

Homework: transmediate sparkline into draft dialogue

PLATO

SOCRATES: Let us look at it like this.

PHAEDRUS: How?

SOCRATES: Suppose I am trying to persuade you to buy a horse for service on a campaign. Neither of us knows exactly what a horse is, but I happen to know this much about you – Phaedrus believes a horse to be the longest-cared of the domestic animals.

PHAEDRUS: A ludicrous idea, Socrates.

SOCRATES: Wait a moment. Suppose that in a serious effort to persuade you I make use of a piece that I have composed in praise of the donkey. I call the donkey a horse, and tell you that the beast is highly serviceable both at home and in the field; you can use it to fight on, and to carry your baggage besides, and for many other purposes.

PHAEDRUS: That would be the height of absurdity.

SOCRATES: Isn't it better to be an absurd friend than a clever enemy?

PHAEDRUS: Of course.

SOCRATES: Well, when a speaker who does not know the difference between good and evil tries to convince a people as ignorant as himself, not by ascribing to a poor beast like a donkey the virtues of a horse, but by representing evil as in fact good, and so by a careful study of popular notions succeeds in persuading them to do evil instead of good, what kind of harvest do you think his rhetoric will reap from the seed he has sown?

PHAEDRUS: No very satisfactory harvest, I should say.

SOCRATES: But can it be, my friend, that we have treated the art of speech-making more roughly than we should? Perhaps she might reply: 'What nonsense is this, my good sirs? I do not insist on ignorance of truth as an essential qualification for the would-be speaker; for what my advice is worth I suggest that he should acquire that knowledge before embarking on me.'¹ I do emphatically assert, however,

1. cf. *Gorgias* 460A, where Gorgias, though he has disclaimed responsibility for the use made by his pupils of his rhetorical teaching, admits that if a pupil came to him ignorant of the nature of right and wrong he would feel bound to teach him.

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Plato's *Phaedrus*

Installation .01 *In a Thanatorium, metabolist decor, the sonic blare of neon lights, not too bright, buzzing in constant conjugation with translucent walls. Different channels, wind tunnels.*

ERNST JÜNGER: I considered engaging a total mobilization of spirit.

MARTIN HEIDEGGER: Nobody talks that way anymore. At least put quotation marks on spirit.

JACQUES DERRIDA: Don't get hooked on spirit. All these quotation marks are so many signs of being hooked.

HEIDEGGER: Sometimes I withdraw the quotation marks, but they're like vampiric bites, they leave traces and, anyway, it's hard to get off spirit.

DERRIDA: I see. But you do recognize the spectral supplement, don't you, the way we've swished from spirit to spirits. That can't be merely an accident. (*Looking around.*) This place is still too metaphysical for me. Can't you ventilate this textual space? x

HEIDEGGER: You French are so fast. Your velocities overwhelm me. I'll never forget that high speed drive with Lacan in the country. It nearly freaked out my wife. He refused to slow down. But you have to slow down, we all do, thinking takes time, *its* time. I'm going back to Aristotle. Why don't you stay?

DERRIDA: There's something about this thanatopos that seems too, how shall I say, scientific to me. Anyway, you're

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Ronell's *Crack Wars*