

BORIS KRIGER

HUMANITY'S FINAL ILLUSION



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Love. Humanity's Final Illusion

In a world increasingly governed by efficiency, commodification, and rationalism, this work explores love as the last sacred illusion—an ineffable force that transcends utility and defies reduction to psychological patterns or algorithmic predictions. Through a critique of modern systems—religion, science, capitalism, and digital culture—it argues that each has failed to provide enduring meaning, leaving love as the final stronghold of human dignity. Love, though perhaps illusory, becomes paradoxically real through our commitment to it; it transforms the void not by explaining it but by inhabiting it with presence, vulnerability, and radical tenderness.

The text challenges the transactional mindset and emotional consumerism that dominate contemporary relationships, proposing instead an ethic of generosity and unquantifiable care. Love is framed not as a measurable exchange or optimized compatibility, but as an act of existential rebellion—a conscious choice to believe in and embody something sacred amidst cultural desolation. It is not through certainty or function that love redeems life, but through its inefficiency, its mythic defiance, and its power to humanize even in a dehumanized age.

LOVE. HUMANITY'S FINAL ILLUSION

Even if love is an illusion — it is the only illusion worthy of belief. And perhaps that is the highest definition of truth we can ever reach, because the illusions we choose to embrace shape our reality more profoundly than objective truths ever could. If love is indeed humanity's most cherished illusion, it becomes our most authentic truth by virtue of our faith in it. The very act of believing in love bestows upon it a reality surpassing empirical proof, creating meaning from within. In a universe indifferent to human suffering and longing, love might truly be the noblest invention, and to uphold it as truth might be the most courageous act possible—transforming our existential solitude into an enduring testament of human dignity.

Traditional sources of meaning—religion, science, politics, and the very idea of progress—have each promised humanity purpose, only to reveal themselves as hollow when pushed to their logical conclusions. Religion, once the ultimate anchor of meaning, becomes brittle under scrutiny, reduced to a collection of narratives struggling to answer modern anxieties. Science, in its relentless pursuit of facts, uncovers an indifferent universe that offers no solace or moral direction. Politics, supposedly the art of collective good, degenerates into empty power struggles and self-perpetuating cycles of disillusionment. Progress itself, that bright beacon guiding human efforts, reveals an ironic paradox: the more we advance, the more apparent our emotional and existential stagnation becomes. Every system, when carried to its end, faces an inevitable bankruptcy—not because the ideas themselves were entirely flawed, but because humanity's ceaseless craving for meaning exposes

their fundamental incompleteness. In this hollowing out lies our greatest opportunity: the freedom—and perhaps obligation—to construct meaning anew from the fragments left behind.

Once love was considered sacred — unmeasurable, unmanageable, untouchable. But in a desacralized world where nothing is immune to calculation, love too has been dragged into the marketplace of expectations and returns.

Love once stood beyond measurement—sacred precisely because it defied quantification, existing in the untouchable spaces between souls. It was revered as an immeasurable mystery, transcending the worldly logic of exchange. Yet, in our desacralized era, where every emotion is dissected, evaluated, and commodified, love has lost its sanctuary, drawn inevitably into the transactional realm. Relationships are appraised, expectations calculated, and returns anticipated, transforming intimacy into an uneasy commerce of emotional investment and payoff. This commodification reduces love from a profound, sacred encounter to a marketable exchange—a tragic impoverishment of the human spirit. Perhaps our greatest rebellion against this cynical age lies in reclaiming love's sacredness, not through denial of its vulnerability, but precisely by choosing again to believe in the immeasurable, to cherish what defies management, and to embrace that rare, beautiful uncertainty that makes love genuinely human.

