

## Staff Editorial

### Grow up and go

Just go to class.

Yes, it's hard sometimes to drag yourselves out of bed, especially if you have had one of those crazy weekends of excessive partying and only got two hours of sleep.

But really. Grow up and just go.

MSU professors agree that college students have a problem with absences. The most-missed days are Fridays or days before and after a holiday.

And no, it's not okay.

Imagine what would happen if every college professor decided to skip class Friday or didn't bother to show up the day after Spring Break? How would you feel if you got up for your 8 a.m. course and your professor decided to sleep in and come in at 10 a.m. instead, with the excuse of "My alarm clock didn't go off?"

You'd be angry. You got up, got dressed, gathered your materials and turned your brain on. How dare the professor not show up!

It's a double standard, isn't it?

University teachers must feel more than irritated after spending time on lesson plans and getting up bright and early themselves in order to fill your heads with knowledge, only to find that you did not bother to come that day.

Realize that professors only buy the "My car wouldn't start" or "I was sick" excuses so many times. They know what you're really up to.

The bottom line is students who miss day after day of class shouldn't be enrolled in college.

Laziness has become more than a little issue among today's college students.

Many students have the audacity to bring up this argument:

"I pay big money to go to school here, so why should I have to attend every stupid lesson?"

Ponder this stand point for a moment.

You say you're paying big money to attend a university?

Why?

The goal of attending a university is to become a scholar, an expert in your field. And yes, the point is also to gain a decent understanding of the other classes not of your major that make you a well-rounded person.

How in the world can one achieve this if he is not present in class to learn?

People don't soak in knowledge through their bedcovers as they sleep in or absorb it through sun rays as they skip town for a day. They learn by being in the classroom with seasoned professionals who have chosen to dedicate their lives to teaching people about the topics they love.

We have forgotten the reason why we decided to take the road of scholars. It is not to get a diploma. What is a diploma? It's a meaningless piece of paper. But what a diploma should represent is the fact that a person has dedicated an average of four years to learning.

The only way we can learn is if we attend the weekly sessions of learning that we pay for. The answer is simple.

Just go to class.



## Game addicts sucked into familiar world



**CHRISTIAN MCPHATE**  
STAFF REPORTER

I was lost this weekend in a world in which an endless amount of politician-like creatures hounded me for hours on end to join their political groups and join in a quest for the ultimate profit.

That is after we slay all of their enemies. No, the political parties of Jackasses and Dumbos did not approach me.

It was the parties of the Horde and the Alliance, an online gaming faction virtually living and breeding in a world of ultimate chaos similar to our own world, the "World of Warcraft."

After several hours of brain-dumbing redundancy, my virtual-mind could not take anymore, and I killed my virtual-self in a suicide-like bomber way—I blew myself up with a keg of oil inside one of the

many strongholds of the Horde.

Alas, to my disheartened mind, I reappeared in a virtual-world cemetery where a giant flying woman with swan-like wings hovered over me, frowning at my virtual-spiritual form like the archangel Michael reprimanding good ol' Black Tom during the Christians' version of the creation of evil.

God, would this ever end? I thought as my virtual ghost traveled back to the place of my death.

Thirty minutes later, my virtual spirit joined with my virtual body, and I continued trudging along the forest. As I moved through the woodland, the virtual sun crested over the trees and hid behind a large mountain range. I turned and looked around the darkening forest, listening to the grunts, growls, howls and moans of the monsters of the dark.

Well, what better way to end ones life, I thought, than in a glorious battle protecting the freedom of area farmers (at least that was what the military recruiters told me when I inquired about enlistment before the squirrel of rationality hit me in the back of the head).

After a glorious battle with a couple of bullmen and heiferwomen, I died. Too my disdain, my virtual-spiritual body returned again to the glowing swan woman and the long walk back toward my corpse.

I was upset, to say the least.

And no matter how hard I tried to kill my virtual-self – a 40-foot jump off a cliff, a suicidal run into an old mine filled with giant spiders or making rude gestures toward a gang of virtual players – I continued to find my virtual-spiritual self in front of the glowing swan woman and another monotonous jog back to the area of my demise to "rejoin" with my body.

Would this evil repetitiveness never end? I felt like a drug addict who just could not reach that level of drug-induced utopia.

And according to Dr. Maressa Hecht Orzack, director of the Computer Addiction Study Center at McLean Hospital, I am not alone in this feeling of addiction.

Orzack said she hears from six to seven gamers a day seeking treatment for gaming addictions that have torn apart marriages and bro-

ken up friendships as well as losing jobs and dropping out of school.

