

The Archetype Illustrates His Point

When I grow up I want to be an archetype.
Don't you mean an architect?
No, an archetype.
Why?

Simplicity.
Please explain.
A blueprint, an exemplar.
That sounds very ambitious to me.

No need to explain or think, just do and be.
Seems like a peaceful life I have to say.
No need to finish, only begin.
Power not responsibility?

Yes thank you.
Now you're being childish.
No, just simple, like an archetype.
And churlish.

I think I'd better go back to the Jungian hole in
your head.
Excuse me? I am a responsible adult!
Of course you are, of course.
An architect no less.

Joe Hudson

Lady Of Shalott Day

Don't you hate it when it's Lady of Shalott Day?
Don't you don't you?

Tirra lira tirra lira
goes the alarm on my bedside cabinet
and here's one problem that can't be solved
by reaching out and grabbing it –
because today is Lady of Shalott Day,
only once a year,
when you have to go into work in all your Lady of
Shalott gear
and if you forget and wear your cardigan and
your pop-socks
you have to put some money in the Lady of
Shalott box.
And there's Derek from Wages in his armour and
his stupid plume
making a tapestry of the timesheets in the next-
door room;
and it's rosemary for remembrance
a pomegranate in your sandwich-box
when all you want's a Penguin biscuit
but you daren't risk it, not at all.

And meanwhile in the typing-pool
we're not allowed to look directly at our typewriter
keys –
the Qs the Ws the Es the Rs the Ts –
we have to look at them in a mirror;
and it's rosemary for remembrance Tippex for
typing-errors.
And we're not allowed to look directly at the
window-cleaner
cleaning windows leaning on a major supporting
pillar
with his little ukulele singing Tirra lira
and his Lonsdale sweatshirt reading Eladsnol.

But it's nice when you go home for a shower
where a shower-curtain hangs aslant the bath
and the eight-hour Shalottathon is on
with Philip Schofield as King Arth

Rachel Pantechnicon

Feelings About Love At 4am

Love is a solution and a problem,
it's beguiling and revealing.
Love is clean and dirty,
though never without feeling
(and oh so contrary).

Love is free and costly, warm and frosty,
complex and elementary.
Love is a test, sometimes always
and others never meant to be.

Love can be too eager,
then your heart could pay dear.
Love can be priceless,
then you'd never fear -
of being in debt.

Love can sneak up and grab you from behind,
then reveal itself to be false and unkind.
Love can be mistaken for egoistical attachment,
both can hold you in a bind.

Love and lust are perverse bed fellows,
taking it in turns to tie you up.
Love though is something we should never give
up,
since love can connect us, together -
without contradiction.

