LITERARY GAZETTE

PROSE • POEMS • PHOTOGRAPHY



A RIVER REPORTER LIFESTYLE MAGAZINE





Just a 90 minute drive from New York City and even less from North Jersey

1.800.882.CATS | www.scva.net



18th Festival Season

Join us for an unforgettable musical experience during our

SUNSET CONCERT SERIES



Saturday, August 6 at 8 PM **Bret Williams**, Solo Guitar "Spectacular energy and technical resource." - Nylon Review



Tuesday, August 9 at 8 PM "An Evening of Early Music" Featuring Andrew Arceci, Viola da Gamba, with Elizabeth Hungerford, Soprano Johanna Novom, Baroque Violin Adriane Post, Baroque Violin John Armato, Theorbo John McKean, Harpsichord "A lovely tone...superb ensemble playing." - New York Times



Thursday, August 11 at 8 PM "An Evening Of Chamber Music" Featuring David Requiro, Cello "First prize winner of the 2008 Naumburg International Cello Competition"



Saturday, August 13 at 8 PM Alexander Shtarkman, Solo Piano "Prize winner of the Busoni, Van Cliburn & Tchaikovsky piano competitions"

"one of the finest music festivals in the world"

Pianist Magazine of Great Britain

Cullan Bryant, Piano

Thursday, August 18 at 8 PM Saturday, August 20 at 3 PM International Artists of Shandelee Solo Pianists "Award winning young artists chosen to participate in the 2011 Shandelee Music Festival"



The 2011 SMF Sunset Concert Series is made possible in part with funding from a Sullivan County Arts & Heritage Grant funded by the Sullivan County Legislature and administered by Delaware Valley Arts Alliance.



Advance reservations required for all Festival events



Biographies

BARBARA ADAMS has published two books of poetry, "Hapax Legomena" and "The Ordinary Living," a book of literary criticism, "The Enemy Self: Poetry & Criticism of Laura Riding" and a memoir, "The Stone Man and the Poet."Her poems, stories and essays have been published widely in literary magazines.

SHERRI BEDINGFIELD, a licensed psychotherapist and family therapist, has published in journals including Caduceus, Journal of Poetry Therapy and Connecticut River Review. She has presented her poetry at venues around Connecticut and her poem "Love Struck" was performed by the East Haddam Stage Company. Antrim House published her collection "Transitions and Transformations" in 2010.

MARIANNA BONCEK is a local high school teacher and author of "The Spooky Hudson Valley." She holds a B.A. from Vermont College in Writing and an M.A. from Goddard College in Secondary Education. She is a member of the Woodstock Poetry Society, The Goat Hill Poets and Delta Kappa Gamma.

ROBERT CARNEVALE'S poems have appeared in The Paris Review, The New Yorker, The Alaska Quarterly and other magazines and anthologies. He teaches writing and literature at Drew University and Kean University.

ALAN CATLIN has published over 60 chapbooks and full length collections of prose and poetry. His more recent chapbook is "Deep Water Horizon" from Pygmy Forest Press.

TRACEY GASS RANZE is a member of the Upper Delaware Writers Collective and the Milanville Poets UnLtd. She performs her poetry in a variety of venues in the Northeast, where she lives in the inspiring mountains cut through by the Delaware River.

LEE GOULD lives in the Hudson Valley where she teaches and writes. Her poems, articles and reviews have appeared in Quarterly West, The Berkshire Review, Passager, Bridges, Women and the Environment, Magma, Phoebe, Chronogram and others. Her chapbook "Weeds" was published by Finishing Line Press in 2010.

CAROL GRASER lives in the Adirondacks. Her collection "The Wild Twist of Their Stems" was published by Foothills Publishing in 2007. She runs poetry workshops for teens and at risk youth and hosts a long-running reading series at Saratoga's legendary Caffè Lena. She has performed her work around New York State and been published in many literary journals.

LOIS MARIE HARROD won the 2010 Hazel Lipa Chapbook (Iowa State University) contest with her manuscript "Cosmogony." Her 11th book, "Brief Term," a collection of poems about teachers and teaching, was published by Black Buzzard Press (Visions International) in March 2011.

Saratoga Springs visual artist and poet MARY KATHRYN JABLONSKI freelances in design and PR. She is the author of the chapbook "To the Husband I Have Not Yet Met," and her poems have appeared in numerous literary journals including Beloit Poetry Journal, Salmagundi and Blueline.

PATRICIA KETT is a retired nurse for whom writing has been love, obsession, play and escape for many years. As a nurse she published health-related articles and poetry. A member of the Upper Delaware Writers Collective, she has participated in poetry readings in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

MARKA KNIGHT is an opera and jazz singer who has recently moved to Sullivan County, NY. She is a regular contributor to Classical Singer Magazine and has published accounts of her travels and anthropological research in journals worldwide.

DAN STEPHEN KRAUSS currently lives in Saratoga Springs, NY, often longs for Brooklyn, his native soil, and for real love to come into his life again.

ARLENE GAY LEVINE's poetry and prose have found a home in **The New York Times**, literary journals, an off Broadway show, radio, magazines and numerous anthologies. A new poetry chapbook, "MOVIE LIFE," is available from Finishing Line Press. Visit http://www.arlenegaylevine.com.

ARLENE L. MANDELL, a retired English professor, was a writer/editor at Good Housekeeping magazine. She has published over 400 poems, essays and short stories in publications such as The New York Times, Wild Violet and Women's Voices. A recent publication, "Scenes from My Life on Hemlock Street: A Brooklyn Memoir," is available at www. echapbook.com/memoir/mandell.

PATRICIA MARKERT lives and works in New York City. Her poetry has been published in "To Genesis," an anthology of midrash poetry, which, along with her chapbook, "Watched You Disappear," were published by Five Spice Poetry. Her work has also appeared in many poetry magazines.

JOAN McNERNEY's poetry has been included in numerous literary magazines such as Seven Circle Press, Dinner with the Muse, Blueline, 63 channels, Spectrum, and three Bright Spring Press anthologies. Four of her books have been published by fine small literary presses.

THOMAS NICOTERA has been a factory worker, street performer, mime, water/sewer repairman, copy editor, library cataloger and teacher, while keeping poetry as the one constant in his life. He lives in Connecticut where he co-hosts a library poetry series.

IRENE O'GARDEN'S writing has found its way to the Off-Broadway stage ("Women On Fire,") into hardcover ("Fat Girl"), children's books, literary journals and anthologies. She has received awards, fellowships and residencies, and listings in "Who's Who in the World, in America and in American Women." Visit ireneogarden.com.

RICHARD PARISIO has worked as an interpretive naturalist for over 30 years. He is currently NYS Coordinator for River of Words, a national contest of children's poetry and art on the theme of watersheds. His own poetry has been published in Hard Row to Hoe, the Woodstock Journal and three regional anthologies.

TAD RICHARDS is artistic director of Opus 40 in Saugerties, NY. His poetry collection, "My Night With the Language Thieves," and his novel in verse, "Situations," were published by Ye Olde Font Shoppe Press, Waterbury, CT.

ALANA SHERMAN, poet and teacher, lives in Woodbourne, NY with her husband and dogs in an 1834 farmhouse. She is a member of the Alchemy Poets in Sullivan County, NY. In addition to her writing, she is a community developer, working to preserve The Old Stone House of Hasbrouck.

