

released their second and final proper LP, *Jane From Occupied Europe*, in 1980. Expanded studio time and recording capabilities—and, more importantly, the Maps' maturation as musicians and composers—meant *Jane* brought to fruition what had only previously existed in the band's dreams. With such a strong commitment to experimentation, the Maps were never destined for mass appeal, but they left behind a trail that led to such destinations as Pavement and Sonic Youth. **DON SIMPSON**

ΨΨΨΨ

Steve Turner And His Bad Ideas

Steve Turner And His Bad Ideas
(Roslyn)

Mudhoney are hardly known as lovesick balladeers, so when guitarist Steve Turner's debut solo album, *Searching For Melody*, turned out to be a collection of wistful ballads with nods to Townes Van Zandt and Phil Ochs, the results weren't all that convincing. Thankfully, *Steve Turner And His Bad Ideas* reduces the folk a bit and adds a pinch of rock—to a much more satisfying effect. Turner has a pleasingly country-fried voice, and dulcet numbers such as "A Beautiful Winter" are reminiscent of Steve Earle and Gene Clark, but contributions from White Stripes collaborators Liam Watson and Holly Golightly (among others) lend the album a playful, personal edge that *Searching For Melody* lacked. And while Turner's physical transformation from chic geek to bearded mountain man still seems bizarre, at least his musical shift to mature sensitive artist now makes a lot more sense. **THOMAS PATTERSON**

ΨΨΨΨΨ

Gary Wilson

Mary Had Brown Hair
(Stones Throw)

Gary Wilson is sort of like that member of your family who you love but just wish they wouldn't say those things at the dinner table. With *Mary Had Brown Hair*, Wilson's musical reawakening after a 25-year hiatus, we find the troubled and talented songwriter picking up where he left off, displaying signs of puppy love and de Clérambault's syndrome over porno-esque smooth bedroom funk. It's classic Wilson, capturing the same velour sounds of the '70s and still ruminating on themes of longing and sexual frustration. It's weird, wonderful and, well, really creepy. If Mary does indeed exist, she's gotta be freaked out by this disturbing tribute.

MAURICE S. TEILMANN

Ψ

Wolf Eyes

Burned Mind
(Sub Pop)



Burned Mind was born of frustration filtered through an assortment of sonic assaults, strangled screams and mutilated melodies. It's an aural attack on your speakers, with its gurgling vocals spread across thundering cut-up tapes, electronics, guitars, horns and evil ingenuity. Kudos to Sub Pop for having the audacity to release this record, but for the most part this Michigan trio is simply irritating.

BEN SCHULMAN

ΨΨΨΨ

Wrangler Brutes

Zulu
(Kill Rock Stars)

Made up of the better halves of seminal L.A. thrash bands Nazti Skinz and Born Against, Wrangler Brutes have more hardcore credibility than Traci Lords. Taking it up a notch, their second album, *Zulu*, was recorded by Steve Albini, and the results are blissfully painful. It's probably safe to assume the Brutes aren't huge fans of the Bush administration. Recorded in a mere five days, the loud, fast and unforgiving *Zulu* is an 18-track assault on government, politicians, gas prices and all-around white-collar corruption. **STEVE "FLASH" LATRELL**

ΨΨΨΨ

Various Artists

Future Soundtrack For America
(Barsuk)

Everyone from Bruce Springsteen to Eminem weighed in on the presidential election, so why not the indie-rock community, too? However, few of the 22 songs on this fundraising comp—a joint project with MoveOn.org and Music For America—are overtly political. Instead, it features a laundry list of underground favorites checking in with new or rare cuts. Flaming Lips live is good, but Jimmy Eat World covering Guided By Voices' "Game Of Pricks" is better. Throw in David Byrne, Tom Waits, Fountains Of Wayne and Nada Surf, and you have a collection that will keep your head nodding long after the tears of November have dried up and been washed away. **FRANK VALISH**

Moving Pictures

DVD Reviews By Nick Dedina

The first thing you notice on *Devo's Live In The Land Of The Rising Sun: Japan 2003* (Music Video Distributors) is that Japanese teens still love everyone's favorite spuds from Akron, OH. The second thing you notice is that the members of Devo have aged into actually looking like guys from the Midwest (black shorts and chunky thighs being the look of choice). The third thing you notice is that Devo completely rock. And if you don't notice any of those things—what's wrong with you? Pay attention, it's Devo! Great nostalgia concert with bonus interviews, tour documentary and an awesome live clip of Devo from 1980 that captures their punk anger in a way that their studio records rarely did.

Live! At CBGB 1977 tells you everything you need to know about MVD's new disc from *Dead Boys*. Ohio's other revolutionary outfit was actually pretty successful in the late '70s, and its debut, *Young Loud And Snotty*, was one of the best punk platters ever made. Live, singer/doomed soul Stiv Bators makes Iggy Pop's moves his own, while the band's songs combine The Ramones' intelligence and stupidity, The Heartbreakers' rock, and Dead Boys' own brand of seething rage.

Take Devo's art-school manifesto, multiply it by a million, and then work really hard to make it suck big time, and you get *The Residents Commercial DVD* (Mute)—released in tandem with the 25th anniversary CD reissue of *The Residents Commercial Album*—which features 56 one-minute boring-ass videos. I like the photo with the eyeball guys in the tuxes and top hats, but have any of their fans actually listened to the music? The Residents are like Synclavier-era Frank Zappa minus the instrumental virtuosity—only worse! On the other hand, the *Grey Area Of Mute* DVD re-release of *Double Vision Presents Cabaret Voltaire* gives you all of the pretentiousness of The Residents, but Cabaret Voltaire make it work with a headache-inducing mix of disco synths, industrial bleats and European art-school zeal (Smoke ciggies! Read Kant! Argue about the effects of dialectical imperialism!).

Like a wine-bar Cabaret Voltaire gone romantically down-tempo (or, like Björk without the elfin whimsy and swollen ankles), *Goldfrapp's Wonderful Electric—Live In London* (Mute) shows the wisdom of dressing up your art-school pretensions in miniskirts and thigh-high boots. Goldfrapp have a

rich studio sound, so they're surprisingly good live, but the two concerts here look and feel the same—even with different setlists. *The London Suede* (or, to real fans, just Suede) are a livelier bunch in concert, as seen in MVD's DVD reissue of *Introducing The Band*. I was never a huge fan of Suede, but their music has aged very well—they clearly deserve more attention than they've received. There's a lot of strong bonus material here, including a funny segment where band members wince as they review their old videos, showing off a self-deprecating sense of humor that their songs often lack.

On the other side of the coin, *Jonathan Richman's Take Me Out To The Plaza* (Vapor/Sanctuary) illustrates that worthwhile careers can be built upon studied artlessness. Richman's performances, like his songs, are modest affairs that can offer supreme entertainment. That said, this concert DVD doesn't capture what can make his shows special. However, the interviews make *Take Me Out* worthwhile, where the truly eccentric Richman talks about the influence of the "Zorro" TV theme on his work and describes the joy of hearing The Velvet Underground for the first time.