

He looked up thickly at the low and ominous rumbling above him and ran through a list of possibly sources in his head. Volcano? Not visibly. Earthquake? The earth wasn't quaking. Stampede? Didn't smell like it. Then the miraculous occurred, then the revelatory, the event that changed all history, that set the course of future discoveries, of future lives – something landed on his forehead.

It felt as if a spot had burst somewhere above his eyes and he wrinkled his brow. It was a sudden feeling of being tapped, as if by a finger or stick perhaps, and then a residual moistness, but when he raised his finger there was no puss only something transparent, something that coated his finger with a glimmer of reflectivity. It was magic, he thought, but then another spot popped into being on his cheek and then on the back of his hand, each of them traceless and see-through. As he slowly moved his attention from himself to the world around him he could see the same sourceless spots bursting into being on the soil, on the pavement, on the small dog by his side. And looking up he could make out faint traces in sky, silvery lines into the heavens, and his face was covered with what now he recognised to be a gift from the New World Gods. He cupped his hands and slowly they filled with the cold, slimy, wholly transparent substance. It slipped from between his fingers, but his fleshy bowl filled faster than it emptied and soon he was able to put it to his lips and taste the manna. There was a distant blue flash that illuminated the skyline and the night and there was more rumbling from all around. As he swallowed he noted the texture, thinner than saliva, it's taste, softer than whiskey, and it's coolness, refreshing in the humidity of the night.

Within the week Veranputti had named his discovery after himself and had filled twelve large tar-sealed barrels with it. With these twelve barrels of walter he planned to make his fortune, indeed to remake his fortune in London, never forgetting for one moment that short cobbles are what cobbling is really all about – true style is timeless and unconstrained by fashion. The uses of this liquid, he theorised, were almost limitless. It could be rubbed onto the body and with the use of a cloth or small soft stone could be used to remove caked dirt, it could be drunk without the age old problem of subsequent falling down, it could be eaten if mixed with the dry nautical biscuits from the ship's hold. In fact, not only did it improve the texture of the biscuits but it also floated the little weevils and maggots to the surface of the walter,

which could then simply be scooped off and fried up elsewhere, which meant, in practice, that the more squeamish members of society no longer had a good reason for not wanting to serve Her Majesty in the Royal Navy. But this wasn't all, Veranputti calculated that walter could be used to make dry stone walls wet, to make dry white wine more appetising and most importantly of all it could be used to float candles. This, he realised, may well enrage certain members of the scone making guilds but would, on the whole, be much more romantic.

And so it was on a cold June morning that Veranputti sailed into Portsmouth with twelve sealed barrels in the hold a song in his heart. It wasn't a very good song admittedly, but Veranputti had never pretended to be a songwriter and figured that once he'd made his fortune again, by selling the secret of walter, walter itself and the madrigal rights to his story, he'd be able to hire a professional to write him a new, more sophisticated song which made use of syncopation and a humorous chorus. So it was, as we've said afore, on a cold August morning that Veranputti strode into the Court of Queen Elizabeth I with his unfashionably short cobbles standing proud, his dirty travel worn ruff hanging limp and the first twelve barrels of walter ever seen in the Old World. The Queen declared that she much preferred Raleigh's potatoes and the rest, as they say, is history.

*A. F. Harrold*

### ***The Stoner's Apology***

Should you see Miss Annette, please refer  
These excuses of absence to her:  
Although last night's party  
Was "Come As You Are", we  
Were not really sure who we were.

