

DAILY BULL

The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like socks with holes in them!

Friday, September 18, 2009

Those who can laugh without cause have either found the true meaning of happiness or have gone stark raving mad.
~ Norm Papernick

Movie Review: JACKHAMMER

By Stephen Whittaker
~ Daily Bull ~

"The Jackhammer Massacre"
Rated R, Release Year 2004
Director Joe Castro

Twelve A.M., got nothing to do? Well if you enjoy massacres, the jackhammers that cause them, and a few hard drugs thrown into the mix, then this is the movie for you. Surely you can't go wrong watching a movie with a title like "The Jackhammer Massacre!" It has warm cozies built right into it. While classified as a horror flick, I don't find this movie to be very scary, but gory- heck yes! That is, if you can stand to watch it till the jackhammer hums.

I would also classify it as an anti drug movie. Not that the goal of it was, but MY GOD I will never do heroine after watching this movie, the depictions of Jack inject-

...see Jack's Hammer on back



Communication Breakdown

By Ed Leonard ~ Guest Writer

Facebook. Twitter. Orkut. Blogspot. Digg. Youtube. Last.Fm. Reddit. Take your pick (or add some of your own).

I live in the dorms (East McNair, if you must know), and I can list eight different methods to reach some of my friends approximately three doors down. The society of today has blown up into a technological mish-mash of text messages, phone calls, emails, status updates, wall posts, tweets, and what-have-yous, most of which can be directed to or originate from one's cell phone. Within a matter of seconds, Sally can let the world know that "Sally Doe hAtEs every1 && taht includes U!" by simply entering that pitiful bit of English into a text message on her cell phone that NEVER leaves her side.

What happened?

I'm not here to blame anything in particular (because, really, this is *not* the Internet's fault, it's ours.) Whether I want to or not, I carry a digital footprint. It

is viewable by future job prospects, relatives, parents, total strangers, stalkers, etc, unless I have all of my "Privacy" settings finagled just right such that I allow them to have this information.

Last weekend, my friends and I drove up to Copper Harbor, found a dirt road, hiked through some woods, and found a secluded beach on Lake Superior. There was no cell phone service to be had. From approximately 1500-2130, I may as well have disappeared from the face of the planet. I have a Blackberry, so all of my social networks can (and actively are) managed from it. I had no tweets, texts, statuses, blogs, messages, emails, phone calls, RSS feeds, or anything of the nature. It was the first time since I purchased the phone that I could turn it off and know for certain that I would miss nothing, as it wouldn't work anyway.

It was...wonderful.

I was disconnected, off the grid, and

...see Freeeedom! on back



Most students couldn't go more than a few minutes without their phones. Mr. Leonard will be receiving a medal of honor for his brave sacrifices.

...AND STAY OUT, Y'HEAR ME?



Nathan Wonders: Billboards

Brought to you by Nathan "Invincible" Miller

If you've ever driven on a highway, you're accustomed to those big bright rectangles in the sky: billboards. They're everywhere, watching over us speeding down the road to destinations unknown. Ubiquitous? Yes. Boring? Some of the time. Mysterious? You bet.

Why so mysterious, you ask? Well in all my years of driving on major highways, which just this summer totaled more than 6000 miles, I've never seen a billboard being changed or replaced. Call me crazy, but I think something strange is going on.



RAAAH! CHANGE THIS BILLBOARD!

being switched because I only drive on Sunday afternoons.

42,000 billboards is quite a lot. Not seeing a single changeover seems pretty unlikely. Heck, I've seen more flaming semi-trucks than that. Either Lamar is changing their signs at 4 a.m., or the guys replacing the ads are invisible. I don't buy either explanation, so it looks like I'm going to have to stay on the lookout for that elusive switcheroo. 🐼

STUDIO PIZZA
482-5100

10% STUDENT DISCOUNT!
Be a good student and show us your ID! - depends on what you order. *limited time only. Offer good while supplies last. Excludes alcohol.

...Freedom! from front (even in case of emergency) about 10 miles away from cell service. What did I do, you ask? I sat on the beach, took a dip in the lake, and had a cookout with my friends and we just had a genuinely good time. We didn't have to worry about the world that lives in our phones because they weren't going to work anyway.

It is at this point that I will address your question: "What is the purpose of this writing?"

I challenge everyone that reads this to find a day where there's no school, work, or anything that you would actually need a phone for, and just turn it off (or go for a road trip...once you get close enough to Copper Harbor there's no service). Disconnect yourself, take a day off because you've earned it! Keeping

up with everything in today's world is tiring, and you deserve (and perhaps need) this.

Turn the phone back on, and fly back to the web of people that missed you while you were gone, and it will make you appreciate how connected we, as a generation, really are.

For the record, six and a half hours of no service had me miss 5 phone calls (4 voice mails), 14 tweets, 29 Facebook notifications, 9 e-mails, and 1 calendar reminder (the event was "Get Lost.")

...Jack's Hammer from front

ing himself in puss filled wounds is enough to make you hurl.

The movie starts out slow with a well to do main character named Jack. How original, I know.... Jack is as businessman and appears to be on top of the world sporting a brand new viper. Jack also has other expensive tastes besides fancy cars; he has a love for heroine. We follow Jack with his friend on their journey to score drugs. They end up in a drug den with topless, strung out gothic chicks and drug dealer offering them a new kind of heroin that will, "send them into orbit," and by orbit I mean kill them.

