

Editorial

*When it comes, will it come without warning
Just as I'm picking my nose,
Will it knock on my door in the morning
Or tread in the bus on my toes,
Will it come like a change in the weather,
Will its greeting be courteous or bluff,
Will it alter my life altogether?
O tell me the truth about love.
- W. H. Auden*

For a long while, I used to be a love sceptic. When couples I knew cooched sweet nothings to each other, I'd roll my eyes and think, "What melodramatic crap!" When friends confided in me about how they simply couldn't live without their latest crushes, I'd sagely advise them to concentrate on their careers instead. It's not that I disbelieved the concept of love...its just that I thought that love was, you know, just love - and all the different types of love such as love for parents, family, friends, work, etc. were sub-strains of the same. Romantic love, to me, was no different and completely over-rated. Then last week, as Auden writes, it came into my life without warning. And I've been willingly eating humble pie ever since.

I now want to shout out from the rooftops: It's all true damnit! The film people are so right! The soft toy makers are so right! The 'stupid' song lyricists and poets are actually tremendously wise sages to have got it so right... The love at first sight bit. The can't live without each other for a moment bit. The staring into each others eyes for ages bit. The roses and mushy Archies cards and candlelit romance bit. The 4-hour long conversations on the phone bit. The being in a daze in college all day with your friends teasing you bit. The going out for a movie and not seeing it at all bit. The sweet pain...the enduring torture....the moments of ecstatic togetherness when your heart feels so full that it could explode any moment. It's so completely, unbelievably, beautifully true. Yes, I'm a crazy lovesick fool now, and I couldn't be happier.

- Parmesh Shahani