hope buried and abandoned by the tortoise to the all-in-one-omelet of the ostrich. Taken six of one and half a dozen of the other, not all eggs are equal, a fact that concerns the creature in question far more than it does the average human.

The word “egg” brings only one kind of egg to the average mind. It is the egg of the chicken that counts, be it medium, large or jumbo; white, brown, or shades of pink or green when laid by an Araucana mama.

But, although egg moves hand in hand with man (or, more often with woman) through our picture of human history, its most intriguing enigma has yet to be resolved. Pondering the thought, “a hen is only an egg’s way of making another egg,” humans may have developed speech for the sole purpose of asking that important question: “Which came first, the chicken or the egg?”

It is a question that, like the snake swallowing its tail,

can bend the brain in a circle to meet itself coming back. One school of thought attempts to avoid the pitfalls of the riddle by proclaiming that the egg came first because reptiles also lay eggs and the appearance of reptiles predates that of chickens by millions of years. Clever as it is, that answer inevitably leads to the paraphrase, “Which came first — the reptile or the egg?”

Even if one is willing to grant the sudden appearance of an egg out of the primordial ooze, there is still the problem of who/what fertilized it, and who/what incubated it?

No, it stands to reason that the first egg did not simply appear, but that it was laid — by something. And it is just that moment in pre-history that intrigues me most. “What,” I want to ask, eager to investigate the psychological aspects of such an event, “did the first critter to lay an egg think about the whole thing?”

Let’s attempt a little scenario. For purposes of visualization, let us select the diplodocus. (Okay, let’s select the diplodocus because I can spell it.)

Let us adopt one Ms. Dippy for our central character. We also will assume that as our story begins, the local



diplodocuses of Ms. Dippy's acquaintance have gathered in their prehistoric meadow for some major diplodocus do. A spring festival, shall we say, complete with feasting (never mind on whom) and a certain amount of imbibing (any creature hypothetically advanced enough to lay an egg is advanced enough to stew some brew).

Things have reached the point where all the diplodocuses are feeling loose and laid back and maybe a bit silly. There is singing and dancing, and more than one young couple has slipped away for a stroll among the tree ferns.

In the midst of all this frolic, Ms. Dippy — feeling uncommonly relaxed — up and lays an egg. Now, remember: no creature has ever done this before.

Ms. Dippy is beside herself. She turns to herself and curses, "Oh, T-Rex! I've made a poo-poo in public!" Chagrined, she glances around to see if anyone has noticed, but apparently the others are still thoroughly engaged in their various activities. She sneaks a quick look between her legs to inspect the enormity of her blunder and — horrors! It's not a ... you know ... at all. It's something different: round and leathery and pale and weird. And weirdness is something a dinosaur cannot abide. If the others discover this thing, she'll be ridiculed, abused, ostracized. In her consternation, she does the only thing she can think of. She sits on it.

She stays there all day. “Come on, Dippy,” the others cry, “Come dance! Come eat! Come have some goofy juice!”

But she shakes her head “no” each time, offering feeble excuses: “I’m a little tired.” “I’m too buzzed already.” “I’ve just discovered Transcendental Meditation.”

She thinks of leaving after dark when the meadow is deserted. But she knows that if the thing is found on this spot, the others will realize she’s been hiding it all day. It does not occur to her to bury or to remove it. So she endures, not knowing what else to do. Day after day, her friends inquire and she again offers excuses.

“I’m still meditating.” “I hurt my leg.” “I just discovered arthritis.”

Some of the more tenderhearted bring her scraps of food, and so she exists. 21 days — 39 — 114 — however long it takes.

And then one fateful morning, it happens. She feels the thing under her ... move. It vibrates. It wriggles. She peers around, sees that no one is on the meadow, and lifts herself to take a squint at what is happening to this object that caused her disgrace. And before her astonished eyes, the shell splits apart and a tiny diplodocus surges forth.

Now, one can imagine two different reactions to this phenomenon. In the first case, Ms. Dippy stares for a mo-

ment at the tiny creature and then experiences the sudden flowering of Maternal Instinct.

“Oooooowwhh!” she purrs. “Look at the itty-bitty diplodoci. Him looks just like Mommy. “I’ll call him Ditto..”

