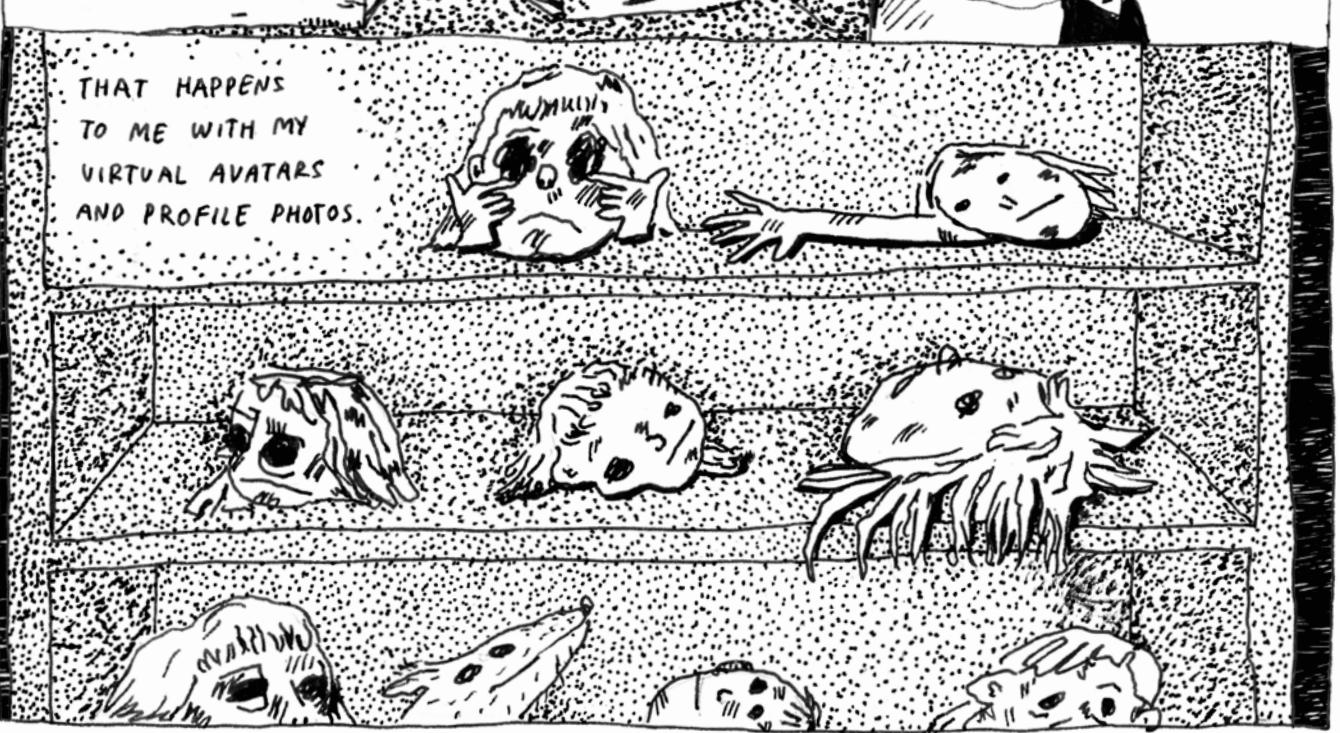
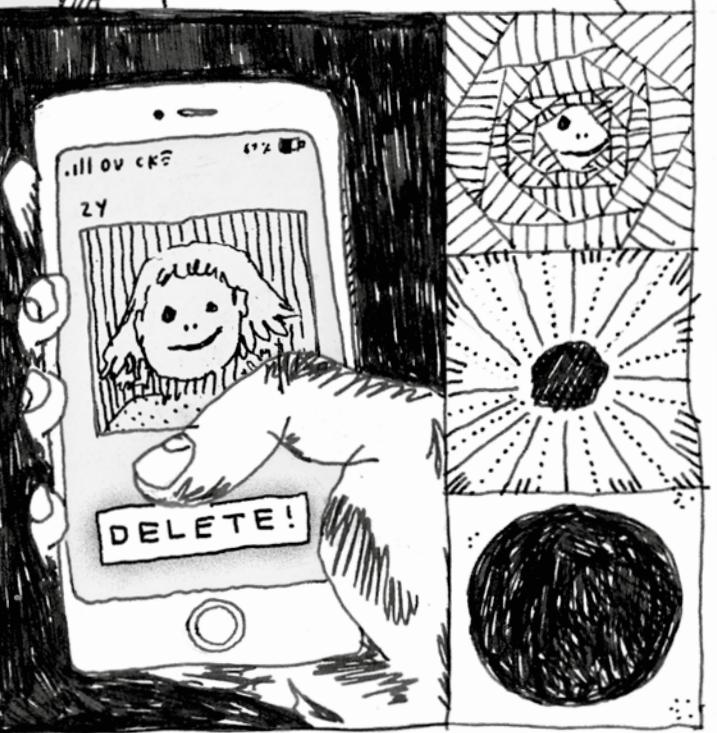




