

THEME: I LOVE YOU

Often I wonder, how it is we fall in love. But that magic I get through pretty quickly, as we tremble with desire and swallow the other's words, endlessly long for the scent of the others' presence.

Yet, when time passes and it is not about making a move and enjoying every step of the way, but there is place for quarrels and for the fear of losing each-other (as a consequence of getting attached to one another in the hours of pink flamingo soufflés and whispers of loving tenderness). In these times, I wonder, is it the repetition of the famous three words that keeps us up? So often we tell each other, and ourselves the "I love you"s, after the disputes, and so often these seem to be the moments of regained faith and hope. We see the summer figure in the other again, the love we shared on these festival days tickling up the spines. How important is it to keep telling oneself the three words, as a mantra almost, to keep the love actual, alive? Can't we make ourselves believe about, uhm, anything, really? So, how much of love, is something we made up and started to believe in as if our lives depended on it? How much of love is in the head, while it ought to be/used to be in the heart?

Some famous psychiatrist, once said that to be together, really together, in the idea of creating an "us", the two people involved should die, to let the "us" be born. If a third "one" (a pet / kid) gets involved, again, the individuals must die in order to build. Of course, this can not be about letting your personality fade, as this should be the fundament on which the other person's love is based. It is about letting your ego flow. The ego is -according to the dictionary-a person's sense of self-esteem or self-importance. Most quarrels could be avoided if regular remarks weren't taken like statements, or attacks even on a personal level. If your partner repeatedly asks you to do the dishes, you could read into it he/she says you're lazy, not doing anything at all in the house-hold, or anything else that you actually blame yourself for. Now if you have a low esteem of yourself, the love of the other one should push that up to the level, that you can let go of the fear to be criticized, and quarrels can be quarrels, in which dishes are dishes, and discussions, end faster.

That sounded like a nice conclusion, but, what if one's admiration for the self is too high, and therefore, this one can not take any remarks on anything he/she does, for he/she thinks itself to be perfect. Or do people who think of themselves to be perfect, not give a damn about others opinions? And if you think your soul to be endlessly adorable, pure and well-formed, do you read anything in quarrels about the dishes? Or do people with a huge ego, just hide their insecurity in the size of their confident act?

When touching and questioning the matter, it is my duty to also bring up the influence external channels have. The idea of finding "the one" has been fed by endless tales in various shapes. We are expected, so to speak, to speak so! We long for love, i think, for a very big part, as a mimetic desire. I see you love, it looks lovely, i'd love some of that. When people are asked, what love is, it is "too big for words", poets can't abandon the attempt to describe it, for it is something we can only circle around. Or it is like Joseph Beuys' performance, where he speaks to the dead (haas) he is holding, explaining his work, yet the audience is outside, peeking through the window, finding but his intention to speak.

At school I remember learning a philosophers' phrase "what we are not able to talk about, we should not speak of." I never really got that. Maybe, while we can not define or describe the deep emotion(?) that love is (supposed to be), we attach to it something we do know: a person. There is born, the personification of love. The great expectations which were generated by the various story-lines, merge in a face, which is blessed/doomed, to make the dream come through. For the love of god, what a situation!

Living happily ever after is another formulation that never gets visualized, ever in movies, rarely in real life. This mystery itself, must be the love of my life.

ORIGIN Old English lufu, of Germanic origin; from an Indo-European root shared by Sanskrit lubhyati 'desires,' Latin libet 'it is pleasing,' libido 'desire,' also by leave 2 and lief.