

entertainment listings. And The Oxfam *Make Noise For Global Unfairness* campaign. And The Samaritans. I take no heed of their complaints, because I am a balanced person and they are twisted and evil. I'm a born entertainer and nothing can – oops, phone's ringing, wait a mo.

The fucking *Cur* cancelled my residency – and I'd paid three weeks in advance too! Bloody bastards. I hate everyone, I hate myself. Have to go now, I've just eaten my last 14 Peppermis.

Fuck you too

Angela Starburst, Artiste and Singere, Rose Hill

Clive says: Chin up, Angela. And the other one. And the next. Well done, only 6 more to go...

Clyve

I beleive in frendlyness and open expresion and happyness which is why i and the strummys wont stand for whingeing and badness and swearing and we hate smoking and we don't like the inturnet and I hate promoters who hang up the telliphone on me and don't you allways hate it when guitar straps get tangled and when the bands' name gets spelled wrongly and if I was in charge id maim everywon who messed up my moniters and nobody should listen to my music without telling me what they think its only desent and beer should be less strong and everyboddie should shut up and listen and pay attenshun to what i say and be more liberal and understanding to others. Like I am.

kev andrews

Clive says: the more you're moaning, the less you're singing – works for me.

Dear Clive

Please advertise the next performance by Wheatley conceptualists Enjambement, who have recorded a series of audience complaints of their previous gigs, and shall set them to noises at Modern Art Oxford next week. At the end of the set, the audience are invited to come and smash the band's instruments, in a reversal of the power balance of the staid rock meta-

narrative (all breakages to be paid for). A recording has already been released on Alembic Distillation Records which will feature excerpts from arguments between Big Tim and Jamess on the Nightshift message board recited by cast members from *Albion Market*, over edited extracts from recent recordings by industrial soundscapists Workforce.

Enjambe-
ment

Clive says: Oh, piss off, you ponces.

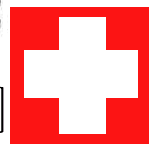
Like, Clive, it's totally a bum deal that none of my favourite Oxford bands come to play for me anymore, now I've moved round the world. I'm completely gonna moan about it! So, if Throth or Algernon Noisybrick or any other rad post-rockers come to the colonies to play, I'll totally attend. Unless I decide to drink cider in the graveyard. Or if the school netball team are practising again, they are totally hot! Also, there's a tiny hole in the dressing room door – it's rad to look at them, but I have to keep my wordless howling to a minimum, otherwise I might totally get, like, arrested. Rock on!!

Mack Bayleaf

Clive says: If you get any photos, feel free to send them over. Of the bands as well, if the netball plan doesn't come together.



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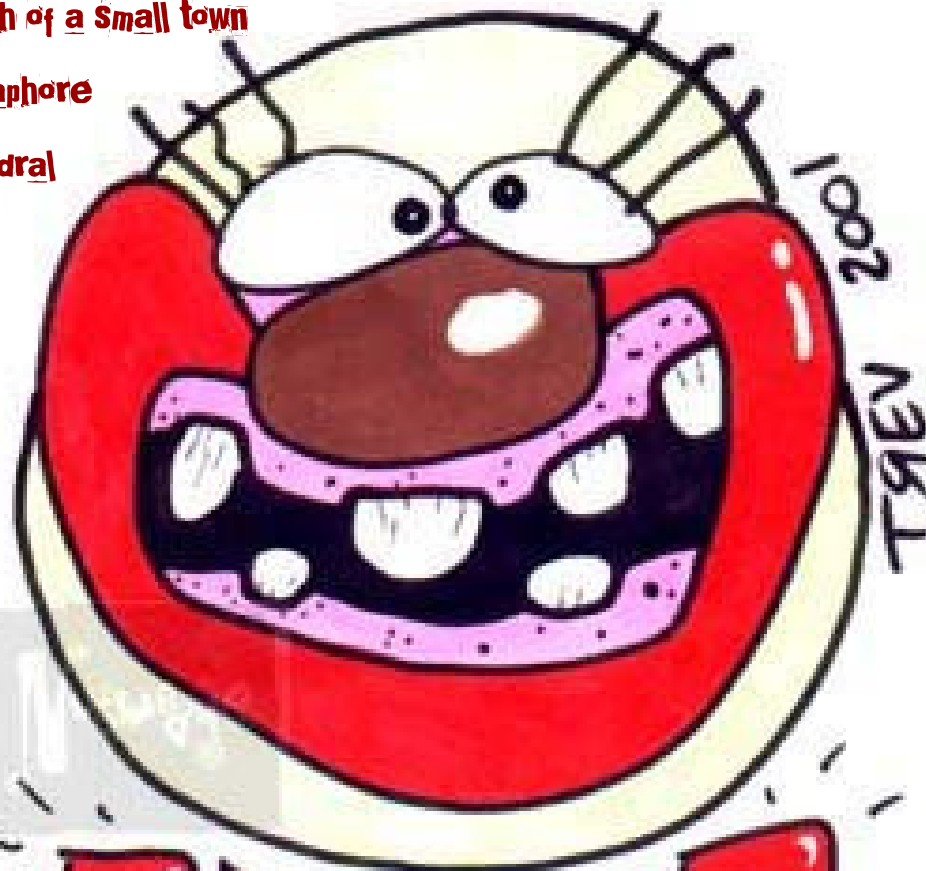
Gappy Tooth Industries Magazine

Issue 41 November 2008

Death of a small town

Semaphore

Euhedral



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Editorial

Last issue of 2008! Early this year my good friends, Russ and Rich, and I devised a new scheme for the Denture –Themed issues and Clive's corner.

