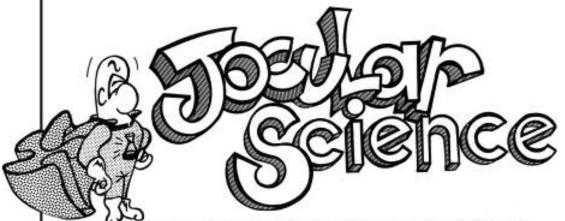


Jocular Science

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Dedicated to the students of science and technology.

Special Thanks to the Purdue University "EE One Sixty Niners."

Published by LightForm Productions, Inc.

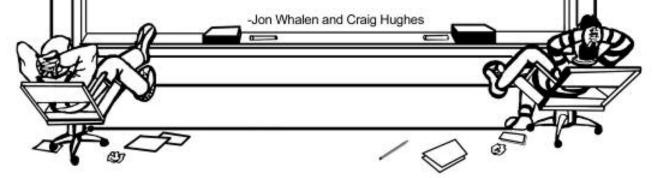
www.jocularscience.com

Foreword.

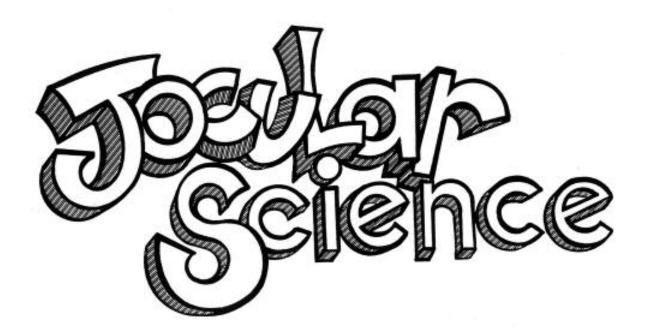
It's a wonderful thing to be alive during one of those pivotal moments in history when human culture takes the next quantum leap forward. We're not talking about the harnessing of the atom, the advent of the Information Age, or landing men on the moon. No, we are talking about the birth of something truly profound and earth shattering. We're talking about Jocular Science (read in a basso profundo with cavernous echo).

It all began innocently enough. We, the residents of EE 169 (our luxury graduate student office overlooking the late Victorian loading dock), were diligently fine-tuning the art of procrastination. Our most successful ploy was the idle chatter, most of which revolved around the ridiculous situations in which we often found ourselves. We became hooked on humor and were overcome by our own cleverness.

Lacking full multimedia coverage of our antics, the humor evaporated as quickly as it was delivered, leaving nothing but hot air. Trying to prove that one picture could capture hours of witty banter, Bill opened the proverbial can of corn. With teeth clenched and pen in fist, he set out on his perilous journey to turn the engineering and science establishment on its collective ear. Bill became a driven humorist. His drawings developed from the chalkboard in the office to seminal works created with all the graphic arts devices known to modern science. This book is the result. And besides, it was considerably more fun than solving a third order differential equation. Mochophophahaha.....

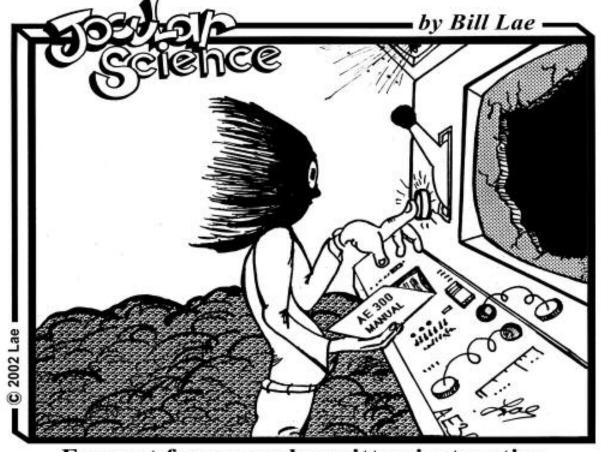


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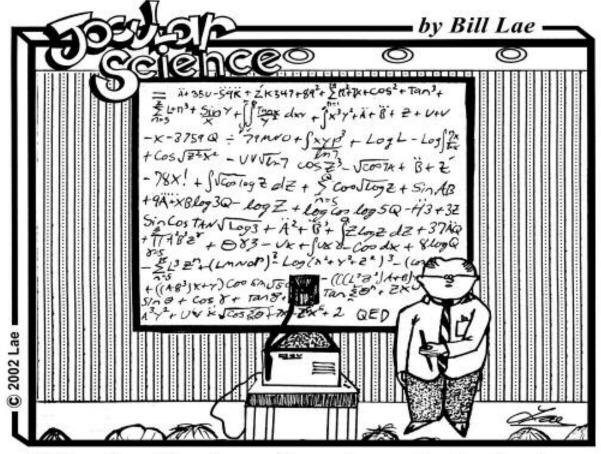




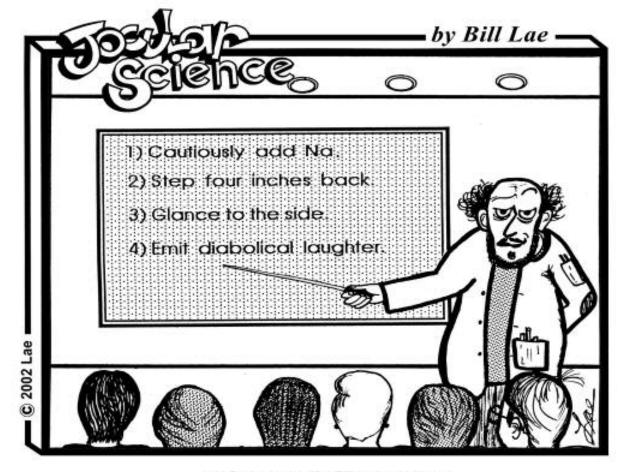
Running out of NaCl, Phillips tried a little of Mrs. Flavor-rite's Cajun Salt Substitute.



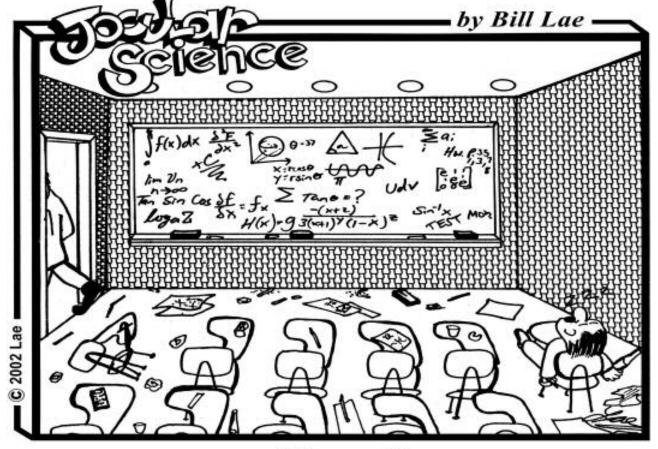
Excerpt from poorly written instruction manual: "Finally, push the red button. But first, pull down on the big lever."



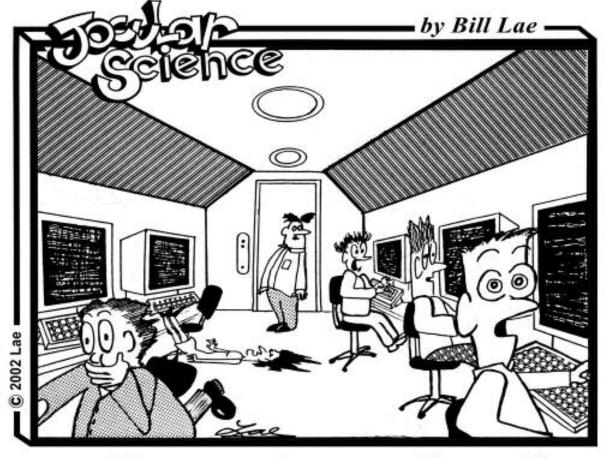
"Finally, skipping a few minor algebraic steps, it is intuitively obvious that we arrive at A=B. Check this at your leisure."



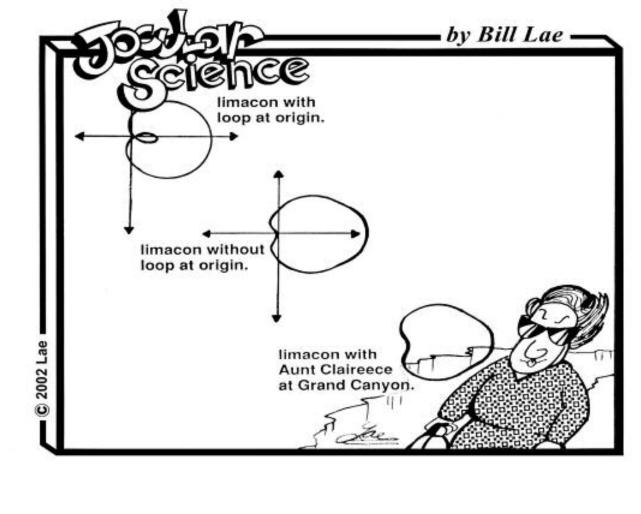
Advanced Chemistry

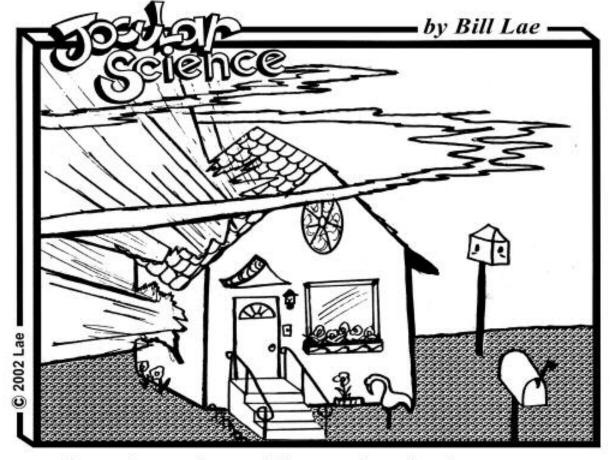


Aftermath.



"Does anyone have a pencil or pen?"

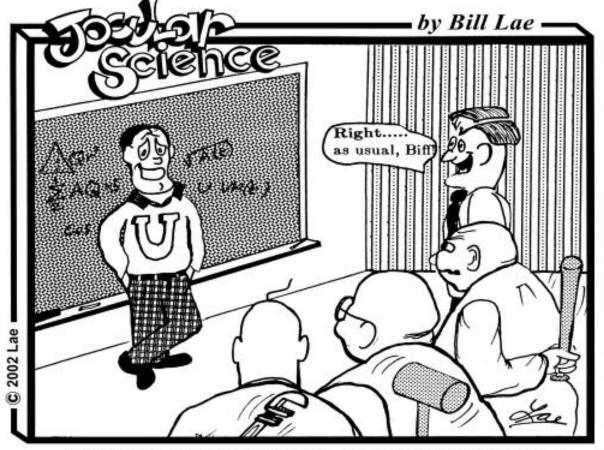




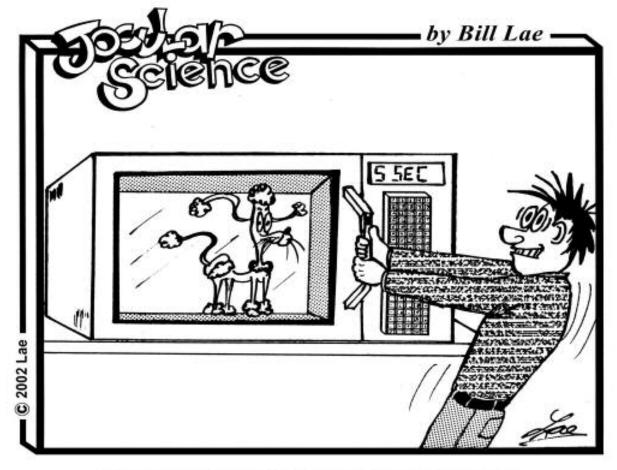
Experimenting with a recipe for banana nut bread, Milicent generated a critical mass.



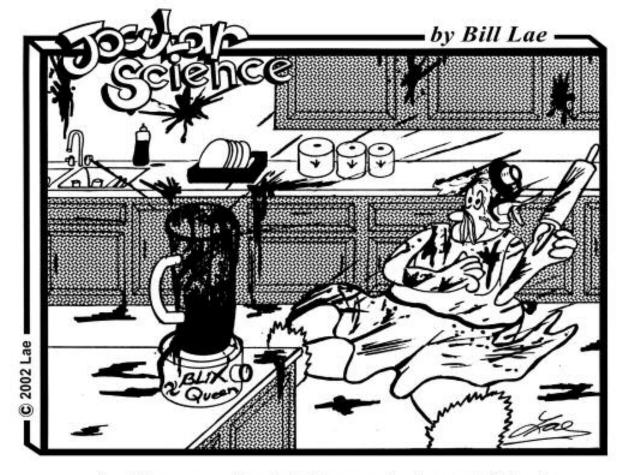
'Twas the night before Christmas, but there was a hitch as Bayside Nuclear came online with a glitch.



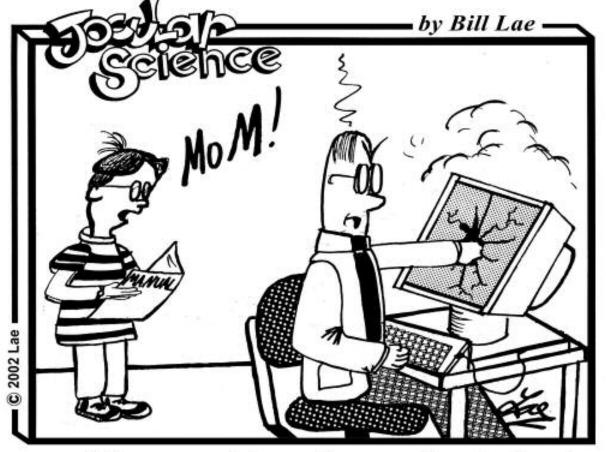
Biff was unequivocally correct for the very last time.



