

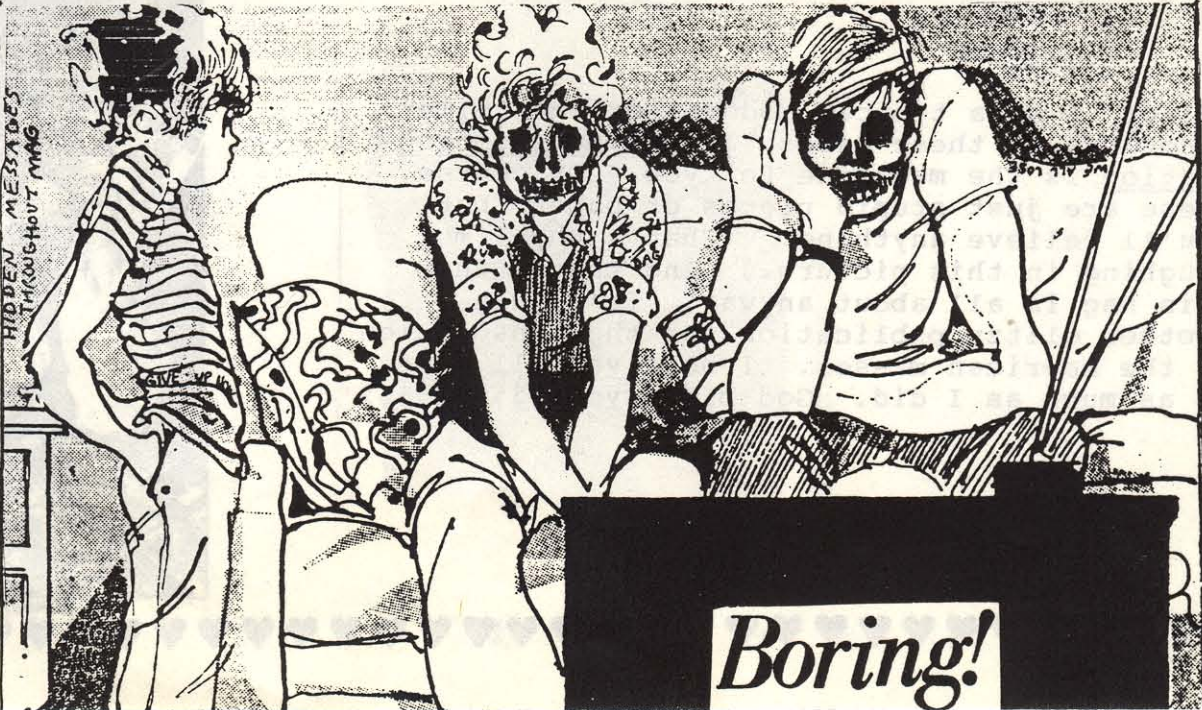
TELECOMMUNI-

#1

HOMOGENIZATION



Television extols the spender. [The spender] is portrayed by the stars... buys everything... knows that it is a duty to free enterprise to spend, rather than to save... If children do not spend on mother, on Mother's Day, they obviously do not love her. Affection or loyalty, like success, is measured in dollars.



Fartetched as it may now seem, historians of the future may conclude that never before was there a period during which control of the thinking of a nation was exercised in a more totalitarian manner, or by a smaller group, than it is now by television and radio.

Boring!



Product

Hello. I am a brainwashed teen. My body is wasted and withered from all of the synthetic junk food I eat. My head is bloated and swollen with Top 40 flab and media lies. My peers and I are victims of

My



MILLIONS OF readers will see these ads. An effective sales message that sells reader-benefits, will trigger an effective response.

TELECOMMUNI-HOMOGENIZATION

(Modern plague)

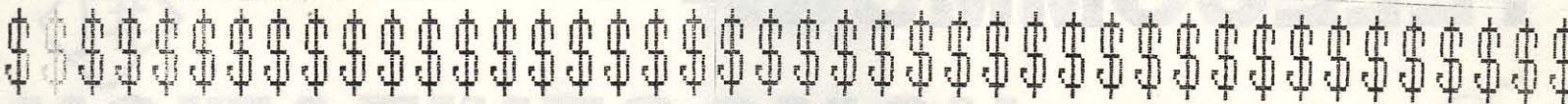
MEN! All ages. Even if you are considered "unattractive" to women, you could be the most popular man with the girls. New "EXCITER" SPRAY is believed to be a natural ATTRACTANT to ladies of all ages & seems to arouse their innermost desires & drive them WILD. This could change your life completely.

If I give her mashed carrots on a paper plate, she pushes off the vegetables and eats the paper plate.

"At first I thought she was just teething or something, but when she finally ate her mattress, I took her to the hospital."