Joe Hudson

the denture

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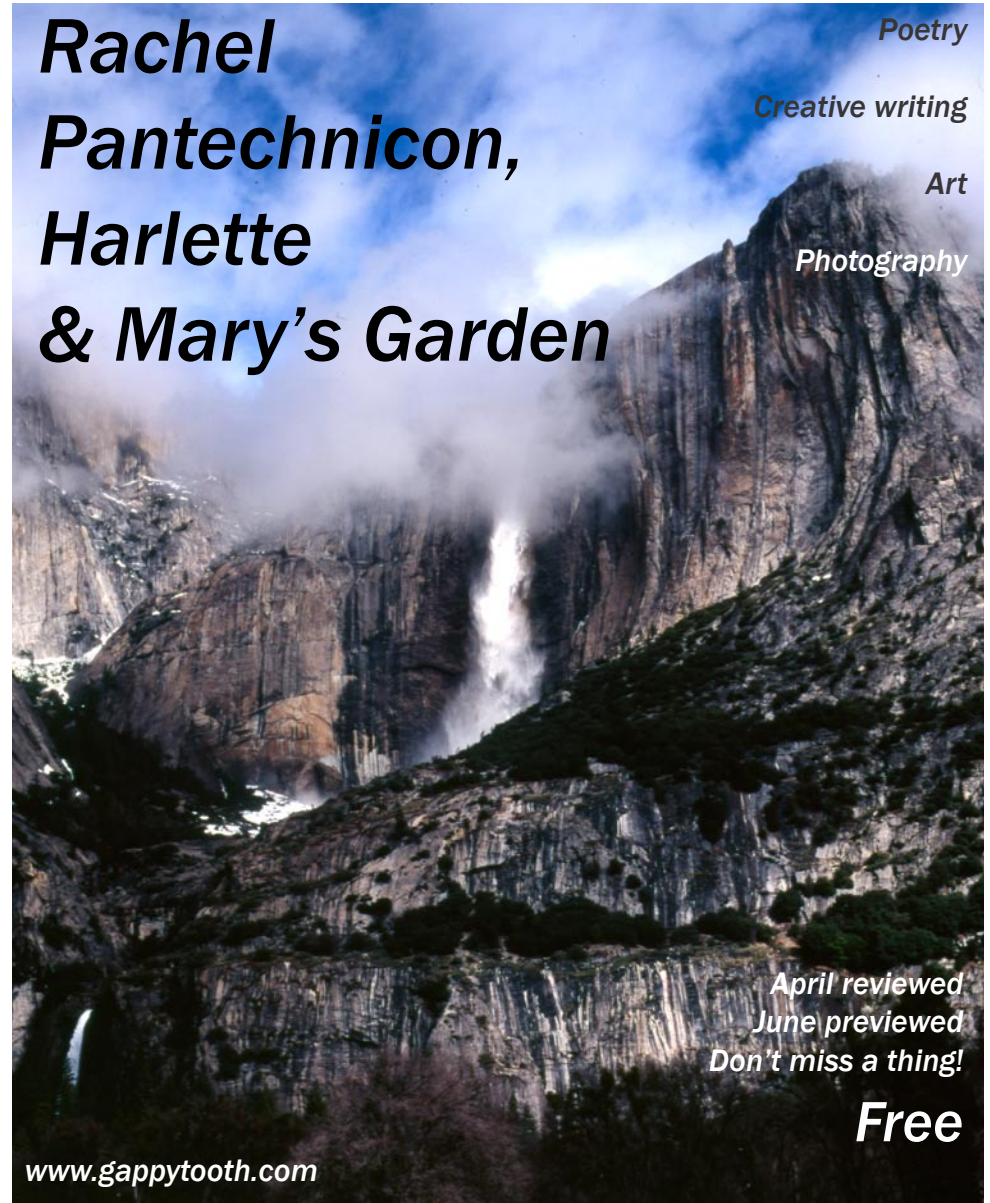
Rachel Pantechnicon, Harlette & Mary's Garden

Poetry

Creative writing

Art

Photography



April reviewed
June previewed
Don't miss a thing!

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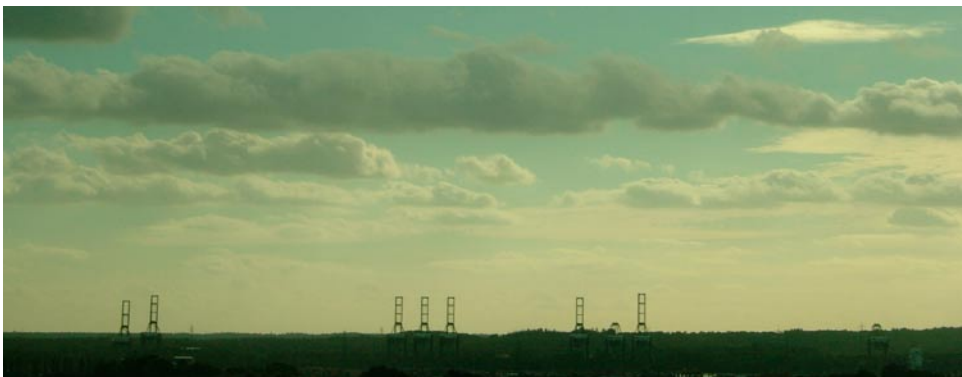
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Cover photo by Helen Barker

This issue dedicated to the memory of
Grant McLennan 1958 - 2006.

Grant was one of the two singer-songwriters that spearheaded one of my favourite groups, the Go-Betweens. The other was Robert Forster who wrote the following lyrics which, although written about another subject entirely, seem somehow appropriate. 'Dive For Your Memory' comes from the band's sixth album '16 Lovers Lane' which is as good a place to discover their beautiful song-writing as any. In fact you can't go wrong with any of the nine albums in their back catalogue. The man may be gone but the music lives on.

Photo by Peter Wilkinson



Dive For Your Memory

If the cliffs were any closer,
If the water wasn't so bad,
I'd dive for your memory
on the rocks and the sand.

