

Muse & Rapture

Extract from a story by Vivien Jones

.....

If he had been born into ancient Greece, R would have naturally had a lyre in his hands while he sang, or on his back while he walked to his next performance. As it was he was born in the post war 1940s and came of musical age through the BBC Third Programme, school singing and his father's mostly good piano and organ playing. Then one day he heard The Shadows and while his heart found a hero in Hank Marvin, his body and soul were possessed by the sound of the electric guitar. He was undersized, acutely self-conscious, alternately championed and over-protected by his formidable mother and intimidated by his father, who made it clear to R that he was, in some indefinable sense, a disappointment. This was not music but a hell of a racket. A fab racket, thought R, but didn't say so. He was spellbound but no matter how many hours he spent in front of the mirror playing air guitar before anyone called it that, he knew he was not quite the stuff of rock stars. But he was a maker.

No-one knew where R's empathy with wood came from. His father knew how things worked and what they should look like but not how to be inside making them which was how R spent his days, measuring and cutting, planing and smoothing pieces of wood. His mother thought, lovingly and indiscriminately, everything he did was touched with God's grace. These were the gentle years of post-war education, liberal enough to nurture the slow and careful alongside the quick and the clever. R was slow but his depth of understanding of how things go together and stay together flowed in him like his blood and was just as vital to his life. Tables and toast-racks he made as a child still function in our house. So, when R fell in love with the electric guitar and his father wouldn't buy him one, he did what came naturally and made his own.

.... continued in POTB Issue 14