EMMA GABRIELLE SILVERMAN lives in Ithaca, NY where she is employed as a yoga instructor at Cornell University. In her non-working hours, she enjoys hiking, growing food and the **Sunday New York Times**.

MATTHEW J. SPIRENG'S full-length book, "Out of Body," won the 2004 Bluestem Poetry Award. He is also the author of five chapbooks. His collection "What Focus Is" is due out in July from Word Press. He lives in Lomontville, Ulster County, NY.

CHARLOTTE SKINNER TILSON has published her work in Aurorean, Hard Roe to Hoe, Poets from the Center and other journals. She is a native of New Jersey. She lives in the woods in Sussex County with her husband and two cats. Her poetry comes from nature and place, the heart of life, where spirit is rooted.

A retired airline pilot, **CHUCK TRIPI** is founder of The Paulinskill Poetry Project, a small press dedicated to the poetry of the Upper Delaware River tri-state region. Recent poems have appeared in **California Quarterly**, **Hayden's Ferry Review** and **Poet Lore**.

GLENN WERNER is a graphic designer who has been writing poetry for 15 years. His writing seeks to find revelations in commonplace moments and unconscious behavior. He features at many local venues and has work published in publications including Chronogram Magazine, The Waywayanda Review, 4th Street and Snow Monkey.

Contents

2
3
3
3
3
5
5
5
5
5
5
7
5
7
7
7
7
7
7
7
7
7
7
7
7

We will help you market your business with professional quality video.



BOLLINGER & RUTTER

VIDEO PRODUCTION AND SERVICES

"An Eye for Quality and Detail"

BECOME PART OF TODAY'S DIGITAL AGE

- Enhance Your Website. Experienced professionals will come to your place of business to produce a video that will highlight your company's areas of expertise and allow you to market your business.
- Video Brochure. High definition digital video for marketing/promotional DVDs to hand out to your customers.
- Allow the clarity of high definition video and today's trend towards digital media to set your business
 apart from the competition.

DIGITAL HIGH DEFINITION VIDEO FOR ALL OCCASIONS

570/224-4400 · www.bollingerrutter.com







Letter from the editor

"All that we see or seem/is but a dream within a dream."
—Edgar Allen Poe

Many artists, famous or otherwise, have found inspiration for their work in dreams. Dreams, like art, operate in non-linear ways and use symbols, metaphors, associations and startling connections to create the image and move the action along. Although dreaming is shared by all people, it remains mysterious and challenging. We must use a different part of our brains to unlock the meaning of a dream, much as we are challenged to do by art. We hope you will enjoy this foray into dreamland by the 27 contributors to this issue of the **Literary Gazette**, enhanced by the dreamy photographs of Milford photographer Norma Bernstock. Please be on the lookout for our blog, **literarygazette@wordpress.com**, to be launched soon, and let us know what you think!



About the photographer

Beginning in the 1960s with black and white photography, **NORMA BERNSTOCK** has been interested in experimenting and going beyond the traditional limits of whatever medium she uses. Her current work includes hand-manipulated SX-70 Polaroid prints (featured in this issue), hand-colored image transfers and a newly developed instant film produced at a resurrected Polaroid lab.

Bernstock discovered the artistic possibilities of instant Polaroid film while teaching a summer photography class in New Jersey schools, using many creative techniques, suggested by Polaroid, with her students. When searching for a new outlet for her own art, she began using these same techniques and has been experimenting with this medium ever since.

"I enjoy photographing architecture, icons of American pop culture and scenes that are reminiscent of the past," says Bernstock. "Because I am also a writer, I photograph subjects that suggest a story. It is the story behind the image that I am trying to portray in my work. The process of SX-70 manipulation is very satisfying as it extends my interaction with the image. Shortly after exposure, I use a variety of tools to manipulate the film's soft emulsion in order to achieve the distinctive painterly effect. However, I do not manipulate the entire scene. I want the viewer to be left somewhere in between the reality of photography and the fantasy of painting."

With the rise of the digital age, Polaroid announced that by July, 2009, the company would stop production of all Polaroid films, In 2008, a group of former Polaroid employees established The Impossible Project (www.the-impossible-project.com). They saved the last Polaroid production plant for integral instant film in the Netherlands, and started to invent and produce totally new instant film materials for traditional Polaroid cameras. In 2010, the project released various brand new and unique instant films. Bernostock is currently experimenting with this new film.

Bernstock has studied at the Center for Photography at Woodstock and Peters Valley Craft Center, among other places. Her work has been exhibited widely through the region and her photographs have received numerous awards, most recently Best In Show 2009 at the Skylands Juried Art Show, Sussex County Arts and Heritage Council. She is a member of the New Jersey Photography Forum, Sussex County Arts and Heritage Council and Pike County Arts and Crafts.

Bernstock has taught photography at numerous places and is a member of the Highlands Photographic Guild, a fine art photography co-operative gallery in Milford, PA. A changing exhibit of her work can be seen at the gallery located at 224 Broad Street and on the web at **www.highlandsphotoguild.com**.



6host Ship

Carlo Falls Asleep

By CHUCK TRIPI

Lately, Carlo goes to bed with the argument, form, or content? turning around in his mind, tries to choose, as from two beautiful women. Listening to "Agnus Dei," or Puccini, Tosca, say, foreign words do not seem strange at all to him, nor Mascagni's Intermezzo, strings and violins, that not a word is sung does not occur to him.

From September until now, closing his eyes, Carlo feels accompanied by five unusual things: himself, as if real, God, light, clarity, and Sophia. Look, it is not that he cannot discern, distinguish the one from the other. What seemed implausible, Carlo notices, begins to come true in the drift of sleep and unreality, this generous prelude, rest.

As Carlo falls asleep, it is without Sophia or God, or even Carlo. Tantum Ergo, he remembers just falling away, sacramentum, light catching at the monstrance, refracted beams, clarity across the water, shacks in the cordgrass, a phrase, hard a starboard, the slap of a hull, wakes, the other boats, the anchor, how it holds.

Residuum

By ARLENE GAY LEVINE

Revising our lives at night active voices sing blue like science fiction, call the wild way to open gates shaped in mind's country by a heart spying on itself.

Please eavesdrop on these grand conversations inventing truth from ritual designs of day's residue or even pieces of childhood too short to be saved, too important to be missed by the REM of an eye.

Our private sleep life offers a romantic education, both theory and practice fashioning a text to keep us word struck, chronically chronicling: sun and earth, soul and senses -cutting loose by finding/describing/understanding the grain in the marble until

Oh, serendipity! A gust of day's story blows us off course far enough to find our way back in.

Dreamscape

By PATRICIA KETT

A place between sleep and awake, filled with slippery images fading voices dissolving words.

I grab the last word like a tail, hold it, write it down. Others appear, spill onto the page, reveal an animal

made of whole sentences, whole images, wrapped in some deep meaning my mind attempts to understand, just out of reach,

the animal, not of this world, slips into the dreamscape while its shadow remains captured on the page, within taunting words that dare me.

I put away the page until its time.



