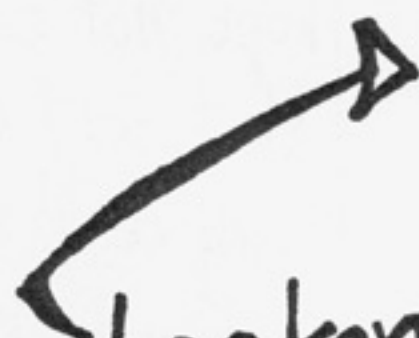


The Locker Room

#3

No. 3
Vol. 1

50¢



Lockerroom

mascots

SVEN & Blimpie

The greatest Zine... Ever!

Classifieds

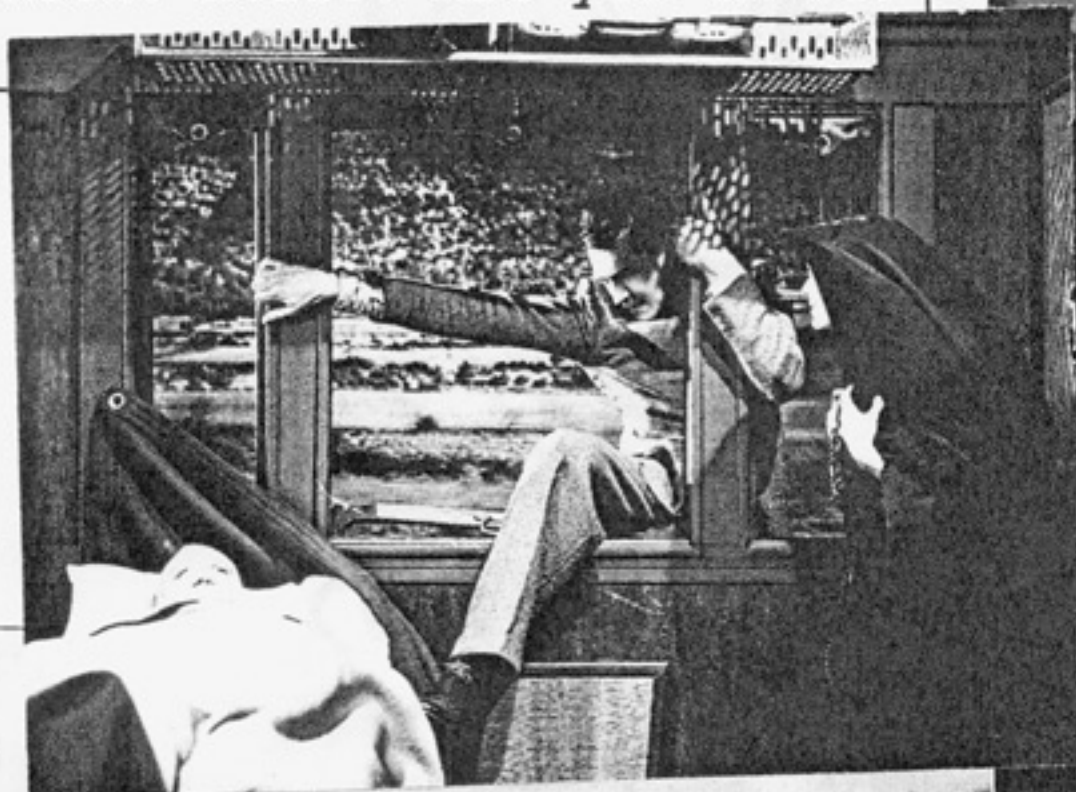
Glishov Nio Julpon

Relationship will be based merely upon varmits and the tenderness of her elbow flesh. My sexual is primarily non existant because inscest has rendered me to the body of a 10 year old. I spend weekends greasing the wagon or seeing T.V. John Denver is the inspiration that sees me through life. I like when girls have diamond shaped butt hair on the lower left cheek. Hello? Are you there?

Steve 55 year old married man interested in indescrète sexual relationship involving various utensils. In need of a burly woman to clean my unwashed jogging shorts. Call me. Please.



