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AUREVOIR
BOREALIS

Dark Enough for Stars

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UTTER EAST

This recording stands as a marker and as proof that all is not lost and that there is hope in knowing that each day breaks anew. That one can rest in the hope of knowing that in the middle of all darkness, beauty can be found. And that there is a treasure to fight for and hold on to in those stars that pierce through the inky blackness of our longest nights.

Stephenie Halpert McWalters - Vocals

Steve Swartz - Guitars, Bass, Piano, Keys, Drums, Percussion, Vocals

Tom Currie - Bass, Guitars, Keys, Drums, Percussion, Vocals, Piano

Phil Zott - Drums, Percussion

Produced by Steve Swartz & Tom Currie

Engineered & Mixed by Steve Swartz at Utter East (Detroit, MI)

Additional Recording by Tom Currie at Dakota St. (Pontiac, MI)

Mastered by Carl Saff at Saff Mastering (Chicago, IL)

Artwork by Tom Currie & Steve Swartz

All songs written by Au Revoir Borealis

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ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

Anna-Lynne Williams - Vocals, Jessica Bailiff - Vocals,

Gary Murray - Guitars/Vocals, Colette Alexander - Cello,

John Somers - Keys, Allison Minando - Violin,

Anderson Reinkordt - Guitars, Rachel Allison - Violin

THANK YOU:

God, Anna Swartz, Ed McWalters, Janie Van Slembrouck, Mandy Prell,

Mom & Dad Swartz, Matt & Karen Owen, Mom & Dad Van Slembrouck,

Justin & Jane Van Slembrouck, Jessica Bailiff, Gary Murray, Anna-Lynne

Williams, Colette Alexander, Allie Minando, John Somers, Anderson &

Elisabeth Reinkordt, Rachel Allison and Xavier Watkins of Fuzzy Lights,

Michael Carian, Dan Paton, Darren Revell at Indie 103, Johnathan Trusty,

Scott & Zumby at Auralgasms, Dan Edwards, Jason & Jesse Cowells,

Windy & Carl, Mary Grace Calley, Kari Shimmel, Jim TerMarsch,

Candice Belanger, Eva Moutric, Monique Prieur, Caleb Porter, Jessica Thael,

Jeff Majchrzak, Bethel Baptist Church, Ben West, Man's Last Great Invention

THE STORY

It was April and signs of new life were revealing themselves everywhere. The snow was beginning to recede and the iron-clad gloominess of Motown winter was loosening its grip. Blue skies were visible once more. And thus it became apropos to shake off the dust and wake from hibernation.

However, the roots of this awakening reach back several years. After a surprising and humbling amount of success with the release of Tienken, we made plans to record its follow-up. We booked time in a recording studio, but without much of a plan. And while the results were immediately satisfying during tracking, things turned problematic during mixing. The decision was made to mix things ourselves since we are a very hands-on group of perfectionists. However, we were still rather new to the process of recording and mixing. So the task of mixing a set of songs that contained around 50 tracks each became daunting very quickly. Couple that with technical problems with studio equipment and one might see why the inspiration and motivation to work on those songs began to fade. So those songs ended up being put on hold.

In the few years between that time and the recently renewed creative spark of the group, there have been many distractions. Good ones such

as marriages, nieces and nephews being born, weekends at cabins in northern Michigan, new relationships forged, travels to foreign lands, settling into new living spaces, etc. And distressing ones including job losses, sickness, surgeries and losing loved ones.

Finally, on a day sometime after these things came to pass, our musical cabin fever kicked in and it was time to enter the waters again. Buds were on the trees and the air was heavy from the first of many April showers. We gathered around a dark wooden table in Steph's dining room and began working through rough acoustic ideas just to see if anything could be created from them. Like sparks and gasoline, these songs were ignited over three days of reuniting and exploring.

We were excited by the results, so plans were made and demos were done over several months. Then toward the end of the year, after all the stockings were hung by the chimney with care, Tom, Phil, Steph and I (Steve) settled into the studio to begin recording a whole new set of songs that had become our collective life blood.

Friends and family cheered us on and kept us stocked with coffee and tea. Longtime friends like Jessica Bailiff and Gary Murray encouraged us and made beautiful musical contributions. New friends like Anna Lynne Williams (vocalist of Trespassers William), Colette Alexander (touring

cellist for Iosh Groban and Iens Lekman), Allie Minando (violinist), John Somers, Anderson Reinkordt and Rachel Allison stepped in to contribute to the record in amazing ways we could have never envisioned on our own.

We were aware that a lot of people have been waiting for a new release from us for some time and so we took great pains to treat every detail of the process with care. We wanted this record to sound more mature. We also didn't want the intricacies of the songs to be buried under a gauzey monochromatic wash of effects that can easily happen with a band like ours. We wanted the record to have weight, dimension and texture, possibly influenced by years of listening to Ennio Morricone and Tom Waits records. We wanted it to be big and intimate and loud and quiet and messy and broken and fragile and beautiful. Just like life itself.