On the other hand, it seems just as likely that Ms. Dippy, emotionally shaky from her long stint of social reclusiveness, would quite simply be horrified at this sudden apparition.

“Help!” she cries as the scales fall from her eyes. “This means motherhood! Responsibility! The end of free and easy independence for diplodocesses everywhere!” And if she’s got any sense left after her mind-numbing ordeal, she cuts and runs and leaves Junior to fend for himself.

All of which proves that laying an egg might be significant, but it certainly isn’t anything to crow about.

Suburban jungle adventure

Hunting and Gathering

By Louise Fusfeld

We Sappies, Suburban American Professionals, seem to feel our lives are too predictable. We pay large sums of money for the privileges of getting pulmonary edema on Mount Kilimanjaro, swimming in shark-infested waters at the Great Barrier Reef and pestering the remaining tribes of cannibals in New Guinea.

While stuck at home earning the dough for these refreshing holidays, we have to content ourselves with training for Ironman competitions and running our \$60,000 SUVs really fast over kerbs. What we too often forget is that our seemingly cushy lives are naturally fraught with peril. For example, when I am feeling the malaise of civilized existence, I go for a rousing shop at the holistic, organic, free-range, no trans-fats and gourmet supermarket around the corner.

Upon entering the parking lot, the scant resources bring



out hyena-like aggression in would-be shoppers. I screw my courage to the sticking point and wait for a parked car to relinquish its spot. This person is in no hurry. He arranges his lumbar cushion before getting in, and then checks his teeth for bits of organic cilantro in the rearview mirror.

Meanwhile, back in the shark tank, three cars have piled up behind me. The soccer mom in the mini-van sobs and bangs her head against the steering wheel, a gray-haired grandma-type behind her mutters withering epithets and

last, but not least, a businessman in a gleaming, black Mercedes bares his fangs and narrowly misses an old woman with a walker in his rush to get out of this hell of waiting.

After safely stashing my steed in its hard-won slot, I bravely stride to the stable of shopping utility vehicles (SUVs) and select one without lame wheels or sticky trash. Shoppers swarm like malarial mosquitoes at the door, but as soon as I break through the cloud, I remember why I came. Orchids and other tropical flora drip down the walls and a funky, world music beat soothes my frazzled, Sappy nerves. Even though I was too much of a wuss to join the Peace Corps, I can at least feel like I'm saving the world by shopping here.

My peace of mind is quickly shattered, however, by the display of new products. Healthy, organic items call out to me, promising a perfect lifestyle approaching nirvana. If the Buddha had shopped here, he may not have made it to that tree. "I don't need these products, I don't need these products," becomes my mantra, and with the willpower of a Tibetan monk, I resist the temptation and wend my SUV on through the madding crowd.

The next test of the hero comes in the frozen food aisle. Cargo boxes and other shoppers loom like rocks on a shoreline, threatening to shipwreck my shopping vessel.

With navigational prowess, I maneuver my way through the obstacles to my frozen meal goal. If Shackleton and his men could do it, so can I.

The prey I seek is a lone shepherd's pie, crouching on the shelf like a rabbit in a bush. As I ready myself to pounce, an older couple arguing in Russian over a bag of frozen peas comes between me and my target. I retreat momentarily and pray for a parting of the shopping seas. The tides recede, and I can see the whites of the pie's eyes. I must act fast; a frazzled mom with a wiggly baby in her cart is bearing down on me from the north. Quick as Bruce Lee, I shoot out my hand, grab the pie by the scruff of its neck and stuff it into my SUV.

Weary, but content, I endure the last trial of my journey: the checkout line. It wends its way through the store like the Amazon River. Some smart shoppers have brought sleeping bags and pillows to curl up with in their carts for short naps. Others, of a more diligent nature, whip out laptops and work on complicated spreadsheets.

This suburban expedition has been long and grueling but fulfilling. I've practiced basic survival skills, exercised spiritual centering techniques and participated in a local ritual, all for the price of a grocery bill. What more could an adventure-starved Sappy ask for?

