

Harry Potter film lives up to book's magic

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"Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone," a novel by J.K. Rowling, is the latest edition to the Warner Brothers film library. It appeared in over one-quarter of theaters nationwide Fri., Nov. 16, and has since grossed over \$188 million.

Four years ago, way back in 1997, J.K. Rowling introduced the world to Harry Potter, a mischievous 11-year-old with astounding powers, unknown to him. His foster parents, the Dursleys, take care of him after he was dropped at their doorstep, as a result of his parents untimely demise at the hands of evil sorcerer Volde... You-Know-Who. His upbringing is a horrendous ordeal of criticism, battery and sleeping in a closet. His wicked stepparents never allow him the truth of his heritage: Harry is a wizard.

On his 11th birthday, Harry is visited by a mysteriously large man

named Hagrid, who reveals Harry's true identity as a wizard and his destiny to go to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Upon his arrival, Harry makes some true friends, has many big adventures and learns the true importance of the power of love.

This film was surprisingly cheesier than the book, quite long (approximately three hours) and by the end of the film, every childhood lesson and cliché was made apparent. The children themselves must have been chosen for their comical appearance rather than acting prowess. Harry was the exception, of course. I would recommend this film to children 12 and under, but if you do feel like a lighthearted romp in the realm of the dark arts, "Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone" is a sure home run.

It is, however, a near-perfect adaptation of the book, with a few minor quirks. I, personally, was offended by the lack of song-and-dance routine by the Sorting Hat in the movie. Hagrid, though, was

of adequate size comparative to the rest of the people, and Professor Dumbeldore fit the stereotypical wise wizard image perfectly.

The movie-going experience was slightly dampened by the amount of cheering, screaming and hushing which has become, unfortunately, all too present in the Disney/children's film scene. When Harry would do something brave, the children would clap and cheer. When someone would fall down, they would laugh maniacally. When I made running commentary however, the whole theater fell silent, except for that horrible, horrible man who hushed me into submission. His children won't turn out like me now, thank God.

I must admit that I did feel like a tool by contributing to this money-making machine. If you aren't convinced against it, though, go see "Harry Potter" before 3:00pm (to avoid the chaotic atmosphere that has become the staple of the child-movie genre).



The hard truth about Viagra

I've decided to turn over a new leaf. Humor in the proper hands can be an effective tool to raise social consciousness. Unfortunately, I no longer feel myself a suitable conduit for this style of commentary. Nothing I've shared up to this point is going to raise anyone's consciousness unless they're a dozen Jagermeister shots the other side of Neverland. With this in mind, I would like to seriously address a devastating affliction rampaging through our workforce.

Carpal Tunnel Syndrome has come into its own as the scourge of twenty-first century America. No longer a secretarial pool secret, it has become America's worst nightmare. Musicians, mechanics, executives, secretaries and laborers, all have fallen victim. Ergonomic keyboards and

wrist braces are not the answer. We must take a hard look at the root of the problem.

One of the biggest clues to date: a marked decrease in the number of cases reported in women and a corresponding increase in similar cases in men. Some would say this is a positive sign the work place is becoming more equal; women are getting more time in the boardroom and less in front of the keyboard, while men are filling more positions traditionally held by women. This seemingly optimistic shroud of progress is what makes this insidious attack on America so devastating, and it is a deliberate attack. Since time is critical I'll spell it out for you:

Viagra.

Jacking up public hopes by erecting a promise of sexual salvation for men and women alike, this sinister marital aid has had a major hand in the crippling of America. (There is a room involved all right, but it has nothing to do with being bored). It's



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time to face facts, people, the problem is right in the palm of your hand—every time you shake a little blue tablet from the prescription bottle o' luv.

In keeping with my new,

humble calling to aid mankind, I ask not for strokes, but a call for action against those responsible. Who would do this sort of thing you ask? Who has the most to gain? Who hates America that much? Once again the answer is not obvious until we discern a more subtle connection. For this we can thank Mrs. Mercer's seventh grade math class and a life with a frigid ex-girlfriend.

