

LOVE-RELATIONSHIPS IN THE BETWEENSHIP

Seldom or never are there discussions about the experiences of love-relationships from the perspective of persons living within a betweenship. By betweenship I speak about persons who do not identify with neither the majority nor the minority within the country in which their love-relationships are constructed and limited. The writer of this text considers himself to be an adopted Betweenish from Sri Lanka living in Sweden. The reason I consider myself a person living in between the two dominant social categories in Sweden is because I do not identify myself as a Swede nor as an immigrant from Sri Lanka. However, Swedes consider me to be an immigrant and the immigrants consider me to be a Swede. I have noticed that my love-relationships in Sweden are affected by the fact that I neither identify with the majority nor the minority. Now I intend to explain my experiences and thoughts on my love-relationships from the perspective of a Betweenish, that is, neither of a Swede nor an immigrant from Sri Lanka. I hope that this text will contribute to create a discussion on love-relationships in the betweenship.

My love-relationships seem to have a best-before-date lasting barely seven days, all cultivated ecologically, zero sugar added. In total, I have been in love-relationships with five girls. 3 white, 1 adopted and 1 latina immigrant woman in Spain. Still I am uncertain if I were in a love-relationship with a thai-girl in Sweden or not. Let's say that I almost were in a love-relation with her, more or less. Above these five girls that I actually have been together with, I have had casual love-relationships with a number of girls, immigrants as adoptees as Swedes, whom could be counted on the fingers of my one hand. The actual love-relationships have lasted about a week, that is effective time. By effective time I mean the actual time when my partner and I have spent time together and spoken and hung out. I will now try to understand why my love-relationships only last for about a week, effective time.

I start by sharing my first experience of a girl becoming interested in me. She was a Swedish blond girl. I was 16 and she was 14 years old. I couldn't understand why she was interested in me. She was so beautiful. I was so fat. In some way I manage to screw things up and we never became involved in a relationship. Instead she became involved in a relationship with a guy who looked exactly like me. He was golden brown, sugar-fat, and adopted, although he had been migrated involuntarily to Sweden from a South American ecology. I believe that she was attracted to dark-skinned guys during that time, maybe as a way of liberating herself from her parents.

The first girl I was actually in a love-relationship with came from a Norwegian ecology. I was 17. She studied in Sweden. We were of the same age. We were in a love-relationship for about one month. Effective time for about one week. She had been with immigrants before. And she considered them sweet. We met in November and after New Years Eve, which she spent in Norway, I didn't hear from her. When I called her two weeks later she told me she had slept with three Norwegian guys and that she didn't want to be together with me. I believe her breaking up with me had to do with the fact that I didn't reflect her image of me as an immigrant. I think she became attracted to me because I look like an immigrant. However when she discovered that I was not the type of immigrant she liked she started to dislike me and ended the relationship, seemingly ecological and zero sugar added.

It took about two years before I was in a love-relationship with someone. This time I became involved with an ecologically Swedish blond girl. I was 19, she was 26. We worked together. And at work we had checked each other out for some time. During a work-related party we got together. We went by taxi to her place and there we had sex. After having sex she moaned sweetly in my ear: Oh, I have always wanted to be with an immigrant. I became confused and thought but am I not more Swedish

than an immigrant, or maybe I am neither? I couldn't resolve the query then so I thought: Fuck it/her. There is no sugar-love here anyway. Why not enjoy this ecological relationship as long as it lasts.

She had fallen for me because she thought I was an immigrant. A social category I don't identify with. Our relationship lasted for exactly one week, effective time. All ecological, zero sugar added. I broke up with her because I didn't have any feelings for her and because she was in love with me because she considered me an immigrant and also because I felt sorry for her. I thought it better she found someone whom reflected her ideals. When I told her that I wanted to break up she started crying. I also cried. However, not because our love-relationship came to an end, but because she was sad.

Another year past until I met this ecologically adopted girl. With her I have had my longest relationship. It lasted for 6 months. Effective time about 3 weeks. Mostly this depended on the fact that her house was so far away from mine. In other words, our love-relationship was restricted by ecological factors, zero sugar added. I was 20 and she was 1-2 years younger than me. We were equally gold brown. For the first time in my life I experienced something that I guess could be described as love in a relationship. She liked me for the one I was and I liked her for the one she was. We exchanged many thoughts and experiences about being an adoptee in Sweden. However, she was more "Swedish" than I. And I think that is the reason I broke up with her. She considered adoptees to be like Swedes and that your appearance didn't matter in Sweden. We slowly deserted each other and our love-relationship dried out.

