

June 1986

## MATTER

Hoboken, NJ

### Victim of the Sky LP Copernicus (Ski)

The second LP by Big Joe Copernicus's another piece of matter as functionally weird as a turtle w/lips, but to tell the truth I don't think it's quite as oure as the last. I dunno, possibly this's only the seemin' case 'cause the weirdom here's of a new kinda strain and I was expectin' an address I knew Uh, whatever the bit on here that grapples w/ya most immediately's no doubt "The Lament of Joe Apple," a monologue wherein Cope portrays a drunks blue-neck dad yabberin' at his son at their apartment in Queens or somewhere. It's easily the best recreation of pure-booze logic since Louis Prima hung up his moose and believe me, it'll score the pants off yr pet. The other most interestin' parts include Joe gain' through a long song and dance seemingly only to tell you that he's had sexual congress with a black woman, another where he (or someone like him) travels all the heck over only to meet up with his own shadow, several wads of stuff that're similar to the chaotic ranting of Nothing Exists's live portions and more. In fact, the only real downer here's the fraud reggae tinge that colors the selection that Larry Kirwan wrote and if this were the Bells of Hell (Larry's old club of choice) I'd puke on him. Of the two Cope LPs, I still prefer Nothing Exists, but I'm not sure I could really explain why. It's like comparin' oysters and squirrels, y'know? (Box 1150, Brooklyn, NY 11217)—Byron Coley