

A — a Discussion about identity and love.

Abstract

Here A, B, C, D, I, X and “*Philosophy*” discuss some features of the relation between identity and love.

A: I so love philosophy.

B: It isn't X?

A: ?

B: I think you love X. Not philosophy.

A: Maybe both?

B: Whatever.

A: We'll see. Let's invite “I”.

B: Okay.

I: Do I love... philosophy or X? I didn't see that coming. What is this? Can I have some soup, please?

A: Of course you can love both.

B: Some pressure here.

A: Yes. It's definitely pressure. From us?

B: Who else?

A: Let's invite them both.

B: Okay.

Philosophy: So many noises but I feel your love.

A: Who's love?

X: I think I love C. Is that allowed? Can X:s love C:s? What are C:s? This is confusing.

B: Can I say something here? Who's A? She doesn't know who she loves. What is this? I'm A&B. “A” is an imposter. I'm A. I'm B. I'm A&B.

A: But you aren't C. You're nothing. I love B. I'm polyamorous. With X and C. I think C is an E. But what do I know? Perhaps I chose D.

B: D is not invited.

A: That's the spirit!

B: Can we go now?

A: Please!

B: Okay. Let's go. [Leaving with A.]

C: So. I'm here. And so are "I", "Philosophy" and "X". "D" may be present. Let's check.

D: A and B didn't want me here. But now they are gone. Thank you C for checking.

C: I'm loved. D is an imposter.

D: This loophole is leading nowhere.

A: I want to go back. Please!

B: You're not well.

A: [Starts running back.] Catch me if you can!

B: [Shouting.] I love you!

A: [Mumbles to herself. Yes I know. That's the problem. I love philosophy. B doesn't. I have to choose. I have to. [Starts singing. "Goodbye my lover, goodbye my friend."]]

D: I'm floating. I want to float. There's no love. I would run.

A: I am. I am. I am. I am. I am. I am. I am. You're nothing. I don't love you. It is just the way it is.

Philosophy: I thought you loved me. It doesn't feel like it now. What happened? You don't love the love for wisdom?

A: Stop it! I have my own life.

B: Said so.

A: I'm confused.

B: You don't even know who you are. I'm stuck with this shit.

A: I'm sorry.

B: This sucks!

A: Am I nothing to you now?

B: Why don't you go to Philosophy, you polyamorous you.

A: I love you. I am you. I'll die without you. You'll die without me. Come on now. I'm sorry. Please.

B: Are you telling me that you'll follow me wherever I go or we will die?

Philosophy: Come to me. I'm love. The love for wisdom. Come to me. Take the step into the unknown. If you really love me. Was it just words? Don't you love me? Take the step. Let go of B. We're safe. We're always safe. Come to me.

B: Yes. Let's see what happens. I'm curious. Go!

A: [Taking steps toward Philosophy.]

Philosophy: You see? It's not dangerous. Don't you feel the warmth?

A: I do. I love you. Where are all the others? *B*?

B: ...

A: *B*.

B: Bye then. I leave you here. No worries. Everything comes to an end. The best of luck. [Turns around and leaves.]

I: *A*, what do you think of me? I'm a part of you. What do you think of me? Is that too much to ask? Please! Give me fresh air!

D: You're not a part of me but I like you. [Approaches "I".]

I: Who are you again?

D: Can't help you there. Sorry. Does it matter ?

I: Suppose not. You actually seem nice.

Philosophy: You're losing me. As you lost *B*. You know what you're doing?

A: I don't care. I go my own way. I want *B*.

I: You gave her up for "Philosophy."

D: What about me?

C: Nobody cares about you. I'm the one that is loved.

D: "Cares", "I" said she thought I seemed "nice ". That suffices for me.

C: You're a disgrace.

Philosophy: Hey *D*! Can you help me with something! I seem stuck. Please?

D: Do you like me?

Philosophy: I'd love you if you helped me.

D: Okay. What is it?

Philosophy: Do they love me because they love wisdom or because they love the love for wisdom?

D: I've never met someone so up in their head. Are you for real?

C: Go now. That's enough. Find your own place. This is not it. Here we all love wisdom.

D: [Leaves.]

A: [Stands on a table.] Enough of this! I'm *A*. My name is "A". Hello! *Philosophy*! I am also *I*. "I" cannot speak for me. I am *I*, not ""I".

C: Now you're talking crazy again.

I: Good luck then. I cannot take it anymore. [Leaves.]

Philosophy: ?