

# the denture

The Gappy Tooth Industries Magazine

Issue 9 January 06



Cartoon by Tempo Lush

In the echoing room the alarm bell sounded huge and alien. Martin shoved me toward the exit. "No need to fret," he said, but I noticed him rubbing his hands together briskly, and quickened my pace. At the exit the electronic door wouldn't open. Martin thumped it and swore but to no avail. "OK. Back stairs. Tradesmen's exit," he said, in a higher, agitated voice, not even looking at me as he spun around, the alarm vast and echoing, clanging into our minds, making thought difficult. He wrenched open a service door hidden by a pile of empty film canisters and dived through. I heard his sharp gasp of surprise, but at first his bulky body was obscuring the view through the door. When he stumbled back, I could see for myself. Down the stairs, bouncing clumsily, blocking any hope of escape, tumbled prams.

Thousands of prams.

Richard Catalogue



Photograph by Helen Polson

**ANSWERS**  
**ACROSS** 1. Nephilim (fields of Thal) 6. Pop 9. Ubu (Pavel) 10. De La Soul  
 11. Blue (Nile) 12. Ike 13. Reg (Dwight) 14. FM 15. Pure (Ubu) 17. G Tips  
 19. Divo 22. Virgin Prunes 23. Nile (Blue) 24. EMF 27. Edmunds 30. Ian Gillen  
**DOWN** 2. Eweny 3. House Of Love 4. Louper (Cyril) 5. Midnight Oil 6. Pulse  
 7. Zombies 8. Slapper 14. Devil 18. Screem (Primal) 20. Primal (Scream) 21. Lee  
 23. Gene 26. Tim (Machine) 28. Ute (Midge) 29. Don (McLeary)

**Mark Sollis,**  
**Popular**  
**Workshop**  
**& Holiday**  
**Stabbings**

Poetry  
 Creative writing  
 Art  
 Photography

February previewed  
 Don't miss a thing!  
**Free**

[www.gappytooth.com](http://www.gappytooth.com)

## Editorial

Welcome back to the Denture after the Christmas hiatus. What are you hoping for from 2006? Whether it is an end to Shane Warne's (or whatever he's called, you know, the Pop idol fella) tenure at the top of the hit parade, Michael Barrymore to be accidentally locked in the Big Brother house for the rest of the year while we watch him go slightly mad(der) or simply a nice new t-shirt, you can be guaranteed that Gappy Tooth Industries and the Denture will be here to guide you through the finer things in life that are oft overlooked.

This issue has probably shaped up to be the finest one yet, with a good spread of content and the addition of a couple of new items, namely the crossword by Paul Carrera of Nightshift fame, and the cartoon courtesy of Tempo Lush. You may notice that for the first time we're one short on the artist questionnaire front. Mark Sollis didn't get around to filling his out in time, but he's a pleasant enough fella, so feel free to accost him if you want to know what he'd have answered.

Many of the poems by A F Harrold that have featured in this and previous issues of the Denture appear on his new album 'Between A Yak and a Hard Place', very reasonably priced and available from his website listed below.

So, enjoy perusing this issue and feel free to send contributions of any kind to the e-mail address below.

Cheers  
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Cover photo by Helen Polson

In a new series James Evans regales us with tales of his shopping experiences. In part one he gets his jeans on.

## My New Jeans

No two pairs of jeans are ever the same you know, even when the measurements suggest otherwise. After getting by on just two pairs of jeans for nearly a year I purchased a pair of pre-faded boot cut jeans around April time that measured a 28 inch waist. Six months later I'm buying jeans with a 30 inch waist that feel tighter than the ones bought in April. This is commonplace in the world of denim. What one learns from this is to always try on before buying. Although even this is no guarantee of success because of the way denim can react to multiple washing.

