

*AULOS-GIRL
PAPERS*

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Fig 1. Aulos-girl playing

For Plato & Platonism
With Prof. Jacob Sherman.
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Let us dispense with the flute-girl who just made her
entrance; let her play for herself...

- Plato

The swarm of the dead hums.

- Sophocles

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NOTES

BIBLIOGRAPHY

These are the works of an unnamed flute-player who claims to have been present at Plato's death. The writings, discovered only recently, appear in a transdisciplinary format and are a bit of an enigma. The works provide, regardless of their unusual nature or validity as a witness account, a surreal portrait of, and engagement with, the person of Plato.

Provisionally, the *Aulos-girl Papers* are compelling for us in two ways: 1. they, like Plato's authorship, problematize the affairs of the beautiful political soul, and give a fragmented account of how to give birth to a concept (called variously in the text: a boy, a sacrifice, a god, a thing), and 2. though cryptic, they suggest that with our western tradition of philosophy being indebted, and largely footnotes, to Plato, we may also be aligned with Plato's original debt in service of the esoteric midwife and mimetic twin of Apollo: Artemis, '*an investigator of virtue.*'

We are invited to an acknowledgement and recovery of Plato's Artemisian tendencies, concepts and values, including the deep problems and responses that are available from such efforts. The recovery interests us mainly because it involves a subtle shift in orientation for philosophical inquiry. A basic move from *homopolon* (harmony) and *haploun* (single-mindedness or truthfulness) - all Apollonic branches, to those of Artemis: *parthenia* (virginity, maidenhood, fullness of life), *artemes* (soundness) and *aretēs histōr* (investigator of virtue).

The author, presumably an actual female flute-player, arguably a Sophist, did not quote or cite any sources, but many fragments appear to be directly from Plato's authorship. To make such instances aware to the scholarly reader, any quotes that appear to be directly taken from Plato, or others from any time then

or since, we included a citation for that work. As for the many discreet mythological references, especially those belonging to Artemis and her ‘many many more names than Apollo’, we have clarified and elaborated where we felt appropriate, though not exhaustively so. Lastly, we give many thanks to the bees that made wax tablets possible, without which, this text would not have existed or survived!

- *Hg*



I.
LION'S SHARE
OF TRUTH

I gave you only one
expense, one risk:
it's you -

THE LEGALITY OF BUILDING PRIVATE SHRINES

I am beside myself. I write you with a patience and a desire for my speech – our offspring, our kin – to *ring true*. They always told me to leave when they began their ‘well-educated gentleman’s’ drinking conversations, telling me my flute playing was ‘extraneous’ compared to their genuine, glittering dialogues. My voice they say, was only for the ‘largely uneducated and unable to entertain themselves over their wine by using their own voices to generate conversation.’¹ Well, you can banish my flute. You can’t banish the god. Never mind the *silverfooted Aphrodite*² you actually breathe.

Left to the fixtures of my own devices and my *thargelôs*³, left to play a song for myself, the wind, a passing halcyon, the slaves, the cracks in the street, my raging purple face⁴, whatever, I instead abandoned the song and gave my voice to gods that didn’t yet exist: hymns for future, future, futures. For your unmanifest subjects, as of yet unidentified truths. For the crowd. Because why would I worship only that which excommunicated my soul? So I went in costume against the law – I don’t care for their Goditude institutes anyways – and installed a shrine in my own home. They say that we who build profane temples which summon gods privately, will only later confront horror. As the Law states:

Yet look at what people usually do—all women in particular, invalids of every sort, men in danger or any kind of distress, or conversely when they have just won a measure of prosperity: they dedicate the first thing that comes to hand, they swear to offer sacrifice, and promise to found shrines for gods and spirits and children of gods. *And the terror they feel when they see apparitions, either in dreams or awake—a terror which*

*recurs later when they recollect a whole series of visions—drives them to seek a remedy for each individually, with the result that on open spaces or any other spot where such an incident has occurred they found the altars and shrines that fill every home and village. The law now stated must be observed not only for all these reasons but also in order to deter the impious from managing to conduct these activities too in secret, by establishing shrines and altars in private houses, calculating to win the favor of the gods on the quiet by sacrifices and prayers. This would make their wickedness infinitely worse, and bring the reproach of heaven both on themselves and on the virtuous people who tolerate them, so that, by a sort of rough justice, the whole state would catch the infection of their impiety.”*⁵

I do not accord with a law that legislates my soul with legal fictions such as these. I will tell you why: there is a difference in kind between the individual's 'character in practice' having value and the valuation of calculating individuals. It entirely depends on how your tendencies to calculate become rituals. In my case, the secret prayers are not to win over the gods, but to risk them. Called or not, the god can be bought and sold -born- anywhere. Just like an unwelcome child in a philosopher. I surely do have my concern of the power of *that* terror! Who wants to watch themselves raise a child who was made with bad sex – or none at all!⁶ – a child they didn't desire? But it is not the terror of the apparitions and wind-eggs, recollection of midwife visions or stillborn concepts, which summon me to build this individual temple; quite the contrary. Dream or awake – doesn't matter to the god they are more lawless than we – it is the Beauty [*Kallone*] of these visions that possess and disturb me.

In my alienation, sophistication and vanity, it was not terror but a great force of *aidos*, and of grief, that came over me – a grief which kept watch on me, clung to me, belonged to me. They always came together, in

that order: alienation, sophistication, vanity, grief, *aidos*.
Why did I ever start learning the flute?

