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**Can the Ethiopian Change His Skin,**

**Or the Leopard His Spots?**

**(Jeremiah 13:23)**

**On Love, Hate**

**and What's Between Them**

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## Introduction

I would like to begin by telling you about an interaction I witnessed a couple of years ago. Then, on a plane to The Netherlands where I was due to attend a conference, I found myself seated next to a father and his 12 year-old son who were on their way to the World Soccer Championship. They both looked excited about their joint experience. The boy was all over his father, constantly. The boy couldn't stop talking from sheer excitement. Mostly it came in the form of unabating questions: What actually happens when the plane takes off, and how does the pilot know when it's time to land, and what's that down there? What island? And is daddy sure they will not be late for the game? On and on it went. Initially patient, as time passed the father became more and more short-tempered. His answers grew briefer, the tone of his voice sounded increasingly annoyed, and finally he said to the boy: "*Enough already with those endless questions!*" The boy was taken aback, and for a moment he fell silent. Then he asked his father whether he would like to play the "slapping game" (giving each other slaps on the hands). It was his turn first, and he tried to hit hard, but he failed and after a few attempts it was his father's turn. The child said: "*Let's see you give me a real big one!*" The father gave him a few of what appeared to be quite powerful blows. The boy did not manage to avoid them and egged his father on: "*More! Harder!*" - The father obliged. Still the boy encouraged his father to hit harder, and then, when the father eventually slapped his hands extremely powerfully, the boy yelled, half in tears: "*Ow! I hate you!*"

I had just been reflecting on the relations between hate and love and now it occurred to me how this interaction on the plane actually – at least in part – reflected these complex interconnections. The father, who clearly seemed to love his child to begin with, was unable to stop the boy's verbal outpour in time, before it got on his nerves. His failure to draw the line caused him, at some point, to raise his voice in anger and even insult the boy. Next, he allied himself with the boy's sense of self-hate and actually hit him, though this happened as part of a game. The boy, who had been so excited, had wanted to share all his feelings and experiences with his father, and get his full attention (rather than allow the latter to read the newspaper) – was now taken aback, hurt, and became afraid of losing his father; he did not

know how to limit his own neediness, and ended up requiring a concrete stimulus that would allow him to say: "*I hate you!*" to his father with a sense of inner justification. We can see how hate actually come to be directed at a loved object from a wish to find, or even to *capture*, it.

This paper does not deal with hate in its social, cultural, national, or political sense. Nor is it about hate due to another's ideological/religious views. Rather it deals with how hate takes seat in us in the analytic session, what it expresses, whether it is an expression of life or of death, a sign of rejection or attraction. What are the functions of hate? Where does it originate, raising its head and then subsiding as it does, again and again, in the analytic process.

I will start by giving a theoretical survey. Then I will turn my attention to the countertransference which our clients evoke in us, to a technique for coping with hate within the psychoanalytical session, as well as the associated dangers of ongoing, deep and chronic hate. This will be followed by two clinical vignettes.

## Theoretical Background

Summarizing Freud's views is probably the most problematic at least for one reason: he contradicted himself in his writings as his own views changed with clinical experience, without revising his earlier statements. In his early theory of instincts, **Freud** observed that love and hate are inextricably interwoven. While love is associated with the ego's pleasure, the aim of hate is to remove and expel the alien object which may cause suffering and unpleasant feelings. And thus hate is intimately linked to instincts of self-preservation. (Freud, 1915). As a result, in therapy, hate is often perceived as more vital and as expressing more desire than at least certain types of love (for instance, more than erotic transference – see Freud's article on Transference Love, 1915). It is only in 1920, when writing "Beyond the Pleasure Principle", that Freud connects love with the life instinct and hate with the death instinct. Not having an affect theory, he considered all "*negative affects*" to be an expression of the aggressive drive and all "*positive*" ones were reduced to the sexual instinct, the libido. His earlier conceptualization moves into the background. And of course our usual association is between hate and destructive

impulses, the opposite of relationship, death, and the wish to destroy the hated object.

**Melanie Klein** (1935) further expanded on Freud's later notion. For the Kleinians, aggression – and its manifestation in negative therapeutic reactions – was always rooted in the urge to destroy the other – and the other who became bad either because they were the recipients of the child's own projective identifications of aggression or because they had the good stuff that was not available to the child and therefore stimulated envy (and later on, a reparative wish that is the root of love), and thus Kleinians came to attribute hate to inborn sadistic tendencies which originate in the death instinct, and to greediness – that is, the wish to take everything away from the other.

