

On Falling in Love¹

Michael Guy Thompson, Ph.D.



July 17, 2017

What does it mean to fall in love? Can anyone fall in love, or are some people incapable of it? What exactly has to happen *in order* to fall in love? What is this phenomenon that distinguishes the notion of “falling” from other kinds of loving, even those that are sexual in nature?

The first thing we need to consider is that the word “love” is imprecise. It can mean a lot of different modes of feeling in a variety of relationships, and it may not even connote a feeling at all. Is the love a mother feels for her child, for example, the same as a young man feels for his first motorcycle? Is the love of god the same as the love for a sexual partner, or the love of food? Is the love for oneself the same as the love for sunsets, or the cinema? And what about the drug experience? Don’t drugs elicit feelings that we associate with intense and unremitting pleasure, or equanimity? Don’t we sometimes take drugs to approximate the feeling of love that is missing in our lives? Clearly all these experiences are not the same, and the feelings we associate with them, even if we say we “love” every one of them, are distinct.

¹ Invited Address, R. D. LAING IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY SYMPOSIUM: **What Are Altered Realities?** Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, July 17, 2017.

Falling in Love

What we call “falling in love” is first and foremost a *sexual* experience, compounded by an intense emotional connection with the person in question. There are other, non-sexualized ways of loving, but none of those occasion **falling in love**. Enjoying sex with someone, however, in and of itself, isn’t necessarily a catalyst for falling in love with that person. Great sex is pleasurable to be sure, but not necessarily complemented by a feeling of love. Love and sex aren’t synonymous, but they enjoy a privileged, if mysterious relationship. The minimum requirement for falling in love is the **integration** of physical, sexual attraction and a profound, loving connection with another person.

So what are the signs that you are falling in love? Say you meet a person you’re attracted to, you spend an evening together, and feel this amazing connection to that person. One thing leads to another and you spend the night together making love. You feel this is the most wonderful sexual experience you have ever had and you don’t want the night to end. The first sign that you’re falling in love is that you cannot bear being separated from this person. This turns out to be an essential prerequisite for knowing that you’re in love. **Love seeks proximity**, and demands it. You want to be with this person *all the time*. You cannot bear being separated, and when you are you think about this person constantly.

Another sign that you’re falling in love is that you become **obsessed** with this person. You can’t get them out of your mind. This is a mental way of achieving proximity when you’re separated. Proximity and obsession feed on each other. This is the second sign that you’re in love. Yet a third sign that you’re falling for someone is an extraordinary feeling of *happiness*. If you never felt happy before, you feel it now. Your life is completely different and everything has changed. Whatever problems you were struggling with, whether financial, your living situation, a terrible job or graduate school you feel trapped in, *doesn’t matter*. You are happy, and all because this person has come into your life. You not only want to be close to this person, to touch them, kiss them, caress and hold them. You want to **be** with them, **forever**. That is the fourth sign that you’re in love: **you want this love to last**. This is how Plato defined love more than two thousand years

ago: **love is a desire that you want to preserve in perpetuity.** Otherwise, you're just as happy to go on to the next person, and the one after that, and so on, which is what people who cannot fall in love do. After all, variety is the spice of life, isn't it? Well, when you're in love, variety is **NOT** the spice of life. Variety is out, perpetuity is in. Isn't this why we invented marriage? To hang onto this person for dear life?

Maybe you have felt this way for someone, and maybe you haven't. But let's say that you have. What if this person you are so in love with isn't in love with you? Or what if that person falls out of love with you, and ends the relationship while you're still in love with them? How do you feel about that? Compassionate? Indifferent? Amused? Not on your life! You feel like you've just fallen off a cliff. You want to die. This is when you're thinking, "Thank God for drugs!" But drugs don't really help all that much. After all, we're talking about unrequited love, the experience that Sigmund Freud said is the most painful feeling there is. In other words, rejection sucks, and none of us take it so well. Now your life has no meaning and you can't understand how such a thing could have happened, even when you saw it coming, as we often do. And you thought you were obsessed with this person when you were in love with each other? Now you really know what it's like to be obsessed with someone, night and day, every day, without respite. And how long are we capable of being obsessed with a person who rejected us? **Some people never get over it.** They've been stuck in it all their lives, and can't find a way out.

