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The essay written below was in year 1991 when I just entered the schools of United State, learning Creative English Writing. I wrote for my writing course and nothing else. At that time, I was a single girl during the times of young age. I had just one affair which was a complete failure, a unhealthy, unpleasant, and torments life experience. Therefore, I wrote it down. 18 years later, when I was asked to again publish this article, I read my own writing, and felt how I could come with those thoughts I had one time, long ago. I have been married in a short of time after I wrote this store, I perhaps will never agree what I described below.

Men are vulnerable and responsible. Today, they cannot control their temperament, and show it to us, and tomorrow, they come to use and have apologies with shy smiles. They make error and then correct the error afterwards. As a single lad while I was coding this essay, I had no idea about men, and still wonder why this article could have reached a good number of audiences.

Men are beautiful.

*Demi Dai
 November 2007, Beijing, China*

If You Want to Control, You Must Let Him Go. Demi Dai

When I answered “ Yes, I would love to,” it takes you a moment to realize that he is asking whether I want to be in full charge of taking care of him , as a life-long mark, the wife. And in your hesitation, you see my still youth is going to become a garbage container where his emotional rubbish can be dumped; you see my life is going to be wrapped with his mixed memories of his past passé joys, that he has been carrying to trace his many travels seeking a place where his heart can be conceived and his love can be rehearsal.

I know you will say, “This man deserted you. He escaped from your wedding. He is incapable of commitment and will not be capable of being a good husband.”

That is what all we learned from each other: A good husband is hard to find.

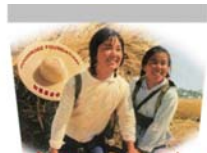
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At the beginning, he smiles to have lured you out of a proper independence that you spent years



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cultivating; though it is a mid-winter, the dwindling daylight and the threat of Valentine, that makes you walk in. Why do you want in? You haven't fell in the trap mug of love with him yet. You don't even know him. You find spending nights with him is a joy. His room is warmer than yours. He devotes to your body, with his hands and his tongue, speaking the same body language. You are a thoughtful person and think

this is something called love. Then you offer to let him sleep at your apartment. You return the same to him, letting your body curl under his arm in your coach where the fallen moments of thousands of lovemakings make a trip to your adult dream. In the morning, you press his shirt and you cook breakfast for him. You tell him how much you love taking care of a man. He soon takes a glance at your eye, trying to figure out whether weather the word -pattern "taking care" means "controlling care". When he returns to his Chicago apartment, the phone is ringing. You warmly tell him that you have been worried about his long drive and was relieved to know he was safely home. Then the smart you feels that his voice sounds a little bemused at your call. You tell him that you are sorry for bothering him and hang up. You cannot go to sleep. It sounds like a knife scratching your heart, piled to be burned by the remembrance that you have cared far more than a man in your life does. He tells you once not to pressure him, otherwise he would just disappear. You feel tortured. It is all up to you. You find yourself wanting to love him and leave him alone at the same time. But you couldn't do it. So you just get more and more panicked and then chase him. The more you panicked, the more you chase him.

Does it seem to be logical and fair? They asked us for the dates. They lured us walking into their beds. Why do we need to chase them? Why don't we deserve to posse them? They appear not to love back. Are they affectionately disformative, or emotionally handicapped?

Now it is all up to us.

We are a band of female peers. We are trained to see love is a result rather than it is a process. We are used to see love happen to us rather than to know why it happens. We expect love can be defined and refuse the truth of love that cannot be defined, because love comes to everyone. We cannot define the truth of itself. Love has no principle. When it comes it comes; when it goes it goes and no body knows why it comes and goes including love itself. We know love is art, but we don't know that the long lasting love is the work of art. This artwork has nothing to do with the quantity of how much we love him. It deals with the way we love. Don't fall for a common mistake: an unconditional love is true love. No, it is not. Every love demands its conditions to exist. Beautiful woman makes men exacting; ugly one makes men feel secure. Both beautiful and ugly women reveal their condition to meet the needs of love itself. Love then automatically becomes a volunteer action. We shall do certain things to establish the condition, but be careful not to allow the love beyond its condition. It is selfish. It is off balance. Never love too much. Loving too much is a hysterical behavior because we are unable to stop the flood of passion overflowing. Loving too much is like carrying an