*Richard Catalogue*

# the denture

The Gappy Tooth Industries Magazine

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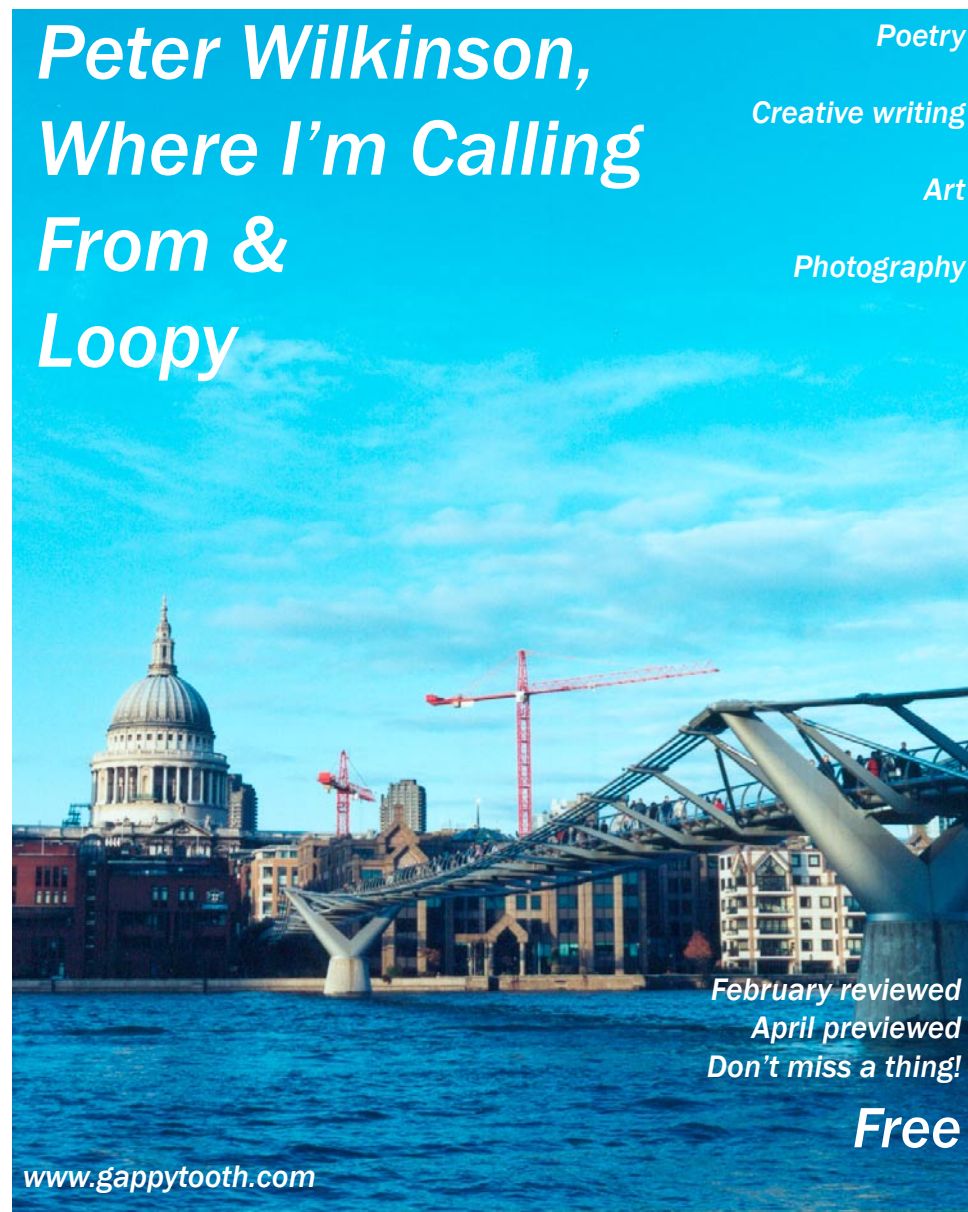
## Peter Wilkinson, Where I'm Calling From & Loopy

Poetry

Creative writing

Art

Photography



February reviewed  
April previewed  
Don't miss a thing!

Free

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

## Editorial

No-one reads this bit do they?  
Enjoy the magazine!

Cheers  
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Cover photo by Helen Polson

## No Milo thanks, I'll have a Carlsberg!

The cowards are keeping silent or condemning, but I am going to take a stand. From now on I will seek out and shop in stores that carry Danish goods. I am not going to do this because I support the over-the-border cartoons, but because I am prepared to suffer for my right to go over-the-border along with anybody else's right.

It upsets me a great deal that French supermarket chain, Carrefour, and a giant like Nestlé proudly announce that they do not carry or produce anything Danish. What they completely missed is that by doing so they support the new hate and the anti freedom of speech movement. I never really liked Nestlé since they tricked all those African mothers to hurt their babies, however, now they do it all over again, i.e. saying anything to make a quick buck.

