

instruments into diathermies and multi-parameter patient monitors, and because there are no drums "Stumps" is forced to play a glass demijohn containing a malformed human foetus used in medical lectures and a weighty textbook on the medulla oblongata. In the end a pretty nurse takes us to her matron's office for a party down prescription!

– Party down! The Deadlox, Bloxham Battle Of The Bands winners 2002

*Clive says: I liked that other one you did, "Tony Heart". You know, where you ran about playing through plasticine amps and using a mobile shoe brush for drums, until a pretty tinfoil girl took you away to a pencil case to dance the night away? Or did I imagine that after one too many of Terry Tacheman's Cinzano sorbets?*

Clive

Please consider yourself invited to attend our new night, MFI Friday, at the Ducking Stool. We pay homage to the great British flatpacked furniture, before the Swedes messed it all up for us, with a night long hauntological paean to dustily recalled childhood recollections, in a sensual investigation into the evocatory Proustian power of the dessicated remains of a shared culture.

Essentially, we just play that "how do Do It All do it?" ad into a bucket and lean on a Moog, but a whole bunch of idiots come up from Hoxton every week, so Big Dan hasn't beaten us up at all over bar takings this month. He has, however, beaten us up for unspecified reasons. – Yours, Anty Crablingo, the Gosub Club

*Clive says: Oh, go insert dowling A into socket C, you tedious jessy.*

Clive,

There are so many bad things that those cheese eating pacifistic mini German's have dreamt up in their little mountain republic you are completely spoilt for choice for reasons to go there quickly in a pre-emptive strike before they can think up something new.

The number one killer in our proud country is obesity so what do they do? I'll tell you, they produce stylish chocolates and export it here. The Swiss have killed and continue to go on killing more of our citizens than Osama ever will. We go after Al Qaida, but the Swiss continue their killing spree with absolute impunity. In addition they are plaguing our beautiful Britain with cookoo-clocks and flat-pack furniture.

Flat-pack furniture is the no. 1 reason for the break down of the core family values upon which modern Britain was founded. The flat pack is linked to degenerative language use in the home and there is a clear link between degenerative language and jobs. You get my point, the flat-pack is directly responsible for our once proud culture and empire's demise. The fact is that Switzerland poses a far more real threat to our citizens and society than Iraq, Iran or Afghanistan ever did. Yet, our politicians have never once suggested the natural solution: to bomb this country to the dark ages like we are doing in so many other countries.

–Toodle pip! Coo Coo

*Clive says: Toblerone is a staple for me as I lie on my Ikea couch. It is much more logical that we bomb Norway or Scotland to keep the peace as they have oil, Coo Coo. Afghanistan is the exception that proves this simple rule.*

# THE DENTURE

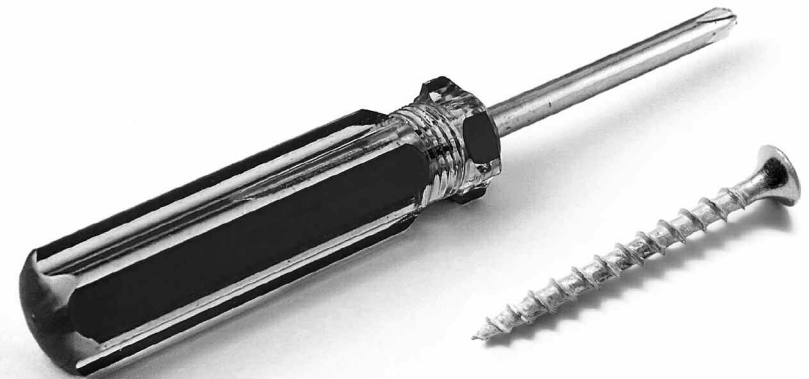


A REGULAR COMPENDIUM OF ALL THINGS GAPPY TOOTH INDUSTRIES.

## THE IKEA ISSUE

WITH

SPRING OFFENSIVE;  
BEFORE I EXPLODE;  
MR FOGG;  
STUFF AND NONSENSE.



