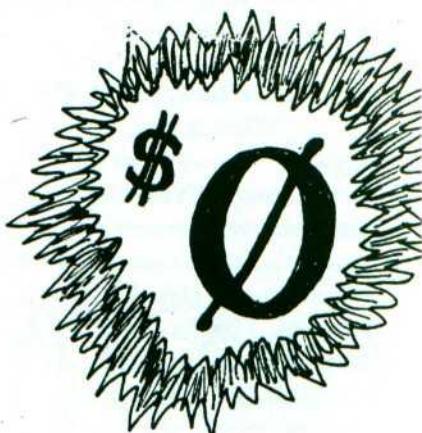


the Omnimium

entertainment for open minds



**NEWS from ALL
DIMENSIONS...**

Issue #1

October 1999

ONE DIMENSION

All right, you collectors out there... you know who you are; you're the ones who snap up nine copies of anything that has "#1" written on the cover. Get your baggies ready and wash your hands, because this here is the first ever issue of our little rag, and for now, it's *FREE*.

What is this, anyway? "News from all dimensions"? Everyone has their own version of "reality". Prove to me that you exist - go ahead, I dare you. (That's called solipsism.) Ultimately, everything in the universe - all the people, places, things and ideas - could very well be figments of my imagination. Or, they could be figments of yours. Maybe we're a dream in the mind of a deity...or in the mind of a bug. Fun concept, but it can't be proven or disproven, so let's not dwell on academia for now.

Every sentient being lives in his/her/its own dimension. No one perceives "reality" in exactly the same way. Even your closest friend will have different ideas than you do about how things actually are. We can all agree on some things sometimes, but the true nature of reality will always be in dispute. You and I could be standing right next to each other and exist on completely different planes. There may be a ghost right behind you, and you

don't know it because you're not tuned into her frequency.

In scientific circles these days, it's pretty much taken as a given that this reality - the one in which most people carry out their daily lives and interact with each other - is by no means the only possible version of "real".

"REALITY IS THE ONLY WORD IN THE LANGUAGE THAT SHOULD ALWAYS BE USED IN QUOTES."

Some industrial band that probably sampled it from somewhere else

Since the advent of quantum mechanics, we have had to rethink our definition of reality. It seems that there are these teensy crazy little buggers, of which electrons are only one variety, which have almost magical properties. They can occupy an infinite number of points at once; they're either particles or waves or both; they are pure energy, yet behave at times as though they have mass; they can even go back and forth in time (go read *The Tao of Physics* by Fritjof Capra). And they're not some weird abomination created in a lab by scientists who always forget to eat or comb their hair; they are the stuff of which we are made.

We are living in the Uncertainty Principle: you cannot simultaneously know the location and

speed of a particle, for examining one changes the other. We are made of energy. Mass and other purely physical properties are merely inventions for our own perceptual convenience. Examining your energy - physical, mental, spiritual - or the energy of anything else, changes the nature of the very thing you're trying to discover as you skew it to fit your own perceptions, beliefs and desires. You create your own universe, for the universe is mental and subject to your thoughts.

Which brings me back to this magazine. What we're trying to do here is provide a forum for everyone to share their universes; a chance for us to explain ourselves to each other, to learn about each other, to give each other even the smallest inkling of what it might be like to live in someone else's reality. For now, we're limited to a 2-dimensional printed page, but words and pictures carry the power of symbolism, and symbols have the power to impart wordless and formless concepts. This is an amazing collection of glimpses into souls, through which the underlying truth of the ALL may occasionally reach out and grab you.

What is the "underlying truth"? I believe it is this: the One Truth is that there is no One Truth. But then, I'm a relativist. —JYMI

the OMNIUM IS...

THE CAST:

BETH DRAGON CALFIELD
SHIMMERING, GREEN,
SERPENT TALE

JASON CUNNINGHAM
AMBASSADOR from the
Church of Art and
ADJACENT PLANES

STEEVIGH #FURTER
VIRTUAL GODDESS and
MISTRESS of the WEB

LISA LEVALLEY
FAERIELAND DIGNITARY
& CO-EDITOR

SANDOR SNOW
GENTLE WARRIORESS of
THE ETERREAL Woodlands

ANDREW WALLACE
WEST COAST REFUGEE and
CHAOS LORD

JYMI 1/0
NECROMANCER, ABSTRACT
MAGE & CO-EDITOR

GUEST STARS:

DOREEN GRULKE
UNSTOPPABLE MULTI-
TRIBAL CHIEFESS

RICK REED
SWARMLY CELLULOID
Hooligan

JONATHAN ERICKSON
TRULY IN TOUCH WITH ALL

LIBER AL
A LEGEND IN ANY TIME...
WELCOME BACK

COU
SCREAMING
THUNDERGRRRL

JEFF WELLS
MILD-MANNERED
DEFENDER OF DREAMS

CMC ART BY
JEFF HUDSON

A BIG THANK YOU TO THE STAFF AT THE 44th & BRETON VILLAGE INN PIZZA !!

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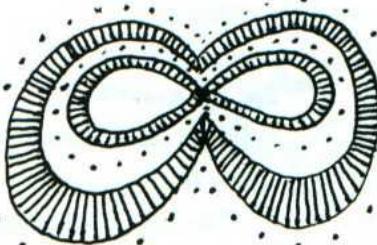
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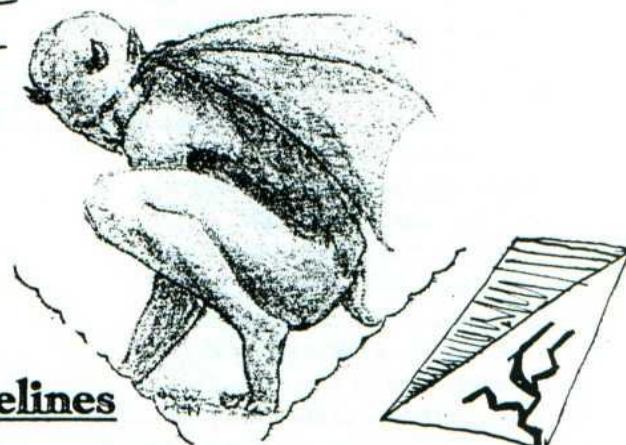
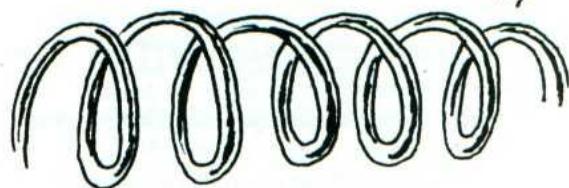


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Submission Guidelines


The Omnim is dedicated to providing a forum for thoughts and ideas from all beings regardless of species, alignment, perspective or plane of origin. We realize that it may be difficult to contact us from another dimension, but please try. If you can reach the postal service on our plane, you may write to us at:

THE OMNIM
PO Box 120053
KENTWOOD, MI
49512-0053

OR E-MAIL US AT OUR WEBSITE: www.come.to/omnium

WE CANNOT PRESENTLY PROVIDE FINANCIAL PAYMENT FOR ANY SUBMISSIONS WE USE, BUT WE'LL BE HAPPY TO SEND YOU SOME COPIES OF THE ISSUE IN WHICH YOUR WORK APPEARS SO THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO HUNTING FOR IT. IF YOU WANT YOUR WORK RETURNED TO YOU, PLEASE PROVIDE A SASE WITH YOUR SUBMISSION. ALL COPYRIGHTS REVERT TO THE AUTHOR UPON PUBLICATION.

DON'T BE SHY — NOTHING'S TOO WEIRD (OR TOO TAME) FOR US, AND WE'RE NOT SO MUCH CONCERNED WITH "TECHNICAL SKILL" AS WE ARE WITH ORIGINALITY, PERSONALITY AND SINCERITY.

FEATURED ARTIST

Our Featured Artist this month is Jeff Wells, a very nice man who runs the shipping department where most of us work at our "day job".

O: What do you want to be when you grow up?

JW: Well, this is where I feel kind of screwed. What I've always wanted to be was never an option on this plane (as far as I know). I wouldn't mind being a genetic engineer but there are way too many laws hampering true progress. I guess I would prefer to be an artist.

O: What is your favorite food? Why?

JW: That's a tough one. I have lots of favorites. I love a good salad. How about cream cheese stuffed jalapenos? I love spices and lots of flavor.

O: What have you learned that helps you define reality?

JW: I've learned that reality is a matter of focus and choice. Reality exists in our minds. I think that if you believe something is real then it's real. Santa Clause is a definite reality to children. I believe in koala bears without having seen one. I say choose carefully and have fun.

O: Which of your past lives have you enjoyed the most? The least?

JW: As of yet, I've failed to recall any past lives. This leads me to believe that I probably enjoyed them too much...

O: What have you done today to contribute to the betterment of life on Earth?

JW: This question is almost too personal. I hope that my small kindnesses are like the butterfly wingbeat in Michigan that is the birth of a typhoon in Japan. Did that make sense?

O: Why, God, WHY???

JW: Quit talking to yourself. People will think you're nuts. And don't ask Why, ask Why not?

O: What kind of music do you like to listen to when you're drawing?

JW: I'm all over the board when it comes to music. But for drawing, I generally am found listening to eighties pop. I may be terribly uncool. Yikes!

O: If you were the Vice President for a day, what would you do?

JW: Why, I would promptly kill off the president and seize control of the country. I would then proceed to take over the entire world! Ha! Ha! This would not be a bad thing as I would be a kind and just ruler. Or maybe I'd kind of just rule...

O: What about socks?

JW: Are you trying to confuse me? Style aside, I would vote for very colorful socks when just lounging around. Something to make me giggle when watching the telly.

O: Do you have any questions for Percy the Science Clown?

JW: Yes, I'm sure I do. Quantum physics stuff. I have yet to make his acquaintance though.

O: What other art forms (besides drawing) do you enjoy?

JW: I love sculpture. I would recommend McFarlane Toys to the poor collector. His detail is amazing.

O: Can you think of any words besides "reality" that should always be used in quotes?

JW: Many, but then I am fond of using quotes.

O: Have you ever been on television?

JW: Yes. I was once captured on film by the media whilst scraping off my windshield after an ice storm. Damn paparazzi!

O: What do you do on your off days?

JW: My "off days"? If you mean off work, well, I'm out righting wrongs, clothing the hungry and such. On a really "off day" I just do my best to look like I'm on the ball and hope no one notices.

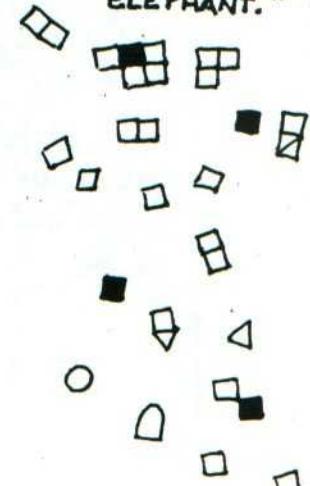
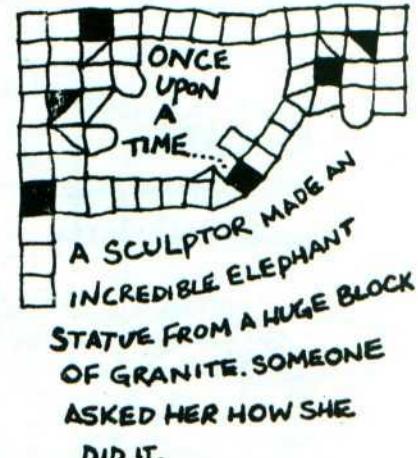
O: Have you ever seen a pirate?

JW: What kind? More than one can count of certain varieties. But I've not traveled the high seas as of yet. So much to do...

