

DAILY BULL



The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like earthquake-tsunamis!

Thursday, October 1, 2009

Nothing can be so amusingly arrogant as a young man who has just discovered an old idea and thinks it is his own.

~ Sidney J. Harris

Everything Would be Better Auto-Tuned

By Dan Schnau

~ Guest Writer ~

Just like your really nerdy annoying friend that you keep around to fix your computer, who instead makes you stand behind him as he plays Youtube videos that he thinks are hilarious (but they're actually some stupid insidery joke that's not even funny once you get it after like a week of research), I'm telling you to watch Auto-Tune the News. In it, two producers, the Gregory Brothers, lay down R&B beats over auto-tuned news anchors, politicians, and their own ridiculous characters and personalities to create a groundbreaking idea: Auto-Tune EVERYTHING. But we'll get to that.

So in case you're not familiar with the robotic-auto-tuning I'm referring to, all you need to do is look back to 1998

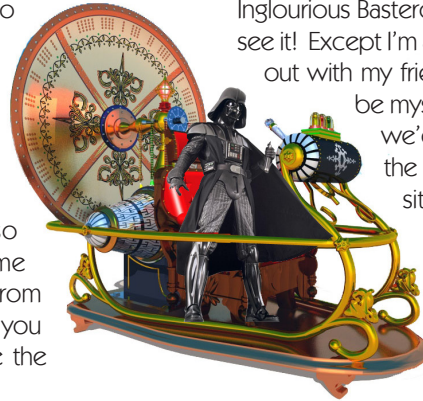
...see Auto Mel on back



Why Time Travel May Not Be Such a Great Idea

By Nathan 'Invincible' Miller ~ Daily Bull

Anyone who's ever woken up in the morning has probably thought, "Gosh, wouldn't it be great if I had a time machine?" I had that exact thought the other day while eating some delicious dinner. It would be so cool if I could go back in time and eat it over and over and over and you get the idea. Then I'd get sick cause I just ate way too much, so I'd go back in time and stop myself from eating so much... you start to see where the trouble starts.



Imagine if Darth Vader took this crazy time machine back. "Anakin... I am your father. Oh, shi---"

Gorging yourself on delicious

noms isn't the only downside of time travel. What if you fathered yourself? Sure, lots of books and movies joke about how cool it'd be, but what happens if your mother dies? Then custody of you goes to yourself. I know I can hardly keep myself under control, let alone two of me. "Nathan! Get over here and finish my/your/our dinner!"

Don't even get me started on mothering yourself. Ponder THAT for a moment!

Aside from being your own dad, I think it'd be pretty weird to bump into myself. Or a whole pack of us/me. Dude, Inglourious Basterds is showing, let's go see it! Except I'm already there, hanging out with my friends who happen to be myself. I can imagine I'd/we'd start cracking under the ridiculousness of the situation and resort to violence to solve our collective problems.

Of course, if I had a battle with myself we'd probably

all be ripped to shreds by a future cyborg

me. I'd have superior weaponry, so I/we wouldn't stand a chance. Or would I? I'm the one winning. Who is me? Does it matter? Am I conscious everywhere? Whatthellhellmymindisexploding.

Another bad part of time travel is that everyone would want to "be there." See, not all of us were alive for most

...see Where Am We? on back

WAIT. Who said it could be October already?! I didn't vote for this... recount!



Pic o' the Day



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...Where Am We? from front

of history, so we'd all want to go back and experience it for ourselves. We've all read about Woodstock and how awesome it was, so why not go back? Yeah! So we'd all jump into our time machines to go listen to Joe Cocker and Janis Joplin. Perfect! Except that we'd arrive en masse right in the middle of 500,000 people who were already there.

Millions of modern wannabes mingling with the hippies would probably wind up in chaos. Since Woodstock already was chaos, it'd be chaos ^ 2, which is when a "really cool idea" turns into a "we gotta get the hell out of here before we all die/get caught by the cops."

We've got a time machine of course, so we can always go back to before we got into trouble. Like farting into a fire. Or getting in a car crash going 150 mph while on speed.

This brings up an interesting point: if you could go back in time to before something went wrong, life would be

like a video game. Right before you get to a mean nasty dungeon, you *always* save. That way when a mega boss pops out of nowhere and attempts to butcher you, just run for the time machine. Make sure to get out before he kills you though. You die in the game, you die for real!

I can think of a bazillion ways to exploit this loophole. Think robbing banks. Go in once, figure out what's going wrong, go back and start it again, and then aid your future/past self in stealing the mula. Since you know the cops are gonna come around the corner, you can head them off while you load the money in the bags. Then you and yourselves drive off in your getaway car. It'd be the perfect crime!

