

Honest, Stationary

So there's these two men sitting in a pub with a lunchtime half. This particular day is the first time that they have seen each other in many weeks, whereas once they were inseparable rogues. The first belches warm behind his palm (beer so fizzy nowadays) and continues.

"So there's this man standing in a metal room. He has his back to one of the walls of this empty room and the other wall starts coming towards him. There's nothing in the room, it's empty, there's just him and a wall and another wall coming towards him, OK?"

The second man screws his eyes together and tries to see the picture, his mind's so tired now, he can't seem to coalesce the images. No privacy: to be done would be a deliverance.

"Is the ceiling coming down?"

"I don't - it doesn't matter so, no, no it isn't, just the wall"

"Alright"

"So the question I'm asking is, if you're that man, do you stand with your back to the still wall, facing the oncoming one, or do you stand sideways? There are a number of ways you can look at it," says the first man, regulating his tone, a sleepless night returning to him in one slapped wave, caverns of insomniac thoughts opening out. He decides not to finish his beer, which he isn't enjoying.

"If you stood side on, the wall would crush your shoulder into your body, it would probably dislocate first, then it would crush into your body. It would be very painful, but you'd probably pass out before any of your vital organs got crushed. There's more pain this way, but it's a lower order of pain. On the other hand, let's say you stand face on. It would be quicker this way, but- and here's the important part - assuming you were of average build" (the second man has no idea what this is but he thinks he isn't it) "you would probably naturally involuntarily suck in your stomach and chest so the first point of contact between the wall and your body would be your nose, right? Now, can you imagine the pain as the wall crushed? Ribcage, and teeth, and your skull?"

The second man looks outside at lunchtime and

wishes for dusk: "What are the walls made of?"

"Something hard - steel or rock or whatever, it's not at all important".

He's not even listening, thinks the first man about the second man.

"Alright." *Dusk is the pithy prelude to night's long lecture*, thinks the second man, and then thinks that it's stupid.

"But can you imagine the terror, the sheer terror of feeling that wall push your face, waiting for it to squash home and kill you? I mean, let's assume that the walls are moving quite slowly"

"I can imagine it," says the second man, and suddenly he can, vividly. His glass feels cold and worryingly full. "So, I suppose that in that situation, I would stand side on, and suffer the lesser but still not inconsiderable pain of crushed limbs in the knowledge that I would in all likelihood be unconscious at the point of death."

The effort of formalising this answer has tired the second man, what were they talking like this for anyway? Dusk.

"That's right" announces the first man, gathering his briefcase to leave the pub, wondering how long it will be before he sees his old friend and whether he cares. "That's right. Except that standing face on gives you an extra few seconds during which rescue and escape are possible: Do you stare the wall down for that miniscule extra chance of life?"

"You didn't tell me all this. *Is there a chance of escape?*"

"I don't know. It doesn't look like it, does it?"

Richard Catalogue

the denture

The Gappy Tooth Industries Magazine

Issue 10 February 06

The New Moon, Script & undertheigloo

Poetry

Creative writing

Art

Photography

January reviewed
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Editorial

By the time you read this and I put in an appearance this month, I may well have completed a mad cross town dash from the Wheatsheaf, all in aid of supporting two bands I work with who are playing different venues this evening.

So if you see me wandering round in a bit of a haze (I'm not as fit as I was), step aside and leave me to sleep where I collapse.

Anyway it'll be worth it to catch the cracking line up that we have on tonight. The New Moon I've not heard before, but I can vouch for the excellence of Script and undertheigloo.

This month's Denture has been brought to you with inspiration from the following albums;

Sparks - Kimono My House, Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison, Half Man Half Biscuit - Achtung Bono, the Midnight Cowboy OST and The Best of Flowered Up. Props also to the book Banksy - Wall and Piece and Get Your Kicks on the A456, as well as Plan B magazine and its beautiful design.

Cheers
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Fancy Pants On Fire

Saying it how it is!

