

1+1=3

Mysteriously a circle in the field had been marked; its presence called listeners with the announcement of the prophecy, the prophecy that everybody wants to know.

It is a timeless story written as a dialogue. Different characters as Socrates, Simone de Beauvoir, Nietzsche, Maturana (Chilean Biologist) and Juana (Indigenous) among others, try to agree (including me) on what reality is.



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$$\underline{1+1=3}$$

Somewhere on earth the sun rises in a beautiful green open field. Trees and bushes start to shine by the first sun rays and people are coming from every direction to gather together.

The reason is the circle.

A circle has been marked in the middle of the field; its presence has called to listeners with the announcement of the prophecy, the prophecy that everybody wants to know.

The sky is clear and a soft breeze moves through peoples hair, whispering their clothes. People of different height and shapes are meeting each other. Bright colors, textures and movements change the landscape. Everybody is perfectly performing their customs picked for the special occasion.

There is a very long staircase at the entrance of the circle, a host walks to it carrying a megaphone, climbs up to the last step.

Host: *Stands straight.* - Welcome everybody! It is great that you are all here! I see we are a very big group. We invite everyone to come closer!

One by one we will start to enter the circle.

Let's start to queue in front of me.

The eldest people are to enter first.

Please eldest ones, come direct to the entrance.

And remember, inside the circle don't forget to turn off your mobile phones!

THE QUEUE

Su: - Excuse me Sir, your papyrus. Over there. *She points to the floor.*

Socrates: - Thank you, these are the dialogues that Plato will write after my death. *Picks it up quickly.*

Su: - Holy sh...! Are you Socrates? Nice to meet you, my name is Su. *Gives her hand, he doesn't seem to respond. Quickly puts her hand back and then forward again, finally put it down. Smiles.*

Socrates: - Yes, I am. *Bows.*

Su: - I'm very surprised to find you here. Might I ask what made you come to this circle?

Socrates: - Yes, of course. Well, I must admit I never like to leave my polis. I'm faithful to it. Fields have nothing to teach me, unlike the men of the city. However, I have been informed by very good sources, that today the prophecy will be explained and I want to be here to hear it. It is my desire to know, as my knowledge has the means to cure me.

Su: - Sure, I understand, I am also very curious. *Inhales deeply.* Socrates, I must tell you, meeting you is quite overwhelming. It feels like I've known you forever. It is this Platonic utopia, this paradigm that makes me see things greyer down here.

Actually, because of these writings that you're holding under your arm, your words have been preserved.

You know, Plato even started a school of philosophy after your death. Platonic ideas have been spread around the whole planet and believe me, the planet is bigger than you think.

Until today countries constitutions are based on idealism.

Socrates: - My dear it is not a utopia, it is the real world. It is a separate world and untouchable but it is real.

Su: - But, now that you are here, can I ask you something?

Socrates: - Yes, of course. *Smiles.*

Su: - When I read Plato's dialogues in which you speak, I wonder, are those the exact words you said? How much of Plato is in that text? And even further, how much of the reader can be in it? I guess that is an important point because in this papyrus you define social fundamentals as what is true or what is justice. You define beauty and even love.

Socrates:- - What is written is written, there is only one way that truth can be understood. There is no space for misunderstanding.

Su: - That stiffness can be very harmful from a powerful position.

Socrates: - Harmful? *With wide open eyes.* It is the opposite! Holy gods, which polis do you come from? The main purpose is to do good, it controls the chaos and makes order. It is security! *Looks to the horizon for a moment and then point straight ahead.*

Do you see that long thing over there?

Su:- - Yes.

Socrates: - What is it?

Su:- - A tree.

Socrates: - How do you know it is tree and not a person or an animal?

Su: - Well, because it looks like a tree. No! Wait, I know I see a tree because I've seen something similar before and someone told me it is a tree.

Socrates: - No, someone told you what it is called, not what it is. But you know it is a tree and not an animal because the idea is already inside of you. It is this lovely immutable and timeless tree.

To define and to catalog is our natural behavior. Idealism is innate my dear, it is our core.

Su: - For sure we have a tendency to define, catalog and tag everything.
Looks at the distance and close half way her eyes.

Yeah, I think I catalog all the time but I'm not so sure I was born already with this separate immutable concept of a tree. Anyhow, when it is about a tree, a table, it is simple but when it is about justice things get a bit complicated, these are not so easy to define? *Head bobble.*

Socrates: - That's why philosophers make discourses.

Su: - But you said it is inside of me, it's our core.

Socrates: - But not everybody has the same abilities.

Su: - Oh. I see what you mean.

Both are in silent for a moment.

Su: - A friend sent me a research paper about childrens perception. It shows that for all kids the boundary between what an object is and the idea of an object is very blurred. It has great examples of kids being interviewed.

Let's see if it's the same with one of these kids. *Turns back.*

Behind them in the queue, there is a father with two kids playing around.

Excuse me Sir. Do you mind if I ask a simple question to one of your kids? How old are they?

Sir: - 6 and 5. Sure, you can ask.

Su: *Goes closer to Kid and gets down making eye contact.*- Hi

Kid: - Hi

Su: - The word umbrella, but only the word, not the umbrella, is it strong?

Kid: - A bit, because we can get it in our eyes and it can kill us.

The kid and Su look at each other and smile slightly.

Su: - Thanks. *Kid returns to play.*

Socrates and Su stay quiet for a moment. Suddenly Socrates starts to talk.

Socrates: - Let's continue with the tree sample.

Before you were born when you were not in this body, you were a soul, pure knowledge. In those times you met the tree; the real one. That's why now after your incarnation, when you see that long thing over there, you see a tree. In other words, you are remembering.

