

intentions. Nietzsche had to move houses twice in the next year before he was free from such mail.

In the late 1870s Europe's citizens settled into a pattern of waking in the morning, reading the daily Nietzsche Newspaper and planning their day around what they read there. This periodical listed Nietzsche's intentions for the day ahead, for example it might say that at 3.30pm he intended to do some gardening, which involved him moving thirty yards to the east or it might say he intended to have a bath, which required him to travel down three flights of stairs into the kitchen where a warm tin tub was laid before the fire. (On these days soap was issued to the European citizenry and washing, scrubbing and drying of the moustache was carefully coordinated.) Of an evening a second forecast was issued based on how many times Nietzsche had rolled over on the previous evenings, at similar times of year and under the prevailing meteorological circumstances. But even the best predictions of the experts were only guesses and hair would shift and ebb and muddle itself, confusing the confusable and providing thousands of schoolchildren with an adequate excuse for tardiness.

Things changed however in the 1880s. In Great Britain Edward Lear, the prominent illustrator and popular nonsense poet, embarked upon a daily regime of accelerated beard growing and within six months the hair on his chin was stretched out across the Home Counties. In fact it became so difficult to tell British Beard and German Moustache apart that Queen Victoria commanded her chief scientists to investigate the issue. They discovered after long study that Lear's beard was somewhat coarser than Nietzsche's moustache and was, what's more, an imperceptibly lighter shade of brown. These guidelines were rapidly repeated in all the popular broadsheets of the day and subtly Nietzsche's moustache was trimmed back from Blighty by stout English yeomen, until only Lear's beard occupied our proud island.

Upon and across the Channel the two formidable facial hair foes fought, tangling with each other, strangling, twining and constricting one another until a stalemate was reached. The Kaiser was powerless to intervene in the liberation of Great Britain, since the French and Belgian railways requested the correct change from his troops who famously only carried large notes. And so by the end of 1883 Lear's beard co-existed with Nietzsche's moustache all across the Iberia, France, the Lowlands and down into Italy, but all

along Germany's borders hordes of the Hun kept a constant vigil, armed with shears, scissors and secateurs trimming every attempted incursion by British hair. And similar forces, of course, patrolled the cliffs at Dover, although wearing fewer pairs of lederhosen.

And so the Great Pruners' Peace (1883-88) reigned uneasily across Europe. When Lear tragically died in 1888 Nietzsche surprised everyone by declaring himself too tired for expansionist facial hair and determined instead to go mad. In 1889 he was committed and confined to an establishment which disapproved of its clients having any hair at all and so he was finally shaved thoroughly. For some years yet Europe remained the land of Nietzsche's moustache. In fact in 1894 it surprised many people in Paris by coming out as a Dreyfusard, but its glory days in European politics were past and slowly the moustache greyed and thinned. The last official public appearance was that made by a solitary tufty lock at Queen Victoria's funeral, and although some soldiers swore to seeing several straggling fibres floating in the air above the Somme quite frankly the validity of such a story is highly unlikely.

*researched and written by A.F. Harrold*

### **Afterwards**

Her face, resting on the pillow, stunning.  
Asleep and gentle facing me, our bodies touch,  
so soft and peaceful.

That she seems so at ease touches me, her  
trust's implicit, as beautiful as her in the twilight,  
after our lust.

*Joe Hudson*

# the denture

The Gappy Tooth Industries Magazine

Issue 12 April 06

## Foxes!, Charlotte James, Vena Cava & Voltaire

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Cover art by Stephen Marshall

## Quitting

A rolling stone stops, tilts undecided.  
it's path quit - some blight ceased.  
Still tottering, momentum lost,  
from inertial purpose freed,  
what cost?

A stone warms to the water,  
motionless unless pushed,  
dragging on currents, in eddies  
spun, is a life predetermined, not won.

So what blight ceased in a path aborted,  
what purpose known, affected, thwarted?  
I wonder now, not stone-like; taunted.

Such effort wasted yet not misery;  
the disorientation of a drunken,  
a victory lost, chance sunken,  
much more a puzzled regret,  
buried in sands and netting.

Though a greater part is free,  
now to dance among the pebbles  
as the tide plays out. No longer  
shored to a fruitless trunk,  
rolling around in circles,  
constantly in doubt.

Time spent roiling,  
toiling in the sand, the  
tether frayed n' shorn  
by shards of need's  
demand.

A stone lies shining,  
shining on the beech.  
Reflecting on the time  
spent, and all that's  
now in reach.

The cost is paid and  
waste was made,  
but let it now be  
compost for  
fate, yet not  
laid.