Saint Croix, Virgin Island: Talk to Me, Man

By Sheryl L. Nelms

I sit on the hotel balcony
absorb the twitter
of canaries

as mango juice drips
from my chin

I spoon into the ripe papaya
drizzled with squeezed
lime

nibble a kiwi slice

pulled from a ring
of sweet pineapple

sip strawberry daiquiris
one by one

through the fan
churned afternoon heat

smell the lusciousness of passion flower blooming below

feel the thick clunk
of coconuts
being

harvested

and I become
turquoise

Genius

By David Griffin

I used to be a genius. But age is a terrible thing. I don't mean time has worn away my faculties. I mean that time has given me a better perspective of myself. I can sense progress on my long and arduous road to maturity when I look back to my younger days and see a clueless dim-wit whose company was graciously endured by his elders. And I was gently blessed by a loving God who never leaves home without his sense of humor.

Counseling clients and couples these past few years helped me to see the same shortcomings in myself that I saw in others. When I was about to ask, "Why did you do THAT?" I'd often remember my misdeeds and witness my human frailty played out before me in another person.

Life is a struggle for most people although some of us learn early how to make living look easy. A young man I evidently impressed once asked me to be his Life Coach. I told him he would have to wait until I had lived all my days

and was at death's door before I'd know enough to offer any trustworthy advice.

He brought it up again, saying he wanted help in avoiding some of life's storms. I put a twinkle in my eye and told him to pray to Barnabas, the patron saint who holds forth against hail storms and other unpredictables. He laughed and said he got my point. I wasn't sure he had.

When I was a young man my fellow Spark Plugs in the Jaycees were infatuated with what I think they called Thought Patterning. The technique discouraged negative thinking, but there was far more emphasis on positive thoughts as a way to success. You kept your mind on getting a great job, for example, and it somehow came your way because imagining success motivated you to accomplish little deeds that added up to big results.

Of course, we were young and had a narrow understanding of success. We wanted money, frankly, more than we wanted to find a purpose or to build a life upon our strengths. I was nearly 40 years of age before I began to see that real success could happen only when I dug deep to know myself, then set reasonable goals and worked toward them. What I labored for was just as important. My goals weren't always worthwhile. Sometimes they were selfish and benefited no one else.

I'll admit that Thought Patterning made some sense to me in those years. That was before I learned I couldn't control the future. I might try to accomplish many things, but the results were often out of my control. That took a while to sink in.

Of course, the idea of thinking your way to success is fraught with controversy. You may not be surprised to learn that billions of people don't believe you can have what you want by simply imagining it.

On Amazon's website, a book that promised astounding career results was dealt this comment by an unhappy buyer: "The publisher of this book should have their right to publish revoked. A colossal waste of money." But anyone has a right to empty dreams, including publishers and those who would try to achieve their dreams by reading a book.

Somewhere in my young adulthood I also discovered that native ability trumps wishes every time. There are people walking the earth with amazing special talents. I am not one of them. When I finally came across true genius, I was stunned to see how it overshadowed my ordinary abilities. I got over my disappointment, however, and was relieved to finally understand why some men and women comprehend so much more than me and get it so much faster.

They are the brilliant ones who see concepts in their mind's eye as clear and bright as jellybeans in a crystal wine glass while I squint to see meaning as if peering through a glass of day-old tea.

Grateful to know my role on earth was not to explain everything to everyone, I settled down to live with my comparative dullness. I began to ask questions instead of always assuming I knew the answers. That's when I began to acquire a bit more intelligence. It's been going slowly. I'll never be a genius again, but if I live to be about 172, I might get pretty smart and become a Life Coach.

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PICKLES

By Delores Miller

Poverty-stricken mid-Wisconsin families began in the 1940s to look for ways of supplementing farm income. Milk cows, pigs and chickens were not sufficient. Cucumbers were a quick and easy cash crop, or so it seemed unless you were the poor individual picking pickles.

A contract with the Bond Pickle Company and their representative Laura Mauel was signed. Other receiving pickle stations were located at Big Falls with Otto Faehling as agent and Eastling at Manawa. Quarter or half-acre was the usual size. Seeds were planted with the crop maturing the end of July and continued until frost, sometime



toward the end of September. Ten weeks of cucumbers.