THE PIXELS  
I OCCUPY





MY PHYSICAL BODY  
NO LONGER FEELS  
LIKE THE "CENTER  
OF GRAVITY" OF  
MY IDENTITY

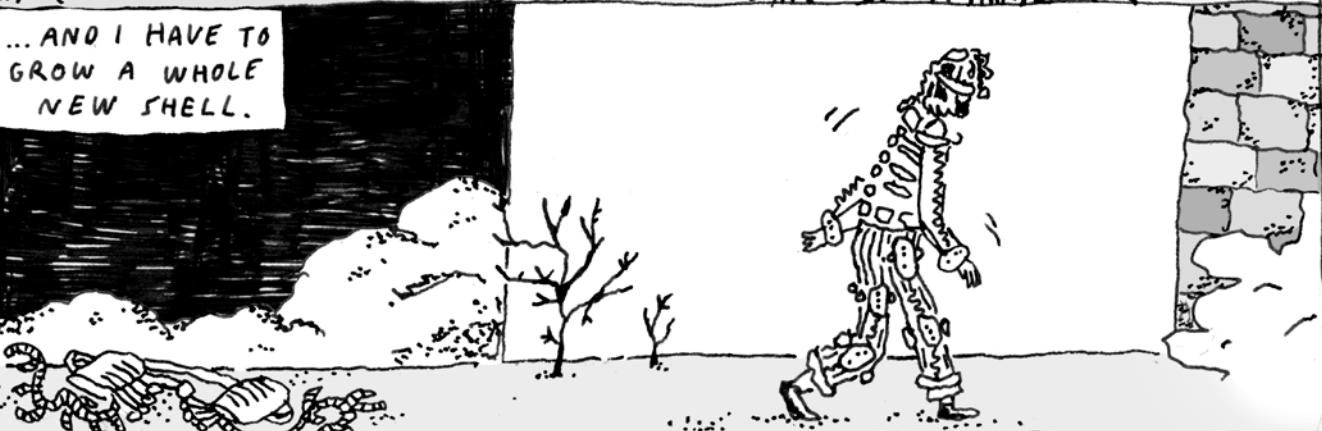
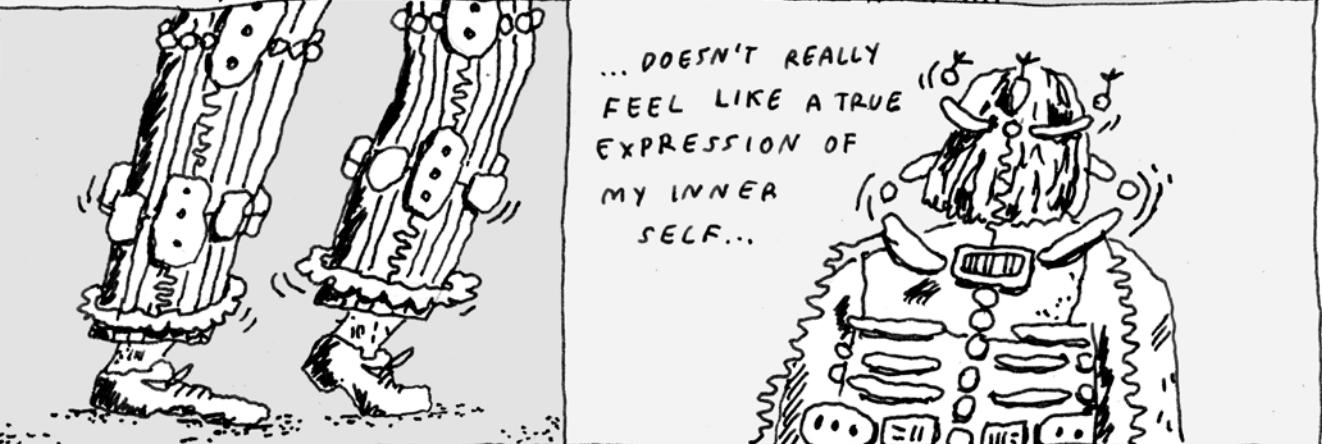
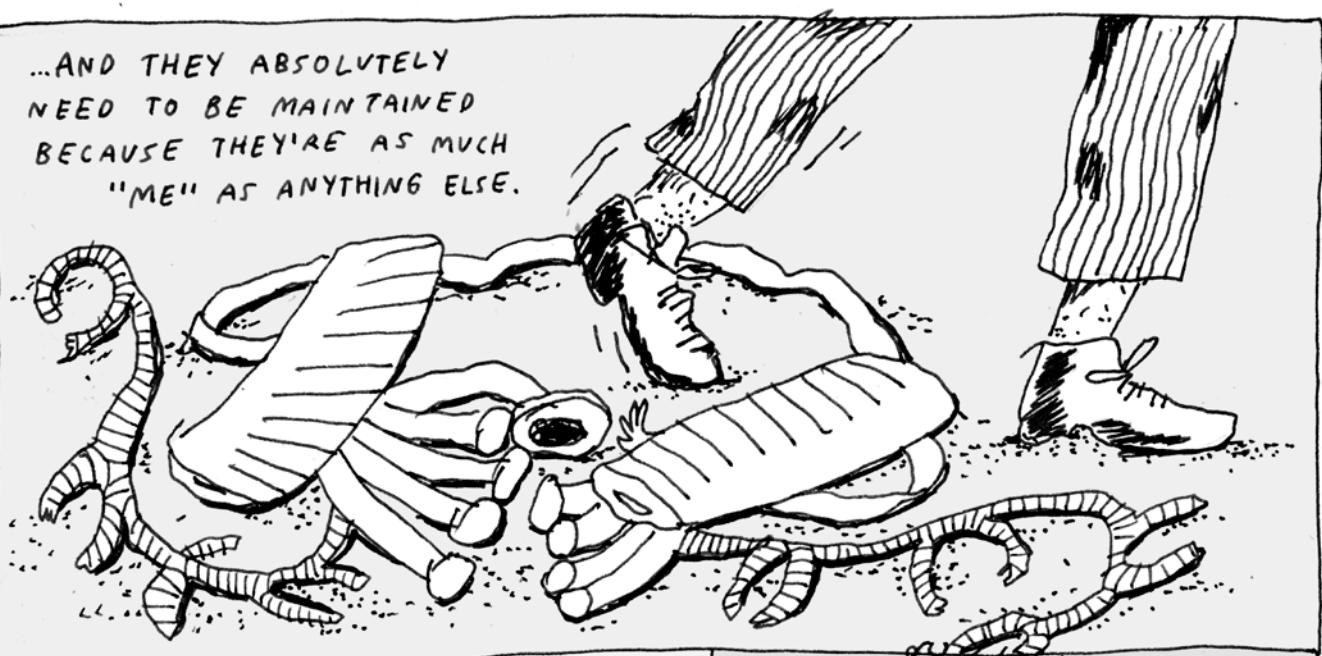
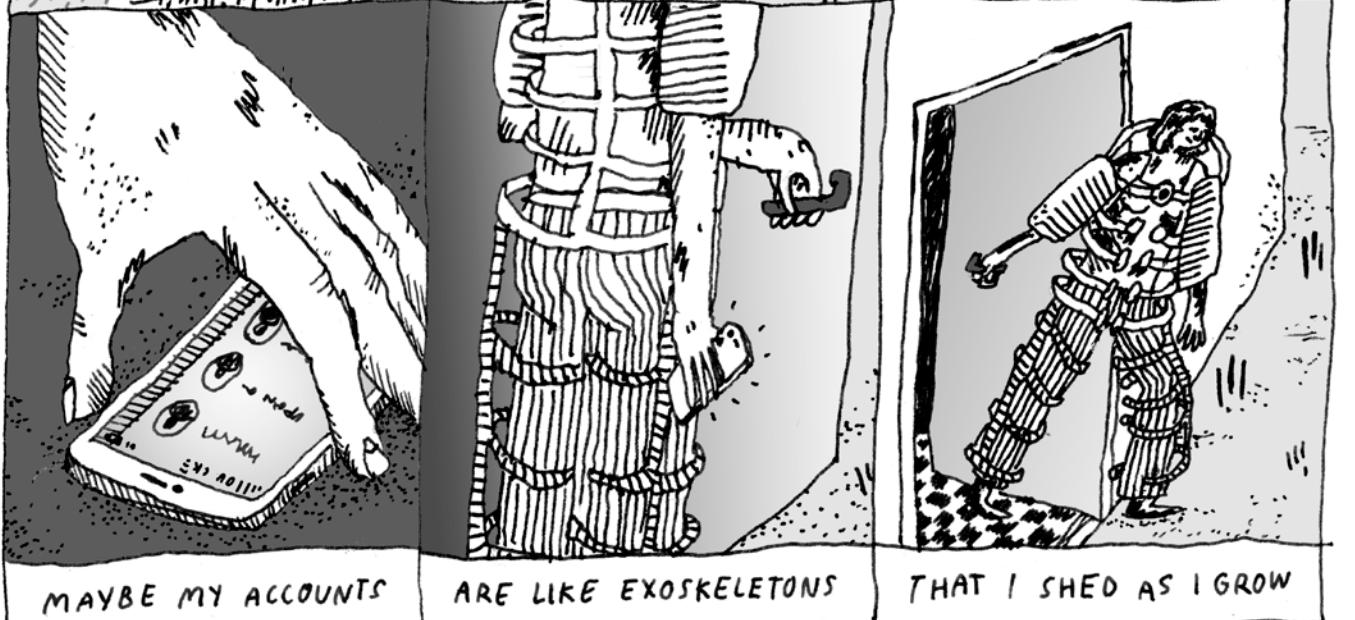
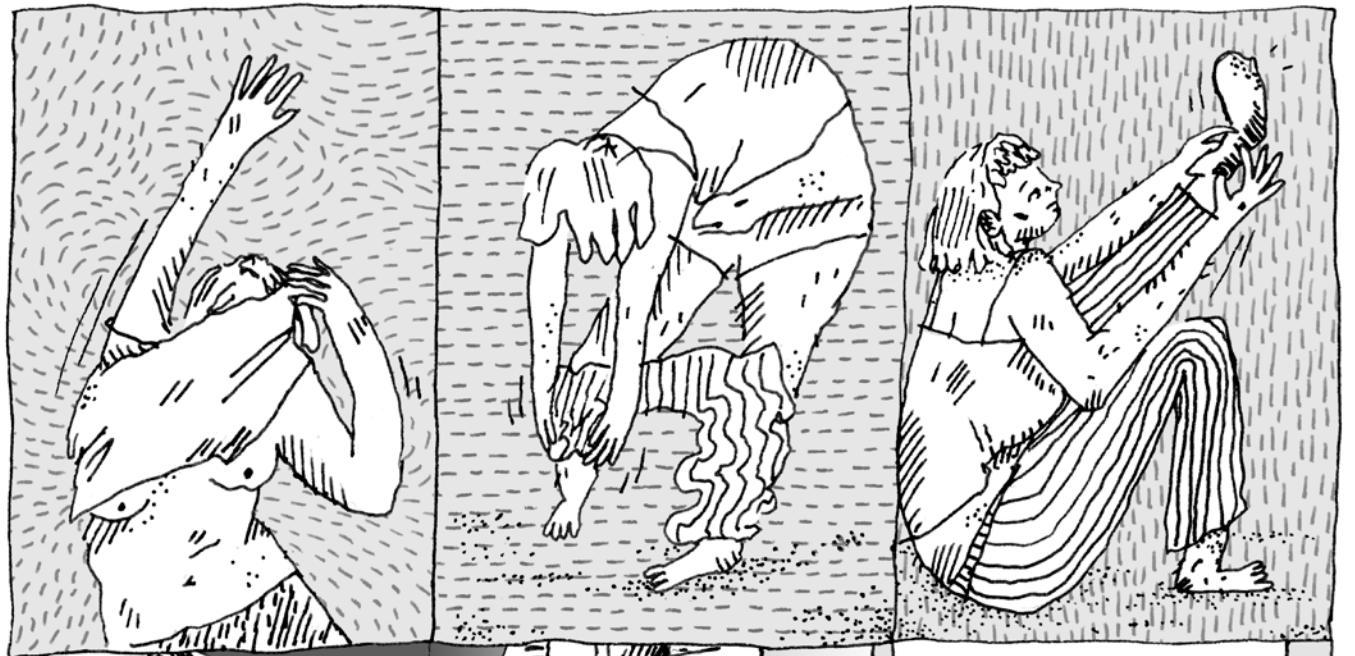


