

Welcome back Three Lines Free

by Spandex Matters

I guess I'm going to have to eat my words. For the zero newspapers that Three Lines Free has been gone, I've missed it. Scrappin' TLF seemed like a good idea at the time; famous last words.

I was production editor last year and I was the one who started TLF, gal darnit. Call me the Bride of Frankenstein. My motives were pure. All the smut that surfaced in TLF surpassed my wildest fantasies. Who'd-a thunk it? I only wish Winnie wasn't such a wuss.

Last year, TLF was comparatively tame. Last year all the students were boring, unimaginative farts. What I want to know is, where were the 'geers and the aggies last year? And where were all the people who realized they could have fun pulling their goalie in print over the nearest hot babe?

TLF, like Frankie's monster, grew in size. And dag-nabbit, the bigger that sucker grows the more insatiable the Bride becomes. But the rest of our staff, because of some gal-darned notion havin' tuh do sumpin' wiv' journalistic integrity, wanted to scrap TLF. And fer what?

I haven't the foggiest ideer.

So Candi, Bambi and Hugh G. Rection, come on back. This campus might be better off without a forum for misogyny or sexism, but frankly it'd bore me stupid. All those goddamn quilting bees are makin' me plum loco.

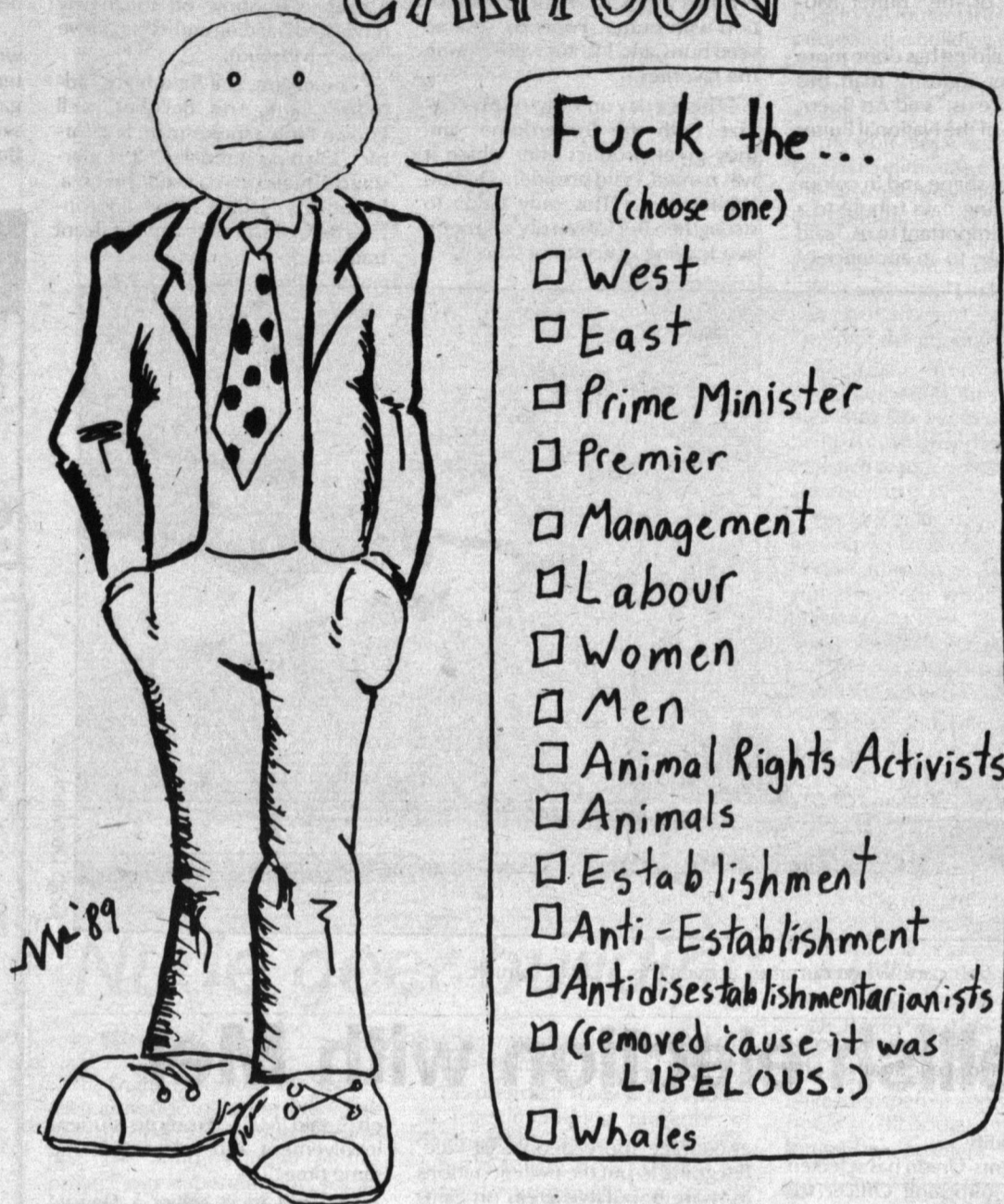
To all those people who sent those cutesie birthday messages, fuck off. Send them to *The Fridge*. To all those who complained about TLF, I suppose you know a better way of meeting people, huh? Well, fuck off. That is, I mean, flunk out.