And then there's the question of judgment. Everyone knows that goes out the window the moment you fall in love. Ordinarily we exercise at least a modicum of judgment when weighing the virtues of another person. What kind of person, for example, would you enter into a business relationship with? Or loan money to? Or embrace as a confidante, or a mentor that you trust with your life? Falling in love? All such sentiments go out the window as you impulsively put yourself at the mercy of a person who, for all you know, would just as soon cut off your head and eat you for breakfast. Judgment and love are incompatible. Yet, we would put our lives on the line for such a person. Yes, you probably have to be mad to fall in love. But what kind of madness are we talking about? Is it the kind we should avoid, or a madness we should pursue because it epitomizes the best that life has to offer?

These are only some of the questions that I want to explore with you this morning. I'll begin with a quote from Janet Malcolm, the psychoanalytic author and critic:

[According to Freud, our personal relationships] are a messy tangle of *misapprehensions*, at best an *uneasy truce* between powerful solitary fantasy systems. Even romantic love is fundamentally solitary, and has at its core a profound *impersonality*. The concept of transference destroys faith in personal relations and explains why they are tragic: ***we cannot know each other***.

(1981, p. 6) (emphasis added)

If Malcolm is correct in this dark assessment of the human condition, why is Freud's thesis – that love is an illusion – so difficult to accept? What is Freud getting at when he claims that the person I think I fell in love with, isn't in fact the person I thought they were? Who, then, is this person? In order to answer this question, we first need to take a detour through the earliest stages of our childhoods, where we were first shaped, beginning with our first taste of love.

One of Freud's most original contributions to our notions about love is contained in an early book, *Three Essays on Sexuality* (1905): **"The finding of an object is in fact a *refinding of it*"** (p. 222). This statement is perhaps Freud's most profound contribution to our understanding of love. The child's first experience of love is at the mother's breast, or a facsimile of it, which is the most blissful experience one can imagine. It is also the prototype for all our subsequent experiences of love. That we have no memory of this experience matters not the slightest, because it is ingrained in each of us. The connection between love and sex is also explained by this thesis, because suckling is not only a source of nourishment, but a highly charged sexual experience as well – in fact, our very first. I know some of you will find this statement ludicrous. Bear with me.

Though our love for the mother and the sexual experience we enjoyed with her begins immediately after birth and persists throughout infancy, the two become split off during latency – which begins around the age of six or so. That's when the sexual portion is repressed, though its affectionate aspect survives and remains conscious. In adolescence

our sexual desires break loose from their original moorings and are directed at new, non-incestuous love objects. However, in order for this to happen the new love must in some respects **resemble the old**, though we typically don't notice the similarities. Moreover, a second condition must be satisfied in order for this new love to blossom. Our feelings for the new person mustn't arouse the guilt that we typically associate with the original love object. Otherwise our unconscious guilt will prompt us to repress any such feelings for this person, and we won't be able to love them. According to Freud (1905), "What is left over from the sexual relation to the first object helps to prepare for the choice of [a new] object and thus to restore the happiness that was lost" (p. 222). This implies that the experience of love and happiness are inextricably intertwined.

But how can an infant be expected to fall in love, when the child experiences the mother, not as a separate person, but part of itself? Besides, both boys and girls enjoy this primary relation with the *mother*, or mothering figure. What about their gender differences? Is the experience the same for girls as it is for boys? In fact, this early suckling experience only introduces the child to an amazing sense of *connectedness* to another person. **It doesn't, properly speaking, introduce us to love.** Freud was convinced, however, that it **does** introduce us to sex.