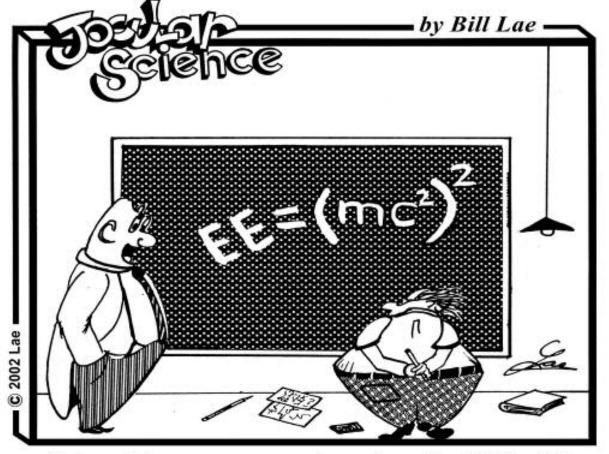
The revolution in "smart appliances" took an unexpected turn when Biff's microwave took Foo Foo hostage and threatened to give her 500 watts unless its demands were met.



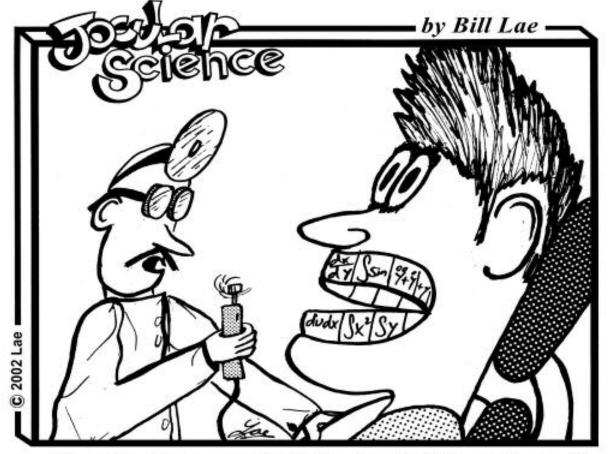
Just then, an alien intelligence far beyond Edna's comprehension made contact with her Blix Queen.



"Here, son, let me show you how to break out of this loop."

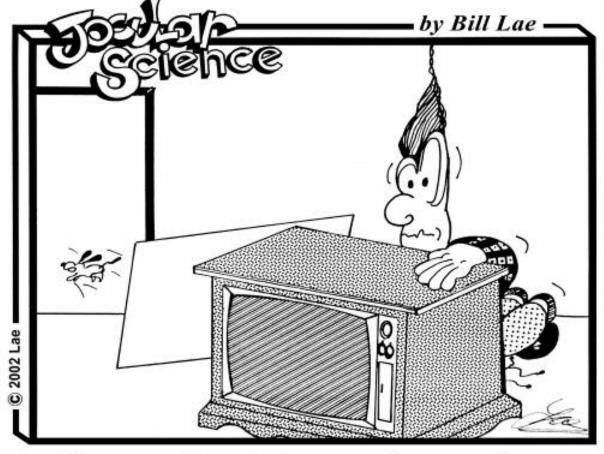


"Breaking new ground again, eh, Philips?"

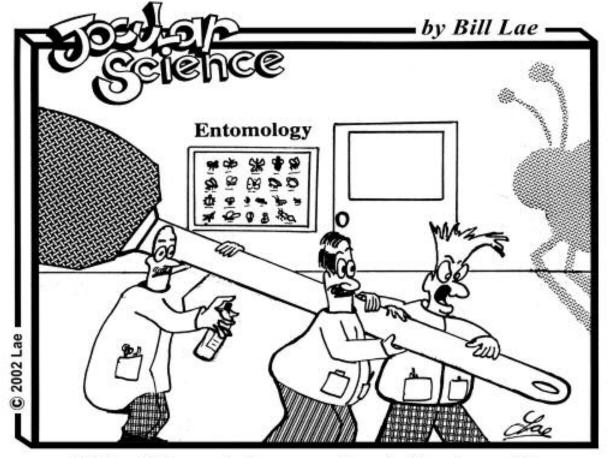


"Looks like a nasty Calculus build-up here."

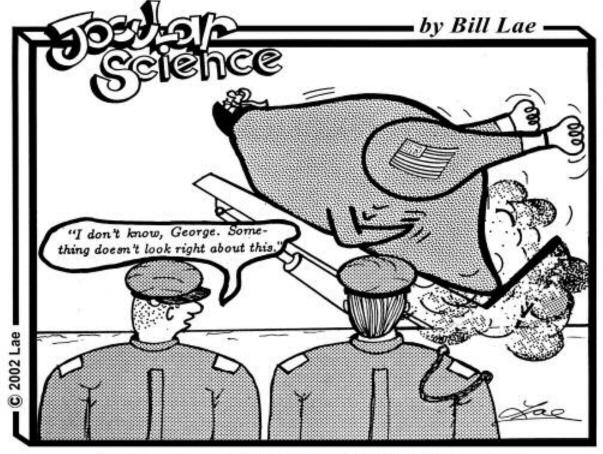




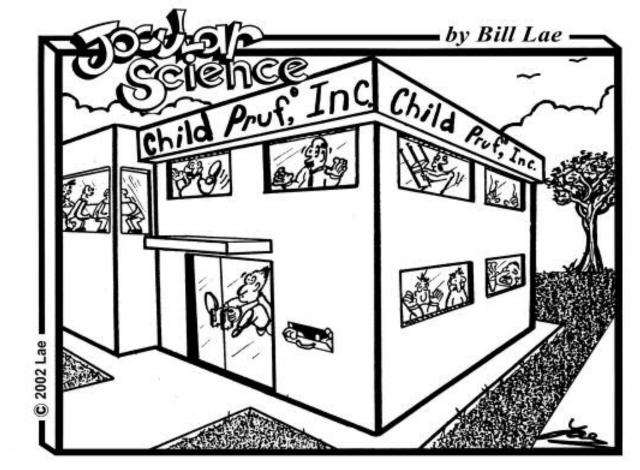
The second contact was made, more than just the capacitor let forth a huge discharge.

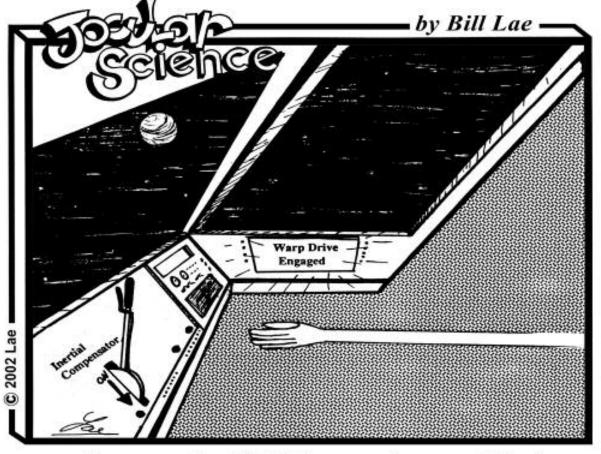


"Got a little carried away again, eh, Henderson?"

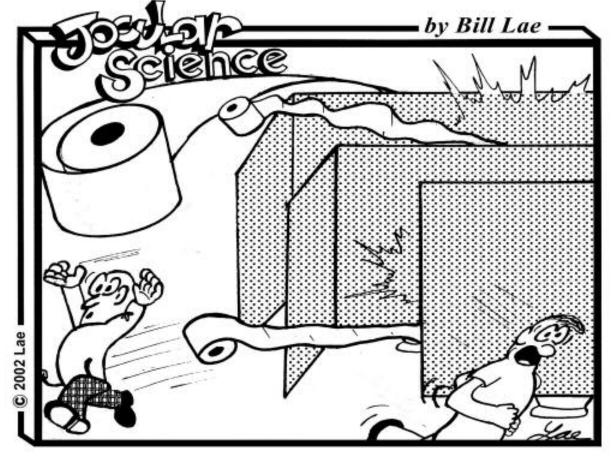


George Vanderstrap, senior design engineer at U.S. Space Inc., mistakenly mingles his latest design papers with his wife's recipe for Chicken Excelsior.

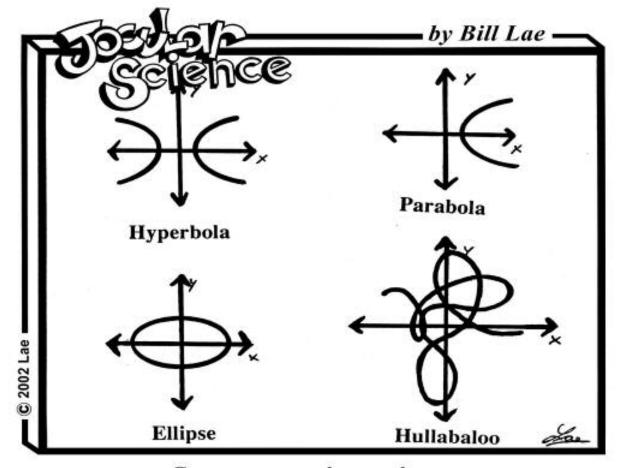




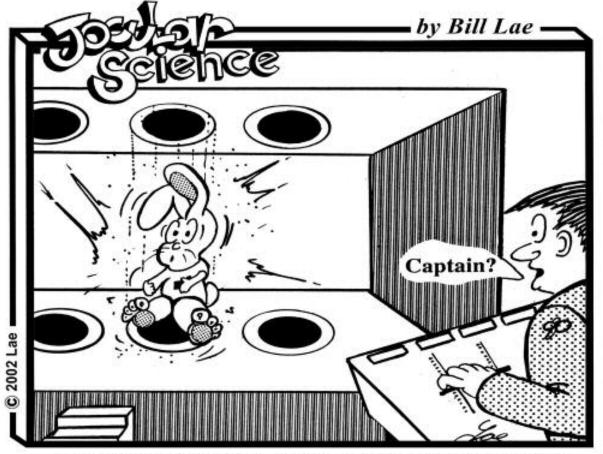
Commander McBriggs makes a critical order-of-operations error.



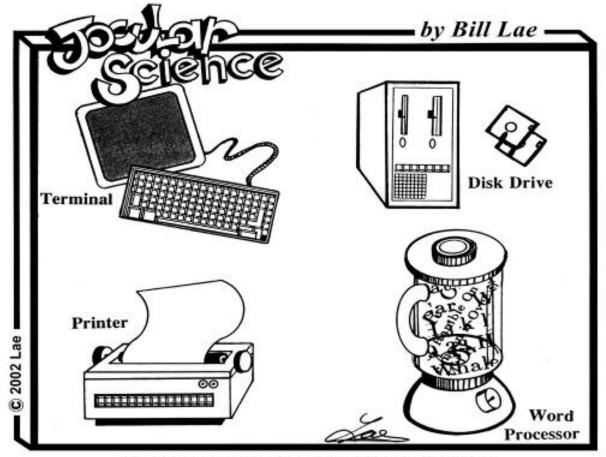
Commode mode 14, call system operator.



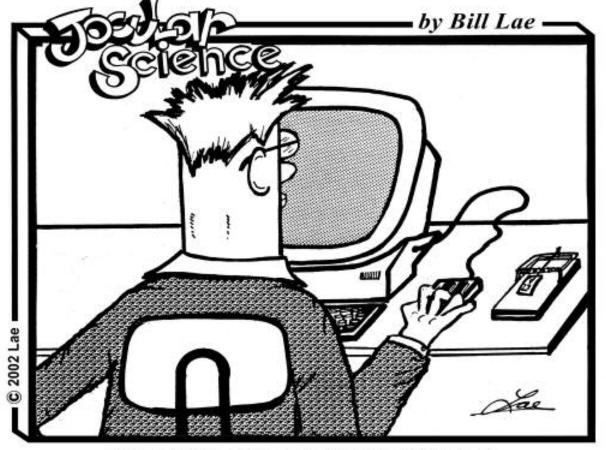
Common conic sections



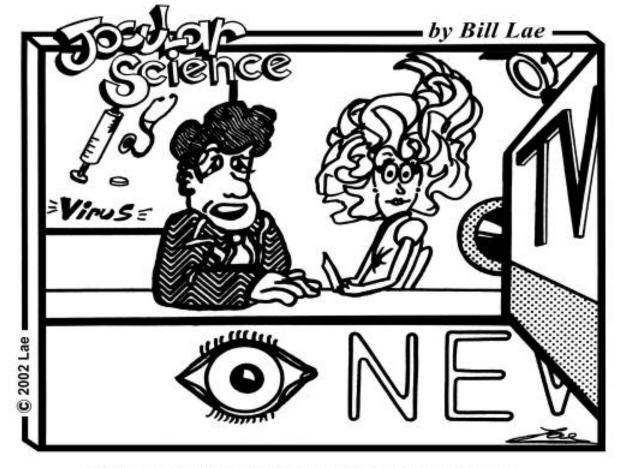
Lieutenant Bildge finds a hideous compiler bug in the teleportation unit.



Common Computer Peripherals



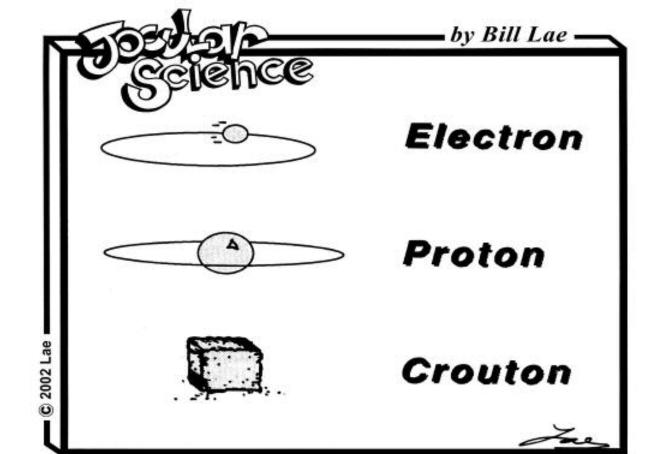
Computer science practical jokes

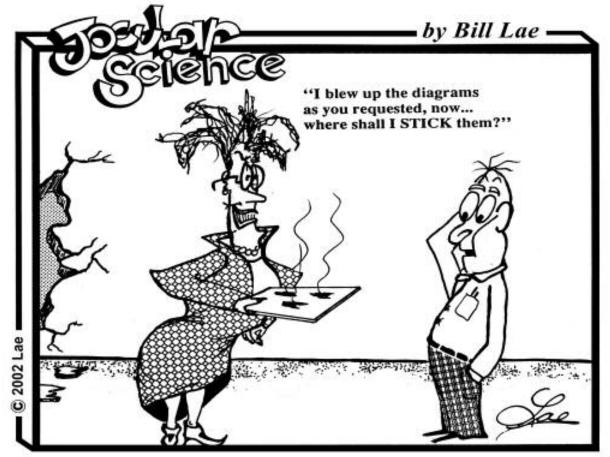


"My understanding is that the computer virus poses no threat to people in relatively good health, and it can't be spread through normal everyday contact."

