

Sound Choice

Ojai, CA

COPERNICUS: Victim Of The Sky (LP; Ski Music/Nevevermore, Inc; POB 150, Brooklyn, NY 11217, USA) A 15-piece orchestra of musicians and vocalists backs poet/performance artist Copernicus on this, his second album of poems, songs, rants, and improvisations. Most of the music is improvised, as are many of the lyrics — startling considering the cohesion of these tunes. Improvising with a group of musicians is one thing; a poet putting himself on the spot to spout spontaneous lyrics is something else. Copernicus is one confident, bally bard! He's got a good voice and varies it masterfully; from tortured wailing to soulful crooning. There should be something on this record for everybody. The title tune starts off in a disco groove ("Let's sweat together!") and concludes in a stream-of-consciousness raving soliloquy. "The Lament of Joe Apples" is a dramatic monologue by a bitter drunken working-class house-painter, delivered with pathos and understanding — Copernicus knows whereof he speaks, and the portrayal is so accurate you're sure you've met Joe Apples too. The language and cadence of the delivery is pure American street lingo and coming from Copernicus it becomes poetry, sure-as-shit. I give this album a resounding "Fuckin' A!" — W.R. Borneman

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