

**Transvalue Book II**  
**TEAPOT IN A TEMPEST**  
**THANK YOU RECORDS**



IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE THAT EVEN AN OBSCURITY like Copernicus, New York's bellowing poet-performer, would have an imitator on the West Coast. But if Transvalue's Charles Britt isn't a Copernicus imitator, he's his Doppelganger. Like Copernicus, he's a beefy-voiced Neo-Beat-Hippie poet-philosopher, shouting and growling in front of an avant-jazz band. The similarity in their barrel-chested voices and hollering-in-the-maelstrom deliveries is so remarkable you can hardly believe it's coincidental. But where Copernicus unleashes mighty bolts of mystic imagery from his psyche, Britt's poetry is all lame psychiatric jargonese, like poetry your analyst would doodle between patients. All mumbo and jumbo about the ego, the soul and the psyche, with no evocative power or imagery. Too bad, because the music is good—jaunty, Weillesque avant-swing band fragments composed by trombonist Michael Vlatkovich and played by a brassy ensemble featuring West Coast jazz stars like Vinny Golia (see Doppler Funk). But you can't concentrate on the music through the ever-present roars and grumbles of bad poetry, and the effort becomes annoying. Nice try, Charles, but Copernicus is already smoking that cigar. (P.O. Box 3311, Burbank, CA. 91504)

