

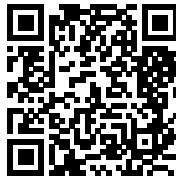
Republic

ΠΟΛΙΤΕΙΑ

Plato

translated by David Horan

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BOOK I

I went down yesterday to the Piraeus with Glaucon, the son of Ariston,¹ to offer my prayers to the goddess,² and also because I wanted to see how they would conduct the festival, since they were celebrating it for the first time. Now, although I thought the procession of the local people was beautiful indeed,

the one that the Thracians put on seemed to suit the occasion just as well. Having offered our prayers and seen what we had come to see, we departed for the city. Then, as we were heading homewards, Polemarchus, the son of Cephalus, ordered his slave to run after us and order us to wait, and once the slave had caught hold of my cloak from behind, he said, "Polemarchus is ordering you to wait." So I turned around and asked where the man himself was. "He is coming up behind me," he replied. "Just wait." "Wait we will," said Glaucon.

And a little later Polemarchus arrived, with Glaucon's brother Adimantus,³ Niceratus, the son of Nicias, and some others, apparently coming from the procession. Then Polemarchus said, "Socrates, I assume you two are heading back to the city and leaving us." "Not a bad assumption," said I.

"Well," said he, "do you see how many of us there are?" "Of course I do." "Then," said he, "you should either grow stronger than all of these men, or stay here." "Is there not another option?" said I. "Could we not persuade you that you should let us leave?" "And would you be able to persuade us," said he, "if we were not listening to you?" "Not at all," replied Glaucon. "Then you should presume that we will not listen." And Adimantus said, "Well, do you not know that towards evening there will be a torch race on horseback in honour of the goddess?" "On horseback?" said I. "That is novel indeed. Will they carry torches and pass them to one another whilst racing their horses? Is this what you mean?"

"That is it," said Polemarchus. "And what is more, they will be performing an all-night festival that will be worth seeing. Yes, we are going to go out after supper and watch the night festival, and lots of young people will be with us there, and lots of conversation too. So stay, you really must." And Glaucon

said, "It seems we should stay." "Well, if that is how it seems," said I, "that is what we must do."

So we went to Polemarchus' house, and there we met Polemarchus' brothers, Lysias⁴ and Euthydemus, and indeed Thrasymachus the Chalcedonian, Charmantides the Paeanian, and Clitophon,⁵ the son of Aristonymus.⁶ Polemarchus' father, Cephalus,⁷ was also in there and he seemed very old to me, as it was indeed some time since I had seen him. He was seated upon a sort of seat with a cushion, with his head in garlands because he had just performed a sacrifice in the courtyard. So we sat down beside him, for some seats were arranged there in a circle.

Now, as soon as Cephalus saw me, he greeted me and said, "Socrates, you do not often come down to the Piraeus to see us, but you should. Yes, if I were still able to make my way to the city easily there would be no need for you to come here, since we could go to you. But nowadays you should come here more frequently since I must say that for me, at least, as the other pleasures, the bodily ones, lose their intensity, the desires and pleasures associated with discussions increase all the more. So you must do this. Be a companion to these young men and visit us here frequently, as though we were your friends and closest kin."

"Very well, Cephalus," said I. "In fact, I enjoy conversing with people who are very old. I think we need to learn from them, as though they had traversed a road on which we too will surely have to proceed. What is it like? Is it rough and difficult or is it easy and smooth? What is more, I would love to find out from you how you see this, since you are already at the time of life that the poets call 'old age's threshold'.⁸ Is life difficult? Or how do you describe it?"

"I will tell you, by Zeus, Socrates," said he, "how it looks to me. Yes, some of us, men of our age, often gather together in accordance with the old proverb 'like to like'.⁹ Now, when we gather, most of us moan, as we long for the lost pleasures of youth and reminisce about love-making, drinking parties and feasts, and whatever goes along with this sort of thing, and we get distressed as though we had been deprived of something important, and that then we lived well but now we are not even alive.