It's only later, when we enter the Oedipal period (from roughly three to five years of age), that we *consciously* fall in love with one or both parents. Unlike the suckling experience, which is preverbal, we are acutely conscious of falling in love with this or that parental figure. But again, we repress this experience later. Freud believed that we're born bisexual so that during the Oedipal phase we alternate between *both* parents, loving each in turn while experiencing the other as rival, eventually settling on one. (This would hold true even if our parents are gay.) At this point our sexual orientation, whether gay or straight, is fixed, though we may not know it at the time. This is usually the mother for the boy and the father for the girl, but it might just as well be the opposite, and often is. Whichever the case may be, *this* is the prototype for the relationship that we seek to "re-find" in another person when we reach sexual maturity, at puberty. Whereas the earlier suckling experience serves as the prototype for sexual *pleasure*, and the feeling of *connectedness* it engenders, it's only later during the Oedipal phase that our experience of

love becomes truly **personal**. This is when we genuinely fall in love for the first time, and the parent or other close relation with whom we fall in love becomes the prototype for anyone we subsequently fall in love with as adults. The two experiences – suckling and falling in love – are comingled into a unitary experience of sexual bliss. This explains why oral sex, whether kissing, fellatio, or cunnilingus, are ways we typically recapitulate the bliss from the oral stage of development. That some people don't enjoy kissing or oral sex says something about their early nurturing experience.

Neurotic Love

Naturally, there is much in this model that can go wrong, otherwise there would be no neuroses, and according to Freud, no psychopathology. So what does this constellation of events tell us about **neurotic** love, and how do we distinguish it from normal, **happy** love? **Basically, mature love is the restoration of a happiness that was lost** in early childhood. This may explain why people who fall in love often have the feeling that they've known this person forever, though they only just met. If our attachment to the parental love object was too strong, it inhibits the choice of a new love object. It's as though no one else can take their place. On the other hand, if the attachment was more subdued, resulting in greater psychic freedom, the adolescent will be able to find, and fall in love with, a new love object. Happy love is free from the ambivalence or inhibition that we associate with neurotic conflict, a conflict between desire and guilt. Neurotic love is epitomized by the inhibition that prevents us from loving another person wholeheartedly.

The other great discovery of Freud's was his theory of narcissism. This concept is crucial for understanding why people fall in love, and why some people are incapable of it, or of sustaining it. Freud observed that all babies are blessed with an omnipotent state of self-sufficiency. This blissful condition, short-lived as it is, will eventually diminish. The theory of narcissism implies that we begin life with two love objects, not one: the mother as well as our self. In order to free ourselves to love others we have to free ourselves from *both*, the incestuous as well as the narcissistic. Because Freud believed that we are born bisexual, he also believed that homosexuality is a variant of normal development. In his famous essay **On Narcissism** (1914), Freud noted that *identification* plays a crucial role

when falling in love. He believed that the future gay male baby forms an intense fixation to the mother (or some other woman), and that after leaving her behind identifies with that woman and takes *himself* as a sexual object. From this basis he then looks for a young man who resembles himself and who he then loves as his mother loved him. The gay man who falls in love, in effect, becomes his mother, and his lover becomes his former self. This kind of secondary narcissism Freud distinguished from primary narcissism, which is when we fall in love with ***ourselves***.

Freud's discovery of narcissistic love ranks among his greatest discoveries. One of its most important features concerns the nature of the ***ego ideal***, a crucial feature of falling in love. In the first stage of narcissistic development we fall in love with *ourselves*. In the second stage this love is transferred onto the ego ideal, the person we *aspire* to be. Traditionally, we contrast self-love, the *receiving* of love, with actively *loving* another person, but Freud introduces a third option: narcissistic love. With this alternative I fall in love with a person ***modeled on my love for myself***. There's an inevitable tension between the love I get from others, which is narcissistic, and the love I give, which is surrendered. Freud believed if I love the other person too much I deplete my narcissism, which makes me feel unworthy of love. Those with poor self-esteem will be devastated if the love relation were to end, whereas the self-confidant person will survive to love another day, once their narcissism is restored.