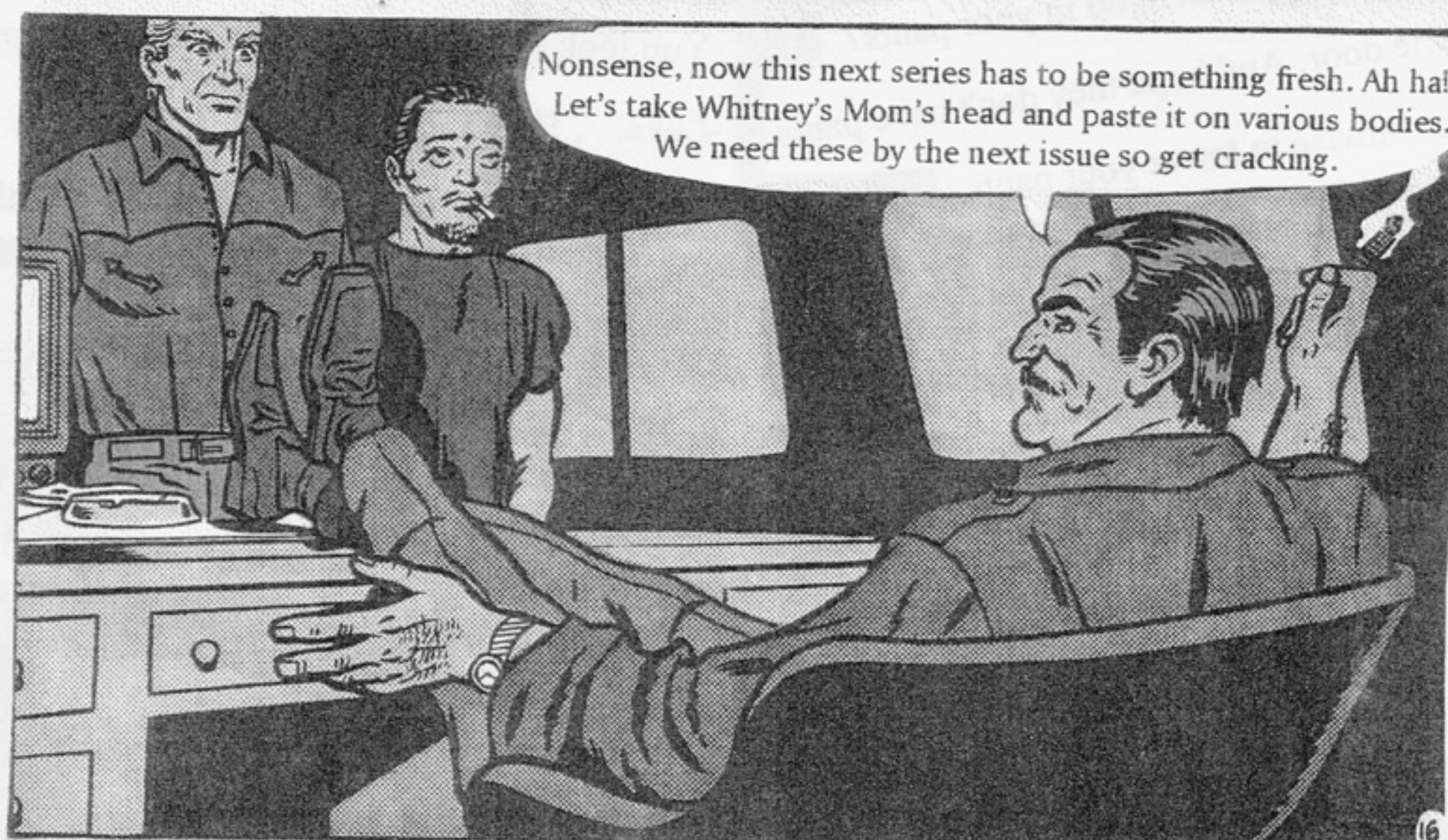
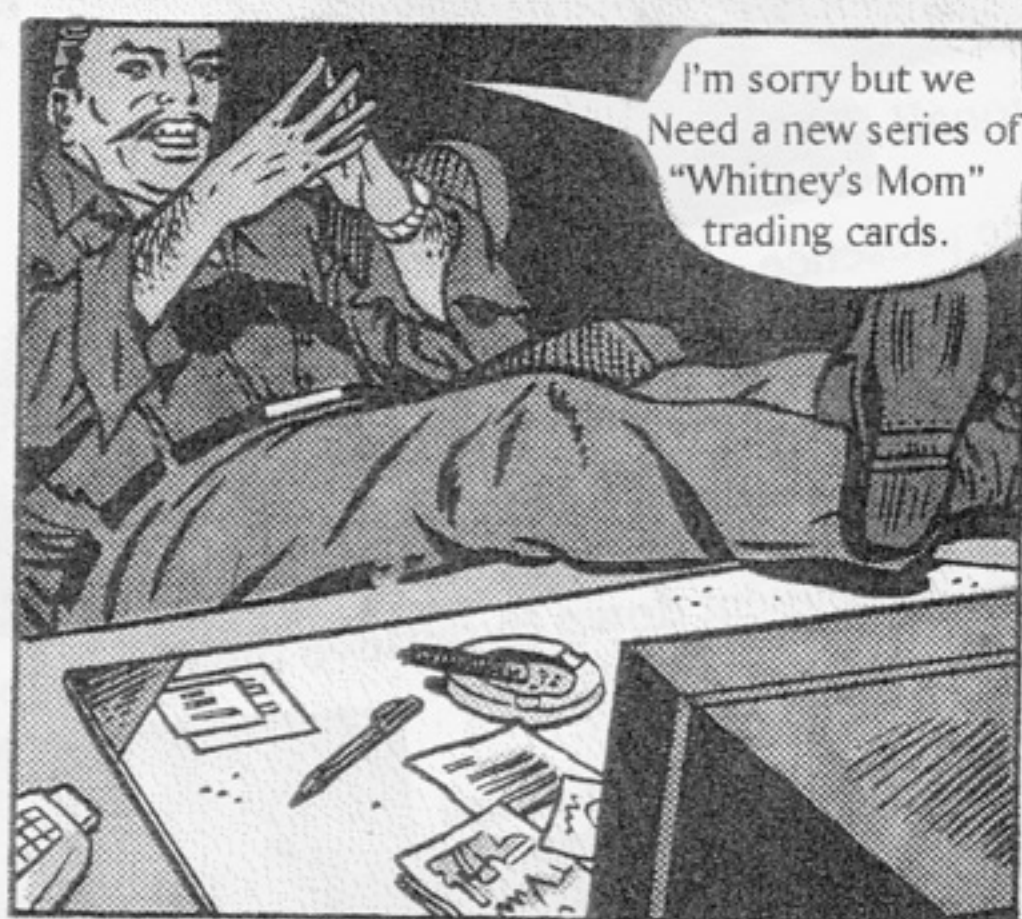
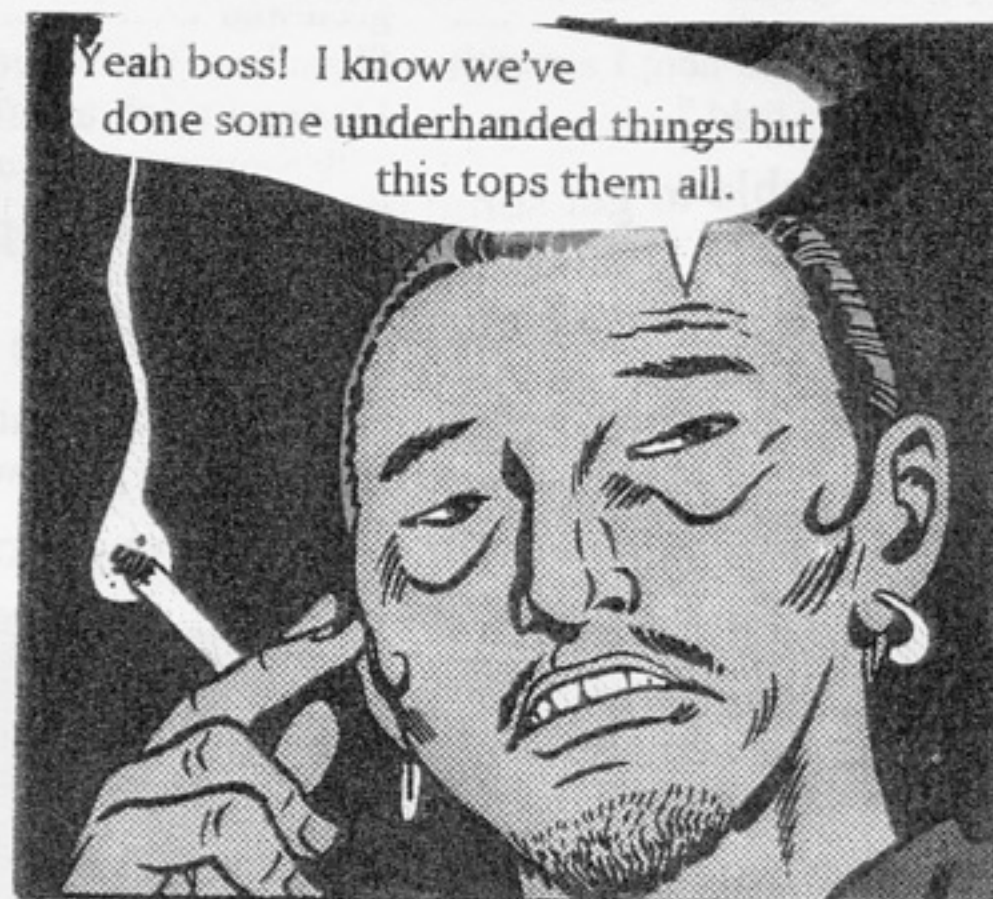
Can I
a hey?
'cause
I know
I can
get a
hoe!



