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A photograph of a man in a white tuxedo sitting at a table with a white tablecloth. He is holding a glass and looking to the left. The background is dark with warm, reddish lighting, suggesting a restaurant or bar setting. The text 'COOPERNICUS' is overlaid on the image in a large, serif font, and 'DEEPER' is overlaid on the left side in a smaller, serif font.

Side One (ASCAP)**"OH GOD!-!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"** 5:52

Recorded live at Daily Planet, 7/22/86. Excerpted from a much larger piece. Copernicus-vocals; Matty Fillou-saxophone; Marvin Wright-drums; Stephen Kay-keyboards; Tom Bowes-bass; Steve Menasche-synthesizer; Francis Xavier-guitar. Mixing and recording engineer-Michael Theodore. Produced by Joseph Smalkowski.

"SON OF A BITCH FROM THE NORTH" 6:24

Recorded live at Daily Planet, 7/13/86. This piece was inspired by the haunting, aggressive, spontaneous music of Chill Faction that tore these lyrics unexpectedly from Copernicus' subconscious. Copernicus-vocals, bell. Chill Faction is: Larry Kirwan-guitar, synthesizer, vocals; Tom Hamlin-drums; Fred Parcels-affected trombone; Dave Conrad-bass; Mike Fazio-guitar, synthesizer. Mixed at Daily Planet. Produced by Joseph Smalkowski. Mike Theodore-mixing engineer. Ron Bacciochi-recording engineer.

"CHICHEN-ITZA ELVIS" 7:58

This piece was originally recorded live in 1980 at Moogy Klingman's 8 track studio in New York City involving only Copernicus, Larry Kirwan, and Pierce Turner. The theme of the piece was in Copernicus' mind before the music started at Moogtown but the Turner/Kirwan music pushed the theme, embellished it and inspired Copernicus to produce these lyrics spontaneously. With only a few editing changes in the lyrics this piece was redone live at Studio C, RCA Studios (A Studio in which Elvis himself had once recorded) on 3/6/87 with the following artists: Copernicus-vocals; Pierce Turner-keyboards, (Elvis vocal); Larry Kirwan-guitar, vocals; Tom Hamlin-drums; Steve Menasche-percussion; Fred Parcels-affected trombone; Roseann Price-back up vocalist; Matty Fillou-saxophone; J.C. Rose-back up vocalist; Dave Conrad-bass; Don Pinto (Browne)-trumpet; Mike Fazio-guitar; Tony De Marco-violin; Starz Vanderloket-percussion; Hasan Bakir-percussion; Taite Walkonen-Andean flute, xylophone; Adam Price-acoustic guitar. Mixed at Secret Sounds, New York City. Produced by Joseph Smalkowski. Ron Bacciochi and Jim Crotty, RCA-recording engineers. Scott Noll, mixing engineer.

"DISCO DAYS ARE OVER" 7:15

For Copernicus, this piece ranks with "Blood" from the first album, "Nothing Exists", in terms of realizing his ideal way to create, achieving beauty between spontaneous lyrics and spontaneous music. However, this piece is more complicated than "Blood" in that the lyrics are being created spontaneously not only by one vocalist but by the three vocalists, Copernicus, Larry Kirwan, and Roseann Price. Here the so called back up vocalists become lead vocalists weaving their words and emotions from the back to the lead almost sparring with Copernicus. Tony De Marco's violin directs the rest of the musicians to feed the vocalists music and melody. This piece is an expression of the eternal human dilemma of taking on life's mundane responsibilities without ever first achieving a personal vision of what is life. Credits same as "Chichen-Itza Elvis".

"MURI SILENCI" 2:05

At this session in the Daily Planet, Matty Fillou put together his own group of musicians to work with Copernicus and now we hear a totally different sound. The lyrics were written before the performance. Copernicus is reading from a piece of paper. Credits same as "Oh God!-!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Side Two (ASCAP)**"ONCE, ONCE, ONCE AGAIN"** 3:26

A totally experimental way of creating for Copernicus. This piece literally set the album's release date back by three months because that's how long it took to create it. Copernicus, not wanting to be boxed in by any one way of creating, acceded to Michael Theodore's request to write some music for the album and then have Copernicus lay on some spontaneous vocals. O.K. Sounds good. Go for it. Theodore presented Copernicus with ten minutes of synthesizer music already recorded on a 2" tape. After listening, Copernicus saw sections of the ten minutes he liked. He edited the ten minutes to three minutes and twenty-six seconds (One month of work). Then, another month of work to write the lyrics to the music. Then, another month of work to perfect the performance of the lyrics to the music. Copernicus walked into the Planet and read the lyrics once to the music and that was it. However, the King of Spontaneity had taken three months to create a three minute piece. For Copernicus, this way of creating may never happen again. Lyrics by Copernicus. Music written and recorded by Michael Theodore. Mixed at Daily Planet. Mixing engineer-Michael Theodore. Produced by Joseph Smalkowski.