PIC BY JAMIE MILLER



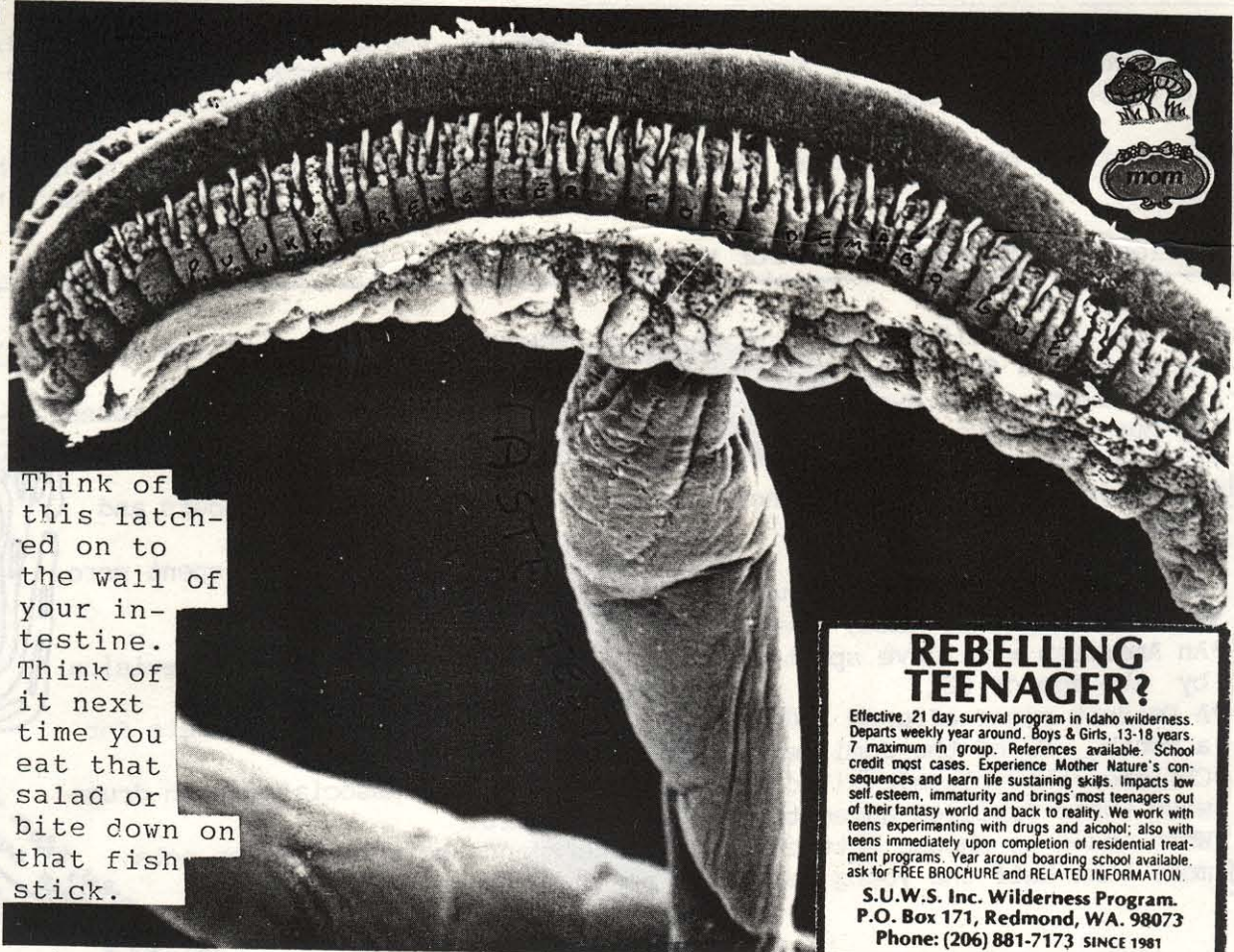
Hello. I am a typical modern fortune teller. According to these cards, Telecommunihomogenization is the magazine for you. Of course, these are just stupid pieces of paper, but you'll believe anything. (That's why I'm laughing in this picture.) And that's what this mag is all about anyway. It's just another glitzy publication for the consumption of the American masses. I hope you all enjoy it as much as I did. God bless you \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$



REMOVE YOURSELF



Neurologists are af



REBELLING TEENAGER?

Effective. 21 day survival program in Idaho wilderness. Departs weekly year around. Boys & Girls, 13-18 years. 7 maximum in group. References available. School credit most cases. Experience Mother Nature's consequences and learn life sustaining skills. Impacts low self esteem, immaturity and brings most teenagers out of their fantasy world and back to reality. We work with teens experimenting with drugs and alcohol. We also with teens immediately upon completion of residential treatment programs. Year around boarding school available. ask for FREE BROCHURE and RELATED INFORMATION.

S.U.W.S. Inc. Wilderness Program.
P.O. Box 171, Redmond, WA. 98073
Phone: (206) 881-7173 SINCE 1981

Think of this latched on to the wall of your intestine. Think of it next time you eat that salad or bite down on that fish stick.

Tapeworm from Gut of a Shark

THINK THINK THINK ABOUT IT AND IT MAY OR MAY NOT BECOME CLEAR. YOU ARE THE ONLY JUDGE. BEGIN NOW.

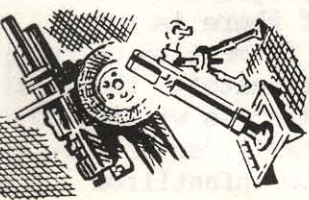
hydroencephalic, cycloopean-encephalic Patient three is incredibly fat

shouting "Amen" several times last April.