MY SENSE OF  
PRESENCE IS  
FOREVER FRACTURED  
AND DISTRIBUTED  
ALL OVER THE PLACE

I CLOSE MY EYES AND IMAGINE  
ALL THE SCREENS THAT ARE  
DISPLAYING MY CONTENT AT THIS  
VERY MOMENT, I WONDER ABOUT  
THE TOTAL NUMBER OF PIXELS  
I CURRENTLY OCCUPY



I FEEL LIKE I'M NOWHERE AND ALSO EVERYWHERE.



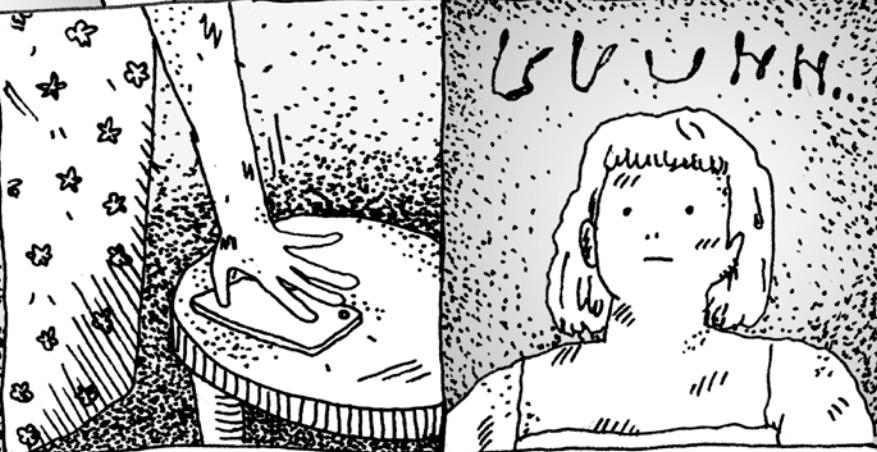
EVERY DAY, THOUSANDS OF STRANGERS UPLOAD LITTLE SLICES OF THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS DIRECTLY INTO MY MIND.



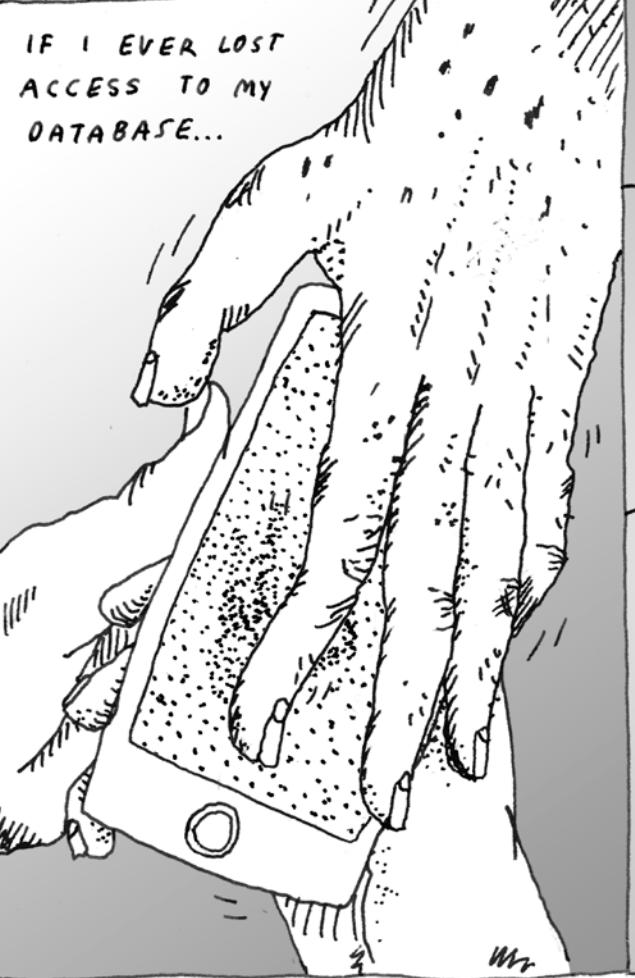
SOMETIMES, I'LL SCROLL THROUGH OLD POSTS JUST TO REMIND MYSELF OF MYSELF. IT FEELS LIKE LOOKING IN THE MIRROR.