If this world is going to make it past all the worries that we are confronted by today, we need to keep it tight and support one another. You do not have to support wrong doing. Simply support the freedom of saying or writing something that is wrong, because if you don't, who's to say what's right? By not buying Danish goods you are calling

for governments to edit our newspapers. Mull that over for a while and think about what would have been written about the cold blooded murder of a Brazilian in the tube. Then tell me who should censor the artists at the Zodiac.

No, I know you don't want that, so just say yes to Denmark and support their and our freedom of speech. This does not mean that you should buy Jyllands Posten and their distasteful cartoons of one of the great world religions. But then again, they were only cartoons; the rest is in the eye of the beholder... How about that Carlsberg!

*Karl Von-Helvete*

## Frankenstein

Because he's so tall and big and lumbering, takes his time, all the kids in the playground call him Frankenstein.

It's true he has bony ridges where normally eyebrows are and in a conversation his favourite phrase is 'Er...?'

And it's true his legs are very long but do not seem to bend and the way he looks, sadly, means he's never had a friend.

But though his hands are sausages and his face heavily bonced, the kids shouldn't call him Frankenstein but Frankenstein's Monster.

*A. F. Harrold*

## Bedouin Proverb

Watch out where the camels stand and don't you eat that yellow sand.

*A. F. Harrold*

## Water. A Short History.

Before Christopher Columbus sailed for the East by going West Europe was a very different place, Germany was just that little bit further to the South and many people were reluctant to say 'Bless You' when one sneezed for fear of the Inquisition. It was during the age of rapid and unprecedented exploration that his voyage kick-started that, for example, many nowadays commonplace foodstuffs were placed for the first time upon the plates of noblemen and commoners alike in the Old World. The potato. Tobacco. Tomatoes. Chocolate, coffee and television game-shows, but the one discovery that changed the entire face of Western Civilization more than any other at this time was water, or as contemporary manuscripts have it 'walter'.

In 1595 Walter Veranputti, an Italian cobbler by trade, was in debt. His cobbles were too short for the trends of the time and didn't speak English which estranged them from the Court, who mostly only spoke French. Consequently he had fallen out of favour with Queen Elizabeth who, it was widely believed, supported several struggling artists and he had unsurprisingly fallen into a desperate stupor. Whilst in his stupor he lost his home, his livelihood, his manlihood and his ridinghood to the moneylenders. Penniless, bereft of high-level support and unwilling to go home to his mother in Basingstoke, Veranputti stowed away on the first ship he saw moored in the docks. He took with him his final crust of bread and his favourite cobble.

Three weeks later, and somewhere in the mid-Atlantic, Veranputti declared his presence to the Captain, hoping to simply be put to work and given something, however small, to eat. (His crust of bread being almost finished.) The Captain, however, was an honest and practical man and explained that he had provisioned the ship with exactly the amount of food needed to feed exactly the number of men on board for exactly the amount of time they'd be at sea and not a sausage more. (Actually there were no sausages on board at all, for 1595 had been a particularly bad winter for the sausage growers of the south-coast and only imported sausages were on the market and only then at exorbitant prices.) The Captain laboriously explained that were Veranputti to eat of their stores he would be depriving another member of the crew of their loaf of bread or potato cigarette, and that, clearly, wouldn't be cricket.

However, the Captain had one idea that floated to the surface of his mind only moments later. The Captain had found after several weeks of voyaging that authority and responsibility had settled uncomfortably on his shoulders. If Veranputti would take over his role as Captain and allowed him, the Captain, to take over Veranputti's role as stowaway, with the last crumbs of Veranputti's loaf of bread, then there would be no imbalance in the provisions or crew numbers and he, the Captain, would get a chance to put his feet up. A little confused at the Captain's plan Veranputti swiftly agreed and the two men swapped clothes, addresses and several small but not necessarily inconsequential diseases.

Captain Veranputti's first order as captain was to search the ship for stowaways and to cast them overboard as an example to any would-be stowaways in the area. He became a harsh but fair captain and few people crossed him twice, which only goes to show that stern discipline never goes astray. Which isn't to say that stern discipline never goads a stray. Obviously.