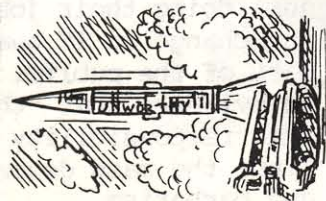
The following is a typical 'zine intro:
As of now, this magazine is pretty much experimental, so don't expect too much. I might as well tell you now that you shouldn't expect too much at all, because I'm leaving for college after the summer (I hope). I know that the fanatical hordes of readers which I will have amassed by then will feel betrayed, but screw you all-- I'm leaving this mallhole and getting an education! So anyway, this may just be a waste of time, but who knows? If you are really turned off, but think you can add something, send me any art/poetry/stupid pictures you have laying around, and maybe I'll get a few quality points. Well, happy brainwashing. Hope you pay money for this.
'da Editah

Send ugly things to
Danny Maron
3207 Springcrest Dr.
Louisville, Ky. 40241
No bombs, please.

YOU BRAIN MY SLOTH,
YOU STRUCK MY FRY.



ARTY OR MORTAR



MISSILE



AIRCRAFT SPRAY

TY MAP 9

WATCH MORE T.V.

Watch More T.V.

Television is the literature of the illiterate, the culture of the low-brow, the wealth of the poor, the privilege of the underprivileged, the exclusive club of the excluded masses.
--Lee Loevinger

Television has proved that people will look at anything rather than each other.
--Ann Landers

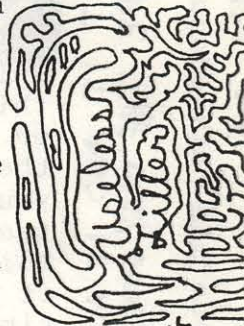
Television is chewing gum for the eyes.
--Frank Lloyd Wright

THANK JAMIE W. SALES FOR QUOTES.

FUN FAKTS!
IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS! MAKE NEW FRIENDS! TAKE OVER YOUR SCHOOL! START A RELIGION! BECOME GOD! IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS!

- *The average child has watched more than 200,000 commercials by the time he graduates from high school.
- *Advertisers spend over a half-billion dollars each year to tell children to buy expensive toys and unhealthy food.
- *Each year the average viewer sees 18,000 commercials.
- *In a typical American household a television set is on for 7 hours and 2 minutes a day.
- *By the time a young person finishes high school, he will have spent more time watching television than sitting in a classroom.
- *99.5% of American homes have a television set.
- *An American will have spent 9 years of his life in front of a television by the age of 65.
- *A Detroit paper offered \$500 to 120 families to turn off their sets for a month. 93 of the families turned the offer down.
- *Children show classic withdrawal symptoms normally associated with drugs when their families agree to kick the TV habit.
- *When asked to choose between their fathers and their television sets, more than half the young people in a survey chose television.

WOW!



TAKEN, IN TURN, FROM THE BOOK APOCALYPSE CULTURE. THANK DREW D.