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energy from the earth. It is a pitch of burning flame. It requests an absolute return of equalized love or more. Decease of control unconsciously grows to scratch the mind and heart that at one time was so healthy and pure. We cannot stop this decease of control, which creeps upon every corner of our mind and brings a suffering. We let ourselves suffer and we must let men suffer as well, as we always say

that man and woman are created equal. Men resist being controlled. To control him results in a defensive position of man against the love that we take years to reveal. When the end comes, we gain nothing, but the decease of control.

You cannot stop calling him at his work and his apartment. You count the hours of his calling back. It usually grows late. You become restless to stand it. "How could you'd forgotten?" Your voice blurts out the reasonable resentment. You are right on it. How could he? Your anger drives you into a long talking with him about why he forgets. The tone of your voice implies he is telling a lie, which makes him feel further discomfort. There is something in you that scares him. He begins to stall for things. You feel bad because you see his is afraid to get close to you. You nicely tell him he might have psychological problems, how he can be afraid of a wonderful woman like you. In his hesitation, he tells that he doesn't know what he wants in life, for which you grin under your sleeping blanket at night because now it is your turn to tell him what is the meaning of life. It is your time to control him. Like a soulmate, you help him clarify what he should want -- to be with you, of course. You assume you are his soulmate. Then you fly to Chicago to spend the weekend with him. On the first visit, everything seems fine, candle dinner with flowers and beach walking hand in hand. On the second visit, he spends night with you but ignores your presence, watching television, eating fast food and drinking beer. There is a bowl of tears in your heart. You are unhappy again. You don't want anything except that he spends time with you. It is all what you want from him, a very small simple thing. Then more you spend time on him, the more you become nagging; the more nagging, the less he returns. Then you find yourself very lonely when you are with him and missing him so much when he isn't with you

Almost nothing is trouble. The trouble is something wicked in our mind. The unconscious power in control of men. The trouble is a customer manner of the modern mind that creates for ourselves. The trouble is the lack of traditional common sense that we are losing - the inner comfort that we no longer know how to bring to our men.

In this modern society, we are trained to adapt the liberation of women movement rather than to know the naturalness of the universe - men and women are the whole: not side to attack; we are trained against each other rather than to combine with each other applying the difference of male and female; we are trained to seek the equality of man-and-woman rather than to search for the balance of inequality. The inequality between man and woman is the human design. Its difference reaches a unity of mutual benefit. The inequality is the only way to throw trouble off balance -- the profit of Ying and Yang. Everything has its opposite, high



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and low, white and black, day and night, happy and pain, life and death. These primary elements produce an eternity of human growth. It is the beginning and end. It is the naturalness of the universe. We need to apply these primary elements in the relationship with men. We must learn how to have man and let them go at the same time. The key is how. If we want to control, we must let them go. We must have the knowledge of the art of control rather than the desire to control. We must especially design ourselves to let them go, which is the process of making them return ultimately. Our presence is like a solar-system; the sun, and our men are like the planet that orbits the sun to exist. Letting him go is to encourage his search of the sun itself.

In this case, don't ask him why does he forget. He forgets because he wants to forget. He refuses to remember. You know the reason and he knows the reason. Don't try to fix his problems. He doesn't need your critique and superiority. He just needs a listener rather than a talker. It is his emotional self-exile. It is his nagging joy. It is all what he wants from you. He ignores you because he grasps an inner comfort from you in which he can reveal all naked truth of his behaviors. This is the naturalness of man's comfort. That makes you feel he is not perfect. So what? ? Imperfection is part of human characteristics. Men are comfortable about imperfection. There is not a such man who can be perfect on the face of the earth. No universal reason but universal excuse. When man tells excuse that he forgets calling you back, you must be aware that he has all reasonable excuses. Remember that each existence has its reason. Why can water wear away rock, because water is running and flexible and wavering and it flows and operates and assimilates and lets go.