At this moment you might think that the lies are just part of the Labour conspiracy to make you believe that Brazilians die of natural causes in the tube. That, nevertheless, just happens to be an understatement of the problem at hand. Side by

side with those expected lies by the respectable establishment, the shocking truth is that everyone you have ever met has been lying to you. You say fair enough, but then again, did you really know that even your mum lied to you? Yes, I am afraid that she is a pathological liar. Read on, the truth is just a few lines further down.

Before we deal with your mum, however, let's observe our society's favourite pastime from a more general viewpoint. Recent research has showed that good looking females as well as their male equivalents lie even more than the less blessed mingers. These results have baffled scientists across the globe, and caused many a scalp to be scratched. Interesting theories were formed around this phenomenon. In the next section we will examine none but one.

"The good lookers lie because you in general let them get away with it, because they are just so good looking". That's crazy talk, you say? Well, this theory happens to be grounded on generally accepted science, such as biology (Theory of evolution) and psychology (Pavlov's bitches). Just like their good looks, the lying is found in their DNA. DNA alone is not enough though. These guys and girls are also conditioned to be liars by their lying good looking parents and people like you. Combine hereditary and social factors and you have got their equivalent to a cesspool for bacteria. Some counter-scientists claim that this is a lie. However, as a matter of fact, those scientists are good looking. But what about my mum, you ask?

Well, apart from remembering your own mum as truthful minger, do you remember the night when you had that nightmare and she said there were no ugly monsters? She never did tell you that the real monsters are good looking, did she? There may have been many reasons for her behaviour at the time. However, the most likely one is that you quite possibly cannot handle the truth, but then again, maybe you are a good looking liar brought up in a cesspool. Check your pants baby, check your fancy pants!

Karl Von-Helvete

Just Say No

They offered him a cream cracker
said it wouldn't do no harm
but we found him six months later
with crumbs all down his arm.

A week after he had that cracker
he tried a custard cream
said he'd only have the one
but soon he began to dream

of bourbons and pink wafers
and there beside his bed
soon sat a biscuit barrel from which
his waking dreams were fed.

Sometimes he'd do two at once,
a ginger nut and a rich tea
and we knew he had a problem
when one day he gobbled three.

He said we just were being silly,
he said he could stop at any time
and besides he didn't believe biscuits
were immoral or a crime.

But the proof, we said, was in the pudding
and he never seemed to stop
and soon it wasn't just digestives
that he brought back from the shop.

For as certain as water rains on you
and as sure as enough's enough
cream crackers will lead to bourbons
which will then lead to harder stuff.

We hadn't seen him for a while
and fearing he'd done something rash
we crept into his house one night
to confiscate his stash.

We broke down the back door,
it wasn't locked, just badly hung,
and we found him in the front room
where he was laid among

the metallic looking wrappers
and the moulded plastic trays
of decadent indulgences,
a designer choc chip craze.

I don't know where he got the money
to satisfy his habit
because some of those posh biscuits
cost over a quid a packet.

When the ambulance arrived
he was already three days dead;
overdosed on fig rolls
was what the doctors said.

So, now children tell your parents
and parents you tell yours
of the consequences following
from that initial crackered cause.

It's an easy road to fall down,
it's a tempting slope to follow,
but remember those who fell before you
when you feel inclined to swallow.

A. F. Harrold



Farm photograph by Rob McLean

The Continuing Adventures of Hartwell Ford

Jack Hughes, insalubrious barrister, adjusts cuff, and, collating briefs with immaculate manicure, imagines every jury malleable, repeating his mantra, *it's all lexis & syntax*.

John Black, supine in the jacuzzi, swills drinks of artificial hue, sips shades of paradise, reflects on job well done, clinks gemstone ring against cutglass, highly pleased with the tone.

Jim Pixel, disguised supremo, enters damp cellar holding a Blackpool scrapbook under his debilitated left arm, his mind recalling favourite cuttings, «brutal youth murder of popular Strathclyde wind band member, already being called Little Boy Blue Atrocity». Kneeling on cellar floor he pastes fresh excerpt, proud to serve his two new masters.

Hartwell Ford, private eye, relaxed, reading an Edgar Wallace paperback found in a skip, laughs; his laughter trills glissanding, his coughing racks staccato.