Full Line of Natural and Special Diet Foods • Freshly Prepared Foods Vitamins & Supplements • Licensed Nutritionist & Iridiologist • Organics • Bulk Food

> 947 Main St., Honesdale, PA • 570-253-3469 Monday–Saturday 10-6; Friday 10-8 www.naturesgrace.net



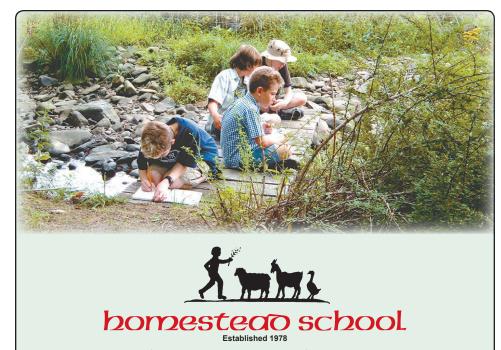
EVERY FRIDAY NOW-SEPT. 2 from 2:30-6pm

State Rt. 55, Kauneonga Lake Fireman's Pavilion, 1 mile north of Rt. 17B For information: bethelfarmersmarket@yahoo.com

845-985-2425

Sponsored by BLDC, The River Reporter, WSUL & WVOS and Bethel First





Private Montessori School

Preschool to Sixth Grade • Full-Day Kindergarten • State Certified 20 Minutes North of Port Jervis • 85-Acre Campus Full Academic, Enrichment and Outdoor Education Programs Foreign Language, Art and Music Classes

For more information: Peter & Marsha Comstock/Directors, 845-856-6359

The Homestead School • 428 Hollow Road • Glen Spey, NY

Serving affordable meals since 1966 SEVEN SPECIALTY SHOPS

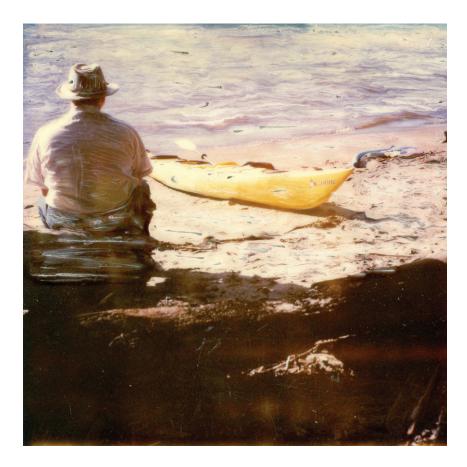
- ◆ Open 7 Days a week
 ◆
- ✓ Burgers, Grilled Sandwiches
 ✓
- Fajitas and Specialty Salads
- « Quesadillas, Steaks, Pastas and more s
- $<\!\!\!<$ 1800s School House, Koi and Duck Ponds $>\!\!\!\!>$
- Outside Patio Dining, Tourist Information Center
- Full-Service Pub with Daily Drink and Food Specials
- ${\boldsymbol \nsim}$ Live Entertainment on Weekends through the Summer ${\boldsymbol \backsim}$

104 Route 6, Milford, PA • 570-296-6831

www.applevalleyrestaurant.com







Man and kayak

Dream of the Search for Berries

By CHARLOTTE SKINNER TILSON

Raspberries grow along our driveway. My son appears. Together we fill several boxes to their brims with lush berries.

Rain droplets wobble playfully on the raspberry leaves. In a sheltered area I find berries covered with snow. Digging, pushing ice away with my fingers I lift out large bunches.

These look like strawberries.

We know of a lake surrounded by swampland where we can pick elderberries. We borrow a canoe to navigate the shoreline.

The dream for the search for berries becomes a whole expedition. Many scientists travel with us.

Among them is a scientist who grew cynical in old age.

I find him sleeping in off crevices.

In high boots we tramp through rivers and streams looking for berries only to find the berries we seek crushed beneath our feet.

Signs

By BARBARA ADAMS

I button up my dreams As he clicks his big pen Writing a coded message.

I stagger past two other suspects Hanging in the cooler Waiting room, My chest gasping under the scarlet logo: Thou Shalt Not Split!

Nearing the river
I see a sign—WORMS 100 feet—
Who would believe it?
Rain sags the lawn chair,
Yesterday's body drowning
In the puddled chaise lounge.

The country road rolls through spring Oblivious to wind and rain.
Sheep gently graze
Behind a black rail fence
Dividing me from them.
Missing the turn for home,
I drive around in the rain
Looking for a reliable sign—
Here, anywhere.

I Saw My Father

By MATTHEW J. SPIRENG

I saw my father in a dream, as alive as the dead can speak. He lay propped up, pillow behind, hospitalized, pale as the ghost he was, dough-white with sunken eyes circled in stains of brown. He spoke to me in words, though what he said was more foreign than the German man who lay on the next bed, back against a pillow, sutures crossed on his throat, telling me in his accented way how all these years he'd smoked, and smoke and piss had caught in his throat and had to be taken out. Those were his words: smoke and piss. And my father spoke right after, but in the language of the dead, in words lacking meaning which I tried to answer. But I awoke wondering what words stuck in my throat.





Just a 90 minute drive from New York City

and even less from North Jersey

1.800.882.CATS | www.scva.net





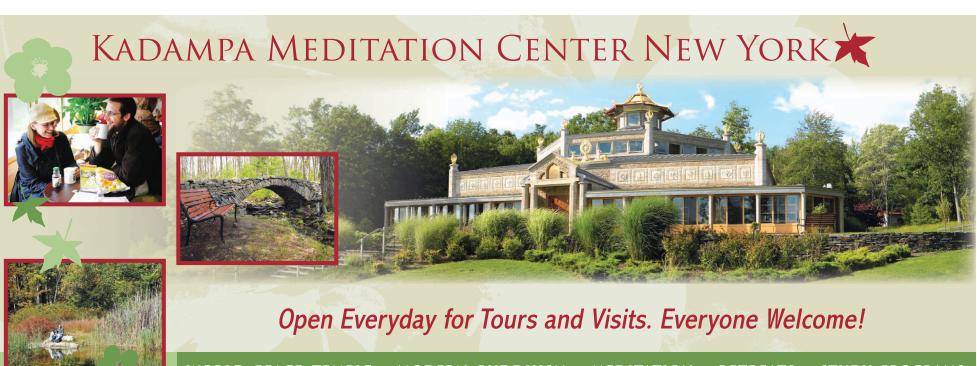
Inn the Glen...
Bed and Breakfast

Relax and enjoy the serenity...

7 Sweeney Road | Glen Spey, NY | 845-468-4247 | www.inntheglen.com







WORLD PEACE TEMPLE, MODERN BUDDHISM, MEDITATION, RETREATS, STUDY PROGRAMS WEEKEND COURSES, CAFÉ, BOOKSTORE & GIFT SHOP, TOURS & VISITS, NATURAL SCENIC BEAUTY

Kadampa Meditation Center, 47 Sweeney Road, Glen Spey, NY 12737 • 845.856.9000 • www.KadampaNewYork.org • www.NYonRetreat.com



Your Body Dreaming

By ALAN CATLIN

is like no other body, undefined in places like fog in the morning rising from some place hard inside, some place rigid as steel or rough as the scales of raw skin flaked as if rubbed by sand or blown from clouds like snow the wind carries from the hollow places that once were lips, the sound made something like speech if words could be spoken the way birds fly.

A Ghost in Every Stall

By CAROL GLASER

This one has a haunted restroom; stalls of ghosts rising from ghosts sitting on toilets. One seat is clogged with expensive purses the kind women bring to formal affairs, colors bright as gift wrap

We're here because a passing truck whipped a chain at our car that wrapped around a back wheel that made the car lurch and buck and we had to pull over

My thirteen year old is falling in with the well-heeled ghosts that are milling about the lobby He wants to become ethereal and cool

When I spy him in the distance perched to dart into traffic, I leap for the sky, fly as a matter of course to pluck his dear body from danger bring him back whole to our fixed car

Carshow

Dream of my Daughter, Aged 18

By PATRICIA MARKERT

Almost within reach, she was

driving a fast car I didn't like

right down West Broadway.

