

October 1992

DAISY CHAINSAW

If any man have an ear, let him hear.

--Revelations 13:9

Daisy Chainsaw is the Book of Revelations for the Blind. The analogy is a simple one: Hunter Thompson put it best when he described the Revelations' "wild power of the language and the purity of the madness that governs it and makes music." This, friends, *is* Daisy Chainsaw.

This UK quartet has been making quite a noise in the charts, pubs and press of their native land. The London-based neo-r-dowells—vocalist Katie Jane Garside, a bit paranoid and a bunch insecure; guitarist/songwriter, and sometimes cross-dresser, Crispin Grey; "bass-wielder and part-time belcher," Richard Adams and Vince Johnson, "the Canadian with the drumsticks, the specs and the bad mustard slacks"—have drawn the attention of even the oldest authors.

"Behold a pale horse," Revelations admonishes, referring, of course, to the mare adorning Daisy Chainsaw's A&M debut, **LOVESICK PLEASURE**—an EP the band described as "music for people without friends, to rearrange the deranged and entertain the estranged." The public has obviously taken heed. Its first single, "Love Your Money," a Crampy, sarcastic swipe at the record business, bounced its way up to #1 in the UK independent charts and fared equally well in the U.S. Their second single, the relentless "Pink Flower," followed suit—to very little surprise, considering the bands decidedly independent musical musings.

Daisy Chainsaw is a dog with sharper teeth—a rabid dog, barking, snarling, growling snapping at the tails of others. A versatile entity, it hatches a sundry of supersonics ranging from a psychobilly, X-Ray Speesy whimsy; to a lubeless gear-meshing cacophony; to a brackish, Big Blackish *Klangfarbe* capable of crushing brick to powder. What can this be the soundtrack to? "That's a hard question," says Katie, "cause when we do it, it's so self-indulgent. We don't think any further than ourselves." "What self-indulgent act is Daisy Chainsaw music for?" ponders Crispin. "I think anything that represents personal trauma," decides Katie.

Trauma is a central theme for these kids. They are uncertain, not sure, directionless...nail-biting and looking a bit ill at ease. Katie resembles a recently revived drowning victim, washed ashore, muddied with bits of twig in her hair. She seldom wears shoes, and often wears nothing more than a mangy nightgown or sheet wrapped around her frail body—resembling a waif straight from the pages of *Oliver Twist*. Add daisies to her looks and a wide-eyed stare, and her tattered, penniless looks take on the image of a flowerchild from the Summer of '29. Understandably, she's frequently on the hated receiving end of "eyeballs out" gawking (a problem she avoids by casting the occasional invisibility spell), but her fashion (non)sense does make it easier to pack. "I never take anything I'm meant to," Katie laughs. The men, on the other hand, dress fancifully—particularly live. "I encourage men to wear dresses," Crispin merrily asserts.

Their shows, which Katie Jane describes as "lust for life—the ultimate euphoria" are nothing less than a real-life Tex Avery cartoon. As the set progresses, she thrashes about, shrieking, and pelting Crispin with elbows, fists, and lipstick slashes, while Richard writhes his back thumping his



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bass and Vince pummels his kit like a manical carpenter trying stick a bent nail.

October marks the release of Daisy Chainsaw's first album, the self-produced **ELEVENTEEN**. "Eleven," Katie explains, "is a number Crispin's always used, and it has a lot of relevance to me, having to do with the I Ching on the level of the recurring number in my life. The number Eleven represents peace, creativity, contentment. Eleventeen is confusion."

ELEVENTEEN features both hit UK singles, "*Love Your Money*" and "*Pink Flower*." as well as ten other aggressive tracks. Side one is highlighted by the frightening slow song, "*Hope Your Dreams Come True*," Crispin's bath-taking vocal unveiling, "*Natural Man*," and "*You Be My Friend*", "*Lovely Ugly Brutal World*," the mad longing "*Use Me Use You*" ("Nice to have a friend/just when you need one/don't try to pretend/that you don't need one"); "*The Future*," pulling Katie—kicking, screaming and puking—across a bed of hot guitars; and "*Everything Is Weird*" with radio tuning oddly reminiscent of avant-garde pioneer John Cage's *Imaginary Landscape #4: Concert For Twelve Radios and 24 Performers*—an unknown allusion, as Crispin and Katie were unaware of Cage's career, and eerily ironic in that it was recorded immediately prior to his unexpected death.

ELEVENTEEN is a tattoo on the arm of the adventurous; it gets under your skin and stays with you forever—or at least until it's removed by medical science. It was written in a language possessed with a wild, crazy power, and the madness that governs it is starkly pure. This friends, is what makes it music.

And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of (Daisy Chainsaw).

--Revelations 13:1