The key word for this dialogue is sōzein (verb) ‘save; be a sōtēr (for someone)’; sōtēr ‘savior’ (either ‘bringing to safety’ or, mystically, ‘bringing back to life’); sōtēría ‘safety, salvation’.

A) Plato’s *Phaedo* (57a and following):

Echecrates. [57a] Were you yourself, Phaedo, in the prison with Socrates on the day when he drank the poison [pharmakon]?

Phaedo. Yes, Echecrates, I was.

Ech. I wish that you would tell me about his death. What did he say in his last hours? We were informed that he died by taking poison, but no one knew anything more; for no Phliasian ever goes to Athens now, [57b] and a long time has elapsed since any Athenian found his way to Phlius, and therefore we had no clear account.

Phaed. [58a] Did you not hear of the proceedings at the trial?

Ech. Yes; someone told us about the trial, and we could not understand why, having been condemned, he was put to death, as appeared, not at the time, but long afterwards. What was the reason of this?

Phaed. An accident [tukhe], Echecrates. The reason was that the stern of the ship which the Athenians send to Delos happened to have been garlanded [stephein] on the day before he was tried.

Ech. What is this ship?

Phaed. This is the ship in which, as the Athenians say, Theseus went to Crete when he took with him the fourteen youths, [58b] and was the savior [sōzein] of them and of himself. And they were said to have vowed to Apollo at the time, that if they were saved [sōzein] they would make an annual pilgrimage [theoría] to Delos. Now this custom still continues, and the whole period of the pilgrimage [theoría] to and from Delos, [58c] beginning when the priest of Apollo garlands [stephein] the stern of the ship, is the season of the theoría, during which the city is not allowed to be polluted by public executions; and often, when the vessel is detained by adverse winds, there may be a very considerable delay. As I was saying, the ship was garlanded [stephein] on the day before the trial, and this was the reason why Socrates lay in prison and was not put to death until long after he was condemned.

B) Plato *Phaedo* (69c):

And I conceive that the founders of the mysteries [teletai] had a real meaning and were not mere triflers when they intimated in a figure [or ‘riddle’ = verb of amigma] long ago that he who passes without initiation [amuentos] and without ritual induction [atelestos, from verb of telos] into the world below [= Hades] will live in a slough, but that he who arrives there after purification [= verb of katharsis] and induction [verb of telos] will dwell [verb of oikos] with the gods. For many, as they say in the mysteries [teletai], are the bearers of the thyrsus [narthēx], but few are the bakkhoi [= devotees of Bacchus].

C) Plato *Phaedo* (59d and following):

On the last morning the meeting was earlier than usual; [59c] this was owing to our having heard on the previous evening that the sacred ship had arrived from Delos, and therefore we agreed to meet very early at the accustomed place. On our going to the prison, the jailer who answered the door, instead of admitting us, came out and told us to wait and he would call us. “For the Eleven,” he said, “are now with Socrates; they are taking off his chains, and giving orders that he is to die today.” He soon returned and said that we might come in. [60a] On entering we found Socrates just released from chains, and Xanthippe, whom you know, sitting by him, and holding his child in her arms. When she saw us she uttered a cry and said, as women will: “O Socrates, this is the last time that either you will converse with your friends, or they with you.” Socrates turned to Crito and said: “Crito, let someone take her home.” Some of Crito’s people accordingly led her away, crying out and beating herself.

D) Plato’s *Phaedo* (60e and following):

In the course of my life I have often had intimations in dreams “that I should make music [mousikē],” The same dream came to me sometimes in one form, and sometimes in another, but always saying the same or nearly the same words: Make and cultivate music [mousikē], said the dream. [61a] And hitherto I had imagined that this was only intended to exhort and encourage me in the study of philosophy, which has always been the pursuit of my life, and is the noblest and best of music [mousikē]. The dream was bidding me to do what I was already doing, in the same way that the competitor in a race is called on by the spectators to run when he is already running. But I was not certain of this, as the dream might have meant music [mousikē] in the popular sense of the word, and being under sentence of death, and the festival giving me a respite, I thought that I should be safer if I engaged with the holiness, [61b] and, in obedience to the dream, composed a few verses before I departed. And first I made a hymn [hymnos] in honor of the god of the festival, and then considering that a poet, if he is really to be a poet or maker, should not only put words together but make stories [muthoi], and as I am not a maker of stories [muthologiōs], I took some fables [muthoi] of Aesop, which I had ready at hand and knew, and turned them into verse.
E) Plato’s *Phaedo* (88c and following):

[[Echecrates interrupts the narrative of Phaedo...]]

Ech. There I feel with you - I do, Phaedo, and when you were speaking, I was beginning to ask myself the same question: [88d] What argument can I ever trust again? For what could be more convincing than the argument of Socrates, which has now fallen into discredit? That the *psukhê* is a tuning *[harmonia]* is a doctrine which has always had a wonderful attraction for me, and, when mentioned, came back to me at once, as my own original conviction. And now I must begin again and find another argument which will assure me that when the man is dead the *psukhê* dies not with him. Tell me, I beg. [88e] how did Socrates proceed? Did he appear to share the unpleasant feeling which you mention? or did he receive the interruption calmly and give a sufficient answer? Tell us, as exactly as you can, what passed.

Phaed. Often, Echecrates, as I have admired Socrates, I never admired him more than at that moment. [89a] That he should be able to answer was nothing, but what astonished me was, first, the gentle and pleasant and approving manner in which he regarded the words of the young men, and then his quick sense of the wound which had been inflicted by the argument, and his ready application of the healing art. He might be compared to a general rallying his defeated and broken army, urging them to follow him and return to the field of argument.

Ech. How was that?

Phaed. You shall hear, for I was close to him on his right hand, seated on a sort of stool, [89b] and he on a couch which was a good deal higher. Now he had a way of playing with my hair, and then he smoothed my head, and pressed the hair upon my neck, and said: Tomorrow, Phaedo, I suppose that these fair locks of yours will be severed. Yes, Socrates, I suppose that they will, I replied. Not so if you will take my advice.

Ech. What shall I do with them? I said. Today, he replied, and not tomorrow, if this argument dies and cannot be brought to life again *[anabôsasthai]* by you, you and I will both shave our locks; [89c] and if I were you, and could not maintain my ground against Simmias and Cebes, I would myself take an oath, like the Argives, not to wear hair any more until I had renewed the conflict and defeated them. Yes, I said, but Herakles himself is said not to be a match for two. Summon me then, he said, and I will be your Iolaos until the sun goes down.

I summon you rather, I said, not as Herakles summoning Iolaos, but as Iolaos might summon Herakles.

F) Plato *Phaedo* (102d): He added, laughing, I am speaking like a book *[sungraphikós erein]*, but I believe that what I am now saying is true.

G) Plato *Phaedo* (117a and following):

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant, and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying a cup of poison *[pharmakon]*. Socrates said: You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered: You have only to walk about [*117b*] until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said: [*117c*] yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—may this, then, which is my prayer, be granted to me. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over ury may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—may this, then, which is my prayer, be granted to me. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over

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