On the sidewalk, I stood amazed.

She never wanted to get her license.

Living in New York meant

she didn't need it. To show how risky

the car was, I took the wheel and flipped

all the switches on the dashboard

including "windshield wiper fluid "and

"oil change is needed," then shifted

the Lamborghini into gear,

hit the gas and waited. She

seemed to smirk at the delay.

So I gunned it. Now the car

was screaming with pent up power.

Why didn't it start from its spot?

I woke up. I still want to race to her aid

four years after her death.





Just a 90 minute drive from New York City and even less from North Jersey

1.800.882.CATS | www.scva.net



Bed & Breakfast

144 N. Swiss Hill Rd . Kenoza Lake, NY 12750 845 482 3865 . www.GoslingPond.com







EVERY SATURDAY • 10_{AM} - 2_{PM}

Route 97 in Barryville, NY • RAIN / SHINE

Runs through OCTOBER 8th

LEARN

"Farmers Teach" an educational/demonstration series @ 11 AM on select market dates.

SUPPORT

The market will feature locally grown produce, flowers, free range meats, eggs, baked goods, jams, artisanal cheeses + more.

Educational series presented by the Barryville Greenmarket Foundation, Ltd.
With funding from the Pratt-Heins Foundation







Festival Frolie

Lady Slipper

By SHERRI BEDINGFIELD

in cedar bogs.

Scattered

in swamps.

In my dream

a glimpse of yellow,

a purse,

a bag-of-a-flower

a native orchid

painted with scarlet

brush strokes.

Petals tipped in purple.

Sepal brushed brown

competes with petals.

Almost weightless.

Body like a small child

with yellow boots

Exploring the florest

after a gray spring,

New England rain.

Glass Girl

By MARIANNA BONCEK

She slides noiselessly out of bed, small, pale feet press onto barren floor; sliding a child's chair to the base of the dresser.

Climbing up, she pushes aside hair brushes, barrettes, a small doll.

Sitting on the linen dresser scarf, legs akimbo, she presses her small cheek against the silver coldness of the mirror.

How did she get out?

Her fingers trace wide circles on the smooth surface, searching for the place. She looks longingly into moon shaped eyes in front of her. Eyes stare back,

giving no answer

In the morning,
Her mother will find her asleep
On top of the dresser.
Tired of scolding
she will lift the sleeping reflection
returning her to bed.

Dreamscape: Yellow Ibises on a Hillside

By THOMAS NICOTERA

Yellow ibises on a hillside turning in great wheels as we turn, following our every step, pecking the ground as we move, speckling grass white with droppings, long beaks sawing the blue-breath air, occasional clucking drifting, but always that rustle of feathers stirring the noiseless air, fluttering in our dream as we slowly move down the hillside.

Clutching our spears we turn toward the village of our enemies unsuspecting at the bottom of the hill that we'll sweep through with this army of feathery followers the like of which they've never seen. Our powers will awe them to part with their weapons and we will saunter through as gods of birds, the holy golden ibises following.

Dreaming in Cast Iron

By MARKA KNIGHT

My notions of love, art, and faith have always been tangled in a complicated muddle, emerging no doubt from the odd intensity of the world I grew up in. I was raised by a single mother in a small hippie town in Southwestern New Mexico, where recent transplants from urban worlds came to "find themselves" and engage in brutally self-involved searches for meaning. I knew from a young age that it would be impossible for me to truly understand these other people, with their peculiar and entangled biographies, but I was consumed with the notion that if I could come to understand one other person deeply, then I would have achieved a communion with something outside myself, and, by extension, have contacted the world entire. As Evelyn Waugh writes, "To know and love one other human being is the root of all wisdom." I wanted that particular brand of wisdom to be mine.

When I was twelve, I fell in love with one of my classmates. My small, deeply alternative secondary school (student population thirty) didn't bother much with the received wisdom of Maths and Sciences, but instead offered classes in Metaphysical Studies and monthly camping trips to nearby mountains and deserts, where we sat in a circle passing a talking stick and slept out beneath the stars.

I loved him from the minute I saw him, playing Van Morrison's Moondance on guitar and singing it like someone who had already known a consuming desire. He practiced Tai Chi and ate macrobiotically, avoided small talk and openly pondered existential questions. I felt pitifully unworthy by comparison, and in keeping with the spiritual vibe of the time (and ashamed of my own libidinal intensity), decided to play the role of self-denying ascetic as intensely as I possibly could. I fasted for days on end, limiting my diet to lemons and celery, and stole outside at night to prostrate myself flat against the earth. "Let me be worthy of love," I'd chant. "Send me a dream that will tell me what to do." Before this I had just been my own self, but now I felt a gaping emptiness, a sore spot behind my sternum that throbbed with longing.

At last the dream I had so fervently prayed for came — and rather than sending me to fairy tale happily-ever-after heights, it returned me to myself. Never before or since have I dreamed like this, a dream lacking in narrative yet palpable and embodied. Outside of any time or setting, I was a single object: a cast iron frying pan. I felt deeply content as this seasoned being, the essence of both solidity and vesseldom. Air moved over my surface and caressed me, flowing and changing constantly. Rather than experiencing such empty space as the lack of love, I knew it as essential to my being a creature of endless possibility. It suddenly seemed that I could have a grounding in myself which would allow for the multiplicity of the world; to not just be consumed by one person, but open to and trusting of many changing currents. The dream was tinged with an aura of joy that did not dim for days after I woke.

In difficult moments I remind myself of this nocturnal experience and the profound calm it offered. Although its lessons of self-sufficiency, of letting that which is be, rather than trying to manipulate relationships or their outcomes, must seemingly be learned many times throughout my life, I hold the hope that such insights penetrate deeper each time, paving the way for a lasting sense of security, a contentment and solidity immune to the vagaries of change.



Wildwind Motel

Dream Abbreviations

By GLENN WERNER

No. 1

At a party my girl friend deflects interlopers by serving canapés from a tray. She offers those who approach, a shrimp, cheese puff, baby frank, whatever works to keep them at bay.

No. 2

A young woman stands in a prairie.
Her boots are caked with salt.
She faces west into the sunrise, shades her eyes in salute.
I fear she is too near the battle where many have drowned.

No. 3

Returning home from my funeral my wife stops me at the door. Says, it is against the rules for me to enter. I sneak inside but am caught. I tell her that we can manage. Looking in a mirror I see the truth.

No. 4

I discover a forgotten room that is haunted by a demon who evokes unnerving dread. To use the room I must bear its presence. I am compelled to linger there.

In a Dream, She Sees Lester Young Standing Naked By TAD RICHARDS

In a dream, she sees Lester Young standing naked at the door to her kitchen.

He is as women are to men in the dream, an invitation, not as men are to women, intrusion. His body is soft, and she wonders where that hard part is inside him, the tunnel of breath that turned Lady Be Good or Lester Leaps In.

She gets up and walks to the kitchen, but he's not there. Thirsty, she runs the tap, and while the water cools, she watches it splash on the round of a spoon, spongy and brittle, as it would be, passed through that tunnel in her, in Lester, diffracted, never shaped.









