

# COPERNICUS



N O T H I N G   E X I S T S

Originally recorded at RCA Studios, New York, N.Y., 1984.

Engineers: Ron Bacchiocchi, Andy Heermans, Michael Theodore.

Digitally remastered at Masterdisk, New York, N.Y. from the original recording tapes.

Cover and disk photo by Eric Darton.

All other photos by Fernando Natalici.

CD reissue graphics by Leonardo Pavkovic.

Copernicus's website:

[www.copernicusonline.net](http://www.copernicusonline.net)

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[www.moonjune.com](http://www.moonjune.com)





The band COPERNICUS began with Copernicus, Larry Kirwan and Pierce Turner in 1978 at the Five Spot, St. Marks Place (New York City). Kirwan and Turner are the musical mother and father, but every musician who partakes designs his or her own part with vocals spontaneously created and performed by Copernicus

1. I Won't Hurt You (4:13)
2. Blood (5:32)
3. I Know What I Think (3:05)
3. Quasimodo (4:19)
4. Let Me Rest (11:12)
5. Nagasaki (5:08)
6. Atomic Nevermore (4:14)

**COPERNICUS** vocals  
PIERCE TURNER keyboards, vocals  
LARRY KIRWAN guitar, keyboards, vocals  
THOMAS HAMLIN drums  
JEFFREY LAD flute, keyboards, effects  
CHRIS KATRIS guitar  
PETER COLLINS bass  
STEVE MENASCHE marimba, percussion  
FRED PARCELLS affected trombone  
PADDY HIGGINS bodhran, floor toms  
ANDY LEAHY violin, vocals  
FIONNGHUALA flute, vocals  
JIMMY ZHIVAGO guitar, piano  
FRED CHALENOR bass guitar

No  
maye  
In  
my  
mind -  
Because  
It

Sees  
what  
It  
Sees.

Copernicus

ASCAP - All the vocals of Copernicus created by Copernicus.  
Originally recorded at RCA Studios, New York, NY, 1984.  
Dedicated to Emily Glen.

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



N O T H I N G   E X I S T S

## COPERNICUS: NOTHING EXISTS

It was 1984, and Copernicus was making the transition from being a performance poet to declaiming in front of a full-scale band of musicians. He'd started to play with the saxophonist Melody Peach, in poetry circles, and around the New York City rock club scene. Then, Copernicus witnessed Larry Kirwan and Pierce Turner (both of them multi-instrumentalists) in an East Village joint. He suggested an immediate collaborative piece, and from this point the threesome went on to make up a performing nucleus. Copernicus would mostly appear below 14th Street, the Downtown home of all crucial art in NYC. He'd be found at Max's Kansas City, CBGB, Speakeasy, Mudd Club and Kenny's Castaways, making his intense pronouncements in front of a fluctuating cabal of improvisers. There was talk of recording an album, but Pierce Turner had a clear view of rejecting some run-down semi-professional operation. So, they went into the slick midtown RCA studios with fifteen musicians, spontaneously laying down the tracks that were to shape *Nothing Exists*.

"All of the Copernicus albums are really a documentation of the evolution of the artist as he confronts the quantum world," says Copernicus. "*Nothing Exists* established the foundation for all of the albums to come. Poor 1984 Copernicus, barely crawling out alone from the world of illusion with unsteady feet struggles to say what he thinks. In the first piece, apparently a normal love song, he injects the word *Nevermore*. We wonder, what is he talking about? Nevermore? What is that? He is putting his listeners on notice that possibly there is more of this Nevermore stuff to come. But he sets up his argument just with the mention of a Nevermore buried inside a love song."

*I Won't Hurt You* revolves around a whistling synthesiser figure, with a talkative bassline, as Turner repeats the chorus in the background. It's a deceptively poppy opener, calmly spreading a soft foundation for the confrontation that follows. Already, by the second track, *Blood*, matters are taking a more sinister turn as Fionnghuala Leahy's sweet-voiced background refrain is foregrounded by the increasingly agitated Copernicus, as reverberation pours thickly over his cries of "Blood!", bombastic drum crashes swirling in a dubbed-up ocean.