It was **Winnicott** who radically advanced our thinking about the presence of hate – both in the mother-child dyad and in the analytic process. In "The Antisocial Tendency" (1958), he connects children's tendency toward destructiveness with an antisocial yearning for containment, an unconscious search for an object which can be there to recognize the child's hidden hope – this is the containment that is lacking for them. Winnicott argued that once someone recognizes and encounters this hope the destructive behavior vanishes. According to Winnicott the ability to hate involves a development beyond the ability to love. In order to be able to hate, the personality must undergo a degree of integration. It is only when the infant can sense himself a complete personality that he accedes to hate, when he has a sense of a degree of separateness along with a variety of affects. In "Hate in the Counter-transference" (1949) Winnicott delves into the issue of the therapist's hate. He argues that the therapist must face his or her own hate feelings toward the psychotic patient. **Frequently, the patient actively seeks to arouse the therapist's hate.** Only when he has encountered the therapist's hate will this patient be ready to believe that he can be loved by the therapist.

Later, in his paper on the use of the object he writes about how children look for confrontation with their parents – a confrontation which occurs in the realm of containment and carries confirming, not vengeful, qualities.

While in his fantasy, the child destroys the parent, he also and at the same time hopes the parent will be strong enough to survive the destructiveness. Along similar lines, in analysis, the therapist must be willing to struggle with the difficulty inherent in hate without expecting the patient to be able to see through the situation.

**Bion** teaches us a great deal about how significant it is for the analyst to accept the patient's hate and to be in touch with such feelings in herself. In his description of containment (1967), he explains how crucial it is for the mother to be able to internalize her infant's distress. She should be able to be in touch with what her child is unable to bear, so that the latter will eventually be able to own the fearful psychological state – as a result of the mother's earlier coping and coming to terms with fear and horror. What this suggests is that the mother must accept states of rejection from her infant. Similarly the analyst, even when he does not feel hatred, must be in touch with those parts of the patient that are less pleasant to him. This is a crucial process if containment is not to fail and if we want to avoid unspeakable terror in the patient. However, a long time may pass until the patient is convinced that the analyst's containment is genuine and not imaginary.

If we go back to the opening scene with the father and son, we can see (in Bion's formulation) the movement from the boy's anxieties, attempts at containment through the use of the father, the failure of this attempt, the sense of badness that follows, then movements toward reparation and containment of aggression and then finally, as failures pile up on top of the other, to hate. The boy brings all of his anxieties (and excitement) about flying to the father in an attempt to use his knowledge and strength to contain and reassure him. It seems though that the boy's experience of the anxiety as an intrusive force (Bion's beta elements?) is also communicated to the father and the father, via projective identifications, now experiences the son himself as an unstoppable intrusive presence that creates unmanageable distress. He harshly says "*Enough already with these endless questions!*" and now it is no longer the anxieties and excitement that have to be contained, but each has become a bad object to the other. The bad feeling has become transformed into bad object and bad self-representations.

And now a new "game", a new process is needed that can express and, hopefully dissipate, the feelings of badness rather than just bad feelings. Unfortunately, the badness that follows from the failure to contain the initial anxieties is too great and what might have been a playful, reparative game turns into an opportunity to express the anger and hate at being made to be "bad".

Since hate as such has many aspects and meanings, both in our daily reality and within the narrower confines of the therapeutic session; we therefore have to look at the specific context in which it occurs if we want to make sense of it. It is important for the analyst not to take a theoretical position (*"no memory and no desire"*) but rather to be consistently attentive to the interaction between the here and now (which includes the therapist's own specific presence) on one hand, and the child in the patient, on the other.

If the analyst cannot contain the patient's expressions of hate, a counter-reaction could be in the form of aggression, sarcasm, or withdrawal and internal resignation. Obviously, such a situation makes it impossible to be both authentic and maintain an empathic attitude to the patient's needs, injuries, and feelings.

The following two clinical vignettes illustrate expressions of hate and its vicissitudes, from the points of view of analyst and patient. The first vignette shows how the internal discourse of the therapist, which arises in response to the patient's hate, allows the analytic dyad to break through a therapeutic barrier. The second fragment shows how the patient's hate fulfils a number of simultaneous functions in her split world and undergoes transformations in the course of the analytic discourse.