After running with it for a number of issues Russ decided to hang up the editor's cap, this time for a while! Before he has a chance to return, I would like to express my sincere thanks to Russ for his outstanding contributions as editor for us here at the Denture central. Thank you, thank you.

Now, I do not know what caused that whingeing bastard to leave us, but I can only pass the blame to the talentless nobodies that write for and read this substandard publication. Shame on you for making Russ feel so bad! You disgust me!

Now please feast your eyes on this publication you little nitwitz!

Enjoy!

Nik

Email to the denture@gappytooth.com

Contributors:

Clive Newman and bands

Cover: Trevor Hardy



The Popagenda -Interviews

Death of a Smalltown

GTI: Why do you think that the English are famous for whingeing?

DS: Are we though? I always thought we were rather stoic. Maybe it's the incessant rain?

GTI: Why do the English generally whinge about the weather and not about something they can influence?

DS: Oh, the irony...

GTI: Is there anything you would like to whinge about?

DS: Not a thing

GTI: Can a sound engineer really influence they way a band sounds?

DS: Absolutely; as with a waiter/tress, never insult the sound engineer

GTI: Are sound-engineers really engineers?

DS: In that they craft sound-scapes from the raw materials presented to them (or something), yes, but I wouldn't necessarily trust my life to one of their suspension bridges

GTI: Who's the worst person you have ever met while gigging?

DS: No idea

GTI: Why?

DS: I try not to dwell on such meetings

GTI: What do you not like about gigging?

DS: Humping equipment home in the early hours, sound-checking in front of the audience

GTI: How does it feel to wake up after a Saturday nights gig?

DS: "Sunday morning and I'm falling..."

GTI: Do you ever feel like quitting?

DS: No

GTI: What is wrong with the world?

DS: Amongst other things, certain people's lack of imagination

GTI: Would you write a song about it?

DS: About the effects of it, yes

GTI: Why?

DS: Life can be depressing, but writing a song about it is a positive act; useless beauty in the face of the void and all that

INSIDE TRACKS – Korma Police, arrest this naan! A spicy nibble of Oxford's music bhaji with Clive Newman.

We're here to talk about whingeing. It's about time somebody did! All that moaning all day long, about this and that – hardly the spirit that won us two world wars and made the rules of all the proper sports, is it? I pipped out that moaning was ruining our country at the Thrupp Catholic School AGM. Whilst I had the floor I also pointed out how much I hated the graffiti in Kidlington's Grovelands Estate, and the fact that people shouldn't be allowed to eat smelly foreign muck on the bus. I was just about to observe that nobody on the BBC could pronounce the phrase "Good food" anymore, when the so called "chairperson" (PC speak for "lesbian") told me this was irrelevant to the topic in hand (proposed blazer badge colours), and also berated me for attending the meeting at all (just because I sent me children to a Protestant Technical College, where European language teaching is forbidden!). More bloody moaning. I don't know, what's the world coming to? Read on, fair friends, read on.*

**This is a rhetorical question, please don't send me any replies, you cretins.*

Phew, Clive!

I just have to write to you and tell you how hard it is to edit a modern music magazine! People

don't realise how tough it is, so I thought I'd have a bit of a whinge in your pages. I mean, this time, we were a little late getting *Some Things Happen In Oxford (And Environs)*, *Many Of Which Can Be Perceived Aurally*, hooray out onto the racks. Well, it was tough work getting it done at all! Do people not realise how difficult it is to make a magazine with only 12 months between issues? Do they know how long it takes to shave every single ounce of content from the articles? It's a graft, the amount of opinion I have to meticulously erase from our submissions. The writers will keep on sending in copy with personality on show, the feckless fools.

What our critics didn't notice is that we had no fewer than 4 new fonts in the new issue, and the cover was 34% more glossy, if you can imagine such a thing – you could hardly read it at all!

See you

Ronald Birmingham, The Really Ace Magazine About Oxford Music Company

Clive says: Letter of the month! Yes, Ron, people don't realise how hard our jobs are. I mean, I'm missing 15 To 1 right now to write this, & I only had time for three pints at lunch today!

Dear Clive,

I'm always amazed at people's bad attitude. I'm flabbergasted at how much they like to moan about things. If one were a musical all round entertainer, as thus me is, and shall still be much always, you could find that music can heal all ills, both physical, mental and emotional (except, perhaps, obesity, according to my lyotard designer). Conversely, and on the other side of the hand, I have to keep centred and promote my own mental hygiene to truly approach my singing – you can't make a good fist of a 17 minute Lennox medley if you've not got a fully oiled emotional arsenal, as that much so I may have: the discerning Sunday lunch clientele of *The Snivelling Cur*, Evesham, won't stand for it. So I keep my whole being in shape with ancient Chinese zen techniques (eg Soduko). That way I'm not an uptight moaning Minnie, like the so-called *Nightshift*. And *The Iffley Advertiser*. And The Greater Leys *Something Inside So Song* All-Comers Charity Choir. And the C of E free