

Paradoxical love

Some time ago, while communicating with my friends (married women) and listening to their grumble and complaints about luckless family life, I used to ask them the only question.

"Did you marry him for love?"

Maybe I had no luck with those who were to answer my question. Every time I received the negative reply.

"Did you love him when you decided to marry him?"

"Certainly not!"

After the exclamation of utter astonishment that accompanied the word "certainly" an amazed woman's look followed. As if I was a little silly, who had failed to understand that one had to contract a marriage without love, undoubtedly.

"Who was your beloved?" I asked.

The woman sighed and rolled her eyes. Then a heavy silence ensued. Having sighed once more, she began telling the story of her true love....

"Why did you walk out on him?"

"His stubbornness was the real reason," she replied. "He didn't want to become the one I wanted him to be. He didn't want to change himself."

So, stubbornness is the motive that animates persons in love to say farewell to each other. Really?

"Why on earth did you marry him?" I asked, alluding to her actual husband.

"I had made a mature reflection and I decided I would be happy with him. He was loaded, rather handsome, his demerits seemed possible to correct. But he, the monster, doesn't want to be corrected!"

Every time during such conversations I couldn't have understood why the woman wanted her man to change himself.

How a person falls in love?

Among the huge crowd a person glimpses another one and...falls in love with him, sometimes immediately, sometimes gradually. For example, a man suddenly came across to a woman as a very extraordinary person. She starts *touching* him with her thoughts, automatically recollecting only his merits. However, she doesn't understand the inward life of the man; she doesn't see his view of the world as a whole. Having created the man's image, she starts to give accent to aspects or characteristics of it which she thinks to be really come-hither or which seem prestigious to her (money, power, beautiful body, mind, etc.); and she prolongs such a cultivation of the image. At the same time her heart is deaf. In the process of creation of the image of her *beloved* only her mind is in a ferment.

Thus, passion comes into existence—torrid, swift or gradually inflaming—it doesn't matter. Affection, possessiveness and jealousy make their appearance.

But there is no love. There is no even its phantom.

So, a woman falls in *love* with the created scheme—the man's image. But the image is lifeless!

Well, they begin to rub shoulders with each other, and then the most interesting period of their relationship starts. Both of them become a salesman and a customer, simultaneously. They launch a mutual campaign, trying to remake each other in accordance with the schemes that have already settled down in their brains. And, God forbid, if such campaign of transformation is condemned to failure, and the *beloved* is far from the invented ideal!

In this case, the phrase "I like you" means "I find you quite suitable, but you have to be modified. Right now I should change you a bit so that the process of loving you will be easier for me." Or, for example, it means "My ex was a chronic idiot! But I think your nature is more plastic, so I'm going to perfect my skills of *creator* with your help and to revenge myself upon my ex who didn't appreciate me."

And then the process becomes even more exciting.

How do a salesman and a customer communicate with each other? The salesman has to meet the requirements of the customer. In the present case the salesman must offer the properties of his body and soul in a beautiful wrapping to satisfy the customer's desires. Once the customer receives the precious *gift* from the salesman, he shouldn't forget the salesman will demand something in return. The salesman believes the customer is obliged to make himself useful—to pay dividends. Otherwise, what will he gain by that?

Love turns into trade negotiations between two demanding businessmen who are eager to maximize their advantages.

Both *lovers* transform each other into dummies. Thanks to the mutual *remaking*, they gradually forget who they really are.

So, what's the reason?

If you want to change a person, to make him convenient for you, you don't love him. You customize him according to your dream to satisfy your own ambitions. After all, when he is improved, he won't annoy you, he will have a pleasant way. To put it briefly, he will turn into a nice article that deserves to be demonstrated; and if he bores you stiff, you will remove him out of sight at any time.

Such *love* is either tiresome or is able to evoke hatred or revenge, addressed to the *lover* who is past reclaim. Sometimes such *love* drives somebody to the grave....

The person who you are in love with, he was born not to cater for your needs, he lives not for you. He just lives. If you really love him, you won't try to make him change

himself. Your love is unselfish; it is from the bottom of your heart. It will bring luck to you both. And the more true love you give the more perfect and strong you become.

You have to choose: *love* out of revenge or as a status symbol; or you are in love with a person just because he exists in this world....

However, not everyone is ready to listen to himself and his partner. Fortunately, straight talks sometimes help people to improve relations between the members of their families.

Those ones who prefer to put on blinders and earmuffs, they stick to their opinions. They are not ready to hear.

So now, when such a chronic bitter-ender asks me again what to do with her hateful husband, I give her a curt answer.

"I'm fed up with him!" She shouts.

"Divorce him!" I reply.

"But I want him to agree with me that I'm right!"

I'm speechless.

"If I divorce him, I'll have to go to work to pay my expenses!"

"Don't divorce him," I say indifferently and receive her goggle.

Well, it can't be helped! That's beyond my brain. Every person isn't so clever to comprehend such a paradoxical *love*.

(May 14, 2011)

A Stroll that poses a Threat

(an excerpt from "Shame Heirs")

...Girl went to the park where there were a lot of children from the age of one to three with their parents. The atmosphere was brisker and deliberately more cheerful, but everywhere were the same gloomy faces of exhausted people. They smelt the aroma of buns, sausages, ice-creams and sweets, and their lives seemed to be a little bit better. They bought buns for their children who had already got used to the unsmiling, tired faces of their parents. The children were eating buns with gusto and glanced around, searching for a more cheerful view, than their parents' faces, but again found nothing and concentrated on eating the buns.

