



Hawkwood Books Blog: June 10th, 2020

Can't Face(it)Book Any Longer

I have tried for what seems like an eternity to get to grips with Facebook. I have had lessons, met experts, spent money on ads, Googled forums till my head spun, but I am finally admitting defeat. In a few days I will either close the Hawkwood Facebook page forever or leave it in peace to mothball. To all its loyal followers, 51 at the last count, thank you. I simply can't face another post or friend request or battle with baffling controls.

Facebook, I believe, was originally designed for personal contact rather than business, but even at a personal level I find it a trial. If I wanted to make friends with thousands of people, most of whom I'd never meet and maybe not even like, then I might have taken to it more, but one or two close friends is enough for me. However, that is not the reason Facebook is used in business.

I assume it's there to involve and intrigue potential customers. Having looked at recommended sites and 'best' FB pages the web has to offer, I still don't see the fascination. This may be me, of course. Like Sybil Fawltly, I sometimes miss the bleedin' obvious. I can't see a way through the tangle. Pages don't seem to have the flexibility of websites and follow a restrictive pattern which I find hard to manipulate the way I would like.

You also have to master infinite settings which, for me, are a nightmare to navigate. Maybe it's my own impatience but, as unexciting as my life is, it is even more unexciting studying controls for this, that and the other aspect of an increasingly bewildering system. Being in lockdown as I write this doesn't help. It should do, because there is ample time to tackle Facebook, but I can't see the light. I can see myself struggling with it from now to the end of days without being able to make it do what I would like it to do or appear as I would like it to appear.

There is also something desperate about the relentless attempts to find followers, friends and 'likes'. It feels like a mob scene in a horror movie, thousands of people manically chasing something that won't be caught. Perhaps there is a deep psychological need to belong, to read what others are reading, to follow the 'right' people. It must be reassuring to know you are not alone in this vast universe where the media allows you to belong to a safe group, following 'interesting' people. To me, that is hell, not paradise.

I never attuned to the Facebook spirit, that's pretty obvious from this blog. But I tried, for a long time. I didn't want to reject a potentially useful media and be a dinosaur, even in my own eyes. Is it me or is it the product? I sense from the rumour mill that I'm not alone, that there's a tiredness setting in, as it sets in with all fads and fashions at some point. What will replace it? What will replace any of those iconic brands on countless websites, begging us to swear allegiance like medieval knights to their monarch? I have no idea. Whatever it is, it should allow the individual to plough their own furrow rather than plough the individual into a furrow of its own.