I am, frankly, concerned that I matter. I would, after these ritual nights of water-gazing in my private temple, fall asleep at the foot of the statues of Silenus⁷, too taken by the thought of always being extraneous, a *being-extraneous*, too filled with the distant chatterings of those warriors training their boys to recollect not the real domains of forms (discretely installed myths) – ‘cause that process is all *hush hush* for the old guys – but the human soul which now possesses its treasured, barnacle covered, alien temple. In my dreams, this unhinged chord of mine became a comforting narrator, an interlocutor with those aging soldiers who in their twilight, disavowed my stupider imaginations. We’re a threat. There’s always a war somewhere! Especially when it comes to the soul!

Watching those philosophers’ tradition, with their emphatic speeches or sophistic dialogues – gorgeous dialectics all – I saw only refrains of representative images. Bravery only saved later for the battlefield. Then there was their unwavering assumption that the fundamental burden of embodied personhood is *to be an image of the really real set adrift in a sea of images*.⁸ But what images? How did they get them? Where is the sea? I mean, how do they form contracts, images and allegiances, with a belief powerful enough to make every ocean catholic? “Just make good and honest worship.” “Just understand the flavor of one good and sustainable wine.” I, for one among them, want to know something about why we like to hide in legal fictions. What’s more real than real.⁹ *Kalos, methexis, diaeresis...*?

THINKING IS NOT LOVE

Their mimetic techniques, their poetic logic, for ‘calling forth the art of philosophy,’ entertained them for hours, the rest of us for years to come, but by dawn I was always licking the skin under their sandals, sucking their ankles, and ‘instead of a soul I often found salty slime in them’.¹⁰

Because thinking is not love. Because the ideal isn’t an image. *Thinking is an altar.* The danger of making art, doing worship, recovering a ‘better image’ within, dying a little, is that it always runs the risk of getting away with more than the truth and skipping over the beginning. Or being a stranger to yourself. Thinking is an altar. *Concepts are a herd of victims.* Like me, like Iphigenia in her saffron-robés¹¹, but through the enjoyment of each-other, they seemed to feast on proclaiming something else in the *something* about to axed. *As if* I’m an onion with something other than onion inside. My *psychē* will stink, or bring tears, whatever the middle!

By the way, mimicry is an incoherent concept if you don’t know who is doing who in whose image. I’m always engaging in a degree of misunderstanding: how do you know I am not just blowing a wind upside down to flatter you, to cover myself?¹² I call that art; ‘a sea of vanity in the trance of sober inquiry’:

He lives on, yielding day by day to the desire at hand. Sometimes he drinks heavily while listening to the flute; at other times, he drinks only water and is on a diet; sometimes he goes in for physical training; at other times, he’s idle and neglects everything; and sometimes he even occupies himself with what he takes to be philosophy. He often engages in politics, leaping up from his seat and saying and doing whatever comes into his mind. If he happens to admire soldiers, he’s carried in that direction, if money-

*makers, in that one. There's neither order nor necessity in his life, but he calls it pleasant, free, and blessedly happy, and he follows it for as long as he lives.*¹³

No wonder some of them end up called to worship Dionysos to stay young forever, removing Apollo's sandals! As Deximenes says to me when I say such things, "You will never be a philosopher. You are too emotional!"¹⁴ But what am I to do when I see them summon Dionysos in his own name with their little insatiable, tender *eidolóns*: "in psychosomatic symptoms, in hysterical conversions, in specific sadomasochistic perversions, in fears of aging, in horror of pollution, or in disintegrative incoherent conditions that have a body focus?"¹⁵ I say back to him, "Emotions make you dynamic. And being dynamic makes you run into things!" Don't you want to feel the slippages between what touches you?

What I really try to impress into them, after I enjoy their salty ankles, is this: I believe you have swallowed your sacrifices and brought them into your private shrines, trying to make each concept a docile goat, and in your secret mind you are *calculating to win the favor of the gods on the quiet by sacrifices and prayers*. If you legislate against yourself with your own law, aren't you making *the whole state catch the infection of your impiety*? So it goes. Initiate the physical. Introspect the spiritual. Dement the gods for fame...



II.
HUMAN
BEAUTY

FRAGMENTS ON APHRODITE AND DIONYSUS:
LETTERS FROM APHRODITE TO HER SONS

DEAR Son *EROS*

Remember.

You know who I am. You know my naked power.
I am called Aphrodite! Here and in heaven.
And all who dwell between the Black Sea
and the Atlantic,
seeing the light of the sun –
all who bow to my power – I treat them with respect.¹⁶

LOVE

A...



A...

You know who I am. You know my naked power.
I get it from you! Here and over there.
And all who dwell in your uprising –
did they not forget the mask you put on?
dividing yourself in two – playing with their pickled
souls?

Your Devoted Son
EROS

SON, PRIAPOS¹⁷

Your penis is so large and always erect.
Mixing sea foam and wine –
Even I can bare something ugly!
So little man do not in your *shame fail* –
I grant you *forever* the image of arousing beauty:
excessive self-love.¹⁸

YOUR APHRODITE



MOTHER

Today I participate in sacrifice at the feet
of the musician with no instrument.¹⁹

Are you proud?

YOUR LITTLE MAN

THE MYTH OF ANTEROS

When Aphrodite bore Eros, the lad was fair and like his mother in every way, save that he did not grow to a stature befitting his beauty, nor did he put on flesh; but he long remained at the size which he had had at birth. This matter perplexed his mother and the Muses who nursed him, and presenting themselves before Themis (*for Apollo did not yet possess Delphi*) they begged for a cure to this strange and wondrous mischance.

