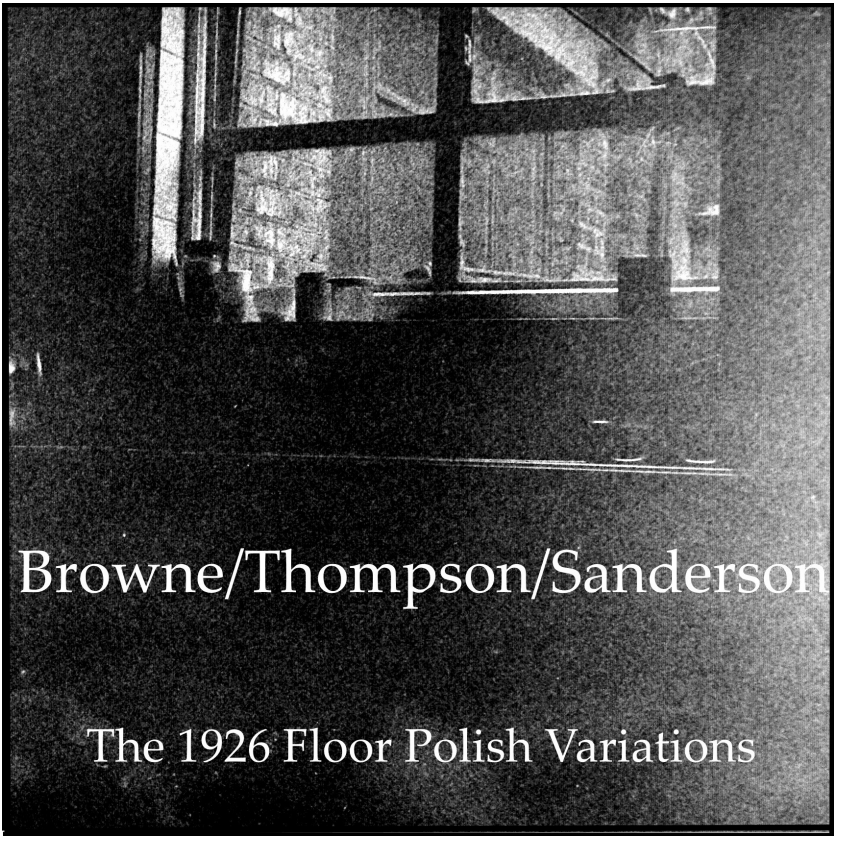

Browne/Thompson/Sanderson
The 1926 Floor Polish Variations

Browne/Thompson/Sanderson

The 1926 Floor Polish Variations

1. The Nearest Emergency Phone 05:22
2. Hole In The Floor 09:06
3. Two Keys 08:30
4. The Right Foot In The Door 21:46

Daniel Thompson - Guitar
Richard Sanderson – Melodeon, Whistle, Triangle
Mark Browne - Saxophone and collected objects

"Comparison With Living Artist Reveals No Difference"

As so many things in life, with no logic it may only start with an idea, a note in a diary, a message left years ago, an inkling that something may work, a sensation that something ill-defined may create a thing worthwhile for the wider community, for colleagues, for comrades, and for the dead, and thanks for the memories. Some addition to the history of things. For they are things, these ideas, these half formed indecisions, these journeys that may be embarked upon and nurtured and abandoned in almost equal measure.

The first footfalls heading out of the garden on a rain soaked spring afternoon, late, almost evening, way before the butterflies emerge, the embryo on its voyage, way before we are ripped from the womb,

salvaged for the rust and twine of human existence. Of course I am referring to the recording of sound and its attendant pre-assumed images and the playing of improvised musics. And in these days before digital technology and electronic recording our Edison Disc Recorder "Comparison With Living Artist Reveals No Difference" holds sway and 440 is a new thing for 1926 Hz is almost a D#.

For now it is almost summer 1926, and the call has come. The alarm has sounded with the baying of many hounds and the hunt is on. For now the idea is to become a plan and it is to be executed deftly and with precision, with weaponry wrought out of the genial decay of three lives, saved for the strange and distant lands of the empire whose name once heard, like a Conrad or Poe story, still make the heartbeat quicken.