I hadn't been happy to the way my last pair had reacted to washing. It was my own fault really, my own impetuosity. In my desperation to find a pair of jeans that I could wear without a belt (not that I would of course, but I wanted a jean that hugged my waist) I rushed in like a fool and bought a pair of jeans that had been 'pre-worn', presumably to save me the trouble. Never do this kids. I'm not saying you can't buy a jean of a paler colour, just don't buy a pair that try to replicate the creases and faded lines around the groin and the rear of the knee that come with repeated wear. Such lines need to occur naturally, a by-product of ones own activity, otherwise they just look phoney.

So this time I decided to keep it dark and play the waiting game. I already have a wonderful pair of looser faded indigo boot cut jeans that had been very dark when I first bought them but now just over a year later were perfect in colour, if not in fit. A perfect example of what is necessary when buying jeans if ever I needed one. It took a while, pre-wear seems to be de-rigueur at the moment, but I found a pair of indigo 507's in *Jeans West* off Oxford street for the reasonable sum of £35. The 30 inch waist is nearer 29 - my actual dimension - and the 32 inch leg probably a tad shorter too. Not a problem when the boot cut's not too wide, which they aren't in this case. So now all I've got to do is be patient and within a year I should have the perfect jean. By which time of course it will probably be time to replace that nice looser pair.

*James D Evans*

## QUIZWORD by Paul Carrera

### ACROSS

1. Out "Of The Fields", Carl McCoy had the last word (8)
6. James Osterburg became Iggy \_ \_ \_ (3)
9. Second part of 15 Across (4,3)
10. "Me Myself & I" and "Magic Number" were hits for (2,2,4)
- 11 & 23 Across "Tinsel Town In The Rain" and "Downtown Lights" were their brilliant singles in '84 and '89 (4,4)
12. Tina Turner's dodgy first husband (3)
13. Shortened version of Elton John's real christian name (3)
14. Steely Dan single, made for radio? (2)
- 15 & 9 Across. Seventies New Wave Art-Rockers for whom "The Modern Dance" and "Dub Housing" were their best albums (4,3)
17. Paul Young's first band (1,4)
19. "Whip It" Q: Are We Not Men, A: We Are \_ \_ \_ \_ (4)
22. Bono's first band, Nubile Plums? (6,6)
23. Second part of 11 across
24. "Unbelievable" they are now with Reeves and Mortimer (3)
27. Dave "I Hear You Knocking" in the seventies (7) (Surname)
30. Full name of second and best Deep Purple singer (3,6)
31. Guitarist David Evans, 'Moved Gradually To The Border'? (4)

### DOWN

2. Brothers for whom "Cathy's Clown" was No. 1. (6)
3. Guy Chadwick helped them 'Shine On' in 1987 (5,2,4)
4. Surname of girl who wanted to have fun "Time After Time" (6)
5. How could they sleep when their "Beds Are Burning" (8,3)
6. Throbbing Pink Floyd album, with light on the CD (5)
7. Colin Blunstone, Rod Argent sixties band, risen from the dead? (7)
8. Saporic band for whom Louise Weiner is a "Delicious" babe (7)
16. INXS single "..... Inside" (5)
18. Second part of 20 Down
20. Bobby Gillespie became "Loaded" with this band (6,6) 1st Part
21. 'Leapy ...' had a sixties hit with "Little Arrows" (3)
25. Martin Rossiers' "Olympian" hereditary factor? (4)
26. Metal of David Bowie's disastrous machine (3)
28. Midge left 'Slik' and took over from John Foxx (3) (Surname)
29. Christian name of singer/writer of "American Pie" (3)

though," he said, introducing a new, introspective tone into his repertoire, "this stretch of carpet here. Supposed to be lush and red. Keeps fading to a sort of beige really quickly. It's also a bit damp. Funny thing, as we've got the best humidity regulators going. Can't fathom it. Doesn't really matter: we'd just like it to look a little more special on the way back to the world. Oh well, " he shrugged, his grin resurfacing, "the end's too late, isn't it? We've got them by then! Nobody ever made his fortune by polishing the exit signs".

