



L.A.'s Faster Pussycat (from left to right: Eric Stacy, Brett Bradshaw, Taime Downe, Greg Steele and Brent Muscat) just released its second LP 'Whipped.'

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Faster Pussycat gets 'Whipped'

by Jonathan Weber

Say good bye to the last of the Mohicans, the last of the Hollywood strip glam-rockers. Faster Pussycat is down for the count. Sad but true, the band's latest disc *Whipped* is but a long, sharp nail in their little kitty-coffin.

With the exception of a few tracks reminiscent of the old days ("Body Thief" and "Jack The Bastard"), it seems the years have

whipped the life right out of poor old Faster Pussycat.

Faster Pussycat stormed onto the Hollywood club scene in 1986 with enough fury to rival the big boys at the time—Mötley Crüe. One year later, Faster Pussycat released their self-titled debut LP. Two years of touring and many MTV videos later, their second release *Wake Me When It's Over* yielded their first top-40 hit "House Of Pain," and propelled

their second effort to gold status.

All this, only to fizzle out like a pile of smoldering old tires in the rain; fizzling out into the silliness of their buddies—Poison and Guns N' Roses.

Now, barely more than pomp and circumstance and self-indulgence, Faster Pussycat's indifferent attitude toward listeners is a stark reflection of the unengaging material to be found on *Whipped*.

"It's like it says in that song ("Cat Bash"), we don't give a shit what the fuck you think", declares front-man Taime Downe. "We don't really care if you like it or not." In further declaratives, the band raves on about a real tough brow-beating they took on the "Sally Jesse Raphael Show."

Faster Pussycat hasn't been sheltered from the progressive L.A. metal scene. The funky track "Out With A Bang" borrows heavily from the Red Hot Chili Peppers which, by the way, spices up the monotonous, droning pace established by the band.

In addition, Downe's vocal debauchery numbs the already instrumentally paralyzed *Whipped* even more. Instead of effective, quick-moving power-screams delivered on previous releases, Downe is caught in vocal molasses as heard in "Only One Way Out" and "Friends."

Pointless horn sections bleat their che-e-e-zzy arrangements, second in absurdity only to the juvenile lyrics they accompany in the sexual innuendo-ridden "Big Dictionary."

Evidently raw power crept north to Seattle where bands like Pearl Jam, Nirvana, and Alice In Chains picked up the ball where Faster Pussycat dropped it. Will Faster Pussycat be able to recover this latest musical nose-dive before they crash head-long into reality? Are they doomed to suffer the fate of their elder contemporaries (i.e. Poison, Ratt, Dokken) who have fallen by the wayside; victims of their own super-inflated egos?

An apology in the form of a forthcoming first-rate disc may not come soon enough. The pitbull jaws of obscurity may take the last bite. One thing is certain: Faster Pussycat can't ignore the economic whuppin' it'll take from *Whipped*.