

to the last word of each line – they rhyme too! “Coming”, “Running”, “Something” – very clever. No idea what the song’s about. Probably a love song, I think I’ll play it at the next local “Thrupp For 12th Generation Britons Only” meeting, they like a good sing-song.

Baby Gravy

A school project of some sort. They’re only about 13. Cemetery cider quaffers, I’ll wager. Harmless fun, nice to see the kids off the street. Terrible music, though: hardly honours students, I’d imagine. They probably just keep them on in education to keep the woodwork room spick and span. Poor things.

Spring Offensive

It can be, yes. In my school we never acknowledged the season, it’s a can of tumescent worms. Wrong sort of messages given to a young lad. Of course, the Headmaster had to leave after they found him in his office, dancing round a papier mache rabbit totem with some of the lower fourth, naked and slathered with sap and hortensia buds.

Drunkenstein

Ah, yes, very good. Very witty. First thing I’ve really liked. Drunkenstein – it’s like Frankenstein, but with the word “drunk”. Top hole. Ha ha. Glad I found something to enjoy over the weekend. God bless us, every one!



SATURDAY

Time	Act/Info
14.30	doors
15.00	Space Heroes Of The People
15.45	Helen Pearson
16.30	Matt Winkworth
17.15	Project Adorno
18.00	Superman Revenge Squad
18.45	The Joe Allen Band
19.30	Motor City Shuffle
20.15	MJ Hibbett & The Validators
21.00	The Yarns
21.45	Fuzzy Logic
22.30	Comrade Rocket
23.00	The Evenings (DJ set)
0.00	curfew

SUNDAY

Time	Act/Info
14.30	doors
15.00	James Bell
15.45	Trev Williams
16.30	The Fox & The Bramble
17.15	Charlie Baxter
18.00	Vileswarm
18.45	Motion In Colour
19.30	Able Archer
20.15	Mr Shadown
21.00	Baby Gravy
21.45	The Spring Offensive
22.30	Drunkenstein
23.00	The Evenings (DJ set)
0.00	curfew

THE WINTER WARMER

THE JERICHO TAVERN 19+20TH DECEMBER 2009

P R O G R A M

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A GUIDE TO THE WEEKEND'S PERFORMERS

With your host, Making Tracks' Clive Newman: more linguistic dexterity than you can verb a noun at.

Space Heroes Of The People

This act has recently lost their drummer. I know the feeling, I lost my 4th wife to an itinerant Bulgarian ostler in a crooked canasta bee in Middleton Stonery. I'm sure they're getting on fine without her – I hope nobody tries to return her, as, like me, they'll have to pretend to be Norwegian and deny all knowledge.

Helen Pearson

This is a great little acoustic singer. No noise, no leaping about, no decontamination issues. "Labrador Song" is a good one. Labradors are lovely dogs but they score relatively highly on my Thrupp Canine Thoroughfare Fowling Ratio, with which I have calculated the civil malfeasance of various breeds, based on mass, viscosity, frequency of offence and the probability of having a nasty common name like Bruiser or Starshine ($p > X$, where $x = \text{Rover}$). My research has been thorough. I have spent a king's ransom on nitrile examination gloves.

Motion In Colour

Yes, I have stats on this too, see above. White is a lot less common than it was when I was a nipper, interestingly.

Project Adorno

I suppose this is OK, if you like a couple of poofthahs miming. It's a bit like the Thrupp charity panto, but without an amusing interlude from the local constabulary setting a record of the area's matrimonial spats to jaunty barrelhouse music, or Mrs McGuffin from the post office getting soused on barley wine and stripping naked on an abandoned barge.

Superman Revenge Squad

I've not got a clue what this chap is on about, he talks too bloody quickly for a start. That's right,

talks, not sings. The three bits I could make out, "Kate Moss", "Chavs" and "ASBOs" meant nothing to me. I think Kate Moss is on the wireless, and that chavs are corn snacks in an amusing shape. Asbo's is one of those cut price European supermarkets where you can buy steak & kidney cordial and freeze dried cream soda.

The Joe Allen Band

A man called Joe, and his band. Elementary. Or it would be, if his supposed band didn't just consist of a bassist, who may or may not deign to perform. If that's a band then, by extension, this magazine is the fucking Library of Congress.