The children liked the delicious meals, and they were as happy, as only small kids could be. Yet they weren't aware that soon all of them would be divided into certain categories: on beauty, on mind, on resourcefulness, on self-interest. From those new generation's samples the latest people would be moulded. New rules would be created for them; new books would be published for them; new regulations would be developed for them. And they would accept it willingly. They would be told to be better, wiser and cleverer than their parents; they would make greater progress. They would be told to have a new world, created from ideal relations between people. And, in due time, among the young generation's samples the one would be chosen who ordered, in his turn, to sample another generation's representatives. Children from the age of one to three had their lives predetermined. They guessed about nothing yet and pictured on other future to themselves subconsciously.

Children from the age of one to three wished to soar above the ground, as if they were multi-coloured balloons—freely and to everybody's joy.

Children from the age of one to three wished to give everyone these buns, being eaten with gusto; to be happy for everyone.

Children from the age of one to three wished not to forget, as long as possible, their meetings with their real selves. They didn't try to find God; they didn't speak about God; they wanted nothing.

It's a pity, when once they are disappointed they'll learn their dreams to be just impractical nonsense. It's their parents' opinion, and they know what's better. Indeed,

life's aim is to find a harbour where nourishing and regular dinners, and also the annual bonus at Christmas can be received. When their parents are stopped suddenly in the street for their opinion poll and are asked whether they're happy or not, they're silent.

They're speechless, because they don't know the answer. They're aware of no other life, and can't compare their present existence with anything else. Happiness....What is it?

In fact, not knowing about happiness, existed somewhere also, people think misfortune also doesn't exist. Their existence is monotonous, but equal; boring, but predictable; melancholic, but filled with a certain sense. And here you're sure to appear with your questions on happiness! We don't need any happiness, leave us alone, and allow us to live in our gloominess, as long as possible, as we've got used to it....

Two young married couples with their little sons at the age of three approximately were strolling in the park. Young mummies were discussing the advantages of the new fitness-centre. Their husbands kept walking two steps behind them and exchanged winks, not forgetting to give their meaningful glances to the young beauties around them. Their little sons were prancing about in the park independently. The first boy had an orange jacket on; the second boy was dressed in a yellow one.

A loud cry broke the calmness suddenly. It was the orange-jacketed boy who began crying. The yellow-jacketed boy, being too busy playing, pushed the orange-jacketed boy slightly and not deliberately. The latter swayed forward, lost his balance and found himself on all fours.

The young mummies stopped their discussion immediately and rushed to their children. Their husbands waved their hands indifferently, as if telling them to sort it out themselves, and continued staring at the passing young beauties.

The yellow-jacketed boy's mother ran up to him and spanked the child's bottom, not bothering her head with the reason for the incident. The yellow-jacketed boy gave his mother a puzzled stare, not understanding, obviously, why on earth he was given punishment. In addition to spanking, he got his mother's brief verbal reproof in a severe tone of voice, and also her frown as a visual deterrent.

The orange-jacketed boy was taken into his mother's arms at once. She started soothing him, using almost all possible methods. Having noticed the incident

developing, the orange-jacketed boy made up his mind to take advantage of the opportunity to feel sorry for himself. Moreover, he was given a chance to see the yellow-jacketed boy being criticised severely.

The young mothers were totally occupied with their sons' upbringing. Their husbands were occupied with observing very young beauties' bodies, with all their strength. Their children were occupied with an attempt to understand the universe's unfairness. The yellow-jacketed boy looked at his small palms in embarrassment; the orange-jacketed boy looked sideways at his offender and cried.

The longer the orange-jacketed boy cried the more attention he got. Finally, the yellow-jacketed boy's mother began to quieten him, patting his back gently. The yellow-jacketed boy continued staring at his small palms and at his mother in puzzlement. The orange-jacketed boy was revelling in his offence and also he triumphed: now he got twice as much *love*, and his offender got nothing. To stop crying not too early was the most important. The orange-jacketed boy had to wait for a certain time when his mother would lose her temper and would decide to promise him everything to have him quiet. She wasn't eager to reason with him. She wanted to calm him down, as quickly as possible, and to continue discussing the new fitness-centre's advantages. And, to be honest, she thought her son to be too young to be spoken with about life. Let him grow up.

So, the orange-jacketed boy took the bull by the horns. His mother started to itemize possible gifts if he would be quiet. A new toy car? The orange-jacketed boy let out even the louder cry. A new toy rifle? He continued crying with the same loudness, but with less inspiration. A new cuddly toy? The same reaction. A lollipop? The boy peeked at his mother and, having let out his final loud yell, fell silent. At last, the soothing remedy for the orange-jacketed boy and for...his mother was found.

The yellow-jacketed boy's mother turned to face her son and declared he deserved not even a lollipop, but also her good mood. With bewilderment the yellow-jacketed boy looked at his mother, at the orange-jacketed boy, and at the orange-jacketed boy's mother. And then he glanced around, trying to get his father's attention. And, his father at that time was occupied with making eyes at the full-bosomed young woman who was sitting on the bench in front of him.

A sort of peace and quiet fell. The young mummies started their discussion again. Their husbands went on with their not less interesting occupation. Their children began prancing in the park anew, but this time the orange-jacketed boy used every chance to push the yellow-jacketed boy, on purpose. The yellow-jacketed boy was puzzled each time he was given a push, but didn't dare resist....

(August 30, 2011)