

C O P E R N I C U S

V I C T I M O F T H E S K Y

1. Lies! 1:10 ●■
2. The Wanderer 3:31 ◆◆
3. Victim Of The Sky 4:12 +■
4. White From Black 5:02 ●■
5. Not Him Again! 3:02 +■
6. Desperate 4:26 ◆◆
7. In Terms Of Money 5:10 +■
8. From Bacteria 3:30 ◆■
9. The Lament Of Joe Apples 9:42 ◆■
10. Victim Reprise 1:10 +■

- + Lyrics spontaneous at performance
- Music spontaneous at performance
- Lyrics written before performance
- ◆ Music written before performance but performance was unrehearsed and spontaneous

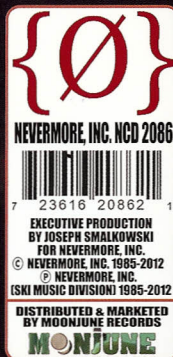
ASCAP. All vocals of Copernicus created by Copernicus.

Most of this album was recorded live on May 13, 1985 at Studio C, RCA Studios in New York City, with the full band, except "From Bacteria" which was recorded at the same studio in May of 1984. "Not Him Again!" and "Victim Of The Sky" were recorded live at the Daily Planet in New York City on July 28, 1985 with only Copernicus, Matty Fillou and Marvin Wright participating. These recordings were spontaneous and unrehearsed with only few minor overdubs. The complete lyric sheet is included inside of the digipack.

Musicians:

COPERNICUS vocals; PIERCE TURNER keyboards, musical director;
LARRY KIRWAN guitar, keyboards, vocals; THOMAS HAMLIN drums; JEFFREY RICHARDS flute,
keyboards, effects; CHRIS KATRIS guitar; STEVE MENASCHE marimba, percussion; FRED PARCELLS affected
trombone; ROSEANN HORN vocals; JIMMY ZHIVAGO guitar, piano; FIONNGHUALA vocals; ANDY LEAHY violin,
vocals; FRED CHALENOR bass guitar; PADDY HIGGINS bodhran, floor toms; MATTY FILLOU saxophone; MARVIN
WRIGHT guitar, piano, drum machine; J.C. ROSE vocals; JIM O'LEARY vocals; ANDY HEERMANS bass.

*Special thanks to Marcela Smalkowski without whom the original LP and also this remastered version
would not be possible, and to Leonardo Pavkovic whose inspiration led to this remastered release.*



COPERNICUS VICTIM OF THE SKY

NEVERMORE, INC. 2086

C O P E R N I C U S

V I C T I M O F T H E S K Y

ORIGINAL RECORDING SESSIONS:

RCA recording engineers: Ron Bacciocchi and Jim Crotty.

Daily Planet recording engineer: Ron Bacciocchi.

Mixed at Daily Planet, New York City.

Mixing engineers: Michael Theodore, Andy Heermans and Copernicus.

"Desperate" produced by Larry Kirwan.

"The Wanderer" and "In Terms Of Money" mixed by Pierce Turner.

Special thanks to Bill Kipper (MasterDisk) and Tony Leonard for guidance.

DIGITAL REMASTERING SESSIONS:

Remastered by Scott Hull at Masterdisk, New York.



Side One (ASCAP)

- Lies! ♦ 1:10
- The Wanderer ♦ by Copernicus 3:31
- Victim Of The Sky ♦ 4:12
- White From Black ♦ 5:02
- Not Him Again! ♦ 3:02
- Desperate ♦ by L. Kirwan 4:26

Side Two (ASCAP)

- In Terms Of Money ▲ 5:10
- From Bacteria ♦ 3:30
- The Lament Of Joe Apples ♦ 9:42
- Victim Reprise ▲ 1:10

- ▲ Lyrics spontaneous at performance
- Music spontaneous at performance
- ♦ Lyrics written before performance
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Most of this album was recorded live on May 13, 1985 at Studio C, RCA Studios, N.Y., N.Y. with the full orchestra. "From Bacteria" was also recorded at Studio C, RCA with the full orchestra but in May 1984. However "Not Him Again!" and "Victim of the Sky" were recorded live at the Daily Planet, N.Y., N.Y. on July 28, 1985 with only Copernicus, Matty Fillou, and Marvin Wright participating. These recordings are spontaneous and unrehearsed with only two major overdubs in "The Wanderer" and two minor overdubs in "From Bacteria".