Capitalism, driven by its endless hunger for expansion, has invaded even the most intimate corners of our lives. Emotions, once cherished as purely personal, have become territories ripe for commercial exploitation. Romantic gestures—formerly spontaneous expressions of affection—

are now standardized commodities, packaged neatly on store shelves. Dating, once a private adventure between individuals, has evolved into subscription models, swiping apps, and algorithm-driven transactions. Weddings, which were once simple celebrations of union, are transformed into lavish status symbols priced per guest, measured by extravagance rather than sincerity. Even feelings themselves have become currency, traded through purchased gifts, extravagant vacations, and carefully managed attention, creating debts of gratitude and obligations of reciprocity. This colonization of intimacy by capitalism erodes the authenticity of human connection, turning genuine affection into a mere market exchange. Our profoundest experiences of love risk becoming hollow economic rituals, robbing humanity of the last space untouched by commerce—the sacred, unquantifiable intimacy between souls.

True love fundamentally depends upon duration, a willingness to spend time without guarantees, embracing uncertainty as part of its essence. Love, in its authentic form, unfolds gradually, nurturing intimacy through patience and shared experiences rather than immediate returns. Yet today, in our culture of instant gratification, love is increasingly pressured to demonstrate its worth swiftly, subjected to constant evaluation of short-term performance. If the investment of emotional energy doesn't yield quick, visible returns, it is rapidly abandoned in search of a more profitable encounter. This urgency distorts the very nature of love, turning it from a slow, meaningful exploration into a hurried transaction—a test it can rarely pass. In doing so, we impoverish our own emotional lives, discarding profound possibilities simply because they fail to instantly gratify. Perhaps, reclaiming the courage to endure uncertainty, to trust in the quiet resilience of patience, is precisely the

antidote our age desperately requires.

Emotional consumerism represents perhaps the most profound shift in how we relate to each other today. People have become commodities, consumed as quickly and thoughtlessly as digital content—selected through swipes, judged at a glance, and discarded when they no longer satisfy curated desires. Human relationships transform into transactions: others exist primarily as providers of emotional supply, evaluated constantly on their ability to meet shifting preferences and fleeting needs. Instead of genuine connection, we seek entertainment, validation, or temporary relief, scrolling endlessly through a market of disposable interactions. This culture reduces human beings to emotional commodities, available on demand yet inherently replaceable, leaving us trapped in cycles of perpetual dissatisfaction. Perhaps our only escape is to reject emotional consumerism and recognize again the irreplaceable humanity of others—resisting the impulse to consume, choosing instead to truly see, value, and cherish those around us, beyond the metrics of immediate gratification.

Transactional love indeed feels safer precisely because it establishes clear rules and measurable boundaries: "I give this, and in return, you give that." Such love offers a comforting illusion of control, reducing emotional risk to manageable exchanges. But authentic love, by contrast, demands the opposite—it insists on vulnerability, on the courage to expose oneself without guarantees. It asks us to surrender control, abandon defenses, and face the profound uncertainty of truly knowing and being known. Modern psyches, accustomed to managing every aspect of life, recoil

from such exposure, seeking refuge instead in calculated emotional bargains. Yet ironically, only by embracing vulnerability—risking emotional wounds, loss, and disappointment—can we genuinely experience the transformative power of deep intimacy. Perhaps rediscovering this courage to risk, to trust without certainty, is precisely the rebellion needed to reclaim the human heart from transactional safety, returning love to its rightful place as an extraordinary act of faith.

Psychologists, in their earnest attempt to dissect, classify, and manage love, have often stripped it of its essential mystery and depth. By reducing profound emotional experiences to predictable patterns, attachment styles, or chemical reactions, they have inadvertently undermined love's transcendence, transforming it into something clinical, measurable, and explainable. Love, once a beautiful, chaotic force of nature, becomes a mere collection of behaviors, anxieties, or conditioned responses to childhood trauma. Such analytical clarity, while intended to heal, may paradoxically deaden the spirit, leaving love sterile and lifeless, robbed of its poetry and magic. Perhaps love's true essence cannot—and should not—be fully understood or explained, because its very power lies in its defiance of reason, its resistance to neat categorization. Only by accepting love as something beyond complete understanding can we protect it from psychological reductionism, preserving its vital mystery and human grandeur.