"THE DEATH OF JOE APPLES" 5:49

Speaks for itself. Credits-same as "Chichen-Itza Elvis".

"THEY OWN EVERYTHING." 3:15

Recorded at the same session as "Oh God!-!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" and "Muri Silence" on Side One. All credits are the same.

"THE U.S. DOES NOT EXIST." 1:02

On March 6, 1987 at RCA, the full band created twenty-seven pieces of music in a four hour non stop recording session. This piece was the ending of a vicious anti-war piece which did not make it to the album. Musicians are the same as "Chichen-Itza Elvis". Mixed at Daily Planet. Michael Theodore engineer. Produced by Joseph Smalkowski.

"ATOM BY ATOM" 3:42

Do you remember the piece, "Atomic Nevermore", from Copernicus' first album? Do you remember the piece, "From Bacteria", from Copernicus' second album, "Victim Of The Sky"? These two pieces and "Atom By Atom" were done back to back without stopping at RCA Studios on February 24, 1984. Three wonderful pieces in less than eleven minutes. This happens only when you're hot. Musicians: Copernicus-vocals; Pierce Turner-keyboards; Larry Kirwan-guitar, keyboards, vocals; Tom Hamlin-drums; Jeffrey Eadd-flute and keyboards with effects; Chris Katris-guitar; Steve Menasche-marimba; Fred Parcels-affected trombone; Paddy Higgins-beddran and floor toms; Jimi Zhivago-guitar and piano; Fred Chalenor-bass; Audi Leahy-violin; Pionghuata-kife. Mixed at Daily Planet in July, 1987. Mixing engineer, Michael Theodore. Recording engineer, Ron Bacciochi. Produced by Joseph Smalkowski.

"COME TO IT" 7:51

In these non-stop four hour recording sessions with the full 15 piece band at Studio C, RCA Studios in New York City (There have only been three, 1984, 1985, 1987), Copernicus goes home literally with three hours of recorded work. The three hours of recordings will consist of 30 to 45 pieces of work. This means that Copernicus' three albums including separate recording sessions at other places and times, have been culled from about two hundred recorded pieces of work. Imagine the fun at having to listen to it all (the good and the bad). "Come To It" was the last piece recorded at the 1985 session at RCA when all the musicians could literally give no more and were ready to leave. But Copernicus knew that even in weariness and weakness something special could happen and we believe it did as Pierce Turner encouraged Copernicus to do one last three minute piece and began to play the piano ("the best piano music I ever played in my life") and Larry Kirwan stayed with them on guitar and sang and Jimi Zhivago stayed on organ and again the music inspires the lyrics; the lyrics give back to the music and spontaneity bares the souls of four artists for all the world to see and hear. Mixed at Secret Sounds in New York City. Mixing engineer Tom Gartland. Produced by Pierce Turner and Joseph Smalkowski.

Lyrics spontaneous at live performance.

Lyrics written before live performance.

Music written before live performance.

Music spontaneous at live performance.

Special thanks to Ron Bacciochi whose experience and skill as Copernicus' chief engineer since 1984, has enabled this album to be recorded properly. Sometimes, including vocalists, there are up to twenty artists performing spontaneously and this man gets it all down perfectly on a 2" piece of tape. Thanks Ron. Let's grow old together.

Also, special thanks to the twenty-nine musicians and to Copernicus who made this album possible.

Pressed by Europadisk, N.Y., N.Y.

All vocals of Copernicus created by Copernicus.

Complete lyric sheet inside album cover.

Cover Photo: Louie Lucchesi 1986 (Taken in performance at the Cat Club, N.Y., N.Y. Larry Saltzman is in right background of photo playing bass guitar).

