



## CRAZY IN LOVE

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To be in love is often to lose all sanity.

When we are struck, we somehow believe that the object of our affection is unlike anyone else – elevated, admired and one of a kind. Sadly this infatuation phase can be fleeting when we realise they are only human and, like us, essentially flawed.

For some, the ‘crazy in love’ phase can last months, even years. But when it does fade and, trust me, real passion eventually does, we have to ask ourselves: Is this the natural progression or could I remain ‘crazy in love’ with someone else in the long-term? What I find most common with clients is a pattern of yo-yo dating where people go from one extreme (passionate, crazy infatuation) to the next (grounding, rational attachment). And they often find both to be unsustainable.

Let's take David as an example.

He met Sophie when spending a lazy Saturday at his neighbour's house. Sophie was an actress, 25, whipper thin and wide-eyed. She was visiting the same house for a party but ended up staying in the basement with David. They kissed that night, sent poetry over email for the next few days and had slept together by the weekend. They were madly in love within the fortnight.

The relationship worked for 6 months but broke down quickly and painfully. They had created a private world of just the two of them – lost weekends and locked bedroom doors. When they were forced to confront the logistics of the real world – meeting each other's friends, splitting bills, taking the tube instead of taxis

– it all fell apart. David took a year to get over the relationship. He couldn't imagine loving so passionately again. And somewhere along the way, met Tani. Tani was cute as a button and much cleverer than him. Fun to be with but, like him, also very focused on work. He asked her on a date because he thought “Why not?” and when they first slept together, he thought about it only fleetingly and well after the event had passed.

Before he knew it they had been seeing each other for almost a year. In love but not infatuated with Tani, his work was flourishing, he still saw friends and he felt a calm that he hadn't felt in a long time. But he was also a little bored.

There were moments when he missed the hapless escapism of what he had had with Sophie, but with Tani he had something different – a sense of grounding, a healthy sex life and someone who shared his love of literature. As David approached his 40th birthday with Tani by his side, he had a moment of existential panic. Was he just settling or was this what being in love was really like? Did it matter that he loved her but was not ‘crazy in love’?

As his doubts spiralled out of control, he broke up with Tani and quickly got back in the game. “What I need,” he thought, “is some excitement....”

The question is would David spend the rest of his life flitting between opposites – ecstatic passion and rational love? Was the crazy love he was chasing an attainable concept?

Love can be seen as a way of denying our mortality – by seeing the divine in our partner, we give our lives a more spiritual meaning. We only have to look at the Greek god Bacchus, a figure associated with ritual madness, ecstasy and wine, to see why we are quick to think of ideal love as one which offers escapism and the denial of the mundane details of human existence.

But just as we can't remain forever tipsy in our relationships, nor can we forever blind ourselves to the vanilla moments.

I like to think that with enough get up and go, we can make sure some passion remains – with regular sex, date nights and some time apart. But being crazy in love for the indefinite future, well that's a struggle. And is love about necking Limoncello in an Italian cafe and whispering sweet nothings till you're blue in the face, or finding that person who makes you a less anxious and more together individual?

I like to think that love is not a constant state– just a repeated moment you can invoke with a person every now and again.

As long as there are a few minutes every couple of weeks where I can look at my partner and be beside myself with adoration – how did I get such a gem?! – then I'm able to appreciate vanilla as just another flavour.

**What do you think?**

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