

Please Don't Open This on Your Phone and other schizophrenic musings in the form of desperate pleas.

tl;dr is an annoying concept bent on the destruction of the healthy communicative practice of listening.

I think it's that electronics evolve too fast to be caught up with. I think that's the reason I can't figure out my relationship to them. I'm so glad and honored that I'm able to email all of you, but sometimes I'm not sure if I'm allowed - or at least, if I should. Am I being intrusive? Am I interrupting your day?

And this was never a problem when we used mail without an abbreviated preface. I assume. I'm not really old enough to have these complaints.

When I was 18 years old I knocked on her dorm room door, burst in with an indignance-based-fluster, and demanded that she reject me. "Look, I don't care if you might be into me some day in the future because right now you don't feel the same way about me as I do about you, and I can't keep holding out hope that the magnitude of our emotions eventually equalizes - so you just need to tell me right now that there is no chance for me so that I can finally move on with my life" I said in my head before I opened her door. While there is inherent sexism in the way I linguistically coerced her into having a monopoly on emotional agency in our relationship, I sortof miss that version of myself: the version of myself that demanded that you look me in the face while you make me feel bad. I miss that. And I don't think I can get it back with this world's technological.

Occam's razor: Computer screens aren't faces. Robots don't express love. We're losing emotional connectedness by connecting instead to a universal wifi signal.

Greenberg's razor: We've categorized too much. Categorization is an inherently autistic pursuit aimed at alienating the puzzle pieces of life from each other. I'm going to talk about my self-diagnosed-autism at the next [Bad Feelings show](#). I think that technology has made me more autistic. Every time I need to contact someone I have to go through a rolodex of options for how to make my preliminary effort.

a) Text them.

Pros: Texts are hard to blow off. The response is quick or not at all, so you can assume a lack of response to be a rejection.

Cons: My exclamation point key still doesn't work. Tone is important and impossible to predict over this medium. The necessary efficiency of language doesn't allow for a lot of preambles and explanatory clauses, which I need to feel comfortable expressing emotion. Texts are not good for emotions.

b) Call them.

Pros: A voice - a beautiful voice full of tone and sarcasm that you can hear and digressions that maintain sanity and you actually get through information quickly when you are actually talking to each other because you can ask questions quickly.

Cons: Because of the multitude of other options, we've delegated phone calls to live behind the social barrier we've constructed named awkward and now calling someone is like admitting you *like* like them in middle school. Also, hanging up is weird. It's an incredibly jarring psychological path to go from investing yourself in a conversation/person to being completely disconnected from them while you walk through a busy street that highlights your loneliness.

c) [Facebook](#) (twitter, the rest too)

Pros: They don't involve consent?

Cons: Your self expression is being curated by a corporate entity with a profit motive, and they don't involve consent!

d) Email.

Pros: Email is great for group threads because everybody becomes a part of a collective narrative that we can all view similarly. (bcc'ing people obviously destroys this dynamic, sorry).

Cons: The ability for us to receive emails on our phones has destroyed the sanctity of email. It has ruined our ability to curate the experience in which we are being heard.

What makes storytelling such an important art form to me is that it is an admission that we curate ourselves. It's vulnerable even when the story is not particularly vulnerable because you are admitting that you want to be heard more than the other people in the room and then you are forced to deal with the consequences of demanding everyone's attention. Face to Face. FACE TO FACE.

Email could come close to that. We can take back email. If we refuse to open it up on our phone because it will give the sender of the email some agency. They can send you an email that you have to sit down and read - an email that you can't focus on crossing a street while you scroll through. So I will. I will not open emails on my phone. I'm going to get a dumb phone next. I'm going to get a map of New York, laminate it, and get a dumb phone.

Even typing that was scary.

I might not live up to my expectations.

I like the blankness of email.

The whiteness of the background.

The contrast with the text.

Pretty.

I've been working on art this last month.

And I've been worrying a lot about how to tell people about it.

I've abandoned my facebook account - left in the dumpster of anonymity.

It's left me looking for a new way to advertise myself.

Email?

It feels more curated. It feels less like I'm just casting seeds wildly into the wind, and more like I'm planting my thoughts into the people I want to hear me.

Is it okay to only want some people to hear me? Am I allowed that discriminatory practice? Do I have to be more liked to be more discriminatory? Does it make me seem pretentious to want a safe audience for me to be emotionally vulnerable in front of?

I am now posting my art in my [internet library](#). While in India I wrote a bunch of political thoughts. They are dense, obnoxious, smart, and personal. I also created a buzzfeed style quiz about which Winnie the Pooh character your psychological conflicts are represented through. I made it for my grandmother who died recently. She loved Winnie the Pooh and we always wished that more people would understand the brilliance of Milne's archetypes. I also made a thing while I had a 14 hour layover in Abu Dhabi. I like it too. Those are my three latest artistic creations that I'm proud of and would love if you explored them while you were on the internet and then told me how much you liked them. Then, most importantly, I want you to share with me stuff you make.

I'm creating a backdoor in my website where we can share art back and forth. I'm not sure how it will function. I'm working on it this month, but it will be a way for us to communicate over the internet without going through facebook, email, or phones. I'm not sure how it will function, but if you have any suggestions of methods of communication that make you comfortable being vulnerable please send them my way

There are 142 people bcc'd on this email. I think 85 of them will read it. 45 will *really* read it. I love you 45. I love you 142 too, but the 45 make me feel less alone and scared - less like I'm constantly alienating myself from the world as I develop my relationship with it. I hope at least 30 of you come to my show on Thursday, April 24th at 7pm at the Tank Theater. It's going to be really good.

If you really don't want to receive these emails from me, you can either come to my show on Thursday the 24th at The Tank and tell me in person while I hold back my feelings of disappointment. Or you can send me a detailed email explaining the meaning of unsubscribe.

I miss you,

Nisse Greenberg

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