



*Peace, Goodwill & Ed Love* by Virgil Suarez, Associate Professor, Dept. of English

Ed Love was a good friend of mine. More than that, Ed became a mentor to me over the time I knew him here in Tallahassee. I liked to visit his studio in Railroad Square frequently because, as I told Ed many times, there was a spiritual energy there that he had harnessed in his own work. The minute you walked in, you knew you were in the company and presence of not only a great artist, but a gentle, and generous man. A spiritual man. We liked each other right away, having shared some similar childhood places. Ed grew up in South Central Los Angeles where I also grew up, of course much later. On several occasions, I came to Ed for advice, and he always managed to make me feel like all the right answers were within me already, all he could do was reaffirm the positive elements in my own life, and that always came down to passion. Passion with a capital P. The kind Ed Love brought to his own life, his own work.

I remember one time I visited he was putting the finishing touches on a (one of my favorite) piece he had titled "Basquiat's Door," a magnificent metal sculpture that when I first saw it blew me away for its complexity of texture, form, and beauty. Like most of Ed's work, you had to walk around it—had to stand in front of it and allow yourself to be taken by the power of the sculpted metal...

It was in the work that Ed Love found peace, found courage, found energy and I found it for my own poetry there. He knew it because I had told him, but many times I merely went to soak it up; whatever Ed was coaxing out of his metal scraps, I wanted to bring out of my blank pieces of paper. It was about the daily work, he often said to me, the routine, the picking up where you left off the day before.

I had found in Ed's company and teachings, a way to approach my own work, and I think so far it's paid off. I'm going to miss Ed Love, the person, the teacher, as I am sure hundreds of his students will, and all I can find comfort in is his work, his words to me, and the times that I will walk or drive by both the FSU Museum and his studio at Railroad Square and think of the man, his towering person there, at work, ready to embrace me and give me that much needed stabilizing hug. I will dream and in my dream I will be in a garden in the company of Ed's sculptures, standing erect, proud, majestic, like that man who molded and shaped the beauty of his own self out of so much scrap metal. En pace requiescat, amigo.