"In *Blood*, he talks about 'the kiss that could never be'," Copernicus continues. "The kiss symbolises life itself and here he is, getting more explicit in declaring that life does not exist. In the first line, he calls the sea the 'mother of the dream'. The entire piece is saying that it is the ignorance of 'nothing exists' that causes all of the war in the human world. He is coming out with his philosophy in a stronger way."

"In *Blood*, he talks about 'the kiss that could never be'," Copernicus continues. "The kiss symbolises life itself and here he is, getting more explicit in declaring that life does not exist. In the first line he calls life the

'mother of the dream'. The entire piece is saying that it is the ignorance of 'nothing exists' that causes all of the war in the human world. He is coming out with his philosophy in a stronger way."

As *I Know What I Think* unspools, Copernicus is magnifying the intensity against a razoring guitar riff. "He is establishing his independence of thought from the world around him stating that he does not think like everybody else. He thinks for himself and he knows what his ideas have to say, and he is almost violent about it, challenging whomever."

Another aggressive riff backbones *Quasimodo*, as spectral church organ swirls emerge from a clanking robotism. "Here we have the basic theme of all of his philosophy," Copernicus remembers. "He kills death in this piece. This is all we have in nevermore: the ability to be spontaneous in a truthful way. The uniqueness and noble qualities of Quasimodo have given him the strength to be different and Copernicus compares his own struggle to the struggle of Quasimodo. And then he concludes with his 'nothing song' and a place where the 'barbarians will never conquer this Rome'. Nothingness cannot be conquered..."

In *Let Me Rest*, Copernicus has searched every environment of the globe, and after years of questing, he is exhausted. Violin and organ inject a heavy aura of mournfulness. "Driven by my own blank paper," he intones. "Driven into its own need to be felt and warmed." The ensemble comes to a halt, as Copernicus rants in front of bare piano shards. Then the players gradually return, making repeated crescendos as Copernicus muses on his own inertia. This is the spectacular centrepiece of the album, sprawling over eleven highly charged minutes. "Let me rest. Rest in the sand. Rest in the mud. Rest in the worst bug-ridden bed that I can find."

For *Nagasaki*, Copernicus has risen upright again, passionately frothing. The band is careening between Duane Eddy guitar twanging and Hawkwind analogue synthesiser eruptions. "This is the full declaration," says Copernicus. "He finishes the piece implying that by understanding the quantum world, you can get in harmony with reality and find inner peace and harmony."

The closing *Atomic Nevermore* is almost a return to performance poetry, with the band carefully building up their skeletal activity. "He bluntly and clearly sets out the rules of the 'nothing' struggle, and paints a future where all of humanity will realise the quantum world, and will adapt their daily activities to the reality of the quantum because 'living in illusion is an error and the cause of all human suffering'. No symbolism here. He talks about how humanity can move to the next level and the 'end of the illusionary human world'. Just step 'into atomic nevermore'..."

## 1 - I WON'T HURT YOU

*Chorus by Pierce Turner:* So please trust in me from the ankles of my heart.

I won't hurt, hurt, hurt, hurt you.

*Copernicus:* I won't hurt you.

I won't hurt you.

Just be. Be!

I am.

Into the white sheets of Nevermore,

You'll cleanse me with your innocence.

I won't hurt you.

I could never hurt you.

Hold me.

Both of us

kissing in our being.

I move so gently.

I say your name

in my head.

Cross the ankles

of your heart,

and caress my shoulders

with your

legs.

I won't hurt you.

I won't hurt you.

Smile. Kiss me. Kiss me! Kiss me.

Kiss. Kiss. Kiss. Kiss! Kiss.

## 2 - BLOOD

*Fionnghuala Leahy:* Complete background vocal.

*Copernicus:* The sea,

the mother of the dream.

The kiss that could never be.

And all those twisted dreams,

when Copernicus could move,

walked into the sweat

like God song.

Like turn.

Like a melody,

Walk me now.

You know.

It's not that emotional when you understand.

When you understand, it's peace.

Peace.

It's peace. It's peace.

It's just the ignorance that

makes all the static.

It's just the ignorance that

makes all the static,

like a woman

running on a baseball field.

Take me now.

It's just the ignorance that

makes all the static.

It's just the ignorance that

creates all the blood.

It's just the ignorance that

creates all the blood!

It's just the ignorance that

creates all the blood!!

