COCOROSIE

"Rainbowarriors are on a crusade for the kind of drugfree America where the elected officials are tranny shaman and the religious leaders are winged evangelists who speak in tongues of Happy Core.

Rainbowarriors horse gallop through miles of balmy grass roads all the way to the swingset swamps. They witch water and have witches for fathers; they hear disharmonies of sadness sung by drunken glowworms. They sleep in swollen barns; they sleep through silver nights.

Rainbowarriors live by the hero myth; Rainbowarriors ain't nothin' to fuck with."

Birthed through an intricate process of prank phone calls and clairvoyant documentation, *The Adventures of Ghosthorse & Stillborn* follows CocoRosie and their crew of miscreants through the Mechanical Forest of Feelings.

"It was there we first confronted the Warlock, Laughing Crow, and buried the Black Dove."

This album is a departure from the obscured blur of stained glass *rêve* to a more self-exploitive memoir. Parts are dreamy and parts are savage, but, as with an opera where death represents a secret heaven, the whole record feels like a black diamond in the snow. From her humble beginnings in the South of France, the saga sailed the Seven Seas all

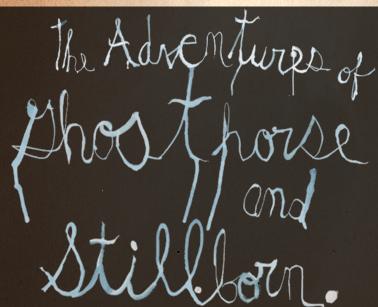
the way to that icy crack in the Earth's crust just outside of Reykjavik. Upon her return to her Parisian homeland, she shared a mystical rendezvous with beautiful sailors Pierre et Gilles, the album cover being the consequence of that affair.

"We definitely moved to the afterhours of life and unpacked our bags for this endeavor."

Sierra comes from the classical world: control, mastery, dominance. And the classical world has its own bulimia. Ballet, torturous feet and leg bending contraptions -- classicalism is like contortionism. It's a cruel circus, like hunting unicorns or killing My Little Pony.

Bianca, on the other hand, she's more of a lazy-toed lobster, somewhat of a psychological pistol. Much in the same way as Bianca, "Stillborn" is definitely the littlest champion. She's always ruminating on blurry words and they, in turn, are always mutating, changing, transforming.

If Jean Genet was the muse that inspired *Noah's Ark*, the spirit guide for this album was Wee Willie Winkie. A pre-pubescent idol who never changes out of his bedtime clothes, Wee Willie Winkie runs through town, upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown, knocking on the window, crying through the lock "*Are the children all in bed? It's past eight o'clock.*" He might have been an O.R.W. (original rainbowarrior).



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