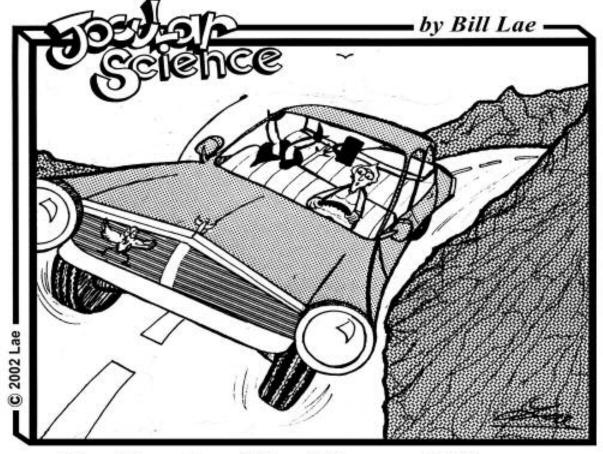


Control Shift Blend Escape Delete Break Enter Space Return Dodge Parry Thrust

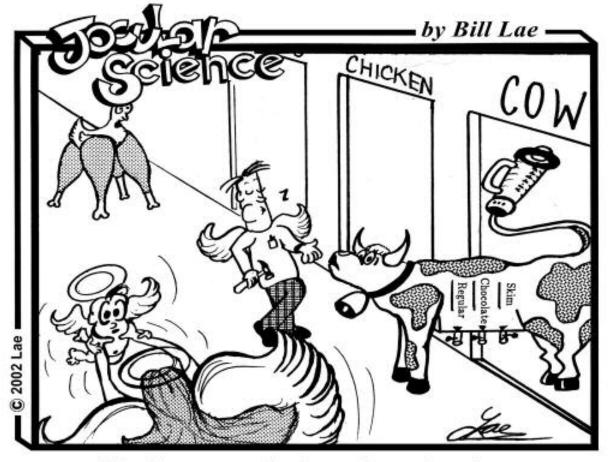




Cruella Horowitz, SECRETARY FROM HELL



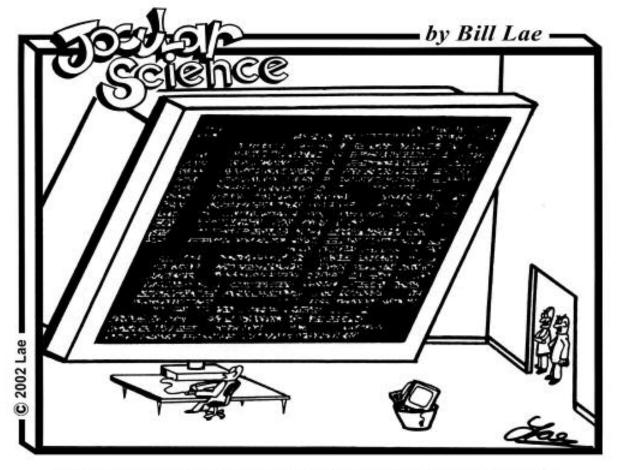
Mrs. Beemthroddle of Danger Cliffs, Colorado discovers a pole in the right-hand plane of her ACME cruise control.



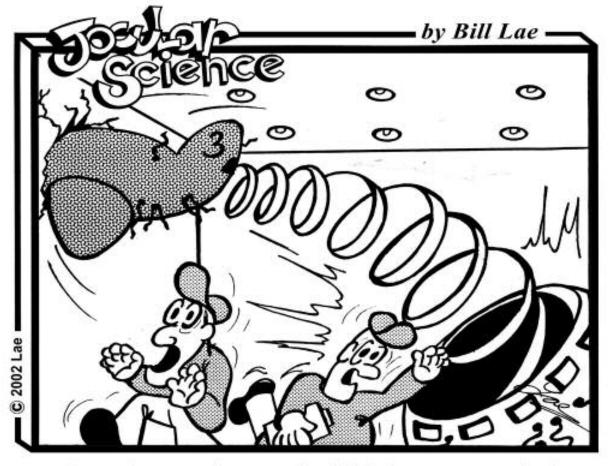
"I told you not to let the engineers into the design labs!"



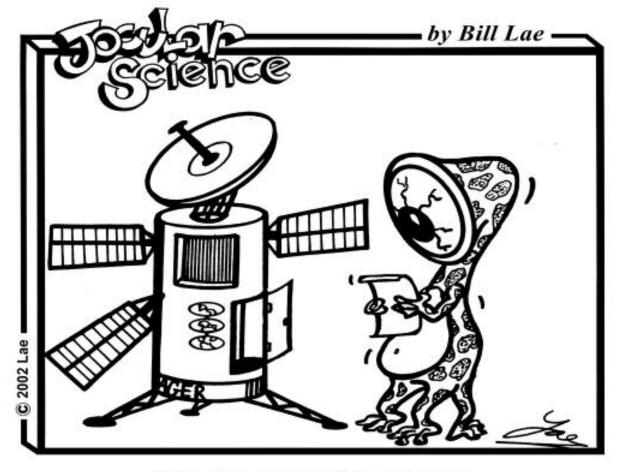
Thousands of crazed computer scientists finally locate and destroy Hanoi.



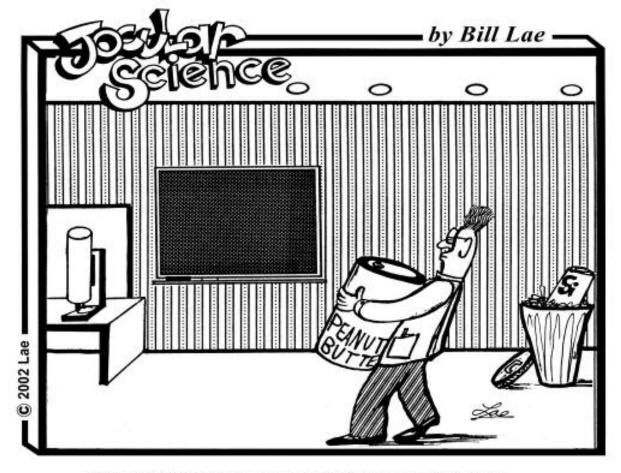
When Dextard's new workstation arrived, somehow the others knew they lost.



Later the team discovered a divide-by-zero error in the simulator's hydraulic drive unit.



"Do not break this chain."



The science of doping materials was about to take an unorthodox turn at Substrate Labs, Inc.



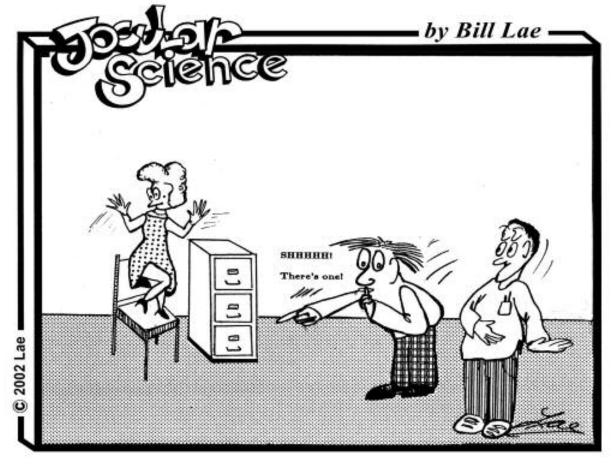
Down Loading



A chill ran down Dr. Bimblefloog's spine when he discovered the Voyager's "Earth Greetings" record inside his "The Best of the Devil's Armpits" jacket.



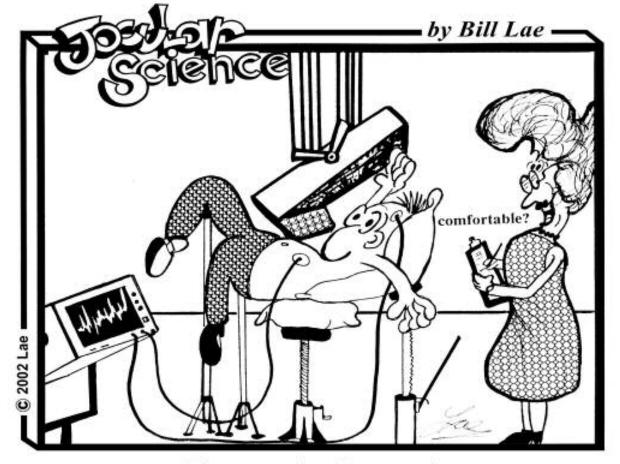
The philosophical community was outraged by the audacity of Dr. Diphthong and his tape-recording antics.



Eigenstump discovers imaginary numbers.



Elementary Vector Analysis, test one.



Ergonomics Research

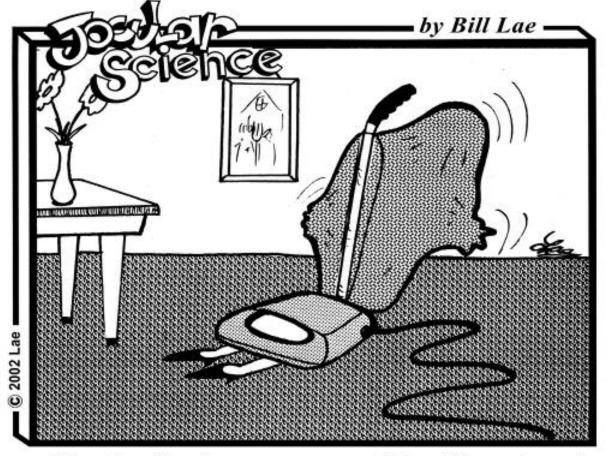


"Error code 14.....Run Like Hell."

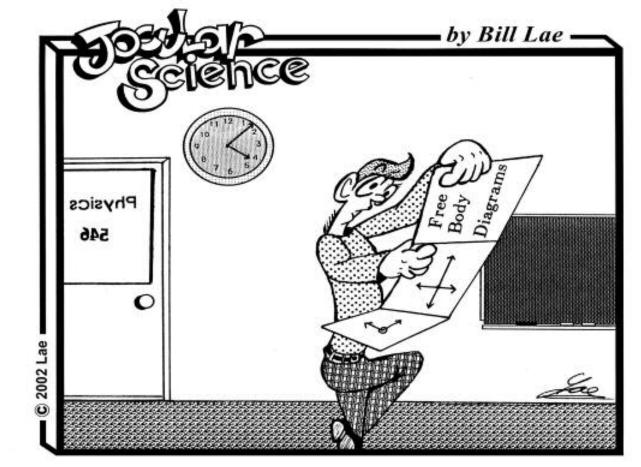


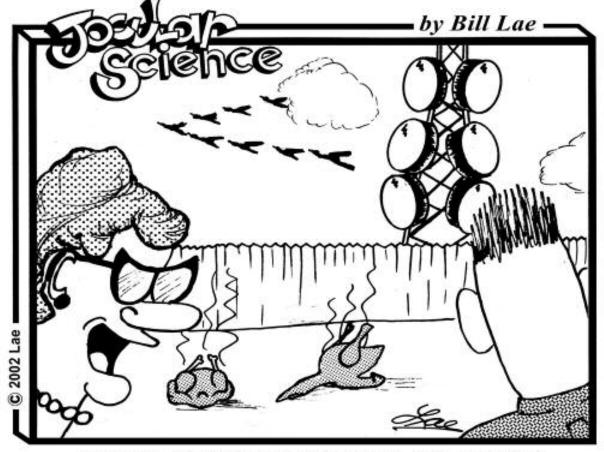


"FCC, OPEN UP!"

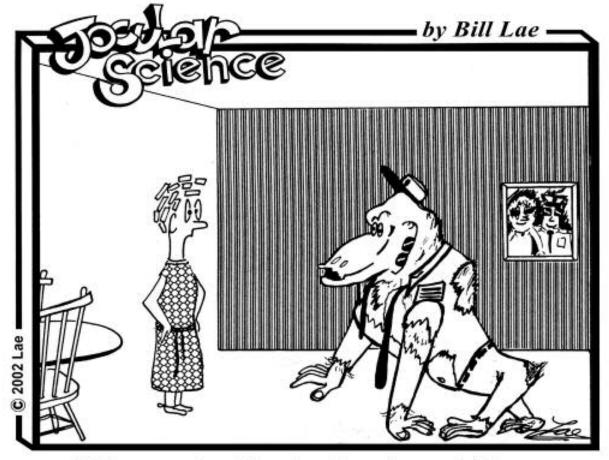


After the freak power surge, Mrs. Thornhoggle was a little disoriented.

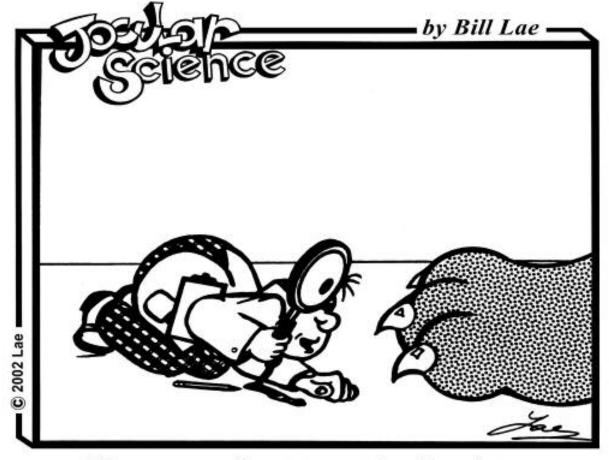




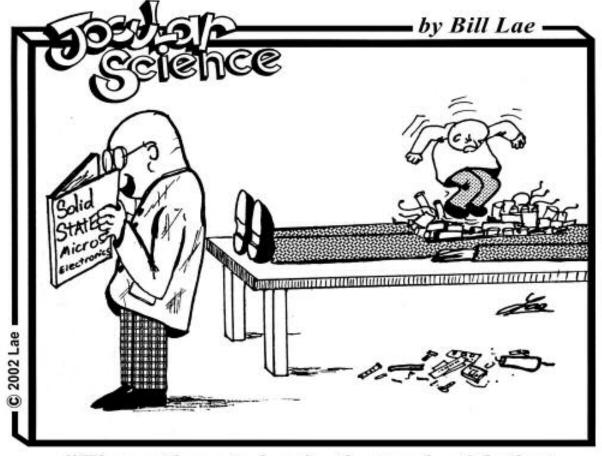
"Look, there's another one. Go get that orange sauce out of the fridge."