The return to full size hit me hard. Martin allowed me a decent rest and a half-decent scotch before we visited the next gallery. Constable's head contained many prints of his most famous works along with vintage tea towels and coasters depicting them. It was fine, apart from a rather chill wind that blew through the chamber.

"Quite a breeze, isn't it?" Martin asked.  
"Substantially more, I'd say." I rubbed my upper

arms.

"Yeah. Another mystery. We're all sealed in, in here. I don't know. Maybe the physics is odd at this size, perhaps. I'm sure my techy boys will sort it out before opening, though."

I was becoming used to the ravages of FV, and only needed five minutes to recuperate this time. A slim woman in a smart but figure hugging grey suit came over with a concerned look in her eyes and murmured something to Martin. I feigned wooziness and tried to eavesdrop, but couldn't make out the individual words. The woman seemed concerned, though. Made her look quite tasty.

Martin turned back to me with extreme joviality. "Nothing to worry about. There may be some, erm, tests later, lad. If the alarm sounds we just pop out of the chamber and leave the site. Purely routine, you know. Systems checks hotting up before the big day! Anyway," he continued, before I could respond, grasping me by the arm vigorously, "as you know we have seven galleries here. I've shown you the first, Larkin, and the big name, Constable, but I've saved the best till last, because it's one for the boffins. Look, this guy Eisenstein was apparently a bigshot movie director back in the day. The point is we've not only got a skull, but a decent amount of top quality scholarly shite too. They'll sell anything, those Russians. Come on, you can put this one in for the snobs.

Fifteen minutes later we were ambling past notebooks, sketches, old photographs and brutal, unreadable Soviet newsprint. "I think you'll agree we've got an impressive thing going here, the best of both worlds: fascinating exhibits with that special personal ambience of genius courtesy of the old bonehouse."

He stopped short, and spun around.

"Sorry. Thought I saw something. Corner of the eye, I guess. Here, how about this?" Martin continued, pointing to a screen. "We made this film of Eisenstein's life." The images on screen were jittering and jumping, like a badly tuned television. Martin thumped it squarely, explaining, "Gremlins. They'll all be sorted, mark my words. Good little film, that".

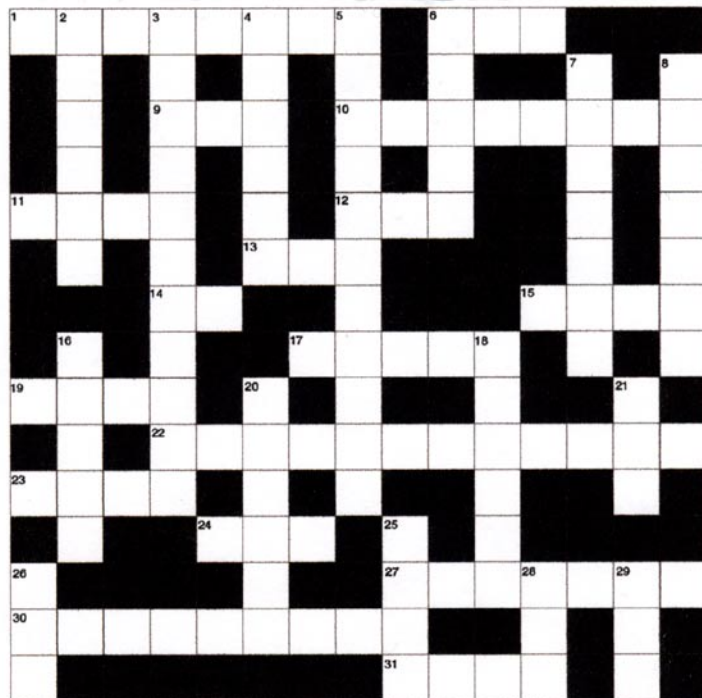
## High Off-White Chambers

Continued from last issue...

