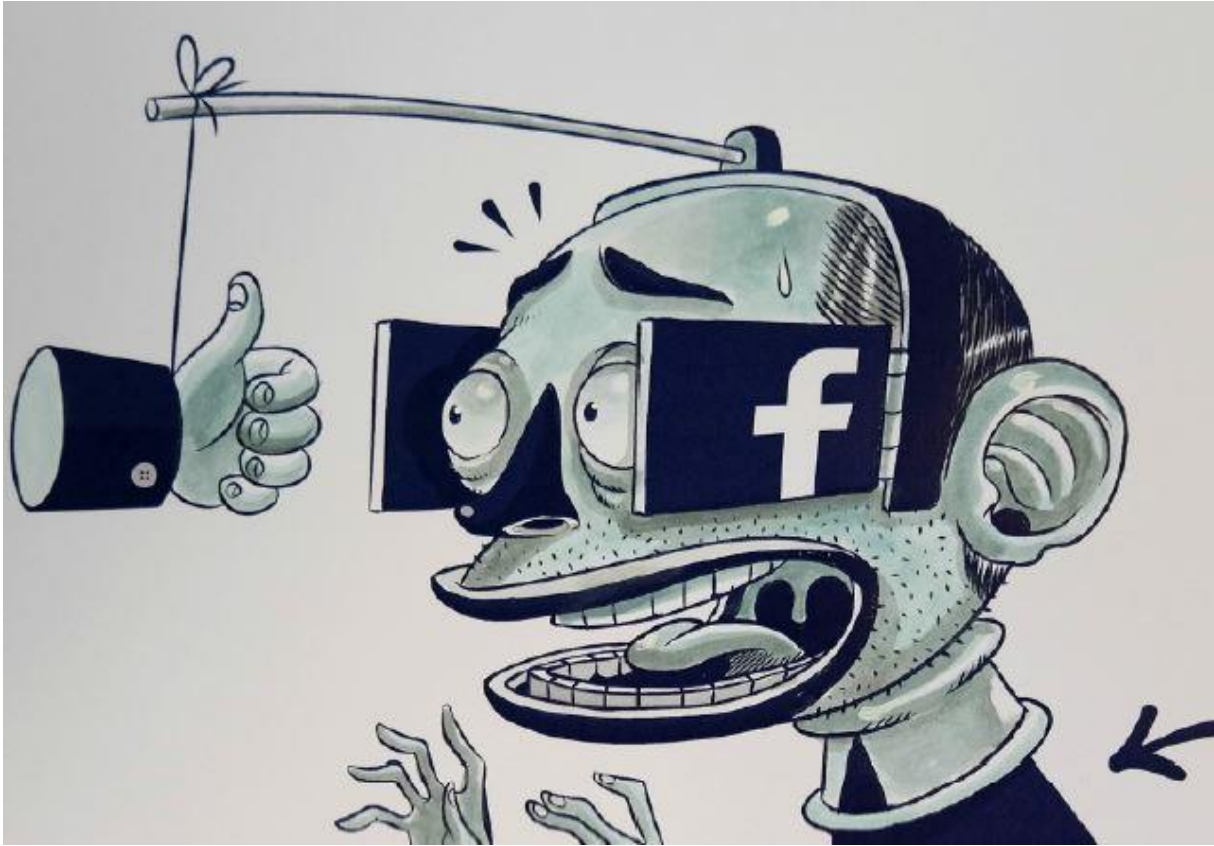


## Post It or It Never Happened



Artist: Diego Della Posta

**By Velina Derilova**

I'm no social media expert (yet) and this is not meant to be an exhaustive doctoral-like study on why we now resemble smart-phone-obsessed humanoids more than anything else. What I'm doing is offering my deeply personal and slightly female-ized views on the topic. If you're interested, please, be my guest and read along. If you're not, smoke a cigarette or check your email and then read it anyway.

**“Facebook? \*smugly raises eyebrows\* I'm not on Facebook.”**

You've heard this one, no doubt. Some people do say such things! And you have inwardly or, better yet, demonstratively frowned at these proud declarations. You'll get there, brother, you think, and you picture the day so-and-so is shining brightly on the social media sky meticulously documenting a cousin's posh wedding or their trip to the Netherlands. Also, chances are you're absolutely justified in doing this malice-driven visualization. Sooner rather than later it becomes reality.

I've had family members, friends and acquaintances join the mass, give in to the inevitable mainstream-ness and hit the sign up button with a resigned sigh after years of indignant rejection of social media. If you were among these guys, you probably,

and deservedly, ha-ha, went through a brief period of light embarrassment due to previous outspoken refusal to do it. But, hey, no one *actually* blames you, we only smirk, that's *all*.

### **I post therefore I am.**

Maybe it's just me but I believe the social media hype has its roots in the idea of making other people witnesses to our lives and not so much in boasting about how cool and interesting we are. I think it's a little deeper than that. I once read that we crave romantic relationships for this precise reason: we want a partner so that there's someone who never misses anything that we do or happens to us. It's a way of validating our existence, pardon, life.

### **This would make for an awesome Instagram shot, no?**

#Even #though #I #installed #Instagram #less #than #a #week #ago, I'd been thinking about its titillating lure for a while. I have a complex love-hate relationship with it, that's for sure. I didn't really debate whether to download it or not. It was more a question of the when type. So I finally did it last Thursday and spent around three hours looking through people's carefully filtered, square-shaped #selfies #brunches, #cats, #dogs, #artsycafés, #etc. It's addictive and its voyeuristic appeal mercilessly appeals to me.



What I really, really dislike, though, is that I'm beginning to think in Instagram shots. Like, I was in an art jewelry shop the other day and while I was waiting for my change I couldn't stop looking at all the pretty little items around me Instagram-ming them in my head. I was choosing a book in a book store a couple of hours later. Same story. Having Sunday lunch with friends and laughing my butt off. Instagram maybe? What if people think that I don't go places, I don't read books or don't have any fun ever??? This might have crossed my mind once or twice or three times or...

### **A few words on #Twitter**

I hate Twitter. I really do. It confuses me, visually, and it seriously makes me wonder why it came into being in the first place. Because, um, you know, we have Facebook. This, I believe, says it all.



**I can stalk you until blue my face and red my eyes.**

*Salinger reference here, congrats to those who got it.*

I use Facebook for stalking purposes a lot. Oh, the ways in which I get information and the things I've learned! It would amaze you if I told but I'm not telling you,

so. Of course, I should factor in my inherent Sherlock + Agatha Christie's Poaro flair for investigations and voila! Seriously, I'm embarrassingly good at it. Speaking of which, I feel like the time has come for the promised female-ized aspect to my views on social media.

Facebook, and social media in general, is where I compare myself to other women, mostly women I know the men I have crushes on like. Am I his type? Are his ex-girlfriend's thighs slimmer than mine? How many likes did her latest profile picture get and, believe me, it gets uglier. Now, the reasons why I do it are a totally different topic of discussion, which I'll keep for my future A-list therapist. I do have a number of painfully strong insecurities and they are the main driving force behind all of this. How-ever, there's also the thrill of being in on what other people are up to and you can't convince me otherwise. It's somewhat freaky and very sad but then again, so is life, whether we're Facebook-ing, Twitter-ring or Instagram-ming it or not. And for now, we certainly are. Hashtag.