"We were just having lunch, and this giant, black monolith came down and said, 'Forget the whole thing!' Then POOF!"



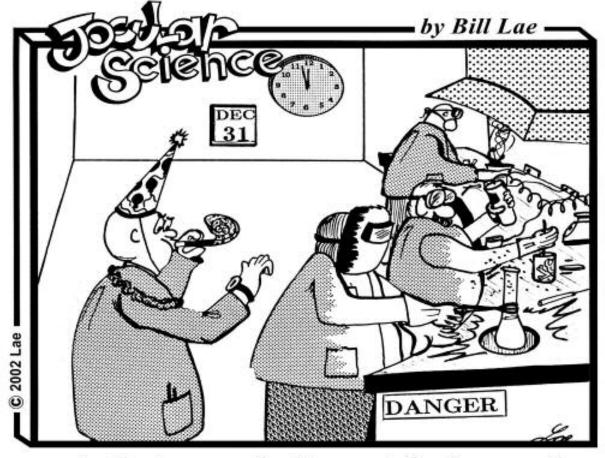
Givens was about to get the big picture.



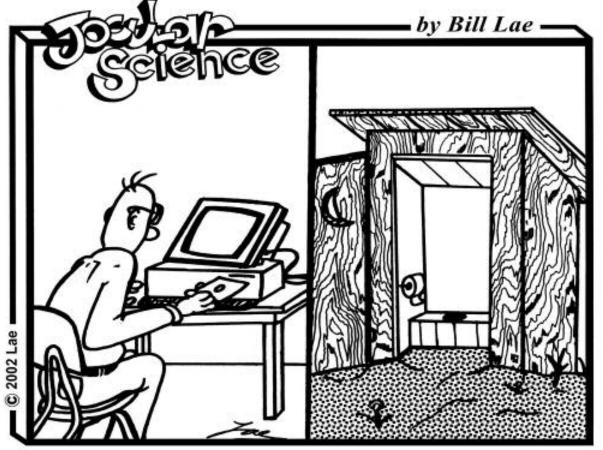
"Throw those tubes in the trash with that organic stuff. We're going SOLID STATE!"



Henderson battles the elements.

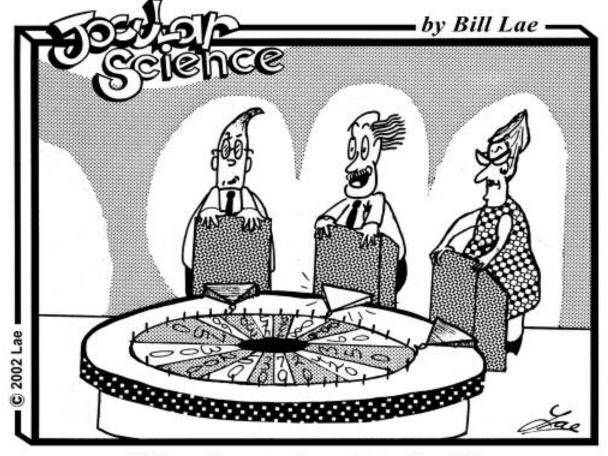


As the team rushed to meet the January 1 deadline, Higgins prepared for early retirement.

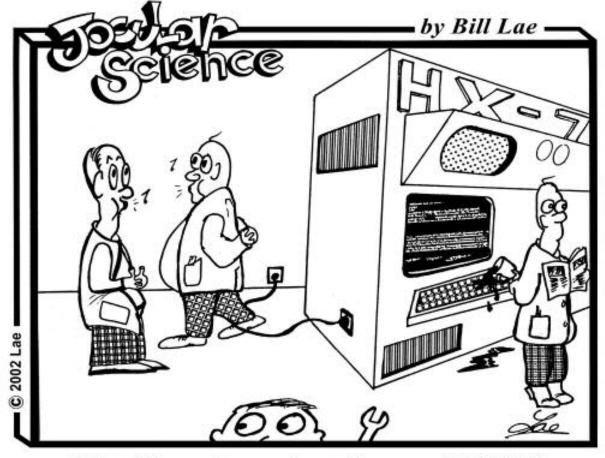


In-House Utilities

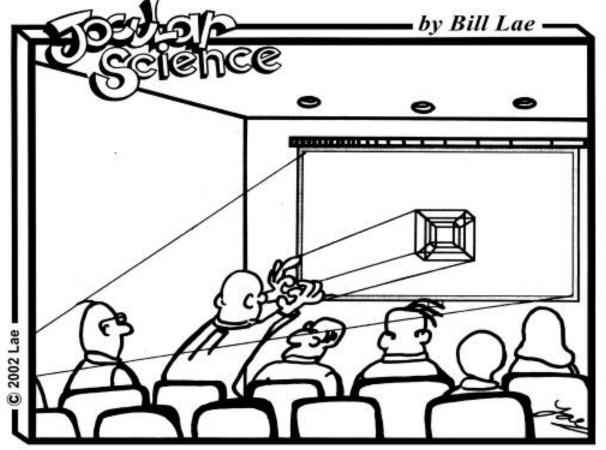
Out-House Utilities



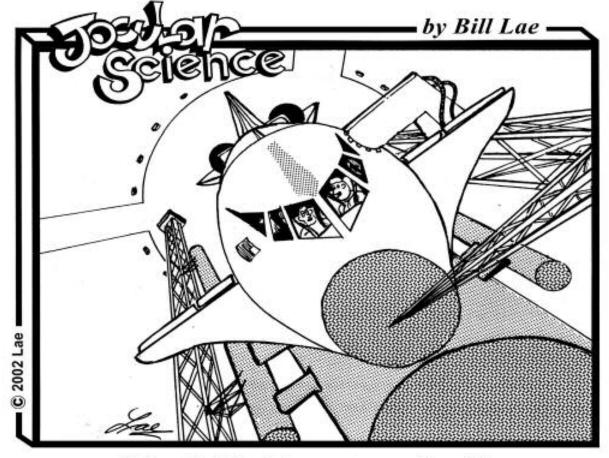
"How 'bout a Lambda, Pat?"



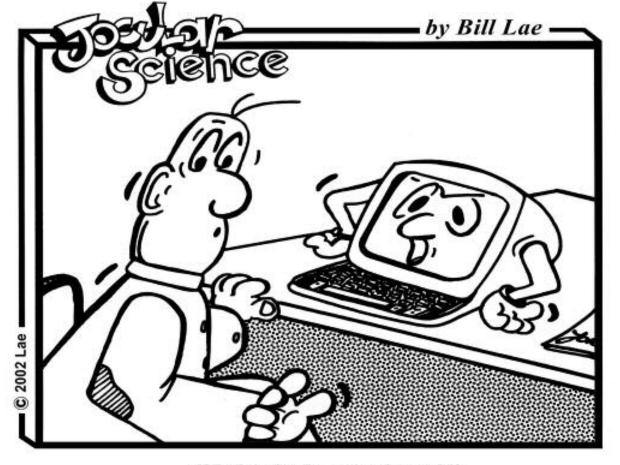
Matching wits against the new HX-7000 super computer, the clever scientist team was undefeated.



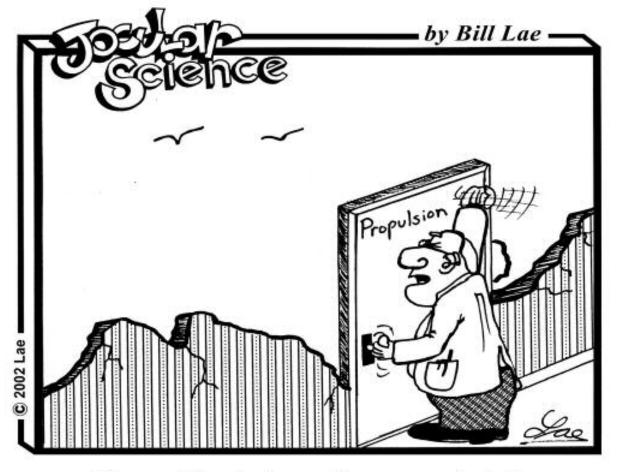
In between slides, Hinkleman entertained the others with his shadow of a shadow of a hypercube.



"But I didn't have to go then!"

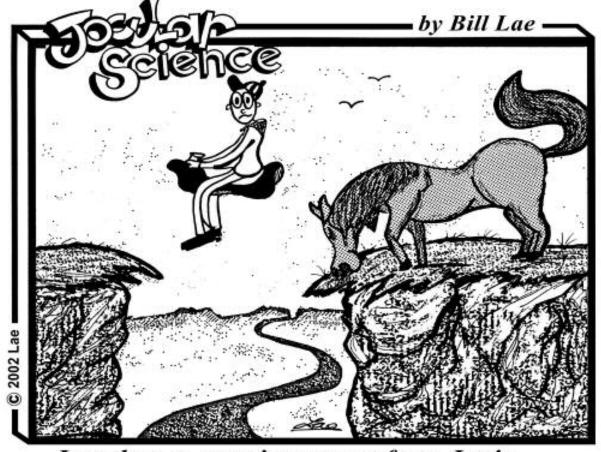


"I don't do windows!"



"I want the test results on my desk in the morning."

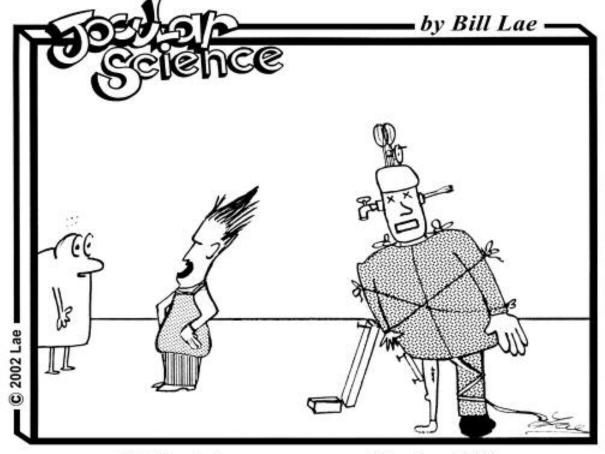




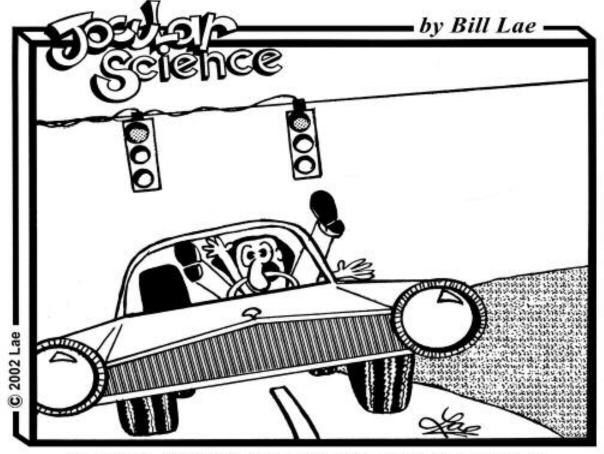
Just then, a certain excerpt from Jon's elementary statics book popped into his head.



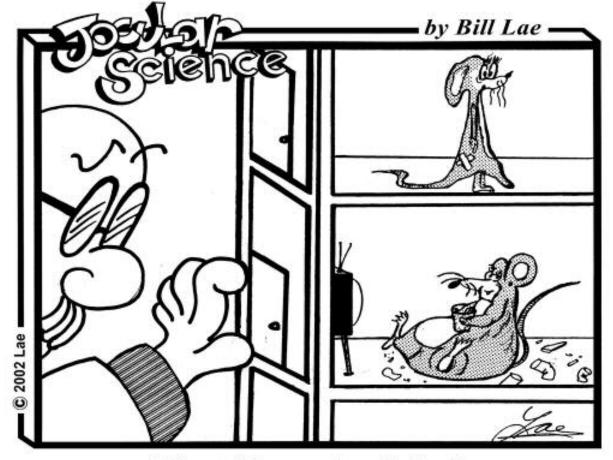
"This will just take a second."



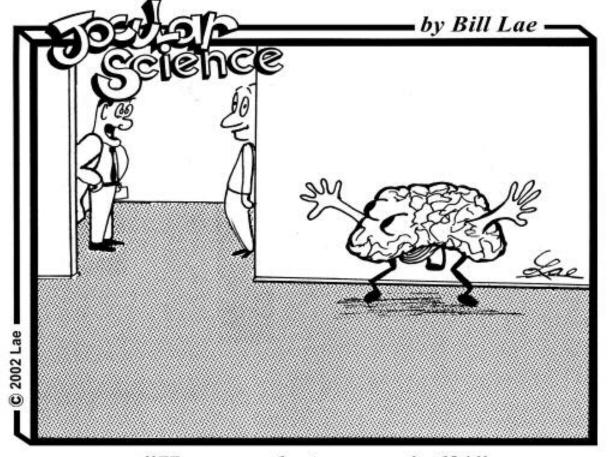
"What do you mean, kludged?"



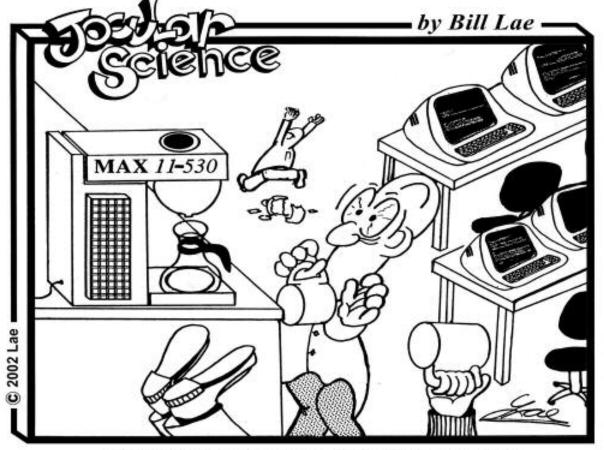
Larry's NEXT car didn't have the power, six-degree-of-freedom bucket seat option.



