

## Apply Yourself

### Dress up your iPhone with apps

WORDS JEREMIAH J. SHAW PHOTOS COURTESY OF APPLE

**GOOD CALL** | If you've yet to download any apps to your iPhone, you're so far behind the tech curve that you're probably still looking for the "carrier pigeon" function. (Hint: you have to crack the screen on a hard surface in order to "hatch" the pigeon.) So for the CelluLuddites among you, we've comprised a list of some of the most interesting apps available for your iPhone. Get to downloading, Ezekiel.



#### iDial Retro

Break free from the touchtone proletariat and show off your indie street cred with a rotary dialer. Beam with smirking retro indignance until you find out why the world moved on from the rotary dialer in the first place. (Namely, because it's a completely inefficient way to input data.) But that's unimportant. The key

here is that you've proven your emancipation from all those touchtone deaf automatons. They poke; you whirl. They beep; you clack. And if my grass were that emo, it would cut itself.



#### Lightsaber

This app alone is reason enough to toss your current cell in a "Phones for Soldiers" recycling bin and fork \$200 worth of lettuce over to Steve Jobs. That's right. It's a lightsaber. In your pocket. All obvious Princess Leia jokes aside, this really is a damn cool application.

The iPhone's internal accelerometer can tell when you're swinging, "blocking" or just holding still and meditating like Qui-Gon, and it blasts out the appropriate sounds for each position. [Note: the amusement derived from using the iSaber scales positively with blood alcohol content, and Jeremiah was completely wasted when he tested this here in the ENVY office. Two broken computer monitors, a smashed coffee machine and several patched holes in the walls later, we've forbidden him from further product testing while indoors.]



#### I Am Rich

Did you know your iPhone screen can be used as a fine grit sandpaper? (Glass is basically just silica, after all.) It's perfect for smoothing model airplane projects or buffing out small scratches in your car's paint job. Another little known fact is that the thick aluminum shell of an iPhone is so dense that it's bullet resistant

to anything below a .22 caliber. Yes, really! Not to mention all of its components are actually edible and can provide emergency nutrition should you ever get lost in the wilderness. Two normal-sized adults can subsist on an iPhone 3G for almost 48 hours. Now, if you nodded your head and said "really?" to any of the above, chances are good that you were one of the illustrious eight people in the world who purchased the "I Am Rich" iPhone application for \$1,000, which does absolutely nothing but show you a pretty picture and remind you that you have way too much disposable income.



#### Flashlight

Hurricanes! Tornadoes! Earthquakes! Locusts! Rogue waves! Flying Jihad toads rigged with C-4 and stuffed with glitter and confetti! Each are Satan's sock puppets, sent from the back alleys of the City of DJs with but one nefarious purpose in mind: to shut off your power and really, really inconvenience you. Particularly during your favorite television shows. Well, fear not, gentle Neo-Cons, this flashlight application for the iPhone is your first line of Suburban Homeland Defense. Simply power on the app, and a pure white beam of light shines forth, banishing the swarthy, unclean darkness in a shimmering radiance. Use it to find your way to the generator you've stashed for just such an occasion, and then finish watching "Everybody Loves Raymond" while your neighbors flail around helplessly in the dark. Oh that Raymond . . . what will he hit his head on this week?



#### Urbanspoon

Clueless dating couples rejoice! Here is the answer to the second-largest cause of argument, "What should we have for dinner tonight?" (The #1 cause, of course, being irreconcilable differences over the use of symbolism in Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter.") Simply let your iPhone triangulate your current location, give the "wheel o' sustenance" a spin, and allow the gods of random number generation to decide where you dine that evening. However, placing your trust in such fickle epicurean fates means you might very well end up with a perfect rib eye at Ruth's Chris—or find yourself pondering the "Scrapple Sampler Platter" at Uncle Cleatus's Beanateria. Caveat Emptor, Bacchus.