### Michael

Michael, 30 years old, was 12 when his father died of a terminal illness. His father was highly renowned, regarded as an exceptional personality. Michael's parents had divorced suddenly, a traumatic event for Michael: he had not sensed any animosity between them, no prior warning. Each parent remarried and the children were in joint custody. Apparently, his father's second wife was a very difficult person. The atmosphere between her and Michael was always tense, and one

day she simply threw him out of the house. His father did nothing to protect him.

Michael has hardly any friends – he has stopped being in touch with the friends he once had. Relationships with women usually last between one day and two weeks. Every woman seems to be missing something or another: this one is silly, this one isn't sexy, this one's legs are no good, while another one's Hebrew is not fluent enough to get real communication going. He has a hard time during our meetings and he talks sparingly. I have a strong sense of tension and often experience his silence as a sort of struggle he is having with me, even though I know that he is trying to find someone to alleviate his loneliness. On several occasions he has lashed out in anger: *"It's no use going on with this therapy! You are of no help. You with your rigid rules!"*

Recently, following a vacation during which I did not see him for one week, he cancelled his next session. When he turned up for the session after the one he missed, he was full of rage. He virtually attacked me: *"I think we should stop with this therapy. I've brought a check to complete our business...I know that it's like the way it goes with my friends and with those women whom I meet and reject almost as soon. But who said that the first analyst I turn to should actually have to suit me? What sort of therapy is this anyway? Nothing good has happened to me here. Neither here nor in life outside the therapy. You are too rigid. Your rules are insufferable. I can't feel free here; I can't even ask you to let me go to the toilet when I want to. I don't believe you can help anyone. I hate you. The things you say are meaningless to me, and worse, they lack feeling."* I felt horrible. I felt humiliated by his words. I thought I was tired of those fights. I felt he was ungrateful for the things that had happened over the course of the therapy. I sensed what it meant to hate him. The thought occurred to me that maybe he was right. Perhaps I was too rigid. Maybe I was not the right therapist for him. Perhaps he should go to another therapist, somebody who could help him more. When I said that we could, if he wanted, consider completion, that only incensed him further. Whatever I said, he met it with another verbal attack. I could think of a whole lot of transference interpretations but somewhere I knew that they would not be worth anything here.

In addition I felt guilty for being so exhausted by him and for being ready to give up – I was totally paralyzed. At the end of the hour, we were both feeling very bad. The session continued to trouble me, taking me from anger to shame and from shame to sadness. It had often happened that Michael aroused painful feelings in me. I had often known that he was not experiencing the same pain that I was feeling at that point in time. My pain was with everything that had happened, and pain about the fact that his narcissistic insults, and his narcissistic vulnerability in the face of comparisons with his father, were making it impossible for him to enjoy both interpersonal relations and his own talents. In other words: they prevented him from having a full life. It struck me that I didn't feel this pain at the difficult moment when he expressed his hate.

I opened the next session by saying that I had thought a lot about our last meeting. I told him that I had heard everything he said, and that I understood that something about me or my way of doing things made him experience me as rigid, did not allow him to be free during our sessions or to express difficult things; indeed he didn't even feel free to get up and go to the toilet (To myself I remarked that if he was unable to ask to go to the toilet, this was tantamount to being unable to reveal his "smelly things". He was under pressure to achieve here, and this is what was paralyzing him. But I really wanted to hear his view on this). I told him I wanted to listen to him with an open mind. His facial expression softened and he said he didn't know why he was feeling this way. Again he said that he knew that this was what tended to happen to him with others too. He added that I seemed too neat, too clean – everything was fine with me, always. Actually he didn't know why he had said that my rules were too tough while I had often made concessions. *"Just don't say that you're like my mum or dad."* (He had, in fact, never had that type of interpretation from me.)

Now I felt that I could nevertheless say something about his difficult experience in the here and now and draw the connection with the child inside him. I said that it had occurred to me that with me he felt imprisoned and unable to express what he felt, just as with Rina (his father's second wife). He remained silent for a few long minutes, and then said: *"Maybe... It's not exactly the same but with her I felt imprisoned, I could*

*not be at ease, I was scared. I couldn't say a thing because she would throw me out when I spoke."* I asked what he thought would make him more comfortable here. After another long silence he said: *"I don't know whether you're asking academically, like, you just want to know what would help me, or whether you're really thinking about what you could change here, practically speaking."*

I asked him to explain and he replied: *"If you want to change anything – then the answer is No! I have nothing to tell you. If you want to know, theoretically, what would make me feel easier, then that's another matter."*

After another drawn-out silence he said: *"What would help most is 'Nothing'! I want you to do nothing. I want you not to change, not to try and be different from what you are. I want you not to be afraid of me."*

And I said: *"So you can hate me as much as you want without having to feel that you are hurting me and without me giving up on you."*

And he said: *"Yes."*

From here on it was clear that we would continue the therapy.

