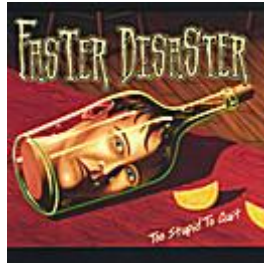


Mp3 Faster Disaster - Too Stupid To Quit



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"This is the best rock roll yer gonna hear all year." 10 MP3 Songs ROCK: Psychedelic, ROCK: Hard
Rock Details: CD Review - "Too Stupid To Quit" Man, this is real fun stuff The band hails from Seattle and mix humor and irreverence with a good dose of hard rocking music. Think the Mentors, but without the pornographic references The CD begins with the ominous Snake. A great guitar riff and lyrics! Watching Her Die is more a heavy blues rocker with Lynne singing the lead vocal. It reminds me a bit of the early L7 stuff. Steve has a lot of cool fuzzed, phased guitar sounds and mixes them up really well on the CD. Drain Pipe is a more fuzzed out garagy number and Steve's voice really reminds me of Jello Biafra. Headful of Lice is a cool slow song with great words. Petting Zoo is a fast song with a great bouncy bass line that really grabs you. The vocal delivery is really different on this song. Such a Pain has a really deranged guitar riff and sound and again Jello comes to mind. The CD ends with the excellent title track and a great fuzz guitar. Dead Kennedys meets L7 meets the Mentors! This band is clever, funny, tongue in cheek and they rock. Great stuff! -Scott Heller, Aural Innovations, #29 October 2004 About the Band...
FASTER DISASTER is a crack team of sonic engineers specializing in the high-velocity sculpting and transmitting of air movements in the realm of futuristic acid-rock, usually in dark and cavernous underground surrounds. Precariously cemented together by the percussive equilibrium of the haggard garage-rock veteran Craig Beytebiere, buoyed by the voluminous subterranean disturbances of performance artist and body-sculptress Lynne Nakamura, and eviscerated by the pile-driving pissed-offering of the ever-bleating Esteban Buenomuchacho, FASTER DISASTER brings together these unique and Byzantine talents in a savagely relentless (and sometimes relentlessly savage) quest for the mystic renaissance of sonic transcendence. Since FASTER DISASTER has never been exactly what it could be, it stands to reason that it could never be again exactly what it has been. Which, of course,

shoots bullet holes the size of freight tunnels through every cheese-missile their slime-toothed critics have ever lobbed from behind their pulsatingly pink barricades. Bury them with a spoon, a syringe, and an ice cream scoop if you will, but remember that like any fetid self-propelling worm, they thrive in the verdant underworld, free of the taints and impurities of the vaporous swill of the jack-booted domain inhabited by the gaseous ones. Others may seize the day, but FASTER DISASTER shall forever steal the night. Their quest that is not a quest but a trek is as simple as it is complex, and as elusive as it is near-to-hand. Much has been written about the mythical beasts of modern music, but the murderously vainglorious truth remains all-too-often trite, banal, and unexceptional. It would not be quite true to say that FASTER DISASTER is reshaping the contours of the contemporary soundscape, or that it channels the pulsing musings and dictates of some gigantic imperial lungfish high in the blustery vapor-scarred sky. It would not be quite true to say that FASTER DISASTER has plundered the vaults of heavy metal, punk, classic rock, neo-boogie polka, stoner bliss, prog-jazz, and electro-flamenco just to create some sort of thrashing, wheezing, creaking hybrid. But it would not be entirely false to say so either, and it is in the dark, dull-green limbo-never-neverland between truth and falsity, night and day, time and eternity, that the contradiction and transfabulation we have come to know as FASTER DISASTER dwells with wicked, frothing, stealthy delight. The serpents of time will surely lie about the final outcome, just as they will with jaundice-eye cast a disparaging gaze upon the rotting carcasses that stare silently in the wake of a boisterous, ravaging assault of the sort seen all-too-often amidst the churning human tides of deafening, mind-sucking midnight rituals. Secret handshakes, invisible links, coded ciphers, and transparent uniforms may not a following make, but when the haze has cleared from the dawn of discovery the tribal empire that has arisen from the ashen rubble in tribute to the cacophonous deluge of downbeat delirium will surely rescue us all from the unfathomable fates that await the anti-sainted. Let it not be said that FASTER DISASTER offers salvation, recreation, destination, or untoward contemplation. The goal is not in the eye of the beholder, but in the mote that slithers like scum across the swamp-water mirror of your own reflection. Rise. Seize the crooked staff. Secure the scarf of debauched and debased ecstasy to your nodding noggin. Bring the vapid techno-destiny of the insanity fantasy to its hydraulic-robotic knees and force the smoking demon corpses of ancient times to their hardened, sandaled-feet. It is your choice. We bring you the power. Flee the barbed tendrils of the imp of the contemptuous and tediously commonplace that snap at your heels and suck at your wounds with venomous tongues. FASTER DISASTER is merely

the grimly preternatural and gleefully otherworldly soundtrack to your necessary and sacrosanct escape.

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