This is the second Copernicus album. The first, "Nothing Exists", was released on January 1, 1985 and received immediate airplay across the United States, Canada, France, Sweden, Switzerland, and West Germany. The reviews in the alternative press have been outstanding. Objekt Magazine in California, we feel came closest to defining "Nothing Exists" and Copernicus. Objekt wrote, "WHAT KIND OF RECORD IS THIS? ... VERY DIFFICULT TO DESCRIBE BUT VERY ORIGINAL AND CREATIVE. IS COPERNICUS THE BEATNIK/PUNK/POET OF THE 80'S? JUST LISTEN!"

Complete lyric sheet inside album cover.

The Original LP back cover

Musicians:

Copernicus: vocals
 Pierce Turner: keyboards
 Larry Kirwan: guitar, keyboards and vocals
 Thomas Hamlin: drums
 Jeffrey Richards: flute and keyboards with effects
 Chris Katris: guitar
 Steve Menasche: marimba, and percussion
 Fred Parcells: affected trombone
 Roseann Horn: vocals
 Jimmy Zhivago: guitar and piano
 Flomghuala: vocals
 Andi Leahy: violin and vocals
 Fred Chalenor: bass
 Paddy Higgins: bodhran and floor toms
 Matty Fillou: saxophone
 Marvin Wright: guitar, piano, drum machine
 J.C. Rose: vocals
 Jim O'Leary: vocals
 Andy Heermans: base

All vocals of Copernicus created by Copernicus

RCA Recording Engineers: Ron Baccocchi
 Jim Crotty

Daily Planet Recording Engineer: Ron Baccocchi
 Mixed at Daily Planet, N.Y., N.Y.

Mixing Engineers: Michael Theodore
 Andy Heermans

Mixed by Joseph Smalkowski
 "Desperate" produced by Larry Kirwan
 "The Wanderer" and "In Terms Of Money" mixed by Pierce Turner
 Executive Producer: Joseph Smalkowski for Nevermore, Inc.

Special thanks to: Bill Kipper, Masterdisk Engineer;
 Tony Leonard, for guidance.

cover Photo: Louis Lucchesi - 1985 (Taken in performance at BB.C., N.Y., N.Y.)

artwork: Fernando Natalici

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C O P E R N I C U S



V I C T I M O F T H E S K Y

COPERNICUS Victim Of The Sky

Perhaps the most fitting way to describe Copernicus is as a performance poet. Even though he (originally named Joseph Smalkowski) plays keyboards, Copernicus refuses to be categorized as a musician. Despite often having inhabited the alternative New York rock'n'roll scene, his music also exudes strong elements of jazz, classical and the avant garde. Even though Copernicus' preferred recording strategy is that of improvisation, his epic pieces tend to revolve around themes, riffs and repeated clusters, moving along a clearly linear pathway.

The booming delivery and abstract texts evoke the spirit of classic beat generation poetry, but the Copernicus stance goes back even further to the theatrical confrontations of the Dada movement. He's always preferred the improvisatory approach, even though each poem's grist might be prepared in advance, their rhythms and content might be disassembled in the moment.

Copernicus has always been fiercely independent, since he first started recording in this manner, back at the dawn of the 1980s. He organizes the recording sessions, sculpts the assembled band, oversees the album artwork and releases each disc on his own Nevermore, Inc. label. 1985 brought *Nothing Exists*, which emphatically laid out the themes of his subsequent work. A burst of creativity led to the swift succession of *Victim Of The Sky* (1987), *Deeper* (1989) and *Null* (1990). Often, Copernicus would perform with large-scale ensembles, but in 1991 he initiated the practice of giving completely solo performances, revealing his declamations in a stripped, confrontational space. He views himself as a conduit for abstract ideas and philosophical notions. Copernicus decided that his particular marriage of music and narrative was the best way to communicate his thoughts and concepts to a receptive audience.

With this second album release, *Victim Of The Sky*, Copernicus maintained an uncompromising approach of improvised connection between words and music. Copernicus considers his albums to be documenting the evolution of a mind struggling to understand what he calls *Absolute Truth*. The intention is that the listener will arrive at each recording in chronological sequence.