Jack Hughes, addressing the court, whispers sotto *lexis & syntax*, finds his mind untethered - from all his affluent new existence he misses roofs, his youthful garret at the other end of London, roofs interlocking, russet, black and firmly tilted, roofs a new high causeway, roofs - he can't continue, his thoughts are tiles tessellate.

He stumbles, dislodging a wig.

Glissando cough. Staccato. John Black, sipping, hears the steps, waves a fat palm, "Please remove these sundry whelps," he langorously asks, but his man lays garrotted, let approaching rival flex.

Cough, laugh glissando. Jim Pixel wiping excess paste along his slacks, doesn't even hear the warning creak, never even sees the reddened dial, is crouching still intent, as boiler blows.

Hartwell Ford, chalice of our residues, unconscious eye, reading Edgar Wallace found in skip, laughs.

Another revenge, if he did but know it.

Another case closed, if he did but know it.

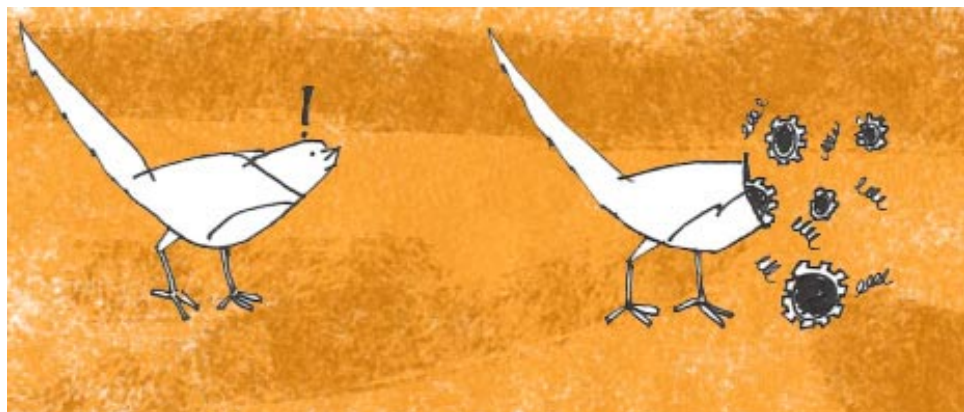
Richard Catalogue

Fairy Tale Poem

When I was just an Ugly Duckling
I asked my mother
"What will I be?
Will I be handsome?
Will I be a swan?"
Here's what she said to me.

"No, you'll be a duck.
Just a particularly ugly one."
A. F. Harrold

"Digital" by Stephen Marshall



Untitled

I stood there picking at my self, scratching and morning-yawning, with no great or burning passion. The mornings light was vague and blue, sloping across the threshold like a sorry stop-out, carrying slurred reports of the outside world.

I looked through the post. Bill, credit, take away menu. Another bill, a scented letter to a previous tenant. Another bill. The hallway was too cold to make sense of all this, so I went through to the kitchen and wondered if she would be awake yet. I placed the letters on the table and the kettle on the hob. I put some toast on for her, and thought about eating myself.

I'd taste bad. I figured maybe I'd be better smoked than pickled, and rolled my self a cigarette. I unstuck my feet from the linoleum, plucked my way across the treacly floor, unglued a cupboard door, pulled out a fresh tea-towel; laid it across the cold cracked vinyl of the kitchen chair, fretted and careworn through years of short-let attrition.

By the time I had scraped frozen butter over lukewarm value toast, attended to the squealing kettle, added debovinised milk substitute to the wan gray brown mixture in my mug, she had sat down.

"Do I have any post?"
"You can open some of mine."
"Why is there never any post for me here?"
"Perhaps because you don't owe anyone any money yet."
"I get letters at home, proper home."
"Well, I think some are from me"
"And cards from Nana."
"And cards from Nana"
"And Madika sends me pictures."

Mandinka was my mother's cat. And, apparently, a fine photographer.

"Last Christmas she sent me a picture of herself in a Santa hat. And she did a paw-print"

A great artist always signs their work.

"Eat your toast while it's still hot."
"Who's this letter to, the blue one. Is that my name?"

