

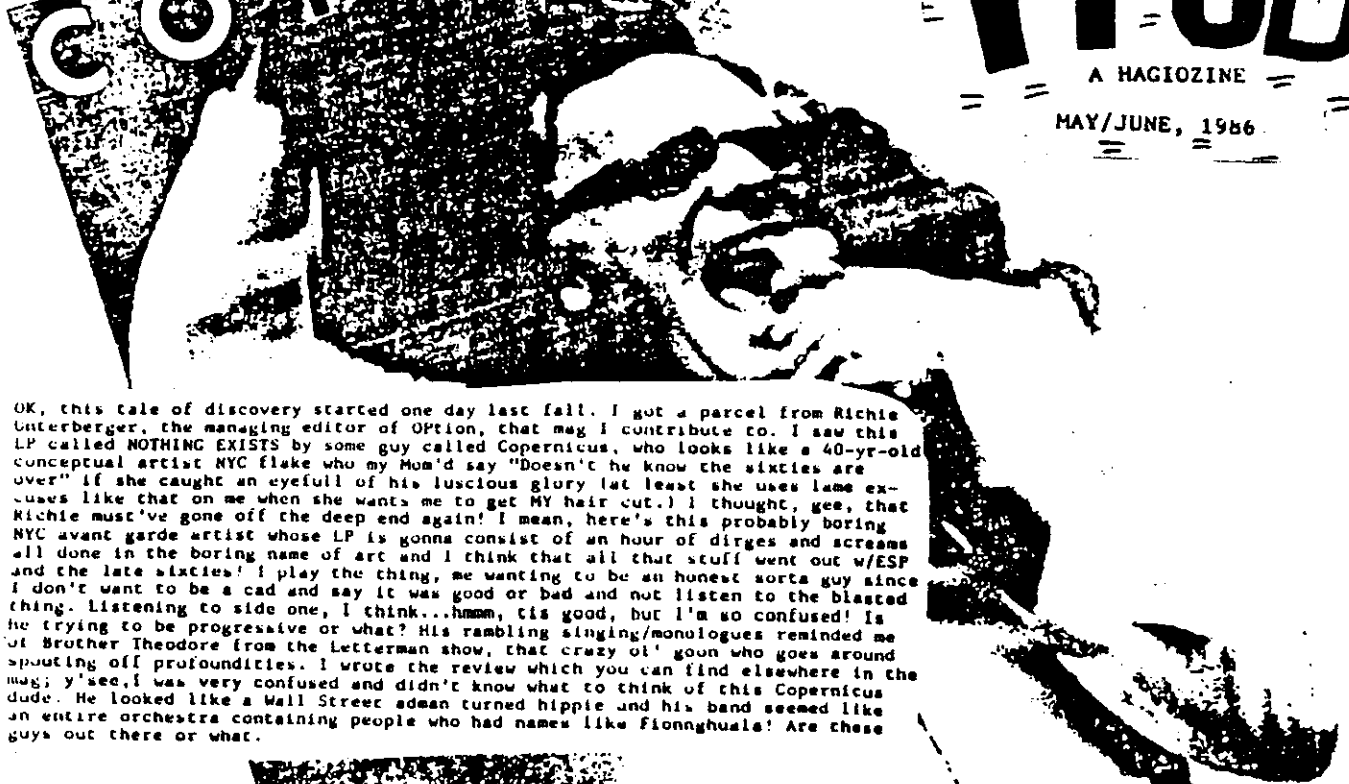
NOTE ON THIS ARTICLE—This was scheduled to appear in the last issue of PFUD! (when it was still FUD) but it was excised due to space limitations. Here it is, for the first time without any changes in it to preserve it's timely quality!

COPERNICUS

PFUD!

A MAGAZINE

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OK, this tale of discovery started one day last fall. I got a parcel from Richie Unterberger, the managing editor of OPTION, that mag I contribute to. I saw this LP called NOTHING EXISTS by some guy called Copernicus, who looks like a 40-yr-old conceptual artist NYC flake who my Mom'd say "Doesn't he know the sixties are over" if she caught an eyefull of his luscious glory (at least she uses lame excuses like that on me when she wants me to get MY hair cut.) I thought, gee, that Richie must've gone off the deep end again! I mean, here's this probably boring NYC avant garde artist whose LP is gonna consist of an hour of dirges and screams all done in the boring name of art and I think that all that stuff went out w/ESP and the late sixties! I play the thing, me wanting to be an honest sorta guy since I don't want to be a cad and say it was good or bad and not listen to the blasted thing. Listening to side one, I think...hmm, tis good, but I'm so confused! Is he trying to be progressive or what? His rambling singing/monologues reminded me of Brother Theodore from the Letterman show, that crazy ol' goon who goes around spouting off profundities. I wrote the review which you can find elsewhere in the mag; y'see, I was very confused and didn't know what to think of this Copernicus dude. He looked like a Wall Street adman turned hippie and his band seemed like an entire orchestra containing people who had names like Fionnghuala! Are these guys out there or what.

I know better now and am singing the praises of Copernicus and his songs. Many others are doing likewise...read Byron Coley's review of NOTHING EXISTS and look at Eddie Flowers' list of his top faves and spot TWO Copernicus numbers. Yeah, liking Copernicus is like digging John Cale or the Fall. He has his own methods of doing things, and his records are as independent as possible, but have the same stride as a Nico/Cale LP or any good innovative record from the late sixties. They're sound collages, w/violins and synths one moment and flutes and eastern percussions the next, all this while Copernicus speaks his tale of feeling small and insignificant as he does in LET ME REST, perhaps the most maudlin, evocative and nuanced song to surpass being pomp rock or Yeahish.

I'm playing this record for the third time IN A ROW, and I still don't know what exactly to think. The lushness of LET ME REST is meshing w/Copernicus' funny on one level and emotionally beautiful on another lyrics and still wonder whether this guy's an avant garde playing rock & roll or an average Joe like you or me who's playing rock & roll for the love of it and made the LP Lester Bangs said that you or me could've made and should've. Copernicus formed his band quite by chance...he saw them playing Irish folk songs in a small bar and joined them for an impromptu set. They became a rock & roll band, added members when needed and became part of a fertile rock scene that's watched by eyes across the world. Now, you and me should be doing that, and that's what some of the rock & roll the MADE the seventies like Patti Smith did. And this album does indeed ROCK & KOLL. Nagasaki and Hiroshima were only firecrackers next to the powerful THUNK that MAGASAKI is, and on I KNOW WHAT I THINK Copernicus comes off as an intellectual Kim Fowley or Mick Farren. In fact, if you could imagine the Deviants if they were on Harvest or one of those arty progressive labels in the early seventies (part LP bit culture then melody you can dig the reality of Copernicus.

OK, if you want COLD HARD FACTS read Richie Unterberger's piece in FORCED EXPOSURE and you'll get it all. Get the LP (the second one might be out as I read this) and find out firsthand. There's also a 45 under the Major Thinkers name available from Ski. Copernicus' label, since he still has a stack he never sold, so if I were you I'd send him all the cash I had in my wallet and request everything. Write Copernicus at Ski, Box 150, Brooklyn, NY 11217 and get yourself some real culture that doesn't hurt.

-Chris S.