

I've realized that a book on love will never be finished.

A book on love will inherently have no order. There will be chapters, but they'll repeat, delete, and rearrange. If the book is good and well-written, the favorite pages will become dog-eared thumbed back to. If the book is bad and uninteresting, it will gather dust and be soaked into a pulpy mess when the basement floods. Somewhere in between those two possibilities is a decent book that is overall, not memorable. This book will be recycled into a manual on "Zebra Handling" or turned into a paper mache passion project. Even then, the book is still not finished.

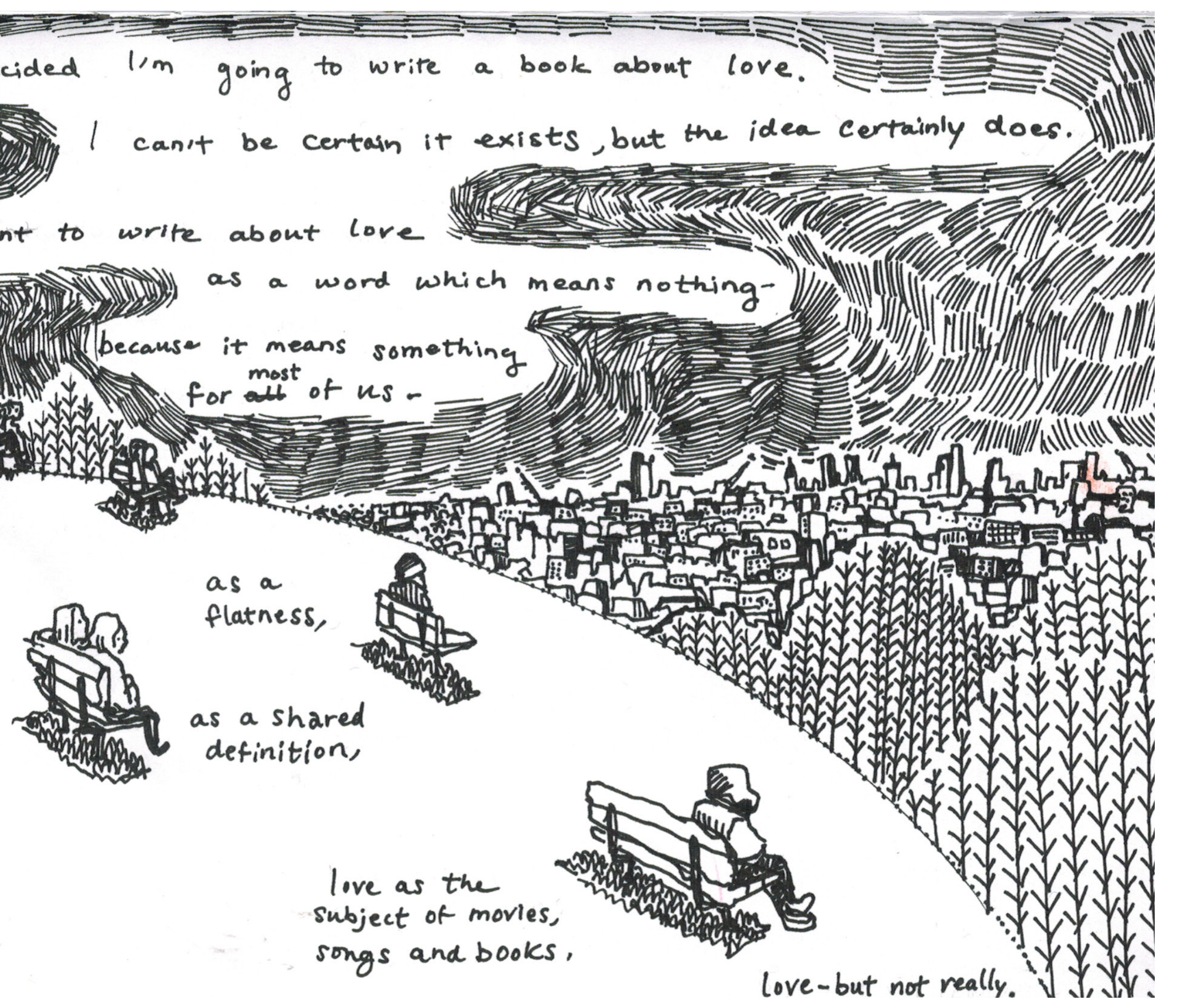
My point is, we must keep reading, writing, and amending our books on love until they are infinite scrolls. We must not worry about the outcomes of our books, because there will always be times when we believe our hearts are broken or filled to the brim, only to discover there is more to loving and how to be loved than any length of paper can encapsulate.

This is my book on love as I (do not) know it.

ON LOVE

on love

by amy chu



January 2020

I'm going to throw around the word until it means nothing.

Beat the concept absolutely senseless.

I'm going to ask so many questions and answer none of them!

When I'm done, we will only know less.

Hampstead Heath, London



ABSTRACT

A qualitative study conducted from January 2020 to January 2021 based upon interviews with friends and ethnographic observation of strangers in London, U.K. and Northeast America.



METHODS

Over the past year I've discussed the definition of love with my closest friends and a stranger or two. I've accumulated drawings of the people I've seen in all the cities where I've wandered, on trains, in cafes, and at beaches. Most of all, I am a person doing their best to navigate relationships, confusing feelings and catastrophic world events.

After one whole year I am personally still learning how to be unafraid of all the questions I haven't yet answered. However, in the process of setting an impossible goal-to know love- through conversation and observation, I've grown to be more vulnerable with myself and others in admitting none of us truly know the whole story, but definitely part of it! Therefore, the headaches and heartaches aside, I've developed a tad bit of expertise on love; however disorganized, convoluted, and specific it may be, I think it still worth sharing.

FINDINGS

findings