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SILVERCHAIR
Young Modern
ELEVEN MUSIC

I've heard tale of Silverchair's post-*Fragstomp* or *Freak Show* material being, if nothing else, little like the sludgy, pre-pubescent angst evident on singles like "Tomorrow," which catapulted the band to be named the "next Nirvana" before that phrase became old hat. What I've found on Silverchair's latest album is that they sound *nothing* like that. Not that the young trio's music wasn't borderline rockin' at the time, but it's nice to know they didn't take the bait and sour themselves in the grunge rock undertow of the late '90s. In fact, I'd venture to say that my only problem with this album is that I keep picturing young Johns, through a slick of stringy blond hair, crooning these remarkable orchestral pop tunes. On *Young Modern*, we find a mature and delicate songwriter at the zenith of his talents.

With a soothing flow from track to track, *Young Modern* postulates grandiose arrangements, like a Cole Porter-esque musical set to the tune of an Australian troubadour's rock 'n' roll fantasies. Take for instance "Medley: Those Thieving Birds (Part 1)/Strange Behaviour/Those Thieving Birds (Part 2)," an ambitious seven-minute-long endeavor replete with breathy-to-soaring vocals, modest drumming, cellos and keys before delving into a British-invasion blitzkrieg, to then rescind back into a fluffy string-laden opus. Tracks like "Straight Line" are equally as inspiring. This could be one of the better albums of 2007.

Ryan Prado