Some bewail the contemptuous treatment of old age by their own kinfolk, and so they go on about the amount of trouble old age causes them. But I think, Socrates, that these people are blaming the wrong cause. For if this were the cause, I would also have been affected in the very same way, as far as old age is concerned, and so would everyone else who had reached this stage of life. But I have already met others who are not in this predicament, and indeed when someone asked the poet, Sophocles,¹⁰ in my presence, ‘How are you getting on, Sophocles, when it comes to making love? Are you still able to have intercourse with a woman?’ And he replied,

‘Mind what you say, my man. I am glad beyond measure to have escaped this. It is like escaping from a raving and savage slave master.’ I thought at the time that he expressed this quite well, and I still think so now.

For all in all, with old age comes much peace, and a freedom from this sort of thing. When the desires cease their strain and relax, what Sophocles described really does come to pass. It is a release from a whole host of maniacal slave masters. But in these situations, and in the case of problems with family members, there is only one explanation, and it is not old age, Socrates, but the manner of the people. If they are orderly and contented, then old age is wearisome, but in measure. If not, then for someone of this sort, old age, Socrates, and youth too, turn out to be difficult.”

Well, I was delighted with him for saying all this, and because I wanted him to say more I drew him out by asking, “Cephalus, I think that when you say this, most people do not accept your answer. They think, rather, that you bear your old age with ease, not because of your manner but because you have acquired a lot of wealth, for they say that wealthy people have consolation in abundance.” “What you say is true,” said he. “They do not accept it and they do have a point, but not as much as they imagine. Yet the response of Themistocles¹¹ puts this nicely. He was being reviled

by the man from Seriphos, who said that Themistocles was not well regarded because of himself, but because of his city. He replied that he himself would not have become famous had he been from Seriphos, nor would that other man had he been from Athens. And the same argument applies to those who are not wealthy and bear old age with difficulty. A reasonable man would not

bear old age accompanied by poverty with much ease, nor would an unreasonable man who had become wealthy ever become content with himself.” “Cephalus,” said I, “did you inherit most of what you have or did you acquire it yourself?”

“Are you asking what I have acquired, Socrates? As a money-maker, I am sort of midway between my grandfather and my father. For my grandfather, whose name I bear, having inherited about as much wealth as I have now acquired, made many times as much as this again. Then my own father, Lysanias, reduced the wealth below its present value, while I would be pleased if I could leave just as much as I inherited to these lads here, and a little more besides.”

“The reason I ask,” said I, “is because you do not seem to be extremely fond of money, and this is in general the case with those who have not acquired the money themselves, while those who have acquired it are twice as attached to it as anyone else. Indeed, just as poets are fond of their own poems, and fathers of their sons, those who make money are serious about money in the same way, seeing it as a production of their own, and also, like everyone else, because of its usefulness. So they are difficult people to be with, since they are not prepared to speak positively of anything except wealth.” “That is true,” he said.

“It certainly is,” said I. “But tell me something else. What do you think is the greatest good you have enjoyed from the acquisition of so much wealth?” “What I say,” he replied, “would probably not persuade many people. For mark my words, Socrates,” said he, “once someone begins to think he is about to die, fears and concerns occur to him about issues that had not occurred to him previously. For the stories told about people in Hades, that someone who has acted unjustly whilst here must pay a penalty when he arrives there,

stories that were laughable before then torment his soul at that stage, for fear they might be true. And he himself, either on account of weakness born of old age or because of being, in a sense, already closer to whatever is there, has a better view of this, and so he becomes full of foreboding and fear, and he then starts thinking about this and considering whether he has done any injustice to anyone. Someone who discovers that he himself has done a lot of injustice during his life often awakens from sleep, terrified, like a child, and he lives his

life in anticipation of evil. While to someone who is aware in himself of nothing unjust, a pleasant, good anticipation is ever present, 'a nurse in his old age', as Pindar says.¹² Yes, Socrates, the poet expressed this in a delightful manner, explaining that for someone who has spent his life in justice and holiness: *Sweet anticipation accompanies him / Fostering his heart, a nurse in his old age, / Chief ruler of mortal thought / With its many twists and turns.*

"He puts it so well. Truly wonderful! So in this respect, I propose that the acquisition of money is most worthwhile, not for everybody, but for the reasonable man. Indeed, the possession of wealth has a major role to play in ensuring that one does not cheat or deceive someone intentionally or, again, depart to that other world in fear because some sacrifices are still owed to a god, or some money to another person. Now, it also has many other uses, and yet setting one against the other, I would propose, Socrates, that this is not the least significant purpose for which wealth is most useful to a man of intelligence."

