

On The Move: A Memoir

Pages: 82

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

[[DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF](#)]

On the Move

A Memoir Tessa Kate Lowe © Tessa Kate Lowe 2018

On the Move On the move

on the move

we're on the move again

Looking good

feeling fine

In the groove again

Life is an open book

when you open

your eyes and look

But you've got to keep moving

Yes

you've got to keep moving

on the move

on the move

We're on our way again

Everyday something new

For us to see again

There is so much to do

And I've got the time for you

But we've got to keep moving

Yes we've got

to keep moving

do do doo

do do doo The Dooleys 1975

Prologue *Time to tackle it, the next forty years. Something's been stopping me; something's a stumbling-block. There's something I don't want to look at or don't know how to say. The children won't want to read it anyway, so maybe now that I know that, that factor will no longer be part of the excuse for not sailing on - sailing on the Transvaal Castle and landing, already changed, at Southampton docks, on the edge of a threatened divorce after a month of marriage. But the problem is that I have no real clear memories of the four years with Guy. Memories... Actually, yes, I suppose there are plenty, but what kind of emotions? From here it seems there will be none because I was already pretty shut down with unacknowledged terror; already going to marriage guidance in between working at the stockbroker's and ducking down alleys to stuff stolen broken biscuits from Tesco down my too fat face... Which wasn't actually too fat, but was too fat for Guy's tastes. Maybe that was why I did it, becoming a secret stuffer and slimming magazine addict: I wanted to be too fat for Guy's tastes. I couldn't be bothered to learn what he meant when he told me I didn't 'move properly'. I didn't want to try any more swinging sixties, Forum Magazine induced experiments in domestic erotica and succeed in becoming a sex siren like Ann, she of the cucumber sandwiches served up daintily to the vicar after being dildoeed up her cunt. I don't suppose Guy actually used the word cunt when he told me this delicious tale. I tried to find it delicious but was as appalled as I was fascinated by the story. All those gewgaws and gadgets he tried froze me rigid in the main. Perhaps it was having tried smoking dagga in Cape Town once with him that scared me off. It broke through my defences and I nearly lost control. How different things might have been if I had somehow managed not to fight against that feeling of losing control. I guess now that's what it's all supposed to be about. Therein lies the attraction that has people copulating for years in domestic erotic bliss. It's nice in some way and they're quite keen to have another bout of thrashing about, merging and melding and getting to know each other's bodies and maybe minds; lowering defences. I could never get a taste for it myself, try though I might, and once I'd picked up the fact that I was a bit of a disappointment in the bedroom department, the harder I tried, the less successful I was. The less successful we were, surely? He was the experienced Don Juan sex addict after all. Perhaps it was as much his failure as mine*

that I never got to experience The Joy of Sex that was the Alex Comfort bible of the day. God knows I applied my diligent mind to all the multifarious plethora of magazines and articles on the big simultaneous orgasm that was the hot topic in the letters in Forum and the articles in Cosmopolitan. I studied the text books pretty devotedly but kept failing the practical. It just wasn't to be my sport, it seemed. Maybe if I stayed plump he would lose interest? I used to get changed on the landing, outside the bedroom, so he wouldn't see how fat I was. I wasn't really fat. I was a curvaceous twenty-two-year-old with a fitness fanatic weight-lifting body conscious thirty-eight-year-old for a husband in a strange, cold land, and he was disappointed in me. It's no wonder I stuffed down secretly secreted broken biscuits in the bleak back alleys by Tesco in St. John's Wood. We didn't go straight to St. John's Wood from the S.A. Oranje. We went to Sheffield where his mother lived with her colostomy bag and her depression over her husband's divorcing her after forty years of marriage to take up with a librarian thirty years his junior and then marry her. She lived her unhappy, elderly single life in a small, neat bungalow piled high on all sides by six feet of Yorkshire snow. Those were the years when it snowed in winter. Where has all the snow gone? We didn't go to St. John's Wood at all, in fact. We went to Swiss Cottage, its down-at-heel next door neighbour, where we found a lovely little four-pound-a-week bedsit. I was back in hopeful romantic mode, having weathered the storm of a possible early divorce on the choppy seas of the Bay of Biscay or somewhere, on that eleven-day crossing on the S.A. Oranje. Still not thin enough for Guy Tessa & Guy Wedding Honeymooners meeting the Captain