Before I go on to my second vignette, here are some more words about love and hate. In his article "Loving Hate" (1984) **Bollas** examines certain types of hate in which a person hates an object not in order to destroy it, but on the contrary: to preserve it. This type of hate, Bollas terms "loving hate" – a hate that is essentially non-destructive even though it can have damaging results. This type of hate aims to activate, by means of acting out, an unconscious form of love. And it actually comes to serve a form of relationship and to prevent separation. The hate in the above illustration is of this kind, though it does not only prevent separation but also, and at the very same time, elicits it. Hate is, then, not just a means to get love but also a solution or concession to the conflict between attachment and the need for separateness.

**Ghent** (1990) also talks about this intricate relationship between love and hate and he says: *"In my*

*view love and hate are not opposites. The real polarity is between love and fear. Only when there is no fear, love flourishes. When fear or anxiety is present, it often becomes manifest in a reactive and compensatory form as hatred (or indifference), with the result that love and hate (or love and indifference) appear to be the polarities. The successful use of the object, or being used by the object in the form of surrender, is one's bid at overcoming the fear of the other. Hence, the successful use and surrender, in which both survive the use and have therefore transcended fear of the other, are necessary precursors in the development of love." This is something that I think we can see in the next vignette.*

### **Haya**

In this case, the therapy included two parts. During the first, two-year episode, the therapy was conducted on a once-a-week basis. After a year's break the patient returned, but this time for analysis. My reason for presenting this vignette is that I believe it shows how hate can, at one and the same time, constitute a "solution" to several problems in this patient's life – a solution, needless to say, that gets in the way of development. For this patient, hate functioned to protect her against excessive love and symbiotic fusion with a mother who aroused ambivalence, but it also, simultaneously, prevented separation. Hate was a defense against powerful envy and also kept her from falling into the abyss of emptiness and depression. The price was suffering and isolation. Haya's therapy went on for years, and I am only presenting you with some small apposite fragments. She was an architect and came for therapy, initially, when her architects' office closed and she was dismissed. She was a very thin woman, with a sharply drawn face. When I first met her, and for the first few years of therapy, she would cut her curly hair, in a bizarre compulsive way, out of control. At that time she also looked shabby and lost. She could, on the one hand, appear totally drained, yet on the other, she would break out into sudden bursts of anger and hate for certain people – actually, the whole world.

Aged 42 on our first session, she was married and the mother of four children. She was the first-born daughter to parents who had survived the Holocaust. Her brother was four years younger. The Holocaust and immigration were still fresh in Haya's parents' minds

when she was born. Though not a word was said, in their home, about the Holocaust, Haya's father must have been depressed and her mother was very embittered. The mother hated native Israelis and was full of hostility against them and everything they had: "they didn't leave anything for those who came from Europe." Moreover, she accused them of discriminating against Holocaust survivors. It was very difficult for Haya, who was a very lively, curious and impulsive child, to grow up in such a home. Not yet over their trauma, her parents could not contain Haya's intensity, her energy and taste for life. Nor could they cope with her angers and her fierce jealousy of her brother, whose birth took away her mother, to whom until then she had been strongly attached. Her parents' solution to the scenes she made at home was to beat her. She grew up in the belief that not only did her parents not love her, they actually hated her. Through identification with her mother, she absorbed the former's bitterness and contempt for "the salt of the earth" – i.e., true-born Israelis.

When I suggested intensive therapy, Haya emphatically refused. Once a week would be more than enough. She had no money for more anyway. To me it seemed that too much closeness might feel dangerous to her. We then worked together for two years. In the course of those years her appearance changed remarkably. No longer did she cut wildly into her own hair. She also started to dress differently, more attractively. Her self-image improved and she stopped talking about herself as if she was ugly and stupid. She enrolled for studies in another discipline which had always appealed to her as being for especially intelligent people.

During those two years, we mostly dealt with her difficult childhood and the lack of love and happiness in her childhood home; her jealousy of her brother and her simultaneous admiration for him – the way this was reflected in her working life, especially through intense jealousy of successful younger colleagues. We extensively looked into the presence of the Holocaust in her parental home. Haya did not have the faintest idea what her father had been through during those years. Our conversations helped her gather the courage to ask him, allowing her to get to know things about his family.

