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MySpace- the doom of society
 Current mood: hypocritical

I hate MySpace.

I hate everything about MySpace. I hate blogs. I hate bulletins.

I hate the stupid typical MySpace pictures of 13-year-old girls trying to act like models in front of their bathroom mirror.

I hate backgrounds.

I hate the "Top 8." I really hate the "Top 16." I hate Tom.

I hate people with ridiculous amounts of friends (honestly people, 300 friends, are you kidding me?).

I hate everyone who talks about MySpace. I hate everyone who even has a MySpace.

Most of all, I hate that, despite hating everything about MySpace, I have one.

But how can someone not? How could you talk to your friends? After all, no one asks for peoples' numbers anymore; they ask for your MySpace. It's the new basic form of communication.

Now let's talk about my biggest pet peeve about MySpace. The possible doom of mankind: the infamous "Top 8."

My question is, who thought of this horrid idea? Who honestly thought it would be a good idea to ask teenagers to rank their friends?

Almost every day you hear someone talking about "Top 8's," "I have him as number one on my top 8, but I'm only third on his; that's messed up" or the ultimate insult, "I took her off my top 8."

But no, top 8 isn't all you have to worry about. You'd better not steal songs from your friends, not to mention layouts, and graphics, just to name a few. You have to have pictures and must constantly update them, and you better not have too many pictures of one friend and not the other. You have to comment on everyone's pages or else, dear god, they may not comment on yours! And that's not all.

With so much to do on it's easy to see why so many are becoming obsessed with MySpace.

Teenagers avoid discussing problems in person. They seem to prefer to sit in the comfort of their home; in front of their own computers. Only then can they actually write what they've wanted to say all day.

About a month ago, my friend Marie* got into a dispute with another girl. She tried all day to talk to her, but this girl went out of her way to avoid her, even walked right past her after school. That night, only an hour or so after the girl passed Marie without saying a word, Marie signed on to MySpace to find a two-page angry email from the girl.

Sound familiar?

As MySpace and other networking systems become more and more popular, people are finding a way to avoid face-to-face confrontations.

Online communication is attractive for several reasons. You can't get interrupted, and can get your point out just how you want it to be. It's purely you, without anyone else's input, a rarity these days.

It also helps that it's so impersonal. It's easier to be mean to a computer screen that has no face, no emotions. Is it because we're all just a generations of weaklings who can't deal with face to face conflict?

Another way that members can express themselves that is foreign to other generations is an "online journal" or "blog."

The term "on-line journal" in itself seems like an oxymoron. When I think of 'online', I think of openness, availability at all times by everyone. But when I hear the word 'journal', I get a picture of a little notebook with the words 'top secret' and "private" written all over it and maybe even with a little lock. The two words don't really seem to fit together.

Yet today the two words go together better than peanut butter and jelly. The thoughts that past generations would never have thought to express in public now are everywhere on the Internet.

Why is it that the same content that five years ago was hidden away under lock and key is now in an open forum for anyone to read?

Perhaps these sites give teens the feeling of sanctuary, a place you can go to express yourself freely and openly without criticism, and maybe that's why people prefer to communicate there instead of in person.

I do from the bottom of my heart, but tonight, more than likely, the first thing I will do after I close this story will be to hop on that computer and go straight to MySpace. (Marie better still have me as her number one friend.)

*name has been changed