

QUITTER

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“Motley Crue sold out a 13,000 seat arena before they even got signed, and they probably got ten different types of head.”

Ah, the perils of Rock & Roll Decadence. That pretty much sums up Quitter for you: they're like a little slice of Hollywood right here in Boston. Their excess is already legendary, and unlike many of the pill-gobbling grass zombies currently championing “the rock”, Quitter have the tunes to support the lifestyle. Led by the dynamic song-writing duo of Hassin and guitarist Ian Ross, (expatriates from Boston riff rawk kings Roadsaw), Quitter have all the head-getting vocal hooks and six-string swagger you've come to expect from true rock stars, held down by the consummate battery and low end thrust of Craig Riggs and Bob Maloney, respectively. Quitter is not in the habit of “sending one out to the ladies.” They're all for the ladies...

Ross' periodic stints as touring guitarist with stoner commandos Nebula has only confirmed his suspicions that if you want to do it right, you've got to do it with somebody who can sing. Enter Hari Hassin, who—unbeknownst to the public at large—was in possession of a platinum falsetto and the uncanny ability to transform a song into an anthem. Joe Perry/Steven Tyler, Jimmy Page/Robert Plant, Slash n' Axl—you pick 'em—Ross and Hassin have got the goods. The rest of the Quitter brigade fell into place as if orchestrated deus ex machina, as Bob Maloney had recently split with his band Milligram, and fellow Roadsaw refugee Craig Riggs formed the remaining cog in Quitter's wheel of destiny. From there, everything took on the rosy hue of unlimited success.

The antidote to the so-called “stoner rock” phenomenon, Quitter are bringing it all back home, with a Marlboro in one hand and a rolled-up C-note in the other. After slugging it out in sweaty dives across the US and Europe with the aforementioned Roadsaw, Hassin, Ross and Riggs are now ready for the bright lights and big titties of international super-stardom. Ross' and Hassin's current high profile gigs with Blue Man Group have only whetted their appetites for the Astrodome, the Hollywood Bowl and Castle Donnington.

Flash, flash, flash...

When you say you're better than everybody, do you mean everybody?

Hari Hassin: “Yeah”

If Marc Bolan had taken a cab, he'd be listening to Quitter right now. If Jim Morrison could handle his liquor, he'd be listening to Quitter. If Axl Rose still knew anything about Rock & Roll, he'd be listening to Quitter.

Quitter is six-figure rock for the modern age; a silver-studded sabre-toothed dream in an azure sky. All glamour and gleam, pyrotechnics and topless dancers, 20-foot stainless steel logos and blood red deep pile carpeting, fog machines and purple haze. A blaze of ego and arrogance, champagne and lobster, black stretch limousines and fine white blow, Brazilian supermodels and French cigarettes, Ibiza and Versailles, snakeskin boots and mirrored lenses, amyl nitrate and menage a trois, Playboy mansion, Rodeo Drive, Bo Derek, Steve McQueen. It may very well explode in a cloud of cocaine and a flurry of fistfights one day, but that's VH-1's problem. Til then, Quitter is here to get it on.