Picked and priced by size, ten dollars for a hundred pounds of two-inch size gherkins. A dollar for a hundred pounds of the over-sized pickles with various prices in between. Hot, humid, sticky days, rainy days, early morning, flies, mosquito bites, made no difference. The creeping vines, prickly, the blasted pickles still had to be picked. I was allergic, itched and suffered from hives, made no difference, rubber gloves solved that problem.

Hauled in brown burlap gunny sacks to the pickle factory located near the railroad tracks in Marion, east of the Plywood and the Ziehm Brothers livestock pens. Laura Mauel ran them through a conveyor belt and graded by size. Put in the wooden barrels to ferment with salt, dill and vinegar, eventually being bottled and sold in stores.

And what to do with all the money?

Memorial Service

Lois H Addicott

April 6, 2013

By G.E. McKelvey

We are here today to remember Lois H. Addicott and to celebrate her 103 years of a full and happy life.

I am here on behalf of her family. With us are her two daughters, Sally and Judy, four granddaughters, Tanya Hope, Rhonda Jo, Dawn Marie and Lara Annette. Chuck Bowen and I, her sons-in-law, grandsons-in-law Daryl, Steve and 6 great-grandsons and one great-granddaughter also welcome you, her friends and extended family.

Family was important to Lois and extended far beyond the classical family tree. Family was whomever she

touched and those who touched her. In her younger years as a teacher, she no doubt made a difference in the lives of people we never will know. Her friends over the years were treated as family with unconditional caring and grace. We thank all the special family, friends and caregivers at Spring Lake, where she spent a third of her life, sharing and giving of her love as much as she was loved and cared for by all of you here.

Born in Reedley, California, one of four girls, Lois worked on the farm and in local canneries. From humble beginnings and with a strong will, she pursued a degree in education from Fresno State College. She remained in Fresno for nine years teaching at the elementary level. Lois was hired by her principal to tutor his younger brother Bob. She must have been a skilled teacher and he an exceptional student for later they married and embarked on a journey that lasted close to 60 years before he passed.

A journey shared with family and friends, a journey shared exploring the world through books and travel and a journey shared with service to their church. A visit to their immaculate home revealed simple yet stylish furnishings, a few, never too many, special mementos from their travels, family photos, handmade adornments and a tidy collection of magazines from *Sunset* to *Vogue* to *Popular*

Mechanics. I think they both read them all. Such was the bonding connection of education, creativity, caring and sharing between them.

Once a teacher, always a teacher. She embodied grace and style and oh, my yes, an eye for perfection. She taught us all to embrace the arts, to expose our minds to different ideas and to look for the good in everything.

Lois had eyes that sparkled and eyes that pierced. Her laugh came from deep in her soul and resonated with contagious infection. She had strong opinions and was open to sharing them, yet willing to listen and not judge others. She could be as strong a critic of an issue as she would be an advocate of another. One thing she was not, and I have no idea why: She was not easy to photograph. Try as we might to get a candid photo of her with long lenses and sneaky approaches, rarely did we capture the image of the woman we all knew and loved. Somehow, that honest smile, infectious laugh, expressive eyes and model straight posture never made it to the film.

She only rarely talked about herself or her past. Perhaps it was the Mennonite upbringing, her generation or perhaps a sign of those times. I also think that life was never about her, but rather giving, creating and caring. Lois was happy with who she was and measured her worth in helping others.

She was a creative artist, comfortable with pen and brush. She was a designer, and together with her craft-savvy husband Bob, they used their complimentary aptitudes and talented hands in home design and remodeling. She made much of her own clothing and taught, with remarkable patience I am told, her daughters to work with crafts, textiles and paints. Hand braided wool rugs, handmade cards, boxes and tree ornaments are but a few of the items she has left for us all.

We know people, I guess, by how they carry themselves, what they speak and the way they listen and care. We all knew Lois, (Mom to me) this way, and each of us possess our own experiences and special moments.

