

NEWS

AUTOMATON TERROR GRIPS STUDENTS, PREZ

DANCING TO BE BANNED?

Students outraged at lack of opportunities to embarrass selves

By Skip Thompson and Gustav Therabid

Fun-loving college kids don't have much to smile about anymore.

Campus Security Chief Reg Jerkface has attempted to ban dancing on the UNB campus, declaring it the "automaton terror."

Jerkface, looking striking in his forest green attire, announced his intentions at a press conference.

This has caused a backlash among campus bars, most notably The Cellar and Socialist Club, as well as hoards of angry, dance-loving students.

His excuse for banning dancing is the re-discovery of the

automaton terror, a disease more commonly known as "Saturday Night Fever." It was first brought to public attention by the 1970s film of the same name, in which John Travolta's breathtaking portrayal of a young man afflicted with the disease struck a chord with youth worldwide.

The disease was also documented in the BeeGee's smash disco hit 'Stayin' Alive,' in which the brothers cried out for support in their battle against Saturday Night Fever. With lyrics such as "Life goin' nowhere / Somebody help me" and "You may look the other way / We can try to understand," the BeeGee's evoked sympathy from around the world.

Dancing, invented by Gary Smith in 1831 as a response to table-ball (now known as billiards), has long been a source of controversy. Saturday Night Fever, discovered soon after,



RICHARD TRICKLE / IRRATIONAL POST

Sadly, these young men are all victims of Saturday Night Fever.

tends to cause uncontrollable gyrations on the dance floor and a complete disregard for one's self-respect.

UNB's official stance on Saturday Night Fever has not yet been announced, although those in power are not hesitating to voice their opinion.

"This disease is no reason to

ban dancing at our university," said enraged UNB President, Elizabeth Magic-Johnson, a self-described lover of dance. "The automaton terror is not here, never has been, and never will be." Sources tell the *Irrational Post* that she is currently sulking in her office, listening to *Smash Disco Hits of the '70s*.

Jerkface, however, feels differently.

"She doesn't know what she's talking about." He claims to have seen students smitten with the disease all over the UNBF campus, and is calling for a complete halt to dancing.

A student vote is to be held next week.

Science helps hated Americans

Bush clones waiting in the wings

By Harry Scott

With the number of countries who bear some kind of grudge against the United States of America growing daily, the threat against George W. Bush has increased so dramatically

that drastic measures are now in place to ensure his continued safety.

Since Bush was sworn in as President, a team of scientists have been working day and night to perfect the cloning techniques needed to create a large collection of spare Presidents waiting in the wings, just in case something happens.

"It hasn't been an easy job because nobody has tried doing

this with a human before," said Henry Beakerson, Chief Scientist. "Cloning sheep is one thing, but this is the President of the United States of America we're talking about."

During the past couple of years, the scientists got closer to actually managing to make a President in a test-tube, but not before making a whole series of clones that just weren't up to scratch.

"You should have seen some of the first few freaks that we made," commented Beakerson. "It was absolutely laughable. We had so much fun in the lab playing with them, getting them to chase after balls and run into walls - you get the idea."

After those initial attempts

had gone awry, the scientists finally got to grips with the technology and made rapid progress, soon creating their first useable President.

"Once we realized that it didn't matter that the brain wasn't fully developed, our success rate was a lot higher than we ever expected," explained Beakerson. "I'm sure glad that we didn't have to do this while Clinton was President because it is so much simpler with a simpleton like Bush."

There are currently thirty George W. Bushes being held in a secure bunker at a secret location, just in case there is a need for one following some kind of military action by one of the US's many enemies.

"We've yet to see an assassination attempt on our beloved President, but three of the clones have already been utilized after various choking 'incidents' involving pretzels, jelly beans and beef jerky," explained a Secret Service representative. "And nobody has noticed the change yet. In fact, I probably shouldn't even be mentioning it at all."

If the Great American President Cloning Experiment turns out to be a success, it is thought that the position of Vice President will be discontinued. Some have speculated that the initial idea for scrapping that post appeared while Dan Quayle was Vice President. Just in case.



HEATHER HEATHER / IRRATIONAL POST

Though both were well-prepared, it was neither who came out on top. Instead, the oven ate the toaster. End of story.

Brunswickan offers volunteer torture, unhappiness

CLAIMS CHEERFULLY VERIFIED

By Cat Imaivik

Having finished his two month stop at *The Brunswickan*, Mathieu Gobeil, a Katimavik participant from Quebec, reveals the unprecedented inhuman experience he went through for three mornings a week at the student newspaper.