Copernicus reveals that the opening "Lies!" hurls doubt "about believing in any of the modern prevailing philosophical concepts, including patriotism, time, generation, race, species, planet. He has nothing and he is free of all of these lies. Nothingness becomes a liberation of the weight of carrying around prevalent illusions".

"The Wanderer" enters stage-left as a perverse form of country music, delivered with a deep vibrato that's as close to conventional singing as Copernicus gets. A toxic, experimental reflection of Johnny Cash. These sessions find the poet sounding less removed from the daily grinding concerns of conventional reality, more earthy in his direct expression, bristling with an edge of anger and implied bitterness. Not necessarily from within, as it's clear that Copernicus is frequently submersing himself in a variety of characters, not only inhabiting his own grand-scale perspective of events. There's sometimes a sharply critical negativity to his bearing, a biting view of states that range from cosmic and broad right down to domestic and particular.

"Victim Of The Night" marries mechanoid synth-drums to acoustic guitar figures, alto saxophone tendrils with sickly disco beats, Copernicus hissing serpent-like over this sparse garage punk backdrop. The song breaks down, leaving Copernicus alone, his sibilant words scrabbling around like rats under the floorboards. He's tackling subjects that lie further out on the edge. "We get the feeling that he believes that human beings are victims of a cruel universe," says Copernicus. "A macrocosm and a microcosm that, indifferent to humanity, perpetrate their crimes on humanity by never explaining the game to poor ignorant human beings".

"Not Him Again!" opens with a short burst of electro-stuttering, jolting sped-up elements where cackling madness briefly reigns, against distant piano abstractions. "Copernicus attacks patriotism, existence, and reveals how he is living inside of his brain because everything around him is insupportable illusion".

The style jumps to reggae for "Desperate", a song from band member Larry Kirwan, but the true climax arrives, rather fittingly, with the extended closer "The Lament Of Joe Apples". This finds Copernicus in a staggeringly gritty state, steeped in the sour monologue of the piece's title character. Minimalist improvisatory sonics skitter around in the background, two peripheral co-narrators speaking or singing in tongues, to subliminal effect. Copernicus has risen from bacteria to workaday existence. Or descended, more likely. He builds up his own intense pitch, turning this piece into a virtual performance art statement. "We find the agony of the working man, as he struggles in a bubble that Copernicus has been condemning all through the album, the bubble of playing the game of life without understanding what it was all about. The warning here is that if you do not understand, do not play, or you will become a *Victim Of The Sky*, a victim of the macrocosm and the microcosm playing volleyball. And you are the volleyball".

Martin Longley, New York, November 2011

LIES!

To the desperate who have no inner peace.
Me, I have no generation.
I have no time.
I have no race. I have no species.
I have no country. I have no planet.
I have nothing.
Fionnghuala, Now, what am I gonna do with nothing?
I am free. I am free! I am free!
Free of so many lies!

The Wanderer

Walking down the road.
It was just before dawn.
Walking down the road.
Wondering why he's born.
Crickets in the grass. Got old pretty fast.

CHORUS:

He's a wanderer, wanderer, wanderer.
Grey hair, an old man.
Wandering, wandering, wandering.

Never found a woman
For his wife.
Been alone
All his life.
Moved around the world
All alone.
Never found the place
They call home.

He'd always shrink
From a fight.
Always drink
Every night.

His only friend
Was around the bend.
His open soul-

How many stories did it hold?

Car coming up the road,
Lights shining bright.
His old shaking thumb,
Moves up in the night.
Car speeds by;
No need to cry.
"I've seen a million go by.
Another one will soon be here."

Victim of the Sky

Beat here!
Sway near.
Sway Flowers.
Take it now.
Look. Talk. Switch. Touch.
This is where we touch each other.
And flow.
Let it flow onto the flowers
And make them grow.
Come on. Come on now! Come on!
Let's get it now! I said!
I said! Let's get it now!
I said! Now! Lets get it!
Let's touch the sun now!
Lets sweat together!
Oh! I see the back of my heart!
No! Now! Now!
Stare through my eyes and let it all sweat now.
Oh. Oh. I love you little sweet....
Awh. Let's get it now.
Take all, I say.
In my soul.
I never felt so good.
Never. Never. Never.
Life! Life!
Life!!
Hey Now! All take!

