

A LOVE STORY...
WITH A
HAPPY ENDING

Flávio Gikovate

Translated by Alison Entrekin

mg
MG EDITORES

A LOVE STORY... WITH A HAPPY ENDING

Copyright © 2009 by Flávio Gikovate
All rights reserved by Summus Editorial

Translation: **Alison Entrekin**
Cover design: **Alberto Mateus**
Art and design: **Crayon Editorial**

MG Editores

Editorial department:
Rua Itapicuru, 613 – 7º andar
05006-000 – São Paulo – SP
Brazil
Tel.: (55) (11) 3872-3322
Fax: (55) (11) 3872-7476
<http://www.mgeditores.com.br>
e-mail: mg@mgeditores.com.br

Printed in Brazil

This book tells the story of love as it has been experienced by those who, like myself, have had to act as pioneers. Love has always been treated as something to be left to the artists, rather than submitted to the sharp scalpel of the sciences of the mind. I refuse to accept this and believe that in four decades of work — and personal experience — I have made significant progress.

My objective is clear: to help people better negotiate this terrain that has traditionally been a source of enormous suffering. I am a firm believer in the power of knowledge and it is my opinion that developing good hypotheses and looking to them for guidance goes a long way towards helping us progress with more confidence and less pain. We should always strive to grow, no matter what our age. Of course, young people probably have more to gain from reading this book, since they may be able to avoid some of the obstacles that older generations have had to face. They may be able to traverse in months — or a few years — a path that used to take, when successful, over a decade. This book offers a surprising new take on love and lays the foundations for intimate relationships that truly respect our growing

A Love Story...

Flávio Gikovate

individual concerns. New ways of thinking are almost never in keeping with traditional feelings. Growth means re-establishing inner harmony, working from solid ideas. It is an arduous task, but I believe the effort will be fully rewarded.

Becoming familiar with the nuances surrounding the phenomenon of love is a fascinating adventure. Such a process, however, must be useful; it should serve individual growth and real progress toward happiness. Here you will find good answers to many of your concerns. This should inspire optimism in those who, while aware of the difficulties to be overcome, are able to glimpse the reward at the end of the journey.



1 one

Once upon a time a cell came into being as the result of the fusion of two others. Then this process reversed and it began to divide. After only a few weeks, there were millions of cells. Then they began to differentiate themselves from one another, each group following its own script: some gave origin to arms and legs; others to a torso and different organs. A handful of cells split in a peculiar way and generated neurons, together forming a nervous system, which established its centre in the cranium.

After another few weeks, this organism began to function in a rudimentary (but very interesting) manner. Without breathing, it took nourishment from the blood it received through a cord connected to its mother and eliminated its waste in the liquid in which it was immersed and which purified itself automatically. It suddenly began to move in a way that could be felt by the host (the mother). From the stories I have heard, this seems to be the moment when the penny really drops for mothers, who realize they are carrying a living being inside them.

This is how our story begins, just like the story of love. We didn't exist, and then, at some stage in our

intra-uterine stay, we did. We weren't and then we were! Some of the processes involved in this phase are known, while others are unknown and mysterious. No one knows if we will one day understand it completely. Scientists believe we will. People with a more religious outlook don't. I'm not sure where to position myself on the matter and, fortunately, don't have to.

I am happy I am not required to pass judgement on the precise moment in which a “non-being” becomes a “being”, since from this moment on any act against it must be treated as homicide. Some believe that this happens on day one; others, that it takes place when the foetus is more developed (at the end of the third month of pregnancy); yet others think that “being” is defined by the first moment of consciousness.

I am convinced that our brains, initially devoid of information, categorically record the latter portion of our uterine stay. It is a positive record, mostly involving a feeling of harmony (although there may be some discomfort, especially in the last few weeks of this “symbiosis”). **I believe it was this harmonious record that gave rise to the biblical idea (Genesis) that life begins in paradise: a calm place, where nothing extraordinary happens, food is abundant, one lives without thinking, and the most one must do is yawn and stretch.**

The more I think about it, the more perplexed I get when I try to understand the path taken by those who have undergone this kind of introspection. Aristophanes says the same thing in Plato's *The Symposium*. He says