"That is most beautifully expressed, Cephalus," said I. "But this thing itself, justice, shall we say without qualification that it is truthfulness, and giving back what has been taken from someone else? Or can these very actions sometimes be performed justly and sometimes unjustly? For instance, if someone took weapons from a friend when the man was of sound mind, and he then went mad and asked for them back, everyone would, presumably, agree that one should not give them back, and that the person returning them would not be just. Nor again would the person who was prepared to speak the entire truth to someone in such a condition be just either." "That is right," said he.

"So this is not a definition of justice: to speak the truth and give back what one has taken." "It certainly is, Socrates," said Polemarchus, interrupting, "at least if we are to believe Simonides."¹³ "Yes, indeed," said Cephalus, "I am now handing the argument over to you, since it is time for me to look after the rituals." "Am I not the inheritor of whatever is yours in any case?" said Polemarchus. "You certainly are," he said with a laugh, and with that he left for the rituals.

“Then tell me,” said I, “you, the inheritor of the argument, what do you say Simonides says, and says correctly, about justice?” “That it is just,” said Polemarchus, “to give back what is owed to each person. In saying this he is, in my view, expressing it nicely.” “Well,” said I, “it certainly is not easy to disbelieve Simonides, for he is a wise and divine man. But although you probably appreciate what precisely he is saying, Polemarchus, I do not understand it. For he is obviously not speaking about what we were describing earlier: giving back something that has been deposited to anyone at all who is not of sound mind when he asks for it, although what has been deposited is presumably owed. Is this so?” “Yes.”

“Yet it should not be given back, under any circumstances, when someone of unsound mind asks for it.” “True,” said he. “Then when Simonides says that giving back what is owed is just, he is not referring to this sort of thing but to something else.” “Something else indeed, by Zeus,” said he, “for he thinks that what friends owe to friends is to do them some good, and nothing bad.”

“I understand,” said I. “Whoever gives gold back to someone who deposited it is not giving back what is owed if the giving back or the taking turns out to be harmful, and the one who hands it over and the one who gives it back are friends. Is this what Simonides means, according to you?” “Yes, certainly.”

“What about enemies? Should we give back whatever happens to be owed to them?” “Entirely so,” he replied, “whatever is owed to them. And what is owed from one enemy to another one, and what is appropriate too, is something bad.”

“In that case,” said I, “it seems Simonides was speaking in riddles, as poets do, when he spoke of what is just. For apparently he had in mind that what is just is this: ‘giving back what is appropriate to each’. But to this he gave the name ‘what is owed’.” “What else do you think?” said he. “By Zeus,” said I, “if someone had asked him, ‘Simonides, the skill called medicine is one that gives back. But what is owed and appropriate, and to what does it give this?’ What answer do you think he would have given us?” “Obviously,” said he, “it is the skill that gives medicines, food and drink to bodies.” “What about the skill called cookery? What is owed and appropriate, and to what does it give this?”

“It is the one that gives seasoning to dishes.” “Very well. And the skill that could be called justice gives what to what?” “Socrates,” said he, “if we are to adhere at all to what we were just saying, it is the skill that gives benefit back to friends and harm back to enemies.” “So is he saying that justice is doing good to friends and bad to enemies?” “I think so.” “When it comes to disease and health, who is most capable of doing good to sick friends and harm to sick enemies?” “A physician.”

“And who is most capable of doing so to those who are sailing and facing the danger of the sea?” “A ship’s pilot.” “And what about the just man? In what activity or in relation to what task is he most capable of benefiting friends and harming enemies?” “In waging war and in forming alliances, in my opinion at least.” “Very well. Now, to those who are not sick, dear Polemarchus, a physician is of no use.” “True.” “And a ship’s pilot is of no use to those who are not sailing.” “Yes.” “So a just man too is of no use to those who are not waging war.” “That is not really how it seems to me.”

“Then justice is also useful in time of peace?” “Yes, it is useful.” “And so is farming, is it not?” “Yes.” “For providing us with the fruits of the earth?” “Yes.” “And so too is shoe-making.” “Yes.” “For providing us with shoes. I presume that is what you would say?” “Entirely so.” “And what about justice? What would you say it is useful for in time of peace? For the use of or the acquisition of what?” “For contractual arrangements, Socrates.”