A flourish of the arm. "This is Philip Larkin's brain. Skull, any road," Martin announced. I staggered, queasy and nonplussed into the chamber, a giant cream dome stretching upwards beyond visibility. My stumbling footsteps echoed. I felt like I was in all the Renaissance cathedrals and all the Victorian train stations at once. I was awed. But awed and deeply nauseous. "Oops, sorry son," exclaimed Martin. "Forgot you were a first timer. It's tough on a body, the old FV wrangle. You get used to the feeling. Plenty of seats," he said, steering me towards a row of cushioned benches. "Take your time, boy. Here, if you think that's bad wait till you get bigger at the other end. You'll feel like you've had your soul sucked out your arse. Totally bewildered. I guess that's why you always rematerialise in the gift shop and refreshment area, eh?" he creased up a cabaret wink. "Now, the FV field is a little bigger than the skull itself, just in case of minor fluctuations. Don't understand it myself, but the upshot is that you have to go through those automatic doors at the end, then trot along for a wee while before more doors open and you leave the field. Like an air lock, almost."

After a short period of recuperation he continued, "Now, I know nobody knows who the hell Larkin is." He helped me to my feet, though I would have preferred to lay back and enjoy the sublime, softly lit dome. "But he was the first one we got – cheap, like – so I always start here. Have a mind map," he suggested, thrusting a laminated sheet of card into my hands, brightly coloured shapes blurring before my tired eyes.

"See, the chamber's split into different areas, corresponding to the parts of the brain. So, look



here". A large digit prodded a small scarlet blob on the map, just too close to my face. "This is Broca's Area – language, you know – so that's where we store anything related to writing. Diaries and that. Letters. Faber And bloody Faber own all Larkin's letters, it transpires, but at least I've got a first edition of their book."

We walked through the large room, enjoying our muffled footfalls and the hushed fuzz of our conversation in the giant reverberating skull. We looked at the occasional exhibits, including a selection of Larkin's jazz 78s, and we played digital uploads of a couple of them. "Course, they're not actually Larkin's actual records," admitted Martin, "just the ones he might have had. Says so here, look, in little letters at the bottom of the plaque."

"Where better to utilise small print?" I smiled, and Martin beamed back, arms hanging flat against his flanks.

I had to admit I was impressed when we'd finished with Larkin. Not much wiser about him, but impressed all the same.

"Glad to hear it," said Martin as we reached the exit, the edge of the FV field. "One weird thing,

## Ikea

Ikea, Ikea,  
A lousy idea;  
A Saturday hell.  
The heaving swell  
Of the great unwashed,  
Whose unwanted dosh,  
Burns a hole in their pockets  
Yet lines well the wallets  
Of Entrepreneurs  
Of furniture stores.  
From Sweden to Swindon  
Lavish lives hinge on  
This latter day trend  
For the Saturday spend  
Of the sum of the fruits  
Of the weekly pursuits  
In Factories and fields  
All that hard labour yields  
Is: 2 garden candles,  
The desk with chrome handles,  
The matching pine shelf  
(You assemble yourself).  
And the fighting and jostling  
The all-in tag-wrestling  
For the last set of knives  
That stay sharp all their lives  
And match that new oven  
With the hook for the glove on  
(Which, should it not fit in,  
The space in your kitchen)  
Would surely look good  
If encased in the wood  
Of Ikea's new line  
Of chrome and Scott's pine  
Furniture, fittings  
And fixtures for sitting  
rooms, kitchens and much, much more  
It starts on aisle 4.