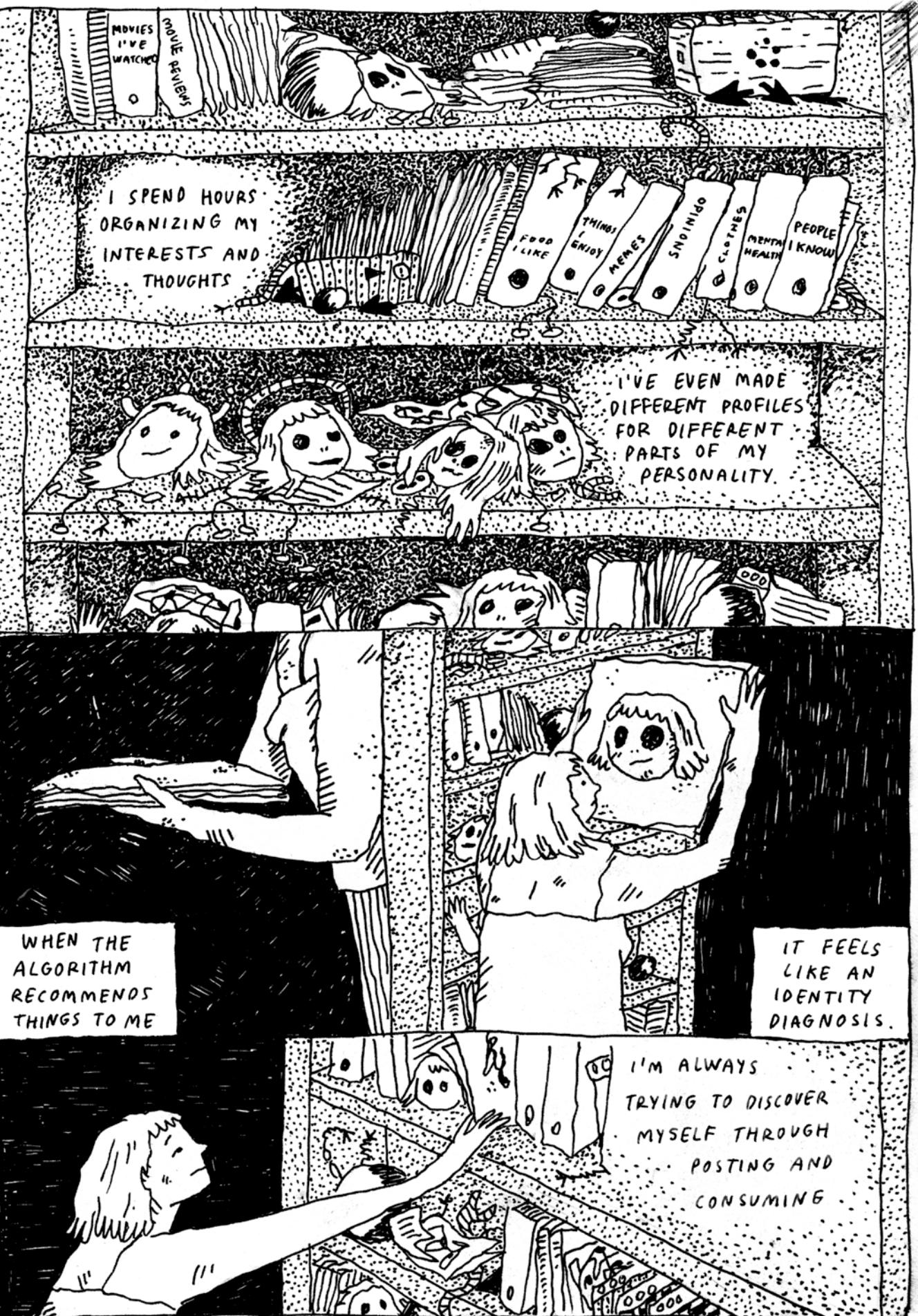
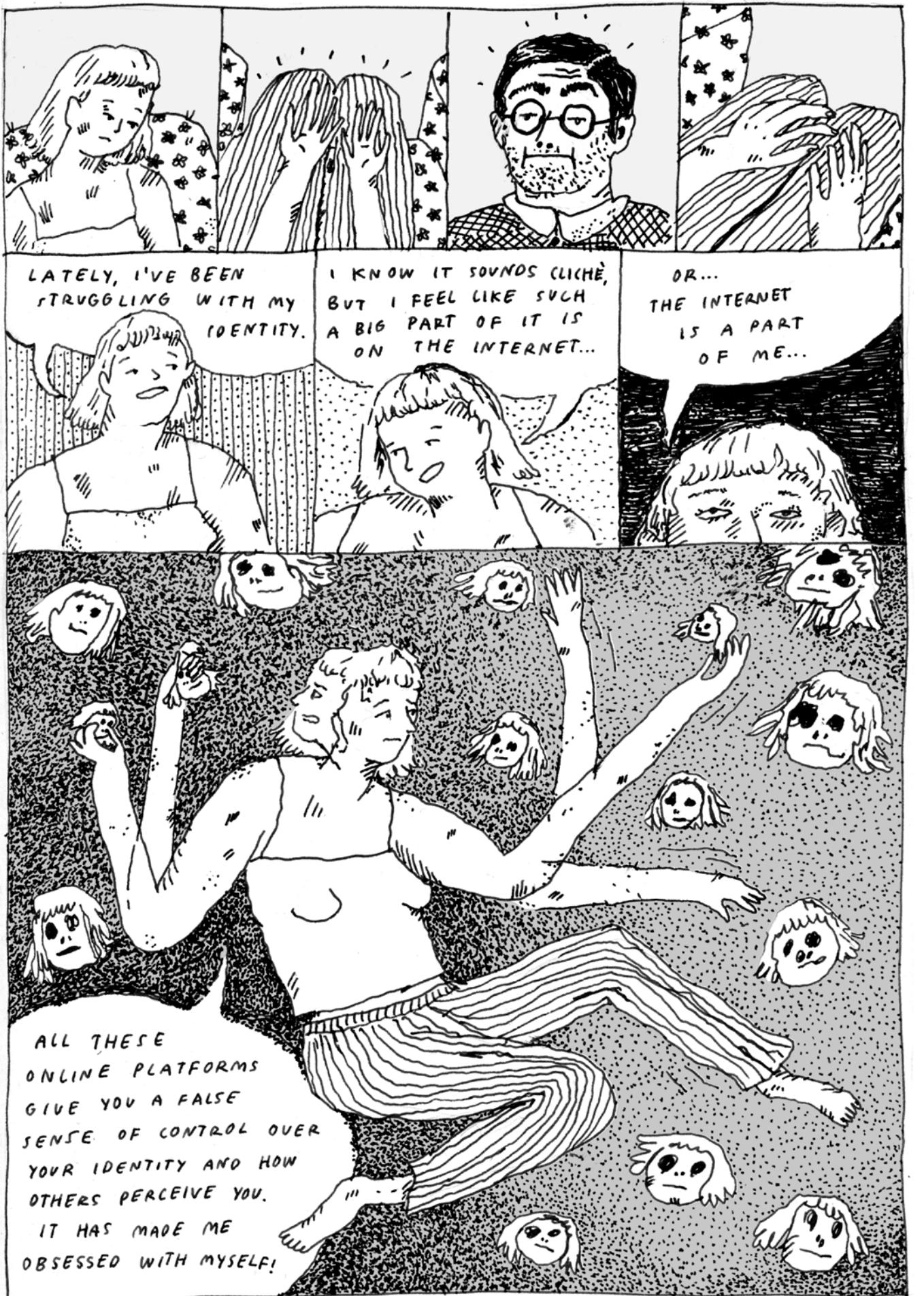


THAT SOME PART OF ME BELIEVES I'M ONLY HEARING MYSELF THINK.



I'M SWALLOWING MY (DIGITAL) SELF SO THAT I'M ME INSTEAD OF SOMEONE ELSE.

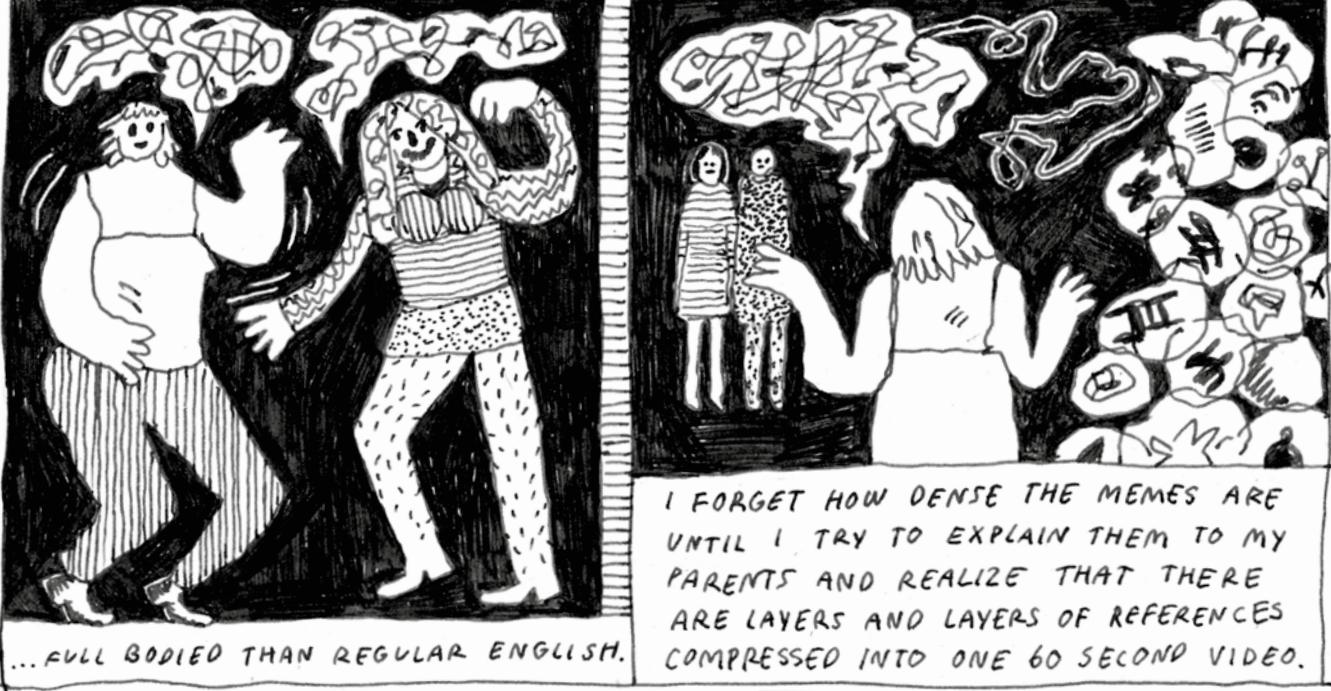
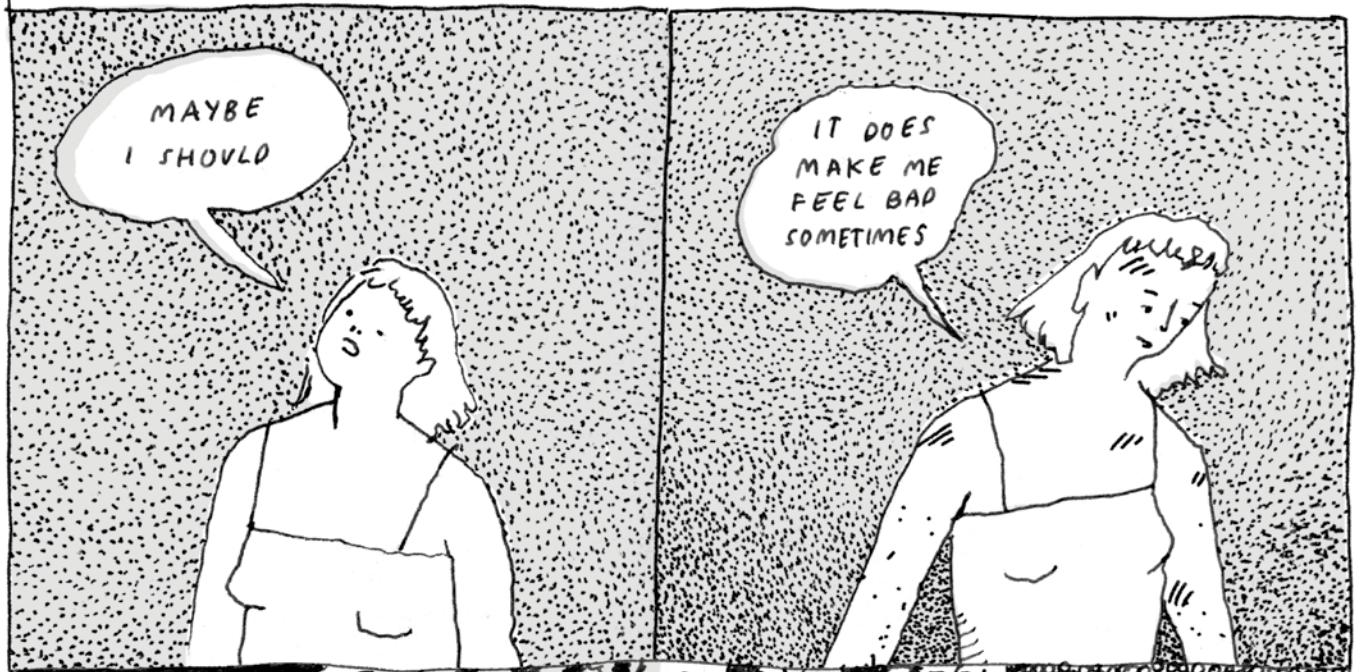




