

October 19, Tompkins Square Be Out



Copernicus-A Pole whose performance defies description. Expropriating the mantle of Nick Copernicus (the abbeenth century so-called "father o' Mod astronomy"), the present gentleman exerts a truly remarkable effect upon his audience.

Backed by singer, assist, synth/organist from the MT's and an unidentified black jump-suited flautist, this latterday astro necromantic gyrates and dervishes about the stage assuming postures now animal, now operatic, now messianic; he comes perilously close to crushing the skulls of the center front row by twirling mike stand macellie in one hand, he screamed at and shoves the Major Thinkers (who shove back) all the while uttersing (sometimes in unintelligible Spanish) the most hideously demonic, yet raucous, yet sultry vocal improvisations imaginable. It is as though the astral embodiments of James Morrison, Jerry Lee Lewis, Billy Sunday and Cellgula had contrived to manifest themselves, genetically recombined in the person of huge middleaged hippie, fetchingly attired in creme colored polyester shirt and black slacks.

Several near brawls were catalysed by this performance pushed to the limits, but the most touching moment came when Copernicus, having leapt off the stage and rapturously embraced a woman in the crowd was goosed by 3 Puerto Ricans with a baseball bat.

Upon making his demure exit (leats), I asked him if he had anything to say to the Eye or the General Public. He winningly confided that neither of them existed and that this was the price of illusion, shook my hand, patted me on the back and walked West.

East Village Eye

By Eric Darton
with Ursula Major