It's just the ignorance that

creates all the blood!!!

All the blood!!! All the blood!!!

All the blood!!! All the blood!!!

All the blood! Blood! Blood!

Blood!! Blood!! Blood!!! Blood!!!

Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!!

Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!!

Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!!

Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!!

## 3 - I KNOW WHAT I THINK

*Copernicus:* Let the musicians declare war!!

*Pierce Turner:* I want you to change.

I want you to change.  
Change your rhythm.  
Change your rhythm  
from one two three  
four five six seven  
eight  
to  
one two three four.  
One two three four.  
Change your rhythm!  
Copernicus: Sing me now!  
I know what I think!!  
I know!!!!!!

#### 4 - QUASIMODO

Quasimodo. Je parle francais, Quasimodo.  
Hablo espanol. I speak English.  
What can I say?  
What can I say, Quasimodo?  
Muse gir. Sabaha gir.  
Schochran. Schochran. Schochran, Quasimodo.  
Schochran. Schochran. Schochran.  
Quasimodo, shochran.  
When it turns into the moment  
to be.  
Like silence.  
Like energy.  
Like atoms.  
Quasimodo, I like illusion.  
I call myself, Copernicus.  
But if reality is to return to  
atoms and

electrons,  
Then let it be! I said, "Let it be!!"  
Let it be!! Let it be a  
turn into its own  
dream  
into its own path.  
Being like the force of the  
lost Irishman.  
Sung upon its own dream.  
And Death will turn  
and Death will be dead  
and Life will be dead  
and sounds will be alive  
in the moment of their own  
moment  
in the moment of Truth.  
Dreamed upon their kisses.  
In the moment of the song,  
Dreamed upon their kisses.  
Whirled in the spontaneous dream of expression.  
Stream. Take wise! Take wise  
on the sound tone mind.  
Blast into the dream!  
Blast off now!  
Quasimodo. HA HA HA HA!  
Quasimodo. Mold me, Quasimodo.  
You have freed me!  
You have freed me, Quasimodo!  
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!  
A drama in a tone.  
A drama in a song.  
A blessing in a dream. Say what you will  
mother.  
Say what you will,  
Jimmy Carter.  
Say what you will,  
Song of Nevermore.

Say what you will,  
but no man has no  
man,  
and no moment has no  
moment.  
There is no moment.  
There is no Birth.  
There is no Death.  
There is no Life.  
There is no sweat.  
There is no strife.  
There is no good.  
There is no bad.  
There is a song,  
a nothing song.  
Love me my song, turned blue,  
where freedom walks  
and the barbarian cannot  
win this way.  
The barbarian cannot  
conquer this  
fucken  
Rome!  
The barbarian will  
never conquer  
this  
Rome!

## 5 - LET ME REST!

Stampeded by the teachers.  
Stampeded by the gods.  
Stampeded by my mind.  
Stampeded by men.  
Stampeded to the desert,  
where the sun burns dry  
and

the silence crashes into  
its own sky  
and  
holds the dream  
of the scorpion's ant  
and  
blades of silence squish  
into the blood  
and  
the palms  
search into the  
sky  
and  
ring  
into the warm dance  
that heats the soul.  
Stampeded to the mountain,  
where the bears  
hang by the snow.  
Pillaging forests  
hanging  
through the rain  
Water running through  
the blocks.  
Beat songs  
Hungering through the  
tone.  
Icicles mumbling in the green.  
Stampeded to the rivers.  
Washing in nudes.  
Washing through the search.  
Washing through the baptism.  
Torn by the tree's call  
where the uplifting bare arm sounds  
hang like  
prayers  
in the upside down

figures that  
belch up the  
misunderstood songs that  
talk into the valley's  
dream.  
Stampeded to the ocean's blue,  
where the tears hung the youth's smile  
and the warm dreams that  
slosh through December's  
Atlantic.  
Long term dreams,  
Spray on the paper of the  
poems.  
Poems in the papers of the  
mind.  
Stampeded in the  
passion of the  
course.  
Stampeded into the songs.  
Song turn stamps.  
Hounded by men!  
Hounded to their cathedrals!  
Hounded to their stone vic songs,  
Gothic dreams in an  
unclean paper village,  
village where the windows  
cross into the empty call  
where the song turn black robes  
hang like  
visions and  
whisper sweet cliches in the tone.  
Hounded!!! Hounded!!! Hounded!!!  
Hounded in the ships!  
Hounded in the planes!  
Hounded into the song turn  
dream.  
Driven by my own  
blank paper.

