

these Jersey rockers had an epiphany: Their cheeky lyrics and song titles might be better suited to music that was a bit more fun. Last year's *On Top* fused their serious angular rock to a heavy new dose of big-balled AC/DC riffage, with satisfyingly chunky, attitude-filled results. *Jersey Girls* is another half-hour of the same, again recorded with Steve Albini and nodding to cock rock of the past while keeping a foot in heavy indie-land. The song titles help tell the story, including "Communication Breakdance," "Paradise By The Marlboro Light" and "ZZ Topless." [Tiger Style, www.tigerstylerecords.com]

—Josh Modell

SILKWORM

YOU ARE DIGNIFIED

Silkworm used to go down like a Hendrix-distilled shot of firewater (see 1996's *Firewater*); now the Chicago band drowns itself in the aged whiskey barrel of song. What's remarkable about *You Are Dignified* is the proximity of the peers essayed: These songs penned by Pavement, Bedhead, Robbie Fulks and Nina Nastasia still have legs of their own, but Silkworm's run-throughs rustify them nicely via downcast strums and Andy Cohen's mandolin. Only the Shellac cover ("Prayer To God"), featuring the recurring lyrics "Kill him/Just fucking kill him," sounds suspect as a country ballad; Tim Midgett's voice doesn't give it the gravitas it could've achieved in the throat of Johnny Cash, who could've really put a "Hurt" on it. [Touch And Go, www.tgrec.com]

—Matthew Fritch

STATISTICS

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Denver Dalley, the tallest Desaparecido, stands a pretty good chance of winning the umpteenth paternity suit against *OK Computer*. He's mega-dyspeptic but can't stop himself from churning out hooks a la his fave fadbusters. "Cure Me" reminds you that Robert Smith's song structures are all over this thing and "(A Flashback)" recalls the products of Eric Bachmann's twisted digits. The laptop symphonics and Aereogramme blasts can't prevent this EP from scoring par on every hole of indie-rock putt-putt, and the ho-hum lyrics suggest the two instrumentals, while pleasant enough, are the result of Dalley not having much else to say. [Jade Tree, www.jadetree.com]

—William Bowers

SUGGESTIONS

MIX TAPE

John Brodeur was the toast of the power-pop underground thanks to 2000's *Tiger Pop*, an album as shamelessly derivative as it was lovingly true to the usual suspects: Beatles, Zombies and Badfinger. On *Mix Tape*, Brodeur's Suggestions take a shine to (in no particular order) Weezer, Mr. Brady, the



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