I picked it out of her hands, looking at the small buttery paw print she'd put across the envelope.

Are you Mrs. Ana Bevir?"
"Maybe."
"Maybe not."
"Prob'ly?"
"Probably not."
"Possibly?"
"Possibly definitely absolutely probably not."
"I know that doesn't make any sense. Even I know that."

I wondered at what age you could be convicted of mail fraud, and considered my options. I put the blue envelope in front of her.

She wiped her mouth, then I wiped her mouth, then she wriggled forward and picked up the letter.

"It's smelly. Here, smell"

I'm big enough to know when to do what I'm told. The letter smelt like pine sap made of saffron and civet.

"Did you know that most perfume's made of cat's wee?"
"Don't talk nonsense"
"No, it's true, most perfumes are made from Civet, which comes from.."
"Shush, listen"

I was glad she'd shut me up. I couldn't remember where Civet came from properly.

She rattled the envelope. It rattled.

"Do you think there's a snake in there?"
"It would have to be a pretty small snake. Do you want me to open it for you?"
"No."

I sat and blew the steam across my coffee as she tugged at the top of the envelope. She's made a little hole in the top, and I was worried about her getting a paper cut, and passed her a teaspoon.

"You can open it with this. No, not like an egg, use the back of the.."
"I know how to do it."

And sure enough, after a little experimentation, she did.

Jonny Clemmey

Introducing tonight's entertainment

Question	The New Moon (Matt)	The New Moon (Ian)	Script
Introduce yourself. Who are you and what do you do?	Hello, I'm Matt Sewell, and next to me, sitting in the leather armchair, flicking through a copy of Le Monde, is Ian Nixon. Next to him, on the other side of the roaring fire, sitting on a rug is Chris Hills, and next to him, skinning up on a djembe, is the ghost of The Boy Cornelius. On the jardinière is an aspidistra and some DNA that will eventually form into the shape of Jules Moss. Freizinger is here too, sometimes.	Salut les copains. My first name's Ian, which, depending on where you're from, might equally be John, Sean, Jean, Juan, Giovanni, Ivan or Jan, second name Nixon which is resolutely Cumbrian (not a lot of people know that). Oh and I do music. I sing louche ballads with the Clochards, and play a bit of bass with the uncategorisable New Moon, and very occasionally with Redox and the Pete Fryer Band.	Hello, my name is Peter and tonight, Mathew, I am going to sing in Script.
What are your main musical influences?	Julian Cope, Robyn Hitchcock, Bob Dylan, Patti Smith, Syd Barrett, Roy Harper, PJ Harvey, Buckley's T & J and bands like The Incredible String Band, Can, Faust, The Magic Band, The Fall, The Beatles and The Jazz Butcher Conspiracy.	Jacques Brel, Leonard Cohen, Bob Dylan, Charles Mingus, Ornette Coleman, The Chirelles, Jacques Dutronc, Edith Piaf, Hank Williams, Johnny Cash, Gram Parsons, Gene Vincent, Ricky Nelson, Peggy Lee, Billy Fury, Elvis, Tom Waits, Marc Ribot, Nick Cave, PJ Harvey, Teenage Fanclub.	Beach Boys, Bowie, Prince, The Smiths, Suede, The Tindersticks, The Velvet Underground...
And non-musical ones?	Mostly just Doctor Who and a load of old poets. Writers I like include Kurt Vonnegut, Flann O'Brien and Robert Anton Wilson.	Gabriel García Márquez, Flann O'Brien, Albert Camus, Patrick Hamilton; French new wave and 60s British social realist cinema; Stanley Baxter, Vic Reeves, Father Ted, Still Game.	Dean Moriarty, Samuel Beckett, Laurel & Hardy.
Let's play Desert Island Discs. You get 5 albums and a book. What do you choose?	Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band – Trout Mask Replica, The Beatles – White Album, Pink Floyd – Piper At The Gates Of Dawn, The Incredible String Band – The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter, The Fall – Hex Enduction Hour, Brian Eno – Taking Tiger Mountain (By Strategy). The Marriage of Heaven & Hell – William Blake	Charles Mingus – Mingus Ah Um, Roxy Music – For Your Pleasure, Johnny Cash – American Recordings, The Best of the Chirelles, Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 5. Patrick Hamilton – Hangover Square	Pet Sounds – The Beach Boys Station to Station – David Bowie Heroes – David Bowie Parade – Prince The Queen is Dead – The Smiths The Unnameable – Samuel Beckett

Your March Dental Appointment

The Zodiac, Oxford
31/03/06
£4.50 on the door, £4 with NUS card.