BEAVERBROOK COTTAGE

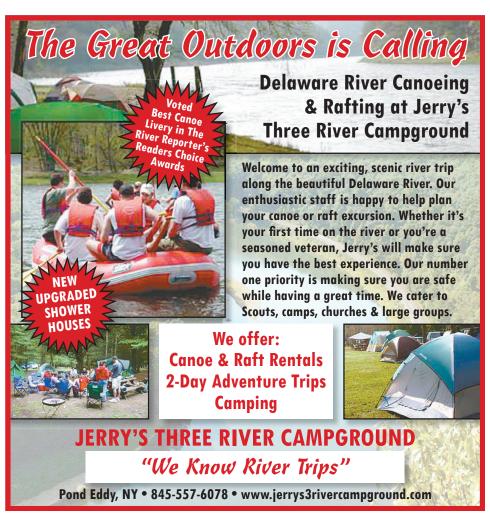
beaverbrookcottage.com

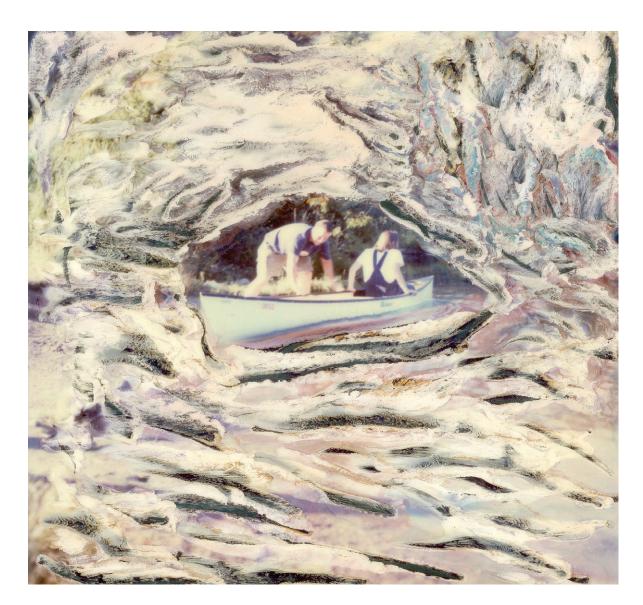
Vacation Rentals, Parties, Gatherings

beaverbrookcottage@gmail.com

845.252.7506







Innocent Herbal

By ROBERT CARNEVALE

I was walking along with my thoughts in a wood where sassafras thrive. Why would I try to outrun wings where one torn leaf keeps me alive?

This summer peace is no deception. If I fall all too easily into the same tired allure, if I grow offhand with fear, it is not the sweet woods are to blame.

I do fear the bear and tornado, and the voracious, alien beetle, not because they are strong, it is heedless, but because littleness becomes the little.

Here, I fit easily into my britches and, pausing to smell a torn sassafras leaf, I become small enough to fall right in to a dear antidote to when or if.



Ariel's Birthday Flight

By ARLENE L. MANDELL

She flew through childhood's narrow corridor, past a room with dolls still tucked in their wicker carriage.

At her parents' door she heard a warm voice of a father deal many years, blew a kiss to the mother whose pills eased the pain, unfocused her mind. At the shut door of the brother who blamed others, who took money from a confused old woman, she faltered, an uncertain blur in the hallway mirror.

So many passages to revisit, some glowing with candles, others twisted, murky labyrinths. She could lose herself as many had, beating gossamer wings against harsh memories.

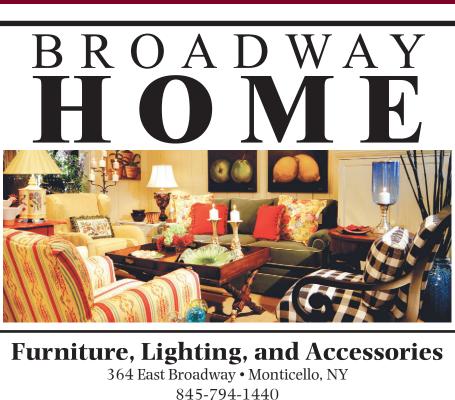
Instead she rushed back to a midnight blue room where a man lay asleep, a small white dog curled at his feet.





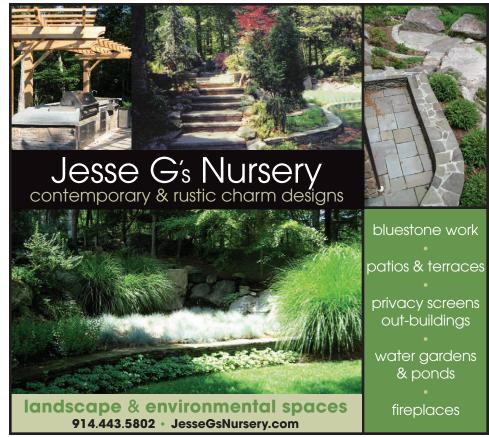
Just a 90 minute drive from New York City and even less from North Jersey

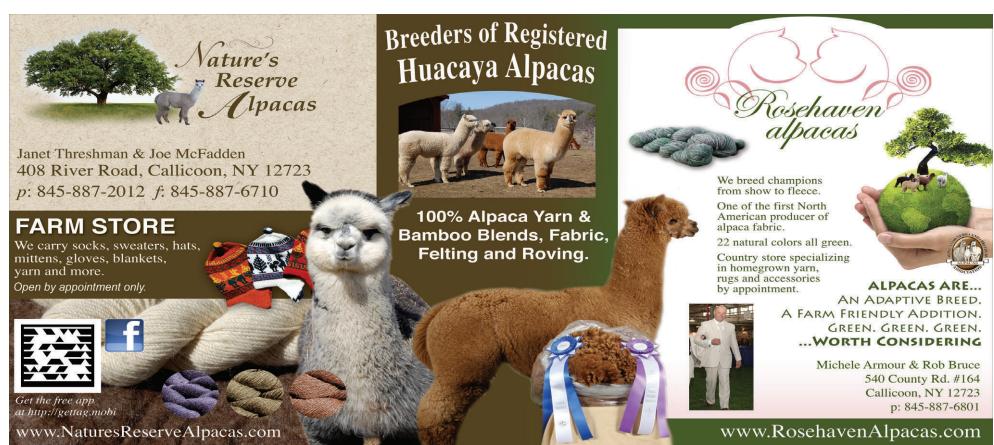
1.800.882.CATS | www.scva.net



Weekends 11 am - 4 pm

A.S.I.D. Intertior Design Services Available







On The Coast of Maine

Origami

By MARY KATHRYN JABLONSKI

In the month of no gods you sit beside me meditatively, saying little, fingers knitting origami in mid-air, beginning with a fold you lick then tear. What are you making in this half-light the Japenese call *ke*? I say even less to interrupt this sober ceremony, the crease in my forehead sharp as that under your thumb. This night I dream I am a green dinosaur tattooed with my mother's name. I've become a foreign country where you do not know the customs. I would offer you a paper crane of peace but am unskilled in the art of understatement. Instead I fold smaller, more compact: a geisha's paper frog, mutely calling for a lover's return, framed in this Window on Midwinter.

Ernest at the Lakehouse

By EMMA GABRIELLE SILVERMAN

I saw Ernest Hemingway that afternoon Watching me from the second story window of the lakehouse He looked out at the water as if it were the ocean All lines of suffering forgotten on his face

I called out to him,
Ernest
This lake was never home to you
You were never partial to New England
Who are you haunting here?

