



COPERNICUS

From Bacteria (*Dead Man's Curve*)

Novelist, poet, a man who physically resembles Michael Stipe's dad, Copernicus is a wayward middle-aged American with a neat line in downbeat aphorism such as *"We are just an illusion of our own poor eyesight and hearing."* A Grade One cosmic kook in other words. But at least he's an entertainment one and has something to impart.

And impart it he does with a growl, a yelp, a moan and a shriek through the 'songs' on this album, a kind of aural Zen And The Art Of Bacteriological Warfare concept affair. All the main ingredients of life and death - money, blood, lies, thermonuclear weapons, how whites were descended from blacks, Bruce Springsteen, Gorbachev, Jesus Christ and so on - are put through the Copernicus mouth grinder here with occasionally startling results.

The musical backings, some recorded live, are as diverse as the subject matter ranging from cut crystal supper club tinkles, through frisson funk and Buddhist bells, to rock run ragged. The result however isn't fragmented but strangely compelling due to Copernicus' stentorian tones.

Like America's Bible-thumping for dollar-bills TV evangelists, Copernicus knows that belief systems are best transmitted through the medium of entertainment. Unlike the former though Joe offers no afterlife salvation. Instead he reduces humanity down to the foreplay of bacteria. And because by his own admission he doesn't exist, he has nothing to lose - hence the ire in his fanatical delivery.

Epistemology for fun and prophet. Copernicus is far more amusing than Wittgenstein and A.J. Ayer because his eyes are full of stars. As one fire floor emptier at the next Philosophy department knees up, put 'From Bacteria' on when you're tired of getting down with Gramsci.

Jack Barron