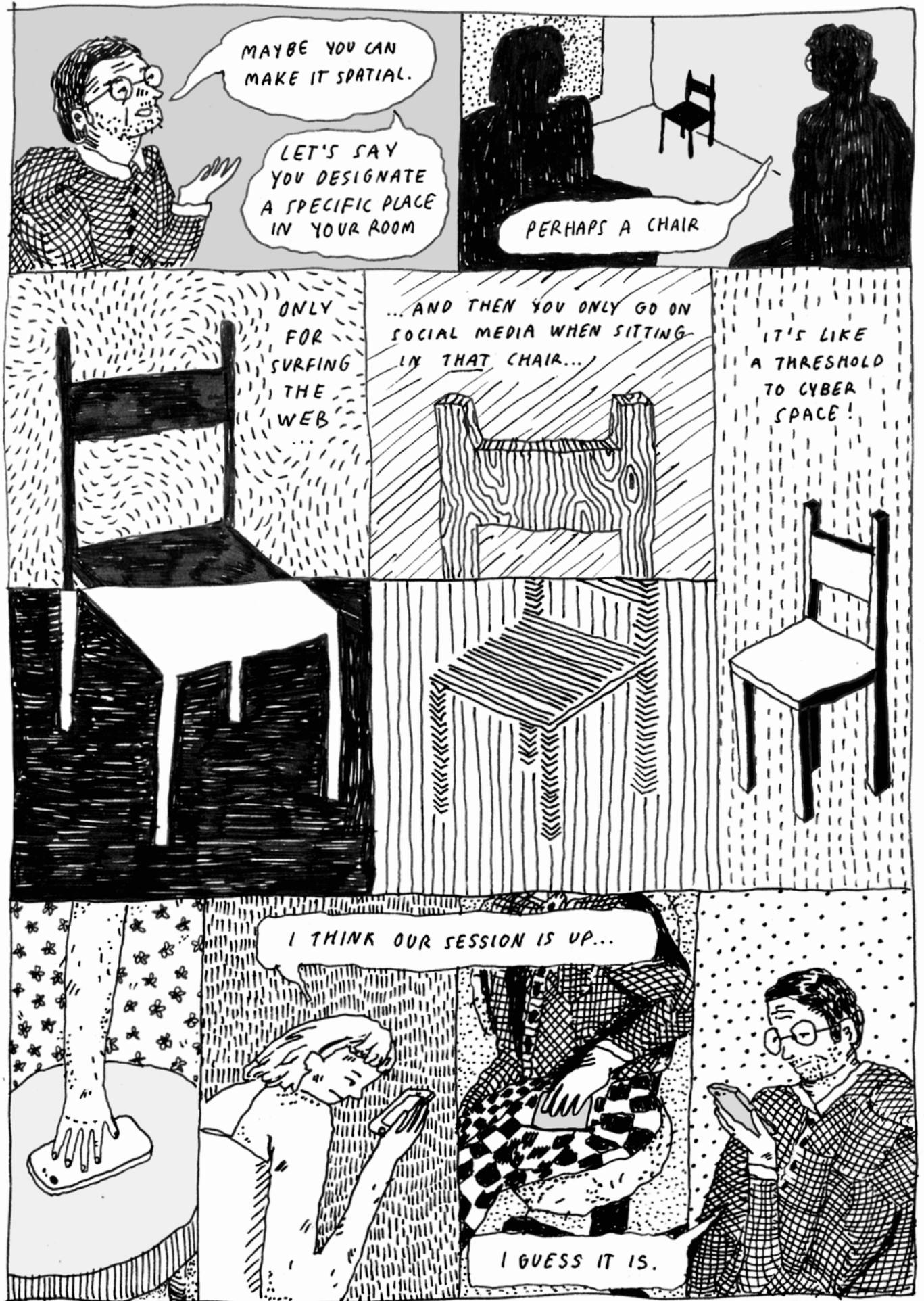
IT'S A NEVER-ENDING QUEST  
FOR SELF-DISCOVERY







