

Socrates' Diocese — a Dialogue about the Existence in the Non Existence

Abstract

This dialogue turns into a discussion between three people. The interlocutors are Socrates, Jeito and finally also Plato. The dimensions of Time, Space and Person are occasionally transgressed. The conclusion is that information seems to be unidirectional concerning life and death.

Jeito. I have been waiting a long time to meet you. Finally. How are you?

Socrates. I don't know. Should I?

Jeito. Sorry. You hear me. Do you see me?

Socrates. I don't think so. Who are you?

Jeito. Sorry. I'm Jeito. You're Socrates.

Socrates. Yes. But could you please answer my question?

Jeito. I'm searching for wisdom. I have been learning about myself for over thirty years.

Socrates. That's good. What have you learned?

Jeito. That it's worse than I thought. And better.

Socrates. I like that. How can you be alive? Don't they kill you for wisdom where you come from?

Jeito. ...

Socrates. Okay. What more?

Jeito. Now it's your turn. Please.

Socrates. I love my wife. She's dead now. You cannot satisfy the gods. What more? You can discuss after death. Obviously. Friendship is important. You can see further than you think. What more? Knowledge starts with knowing yourself. Plato didn't believe me. I don't know. Can you continue?

Jeito. We're all one.

Socrates. You learned that from inspection?

Jeito. No. I was told that.

Socrates. Thought so. What else?

Jeito. No man is an island.

Socrates. Come on now!

Jeito. I project my own shit on others.

Socrates. That's better. More?

Jeito. I'm angry as hell.

Socrates. More?

Jeito. What do you care?

Socrates. Fair point. But tell me.

Jeito. I'm here talking to you. That's a miracle!

Socrates. Really? It's just how things are. You see it yourself. Through yourself. By looking at yourself. The question is what we learn from it. The learning is the miracle. Have you learned anything?

Jeito. That we are allowed to learn?

That's a fact. What do you learn from it?

Jeito. We are free?

Socrates. That is also a fact. What do you learn from it?

Jeito. I get a bit scared.

Socrates. That's a fact. What do you learn from it?

Jeito. That freedom is scary. You have said that, haven't you?

Socrates. I can't remember everything I've said. What are you doing here?

Jeito. I don't remember.

Socrates. I think you just now used your freedom. Was it scary?

Jeito. No. Can I ask you something else?

Socrates. By all means. Welcome to ask whatever you want.

Jeito. Okay. Thanks. Do you think you can find *all* knowledge inside yourself?

Socrates. Why not?

Jeito. Can I find all knowledge inside myself?

Socrates. That's the same question.

Jeito. All men can find all knowledge inside themselves?

Socrates. All humans can do it. Given reasonable circumstances. Do you disagree?

Jeito. No. I think I understand your point. Is there a certain *age* we are talking about?

Socrates. You make me laugh. I'm actually angry. Really nice feeling. Please, ask something.

Jeito. Are we in God now?

Socrates. Who?

Jeito. Are we in God now?

Socrates. Which one?

Jeito. There are more than one God?

Socrates. Are there any?

Jeito. Where are we, do you think?

Socrates. How do you define *any* God?

Jeito. Fair question. Can you help me?

Socrates. We're all alone. Won't you say?

Jeito. So. We all have the same God or there is no God?

Socrates. Is there a God?

Jeito. Can we ask someone else?

Socrates. We could try. I don't know how, though.

Jeito. Hello! Is there anybody out there? Hello! Is there anybody in here?

Plato. You threw away all my books!

Jeito. I did. I needed to.

Socrates. Hey there, my old friend. How are you?

Plato. Am I invited? To what? By whom? What is this? How do I know that that man had thrown away my books? I'm fine, thanks? How are you?

Socrates. It's all a blur. We were trying to clear these things out when you answered our prayers. We need help. I'll try to find a suitable question. What do you experience, Plato?

Plato. Friendship.

Socrates. Jeito?

Jeito. Anxiety.

Socrates. Okay. I experience a feeling of responsibility. So. What do we learn from this? What do we *know* considering this? Anything?

Jeito. We are *somewhere*. We have *contact*.

Socrates. What is *contact*?

Plato. Our words matters. They are meaningful. We affect one another.

Socrates. What do we learn from that?

Plato. We are not the same. We're *individuals*.

Jeito. We're *subjects*?

Plato. Yes. We're different but connected.

Socrates. So. We have learned that our experiences tell us that we are separate and connected. And that we are *somewhere*. And the specific experiences are feelings of anxiety, friendship and responsibility?

Jeito. Yes.

Plato. Yes. So. Where are we? And why? How did we come here?

Socrates. Is it okay that I take the lead here? I'm still feeling responsible.

Plato. Please.

Jeito. Yes. That's fine with me.

Socrates. Plato. Do you see anything?

Plato. Can't say I do. I have images. But I cannot say I see anything. Hard to explain.

Socrates. Yes. Let's carry on. What does it matter *where, why, how?* Anyone?

Plato. Yes. Would it change anything? Probably not. It is how it is. What is this language, by the way?

Jeito. It's some kind of language but we don't talk it. We communicate in some way but not as in "talking" talking. Do we even have mouths? Or ears? Or hands? For me the language is English. What about you, Socrates?

Socrates. It's a blur. But the actual *language*. Is it even *me* talking. I don't know. How is it for you, Plato?

Plato. I suddenly remember things. The clothing people had. Smells. Fresh air coming in from the sea. Grapes. Walks. My hand gesturing. I do communicate these things now. But how, I don't know. I don't think I like these questions. But I like you two. We're almost a crowd. Aren't we?

Socrates. If we go. Where do we go? If I go. Where do I go? Can I go? Anywhere? It doesn't feel like it. How free am I? How free are we? It's like exploring a cave that you cannot escape?

Plato. Responsibility? Someone? Where is the "panic button"? I'd like that sea breeze.

Jeito.

Plato.

Socrates. I'm not so sure now. Give me a minute. Everyone is gone?

Plato. Excuse me?

Socrates. Okay. That was funny. On me. We are here. Some others may be somewhere else. I'm thinking of gods. Are we back where it all started? Will it start all over again? ... I seem to have difficulties finding the right question or the right questions.

Jeito. Okay. Could we try shifting focus? A difference between you two and me is that I haven't, to my knowledge, died yet. Perhaps this is the chance to tell the people something about the afterlife?

Plato. Nice try! Haven't we concluded that we don't know shit? What's to tell? That you met two dead guys that couldn't tell you nothing.

Socrates. Give me a moment! Okay? Perhaps you are not dead but what guarantees that you will be able to go back? Your life isn't here? Am I right?

Jeito. Busted! Kidding. I hear my cat doing her thing behind me. I'm alive. But then again I don't know about the afterlife. It's up to you guys.

Socrates. Do I remember anything about it? How could I? Sorry. When you're dead you are dead. I don't know about this state.

Plato. Agree. But Jeito, surely you are almost dead? Otherwise, how could we have this nice talk?

Socrates. Isn't it *either or*? Jeito cannot be both. And we cannot go back?

Plato. I would say that he is dead. He's exactly like us. Or?

Socrates. Who could tell?

Jeito. Let's spin this around. I'll go back to the cat and check whether I still can have connection with you two. Are you with me?

Socrates. Whatever.

Plato. I know you are after me. Don't try to trick me! I'll haunt you.

Jeito. See you soon.

...

Socrates. What have you learned?

Plato. Thank you.

Jeito. I think, that we are all the same but different.