After 27 years, we break our silence: This fairytale marriage isn’t going to last.

BY GLENN CAMPBELL

We now return to one of the enduring mysteries of Family Court: What caused the breakup of Charles and Diana?

Was it Charles’ affair with Camilla that put the nails in the coffin, or was it Diana’s emotional instability? While Charles eventually admitted the affair, he said that he engaged in it only after the marriage had already broken down. Diana, however, claimed spousal abuse.

She told the press: “My husband made me feel inadequate in every possible way that each time I came up for air he pushed me down again.”

Rather than jump into the fray, we prefer to set aside the charges and countercharges and look at the marriage from a systems perspective. As we crunch the numbers and analyze the balance of power, we see that this couple was doomed from the day of their wedding.

Family Court Chronicles was there. We witnessed the ceremony along with 750 million other viewers—probably the largest television audience in history. Even at our tender age, we knew that something was wrong. It seemed less a joyous celebration than a royal funeral.

There was the terrified bride, only a month out of her teens, arriving in a horse-drawn carriage, in a £9000 gown, surrounded by all the pomp and symbolism money could buy. There was the groom, decked out in a military uniform with all the power of the crown behind him. The fate of the British Empire hung in the balance, as Charles was already 32 and had yet to produce an heir.

It was a “fairytale wedding” the announcers said. With the blessings of the Queen, the bride’s family, the Houses of Parliament of both Britain and Canada and the prayers and good wishes of millions, you’d think that the marriage had everything going for it.

Apparently not. Something got lost in this ceremony. Something got run over.

It’s the relationship, stupid!

With so much riding on this union, so many external expectations heaped upon it, how did either Charles or Diana have any chance to be themselves? Diana was a child. Charles was an older child. They didn’t know what they wanted; they only knew what was expected of them.

This seemed to be love. He was a dashing prince. She was innocent, charming and showed little personal direction. The slipper seemed to fit.

What went wrong is the same thing going wrong in a thousand weddings taking place right now: the confusion of external symbolism with functional operations.

Being a prince has nothing to do with it. The size of the engagement ring has nothing to do with it. Even sex can become boring as hell after you’ve done it for the umpteenth time. In the end, all that matters is how well two genderless, powerless humans get along with each other when sharing close quarters.

Even siblings have trouble with that. If you live too close to anyone for too long, you want to throttle them. Working out the boundary issues is really complicated, and there’s nothing the Queen or Houses of Parliament can do to help.

You got to have interests and philosophy in common. You got to have a natural rapport that’s entirely private and can’t be represented in a public ceremony. Is this someone who you would get along with as a disembodied brain sitting in the jar next to yours? If not, the relationship is bound to go bust.

If you want to see true love, look at Charles and Camilla. In 2005, they finally tied the knot. Did anyone notice? It took 30 years to get there, but maybe the delay was all for the best. Here’s a relationship that happened by itself, for itself, without the sanction or approval of anyone.

When the Queen and Houses of Parliament finally gave their blessing, it was like “So what?”

This is our relationship, not yours.

—G.C

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