Kids are too young to remember, they are not rational. There is no reason to take their comment as something serious or real.

Do you know what the word infant means? It means without a voice.

It means Logos is not saying anything through them. Until they grow, of course.

Su: - For me kids are rational. They just have another one.

Socrates: - Another one?

What is relevant here is that the definition of a tree defeats the material tree which is just a copy of the real tree. This is how reality is found.

This is pure objectivity. *Smiles. Takes the papyrus with one hand and points to the sky.* May we achieve the ideal objectivity!

Su: - What exactly do you mean with ideal?

Socrates: - Ideal means the ultimate idea, the truth!

Su: - Socrates look! *Pointing to the tree.* A man is hugging the tree!

Three seconds of silence.

Is he talking to him? Sorry, it.

Socrates: - By Zeus! What is he doing? *Pulls his face.*

Su: - Are you ok Socrates?

Socrates: - Of course I'm fine!

Su: - I guess that man just has another approach to reality.

Takes a deep breath. But you know what I really struggle with, is all these definition issue. It is how to agree, how we can all agree and work together?

Nowadays agreement sounds almost utopia.

Just from behind in the queue appears a man.

Maturana: - Well, we can agree not to agree.

Su: - Humberto Maturana! You are here! You also came to the circle. Yipee!
Smiles.

Maturana: - Yes and I'm four spots back in the queue. *Looks back.* I'll go back after. Just talking to friend! *Talks louder to the people in the queue.*

People involved: - Ok . Don't worry. Ok!

Maturana: - I heard about the circle and I wanted to be in the know. I'm very curious about the prophecy.

Su: *Slightly puts her hand behind Socrates' s shoulder.* - Let me introduce you to Humberto Maturana. I think you would be interested to talk to him

as he is a scientist and he went to renowned academies. His work has been recognised by important scientific associations around the world.

Socrates: *Bows.* - Socrates.

Maturana: *Bows.* - My respects.

Su: - He is a biologist and since long time I attend his ideas.

His studies are neurophysiology of perception and biology of cognition. He has developed a theory about the reproduction of life through an epistemological theory of knowledge.

In other words, he had made stronger my belief of how cognitive knowledge, emotions, love and culture affect our biology.

Maturana: - And the other way around, how the biology of the body affects cognitive knowledge, emotions and culture.

Socrates: - I suppose your presence here has been planned by the gods.

As a biologist, an intelligent and beautiful soul, what can you say about a tree? Tell us about their vital processes and structures. Give us some substance and theories.

Later, perhaps you can go over there *Pointing at the tree still being hugged by a man.* and share this knowledge with that poor man hugging and talking to a tree.

Gods! *Disgusting face.* He is submerged in total ignorance. Dominated by his emotions.

Su: - Sorry to interrupt but someone told me there was a Prince who started to validate and promote hugging trees. Maybe this is him? *With long neck, looks curiously at the man hugging the tree. Glances at Socrates and stops looking.* Well anyway, many cultures consider it as normal behavior. Please, continue. *Bows.*

Maturana: - Socrates, I wouldn't underestimate emotions.

All theories are rationally constructed from certain fundamental non-rational premises. Behind each theory there are emotions that have made you choose certain fundamental premises. This is why every theory is refutable.

Socrates: - But you had developed a theory yourself! *With wide open eyes.* Are you saying objectivity is subjective?

Maturana: - I'm not referring to subjectivity here, subjectivity belongs to an aim. I'm not denying the object. I am proposing something else. It is necessary to put objectivity between brackets. If it is not, it might accept the source of validation of the explanation and knowledge as an ultimate truth that comes from what doesn't depend on the observer.

Socrates
and Su: - What ?!

Socrates: - Your words sound like muses inspiring simultaneously.

Su: - Sorry, Maturana. The last part, I couldn't follow. Can you explain it again?

Maturana: - Of course. *Smiles.*

I put objectivity between brackets because I want to show that I conceive that - objectivity - depends on the observer. I'm considering the observer without denying the object.

In other words, let's say I'm proposing objectivity is not an independent reality that lives and it's real on its own.

Socrates: - Not an independent reality ? It belongs to another world! Objectivity is an independent world. *Shakes the papyrus raising his arm.*

Fact is fact, unchangeable and untouchable by no one. This is why it is the ultimate rational truth.

This is unbelievable! Since when do we consider observers?

Breaths deeply.

Dear Maturana, how can something be definite and then consider the observer? How would you be able to make decisions, to organize? How would politics work? How can the polis progress?

Maturana: - Yes, of course I understand.

I will answer your questions but first I would like to invite you all for a little walk. How do you feel about that?

Su: - Fine! I want to go. A walk is a good idea and I can ask someone to save our place in the queue.

Socrates: - Wonderful, let 's go for a walk, this field is gorgeous.

Su: *Turns back looking again to the father with two kids.* - Sir, can you save our space in the queue for a moment? We want to go on a short walk around.

Sir: - Sure, I'll save your space.

Su: - Can I leave my bag here?

Sir: - Yes.

Su: *Puts her big bag down in the queue. Makes sure it's balance and looks at it from a short distance.* - This big bag could be a person waiting in a queue, doing nothing but waiting.

Sir: - Yeah, especially in this one. This queue is taking ages.

Su: - Thanks a lot!

Maturana, Socrates and Su start to walk together. Maturana stretches his arms moving them back and forward. Socrates starts to do the same. Su looks down and realises Socrates is bare foot.- Socrates, are you ok walking barefoot ?

Socrates: - Yes, I always do. I never wear sandals.