As you now play back in your mind some of these special times with her, perhaps a time that touched your soul, I offer another measure of her life in the items she collected over the years: photographs, pictures and more photos. She loved her family and collected memories to be near her at all times. Beyond memories and photos, Lois collected bells and music boxes. Small bells, elegant bells, delicate tones, cowbells, ranch call you to dinner bells, school bells and some fashioned from wood bells. Music boxes, old ones, modern ones, classic songs, soft ones, all windows to the inner person. Music, piano, soft tones. She loved music.

Collections of the simple and the elegant perhaps reflect the elegance of the lady that is Lois.

Mom, we know you are joined once again with your students, your husband, your kindred spirit. We thank you for your guidance, teaching, memories, and most of all for your love and how to give it others. 103 years seems like a long time, yet the legacy you leave will be with us for generations.



Don't take this message personally

By Richard G. Rea

When did the art of personal human interaction and conversation disappear? I also wonder what we would do if electronic communication did not exist? What has this innovation really contributed to our national fabric or personal lives?

My grandchildren, yes, even my children, seem to glide through their daily lives with something stuck to their ear

or while looking at some screen. You may talk to them, but they may not be listening.

I recently read on my electronic reader that “politeness is to human nature what warmth is to wax.” I do not remember the author. That statement, however, really sums up my feeling for all the ipods, you plods, smart pods, dumb pods and every other electronic device floating through the universe.

I probably would not have this computer if it were not for my young family member’s harassment. (I still have my manual L. C. Smith but hide it when the family members show up.) I do not know much about computers, but I confess that it comes in handy to “spell check” and to Skype with my brother. What a stupid name – Skype?

Receiving a happy birthday by e-mail is not the same as getting either a card (with a hand-written message) or a hand-written letter congratulating me on living another year and the hope that I will make it through another.

This is the electronic age. I know this because I have been told it is so many times. I have been contacted by people and businesses to join this club or to buy that product. One message even informed me that I could make my computer go faster by adding their product. Now, why would I do that? I have a hard time staying up with it the way it oper-

ates. New shoes do not make me a faster runner.

A cell phone sales person offered to sell me a phone that not only would allow me to talk to someone, but also to take pictures and to send them to my friends within seconds. No need for a phone, camera, computer or any other device. This is the only item I need to make my life complete. I just looked at the sales person and asked: “Does it cook, make love and serve me a beer?”

“No,” was the answer, “but it is the next best thing.”

“There isn’t a next best thing,” I said and left the area.

Just think of all the things one can do with a little handheld “computer.” Think back to the time before we had this innovation. A wall-mounted telephone, a written dictionary, printed books, major newspapers, photo shops in such stores as Sears and Wal-Mart, plus games we had to clear the table to play and some even required talking to each other in a face-to-face manner.

I will admit that I play a computer game of bridge. I do this when I need a personal ego boost. With this game I can program it so I always get the best hand and the other “players” are naked electronic women. (I do get distracted at times; after all I am over 80 and love beauty, even if the pictures are electronically generated.)

Now I may sound like a redneck or someone with a lim-

ited education. Well, you might be right. At least I can control what I say and to whom I say it. I have to be concerned about drivers who are texting and driving at the same time I am driving to the local market. I also have noticed that 90 plus percent of the text messages have grammar and spelling errors. I received an e-mail invitation to a party. This was nice. However, I forgot to check my e-mail for a while and I was about a month late in reading the message. I missed the party!

People standing around talking about what their electronic machines will do, I find boring. It is a different vocabulary or maybe I need to call it a “foreign language.” One gets all upset over the fact that another person can text, take pictures and mail everything at the same time they are eating a burrito, and they are doing all this sitting in their car in my driveway waiting for me to go fishing. (I still fish the old-fashion way. Don’t need a electronic fish-finder. Just give me a pole, line, hook and nice fat worm. Works for me!)