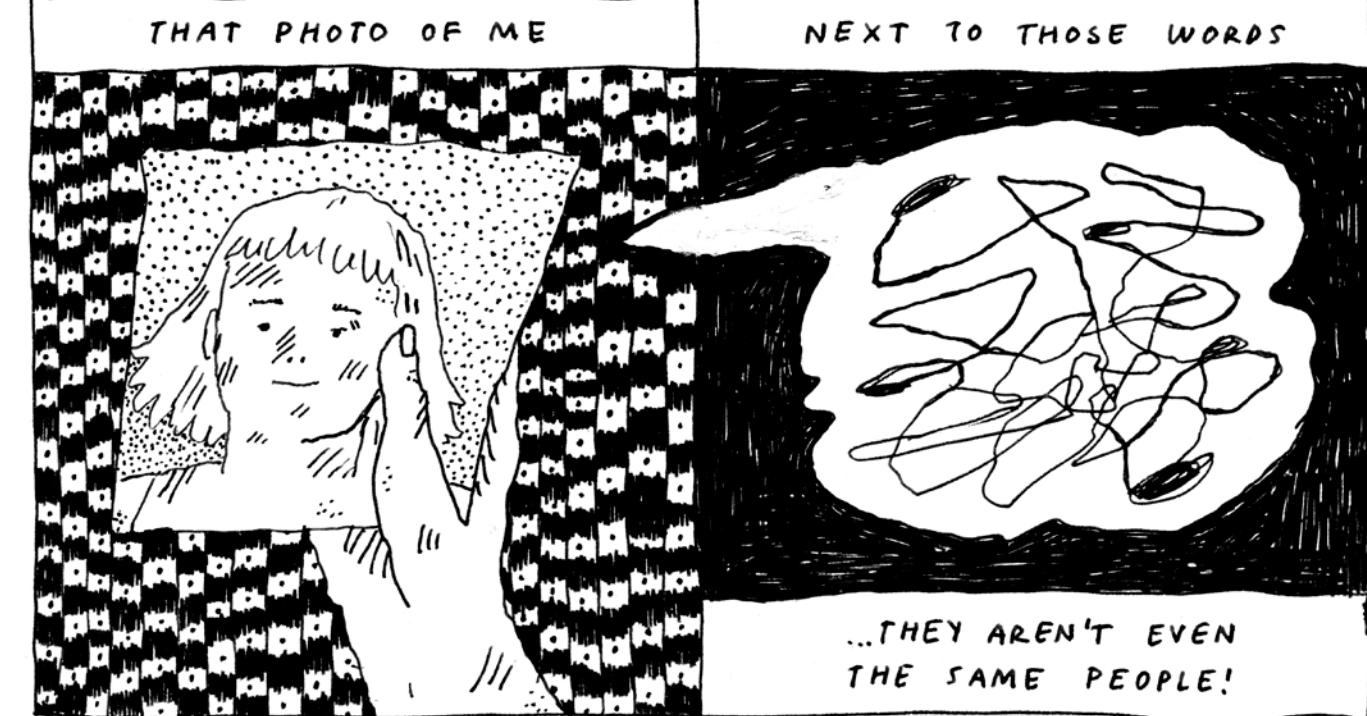
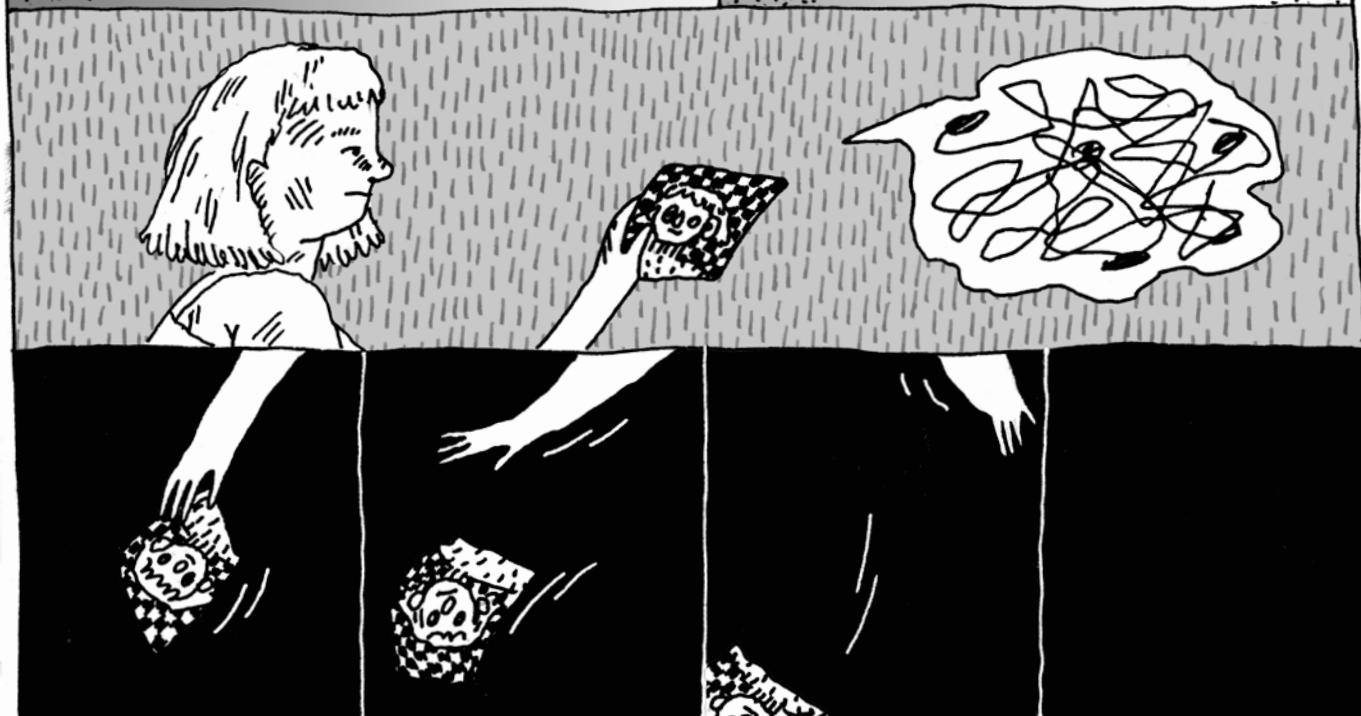
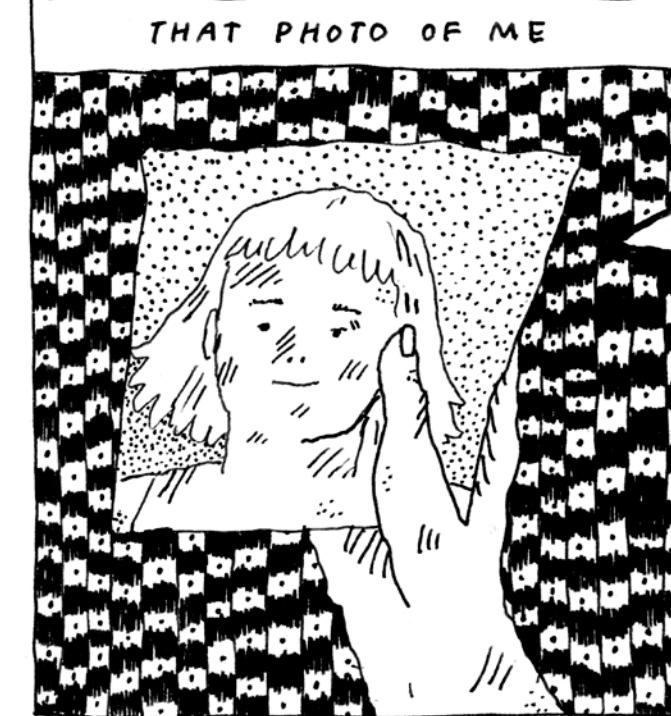