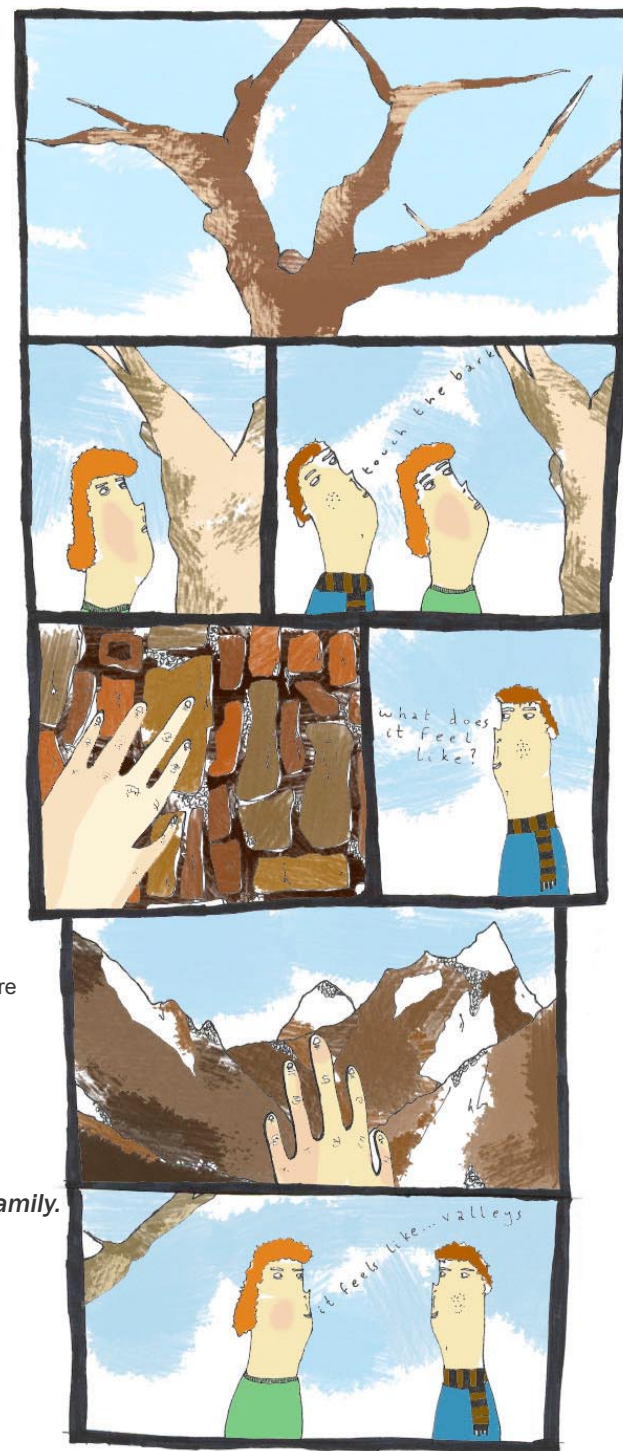
Amos A. Nib

Art by Stephen Marshall

## Aunt Mable, The 19<sup>th</sup> Century Linguistic Freethinker Of Our Family.

Auntie Mable thought the fable about Babel in the Bible to be unreliable.

A. F. Harrold



## Introducing tonight's entertainment

Question	Popular Workshop	Holiday Stabbings
<b>Introduce yourself. Who are you and what do you do?</b>	We three are Popular Workshop. We use rhythms and melody to please our silly little heads.	What is this, Blue Peter? We're Holiday Stabbings. We break lions and tame horses.
<b>What are your main musical influences?</b>	We choose to play guitar, bass and drums because we appreciate the antics of, amongst others, Kill Kenada, Shellac, Sonic Youth, My Bloody Valentine, Depeche Mode, Bloc Party, Joy Division, The Murder Of..., This Aint Vegas, Unwound, The Lemonheads...	Music, but not bad music.
<b>And non-musical ones?</b>	The Centerpoint, The Jack Horner and The Royal George pubs, Guy Debord, Atelier Populaire, our jobs, Suits and Ties standing in our way on the Tube, our friends, girlfriends, lovers, crushes and parents, suburban high streets on a Monday night, and most of all Jake, Luke and Gypsy.	...everything else.
<b>Let's play Desert Island Discs. You get 5 albums and a book. What do you choose?</b>	Motown Gold Collection My Bloody Valentine - Isn't Anything Battles - EP C Radiohead - OK Computer Shellac - 1000 Hurts	5 albums??? No way!! I can do 5 CDs, but they have to be mp3 mix CDs, so I can get, like, 700 tracks going on. Also, I'd hollow out the book and put more albums in there.
<b>You're holding the ultimate party. What type of party would you throw and who are the first 5 people you'd invite?</b>	Something involving a white room and lots of buckets of paint, John Simpson, George Bataille, Guy Debord, Jean Jenet, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, and your mum.	I hate parties. Harry can do this one.

