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**COPERNICUS***Deeper**Nevermore*

*Deeper* is an appropriate title for this third release from Copernicus, the quintessential rabid stand-up philosopher of rock 'n' roll performance poetry. The material is, on the whole, tighter, the musicians more on top of things, and a wider cross-section of Copernicus' personality is represented than on the previous two LPs, *Nothing Exists* and *Victim of the Sky*.

The alchemy of 29 musicians (including engineer Michael Theodore, whose excellent work makes this album a masterpiece) pitted against one madman roshi Copernicus, as created in several long studio improv sessions, shines exquisitely on this album. The four totally improvised pieces show the group at its very tightest on vinyl to date, running the gamut of thematic landscapes within the pathos and tragedy that are its trademark. "Son of a Bitch From the North" conveys the growing tensions of U.S. intervention in South America on both a personal and universal level, and the interlock between Copernicus and musicians is real—both develop dramatically in perfect sync. The lost-and-found feeling obtained from many earlier works is still here on "Disco Days are Over" and "They Own Everything," but with considerably more found than lost. The final track, "Come to It," makes a perfect ending for the album. It was recorded at the very end of one long studio session when all involved were extremely tired and approaching the crack

point, which is readily apparent—Copernicus' voice sounds almost tortured, with the same tragic element as in "Let Me Rest" (*Nothing Exists*), as he gives sluggish discourse on the purposelessness of all that's been done, bringing all his work to date to a climax of self-doubt.

The track taking the *Copernicus Anomalies* award is "Once, Once, Once Again," a *totally composed* piece which took three months to complete. Beginning with a tape of synthesized music prepared by engineer Michael Theodore, Copernicus carefully created the text(s) and even more carefully recorded them. The work shows. Layers of Copernicus' voice shift through synth textures dosed with snatches of *musique concrete*, creating a three-dimensional landscape of sound never heard before from this artist and, perhaps, never to be heard again.

Those yet unfamiliar with Copernicus are strongly encouraged to at least get a taste of what this unique "group" has to offer—wholly accessible, yet rich and challenging music with spoken word, a far cry more original than most of what passes for new music. And for those already enlightened, *Deeper* is a must—the same old subatomic ranting and raving, only better.

—Charles S. Russell