I'd dive for you
Like a bird I'd descend
Deep down I'm lonely
And I miss my friend.

So when I hear you saying,
That we stood no chance,
I'll dive for your memory
We stood that chance.

We stood side by side,
Strong and true.
Just wish you'd remember,
Bad times don't get you through.

So when I hear you saying,
That we stood no chance,
I'll dive for your memory
We stood that chance.

Now, I dive black waters
The waters of her dream.
Are black and forgetful
I'd like to make them clean.

So when I hear you saying,
That we stood no chance,
I'll dive for your memory
We stood that chance.

So when I hear you saying,
That we stood no chance,
I'll dive for your memory
We stood that chance.

A Lecture On Stockings From The Annals Of The Common University.

Stockings have a very long history. Indeed, for anyone to argue that the stockings we see on the streets today or depicted in illuminated Mediaeval manuscripts are anything other than echoes and reiterations of more ancient doings is for someone to argue errant nonsense. Wherever there has been something to be recognised as human sin, as depravity or deviance from the usual social codes of conduct, there have been stockings or something very much of their kin.

For example, in the Lesser Pyramid of Amon-Cheops-Tut-Re-Nektato, located a hundred miles east of Cairo and first opened in the modern period in 1899 by Lord Arthur McArthur, there is, in a secret chamber, a fresco which displays what seems to be the earliest definitively recorded stocking.

On the right hand side of the wall is a stylised group of people, some of them in conversation, some simply standing and milling. They are dressed in the typically gauzy, sensual and diaphanous robes of Ancient Egypt. The men's are little more than narrow skirts, while the women's cover them in a more modest manner, but are, in actual fact, much more transparent. Their feet are bare, a few of the women wear woven anklets. On the earth, around these feet, lie baskets of fruit. The Nile Valley was, of course, a richly fertile land and the variety of fruit that can be identified is wide. What marks this wall painting as unique though is that this fruit is clearly depicted as being rotten. Flies can be discerned and on some of the skins or rinds are pointillistic patches of mould.

When McArthur first reported this fresco there was an understandable ripple of disquiet through the halls of Egyptology. The Egyptians, respected as the first true civilisation, were famous for their cleanliness. In fact, next to their Gods, it was the thing they were most known for. Every piece of evidence that had been collected, from Napoleon's tour of the land onwards, had pointed to this fact. Numerous paintings and engravings depicted washing and grooming activities. Countless young maidservants prepared their mistresses, with perfumes and oils. Only in funereal displays did dirt make an appearance, and even then it was only the professional mourners who, as a symbolic gesture to death, flung dirt over themselves. So the public appearance of this rotting fruit seemed

an anachronistic spanner thrown into our carefully built-up picture of Ancient Egypt.

A league of professors from the Cairo Institute were so enraged by McArthur's descriptions that they set out one night to deface the wall painting, in order to remove it from the cannon. Fortunately for posterity, and stocking lovers of all times, this party of professors was prevented from entering the pyramid by McArthur's Scottish mercenary friend and travelling companion, James 'General' Jings, who shot three of them dead, seriously wounded a fourth and sold the remaining three into slavery in the Congo. And so, thankfully, the fresco remained.

At the front, that is the left hand edge, of the crowd of people already described is a figure nicknamed by McArthur 'The Bowler.' One leg is raised, the body is tilted forward, with one arm thrust out in front and the other held out behind as a means of balance. As he cleaned the wall, brushing away the dust, soot and grime carefully, painstakingly even, so as to not chip any of the ancient paint off, McArthur drew his breath as this figure was exposed. For him, then, the explanation for everything suddenly became apparent.

"On my knees, with just one torch behind my left shoulder held by Jings who lay on his side, I scraped away with my brush. At first I uncovered the fellow's leg and there was only the one. I had never seen, and have never seen since, such a thing in any tomb. Egyptians always kept both feet on the floor, but here was a wee chap with only the one down. As I cleaned upwards I found his other leg and I knew what he was. The Bowler. Finding his arms in that archetypal nancy English cricket pose confirmed it all. But I knew the Egyptians weren't playing cricket, since that's just a long dull game fit only for Englishmen and girls."

Indeed he wasn't playing cricket, for as McArthur cleaned the whole fresco, a job of some weeks in the cramped and unventilated conditions of the pyramid interior, the ancient stocking was revealed in all its glory.