(the wind on the hills turned the leaves to their silver underbellies)

When I looked back
Ernest was still there
Although I don't believe he heard me
As the geese were carving their way through the air above Lake
Mahkeenac and
The twitter bugs were twittering in the low grass

In the small boat on the ocean lake
I float in and out of Ernest's sight, closing my eyes
To allow the boat to drift like the upturned leaf
Drawn across the symphony of the bowl

So it's true then: What is he not haunting here What thing is untouched by his warm summer breath

Beached

By DAN STEPHEN KRAUSS

He is riding his horse on a beach. To his left, the tide speeds in. To his right, the sand is forming a cliff. He tries to ride his horse up the cliff But the sand is too loose to gain footing at that angle. They slide back. The horse turns back its head And asks to try it on its own. Says it will throw down a rope when it gets to the top. The horse takes a giant leap But doesn't make the top. It turns around. Gallops down the cliff And doesn't stop at the water line. The horse drowns. The moon turns the sand purple. He is standing on what little beach is left.





Just a 90 minute drive from New York City and even less from North Jersey

1.800.882.CATS | www.scva.net

SUMMER MUSIC FESTIVAL FROM CLASSIC TO COOL











"...breathtaking elan and finesse!" - Times Herald-Record

Final Festival Events!

JULY 22 At Work & Play Behind the Notes Free open rehearsal, Eddie Adams Farm, Jeffersonville

JULY 23 Grand Finale & Gala Reception
Brahms, Reger, Respighi & Bunch. Adams Farm

JULY 24 10th Anniversary Celebration!

Eugene D. Nesin Theater, Monticello

Eddie Adams Farm, 2011 Presenting Sponsor / Jeffersonville NY

WeekendofChamberMusic.org info@WCMconcerts.org / 845.887.5803

Admission always free for students 18 & under!









The Summer Refore

radio rain

By TRACEY GASS-RANZE

i imagine the dream just to survive i am living in a bubble inside a bubble

the latter is some other's dream

in this way i take cover from that round place where a red sun tries to snow and rain on me

red sun's flaming tongue laps at the salty sea

repeatedly i fall to my knees although i try to stand i call with a voice that sounds nothing like me

now my iridescent sphere floats by far-away deserts their billowing smoke shape-shifts in the wind

mixes all the blood into pools of cooling water i think this is how the money is spent

it's not my blood but I pay a tax to slit it free

i read about the day the oil began to rain it mostly comes down like bullets and artillery

and dragon's breath that strums the devil's harp

but i feel safe in my bubble inside that bubble and i think this is why blood smells like metal

Somebody Else's Dream

By ALANA SHERMAN

They say you can't dream your own death, but I keep having this one. The tunnel walls soaking

up black and the voices calling for me to do something say something.

My hands push against clotting air. When I open my mouth words are jammed back inside.

The clamor doesn't stop. This has happened so many times

but still I run reaching out. The place I seek, my own door on a dark night, seems near.

You cannot dream your own death I tell myself with the crowd watching as I hug the third rail.

Toxic

By RICHARD PARISIO

In the dream his dog was "toxic," scrappy cur, dragging a bleached bone or gob of rotting kelp

to where he stood, a gaunt old man on the moon-washed shingle. Why curse this broken-toothed old mongrel?

The dog's my uncle's, but you're not him: large, kind, he joked in scolding, tossed rocks in the fat creek for his dog to dive for.

He belongs to us, this hound who fetches back our failures, disregarded tokens and dishonoured

goods. Now he trundles a bottle, green and shining. Inside there is no message.

VISITORS

Best of Our Community

Animal Shelter **Dessin Animal Shelter**

Honesdale, PA 570/253-4037 www.dessinshelter.com

Chamber of Commerce Sullivan County Chamber of Commerce

457 Broadway, Suite 1, Monticello, NY 845/791-4200 www.catskills.com

> Local Artist Carolyn Duke **Duke Pottery**

855 County Road 93, Roscoe, NY 607/498-5207 www.dukepottery.com

Politician

Assemblywoman Aileen Gunther

845/794-5807 www.aileengunther.com

Radio Station Radio Personalities Ciliberto & Friends/Sakell in the Afternoon

Bold Gold Media Group -Thunder 102

> 877/777-1021 www.thunder102.com

Special Area Attraction Museum

Most Attractive Building Historic Site - Woodstock Community Festival/Event -Harvest Festival

Bethel Woods Center for the Arts

Bethel, NY 866/781-2922 www.bethelwoodscenter.org

Best Places

Amusement/Fun Park Place to Take the Kids Costa's Family Fun Park

2111 Route 6, Hawley, PA 570/226-8585 www.costasfamilyfunpark.com

> Bed & Breakfast Local Getaway Secret Treasure Customer Service

ECCE Bed & Breakfast

19 Silverfish Road, Barryville, NY 845/557-8562 www.eccebedandbreakfast.com

Canoe Livery

Jerry's Three River Campground

Pond Eddy, NY 845/557-6078

www.jerrys3rivercampground.com

Golf Course Local Golf Pro: Matt Kleiner Place to Hold a Prom

The Villa Roma Resort 356 Villa Roma Road, Callicoon, NY 845/887-4880

www.villaroma.com

Local Farm Willow Wisp Organic Farm

Abrahamsville, PA 570/224-8013

.willowwisporganic.com

Playhouse Theater **Live Summer Theatre**

at the Forestburgh Playhouse 39 Forestburgh Road, Forestburgh, NY

845/794-1194 www.fbplayhouse.org

Private School

Homestead School

428 Hollow Road, Glen Spey, NY 845/856-6359 www.homesteadschool.com

Resort

Woodloch Pines Resort

Hawley, PA 570/685-8000 www.woodloch.com

Best Businesses & Services

Auto Service Station Sonny's Service Center

907 County Route 23, Narrowsburg, NY 845/252-3944

> Bank **Jeff Bank**

Bloomingburg, NY • 845/733-2270 Callicoon, NY • 845/887-4866 Eldred, NY• 845/557-8513 Jeffersonville, NY • 845/482-4000 Liberty, NY • 845/292-6300 Livingston Manor, NY • 845/439-8123 Loch Sheldrake, NY • 845/434-1180 Monticello, NY • 845/791-4000 Narrowsburg, NY • 845/252-6570 Wal-Mart/Monticello, NY • 845/794-3988 White Lake, NY • 845/583-4074 Wurtsboro, NY • 845/888-5890

www.jeffbank.com

Dog Mountain Lodge

486 County Road 116, Cochecton, NY 845/932-9393 www.dogmountainlodge.com

Maternity Unit Wayne Memorial Hospital

Honesdale, PA 570/253-8366 www.wmh.org

Modular Homes

Makovic Homes, LLC

411 Route 17B, Monticello, NY 845/796-HOME (4663) www.mydesignerhomes.com

Pharmacy

Stephens Pharmacy Northeast Med-Equip

Honesdale & Hawley, PA 570/253-7700 www.stephenspharmacy.net

Place to Work Bank Teller: Cathy Barnes

Catskill Hudson Bank Narrowsburg, NY • 866/923-2268 Callicoon, NY • 1-888-209-2265 Ellenville, NY • 845/796-9580

Kingston, NY • 845/943-4220 Liberty, NY • 845/292-2265 Livingston Manor, NY • 866/933-7011

Middletown, NY •845/692-2265 Monticello, NY • 845/794-2265 Neversink, NY • 845/796-9560 Rock Hill, NY • 845/794-9203

South Fallsburg, NY • 845/434-8280 Youngsville, NY • 866/514-3657 www.catskillhudsonbank.com

Rental Center

Community Rental Centers

Milford, PA 570/491-2721 www.crcrentals.com www.crcpartysuperstore.com

Real Estate Office Malek Properties

White Lake, NY 845/583-6333 www.malekproperties.com

Urgent Care Medical Facility

Crystal Run Healthcare

Rock Hill, NY 845/794-6999 Urgent Care 845/796-5444 Middletown, NY 845/703-6999 www.crystalrunhealthcare.com **Best People**

Accountant Knack, Pavloff & Company, LLP

14 Sturgis Road, Monticello, NY 845/794-2200 www.knackpavloff.com

Architect

Michael J. Chojnicki Architect, P.C.