We're conditioned to approach every encounter, including love, with the insidious question: "What do I get out of this?" Partners, friends, even family members are evaluated through the lens of utility and "added value," discarded the moment

they no longer fulfill our carefully curated expectations, much like outdated gadgets. This transactional view dehumanizes both ourselves and others, reducing human worth to functional convenience or momentary satisfaction. True love, by contrast, requires selflessness, generosity, and acceptance of another's value beyond their immediate utility. Perhaps the deepest act of resistance to this narcissistic culture lies precisely in loving someone without demand for quantifiable returns—embracing relationships as inherently valuable, irreplaceable, and beautifully useless in a world obsessed with profit and efficiency.

Dating apps have convinced us of a harmful myth: that compatibility can be algorithmically calculated, preferences perfectly matched, and love optimized for maximum efficiency. They promise precision, reducing romantic attraction to data points, interests, and shared traits. But love defies such neat categorization; it is inherently irrational, messy, and unpredictable. Its beauty emerges precisely from mystery, from the unexpected spark between souls who may share little in common on paper. By filtering out uncertainty, these algorithms sterilize romance, stripping away grace, spontaneity, and surprise—the very things that imbue love with magic and depth. Perhaps our deepest relationships are not those predicted by compatibility scores, but those stumbled upon in moments of vulnerability, confusion, and delightful imperfection. Embracing love's mystery, rather than fleeing from it, is the truest rebellion against the sterile efficiency of algorithmic romance.

Modern relationships have become infected by an "Emotional Capital Theory," an invisible ledger meticulously

tracking affection, effort, attention, even intimacy itself. Love becomes a hidden economy, a continual balance sheet of credits and debts, silently tallying who gives more, who owes more, and who holds the emotional leverage. Underneath our skin, we've internalized calculators, carefully measuring each act of kindness or moment of neglect. This subconscious accounting strips relationships of spontaneity, generosity, and sincerity, turning love into a tense negotiation rather than a mutual, joyful exploration. Such transactional thinking transforms the sacredness of human connection into a cold financial metaphor, emptying relationships of warmth and trust. Perhaps genuine love requires abandoning these internal calculators, daring instead to give freely without tracking returns—only then might we rediscover the rare and beautiful grace that makes love truly meaningful.

Previous generations were gifted with the privilege of rediscovering love spontaneously, stumbling through its mysteries without instruction or script. Love, for them, was an open landscape of possibilities, navigated through instinct, mistakes, and heartfelt sincerity. Today, we are inundated with advice, rules, and instructions that promise certainty but deliver sterility. Every gesture is analyzed, every interaction scripted, every mistake preemptively corrected by self-appointed experts. Our instincts grow dull as we internalize guidelines, anxiously seeking validation for each step taken. Yet, perhaps in love's greatest beauty is precisely that uncertainty—the freedom to explore, falter, and discover meaning through vulnerability rather than instruction. To reclaim love's authenticity, we must once again risk innocence, embracing the uncharted rather than following predetermined paths, and finding within that courage the deepest connections possible.

Commitment, once revered as a cornerstone of virtue, has been quietly rebranded as a liability. To stay, to endure, to remain loyal despite difficulty, is now often seen not as strength but as foolishness, even weakness. The cultural mantra whispers, "Why settle? Why stay, when better is always just around the corner?" In this climate, loyalty is mistaken for a lack of ambition, and perseverance is interpreted as fear of change. Thus, love transforms into something provisional, contingent on performance, novelty, and constant stimulation. It is no longer a vow but a trial period, where the heart is always half-packed, ready to flee. In this worldview, the eternal becomes suspect, and promises seem quaint—quixotic remnants of a less "enlightened" age. But perhaps the true wisdom lies not in chasing endless upgrades, but in cultivating depth—choosing to stay not because we have to, but because we've discovered that true richness lies not in novelty, but in devotion. Commitment may be out of fashion, but it remains, quietly, one of the last heroic acts.

