

**IF YOU
DIDN'T
POST IT,
DID IT
EVEN
HAPPEN?**

THESIS STATEMENT.

I want to confront and bring attention to the need for social media and the conflicting identities we curate online versus in real life.

IF YOU DIDN'T POST IT, DID IT EVEN HAPPEN?

Facebook. Instagram. Twitter. Tumblr. Etc. There's an urge and a need to have a profile on multiple social media platforms. We as humans want to be seen and have our voices be heard. Whether we choose to acknowledge it or not, we feel a strong need for the validation of others. We want the things we think, say, and experience to be known and appreciated by not only our friends, but sometimes even by complete strangers.

And here's the thing — there's nothing inherently wrong with that. It's okay to participate and to want to participate in the social media world as long as you remain aware of what you're posting and why. But when you lose that awareness or choose to ignore it, the desire to be on your phone or computer becomes an addiction. The person we are online can feel like someone completely different from who we are in real life. Ask yourself why every like, comment, and share is so important. Why does it matter? What do you really gain?

**THOUGHTS ON
SOCIAL MEDIA,
FRIENDS, IDENTITY,
AND MY PLACE
IN THE LIVES OF
OTHERS.**

I HATE WRITING.

I used to write a lot in high school and I tell myself the main reason I stopped was because I never thought myself to be a good writer. If I were being honest with myself, it was really because I couldn't stop writing about how bad people are. I was trapping myself in a bad mental bubble of self-hate and general negativity. People have always let me down and walked away when I asked them to stay. I don't know if it was because I was never a good enough person worthy of their time and attention, or if they just never cared for a bond formed beyond what I see as superficial social callings.

NOT MY TYPE.

I love putting on make up, dressing up, and throwing on a pair of heels. It makes me feel proud, confident, and independent. But at the same time it also makes me feel so goddamn fake and I hate myself so much for succumbing to the desire of looking good and wanting attention. The need for validation is strong. I want people to see me and think, "wow that girl is fierce, but beautiful and gentle. She's the girl I want to be. She's the girl I'd fall in love with. She's the girl who sees the world for what it is and isn't afraid of anything." But in reality, I feel like most people think, "oh, asian chick. kinda cute, but not my type."

IT'S A LOVE-HATE RELATIONSHIP.

How is it possible to love and hate myself so much all at the same time. A question and a statement. I don't know but I wish I did.

FAKE FRIENDS.

I find myself sitting here, late on a Saturday night, in a cramped car on the way to a club somewhere in Cambridge. I'm sitting bitch seat surrounded by people I call my friends who are on their phones distractedly bobbing their heads around to the quickly changing hip-hop music playing on the car stereo. We all know each other, but can't seem to put our phones down to actually make conversation. This might perfectly describe our relationship.

DO IT FOR THE GRAM.

What I've come to realize is that these so called "friends" of mine are not really my friends. We get ready together, drink together, go out together – but really, it's a free for all. They don't watch out for me or care where I am or what happens to me. And I don't expect them to. They care for the photos, the snap story, and the Instagram likes. They care more for the social than the emotional. They are superficial friends of mine. Good for going out with, but not people I feel like I could rely on. They could never understand how I feel.

ACCEPTANCE.

Sometimes I wonder if they don't like me... but then I realize it doesn't matter. Regardless of what they think of me, they are too obsessed with themselves to prioritize me to any meaningful extent. I've accepted this.

3AM.

I think I'm more honest with myself when I'm drunk. Maybe it's because I'm more open, but really I think it's because I'm sitting here in the dark with my 3AM thoughts and I've seen the true colors of the people around me. I'm lost in an empty void of loneliness and I feel small and insignificant.

FALSE INDIFFERENCE.

I know they all talk about me behind my back. It's whatever. It doesn't matter if I don't actually care, right? I talk about them behind their backs too.

JUDGE ME THE WAY I WANT YOU TO JUDGE ME.

I don't know what's worse — going to a party and seeing that look of disinterest because of my ethnicity, or seeing that look of interest because of my ethnicity. As much as we like to tell ourselves we see beyond the surface and don't immediately judge upon meeting — our current society is curated by our judgements of others. I can't tell you how many times I've had to fight against the first impression formed by someone before I've even said a single word.

MY FEAR OF MISSING OUT.

I hate this never ending cycle of going out because of my FOMO and then being disappointed like I knew I would. I always tell people it was best night of my life but in reality I walked home by myself at 2 in the morning, ate some leftovers in the fridge, and watched Netflix until I fell asleep.

I HATE MY FRIENDS.

Why do we consider it fun to go out, take pictures, and pretend we're all each other's best friends? A month from now I don't know if we'll ever see each other again. And honestly, I don't think I even want to see them again. That sounds so messed up, but I find it so hard to connect with the people that I've surrounded myself with.

DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT.

I don't know why I keep going out because it just makes me feel unwanted. At least I'm getting used to walking myself home at night.

IDENTITY CRISIS.

I curate myself online so well but I don't know how to curate myself in real life. I lead both the most exciting and most dull life ever. There's a big disconnect between my personalities that I can't seem to bring together.

LIKE FOR LIKE.

As much as I like to complain about the faults I see in others, I know I'm just as guilty myself. I contribute to this problem through my own judgments. I'm just as shitty as they are. Sorry.

VALIDATION.

Everything I do and say is so staged – it's so fake. I'm so fake and I hate myself for it. But please, I hope you buy into the illusion and like me. Whatever you think, just please don't let me walk home alone anymore.

BAD HABITS.

I try to not to let people know how I'm feeling. It's an unhealthy habit, I know, but people don't want to hear this kind of stuff.

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This publication accompanies the "*If You Didn't Post It, Did It Even Happen?*" installation by Cat Yu at the Cadillac Olds undergraduate thesis exhibition at 808 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, MA 02215, on view from May 5th through May 11, 2017.