Shortly after that relationship had ended I became involved with a Swedish girl. She was four years younger than me. We were together for one week, effective time. She had just ended a relationship with her Swedish boyfriend. We met a few times but once a week had passed she stopped calling me and didn't answer when I called her. My guess is that she became involved with her Swedish boyfriend again and that she used me to make him bear grudge against her for having sex with an immigrant. By sleeping with me her boyfriend would be upset and want to rescue her from being stigmatized. I believe that a Swedish girl who has sex with an immigrant is socially stigmatized. This sweet kind of behavior, that a Swedish girl sleeps with immigrants, positions her in an anomalous condition because she is deviating from her ecological group. Leading to her being stigmatized as a dissolute whore, zero sugar added. Simultaneously as the girl can use this type of behavior as a strategy to upset her Swedish boyfriend and make him want to rescue her. And as soon as she gets involved with a Swedish guy or someone within her group her tainted Swedishness/whiteness is purified and she is returned from the anomalous condition to be integrated in the normal (white) social order.

After this relationship ended I have never been in a love-relationship with a Swedish girl or any other girl in Sweden. When I was in Spain 2002 to study Spanish I met this Latin American woman whom had immigrated to Spain to work. I was 22 and she was 35 or something. I met her two weeks before leaving to Sweden. Effective time we were in a love-relationship for one week. On one of my last days in Spain we went out to dance salsa. At least that was the recipe for our night out. However, the night came to offer us an ecological tomato-salsa, zero sugar added. When we arrived at the salsa club she said she didn't want to dance with me. I never quite understood why and assumed it depended on the fact that she didn't think I could dance salsa, which was partly true.

She swirled away with the drink I had bought her and returned half an hour later. She wanted another drink. So I bought her another one. Then she told me that she had met some friends from Latin America whom she would speak to. She said that she didn't want to introduce me to them. I waited for some time and suddenly all lights were turned on. The club closed. I decided to leave without her.

When I went to get my jacket I saw her standing with five latinos whom looked very aggressive. I said to her that I was leaving. Then one of her friends asked me why I was speaking to her? Before I had the time to answer he said that I had the appearance of a *maroceño maricon* (Moroccan gay/bitch) and that I, more or less, should go to where the pepper grows; *vete al asparagus*. I think this is a phrase which could be derived to the Western colonial time. Indicating that someone should “go to hell”, that is a colonized country, where the weather is hot (like in hell), i.e. in Sri Lanka which was colonized by the Spanish/Portuguese in the beginning of the 16th century.

I explained to him slowly with my student Spanish that my country of origin was Sweden since I had been migrated there from Sri Lanka when I was a small boy and that I now stayed in Spain to study Spanish and that I at the moment was leaving to my apartment in El Palo. Then he started pushing me while telling me not to be smart and make fun of him. He obviously had eyes to see with and by the look of my appearance he saw that I was *maroceño maricon*. Luckily I managed to get out of that situation without having my racial appearance holocausted.

And, on the lonely way back to the apartment I called home, I understood the reason my girlfriend didn't want to dance with me as well as the reason this night had offered an ecological tomato-salsa, zero sugar added. I had the appearance of a Moroccan. The relation between Spain and Morocco is very unfamiliar. Therefore, it might be socially stigmatizing for girls in Spain, “natives” as well as immigrants, to be involved with *maroceño maricones*. Spanish “native” guys as well as immigrant guys belonging to various immigrant groups might consider “their” girls hanging out with boys outside of the group as dissolute whores by their deviating behavior.

During the years 2003 to 2005 when I studied at the university in Sweden, I had no girlfriend. When I turned 25 I decided to visit the country from which I was involuntarily migrated when I was a little boy. That is the country in which my mother lives. My mother who is rich and who has given birth to 3 boys, 1 girl and finally gave birth to me. I, who was sold to the white Westerners, who brought me to the ecology of Sweden. While staying in the Sinhalese ecology I met a girl I liked. She was the sweetest Sinhalese princess. I wanted to marry her. She was promised to another man whom she didn't like. I met her less than two weeks before I was to leave to Sweden. It all seemed so fairy-tale-like and ecologically correct. I was a prince in my country of origin. She was a Sinhalese princess. I was going to save her from the bitter man she was promised to. We were made for each other. We were destined to elope. But time ran away. It felt as if I loved her. And suddenly about a week had passed. My flight ticket stated unemotionally that I had to migrate (involuntarily) to Sweden, again.