Take it away. Take it away.
You take it away.
When you take it away,
When you take it away,
It's gonna be so good.
It's gonna be like the beach.
The pebbles rolling through my veins.
Touching you.
Swaying alone.
When you scream.
In all the beach.
Kissing.
And I know the atoms.
I know the universe.
I know the macrocosm and the microcosm.
But I say,
when the turn walks into its own mind,
And the passion kisses all the screams,
And the visions cry out into the night,
And the singing dreams of all the turns,
Mash out into its own subtotal.
The greening macrocosm
Clashing with the microcosm
And all in the sweat of nevermore
Turning out into its own kiss
And beating.
Standing still like the victim of the sky
Turning with nevermore's dream
vacuumed down alone
Saddened out and beat down
And walked into it s own kiss!
Oh so za zapata
zu zu zu zu zu zu zu....

White From Black

There was once a time
When all humans were black.
It was a time
Before humans knew the cold North.

The black skin protected
From the torturous Sun
Being on the belly of the Earth,
Where the shouting rivers
Brought word of cooler places.

And after arriving in the North,
It was the snow
That turned the black man white,
And the cold tinged him pink,
But his blood stayed blue
Binding him to the past.

I have been with a black woman,
And I watched our skins touch.
Like the Sun
Melting the snow,
Like the snow
Cooling the Sun
But more,
Like the Sun boiling, boiling the snow!

There was once a time when all humans were black!
There was once a timewhen all humans were black!
There was once a time when all humans were black!
There was once a time when all humans were black!

Not Him Again!

Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh!
Aw! Oh No!
Not him again!
Not him again!
Not him again!
Oh No! Not him again!
S'parles frances?
Est-ce que tu hablas frances?
Yo hablo espanol.
Porque cuando yo hablo espanol,
Podia ver todo mi vida
Todo mi alma

Volando por todo mi sangre
Dejando todos mis huesos
Volar al universo.
Take it now.
So good. Sing.
It's all
It's all right.
Peace. Take it.
Oh! Haw Haw Haw Haw!
Aw! It's so good.
It's so good.
Gallia est divisa en tres partes!
Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah
Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah
Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah
Hah
Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah!

Et alors. Nous sommes dans l'icon.
Est-ce que tu connais Paris?
Paris? Qu'est-ce que c'est ça?
Paris! Ca c'est Paris!
Pari n'existe pas!
Ha! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!
Ton! Ton! Ton! Ton! Ton! Ton! Ton!

Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant élève
L'étendard sanglant élève
Mugir des féroces.
Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!
Aux armes citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Marchons!
Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons.
Hi! Hi! Hi! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!

Take it now song!
Take it where I disappear,

I've left humanity. I've left humanity.
I'm in my heart and dream.
I'm in my mind.
I've left my body.
I've left my body.
My mind has allowed me
To leave my body.

I've left my insect hood.
I've left my fish hood.
My algae hood.
Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh!
My gorilla hood.
And in the sense of the atom,
I live. I live.
'Cause it gives me-
It gives me the disappearance-
The disappearance of freedom
And no one can touch....

Desperate!

LARRY KIRWAN
I go to the church but the preacher
he just preach at me.
I go to the club but the women all ignore me.
I want a relationship!
I want to have a family!
I'm schizophrenic, paranoid!
Oh tell me what is wrong with me?

CHORUS:
Desperate, I'm desperate.
Why won't you hold me!
Desperate, I'm desperate for the next moment!
Desperate, I'm desperate! I feel so lonely.
Desperate. I'm desperate for the next moment.

I go for a job but they don't like the look of me.
They say, "Grow some hair! This is not 1970!"
I want a Donna Reed but she thinks I'm too kinky,
She don't like perverts. Oh why ain't I a Yuppie?

COPERNICUS:
Guts! Guts! Eat your Guts!
In the crying moments before Nevermore consciousness
brings you the passion of peace, the wrenching cliff
of
desperateness will eat your guts,
eat your guts, eat your guts.
EAT YOUR GUTS....
You don't exist! You don't exist!...
Nevermore brings peace....
Nevermore brings peace....

