

FROM:

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\*\* IN BRIEF \*\*  
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COPERNICUS - how many artists have you heard in the last few years who were truly NEW and UNIQUE, and, thus, deserving of all the praise critics heaped upon them, pausing for a moment from their relentless game of This-is-the-new-(fill in the blank)? There's a lot of good music out there, but very little comes through that warrants all the gushing never-heard-before wordsmithing. Well, Copernicus has been earning that praise, and deserving it.

Looking like a Haight-Ashbury/Living-Theater alumnus, this guy practices a form of art rarely seen: ground-level expository music-theater. Listening to this second lp, "Victim of the Sky", drums up visions of dharma bums, Hair, Kafka and a torrent of similar iconoclastic images. Unbelievably, most of the music and lyrics herein are spontaneous and live. This boy puts his ass on the line, believe me, but it soon becomes obvious that he is possessed of that other-worldly artistry that a few other poet-dramatists, like Jim Morrison, could manifest at will.

Probably Charles Bukowski will enter into the discussion when Copernicus is being discussed, but the relation is incorrect. Bukowski is a hobo who gets along on the gift of his talent, Copernicus is impassioned dervish who is observing the quirks of human nature, rather than finding ways to further warp them. Copernicus is the oblique Zen monk engaging in identifiable but inexplicable antics; the observer comes away with an unspoken ko'an which will probably eventually alter his or her perception. At the very least, one must think, a largely uncomfortable experience for most.

The music is odd, professional and often inspired. Sometimes it floats, sometimes it gets under the skin and itches, but it usually is at its best when Copernicus is not getting overtly excessive. "The Wanderer", with its understated colorations supporting the only really staid poesy on the lp, is a perfect marriage of accessible literature & music.

Write: Ski/Nevermore, P.O.B. 150, N.Y., N.Y. 11217.