Life at Liposuction Labs, Inc.



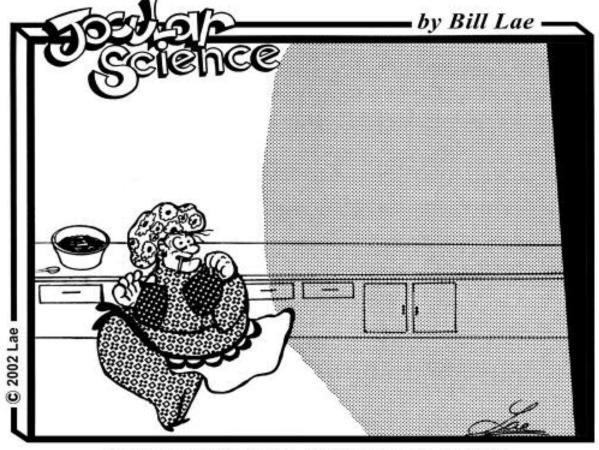
"Have you lost your mind?!"



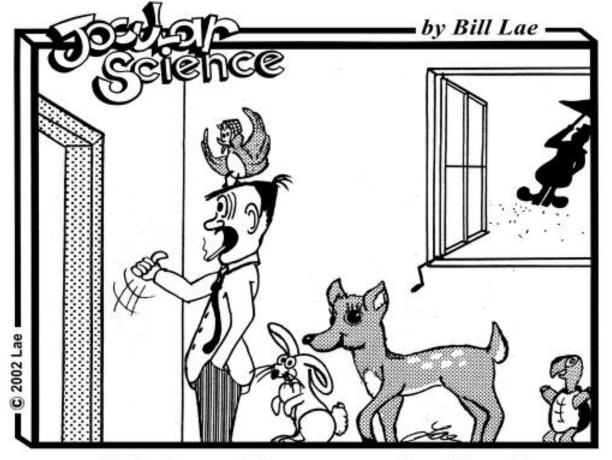
Panic struck when the Max 11-530 went offline.



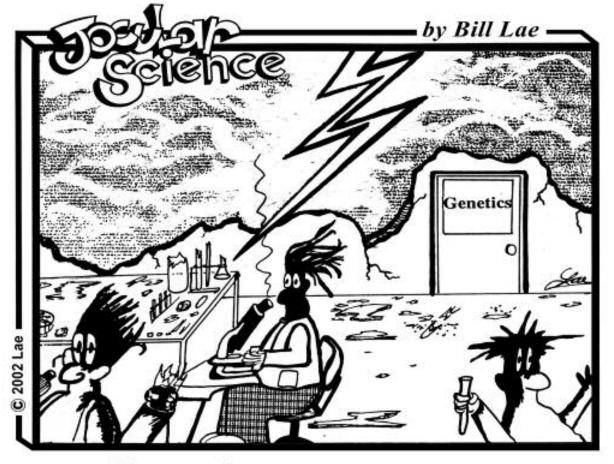
Progress on the miracle adhesive was exceptional.



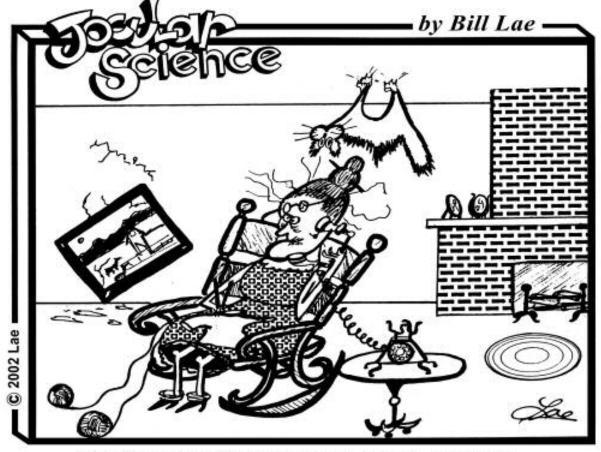
"I've got to stop getting my metric prefixes mixed up."



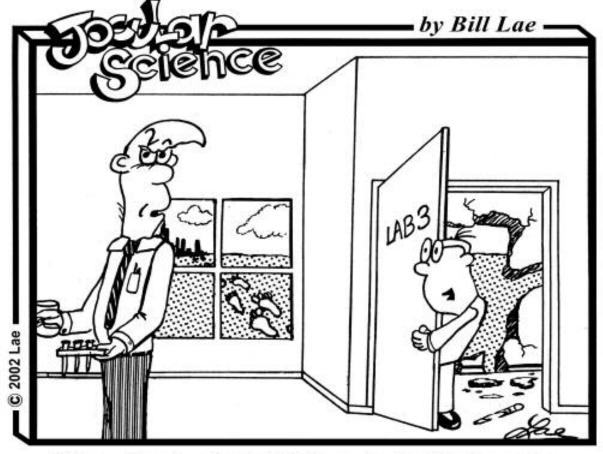
"It's about this new morale officer."



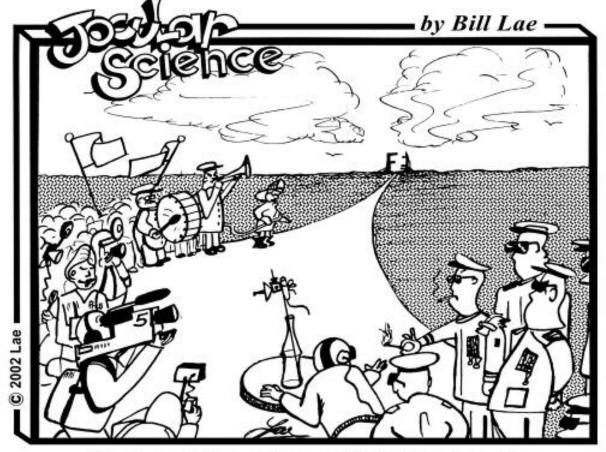
The morals controversy was over.



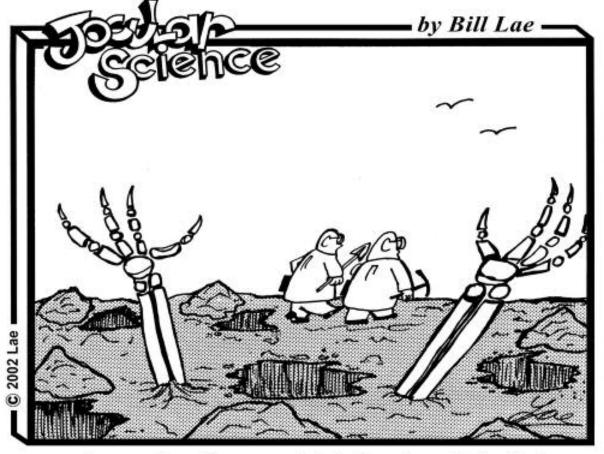
On that fateful evening, Mrs. Dithers mistakenly dialed into the Multi-Flip 9000 and promptly received five giga-bits.



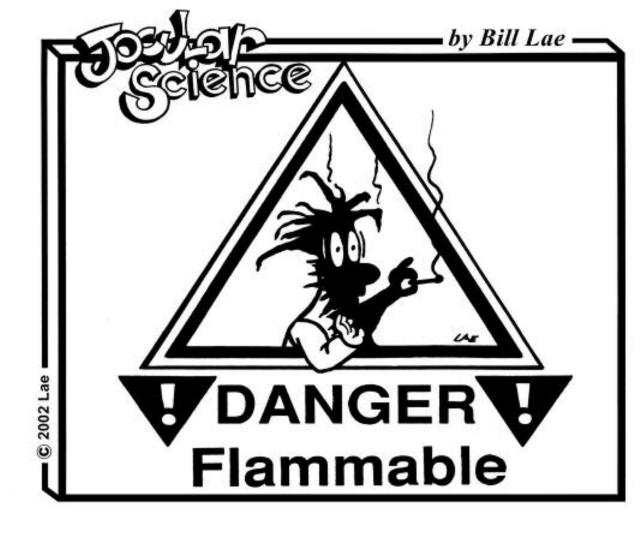
"Say, Fred, what did they do in that movie where the big, hideous genetic mutant broke loose and ate Chicago?"



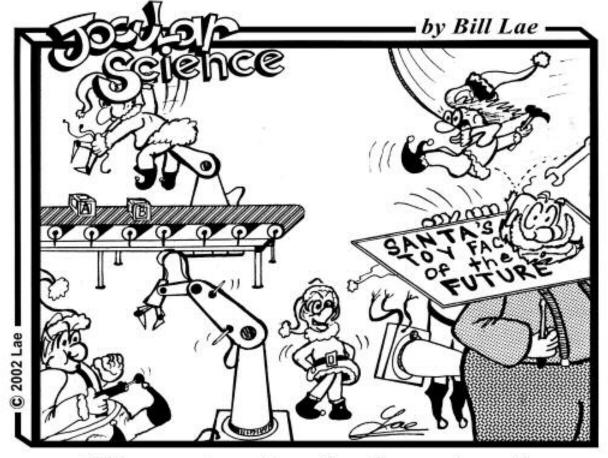
After a series of unexplainable booster mishaps, NASA got back to basics.



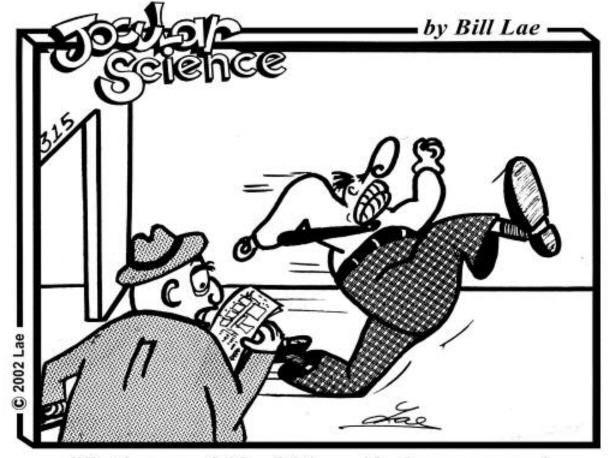
A couple of near-sighted paleontologists call it a day.



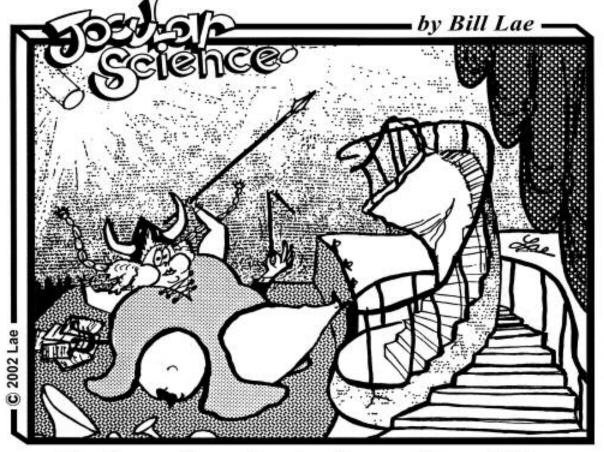




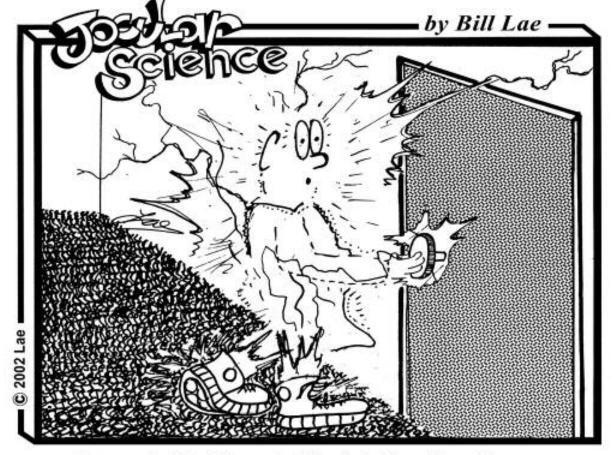
Things got pretty ugly when automation hit the North Pole.



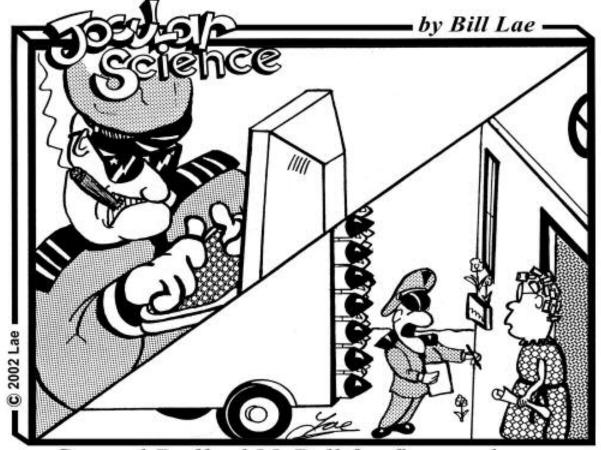
"Let's see...313...314.... Ah, here we are! 315, Nuclear Armaments."



No Force Equation in the world could have described the torques realized in the final passage of "Ode to Valhalla."