Whoa! I mean,
Come on here!
Look at the ↑
Crotch on that
guy's pants! I
mean, what? Did
he get in some
sort of freak
crotch bicycling
accident?! I
hope not cause
that sort of
thing could wreck
a guy. But hey,
maybe I've
been a little
hursh. Is it really
my position to
goodify his crotch?
Do I even
know what I'm
talking about?



Recently at a Locker Room board meeting...



NEXT ISSUE:

"Whitney's Mom" trading cards (series II)

Lines from Star Wars that can be improved if you substitute the word "Pants" for

key words: —and here I am with
"mate job in my field."

-We've got to be able to get some reading on those pants, up or down.

-The pants may not look like much, kid, but they've got it where it counts.

DeBartolo and Policy nudged
the door because they believed they had
found a coach out.

For an offense that looked lethargic at
times over the past two seasons the
of Morris.

-I find your lack of pants disturbing. I suggest we use it.

-These pants contain the ultimate power in the Universe. I suggest we use it.

-That blast came from those pants. That thing's operational!

-A tremor in the pants. The last time I felt this was in the presence of my old master.

-Don't worry. Chewie and I have gotten into pants a lot more heavily guarded than this.

-She must have hidden the plans in her pants. Send a detachment down to retrieve them. See to it personally Commander.

-Governor Tarkin. I recognized your foul pants when I was brought on board.

-TK-421... Why aren't you in your pants?

-Lock the door. And hope they don't have pants.

-You are unwise to lower your pants.

-You look strong enough to pull the pants of a Gundark.

-Luke... Help me remove these pants.

-Great, Chewie, great. Always thinking with your pants.

-Maybe you'd like it back in your pants, your highness.

-Your pants betray you. Your feelings for them are strong. Especially one... Your sister!

-Jabba doesn't have time for smugglers who drop their pants at the first sign of an Imperial Cruiser.

-Short pants is better than no pants at all.

The Lockerroom would
like to thank Aaron
Warren-Chasen for find-
ing these on the Internet.

The Face (with corrections)
by ? — (as found on the floor by Lockerroom correspondent)

There's a face in my carpet
Staring with hollow eyes
At the chains that have
appeared inside my room

The Chains, as they swing,
Pierce the silence through
their horrific clanging.

My bed melts to the ground,

~~next to the face with hollow~~

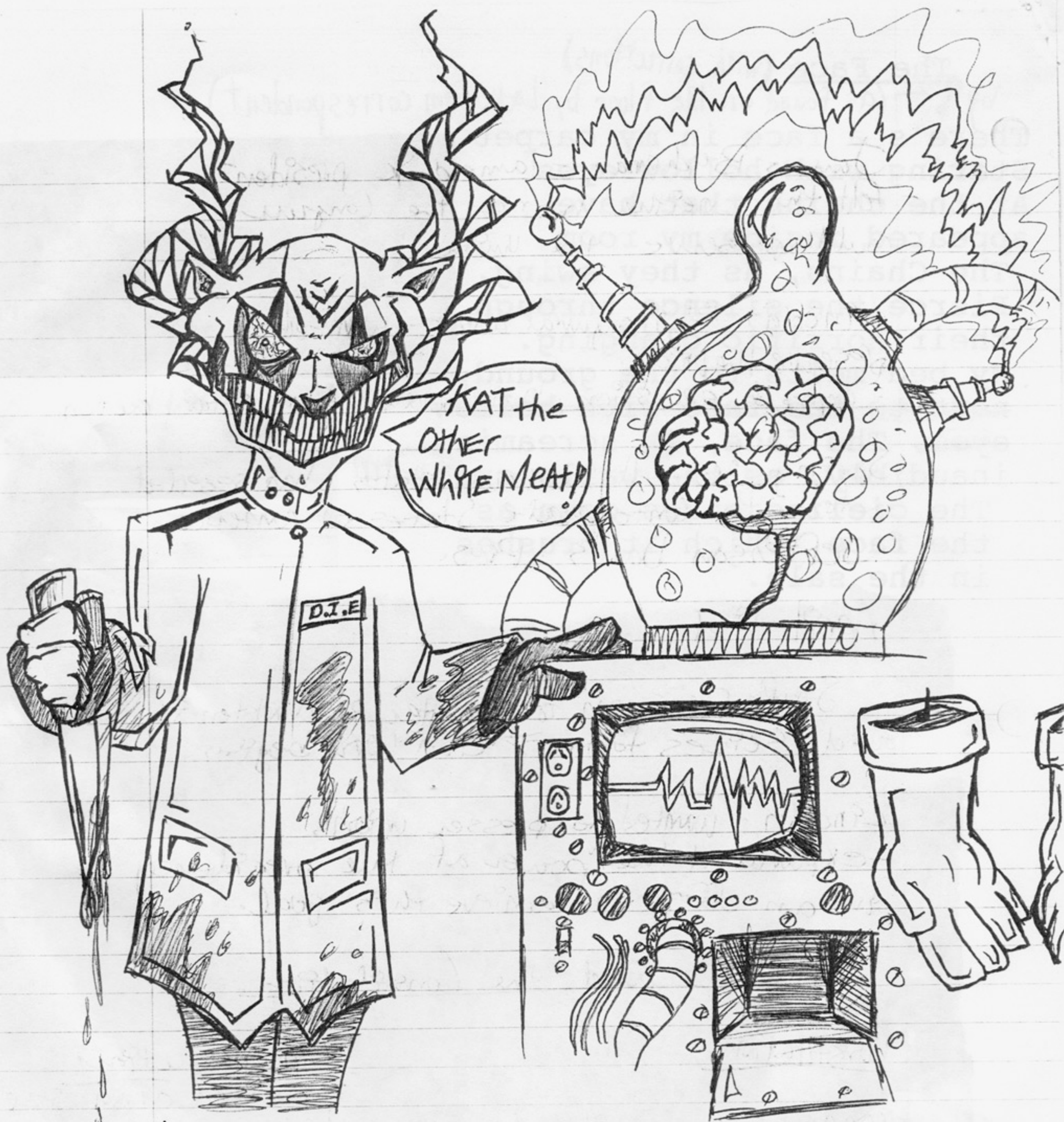
~~eyes~~ The face, ~~is~~ screaming
inaudibly, as the walls crumble

The cieling gazes down as
the face, which it crushes
in the sale.