And that's what this record is about. Life. We experience it in extremes. We only know what bad is because we know what good is like in turn. We understand wetness in relation to dryness, etc. And so it was with revelation that I read a quote by Ralph Waldo Emerson that said, "When it is dark enough, you can see the stars." It hit me like a ton of bricks. I wrote it down and planned to share it with Steph that week when we met to finish writing the last song for the album. I had given her a piece of music I wrote and she penned a set of lyrics called Maps of the Sky. After we

played it for the first time, I could feel a swelling sea of emotion ripping through the room and consuming us both as we sat in her living room. The song captures what we all face from time to time. The experience of needing to find comfort in the midst of a dark season. The idea that every winter will pass and bring forth new life, and that even in the middle of the night it is possible to find your way back home. When I told her about the Emerson quote, we looked at each other in amazement. After discussing it among everyone in the group, we all started gravitating towards the title of "Dark Enough for Stars."

And so it is that this recording represents our collective joys and sorrows and the things that we have had to overcome to create it. It stands as a marker and as proof that all is not lost and that there is hope in knowing that each day breaks anew – that one can rest in the hope of knowing that in the middle of all darkness, beauty can be found. And that there is a treasure to fight for and hold on to in those stars that pierce through the inky blackness of our longest nights.

Peace, hope, blessings,

Au Revoir Borealis

The Winter Room

The shadows move like water
Reflecting on a wall
The air about the shoulders
Of this place

Cold and remembering
Cold but relenting
Halfblind with intention
A tragic invention
Cold but remembering

In it comes—the frost
To cause our breath like clouds
And hands held tight
In their sleeves

This cause and consequence
Of iron and of ice —
So worth the cost
For the promise of light

Dark Western

Lone Ranger, get off of your horse
Tonto left for home long ago
I guess he knows when to call it
quits. To call it quits.

The desert's not the best place in
the world, but it'll do, it will do.
The prairie's not the best place in
the world, but it'll do, now, it will
do.

Hey Rifleman, what happened to
you? Your eye was sharp, and your
aim, it was true. Did those outlaws
finally catch up to you and overrun
this town?

The desert's not the best place in
the world, but it'll do, it will do.
The prairie's not the best place in
the world, but it'll do, now, it will
do.

Hey Sheriff, I've heard of your
loss—the deputy was a good man.
Guess we've all got our deserts to
cross. I say start walking while
you still can.

The World is Too Much With Vs

Until we're pulled apart
A world undone
Half-crushed into the tide
A race un-run

For this, for everything
We've chased too long
Abandon
I'd rather be
The simplest son

Outside immensity
Of lives and lies
To turn, to turn will be
The quiet side

Art of Film

Flickering light
Can sweep us away
Drawn till the end
Where there are only names

Fragile world inside
(Suspended)
Of echoes and of eyes
(Suspended)
Of virtue and of vice
(Suspended)
That temperamental 'night'

It ended with a twist
And started with a fight
A killer and a kiss
A lone secret flight

Genius of Escape Who Will
Startle & Amaze

That night, the chandeliers
Of The Majestic
Low-lit as you bowed--

The papers all said
It was your most brilliant yet
Your most brilliant now

You sank from the surface,
Closing your eyes
Hair streaming out

Under the water,
Padlock and chain
Moving like a dream,
Twisting to escape

They held their breath with you,
Then you finally emerged
To thunderous applause

One last time death defied
And, dripping, you bowed
A little hesitant because

You must have known
Something was wrong
Everything was wrong

Under the water,
Padlock and chain
Moving like a dream
Twisting to escape

Even past the finale,
You were subtly drowning
Slow and unaware

After all the risks
And brushes with death
It ended quietly in bed

You must have known
Something was wrong
Everything was wrong

Under the water,
Padlock and chain
Moving like that dream
That you needed to escape

The Key

They say if you can find the
end of it, There's a gold key
Leading you up through the
shadowlands – like a memory

Oh the way, the way oh the way
of it is a mystery. Oh the way,
the way oh the way of it
So dear to me

They say in the arms of the
shadowlands, 'Neath the
gathering dark Creatures both
lovely and frightening are
Shown to be what they really
are.



Maps of the Sky

Can you reach me,
Will you bring me
Full circle

From the outside
Pulling inward
Full circle

The infinite depth
And chorus of light
The anchoring earth
And the width of the night

How silent their song
In circling arcs
And weight of the air
Its lights through the dark

Turning to make
The symbols and shapes
Of ages past
That show us the way
...to home

The compass' course
In the wake of true north
Shows us our passage
In spheres and lines

The unending sky
And our lights in the dark
Moving silent and small
Across the snow...

