Correction

In last week’s Rainbow Alliance Week article, we listed Melissa Murray as the senior leader of ABI-Gale. This was incorrect. She is the co-coordinator of Safe Person/ Safe Space.

We regret the error. Sorry.

Nintendo nostalgia

Ranting leads to controversial ranking

BY BRENDAN RADKE
CRUSADER FEATURES EDITOR

Even the music brought tears to my eyes. Played on a tri-keyed digital piano located deep within the gray box that sat in front of me, a jubilant victory song rang out as ‘OB Bills’ threw yet another 40-yd touchdown pass to a blue bloo of pixels that loosely resembled a receiver. The game ‘Tecmo Super Bowl.’ The machine: the Nintendo Entertainment System. The mission: a return to the high noon of the home video game era, that brief but magical time of uncorrupted eight-bit graphics.

Modern systems have intensified video games well beyond the bouds of mere fun, having sacriﬁced a carefree spirit for modernization and complexity. Many games seem to have been designed merely to showcase advanced graphics, while others entice future sadists with brutally detailed death scenes. Although modern sports games stand out in their popularity, most have become so complicated as to be only truly enjoyed by those who spend endless amounts of time and energy figuring them out. (Thus, who really wants to hear repetitive John Madden catch-phrases?).

‘Zelda’ is now so complex it takes years to ﬁgure out which dragon is evil and which is merely depressed about his portfolio. Mario now rides a jet-powered car, eating mushrooms only for speed, not to grow as a person. His plunger is sealed in the cold, dark plasma which composes the lilliputian ‘Playstation 2.’ It resides in a musty, dusty room next to the stuffed ‘Duck Hunt’ dog and another ‘excite bike.’ Even ‘Final Fantasy’ has evolved from an Arturban epic to a Tom Clancy novel. How long has this reached a mid-life crisis, having exhausted new idea and

tarnished every old one. They are balding and unhappily married to commercial industry, constantly dreaming of their youth but failing to relive its bliss.

In this spirit of over-nostalgic re-fusal to admit that my former prowess at Nintendo has not translated into a successful N64 career, I have assembled a list of the greatest eight-bit games of all time. Join me on memory lane, as I seek the source of my crippling arthritis.

Action

5. Mega man
4. Ninja Gaiden
3. Spy Hunter
2. Metroid
1. Castlevania

Role Playing

5. Final Fantasy II
4. Dragon Warrior III
3. Might & Magic

Sports

5. Bases Loaded
4. Double Dribble
3. Track & Field II
2. Tecmo Super Bowl
1. Blades of Steel

War

1. 50 42
4. Russian Attack
3. Bionic Commando
2. Top Gun
1. Jackal

Ask Veronica

Freshman ‘Op-Knexion’ disaster produces sober sophomore

Dear Veronica,

Opportunity Knocks is coming this weekend and I am suddenly realizing it’s almost too late. Last year. Being a ﬁrst year student I didn’t know what to expect from such an event. I had only heard how fun it was being found out who your date was and the parties that followed... it appeared reminiscent of my junior prom. But that night was nothing like my prom. In my nervous excitement I failed to take my regular precautions when “par- tying” that night. A glass of punch turned into 6 when 6, and I wasn’t even aware of how much was masked by the sweet Kool-Aid taste. I don’t even remember being at the actual dance, although I have heard I was and making quite a spectacle of myself. Most of the time I lost and believe I live in my memory forever. I had been vomiting all over the room for most of the night. I was so embarrassed I had nothing to do but sit and watch the dance. I have regretted this forever, and I wonder what I did wrong? How can I prevent this from happening to anyone else??

Sign me-Humiliated at the dance, Cassie

The Knox of Opportunity

Dear Humiliated,

It sounds like what could have been a great night was a complete disaster. Love never comes out of lost memory and dirty toilets. You sound like a student with sound judgement which makes me won- der why you choose to drink from a punch, knowing the dangers of such communal drinks and the ability to mask the actual amount of alcohol. One of the best ways to prevent this from happening to your fellow students is to share your story as you have done here. Think of the R.A.D. country campaign and “rally” against your own de- structive decisions. So here are a few tips for what to do this year...

Decide how much you are going to drink before you go out... that way you know your limit and can pace yourself

Alternate every alcoholic drink with a glass of water or juice... as you well know, dehydration is one of the many negative effects of drink- ing, and this can prevent some parts of a hangover

Remember, the dance is not all about the drinking... it is a time to get to know the whole idea of meeting your date or just have fun seeing your friends all semi-formal...

Either way, ENJOY IT!!

Veronica

Students get their kicks at Tae Kwon Do

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satisfied with that arrangement, she worked with Student Programs coordinator Ann-Marie Matteucci, among others, to establish an ofﬁcial Tae Kwon Do club at Holy Cross. The idea was that club members would learn the martial art under Kasie’s tutelage, and eventually be able to compete if they wanted to do so. The program, not funded by the college, costs partici- pants too. Her goal is 30 to 35 people, to allow for more instructors, Grandmaster Lee, will come to Holy Cross on

the home video era, that brief but magical time of uncorrupted eight-bit graphics.

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Kwon Do. Says Kasie, “It’s teaching.” Her students probably would be inclined to believe it.

Tae Kwon Do is now the most popular martial art in the world.

The daytime classes take place four times a week, Tuesdays through Fridays, always somewhere on the third or fourth ﬂoors of Hogan. They’re open to any- one on campus; currently, Kasie has ten regular stu- dents, two women (one girl – all named Jen, interestingly – attend every class). Different activities are covered on different days: one class might involve hand coordination, while the next could focus on kick- ing and jumping.

More serious students have purchased a uniform and will try to advance in belts; Kasie’s Korean in- structor, Grandmaster Lee, will come to Holy Cross on Oct. 28 to conduct the ﬁrst test. Students don’t have to be tested, though, as anyone may join the club simply to get in shape, or just to have fun. And speaking of fun, it seems as though club members enjoy them- selves very much. When the door to a class is open, an entire hallway can come alive with voices loudly counting to twenty, shouts of “Hah!!”, and, of course, Kasie’s encouragements: “Yes, that’s IT!” or, to a student who improvised a kick, “Be conﬁdent in what you make up!”

Kasie has big plans for her club. Their ﬁrst compe- tition, an open competition at Lee’s, will take place Saturday, Nov. 10. She wants to have a demonstration on campus next semester, which would showcase ﬁve or six of her best students, with voices loudly counting to twenty, shouts of “Hah!!”, and, of course, Kasie’s encouragements: “Yes, that’s IT!” or, to a student who improvised a kick, “Be conﬁdent in what you make up!”

Ultimately, Kasie would like to acquire more mem- bers too. Her goal is 35 to 40 people, to allow for more shows and competitions. As for now, though, she is happy with her smaller class, which allows for more personal instruction at the beginning stages of Tae Kwon Do. Says Kasie, “I’m teaching.” Her students probably would be inclined to believe it.

Tae Kwon Do page 11

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