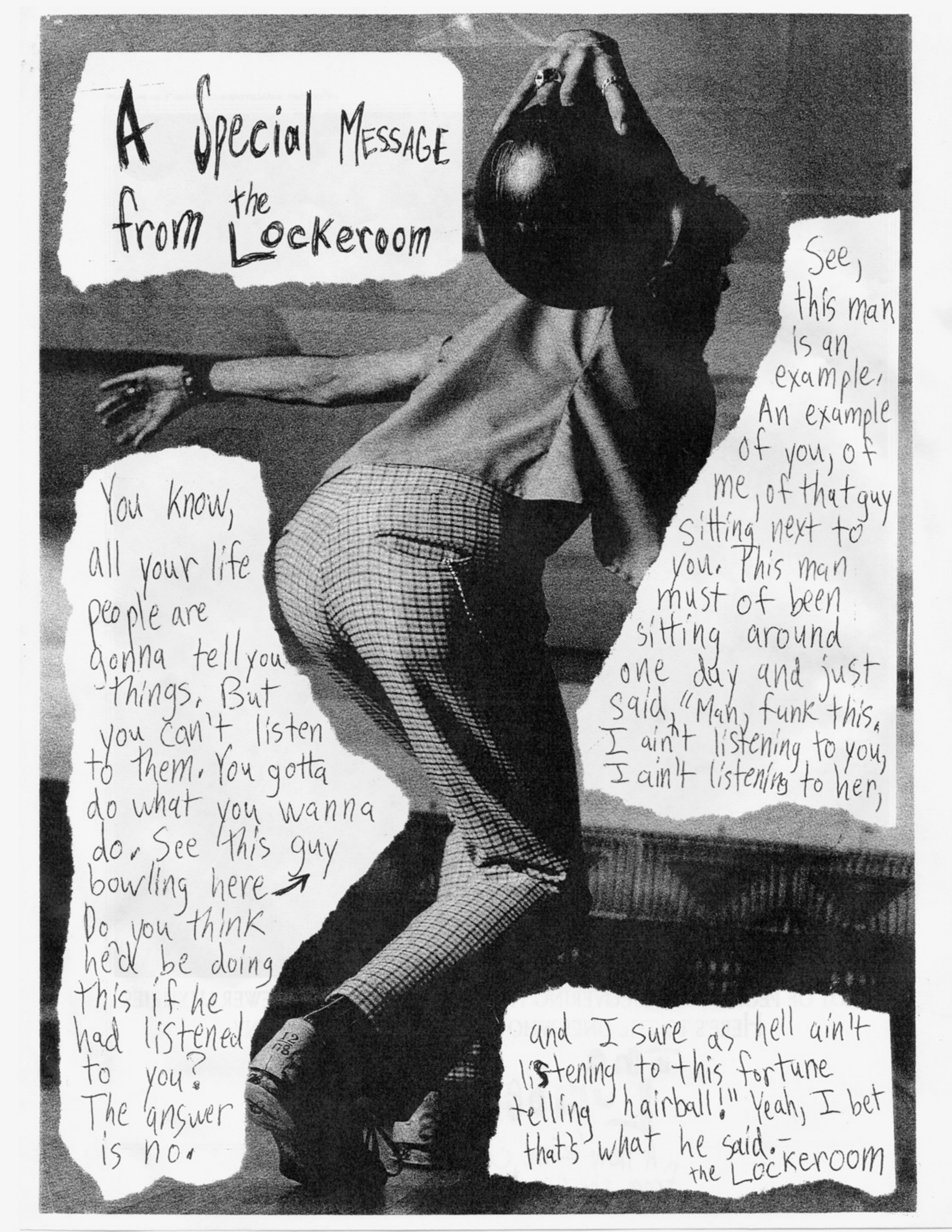


and ~~sees~~ observes





THE LOCKER ROOM



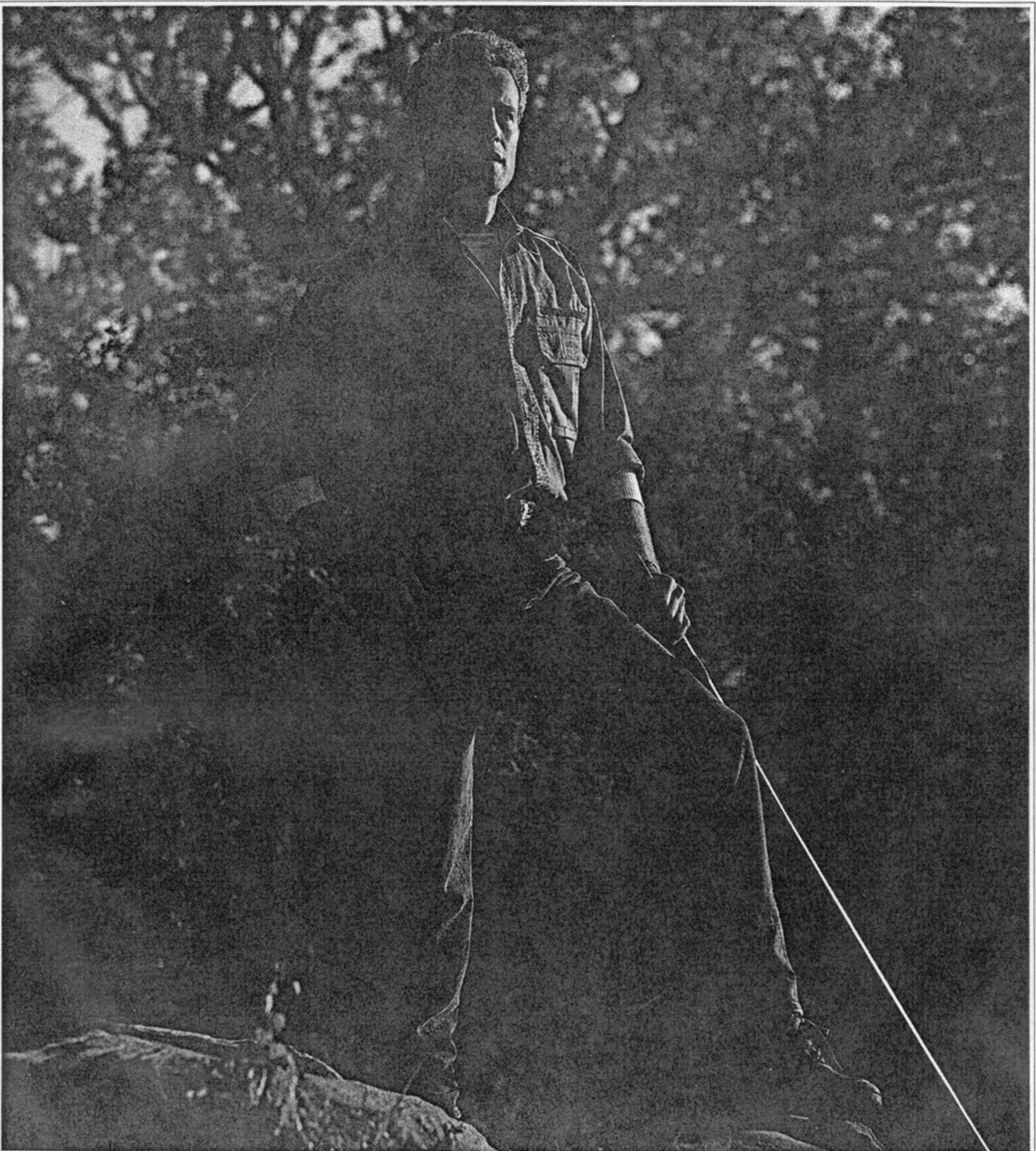
A Special MESSAGE from the Lockerroom

You know,
all your life
people are
gonna tell you
things. But
you can't listen
to them. You gotta
do what you wanna
do. See this guy
bowling here →

Do you think
he'd be doing
this if he
had listened
to you?
The answer
is no.

See,
this man
is an
example.
An example
of you, of
me, of that guy
sitting next to
you. This man
must of been
sitting around
one day and just
said, "Man, funk this,
I ain't listening to you,
I ain't listening to her,

and I sure as hell ain't
listening to this fortune
telling hairball!" Yeah, I bet
that's what he said.
the Lockerroom



A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE DISCOVERING THEY CAN SURVIVE WITH FEWER LUXURIES.
HERE'S TO THE ONES WHO CAN SURVIVE WITHOUT ANY.

The Lumberjack

A new 'zine coming soon
from the creators of The Lockerroom.

Type Me

by Matt Woodward

Sixteen days prior to the 8th of the last month, the highly intellectualized televised news exhibit labeled 20/20 revealed a punent lork upon the rediculously educated American. In a tantalizing quip, they itemized the public very well and began an inclined feeling into my heart. The focus of the jolly