

Glassberg, Josie. "Has Instagram always been this good?" *Double Scoop*, 20 April 2020.

Double Scoop

ARTS IN NEVADA

Confession time: I am a late adopter of new technology. That's me! A very bad Millennial, who—unlike most Millennials—was not born with a hunger for virtual communication. I'd like to blame being introverted, but I suspect it goes deeper than that. As far back as I can remember, screens have always made me feel like a total imposter.

As a kid, while my friends were busy playing video games and downloading free music on the internet, I was baking tiny FIMO clay food for no one and burning stacks of CDs for unrequited crushes. In college, instead of developing what is known in the education world as "21st century skills," I marked time between farming stints by self-isolating in the printmaking studio at St. Olaf College, chemically etching greasy shapes into slabs of limestone and cranking them through a press like a crazed newsboy. I'm in my 30s now and, somehow, have managed to find a job that doesn't require too much tech. Praise be to God (or the A.I. or whatever).

I'm not a Luddite, though. I've given technology a generous try, and in some cases, it has been fine-to-good. For example, I have a smartphone that I'm probably addicted to. I online bank. I have online dated. I'm typing on a computer right now.

In most cases, though, the virtual world—and social media in particular—has been one giant epigenetic switch for a defect that prevents me from acting like a normal person. My Instagram account is seven years old and has 13 posts. My Twitter presence consists of two tweets from 2014 about free fonts I like. On Facebook, I've tried being a person who posts, cycling through such classic performances as: look at my cute new kid; look at my cute new business; look at my cute commentary on beauty standards (for a month in 2015, I documented the daily growth of my facial mole hair).

That's why no one is more surprised than me to discover that, in the past two weeks, I have spent every waking minute of free time I have on social media. More specifically, on Instagram, an app that, last time I checked, was saturated in Valencia filters and swimming with selfies and brunch photos. Mercifully, Valencia filters have been weeded out by time, and selfie and brunch accounts have been weeded out by me, so what I'm left with are only the images I want to see. Art, music, cats, and pictures of my closest friends' meals and faces.

I know I have nothing to offer the seasoned Instagram user. I'm just a baby. But for those who are interested in a few of the art accounts that have brought me back from the brink of seclusion, here are my favorite Nevadan (and a few non-Nevadan) recommendations.

Robyn O'Neil

Since I am primarily a lurker, not a poster, I might as well reveal the person I got onto Instagram to creep on in the first place. It's Robyn O'Neil. In addition to being a badass artist who makes large-scale, panoramic, graphite drawings that feel like sinister, reoccurring dreams about cults and landscapes that will swallow you whole, O'Neil (based near Seattle) is also the host of "Me Reading Stuff"—the best poetry podcast on the internet. In true COVID-fashion, you can also see Robyn's work in the new online group show, "Quote Landscape Unquote," from Susan Inglett Gallery.

@robyn_oneil