In the transference, she didn't show any interest in me. When I would go on vacations however, she was habitually hostile, always sneering that of course the "salt of the land", who had everything (i.e., privileged native Israelis) could afford to take time off... These same native Israelis also were responsible for exploiting Holocaust victims and using them as cannon fodder. What she was suggesting, of course, was that I belonged to that class of Israelis and did not really care for her. Haya herself however rejected this comparison and ignored it. She never showed any warm feeling toward me. Whether she spoke to me directly or about me, indirectly, it was always full of contempt and hostility. Even though she had excellent expressive abilities, her language was vulgar and arrogant. She spoke with excessive pathos and exaggeration. It seemed to me that these overstatements were meant to bear out what injustice she had suffered, and also showed that she didn't really assume that anyone would believe her. The latter had a cry-wolf effect.

You probably have understood by now that it was not easy to be fond of, or feel warmly for, Haya. What I found especially challenging was to develop a sense of empathy for her. And so I saw another layer of hatred developing toward this patient.

She was nearly at the end of her studies when she decided to stop the therapy. Though I thought this rash, she insisted. During our last session, she gave me a present as well as a letter, which she asked me to read later, after she was gone. Here is part of the letter: *"Obviously it is easier for me to write. These are the things that I could not say: Therapy is the most meaningful thing that happened to me except for the birth of my children. Because of your sensitivity, your gentleness and empathy, the quality of my life has much improved. And more important, the quality of life of my children has changed too... I am afraid I was not always very forthcoming to you. It is much easier for me to criticize. But I am sure that you know how much I appreciate and love you..."*

I reflected on the fact that Haya had been unable to say any of the things she wrote, and this too, she could only give me after she left. She was able to express feelings of love from afar – when there seemed no threat to her individuality. During this phase in her therapy she had to keep her warm feelings hidden

because otherwise they might have melted the wall of hate that was protecting her.

She left and went to another therapist, something she only told me a year later, when she returned. I reminded her, on her return, of her letter and commented that she had apparently come back in order to find secure love inside her, love for herself and for others. I offered her analysis but it took another year until she felt safe enough to commit herself to that process. I could understand her apprehension. Experience with her had shown me how people tended to dislike her and keep a distance. Her inner world was full of anger, fear and loneliness. This is how she put it: *"In love, in a real warm relationship there is weakness. I will glue myself to somebody. I can be a leech, weak, and wretched, worthless. I feel suffocated, without air."*

She had totally forgotten the letter she gave me on leaving therapy, and now she was back with the same attitude, the same hate – both for herself and for others. She walks for hours, every day, restless. She compulsively attends a fitness club. Her hatred of all and everyone, her contempt, the rows into which she gets herself entangled wherever she is, all this seems to reflect her need to deny her longing for love and trust. In contrast to her excessive mobility, inside herself she seems fixed and rigid – except for suspiciousness, hostility, rage and envy. Fearing this protective shield will become useless, she won't let anyone approach. In the wake of another vacation, she says that though she doesn't really like our meetings, this time she felt I stayed away for too long. She continues: *"You are like my husband, his sister or his parents. They are the most disturbed creatures on the planet. All they want is to take whatever they can from me. I used to be as beautiful, great and intelligent, sensitive, good and responsible as my daughter. But they turned me into a kind of a monster. You saw that I was desperate and took the opportunity to take over, just like Meir (her husband). I always succumbed to his violence and contempt. You saw that I have no other option, I have nowhere to go now."*

I say that it is very difficult to feel unable to choose. It must have been hard in the past, and also now, when you feel you must be close to me and are unable to

leave me. But is this really how it is? Do you really have no choice?

Haya: *"I would like you to help me but you cannot possibly know what discrimination is all about, or distress or lack. You're like those Israelis who discriminated against the Jews who returned from the Holocaust."*

On another occasion, she says: *"My boss can really see right through me, what a miserable creature I am behind my façade. I am like a worm – anyone can tread on me. I am like a rat in a maze. I don't know how to get out."* And when I say that she seems to worry that I, too, will look right through her: *"As for you, I do not regard you as a person. You do not really care about me. You are like me; you care for your work only. I am a project for you. With my brother on the phone, I made a list of some people's hypothetical reactions in case of my committing suicide, and my brother and I decided that my boss would be happy, and you'd be sorry because of the money that you'd lose. You won't be able to buy those luxury shoes for yourself."*

