

If love is blind, what does it mean when you keep seeing the failings of the one you love? Either love isn't blind, or you do not love the person whose failings you keep seeing. Or something else?

An old joke which may or may not be related: The local Republican City Councilor visited a kindergarten class, and one of the kids proudly announced that her cat gave birth to a litter of Republican kittens. The City Councilor was delighted. He came back a few weeks later, and asked the kid how her Republican kittens were doing. She answered the kittens are Democrats. They now have their eyes open.

Fran and I married in 1981. We both knew that it was not a marriage made in heaven. And we both knew that we would not have married if it were not for the fact that Fran was pregnant. We were happy together. We shared a great deal in common. We professed love for each other. We may have even been aware of the other's shortcomings, but we chose to accentuate the positive.

However, over the years, faultfinding, bickering, complaining (petty, and not so petty) increased. Traits that we may have overlooked, that we may have been blind to, seem to be magnified. When the yelling gets out of hand, we may even talk about separating, but it is not going to happen. I won't leave Fran, not with all her physical limitations, and she can not leave me. I have begun to see us as the two characters in *The Defiant Ones*, chained together. We get angry. We say terrible things to one another. But then we try to act as if the anger and the words never happened.

Fran, as a LICSW, claims to know everything about herself, and about "relationships." When she gets angry, she insists that I have no insight into myself. She has been in analysis, she has two therapists. I have never been successful in working with a therapist. Clearly, I therefore know nothing about myself.