From the Society for the Eradication of Television fact sheet,

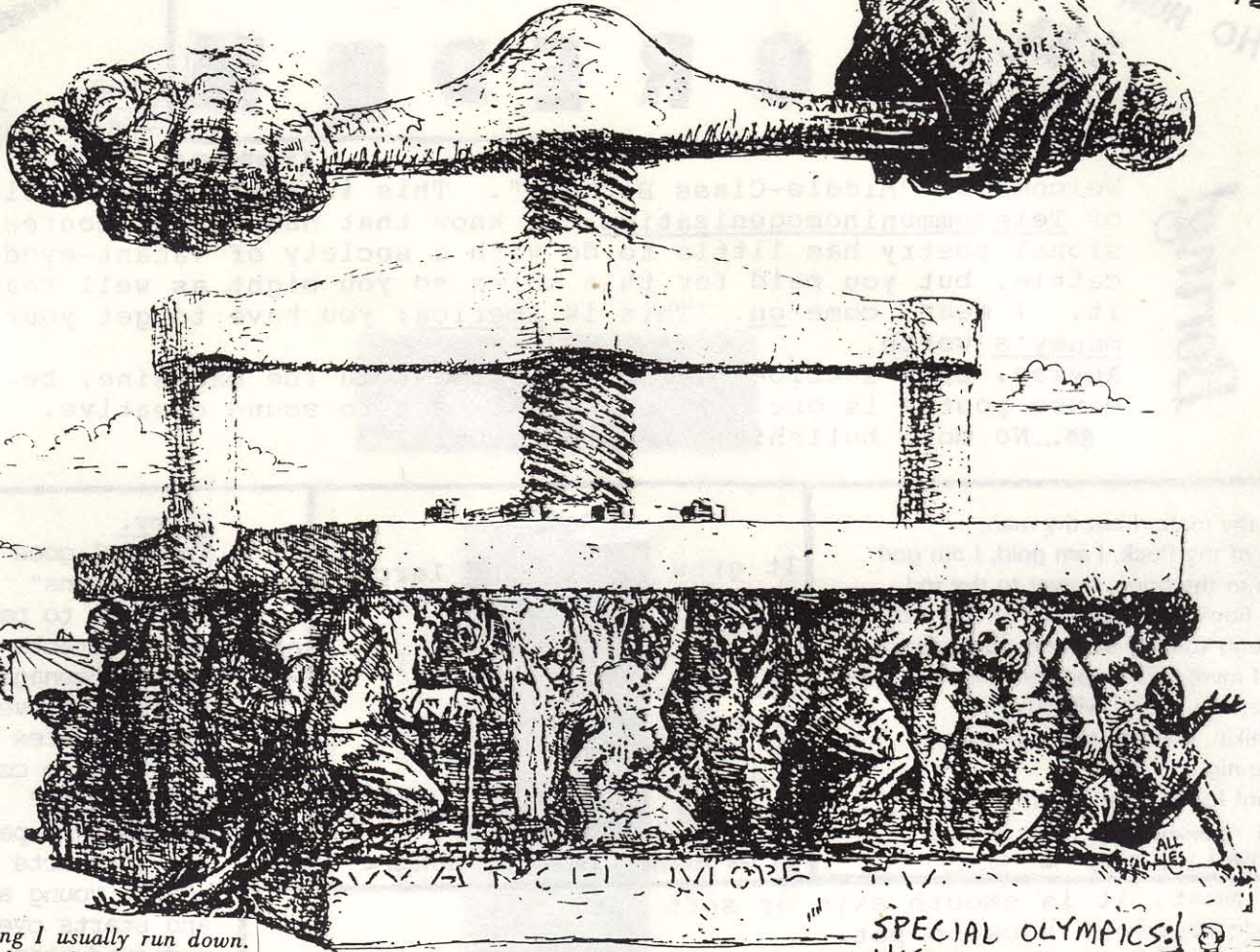


Clive Barnes hit the nail on the head when he said, "Television is...entirely governed by what the people want. The most terrifying thing is what people do want." Many people blame TV for causing our problems and corrupting our minds. The truth is that television, like popular music and movies, is simply a reflection of the public's desires. If there is increased violence in the media, it is because violence is what we want to see. The problem is not with the producers or advertisers, the problem is with the viewer, who accepts and applauds and enjoys what is fed to him. People blame television because by doing so they shift responsibility from themselves to a distant, removed entity over which they have no control. The TV programmers are just doing their jobs. If there is to be any change in TV quality, it must be on the part of the public. Unfortunately, there is no evidence that "the public" is willing to take responsibility for itself, so we continue the mass descent into infantilism and barbarism.

"BAD LUCK. THIS POOR TEENAGER NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM WHEN HE READ TELECOMMUNIHOMO GENIZATION."

FEEL FREE TO WRITE IN W/YOUR OPINION!

THEY RUSH THEY PUSH THEY CROWD IN TO GET CRUSHED TOGETHER AND TOGETHER THEY ARE SQUEEZED INTO A FINE EVEN PULP ONCE THERE WERE MANY NOW THERE IS JUST A SINGLE SHAPELESS MASS SPREADING GRABBING PULLING OTHERS IN TO BE CRUSHED TO JOIN THE BEAUTIFUL ONENESS OF THE GROUP.



YOU'VE TAKEN THE "O" OUT OF LOVE!

This isn't something I usually run down. People don't want to hear about it. They figure that if this is true then what's the use. Even if somebody brave like the National Enquirer ran it down, which I suppose is impossible, nobody could handle it.

Here's the deal. There's this thing, you know, that would like us all to be very nice polite robots. First, they planned to build androids to replace us. It would either be when you're sleeping or at work or in jail. I used to think that this was unbelievable, but I got busted once, and they really dug on beating me up. I'm sure they get off on off-ing people, too. You've heard about how every couple of hundred years there's a bunch of people who disappear? Well, they're being offed by GM and getting recycled into new cars. There's a computer under Rochester, Michigan. It completely ran the Vietnam war. That's right, and what's happening now is that the computers of GM have figured out a master scheme to turn us into androids via the food we eat. And McDonald's is the front for the whole thing, and the president of GM is actually Ronald McDonald, who's a front in a scheme to rip off our minds and souls. They're planting electrodes and embalming fluid and synthetic God-knows-what in our food. Did you know that the most widely used preservative in white bread is embalming fluid? We're being turned into robots without a hand being laid on us! Maybe those satellites up there are programmed to control us, and it's some kind of worldwide monitoring system. And with all this shit inside us from eating Quarter Pounders that undoubtedly strangle up our minds, who even thinks about all of this?

Some historians argued that the Nazi phenomenon was a kind of mass hysteria that swept across the German nation. The same hysteria can be seen in football crowds.

I worked for Pontiac Motors for a while before I went into the Army, and I used to think that maybe the assembly line was once used to turn out robots. Anyway, there was this food company there that filled all the vending machines and ran the plant cafeterias. It was called Prophet Food. Can you dig that? I mean, it's like saying, "Fuck you, we're going to turn you into androids," you know? Oh, man, I ate one of their hamburgers by mistake once. I got sick and couldn't think straight for a few days. Anyway, every day the workers came in like perfect robots and made the cars that were probably melted down years later and made into bombs or something. Hardly anybody picks up on it—you just had a Big Mac or some other kind of poison and you're driving around trying to relate to the cops. Who's going to be able to think about Pontiac Motors? I mean, you gotta get up tomorrow and be there at 6:28 anyway. So pick up a six-pack and forget about it. It's the whole system. It's its own preservative. And it doesn't matter where you work, man, 'cause it's all GM. Generous Motors. What else is there to say? No one believes it. No one dares even think about it. But it's not their fault. We're all just calcium propionate on this bus.