At last, like a child startled and captured in the shards of sunlight through stained glass as the clouds part after the storm, the air is still and the dust lingers, visible, for a moment in anticipation of the first sound. Our audience is silent but the Edison whirls.

So starts the thing, once dead, fevered, now daubed with life and a little colour, escaping sounds with eyes still closed, unforgiving. A little tune taking a little broth to make it strong.

A Petit Air rambling unfathomed and without constraint, its melody is only the scrapings of the demon of analogy. Gathering strength. Unknown atmospheres in this garden of echoless bird song, which within our combined years we will only experience once. Wild, like humour in some old loneliness, nothing is feared, all can be confronted.

For on the half-lit stage in the damp heat of yesteryears we compare the tools, the bones, the books, the instruments of our antics. Bones have been boiled down, the marrow removed in midnight stench, fetid, shaped and fashioned, used against steel strings, or another, as if on some not so far away Tibetan mountain, blown trumpet-tongued. More have been hollowed and are beaten. And beneath the broken bone the lungs and bellows pushed by muscle exchange the air through cartilage, membrane, buttons and keys. Music(s) result, for we are three.

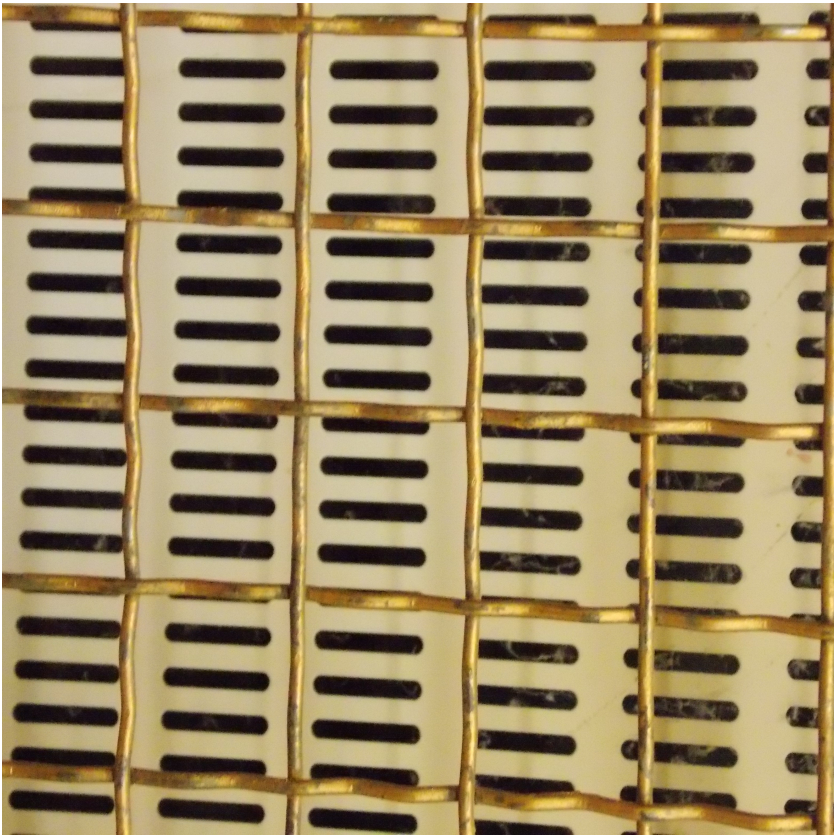
The floor adds its sounds like darkly stained wood. It is grey as if photographed, it could never be, or will never be otherwise. And the music is pre-human, as only the best things are, motivated by intentions ill-understood.

Now listless, but complete, we stop in our crime.

1925.

3rd AYLESBURY (WESLEYAN) GIRL GUIDES.

P.L. M. Gregory E. Perkins. A. Evans. M. Plater. F. Smith. P.L. E. Meakins.
T. Percy. E. Burgess. Captain E. Davis. F. Mills. R. Tockwell.



Recorded in a Guide Hall in Aylesbury, 18th May 2014 by Mark Browne.

Photographs and text – Mark Browne
Cover photograph and design – Richard Sanderson

Set in Calisto

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