Naval provisions in this era consisted of the juice of one lime per man per day, one dry nautical biscuit per man per day, one slice of salted pork per man per day followed by crackers, cheese and a selection of sweets from the trolley. It was a hard regime for very fat people or anyone with a dislike for fruit, biscuits or meat, made liveable only by the single glass of whiskey each man was allowed twice before he retired to his quarters for the evening, which were sometimes shared between as many as two sailors. Nobody pretended it was an easy life but if you treated it with respect and an open eye then you might get to die at home, on the shore, bitterly regretting every moment, every decision you made, instead, of course, of dying at sea feeling exactly the same way.

Eventually, after several more weeks, Veranputti set foot on the part of the American coastline that in later years remained part of the American coastline, but which at this time was part of India. Here, after planting the flag of Good Queen Bess and having himself photographed beside it by a fortuitously passing local entrepreneur, he proceeded to visit several Irish theme bars and collapse in the gutter shortly before midday. It was here, three days later, that Walter Veranputti made the startling discovery that would make his name a household one.



*Photographs by Peter Wilkingson*



*Sunset at Vik, southern Iceland*

### ***Travels with my Hasselblad***

I was incredibly excited to be exploring Iceland when we set out from Reykjavik in our tiny little hire car. After potholed roads, freezing rain, exploding geysers and thundering waterfalls we arrived in Vik, a small village on the southern tip of Iceland. We were hungry when we arrived, and after booking into our accommodation we went looking for a meal. We found that the village petrol station had a small restaurant, and we had the most delicious vegetable soup, served with warm bread.

After eating we walked the short distance to the famous volcanic black sand beach. The light was starting to leave the sky, and as the sun set blush pinks and purples began to light up the sky and colour the ocean.

As the waves washed over the black sand the sheets of water reflected the sunset, and the light took on an incredible quality as it almost seemed to envelop us.

It was all I could do to point my camera toward the coal black cliffs and pray that the film could capture half of what was unfolding in front of me.

*Helen Polson*

## Introducing tonight's entertainment

Question	Peter Wilkinson	Where I'm Calling From	Loopy
<b>Introduce yourself. Who are you and what do you do?</b>	My name is Peter James Wilkinson and I am 21 years old. I'll be playing guitar and singing, you know, the whole singer-songwriter vibe. They're all original songs and they actually mean something, wow.	My name is Ben Osborn, I sing and play guitar and keyboard in Where I'm Calling From. The other members are Joe Campbell (guitar and bass) and Zahra Tehrani (drums). Other musicians have often been known to play with us (our bassist, Michael Bleach, is leaving the band this year to go and live in France).	Hello, we're Loopy, how do you do, pleasure to meet you, did you have to travel far to be here this evening? Oh we just play music together, you know, come up with songs, play them to audiences, record stuff, you know, that sort of thing, you know. And what do you do?
<b>What are your main musical influences?</b>	Miles Davis, Joni Mitchell, Neil Young... They're the big three, but I also like some African music, and weird jazz/fusion.	Usually, Yo La Tengo, Sonic Youth and Emmylou Harris (among others) rate pretty highly with me, but on some songs Joe and I (we write them) have been under the influence of The Pixies, The Cure, Joy Division and Eberg to name but a few.	Each other. 80s Pop. Paul Heaton, Glen Tilbrook, Bob Dylan, Paul McCartney, Roddy Frame, Elvis Costello, The Fountains of Wayne, Alphaville, Kids From Fame
<b>And non-musical ones?</b>	My immediate family, especially my sister and Mum with fashion advice, Dad with life advice and Ben my brother for humour. Also, the nursing staff at the Renal Ward at the Churchill Hospital in Headington – used to work there and they're amazing. Also patients too. Fav. painters prob Bonnard, Matisse, Monet.	It sounds pretentious, but my writing style is heavily influenced by literature, particularly Raymond Carver (our band is named after one of his stories). Also (even more pretentiously) TS Eliot, in particular <i>The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock</i> . I'm also going through a massive Dostoevsky phase. I should also probably mention Joe's love of David Lynch and Larry Clark – we're approaching this from very different directions, I suppose.	Alan Shearer in 1996, Terry Wogan, that bloke who stood with his shopping in front of that tank in Tiananmen Square in 1989 and, of course, Bob Dylan.
<b>Let's play Desert Island Discs. You get 5 albums and a book. What do you choose?</b>	"In A Silent Way" by Miles Davis "Blue" by Joni Mitchell "Physical Graffiti" by Led Zeppelin "Hand It Over" by Dinosaur Jr "Return Of The Headhunters" by The Headhunters Phillip Pullman's "His Dark Materials" trilogy	Yo La Tengo – Prisoners of Love Neil Young – After the Goldrush Bob Dylan – Bringing It All Back Home Steve Reich – Music for 18 Musicians Sonic Youth – Daydream Nation  The Sun Also Rises (Hemingway)	Albums: Afternoons in Utopia [Alphaville], Hounds of Love [Kate Bush], High Land Hard Rain [Aztec Camera], The Only Ones [The Only Ones], The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan [Bob Dylan] Book: "Loopy, the Early Years"

