

PRESS REVIEWS
OF
COPERNICUS'
DEEPER



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1508 Faymont Ave.
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COPERNICUS - If Copernicus ever has just a mild day, it will be a source of curiosity. "Deeper", his new release, re-proves that "intensity" is just the anglicized bastardization of some name he possessed in a former life, wherein his weird internal-eye extroversion so electrified his compeers that his surname became a byword for mad eccentricity and was passed on down the language into absorption. What he is doing in this lifetime is not going to put any tarnish on the term, believe me.

This lp opens with "Oh God", a cut that employs only that phrase recited, then exhortated, then agonized, then ranted and finally screamed off into a choking oblivion. 52 seconds of fever. From there, we slip into Copernicus' world, a stark and nasty compendium of shrewd emotional observances and new poetry that make Bukowski and the post-Kerouac rat-pack look like punks. True, Copernicus has the advantage of a gawdawful-good musical backing and oral/aural inflection, and perhaps that's what slips him a couple of notches up, but there's also a certain intellectual cognizance present that the aforementioned rat-pack can't seem to plumb the depths of. To take it further, on a purely poetic basis, Copernicus is one of the very few writers to meatily achieve that hallucinatory barefacedness that Jim Morrison handled with such finesse, wedding harrowing cynicism to media awareness in a bone-simple mad monk's street eloquence.

As deeply entrenched in spontaneity as ever, he seems to have taken his mind-theater approach a step further, as if understanding the gap between the ability to see him do his rants live or just having to settle for the recorded version. In some way, the pieces on this lp jump out of the groove a bit more vividly than the last albums. Probably a good part of that lies in the band's increased ability to maintain an almost telepathic rapport with him, reading their cues at the moment they're given, rather than a split-second later. It makes a difference.

In any event, one thing strikes the listener who is familiar with his entire output: this sort of material should wear thin after one lp; in Copernicus' hands, it does not. You'll actually find yourself looking forward to the next release. Like the good Capt. (Beefheart), Copernicus mines his jewels without reference to either predecessors or contemporaries, completely avoiding imitation or novelty, and, thus, never wearing out his welcome.

This, and any of his previous, is available, signed, for \$8. This cat is not going to go away, and I have the feeling that, if you're into that sort of thing, these signed albums will one day be collector's items. Write to: P.O.B. 150, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217.

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