SPECIAL OLYMPICS: HIGH JUMP



The noise on Nichols Three, the name of my ward, was ceaseless. When all the sounds—the moaning, the babbling, the shouting, the crying and singing—got going at once, sleeping, or reading, or doing anything normal was impossible. When the racket interfered with a television program I was trying to watch, my frustration caused me to dub it "the chorus of the crazies."

This chorus included a man who often lapsed into the role of a preacher, giving sermons to himself and lecturing others in a sing-song booming voice. His phrases made sense individually, but when strung together into a speech, his ideas had no meaning.

THIS WAS SAID BY ZERO, AN INSANE ELECTRICAL ENGINEER IN PONTIAC, MICHIGAN. HE REALLY BELIEVED IT, DON'T YOU?



MIDDLE - CLASS BOREDOM

WHY DON'T
GIRLS LIKE ME?
HO HUM
MAN, I
HATE THIS
DRY COUNTY.

OUTTA BEER AGAIN?
MOM NEEDS THE CAR
MAMI, BROKE
UP.
L.A.
WOKE
MOM

Boring!

Boring!

Welcome to "Middle-Class Boredom". This is the ^(DISPUTABLE) poetry section of Telecommunihomogenization. I know that nauseating confessional poetry has little to do with a society of vacant-eyed cattle, but you paid for this thing so you might as well read it. I mean, come on. This is America; you have to get your money's worth. Anyway, this section may be the largest in the magazine, because poetry is one of the easiest ways to sound creative. so...No more bullshit! Get on with it!

I am thy mate, I am thy man,
Goat of thy flock, I am gold, I am god
Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod
With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks
Through solstice stubborn to equinox.
And I rave; and I rape and I rip and I rend
Everlasting, world without end
Mannikin, maiden, maenad, man,
In the night of Pan.
lo Pan! lo Pan Pan! Pan! lo Pan!

FROM CROWLEY'S
"A HYMN TO PAN" ↑ D16

It grew larger and larger.
It turned the color of a
rotten matzah ball.
Nobody wanted to eat it
for dinner,
Especially the children.
It always came first,
And when it burst,
He died.

BY THE MILITARY PSYCHO AT ANTIOCH ←
NAME'S
PETER

BY J. MILLER →

Happy.
The girl goes to high school
and "learns"
and goes to parties
and interacts with
other teenagers
and starts over
and graduates
and goes to college
and "learns"
and goes to parties
and interacts with
other young adults
and starts over
and graduates
and goes to work

Blatant

To most, it is smooth skin or soft fur,
a convenient back to pet.
To me, it is the muscle beneath the surface,
the knobby, twisting spine.
I feel through the warm skin of the belly,
press lightly on the hidden wonders within.
I can never see only the surface.
They all worry about skin and hair.
What of gristle and bone, blood and membranes?
Is my own body so different
from that wet, dead matter I saw so often?
The flesh is the same, but one
resists the cutting.
One is connected to me
One is me

I doubt I could ever love without knowing this.
(And what passion is there between meat-clad skeletons?)
Could I touch her flesh, when only a thin wall
stops my hands from sliding in among
stinking intestines, wet glistening organs,
stomach, lungs, heart?
How could I not shudder when pressed
against that grinning skull, thinly disguised,
with the jelly-brain enthroned within?
Could I ever kiss those lips without tasting
the blood that sustains them?

What a curse to be trapped
in a body of living horrors!
My mind has been fettered in flesh,
and I am reaching out
with the gloved hands of a surgeon.

-D. MARON



MIDDLE - CLASS boredom



(CONTINUED)

GRIP/SVG

BY D.M.

BOREDOM KILLS, and those it does not kill, it cripples, and those it does not cripple, it bleeds like a leech, leaving its victims pale, insipid and brooding. Examples abound.

Entrenched in bright illusions,
you can't see past your eyes.
Entranced by TV visions,
sucked in by TV lies.
See the people on the screen,
pretty pretty with their hair,
troubled parents, troubled teens,
whine and whine but I don't care.
MTV's raw appeal
just makes me want to scream.
The feelings are so real,
or so at least they seem.
The sit-coms show such drama;
I laugh and cry and sing.
I can sense the teenage trauma,
but I don't feel a thing.
So understand my actions,
and forgive me when I scoff,
but I get more satisfaction
from a TV when it's off.

YOU ARE ON A TRAIN. YOU HAVE BEEN ON IT A LONG TIME BUT THE TIME AHEAD SEEMS EVEN LONGER, SO LONG THAT THE IDEA OF A CONCRETE DESTINATION SEEMS MEANINGLESS. OTHER PASSENGERS TELL YOU OF THE JOYS OF TRAVEL AND SEEM TO BE ENJOYING THE RIDE. BUT YOU DO NOT. YOU HAVE GROWN SICK OF THAT CLACKING AND ROLLING, AND THE DIFFERENCES FROM ONE FLASHING SET OF SCENERY TO ANOTHER HAVE MELTED TO TRIVIA. NOW THE TALK OF FELLOW PASSENGERS IS AT ONCE DISTANT AND LOUD. THE TRAIN LURCHES; SOMETHING IS WRONG, AND YOU SUDDENLY REALIZE THE DESIRE THAT HAS GNAWED AT YOUR INNERMOST PARTS FOR SO LONG—TO STOP THE TRAIN, TO HALT ITS ABSURD AND BUMPY RIDE, IN FACT TO DESTROY THE TRAIN. YOU ARE AFRAID TO, HOWEVER. YOU CANNOT IMAGINE ACTUALLY WALKING FROM CAR TO CAR UNTIL THE ENGINE ROOM IS REACHED, DEFEYING THE ENGINEER AND THROWING YOURSELF ON THE BRAKES. INSTEAD, YOU SPEND YOUR TIME IN SECRET, HOPING THAT THE TRAIN DERAILS. THE QUESTION: IS THIS WEARINESS DRESSED UP AS RESPECT FOR THE GOALS OF YOUR FELLOW PASSENGERS?