When asked to describe his version of "reality", Jeff had this to say:

My view of reality is constantly changing as I shed the views imposed on me as a child in favor of my own observations. One thing I can tell you is that looking back upon my memories, they carry little more weight to me than the memories of dreams past. Who is to say which is more important? We all know that when our time is up we leave with only memories. Faced with a choice of remembering a workday stacking boxes or a dream of flying over valleys... Well, what would you choose? I'm an important being in my dreams. That, I can take with me.

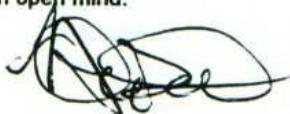
LOOK FOR JEFF'S SIGNATURE ILLUSTRATIONS
THROUGHOUT THE MAG!



REALITY CHECK

In the future, this will be our "letters" page – reader comments and all that. But since this is our first issue, we don't have any letters yet. So, in the meantime, here's some other stuff we wrote. Letters from us to you. Please write to us at the address given in the Submission Guidelines.

Reality is a relative term. Basically, it is what you make it. I believe that enough mental energy/desire/belief over time can either manifest/match up/create the reality their choice. Once free of the physical shell, that is. Maybe this sounds rather far fetched. But tell me, what sounds more implausible: creating/refining one's own personal reality/universe (one of any infinite many, within our infinite multiverse), or putting faith in a deity that is supposedly all-loving and forgiving, yet would deny your entry into the more pleasant aspects of the afterlife if you did not believe in his name. In a nutshell, I know for myself that in an infinite multiverse, anything is possible. I've had enough confirmations of sorts to know the truth of it. All it takes is an open mind.

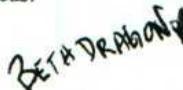


My reality consists of the belief that money isn't important in life although I spend 80% of my time trying to make more money. I believe in helping others who are less fortunate than I am even though most of my time is spent trying to make money for myself; so by the time I'm done

doing that I'm too tired or lazy to help others. Nothing should be taken too seriously, especially yourself. Before you get really upset about something, stop and think to yourself: "Does this really matter? Is it really worth losing my health to stress because of this?" 9 times out of 10 it won't be. I just do what I can to uphold the important things in life - happiness and laughter - and everything else isn't worth the worry.



Reality is second nature. We all have different realities, but for me reality is what you see in 3-D – what's around you. Reality is defined by your situation, and since I go through so many different situations, my realities change quite frequently. Goodbye, cruel world, I'm off to join the circus!



Reality is what you see when you open your eyes in the morning, and what you see when you close them at night.



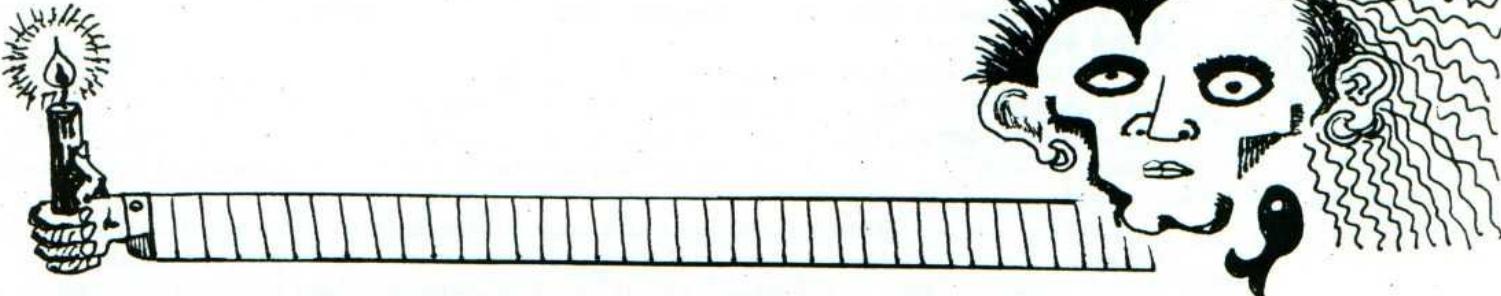
Death is a transformation. Obsession with death is aspiration to transcend mundane humanity and become something more than a walking brain. We make our own worlds. I am a pirate and a rock star. Hello! Can a ghost hear me? Can I romp with a zombie? I love the dead, the noble dead. Don't fear the Reaper, baby take my hand, and she went with him, they were able to fly. Death is creation: the soul is never lost, it only becomes more and more. Build yourself a Manor in your mind. Skulls always look like they're smiling. Infinity is the Holy Land. Art, Death, Beauty, Creation, the Infinite Reach for the Self... I live in the multiverse. Sometimes I am a tree or a breeze. Let me help to light the way, for I am a soul who lives within.



Reality is walking through the forest, forging a new path. You can choose to see the huge trees and feel very small, or the dead leaves and feel dead, or the sun filtering through and feel your internal glow... where you walk, and what you see, is reality.



JASON, WHERE ARE YOU???



the.man.that.kod.not.wesol.1.day.a.man.trid.to.wesol.bot.he
dedit.so.hey.kold.the.mayor.he.sed.man.you.most.oder.
pizza.the.man.lesend.to.themayor.he
oderd.pizza.he.sed.i.wot.a.peporone.pizza.komeg.rot.up
it.dedet.werk.the.next.day.the.man.ast.the.mayor.wot.shl.i.
do.you.sowd.get.a.kow.he.ded.it.to.it.dedet.whrk.jost.thn
he.wesold.the.next.day.he.thnt.the.mayor.the.end
by.jonathn

Strings

by Rick Reed

Feed your sickness deep inside
Hell & Earth inevitably collide
Your disease taste so bitter sweet
Your talons sink into decaying meat
A void of any bliss
A rotting memory of a kiss
The ghost who lays in my bed
The haunting voice in my head
You continue to push and watch me fall
Drink in the view you created it all
I see the smile that warms your lips
While I dangled from your finger tips
Fully contaminated soul from the virus you fed
Won't say goodbye as to you I'm already dead
Glad I'm in Hell my burned strings will never again hold
The tortured little puppet no one really wanted to know.



Reflection

by Steevigh

Into the looking glass I peer
Squinting and staring with fear.
My blood pressure is on the rise
What I see I now despise.



I measure, I compare
I continue to stare.
I will further scrutinize
The size of my eyes.



Which is bigger, left or right?
Is this obvious, in plain sight?
Will my eyelid one day sag,
On the ground will it drag?



Oh doctor, doctor, help me please!
Can you fix this? Do not tease!
"I cannot help you," the doctor said.
"I'm sorry to say it's all in your head."



The Silly King

or: *The Meaning of the Sahara*

by Jason

Once upon a time, a long, long, time ago there was a kingdom of sacred warriors. They were so close to god that they did not fear death, for they knew they would be reincarnated almost immediately and never lose touch with their families. Since they had nothing to fear, they often wished each other well by saying "May your death be quick" – in other words, may you get it over with and be back soon.

The king of this kingdom was a very powerful magician. Like all the kings of that country, he had been initiated into "the Solar Mysteries", a form of magic that gave him the power to see the future, and to read the thoughts of his subjects, and to embody the spiritual power of the nation. Unfortunately, he died without initiating his son into the mysteries. No one knows why.

His son was ashamed that he had not been initiated and tried to hide the fact, but his ruling council were powerful magicians, themselves, and soon found out. At first the new king murdered all the people who would expose his fraud, but soon everyone on the council knew, and they dissolved the government. A civil war broke out.

In desperation, the foolish king decided to initiate himself into the solar mysteries. But first he had to learn what they were, so he went looking for the secret at an ancient Atlantean temple by the Nile. The priests told him that the highest "solar mystery" they knew of was an ancient weapon called a "sun tunnel", which would open a dimensional doorway to the surface of the sun that would obliterate anything in its path.

The king was already insane from all the magical experiments he'd conducted while searching for the secret. He concluded that he could use his magic to fuse himself with the power of the sun, and thus become emperor of the solar system. He and his closest followers prepared a ceremony of initiation there at the Sphinx (which in those days had the head of a lion, not a man) and at its climax opened the sun tunnel and killed themselves.

They also laid waste to a significant portion of what is now known as the eastern hemisphere, leaving nothing there but desert for ten thousand years. Their gods had granted them all a quick death.

Prelude by Sandy

She was disappointed in the screams and grunts that seemed to come from the very depths of her soul, she thought she was stronger than this; after all, it was a simple act of nature. But with the rain beating at the windows of the small cabin, and the thunder that shook the whole earth, it certainly did not feel like a simple act of nature. The haggard old woman sitting at the other end of the bed seemed to agree. She looked up into the eyes of the girl, then quickly looked back down and began to chant again, trying to hide the fear in her eyes. The girl knew. As another wave of pain crashed over her, she craned her neck and rolled her eyes back into her head and said,

"This is not right..."

"Push...push." was the only response she got.

As the pains subsided, another, stronger wave came, and suddenly the girl felt a tremendous release as the child slid onto the bed. She fell back against the bed, and tears rolled from her eyes as she waited to hear the sound of a baby's cry. After a couple of minutes she realized it was not going to come, and the wail that came from here was louder than any she had produced earlier.

"Let me see the child." she said. The old woman came to the side of the bed and removed the blanket that was covering the disfigured child. The girl gasped, realizing that even if the baby had made it through the birth, it would not have survived for long.

The old woman walked back over to the table and said, "Now you have the answers that you sought." She put down the bundle, and picked up a wooden cup containing a dark foamy liquid. The girl was lying on the bed, tears streaming from her eyes, but she sat up to take the cup. "You need your rest," the old lady said. Taking a sip from the cup, the girl looked at her with dark eyes and replied,

"I need to go home."

Evelyn sat on the grass looking up at the huge tree above her, and the sun that was shining through the leaves. This was her first day out of the cabin since the birth, and it felt so good to be out in the sun. It seemed to brighten her mood even if only very slightly. She stood

up as she saw Gwendolyn, the wise old witch of the woods, come around the small cabin with a beautiful white horse.

"If you must ride to your death, you will at least do so in style," Gwendolyn said.

Evelyn walked over to Gwendolyn and gave her a hug. "I have no choice but to do this. I must face him. He taught me all that he knows, so I am strong enough to fight him. With all that he has done, what else can I do?" With that, she got up on the horse and looked down at the old woman. "I will return if I can," she said, and quickly gave the horse a kick. Within seconds, a cloud of dust was all that was left of her. Gwendolyn shook her head and walked back into the small cabin.

Morgan paced nervously in his study. Being the mage that he was, he knew when something was amiss, but he did not know exactly what it was, and that frightened him. When he heard the footsteps, he knew it was Evelyn. What surprised him was the look on her face, and the odd shaped bundle that she was carrying.

"You were gone a long time, love," he said as he approached her. He stopped when he realized he was scared. She was still looking at him with those eyes: her eyes were normally blue, but now they looked black -- almost jet black. And her hair, she never let her blond hair hang down like that, it was always braided.

"What is wrong, Evelyn? You look like you have just seen a ghost." This time his voice sounded a little shaky. But Evelyn simply walked away, carrying the bundle over to his table, and began to fix some tea. He watched her pull out the chamomile, valerian and...wait, why was she pulling out the black cohosh? Morgan was getting more frightened. Something was going on, and when he began to fear, he became mad. This was something that Evelyn had discovered after a few bruises and broken bones.

"Woman, you will answer me, I am your husband!" he yelled. "You go on a trip to replenish some of our herbs, and you come back looking like...like...you're possessed by the devil or something!" Evelyn again looked at him, and she began to laugh. She laughed until tears came out of her eyes. Morgan watched, clenching and unclenching of his fists.

"As a matter of fact, Morgan..." she said, giving way to more giggles, "...I have been possessed by the devil." The laughing took too

CONT'D pg 7

NEXT ISSUE OR
REAL SOON...

THE ANGST SPECIAL!

DON'T KILL YOURSELF UNTIL
YOU'VE READ IT!

FUN!
FUN!
FUN!