As the Valentine's Day arrives, he receives many loving cards from Italy, Italy, Italy and Italy. You recoil your body into a curl alone on the same coach where a thousand of lovemaking take place before. But today, you face turns pale dropped in his eyes. He seems kind and vulnerable somehow. You are a thoughtful lover. You let your mind travel to a place where he met another her on a sunny and worm day; they had that dinner in an outside garden beneath the moonlight shining upon their faces, including his face - this beautiful face without a name. After the dinner, you see, something happened. He put his arm around another her's shoulder with his tongue stretching into another hers and then you see something further out there just like a thousands of abstraction in this coach. You would prefer to pursue yourself that it is one of his beloved rather than your predecessor. Then you hear your heart sobbing. "Who is this woman?" Mostly out of curiosity, you asked with a unbearable pain. "Oh, she is one of my old friends abroad." He tells these words and hugs you at the same time. He then kisses you like you might both die there. You are clever enough, moving your feet back as if sniffing him for another of his valentines. He still further moves ahead turning to kiss you. You still move back. The further you are back, the further he is ahead, as if a puzzling.

Is there anyone who can tell us the most common problem in the male-and-female relationship is that the women are too smart to have a man? Most smart women prefer to own their men rather than to have their men. Just like a piece of property, you belong to me, and your personal space belongs to me as well.



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You cannot have your peering eyes to stare at a pretty woman throwing herself in a black two-piece and walking alone on the beach of Lake Michigan. The smart woman prefers not to realize that a glance of common eye, was and always will be the best moment of joy as a man. That is man's naturalness. That is the honesty to the appreciation of the beautiful. Our men shall not be afraid to apply a secret of their joy. But

we just could not do it.

I hear you will say: "You must be crazy. Every woman has a certain jealousy. It is part of human nature."

Yes, it is a part of humane nature. This is why you are sad, feeling hurt. You feel you are unwanted and worthless. You find yourself so helpless for the whole things. Then you use the most powerful weapon to attract him: the sex. You begin to be always sexually responsive. Sex seems to trap him a great deal. It works a while. When he feels happy, there is something jumped upon your heart bothering you. You know that only sex could please him but you want something more than the sex. Unconsciously you begin to pick the bone from the egg, feeling everything that he does is not proper. You complain of the way he talks on the phone, funny, especially for a successful dentist. Really vague and imprecise; forgetful, not consistent. You don't know how you explain it your yourself. "What are you talking about? You make no sense of anything." You feel he has a deeply troubled mind. You tell your mother this, and your mother agrees with you that he is very improper. You tell your best female friend, and she will say this man does not deserve you. You know he is not really acting like what you say but you just want to let others say something bad about him, which makes you happy. You seem to be happy about he is still around you, visiting you on a regular base, but you have no idea why he obviously is not interested in you.

Is there anyone who can tell the legend about the bird that we must let the bird fly away before he finds where he shall settle in a comfortable home. Who can tell us, that we must allow our man to obey his inner voice to be whom they truly want to be first, before they become the type of man we want them to be. If we really love them, why don't we wish they receive all joys -- a life that brings leisure to them they must keep when the passion is kindling; a cheer that they must enjoy before the life will be no more. Do we want by a loving relationship present them with a ban to their personal pleasure and let them go to their grave and be buried in the dust. We see this is a love that we share with them, seeing an imperceptible resistance on their frowning face in which they let themselves sorrow to make us smile. We see, when we are bewitched to bring a great deal of trouble to them, they have no female friend to talk in order to find a place where his emotion can be conceived. It is only properties belonging to themselves which they possess before we walk into their lives. We find that we cannot do it but still proudly call it the civilized love.