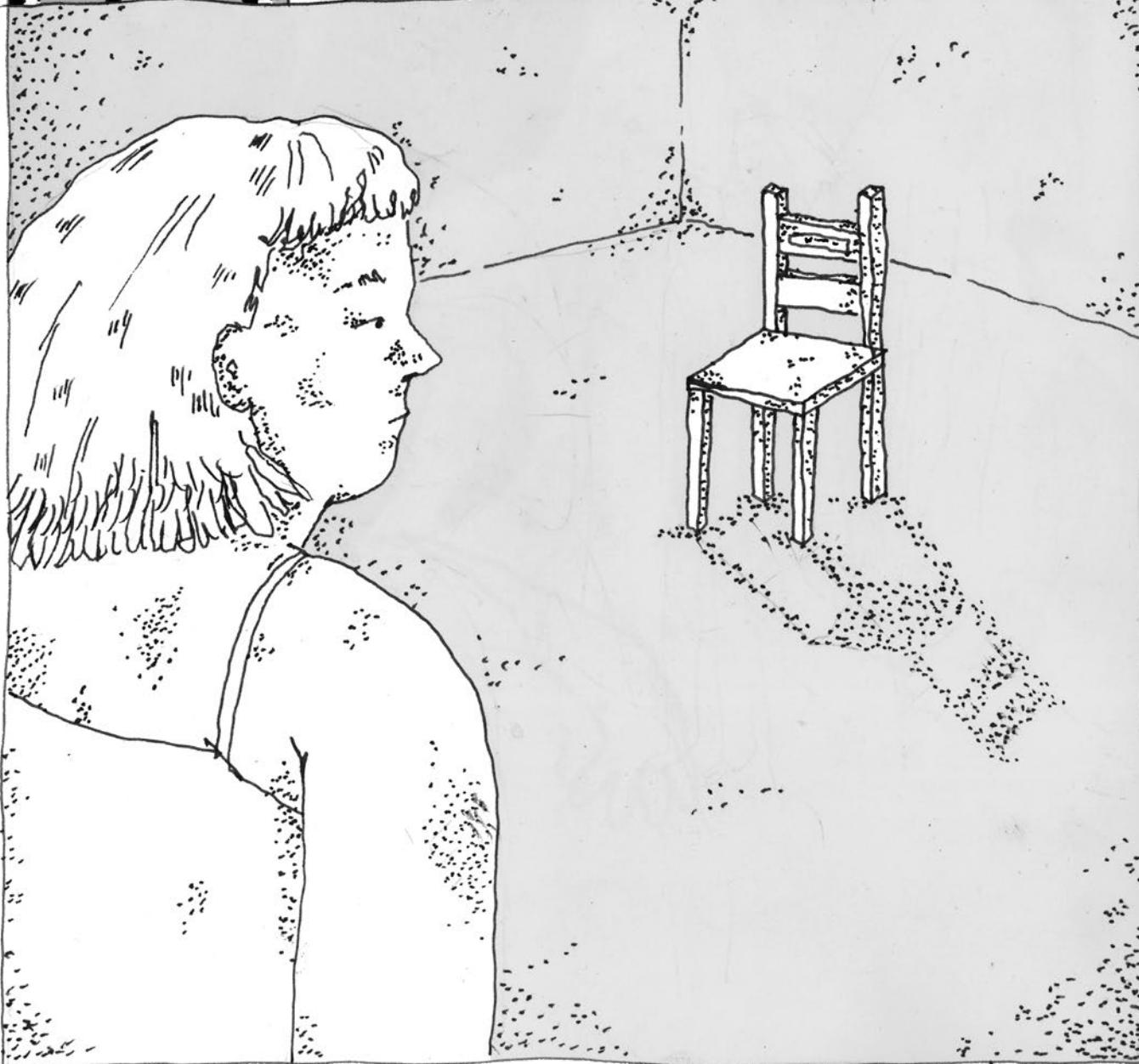
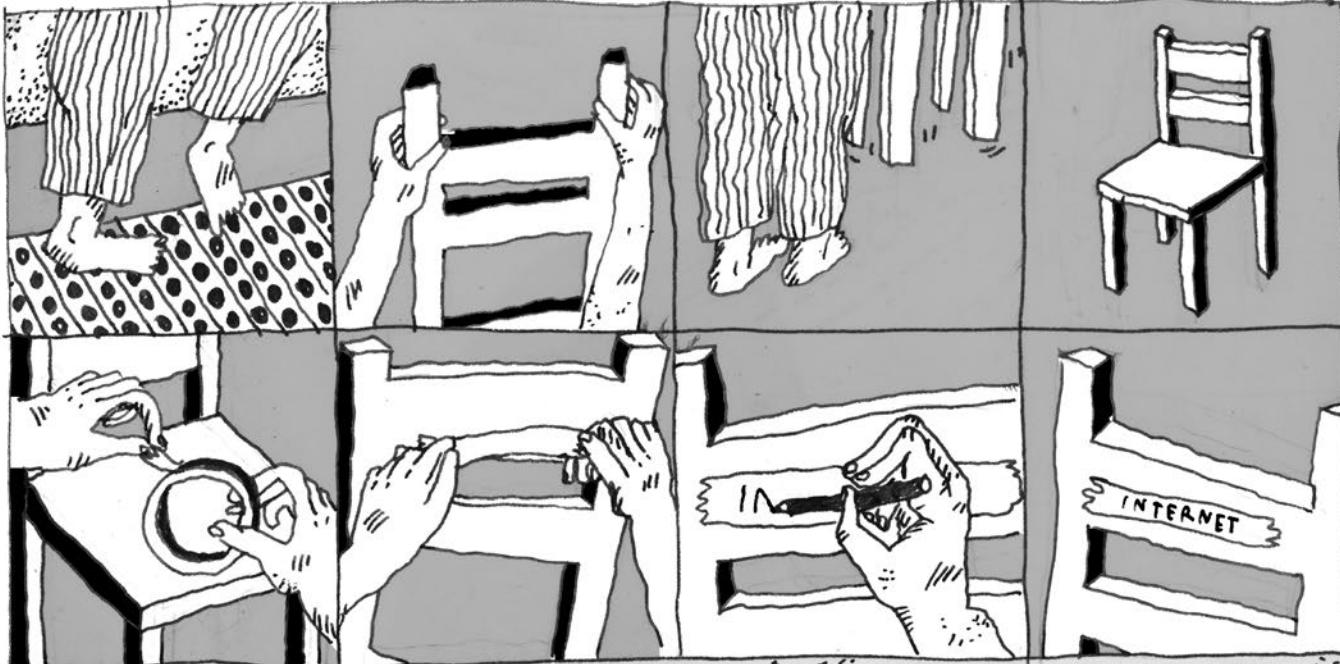
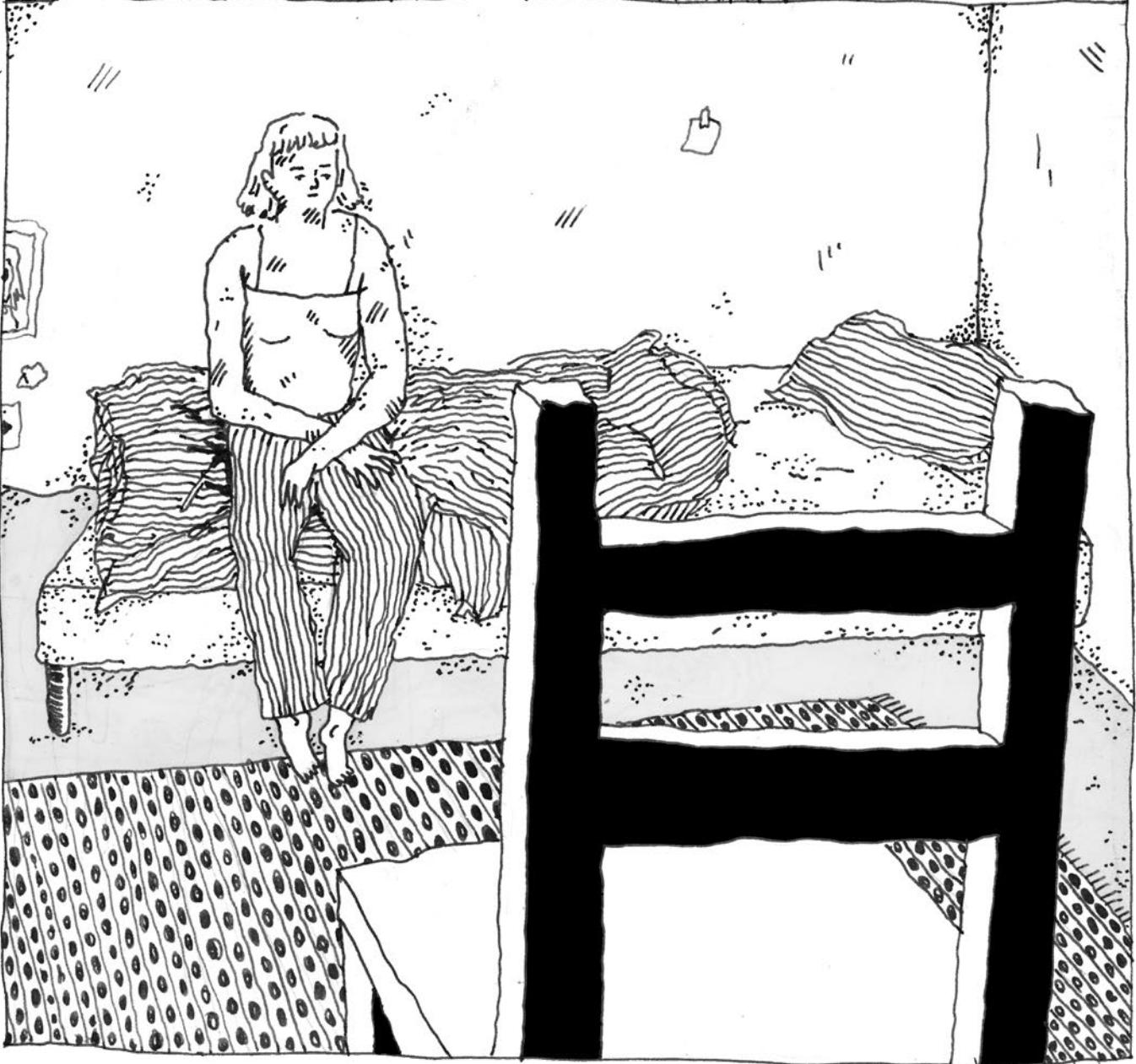
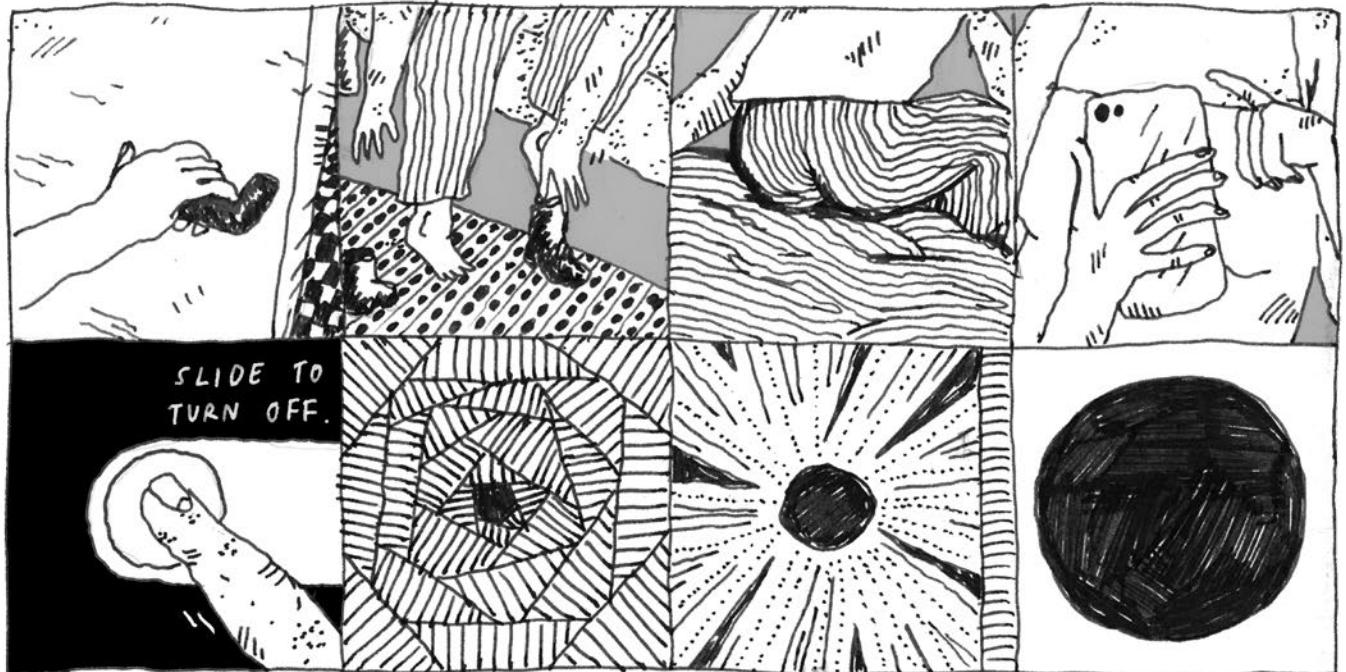


