Dialogue 22 about Plato: “The Living Word” Part I

About Bach’s Goldberg Variations (there are 32 of them)... “It is, in short, music which observes neither end nor beginning, music with neither real climax nor real resolution ...” - Glenn Gould 1956.

Key word: daimonion = ‘the daimôn thing’ or ‘the little daimôn’, which is Socrates’ parody of the wording used by the State in accusing him of introducing unacceptable concepts of daimones:

A) From Plato Apology of Socrates

Hitherto the oracular [mantike] art of the daimonion within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error about anything; and now as you see there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. [40b] But the sign [sēmeion] did not oppose me, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech; but now in nothing I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a proof that what has happened to me is a good [agathon], [40c] and that those of us who think that death is an evil [kakon] are in error. This is a great proof to me of what I am saying, for the customary sign [sēmeion] would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good [agathon]. Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good [agathon], for one of two things—either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul [psukhē] from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, [40d] but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain [kerdos]. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king, [40e] will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death is like this, I say that to die is gain [kerdos]; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good [agathon], O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? [41a] If indeed when the pilgrim [theōros] arrives in the world below, he is delivered from those who profess justice in this world, and finds the true [alēthēs] judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Aeacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of gods who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage [theōría] will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer? No, if this be true [alēthēs], let me die again and again. [41b] I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust [non-dikaios] judgment [krisis]; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings [pathos plural] with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that; I shall find out who is sophos, and who pretends to be sophos, and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; [41c] or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true [alēthēs]. Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth [alēthēs]—[41d] that no evil [kakos] can happen to a good [agathos] man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching death, and know this of a truth 

B) from Plato Apology of Socrates [22a] I will tell you the tale of my wanderings [planai, plural of planē] and of the labors [pono], as I may call them, which I endured only to find at last the oracle [manteion] irrefutable.
G) "An die Musik" (To Music) by Franz Schubert (D. 547 Op. 88 No. 4). Text by Franz von Schober

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,  
You, O sacred art, how often, in hours that were gray,  

Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,  
while I was caught up in the savage cycle of life,  

Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzündet,  
you brought back my heart to warm love,  

Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt!  
and spirited me off to a better world.  

Oft hat ein Seulzer, deiner Harf' entflossen,  
Often a sigh drifted from your harp -
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir</th>
<th>a sweet and holy chord coming from you,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Den Himmel belebter Zeiten mir erschlossen,</td>
<td>revealing from the heavens a glimpse of better times</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!</td>
<td>You, O sacred art, I thank you for this.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>