

The Sun Does Not Move

a brief tale

The wondrously brilliant Leonardo da Vinci had declared this heretical, at the time, fact in his notebooks: “the sun does not move”. He wrote it in his famous left hand mirror writing to disguise it from intruding eyes and minds. His was a time of thinking paranoia. It was a time of thought terror. Little Ed adored Leonardo, and was always trying to develop the great man’s mind with today’s perspectives of electronics, computers, internet and sub- atomic particles. He felt surely everything had changed, and Leonardo had to be changed too, soon, or disaster was imminent. He is a super young chap is Little Ed. He was born of his Motherman father: Lord Robert Diamond, oh nearly thirty years ago now. Yes, Ed was not of woman born; but was implanted into his father’s body, and then born from without of his father, on the island of Jerba.

Joy did not know any of this, but she did know that her husband was seeing somebody. She had had this before. He was a strong, loving man, and she had come to endure his womanising. She called him sometimes her rubber ball, because he always bounced back to her. But this felt different.

Joy was remembering the time early on in their marriage. She had found a ticket in her husband's jacket pocket to a dubious, naughty drinking club, where striptease took place. So she shouted at Bill, and threw him out of the house. Several days later, he came back and she snapped:

“What are you doing here? What do you want!?”

He quietly stated:

“What do you mean? I live here don't I?”

She smirked, held out her arms, and he hugged her laughing.

But she knew something was wrong.

He is seeing someone else I can tell, she thought.

Now she decided to do something about it. In the past, she had found out who his lady friends were, and dealt with them in different ways.

This time was going to be something else.

She wasn't going to ask him, to hint, or to follow him, as she had done previously; no, she considered:

"I'll leave him. Just like that. I'll go to mother".

And she did.

Mother lived in a smart house in Merton, in a small road off the main through road. She was very happy there, and had enjoyed it all very much, since the death of her husband, a few years earlier. She was tall, thin and attractive; keeping her hair in shape with regular visits to the hairdresser in Greensand. She had lived frugally, so she had kept most of her money from her husband's gains, at his work as a solicitor in Markhampton. She rarely saw anyone. Like most of the 21st century, she lived alone a solitude, brought about by supermarkets and television. She was happy. She read, and had hobbies of crochet and gardening. She had a large front and rear garden, so she had a man come twice a week to keep it all civilised

for her. She was dapper and witty, and kindly on the whole, but she had a sharpness; she liked to be in control and this made her somewhat selfish, and trivially greedy. She did not stand nonsense from anyone: her neighbours and her gardener included. She had not much time for Bill Farmer. So when her daughter Joy came running, mother was ready with her whip.

Joy twirled around in her mother's living room. She didn't even trouble to take off her coat. Mother placed her hands on hips, arms akimbo, and uttered:

"He's up to his old tricks again, isn't he? That husband of yours!"

"I'm sure he is seeing someone else. I don't know what to do."

"Leave him! Get rid of him! I've always said he's no good. Men! Get rid of them! Ha! We'd be better off using that semination!"

"Don't keep saying that, mother. I'm not following him, like I did last time."

"So you did; and it led to a trail of the new girlie assistant in the hardware store. How ridiculous. It was disgusting, disgusting, I say.

It isn't right. Get rid of him. Once and for all. It's not right!!! It's not right!!"

"Stop saying that."

"Why; I'll say what I like in my own house. Come with me. We'll get your things. You're leaving him."

"I can't; the children."

"They left home, years ago. What have they to do with it?"

"They would be upset. It'll destabilise them; they say that on the talk shows."

"Rubbish. Don't watch those things."

"You do."

"I laugh at them. No, this time you are going to leave that Bill Farmer, teach him a lesson; thinks he can run off and around, whenever he feels like it. Loose man. Loose morals. He hasn't got any. Ah, then he doesn't think of you. Come on. We are off. Leave your coat on."

"Where will I go?"