Unless the cops have time machines, in which case it's chaos ^ 2 again as everyone tries to one up each other. Then you might as well give up and time travel to another bank and start over again. Or quit traveling time and give one of yourselves up. Get him! 💩

...Auto Mel from front

(eleven years ago, holy crap you're old) and Cher's hit single, 'Believe.' In all of her creepy paleness that not even the best coked-up makeup artist could save, she was the first to use the robotic sounding auto-tune function in a pop song.

We can now thank T-Pain for using auto-tune about as much as your nerdy friend uses lotion: saturating the entire radio with robotic, perfectly tuned voices. His work (such as his recent single, 'Freeze'), along with that of other popular rap and R&B artists, is causing girls everywhere to embarrass themselves as they sing at the top of their voices to their radio transmitted iPods. Broadcasting fuzz at the traffic light with the windows down causes the auto-tuned perfection blasted in low-fi with fuzzy bass to be replaced by nothing but banshee-like screams.

But I digress. Now, since we've all been to high school and have all had to read Orwell's 1984 or another similar dystopian story, we've been brainwashed into thinking that there really is no true achievable utopia. However, the idea has been born, and the technology is in place.

If you're a good reader, pull out the laptop you took to class to take notes (read: not take notes) and plug in your super-trendy white earbuds. Go listen to one of the Auto-Tune

the News installments, preferably #8 since it features the entire point of this article: an iPhone application called 'I am T-Pain' that instantly auto-tunes your voice and spits it back out in perfect robotic key. I'm not saying that I don't enjoy people's voices, but I am saying that I absolutely hate people's voices. If they were auto-tuned, the world would be a much more beautiful place.

A friend of mine once said that, to him, beauty is simply existence. He's dumb. For something to be beautiful, it's got to be aesthetically pleasing in some way (or be punk rock, whatever). So just imagine, if you will, how amazing your life would be if all the voices you heard were auto-tuned. Go on.

Arguing and laughing with your friends, drunken frat boys yelling, your professors lecturing, and, if you're not a CS major, or your significant other calling out your name in bed. This is akin to Kanye West's 'Love Lockdown' (where shortly thereafter, she will say "yo I'm happy for you and I'mma let you finish, but your best friend had one of the best performances in bed with me of all time"). It would be awesome.

So if you've got an iPhone, go get the app and tape your phone to your face for the rest of your existence, and start the 'auto-tune everything' movement. 💩

The EYE OF SAURON sees that you are not subscribed to the **Daily Bull email list**. He will capture / torture your people and breed them into his slaves if you don't join - and you don't want that on your conscience, do you? Email **bull@mtu.edu** to sign up.

The fate of Middle Earth is in your hands. Namárië.



NEWS IN BRIEFS: *Humanities Power...*

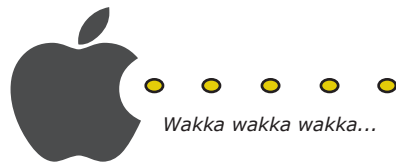
by Ruben Garcia ~ Daily Bull

"Woah" is the usual exclamation from anyone who looks into the CCLI and isn't part of the Humanities department. This is most often because of the sexy, sexy new iMacs inside [I'm a CS Major, don't judge me]. This exclamation is promptly followed by another: "WTF?!" Like the high-class hookers that they are, if anyone outside their exclusive clientele (the Humanities department) tries to log in, they are rejected and thrown away feeling ashamed and disappointed.

This problem cannot be tackled head on; believe me, I've tried. Like smuggling into a country, to get inside these svelte machines, one must first consult a guide. Luckily, I have found a guide and friend of the small Asian variety. She has decided to open the gates of the department's lab and allow me access not into the iMacs but rather into the soul of the iMacs to look at their true power.

After a long boat-ride along the Portage, one comes upon a secret entrance into the heart of Walker. My guide then gives the gatekeeper her identification and utters a password consisting of letters, numbers, and punctuation marks. Suddenly, a bright white hole opens in the space in front of me. A sound that can only be described as pure bliss is heard as the portal awakens. My guide and I step through to a room of pure white and of minimalist design. "This," she says, "is the true power of an iMac". She then proceeds to build a giant bull as I leave.

The Humanities department holds a very dangerous power that needs to be respected. This experience has filled me with fear and excitement. Filled to the brim with computing power I can only say three final words on this matter...I want one. 💩



Wakka wakka wakka...



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