

"All You Need is Love" *The Beatles*
"Crazy Little Thing Called Love" *Queen*
"Love Stinks" *J. Giles Band*



"Burning Love" *Elvis Presley*
"Love Will Tear Us Apart" *Joy Division*
"Love is a Battlefield" *Pat Benatar*

John Lennon and the boys taught us a little something about love. There's a reason we don't have a catalog of songs singing the praises of furthering negative emotions, and no one serenades the love of his life to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"; there's no feeling quite like love. Whether it's loving our neighbor, loving our country, loving literature, loving our pets, loving our family, loving money, loving sex, loving possessions, loving attention, or loving being loved, we have experienced some form of love. Detractors will say loving material goods is not truly love, but you show me a 60" plasma television, and I assure you my heart will skip beats at more than 78 RPM, and I might even throw myself in front of a train to rescue one if needed. Indeed, love works in mysterious and wondrous ways.

Love compels artists to burn with creative desire; Pablo Neruda created dozens of heart-breakingly beautiful poems on this singular theme. Charlie Parker loved the escapes of jazz and heroin so much he sacrificed his life for them. Poe lost every woman he ever loved, and his tremendous loss manifests itself in our literary fortune. Allen Ginsberg loved this country; it pained him to see the best minds of his generation destroyed. Antonio Salieri so loved music that he couldn't bear to see Euterpe, the muse of music, residing in the boy genius Mozart. Freddie Mercury adored his crowds with complete devotion, yet he wasn't able to love as long as he deserved to. And we're all familiar with Van Gogh's love woes.

Love, like no other emotion, propels us into astonishing acts. So certain we will love indelibly for eternity, we tattoo others' names into our flesh—heading for definite breakup within six months. When our love feels threatened, it precipitates blinding feelings of jealousy, lust, and wrath; they don't call them crimes of passion for nothin'. Love sometimes so clouds our judgment with Bonnie and Clyde-style