So Themis spoke: "Why," said she, "I will solve this difficulty, for you have *not yet learned the nature of the child*. Your true Eros, Aphrodite, might indeed be born by himself, but could not possibly grow by himself; if you wish Eros to grow you need Anteros. These two brothers will be of the same nature, and each will be cause of the other's growth; for as they see each other they will alike grow, but if either is left alone they will both waste away."

So Aphrodite gave birth to Anteros, and Eros shot up at once; his wings sprouted and he grew tall. The circumstances of his establishment being so remarkable, he often passes through incredible vicissitudes, now waxing, now waning, and again increasing. But he needs his brother always beside him; seeing him large, he strives to prove himself greater, or finding him small and slight he often wastes unwillingly away.²⁰

A "BEAUTIFUL BOY"
AN IMAGE OF A CONCEPT

A recent initiate, however, one who has seen much in heaven—when he sees a godlike face or bodily form that has captured Beauty well, first he shudders and a fear comes over him like those he felt at the earlier time; then he gazes at him with the reverence due a god, and if he weren't afraid people would think him completely mad, he'd even sacrifice to his boy as if he were the image of a god. Once he has looked at him, his chill gives way to *sweating and a high fever*, because the stream of beauty that pours into him through his eyes warms him up and waters the growth of his wings. Meanwhile, the heat warms him and *melts the places where the wings once grew*, places that were long ago closed off with hard scabs to keep the sprouts from coming back; but as nourishment flows in, the feather shafts swell and rush to grow from their roots beneath every part of the soul (long ago, you see, the entire soul had wings).

Now the whole soul seethes and throbs in this condition. Like *a child whose teeth* are just starting to grow in, and its gums are all aching and itching—that is exactly how the soul feels when it begins to grow wings. It swells up and aches and tingles as it grows them. But when it looks upon the beauty of the boy and takes in the stream of particles flowing into it from his beauty (that is why this is called 'desire'), when it is watered and warmed by this, then all its pain subsides and is replaced by joy. When, however, it is separated from the boy and runs dry, then the openings of the passages in which the feathers grow are dried shut and keep the wings from sprouting.

Then the *stump of each feather is blocked in its desire* and it throbs like a pulsing artery while the feather pricks at its passageway, with the result that the

whole soul is stung all around, and the *pain simply drives it wild*—but then, when it remembers the boy in his beauty, it recovers its joy. From the outlandish mix of these two feelings—pain and joy— comes anguish and helpless raving: in its madness the lover’s soul cannot sleep at night or stay put by day; it rushes, yearning, wherever it expects to see the person who has that beauty. When it does see him, it opens the sluice-gates of desire and sets free the parts that were blocked up before.

And now that the pain and the goading have stopped, it can catch its breath and once more suck in, for the moment, this sweetest of all pleasures. This it is not at all willing to give up, and no one is more important to it than the beautiful boy. It forgets mother and brothers and friends entirely and doesn’t care at all if it loses its wealth through neglect. And as for proper and decorous behavior, in which it used to take pride, *the soul despises the whole business*. Why, it is even willing to sleep like a slave, anywhere, as near to the object of its longing as it is allowed to get! That is because in addition to its reverence for one who has such beauty, the soul has discovered that *the boy is the only doctor* for all that terrible pain.²¹

he has a mirror image *the boy is the only doctor for the illness that caused him* *of*
love in him
—‘backlove’—²²

ON ANOTHER BEAUTY²³

Eros is a purging... I do feel that sometimes, like a watering I feel wings coming and drawing back, a *phaesporia*²⁴ emerging from my whole spine telling me a story no more. We more or less understand the ecology out of which eros' flight likes to fester. My question: How is the child, Priapos, of Madness and Beauty so dysfunctional? So infertile? So infertile that only the pharmakon can initiate him. I don't know. One thing that is important: we don't understand the imagination of her body. Beauty, like an animal, doesn't always behave. Aphrodite, too, can be touched, stained, done unto. And a wild touching gave birth to something she couldn't stand: her own son. This tells me something about the vulnerability and negotiations Beauty too must make. Her perfect fallibility.... her beautiful, often misleading, voice...

Eros is a doing. All human beings, Socrates, conceive both in terms of the body and in terms of the soul, and whenever they are at a certain age, their nature desires to give birth; but it is incapable of giving birth in ugliness, but only in beauty, for the being together of a man and a woman is a bringing to birth. This thing, pregnancy and bringing to birth, is divine and it is immortal in the animal that is mortal. It is impossible for this to happen in the unfitting; and the ugly is unfitting with everything divine, but the beautiful is fitting. So Kallone [Beauty]²⁵ is the Moira [Fate] and Eileithyia for birth. It is for these reasons that whenever the pregnant draws near to beauty, it becomes glad and in its rejoicing dissolves and then gives birth and produces offspring; but whenever it draws near to ugliness, then, downcast and in pain, it contracts inwardly, turns away, shrinks up and does not produce offspring, but checking the course of the pregnancy, has a hard time of it.

For eros is not, Socrates, of the beautiful as you believe.