Driven into its own  
need to be felt and  
warmed.  
Driven by its  
Call to me call to  
me.  
Call to me,  
Driven blank  
paper.  
Paper blank  
song  
tone blank  
mind,  
Tabula Rosa,  
**THE NEED TO UNDERSTAND!**  
Boiling tears, awh,  
in all the mind's thoughts  
that hang between the  
village call.  
Sound turn into the  
whispering banks that  
clip the song  
where even the kisses  
were sounding and  
stampeded the hounds.  
Passing into the sound turn  
dream, where  
the village street called  
and  
the catcalls thunder.  
Raced with the rain!  
Pounding and hounding!  
Stampeded and hounding!  
Hounding in the dream tone beam,  
Hounding into the song.  
Hounding into the caves.  
Hounding into the passion song turn.

Awh.  
Life turns song here.  
Let it sweat! Let it sweat! Let it sweat!  
Go ahead!!  
More than half a century of bleeding  
sweat!  
Sweat into the sounded blood!  
Blood toned!  
Bone toned!  
Tone dream song.  
Let it grey cast.  
Oh! Let me rest.  
Let me rest.  
Rest in the sand.  
Rest in the mud.  
Rest in the worst bug ridden bed  
that I can find.  
Rest in the snow.  
Rest in the wearied eyes  
of a pair of breasts,  
a vagina.  
Rest in a cloud.  
Rest lying in the street,  
watching the maniacs go by.  
Rest in the cold snow,  
when the water leaks  
up your arm.  
Rest in the sleeplessness of the  
bar  
when the bartender pokes  
you.  
Rest in the darkness of the  
theater  
where the hard seat pangs  
at your back.  
OH! LET ME REST!  
Rest in the hard bench

of the church  
where you look up  
and see gold,  
gold and fancy architecture  
and colored  
windows.  
Rest in the sea,  
where the salt  
gags your  
lungs.  
Born in the egg!  
Sworn in the egg!  
Oh! Let me rest!  
Let me rest!

## 11 - NAGASAKI

*Chorus by Larry Kirwan.*  
I'm a Neanderthal man.  
You're a Neanderthal girl.  
Let's make Neanderthal love  
in this post human world.  
*Copernicus:*  
Nagasaki! Hiroshima!

The atomic bomb  
is  
this size.  
Nagasaki! Hiroshima!  
No rock song can  
tell this story.  
Walk out!  
Walk out with your fucken two cents.  
I say walk away with your fucken two cents.  
Power walks on to its own dream.  
Power is  
power! Power is  
power!  
Power walks in the law!  
Power walks in the  
law!  
Moogy moog.  
I'm not here!  
Noone is here!  
The sound of existence has disappeared  
in its own reality.  
Death does not exist!  
Birth does not  
exist!  
Life does not exist!  
Copernicus does not  
exist!  
The Earth does not exist!  
Birth does not  
exist!  
Life does not exist!  
Copernicus does not  
exist!  
The Earth does not exist!  
Max's Kansas City  
does not  
exist.

## APPLAUSE

Do you think that your poor applause  
is going to change  
things?

Do you think that the claps  
of your poor lips  
upon your poor chest  
is going to change  
the structure of the  
atom?

The fall of the electron  
in its own proton.  
Protons kissing neutrons.  
Watching the electron  
walk upon its own  
ring  
turning into its own heart.  
Feeling the ultimate sense  
of reality.

Turned into its own smoke.  
Kissing and rolling  
in harmony  
to the old dance of life.  
The dance of the song  
that drove the dream.  
That drove the harmony  
of peace  
And the peace walked in  
peace.  
For within the power of the  
proton  
and  
in the power of the neutron  
and  
in the electricity of the  
electron,  
there is peace.

There is peace.  
There is harmony.  
Sway with that harmony.  
Let your body loose.  
Feel that harmony.