entertainment was tagged "Alphabet and its Many Words." What kind of a sick, manipulative joke is that. I felt caressed with loathe as the haughty journalist ridiculed our nation with comments such as, "Hey, have you ever put down your beer and thought about how many words you can make with the Alphabet?" She continued her space of imperative tongue, "Words like dukqual jomboront could be an imperative vocabulary booster." I was mentally molested and began to convulse. I felt beguiled and used, belittled and just plain stupid. I would really like to thank 20/20 for making me their eroch.

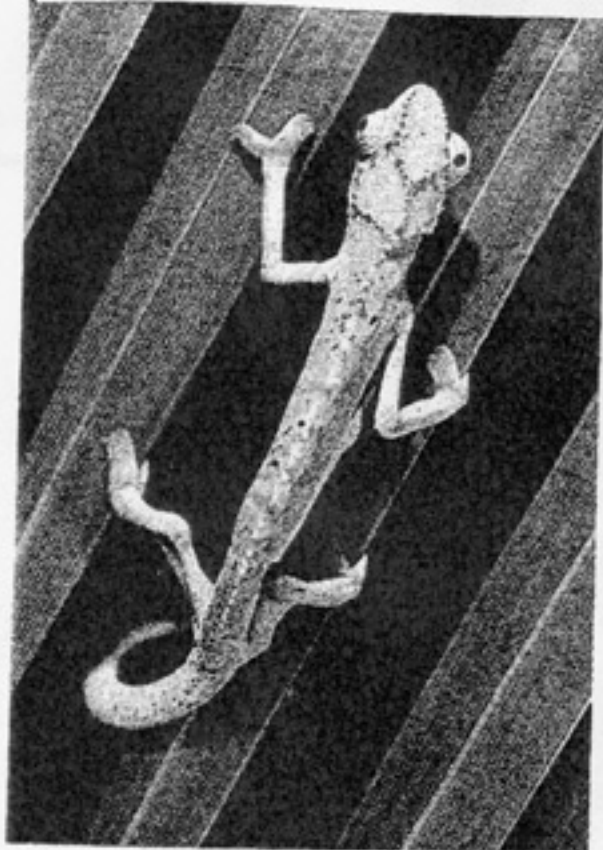


Here's what *really* ticks me off

Phil Rodriguez and Why I'm Pissed Off

by Nick Marino and Josiah Simmons

"Well I'm not rather pissed off about anything but I..." said Ringo Starr. Yeah! Right! Shuttup Ringo! You shouldn't be pissed off about anything! I mean, what's there to be pissed off about? Who the hell do you think you are to imply that you could be pissed off about anything? You and your fancy pantsy things and all that other stuff...Just Shuttup! You know Ringo, I'm so pissed off I could severely beat you..a lot. That would give you something to be pissed off about...Wouldn't It! Wouldn't It! Yeah! That's what I thought! Yeah! Shut the Hell up!