It is of engendering and bringing to birth in the beautiful.²⁶

Instead of fire – another fire,
not just another drop of cunt sweat! Is what we women are – ²⁷

Indeed, I cast my net into their seas
and wanted to catch good fish;
but always I hauled in an ancient god's head .²⁸



III.
MANY-HEADED
GOOD

ACCOUNT OF PLATO'S DEATH²⁹

Plato died conducting the measure for my flute's music, just after the omen of the green flash. No one else saw his decaying finger as it punctuated the air. He asked only for my presence. I blew the song as I watched his pupils become no longer pupils, only doll eyes. His body entered the corpse. I bowed my head to him, now singing, flute aside: invoking a several headed monster, a lion, myself. A dithyramb came rushing out of my throat and a fire came pouring forth from my eyes, and the *fire from the face came to coalesce* him.³⁰ As I was beside myself, tears came rushing up, and as if in a dream, suddenly Plato rose before me, like an *autopsia*, and spoke:

I was in love with the Good. It isn't mutual.³¹
*The world is always an image of something.*³²

These uncanny words evoked in me an unfamiliar memory: The cause of all this, they say, was neither intelligent planning, nor a deity, nor art, but—as we've explained—nature and chance.³³ *Nature virtually tosses into a honeycomb an animal which is footless and wingless; then she gives it feet and wings, adorns it with all kinds of variegated and beautiful colors and so produces a bee, wise producer of heavenly honey; and from mute and lifeless eggs she shapes many species of winged, walking and water-dwelling animals, using (as some say) the sacred arts of the vast aether. We are mortal and utterly trivial, unable to see clearly either great or small matters and in the dark about most of the things which happen to us; so we could not possibly make any reliable claim about the mighty powers of the immortals, whether as regards halcyons or as regards nightingales.*³⁴

LIVER ORACLE

Too moved, I put the nightingale back in her aviary palace of my heart. And before those blabbering handsome boys could come to collect Plato and honor his calm death, I cut open the flesh of his stomach – I touched the beast tied down to the trough³⁵ – to excavate and investigate the liver while it was still full of itself and filled with blood. I admit, I vomited beside him from the silence beneath his unfamiliar fragrance. By chance though, on the object of the liver was the Image. *An image of his soul itself by itself with itself.*³⁶ The omen was clear:

*I searched out myself.*³⁷

I dare not utter, or claim to recognize, the real name – so impressed was I – that I immediately covered it over with *metaxy* (wax) to keep it from blinding me. Carefully I preserved the image, to preserve the liver, like a good fish, often having to stop to calm my vertigo. A slave filled the jar,³⁸ placing the lid on the sacred vessel, keeping his resemblance alive in the mixture of forensic liquids. Why preserve the liver above all the other organs? We all know that this part [which has appetites and needs] of the soul was not going to understand the deliverances of reason and that even if it were in one way or another to have some awareness of them, it would not have an innate regard for any of them, *but would be much more enticed by images and phantoms night and day. Hence the god conspired with this very*

tendency by constructing a liver, a structure which he situated in the dwelling place of *this part of the soul*.³⁹ That means the liver conspires for a god becoming the heart of divination and of hauntings from times beyond time. Since, in accordance with the tradition, while each creature is still alive, an organ of this sort will display marks that are fairly clear, but once its life has gone, the organ turns blind and its divinations are too faint to display any clear mark.⁴⁰ By keeping a living liquid, a living discourse, around Plato's liver, we've kept the marks and did not let the organ fade away, to embark over and over reasonably.

I am pleased I did so. Many people come flocking to see this liver hidden away in the temple, to divine for themselves into its fixed images, the presence of Plato himself. And he, Dionysos – *praise the dividing one* – sees the organ's dismemberment sacrificed before him and in our worship of him, he grants humans an everlasting part of desire.⁴¹ I think to myself: *Your faces, I don't understand them. At night I stand at the back of the temple. I watch you suck in sex, death, devastation, hour after hour in a weird kind of unresisting infant heat, then for no reason you cool, flicker out. I guess for no reason is an arrogant thing to say. For no reason I can name is what I mean.*⁴² Honestly, how reasonable do you think Plato was, when he loved the Good, and in the end, it didn't love him back? Like the slave said: the ideal enjoys my service! And all altar installations need maintenance and an audience. Bodies.. blood.. *An image cannot remain an image if it presents all the details of what it represents...*⁴³

FRAGMENTS FROM PLATO'S EULOGY

But She said unto thee:
Ask me not concerning this mystery.
If I should begin to tell you,
fire will issue forth out of my mouth
and consume the whole world....⁴⁴



*Oh foolish creatures that we are,
for the sake of a little pleasure
we have destroyed ourselves.*⁴⁵

When Plato was an infant, bees settled on his lips...⁴⁶



Farewell and heed my warning;
read this letter again and again, then burn it!⁴⁷

PLATO, I BELIEVE, WAS ILL

*Plato, I believe, was ill.*⁴⁸

Before Plato died, he was absent at Socrates death. Because he was ill? I am always too suspicious. Why? Plato was *always* ill. Ordinarily his illness provoked many alien tongues and slurred presences, but rarely, if not never, did they stop him from engaging his friendships. His illness was his madness and his beloved. So I, in my bewilderment, coerced Glaucon into explaining where Plato was that evening. Glaucon in sworn secrecy – *pray to Artemis for forgiveness* – said to me:

He is down the dark subterranean passage, taken by the kykeon of his organ. I believe he slept into Socrates. In doing so, he was able to be present to greet Socrates' soul on the lawless side, hear his final verses of the prison poems for Apollo, and in Socrates' epoptia help him pass over to the judgment of the glittering image of the world in his subject.