This means that falling in love can impoverish the self to such a degree that we feel decimated. In some cases the lover's self-esteem is restored by having his or her love reciprocated, but in other cases the love object consumes the self, to the self's detriment. Moreover, there's an inevitable tension between the self and our ego ideal. We're always trying to bridge the gap between them, because the closer together they are, which is to say, the more I approximate the person I want to be, the happier I am. The further apart, the more miserable. If they are too far apart it may result in psychosis, when we appear to be two different people. The tension between them can be beneficial or detrimental. When beneficial the ego ideal prompts the self toward greater achievement and is the source of ambition. If excessive it may become the totality of one's existence, as with workaholics, or a life devoted exclusively to a religion, or a political cause. This person

will never been happy, because they will always feel unworthy of love. At bottom, they hate themselves.

Now for the crucial part of our discussion: What actually happens when we fall in love?

When we fall in love our ego ideal is projected onto the other person, in the same way the child idealized the parent prior to the ego ideal's formation. This means that the lover regresses back to that period in childhood when his or her idealization of the parent was most intense. When the ego ideal is projected onto this person the tension between the self and the ego ideal is eliminated, the same process that ensues in a manic state. *When love is reciprocated there is no finer experience.* This is what it feels like to be madly in love with another person. Now we're at the mercy of that person, and our judgment is singularly compromised. It's as though the self is now loved by the ego ideal, though this part of the experience is unconscious. *Only the blissful feeling achieves awareness, and this is about as happy as any human being can get, and the prototype for how we conceive happiness.*

Now we can begin to understand why it isn't so easy to distinguish between what it feels like to fall in love and when we have succumbed to a manic episode. In both cases the ego and ego ideal merge, an experience of intense pleasure. Judgment is abandoned, and the sudden transformation serves as the beginning of a new relationship or initiation into a psychotic episode. Phenomenologically, it is virtually impossible to tell them apart. Anyone who falls in love and gives themselves to another person has lost his (or her) senses. There is nothing rational about this experience, which is also the most remarkable thing about falling in love: **The respite it gives us from the obsessive worry and relentless strategizing that the anxieties of our day-to-day existence impose on us.**

Now that we have an idea of the complexity involved in falling in love, we can begin to appreciate that it isn't so easy to know whom we are falling in love with, nor even who I am! After all, don't we go into therapy in order to discover who we are? If we don't even know ourselves, how in the world can we presume to know others? If love compromises our judgment, it compromises our sanity as well, for sanity relies on judgment, more than anything else. **Love, then, is a kind of madness.** But what kind of

madness is it? Is it a good madness, or bad? Or both? In order to answer this question, we need to look more closely at what we mean by love, and the different types of experience that we designate as “love.” So far, we’ve only been talking about one kind of love: erotic, or sexual love. What about those ways of loving that are not specifically erotic?

Caritas

In the English language we have only one word for love, but the Greeks had several. I’m going to touch on only three: erotic love, friendly love – which the Greeks called *philia* – and the most giving kind of love possible, sympathetic love, what the Greeks termed *agapé*, but is more familiar in its Latinized form, *caritas*, literally meaning charity. I want to focus primarily on the difference between *eros* and *caritas*, the two kinds of love that insure genuine and lasting happiness.