*Joe Hudson*



*Photograph by Peter Wilkinson*

## A Short Essay On The War Of Nietzsche's Pride

In the second half of the nineteenth century there was only one thing that united every citizen of Europe, whatever their ilk, hue or disposition. Both the highest aristocrat and the lowest gin-wretch, from the thriving pretzel bars of Prague to the luxurious Moorish palaces of Granada, were in accord. Queen Victoria herself was quite often unamused and would mention this in both English and German. Her words rang true for the length and breadth of the continent where similar views were espoused in more languages than one could comfortably count on four fingers. No man or woman was free of it, no domestic animal or servant immune. Not even the most cloistered Pennine hermit or Apennine pilgrim could move more than a few feet in any direction without treading on, traipsing through or becoming entangled in Nietzsche's moustache.

Streams of thick, dark hair clogged everywhere. Down streets, through windows, up trouser legs and across the sky even, on blustery days. Hospitals opened extra wings to deal with the tripped, strangled or ensnared unfortunates who had encountered particularly tough tendrils of moustache. Across countries duvet sales plummeted since, even in the coldest of winters, after a pleasant evening skating on the Thames one could retire to that tasteful garret above Wimpole Street and tuck up beneath the moustache that wafted in through one open skylight and out the other, satisfied and warm. In circuses high wire walkers and other balancing artistes were jeered at due to the inevitably soft landing that met with any mistake, and in some European cities gay bohemian sorts became nudists manqué wearing nothing but elegant evening wear woven out of the hair that dominated the air around them. Morally and economically Nietzsche's moustache posed vast challenges to the Victorian age.

As a child Nietzsche had never shown any interest in growing a moustache the size of Europe. It was only as a teenager studying philosophy in Heidelberg that he first formulated the theory of the load-bearing lip. He shared a set of rooms with a young English scholar, Frank Smith, who displayed the typical English reluctance to display emotion. Even when he received a mark of 3% for an essay he had spent the worst part of eighteen months writing, Nietzsche reports in his diary, only the tiniest hint of disappointment

was visible in the trembling of his mother's little finger. (Smith kept this memento mori in a pewter locket around his delicate effeminate neck and would show it to Nietzsche at Christmas, Easter or after several bottles of schnapps.) Nietzsche understood the power within this English ability to rise above misfortune and to turn away adversity with the snow-plough action of the stiffened upper lip and wove it into his growing weltanschauung. From this year on (1863) Nietzsche divided his time equally between writing abstruse books and cultivating his lip hair, determined to train himself to be able to bear any load with equanimity. Smith moved back to England after fire-bombing his professor's award-winning rose garden and he and Nietzsche never met again.

In the early 1870s the Austro-Hungarian Empire, worried about border breaches by travellers hidden in the voluminous moustache sea, passed a law empowering every citizen dwelling within its borders to carry scissors and a small cloth bag. Whenever a path became impassable due to Nietzsche's prodigious growth their duty was clear: clear the way. Nietzsche's father, Mr. Nietzsche, declared it an impertinent law. "It is jealousy," he declared to the Kaiser, "Their men can grow no more beard than they find on the back of their arses, and I've seen, in my time, some few Austrian arses and none were what you'd call, exactly, beardy." Mrs. Nietzsche sat off to one side and dabbed at the corner of her eye with a handkerchief lovingly embroidered by her son. "He's ever such a good boy," she affirmed, helpfully.

For several months after the Austro-Hungarian Anti-Mustax Law was passed, few eventful occurrences occurred. However, in June 1872, a fortnight before the Austrian festival of Schadenfreudenacht, as the countryside was being festooned with banana skins, snares and tree-balanced water-filled buckets, Franz Schmidt, a nine year old local boy, fell into a particularly dense tangle of moustache and was unable to free himself. His family wept loudly for three days until Heidi, Franz's faithful goat, led them to his hirsute gaol. After freeing him from the knotted lip hair thicket they set fires under the undulating mass of moustache and went home. The short but decisive War Of Nietzsche's Pride saw the Kaiser's troops slide into central Austria on Macassar-oiled toboggans, douse the flames, trim the split ends and slaughter the villagers. So swift and so dreadful was the Kaiser's retribution that the cowed Austrians and Hungarians posted their

## Sammi Ringtone

Join the queue, make yourself heard

Talking to you is like drowning in Tizer, shut it you bubbly fuck!

Your diary is in cat years, which should explain why you singularly fail to meet appointments

Explain again why I should want my hair fructified

Spouting texts like a Japanese t-shirt, sense not made, in actual fact

On shelf: Wordsworth & Naxos untouched; wrap still shrunk around a clutch, a tranche of the above

You are awkward like novelistic sex, the plug & the meat-hefting grunt

It has been mooted that you will one day have an original thought of your own; however, designs are still at the drawing-board stage

1:Quot: "I didn't say it, according to contrary belief, & vice reverser"2: give a railway hug 3: step back

In an earlier time you would have been a backward farmhand, before comms became a hobby constant - still you rise in the 1st furry blast of the day, I suppose

Wash me in winter, she drags & reflects/ on the place where the notes take more space than the text. Explicate at length, but never inquire.