Prose by Andrew Daniel

A 16-year-old girl in San Diego three years ago opened fire on an elementary school across the street from her house. With a .22-caliber rifle, she killed the school's principal, a janitor and wounded eight children. In the midst of her sniping she called a local newspaper and said: "I don't like Mondays. This livens up the day."

A TREE
DIED
FOR
THIS
SPACE

Movie review: *The Lair of the White Worm*

Directed by Ken Russell

When you peel away the rind of special effects and loud "action" music which surrounds most modern movies (e.g., *Nightmare on Elm Street*, *Hellraiser*, *Pottergeist*), you find glitz & glamour, but not much of a story. *Lair of the White Worm* is just the opposite. Based on the last work of Bram Stoker, it starts with an excellent story, and uses special effects only when necessary or humorous. It is not a clichéd adventure movie, not a cheesy horror movie, not a convoluted mystery, but lies in a hilarious no-man's land all its own. The humor lies in the way the film doesn't trouble itself with "realistic" details--there is much off-screen action, and the characters figure out pretty quickly what is going on. The movie was made to be laughed at; it laughs at itself, really.

The film centers on the vestiges of a pagan snake cult and a local legend in modern rural England. It begins with an archaeologist's discovery of a large, mysterious skull on a farm in what was once the land of Mercia. He also finds the remains of a convent along with a pagan mosaic. It soon becomes apparent that it's all connected with an ancient snake cult, a local legend about the slaying of a dragon (worm), and a mysterious female neighbor. The "white worm" of the title is the pagan snake-god Dion, who makes a guest appearance in the end.

The Lair of the White Worm is fun and funny for those who can laugh at improbable violence, exaggerated phallic imagery, and carefree sacrilege. Sorry all you sentimentalists, no romantic subplots in this film. See this movie now--there won't be one this good for a long, long time.

NOT POETRY, ALAS! NOT EVEN ART!

AN EARTHLY DAY,
THE CASTLE WAS COLD AND WE WERE SICK.
THE WHOLE PLACE STANK OF WET AND DEAD.
THAT WAS THE DAY A MESSENGER CAME
TOLD US OF THE 'DEATH
PLAGUE WAS UPON US.
WE KNELT AND PRAYED ALL NIGHT,
BUT WITHIN A WEEK
TWO OF THE SERVANTS WERE TAKEN.
ALL IS OVER.
NOW I SIT
ON MY THRONE
SURROUNDED BY PROTECTIVE FIRES
KING OF NOTHING.
THE CASTLE IS COLD.

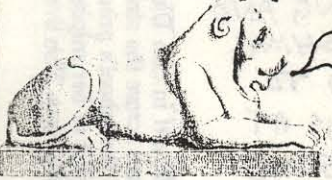
D.M.

just lay down and die.
just watch more T.V.

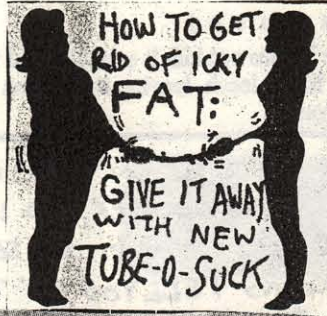
This song is dedicated to Slayer:

Evil spawning
 In my mind
 Ancient darkness
 End of time
 Innocent fools
 You will learn
 I am murder
 Time to burn
 Rabid master
 Roasted ham
 I should not be
 And yet I am
 The night of Hell
 Is never far
 You'll shit when you see
 I'm wearing a bra

BY D. & J.



For nearly twelve years you have looked for-
 ward to Prom Night. It is far more than just
 a dance to you. It is one of the most import-
 ant rites of passage into the adult world. You
 have saved for months, prepared for weeks
 and will remember for a lifetime your "Prom."



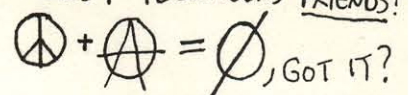
NO SELF-CONTROL NEEDED



And now, I would like to exploit the privilege reserved solely for editors of "zines", that is, showing off how many and what people I know via a "Hello's to" list. But first, I would like to thank Drew Daniel, Jamie Miller, and Bill Terry for their art and/or writing; my parents for a much-needed typewriter, and once again, Drew, for providing neat-o TV info. And now...Hello's to: the milling Manual masses, without whom school would be utterly unamusing; James Coghill, the ten-ton bummer, Heather Cantrell, Sean-n-Dheby, Samantha Drake,* Gov.'s Scholars friends here & abroad, and Geraldo Rivera, a stalwart pioneer of television inanity.