The Greeks saw *eros* as the most common love, and the one most readily available. As we just saw, it is essentially narcissistic. Even when we love others erotically, we are in fact loving a projected image of our selves, which is mixed up with early memories of our fathers and mothers and other people in our orbit. This might explain why it is the one form of love that the Greeks associated with madness. However, erotically-induced madness can either be a good, divinely-sanctioned madness, or the bad, demonic variety. “Our greatest blessings,” says Socrates in the *Phaedrus*, “come to us by way of madness, provided the madness is given as a divine gift” (cited in Dodds, 1951, p. 64). Even before Socrates Greek literature was replete with references to *eros*’s dark side, a *daemon* spirit who is capable of savagery, injustice, drunkenness, even madness. After all, one of *eros*’s principal features is his ability to possess and bewitch those mortals he would destroy, those who got on the wrong side of Aphrodite. As we know, that peculiar form of madness that serial killers fall prey to is always sexual in nature. They kill what they love – and they love to kill.

And yet, *eros* is also capable of giving us joy and wonder. Whether it is the good, healthy kind of madness or its opposite, erotic love is nevertheless limited. This is due to its nature. *Eros* is hungry and insatiable, which is why it seeks proximity and wants to be with the love partner in all ways and at all times. **It is possessive.** It is a love rooted in

desire, so *eros* **wants** the other, wants to both receive love and give love and rejoice in the energy it unleashes. Unlike *caritas*, *eros* cannot know the other, because “mystery” is its principal vehicle and the reason it causes us to lose judgment. If I were only capable of erotic love my life would be profoundly constricted, and I would never find genuine happiness, no matter how many times I fall in love with however many people.

Philia, or friendly love, is not erotically charged. It is epitomized by the friendships we enjoy, for whom we feel no sexual charge or urgency. In fact, friends, for the most part, offer us respite from the turmoil and uncertainty that occasion sexual relationships. This is why sex and therapy don’t mix. If we haven’t already, we learn from our therapists other ways of loving a person that are not so possessive and narcissistic, but more giving. This is what also epitomizes friendship. Successful friendships thrive on **reciprocity** and don’t do so well when one of the friends wants to hog all the attention. Yes, we all have our share of narcissistic friends, for narcissists are usually attractive, and maybe to others we are the narcissistic ones, but the friends we love the most are those who give as much as they take. This is why friendship, or *philia*, is an important step toward the most giving kind of love there is, *caritas*, or what I prefer to call *sympathic* love, rooted in an uncommon capacity for compassion.

When psychotherapy is successful, it teaches us something about friendship, because our therapist becomes our best friend, the one person we can confide in without fear of being judged or condemned. This is a person we can trust will not use anything we tell them against us. In fact, this is what we value most in friendships, the sense of trust and fidelity they engender. The modern marriage is essentially an integration of erotic love and friendship. Marriages were originally rooted in legally binding, religiously-sanctioned contracts that were *obligatory*. They were not rooted in romantic love the way they are today. Now we expect the relationship to serve both persons equally and reciprocally, not merely contractually. If such expectations are not met, the contract is usually broken. Erotic love is rooted in passion, not reciprocity, and once the passion subsides, if the reciprocity isn’t there one of the two parties will find the arrangement unacceptable.

Caritas is even more selfless, more giving, and less judgmental in our regard for those whom we love. Not everyone is capable of accessing it consistently. It is the only

form of loving that helps us know the other person **as they are**, not what we project onto them. Whereas friendships still contain an element of *eros* – a bridge, as it were, between *eros* and *caritas* – *caritas* is both benevolent and selfless. In relations that engender *caritas*, I seek more than proximity and affection: I hope to know *who* this person is in all her depth and complexity. And the more I know, the more I like. That's how love works: **full acceptance**. According to Thomas Aquinas, the thirteenth-century theologian, *caritas* consists in knowing the other as that person *is*, in his or her **is-ness**. This entails a letting-be, and leaving-be, the opposite of desiring or transgressing. Without a capacity for *caritas* we would be incapable of **sympathy**: the ability to know and give way to the other's innermost being. To be with someone sympathically means literally to *be with* that person's experience, feeling states, and suffering, without judging them. Without *caritas*, it would be difficult to be a psychotherapist. This is why we associate *caritas* with the most giving elements of loving, including a capacity for generosity, devotion, commiseration, forgiveness, trust, and mercy. None of these qualities is erotically charged, *per se*.