Album Design: Joseph and Marcela Smalkowski.

Artwork: Fernando Natalbi, Studio T, N.Y., N.Y.
Pierce Turner appears courtesy of Beggars Banquet Records Limited.
Executive Producers: Joseph Smalkowski for Nevermore, Inc.

Nevermore, Inc. 1987
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Printed in Canada



C. ROSE

ROSEANN PRICE

CAT CLUB

L. KIRWAN

MARVIN WRIGHT

AT ROSE'S
IN HARLEM

DON PINTO

MATTY FILLOU

FRED PARCELLS

MATTY FILLOU

STEVE MENASC

MIKE FAZIO

JIMI ZHIVAGO

TOM BOWES

TONY DE MARCO

PIERCE TURNER

FIONNGHUALA

THE SCENE AT RCA

JIM CROTTY

STEPHEN KAY

LARRY KIRWAN

MARVIN WRIGHT

DAVE CONRAD

TOM HAMLIN

"HEY ELVIS!"

RON BACCIOCCHI

COPERNICUS

FRANCIS XAVIER

FRED PARCELLS

ANDI LEAHY

PADDY HIGGINS

ADAM PRICE

PIERCE TURNER

TAITE WALKONEN

HASAN BAKIR

STARZ VANDERLOCKET

COPERNICUS

MUSICIANS:

“D
E
E
P
E
R”

COPERNICUS: vocals, bell
 PIERCE TURNER: keyboards, vocals
 LARRY KIRWAN: guitar, synthesizer, vocals
 TOM HAMLIN: drums
 MATTY FILLOU: saxophone
 FRED PARCELLS: affected trombone
 JIMI ZHIVAGO: guitar, piano, organ n
 ROSEANN PRICE: back up vocalist
 STEVE MENASCHE: synthesizer, percussion, marimba
 DAVE CONRAD: bass
 FIONNGHUALA: flute
 ANDI LEAHY: violin
 J.C. ROSE: back up vocalist
 TONY DE MARCO: violin
 DON PINTO (BROWNIE): trumpet
 MARVIN WRIGHT: drums
 JEFFREY LADD: flute, keyboards with effects
 CHRIS KATRIS: guitar
 STEPHEN KAY: keyboards
 TOM BOWES: bass
 FRED CHALENOR: bass
 STARZ VANDERLOCKET: percussion
 HASAN BAKIR: percussion
 TAITE WALKONEN: Andean flute, xylophone
 ADAM PRICE: acoustic guitar
 FRANCIS XAVIER: guitar
 PADDY HIGGINS: bodhran, floor toms
 MIKE FAZIO: guitar, synthesizer

ENGINEERS:

Ron Bacciocchi: Chief R.C.A., N.Y.C. recording engineer
 Michael Theodore: Daily Planet, N.Y.C., recording & mixing engineer
 Scott Noll: Secret Sounds, N.Y.C., mixing engineer.
 Jim Crotty: R.C.A., N.Y.C., recording engineer.
 Tom Gartland: Secret Sounds, N.Y.C., mixing engineer
 Executive Producer: Joseph Smalkowski for Nevermore, Inc.

Copernicus:No. I don't want

To go to
Church.

Kirwan:Disco days are over.

R. Price:Like a river.

Kirwan:Time to get down to the labor exchange.

R. Price:Time to get down.

Kirwan:No more stayin' out at night.

Copernicus:What are you talking about?

What are you talking about?

What are you talking about?

What are you talking about?

Kirwan:Your circumstances have been rearranged.

R. Price:Perhaps we'll get held down.

Copernicus:In those touches . . .

Kirwan:Disco days are over.

Copernicus:In the depths,

When you feel.

Kirwan:She's at home now

She wants her weekly

Pay.

R. Price:Is that what a wedding band

Did for her?

Kirwan:Time to go down

To that

Labor exchange.

Copernicus: When you stand

In the middle

Of the

Field.

Alone.

Kirwan:You have to sign

Your name.

Copernicus:Where it's always

alone.

Kirwan:Second or third

Or

Copernicus:The box is alone.

Kirwan:Monday or Tuesday

or

R. Price:You can wait and

wait.

Copernicus:The thoughts are alone.

Kirwan:any old day.

Copernicus:The merry-go-round

is

alone.

Kirwan:Disco days are over.