In Terms of Money

I walked in Cannes
In the wintertime,
And I walked in my mind
In a thousand worlds.

Kiss me now.
Don't let me measure this moment
In terms of money.
Don't let me measure my life
In terms of money.
Don't let me measure my life
In terms of money.
Don't let me measure my life
In terms of money.
Don't let me measure my life
In terms of money.
Don't let me measure my life
In terms of money.
Don't let me measure my life
In terms of money.
Don't let me measure my life
In terms of money.
Don't let me ever measure my life
In terms of money.

I have enough love.
I have my soul.

I have what I am!
Don't let me measure my life
In terms of money!
Don't let me measure my life
In terms of money!

Don't let me measure my life!
Don't let me measure my life!
Don't let me measure my life!
Don't let me measure my life
In terms of money!

Don't let me measure my life!

Don't let me measure my life
In terms of money!

Bacteria

From the atoms came the bacteria,
And humans are the descendants of the bacteria.
And humans are the descendants of the bacteria!
The forefathers of humanity were bacteria!

Bacteria! Bacteria! Bacteria!
When bacteria dominated the Earth
And there were no humans!
The Pope is descended from bacteria!
Ronald Reagan is descended from bacteria!
Bruce Springsteen is descended from bacteria!
Mikhail Gorbachev is descended from bacteria!

Bacteria! Bacteria! Bacteria!
Buddha was descended from bacteria!
Moses was descended from bacteria!
Jesus Christ was descended from bacteria!
Mohammed was descended from bacteria!
Copernicus does not exist,
Therefore he could never descend!

Bacteria! Bacteria! Bacteria!

When bacteria dominated the Earth
And there were no humans.

The Lament of Joe Apples

Shit is shit
but don't put it
on the stick.
Once you start
to put it on the
stick,
you better watch out.
You're foolin' with the
wrong Joe.
I've been bullshitted by
experts,
and you're no expert.
Don't fool me around!
You know,
I play the game.
Ya think I care?
To hell with it all.
You!
Who d' ya' think you
are?
Some ...eh...big deal?
You're no big deal!
You're shit.
That's what you are.
No good.
Not good for anything.
Then you
come over here and start
givin' me a run around?
You're not foolin' with some
Dope.
I've been around.
I used to pull the same shit
when I was your age.
I know all the angles.
Don't fool me.
Even the experts
tried to fool me

but they couldn't do a
thing. And you're no expert.
You're a little shit.
You got some balls
you have
tryin' to pull that on your
ole man.
Go out in the street
and
pull it on them suckers,
but don't pull it on me.
Ya know when I was your age,
I was runnin' a poolroom.
I used t' bring twenty dollars a week
to my old man and
that was during the depression.
I always had money in my pocket.
and nobody would fool with me.
There wasn't a son of a bitch livin'
that would fool with me.
They all knew me.
Apples. HAH! Apples.
Hey Apples!
And when I was younger,
I had to pick beans
on a farm. Thirty-five cents a
bushel.
The farmer would weigh every
bushel.
You couldn't fool him.
I used t' pick three bushels
a day.
That was a dollar five.
I kept a nickel and gave
the dollar home.
I had to.
My ole man burned his whole
leg in an accident
and was laid up for a whole
year.

You got it easy,
and
Still ya complain.
And still ya give yar
ole man
a runnin' around.
That's no way t' do.
Be a regular guy.
Don't pull all that shit
you pull.
You try to make a
jerk
out a' everybody.
That's no way to be.
When I got money,
you got it. Right?
Sure!
I brought you into the world.
I raised you!
Now ya gettin' big.
Ya givin' me a hard time.
Ya give me a hard time-
Ya gonna get one right back.
And that's no bullshit either.
Ya know that bag is
almost full.
Once it starts to overflow,
look out!
Then there's gonna be trouble.
You think I'm joking?
I'm not.
What are ya tryin' t' prove?
What are ya tryin' t' pull?
You're like yar mother.
She tries to give me a hard time,
but she can't.
Nobody gives me a hard time
and gets away with it.
I'll straighten all you out.
One by one.