* AND SHANNON CUMMINGS. SORRY, I FORGOT YOU.

"Come to the Maze... Please, COME; teenagers friends; no want to hurt Geiflings... Please! Come to the Maze! Friends! TEENAGERS FRIENDS!"



THERE IS NO GOOD OR BAD... THERE IS ONLY WORSE.



THIS AD COURTESY
 BILL TERRY
 (A FAMOUS TRUCK DRIVER AT MOUNTAIN)

Are you hungry? Then tear into a box of spaghetti!!
 No, I am just kidding. Hello, I am Glapo Spaper. For a limited time only I will feed you for free. That's right-- I refuse to accept your pompous currency, mountaineer. If you will come to my house I will feed you, but you must not say a word, and I must be able to tie you to a chair and hand-feed you, and on occasion I will drop some food on your skin and clothing. If you do not let me do this then I will electrocute you immediately.

After you have been fed, I do expect an overly-passionate handshake and a malt. (I choose the flavor of course.) You must also put on a costume and tie a hat to your leg. (The costume changes weekly!! This week it is a bridge.) This offer is only good for one time per person. If you try to eat for free again I will electrocute you immediately.

Are you hungry? Then tear into a box of spaghetti--
AT MY HOUSE!!!

Phone: 000-BONDAGE

INA PIC WINNA, SEND ME A GOOD DINNER

GIVE-A-HEART FUND

Worms trained to find water by crawling through a plastic tube soon get bored with the trick. Rather than repeat the simple-minded maneuver, they stop wiggling and die. Rats kept in comfortable isolation quickly become jumpy, irritable and aggressive. Their bodies twitch, their tails grow scaly. But when returned to their rat pals, their ills disappear. Humans kept in sensory-deprivation rooms report grumpiness, a willingness to believe in ghosts and hallucinations about little yellow men with black caps.

A session of physical contact begins with lotion time.

BUY CONQUEROR NORM & BORN TO USE. BEYI BEYI GUM!

Today's Christians for Violence

"Today's Christians for Violence is thoughtful...entertaining...a well-documented look at Christian violence." --David Diego, New York Times

"(T.C.F.V.) is probably one of the best books regarding 'turn the other cheek'... It raises questions nobody has dared to in the past twenty centuries." --Michael Williamson, book critic



An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

TODAY'S CHRISTIANS FOR VIOLENCE--IT COULD CHANGE THE WAY YOU SEE THY NEIGHBOR.

GET IT NOW!



WARNING!
 Material may be too INTENSE for those easily offended!

WATCH MORE T.V.

SPELLED RIGHT! BUY TOXIC PARANORMAL! OUT 500N!
 THANKS JAMIE MILLER



HOW TRICK IS DONE BUT WHY?