CHOKING

by Steevigh

There's a scar on my leg
It came from Tuesday night
There's a bug in the light
I'm choking

I crashed the car again
Don't know how, don't know wh
No body told me not to
I'm choking

I'm lost in New Orleans
Nothing but daiquiris and pralines
Falling down one more time
Trash choking

Smoking
Stroking
Coking
Choking

In the city
Lost in space
Disappear without a trace
Hey buddy can you spare a dime
For the lost
Just one more time
No riddle no reason or rhyme
I'm choking

VISIT THE
OFFICIAL
"BOYS ARE DUMB" WEBSITE
HTTP://ROSWELL.FORTUNECITY.COM/BAILEY/91
now
in
color!

WE DON'T HATE MEN...
HONEST... NO, REALLY...
WE DON'T... I'M SERIOUS...
WE JUST ACT LIKE IT.

PRELUDE CONT'D

much out of her, so she sat down in her favorite chair, putting the odd shaped bundle into her lap.

"I demand to know what you have there." Morgan said.

"Come closer, and I will show you." she replied, and as he came toward her, she began to unwrap the blanket. "It is something I brought especially for you, my love." Morgan was now standing in front of her. She smiled up at him the most beautiful smile. He smiled back and realized that she had finished unwrapping the package. Looking down, the smile faded from his face. It wasn't the fact that it was a baby, or that the baby was dead, or that it was horribly disfigured. Morgan began to take a couple of steps away, but as he did, Evelyn grabbed wrist and stood up herself, cradling the baby in her arm as if it were alive.

"You do realize the right thing to do would be to give this poor babe a proper burial." Morgan looked her in the face, then she said "After all, you are the father...or are you the grandfather? Look upon the product of your incestuous thoughts, father." She raised the baby to his eye level, and that was when he first struck at her. She fell to the floor and looked up at him, blood dripping from the cut on her lip. She wiped it away and pulled a pouch from out of her bosom. Opening the pouch, she quickly stood up, and threw it in his face.

"My own father possessed me! He made me his own in all the ways known to a woman, never telling me. How many times have I asked about my parents? How many times have I begged to know more about you? I know your evil; I have seen it. You taught me the magic, I *thought* you taught me love, but now I will make you suffer, as you have made me." Evelyn watched as he ran around the room, trying to get the powder off himself. Then he turned around, and in rage ran at her, chanting. She knew the chant, and she became mesmerized by it. He pulled his athame off of the table, but then tripped over the baby, and both of them went flying across the floor. The spell was broken, and Evelyn regained her will. She picked up the athame from his hand.

"May you never hurt anyone but your self..." she began the phrases of the familiar binding spell, but he would have no part of it, and began to try to wrench the knife from her hand. He grabbed at her hair and stunned her with a swift blow the head. He rolled her over, sitting on her chest, he began to bring the knife down on her, first slicing on her arms, and then on her stomach.

Morgan, in his rage, had forgotten about the powder that was thrown in his face earlier, but his racing heart reminded him. He knew he was doomed, so he began the to save himself the only way he could. He called to the gods, he called to the only power he knew, and he gave all the energy he had.

When Evelyn was coherent enough to know what was going on, she saw him floating in mid air: apparitions floated around him, and there was a huge black orb behind him. He was going to escape from this world before he died, so he would be able to live in the next.

She too knew the spell, and as he floated up into the black orb, she too called the gods, and summoned all the energy she had. If she couldn't take her revenge on him in this life, she would make sure she would find him in the next. Evelyn began to float into the black orb. What came next was frightening. Floating upward, she saw swirls of colors all around her, and heard voices from every direction. There was no breeze, no smell. It was neither cold nor hot, and she was traveling at a great rate of speed. Suddenly, visions from her life filled the colored swirls around her. Morgan, Gwendolyn, Elizabeth, and Nolan...oh Nolan.

She was moving faster and faster, and she saw that she was approaching a bright light. The space around her suddenly felt very compressed, and feeling squashed, she suddenly realized she couldn't breath. This is the end, she thought, but she continued to get closer to the bright light.

All at once she felt tremendous pressure, and she was pushed forward into the bright clean light. Confusion was all around, and as the doctor lifted her up, she heard a voice call out:

"Evelyn. Her name will be Evelyn."

WATCH FOR THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF EVELYN'S TALE IN ISSUE #2!

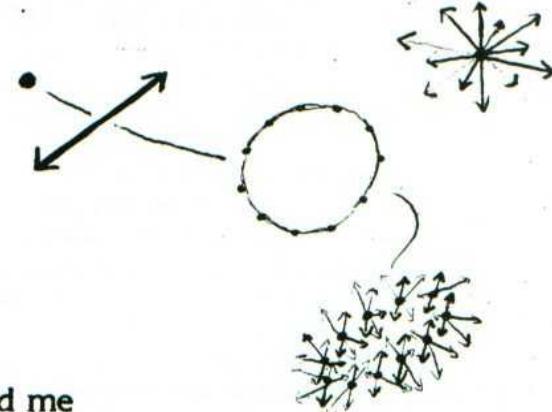
Truckers' Ode

by Andrew

See me in my big truck
plowing down the road
If you get in my way
I'll mash you like a toad.

Common courtesy is beyond me
there's no place for it here,
all these assholes in my way
are keeping me from drinking beer

When people see me in my bigass truck
they say, "oh, how cool is he!"
But if the truth were ever known
they'd say "my, what a small pee-pee!"



Ask

PERCY THE SCIENCE CLOWN!

Dear Percy:

Can you settle an argument? My friend doesn't believe in neutrinos. I have been telling her about them for years, but she says that their existence is impossible. She thinks I'm making things up. She thinks I'm crazy. Am I? Help!

Exasperated

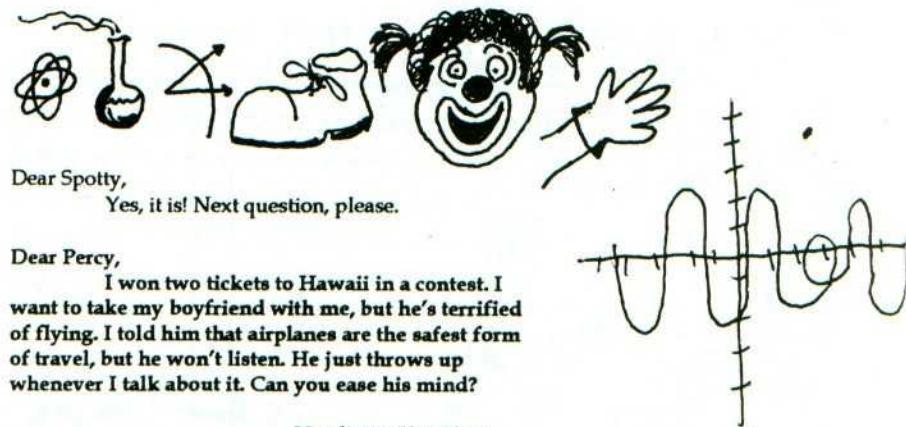
Dear Exasperated,

Not to worry! Neutrinos are indeed all around us - and through us. They're soooo small (HOW SMALL ARE THEY?)...ahem. They're soooo small that they go right through denser matter, such as your friend's body! An atom is pretty small, but it can be broken down into neutrons, protons and electrons. Neutrons and protons can further be broken down into quarks. (There are six varieties of quarks and they all have very funny names.) Neutrinos are among the *Elementary particles*: those which cannot be broken down into any further components. They have no mass. Mass is a measure of the quantity of matter in an object - airplanes have mass, a proton has mass, Catholics have mass. Neutrinos are pure energy. When atoms get bashed together in atomic reactions, such as those that take place in stars, they send these elementary particles out everywhere. Billions of them are traveling through you at this instant! And NOTHING CAN STOP THEM! Isn't that wonderful?

Dear Percy,

I read somewhere that sticking celery up your nose for eight hours per day helps clear up acne. Is this true?

Spotty Bottom



Dear Spotty,

Yes, it is! Next question, please.

Dear Percy,

I won two tickets to Hawaii in a contest. I want to take my boyfriend with me, but he's terrified of flying. I told him that airplanes are the safest form of travel, but he won't listen. He just throws up whenever I talk about it. Can you ease his mind?

Needling a Vacation

Dear Needy,

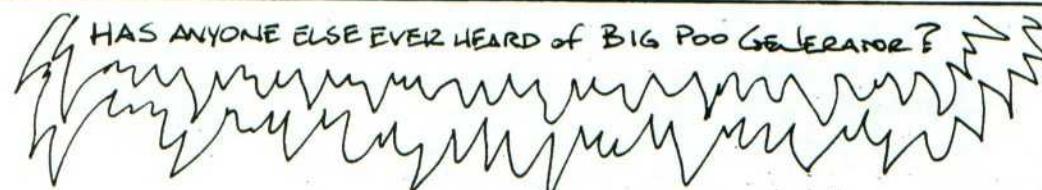
I'd be happy to. Inside an airplane's wings are the magical gnomes who keep the plane from crashing by dancing the "Up, Up, Up!" Jig and squeezing their - wait, no! That's not for an airplane.

Airplanes stay up there because - this is going to sound crazy - because of the air *above* the wings. I'm simplifying, of course, but essentially, when the plane gets going fast enough, the air rushing over the wings creates a pocket that *pulls* the plane up and keeps it in the sky. Try this experiment: take a normal piece of notebook paper, place one edge of it just below your lips, and blow over the top of it as hard as you can. WHEEE!

Now, who wants to hear about the mass of an airplane and its relationship to gravity?



Got a question for Percy? Let's have it! Send it to the
Omnium!



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THRASH WILDLY

BY STEEVIGH



WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN THE LABEL COMES OFF?

The Journey Of Life

By BethDragon

Arms raised high, toward moonlit sky,
Moon embracing the sadness within.
Slowly she glances into victories of old,
Remembering a time when vengeance was sin.

Praying for the days of long ago,
When ignorance was bliss.
Raising hands toward a goal unattainable,
Wishing for the things she's missed.

But we can't undo the roads we've trod,
Or the battlefields we have seen...
What good would that be, to have seen God,
Yet not known the ways to heavens streets.

Confusion is part of the mysterious gift,
We are given at the time of our birth.
Then we shall fight, and we shall sift,
Through the ashes of this dying earth.

All of us embark on a journey of sorts,
Some follow the paths we are laid,
While others will journey down uncharted ports,
To better know the choices they've made.

Life is a journey, into which we are thrown,
It is ours to use as we may....
What we do with it - well, that is our own,
But for me, I have the will to remain.

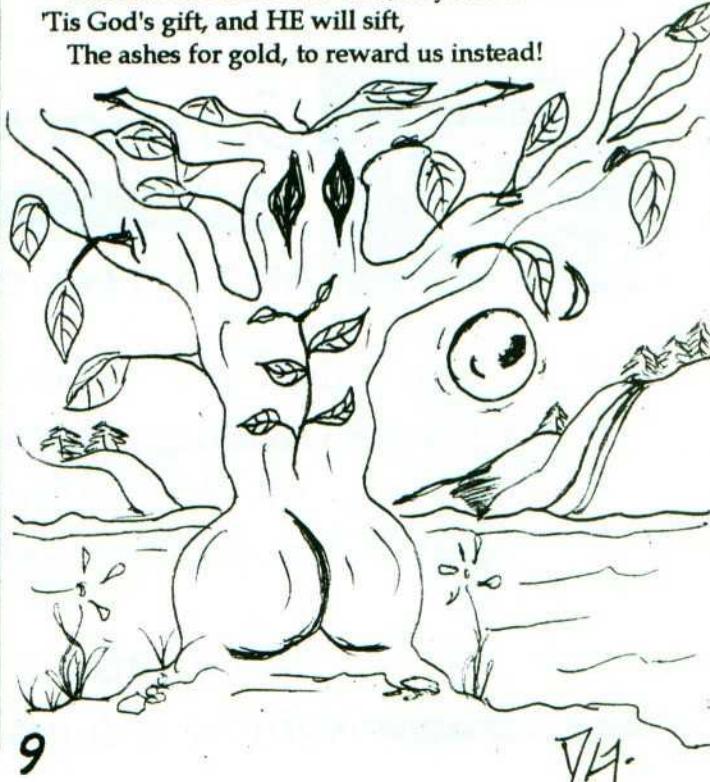
The Well Lived Journey

by John Canfield

Arms stretched down, from Heaven's Crown,
To earth the Father's Love is sent.
His Holy Son, disdains not one
Of the blood-drops He for sin has spent.