Unfortunately for Jack, his friend has the audacity to go and die on him. Next thing we know, Jack is out in the street with no car (his was stolen) and a dying friend. Jack then has to make a decision: either try and save his friend or run for it. He chooses the later... well, sort of. He called 911 with the location, then ran for it.

We find Jack a year later still addicted to the smack. Except now he has no home, no car, and a mountain of drug debt. He works a job in a machining warehouse as the night security, strung out the entire shift. While on one of his shifts, the dealer whom Jack is heavily indebted to comes demanding his payment. When Jack can't pay him, they inject Jack with a cocktail of speed, heroin, PCP, and God knows what else to cause his heart to explode. Unfortunately for the dealers, the drug not only didn't kill Jack but made him invulnerable to pain, gave him superhuman strength, and also the endurance of a Kenyan.

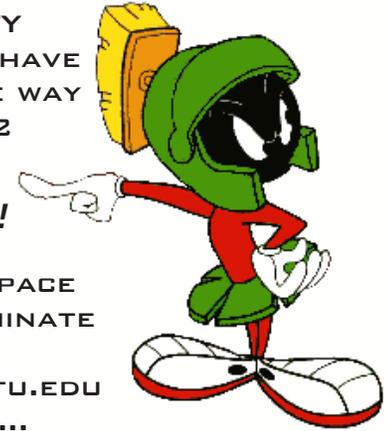
This is where the proverbial crap hits the fan. Jack finds a jackhammer with what seems like an extension cord that's infinitely long and can't come unplugged until the right time, and uses it to go on a delusion fueled killing spree. His hallucinations? The dead friend tells him that everyone is working for the DEA and is out to get him.

This is when the movie is worth watching. Right. That being said I won't say more about who gets killed or how (use your imagination). If you want to know what happens you'll have to find a copy of this crapshoot and see it for yourself. I found it at least interesting, but I also have a warped sense of humor. Finally, if you can't seem to find this pile, I own a copy of it and I'm more than willing to share.

Stephen needs terrible movies to watch and review! If you know of any, shoot him an email at sdwhitta@mtu.edu. Anything goes!

**EARTHLING!
WHAT IS THIS EMPTY
SPACE DOING HERE? I HAVE
NOT TRAVELLED ALL THE WAY
FROM THE 24TH 1/2
CENTURY TO SEE
THIS ABOMINATION!**

**YOU MUST FILL THIS SPACE
WITH ADS BEFORE I ELIMINATE
YOUR PLANET!
ONLY EMAILING [BULL@MTU.EDU](mailto:bull@mtu.edu)
CAN SAVE YOU NOW....**



Another Winner's Circle!

Did you participate in the very first Daily Bull email game of the year? It was totally awesome. I'd tell you all about it, but it's TOP SECRET! which means that only people who got the email were cool enough to see it. The winners of the inaugural competition were:

3rd Place, clocking in at 7 minutes, **Aaron Sawyer!**
100 points awarded.

2nd Place, at 6 minutes, **Josh Steffek!**
227 points!

1st Place, mere seconds before Josh, was **Ben Nikula!**
395 points to him!

The correct answer was, "David Olson's name." Better luck next time to everyone who didn't participate or were way too slow. **Natalie Helms** gets best in show, however, for continuing the song lyrics I started the email out with. "Holy calamity, scream insanity, - All you ever gonna be is another great fan of me - Break!" It's a song by the Handsome Boy Modeling School from DJ Shadow's *Live! In Tune and On Time* album. Natalie gets 1674 points for knowing lots of good music.

How do you get on the email list so you can play along? It's as simple as 1,2,3. Just send an email to bull@mtu.edu telling me that you want to be on the list. Then I will. And that's it. Then all you gotta do is wait for it to pop in your email. Ta-da! A digital copy of the Daily Bull, in stunning color pixels, right on your screen. Talk about cool.

Do it!

~Nathan "Invincible" Miller, Boss Man

Daily Bull

**EDITOR IN CHIEF/
BOSSMAN**
Nathan "Invincible" Miller
**THE LITTLE COMP
EDITOR THAT COULD**
Liz Fujita
**FACULTY
ADVISOR**
David No Phone Olson
**ABOUT TO GET
BETTER**
TUESDAY!!
**BUSINESS
GUY**
Ray Martens

Nathan "Invincible" Miller, Liz Fujita, Jeremy Mr. Sunshine Loucks, Simon Mused, Ray Martens, John Pastore, Brett Jenkins, Matt Villa, Mary Kenney, Kiri Kenney, Mike Lennon, Hylinn Taggart, Benjamin Loucks, Tyler Botbyl, Lauren Allen, Jon "Big-O" Mahan, Alec Hamer, Phil Pomber, Stephen Whittaker, guest writer Ed Leonard, and the cast of Glee.

©2009 by the Daily Bull, a non-profit organization. All rights reserved. Articles may be freely distributed electronically or on late night talk shows provided credit is given, and that this notice is included. The Daily Bull reserves the right to refuse any advertisements or guest articles without reason. All opinionated letters sent to the editor (on paper or to bull@mtu.edu) will be treated as material to be published unless expressly stated otherwise by the sender. Original works printed in the Daily Bull remain the property of the creator, however the Daily Bull reserves the right to reprint any submissions in future issues unless specifically asked not to do so by the creator. If you keep reading this small text, a watermelon tree will sprout in your belly.

The Daily Bull would like to thank the Daily Bull for buying our own damn printer that this publication is printed on. We would also like to thank the Student Activity Fee for helping to pay for our paper and toner costs.

Advertising inquiries, questions & comments should be directed to bull@mtu.edu