An entirely logical and almost mythical collaboration, this joining of the two greatest studio bands in the history of audio recording has arrived with surprisingly little hype or fanfare. Undeservedly so as it is a thoroughly enjoyable album, albeit with less reinventing the wheel (or inventing some new shape to replace the wheel) than is expected from a pair of groups that are both known for their adventures in the studio.

Considering the massive influence Faust have had on Nurse With Wound (with Stapleton as a young man famously travelling to the group's headquarters at Wumme only to find Faust were off on tour), it is nearly asking for either an anticlimax or a masterpiece yet it is neither. Yes, there are moments of absolute sonic majesty; the hypnotic, motorik rhythms of "Lass Mich" being blended into smoky ambiences is a stunning start to the album. This was the kind of magic I was hoping for. Yet from here on the album never returns to the sense of urgency and power of the opening song. This is not a problem or a major criticism but after getting so pumped and then left to stagger through the rest of the album wondering "Where has all the muscle gone?" is a bewildering experience. However, after a few listens I settled back in and the other three tracks reveal their own charming characters.

There are times when the music is unmistakably Stapleton and Potter—the time stretched vocals and ethereal drones of the title track being obvious hallmarks of Nurse With Wound—but it would be fallacious to suggest that they are the main drive behind the sound. Faust (in this case consisting of Jean-Herve Peron, Zappi Diermaier and Amaury Cambuzat) bring an awful lot to the table, some of the material here sounds like it could have come from the classic recording sessions at Wumme, the band sounding as vibrant now as in their youth. Diermaier's percussion (when it is not obscured under layers of post-production transformations) is full of raw energy but is as precise as a surgeon. Peron's bass on "It Will Take Time" is a simple two-note refrain but resonates like the hull of a ship hit with a very large hammer.
The symbiosis between the two groups comes naturally, although with all the studio trickery it is hard to tell where one band begins and the other ends. However, the studio trickery on offer is a bit old hat for anyone who is familiar with either group's repertoire. Granted it all sounds brilliant but at times I feel like there should be some sonic epiphany that lives up to the legend of both sets of artists. That being said, any Nurse With Wound fans who have not ventured out into the world of Faust should be inspired by this to go out and explore the jaw dropping back catalogue amassed by the group. Equally, I can only hope that curious Faust fans will pick up on Steven Stapleton's work on the strength of *Disconnected* and see where Faust might have gone if they did not lose their access to Polydor's generous chequebook. Of course, fans of both will probably spend hours wondering where to shelve the album.

*Disconnected* may not be a *Faust Tapes* or a *Soliloquy for Lilith* for the 21st century but at the very least it answers a big "what if" question. Its best moments shine brightly and at worst it is not a million miles away from some of Nurse With Wound's more recent output (and really that is not a bad place to be at all). Hopefully this will mark just the beginning of a long lasting working relationship between the various parties, more live shows and further studio experiments are, needless to say, welcome.

samples:

- [Lass Mich](#)
- [Disconnected](#)
- [It Will Take Time](#)