19.45 Peter Wilkinson

Singer-songwriter. A Thame lad now based in Southampton wielding an acoustic, with possible jazzy accompaniment from passing friends & acquaintances.

www.myspace.com/peterwilkinson

20.40 Where I'm Calling From

Four teenagers whose alternately delicate and abrasive sound ties together elements of New Wave, alt.country and indie.

www.wicf.net

21.35 Loopy

Finest indie pop that effervesces and fizzes.

www.loopy.co.uk

January review

There is a saying that goes 'be careful of the toes you step on now, because they may belong to the people whose asses you will have to kiss later'. Or something. I'm having one of those moments right now, hoping to god The Holiday Stabbings haven't found out I have been making fun of their name since I saw their poster a while back, when I thought they were a punk band who wouldn't give a shit anyway. Well, if the performance tonight is anything to go by, then that should be the least I need to worry about. More on this 'band' later....

Sometimes on a Friday all you want to do is sit in a chair, have a beer, close your eyes and reeeelax. Luckily, feeling pretty shattered, this is exactly what Mark Sollis allows me to do. He whacks away at his guitar (and in absence of any percussion, slaps his face too) singing songs of longing and possibly lost love. With an act like this, on a particularly less than throbbing venue, I thought a little infectious humour wouldn't go amiss. Unfortunately this is conspicuous by its absence. When Mark croons 'I won't be blue without you' I'm not so sure. He sounds pretty blue to me!

Coming back from the bathroom, I'm faced with a full-on aural assault. Popular Workshop have hit the stage, to a now slightly larger crowd. But

as you know, Ladies and Gentlemen, not every assault is a good one. More like an aural *insult* this time I'm afraid. Usually I can tell if a band will be worthwhile inside of a few songs, but the totally unworthy swagger of this trendite troop is instantly off-putting and wouldn't allow me to get even that far. One thing I can't stand is faux-showmanship, which is something these guys get a definite 'A' for. Nevertheless I hold out some hope that this sonic riot will get better, and I admit the instruments do sound wilfully clanky and discordant. This is wrecked however by terrible vocals (Is this some sort of prerequisite for indie bands?). I don't mean in the Shane-McGowan-terrible way either. Actually painful. But then again, what do I know? The London crowd are probably going to be jizzing into their super tight jeans while eating these guys up (or eating them alive if they had any sense). Final song: "You are fucking shit up" is a statement for the prosecution if ever I heard one.

Calming my nerves with a few beers, I await to be stabbed (hopefully not in the literal sense). This duo, I have been reading of late, have caused quite a considerable stir in the Oxford music scene to say the least. Consequentially, part of me was curious as to what the fuss was all about. Now I can start to see. A clue was in the set up-eschewing the traditional notion of what a band should be, the instruments consist of a series of electronic gadgets of various recognisability lying on the stage. I spot a guitar in the melee and as they start up their droning soundscapes, it is playfully fondled by a single drumstick. The myriad of effects pedals are obviously there to produce variations on the constant humming squall, but only serve to muddy the waters of an already murky and depthless pond. I fear what we are being treated to sounds like a 40 minute introduction to....something. When the band do leave the stage part of me feels wiser for the experience, but the rest of me just feels bored. Maybe, like multi-dimensional string theory, we will understand this band in about 150,000 years. Maybe not. Besides, despite this being the antithesis of easy listening music (debate about being described as music in the first place notwithstanding), with acts like good old Robbie and Brittany allowed to exist, perhaps this little city should focus its energies on the real enemy here.

M@@@ack