

Stephen Robertson

Good vibrations

The Bendix washing machine was already elderly when my mother, acquiring a newer model, donated the reject to us for our new home. Or was it not until seven years later, the year that her first grandchild arrived? I can't quite recall. Nor can I now picture it clearly. So why does it come to my mind?

A couple of reasons. One, that it had to be bolted down to the floor, to prevent it going walkabout, a perambulation whenever it got to the spin part of its washing cycle. The other, the noise that it made as it spun, a rhythmic staccato juddering with a touch of syncopation.