When the well of inner abundance runs dry, love ceases to flow freely. Instead of a generous offering from a full heart, it becomes a desperate reaching, a hunger disguised as affection. In this spiritual poverty, love is no longer a gift but a demand—complete me, fix me, prove my worth. And when both partners arrive empty, expecting the other to pour in what they themselves lack, the relationship becomes a silent negotiation of needs unmet and expectations unfulfilled. This is the fertile ground of transactional love, born not from fullness but from lack—from a culture that teaches us to seek validation externally, to measure our value through others' attention. True love can only grow in the soil of self-

possession, when two full souls meet not to consume, but to share. The tragedy is that we've forgotten how to cultivate that inner richness. And yet, perhaps the first act of love is not finding the right person, but becoming whole enough that love, when it comes, no longer needs to be begged for.

Rationalism, for all its clarity and structure, ultimately collapses under the weight of its own insufficiency. It can explain the mechanisms of existence but remains silent on its meaning. It can build systems, define boundaries, trace causes—but it cannot tell us why any of it matters. Logic may construct the house, but it cannot make it a home. A life built solely on reason is perfectly organized, yet profoundly uninhabited, like a beautifully drawn map of a land no one wants to live in. Reason gives us tools, but not direction; it can analyze love, death, beauty—but not sanctify them. In this sense, a rational life is defenseless against despair, for when asked why it persists, it has no answer that touches the soul. Perhaps, then, we must admit that beyond the cold elegance of reason lies something more essential—a flicker of faith, a hunger for transcendence, a whisper that life, even if absurd, is worth living not because it is explainable, but because, despite everything, it still sings.

Returning to Apostle Paul's definition of love is like stepping into sacred fire in a world drenched in cold calculation. "Love is patient, love is kind... it does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud... it keeps no record of wrongs... it always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails." These words once rang as a call to the highest human possibility—a love not ruled by feeling, but by intention; not transactional, but covenantal.

And yet, how alien they sound today.

In a world trained to scroll past discomfort, patience is seen as weakness. Kindness is confused with naivety. We envy constantly, scrolling through curated lives. We boast in digital fragments. We keep records—oh, how we keep records—of texts not replied to, of energy not reciprocated, of emotional “return on investment”. We trust only what is verified. We hope with caution. We persevere only until the algorithm suggests someone “better.”

Paul's love is not our love. His is sacred, unshakable, deeply human yet reaching beyond the human. Ours is provisional, optimized, curated for performance and prone to exit at the first sign of discomfort. Perhaps the challenge is not to modernize Paul, but to recognize how desperately modernity needs him—to reclaim a love that is not about what we receive, but about what we become through giving.

To love like that today is not easy. It is a kind of madness, or perhaps a form of holiness. Either way, it is our only hope of touching the eternal in an age drowning in the temporary.

Love stands as the last, trembling exception to the void. In a world where every structure collapses under the weight of scrutiny, where arguments dissolve into relativism and meaning crumbles into abstraction, love does not argue. It does not persuade. It simply is. It resists nihilism not through ideology, but through undeniable presence. When all else feels hollow, love enters the room and the emptiness

recedes—not because it explains the void, but because it makes it irrelevant.

Love does not prove that life has meaning. It makes meaning unnecessary to continue. In its warmth, its touch, its silent solidarity, it embodies purpose without needing to justify it. In that moment, nothing else needs to be true. Love is truth enough.

Perhaps this is why love feels so sacred—because it is the one force that does not seek to overcome the absurd, but to redeem it. It turns a meaningless world into a place worth staying in, if only for a while longer. It is the soft defiance of being that whispers: “Even here, even now... I am with you.”

Love may well be an illusion, but it is the only illusion that grants us the full weight of reality. In its presence, we feel more alive, more seen, more real than any truth or fact has ever made us feel. Science may explain the mechanics of the universe, philosophy may question the grounds of existence, but only love makes us inhabit our being with intensity. It is the illusion that doesn’t deceive, but reveals.