Callicoon, NY 845/887-4181 www.mjc-architect.com

Builder Green Developer Catskill Farms

Eldred, NY 845/557-3600 www.catskillfarms.com

Dentist

Dr. Marie K. Devore

3411 Route 97, Barryville, NY 845/557-8500

Electrician

Narrowsburg Electric

Narrowsburg, NY 845/252-6640

Event Planner

J-Angelo Event Planning

570/686-9873 www.j-angelo.com

Holistic Practitioner **Healing Zone**

Route 6, Suite 104, Hawley, PA 570/226-4222

www.healingzone.vpweb.com

Landscaper Maciejewski Landscaping Inc. 366 Swago Road, Damascus, PA

570/224-6405 www.maciejewskilandscaping.com

> Real Estate Agent Dawn J. Curreri Licensed NY & PA

Eagle Valley Realty

6569 State Route 97, Narrowsburg, NY 845/252-3085, ext. 12 www.eaglevalleyrealty.com



Best Places to Shop

Music Store

Steve's Music Center

248 Rock Hill Drive, Rock Hill, NY 845/796-3616 www.stevesmusiccenter.com

Outdoor Recreation Store Morgan Outdoors

46 Main Street, Livingston Manor, NY 845/439-5507 www.morgan-outdoors.com

Best Places for Food & Drink

Grocery Store/Supermarket Peck's Markets

Callicoon • 845/887-5090 Narrowsburg • 845/252-3016 Jeffersonville • 845/482-3800 Livingston Manor • 845/439-4091 Eldred • 845/557-6315

Liauor Store

Hancock Liquor Store

27 West Main Street, Hancock, NY 670/637-5364

Overall Restaurant in Pike County

Peter's Europa House

1023 Route 6, Shohola, PA 570/296-2624 www.peterseuropahouse.com

Overall Restaurant in Sullivan County Brunch Desserts

Martinis

The Front Porch Café Route 17B, White Lake, NY 845/583-4838

> Sandwiches Café Devine

33 Lower Main Street, Callicoon, NY 845/887-3076 www.cafedevine.com

Specialty Food Store Catskill Harvest Market 2758 State Route 52, Liberty, NY

845/292-3838 www.catskillharvest.com



Exchanging Mothers for HorsesBy LEE GOULD

A backlit horse crashes through the kitchen window, shards flutter like iridescent mayflies—its face is framed in the sash—portrait of a winner, bewildered—did I say there was no blood?

On the grass beyond, a statue a woman reclining clasps her handbag against her patterned dress, her veiled pillbox perches on her head as though she were standing. I know art, I say, but I can't remember faces.

The rest of the horses startle, their chestnut manes sunstruck, rippling the woman, like a giant balloon, drifts vertical, bobs off down the airy street leaving me with my brother Absalom hanging by his hair.

Cochecton Mills

Alchemy Dreams

By JOAN McNERNEY

i. Silver

How shall I begin my dream?
So strange. I could have fallen from a cloud. Long, grey cloud. I feel so strange... cloud, shroud of sadness wound through heaven.
Falling from my cloud careening on ice slipping sliding over crystals.
Dropping through deep night.
I fell alone jackknifed on silver ice.

ii. Mercury

Vessels of thought as quick as mercury spilling over.
We lie chained to sleep prisoners of darkness.
Struggling against edge of night listening for animals pounding closer closer.
Their scent surrounding us.
Galloping high racing dark horses nightmares.

iii. Copper

Who are we without compass without map delivered before darkness? We splay our hands out tracing coils of copper while lines of time merge into mazes of memory. Remembering shadows we search our thoughts. Over mountains of mist looking for morning drinking milk from the moon.

iv. Gold

I am searching for a perfect color sound shape to hold close to me.
I want something luminous something cool.
This splash of sky perfectly formed drop of rain drop of gold.
I will wear in the hollow around my neck...
This eye of an angel.

The River Reporter's 16th Annual 2011 READER'S CHOICE AWARDS

THE BEST BALLOT IS BACK!

We have added some new categories to our extensive best ballot! There are 255 categories but you do not have to fill all of them out. We ask that you simply vote for the people, places or businesses that you think are the best. Thank you for your participation and we look forward to receiving your choices.

We will publish our 2011 WINNERS in our annual Reader's Choice Awards "BEST" supplement in January 2012.

Good Luck to all!

BEST PLACES FOR FOOD & DRINK

Appetizers	Liquor Store
Artisan Bakery	Lunch
Bakery	
Barbecue	Menu
Beer Selection	New Restaurant (non-chain)
Breakfast	Pasta Dish
Brunch	Pizza
Buffet/Smorgasbord	Produce
Candy Shop	
Cheesesteak Sandwich	Overall Restaurant:
Chinese Restaurant	in Delaware County
Coffee House	in Orange County
Deli	in Pike County
Desserts	
Diner	
Dinner	
Early Bird Specials	Ribs
Family Restaurant	Romantic Restaurant
Fresh Bread	Salad Bar
Fresh Meats	Sandwiches
Gourmet Restaurant	Seafood
Grocery Store/Supermarket	Soups
Hamburgers	Specialty Food Store
Happy Hour	Steakhouse
Health Food Store	Takeout Restaurant
Home Cookin' Restaurant	Vegetarian Food/Restaurant
Ice Cream Parlor	Wedding/Specialty Cakes
Italian Restaurant	Wine Selection
Kid-Friendly Restaurant	Wings

BEST PLACES TO SHOP

Antique Store	Jewelry Store
Art Supplies Store	
ATVs	
Auto Parts Store	Lumberyard
Baby/Kids Store	Mattress Store
Bait & Tackle Store	Medical Equipment Store
Boat Dealer	
Bookstore	Music Store
Clothing Store	New Car Dealership
Collectibles Store	New Retail Shop
Convenience Store	Outdoor Recreation Store
Electronics	
Farm Equipment Retailer	Place to Buy Art
Flooring Store	Pottery Studio
Florist	Specialty Store (not food)
Furniture Store	
Garden Center	Tire Store
Gift Shop	Used Car Dealership
Hardware Store	Vintage Shop
Hot Tub Store	Wine Shop

BEST BUSINESSES & SERVICES

Auto Service Station	New Business of the Year (not food)
Bank	
Builder's Association	Pet Pampering
Cellular Service Provider	Pharmacy
Christmas Tree Farm	
Eye Care Center	
Elder Care Facility	
Emergency Room	Property Management Service
Fitness Center	Rehabilitation Services
Funeral Home	
Green Business	Real Estate Office
Heating Fuel Company	Septic Service
Home & Garden Store	Spa or Personal Pampering
Hospital/Medical Facility	
Insurance Agency	
Kennel	Trash Collection Service
Kid's Camp	
Kitchen & Bath Store	Veterinarian Clinic
Maternity Unit	
Modular Homes	Yoga Center
Mortgage Company	

