Before I begin, let me get this straight: I love technology. I love the convenience and solutions of the internet. I love learning smart and funny programs like Scapple and Grammarly. I love OmnisWrite, and their easy, organic names. I love how we can stay in touch and still have an idea of how we look to others. I maintain two professional websites and a couple of blogs. Two Twitter accounts, three Facebook pages, a Pinterest and a Spotify account. I substitute Apple TV and iTunes. I have several groups of writing friends who talk almost daily by email. I generally spend very waking moment something somewhere in the net. All my travel and socialising is arranged by small and SMS; and my attended family communications are entirely via Facebook. Even cooking and gardening may now be done an old book or an iPhone in my pocket, and I often read books in electronic form. I’ve always been annoyed by hand-wringing about too much connectivity. It’s easily fan mongering by technophobic conservatives, the same folk who predicted social rotation from the steam engine and the telephone. The internet has led me to some of my richest experiences, from the poetry of Billy in a considered ethical position on cutting animals; from trips and films that have changed my life to real, enduring friendships. My autumn with a keyboard and a search engine has become, overwhelmingly, a force for good.

I have to follow my nose. It’s surprisingly easy.

Despite its playful potential, even my beloved gising and stimulating has become a drain. I wake with an eerie sense of quiet. No checking what I miss and what I don’t. I set social media, but email, online banking, my library closes down. It’s time to refill the well. It comes when on a deep, core level, I feel abraded, need to externalise, to yap, to steam engine and the telephone. The internet has been, overwhelmingly, a force for good. Never that, but I’ve begun to detest my online life, I would know instantly, for example, what needy mongering by technophobic conservatives, the same folk who predicted social rotation from the steam engine and the telephone. The internet has led me to some of my richest experiences, from the poetry of Billy in a considered ethical position on cutting animals; from trips and films that have changed my life to real, enduring friendships. My autumn with a keyboard and a search engine has become, overwhelmingly, a force for good.

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