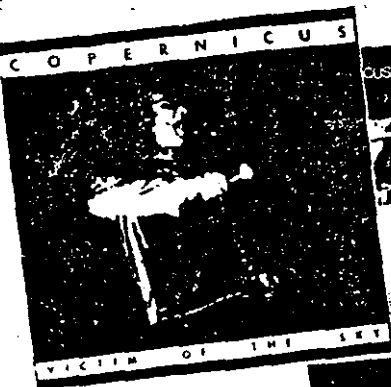


FACE THE MUSIC

SACRAMENTO, CA.



COPERNICUS. NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

"Walking down the road, It was just before dawn
Walking down the road, Wondering why he's born
Crickets in the grass, Got old pretty fast

He's a wanderer, wanderer, wanderer
Gray hair, old man
Wandering, wandering, wandering"

If Charles Bukowski wrote songs rather than poems and short stories, I think he might be Copernicus. This is no regular rock star strutting some stage looking for the riches and groupies that might follow. Instead, Copernicus seems a paradox of modern doom gloom effects coupled with the conscience of a poet who alternately rants, raves and/or hits the bulls-eye. Using jazz/rock/funk/lounge and cocktail backings, whatever is needed to put across his point, Copernicus ranges through the swamps of human experience...

Songs such as "Victim of the Night", "White From Black" which tells the story of how we were all black and the cold north turned our skins white, which leads into a story of inter-racial love, or "In Terms of Money" a song about how people are measured by the money they make tell simple stories about people trying to relate. "The Lament of Joe Apples" is a long terrible rambling about Joe Apples', someone you might meet on skid row, or at an AA meeting, or working quietly on some foundry, or maybe your best friend.

"Victim of the Sky" is the second album by Copernicus and it is uncatchable. It is also stunning, stirring, occasionally disgusting, always interesting and totally unlike most of what is pressed into vinyl or looped onto tape. If you have an insatiable appetite for life, culture in all its myriad dressings, or music that is out of the ordinary, you will enjoy this record. As Copernicus himself sings,

"Bacterial Bacterial Bacterial

When bacteria dominated the earth and there were no humans!
The Pope is descended from Bacterial
Ronald Reagan is descended from Bacterial!
Bruce Springsteen is descended from Bacterial!
.... Copernicus does not exist- therefore he could never descend...."

Julian Street