(Continued next issue)

A. F. Harrold

Faith to a Confused Man

Faith, it's a point of contention.
What does it mean to have it?
To believe without proof?
But my faith I won't vanish
in a quantum anomaly or
that red is red and blue is
blue normally, is not the
sort that interests me.

Faith with a story,
social trappings and glory.
Faith with prescriptions and sacrifice,
with intangible promises,
there to entice. Or,
through following profound advice,
Faith with unselfish love,
reached by touch with
a force within and from above.

Faith, it's a leap and a comfy seat.
It's a net, or else an escape,
it's victory or defeat,
or all these things at once.
It amplifies your resolve,
but can keep your mind locked
from resolving,
about a fixed axis forever revolving.

What makes it one for some
and the other for others?
Why do some
get only masks and covers and others
the searching passion of new lovers?

Motivation and surrender,
I think it has to be -
devisors between
clarity and sentimentality.
between vision
and banality.

To horde and flee,
or give and truly see.
To hide, or set free.
The perennial questions
of how to be.
I know, it's like climbing a tree
where the branches grow thin
the higher you scale.
The heavier you are
the more they'll fail -
and I want to see from the top.

But the need for truth

is confounded by the need for proof.
It's burden nagging, like an aching tooth,
spoil the fun of candy beliefs
in a fatherly God and eternal youth.

But it's not really proof I want,
or could expect, since how
can we know when all's indirect,
one step removed,
through our senses projected,
from perilous reality we are protected.

I just want to feel sure, that's all,
sure that what I'm doing is right,
that all is for the best,
and worth the fight.
Any test of faith I'd resolve to pass
if only, I could see the light.

In my selfish need I'd like to see
how lives of pain are somehow right,
how babies starving
through day and night;
How children disfigured and diseased might,
and a myriad souls in lonely torment could
lead to the will of God being pleased.
How is this just?

Though what's a life of pain
to forever in joy?
But then who's to say all that's not a ploy?
The towering and invisible eternity
and the necessity of modernity.
Two things that don't see eye to eye.
Yet perhaps one is in the other?
And our life is our eternity,
and our spirits fly with life lived now,
for our forever.

And how frightening that thought is,
that there is, no other, safe realm.
That there is only this, now.
But should I fear?
Is that where God is hiding?

My fragile honesty is all that stands
against unworthy faith.
It's all that saves me from the fold,
of living a life in feign (or more so).
Let the truth, please be bold.
What must I surrender?
What must I accept?
Where is my heart?

Continued after centre pages



Ink and watercolour pencil drawing of Half Dome in Yosemite National Park by Helen Barker

Continued from before centre pages

Spare me guilt and punishment.
Unless it's for the best.
Show me, what I should do
and what I should be.
Perhaps your test
is to find out for myself,
and feel guilt as I must, and I must.

Felt for not being my best,
for being a well meaning
stranger to love and trust,
for settling, yet not letting
myself rest.

Guilt, as and to faith a prop,
a two sided abnegation.
A tepid acceptance of my own responsibility,
and of neglected needs for personal connection,
sought to be enjoyed without rejection.

But guilt has its bounds,
and I've said enough.
There are things to do
and things to be.
In that, I have faith and
from faith, surely, faith comes.

