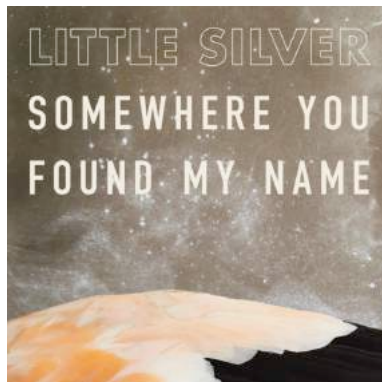


Review: New band Little Silver has familiar, delicious vibe

BY SCOTT STROUD

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Little Silver, "Somewhere You Found My Name" (Record Park)

If the debut album by Little Silver, an intriguing folk-rock quartet out of Brooklyn, has echoes of the spacy jangle-rock of the late 1990s and early 2000s, so what? Some of that stuff never got the attention it deserved.

And while "Somewhere You Found My Name" may not venture far from its predecessors in any singular way, it works a pretty sweet spot to gorgeous effect.

Listen, for example, to a cut called "Anytown" and hear echoes of the New Pornographers. The brew of ethereal harmonies, majestic arrangements and gentle melodies proves there was more precious metal in those hills.

Little Silver was borne of the marriage of Steve Curtis, an old folkie, and Erika Simonian, who worked in various bands with a harder edge. They write descriptively — "the crooked ceiling fan blew dust across the floor" in a track called "Ghosts of This Town." In "You Slept Through Summer," an evocative sonic journey through the passing of time, the words themselves are so rich they feel like instruments.

But words, generally speaking, serve mostly as adornments to the music, which has enough muscle to keep you from running for the anti-depressants.

The album is built on delicate harmony, and Simonian's voice, in particular, is lovely. In fact, it might be its similarity to that of Neko Case, whose voice carried the Pornographers to great heights, that beckons that comparison.

It's good company; Little Silver has shown it belongs there.