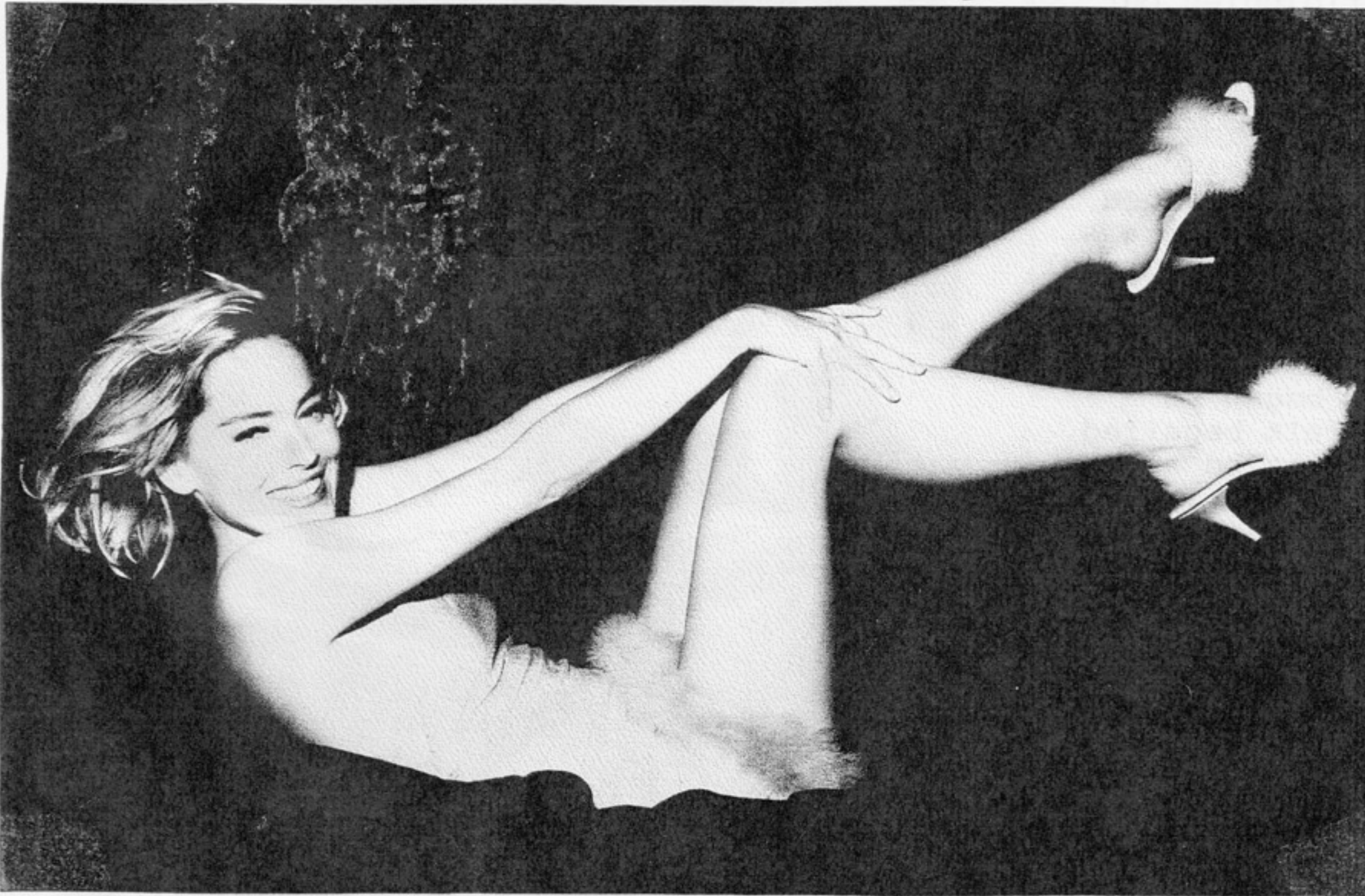
The Lockerroom Pick-Up Lines

by Matt Woodward, and others

Some guys just don't have it. Is it the way they say Hello and their voice cracks, or the strong bulge in their lower abdomen as they approach the small girl anticipating her bus. Hey! You know what? We're talking to you, because we know you lack the talent of "picking up chicks." Here are some ideas, they may prove quite ferocious.

- Baby, are you a pillow? Because you look like one.
- Honey, you're making me drool, you look like my brother.
- Hey you, come on over and change my diaper.
- Do you like this band? Yeah? Well fuck this bullshit and lets get it on.
- You know, facial hair is obviously one of your more dominant qualities.
- Oh shit, I'm sorry, I thought you were my mom.
- You look like my girlfriend, just less prettier.
- You know, I wish you were Amish.
- It's almost as if Chewbacca is actually you.
- Ooooooh baby, I love it when you don't whipe.
- "Hey have you ever read the Lockerroom."
- "No."
- "Okay, nevermind."

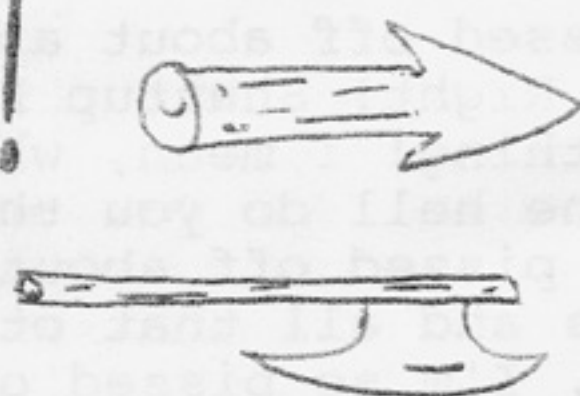
EXTREMELY BUTTERY



For Those
of You who
don't know;
THIS IS A ZINE
ENTITLED "THE
LOCKERROOM." I
HOPE YOU LIKE
It, but If
you don't I
simply have
ONE THING to
SAY: ~~FUCK~~
~~YOU.~~
Nevermind.

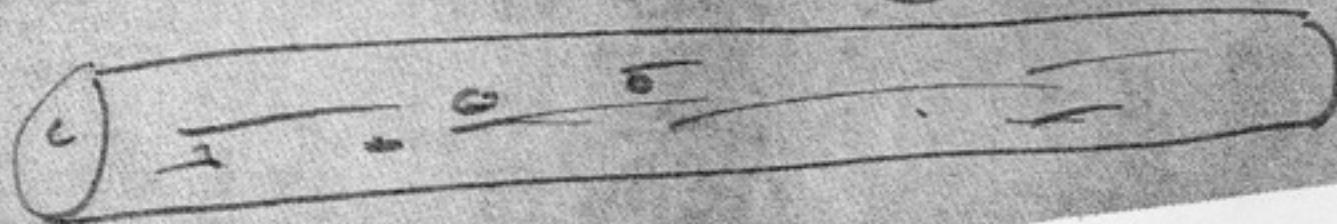
Watch Out!

It's Coming!



The LUMBERJACK's
chopping its way in February!