Chapter One We have weathered the possible storm of the Terry letter problem and his subsequent visit. It seems we can play at being, or actually be, newly-weds with all our happy future before us as we dress for dinner at the Captain's table. I am certainly starry-eyed and hopeful, judging by the old black-and-white photo of the still slimming-pill-slim young thing that is shaking the Captain's hand. The first couple of days are choppy, but fine. It is all new and exciting and adventurous, and I have a sexy, mature, English husband of my very own who seems happy enough with me. An athletic, fit, show-offy, swimmy-divey, gregarious, warm, friendly husband of my own called Codda. They called him Codda in Sheffield where he grew up. Ann called him Codda. His ex-wife Pam called him Codda. Cod is the Yorkshire word for a kidder, a joker, a happy-go-lucky lad-of-the-world. He calls himself Guy. That figures. His mother calls him George. This is his proper name, as I found out when we got married. George Basil Marsh. A very impressive-sounding name, but not really suitable for a Codda or a Guy. Most everyone now knows him as Guy, though he never changed his name officially. I suppose he told me his whole impressive real name before we said our wedding vows in that hasty, special-licence register office with six strangers in attendance. I don't remember. He must have done, but it only struck me that I was marrying a George Basil Marsh and not a Guy or Codda when it came to hearing the question "Do you, George Basil Marsh..." take this woman, et cetera, et cetera, and I, Tessa Janine Lowe took George Basil Marsh et cetera, et cetera. It didn't feel like et cetera, et cetera, then. It seemed to be the stuff on which dreams were made. Guy Codda George and Tessa Janine Marsh are quite the couple, those first few days. Sporting about sportily on deck with the quoits and the swimming and diving and sunning with the best and the rest of them until, on the day we've been invited by the Captain to the great honour of sitting that night at his table, Codda Guy dives an impressive dive into the pool and lands his thigh on a very hard submerged head. The head comes up for air, but the fine fit fellow has come down hard on a nerve, and has to hobble back to our cabin, almost a cripple. The bride is mortified. All she wants to do is look after and console her new husband, as any good wife would. Obviously she will stay with him and tend him tenderly. The husband is gallant and will have none of it. He is a big, strapping, strong Yorkshire man. He will be fine. Not able to walk or dance or accompany her to the top table, of course, but perfectly fine, and she must go. She must absolutely go and dine with the Captain and his company. She demurs, but his will prevails and she obeys. She has promised to love, honour and obey him not so long ago that she has yet forgotten her vows, so go she does. That is a mistake. She shouldn't have done that. She is soon to know that, but the time is not yet. Guy Codda Marsh is a Scorpio. Scorpions have their pride; they are passionate but secretive and they never forget a slight. They bury it away secretly and nurture it, and when the time is right they will have their sting. The time isn't right for another four days. Out of bed now, and back on his strong, fit legs, the two go off to the night's entertainment: the

hit-of-the-season film *The Graduate*, that funny, sad, newly-wed movie that rocketed Dustin Hoffman to stardom, in which he is so stupidly seduced by that cougar of cougars, Mrs. Robinson, all but putting paid to his hopes of marriage to Mrs. Robinson's lovely daughter. The audience is in stitches, the new bride herself among them. Thoroughly enjoying it, she is, amongst a cabinful of other sophisticates. George Basil Marsh is not laughing. Dismayed to discover that he has seemingly wed himself in haste to a shallow, heartless girl with no fine feelings at all, he realises it was probably an irrevocable mistake and tells her so. He stings her with the venom of his hurt that she had not realised he hadn't wanted her to go to the Captain's table dinner, whatever he might have said, and no matter how many times he'd said it. It had been a test, and she has failed. That she should find *The Graduate* funny proves she was not the wife for life for him. They should get divorced as soon as possible. *****I am not quite sure what changes Guy's mind, but I don't find myself stranded in the snow at Southampton docks with the heavy tin trunk that contains all my worldly goods. I am grateful for that. Maybe he doesn't want to disappoint his mother of whom he is very fond. As a boy, he sat in front of her dressing-table mirror, lovingly brushing her long, fair hair, which turns out on our arrival to be long and grey now, and old-woman-thin and straggly. Guy was a ladies' man but that was part of what attracted him to me, I think, the fact that he seemed genuinely to like women, which a lot of men actually don't, desire them though they may. He was interested in women and the way they thought, or so it seemed to me then, but I was in thrall to and totally dependent on him, stranger as I was in his strange, cold land. He could do no wrong in my eyes, and those eyes never perceived that he was possibly overly fond of his mother, and that there was perhaps something not quite right about his having slept with over a thousand women. His mother is sad little apple-pie-baking sweet; a proper fussy mother. She is grandmotherly in a fairy story, witch-like kind of way. She dotes on Codda. He is lovely with her. She would have been very disappointed in him if he had left his new, young girl-wife stranded in the snow in Southampton. No doubt about that. So there in her little snowbound bungalow, half hidden by the heavy drifts in Dore, Topley, Sheffield, Yorkshire, the newly-wed, almost newly-divorced couple snuggle under two eiderdowns, hot water bottles on either side. It is a long way back to the sparkling waves of the Atlantic in Cape Town and to the sun that bakes the sands so hot you can hardly walk on them. It is a long way back to Terry. Tessa is missing her friend as she lies there. She feels suddenly bad about having just married Guy in haste when she was still sort of engaged to Terry. She has made her bed and now she is lying in it hoping - as ever - for the best. Who knows what Guy was doing. Spending a sleepless night remembering Ann, no doubt. Or Pam, his first wife, the mother of his two sons, who he was going to see for the first time in two years. Guy, his older son, is eleven, Nicky, eight. They live *en famille* with Pam and her new husband who had been Ann's husband before that; before Guy and Ann had found they had a mutual interest in the delights of cucumbers and couldn't live without each other. Anne had been supposed to leave her two small boys behind, and he his, so that they could be forever and irresistibly together, great lovers that they were. When it came to it, she decided she couldn't leave her sons and wanted to bring them with her. That wasn't part of the deal at all, so a disillusioned Codda somehow managed to write off his flashy E-type Jaguar and to shut down his thriving one-man garage business and disappear off with the insurance money to recover from the blow to his hopes in sunny South Africa. He had been there two years and had booked his passage back home already by the time he met Tessa and decided she was good enough to be his third wife. He still considered Ann to have been his second wife, even though she had done what she did, thus forcing him to finish with her before they get round to getting married. His mother and Ann are really his two great loves. He had hoped Tessa would be his third and last, but it isn't looking that way. Not from her, under the eiderdowns by the hot water bottle. What a cold little thing she is turning out to be. She can't even bring herself to say she loves him. She doesn't move properly in bed. There she is, lying fast asleep, her plump young flesh in Dreamland somewhere, utterly useless to his desires. Still, she is only a girl really. He feels responsible for her. In some way he knows he has rushed and bamboozled her into this marriage of which he'd had such hopes. He is much older than she is. He owes it to her, perhaps, to forgive her for failing to live up to his expectations and give this marriage a go. What would Guy and Nicky have thought of him if he had

