

Monochrome, May 1986,

London

**COPERNICUS Victim of the
Sky (Nevermore LP)**

Imagine a cross between David Thomas and Arthur Brown, singing with a band which alternates between laid-back funk and Henry Cow, and you might just have Copernicus.

This is a strangely compelling record. Copernicus himself is a middle-aged white American poet/philosopher, who is often pretentious, but has a charm which manages to win the listener over. In *Bacteria* he's so pretentious he's funny—the pope is descended from bacteria/Ronald Reagan is descended from bacteria/Jesus Christ was descended from bacteria/Bruce Springsteen is descended from bacteria/Copernicus does not exist—therefore he could not descend.

The band tends to take a back seat to the lyrics, but consists of 18 people playing a wide range of instruments, with the 'rock band' ones never far from audibility.

My favourite tracks are *Desperate*, *Don't let me measure my life in terms of money* and *The Lament of Joe Apple*, a nine-minute rant from the mouth of a bigoted, paranoid drunk.

This album is highly recommended, but I think it is only available by post, for \$8, from Copernicus, PO Box 150.