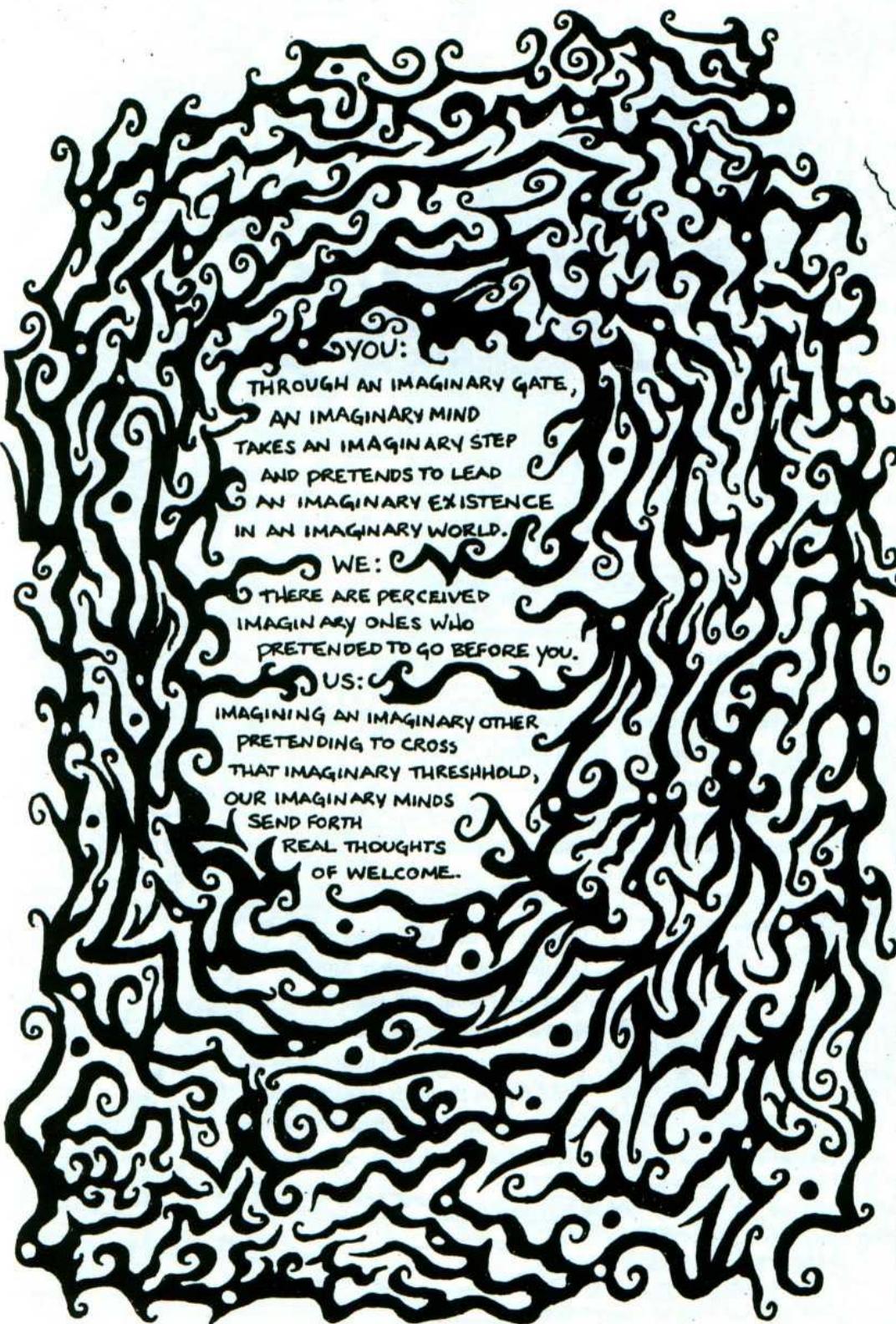
Prayers are vain, that once again,
Would visit days now under the Blood!
Then live for now, and pray for power,
To live a life that's strong and good!

Life is a road, but we are led,
And not thrown down on it, as you have said...
'Tis God's gift, and HE will sift,
The ashes for gold, to reward us instead!



Taking a step forward I find myself moving bricks, weighing down my feet, not letting me go forward. I fall down in movement, trying to keep my head clear from the liquor two hours prior. My body trying to release the sore pain now holding back the pain creeping up the left side. Just a few more steps and I can reach the pills. Maybe I'm just hallucinating every moment of this. But what if I wasn't, then all my false hope would only send me whirling further down this path.

by Doreen

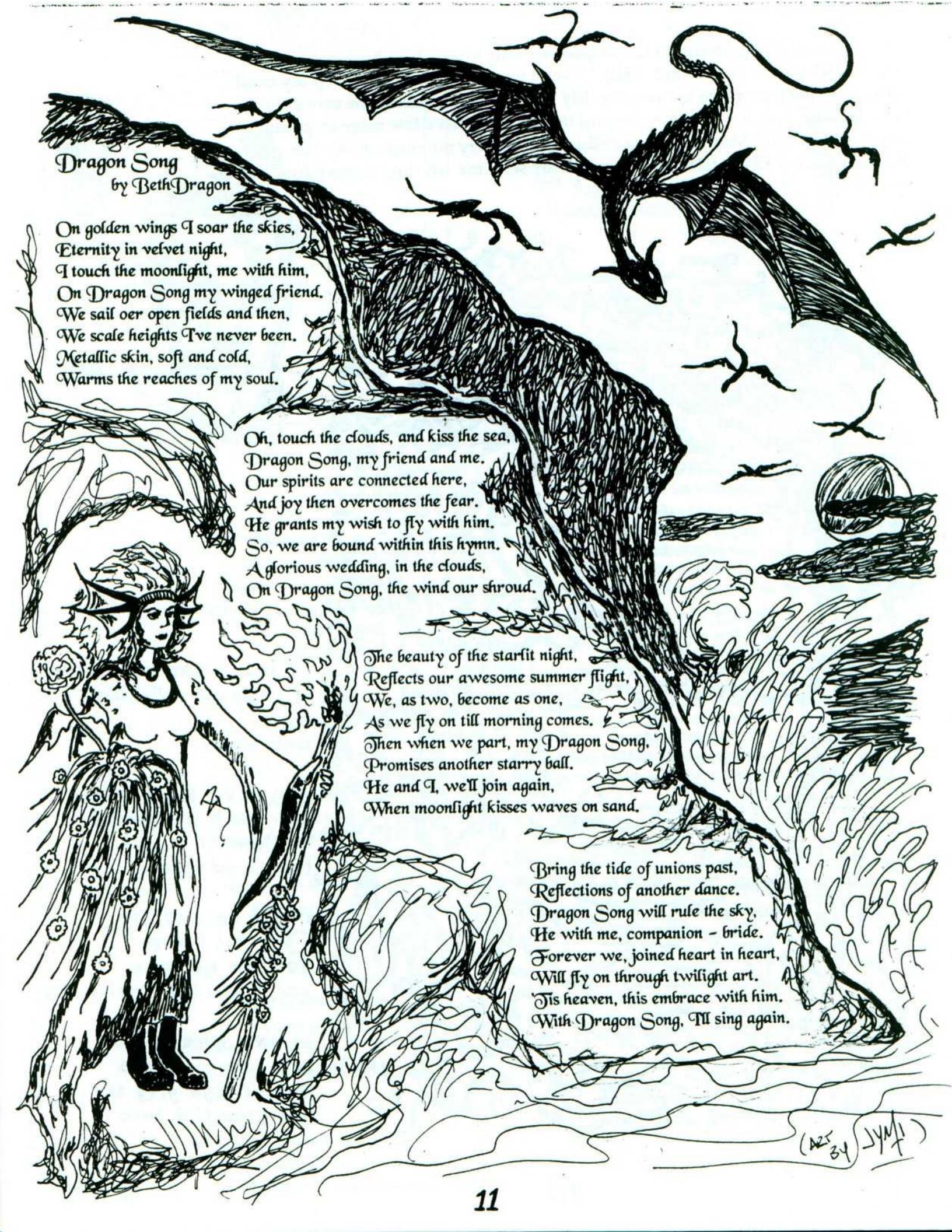


it's where you lose yourself
in drugs and addictions
and
over-wealth

gray sky - puddle drown
wet shoes: wet ground
it's June
there's no moon

i came here to live
i give and i give
you tear me down
god, i hate this fucking town

he came here to die
he's your high hero
under a huge gray sky
he's your high hero
don't you dare ask me why



Dragon Song

by Beth Dragon

On golden wings I soar the skies,
Eternity in velvet night,
I touch the moonlight, me with him,
On Dragon Song my winged friend.
We sail o'er open fields and then,
We scale heights I've never been.
Metallic skin, soft and cold,
Warms the reaches of my soul.

Oh, touch the clouds, and kiss the sea,
Dragon Song, my friend and me.
Our spirits are connected here,
And joy then overcomes the fear.
He grants my wish to fly with him.
So, we are bound within this hymn.
A glorious wedding, in the clouds,
On Dragon Song, the wind our shroud.

The beauty of the starlit night,
Reflects our awesome summer flight,
We, as two, become as one,
As we fly on till morning comes.
Then when we part, my Dragon Song,
Promises another starry ball.
He and I, we'll join again,
When moonlight kisses waves on sand.

Bring the tide of unions past,
Reflections of another dance.
Dragon Song will rule the sky,
He with me, companion - bride.
Forever we, joined heart in heart,
Will fly on through twilight art.
Tis heaven, this embrace with him.
With Dragon Song, I'll sing again.

(ART BY LYNN)



One night we just
got tired of talking
about all the things
we wanted to do.

I haven't slept in
three days.

We're driving each other
crazy.

I'm going broke.

And I feel much
better now.

A Special Announcement from the BSS Foundation

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD,

WE ARE WRITING TO INFORM YOU ABOUT AN ALL TOO FAMILIAR, ALL TOO COMMON PROBLEM IN OUR SOCIETY THAT CAN NO LONGER BE IGNORED.

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU GONE TO A RESTAURANT AND RECEIVED THE WRONG ORDER, RUDE SERVICE, YOUR ALREADY LATE FOR WORK AND YOUR FOOD IS LATE TOO ORDERS, AND ABSOLUTELY NO APOLOGY FOR THE PREVIOUSLY MENTIONED ITEMS? IT DOESN'T STOP THERE. HOW MANY TIMES HAS A RESTAURANT OR SUPERMARKET, OR ANY SERVICE INDUSTRY BUSINESS COMPLETELY MESSED UP, AND THEY THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY?! HOW ABOUT THE SERVICE PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY MAKE YOU FEEL GUILTY FOR BEING IN THEIR STORE?!

WE HERE AT THE BSS FOUNDATION WANT TO HELP. THE BSS STANDS FOR BAD SERVICE SYNDROME. WE WANT TO HELP THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN REPEATEDLY PLAGUED WITH THIS DISEASE AND PREVENT IT FROM HAPPENING IN THE FUTURE.

THE FIRST STEP IN PREVENTING THIS DISEASE IS TO PREVENT PEOPLE WHO ARE GOING TO BE PRONE TO GIVING BAD SERVICE FROM GETTING JOBS IN THE SERVICE INDUSTRY. I'M NOT SAYING THAT YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE A JOB AT ALL, JUST NOT ONE WHERE I HAVE ANY CONTACT WITH YOU FOR ANY REASON.