Maturana: - That's very healthy, especially here, out of the city.

We can go behind the hill, I heard there is a lake. It is not so far from here.

They walk in silence.

Su: *After a moment stops walking.* - Oh no! I forgot my phone. I'll quickly go back to get it. You can continue walking, I'll catch up!

Maturana: - The most central question that humanity faces today is the question of reality. This is so, regardless of whether we are aware of it or not, because everything that we do as modern human beings, either as individuals, as social entities, or as members of some non-social human community, entails an explicit or implicit answer to this question. This is the foundation for the rational arguments that we use to justify our actions.

Socrates: - I can see now how the gods are talking through your words.

Maturana: - Whenever we want to compel someone to do something according to our wishes and we cannot or do not want to use brutal force, we offer what we claim is an objective rational argument. We do this under the implicit or explicit pretense that the other cannot refuse what our argument claims because its validity as such rests on its reference to the real. We accept and rise objectivity as reality.

Socrates: - Yes, and this reality is independent. That means it is independent of what we do, and once it is indicated it cannot be denied.

Maturana: - Well, that's the part where I propose differently. I propose two ways to perceive objectivity. It is what I call two explanatory paths of objectivity.

The first path is the one you conceive Socrates.

Socrates: - I conceive?! It has never been about me! *Stops walking and Maturana follows.* It is Logos 's will, knowledge speaks for itself.

Which second path? There is no second path.

Why give space for a second explanation? *Both turn silent and Maturana looks down.*

Su: *Suddenly appears from behind catching her breath.* - I'm back. I couldn't find my phone but it's fine.

Maturana: - Su, perhaps there is no signal up here.

Su: - Oh yes, probably. Well it doesn't really matter anyway. I'm so happy to be here with you two guys. This is so much better than reading your texts and the texts of researchers. Reading is not as nice as our conversations and look at this place, it's beautiful! *Opens her arms.*

Hey, there is the lake!

Socrates: - Please continue Maturana. I shall let you talk. An honorable man should always be delighted to hear a discourse.

Maturana accepts by bowing shortly. Everybody starts to walk to the lake.

Maturana: - I'm talking about two explanatory paths of objectivity. The first one considers objectivity independently, this means it doesn't depend on the observer. A fact is a fact.

For the second path, objectivity is not independent to reality because the observer is considered. Human-beings operate as observers. In other words, we discover by experience. It means reality is found by ourselves observing, talking or acting.

Socrates: - Yes, reality can be found by observing, talking or acting with someone who knows and makes you remember the truth.

Su: - Who are these so called who knows? Philosophers?

Very convenient.

Maturana: - No, reality is what we find ourselves. I mean, someone can tell you how it is, as a teacher for example, but reality is what we observe.

Socrates: *Stops walking* - Let me tackle this chaos.

Everybody stops walking. Su laughs a bit.

Socrates stares at Su for a second and then stands face to face with Maturana and places his hands on Maturana's shoulders.

Dear Maturana, what I observe now in front of me is your face, your body but this is not you. The real you is inside, the idea of you.

This idea of you, at the end, is the perfect human and it is a model to follow.

If this notion is socially applied we can actually organize, make plans and make the polis progress. *Releases his hands from Maturana's shoulders and feels pleased.*

Su: - But this notion sounds like a human factory. Not only does it make everyone the same but also makes everyone aspire to be someone that someone else decided for them.

Socrates: - Well it is not someone else, it is the knowledge itself, it is Logos.

But indeed, isn't it great? Who doesn't want to be perfect? Who doesn't want to live in a polis where good is the model to follow?

Everybody is in silence. Su looks down at the floor and slowly starts to walk around Socrates and Maturana who are still standing in front of each other.

Su: *Stands between them.* - But wait a second. *Touches Socrates' arm.* You don't consider the observer when regarding objectivity, hence reality, because objectivity is an independent concept.

Socrates: - Exactly.

Su: *Looks to Socrates, then to Maturana and then back to Socrates again. Finally looks at the distance and makes a hand gesture putting her finger tips together.* - But that's an observation itself!

You observe that what you observe is not real.

As an observer you are denying the observer. *Laughs.* We are so funny. *Laughs again.* Or should I cry?

Maturana: *Smiling says* - Observing is the ultimate starting point and the most fundamental question in any attempt to understand reality. Indeed, everything said is said by an observer to another observer that could also be our self.

Su: - Ok. Finally everybody agrees. *Open arms to the sky.*

The observer exists and objectivity is not an independent reality. It is proven.

Everybody sees each other with a slight smile on their faces.

Three seconds of silence.

Socrates makes one deep breath. Cleans throat.

Socrates: - Nice try but I don't agree.

Do you really think you can change what is unchangeable?

Socrates stands in the middle of Su and Maturana.

Puts his hands on both their shoulders.

Listen carefully. How can I be an observer if my body is just mortal flesh?

In this material world we are nothing. Here we can be ignorant, sinners, tireless prisoners waiting to be released.

And finally, using some extra holy inspiration, I repeat: objectivity is in another world.

Su: - Uf! Qué porfiado! This conversation is becoming really something else. *Breaths deep.*

Maturana: - Yes, it is something else. We all make it happen. *Smiles.*

Maturana as an invitation makes a gesture with his hand and starts to walk.

Together they begin to walk.

Su: - Sometimes, I'm jealous of your certainty Socrates.

In a way you have nothing to doubt and sometimes it must be such a release. You are grounded by ideas.

I see roots coming out of your head. *Laughs.* Well, if the ideas are actually in the head.

Oh no! Sorry I forgot! Ideas are in another world. Socrates, your roots are not here. *Looks serious.*

Socrates: - What?!

