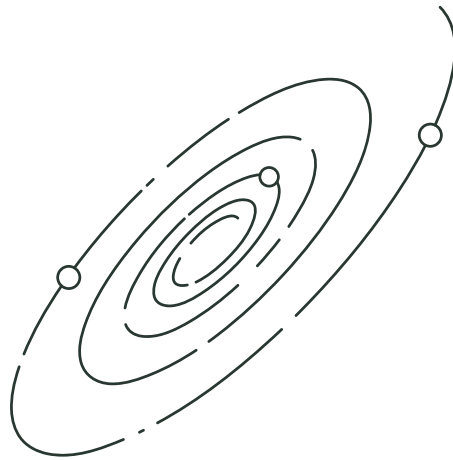


AT WAR WITH A SATELLITE

By Iwan Hughes

I am guilty to admit that my iPhone alerts me weekly that my screen time averages around six hours per day. That is six hours a day where I am taking in visual media, most of which is nonsensical. Scientifically, this most common of addictions can be traced to the release of dopamine whenever a person is on their phone. It is incredibly pleasurable, but arguably incredibly self-limiting. Neil Postman argues in his book 'Amusing Ourselves to Death' that as a society we are becoming obsessed with information that has no effect on our lives; he defines this as the 'Information Action Ratio'. So, next time you are in the park with your friends, stay off Instagram and appreciate the company and surroundings nearby. The last bit was also a note to myself.



I wake up and take a look at my phone. I make a judgement on some bloke I don't even know. I compare myself to him. Do my eyes make me more attractive? Is my waist even that thin? I sit and cry. My mum walks in and starts asking me why? I think I'm asking quite a lot. Cause can I really love my screen so much?

So discrete is this punishment. Self-inflicted pain that seems to wash away the days. I look myself up and there I am. Are my ears too big? Why do I often frown? I try to laugh, but it doesn't last. My head is a mess and I'm starting to crack. I delete, my recent tweet. My opinion was too strong. I took advantage of free speech.

I am asleep. I am awoken by the bleep. My friends sent me the 'most amazing thing'. But when I look, I'm incredibly underwhelmed. It was only a celebrity scandal, and one I was unlikely to ever meet. I get up and out of bed. I've been on my screen too long and I want to do something else. But it's not long, before I'm called, and ready to return with no plans to leave anymore.