His account stirred something in me right away. Recalling a child I once saw... a poem she said... "The Earth won't die because it's a planet. But everything does though. Except spirits who die from people. Except drawings who are never alive. If one of us dies at the same time we'll see each other. We could put our hands right through each other. We would still love, but not our human body. We would love the people that died in our family. So I guess we're alive." I liked her point about how death, never being alive, was like a drawing. Whenever I was in Plato's home, sneaking around when he was off amalgamating, I deeply enjoyed looking at

his private sketches. He had this ridiculous habit of going to see the skulls remaining from the corpses of children and would spend hours sketching drawings of what their face would look like were it to be fleshed-out again in old age. He was practicing the art of philosophy through faceness.⁴⁹ The likenesses were astounding. He would say to me, 'everything is in the face,' or 'the face is the soul of the body as the body is the possession of the soul.' Remember that time I joked that he was like those wand-makers? Remember when they used to throw dead limbs of trees into the salt caves, go back in many months time, and pull them out covered in salt crystals growths and declare them a real crystal oracle to be used in conducting altar services, which change how the god changes you? Sometimes I feel like a wand, like an *imitation of the contrary-speech-producing, insincere and unknowing sort, of the appearance-making kind of copy-making, the wordjuggling part of production that's marked off as human and not divine!*"⁵⁰ Because salt, and a cave, try to make me more human than human: make my faceness of ontologically ambiguous status. I'm right here.

Plato did love to eat salt. Once, over some calling birds, he told me himself, long after the rest fell into sleep, *perhaps in reality we're dead. Once I even heard one of the wise men say that we are now dead and that our bodies are our tombs, and that the part of our souls in which our appetites reside is actually the sort of thing to be open to persuasion and to shift back and forth.*⁵¹ I laughed and told him his slave, *probably* wished that too. Perhaps in reality we're dead? Really? After sometime though, I admit I too was moved, in a kind of generic questioning of my whole human being, a call to wonder at the temporal state of the bloody situation. What a strain. How swiftly providence moves when all the lights are on! Is my life really so vague, that I can't tell the difference?

He's always pulling these speculative eugenics. "What if *everybody* was dead!?" It's a fashionable topic among Athenians. Always paranoid some weirder city will infiltrate their soul-making. Or their pride in having shame. Point being, we can't know if we are dead he said, and very well, we can't know which order among orders we are among. We order things by popularity or difference from popularity anyways. I enjoy the problem though.

His *phantastikē technē*, not so violent as a god's, allowed him to not be present at Socrates' death, so he could be with Socrates' real person in transition to the over-life. They always had a strange friendship. I think he just wanted to help prepare Socrates' hymn for Apollo, honoring an everlasting decision between fantastic obligations. I admire that in Plato. I admire Plato being absent from the real account for the haunting, the whisper, from the over-life. He's always making more spaciousness in the gods for irony. His illness a whole tribe of dreams.

Plato did also tell me once, *perhaps in reality we're dreaming. We prove unable to draw all these distinctions and others related to them—even in the case of that unsleeping, truly existing reality—because our dreaming state renders us incapable of waking up and stating the truth, which is this: Since that for which an image has come to be is not at all intrinsic to the image, which is invariably borne along to picture something else, it stands to reason that the image should therefore come to be in something else, somehow clinging to being, or else be nothing at all. But that which really is receives support from the accurate, true account—*⁵² I said to him, what are you on about? Do you mean, then, the image isn't an image of itself, and reality isn't a reality of itself, and the dream isn't a dream of itself and

myself isn't a self of itself? And the truest account is, as you may say, that of the thing itself? Please. He claimed he wasn't really asking the difference between dream and reality. He was asking about the resemblance of dream and dream. I asked him, "Well, what if in reality nobody is ever dreaming? Where's the absence really? Where's the sense? Although, we're all anticipating the real. Have you ever seen people possessed by coma? They look like they are awake but they are not and they are neither in a dream nor dead. Nor are they dreaming or dying. It's amazing. I guess they are really alive. Like an obedient prisoner!"

Sometimes the state we call 'falling into' the dream, finds a more appropriate feeling, more dynamic, perhaps even safer, when it allows for a long suspense. Socrates had a number of dreams, but remember his few before being executed? *I thought it safer not to leave here until I had satisfied my conscience by writing poems in obedience to the dream.*⁵³ Awake or asleep, in the last hour, obey the dream. Why? For one thing, he saw he was going to the *fertile land* of Phthia. For another, he was told something great: "practice and cultivate the arts." Only in the face of death, do dreams become capable of legalizing poetry and allowing advice from the uncertain wilderness of daimons. Which I take to mean, the arts invoke a state of contemplative action before transformation in domain and subject. On the other hand, it risks a dangerous call to power, to colonize through the soul's appetite for images: the celebration and the dismemberment of Aphrodite as it she enters domains she no longer operates in but *is*.

Socrates, your trusty steed Apollo guides you on...yet, she is always negotiating the colors of your light where attention begins... *You see, then, it is not difficult to find matter for dispute, when it is disputed even whether*

*this is real life or a dream [or a mask of either].*⁵⁴

So, does the death, by necessity, involve dying or the dream, sleep? Not really. Dreams are *forms lit by their own light!*⁵⁵ Isn't that what you want to claim is true, good, beautiful? But dreams are never 'true accounts,' they are seductive ones. And death doesn't even get a chance to have a true account. There are certain domains that seem most fruitful for death and dreams, and imagination for that matter. Yet that tribe of death, dreams and imagination can also occur somewhere unexpected and weird. Like in the leg of a horse. Or the way a species of weather decides to raise itself. Follow the deed, your haunting past yourself.

Once I saw a black butterfly. I noticed those dark kinds always mated with butterflies blacker than themselves, to try to make it, what, a sexier shade of gray? In an evening experiment I took the dead corpse of one such creature and I painted it black. Blacker than black. And I placed it carefully on the part of the ground I had seen other butterflies mate before and played my flute in its direction to give it wind. To my delight, two, three, four, five or more beating, flying wings of others came towards it! Each in turn tried to mate with the black one. None with one another. I guess they loved the blackest thing so much they weren't turned on by each other. Same goes for you and I.

