

TRANSDIMENSIONAL TIMES

THE MAGAZINE FOR UNDERSTANDING THE NEW REALITY

COPERNICUS

The single most powerful solo artist of the New Reality is a Poet of Particle Physics and the Physicist of Poetic Mayhem

"WHY DON'T YOU BORROW THE SOUND OF THE MIND?"

The voice echos from the speakers, mimicked by a dozen or so delay effects that render the imitations in below "comfortably numb" slo-mo, — to hyper munchkin giddiness. Borrow indeed. You can own the sound of one of the most potent minds of the New Reality if you by a CD by Copernicus.

"TAKE ME TO THE HIGHER REALITY! THE ANGEL IS IN YOU!"

No other artist comes closer than this poet who dispenses cerebral stimuli with power of a wizard from the future.

Copernicus has been connected to known temporal anomalies, like a CD that appears to have time traveled. A man who believes that due to the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle, (which says limited information can be obtained on the quantum



level) that nothing exists. All is an illusion. There is no reality. Yet Copernicus raves about obtaining atomic consciousness. **"TO BREAK AWAY FROM THE SENSES IS THE FIRST STEP TO KNOW WHAT IS REAL."** he says

I know what is real. The mind boggling intensity of his performances is real. His never ending soundscape of jazz, rock, industrial, and soul sounds that theatrically define the environment in which he makes his pronouncements of nonexistence. I know what is real. The gut wrenching synchronicities with which he makes his existence known through invasion of my dreams, my mail, my recent history.

"I want to be your spirit guide," he told me in New York. Yeah right. So he takes me on a tour of illegal underground bars in Harlem. He claimed he is treated like a god there. He was right. The boys in the hood at 3 am, waving from the tenement porches. "Hey Copernicus! Yo, man! Wha's up?"

He recently wowed an unsuspecting audience at Stache's, unleashing an assault on the consciousness with the fury of an avenging angel.

"LET'S DANCE AT THE END OF THE WORLD!"

I was surprised to learn that he fears our contact with aliens could be disastrous. That they might take over the planet. Somehow, I can't imagine him sans an escape route into another dimension.

BILL PRATT

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