"I've been treated like a true

slave," says Math, mumbling something that sounds like "Tabarnak."

It seems that the people at *The Brunswickan* gave him quite a hard time. Making useless phone calls, looking at his e-mails for hours, and cleaning the whole floor with a toothbrush were some of the unbelievable atrocities he has been a victim of.

Asked if he will keep scars of his adventure, Mathieu

responds that the physical and mental tortures he received will always be noticeable, even many years from now.

"They made me sit on a chair for so long that my butt still hurts from the inactivity."

Gobeil's complaints have not gone unanswered.

The allegations are completely true, says Ben Conoley, a staff member at *The Brunswickan*.

"I like to think that we treated Math like a worthless volunteer. I don't even know how he started working for us - he just showed up one day mumbling something in French - poutine, maybe. So, I put him to work," added Conoley.

The poor volunteer even had

to ask the radio station CHSR for help, due to a lack of constructive and meaningful work at *The Brunswickan*. So, he went to wipe off the dust from the consoles, which is, according to Math, "The best treatment I had there during those two months."

Fortunately, the United Nations Department of International Human Rights Respect is investigating the case and will put pressure on the appropriate authorities to make sure an event like this will never happen again.

The Brunswickan, meanwhile, is looking for new volunteers to replace Mathieu. Drop by the office to apply.

Pot calls kettle black, racial issues only the beginning

THINGS HEATING UP

By Kora Tedkoppfeldt

Appliances in a local household turned on each other this week, commencing with what the Pot believed to be "just a witty quip."

"I don't understand what the kettle's problem is," remarked the Pot, "he's always getting steamed."

This was just the tip of the iceberg. After the comment, the floodgates were open to burning insults from all corners of the smart Dutch-contemporary style abode, and this reporter was caught in the crossfire.

The appliances were running every which way; remarking that the blender was all mixed up, the eggbeaters too soft, the can opener had its nose in everyone's business and even the lonely souls in the laundry room were all washed up.

"We didn't even do anything!" exclaimed the Maytag. "We don't even know them! No one ever comes to visit....what is it like out there?"

Prez leaving UNB for Electric Circus?

By Chris Wilson-Phillips

After a reign of eight years, Elizabeth Magic-Johnson, UNB's president and nice-chancellor, is stepping down.

Magic-Johnson cited an "uncontrollable urge to move to the beat," as her reason behind the decision.

"Every Friday, I come home after a long day of worrying about tuition, deferred maintenance, and snow removal... and watch Electric Circus," said the president.

Electric Circus, or "EC" as it is commonly referred to, is a Toronto-based dance show which airs on Muchmusic every Friday.

The show televises scores of people who gather to twitch and gyrate to the beat of Shaggy chart-toppers and terrible techno music.

"I got to get me some of that," exclaimed a visibly excited Magic-Johnson.

Throughout her tenure as president of Canada's oldest campus, Magic-Johnson has battled to bring UNB to the forefront of undergraduate universities. When that failed, Magic-Johnson said it was only a matter of resorting to plan "B."

"I fly to Toronto in two weeks," said Magic-Johnson.

Getting on the show, according to the president, will be "no problemo."

"I've been practicing at the 'Nut' for years now. There's absolutely no way they won't be feelin' my groove."

John McCoughlin, the person elected to fill in as president when Magic-Johnson departs, expressed sympathy and regret.

"I understand why she's doing this... I quit my steady job at Wendy's in 1979 to dance on Soul Train. I only lasted two episodes, but you never know - she just might have what it takes," said McCoughlin.

Representatives of Electric Circus were napping when reached for comment.

The situation became increasingly bleak as the light fixtures had the bright idea to run amuck and even the matches went on strike.

While interviewing the bathroom, the toilet was quick to mention his boss was "a real ass" and the toilet paper stated how his job really "rubbed him the wrong way."

Back in the kitchen, the toaster was ranting about how "the man is always pushing him down," attempting to instigate an open revolt which he felt was the "only hope for change."

Throughout his discourse, the oven ate him, complaining that he was "tired of hearing him bitch."

Understanding the dire nature of the situation he was in, the toaster's muffled voice came from inside stating: "Oh, okay...uncle."

Upon hearing this, the oven relented, and on the promise he would "stop his damn whining," released the toaster.

Consequently, the glasses saw what had transpired throughout the past hour and attempted to rectify this situation, but to no avail. Although the pot and kettle had since reached an understanding, they were both now annoyed with the toaster and banished it into the laundry room.

The final comment heard from the household fluttered in from the laundry room, "... friend?"