

OPTION

M A G A Z I N E

MAY/JUNE 1986

COPERNICUS: Victim of the Sky The debut LP by this truly strange character was the most uncategorizable vinyl to pass my way last year. To my satisfaction, his second album is no easier to pigeonhole. A very warped mix of performance art, no-wave and concessions to commercial accessibility, this is sometimes inspired, sometimes silly, and quite often both simultaneously, but never boring. The band is manically eclectic, treading upon disco, reggae, and avant-rock without ever sounding acclimated to any of these genres (that's a compliment). They provide an incongruous but strangely enhancing backdrop for Copernicus' demented/angry/meta-physical/compassionate spontaneous poetry, which owes roughly equal debts to Jim Morrison, Charles Bukowski, Kim Fowley, Barry White, and Shemp Howard. I particularly liked "The Wanderer," which comes off as an oddly sincere tribute to/sendup of comy western movie ballads, and "The Lament of Joe Apples," an over-the-top monologue about a typical (unstable) American family. Only Jandek rivals Copernicus as the most lovable tormented oddball in today's underground. (Ski, Box 150, Brooklyn, NY 11217)—Richie Unterberger