Maturana: - That's the thing; in human history, there are more than one external entities to be considered as the ultimate argument to validate what is real.

For you Socrates, defined ideas comes from Logos. Logos is the one who knows.

For other people can be God, energy, consciousness or even matter.

Su: - That's how religion, science, politics, business strategies operate. *Looks at the distance with mouth a bit open.*

Socrates: - This is why education is so important. The world of matter is full of bad influences. There may be different entities but there is only one absolute, the absolute objectivity.

Su: - But every entity, every religion has their own absolute objectivities. How do we agree? How then does socialising work?

Wars happens because of this.

Maturana: - When you conceive something as an absolute objectivity it is because you are operating under a single domain of reality.

We do it all the time. Kids are really good masters making us to see how we operate under a single domain of reality.

Su: - As an observer operating under one single domain of reality makes things very narrow. We lose so much being like that.

And that's the easy part. This is serious. Building reality under a single domain of reality is insane. It makes me think of oppression, submission, justified violence, obedience.

We learn everywhere, starting in our homes, that submission and obedience are virtues.

Socrates: - I'm sorry to interrupt but a single domain of reality is for the good.

Su: - You see! It's been like this for ages.

Socrates: - It gives us tranquility and it is convenient for the polis.

Sometimes it is narrow, exclusive and conceives punishment but it is how it is. I'm doing it because of the good.

Su: - What do you mean with it is how it is?

Socrates: - It is the rational way of doing it. It is in the name of the good. It is not me.

Maturana: - That's the point. As you see reality as something dependent and absolute coming from an external entity, you are not taking responsibility for your actions. Your actions are in the name of something else.

Socrates: - But this something else is the good. I'm responsible, responsible to the good.

Su: - Nice! The lake.

They arrive at the lake. Socrates touches the water with his feet. Su takes her shoes off and does the same.

They enjoy the beautiful landscape.

Some ducks fly away from them. It is late morning and the sun in the clear sky makes the water shine.

Su: - It's not snow! *Suddenly interrupts, very loudly causing Socrates and Maturana to jump.*

It is salt! Quickly gets down on her knees and tastes a bit of the white-grain on the edge of the lake.

I thought it was snow but it is salt.

Maturana: - Yes. You didn't know? This all used to be ocean thousands of years ago.

Su: - Wow I never thought it could be salt.

Maturana: - Su, what you just experienced was a perceptual mistake. It is a condition of living systems. It is our cognitions inability during the experience to distinguish what is perception and what is illusion.

Su: - Is it because I'm a living system? *Laughs.* Most of the time when I have perceptual mistakes, I think its because I'm stupid. *Laughs.*

But now that you say, of course! A mistake is a mistake because you didn't know it, otherwise it wouldn't happen. It sounds very obvious but for the first time I realize.

Maturana: - Yes. Another example is the fish in this lake. They are also living systems and make the same perceptual mistakes.

When fishing, we use a hook with feathers to fool fish into thinking it is a fly. A fish sees it and jumps to catch it. Only when hooked, it discover that the fly was an illusion.

Su: - Oh no. Fishing is cheating. *In very serious tone.* And then we eat them. Great, we can all die because of perceptual mistakes.

Socrates: - In the world of the absolute, nothing changes or dies.

This is why this material world is not the real. Everything changes and is unreliable.

Su: - But this famous perceptual mistake condition also happens in the world of ideas right?

Maturana: - Yes.

Su: - Ok. But if everything we consider to be reality is potentially an illusion, then I can just say: sorry guys but everything is an illusion. Better to figure out now than later.

Maturana: - That could be a thesis of Immanuel Kant. He talks about an entity impossible to know, but that exists anyway.

To say everything is an illusion you should reference a single domain of reality. The ultimate source of validation that we mentioned before.

But you can have more than one single domain or just change perspective.

Su: - In a way, accepting perceptual mistakes as a beautiful condition of our beautiful living system. It is actually accepting we really don't know anything ! Ha ! *Laughs.*

Socrates: *Breaths deeply. Squeezes his eyes.* - My Zeus ! Am I dreaming? Is this a nightmare?

Su: - Sorry but we don't know.

To know it, we need to wake up first *Laughs.*

But do "check reality"! Maybe this is a lucid dream. But that's another story. *Thinks louder.*

Maturana: - Can I be very clear in something? I am not denying objectivity. *Looks to Socrates.* Indeed us, as a living system considering cognition also as a living system, we operate in the implicit trust.

We need certainties. Certainties gives us stability. Objectivity allows us to make decisions and do projects. Indeed it is how we make politics.

Socrates keeps quiet. Su walks a bit and goes down again to touch the salt.

Su: - So, objectively thinking this is salt and I validate this experience as fact. Let 's say I believe it is because I know the concept of salt and it looks like salt, it tastes salty. Now I also know this place was part of the ocean thousands of years ago.

So, it is salt.

But, what about if in five years because of whatever. Who knows! It is Mars powder that tastes salty!

Maturana: - Ah

Su: *Says loud.*- That 's why you put objectivity between brackets!

Maturana: Yes!

Su: - That's the second way of perceiving objective reality, the objectivity between brackets!

This path conceives reality dependent on the observer and considers different sources of the domain.

Cognition is a living system!

This is brilliant! Well, for the moment. *Laughs.*

Socrates: - Now, let's get back to the queue.

They quickly start to walk back to the queue. Socrates is faster and Su and Maturana trail behind in the distance.

Su: - Maturana, I think is important for everybody to know about this notion of objectivity between brackets. Especially nowadays when for different reasons different cultures are gathering together. We've been stepping

on each other for ages. If we want to participate equally and inclusively, it is urgent to find methods to agree. How to agree must be the concern.