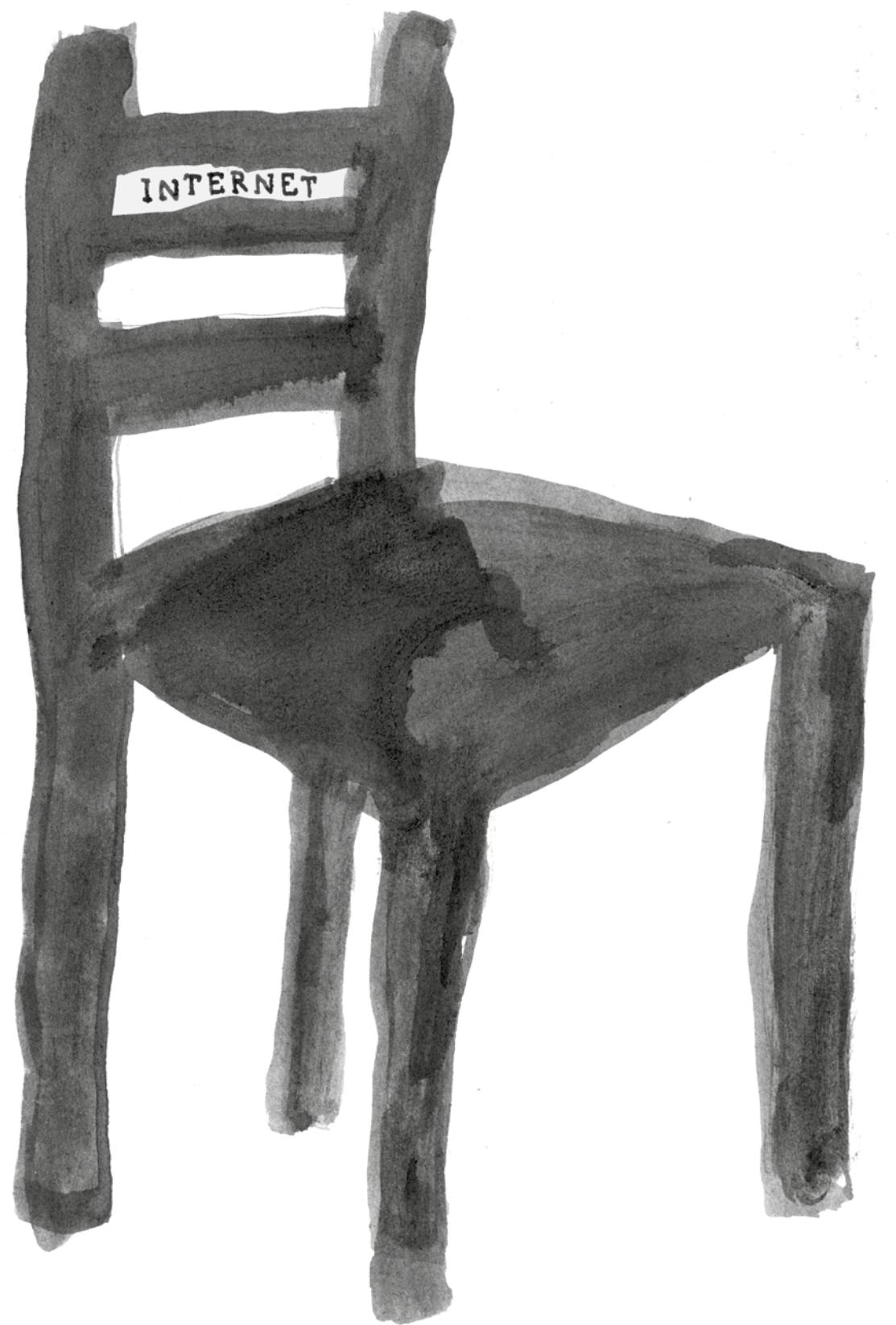
I'M STRUNG OUT ACROSS TIME,  
HAUNTED BY THE GHOSTS  
OF MY OLD MESSAGES,  
STATUSES,  
PHOTOS,  
VIDEOS...



ANOTHER WEIRD THING  
ABOUT SOCIAL MEDIA  
IS THAT WHEN YOU  
CHANGE YOUR PROFILE  
PICTURE, IT ALSO  
CHANGES THE  
PROFILE PICTURE ON  
ALL YOUR OLD POSTS.







SOCIAL MEDIAS HAVE GIVEN US  
A FALSE SENSE OF CONTROL OVER  
OUR IDENTITY, AND HOW OTHERS  
CONSUME OUR IDENTITY.  
ONLINE WE CAN CURATE OUR  
THOUGHTS AND OPINIONS, ACTIONS,  
EXPERIENCES AND INTERESTS.  
WE CAN EVEN SPLIT OUR  
PERSONALITY INTO SECTIONS,  
OR DIFFERENT PERSONAS.  
WE CAN POST OR DELETE,  
PRIVATE, LIKE, SAVE, PIN,  
REPOST... BUT HOW CAN WE  
DIFFERENTIATE OUR ONLINE  
PERSONA FROM OUR REAL  
LIFE SELVES?

