

Katharsis on weblogs: Passive aggression in top form

Kathy Oliver

Forum Columnist

"Gosh, I'm deep. No one understands me. I'm so interesting, yet so unappreciated. Thank God for you, my dear, sweet blog."

Ah, blogs, Livejournals, and all other public weblogs; some of my favorite things to hate.

These recesses of personal Internet space serve as drugs for self-absorbed passive aggressors throughout the world. These reserved spots become territory for, among other things, personal updates, discussion of current events, or simple streams of consciousness.

Theoretically, blogs are perfectly harmless. Not necessarily everyone's cup of tea, but no one's being forced to read them.

But my problem is not with weblogs alone, it's the way some - and I stress, some - are used.

If you want to keep one of these journals, then by all means, go for it. They're convenient to both write and read and they're a hell of a lot easier than sending out dozens of emails to let everyone know what's going on in your life.

But notice I said "what's going on in your life."

By this I do not mean grocery lists, ambiguous cries for help, or dramatic episodes occurring in the lives of others. If you want my opinion (and clearly you do, since you're reading it), you should consider the pieces of advice below.

First: No one cares about the cute halter top you just bought. No one cares if your alarm didn't go off and you were almost late to class. No one cares about your to-do list for tomorrow and no one cares about what happened last night on your favorite reality show (and if anyone did care, they would have watched it themselves). Is this as interesting as your life gets? If it is, here's an idea: make stuff up.

Describe an alien-probe experience. Invent a new religion involving wax consumption and Muppet sacrifice. Where's Jimmy Hoffa? Go nuts with it. It's the Internet - you're allowed to do that.



SETH VAN HORN/GUILFORDIAN
'Katharsis' Kathy Oliver

Second: Quit composing episode guides for these WB teen dramas - oh, I'm sorry; those are your friends' lives.

Once again, if we cared, we'd know already. And this doesn't just go for those of you who have to tell the world every time your roommate gets dumped and spends two weeks listening to Morrissey and writing bad poetry.

All you wusses out there who display how confrontational you are by accosting faceless individuals on one-way venues of the Internet are just as guilty here. Stop using your keyboard as a whipping boy and face the world beyond your modem.

Third and most important: For the love of all that is holy, stop posting these little one-liner screams for attention. If you want us to ask you what's wrong, just come out and say you need someone to talk to - there's no shame in that.

There is, however, something seriously pathetic about a post that reads, "Today was the worst day of my life. Good night."

And anyone who has the time and patience to buy into drivel like that is just as pathetic as you.

Quit tiptoeing around your issues and just rant like a normal human being. Or don't.

But your friends are no more interested in playing guessing games than you are, and having to drop hints to make people be there for you doesn't qualify as popularity.

Now, to any bloggers I may have just described and thoroughly pissed off: spare me the "if you don't like them, don't read them" crap. If you don't like my column, don't read it.

Really, even if that was the point, which it isn't, I've heard it before and you'll note that I actually referenced such a response a few paragraphs ago.

Freedom of speech is a wonderful and necessary thing, but it doesn't make you any less of a twit. ☹

Letter to the Editor

In response to 'Eighty-six years in the making,' from Nov. 1

To the editor,
After reading the sports section of latest issue of the Guilfordian I was surprised and disappointed. The article about the Boston Red Sox on page 16 was not well researched.

In the third paragraph the author mentions a theory behind the Curse of the Bambino based on information collected at bambinoscurse.com.

Being from Massachusetts and a HUGE Red Sox Fan I feel the need to inform you that it is common knowledge that in reality Frazee sold the Babe not because he needed money, but because the Babe was causing problems in the dugout. Ruth had not been playing well in the 1919 season and also displayed some "poor" behavior off the field. Frazee in turn could use the \$100,000 on the sale of the Babe to buy more players and continue to work on purchasing Fenway Park.

The theory mentioned on bambinoscurse.com is a common misconception. You may read about this on MSNBC.com (<http://www.msnbc.msn.com/id/6236116/>) This is also mentioned in several baseball books.

In the second column of the article, the author states that

the Red Sox collectively as a team referred to the New York Yankees as their "Daddy."

This is a bit generalized since this quote only refers to a single statement made by one player, Pedro Martinez in which he was expressing his frustration about not being able to pitch effectively against them.

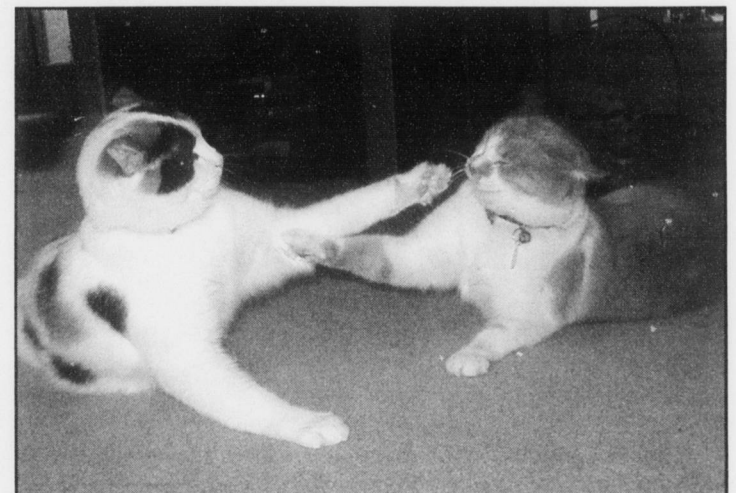
Also, in response to the last paragraph in which the author mentions that even the Red Sox fans believed their team to be eternally cursed - again a common misconception. While some fans had lost hope over the years, the majority of fans and especially the true die-hard fans always believed.

In New England the Red Sox have always been loved by their fans even over 86 years of heartbreak.

Additional information about the curse of the bambino on ESPN.com in the article <http://espn.go.com/mlb/s/2002/0718/1407265.html> and also in the HBO documentary "The Curse of the Bambino" narrated by Ben Affleck.

Thank you for your attention to this wonderful team but try to be more accurate!

Sincerely,
Liz Johnson
Library Assistant for
Technical Services



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Sometimes you need to vent your spleen