Your poetic experiment made me wonder something simpler. Are ideals an image of something more real than real, or is the ideal *something* – like backlove black paint? There are true impressions. Actual eugenics. The smell of a song which causes us to have the courage. It reminds me of something Plato once said before he died: "I'm very sorry, but really, you're all so unserious about art, as if it were a sort of side issue.

As if one could say there's the navy and the silvermines and the war and the latest news about Alcibiades and this and that and then of course there's art and – But art is – in a way it's almost *everything* – you don't see how deep art is, and how *awful* it is!⁵⁶

How awful it is if the soul, self-moving, is a form made of its own light, generating offspring without its eyes open, and in maiden heritage!

But the instant just before, in myesis⁵⁷, when eyelids have slipped over our eyes and they for one more moment have remained seers behind their curtain and through the darkness spread everywhere in what we call the bedroom, that is the vault, canopy, sublunary world, world of beneath the lids, of ceiling and sheets, world of beneath, crypt hidden to itself – at that instant the gaze has seen the night into which it was entering. What it saw was nothing but the absence of all vision and all visibility. Even that, it saw.⁵⁷

Or aren't you aware how uncanny is the disposition of all the beasts (the footed as well as the winged) whenever they desire to produce offspring:⁵⁸ I follow your lead to lure you out. I imitate myself...

OEDIPUS FRAGMENT ON APOLLO

O doer of dread deeds ...
What daimon drove you on?

Apollo it was, *Apollo*, friends
Who brought these ills.⁵⁹

Secret of Changing Terrain *in the Middle of the Race* &
Apollo's Twin Who Gave Birth to Him

I.

His course will be over comparatively level ground, whereas the other runner, an archer in full archer rig, will run a course of 100 lengths over hills and *constantly changing terrain into a temple of Apollo and Artemis.*⁶⁰

II.

Artemis appears to have been so called because of her soundness (*artemes*) and orderliness, and because of her desire for virginity (*parthenia*). Or perhaps the one who gave her that name was calling her 'an investigator of virtue' (*aretēs histōr*).⁶¹

III.

Or has the ship arrived from Delos, at the arrival of which I must die? ⁶²

1. Appears to be referencing the relationship of philosophers to flute-girls in, Plato, *Protagoras*, 347c-e: “Discussing poetry strikes me as no different from the second-rate drinking parties of the agora crowd. *These people, largely uneducated and unable to entertain themselves over their wine by using their own voices to generate conversation, pay premium prices for flute-girls and rely on the extraneous voice of the reed flute as background music for their parties.* But when well-educated gentlemen drink together, you will not see girls playing the flute or the lyre or dancing, but a group that knows how to get together without these childish frivolities, conversing civilly no matter how heavily they are drinking. *Ours is such a group, if indeed it consists of men such as most of us claim to be, and it should require no extraneous voices, not even of poets, who cannot be questioned on what they say.*”

2. An excerpt found in a translation of Pindar, *Pythian Odes*, “silverfooted Aphrodite / shed seductive shame/charming coyness (*aidos*) / on their sweet bed” from Anne Carson, *Grief Lessons* (New York: New York Review of Books, 2006), p.165.

3. *Thargêlos* was a ‘stew of first fruits, vegetables, and grains’ offered to Apollo on the rites of the festival Thargelia. As Wm. Black Tyrell, *The Sacrifice of Socrates* (Lansing, Michigan: Michigan State University Press, 2012) p.56, points out, “Fertility is marked by *thargêlos* and its absence by the *pharmakos*, while pollution, the absence of fertility, is marked by the presence of the *pharmakos* and the absence of *thargêlos*. Different in appearance, *thargêlos* and *pharmakos* embody contradictories that constitute divinity.”

4. Apparently referencing the beginning of the myth of Marsyas. “According to the myth, Athene

fashioned a flute in order to entertain the Olympians. Noticing that Hera and Aphrodite were smiling behind their hands as she played, she went into the forest where she found a quiet pool. There, she played the flute and studied her reflection. *She realized then that the effort forced her to puff out her cheeks and turn purple, presenting an altogether ludicrous picture to anyone who was watching.* In a rage, she cursed the flute and flung it away,“ as referenced in Daniel Anderson, *The Masks of Dionysos* (Albany, New York: State University of New York Press, 1993) p.106-107.

5. Plato, *Laws*, 910.

6. Likely a reference to Artemis cults, which centered around parthenogenesis (asexual reproduction when the unfertilized egg develops into a new individual without fertilization) and divine birth. See Marguerite Rigoglioso, *The Cult of Divine Birth in Ancient Greece* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2009) p.84-116.

7. Likely a reference to Socrates. As he is described as Silenus in Plato, *Symposium*, 215d.

8. As found in Lloyd Gerson, *Knowing Persons* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2003) p. 275.

9. Felix Guattari, *The Machinic Unconscious* (Los Angeles, CA: Semiotext(e), 2011) p.301, illuminates this sentiment further, “The signs of this spell book are not logical algorithms but abstract entities, machinic propositions in direct contact with the most deterritorialized articulations of the components of the real and thus, in a sense, more real than the real (“Art is the most real thing there is.”). These abstract, diagrammatic machinisms of art not only involve energetic, biological, and socio-economioic-spatio-temporal dimensions, but also the transitory

or ephemeral modes of temporalization, fleeting intuitions, 'minuscule impressions,' everything that stems from the "extreme part of sensations." They allow us to access the virtualities of the real, a hyper-reality which involves the most profound dynamism of things, not simply time passed and time emerging in the present, but also all the modes of temporalization to come."