I say: *"You want to be loved even when you feel miserable, or, like you say of yourself: a mad person, a wretched worm. But since you don't allow anyone to know about this, you cannot get a real answer. Then you feel humiliated and lash out even harder. It looks like you have decided not to let me come close, or at least, not to let me know how much you want me to love you. You are putting a wall between us, just like you do with the rest of the world."*

She recollects a dream: *"I go to a colleague's home to talk with her about something. While I am still on my way I see her, leaving her house toward me. I say hello but I do not tell her that I am actually on my way to her. The woman, who knows that I am supposed to come to her, just passes by."*

And no sooner has she told me, or she goes on to talk mockingly about this friend, about how silly she is, how fat and stupid, and so on, thus denying her longing, her need for love and respect.

She tells me how, when she was a girl and her mother would hit her, she would never show that it hurt her. As a result her mother would become even more

furious. Again and again I understand that the same is happening with me: she will not show me her feelings, her pain or her envy – and this is how she, as it were, disperses or neutralizes the other's, or my, power inside her.

A few months later, she brings another dream: *"I am in the museum. I have a sense of impending catastrophe. I see a lot of people – soldiers, men and women – who are all building fortifications. I am tense because I know I won't be able to get back inside."* On reflection, she talks about how she can no longer take refuge in the old, familiar "fortifications" of hostility and power. She feels defenseless and may not have the power to build new defenses. She does not know how to protect herself in the way others do. Living a life without struggle scares her, without the familiar props.

Here Haya expressed her fear that no Haya would remain without wars. They protected her – both from psychological pain and from depression. However, people, who cannot tolerate psychological pain, suffer more, rather than less. When she was left without her walls of hatred she became afraid of vanishing altogether. In order to let go of these firm walls, she first had to feel safe and integrated, with internal representation of a loving other and a desire for such an object.

That's where we leave Haya – two years ago. Much has happened since.

Here's something very recent. She says about herself: *"I still sow poison [in a blog]. But it has stopped doing good things for me. I no longer want to be on that trip where everybody is doing just fine except for me. Everybody has friends but not me. There's something addictive to it, but I don't want to be part of such a world..."*

*But I feel that if I try just a little it will hit back, and hard, in my face and then I'll feel, again, how they hate me. That's scary. But look at my studies; for instance, look at how I am doing with the other students and the teachers. They're always talking to me, and I remind myself, 'Hey! Look! It's happening – to you!' They're always asking 'How are things?', and they approach me and they come and sit next to me. And I can't stop myself from acting nicely. I am*

*more interested in people, I feel like talking to them. And I can't stop the process and go back to how things were."*

To summarize: In the definition that I found in Wikipedia, hate is described as an emotion that is generally attributed to cause a desire to avoid, restrict, remove, or destroy the hated object. Freud expanded on the notion of hate as an emotion or instinct that meant to cause destruction or removal of external objects. Klein added that hate could be a defense against envy as well as a vehicle for projecting unwanted aggression and greed. Following Winnicott, Balint, Bion, Bollas and Ghent, I try to enlarge the definition, functions and context of hate. Michael had a desperate need to have someone receive his hate so that he does not need to continuously act it out and to be sure that he is not destructive himself. For Haya the hate might not only have been protective but a real expression of her internal and historical experience of the world. Perhaps she also needed my love to enable her to safely express her hate, and provide the opportunity for this aspect of herself to be given a voice, not only action. Both were given the space for feeling alive and safe enough so that they could first hate, and then love and

yet feel that they do not lose their selfhood, integrity and subjectivity. They were yearning for love, and yet, at the same time they used hate in order to feel their individual self. Like love, hate too, has a way of undoing inner death. Both can relieve tension, offer pleasure in an otherwise empty life, and even yield meaning where there is a sense of vacancy. Hate can be an emotion that organizes the ego, creating a sense of daily continuity and protecting against fragmentation. It often gives the individual a sense of solidity – *"I exist!"* When the infant says *"No!"* to the offered breast, he has a first experience of his selfhood and subjectivity. At times, we could say, hate is a life saver – but internal space is required if this hate is to be subsequently processed, internal space that the analyst has to provide for the patient through processes of accepting, containing and living through it.

In addition to hate being a defense against envy, actual humiliation or fear of denial of love, we can see hate as a loving hate, a yearning for love and acceptance, a means to attract the loved object, to connect with the loved object, to sustain relationships, but at the same time to try and separate from him/her.

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