Here's the equation: Viagra + (A) OW = Carpal Tunnel. If OW=significant other, then A equals V (A = V). From here any teenager can fill in the blanks. V is, of course, Vaseline. And there you have it - petroleum jelly. Oil wells. And whom do we know with

vast oil fields and a hatred of America? Do I really have to mention He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named? That swarthy little crudeslinger knows he can't hold out forever. Anthrax is just a diversion to distract us from his master plan to convert the Iraqi economy from fuel oil to personal lubricants and thereby defeat the embargo while crippling our data entry infrastructure. It's diabolical, but I see through it.

I'm betting a few well-placed public service announcements would wake up the nation and turn the tide. I humbly recommend Jenna Jameson, or possibly the Yankees, as appropriate spokespersons to spearhead this drive. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go find another Ace bandage.

Horoscopes

by Leah Boeringa

Aries (March 21- April 19): Forge the mistakes your loved ones have made in the past. Clemency is important, and those in need of it will appreciate your maturity and kindness. Also, eat lots of greens to build up iron. Your theme song this week: "People Mover" by Servotron.

Taurus (April 20- May 20): In order to function well in any situation, you must learn to compromise. Give a little if you expect to get a little (or depending on how well you play your cards—a lot). Expect a sudden change abruptly rock your life. Your theme song this week: "Sweet Tuesday Morning" by Badfinger.

Gemini (May 21- June 20): This week, indulge your inner-most desires. You can apply this advice to pretty much anything.

Stop counting calories and take a long bubble bath. Your theme song this week: "Room Full of Mirrors" by Jimi Hendrix.

Cancer (June 21- July 22): Keep your eye on the prize. Not literally, of course; it is likely hazardous to place your eye on foreign objects. Be careful around dogs this week, as they will have a tendency to not act very friendly towards you. Your theme song this week: "Seven Days" by Bob Dylan.

Leo (July 23-August 22): There are some people out there who would love to see you fail miserably. Do not give them the satisfaction. For everything you do this week, put tons of effort into it and become a huge success. After you make your first million dollars, throw a big party and don't invite those who rooted for your collapse. Your

theme song this week: "Mongoloid" by Devo.

Virgo (August 23- September 22): You will have a great appreciation for nature this week. Finding beauty wherever you go seems to be an irrepressible skill you possess. Rainbows seem to appear wherever you go, so keep up the positive vibes, as they will have a tendency to rub off on others. Your theme song this week: "New Kid in Town" by the Eagles.

Libra (September 23- October 22): You are about to acquire brand new skills that will help you work through your recent troubles. Possibly x-ray vision or flight. Remember to use these powers for good, not evil. Your theme song this week: "Yellow Dirt" by Seals and Croft.

Scorpio (October 23- November 21): You are on fire this week! Many people admire your resilience and table manners. Go out some time this week and let loose. Be wary of anyone wearing the color orange, as they may spoil your good time. Your theme song this week: "Gigantic" by the Pixies.

Sagittarius (November 22- December 21): This is the year you quit procrastinating and get all your holiday shopping done before December rolls around. If you can avoid any confrontations with annoying mall folk, your shopping experience is sure to be a fruitful, possibly enjoyable, one. Your theme song this week: "It's Gonna Be Me" by 'N Sync.

Capricorn (December 22- January 19): Take some time to cook this

week. Let your culinary mastery grow and develop. Enjoy your family and have fun with your pets. If you have no pets or family, construct some using cardboard and a bucket. Your theme song this week: "Ace of Spades" by Motorhead.

Aquarius (January 20- February 18): There is a big, ugly, hate-filled man named Lou who seems to be after you or someone you love. The stars suggest a restraining order. Your theme song this week: "Skating Away" by Jethro Tull.

Pisces (February 19- March 20): Eventually, you are going to have to give up your dominance and embrace the submissive side of life. Learn to let things slide and stop holding grudges. Your theme song this week: "No Feelings" by the Sex Pistols.