THE DENTURE



FEBRUARY 2010 • PAGE 4

FEBRUARY 2010 • NUMBER 52

# SPRING OFFENSIVE.

WWW.MYSPACE.COM/SPRINGOFFENSIVE



## DESCRIBE THE SPRING OFFENSIVE'S SOUND.

People have said we sound like Youthmovies, too much like Radiohead, a lot like The Decemberists, disturbingly similar to the breakdowns in American Football (the band, not the sport), like nothing you've ever heard before, like oversensitive emo folk-rock, like we've stolen guitar parts from Foals, like a Stornoway that can talk to girls. The people who said this clearly knew what they were talking about, so who am I to argue with them?

## WHO INDEED... HOW DID YOU COME UP WITH THE NAME?

We decided that it was the least we could do to help the war effort. In days gone by, when people would Google "Spring Offensive", they'd be confronted with nothing but morbid 1st World War poetry (by some guy called Wilfred Owen, apparently) and news of Taliban attacks in Afghanistan. Now, the first thing on the list is our MySpace address. So even if they were thinking of reading a poem or news from the war, they'll get distracted and hear our music instead. It's a propaganda initiative, mostly.

## WAS THERE A LOT OF CURSING AND PROCRASTINATION BEFORE YOU SETTLED FOR THE NAME?

Unfortunately we're incredibly bureaucratic people, and we needed to arrange a meeting in order to schedule a meeting to do this. It took several months of round-the-clock negotiations, and yes, some choice words were exchanged, though I for one have to say that I'm not proud of them. The minutes read like a rejected Tarantino script. Please don't tell our mums.

## MUM'S THE WORD. HAVE YOU EVER CURSED AT YOUR OWN FURNITURE?

Who doesn't? I tend to treat my furniture with

the utmost respect, especially given that we have to spend most of our time together, but frankly my bed has been getting pretty complacent recently. I made a very public display of anger towards it in front of most of the others, like the desk, the chairs. If one starts misbehaving, then who knows if this will catch on while I'm out one day?

## NIP IT IN THE BUD, SO TO SPEAK. INCIDENTALLY, WHAT NATIONALITY WAS THAT PIECE OF FURNITURE?

All of my furniture are citizens of the world.

## DO YOU LIKE THE CITIZENS OF IKEA? iLiKEA.

## AHH, WHY?

It's never done anything to or for me. I don't own anything from Ikea, but I like the idea of buying furniture you have to assemble yourself. When we were kids we had Lego, when we're grown-ups we have Ikea. The human race never progresses. That's a beautiful thing.

## APART FROM YOU LEGO CONSTRUCTION WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE REMEMBERED FOR?

Because I think it would be nice.

# INSIDE TRACKS.

MISCARRIAGE OF THE COOL, WITH YOUR EMERGENCY MIDWIFE, CLIVE HEWMAN

*Ikea? What sort of a topic is that? Well, you can bleeding well take it from me I'll not waste my previous time thinking of an intro to such rubbish; if you need me, I'll be here watching *Psychic Pet Nanny On Ice*.*

Pow, Clive!

You might remember the awesome video we did for our last single, "Hibernating Heart", where we all wandered through the forest? It was kinda kerazy, because there was nowhere to even plug in the guitars, and the drummer played on a deserted badger's sett, until a pretty girl dragged us away to a log cabin for a rockin party time. Anyway, our new video, "Self Assembly Heart" is even boomer. The song is a keyboard driven contempo-pop chugger, and we all wander round Ikea, acting the giddy goat. There are no amps in Ikea, as you well know, so we just act madcap without any. The drummer plays on a sunbaked orange nest of Coterie occasional tables and a faun Erudition lamp/vase cos there are no drums! In the end a girl comes to take us to the canteen, where we party down amidst the meatballs.

Anyway, if you like it I can send you a sneak peek of our next single, "Transplanted Heart", which is a Rhodes dusted now-flavoured adult frug tune, with a video in a surgical theatre. You can guess the fun as we try to plug

