

RATBEAT #4

Culver City, CA

Brooklyn, NY 11217, USA) by Copernicus. This is the third LP of neo-beat poetry, song, and ranting by Copernicus, with impressive rock-jazz ensemble backing. Culled from some 200 pieces recorded over the past couple of years, this touches on subjects, new and old in the Copernicus sphere of influence: Elvis, Central America, nuclear war, evolution, the continuing death and life of Joe Apples, existence. After two LPs, the utter surprise—the open-mouthed gape at the wildly original approach of this self-styled rock poet—is gone. What's left is "only" a personal vision of astonishing density and confusion (perhaps only to us, though). Great shit. My, my.

The day after the afore-mentioned Crawspace journey—after Alien had recovered from his "LSD coma" and Doc had split in his sleeping jacket—I awoke to a bright, foul, new day and found a package leaning against the front door of the L.A. Blues Kultural Center. Inside was Deeper (Nevermore Records, P.O. Box 170150.

Ed Flowers.