BEST PEOPLE

Accountant	Hair Dresser
Architect	Holistic Practitioner
Auto Mechanic	Interior Decorator
Bank Teller	Landscaper
Barber	Lawyer
Bartender	Law Enforcement Officer
Builder	Massage Therapist
Butcher	Medical Specialist
Caterer	0b-Gyn
Carpenter	Pediatrician
Car Salesman	Physical Therapist
Chef	Plumber
Chiropractor	Politician
Clergy	Postmaster
Coach	Radio Personality
Customer Service	Real Estate Agent
Dentist	Roofer
Doctor	Salesperson
Electrician	Teacher
Event Planner	Waiter/Waitress
Excavator	Web Designer
Green Developer	

REST OF OUR COMMUNITY

Didi di ddii ddi	
Ambulance Squad	Eggs
Animal Shelter	
Chamber of Commerce	Meats
Chicken BBQ (volunteer)	Maple Syrup
Civic Club or Organization	
Community Festival or Event	
Fair	Museum
Farm Market	Neighborhood
Fire Department	Pancake Breakfast
Historic Site	Parade
Library	Penny Social
Local:	Place to Play Bingo
Artist	
Author	
Celebrity	
Farm	Radio Station
Getaway	
Golf Pro	Scenic Drive
Musician/Band	Shopping Area
Photographer	Special Area Attraction
Potter	
Local Products:	Youth Center
Cheese	Youth Program

HOW TO VOTE: Print clearly or type your choices for "THE BEST" from the categories listed. Include the name and town of business, organization, place or person you are voting for. Best choices are limited to Delaware, Orange, Pike, Sullivan and Wayne counties.

HOW TO ENTER: NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Additional ballots are available at The River Reporter office at 93 Erie Ave, Narrowsburg, NY—LIMIT ONE PER PERSON. Ballots MUST be complete and include full name, address and phone number of voter. All ballots must be received by December 15, 2011. Employees of The River Reporter and Stuart Communications are permitted to vote but not eligible to win prizes.

HOW TO WIN PRIZES: All ballots will be included in a random drawing for prizes. Drawing will be held January 2012. No duplicate winners. Chances to win are determined by the number of entries. BEST Winners will be notified in January 2012.

BEST PLACES

Amusement/Fun Park	Night Out
Art Gallery	Place to Hold a Prom
Atmosphere	Place to Stay
Bed & Breakfast	Place to take the Kids
Canoe Livery	Place to Work
Campground	Playhouse Theatre
Cider Mill	Private School
College	Resort
Day Trip	Ski Lodge
Golf Course	Wedding Reception Location
Horseback Riding	Winery
Movie Theatre	-

OFFICIAL "BEST" BALLOT ENTRY FORM

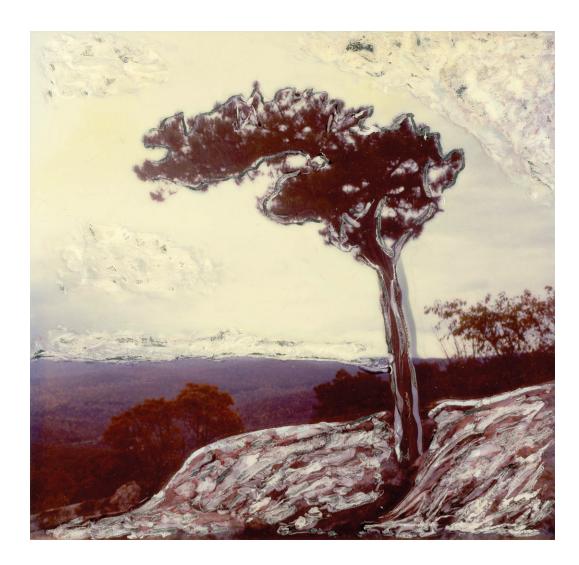
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY	
Name	١
Address	
City, State, Zip	.
Phone	
E-mail	
■ I am a current subscriber □ I buy it on newsstands	
<u> </u>	

MAIL BALLOT ENTRY FORMS TO:

The River Reporter "BEST" PO Box 150, Narrowsburg, NY 12764

or DROP OFF AT:

93 Erie Avenue, Narrowsburg, NY 12764



Warning in a Bottle

By LOIS MARIE HEROD

I became an old man.

When you carried me to bed, your arms got tired.

My arms—I held them along the horizon so the sun would not drop into the sea.

You are trying to do such a thing for me—

but you became a great tree stretching your limbs like a priest.

In another bottle this might be a blessing.

Don't you understand: the throat that is open was once stopped. I am that flute.

Perkins Cove

Dream of Eventual Serenity

By IRENE O'GARDEN

Collapse and ruin everywhere I look on this tsunami-devastated island. Over here, thousands of collapsed identical orange structures: fallen posts and fabric, as if The Gates in Central Park had broken and blown down at once.

Here, amid the many staggering survivors, the other devastation: absolute repression by the government. People may not gather. All but brief conversations can be terminated by arrest. The fascist force, a mirror of their fear.

I talk in snippets with my husband. For safety, we wander off in different directions. Yet within this full destruction and restriction, something liberating, too: there's *nothing* to be done.

Men gather momentarily. They jest, as if buying drinks for one another.

I gaze at the Broken Gates awhile. An angled piece of fabric takes my eye. I tug until a graceful swoop appears. Light pours, glows the fabric. I adjust a rock, incorporate a stick, assemble one or two more things, and top it with a tiny needle-needy evergreen.

My composition pleases me. I'd like to take a picture. But, New Era. Can't photograph. Quite possibly, I never will again.

Nearby, an upright sapling tangle. One sapling bears a hollow-centered knot. I reach over and "click" next to the hole, as if it were a shuttered aperture.

I move on, hoping passersby enjoy my assemblage before it disassembles.

Soon, a little tree with many branches which terminate in tiny shelf formations. I place things on the shelves: a bit of shell, a pebble. Others left things, too. I like this: the invitation to leave something. Even litter would be interesting, so placed.

I find deep serenity. Even when all's lost, art continues bringing pleasure, to those who create and those who experience.

I look up. A vivid little moon. And just behind it, a shadowy gigantic moon. Which is real? Beautiful, this site, this sight, but not for comprehension, quite. A pupil moon within an iris moon.

RIWRSH SPRUM

Sign up to receive
The River Reporter
for ONE FULL YEAR
at the special rate of just



THE RIVER REPORTER

Whether you're keeping up with gas drilling, following the arts and entertainment scene or just looking for a restaurant, job or house; The River Reporter is a prime source for navigating your life in the Upper Delaware River Valley.

Not ready to commit? Try us out for six weeks FREE! See if you like us. After your trial ends, you'll have the opportunity to renew and support community journalism.

Yes! Sign me up for I year at the special rate of \$15. That's a \$20 savings!

I'm not ready to commit, please send me my free 6 week trial subscription.
Name:
Address:
Phone:
Check #:
Credit Card # (V,MC,Amex,Discover):
Zip Code Credit Card Bill Goes To:
This is a gift
Please send gift card to:
From:

Please Return to: The River Reporter, PO Box 150, Narrowsburg, NY 12764 Questions or phone orders: Jennifer Bitetto, Communications Director, jennifer@riverreporter.com or 845/252-7414 ext. 25

