

I hate bcc'ing people: or The True Nature of our Impending Draconian Rule

Today a good friend is having her birthday. She's a great person. I wouldn't have known that it was her birthday if it wasn't for facebook. That's just true. I still like her. I think she's a wonderful person, we have mutual admiration for each other and work on projects and meet for coffee and things. But facebook has told me this secret about her that now I know, and it suggests that I say something to her about it. facebook has reminded me of this birthday that I would not otherwise have known about. We've never disclosed that information to each other, or if we did it was very briefly and I hope not expected to be quizzed on it. (I can't remember birthdays! Terrible with numbers.)

I've been very confused about how the internet functions in my life - how much it has ruined my relationships with people. Or at least ruined my understanding of my relationship to people.

It stems from two things:

1. I can no longer type exclamation points in my texts because of a some slight unusable part of my touchscreen.

2. Recently I was talking to a colleague/co-worker/#dudethatilikethatiworkwith and he was complimenting my show posters. Which was a very nice conversation that I'm terrible at having. Self-aggrandizement is my most vulnerable place. False-bravado is fine, but to attempt to truly tell people that I'm proud of myself seems like a very scary thing to send on a mass email.

It made me wonder about contexts in which we are now forced to interact with the humans in our lives. Our time is now spend physically bound to a transportation device that propels us towards a democratizing dystopia where we exist in physically-individualized pods of reality providing constant journalism of your life. I worry about this future and, of course, what character I play in the movie version of it.

Character Profile:

US West Coast City/Town: Ashland, OR

Snack Food: Barbara's Crunchitos

Artificial Candy Flavor: Sour crystals

Familial Relationship: grandmother/grandson

2 Month Vacation: Mountains in Bolivia? (maybe)

Type of Shopping: Hardware

Misguided Faith: Emotional Cleansing

Pooh Character: ChristopherRobin/Owl with a pocket voice of Eeyore/Roo.

It felt strange to get complemented on a show poster - as if the act of admitting my desire for people to come to the show that I host/produce was like an admission of pleading too hard - of interacting with my friends as if they were an audience that I could thrust my work in front of and demand judgement on. And yet, of course, it feels good to know that you haven't offended anybody in the process of being an imposition. And also, of course you have because it is impossible to explore territories worth talking about if everybody can be a part of the discussion at all times. I think that I'm claiming that the internet relationship pushes us towards a dystopia pods dweller society with a radical anti-establishment critique in favor of fascist safe-space groups.

I'm gonna do well in that world, I think. I hope. I hope the future turns out great for me. And I hope that other people have futures that are great also. I hope that I hope that other peoples futures are as much greater as I hope my future is. I hope.

I wrote a thing that I like that isn't finished, so I'm gonna link to it on the period of this sentence if you wanna check it out before it gets organized a little more.

I just don't really like facebook. Which is what this amounts to. I never have. And I know that seems cliched and oldmannish and traditiony, I guess that I I think it is something in the base dna of the interaction that makes all of my relationships worse.

So I'm opening up my facebook account.

My password: ihatefacebook

This has been my password since I created an account in 2007. 7 years I have been on this dystopia creating machine!

You may do anything you want on my account. I will also use my account, and I reserve the right to change my password at any time, and ask that you don't change the password at any time. Otherwise, do whatever you want anonymously from my account.

I run these organizational websites. Please do not do anything on those. But I will stop using this device as a personal tool! Instead I will be sending you an email like this each month as a reminder that I have a show on Thursday at 7pm at The Tank. It's got great friends/people on the show.

If you don't want to get this email, I will have an unsubscribe list at the show that you can sign.

Nisse Greenberg

<http://nissegreenberg.com/>

PS: I'm listening to a friend's radio show that I found because of facebook.