The rational justification of a single domain of reality is stuck in our heads. Not only in our head but in our whole body. We've been living this way and considered it normal. We've been educated to see things through single domains and consider them as the ultimate source of validation.

Socially it brings conflict and exclusion. Personally this stiffness comes with suffering and disease.

Maturana: - When we are kids we are multi-verses. Multiple domains uplift our creativity, we are full of potential. A new way of teaching and learning is important key to agree with the difference.

Almost whispering. Objectivity between brackets is an invitation to reflect. It allows people a dialogue, to hear each other without feeling offended.

Socrates: *Arrives first to the queue.* -Thanks for your kindness. *Bows to Sir who saved his place in the queue.*

Su and Maturana arrive a minute later.

Su: *Gets her big bag and looks at the Sir.*- Thanks for saving our place.

Looks ahead. Quite exited. We are almost at the entrance.

Maturana: - Ok I will go back in the queue. *Touches Socrates arm.* Socrates it was a pleasure to talk to you. *Looks Su* To you too Su.

Socrates: - It was interesting.

Su: - Yes! Me too. Maybe we will meet inside the circle!

Maturana: - Yes, see you! *Walks away.*

Su: *Looks at Socrates* - Are you ok Socrates?

Socrates: - Yes, of course. In this moment, I need to concentrate and find new inspiration. I'm thinking about absolute objectivity. I think it is necessary to have a new discourse.

Su: - I think is a great subject.

Well, if you want, we can meet again and discuss more on this.

Silence.

Suddenly says - Let's google absolute objectivity! *Starts searching the phone in her bag.*

Socrates: - Su! What do you want to do with absolute objectivity?

Su: *Stops searching.*- Oh but we can't. There is no signal here. *Says disappointed.*

Socrates: - What is google?

Su: - Google is an online data base. It is like thousands of papyrus together. Kind of an immaterial library.

Socrates: - Immaterial library. It sounds gorgeous!

Su: - Everybody can see it. Well, everybody with internet connection and an electronic device, like my phone.

It is an algorithm system, it is artificial intelligence.

Socrates: - What! Artificial intelligence?! Who made it?! *Eyes wide open.*

Su: - I don't know. You can google that too.

You write a concept, idea or whatever and it presents to you what it is linked to it. The good thing is that everybody can build this data base.

Socrates: - Everybody can write on it? Why?

Then the internet for sure is total chaos. *Says disappointed.*

Su: What's wrong with chaos? It's a kind of diversity and diversity is life!

Although as soon as we want control it freaks us out.

Silence.

On the internet diverse people can write on it. As far as I have read, now at least half of the world population have access to internet, although I believe there is a kind of polarized pluralism because of algorithmic tactics.

Anyway it is a tool to be connected. Pluralism brings many truths on the same subject. You know, different sources of domain. Multi-verse online!

Socrates: - This library should be made by certain kind of people. Not everybody is able to make a discourse. Not everybody has the same competence and knowledge.

Su: - Not everybody has the same competence and knowledge?

Please allow me to tell you something.

Socrates: - Yes. I have nowhere to go. *Breathes deeply.*

Su: - When I was a child I believed everything my teachers said. Well, of course, that's how it's supposed to be, isn't it?

Anyway without a doubt, I learned at school, as a form of certified knowledge the following:

- Conquest is a heroic act rather than a genocide.

Moreover, even more awkward:

A historical period called Colony coming from colonialism, was shown

as a romantic version of suppression and submission. It was shown as a time of flourishing and "development".

Socrates: - By the name of Apollo. Can you stop complaining?

Su opens her eyes wider.

I can see how emotional you are. You are not rational enough to understand.

There is nothing wrong with submission if it is to an honorable person or an honorable cause, as development.

Some people should be grateful!

For once, are you not able to follow what is good for you? I'm a philosopher and instead of deepening yourself listening to me, you have managed to contradict me on everything. *Says very serious.* A good mentor such as me would help you so much.

Su looks down without saying anything. Suddenly her phone starts to ring with the noise of a scary rap ringtone.

What is that sound?

Su: - There is signal! *Quickly opens her bag and takes everything out reaching for her phone.*

It is my mobile phone. It's somewhere inside my bag. I'm carrying so many things. Why do I always carry so much?! It must change.

Socrates, could you please hold this for me? *Gives him different stuff.*

And this ... and this, ...and this, ...and this... Thanks!

Socrates: *Stands with a lot of stuff in his arms. Struggles.* - What is that melody? I've never heard that kind of music before.

Su: - I think there are many melodies you haven't heard my dear. *Keeps*

looking. I can't reach my phone.

Yes! Here it is! *Checks who is calling.* It's Simone de Beauvoir!

Excuse me, she's calling me.

THE CIRCLE

People are seating on the ground forming the circle. The circle is made of concentric rings. At the center is the smaller ring. It is made by 21 people and it is surrounded by bigger rings. The last one of these rings is made by 672 people.

Host: *Seated in the center of the circle holding the megaphone.*

- We are in the circle

We welcome the presence of all of us. We also welcome the ancestors brought to us by this circle.

I know everybody is very curious about the prophecy, but before I start I want to say: expectations never become exactly as you think.

So, let's take a deep breath and relax.

Everybody inhales deeply and exhales saying a long A.

By second time everybody breaths deeply.

After three breaths some people stop and keep silent.

Gradually everybody stops.

Birds sing and blow a warm breeze.

The prophecy says:

Two are the birds that fly higher in the sky.