“Here, of course. You can stay here till you sort out your new life. Free of him. The monster. It’s not right. A man like that. Get rid of him. Useless lump.”

There wasn’t much else to say; there wasn’t any use arguing. Joy had to keep on her coat, leave the house with mother, and go home for some suitcase to be packed with her essential things, to stay at home with mother, away from Bill her husband. What a life! What a come to!

Bill arrived home to find her gone. Joy had taken some clothes and things for staying with mother. She had left a note in the bedroom saying she couldn’t stand it anymore, and she would be better off without him. She was staying at her mother’s, and he should telephone before coming to see her.

So he let a few days go by. He was busy with his new partner anyway. He wasn’t in any hurry to visit the mother, though he would like to see Joy.

He spent hours wandering to the bathroom and kitchen, seated in his armchair, talking to Joy out loud to himself saying:

“I’m a man. You know that. I have glands. Huge glands. They make demands of me. I have to see to them. They are exploding glands that drive me mad. So what if I need to fulfil them and myself. You know all this. I’ve been telling you for years I am a big man, and I can’t be kept in a cage, and not scream out to give some fun and adventures.

“You should try to understand it all from my point of view. I do yours. I always come back to you. I love you, and only you.

Why should you desert me this time?

Well, do so.

I’ll manage on my own. It’s quite fun being able to trump about, and do everything I want just as I want without having to consult you. I can eat what I want. Watch what I want. Go to bed, get up, when I want. It’s called freedom. Perhaps I will like it more than you think.

I’m a great man, with desires and needs. My body demands action. I have to do it. Try to understand that.

You aren’t often willing to accommodate me; so I’ll go elsewhere. There’s a whole world of beautiful, vibrant women out

there, that need me to give them attention, fulfilment and happiness, bring them alive.

Now I have a new found relationship, not what you think it is neither. But I may keep it all to myself. It's more powerful, and exciting than some of the others.

I have had enough of this talk

I'm coming to see you tomorrow."

And he called round at mother's house in the afternoon.

Mother and Joy were together drinking tea, and having cake, when the doorbell rang. Mother looked out of the window.

"It's him," she said. "I'll go and speak to him; tell him what I think of him."

"No, please mother," pleaded Joy, "don't go..."

But it was too late; mother had already left the lounge, crossed the large hall, toughened up her face, and opened the broad door to the outside world. Bill stood motionless before her, sending his vibrations, which mother picked up, and she sent her vibrations back

to him, stepped to one side , ushered, with her right arm, for him to enter. He stepped over the threshold, and she indicated the lounge door saying:

“You had better go in through there..”

He turned, looked at her, smiled, and went into the lounge on his own. Mother smiled a strange knowing smirk, and went into the music room, on the other side of the hall.

Inside the lounge Bill moved up to Joy, opening his broad arms, and she rose from the sofa and rushed to him, to place her head on his breast, sobbing.

“What are you doing here?” Joy asked, through her tears.

“I’ve come to see you. I had to see you.”

“I wanted you to see me. I’m glad you’ve come.”

They laugh, and sit on the sofa.

“I shouldn’t let you. You don’t deserve me,” declares Joy.

“You’re right. But that doesn’t matter. There’s only you for me. I want you. I must have you.”

“Well, now you have me, what are you going to do?”

“I’m going to take you to see someone,” says Bill.

“Oh yes, who?”

“My new affair, you are so upset about.”

“What? Why? How dare you?”

“Because you want to know this person you think has come between us,” explains Bill.

“Maybe you’re right. I’ll have a few words to say to her. Come on. Let’s go.”

Bill stood up, and waited for Joy to stand, and they both left the lounge. Mother appeared in the hall.

“Back together again, are you? Going out are you? Very well, are you?”

They waved cheerio to mother, and left the huge house.

In the car, on the way, Joy asked:

“Where are we going? Who is she?”

“You wait and see.”

They drove for a short while, and turned into the gates of Merton Hall. A gardener was mowing the lawns on one of those motorised lawnmowers that look like they were developed for moon travel and scientific research.