Yet, when we fall in love, we fall in love erotically. As we have seen, this is based almost entirely on what we project onto the other person. This occurs *via* happenstance. We have no way of consciously knowing what we will project, and we can't control it. It could be a smile, a conversational inflection, a look in the eyes or other idiosyncratic facial or behavioral feature that we happen to associate with someone we adored as a child, be it our mother, father, sister, brother, nursemaid, baby sitter, family friend, you name it. What they all share in common is that we loved them in our infancy and a few years beyond. If there is an equation here, it's that the earlier the love, the more powerfully it sits in our unconscious. Yet, over time, these projections are not enough to sustain a relationship, as the person we begin to know in their *is-ness* surreptitiously replaces the person we fell in love with. If we enjoy a capacity for *caritas* when we began this relationship, we are also capable of falling in love with who that person genuinely is, and begin to love *that* person even more deeply than the one we initially fell in love with. In this case the surviving erotic and sympathically-charged ways of loving coningle, and persist after the heady intensity of the erotic edition subsides, as it inevitably will.

But what happens if you harbor an impoverished relationship with *caritas*, because you're still too neurotic, ambivalent, or narcissistic to give yourself to another person? You just may be incapable of falling in love, because you're still angry with that parental figure that you continue to hold onto, a figure that no one can replace because you are still in love with him, or her, and furious with them. You project all that onto the person you ostensibly fall in love with, but the resentment you harbor leaks in and drains your projections of all the goodness they momentarily enjoyed. As those projections fall away, you begin to feel the same disappointments you harbor toward that original love object. You begin to make demands that your lover change this or that about themselves, but it isn't your partner that you're trying to change, but the ghosts of your past relationships. Naturally, those demands will prove futile. We are who we are, and we can't change that. This is why you can fall in love with a person you don't even like. In fact, you may even despise this person, and want nothing more than to punish and taunt them, for all the pain you insist they cause you. Yet, even this isn't likely to deter you if you are in love with this person. My love for the other doesn't depend on its being reciprocated. If it were, there would be no tragedy.

The Narcissist

Without *caritas*, love cannot endure, no matter how strong the erotic component. So why is it that some people cannot fall in love? Or when they do, sustain it? This, after all, is the most chronic problem that brings people into psychotherapy. We're talking about people who are only partially capable of loving others *sympathically*. What holds them back? It seems to me that the culprit is their narcissism. These unlucky souls love themselves ambivalently, and this means they can only love *others* ambivalently as well. They are able to give, but they're more preoccupied with taking. Freud believed that loving in the non-narcissistic fashion is experienced by some as a *depleting* of their essence, and they can't give it up. They tell themselves that when they get enough love from others, *then* they will reciprocate. But they never get enough to fill that void, because there is nothing to "fill." We are openness in our essence. We are raw and unadulterated engagement. There is no inside. It takes us awhile to learn this. Meanwhile, we assume that the thing

missing in our lives is that we haven't been loved enough. We simply need more. We may devote ourselves to being lovable, attractive, charismatic, in order to procure all the love we can get from our friends, lovers, family members, even perfect strangers. We have little to give because we are trying to compensate for all the things we didn't get in our troubled histories.