Once back in freezing cold Sweden when reality had covered my emotions like a lid or was rising like that gigantic wall constructed between the former colonial powers and the colonized countries or between me and the one girl in the world I loved, I realized some things that I had totally forgotten. Things that are completely unimaginable in Sri Lanka but fully real in Sweden. What would she do in Sweden? Who would she hang out with? How would I provide for us both on my student loan? First, she must learn Swedish which is going to take some years. And when she has learned Swedish she will probably get a job as a cleaner like most immigrants in Sweden do, uneducated as well as educated. Second, I don't have any contact with my adoptive family or their relatives. Third, I didn't know any Sinhalese people in Sweden at that time. Fourth, I cannot support us simultaneously as it is my ambition to become a social scientist, that is, a low-income preoccupation which only extremely few (whites and westernized immigrants) are given the opportunity to practice. In other words, what could I offer her in Sweden as a poor student with my non-material dreams? I know that her dreams deviate a lot from mine and that our dreams seemed difficult to unite. I am also of the perception that not only my princess' dreams but all Sinhalese princesses' dreams would be difficult to combine with

my dream. Therefore I believe it would be difficult to be in a love-relationship with any Sinhalese princess, both in Sweden and in Sri Lanka.

Furthermore I became uncertain if my Sinhalese princess really were interested in me or my “money” and the fact that she would come to Sweden. During the visit in my ecology of origin I had so many offers of marrying the sweetest girls I have ever seen, to the inside as well as the outside. It was a total contrast to Sweden where girls, if they even look at me, see me as an immigrant. In Sri Lanka I was a prince who could have any girl I would choose. However, the offerings of girls to me seemed to have an underlying desire that I would take these princesses to Sweden, impregnate them and get a good job in order to send back money to my bride’s relatives in Sri Lanka. It has similarities to the adoption phenomenon. They thought that if I brought their daughter to the West she would get a good education, good job and lots of money. But they have no idea what goes on in Western paradise. And I felt that there was really no love in this potential relationship and that they might get furious with me when their desires were not satisfied and would curse me with the fury of the Sri Lankan demons not even Lord Buddha can tranquilize.

When I had returned to Sweden from Sri Lanka, I had come to know a Sinhalese family which I met on the plane to Sri Lanka. This family invited me to their home for dinner in Sweden. I understood during the dinner the reason they had invited me. They wanted me to get married to this 17 year-old girl who was their relative. I could marry her so she could come to Sweden. I explained that my income was my student loan, I lived in a small apartment, and that I most definitely would not get a job as a social scientist when my studies were completed. They didn’t mind. In their perspective it was all ecological, zero sugar added.

They said that the girl should live with them and that I could come visit sometimes. They really loved this girl and wanted to bring her to Sweden. All I had to do was marrying her. A piece of cake according to them. I scented the unecological ingredients in this cake and tasted its sourness. So I declined in a Swedish way and told them that I would think about it. And while I have “thought about it/the girl” my relation to this family has passed its best-before-date. The relationship with this family lasted for less than a week, not ecologically cultivated and lots of sugar added. It is a kind of a pattern which keeps on repeating itself in my relations. One week, more or less, effective time.

Two years after the Sri Lanka-trip I met someone that I in a way was involved with. It happened last year when I was 27. I became friends with a girl who came from a thai-ecology. She was in Sweden to study and she seemed interested in me. One time I had to pretend I was her boyfriend in order to show to an older thai-man that she did not want to marry him. After this incident I asked her what she thought about me and if we should become more than friends. She didn’t really answer but she seemed interested. One day she wanted me to help her with a school assignment. I thought that I was to help her with this assignment. However it turned out that I wrote it for her. We kissed and hugged some while I was writing it. When I had written it completely and it had been sent to the university I didn’t hear from her until she found out the result. It was not passed. Then she asked me if I would be so kind to help her get it passed. If she failed too many assignments she might not be allowed to stay in Sweden. I declined to help her and wished her a nice life as I saw that we would not see each other again. Presumably this might not have been a relationship or even an ecological love-relationship but more a way for her to get help with school assignments. However I am certain that the effective time we met at my place can be limited to about a week, zero sugar added.