You want everything to go your way. If it sometimes doesn't work out for you, you scream



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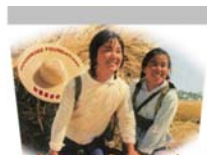
and accusing him not of loving you any more, like a horse running off the reins. You sob in the pillow, threaten him again to leave him. He would change for a while, spend time with you. You would make the wonderful meal to reward him. You think you haven't given enough. So you keep trying, keep giving for establishing a staying power to let him love you and spend time with you. He doesn't know how to respond,

seems intensive. But you find yourself astonished to be still in love with him. When one day the sun arrives at the dust shining upon your backyard, you call him crying, telling him how important he is to you. He starts to give you his usually answer in other line of phone. He says "thank you" for loving him and then turns to no words. You don't know it could be a pause or silence. In this line of the phone, you've run around throwing off your clothes and blowing in the phone and trying every seductive trick you know. Pause or silence. Pretty soon, you'd start screaming obscenities at him, banging pots and calling him horrible names. Pause or silence still in other line of the phone, you bang the phone down. It seems no longer bothering him. Not long later, you and he again are together performing the most intimate moments, he keeps the light off, as if he doesn't want to look at you in the nude. When a shuffling feeling arrives at both you, he blurts out another name: Oh, my baby Mico .

We blame men that we are addicted to men and to emotional pain. This judgment is unfair because we addicted men's pain too. Love is a play of two people's emotion and affection, just like a tennis game. A tennis-game never could possibly occur with one person. The failure of love means the failure of this game. Both man and woman fail to play well; both man and woman want to win one another rather than to keep one another. Neither of them is a good player because neither of them know the theme of this game. The theme of this game shall be a rhyme of making the play last as long as it can be, and not to end this play. We must especially deliver ourselves to loss in order to let him have few points ahead; we must let him be happy, energetic and gain interest in this play. See, a rhythm of a long losing game is structured. No winner and no loser. Ending this play is easy. We just need to bring conflict between these two players, using the strength against him, hit him and abuse him. We become the absolute winner, but the game is no more. Love dies.

* * * * *

My dear female peer, I am writing these word as my answer to your question. This is why I answered "Yes, I would love to" three years later after he escaped from the wedding. I know you will say I am crazy, stupid, foolish and low key, as you mentioned, he deserts me three times, for which I should be deserted. In my hesitation, I perceive these are the best parts of my female elements: too smart to be a fool. I definite it is a sign of his freedom. It is his personal journey seeking a place where he could finally stop his lonely travel. His proposal for the marriage is a rise of his freedom. I am, here and now, ready to embrace whatever he has, anger and pleasure, resentment and joy, confusion and _____, failure and _____,



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suffer and _____, personal secret and _____.

A full revelation of his imperfection is what I ask to establish a life with him. I know love has no principle which makes me not demand love itself but the condition to remain with this love. I know love is process. When love comes, I would let it flourish my life; when it goes, I know I would cry and I also would smile because I have already earned a life with him. I don't want to have him forever because he could not have himself forever. I won't do too much. I won't be so hopeful. I just follow each single step of the naturalness of being to let him go when he wants to go, to wait for him back when he wants back, to let him cry when he needs to cry, to feed his stomach when he feels hungry, to open the door when he comes home at midnight.

I am not an anti-female moment activist. I am just aware that whatever is flexible and flowing will tend to grow. Whatever is rigid and blocked will strophe and die. When I let go of what I am, I become what I want myself to be. When I let go of what I have, I receive what I want to have. When I give of myself, I am about to grow. When I desire nothing, a great deal comes to me.

When I give up trying to control him, I become very in control, because I know where I am and where I am going; because I find a flow in the relationship; because I feel flitted if I win or lose in the relationship.

Because we are all one. And, there is no side to attack.



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