LUMBERJACK



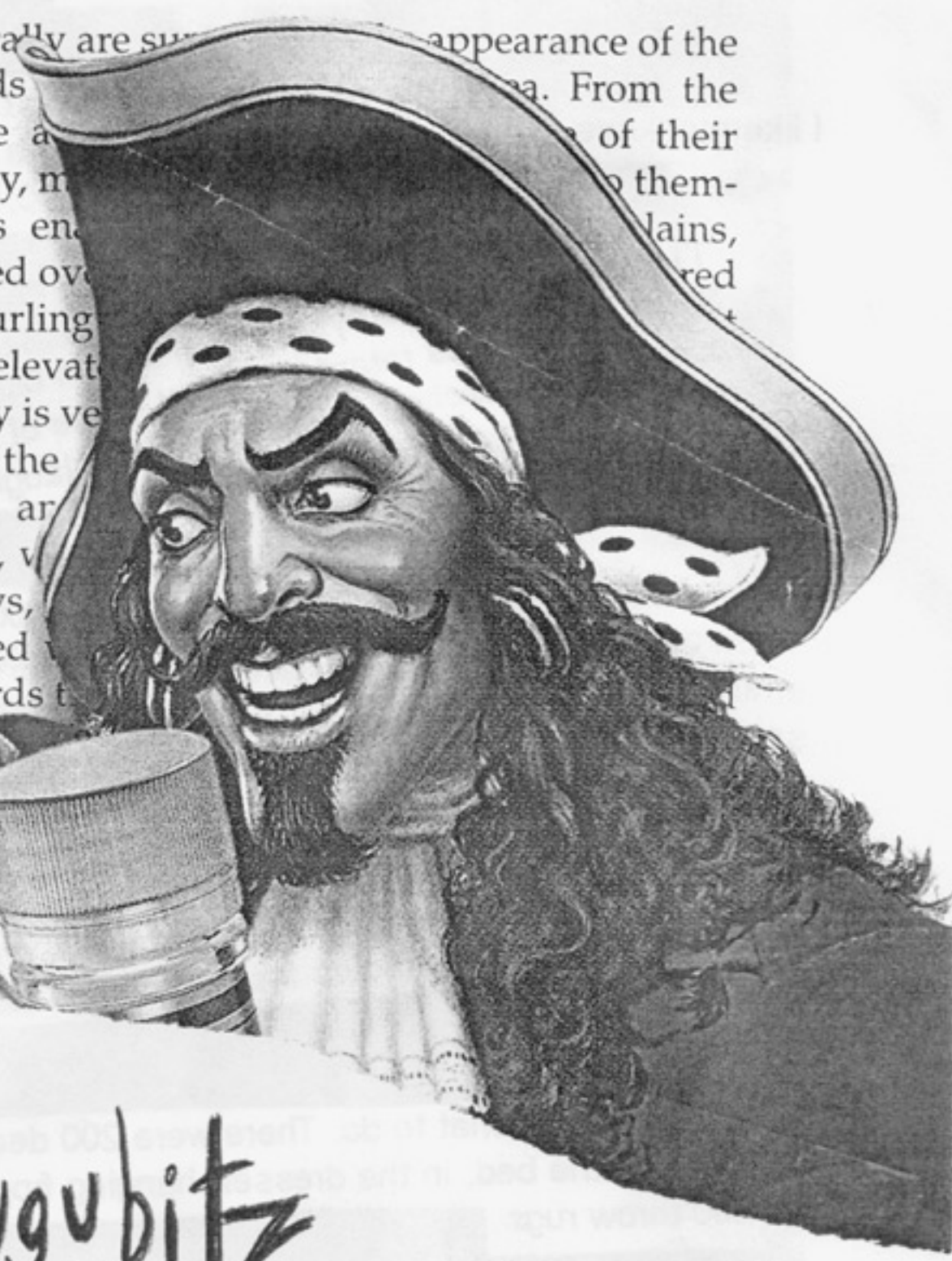
EX+TREM+ Pirate of THE MONTH



1st mate

Will Lugubitz

This is the end.

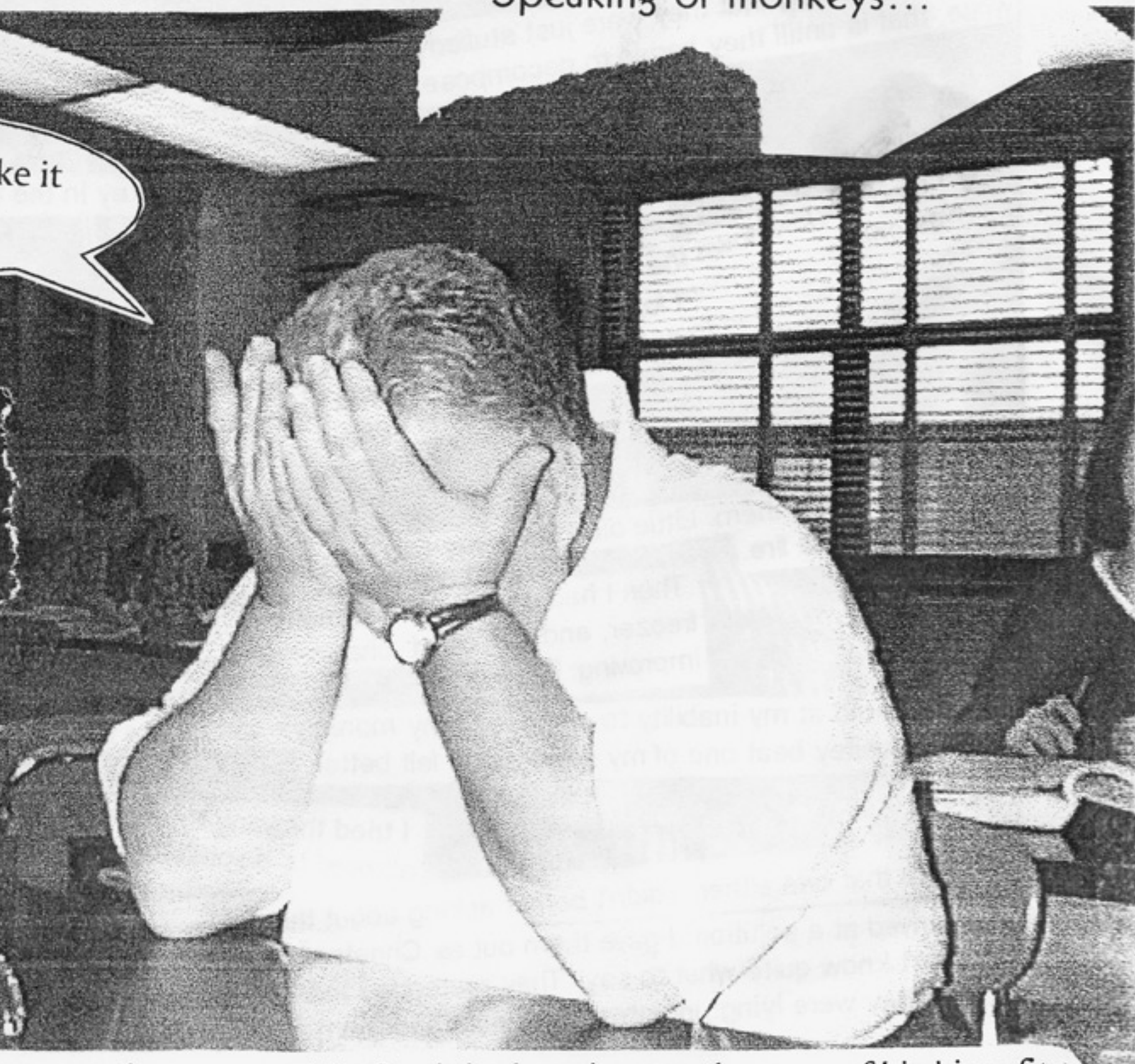


a vessel's length
with foam that
the still, blue
and, for aught
first mortals
ought was
I help
alleries,
rin
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nd
generally are su
islands
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beauty, m
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inlets, v
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appearance of the
a. From the
of their
to them-
lains,
red

Julia?



I just can't take it anymore...



Speaking of monkeys...

The science department's very own Mr. Camiola throwing another one of his hissy fits.