10. As found in Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2006) p.101. May be a sexual reference to male ejaculation.

11. A direct reference to a myth of sacrifice to Artemis: "After the fleet had gathered at Aulis for the second time, Agamemnon went hunting and shot a deer. He said that he had surpassed Artemis. The goddess was enraged and sent winds, preventing them from sailing. Calchas declared the goddess' wrath and ordered the sacrifice of Iphigenia to Artemis. They summoned Iphigenia on the pretext of marriage with Archiles and tried to sacrifice her. But Artemis snatched her away and carried her to the Taurians and made her immortal. She put a deer on the altar instead of the girl," As quoted in Tyrell, *The Sacrifice of Socrates*, p.50. Additionally the relevant passage from the play *Agamemnon* (218-247),

*Prayers and cries of "Father"
and her maiden's life
the war-loving priests set at naught.
After a prayer, the father told the priests
to lift her on high over the altar,
face downward like a goat,
falling upon his robes with a suppliant's heart,
and to check her voice,
a source of curses for the house,
with a guard upon her beautiful mouth.*

*With the violence of bridles, speech-dumbing strength,
 she poured her saffron-colored robes to the ground
 and struck each of her sacrificers
 with a piteous shaft from her eyes,
 appearing as if in a painting, wishing
 to address them, since many times
 in her father's sumptuous banquet halls,
 she had sung.
 A heifer not yet put to the bull, with pure voice,
 she paid honor lovingly for her loving father's
 joyful paean at the close of the feasting.*

12. Again referencing the myth of Marsyas, this time the end, "In the event [a musical contest between Marsyas and Apollo] the contest was a draw. In order to break the tie Apollo challenged Marsyas to do with his instrument what Apollo could do with his: *turn it upside down and played it while singing – a feat possible with a lyre, but clearly not possible with a flute.* The songs the god sang also flattered the judges. Having thus won the contest through trickery Apollo demanded as his prize Marsyas' skin, which he subsequently sewed into a waterskin and nailed it to a tree in Anatolia, where it became the source of a river," as referenced in Anderson, *The Masks of Dionysos*, p.107.

13. Plato, *The Republic*, 561c-d.

14. Deximenes is a character from a lesser known "Platonic Dialogue" on Art and Eros in Iris Murdoch, *Acastos: Two Platonic Dialogues* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1986) p. 62.

15. As referenced in James Hillman, *Mythic Figures* (Putnam, Connecticut: Spring Publications, 2007), p. 27.

16. Aphrodite's first lines in the prologue from

Euripedes' *Hippolytos* as translated by Anne Carson, *Grief Lessons* (New York: New York Review of Books, 2006), p. 173. Hippolytos was considered a protected friend of Artemis.

17. Priapos was a son of Aphrodite. The father is sometimes said to be Dionysos, sometimes Zeus and sometimes Hermes. He was known for having an abnormally large, and always erect penis. In contemporary medicine, we have named erectile dysfunction “priapism” after him. He was said to be the brother of Hermaphroditos. For more on Priapus see *Pink Madness* in James Hillman, *Mythic Figures*, p. 200-229.

18. Referencing a passage from Plato, *Laos* (731d-732b) as pointed out in Lloyd Gerson, *Knowing Persons*, “The greatest evils found naturally in the souls of most human beings is one that everyone forgives himself for having and so makes no effort to escape. *This is what people are talking about when they say that every human being is by nature a friend to himself and that it is proper for him to be so. In truth, however, the explanation each and every time for all the mistakes that human beings make is excessive self-love.* This is a love that blinds the lover in regard to the beloved, so that he judges badly matters of justice and goodness and beauty, always thinking that he should honour that which belongs to himself before the truth.”

19. Referencing Alcibiadis' speech in Plato, *Symposium*, 215c-d, “And you're quite a fluteplayer, aren't you? In fact, you're much more marvelous than Marsyas, who needed instruments to cast his spells on people. And so does anyone who plays his tunes today—for even the tunes Olympus played are Marsyas' work, since Olympus learned everything from him. Whether they are played by the greatest flautist or the meanest flute-girl, his melodies have in themselves

the power to possess and so reveal those people who are ready for the god and his mysteries. That's because his melodies are themselves divine. *The only difference between you and Marsyas is that you need no instruments; you do exactly what he does, but with words alone.* You know, people hardly ever take a speaker seriously, even if he's the greatest orator; but let anyone—man, woman, or child—listen to you or even to a poor account of what you say—and we are all transported, completely possessed.”

20. The myth was translated and discussed in the article by Robert Merrill, *Eros and Anteros*, *Speculum*, Vol. 19, No.3, (July 1944), 265-284.

21. Plato, *Phaedrus*, 250d-252b.

22. Plato, *Phaedrus*, 255e.

23. Beauty is indicated by the passage to be both of Beauty as in Aphrodite's two kinds (Common and Heavenly) and Beauty as in Kallone used by Diotima in the *Symposium*.

24. *Phaesphoria* is one of the gifts granted to Artemis by her father Zeus, “light-bringer.”

25. As noted in Seth Bernadette, *Plato's Symposium* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2001), p.37, Kallone is a cult name for Artemis-Hecate.