Love draws us out of abstraction and into embodiment. It gives texture to time, gravity to our choices, depth to our otherwise flat reflections. We ache, we tremble, we hope—not because we know, but because we feel. And in those feelings, we become undeniably present, rooted in the now as nowhere else.

If love is not true in the empirical sense, then let it be myth—because what a necessary myth it is. Without it, we remain observers of life. With it, we are participants. And perhaps that is the final paradox: that the illusion of love is the one thing that makes us real.

Love stands apart precisely because it refuses to be useful. It does not optimize, it does not fix, it does not streamline the human experience into something efficient or productive. And in a world obsessed with utility, where everything must serve a purpose, love becomes sacred because it serves none. It simply is.

It lingers where nothing else belongs—where there's no profit to be made, no outcome to be measured, no advantage to be gained. Love disrupts the calculus of survival with the miracle of grace—undeserved, unpredictable, unrepayable. That is its quiet revolution. It doesn't improve the machine of life; it redeems it. It doesn't justify our existence by logic or utility—it justifies it by presence, by beauty, by the sheer absurdity that something so fragile and unearned can still exist in a world so coldly calculated.

And that is why love remains the last sacred thing. Because in its uselessness, it becomes the only thing worth everything.

The forgotten secret of unconditional love is that it was never meant to be deserved. In a world that prizes merit, reciprocity, performance, we have quietly buried the most radical truth: that love, at its purest, asks for nothing. It is not a reward. It is not a contract. It is not a response to excellence.

It simply is—a quiet, persistent affirmation of worth, even in the absence of worthiness.

Unconditional love is scandalous. It loves when there is no reason to love, and continues when every reason has vanished. It does not calculate whether the other has earned it. It does not retreat when the return is insufficient. That is why it is unbearable to modern sensibilities. We have learned to protect ourselves with conditions. We have trained ourselves to love only what is safe, useful, or admirable.

But unconditional love does not protect—it exposes. It is not efficient—it is extravagant. It does not ask, “Is this person enough?” It simply says, “You are.”

And in that whisper lies the most healing force in the human story. The forgotten secret is that to love like this is to touch the divine—not as an idea, but as an act. And to be loved like this is to remember who we are beneath the masks, the wounds, the transactions.

We forget this secret because it terrifies us. But perhaps, deep down, we are all longing to be loved just once without condition—so that we might finally believe we exist not because of what we offer, but because someone simply chose to love us.

The flesh that believes is the most ancient liturgy of the human soul. In a world that has disembodied meaning,

reduced thought to neurons and love to chemicals, we forget that the body, too, has faith. That desire is not merely instinct, but yearning made holy. That touch is not just contact, but communion. That care is not a behavior, but a sacrament—where flesh becomes the language of something far deeper than words can carry.

Love, then, becomes an embodied metaphysics—a truth not thought, but lived in gesture, skin, gaze, breath. It is in the fingertips resting on another's shoulder, the quiet act of listening when one has no answers, the mundane tenderness of tending to someone's hunger, wounds, or fears. These are not utilities. They are rituals. Proofs of presence in a cosmos that otherwise offers only silence.

Perhaps we've grown so suspicious of meaning that we no longer trust what the body knows. But the flesh remembers—remembers that to love is not just to think or to say, but to be there. To exist for another, through the body, as the vessel of something transcendent. This is not instinct. It is grace incarnate. A metaphysics you can hold. And maybe, in the end, all belief must pass through the body to become real.

If love is the highest illusion, then perhaps ethics must rise to meet it not with rigidity, but with tenderness. Not as a code to be enforced, but as a posture of being. In a world exhausted by laws, rules, and the cold machinery of reason, tenderness emerges not as weakness, but as the most radical moral act—a form of gentleness that refuses to dominate, a form of truth that does not wound.