One is the condor. They plane in the sky, extending their huge

wings, 3.5 meter wide open as if hugging the whole earth at once.

As scavengers, they are cleaners and have the power to transform death to life. The condor flies guided by his heart, awareness and intuition.

The other bird that plane high in the sky is the eagle. They have the best vision of all creatures on the planet. They can see better from above and track the smallest movement from the smallest animals on the ground.

The eagle flies guided by his mind and rationality.

But now... People! We have arrived at a time with the potential of tremendous transformation!

The start of a new era. The condor and the eagle will meet and fly together in the form of a new bird. The new conscience!

Spontaneously people scream: Yeah!

And the new bird is ... Keeps silent

Nobody says anything.

Well, that's it. That's how the prophecy finishes.

To sum up, it talks of a change, a new form, new conscience and that's it.

I guess we have to wait until the condor and eagle meet to finally know. Or maybe they already met .Perhaps, the new form is so very new that we will never figure out the new bird. Who knows?

Socrates: - By Apollo this is insane! *Stands up.*

From the center the megaphone start to pass through people to reach Socrates.

Gods damn! Hurry! Give me the megaphone! Finally the megaphone is on Socrates' hands. Breaths. Cleans throat.

I am Socrates, a philosopher.

Progress is what I promote and what is my duty to tell. For some reason the condor and the eagle were created as two separate birds. Of course, I mean rationality versus intuition. I know what a metaphor is.

All of you should know if we want to understand what this world is about, rationality is the only way. *Raises the papyrus.* You must know it works the same as nature works!

It is like mathematics. Every natural structure can be translated to maths and in that way we can get a final definite result. This is how ultimate truths can be found.

Heart, emotions and intuition can only interfere. You can't organize a society using intuition.

Can you imagine doing justice by following our senses?

Just next to Socrates someone stands up and screams: - It sucks! Justice doesn't exist! Truth doesn't exist!

Socrates looks at him with eyes wide open.

Su: *Also looks with eyes wide open and open mouth. - Holy shit! It's Nietzsche.*

Nietzsche: *Looks straight to Socrates. Gently takes the megaphone from his hands and slowly walks amongst the people.*

How do we know about the world? We better stop the metaphysics and be humans.

Do you really believe that schematizing, administrating or systematizing the world would make it real? Do you think you can conceive reality with clear and evident principles and make everybody believe in it? And even more difficult, through time?

All such a things as justice, truth, love, morality, or whichever interpretation, is a function of power and not reality.

There are no facts only interpretations!

There is not a first order. The only order is the order dependent on who obtains more power. It is all about power!

Calms down a bit . Stops walking . Then start walking again. - Yes, epiphanies had been created and delivered as truths. Looks down. Silence.

Suddenly talks and makes everyone jump. Where is God? Where is he? Sir, excuse me, where is God? Madam, where is God?

Acts as if he is mourning. Please I need to find God! There is no electricity during the night so please tell me where is the light? Someone please show me the way, I need to know what to do.

Starts crying. Where is God? Silence.

Stops walking and opens his arms. God is dead! And we killed him!

Looks to everybody. When the god that comes from institutions dissolves, beliefs will resurge as beliefs and not as knowledge.

But wait! Starts walking. Where is the truth? I need the real truth! Where is the truth? Please tell me where I can find it. Cries.

Su: *Thinks out loud. He is asking for the entities. Single domains of reality that Maturana was talking about.*

Nietzsche: *Turns to Socrates. - Socrates where did you put the truth? I suppose you know. Is it next to justice? And love, beauty and perfection! Screams loud.*

Su: - Shit

Socrates ignores him, looks the other way.

Nietzsche: - Of course! They are on another planet! Untouchable! Immutable! The invented place, where only by power things can be understood and spoken. *Breaths deeply.*

For me truth is an efficient lie.

Anyway, why must every question have an answer?

Where you see clarity, safeness and the ideal, I see human things. When I understand, it is when it is most dark.

That's the weight of a free spirit. At the end there is nothing. *Walks back to his place in the circle and sits.*

A bare foot indigeneous old woman with long skirt stands up and walks to the center of the circle. With each step she makes her silver jewelry jingle. On her head are neatly colored ribbons that fall to her shoulders. The ribbons are held on by a silver headband with 252 round plates the sizes of a coin, hanging side by side. A wider silver necklace covers her chest down to her stomach. It has the profile of two birds facing each other and a big round plate with star constellations engraved. At the bottom, 21 fish-shaped plates with prominent stomachs hang down side by side.

Juana: *In the center of the circle, takes her long wool cloak from her shoulders. Stretches the cloak with both hands and shows it to everyone around. Screams.- My name is Juana and my history is written on this cloak!*

Gets the megaphone. My history is written on this cloak. I see myself as one thread in between thousands of other threads that weave this blanket.

If I move, all the others move.

When I work, when I eat, when I drink from a river, when I drink from a sink, when I walk, when I sing, it's not just me. It's me, my family, my community, my ancestors.

Looks down. Opens her feet hip distance apart and looks straight.

Now, I'm standing on my feet and I feel that I am standing on a body. I feel I am touching not only the ground, *points the mountains* I feel like I am touching those mountains, rivers, trees and it feels as a living body underneath and everywhere around. This body moves and beats.

That's what the condor symbolize.

To be guided by the heart is not about being emotional or irrational. I repeat, is not about being emotional or irrational, it is about being sensitive. To sense.

Intuition comes from the awareness of being present!

And please! *Looks at Nietzsche.* Life is not about power! It is not about power. *Breaths deeply.*

But most of you people became deaf and arrogant! *Pause.*

Deaf people! *Looks at everybody.* I have a question!