IF YOU ARE THINKING ABOUT GETTING A JOB IN THE SERVICE INDUSTRY, TRY TAKING THIS SHORT AND SIMPLE QUIZ TO SEE IF YOU ARE QUALIFIED (OR NOT):

1. YOU WORK IN A RESTAURANT. SOMEONE COMES IN AND SITS DOWN. YOU EITHER:

- WALK UP WITH A GLASS OF WATER, INTRODUCE YOURSELF (WITH A SMILE), OFFER A MENU, RECITE THE DAILY SPECIAL AND OFFER YOUR ASSISTANCE IF NEEDED IN THE FUTURE.
- WALK UP TO THEM WITH A MENU, TOSS IT ON THE TABLE (WITH A SMILE), OFFER WATER, AND ASK HOW THEY ARE DOING.
- MAKE THEM WAIT ABOUT 10 MINUTES, WALK UP, THROW MENUS ON THE TABLE, SIGH DEEPLY AND SAY, "IT IS A HELL HOLE IN HERE TONIGHT! I WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE IF MY CAR DIDN'T NEED FIXIN', AND IF MY KIDS DIDN'T NEED TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE INSURANCE BECAUSE THIS PLACE SUCKS, AND I CAN'T COUNT ON MY HUSBAND TO DO ANYTHING BECAUSE WE'RE GETTING A DIVORCE BECAUSE HE SLEPT WITH MY MOM! I WON'T BE AROUND MUCH TONIGHT."

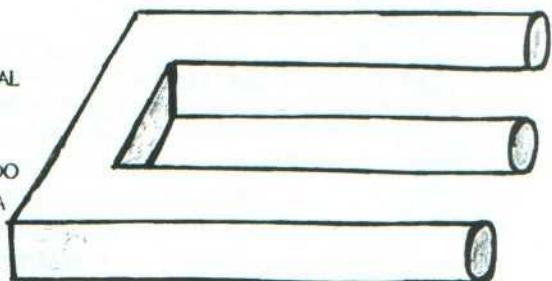
2. YOU WORK AT THE JEWELRY COUNTER AT A VERY WELL KNOWN LOCAL CHAIN OF SUPERMARKETS, "THRIFTY ACRES", IF YOU WILL. IT'S YOU AND TWO OTHER PEOPLE BEHIND THE COUNTER. THERE IS ONE PERSON STANDING AT THE COUNTER THAT LOOKS LIKE SHE IS OBVIOUSLY READY TO RECEIVE SOME HELP. YOU:

- WALK UP TO HER WITH A FRIENDLY SMILE, GREET HER WITH "GOOD MORNING", AND ASK HOW YOU CAN BE OF SERVICE...BECAUSE THAT IS YOUR JOB NOW ISN'T IT!! (SORRY, LOST CONTROL OF MYSELF FOR A MOMENT)
- LOOK OVER, SEE THAT THERE IS A CUSTOMER WAITING. TURN BACK TO YOUR FRIENDS, FINISH YOUR CONVERSATION, THEN WALTZ OVER TO GREET THE CUSTOMER IN A FRIENDLY MANNER.
- LOOK OVER, SEE THAT THERE IS A CUSTOMER WAITING, TURN BACK TO YOUR FRIENDS, FINISH YOUR CONVERSATION, THEN MAKE THE CUSTOMER WAIT ANOTHER 10 MINUTES BEFORE YOU FINALLY HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO BUT TO WALK UP TO THE CUSTOMER, MAKE A REALLY SAD ATTEMPT TO SEEM INTERESTED IN WHAT THEY WANT AND ACT LIKE THEY JUST INTERRUPTED THE MOST IMPORTANT MOMENT OF YOUR ENTIRE LIFETIME.

3. YOU WORK AT A RESTAURANT THAT IS OPEN 24 HOURS A DAY. SOMEONE CALLS IN AN ORDER FOR TAKE OUT. THEY ORDER A SALAD THAT'S IT. YOU REPLY THAT IT WILL BE ABOUT TEN MINUTES. YOUR RESTAURANT IS NOT THAT BUSY, IT IS NOT EVEN HALF FULL. DO YOU:

- GET THE SALAD READY FIRST THING KNOWING YOU JUST TOLD A CUSTOMER IT WOULD BE READY IN TEN MINUTES.
- WIPE OFF SOME TABLES PICK UP SOME THINGS KNOWING THAT YOU WILL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO MAKE SALAD AS LONG AS IT'S READY FOR THE CUSTOMER. (BECAUSE ISN'T THAT WHAT'S IMPORTANT? THE CUSTOMER SORRY, LOST MY HEAD AGAIN.)

CONT'D pg 13



BSS CONT'D

C. AS SOON AS YOU PUT DOWN THE PHONE, YOU START GOOFING OFF WITH YOUR COWORKERS AND RUNNING AROUND DOING THINGS THAT PROBABLY AREN'T RELEVANT TO YOUR JOB, COMPLETELY FORGETTING ABOUT THE SALAD AND THEN TEN MINUTES LATER WHEN THE CUSTOMER WALKS IN TO PICK UP HER SALAD, YOU SAY "OH CRAP THAT'S RIGHT!" TO WHICH YOUR COWORKER/SIDEKICK IN THE IDIOT DEPARTMENT REPLIES, "HA, HA, YOU FORGOT TO MAKE IT DIDN'T YOU!" WHILE NEITHER ONE OF YOU ACTUALLY ACKNOWLEDGE THE CUSTOMER AT ALL, NO APOLOGY, NOT A WORD YOU JUST GO ON WITH THE LAUGHING AND JOKING RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE CUSTOMER, WHILE SHE THINKS HOW MAYBE SHE CAN TURN YOU IN TO A SCIENCE LAB AS PROOF OF A MISSING LINK AND MAKE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

4. LET'S SAY THAT YOU ARE A WAITER/BARTENDER AT A FAMOUS CHAIN OF RESTAURANTS NAMED AFTER A DAY OF THE WEEK, (I'M NOT GOING TO SAY WHICH ONE) AND YOU ARE WAITING ON A GROUP OF PEOPLE FOR A BIRTHDAY PARTY, WHICH IS OBVIOUSLY IMPORTANT FOR WHOEVER'S BIRTHDAY IT IS. HOW DO YOU TREAT THEM? YOU:

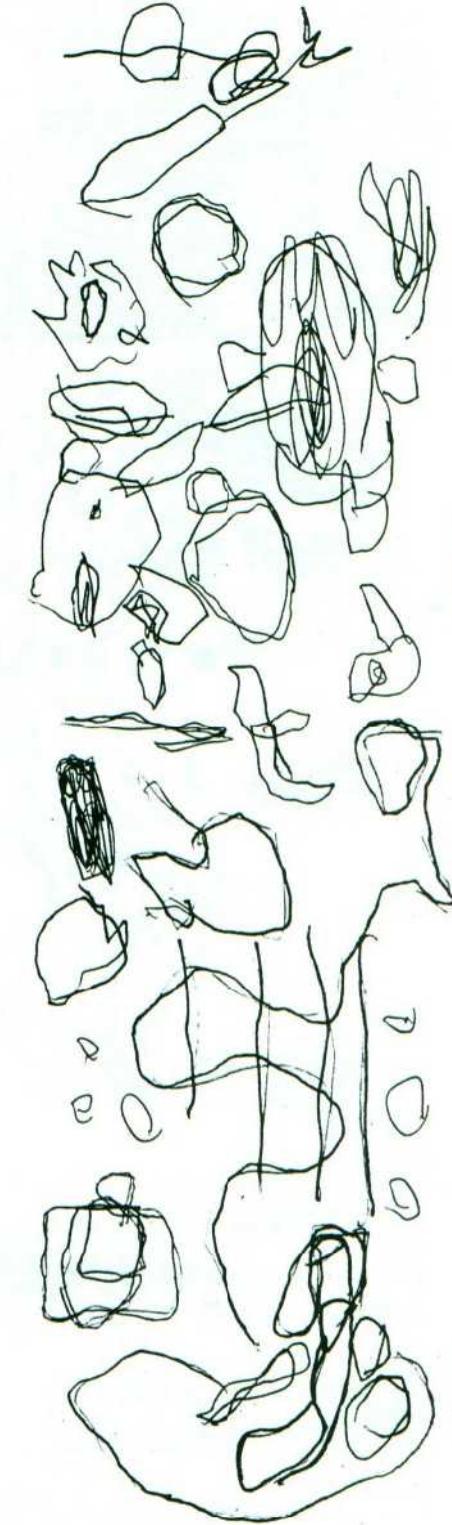
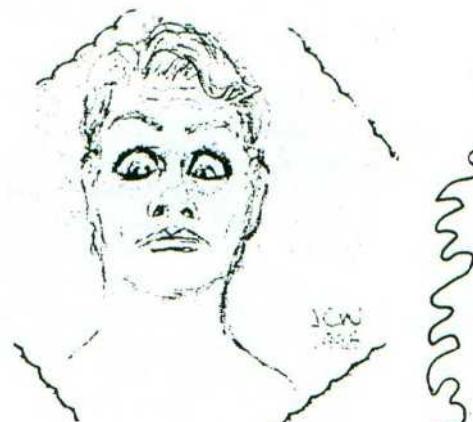
- A. WISH THE BIRTHDAY GIRL A HAPPY BIRTHDAY, AND TRY TO MAKE THEM FEEL AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE BECAUSE THERE ARE 15 PEOPLE IN THE PARTY AND THIS COULD BE A REALLY BIG TIP!
- B. IT'S REALLY BUSY SO YOU SMILE AND TAKE THEIR ORDERS AND PERIODICALLY CHECK IN ON THEM TO MAKE SURE THAT THEIR FOOD AND DRINKS ARE OK.
- C. AUTOMATICALLY GET PISSED OFF BECAUSE THERE ARE 15 PEOPLE SITTING AT YOUR TABLE AND YOU DIDN'T WANT TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE, THIS SUCKS, SO YOUR REALLY RUDE TO THEM, AND YOU SAY, "OK, I'M ONLY GOING TO TAKE YOUR ORDER ONCE SO DECIDE WHAT YOU WANT TO DRINK SO I'M NOT COMING BACK", EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT YOU DO COME BACK TO TELL THEM, "I'M NOT COMING OUT HERE AGAIN TO SERVE ANYONE, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO GET YOUR DRINKS AT THE BAR SO JUST LEAVE MY TIP ON THE TABLE" (NOW THAT'S CLASS!)

IF YOU HAPPENED TO PICK A OR B FOR YOUR ANSWERS YOU HAVE A GOOD TO FIGHTING CHANCE OF MAKING IT IN THE SERVICE INDUSTRY. WE WISH YOU GOOD LUCK.

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ALREADY WORK IN SERVICE TYPE JOBS AND ANSWERED C TO ONE OR MORE OF THE QUESTIONS, WE IMPORE YOU TO PLEASE GET HELP WITH YOUR PROBLEM. IF YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED IN GETTING HELP, THEM WE IMPORE YOU TO QUIT YOUR JOBS THIS MOMENT AND GET A JOB WITH NO CONTACT WITH OTHER HUMAN BEINGS, BECAUSE LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, WHEN WE WALK INTO A RESTAURANT, A SUPERMARKET, A GAS STATION, A BAR, OR ANY SERVICE ESTABLISHMENT, WE ARE THERE TO SPEND OUR HARD EARNED MONEY, AND WE COULD GIVE A SHIT, IF YOU HATE YOUR JOB BECAUSE GUESS WHAT PEOPLE? MOST OF US HATE OUR JOBS! IF YOU THINK FOR ONE MINUTE THAT WE FEEL SORRY FOR YOU BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO WORK IN THE FAST FOOD INDUSTRY, OR A MALL JOB THINK AGAIN. WE DID IT, ALL OF OUR FRIENDS HAVE DONE IT AND THEIR FRIENDS HAVE DONE IT. THERE IS ONLY ONE THING THAT SEPARATES US FROM YOU AND THAT IS THE FACT THAT WHEN WE HAD YOUR JOB WE DID IT THE RIGHT WAY. WE MAY HAVE HATED IT BUT WE DID IT WITH A SMILE ON OUR FACE SO GET OVER YOURSELVES! BECAUSE IF WE GET ONE MORE BAD EXAMPLE OF BLATANT BAD SERVICE, I WILL TAKE THAT AS A SIGN THAT YOU ARE LOOKING TO GET FIRED AND I'LL DO ALL I CAN TO HELP YOU.

