

Non-Existent CD Travels Through Time

by Marshall Barnes

*COPERNICUS "No Borderline"
Nevermore Inc.*

Nothing exists. That's the concept behind NO BORDERLINE in general and the vision of Copernicus in particular. It's the latest CD from Joseph Smalkowski, AKA Copernicus, a poet from Poland who delivers his prose backed by a variety of musicians etching a panorama of sound mixed with elements of rock, jazz and industrial. "I called to see if anyone reviewed NO BORDERLINE," the publicist said. "You know. The CD that's not supposed to exist?"

"I sent it to you three weeks ago."

"I saw the CD," I replied, "but we got it three months ago. In August."

"Not this one. I'll send you another copy to make sure you have it."

I asked him what he meant by the "CD that's not supposed to exist". "Well, Copernicus thinks that due to the uncertainty principle in physics, which says we can't get a complete picture of the subatomic world, that nothing above the atomic level is real. Not you. Not me. Not the CD."

I laughed. "No! The uncertainty principle says that everything is represented by a wave function that holds all the possible states of the thing that it represents. Nearly everything exists somewhere, probably in parallel universes."

He retreated, and asked me to simply listen to the CD when I got it. After I hung up, I walked into the editor's office where I found the CD we had received in August. I unwrapped it and was startled by Copernicus' brooding visage on the back of the booklet. He describes himself in the first cut, "JOE MEETS COPERNICUS", where "Joe" meets "Copernicus", his alter ego from the quantum world...

"I first saw him in front of two hundred of Manhattan's poets. I had no choice but to be gripped by his large body, enormous energy, curls reaching below his shoulders, and by the things he was saying. NOTHING EXISTS!"

As on all of the tracks, Copernicus proves that he is a dramatic reader. The album is like a soundtrack to a theatrical production. I liked all of the tracks, the first being a favor-

ite. Among others, "BREAK FROM THE SENSES", where Copernicus raves about obtaining atomic consciousness. "To break away from the senses is the first step to know what is real." A jazz fusion groove is the escalator that carries Copernicus' voice skyward in his proclamations of reality's illusion, 'til explosions erupt as he exclaims the process whereby electrons ignite "to make MORE hydrogen!"

"THE VOICE" stumbles in with cabaret circus music. Copernicus sounds somewhat sloshed, recalling David Bowie's characterizations of time in his song of the same name from his album, *Aladdin Sane*: "Time. He's waiting in the wings. He speaks of senseless things. His script is you and me, boy." The two songs form a bizarre symmetry, Copernicus and Bowie talking to the boy:

"You're always complaining" Copernicus says. "You are not a victim. You just scream with boredom" Bowie cries.

"You're looking old. You'll freeze and catch a cold"

"I love you little creatures. Blow your nose," says Copernicus, "Look in my eyes now and let's dance at the end of the world."

"Breaking up is hard, but keeping dark is hateful," Bowie croons, "I had so many dreams. I had so many breakthroughs."

"I must be hard on you. Don't be so serious. You don't even exist," Copernicus insists.

Bowie moans, "But all I have to give is guilt for dreaming."

"I am you! You are me! See me! Copernicus replies. "We should be home by NOW!" Bowie exclaims.

"I have no control," admits Copernicus. "Goodbye," he calls. On "THE OPTIMIST" Copernicus waxes convincingly, like Barry White, "Tell me. Tell me. Come closer. Come closer!... Sway with me... because the dream kisses... OH it's good... Everything is good. You know it's good." Like Elvis, Tom Jones, Bowie and many since, Copernicus' secret fantasy is to be Black!

"I don't know what to tell you." The publicist said when I told him that I now have two copies of NO BORDERLINE. "Maybe Copernicus sent it out himself, but it wasn't from me."

"Time travel..." I thought, because I should have three. The one from August, and two from the publicist. Maybe the first one from the publicist travelled backward in time to August? Then there's Copernicus. Coming to America and getting a windfall from shrewd real estate deals. Typical alien comes to Earth and makes money scenario, just as Bowie did in *Man That Fell To Earth* (except with patents). Lives in New York, which is a hotbed of activity for researchers in time travel, teleportation, UFOs, parallel universe conspiracies, secret intelligence operatives, and transdimensional agent hideouts. I had just finished a letter to a researcher there when the publicist called (Can you say SYNCHRONICITY?). Copernicus becomes hot in the underground scene where some of these 'characters' hang out, then spreads quantum disinformation using videos, concerts and CDs. Smalkowski? "Small" like "subatomic"? I think you get my drift.

All in all, I find myself in same the condition as the two hundred Manhattan poets who "applauded-perhaps not so much for being in agreement with what he said but from relief for just having been overwhelmed." You will too.

Marshall Barnes is a nationally noted researcher, writer and lecturer in parallel universe theories and top secret fringe science projects, among other things. He has been invited to work with physicist Fred Alan Wolf Ph.D. on CD Rom programs about parallel universes.

NEW WORLD THEATER presents

Some Things You Need to Know Before the World Ends
(A Final Evening with the Illuminati)

Ala Monty Python, take a fun ride for salvation with Brother Lawrence and Rev. Eddie.

Jan. 19 - 23 & 26-30

Davis Discovery Center
Tickets 253-9777