Would you be willing to hear and sense ? Or do you want to keep making profit to fulfill your isolation? *Gives the megaphone to the nearest person. Walks back to her place.*

Everybody is silent. There is no wind and nothing seems to be moving.

Birds are chirping and a dog barks in the distance.

Nietzsche: *Stands up and screams* -This is another perspective of perceiving reality. In this planet is all about power.

That's why people like you, *looks at Juana* and your community have been dominated, conquered and deemed as underdeveloped.

Some people's eyes well up. The megaphone reaches Nietzsche.

It is sad but if you want to survive you need to deal with power.

Maturana: *Stands up and waits. for the megaphone to be passed to him.* - Greetings to you all.

Power behaviors as violence are not a way to survive. These work in the opposite. Competition and violence make us ill. Biologically we operate in intrinsic trust.

Look at us! When we are born as part of this biosphere we are babies

in such a vulnerable condition. We are born under certain physical conditions trusting to be loved, fed and warmed. If the conditions are not given, it cause damage and we can die.

It is the same for every new born. We are conceived, we grow and we form our self as a result of multiple factors intertwined with everybody and everything.

We are connected to a bigger system. We are social beings.

Su: *Stands up looks at Nietzsche and screams - Juana was not describing another perception of reality. Raises her arms and open them. She conceives all perspectives at once! Her throat hurts. Waits for the megaphone.*

Dear people, Juana was not describing another perception of reality. The sense of collectivity is to conceive all perspectives at once.

In a way it is to recognize everything inside of you. She's talking about the whole!

Nietzsche: *Screams.*To know the whole you should account all individual perspectives from every human being including all the changes overtime. That's impossible to achieve, at the end nothing exist.

Juana: *Stands up and screams - The whole is not a knowledge to achieve, it is an experience to sense!*

Su: *Strongly whispering to Socrates.* Quantum physics already has proven the whole and interconnectivity. The problem is we still don't get it. We feel so cool being independent. Bullshit . Everything we achieve, what we are, we do is the result of a huge confabulation.

A man stands up. Waves at everybody and waits for the megaphone.

Old man: - The view of our separate self is an optical delusion.

The intuitive mind is a sacred gift and the rational mind is a faithful servant. We have created a society that honors the servant but has forgotten the gift.

Socrates: *Whispers to Su. Who is that?*

Su: *Screams whispering - It's Einstein.*

Socrates: *Stands up, moves his hand and requests the megaphone. - Great discourses. Some of you claim to sense in order to survive. Some of you Looks at Nietzsche dare to be gods and encourage other people to be gods.*

Do you know how dangerous it is with all these immoral copies of humans on the streets?

Rationality means also morality and order. It must be taught and followed by people.

Su: *Stands up and asks Socrates for the megaphone. He looks at her with wide open eyes.*

- Morality is not a theory of commands to be memorized and obeyed.

I want to tell two different things:

One is ethics, which are customs, norms, taboos and agreements established by certain group of people. These established inherited patterns, because of different reasons such as privilege, convenience, business, etc. don't accurately work as a tool of social wellness.

The second is morality. Morality is what you conceive when you perceive the other as yourself. In other words it is empathy.

It is the sense of collectivity that Juana described and it implicitly brings empathy.

Morality is empathy and it is nothing to be learnt. We sense morality and it comes intuitively. You can try to intellectually explain and teach morality but it doesn't operate as cognitive knowledge. In moments of disagreements, when we most need to be emphatic, our first reaction is closer to an impulse than a cognitive based reflection.

Besides, with thoughts we can justify everything!

Nietzsche: *Stands up and screams - Yeah! Who creates evil always does it in the name of good.*

It's midday, the sun is growing strong and everyone is growing tired.

Suddenly Socrates faints. Everybody stays seated without moving, being afraid to break the circle structure.

The same kid who was standing in the queue, jumps to get his father's bag and takes a bottle of water and splashes at Socrates' face.

Socrates wakes up and his eyes open wide. The kid starts to blow on his forehead making it cooler. His little brother starts to do the same.

Su: - Socrates are you feeling ok?

The two kids keep blowing.

Socrates: *Blinks a lot - Now I feel better. Thanks. Laughs.*

Su hugs Socrates.

Meanwhile, Nietzsche stand up, walks to the centre of the circle. He looks at Juana, puts his hand on his heart and bows. Juana does the same.

At the centre, Nietzsche takes a measuring tape from his pocket and draws with his finger a metre wide square on the ground.

He stands up, jumps into the square, lifts his arms and starts to dance.

More people jump into the square and dance, laughing together trying to stay inside of the square.

Gradually everybody stands up.

Some people dance, sing and clap. Others talk and hug each other.

THE PLANE

Five persons, including the pilot, are inside a private jet flying above the ocean. Su releases her seat belt and changes her seat next to Simone de Beauvoir.

Su: - Finally we depart. Just a few hours in flight and we will land.

It was a great ceremony, wasn't it?

Simone: - Definitely. I have so much to reflect on, perhaps something to include in my new book.

I'm glad more people recognise subjectivity as legitimate knowledge. Finally.

Su: You know, after the ceremony I found people from different fields, everybody was saying in different languages that we are part of an interconnected whole. *Smiles.*

They were very aware of the educational system, where separation delusion is encourage. New subjects based on empathy, mindsight will be part of the curriculum.

Simone: - But empathy hence morality is not a cognitive knowledge. How can it be taught at school?

Su: - By practice, exercises. Embody practices. There are people working on techniques to train empathy. Social games! I'm so happy! *Smiles.*

Pilot: *Talks through the speaker* - Ladies and gentlemen this is your captain speaking.

