

EROS'S ARROW

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The idea of a mythological god firing an arrow into the flesh of an unsuspecting victim, inducing a shift in consciousness appealed to me both on a visual and a philosophical level.

The god Eros armed with a bow and quiver of arrows helped the Greeks explain the choice-less nature of emotion and at the same time created a way to relate to an experience that can never be entirely understood.

What force propels simple attraction from momentary appreciation to a full blown attack of obsessive romantic fantasy? A question that fortunately can never be completely answered because the real value lies in the mystery.

There's something poetic about humanizing forces beyond our grasp. Even though the underlying mystery remains untamable there is comfort in an explanation, even if ultimately the explanation never completely satisfies or abates our curiosity. Like children creating scary stories around undefined shadow objects in their bedrooms in the dark of night we would rather live with explanations than face the unknown. The mind builds bridges no matter how shaky or temporary, perhaps as an attempt at establishing a place in the world or to perpetuate the illusion of control.

The danger lies in becoming too literal with our myth making; allowing our desire for security to blind us to possibilities unknown to us. The myth then loses its playfulness, no longer acting as an interface between the known and the unknowable. In mistaking the myth for the actuality we lose the essence or soul of the experience. A myth wound too tightly doesn't leave room for something fresh to appear. The "arrow" then loses its transformational power and becomes lethal.