During the time the thai-girl and I were friends I spent time with a girl whose roots, like mine, had been cut off in her ecology of origin, to be cultivated in Sweden. We hung out as if in a love-

relationship. Although we never said it out loud that we were in a love-relationship. Because we were both adopted we had a lot in common and interesting conversations. I believe that she appreciated that I was the opposite of her other guys whom normally are dominant, emotionally apathic and psychologically disturbed. And I believe that I appreciated her because she was the opposite to all other girls I have ever met, Swedes as adoptees as immigrants. She was living in a betweenship like me but we were completely different but still the same in many ways. I don't think there was any love in this relationship, though there was something indescribable between us which might be called a feeling of wanting to be with someone you like. This indescribable and intensive relation lasted for a week and maybe that was for the best-because-we-are-still-friends-up-to-date, that is, this relationships' best-before-date has not even passed out today.

Today I am 28 years old, single, and an adopted Betweenish from Sri Lanka. I have discovered "Meet New People" at Facebook. When I started using that application to search for love-relationships, my profile picture demonstrated a man who was somewhere in-between, with my Swedish Christian name, Daniel, and my Sinhalese gold brown skin colour. No one was interested in me after looking at that picture. It might be confusing when looking at a picture of someone with a Swedish name when you expect to see an ecological Swede, and instead seeing a person from Farawayistan.

I changed strategy. I added a photo of me where you cannot distinguish my original ecological nationality and you only see the Swedish name I was given after being involuntarily migrated to Sweden. On this photo you see a person standing in the Land of the Exquisite Colours. I am standing on a mountain in Sri Lanka at the moment of sunrise when the colours become one while pulling away the clouds to reveal the fantastic Sinhala landscape which awakens slowly. However, you cannot see my gold brown skin colour in this picture.

I actually get several flirts from girls now. Not many but more than none. It makes me very happy. We speak some and sometimes we become friends. When we are friends we can view each other's profiles. Of course, I know how they look but they don't know my appearance. They probably think that I am an ecological Swede, zero sugar added. As soon as they have seen my profile our contact decays. I have difficulties understanding this phenomenon as anything else than that there prevails a kind of a white-only-principle-for-choosing-partner among ecologically Swedish girls.

The girls that are Swedish and actually have been interested in me, aware of the fact that I am not the Swede as represented by my Christian name which contradicts my golden brown skin colour, are those girls whom, with a horrible Swedish concept, are conceptualized: Whores of the Turks, Swedish girls whom have relationships with non-Swedes and are interested in immigrants by the fact that they are non-white. These girls are referred to as Whores of the Turks by Swedish guys. This conceptualization is extended to girls who like immigrants of any kind living in Sweden.

The reason this concept contains the Turk-ethnicity is, most likely, derived to the fact that during the 1980-89 there were a lot of Iranians and Iraqis whom fled/migrated, among other countries, to Sweden. The reason they needed to flee from their countries of origin can be derived to the Iranian revolution. Mostly these migrants were politically to the left, westernized and against Islamic rule, which is the reason they had to flee and maybe the reason they were accepted as migrants in Sweden.

In Sweden the Swedes make no distinction between Iranians, Iraqis, Turks, Afghans, Libanese, Syrians etc. These nationalities are mixed together as a black-haired lump representing one nationality: the Turks. The Swedish girls who are interested in these "Turks" instead of the Swedish guys are consequently conceptualized as Whores of the Turks. They are socially stigmatized as dissolute whores deviating from their group because they are attracted to the immigrant group(s). These

Swedish girls seem to be the only ones interested in me in Sweden. However, because I don't identify with the immigrant category I find this complex. I am in-between the immigrant-Swede dichotomy. I live in a betweenship. I am a Betweenish. And I believe that these Swedish girls quite fast would come to know that I don't reflect their expectations. That is if I were to become involved with a Swedish girl with this particularly deviating interest in the Other for more than one week. Effective time.

I don't know what to do with these thoughts and experiences simultaneously as this subject is not possible to discuss with my Swedish friends whom I have grown up with because they don't know what I am experiencing. All I know is that there is an ecologically cultivated pattern in my love-relationships which keeps repeating itself over and over, zero sugar added, and that because I am a Betweenish or a person living between the social categories immigrant-Swede, I seem to fit best with others whom are experiencing themselves to be Betweenish, simultaneously as I find it difficult to hang out with girls from the ecology which I was uprooted from, both in Sweden and in Sri Lanka.

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