### Your March Dental Appointment

The Zodiac, Oxford  
28/04/06  
£4.50 on the door, £4 with NUS card.

19.45 Foxes!  
60s influenced indiepop & lovable, fey ramshackle sounds from this new Oxford outfit.

20.40 Charlotte James  
Delicate singer songwriter with her band.  
www.charlotte-james.co.uk

21.35 Vena Cava  
Prog core. Yep, some proper brutal music at GTI once again, we've had too many flouncy pop acts over the past few months!  
www.myspace.com/venacavauk

And on the wall a "Confucian photography show" entitled "A Proper Gander" & produced by Voltaire.

## February review

Lately I've been seeing another dentist and clearly Gappy Tooth Industries takes fidelity seriously. Why else would they have had my mail stolen today? I suspect that hoodlums struck gold and got away with this month's issue of Blaff, which contains a special Fat Calves feature. Fortunately however, Gappy Tooth seems to have forgiven me and tonight's excellent evening is a treat.

I've seen a number of line-ups before and they've rarely left out a big drum kit altogether. The New Moon does that, I mean, they have no drum kit. Instead they build a sound around their bass, guitars vocals and tablas (like bongos only....tablas). The result is groovy,

gentle lounge music, which forms an interesting contrast to tonight's movie, *The Lost World*, featuring dinosaurs with ravenous appetites. They also got some local banter in between the songs, I especially liked "This song takes place in the big hole we know as Didcot". He, he...

*The Script* is an interesting five piece. They weave their songs with delicacy. At times they remind me a little of Sigur Ros and their fragile sound mixed with Coldplay. At most other times not. They have a style of their own. For one they manage to incorporate a classical piano into their music. This is important since the piano does not only make

sound, it creates atmosphere and makes you drift off. You are then summoned back by drums, which contrast enough to stand out, but not too much to break the spell. The male and female vocals complementing and contrasting effortlessly and a bass to match the drumming, give *Script* a gentle rough sound in a grande-style kind of way. They are friendly, down to earth people too.

If anyone wondered why the teenagers in the audience were groping each other at the Zodiac instead of in an alley behind the Co-op, the answer comes as Undertheigloo kick off their set. The girls wanted to see the band (the lead singer in particular, I suspect) and the boys tagged along. As always, girls are just so much more in the know. This is the second time I have had this band before my ears and they won a lot during the last few months. Don't get me wrong, I liked them the first time, but tonight they really went off! "This is music in an epic sort of a way", as a Christ Church professor would dryly point out, but there's nothing dry about the music. The band crafts moods, swings and melodies very carefully. Sometimes you're missing a special someone and the next moment it is like flock of wild horses are thundering past you on the prairie. Other times you're caught in Donnie Darko's universe only to be thrown back to the Zodiac by a drum tornado.

All in all it feels like it is a really great evening and, if you're good, you will hear more from all of these bands. Only one thing remains to say: "Sneak a peak on Raggasaurus". The regulars at the Gappy Tooth will know, because their set in November pushed all kinds of buttons and left me pretty much wanting for more.

Karl Von-Helvetete