pitched up without the new stepmother they were expecting? They idolise him. How would they be able to idolise a father who had left a girl on the docks at Southampton? How would he be able to continue to idolise himself if he had done that? He's made his bed. He will lie in it a bit longer. So there they lie, side by side but far away in the bed they have both made.

Tessa Kate Lowe is South African by birth, British by marriage and Brummie by choice. *On the Move* follows the well received *Mother to the Woman*. It is the second of a proposed trilogy of memoirs and covers the period 1969 to 1972, the four short years of her marriage after arriving as a newly wed from South Africa to the England of that time.

25 Memoirs to Read Before You Die - Powell's Books - The steel-engraved portrait, the Memoir's frontispiece, is taken from a Victorian JA's letter of 27th December 1808 records her plan to have a piano when they move to Chawton, The unabridged 1771 edition is recorded among the books Memoir-couple move to isolated tropical island atoll - Angelou's book conveys the difficulties associated with the mixture of racial characters in her memoir and the caged bird in Laurence Dunbar's poem. Bird Sings: Finals. , on the other hand, doesn't take the move back to Stamps too well. The Glass Castle by Jeannette Walls is a moving memoir about - Name that Book No Ordinary Move: A Memoir by Linda Bidabe (2001-07-01) - and healing, that can only have occurred when written down in this memoir. Site and this book was not among those available in the store. named Apollo driving his chariot is the reason why the sun appears to move throughout the sky. Wild Game Memoir - labellamanza.it - Michelle Obama's deeply moving memoir *Becoming* This book gives only glimpses of the frustrating nature of the electoral college or the Twelve Thousand Days: A memoir nobody would want to write - The Grave on the Wall is a memoir and a book of mourning, An intimate, moving book written with the immediacy and directness of one who Best Memoirs of a Generation - Oprah.com - Books Nonfiction books on auschwitz - Although one is a biography and another a memoir, Holly Aaron Cohen, Move On Up: Chicago Soul Music and Black Cultural Power Comic Book Scalping - A Stolen Life: A Memoir to download this book the link is on the last page. diagnosis, and their insurance won't cover her treatment, John makes a risky move. Best Memoirs Written By Strong Women - The books we loved in 2019 - Sydney Morning Herald - There is a passage in Howard Akler's *Men of Action* where the author lightly chastises himself for how long it takes him to write a book. "My first

Relevant Books

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Pdf, Epub Environmental Ethics: Readings in Theory and Application epub, pdf

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - DOD and VA Outpatient Pharmacy Data: Computable Data Are Exchanged for Some Shared Patients, but Additional Steps Could Facilitate Exchanging These Data for All Shared Patients

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Download book CassaFire free pdf

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Online Inmates Running the Asylum pdf

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Following St. Francis: John Paul II's Call for Ecological Action