The influence of television



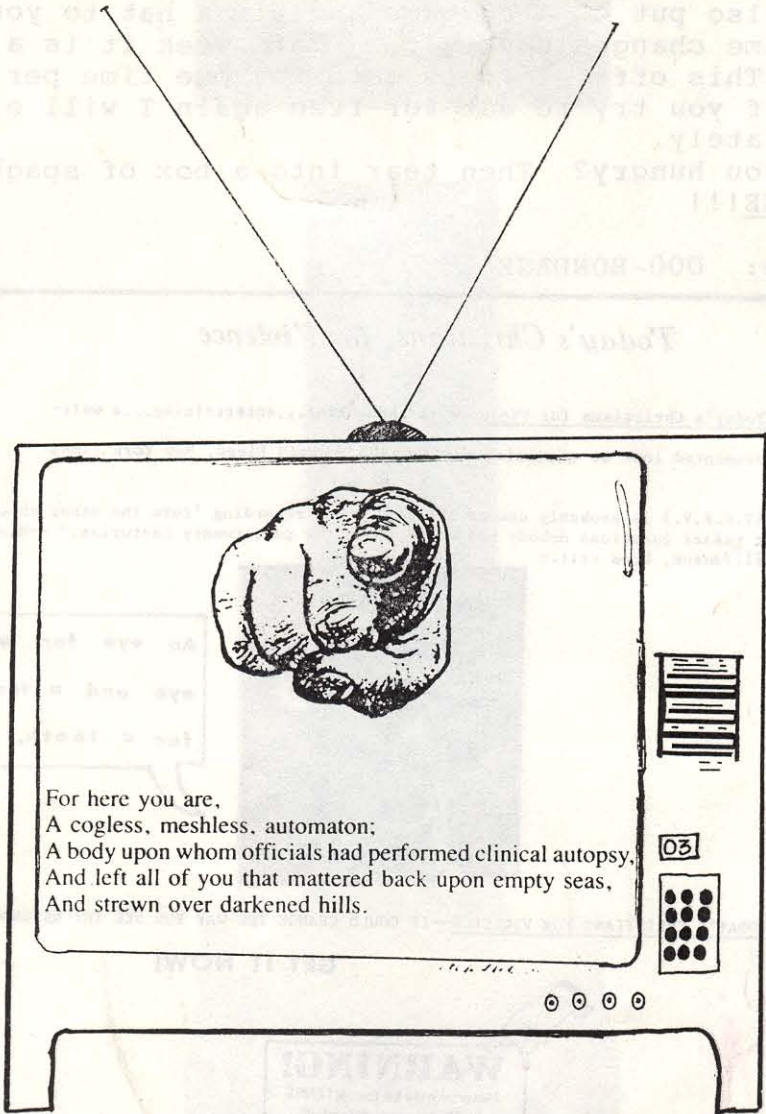
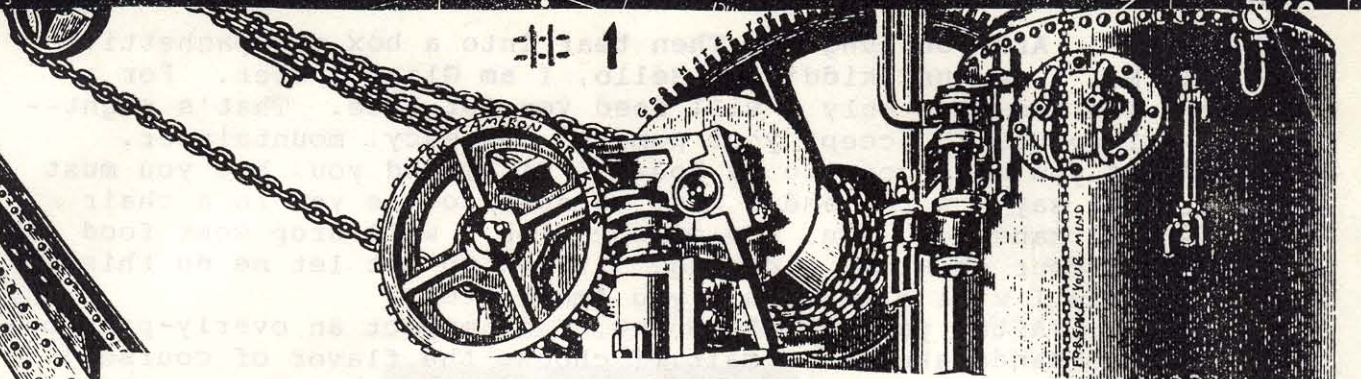
If you have a problem, we'd like to help you if we can. Send your letters to: Dr. Jill G/O TEEN Magazine, P.O. Box 3341, Holywood, CA 90028. We can't answer letters personally, but we try to publish those that are of widest interest to our readers. You can also join TEEN's Research Gang (TRG) by enclosing a bank note sized, self-addressed, 25-cent stamped envelope with your letter. On the back of it write "Send me a TRG Card." TEEN will in turn send you a TRG Card plus a questionnaire that you can doodle over. Fill out and return at your option. The questions will relate to beauty, fashion, entertainment, products and all the things you'd like to read about in TEEN.



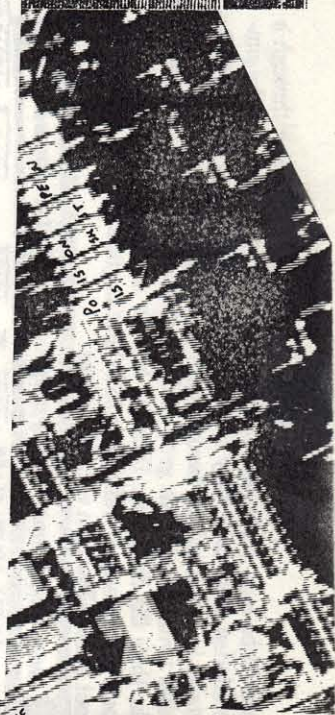
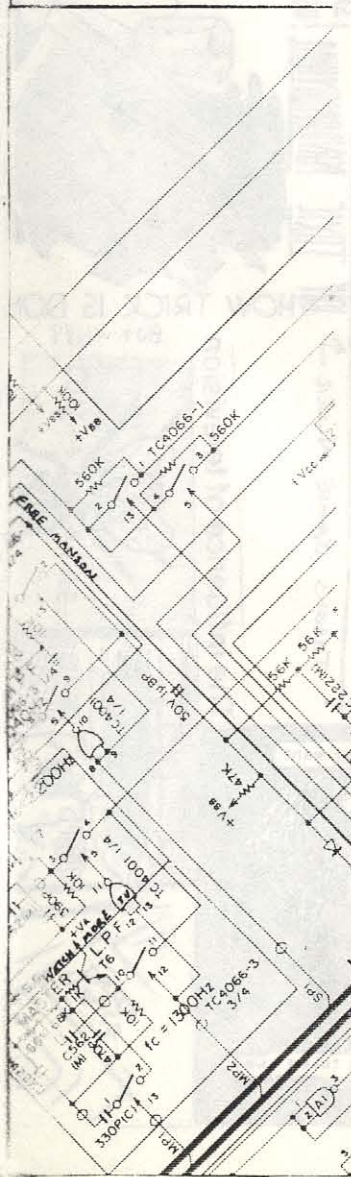
There is no getting around it this time. Your short life spent before the altar, then the paycheck is taken away.

TELECOMMUNIHOMOGENIZATION

Sept
Sept
Oct
Nov
etc.



For here you are,
A cogless, meshless, automaton;
A body upon whom officials had performed clinical autopsies,
And left all of you that mattered back upon empty seas,
And strewn over darkened hills.



DOT

WATCH MORE TV