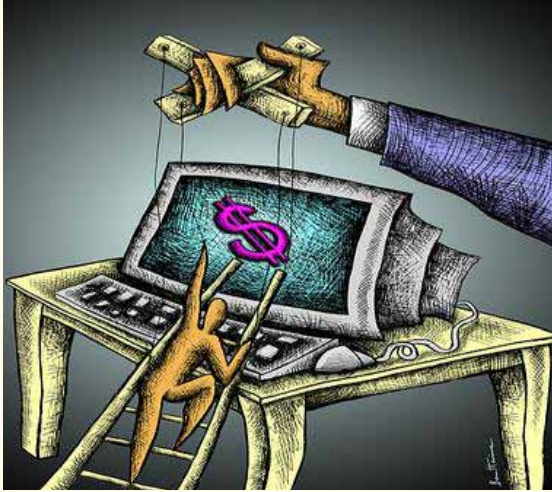
Well, I know I will never be able to answer the question: “What would life be like today without electronic communication devices.” We live in the world we created. I and some other people I know do not especially like living our life under the watchful eye and ear of a multitude of

electrically charged microwaves. Actually “personal interaction and conversation” have not disappeared, they have only taken another channel.

I am just like the old Jersey cow we had back on the farm when she was interviewed about how she liked the new electric milking machine.

“Well,” she said, “it’s all right, but I miss the personal touch.”





THE DIGITAL DIVIDE

By Arnold Ismach

Am I living in the past? No, but I wish I were. I wish I could turn the clock back to the 1950 to 1970s when American journalism was at its peak.

A column by economist Robert Samuelson in early April focused on what he called “a post-industrial age, de-

fined more by Google than by General Motors.” The new age that Samuelson explored is the result of the digital revolution when access to information more than exploded. It changed our lives.

We can now access more information from across the world than ever before in the history of mankind. And we can do it instantly. We can communicate in a flash with people from our neighbors to distant friends and relatives. We can send our thoughts out to the public at large without the help of a publisher — just a personal computer.

So has the digitization of our society been a blessing or a curse? That question can be debated endlessly, but when it comes to the quality of journalism, the digital age definitely has been destructive.

When I was a newspaper editor from 1954 to 1970, the main emphasis in our work was to pursue and to protect democracy. We followed standards set by journalism societies to assure that our stories were fair and accurate, objective and unbiased. Much effort was directed toward investigative reporting to openly examine what government and business were doing.

Back then, more than three-quarters of the population in American cities read their local daily newspapers, giving citizens a unified body of information to form opin-

ions. That harked back to the days when the *Town Crier* offered the same information to all residents.

That's no longer true. Newspaper readership has plunged to about a third of the population from what was once more than 80 percent. The number of daily newspapers also has diminished, and the news staffing at newspapers has declined about 40 percent.

Declining circulation and plunging advertising revenues have caused those reductions. Newspapers a half-century ago were earning profits at about 25 percent of revenues. And much advertising has moved from newspapers to television and to the Web.

The result has been a decline in the quality of news that remaining readers receive. The field of investigative reporting has shrunk massively. Where three editors typically read and fact-checked stories back in the glory days of journalism, now it's one editor — or none.

Content categories also have changed. We're now seeing more stories about sensational events, crime, fires, celebrities and entertainment than ever before as newspaper editors try desperately to publish news that will attract readers. The same is true with local television, which almost never reports on community government and political issues.

The villain in this decline has been — you guessed it — the digital revolution. And it's not the solution that will benefit society.

Although people have access to tons and tons of information, it's often information that can't be trusted. There are no standards that control what's circulated on the Internet as there were in journalism's earlier days. People can transmit virtually anything they desire — including made-up facts — over the net. There are thousands and thousands of newsletters, blogs and other information sources available.

That volume is part of the problem. People get to choose what they wish to see on the Internet. As a result, the population of a community is no longer receiving the same in-



formation as it once did. The audiences are splintered. So, one person may read from a dozen sites daily while neighbors read from their preferred sites. As a result, information is no longer shared.

Another aspect of the revolution is the appearance and rise of what are known as Citizen Journalists. Some sources praise this development as a democratic movement. Anyone can become a “reporter” on the Internet.

But are Citizen Journalists professional journalists? Not by a long shot. They don’t have the training, or the standards, that true journalists are supposed to have. So, anything they spew on their digital transmissions may be true — or contrived.

While access to vast amounts of information never before available to most of us is now easily reached thanks to the digital revolution, the quality of that information — or the lack of it — may not be a blessing. It has created divided communities and countries, split along partisan lines.

The winner of the digital revolution is definitely not journalism — or democracy.