

The Advocate



Strange siblings CocoRosie

CocoRosie

- The Adventures of Ghosthorse & Stillborn
- Touch and Go

It's too bad CocoRosie doesn't sell enough records to merit a segment on *MTV Cribs*. Just imagine the shock audiences would get when the truth about the group's sole members, Sierra and Bianca Casady, was disclosed. Oh, sure, the siblings may claim to reside and work in New York City and Paris walk-ups, but if the music of their third full-length is any reflection of their environment, this duo dwells someplace far more fantastic: a garden on the ocean floor or a glittering cave in darkest Iceland with decor by Salvador Dalí.

Like a model of a Spanish galleon fashioned from matchsticks, what makes each of the 12 miniatures here so compelling isn't merely the beauty of the finished product but the ingenuity of the construction materials. Music boxes, bicycle bells, chimes and shakers, animal grunts—every noisemaker and ambient sound is potential sonic fodder for CocoRosie. And while the expanding influence of hip-hop on their compositions should confound anyone eager to pigeonhole them as “freak folk,” their unconventional applications make even the genre's simplest elements—sampling, drum loops, scratching—sound downright alien.

But the most captivating instrument at the duo's disposal is also mankind's oldest: the human voice. One minute Bianca croaks like a wizened crone, the next Sierra showcases almost bel canto-quality precision. “Black Poppies” is medieval in its

austerity, voice and woodwinds intermingling almost as one, while “Bloody Twins” sounds like a doomed reverie retrieved from a misty Scottish moor.

Most bands set out to conquer the world. Not CocoRosie. They just keep tricking out their exquisite little microcosm and luring inquisitive listeners inside. —Kurt B. Reighley