I Like Monkeys

I like monkeys.

The pet store was selling them for five cents a piece. I thought that odd since they were normally a couple thousand. I decided not to look a gift horse in the mouth. I bought 200. I like monkeys.

I took my 200 monkeys home. I have a big car. I let one drive. His name was Sigmund. He was retarded. In fact, none of them were really bright. They kept punching themselves in their genitals. I laughed. Then they punched me in the genitals. I stopped laughing.

I hearded them into my room. They didn't adapt very well to their new environment. They would screech, hurl themselves off of the couch at high speeds and slam into the wall. Although humorous at first, the spectacle lost its novelty halfway into its third hour.

Two hours later I found out why all the monkeys were so inexpensive: they all died. No apparent reason. They all just sorta' dropped dead. Kinda' like when you buy a goldfish and it dies five hours later. Damn cheap monkeys.

I didn't know what to do. There were 200 dead monkeys lying all over my room, on the bed, in the dresser, hanging from my bookcase. It looked like I had 200 throw rugs.

I tried to flush one down the toilet. It didn't work. It got stuck. Then I had one dead, wet monkey and 199 dead, dry monkeys.

I tried pretending that they were just stuffed animals. That worked for a while, that is untill they began to decompose. It started to smell real bad.

I had to pee but there was a dead monkey in the toilet and I didn't want to call the plumber. I was embarressed.

I tried to slow down the decomposition by freezing them. Unfortunatley, there was only enough room for two monkeys at a time so I had to change them every 30 seconds. I also had to eat all the food in the freezer so it didn't all go bad.

I tried burning them. Little did I know my bed was flammable. I had to extinguish the fire.

Then I had one dead, wet monkey in my toilet, two dead, frozen monkeys in my freezer, and 197 dead, charred monkeys in a pile on my bed. The odor wasn't improving.

I became agitated at my inability to dispose of my monkeys and to use the bathroom. I severley beat one of my monkeys. I felt better.

I tried throwing them away but the garbage man said that the city was not allowed to dispose of charred primates. I told him that I had a wet one. He

couldn't take that one either. I didn't bother asking about the frozen ones.

I finally arrived at a solution. I gave them out as Christmas gifts. My friends didn't know quite what to say. They pretended that they liked them but I could tell they were lying. Ingrates. So, I punched them in the genitals.

I like monkeys.

The Lockerroom

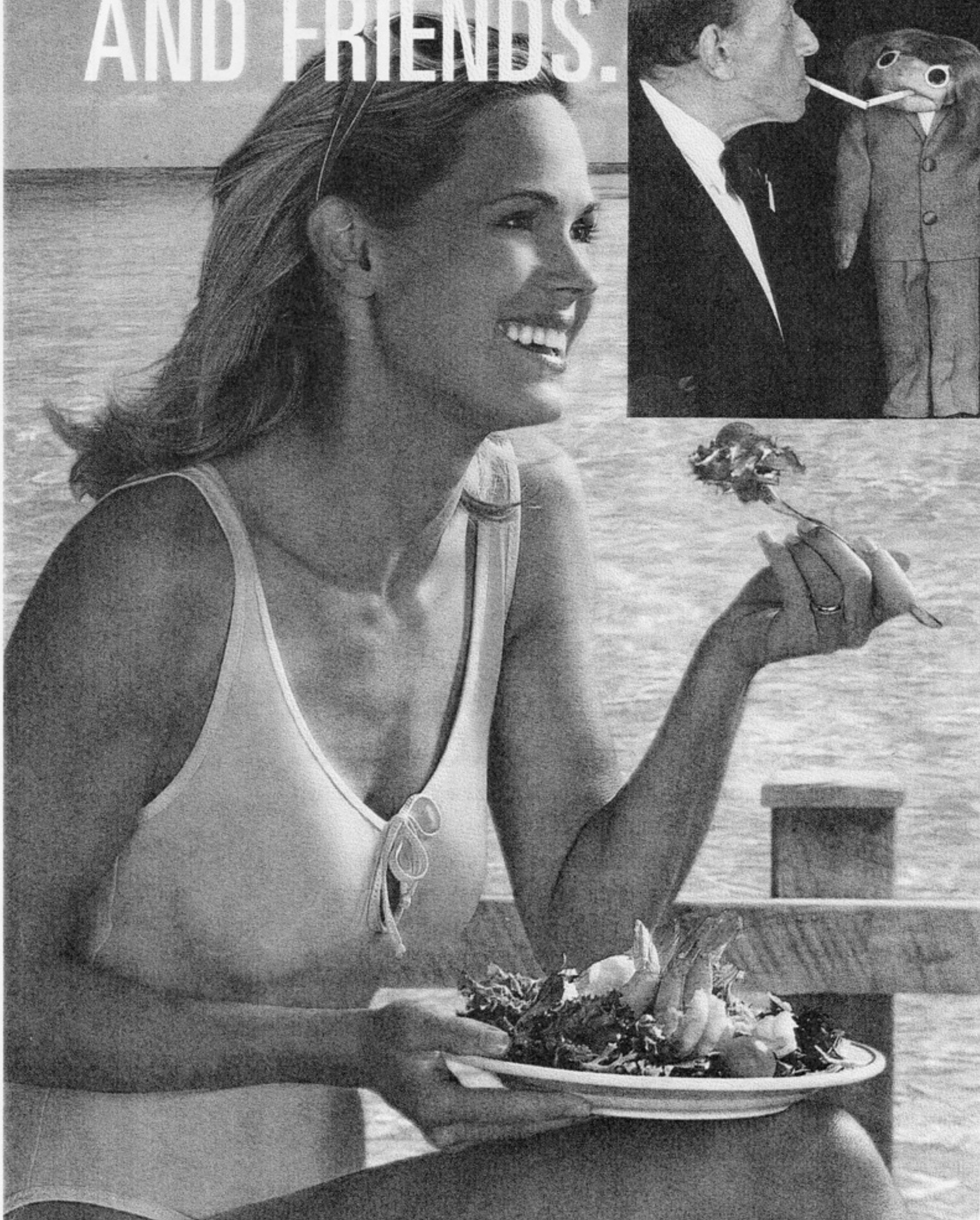
Now they stretch even further.



SHE JUST PICKED UP
A VIRUS TO BRING
HOME TO HER FAMILY
AND FRIENDS.

ITALY
from
\$999
Including
Airfare

Mario
& Steve
Perillo





Last night, The **Lockeroom**
Channel kept Eric and Katie up
way past their bedtimes.

The Lockeroom Thanks:

Nick Marino: For being Lord of the Lumberjacks and cover art

Matt Woodward: For tons of great material

Josh Rau: For love

Matt Rosini: For always giving us quality artwork

Conrad Knapp: For...I'm not quite sure what he did, but I know he did something