

**Edson Incopté**

### **Where is the Love in our Writing?**

The theme that brings us here today is a question. With this panel text, I will question more than I will answer, hoping my questions stimulate our reflections on what kind of place love occupies in literature today.

Love is an element of connection between human beings in their differences and particularities. Although there are different values in the world, love is the greatest and most consensual. Maybe even the only one. Not in the strict sense of the term; between two people. But love is the fuel that sustains humanity in all its dimensions.

We live in a world that seems smaller today: one click away from a TV screen, a computer, or a cell phone. A world in which the news gains supersonic speed and social networks are considered the most appropriate means of dissemination. It is essential to ask the following question: what has been truly broadcasted and divulged in all this context?

Television and all kinds of communication, especially social networks, seek more conflicts, scandals, discord, and wars. Love has become the story of the dog that bit the man; it is not news anymore! News is when the man bites the dog. Now that is news.

In the face of this, what is the role of writers as the social educators?

Do they let themselves be swallowed up in the hustle and bustle of the world, in its enormous noise, seeking prominence and attention? Or do they try to counteract the waves of the restless sea by assuming the role of accurate transmitters of humanity's best values? In which love takes a more prominent role?

In today's world, writing about love is to go against the current! It is to row against the direction in which societies are heading: of individualism, of egoism, and of the normalization of wars and conflicts. Of the superimposition of death over life.

To write about love is to leave an invitation to humanity to find in it a shared space. A space that allows us all to meet each other in a more human and fraternal way, making our differences a richness and not a reason for wars, conflicts, and disagreements.

Regardless of its strict meaning, love is the element that enables us to find our existence in others. Love allows me to see the other as part of myself. We – the human species – are all branches of the same trunk. It has to be given increasing prominence in the world: it should be highlighted through those who consider themselves social educators; the writers.

Today, some see love as a myth, with a look of disbelief in humanity, as something very distant and not present in our day-to-day lives. It is not by chance that sex literature has become so popular nowadays. Sometimes it seems that for a love story to become successful and accepted, it must exalt sex. A love story, by itself, is no longer enough.

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We should write more about love. It is in our hands to do this! We must reverse the logic that love is no longer the primary fuel for humanity.

I honestly believe that if evil is contagious, good is much more contagious! And love always plays on the good team. And at the end of the road, at the end of everything, good always wins. Just look at the stories of the world.

So, to write about love, the values that play in the good team, is a duty and a responsibility for any writer, anywhere in the world. For the man who bit the dog, let us leave the televisions, the social networks, and the world's noises. In the calmness of writing, perfume, and education, let's emphasize more what is most natural to humanity: Love! Where we all come from, what, deep down, we all seek, and where, in the end, we will return to.

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