FOR ALL OF THOSE BUSINESSES OUT THERE, WE BEG YOU TO CONSIDER BEING A LITTLE MORE SELECTIVE IN THE HIRING PROCESS. IT WOULD MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE. UNTIL THEN, FOR EVERY TIME WE GET BAD SERVICE, WE ARE GOING TO WRITE AN ARTICLE ABOUT IT UNTIL WE GET THE KIND OF SERVICE WE WANT.

AND FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO RECEIVE BAD SERVICE AGAIN AND AGAIN, WE URGE YOU TO WRITE TO THE ESTABLISHMENT THAT DARED TREAT YOU AS LESS THAN A PAYING CUSTOMER AND COMPLAIN UNTIL SOMETHING IS DONE. TOGETHER, WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE.



THE•ERTH•AND•THE•SUN

THE•ERTH•IS•A•CIRCLE
THE•ERTH•IS•A•CITY
THE•ERTH•IS•COOL
THE•SUN•IS•HOT
THE•SUN•IS•A•BRIT•CIRCLE
THE•SUN•IS•COOL•AND•OSOM

THE•END•BY•JONATHAN

Barhopping with Whodi-Boy (a true story)

by Andrew

Most twenty-first birthdays in America these days seem to be celebrated in a similar fashion...going out with friends and attempting to set a new world's record for the most bars visited in the shortest time. In each bar, they will proceed to pour as many different combinations of beer, liquors, chasers and whatever else down the lucky birthday person's throat. If there are cool people at the bar and they happen to hear that there's a birthday in the house, they'll buy a drink for the lucky celebrator of honor. When the bartender cuts them off it's not a problem or a buzzkill, just time to hit the next watering hole on the birthday party's agenda.

Does this sound somewhat familiar to any of you *Omnium* readers? Probably at least a bit, huh? Despite the hangover, most involved claim that it was a great time. That's pretty much how I expected to spend my twenty first birthday. It didn't exactly turn out quite like I had expected, but it was a great time. A really old friend of mine flew in from his home state of Tennessee to help me properly celebrate the anniversary of my entrance to the world. His name is Geoff Whodavich, but we all called him Whodi (pronounced 'Who', and 'Dee'). Before this story can continue any farther, I must tell you more of Brother Geoff (aka Whodi-Boy).

Whodi. Hmm, the concept of Whodi...Whodism. If Whodi meant a group of Whodis, would that make Brother Geoff a Whodus? Ohhh. Digressing...

Brother Geoff is an extremely unique individual. I can honestly say that most people who meet Whodi-Boy don't quite know what to think of him. He's probably one of the kindest souls that is presently on this great planet of ours, and he'd give the shirt off his back to a friend in the middle of a blizzard. However, his cognitive skills aren't quite what one would think they should be. Brother Geoff isn't retarded or disabled at all...he just doesn't seem to be able to grasp the simple concept of thinking about the consequences of his actions. A lot of it has to do with the way he grew up.

Whodi-Boy's parents are immensely rich. Both parents own companies, commercial real estate locations, and other highly profitable investments. They're still at it too...I heard his parents are putting in a bid for Disneyland. Anyway, he gets whatever he wants...and I mean, *whatever* he wants. I'm talking about a new car every couple of years, fully paid for living space (usually a really nice condo or townhouse) credit cards, and spending money...he'll go out and buy several hundred dollars worth of stereo equipment on a whim. I'll tell you a funny story about the time Whodi-Boy had spent the entire day getting totally wasted, and then suddenly decided that he needed a minidisk player. Geoff drove to Circuit City, banged on the front doors until the employees inside finally let him (after closing time) so he could buy his coveted minidisk player. This was back in March or April of 1993, and the minidisk players had just come out. He dropped \$700.00 down right then and there, proudly/drunkenly staggering out of the store with his new, beloved and very expensive contraption.

There is also the time Whodi-Boy needed to have some work done on his car. His father had given him authorization on his credit card to rent a car, as long as it wasn't too extravagant and returned immediately to the rental place when Geoff's car was fixed. What did Whodi rent? Only a Lexus, nothing major. Heh he also kept it for an extra nine days after his car was repaired. That was a lot of fun...but needless to say, his dad was furious.

But you want to hear about Whodi-Boy and my birthday. I *know* you do. And so I'm going to tell you.

It was a typical Santa Barbara summer day, meaning overcast and shitty looking till 12:30 or 1:00 in the afternoon. I think I woke up around 4:00pm or so. Whodi-Boy had flown in earlier that afternoon and was staying at a bed and breakfast place a couple of blocks away. We decided that my girlfriend and I would pick him up, we'd all go out to dinner and then Whodi-Boy and I would go out drinking while she took the car home and finished the paper she was writing for her physiology class.

We picked him up and went out to dinner. Nothing particularly remarkable happened then, but the best was yet to come. After dinner, we were dropped off on the most heavily bar infested area of State St., no doubt a second home to the silly neon dayglow university bar hoppers. We strolled down a block or two towards our first stop of the night.

*i count the stars for every thought of you
as though they were a record of the pain*



CONT'D PG 15

WHOPI CONT'D

The first place we visited was a bar called The Prime Directive. I don't know if the bar's owner was a Star Trek fan or not, considering the fact that the place's name seemed to change on a regular basis. However, it wasn't crowded (at that point in the evening) so we decided to give it a try. We had barely sat down on the barstools when Whodi started barking out drink requests.

"Uhm, g-gimme a Jack 'n Coke...actually, make that a double shot of Jackie 'n Cokie, and this," Geoff explained to the bartender, pointing in my direction, "is Brother Andrew. It's his 21st birthday so give 'em something good."

The bartender (whose name was Tim) nodded and set me up with a Flaming Dr. Pepper. It was pretty good, although I wasn't even halfway done with it before Whodi ordered another round of drinks. He seemed rather content with his beloved, "Jackie an' Cokie" while I was sampling Hurricanes, Mai Tais, Zombies, and I don't know what else. As the night went on, Whodi got progressively drunker, which meant that I got to listen to him go off about his money.

"Now lemme tell ya sumthin man," Whodi-Boy slurred as leaned towards me. "I gots so much money...man, you know how much mo-mo-money I have in that there Bank of America on the corner?"

"No Geoff," I groaned as I sipped more of my tasty Zombie. "I don't know, and I really don't care about how much money you have."

Whodi shut up for a bit about his money, becoming engaged in conversation with the poor soul who was sitting on his other side. The bar had gotten relatively



crowded during this time, and people were standing behind us due to the lack of seats. Some really cool people were sitting/standing on my other side, and they insisted on buying me a couple of birthday drinks. Who was I to complain? We were chatting about music and the LA scene when Whodi suddenly turned back to me, grinning vacantly.

"How's it going, Brother Geoff?" asked.

"He-hey man, you know what we should do?" he asked. I pretended not to hear him, because whenever Whodi was drunk, the worst ideas would occur to him.

"Hey man, we should charter a jet and fly down to LA and take a limo to the Lotus Hotel in Venice. We can party there for your birthday!!"

Whodi seemed immensely pleased with this idea, regardless of the fact that I was still in summer school, it would be uncool to simply jet to LA without even notifying my girlfriend first, etc. Whodi-Boy was determined.

"Man, I've got hundreds... I mean *thousands* in my bank account, and I'll be damned if we're not gonna spend it! Let's fly the whole bar down with us!" babbled Whodi, gesturing wildly around the bar. This simple action seemed a bit much for Whodi-Boy, as he somehow gestured himself off his stool, landing in a giggling heap on the floor. It took two of us to set Geoff back on his stool, where he continued to laugh loudly at nothing in particular. I think it was at that point that I realized Whodi-Boy was much more wasted then I was. All sorts of wonderfully sensible ideas were starting to pop out of his mouth.

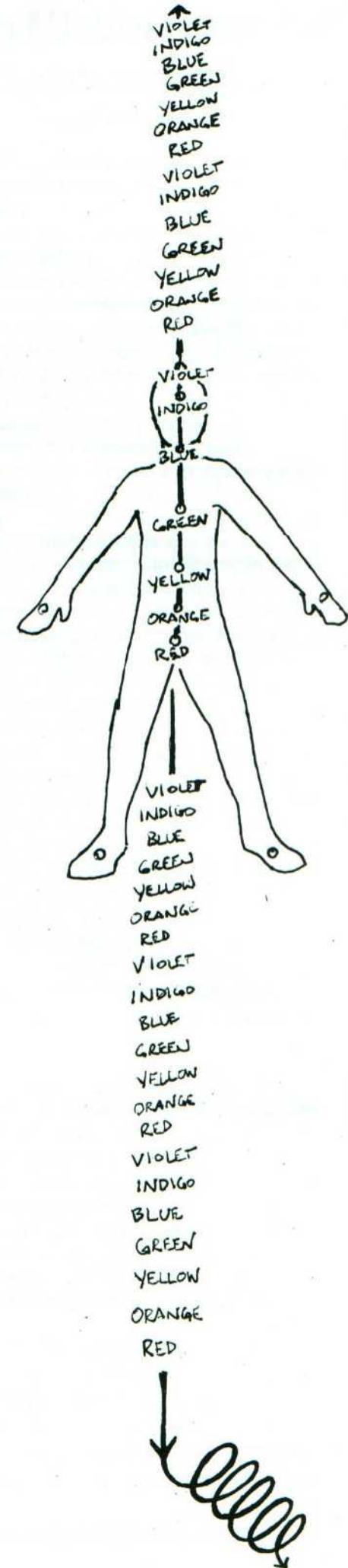
"He-hey man, let's find us some financial advisors and buy stock in some fortune 500 companies!...hey m-man, let's go for a drive...Hey man, let's go to Selzers!" *CONT'D. PG. 16*

CONT'D PG 16

Reality

by Sand

Don't know where I'm going
Don't know where I've been
All I see behind me
Is a long, long road of sin
Dark skies up above me
Hard ground and rock below
Shadows all around me
Don't know which way to go.
Heading down a one way road
That will soon dead end
Not knowing all the answers
To all of Life's questions
Yes, No, Maybe so
My head cannot decide
nothing left but to close these ey
And walk along the side...



WHODI CONT'D

Selzers is a head/record shop in Ventura, which is around 45 minutes south of Santa Barbara. I wasn't about to take a taxi down to Ventura, and Whodi wasn't happy to hear that, nor did he seem to believe me when I told him that Selzers was closed (it was around 11:00pm by that time). Whodi-Boy actually argued that it wasn't closed, it would stay open for him and ran out of the bar, towards a cab parked in front. I had to leap after Geoff and literally yank him out of the taxi by the scruff of his neck. He protested, but gave it up shortly thereafter.

As we returned to our seats, I thought that everything would be cool, but after Tim brought me another Zombie, Whodi-Boy tried to order a Newcastle. Tim ignored him, so Whodi-Monster repeated his request.

"He-he-hey man, can I get a beer?" he intoned, waving a ten around in the air.



Tim turned to Geoff, leaned over the bar, saying "Look bro, I can't serve you anymore. You're too wasted."

Whodi-Boy seemed to have a problem comprehending this, so he repeated himself. After receiving silence as an answer, he pulls out a fifty-dollar bill and tries to bribe Tim into giving him a \$2.50 beer. Tim still refuses, so Whodi pulls out a hundred-dollar bill. Tim turned to me at this point and asked me if Whodi-Boy was retarded. Now, that's something we've all wondered at times. When he finally realized that Tim wasn't going to be swayed from his decision, he turns to me and says, "He-hey man, this place sucks. Let's go to another bar."