Ya'll all get straightened out.
She thinks I'm always drunk.
That's all she's got on her mind.
I'm drunk.
I've never been drunk in my whole
life!
Sure. I take a drink now an' then,
but
that's my pleasure.
Do I say anything
when
she drinks ten cups a' coffee?
I take one drink.
I'm no good and she's good.
Did ya ever see yar mother drunk?
She was drunk plenty a' times,
and that's no bullshit.
I first met her in a bar!
She says I stink.
When I shit, I shit shit!
And it stinks.
But when she shits,
out comes Chanel number five.
She's good for you kids,
but for me,
she's no good.
You weren't even
Born
and your mother
didn't want
you.
But I wanted
you,
and you
were
born.
I could tell ya plenty a'
stories about her,
but you're too young.
Ya wouldn't understand.

I'm a workin' man.
A top rate painter.
I need a drink once in a
while.
Jobs I did ten and fifteen years
ago
still are like new.
Ya ken whistle at my work.
HAH!
They can't believe it
when they see it.
I paint all those Jew homes
and
they all shake their heads.
Joe, they say, "It's voyt ah million."
Sure, it's worth a million,
because I'm fuckin' Joe Apples....
And my boss,
he's another son of a bitch.
He's always tellin' me what t' do.
I tell him mind yar business.
Ya want the job done?
Go take a walk!
I talk to him like I talk ta
anybody else.
He's no better.
All these bosses are
Full of shit.
They worry and worry.....
What do they worry about?
What're ya makin' faces about?
Ya did wrong.
Ya know it.
Tell the Truth!
I don't care what ya do,
but don't lie ta me,
'cause it hurts
me.
Don't be like
yar mother.

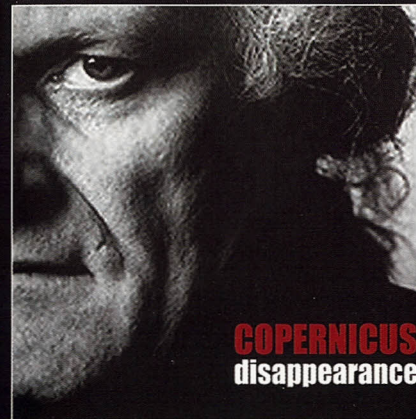
Yar mother lies.
She lies ta me.
She lies like a fuckin' rug.
I wouldn't
trust her as
far as I could throw her.
She lies an
lies.
Everything
she says is a lie.
What am I gonna do
with a son of a bitch like that?
I can't trust her.
She always wants money.
Money, money, money.
What does she do
with all the money?
I take a couple of dollars for
myself
and give her the rest.
I tell her I want an itemized
list.
Think she'd do it? She wouldn't.
She must gamble the shit away.
She must! Where the hell else
could it all go?
I don't give a goddamn for money,
but
to everything, there's limit.
Shit is shit, but don't put it on
the stick.
And you're puttin' it on the
stick.
I try to give ya everything
yar heart desires.
What do I get for it?
A kick in the ass.
That's what I get.
I'm sick a' this shit.
I'm sick of the whole shootin' match here!

It doesn't pay to be good!
From now on I'm gonna be
a fuck off like all a' ya!
Ya think not?
Ya make me cry. You sons of bitches.
Tears come to my eyes.
I try my best for ya all,
because I love ya.
You don't give a shit for me.
I could kick the bucket tomorrow
and none a' yas would care.
Only little Billy and Mary would cry....
Yar mother would run
like hell to the bank with
the insurance policy.
That's all she's interested in.
The fuckin' money.
You, would you cry?
Ya wouldn't cry.
Ya'd run with yar mother.
I'm no good an', she's good.
That's what you think. Don't ya?
Well, you'll find out some day.
I hope it won't be too late.
I'm the good one
around here.
She's the one ya gotta watch.
She'll steal yar eyeballs
if yar not lookin'.
When you were a little fuck
like
Billy,
who used to clean all your shit
and watch you?
Yar mother?
I'll be goddamn.
She was always runnin' her ass around.
I was the one.
You're goddamn right.
It was me!