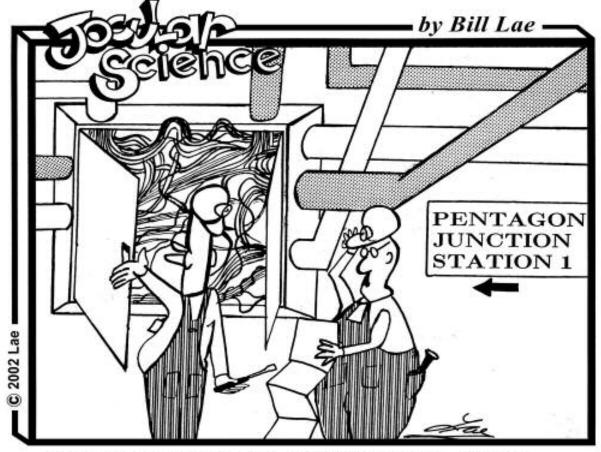
Brass + Rubber + Wool + Brad = Ozone



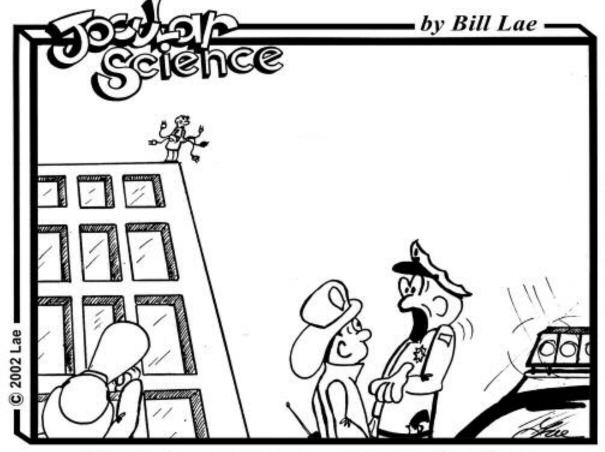
General Bufford McBell fat-fingers the editor and four dozen Parsman II missles are delivered to Mrs. Sylvia Browntopple of Little Creek, Maine.



Dr. Zoltzman and staff have hours of fun rocketing comestibles and domestic goods through the particle accelerator.



The Magenta is the ICBM trigger. Melon goes to the Security Shields. Summer Dusk is the DEFCON 5 signifier. We're after General McFarb's Buzzer, the flush pink one.



"He's demanding receptacles for those damn polarized plugs!"

Gelence

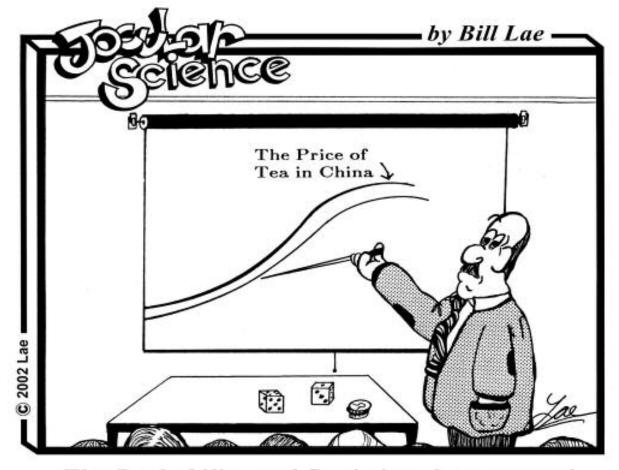
Standard Metric Prefixes

pico- nano- micro- millicenti- deci- deka- hectokilo- mega- giga-

Common Colloquial Prefixes

teensie-weensie- itty-bittypinch-o- lots-a- muthamombo- Son-of-a-

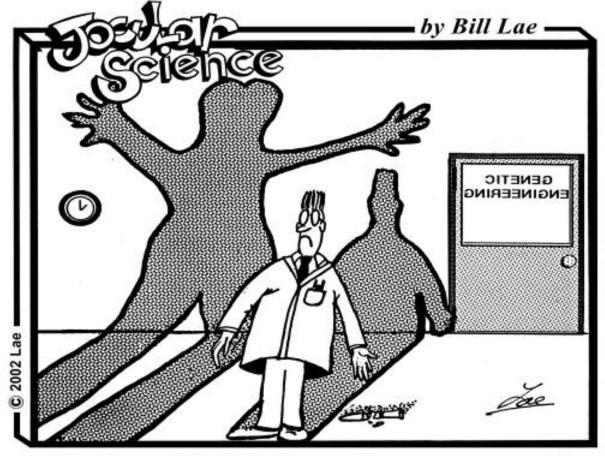




The Probability and Statistics class covered the famous Tea Correlation.



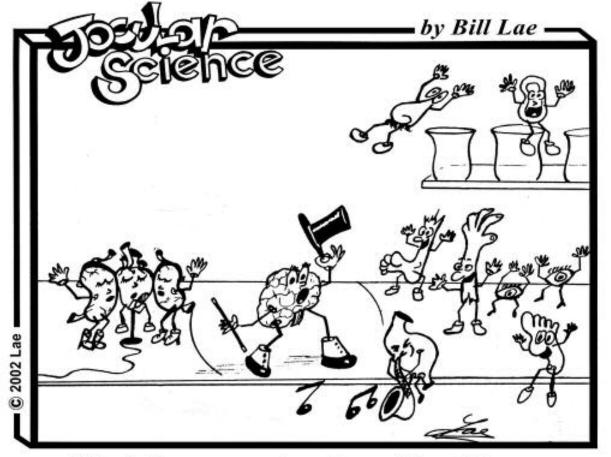
Mrs. Okra let her primordial soup cook far too long.



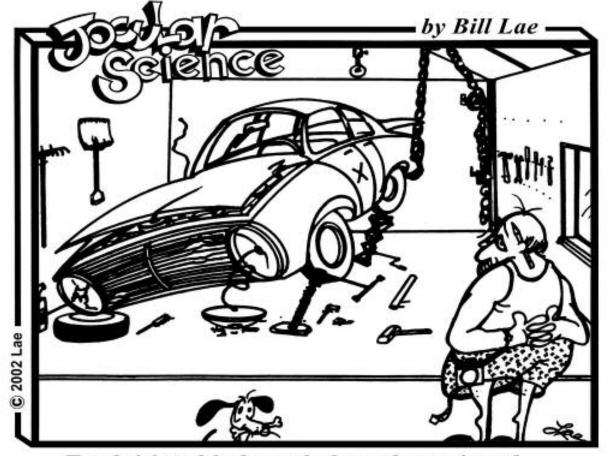
Professor Muddleshoe notices a new growth in petri dish 5.



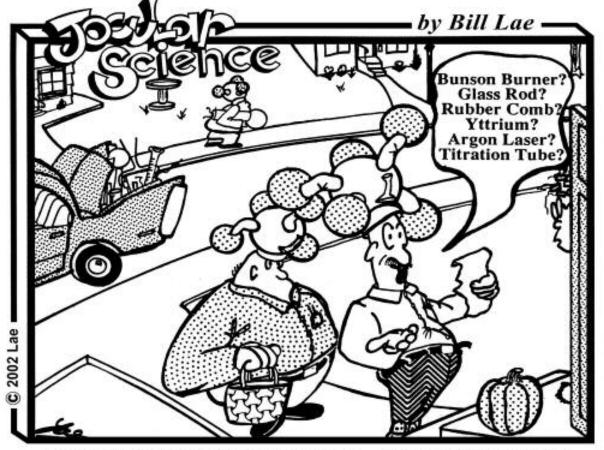
"I taught I taw a putty tat!"



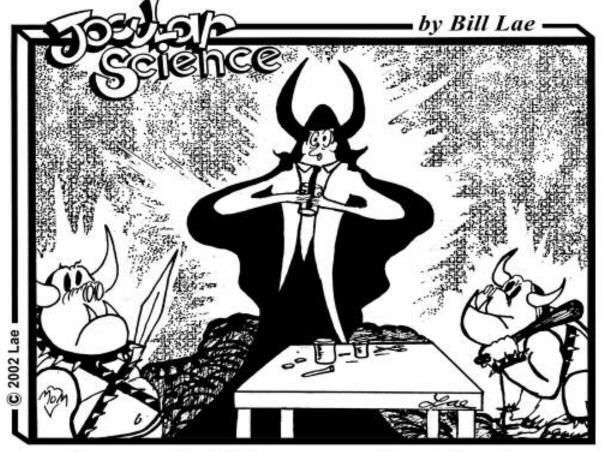
The hideous reanimation of dead tissue.



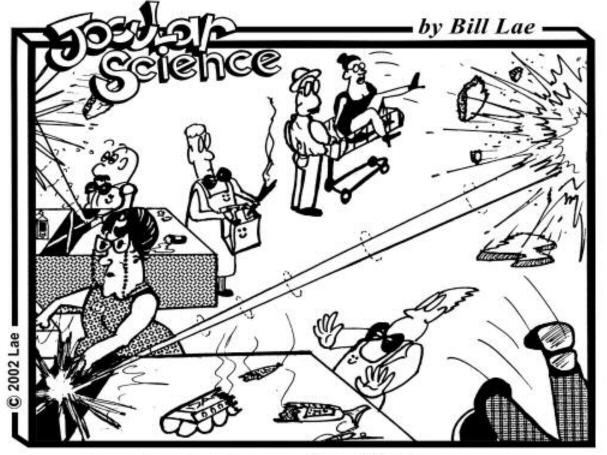
Exploiting his knowledge of rotational dynamics, Floyd finds sport in locating the moment arm for his Buick.



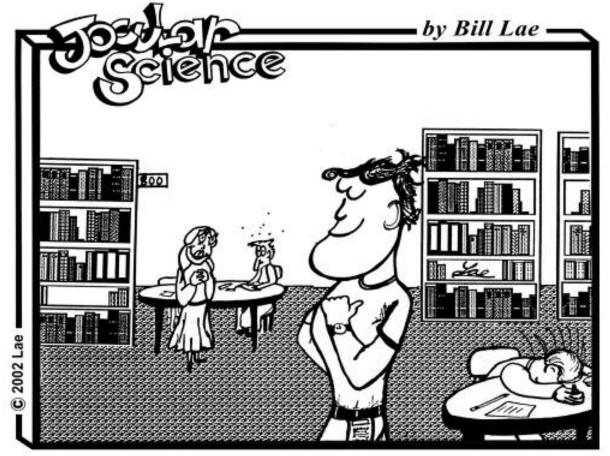
Royal Order of the Quark - Scavenger Hunt



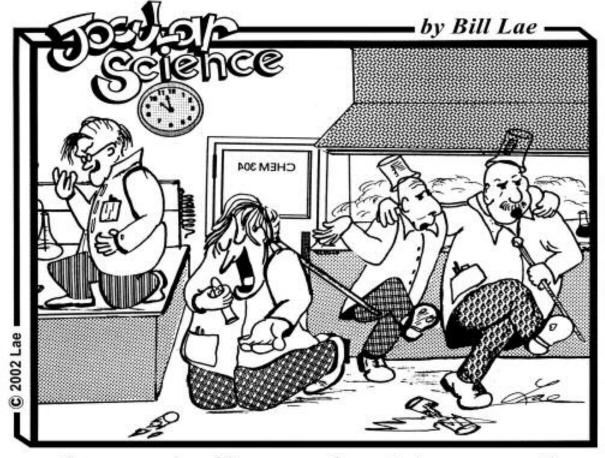
Once again, Briggs crossed that fine line separating science and mysticism.



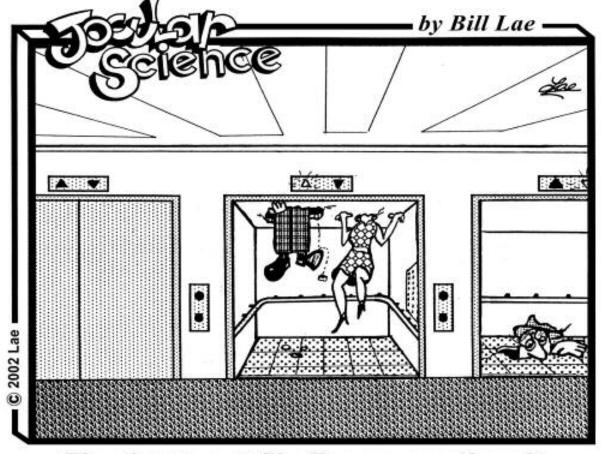
In a freak mix-up, the SDI lasers were installed at the local food mart's auto check-out lanes.



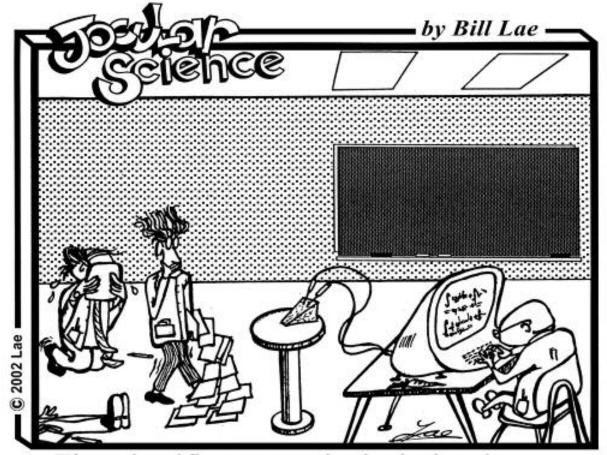
"Reminds me of the time I single-handedly solved a seventh order complex differential equation using only an abacus, broken pencil, and chewing gum wrapper."



Once again, Simmons forgets to engage the ventilation duct.



The elevators at Sky Towers were found to be seriously over-damped.



The scientific community looked on in disbelief as the group of biological computer engineers solved a complex differential equation on a sliver of bleu cheese.





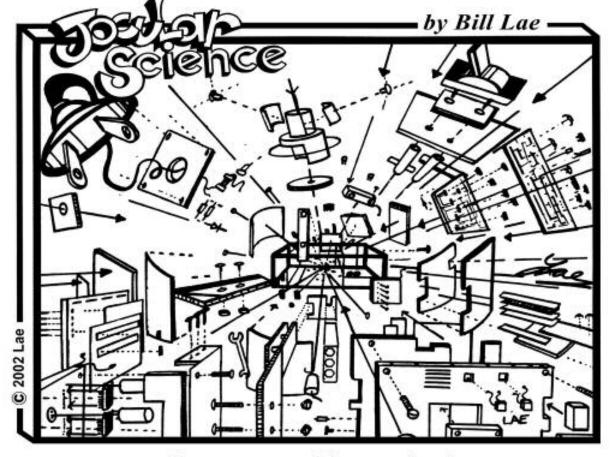
"So much for portability."



The team desperately rushed to close the space-time vortex as thousands of missing, unpaired socks hurled in.