An ethics of tenderness does not seek control or victory. It is not obsessed with outcomes. It moves through exposure, through the willingness to be seen without defense, to care without calculation, to hold without owning. It is the ethic of the open hand, not the clenched fist. To live ethically, then, is not to conquer impulse, but to let the heart remain breakable. It is to live with surrender as a strength—choosing mercy over power, understanding over judgment, presence over principle.

Such ethics do not demand certainty. They ask only that we respond to the vulnerability of others with our own. That we give, not because someone has earned it, but because they are here, with us, and that is reason enough.

If love is an illusion, it is the kind that saves us. And to live in accordance with it—not as law, but as grace—is to say: I choose to care, even when it costs. I choose to remain soft, even when the world hardens. I choose to live as if tenderness is truth. Because maybe it is.

Love in the age of algorithms is the last flicker of the unquantifiable. In a world increasingly shaped by simulations, where everything is predicted, suggested, tracked, and optimized, love remains the sacred error, the beautiful inefficiency, the presence that refuses to be encoded. Algorithms can simulate desire, mimic compatibility, even predict behavior—but they cannot summon that. That silent trembling when two lives meet without reason. That aching familiarity of a stranger. That absurd devotion that defies logic, timing, and sense.

Love cannot be stored in databases or modeled in code. It resists metrics, refuses repetition, and escapes the net of even the most sophisticated systems. It arrives unexpectedly, and vanishes just as mysteriously. You do not own love, you carry it—or you forget it. You do not define it, you live it—or you lose it.

Perhaps this is why love matters more now than ever—not in opposition to technology, but as its sacred limit. A reminder that even in a world of infinite knowledge, something essential still lives beyond the reach of computation. That we are still human. Still vulnerable. Still capable of giving ourselves away with no guarantee of return.

And in that fragile, uncodable moment—we are, finally, real. A haunting question,— what becomes of humanity when love vanishes, not only from our hearts, but from the very fabric of our culture?

In this post-mortem world, civilization would persist, but only in form, not in soul. Systems would remain—commerce, politics, science, language—but emptied of meaning. Efficiency would thrive. Rules would be obeyed. Machines would hum. But tenderness would no longer interrupt time. No one would wait for anyone. No one would ache for another. There would be no lullabies, no irrational forgiveness, no trembling in the presence of beauty. Art would become technique, sex would become function, and friendship would become networking. Gestures once sacred

would now be merely strategic.

Children would be raised, but not cherished. Couples would exist, but not choose each other. Words like “forever,” “I miss you,” “don’t go” would fade from the lexicon—not censored, just forgotten. Mourning would be mechanical. Births would be procedural. Compassion would be a vestigial reflex—noticed, perhaps, but dismissed as inefficient.

Without love, we would be correct, but never kind. Alive, but not awake. Humanity would not collapse—but it would petrify. Culture would ossify into protocol. What would die? Wonder. Mercy. Poetry. The trembling silence after “I love you” is spoken and not yet answered.

And what remains? Memory, perhaps—a faint ghost of a feeling no longer understood. Or myth: stories told by artificial minds of a strange time when beings once chose each other with no purpose, no utility, only the wild, unjustifiable desire to say: you matter to me.

Without love, we might still inhabit the world—but the world would no longer be inhabited by us.

Perhaps the final dignity of being human is not that we have love, nor that we can prove it exists, but that we choose it—knowing it may be an illusion. We know it can betray us, abandon us, disappear without explanation. We know it cannot be measured, predicted, or guaranteed. And still, we choose it.

To love, despite everything, is the great act of defiance against meaninglessness. It is to walk into the dark, empty room of existence and light a candle—not because it banishes the void, but because it declares: I am here, and I care. We do not wait for love to be proven. We offer it. We enact it. We become it.

And perhaps that is what it means to be truly human: not to cling to certainty, but to give ourselves to the possibility of something beautiful, even if it vanishes in the morning. To believe not because we are convinced, but because not believing would leave the world colder, emptier, less alive.

In the end, love is the illusion we choose—and in choosing it, again and again, we become real.

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