

MICHAEL MOLEND
 Juliana Hatfield,
In Exile Deo
 Randi Joy,
Beyond the Shadows
 David Bowie,
Aladdin Sane
 ART THOMPSON
 Prince, *Musicology*
 Loretta Lynn,
Van Lear Rose
 J.J. Cale,
To Tulsa and Back
 Fela Kuti, *Expensive*
 S**t/He Miss Road

RANTS AND RAVES

inflected fingerpicking. Featuring highlights from recent shows in England, Germany, Austria, and Belgium, the album contains an inspiring mix of jangly grooves, snappy riffs, jazzy chording, and wistful melodies. Though the program consists primarily of originals, he also tackles "Purple Haze," as well as a swinging medley of "All of Me" and "Sweet Georgia Brown" that brings down the house. **Acoustic Music.** —Andy Ellis



PESACH CHAIM

I'm a Baal Teshuvah

Pesach Chaim is an Orthodox Jewish guitarist who was inspired by "a voice in his head" to play Jewish heavy metal. He admits to suffering from schizophrenia. He is also one serious and dedicated musician with formidable marketing chops. Unfortunately, *I'm a Baal Teshuvah* is defined by the things that Chaim is not. He's a decent soloist, but his riffs are about as heavy as a low-carb snack, and his songwriting is innocent of hooks. I'll certainly give the guy a kudo or two for self-producing this album in his 16-track home studio, but his production

chops are idiosyncratic at best. Amateurish and frequently off-pitch vocals are mixed far above the backing tracks, the sample/MIDI-generated drums are totally stiff, and the guitar tones are thin and wimpy in the extreme. Unlike classic heavy metal records, *I'm a Baal Teshuvah* does not grab you by the throat, kick you in the stomach, or inspire various forms of mayhem. There's too much missing here, and the project collapses almost by design. I applaud Chaim's commitment to his vision, but in the brutal and grossly unfair business of music, devotion is simply not enough. You need chops. **cdfreedom.com.** —Michael Molenda

DVD



IGGY POP & THE STOOGES

Live in Detroit

Iggy Pop is one crazy-ass, hyped-up, Adonis-muscle American treasure. Sure, he's a little grotesque, as well—50-plus-year-olds aren't supposed to

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have skin that's tighter than dried rawhide, or spin around stages yabbering about being someone's dog. But this sort-of Stooges reunion (original bassist Dave Alexander was replaced by indie legend Mike Watt) proves that true rebels never let something as wimp-oid as a few extra years trip up their angst, charisma, or libido. Even being well aware of the Iggy's Dorian Gray complex, I was still surprised at his vitality and investment.

He's definitely not just putting on some kind of revival show for the kids. Cohorts Ron (guitar) and Scott (drums) Asheton can still deliver all the sloppy funk and drive of a snotty garage band with something to prove—which means this isn't so much about watching old men relive their youth, as it is about being pummeled into submission by 50-year-old thugs. The DVD's sound is clear and punchy, and an added bonus is a

record shop performance by the original trio where the songs are stripped down to nothing but raw power. **MVD/Creem.** —Michael Molenda

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