### Your February Dental Appointment

The Zodiac, Oxford  
24/2/06  
£4.50 on the door, £4 with NUS card.

19.45 Harvey

Wiltshire acoustic ensemble. "Nick Drake meets early Fairport Convention with nods to Led Zeppelin" - as the mighty Wiltshire Gazette & Herald would have it!  
www.harveymusic.co.uk

20.40 Script

Cerebral pop in new stripped down format. Yep, it's Gappy Rob and his band, weaving literate spells.  
www.scriptmusic.co.uk

21.35 undertheigloo

Intricate, glacial pop. Delicate electro-tinged indie balladeering from this local favourite, gigging their new LP "Circlesend".  
www.undertheigloo.com

## Let's all Share our Dreams Part I: All You Miss

You know how it is when you watch MTV Cribs and the artist, that they are interviewing, comes across like an idiot? To meet up with All You Miss is like that, but the opposite. We're sitting in the beer garden of The Purple Turtle in Reading and it's nippy. The girls have not done their sound check yet. Caroline (drums) calmly states that it's unlikely they will get to do one, since the headliners are taking their time. Apparently she is not like some time-nazis I know, which is quite charming.

I ask how they feel about playing tonight. Straight away Suzie (guitar and vocals) sets me straight: "Have you ever been in a band? Have you ever felt the energy of performing?" Caroline follows up: "I was sitting in a lecture today, and the only thing I was thinking about was to get on that train, because we're playing." They smile at each other, like I do when I am about to get a fix of adrenaline. I can't help but feeling a sting of jealousy, since I just love that feeling. After some general chat we take a break and they eventually get to do their sound check. In the meantime I hang back with good Reading folks and All You Miss fans, Celia and her husband, and talk about Norway, Iraq and the evils of computers as well as Peru.

As Olivia (bass and vocals) comes back and sits down, I get the bands views on Tories and immigration. She and the rest of the band do not seem afraid of having an opinion and state it. Then Suzie and Caroline join us and we get into their songs. To me, this is a band singing a lot about dead end and unfulfilling relationships. Olivia claims their songs are about human nature, urges and feelings, which can be good as well as bad. Suzie agrees but does not want to analyse things too much: "It's about what you think it's about. We perform and if you want to use your brain, feel free to do so". Caroline nods,

and if she nods you know that's how it is. Since it's a three piece band Caroline gets to call the shots when there are differences of opinions. This happens mainly when they create new songs, a process that starts with a riff upon which they each bring their talents until they've nailed it. However, whatever differences there might be they seem to be small ones.

At this stage I know you want me to go back in time. How did this band happen, right? Apparently we owe it all to one of these school talent nights, and the girls even have a video to boast with. This is a fact rarely mentioned, but



Holgaroid Photograph by Helen Polson

it's a nevertheless a fact. Back then Caroline was not part of the line up though. She came in when the first drummer left and Dr Lee, Smilex Dude Extravagant, connected them all. Since then they've moved out of Oxford, lived in separate counties only to come together in the ghetto we know as London. There they are studying music and history, working, rehearsing,

recording and of course start crusades all over merry old England.

Their immediate plans for world domination are crystal clear. They are going to keep sending demos and gig as hard as possible. As long as they feel that they are developing as a band and persons, they will keep keeping it real. If the band splits, God forbid, they all seem to want to be involved in music one way or another. Caroline states her alternatives to drumming: "I'd either be in a dead end job or on a career path and both those options are equally uninteresting. Suzie adds: "there's more to life than work and drink". As I take in their set in Reading, which goes off, I think about my alternatives and down a few pints. I hope All You Miss will be a part of all of them! Let's all share our dreams...

Karl von Helvete