Joe Hudson

Introducing tonight's entertainment

Question	Mary's Garden	Harlette	Rachel Pantechnicon
Introduce yourself. Who are you and what do you do?	We are Mary's Garden and I guess we're kind of gothy, dramatic and atmospheric rockers who like dressing up a bit.	Hello, I am Staz. This evening you will know me as the drummer from Harlette. As for you, I know everything about you, everything.	I am Rachel Pantechnicon and I write motivational poems for people and for cats.
What are your main musical influences?	Deep Purple, Cyndi Lauper, Led Zeppelin, Manic Street Preachers, Interpol, Smashing Pumpkins, Keane, Pink Floyd, Evanescence (for our sins)! A bit of the blues and general classic rock, too much to cover!	Personally, I don't have any specific musical influences because I think that everything I listen too will influence me in some way or another - y'see there is just too much music about. As for Harlette, I wouldn't even want to begin to start a list...	Susan Fassbender. And the signature tune from 'Marine Boy'.
And non-musical ones?	Family and friends and Bruce Lee!	Near enough everyone around me, and I hate to say it but I'm sure I'm fairly influenced by certain video games and television programs as well.	Sauce. Teazels. 'The Wasteland'.
Let's play Desert Island Discs. You get 5 albums and a book. What do you choose?	Pink Floyd 'the wall'. Pulp 'His n Hers'. Led Zeppelin III. Anything by Annie Lennox and a compilation album with all our favourite songs on (ha! We cheated)! Book wise, A really bloody thick novel that no one had read yet!	I'd rather take a blank book and a pen, I'm sure I'd have enough time to write my own book. And if I had to pick five cds right now, it'd be: Electrelane - Axes, Aphex Twin - Selected Ambient Works 85 - 92, Blonde Redhead - Misery is a Butterfly, !!! - Louden Up Now and Gang of Four - Entertainment!	As I'm a poet, can I have five books and an album? Thankyou. They would be 'Castaway' by Lucy Irvine (useful on a desert island), 'Moominland Midwinter' by Tove Jansson (the one with The Dweller Under The Sink in it), Collins Rhyming Dictionary, 'The New Girl at St Chad's' by Angela Brazil, and 'The Observer's Book of Lichens'. Susan Fassbender hasn't made an LP (yet), so it might need to be one by Alma Cogan. I don't mind which.
You're holding the ultimate party. What type of party would you throw and who are the first 5 people you'd invite?	I think we would have a big murder mystery weekend but without any real murders and every one would have to dress up all messed up and the more drag the better! Everyone could do what the hell they like as long as I (Laima) can play Tomb Raider quietly somewhere round the back with a can of Fosters.	I'd have a fancy dress party, everyone would have to come dressed as a piece of food. I would prefer it if we had a carrot, banana, mushroom, some chicken and a piece of cheese present. You're all welcome, I would prefer it if you were alive though (possibly famous too), I'll be dressed as a strawberry.	Nothing too ostentatious – one with breadsticks and things, I suppose. I would invite Emmeline Pankhurst, Harold II, the god Quetzalcoatli, the one with the bowtie from 'Time Team', and Susan Fassbender.

Your June Dental Appointment

The Zodiac, Oxford
30/06/06
£4.50 on the door, £4 with NUS card.

19.45
Ginger Brown: cheap beats & abrasive digi-riffs from local My Initials Club organisers.

www.ginger-brown.com

20.40
Catnap: Brighton art rock. "Myriad directions of post-rock, post-punk, dada squall and further" as Vanity Project Zine put it.

www.catnapmusic.co.uk

21.35
Narcissism: Banbury minimal avant metal from Nightshift Demo Of The Month winners, mixing Pelican with ...Trail Of The Dead & My Vitriol

April review

Foxes!, Charlotte James & Vena Cava

Another day is another man's tax return just like another Gappy Tooth is another Friday. I am eating over at the Red Star and the stranger next to me complains that he always feels like a loser when he sees what others have ordered. Fortunately for him, I order the exact same thing. I proceed to chuff up the food and sculling the Ashi, before I cross the street and say: "Gappy Tooth, please!"

To my delight Foxes! are greeting me with the start of their set. This three piece band consists of a funny bass, a guitarist and a female singer/drummer. Their happy rock about vegetarian beef, among other things, puts me in a womb where it's nice and warm. This is an act that has the potential to enjoy me for many a gig, thus I cry along with Snoopy as I have to leave the womb in what feels like a premature birth.

The Zodiac packs up and as Charlotte James take on the audience the place is well populated. Charlotte and the band deliver slick and really tight "singer song writer with band" stuff. The crowd likes it and it's all good. Probably these are among the best musicians that ever visited the Gappy Tooth. However, just like a corporate raider, I can't help but believe that the parts are greater than the sum this night.

Vena Cava does not only transport de-oxygenated blood, it is the band apart for tonight. The rest of the off-stage-humanoids seem to agree, since they pretty quickly do like the apostles. I stay though, and get to enjoy energy and occasional hardcore bliss. Time will hopefully tell that they can totally de-oxygenating the pit. Perhaps by mixing their energy and screams with rhythms and melody even more, without turning to Take That.

All in all, tonight offered another mixed bag to the gnasher conscious, I think, as I kick back with some more beers. Of all of them I will keep an extra eye out for the Foxes!, since they made me cry. For more!

Karl Von-Helvete