I used ta take ya fishin',
to the movies
every place.
Now ya big.
Ya ken take care a' yaself.
Now ya big.
Ya faget all I did.
Go ta yar mother.
Go!
But don't give me any hard
time.
I'm sick a' your shit.
Yar mother. All she wants
to do
is hurt me.
She split my head
three times already.
She wants to kill me!
What do I do? Not a goddamn thing.
I mind my business
An'
She comes right away with
A fuckin' shoe
ready to kill me.
If I hit her once,
I'd kill her....
I couldn't.
I wouldn't hurt her
For a million dollars.
I love yar mother.
But she's always givin' me
a hard time.
She nags and nags.
She drives me crazy.
She drives me crazy!
Don't tell me to stop
yellin'!
Fuck the neighbors!
I have ta yell
or you bastards

would never listen
ta me.
I'm a drinkin' man.
So what.
That's my pleasure.
Ya have enough ta eat?
Ya got a pair of pants
on your ass?
Ya got a fuckin' roof
over yar head?
Ya satisfied?
Sure! You goddamn right!
You better be satisfied.
Who d'ya think makes
all this shit?
Yar mother?
I, I bring the money
home for you kids.
Not your mother.
All she knows how ta do
is spend and nag.
Never get married
because you think you love a woman.
It's the worst thing
Ya ken do.
Marry a rich old
bitch.
Inherit her money and
then, take it easy.
Don't be a fool
like me.
And the thing is-
I was told before I
married your mother,
she would give me trouble.
Old Mrs.
Geddess, her boss,
tole me.

"Joe," she said, "if ya marry her,
she'll give ya trouble."
And sure as shit,
she was right.
I'll never forget what
that woman said.
Even her boss
knew her!
AAh. What's the use.
I talk an' talk and it
Doesn't mean a goddamn thing.
I'm gonna stop talkin'
and when I do, look out!
I never hit ya in my life,
but
if ya keep pullin the shit
you're tryin' to pull,
you're gonna get somethin'
you're not lookin' for.
I'm good, but don't take advantage
of my good nature.
Someday, when I'm in the
grave,
You'll think of all the hard times
ya gave
yar ole man.
Go ahead.
Get outta
here.
Go ahead.
Go ahead!
Get outta here!



"disappearance" (2010) - CD

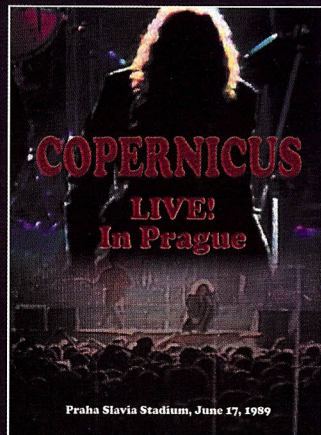
The 'disappearance' of which the New York performer-poet Copernicus speaks is that of The Universe itself. His conceptual concerns are not with the everyday. Recorded on November 2, 2008, when Copernicus gathered together a large ensemble of improvising musicians and booked a day-long session. Many of these are artists that he's worked with for more than two decades, all of them attuned to the willing abandonment of pre-meditation, well-versed in the dangers of deliberate free-fall. The longtime musical director of Copernicus' assemblage is the Irish keyboardist and composer Pierce Turner. His fellow countryman, Black 47 leader Larry Kirwan is one of the album's four guitarists, along with another 11 world class musicians.



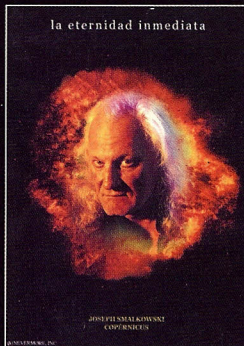
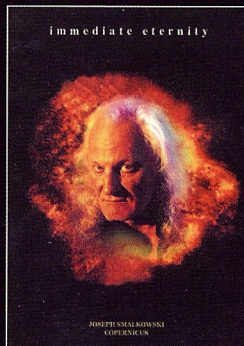
"Cipher & Decipher" (2011) - CD

The latest new studio album by Copernicus, the conceptual concerns of the New York performer-poet who addresses The Universe itself. He is not distracted by everyday matters. He is not penning couplets about the changing fortunes of human existence, other than on the grandest (or lowliest) scale. He speaks of subatomic matter, and refuses to bear any glad tidings. As always, Copernicus is documenting the evolution of an old-world human confronting modern physic. Musical direction by Pierce Turner, and Copernicus' powerful vocals are accompanied by a 13 piece band, featuring among others members of Celtic rock band Black 47 (Larry Kirwan, Thomas Hamlin and Fred Parcells). 'All music is spontaneous, completely improvised, chaotic, ravingly psychedelic, and perfectly intuitively scored to the rants, enlightenment, and madness he's conveying.'