“And by contractual arrangements, do you mean partnerships or something else?” “Yes, partnerships indeed.” “Well, is the just man also a good and useful partner when it comes to placing draughts on a board, or is it the draughts-player?” “It is the draughts-player.” “But when it comes to the placement of bricks and stones, is the just man a more useful and better partner than the house builder?” “Not at all.” “Well, in what sort of partnership is the just man a better partner than the harpist, in the same way that the harpist is a better partner than the just man when it comes to striking the strings?” “Well, in my opinion, it is when it comes to money.”

“Except perhaps when it comes to spending the money, Polemarchus. When it is necessary, in partnership, to buy or sell a horse, then I presume a horse-trainer is better. Is this so?” “Apparently.” “And when it is a ship, is a

shipwright or ship's pilot better?" "So it seems." "So, when is the just man more useful than others? When the silver or gold is to be used in partnership for what purpose?" "When it is to be placed on deposit and kept safe, Socrates." "Do you mean when no use is to be made of it and it is to lie idle?" "Entirely so."

"So when money is not used, that is when justice is useful to it?" "Quite likely." "And when a pruning hook is to be guarded, justice is useful both in partnership and privately, but when it is to be used, the skill of the vine-dresser is useful?" "Apparently." "Will you also say that when a shield or a lyre are to be guarded and not used, justice is useful, but when they are to be used, military or musical skill is useful?" "It must be so." "And, indeed, in all other cases, is justice of no use when it comes to using each of them, and is it useful when not using them?" "Quite likely."

"Well, my friend, justice would not really be of any great consequence if it turned out to be useful only for things that are not being used. But let us consider this. Consider the person who is most skilled at landing a blow in a fight, whether in a boxing match or in any other situation. Is he not also the one who is most skilled at guarding against a blow?" "Entirely so." "And is someone who is skilled in guarding against disease also the one who is most skilled at engendering it without being noticed?" "Well, I think so."

"Then again, if someone is a good guardian of an army, is the same person also good at stealing the enemy's plans and manoeuvres?" "Entirely so." "Then someone who is a skilled guardian of something is also a skilled thief of that?" "So it seems." "So, if the just man is clever at guarding money, he will be clever at stealing it too?" "That is what this argument indicates, at any rate," said he.

"Then, it seems the just man has turned out to be a kind of thief, and it is quite likely that you learned this from Homer. In fact, he admires Odysseus' maternal grandfather, Autolycus, and says he surpassed all of humanity in theft and in perjury.¹⁴ So it seems that justice, according to you, Homer, and Simonides, is a kind of theft, although it is for the benefit of friends and to the detriment of enemies. Is this not what you meant?" "No, by Zeus," he said. "In fact, I no longer know what I meant. And yet, I am still of the opinion that justice benefits friends and harms enemies."

“And by someone’s friends, do you mean those who seem to that person to be worthy people, or those who actually are so, even though they do not seem so? And does the same apply to enemies?” “Well, someone is likely to be friendly towards people he believes to be worthy, and to hate those he believes to be bad.” “Now, do not people make mistakes about this, so that lots of people seem to them to be worthy when they are not, and vice versa?” “Yes, they make mistakes.” “So to those who make mistakes, are the good people their enemies, while the bad people are their friends?” “Entirely so.” “But in that case is it just, nevertheless, for them to benefit the bad people and to harm the good people?” “Apparently so.”

“And yet, those who are good at any rate are just, and are not the sort of people to act unjustly.” “True.” “Then according to your argument, it is just to act badly towards those who do no injustice.” “Not at all, Socrates,” said he. “Indeed, the argument seems to be a bad one.” “In that case,” said I, “is it just to harm those who are unjust and to benefit those who are just?” “This sounds better than that other conclusion.”