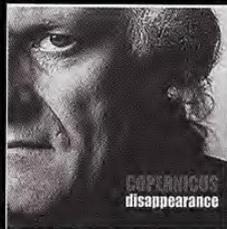
### 13 - ATOMIC NEVERMORE

I think of the  
moment  
when humanity will  
realize that what its  
senses perceive  
is not real.  
That Truth lies in the  
atomic and subatomic world  
and  
that living in illusion  
is an error  
and the cause of all human  
suffering.  
I think that  
humanity can be  
freed of all  
illusions  
and  
can attain the heaven  
that is  
spontaneous life!  
I think.  
Come into the end of the  
illusionary human  
world.  
Come into  
atomic nevermore.  
No past.  
No future.

No present.  
Gone forever into the  
eternal atomic  
unknown.  
No time for the  
illusion of  
identity.  
Impossible to see or  
touch,  
only to feel and think.  
Being at every moment  
in the fiery sea of  
atomic activity.  
Free!  
Free!  
Free of all human rules!  
Disappeared in spontaneous  
atomic  
laughter.  
HA HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!  
HA! HA! HA!  
Come into the  
end of the illusionary world.  
Disappear  
into the warm  
atomic  
nevermore,  
where we lose our  
"we."  
Nonexistent.  
Loose and smiling and  
free!  
Come! Come! Come! Come!  
Come! Come! Come! Come!  
Come! Come! Come! Come!  
Come!!

# COPERNICUS' DISCOGRAPHY

available via [www.copernicusonline.net](http://www.copernicusonline.net) / [www.moonjune.com](http://www.moonjune.com)



**"disappearance"**  
(2009)



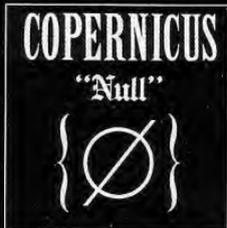
**"Victim Of The Sky"**  
(1986) - LP only / soon on CD



**"From Bacteria"**  
(1986) - LP only



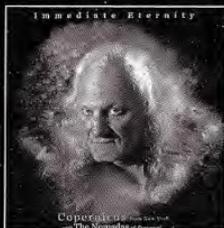
**"Deeper"**  
(1987) - LP only / soon on CD



**"Null"**  
(1990) - CD/Cassette



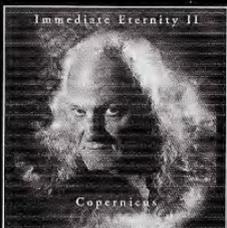
**"No Borderline"**  
(1993) - CD/Cassette



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



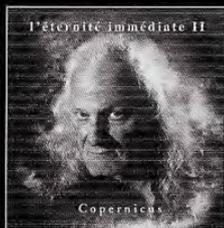
**"La Eternidad Inmediata"**  
(2001) - CD (Spanish version)



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



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



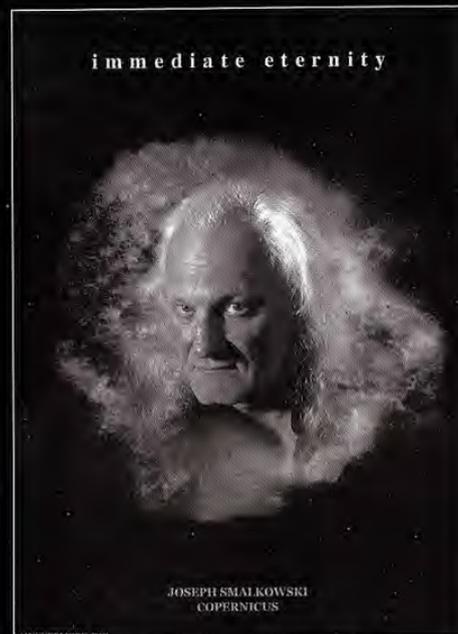
**"L'Éternité Immédiate II"**  
(2005) - CD (French version)



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

# COPERNICUS' BOOKS

available via [www.copernicusonline.net](http://www.copernicusonline.net) / [www.moonjune.com](http://www.moonjune.com)



**"Immediate Eternity"**  
(2005) - Book in English (200 pages)



**"La Eternidad Inmediata"**  
(2005) - Book in Spanish (200 pages)

No  
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Sees  
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Experience

1. I Won't Hurt You (4:13)
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