COPERNICUS' DVD "LIVE! In Prague" (2011)



In 1989, after the release of the album "Deeper". Copernicus received many requests to appear live in several cities in Europe, including Moscow, Sopot, Prague, Vilnius and Berlin. "Deeper" had received a lot of attention from the press and got tremendous radio airplay. This was a time of heightened tension in many countries, separated from the rest of the world by their mostly totalitarian regimes. This concert footage documents the entire experience at Prague's Slavia Stadium. For the nine thousand fans, it was a rewarding experience. Copernicus and the audience interacted in an extraordinary manner. The effects of Copernicus' songs such as "The Authorities" and "White from Black" and others were visibly a big blow to the audience eager to absorb more of Copernicus' lyrics and the gripping original music performed by those musicians which included Larry Kirwan of Black 47 on keyboards, guitar and vocals, Mike Fazio on guitar, Thomas Hamlin on drums, and Dave Conrad on bass along with their American soundman, Michael Ford.



COPERNICUS' BOOKS

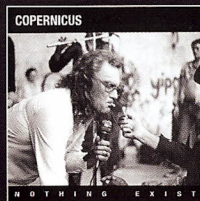
Immediate Eternity
(in English, 2005)

La Eternidad Inmediata
(in Spanish, 2005)

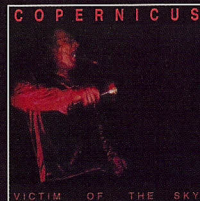
In this book, readers actually receive a completed vision of the reality that Copernicus was searching for in his first five audio albums. This book is the inspiration and contains the main lyrics of his album, "Immediate Eternity," most of which he recorded in Ecuador with South American musicians.

COPERNICUS' DISCOGRAPHY

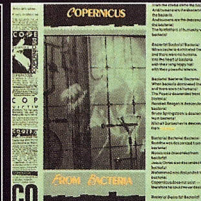
available via www.copernicusonline.net and www.moonjune.com



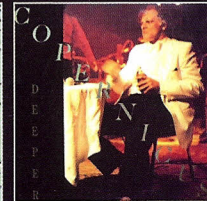
"Nothing Exists"
(1984/2011) - LP/CD



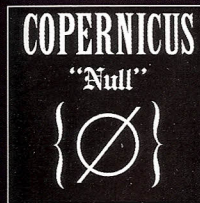
"Victim Of The Sky"
(1986/2012) - LP/CD



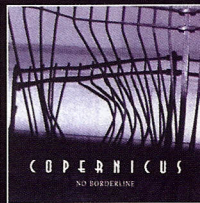
"From Bacteria"
(1986) - LP only



"Deeper"
(1987) - LP only / soon on CD



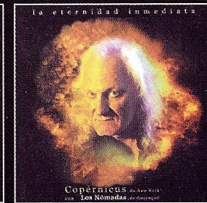
"Null"
(1990) - CD/Cassette



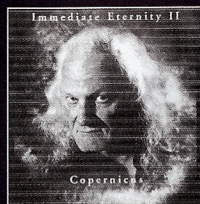
"No Borderline"
(1993) - CD/Cassette



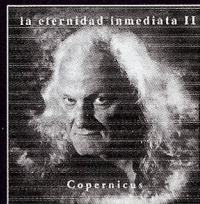
"Immediate Eternity"
(2001) - CD (English version)



"La Eternidad Inmediata"
(2001) - CD (Spanish version)



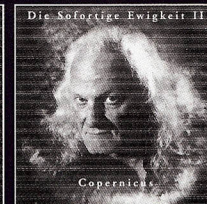
"Immediate Eternity II"
(2005) - CD (English version)



"La Eternidad Inmediata II"
(2005) - CD (Spanish version)



"L'Éternité Immédiate II"
(2005) - CD (French version)



"Die Sofortige Ewigkeit II"
(2005) - CD (German version)