Joy seem to be enjoying her grand arrival at the Queen Anne style house of the 18th century.

“Oh, I’ve never been in here before. Always wanted to. This is grand. Your amours are going up in the world . Who lives here for you? Just a minute, isn’t this where, yes of course, Little Ed Diamond lives here. Stop the car! Oh no, don’t tell me you’ve gone gay, in your old age.”

Bill obediently stopped his car, and turned to her with a smile:

“Don’t be so silly. What do you think? But it is Ed Diamond, you are going to see. You’ll find out why in a few moments. I’ve told him you are coming.”

Joy relaxed, and she was very relieved, but knew that Bill could never have slipped over the line into gayness, not with his glands surely. So what was he doing seeing Little Ed? What was this all about?

Bill stopped the car, outside of the porte-cochere of the hall, dashed out to ring the bell, but a man had already appeared to welcome him. He was the butler, doorman, bottle washer, bed maker of the hall, who looked after Ed.

“You’ll find Ed in the conservatory, round the east wing. Just go along the path there. He is expecting you.”

“Thanks Bates,” called out Bill, “I know the way.”

And Bill grabbed Joy’s hand and took her, pulled her more like, round the corner of the hall, and on to the conservatory, standing in green lawns of immaculate beauty; products of the work of their moon mobile no doubt.

The conservatory was large, and a half brick base, topped with white wooded framed glass walls, showing innumerable plants, and furnishing inside its warmed domain.

Ed appeared in a painter’s smock, and holding brushes. He is about thirty years of age, slim, and ebullient, with light from his eyes and his airy gestures. He stands on his toes a great deal, and waves his arms painterly.

“Hi,” he begins,” Come in, don’t mind my dress. I’m just doing a few daubs in the warmth and the light. You must be Joy and, I can see right away you are. I’m Ed, Little Ed. I’m known as Little Ed Victry. I loaf. I paint, I think, I exist in this fin de mondal mansion of clapped out capitalism... do sit down, and let me look at you.”

Joy seated herself on a metal, white painted ornate garden seat; she was enjoying herself, not least because she did not understand a word that uttered from this youth’s mouth.

“I’ve arranged to leave you with Ed, Joy, for an hour. He’ll have a chat with you, and then when I return, I will take you home with me,” declares Bill.

“After more refreshment from the tea tray,” puts in Ed, with a grin.

Joy appeared quite happy to be left with Ed, and jumped up to give a goodbye hug to Bill.

After Bill had swung round, and seemed to fly from the conservatory, Ed invited Joy to look around the conservatory. They inspected plants, and the byways that separated the many beds of flowers, and strange foliage.

Ed began to describe what they saw and then turned his talk to more general things, and on to larger, deeper things of thought and perception. They re-seated themselves, and Joy was engrossed in what the young man was saying. He was charming, and fascinating to watch, as his mind flew in so many directions. But his thoughts and perceptions settled, and he led her to a path of realities. She found it very bewildering, and a great deal of it went over her head. She enjoyed it all though, and was frequently reminded of her dear old friend: the Professor Mike, who often engaged her in talk of things of the world and the universe, of God and the light of life; so she tried to keep up with the young man.

After an hour, and to some relief for Joy, Bill returned and was keen to have tea, and leave to go home.

This accomplished, Joy was delighted to tell Bill of what had passed between them.

“Why didn’t you tell me who it was you were visiting?” she asked.

“Would you have believed me?” Bill comments.

“Of course, I would. Why wouldn’t I?”

Bill gave her one of those penetrating looks of the eyes, that lovers and intimates give to each other when they wish to convey the obvious, and the certain, without actually saying a word.

“Bill, you do love me, don’t you?” she sheepishly asks.

Bill crosses over to her, and puts his arms around her neck. He smiles and declares:

“I am constant. I am true to you. You know I always have been. There is only you for me. I am as the sun. And as the man says:

‘The Sun Does Not Move.’”.