I nodded, thanking Tim for all the free birthday drinks he had swung my way and apologized for Whodi's behavior as I paid the tab.

As we left The Prime Direction, Whodi started going off again to nobody in particular about his money.

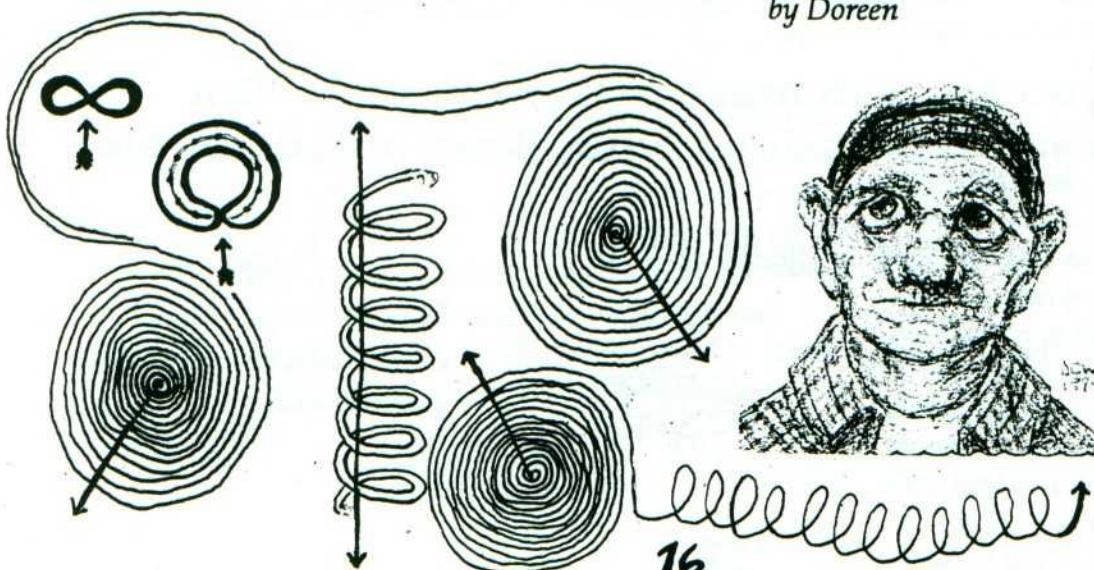
"Man, I gots so much money I could buy this town an", he slurred, weaving left and right in a complicated pattern

down the empty sidewalk. "Money talks, man and bu-bu-bullshit uh, stinks or sumthin..."

CONT'D PG. 18

Leaves littered the old woman's yard, different colored vivid armor soiling not a mistake of beauty, but of a life long forgotten. The castle was a fortress of beauty and stories long told, construction was needed for many centuries, ages. Stop listen can you hear the knights progressing forward. Oh crisis, ye who feels of things of wicked life and passion beyond need. Give a word of kindness and speak only truth from the thick of your tongue. Taste not, lest ye be tasted by the finest of life. Give only unto a lighted soul.

by Doreen



THE PERFECT LIE

by Steevigh

The perfect lie comes

Spilling off your lips

The perfect lie

You tell the perfect lie

The perfect lie

Now see the prefect try

The perfect lie comes

Dripping off the lips

The perfect lie

You live the perfect lie

The perfect lie

Now watch the perfect cry

The prefect lie comes

Screaming from your mout

The prefect lie

You are the prefect lie

The prefect lie

Now watch the prefect die

The perfect lie is

Running down your chin

The perfect lie

You live the perfect lie

The perfect lie

Now ask the perfect why

The perfect lie slips

Slyly from your hips

The perfect lie

You lead the perfect life

The prefect lie

You see the perfect die

Your hear the perfect lie

You watch the perfect cry

You told the perfect lie

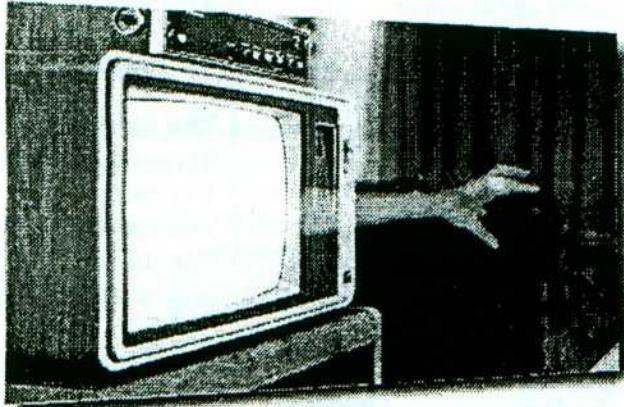
ALTERNATIVE MEDIA

Organizing Event

Tired of swimming in a sea of media mediocrity, celebrity scandal-saturated newscasts, boring radio, formulaic TV and movies?



We invite you to a gathering of Media Activists, committed to creating something better.



WHEN

Saturday, September 18
9am - 1:30pm

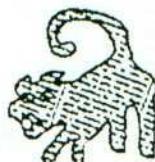
(registration & refreshments start at 8:30)

WHERE

Community Media Center
711 Bridge NW, 2nd floor
Grand Rapids

**Come if you want to make alternative TV, film
radio or internet expressions with like-minded people**

MORE INFO: www.grcmc.org/mediaactivism
459-4788 ext. 122 or 116
jsmith@grcmc.org or david@grcmc.org



Representatives of New York's Paper Tiger Television, the nation's oldest video production collective, will be in attendance

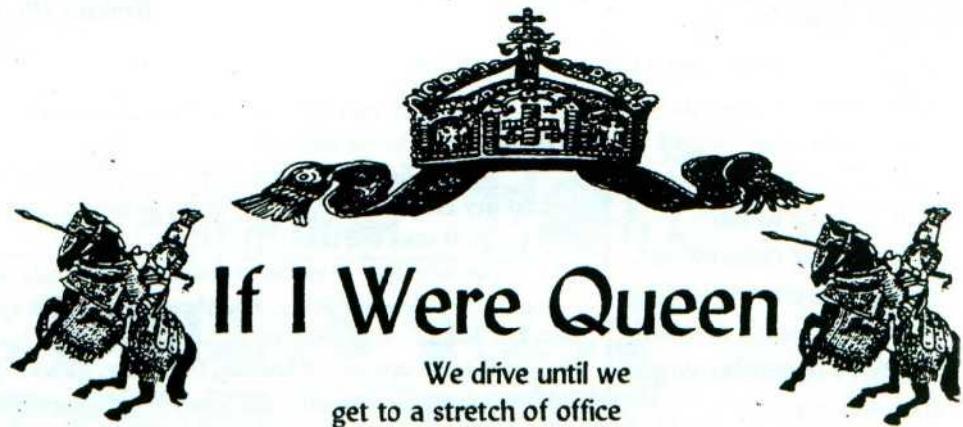
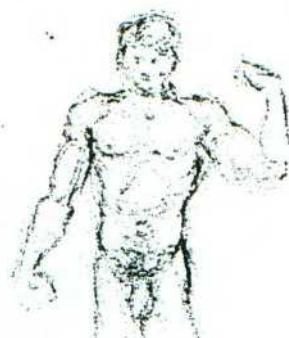
Zelo was our next stop. A rather cool place, lots of lights and television screens. It reminded Whodi of the party in the beginning of the movie Less Then Zero (I saw them film a scene from that movie at my high school, but that's another story). He was instantly infatuated with the place.

"Oh wow man, th-this place is cool I mean check out all tho-those screens an' shit, fuckin cool an' *hulmgrrph*... splash

I had managed to jump away from the table in time to avoid being sprayed by the alcohol and partially digested food that was now shooting out of Whodi's mouth. Luckily, we were the only ones at our table, so we didn't have to worry about anybody getting hit by the geyser of Whodi-Spew.

At that point, I realized that I was going to have to play the role of babysitter if we were going to keep barhopping. Calling a cab suddenly seemed like a great idea. Whodi didn't seem to notice. He was off in his own world, mumbling about investments, high yield bonds, earthquake insurance, and his fondness for, "Mo-m-mo-m-Modern-Contemporary furniture... hi-hi-high backed leather chairs, glass to-topped tables..."

Luckily for me, it was only a few minutes drive to the Bed & Breakfast place where Whodi-Boy was staying. He staggered out of the car, giving the driver enough money to get me back to my apt and a tip, as well. One thing about Whodi, he's always been a really generous tipper. One time we were drinking at State & A (another place that some funny Whodi-happenings occurred) and he left a \$20.00 tip. Like I said, a generous tipper. Anyway, I quickly got home and stumbled into bed, passing out rapidly. That was my 21st birthday. An interesting/amusing time. If you had been there, Whodi probably would have bought you a drink... especially if you like, "Hi-high backed leather chairs."



If I Were Queen

I want to be a queen. There is no more explanation needed than that. I think I deserve it. I think I would do a damn fine job and that is that. The problem is that you have to inherit the title to be Queen. Damn technicality! For now I'll just have to dream of what it would be like if I were Queen...

Here I am in my royal car riding through the streets of the city. People are standing on the side of the road just to wave and get a tiny glimpse of their leader. I happily wave back to my royal subjects, smiling and waving, smiling and waving. I am so bloody rich that I could throw thousand dollar bills out of the window by the pound and not even flinch. Sometimes I do. Of course I have advisors who try to get me to do things their way, conform, do things by the book. Everything, in their opinion, must be done in the name of money.

We drive until we get to a stretch of office buildings and some land. There is a *For Lease* sign every sixty feet or so, trying to lease more land to build more buildings, to sell more things. Perhaps a mini mall, yes, another one, that's just what we need. They would rather tear down the beautiful trees, get rid of the pond filled with wildflowers and cattails so there can be another office building or fast food restaurant.

They just need to have their headquarters there even though they could just as easily buy one of the abandoned buildings that no one is using at the moment. I guess that's just not good enough. It's not good business. No, there must be more reasons to tear down nature. That pesky nature, always getting in the way of good business.

I ask my assistant nicely, (after all, I am a polite queen), to write down the number of the reality company. Then I have my driver drive around the entire countryside in search of any pieces of beautiful tree filled land that people just can't wait to destroy by selling or leasing it to

some greedy bastard company. I collect those real estate numbers as well. You can probably guess what happens next

I return to my palace and personally call each and every one of the real estate agencies, and buy every piece of land that I found that day.

"Certainly your majesty," they would say "What do you plan to do with all of this land?"

"Something that should have been done with it a long time ago," I say. "I'm going to leave it the way it is!"

I take that back. I don't want to do it by phone; I want to do it in person. That way I can watch them blubber, wail and cry while they beg me not to do this. "It will ruin our business

strategy!" they would say. "We can't have people buying buildings that are already built! What would happen to the people who make the signs that say 'Coming Soon! Blah, blah, blah?' They will go completely out of business! Think of the people as well, your majesty. They will no

CONT'D PG. 19

QUEEN CONT'D

longer be able to point at a half built building as they are driving by and say, 'Gee, I wonder what that's going to be?' What of our children and grandchildren who in fifty years time won't be able to say, 'I remember when that was just wasted forest land and now it's a fully booming auto industry'. They'll never get the chance! Besides, all of that land is already surrounded by successful established businesses. It is simply awkward looking to keep a little patch of trees right smack in the middle of all that don't you think? Blah, blah, blah, blubber, blubber, wail, wail, wail.'

"My goodness, you're absolutely right!" I reply, "That certainly would look awkward wouldn't it? I guess I didn't think this out clearly enough! Thank you for making me see the error in my plan!" I then turn to my assistant and say, "Buy out all of the surrounding businesses as well, tear them down and plant trees in their place. Snicker, snicker, snort, snort."

The people cheer as I step outside. Word has already spread of my actions today. I blow them a kiss and step in my car. Time to return to the palace for tea. Cheerio.

