

X-Files Adventure in NYC

Warp rapping with Copernicus/Pow Wow with the Montauk Men

By Marshall Barnes

The X-FILES is a Fox network TV show (Ch.28 here) that concerns the adventures of a couple of FBI agents assigned to cases on the fringe of consensus reality: UFOs, top secret weird experiments, psychic wackos, etc. Anyone reading my articles may think I have had similar experiences. They would be right. That's how I found myself emerging from a cab and confronting the third temporal anomaly concerning Copernicus. I reviewed his time travelling CD in the January *Free Press*. Someone had the bright idea that I should journey to New York and interview him after a show. I also went to meet the men behind the Montauk Project book series, which I mentioned in my March article on the book *Arkios*. It seemed fitting since one of the men was Peter Moon, the researcher I mentioned in the Copernicus story.

I hurried to bask momentarily in the twin blue lights of an apartment doorway. It had been four years since I was there, a sacred place for me, where I used to stay after my inadvertent plunge through the looking glass. The person I knew there was long gone, but I still had memories, yet little time to enjoy them. Turning away, I fixed my gaze on the ironic locale of my rendezvous, the Nuyorican Poets Cafe. I was late.

Copernicus is a riveting performer. Whether he's doing a "normal" dramatic reading or his "quantum reality" poetry backed by an eclectic soundtrack. When he stared past the spotlight and said, "The angel is in you."

I believed him. "Take me to the higher REALITY!"

You bet.

"Haven't I met you before, Marshall?"

he asked after the show.

"No. I'm sure you haven't" I replied, but there was something familiar about him. He didn't look quite as puffed up as he



Copernicus, moments before obliterating a condescending physicist

does on the CD booklet.

We went to dinner at Phebe's and discussed his early career days and how he got his start. He told me of his adventures in Moscow, Berlin, Hanover, and Prague. His eyes lit up as he recalled being told by a stage manager in Prague, "Copernicus! There's 9,000 Czechs, shouting your name!" when it came time for an encore.

We argued over quantum reality, he getting angry and pushing his long white hair from his face. When it was all over, he said "You're the only reporter that I've ever talked to that understands me!"

So to repay me, he decides to take me on a tour of illegal after-hour bars in Harlem. "I'm a god in Harlem!" he bellowed. He belted down another whiskey. "It's not Michael Jackson who's going to show you

Harlem. It's Copernicus!" He was right. Everywhere we went, the patrons called him by name. Middle-age and older Black people, drinking and partying in hidden speakeasies.

Then I realized why he looked familiar. I had a crazy, vague dream a year before I'd ever heard of Copernicus.

At the end this guy tells me, "Don't worry. You'll never remember this." It was Copernicus. He was right.

The next day I met the men from Montauk. Peter Moon has written an intriguing two book series, detailing the accounts of the involvement of Preston Nichols, and Duncan Cameron, in two top secret government projects. The first was the Philadelphia Experiment, the alleged Navy project that resulted in the invisibility and teleportation of the U.S.S. Eldridge in 1943. The second, the Montauk or Phoenix project, which took place during the seventies and early eighties on Montauk Long Island. I have mentioned both these projects before, mostly in the July 1993 issue.

The Montauk books detail a secret "black" government program in mind control and time travel. The quantum physics of time travel is explained in the March 1994 issue of *Scientific American*. I know them well. Personally, I always wondered what the tunnels were made of that the travelers would use to arrive at their destinations. So, after a posh brunch in the show room of a midtown china and fine glassware wholesaler, I asked Preston just that, as we all settled in at a high rise penthouse.

"Well, you see, that I don't know," he said frankly, shaking his head with an apologetic smile.

I nodded, already familiar with the extensive brainwashing that both he and Duncan had been through.