"Look at the fact that 'World of Warcraft' now has eight million people playing it. Even if there are just five or 10 percent who can't stop, that's a large percentage," she said, "and I hear from a lot of them."

This "multiplayer addiction" is a phenomenon that is garnering attention from medical professionals around the world.

The Smith & Jones addiction consultancy in the Netherlands compares the withdrawal symptoms of gamers to reforming drug addicts. The institute has created a 12-step detox program (similar to the AA program) that requires gaming addicts to go through a series of "real-life" activities intended to substitute the excitement of playing "World of Warcraft."

Now, if we could just come up with a detox program for the oil, war and the spreading of capitalistic democracy addicts, then maybe we could end this phenomenon of 8 million people trying to escape the redundancy of the real world with the redundancy of a virtual one.

## Intelligence not required for Falls news



**KONNIE SEWELL**  
COPY EDITOR

my gears.

She starts out the column by saying, "It's been a while since one of my potpourri columns, so I figured today is as good as any." To Versel, "potpourri" is code for "I was bored off my ass but I had to get something turned in."

It basically amounts to a lame attempt at appearing relevant. Versel goes on and on about what a bad weekend she had, even though everybody has bad weekends. We just don't get paid to gripe about it like she does. (I guess the TRN will hire just about anybody.)

Eventually, after all the "potpourri" turmoil, turns out ol' Versel needed a glass of wine to get through this year's Oscar ceremony. She wrote:

"Even with the speeches, the nominations, and the clips, they could still find time to have at least four overblown, overlong montages honoring 'American cinematic history' (did you recognize even half

the movies?)"

Well, yes. I did. Versel should realize (preferably before she writes another "potpourri" column) that just because she hasn't seen a certain movie doesn't mean it's not a great film or that it doesn't deserve recognition.

I've always liked the montages the Academy throws together during the telecast. Some of them are so stirring and inspirational. The montages salute various aspects of American society through film, letting the art speak for itself.

Movies can inspire us through a character's courage or kindness (hello, Atticus Finch), or by pulling back the layers of a villain (Shelley Winters in "A Patch of Blue").

Films can make us think, break our hearts and connect us as human beings. Much of our cultural heritage would be lost without these films.

Also, film has been around since at least 1888, when the world's oldest surviving motion picture, "Roundhay Garden Scene," was created. In an age when MTV has whittled our attention spans down to an average of three seconds, the montages allow several types of overlooked genres, including silent films, classic westerns and film noir, to take their place in cultural history.

But Versel is so obtuse she doesn't recognize the significance of the montages. Nor does she recognize

the significance of foreign films.

"If they were that good, why weren't they made in America?" she wrote.

I have never heard of anything more insulting or ignorant in my entire life.

Hollywood would not be where it is today without the influence of foreign filmmakers. American films are on the whole not nearly as good as they could be. Most American filmmakers are more interested in what will get audiences into the theater as opposed to making art.

From France, we owe a lot to Georges Méliès' "A Trip to the Moon," not to mention the work of Jean Renoir and New-Wavers Jean-Luc Godard and Francois Truffaut. Film itself is indebted to the Lumière brothers.

From Germany, we were given German Expressionism ("The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "Nosferatu"). George Lucas pretty much owes the entire Star Wars franchise to one film: Fritz Lang's "Metropolis."

Hailing from Italy, Roberto Rossellini, Federico Fellini and Michelangelo Antonioni are considered some of the most influential and important directors of all time.

The United Kingdom is home to several great filmmakers, including Alfred Hitchcock, Laurence Olivier, and Stanley Kubrick. Some of the

greatest comedies ever created, including "Tom Jones" and the Monty Python movies, are from the UK.

Asian filmmakers are some of the most passionate in the world, from their cult horror and suave mobster films to the beautifully choreographed action films to the lush animation of Miyazaki. ("The Departed," which won the award for Best Picture, is an Americanization of Hong Kong's "Infernal Affairs.")

So don't tell me the only great movies are the ones made in America.

Finally, Versel wrote: "What the heck did Celine Dion's 'world premiere' song have to do with anything?" Well, Versel, let me school you. Ennio Morricone has created scores for several movies but has never won an Oscar; he was given an honorary one during this year's ceremony. The song "I Knew I Loved You," written by Morricone, originally had no lyrics. But Celine Dion will release a version of it with lyrics on her new CD, and she sung Morricone's own song to him as a tribute. Surely, Versel, you know what a tribute is.

Hopefully the next time Versel has a bad weekend, she won't tell us about it. Maybe the TRN will get wise and replace her next "potpourri" column with something more intelligent — though they do hire just anybody there.

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