It is my greatest apology to inform you that we have serious landing gear issue. We need to evacuate.

Everybody looks at each other.

There is something else. We are five in this flight and there is only one parachute. The control panel shows parachutes for all of us but apparently, the system is not working. I'm very sorry but there is nothing I can do. The system is not working.

Description of a difficult moment.

Dalai Lama: *Seated on the first line - I won't use the parachute. Releases seat belt and stands up looking to everybody in the plane. Death is transformation, it is not an ending.*

His eyes are full of tears. I'm sad but I'm in peace, there is nothing to be afraid of. Death has always been seated on one of my shoulders. Death taught me to take every day as if it were the last.

I trust in being human, I trust in compassion and deeply hope Nepal will be free again. *Walks to the back of the plane.* I will start with my meditation. I'm ready to leave this body.

Su: *Looks pale and whispers strongly to Simone - Holy shit! What are we going to do? We actually have to decide who is going to live and who dies!*

I don't want to die! I think about my mom, my dad and it makes me so sad. I don't know if my mom will be able to take my death.

Holy shit! But also I don't want you to die! I don't want any of us to die!

I don't know, I really don't know!

Socrates: *Releases seat belt, stands up and screams - What an irresponsibility! Walks back and forth through the aisle.*

I knew this machine would never be safe. *Points to everybody on the plane.* How dare you all to attempt to fly!

The pilot turns on the automatic pilot. Takes the parachute under his seat and walks where the passengers are.

Socrates points the pilot.

And you! You, pilot, you are...

The pilot falls to the floor. Su and Simone runs to assist him.

What's wrong with him?

Su: *Checks the pilot's pulse in his neck. - He's gone, he couldn't take it.*

Everybody is in silence. Su keeps trying to feel a pulse or hear a heart beat but there is nothing. Together with Simone they move the body out of way of the aisle.

Simone: *Something weird behind the seat grabs her attention. It is a big lump covered with a big piece of cloth. - What is that? Under the seat, it is moving!*

Su: *Gets down on her knees and very nervous touches the lump. The cloths fall down, letting see what is it. - What the hell!*

Screams. It's Trump. What are you doing here?!

Trump looks at everyone.

You are not saying anything? How is it possible? Stands up and screams to the sky. Does he have to be everywhere? Looks at Trump. You are the realism after surrealism!

Socrates: *Sublime can be evil!*

Su: *Walks back and forward through the aisle the same as Socrates. They crash into each other on every round. - Are we dying ? What is this Trump thing about? Walks looking down.*

Stops. Socrates shoulder crashes again her shoulder. Looks forward. I think he is not saying anything because of me. In a way, as an observer I am creating reality. Looks at Trump. I refuse to you to say anything. You are the wolf that I've decided not to feed. I'm not feeding the Trump in me.

Looks at everybody. I also feel sorry for him a bit. I wonder how his childhood was. Who knows!

Anyway he is part of me, he is here. This is crazy! *Goes to the exit door. Stops staring at the door.*

Suddenly looks back to Simone and Socrates.

But wait a second! I don't need to decide if I should live or not because anyhow I'm always here.

I smile.

On this ocean of millions and millions of possibilities emerge my body, thoughts, memories, feelings, emotions. Touched by your body, thoughts, memories, feelings and emotions emerged from the same infinite ocean of possibilities.

This is huge! This is huge!

We always have been, we are and always will be one.

I slowly close my eyes and I disappear.

Simone: *Breaths deeply.- So, Socrates. I guess this is between you and me. Walks down the aisle back and forward. Socrates stays.*

You know, over 3500 years women had been systematically excluded.

Excluded from the right to participate in social fundamental issues such as elaborating systems of symbols, you know, definitions, philosophy, science and laws.

Gradually, social roles were designed. At the end mostly man defined what actually is a woman. Women have been socially constructed. The majority and in more dominant societies, men became transcended and woman inherent.

The worst part of it, is that this has become "natural". *Walks slowly in direction of the dead body of the pilot, where the parachute is.*

But everything changes, even fixed ideas.

Time Socrates.

Picks up the parachute. You are supposed to know justice right? Can justice justify a reason that gives the right to preserve my life over yours?

Let's see:

I don't follow your philosophy, neither a religion. I have no living parents, husband or kids to take care of.

About my physical body, I have female reproduction organs but I don't aim to reproduce.

And my form, *looks at herself.* It is not symmetric at all.

Do I have a reason to survive today?

Socrates looks at her and stays quiet.

My friend, do you want to say something ?

Socrates: *Peacefully* - No.

Simone: *Breaths deeply.* - Socrates, I have a book I want to finish.

My last book brought to me and thousands of people wellness.

I want to write that to be a father, a mother, a mindful worker, a person, has nothing to do with gender or customs. *Puts the parachute on.*

Walks to the exit door. Reads the exit instructions. Pulls the hook and the doors flies away. Leans forward. Grips the door frame with both hands.

A strong gust of wind pulls her back and makes a strong noise. Socrates grabs a seat and sits down.

Here I am Socrates, at the edge, ready to jump. *Says loudly.*

One, two ...

Socrates: *Screams.- Wait!*

Simone: *Steps back, looks to Socrates - What?*

Socrates: - I have to tell you something!

Simone: - What did you say? *Walks closer to him.*

Socrates: - I have to tell you something!

Simone: - Tell me!

Socrates: - There is a friend of mine. His name is Crito.

Before I left my polis, we took a chicken from another friend, Asclepius.

We need to return that chicken.

Can you please find Crito and remind him.

Simone: - Yes, I promise.

The end

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