Motor City Shuffle

Well, this bastard lot have cancelled, so God knows whom you'll see on the day. Knowing the atrocious tastes of these promoters it'll be a jazz mime troupe called Bookends, Pumicestone & West Germany.

MJ Hibbett & The Validators

There was a fracas at the kiosk at a municipal parking facility recently. Apparently I was supposed to "validate" my ticket. Of all the cheek. I said, "Your machine gave it to me, is that not validation enough? Must the customer bolster your own flimsy working procedures?" In the end my celebrity was my validation. The concierge realised who I was, roughly at the time his shift ended. I was, unfortunately, 5 hours late for my next appointment, however.

The Yarns

Cats playing with string. Cute. If I owned a book, it would have pictures of cats and string in. As it is, I had to discard my Harold Robbins collection recently to make room for the *Last Of The Summer Wine* complete box set – the only heritage video set I've come across recently available solely in the Betamax format. Result!

Fuzzy Logic

Ooh-err! I've been in a position of *fuzzy logic* after too many crème de menthe spritzers with

Terry Tacheman, from BBC Provinces. I may have "imbibed a little too freely" last weekend, if you get my drift. Of course, I didn't fall for his japes, I know there's no such thing as a *web-cam* – and if there were it would hardly be such a tiny nubbin of a device – so his alleged footage is a mere fantasy! Although Mrs McGuffin gave me an odd look when I was buying some treasury tags the other day...

Komrad

It's very trendy nowadays to forgive the Russians, but not me. Alongside the unsavoury moniker, this band sounds quite like the Berlin Wall falling down, so it's lefty nonsense from soup to nuts.

The Evenings

In an attempt to exonerate the fact that he isn't really doing anything properly musical, just playing records (without even using records, not sure how that works), Mr. The Evenings is playing both nights. Let joy be unbounded.

James Bell

This chap is promising, if he'd just calm down a little. I quite like folk music. But really, I quite like it in the sixteenth century, not my house.

Trev Williams

Ah, now we're talking. Trev is a well brought up young lad, nicely turned out and with a good sense of concern for the community (but the nouse, I'd imagine, not to let the matter of the driveway boundary demarcation drop, and to take it all the way to the highest legal circles, if necessary, like anyone else with an ounce of British dignity, yes, all the way!). I've not spoil the effect by listening to him, yet.

The Fox & The Bramble

I love foxes. They're like dogs, but less smelly, and cats, but less gay. Also, if you have foxes in your garden at night, it means you live somewhere lightly rural, yet tidy, as I do. They should just post a fox count in estate agents' windows, to save time,

Charlie Baxter

Knew a chap once called Charlie Baxter. Corporal. Bad business. Became embroiled with a transvestite rodent exterminator named Bartholomew. Got addicted to cheddar – he was up to 6 ploughman's' a day by the end. Asked me to lend him a watering can once. No can do. Kicked him in the knackers.

Vileswarm

Named, doubtless, after the insect plague we get in our little corner of Oxford every summer. Bigwigs on the gogglebox ask where the bees are going. Easy – they're being priced out of the market. Wasps do the same job bees do, but noisier and cheaper, so that's that for the apine fraternity. It's like that horrific Primark destroying Marks & Spencers, same principle. As a staunch Thatcherite I believe strongly in a free market economy, whilst reserving the right to tell the people how to spend their money, and decrying the wrong sort of business success. Hang on, I've got to have little think about that...

Matt Winkworth

Knew a chap once called Matt Winkworth. Local verger. Big scandal. Became convinced he'd seen Allah in a Monster Munch. Had to give up the ecclesiastical bent. Attempted amends. Alleged he'd found a cameo of Robert Runcie on a Golden Graham. No dice. You can never go back, readers.

Able Archer

Robin Hood was an able archer. Shot an arrow into the bull, then shot a second to split the first in two, according to legend. If I were him, I would have shot a third into the guy who'd sold him the arrows, for flogging shoddy merchandise. Don't want your arrows bisecting at the merest provocation, do you? That second arrow should have bounced smartly off the former, right? Fletchers, who'd have 'em?

Mr Shadown

Nice young lad. Like that Superman chap he talks a bit fast, but I find it's safest to just listen