You will probably not be the death of me, which somehow galls

Shadowed, the great foes that you move towards/ but this hammer is unbalanced, rush back to the forge

You are zoo format, rom com, chick flick. Rescind your sophomoric conceits, whippersnapper! & please remove these sundry whelps

List the most eligible in childish uncials, give a halfarsed railway hug

Sammi Ringtone dreams NY Chinese takeout sachets

Sammi, Sammi Ringtone, step back

Reminisce: old snap of the girl swinging on a bough in red mac. That's it. Play the tape of veldt & steppe.

Your feigned illness will backfire. You should take stock. You should stop.

*Richard Catalogue*

## The Blue Light

Listen,  
She said,  
It's a question of ambition.  
You want a job with prospects  
(of other jobs)  
And lots of zeroes.  
This is how it is.

So I said,  
Let me tell you about ambition.  
I want to know why  
I am here and I see you,  
Why you can speak  
Even when you speak past me,  
The beauty of this thing in my head.

(I don't want to live in your world  
where you turn off the heat  
to save money  
and complain of the cold.)

I said,  
Look,  
This is anything you want it to be.

She said,  
No,  
Look,  
This is a Job Centre.  
Look at the sign.

So we agreed to disagree.

*Rob Mitchell*



*Mice Tails by Tempo Lush*



*Photograph by Peter Wilkinson*

## Introducing tonight's entertainment

Question	Foxes!	Charlotte James
<b>Introduce yourself. Who are you and what do you do?</b>	We are three best friends who make happy music together. We write songs and encourage people to sing and clap along with us.	Hellooooo, I'm Charlotte James. I'm a singer/songwriter and have lived in Oxford since finishing my engineering degree at Brookes. Since choosing to abandon engineeringmanship, I've spent all my time juggling day jobs and forging my way towards music as a career. Something I'd do every day even if there was no such thing as a career in music. I spent quite a bit of time in Bristol with some great producers and musicians but commuting got a bit on the silly side so I got a (mainly) Oxford based band behind me in August last year. Our first gig was at The Port Mahon in October and since then we've gone from strength to strength. It's all going really well. There's Andy on guitars, Anthony on Keys (Anthony and Andy both come from Oxford) and then there's Nik on drums and David Hadley Ray on Bass (Dave and Nik both trek over from London), and I play piano and guitar and sing a bit! We've recently played at a few venues in London (The Bedford, The Troubadour and the 12 Bar Club) and it's all going really well so we're really excited to play at the Zodiac!! Yey! Please excuse me if my responses to these questions are a bit odd, as I'm doing this at work and have had enough coffee to kill a small cow.
<b>What are your main musical influences?</b>	Whistles, recorders and drums.	It's hard to know what you're influenced by when it mostly happens without you knowing it, but I listen to all kinds of music, and I've recently become very excited about Myspace.com because I've found loads of new interesting stuff out there. I've recently been going through a bit of a Captain Beefheart and Zappa phase so I've gone a bit loopy, but I listen to a lot of Tim Buckley, P J Harvey, Zeppelin, Kelly Joe Phelps, Bjork and mercury Rev. First song I remember is Kate Bush's Running up that Road and first album I ever bought was Bob Marley, Legends on LP which sounds like a really great start, but I did have quite a teenage dodgy thing going on at one point which I won't ever mention again.
<b>And non-musical ones?</b>	Pens, kites and rabbits.	Personal experience I guess is the number one, but also the experiences of other people and as most people tell me, I think too much, which as a songwriter, can't be a bad thing! To be honest, I don't know if it's ever a bad thing.
<b>Let's play Desert Island Discs. You get 5 albums and a book. What do you choose?</b>	Jamboree – Beat Happening Pet Sounds – The Beach Boys Santadog – The Residents Satanic Panic In The Attic – Of Montreal The Blue Album - Weezer & The Jungle Book	Ar man!! This is so hard, it's one of those things you think, 'this is the one!' and then tomorrow this list will be completely different. Ok.... Here goes anyway... <b>Albums:</b> Superfly – Curtis Mayfield Soup – Blind Melon Led Zeppelin I – yup, needs no explanation Sea Change – Beck Kind of Blue – Miles Davis (I hope this won't make me fall into a pit of depression so I don't get around to reading my book (see below)) <b>Book:</b> 1001 ways to survive on a Desert Island
<b>You're holding the ultimate party. What type of party would you throw and who are the first 5 people you'd invite (alive or dead, famous or not)?</b>	We would hold a surreal party in the Red Room with Federico Fellini, Jean Cocteau, Luis Bunuel, David Lynch & a midget butler serving cocktails in proper wine glasses.	Now, I'd have a barbeque party with pineapple and cheese / mini sausages on sticks, crepe paper and balloons and gather together an assortment of flammable substances invite a couple of pyromaniacs and Guy Fawkes and some close friends to share it with and boring family members to laugh at and hope it goes off with a bang in true suburban barbeque style. It's always important in these scenarios to undercook the chicken.
<b>Who's your favourite Muppet?</b>	Beaker because he's cool.	I love this question – everyone says Animal and you have to admit, he is the coolest, but I'm going to go for Sam, the American Eagle.

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