Copernicus:The kiss of your

Tears

are alone.

R. Price:Is that what a

Wedding band

Did

To her?

Kirwan:Time to go down

And see your

Friends

On the labor

exchange.

Copernicus:The feeling of your

Desperateness

Is

Alone.

R. Price:But doesn't the

Time

Seem to go

Slower

And

Slower?

Copernicus:And you

Don't

Even

Have

A

Cosmic

View of life.

Kirwan:She needs a

day's pay

To keep

Her

In decent

Clothing.

R. Price:Never wanted

And

Then

It

Seems

If

I

Had

Anything

To

Say

I would

Hurl

Only

Silence

To the

World

Allowing

The

Atomic

And

Subatomic

Particles

To make

All

The

Noise.

Realizing

My Own

Illusion

And

My

Own

Nothingness

And selfishly

Stay

In

Non existence

Forever.

Staring

At the

Rest

Of

Humanity

Stabbing

Themselves

With

Their

Ignorance;

Like

A

Drop

Of

Water

That

Sticks

To a

Leaf

Waiting

For

The

Sun

To

Take

It.

I

Should

Just

Stay

Silence

And

Find

Some

Food

Somewhere

With

An

Inner

Silence

That

Reaches

To the

Universe.

Anything

Other

Than

Survival

Is

Ego

Illusion

Of the

Senses

And

That

Is

The

Bottom

Line!

What

Did

The

Dinosaurs

Leave?

What

Will

Humanity

Leave

When

It's Gone?

And

It

Will

Be

Gone.

A

Grass

Covered

Empire

State

Building?

Silent

Asphalt

Melting

In the

Sun

With

The

Irresponsible

Wind

Whistling

Through

Disappeared

Humanity

In the

Dust

To

Dust

Cliche?

The

Silent

Dust

That

Made

So much

Fury.

I

Should

Just

Stay In

Silence . . .

But

I

Don't. □

"THE DEATH OF JOE APPLES"

By Copernicus

The doctor had said his body was riddled with cancer.

He was skin and bones, but he was able to sit up at the side of the hospital bed. A plastic tube protruded from his skin at the base of his throat. He communicated either by mouthing the words with his lips or scribbling words on a pad with his trembling hands.

"They give me broth, jello, juice, tea. I don't eat."

"I shit in my pants three times, so the nurse says maybe you got a diarrhea."

"They wash with the rag. They dress you three times a day. What a racket. Eat. Sleep. Drink water and piss."

"In my room. Bring shoes, pants, jacket, and teeth. They lying on a sill."

"This is a big hospital. I used to work across the street. There's a liquor store around there and I used to drink a pint of whiskey at lunchtime."

"I look good? Are you kidding?"

"I'll be outa here in a couple days."

He gestured with his fingers to his lips for a cigarette. I shook my head.

"The doctor gives me one but my sons wouldn't. Even the nurse gave me one."

"They said it was the smoking. I didn't know. Don't smoke."

"I have no money."

His sister appeared in the ward. She stopped in front of his bed with a horribly contorted face. She started to cry and ran back out.

Joe ignored her and pointed across the aisle of the large hospital ward to a man with bandages wrapped around his left arm. "Should have heard what he called his doctor. You butcher. You're louzy. That guy's been crying all night. I feel sorry for that guy."

Joe Apples was dead the next day.

In the church high above Joe's casket the priest started his eulogy from the pulpit, "You think we have waste here! . . ."

Joe Apples was buried that day in the cold January earth.

His wife went dancing that night.

Kirwan:

Hey old man!

Won't you take

a look?

J.C. Rose

No way.

R. Price:

Oh my God!

R. Price:

With another man!

R. Price: Oh my God! □

"HURL SILENCE"

By Copernicus

Copernicus:The feeling of your

Desperateness

Is

Alone.

R. Price:But doesn't the

Time

Seem to go

Slower

And

Slower?

Copernicus:And you

Don't

Even

Have

A

Cosmic

View of life.

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Her

In decent

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And

Then

It

Seems

If

I

Had

Anything

To

Say

I would

Hurl

Only

Silence

To the

World

Allowing

The

Atomic

And

Subatomic

Particles

To make

All

The

Noise.

Realizing

My Own

Illusion

And

My

Own

Nothingness

And selfishly

Stay

In

Non existence

Forever.

Staring

At the