Hopefully, due to the resurrection of TLF, my one enduring legacy at the University of Apathy will be one really rauchy, sexy, smutty, hot page full of huge hairy wobbling genitalia and bouncing bodacious titties or ta-ta's or boobs or whatever you want to call them.

I suppose I should sign off by saying Merry Christmas, but instead I'll close with one of the most rauchy TLF's I've received over the past couple of years:

Hot pussy in Anthro 355. It's Christmas! Cum let me squirt eggnog all over your body and tweak your nipples! Love, Santa.

GENERIC POLITICAL CARTOON



COMICS

Please keep letters brief. All letters must include name, faculty, year, phone number and ID number (ID and phone will not be printed).

Engineers trash *Fridge*...

We, the engineering student body at the University of Alberta, wish to apologize to the student body as a whole for the objectionable content of *The Fridge*. Recent occurrences, while sparking considerable controversy, also served as a most desperately-needed introspective opportunity for 'geers, on both an individual and a collective basis.

In the end, there was no need to resort to democracy to settle the issue. In an attempt to better understand ourselves, we met last week at dawn on a field of marigolds and stinkweed, and arrived at the collective consensus that the offenses of *The Fridge* must be stopped. Nietzsche tells us to act as if our actions will be repeated infinitely; suddenly epiphany struck, and we realized the eternal consequences of our wrongdoing. Forgive us.

Our apologies go out to all members of the university community, and also to all future generations who will be affected by the stream of consciousness that *The*

Fridge has helped to propagate. Rest assured that we will carry this, our heaviest of burdens, into the afterlife.

Ed Geiner
Geer guy

..and Artsies respond

On behalf of Arts students everywhere, I would like to say that I am disappointed in the announced end of *The Fridge* (see above).

Personally, I thought that 'geers had more balls than that.

I mean, what kind of fucking wimps are you guys, anyway? What's next, no more *Hustler*? I suppose Hugh Hefner isn't a cool guy, even though he's married and everything.

You should have kicked our fucking ass all over a court of law for reading the damn thing anyway,

and you know it.

Like Scandal Matters says, if it wasn't for you guys stirring up shit every year, we'd be bored stupid. We sure as hell can't expect *The Getaway* to do it. If it's okay for entertainment writing to be irresponsible, then what makes you guys so fucking special?

You guys are just too fucking gay.

Fuck off.

Art Scie
Debating Club President

SU rep blabs

Re: SU political double speak

The Students' Union does not use such unintelligible diction.

The comments attributed to "any SU representative" were taken out of context, and are consequently misleading; no one actually said all that, but we all said part of it at one time or another.

The real SU policy on rhetoric is quite straightforward. It is based on the following premises: first, that students must have access to all forms of rhetoric. Second, that financial barriers should not be a restriction to the use of such. On this basis, we feel that four considerations were most important in determining student use of chit-chat:

1) *Win-win situation*. That is to say, no rhetoric should, in any way, shape or form and to any person or group of persons, identifiable or

not, appear to cause loss, harm, deprivation or any such situation, even if such is in fact the case.

2) *Pro-active stance*. In other words, this means simply and with all objection and/or misunderstanding aside, no sentence or part of a sentence will be, appear to be or appear to have been used by any student in the passive voice.

3) *Expedition of commensurate consensus and awareness*. This one speaks for itself.

4) *Mumbo-jumbo*. Perforce, blah belch ho hum yawn. That is, icky icky wa wa walla google goggle. Jabberwocky tickle tickle stuff and things cloud cloud smoke smoke hide hide hide. Ack ack a-dack.

I hope I have made myself clear.

Bob Loblaw
SU Gorby

Editor's note: say this guy's name five times fast.

The **Getaway**

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Phone
Down
Down
Down
Down
Up
Down
Down
Down
Back in 5 minutes
Down
Anytime

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Actually, possession of *The Getaway* by anyone except *Getaway* staff and people we like is prohibited by law, so you're under arrest, you stupid fuck. You thought you'd get away with it, huh? Well, I'm enjoying every minute of this. You have the right to remain silent, so shut up, you snotty-faced whiner. I don't have time to bother with your fucking hardluck stories. Why don't you get your life made into a miniseries and leave me alone! I don't care if your mother kicked you in the head with an iron boot every day, you probably deserved it, stealing newspapers like some fucking juvenile delinquent...

Readership is held in contempt.