

# as a catastrophe

A TALK ON LOVE

You might ask how a "prey" becomes a "predator" and eats the "prey" then becomes "prey" and then by a catastrophe it comes to the consciousness of being a "predator." Well, this model is the simplest possible one and only illustrates a single actor. If you wish to distinguish between two, you have to make a model with two actors, perhaps moving in a phase relation. Or you might imagine a middle size fish who eats a small one and is eaten by a big one. It is a picture of a food chain or food cycle.

In the context of talking about love affairs, the cogito is the catastrophe of the awakening of sexuality. The predator, male or female, becomes conscious of its sexuality and goes on to the phase of looking for "prey;" the "mate." The terms "prey" and "predator" may sound unromantic, but remember this is a topological description. We are free to substitute our own choices.

Only the pattern of motion matters. And "predator" is the one who accepts, therefore it is closer to "female" characteristic, not the "macho" who is preoccupied with himself and therefore behav-

ing like "prey." Or rather according to this model, the "macho" is not sexually awakened yet.

Of course, the catastrophes are not only sudden and unpredictable, but also confusing, though this simple model does not show that. Therefore, the roles of "prey" and "predator" may well be confused in the catastrophe. If we build a two-actor model of a love affair, then we may have a crossing of the limit circles, so to speak. There, the roles can be switched. Thus the macho, the "prey," could possibly remain immature, not knowing what sex is. From the Freudian point of view, that love has to be controlled, this mechanism would be a good one to exploit.

But, the model, simple and crude as it is, does suggest a revolutionary alternative. That is, if the dynamics of the actor (predator) have to go through the phases of the motion (changes of state) and have rather slow processes between the two catastrophes, then there is no need for the fear that love is too much. The dynamics of the actor itself have an inherently cyclical structure which accommodates the awakening, the climax the satisfied calm and a bit of an altruistic state in between.

One might say the "predator" state is the state of "anxiety." But it is a natural requirement for the climax, the catastrophic release. Without that stage, resembling "suppression" or "control" the catastrophe cannot come. If this is indeed the case, then Freud's fear of the free love is groundless, and there is no need for the "surplus repression" (Marcuse's term, as distinguished from natural "repression"). One might interpret the suppressed stage as "foreplay."

Now, this story of mine is too simple to discuss the social implications. For that I need to consider "manybody interaction" and the structures thereof. That would be "social engineering of love" in a similar sense that a Pareto (an engineer turned economist) might have envisioned.

For the moment, I shall be satisfied with suggesting the possibility of sublimated Eros, which Marcuse appears to dream of, by the simple model of catastrophe theory. That is I shall resign to the "prey" phase. I wait for other "predators"- "lovers" fully awakened in sexuality to pursue the dynamics of love affairs.



## ISLAND WOMEN'S ARTS FESTIVAL

Editorial Board members for the Island Women's Arts Festival have selected over 90 pieces of prose and poetry from over 240 works submitted by women across the Island. The selection of works will be published in a book of Island women's writing. A limited edition of the book will be available for sale to the public during Festival Week, April 12 to 16.

The selections represent a broad cross-section of Island women writers of all ages and occupations, from all parts of the province. All women who have submitted works to the Festival's Literary Committee will receive evaluations of their writing based on the written and spoken comments

of the Editorial Board members during the selection process.

Members of the Board are Libby Oughton, Publisher of Ragweed Press and Literary Representative for the Island Women's Arts Festival; Geneva King, Craftsman and Prince County Representative for the Festival; Lyle Brehaut, professional volunteer and Kings County representative; Dr. Elizabeth Epperly, UPEI English professor and Literary Advisor for the festival; and Jonni Turner, artist and writer, the Festival's Coordinator.

Evaluations and works not included in the book will be returned to writers during the next four to six weeks.

## GABBLE BITES IT

By Gabble Ratchet

"Somebody have the time?"... Are you close enough to hear my breath and can you hear the faint hsshsshss in behind my words? It's a sad, sort of sweet smelling harmony to my voice becoming a little slow and sweeter with each passing syllable.

"What time is it now?" Did I wonder out loud? Each intake of breath washes my mouth with tart-tasting shadows. Ah. The clock and my heart tick-tocking away. It seems so simple. Tick-tocking away with never a thought or a sigh or a rest or a wondering if it was doing something wrong. There's no way to go wrong just living pendulem.

There's hope for this perpetual motion machine in my dreams.

Dreams of clocks. Turning and swinging and never wrong. Just being the time I wonder it is. So I ask, wondering:

"What time is it now?" I'm waiting for something but forgetting just what and that hsshss-hsshss flows into itself and me. It's waiting too. It's waiting with me and the clocks to run itself down. But it's only me knowing I'm waiting. I think about that and start to feel superior for knowing. Then I start to laugh for feeling like I did. The clocks will probably tick-tocking and the hss-hsshssing long after I'm over. Now, what a useless thing knowing seems. But there's a something inside, hanging in there afraid to let go, asking, almost whispering:

"Somebody have the time?" But no one does.