- K.R.K. Lisa

Before it's too Late

by BethDragon

The road was long, the darkness overwhelming. At the end was something he knew was his destiny. Or, so he thought.

If only he could have seen "Them". "They" screamed and shrieked. "Their" warning cries pierced my ears. But I was only a witness. A victim of sorts. And by the time my ears were awakened, it was too late.

He was half way there and no one would stop him. No one could.

He walked quickly, at a steady pace. He approached the girl with madness in his eyes. Then her smile faded. She was gone. His gun in his hand, the bullet in her head.

"They" screamed louder. Shrilling, gawking at him. Crying for her.

"They" had seen it before, and "They" would see it for eternity.

The officer raised the pistol at that exact moment. She squeezed the trigger, releasing the miniature missile. It seemed to search and find its target at once. It sunk deep into the back of his neck. I saw him fall forward slowly. His hands came to his ears, as he became aware of "Their" voices. But it would not shut out "Their" words. His knees came up to his chest as he felt the pain begin. The burning fire within him, the pain that felt like his heart and his lungs and stomach exploding. The pain he'd feel forever.

His soul quickly began to rise from him. Ever so slowly, his features disfiguring. Slowly he became part of "Them". The void. The girl had already been sucked away from their darkness, to a happiness and light that filled the air. But he... he was in utter darkness. The cold bitter air around him. The fire and pain within. He had turned into his own guilt.

The void, the mass of faces in anguish, began to move. They slowly approached their next member. Hoping to warn the people who doubt. Feeling the pain of each new victim dig deep into their own wounds. Feeling death take them over and over again. The unnamed faces of regret. The voices that are only heard when you die. The eyes of the remorseful that you cannot see until it's too late...



THE PUKE PAGES

by Steevigh ☺



What Scares You?



Our first survey!

The Omnium is more than just a magazine. We're an "Art Company" too (watch for our TV show coming up next year on GRTV). One project we're considering is the making of a rip-roarin', balls-out Terror Film. Many of us are Horror aficionados, and to our dismay, we haven't seen anything in the past few years that really keeps us awake at night (figuratively speaking - most of us work nights), jumping at every unidentified bump and creak. We think we've got it in us to scare the whole world - and not just with our fashion sense.

Consider this scenario - you've just come out of the theater after seeing a horror movie. It frightened you so badly that your hair is standing on end (without the benefit of Aquanet), you need therapy for the rest of your life, and you're seriously afraid of ever thinking too hard again.

Our question to you is this: **What was that movie about?**

Just give us a general idea - subject matter, a couple of things that have always scared you, some psychological hang-ups. (Note: this is *not* a request for scripts. We just want to know what scares everyone else.) For example, Jymi has seen "The Exorcist" several hundred times without flinching, but she has a fear of tornados - it's a control issue - so "Twister" was a really scary movie for her, while Steevigh can sit through a real-life tornado warning siren and not break a sweat, but has yet to make it all the way through "The Exorcist".



What scares YOU - and why?

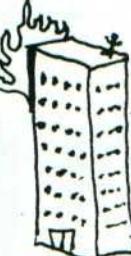
Give us your fears and self-psychoanalysis!

Send your terror to: The Omnium
PO Box 120053
Kentwood, MI
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Or email us at our website:
www.come.to/omnium

GROWN MEN
IN DIAPERS



Thanks!

-The Omnium Staff



Ha!

by Liber Al, formerly known as Aleister Crowley

No, I'm not dead. Death is an illusion. The world is much stranger than you can possibly imagine.

I was wrong to doubt myself. My life was a struggle only because of my desire to learn. If I had simply made a career out of prophecy, I would have had a life of leisure. Fuck that. I will go on!

An interesting little group, this (the Omnium, that is). Too bad this civilization is doomed, or we might have had some fun. There's nothing for it but to move the party to the astral plane. I have a place prepared for just this purpose. Here's how to get there:

Do whatever meditative preparation you like, then close your eyes and envision a silver wheel with eight spokes, three stories high, turning slowly to the music of flutes.

Beyond this, the question at hand is: What is the purpose of this magazine, or of any art? The answer is, "none". And if that's not good enough, then how about DESTRUCTION.

The mass of humanity is a quietly desperate herd, endlessly tortured and slaughtered by the inertia of their own stupidity. Their lives have no meaning or purpose, and the only positive aspect of the whole mess is that it can be

brought to an end. Art can serve no purpose on this earth because its only audience here can be human beings, and human beings are nothing but the shit of the cosmos. One may not address shit with meaning.

However, by being aggressively meaningless, the artist can make stupidity so unbearable for the average clod that he is forced to change. Cattle can (and must) be driven to pasture, to paraphrase Heraclitus.

To the fainthearted among you who find this offensive I say, "Fuck you. Do what thou wilt." However, to those who might wish to understand the deeper meaning of what I have written, I will say that beauty is the most meaningless thing of all, and eroticism is the ultimate torture – PORNOGRAPHY is the highest art form, for it

awakens the impossible yearnings of the unenlightened and shocks them out of their complacency.

Any sorcerer worthy of the name ought to be able to understand the implications of this. As for the rest of you: go die.

My next column will be on the implications of existing simultaneously in different worlds.



Troll by Jymi

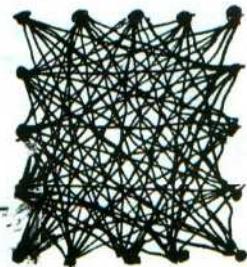
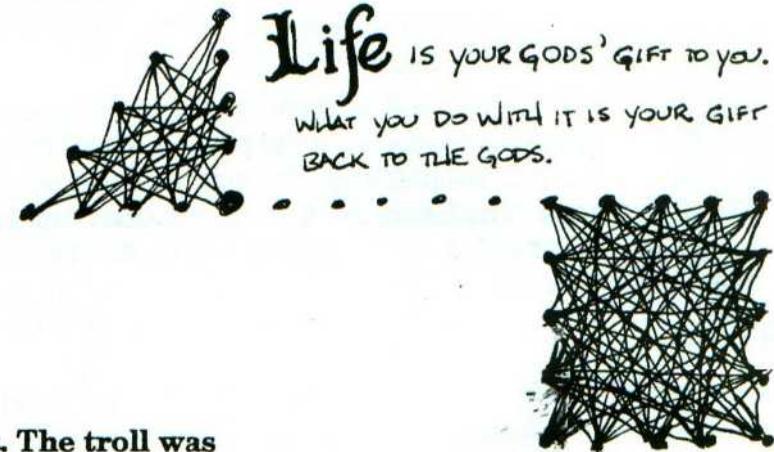


Consider: the troll that leapt and gabbled below the fine stone bridge that spans the gap between the two green meadows.

Remember: how you, arrogant goats, baited and tantalized him with promises of bigger meals to come.



The troll was patient. The troll was agreeable, though his belly burned with empty howls. He could have eaten you all three. But by your trickery, the starving troll was mauled and gored and bloodied, stamped to bits beneath the gloating hooves of his long-expected feast. That troll was my brother. Patience and diplomacy made him a dead fool. Never be gullible with goats.



Now I see, from my own dank home below the next bridge over, that the grass in your ill-gotten meadow grows sparse. Soon you will have to cross this bridge to gorge yourselves in the next field. I am hungrier and smarter than my brother

It's a nice night.

Yeah.

It's a really nice night.

Yes, it's nice.

No. I mean, this is the kind of night
we used to have.

Is it?

Yeah. When the summer breeze would slap and lick at our freshly-shaved legs, and the mist would tangle in our fishnet stockings, and the smell of Superhold AquaNet hung behind us in the humidity. And we were what, fifteen? And nothing mattered and everything mattered. We were cool, we were gods in cocksucker-red lipstick and khol black eyes, out drunk in the night at two ay-em. It was a great night to be a punk, out punk in the night, and the air made us horny for something, not sex, no, not unless it was dangerous, not necessarily sex but something goddammit, and if we had to scream and laugh and sing show-tunes up and down every empty street and stagger across dewey muddy grass in our Payless black vinyl pumps to find that something, we would do it. And if we had to loll around that damn stuffy hot attic room of yours and call everyone we knew just to see if they were up, if they had any ideas pertaining to that certain something, whatever it was, we would do it. And the car stank of cheap gas and empty beer bottles and an ashtray full of chainsucker-red cigarette butts. We had the windows rolled down as we rolled over 131 and 96 and 28 at 85 or 90 with the best music, summer music, not too loud cause we had to talk and whatever we were talking about didn't matter but it did, of course, cause underneath everything we said we knew we were really talking about how horny we were for something, something, and we never did figure out what it was.

No, we didn't.

Hmmm.

Yeah.

It's a nice night.



Paranoia

By BethDragon

They're all watching...
watching for you to make one mistake.
They all want to see how this story will end.
Like when a building is going to explode...
Spectators gather around your life,
Grossly watching for your final demise.
Something wickedly strange holds their eyes...

All eyes on you...
Don't fuck up....
All eyes are on you....
Don't screw up again...
They all are waiting for it...
Laughing, gagging, they spew all over you.
Waiting...
Watching...
For your ruin.

Middle stage... eyes on you...
They are all watching... watching for your finale.
Will you fuck up? Or will you go out in splendor....
Unlikely, since you only know how to fuck up.
Don't look them in their eyes... they will see the concern.

They will see how much you care. Or worse,
They will see how much you love....
The watchers can control you with their knowledge.
They know how to control you with drops of love...
Like blood dripping of the end of a blade called life...

They await, linger near, ever closer... wanting to take you...
Zombies... they walk around with dead hearts...

They want to control you... they don't want you to see the big picture.
If you see the big picture, you may make it out before the final scene..
Slipping away from the grasp of their constant mocking and bickering.

Don't give in to their will... but you will....

Love blinds you... it's your one downfall... you'd give anything for a taste.

Just a taste...

Don't hope for too much...

Cause they are all watching and waiting...
For you to die of heartbreak....

Woe is the Toe
who knows the Foe
will be seen soon again
Dear is the Fear
that brings the Tear
and causes the shaking ha
Weak is the Meek
whose eyes do Leak
because she can't defend
Love from Above
incapable of
Make me just pretend
by Sandy

"Entertainment for Open Minds"

"Well," says the typical being, "that certainly applies to me!" Let's see. The phrase was originally going to be "Intended for Mature Readers", but that sounds awfully restrictive, doesn't it? "Maturity" is kind of a vague term. Most magazines bearing the "mature reader" legend aren't supposed to be available to those under eighteen years old. A fourteen-year-old isn't legally allowed to peruse *Playboy*, but most *Playboy* fans I've met couldn't be described as particularly mature, regardless of their age. (The articles. Right.) On the other hand, I've known fourteen-year-olds who could run intellectual rings around some "mature readers".

So "maturity" is too subjective to define our target audience. What, then, do we mean by "Entertainment for Open Minds"?

Entertainment: "Something diverting or engaging"

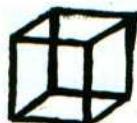
Entertain: "(1) To show hospitality to. (2) To keep, hold or maintain in the mind. (3) To receive and take into consideration."

Open-Minded: "Receptive to arguments and ideas."

-Merriam Webster

To sum up, a lot of ideas will be found in these pages. We hope they will be entertaining. Some people will certainly find them to be so. Others will be indifferent, and still others will most likely be offended. To me, an open mind is one that does not feel threatened by new ideas that are different than the ones it holds dear. It knows that it is not asked or expected to adopt every concept with which it is presented. It can be offended or disagree without declaring war.

If some of the ideas herein entertain you, that's wonderful. If they make you think, if you learn from them, if you are inspired to teach us something in return, then we've done our job. But if you're the type who is just looking for something to make you mad - something that will give you an excuse to feel self-righteous and make sweeping declarations that your way of thinking is the only right way and all others should be squelched at all costs - please put this magazine down this instant. It is not for you.



the OMNIUM
PO BOX 120053
KENTWOOD MI
49512-0053