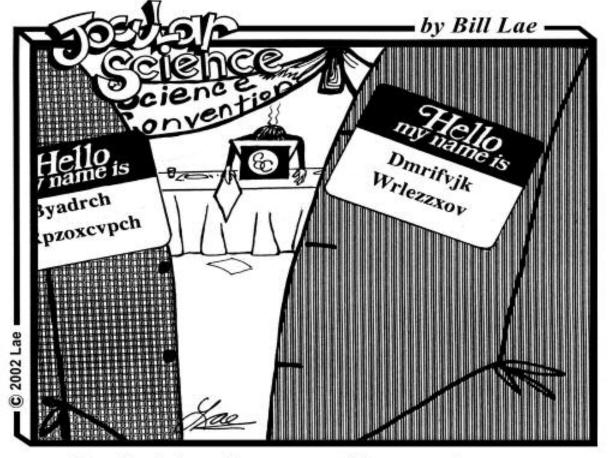
"Yes, sir, we called up the software on Khadaffi. Someone left out a semicolon on line 2."



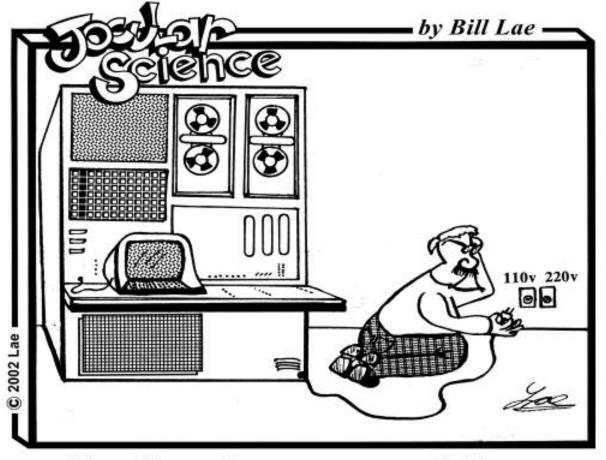
Some assembly required.



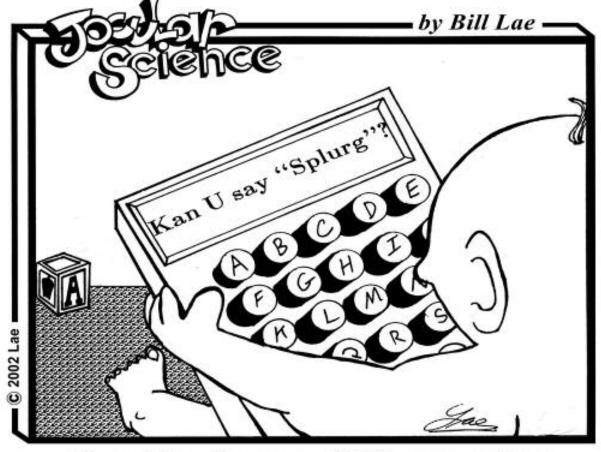
Spaghetti Programming



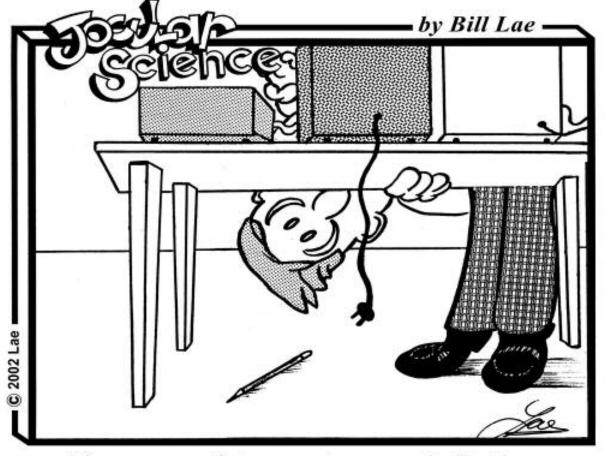
Dr. Smith collapses as his speech center overheats.



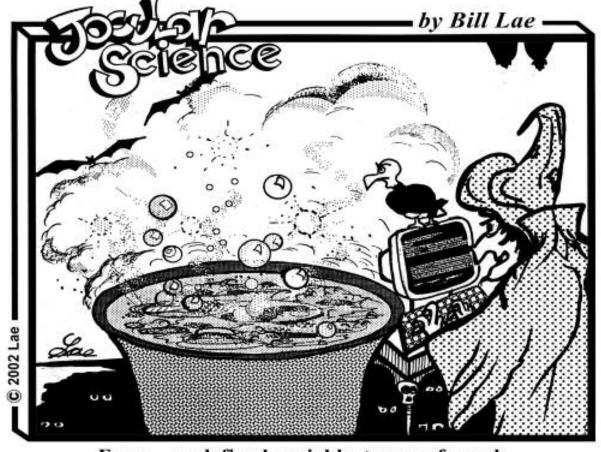
The old speed-versus-accuracy" dilemma.



Years later, the wave of illiteracy and confusion was traced to a bug in ACME's "Spell and Say."

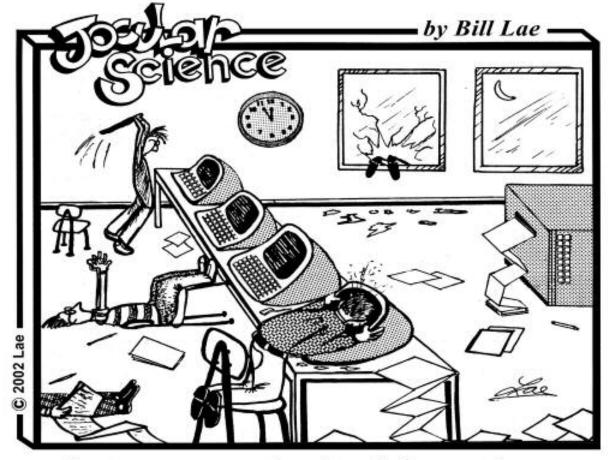


After years of stagnant research, Ruthgers makes a startling discovery.

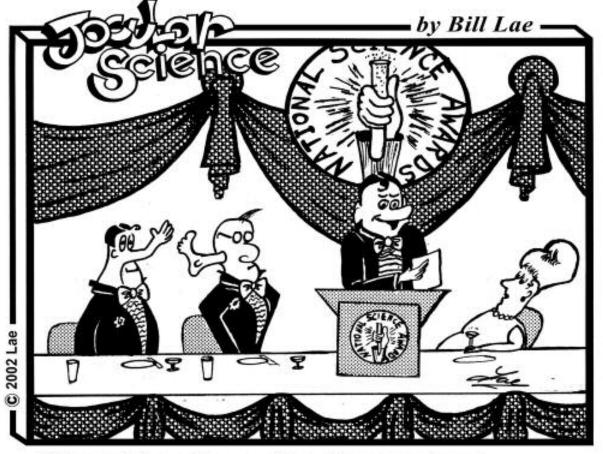


...Error... undefined variable -> eye_of_newb ...Error... syntax -> "double doble toil and rouble" ...Warning -> bat_wings ...Declared but never used.

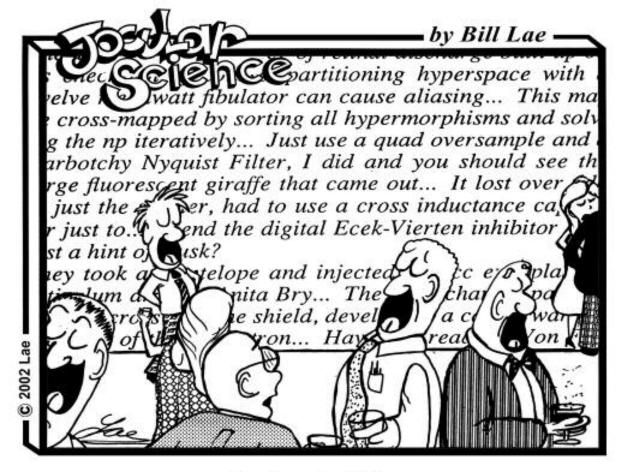




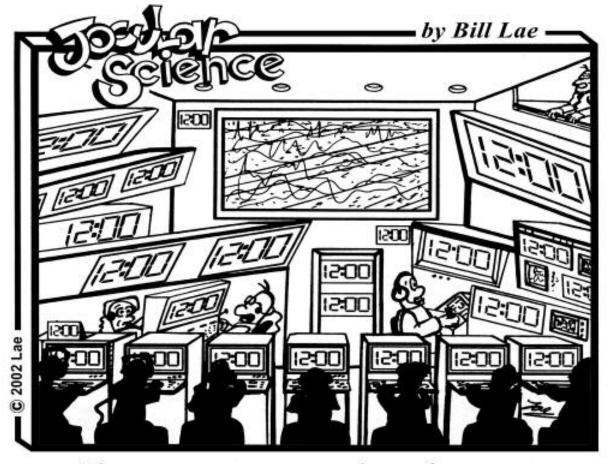
System response time is a hair over three minutes.



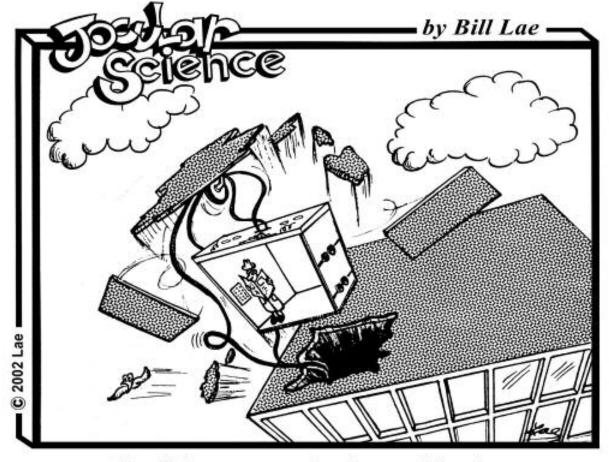
"Tonight we honor Drs. Teasnoot and Idlebag for their work in tissue regeneration."



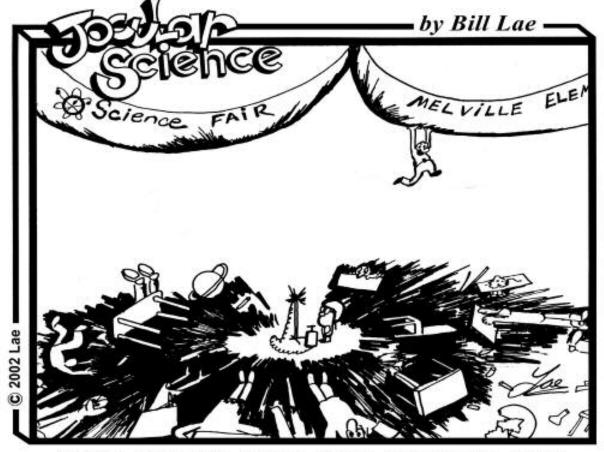
Technobabble



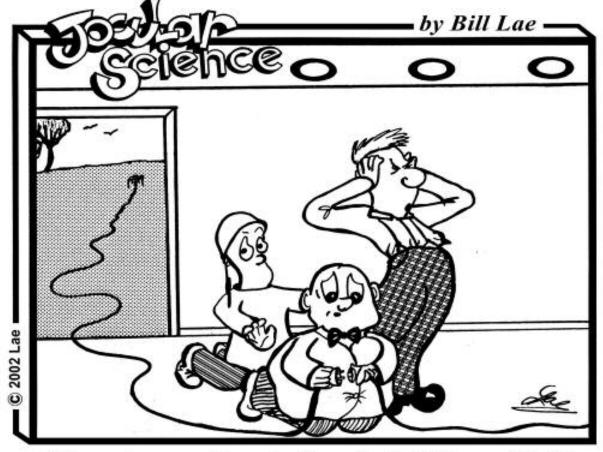
There was a temporary loss of power at mission control.



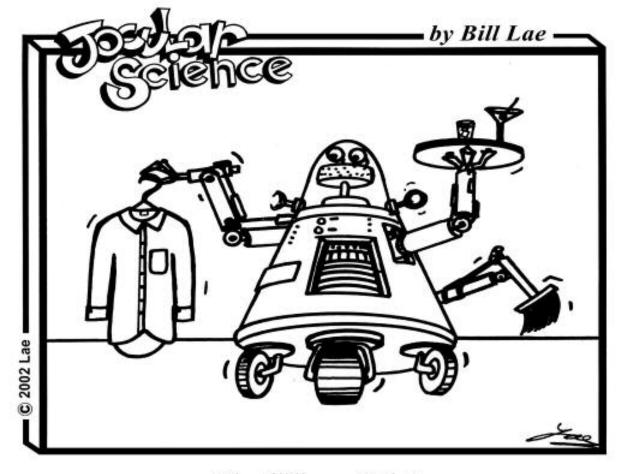
The 9 button on the keypad had an occasional bounce.



Little Jimmy's entry: "The Big Bang, Fact or Fiction."



Throwing caution to the wind, Phipps, Fieldman, and Hanks give it the ole smoke test.



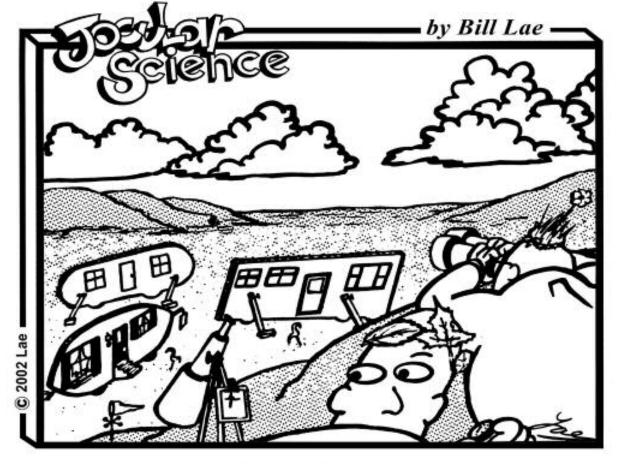
The Silicon Valet



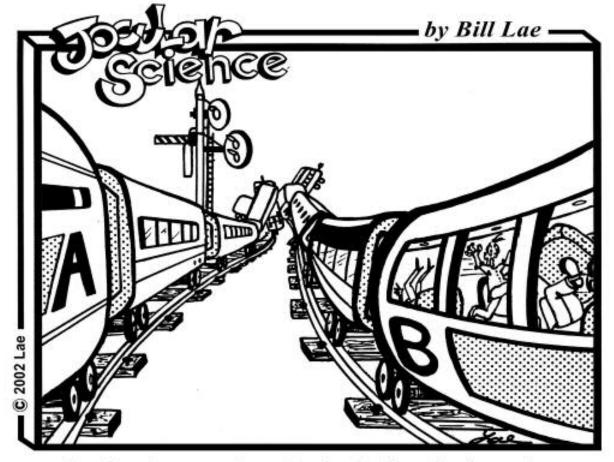
The thermocouple in Fred's blow dryer appeared to be malfunctioning.