Narcissism is a much-abused term and no doubt confusing because it contains both healthy and unhealthy elements. But it's worth wrestling with these complexities, because we are all narcissistic, in both senses of the term. Adolescence was a profoundly narcissistic time for us, and for the most part, we're stuck in it. What does it take to become less narcissistic and more loving, less needy and more giving? The most intractable feature of narcissism is one's **touchiness**: The proverbial narcissistic injury. All of us suffer narcissistic injuries as a matter of course. It happens every day in every way. It is unavoidable. But the person we label "narcissistic" is especially thin-skinned. It doesn't take much to rub them the wrong way. And if they feel slighted, it feels like an injustice that must be corrected. Our current President is a perfect example of this character type, but admittedly his is an extreme example. Most of us are of two minds about our narcissism. We're capable of love, but not consistently. We can be giving, but we can also be punitive and paranoid and read all kinds of motives into the reasons we feel other people let us down. Paranoia and narcissism are bedfellows. And we know that paranoia is the most resistant feature of our psychopathology to insight and reflection. Jealousy is also a problem. In fact, Freud situated the jealousy that we experience at the Oedipal stage as the source of our psychopathology, especially our narcissism.

Can the narcissist find happiness? In a word, no. This is because happiness never comes from what we can get, from the abundance and security we're so convinced is attainable. It isn't. Happiness only comes from what we **give**, from our capacity to love, in the form of *caritas*, not from *being* loved – however rewarding that experience may be. *Caritas* is an inherently self-less way of loving that Buddhists and Christians alike have always known is the only true path to the equanimity we seek. This has nothing to do with ethics or morality. You can compel yourself to behave ethically, to follow the rules, but this isn't love. You may be generous out of guilt for all the crimes you've committed in the

service of your success, but this will never salve your conscience or make you happy. The happiness we seek derives from loving, loving the life that we're living, the pastimes we enjoy, the friendships we commit to, the work we find rewarding, but most of all, the people we adore. There is nothing in life more rewarding than the relationships we call friends, lovers, children, colleagues, the very people in our lives with whom we choose to share *intimacy*.

Conclusion

So where does this leave us? If enduring love is predicated on our capacity for *caritas*, then it isn't a question of simply finding the right person to be with. Erotic love requires the happenstance of finding someone who triggers that recognition of this or that trait that we unconsciously associate with an early love object. Obviously, luck plays a role in this. It is a matter of chance, for example, that the two of us meet, and that our projections prove compatible. But once this happens, nothing will come of that union without a well-developed capacity for selflessness, the polar opposite of erotic, narcissistic self-interest. How can we develop this capacity, if we haven't already? The answer? *Through inner work*: psychotherapy, psychoanalysis, or whatever mode of therapy you trust. **This can take a long time.** Some of us may pursue spiritual practices, and others will entertain uncommon forms of therapeutic engagement. If we're lucky and determined, any one of us can achieve this goal. All it takes is overcoming the self-absorption we've been committed to all our lives. This takes courage, which you no doubt know, means *openheartedness*. How do you open your heart, when it's been closed for so long? That is something each of us must ask ourselves.

July 15, 2017

References

- Dodds, E. R. (1951) *The Greeks and the irrational*. Berkeley, Los Angeles, London: University of California Press.
- Freud, S. 1953-1973. *The standard edition of the complete psychological works of*

- Sigmund Freud*. 24 volumes. Edited and translated by J. Strachey. London: Hogarth Press. (Referred to in subsequent references as *Standard Edition*.)
- Freud, S. (1905) *Three Essays on Sexuality*. *Standard Edition*, 7:125-243. London: Hogarth Press, 1953.
- Freud, S. (1914) On narcissism: An introduction. *Standard Edition*, 14:67-102. London: Hogarth Press, 1957.
- Malcolm, J. (1981) *Psychoanalysis: The impossible profession*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
- Nussbaum, M. (1986) *The fragility of goodness: Luck and ethics in Greek tragedy and philosophy*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Santas, G. (1988) *Plato and Freud: Two theories of love*. London and New York: Basil Blackwell.
- Thompson, M. Guy (2016) On sympathy: The role of love in the therapeutic encounter. Public Lecture presentation, **Windhorse Foundation**, Boulder, Colorado, September 29, 2016.
- Thompson, M. Guy (2016) *The death of desire: An existential study in sanity and madness*. London and New York: Routledge.