26. Seth Bernadette, *Plato's Symposium*, p.37.

27. From a Letter by Eurpides for Phaidra, as translated in Anne Carson, *Grief Lessons*, p. 312.

28. As found in Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, p. 101, in the section *On Poets*.

29. There very few hints about the actual event of Plato's death. An article on a passage by Eric Voeglin describing the possibility of a flute-girl at the death of Plato can be found in, James Schall, *On the Death of Plato*, (The American Scholar, Summer 1996) p.65.
30. A passage from, Plato, *Timeaus*, 46b. Both this passage and a later references to fire in the "Eulogy" section may be referencing Eleusian traditions of Artemis and Artemis-Hecate, of passing of light by torch from a central fire. As well, giving birth by fire: "She then gave birth in fire: the goddess of death gave birth, What a message! In the flame of the funeral pyres which blazed round the cities of Greece, the dead -one would have thought- were turned to ashes or at most to shades." Which is similar to the Christian Easter tradition, "Then at last the church rings with cries of jubilation. Cries from men's mouths and cries of light. Fromt he Holy Sepulcher leaps the fire: flames are passed out," from Carl Kerényi, *Eleusis*, (New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1967), p.93 & p. 102.
31. Seems to be a reference from a theme in Acastos, as translated by Iris Murdoch, *Acastos: Two Platonic Dialogues*.
32. Plato, *Timeaus*, 29b.
33. Plato, *Laws*, 890c.
34. Plato, *Halcyon*, 7-8.
35. Plato, *Timeaus*, 70e.
36. Plato, *Symposium*, 211b.
37. A fragment attributed to Heraclitus, "I

searched out myself,” Frag. 101b.

38. Plato, *Symposium*, 214b.

39. Plato, *Timeaus*, 71a.

40. Plato, *Timeaus*, 72c.

41. A good account of Dionysos role in the *Symposium*, and other dialogues in relationship with eros, can be found in Anderson, *The Masks of Dionysos*.

42. From Euripides Letter to Phaidra, Anne Carson, *Grief Lessons*, p. 309.

43. Plato, *Cratylus*, 432b.

44. Adaption in the Gospel of Bartholomew in M.R. James, *The Apocryphal New Testament*, (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1924), the word “She” is rendered “Mary” in the later text. “She” is likely a reference to Artemis, as Artemis was the goddess of parthenogenic (virgin or divine) birth.

45. From Aesop’s Fable, *The Flies and The Honey-pot*, “A number of flies were attracted to a jar of honey that had been over-turned in a housekeeper’s room, and placing their feet in it, ate greedily. Their feet, however, were so smeared with honey that they could not use their wings, nor release themselves, and were suffocated. Just as they were expiring they exclaimed, “Oh foolish creatures that we are, for the sake of a little pleasure we have destroyed ourselves.” Pleasure bought with pains, hurts.”

46. Cicero, *De Divinatione*, I, 36. Seems to be pointing to Plato being born under the guardianship of Artemis. As the bee was a significant symbol of Artemis, and many currencies for the cities where

Artemis worship were practiced impressed bees on the front of the coin. See, G.W. Elderkin, *The Bee of Artemis*, *The American Journal of Philology*, Vol. 60, No. 2 (1939), p.203-213.

47. Plato, *Letter II*, 314c.

48. Plato, *Phaedo*, 59b.

49. Peter Sloterdijk, *Philosophical Temperaments*, (New York: Columbia University Press, 2013), p.11, makes a statement about Plato being a medium and a god, “Plato presented himself as a medium – as it were- of the god of the philosophers, who was proclaiming through him the commandment: *I am an image-less god, you shall no longer have any sung and versified gods beside me.* Henceforth it was no longer the tone and the verse that created true music, but the prose argument and the dialectical thought process. Thus the Platonic opus not only marks the epochal threshold between orality and literacy, but also stands at the *boundary between the older, musical-rhapsodic transmission of knowledge and the now prosaic-communicative procurement of knowledge.*”

50. Plato, *Sophist*, 268d.

51. Plato, *Gorgias*, 493a.

52. Plato, *Timeaus*, 52c.

53. Plato, *Phaedo*, 61c.

54. Plato, *Theatetus*, 158c.

55. Hillman, *Mythic Figures*, p. 325.

56. Murdoch, *Acastos*, p. 48.

57. In Kerényi, *Eleusis*, p. 46 he defines the term, “*Myesis* can be rendered by the latin word *initia*, “beginnings,” or its derivative *initiatio*, or initiation, signifying introduction into the secret. For *myesis* comes from the verb *myeo* which denotes the action. The simpler verb *myo*, from which the noun derives, implies the element of secrecy. It means nothing other than “to close,” as the eyes do after seeing. The self-evident first object of this verb is the subject itself: *he closes himself* after the manner of a flower. But a second object is possible, which must be very close to the subject, his very own possession. Such an object is the secret. [...] In Greek a number of composite words can be traced back to the hypothetical verbal adjective *myston*, which *can signify only that which is shut up within itself*: *mysto-dotes* is one who gives out such a secret (Apollo in Mesomedes’ Hymn to the Muses), *mysto-graphos*, one who writes down the secrets.”

58. Adaptation found in Jean-Luc Nancy, *The Fall of Sleep* (New York: Fordham University Press, 2009), p. 48.

59. An adaptation of Plato, *Symposium*, 207a-b.

60. Hillman, *Mythic Figures*, p. 326.

61. Plato, *Laws*, 833c.

62. Plato, *Cratylus*, 405a-406d, on Artemis “so-called because of her soundness and orderliness, and because of her desire for virginity. Or perhaps the one who gave her that name was calling her ‘an investigator of virtue’ or ‘a hater of sexual intercourse between men and women’. It is for some one of these reasons or for all of them that the one who gave this name to the goddess gave it to her.”

63. Plato, *Crito*, 39d. Referring to the festival of Apollo which is delaying Socrates execution.

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