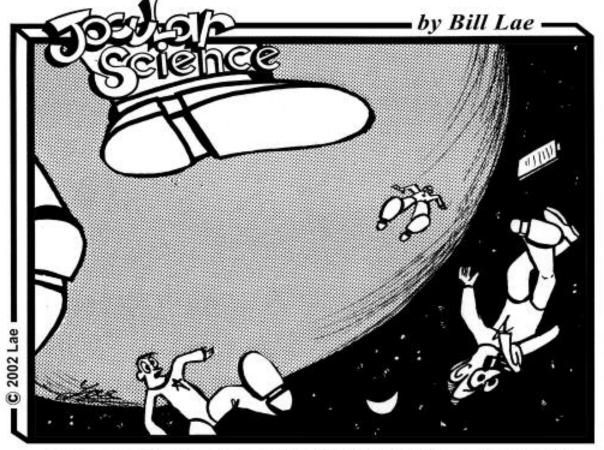
"This concludes the demonstration."



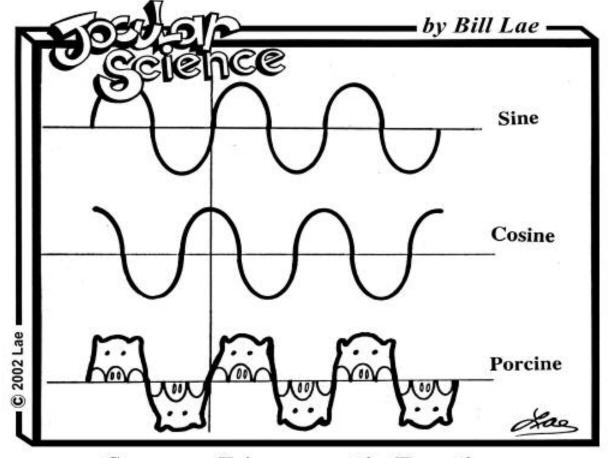
Tornado Research



Train A overtakes Train B for the last time.



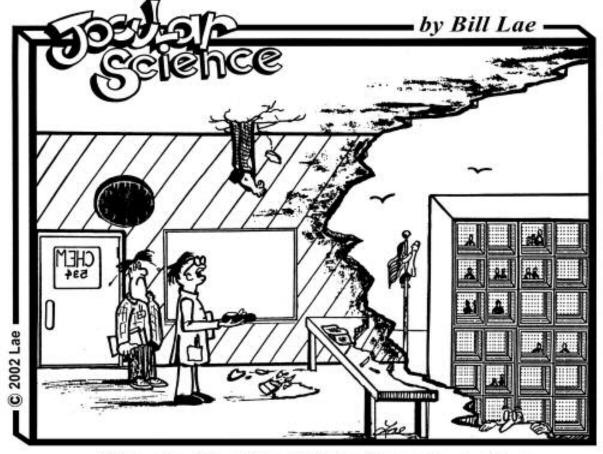
"Dammit, Scottie! TRANSLATE and THEN ROTATE!"



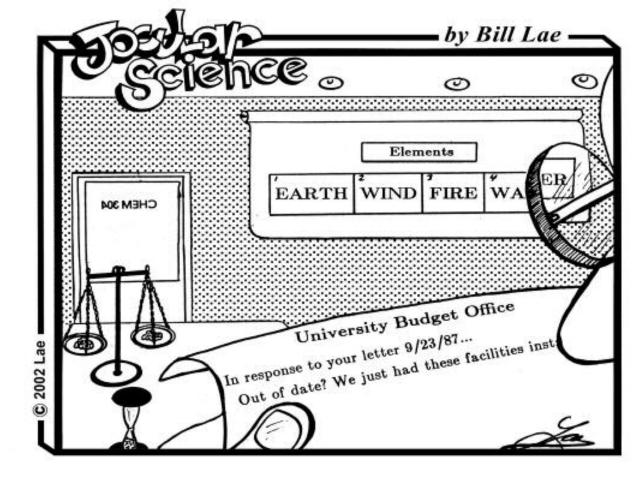
Common Trigonometric Functions



"No, no, you idiot! I said turn on the juice!"

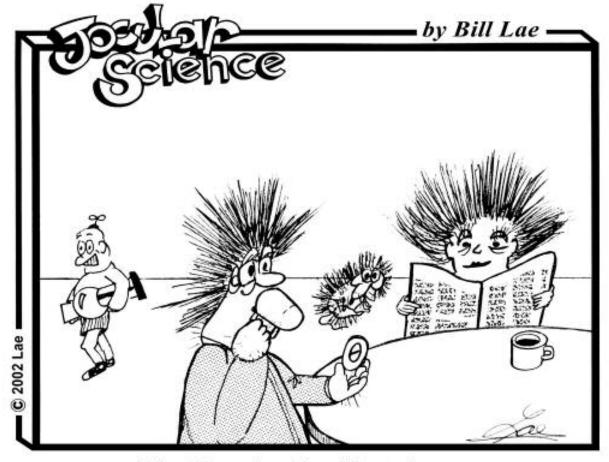


"Looks like Fredricks found another typo in the lab manual."

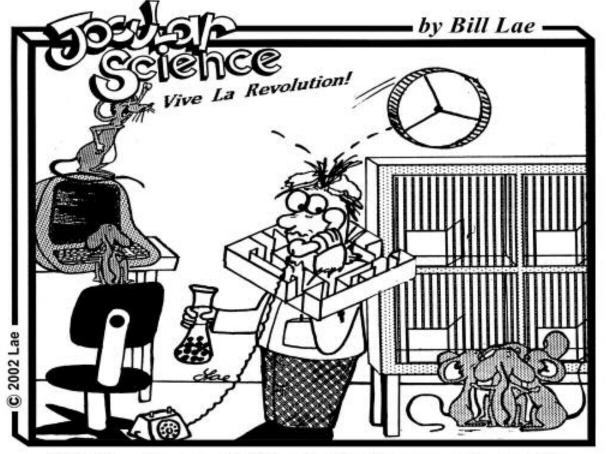




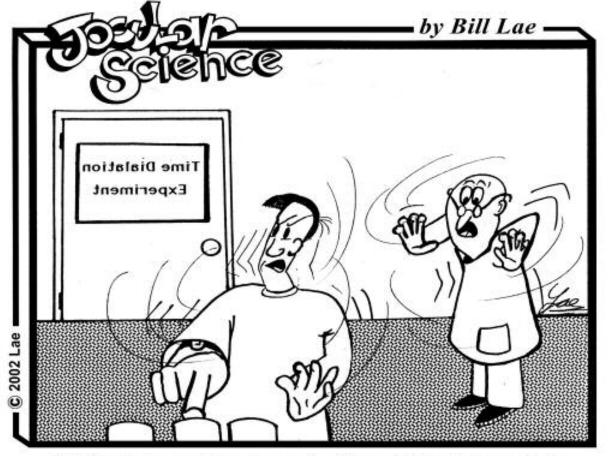
So much for user friendly.



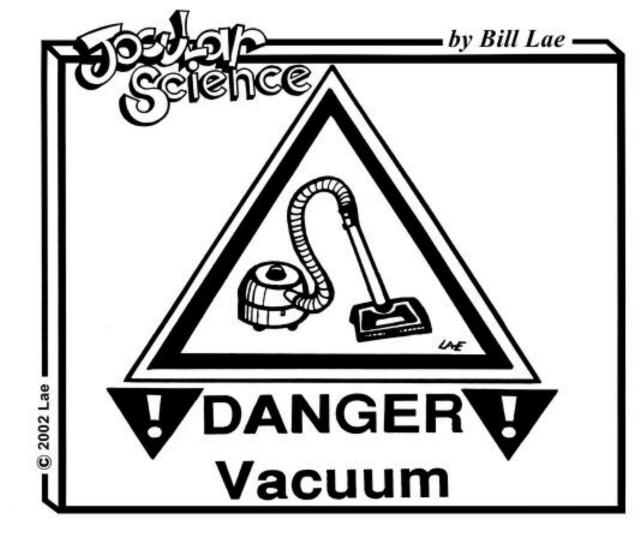
The Van der Graffs at home.



"Hello, George? How's that research on the smart pill going?

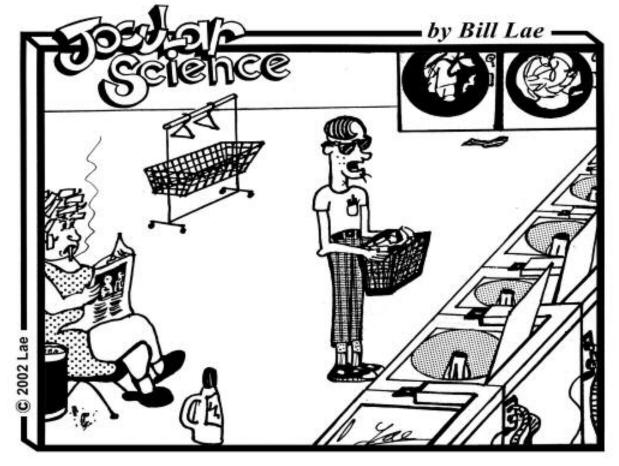


"What does this here button What does this here button What does this"





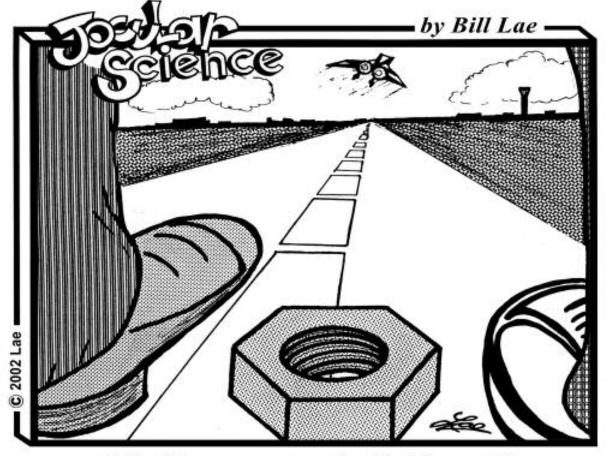
"Alright, just what in the hell is going on here?"



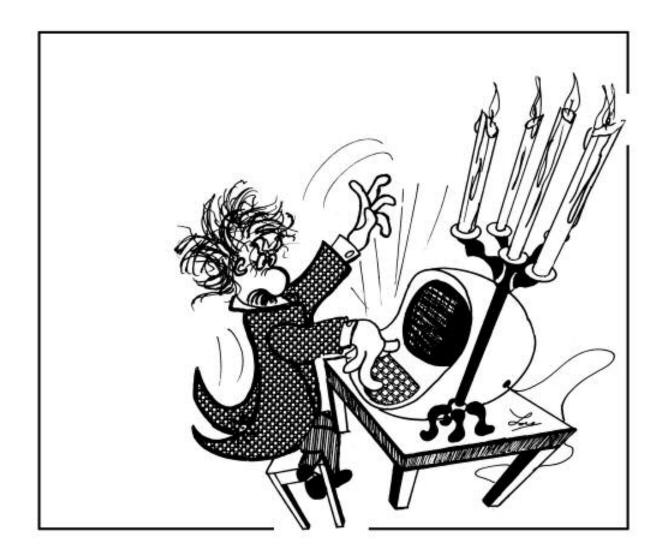
"Where do I log in?"



Witherspoon readies the copier.



"Nothing can stop the X-15 now!"



Appendix A

Answers to every third odd problem on pages divisible by the floor of the root of the initial publication date.

p.44

(5) 1 (11) 1 (17) 1 (23)



About the Cartoonist

Years of mathematics and theory can take a toll on one's mental well being. Case in point: Bill Lae, once a dedicated student (indentured servant) in electrical engineering at Purdue University (receiving his B.S.E.E. and M.S.E.E.) becomes a delinquent cartoonist.



Begun as a way of venting technical frustrations with visual humor, *Jocular Science* became a hit with the engineering community at Purdue. Although Bill was once married to engineering, a mad affair with audio-visual entertainment led him to stray far from home. He packed his bags and moved to Beverly....Hills that is. Well, not exactly, but close: Los Angeles.

Bill has been a digital special effects artist and effects supervisor for commercial television and several television shows including "The New Outer Limits," "Buffy the Vampire Slayer," and "The X-Files."

Believing the world is at least a little sick and knowing that laughter is the best medicine, he leapt from cartooning and visual effects to creating a television pilot titled: "The Couch Critics." The show is something like "Saturday Night Live" meets "At the Movies." It's a sketch-comedy show where four average people talk about movies, and every other second there's a parody, skit, or gag. (Check out couchcritics.com) Anyone that knows Bill, knows that he is a total hard-ass when it comes to movies. Scientists still are not sure as to which planets must align for him to actually give a film a passing mark. He insists that it's not just cynicism, but a sincere belief that we can all do better.

He wrote and directed a film titled "SuperGuy: Behind the Cape" in 2001. (Visit superguy.net) "SuperGuy was the perfect vehicle for a substantial message wrapped-up in entertainment with social commentary and a scope of humor from high-brow all the way down to the toilet." At the time of this writing, SuperGuy is in development as a television series for UPN.

Bill's currently bringing his broad scope of humor to a "funny look at pop-psychology" book he's writing and a stand-up comedy show that he's developing.

Here's what they're saying about Jocular Science "Fantastic! It cleared my sinuses after the first couple of pages!" -Craig Hughes, friend of Bill "Could you show me how you got that?" -Matt Booty, engineering student -Clotilda Schimmelhorn, reception "I don't get it." "I haven't had this much fun since we spilled water in the high -Frederick Friedlaender, ee professor voltage lab!" -Sandra Simplestump, technical assistance hotline "I'll get back to you on that." "It's always fun until someone puts an eye out!" -Bill's mom I enjoyed it...thanks for reminding me about the limacon!" -Arthur C. Clarke, scientist and famous author (really!) 0-9620603-1-3