“So, Polemarchus, in the many cases where people make mistakes about their fellow men, it will turn out that it is just to harm their friends, for they have bad friends, and on the other hand to benefit their enemies, for their enemies are good. And so we shall be saying the exact opposite of what we said Simonides is saying.” “Very much so,” said he. “That is how it turns out. But let us make a change, since it is quite likely that we have not defined friend and enemy correctly.” “In what way, Polemarchus?” “In saying that someone who seems worthy is a friend.” “And how should we change this now?” I asked. “Someone who seems to be, and actually is, worthy is a friend. But someone who seems to

be worthy, but is not so, seems to be a friend but is not a friend. And we should make the same proposal in relation to an enemy.” “Then, by this argument it seems, the good person will be a friend and the bad person an enemy.” “Yes.” “Are you asking us to make an addition to our account of what is just? At first we said it was just to do good to a friend and bad to an enemy, but you are now asking us to add to this and say that it is just to do good to a friend who is good, and harm to an enemy who is bad?” “Yes, certainly,” he

said. "I think that would be a very nice way to express it."

"Now," said I, "is it befitting a just man to harm any person at all?" "Yes, certainly," said he. "He should harm those who are bad and who are enemies too." "But when horses are harmed, do they become better or worse?" "Worse." "And is this in relation to the excellence that belongs to dogs or to horses?" "In relation to the excellence that belongs to horses." "And when dogs too are harmed, do they not become worse, in the excellence that belongs to dogs and not in the excellence that belongs to horses?" "Necessarily." "And accordingly, my friend, should we not say that when human beings are harmed, they become worse in terms of human excellence?" "Yes, certainly."

"And justice, is it not human excellence?" "This too is necessarily so." "And in that case, human beings who are harmed necessarily become more unjust." "So it seems." "Now, are musicians able to make people unmusical by their musicianship?" "Impossible." "Is it possible for horsemen to turn people into non-horsemen by their horsemanship?" "It is not." "Well then, can the just men make people unjust by means of their justice? Or, in short, can the good people make people bad by means of their excellence?" "No, that is impossible."

"Indeed it is, I think, not the function of heat to cool things down, but of its opposite." "Yes." "Nor is it the function of dryness to moisten things, but of its opposite." "Entirely so." "Nor is it the function of good to do harm, but of its opposite." "Apparently." "And the just man is good." "Entirely so." "So it is not the function of the just person to harm either a friend or anyone else, Polemarchus. No, that is the function of his opposite, the unjust person." "I think you are speaking the truth, Socrates," said he, "entirely so."

"So, if someone maintains that it is just to give back what is owed to each, and by this he means that harm is owed to enemies by the just man, and benefit is owed to friends, the person saying this was not wise for he did not speak the truth, since it has become evident to us that there are no circumstances in which it is just to harm anyone." "I concur," said he. "Then you and I shall do battle," said I, "in partnership, if anyone maintains that Simonides or Bias or Pittacus,¹⁵ or any other wise and blessed man, has said so." "Well, I am ready," said he, "to be your partner in the battle."

“But,” I said, “do you know who, it seems to me, is the originator of this maxim, the one that maintains that it is just to benefit one’s friends and harm one’s enemies?” “Who?” he asked. “I think it is a maxim of Periander or Perdiccas or Xerxes or Ismenias the Theban,¹⁶ or some other rich man who thinks he has great power.” “What you say is very true,” said he. “Very well,” said I. “But since it has become evident that this is not justice, or what is just, what else might someone say that it is?”

Now, even while we were conversing, Thrasyarchus made several efforts to take control of the discussion, but he was prevented from doing so by the people sitting beside him who wanted to hear the discussion. But as we had paused, and I had asked this question, he held his peace no longer. Gathering himself up like a wild beast, he came at us as though he would tear us to pieces. Polemarchus and I were panic-stricken with fear, as he roared out in our midst.

“What is this nonsense,” said he, “that has taken hold of you for so long, Socrates? And why are you both fooling around and giving way to one another? Yes, if you really want to know what it is that is just, do not just ask questions or try your best to refute someone when they give you an answer, knowing full well that it is easier to ask questions than to answer them. Answer the question yourself and say what it is that is just according to you. And do not tell me that it is ‘what is needed’ or ‘what

is beneficial’ or ‘profitable’ or ‘expedient’ or ‘advantageous’. Just tell me clearly and precisely what it is, for I will not accept your answer if you propose this sort of nonsense.” Now, when I heard him, I was shocked, and looking at him in terror I thought that if I had not seen him before he saw me, I would have been struck dumb. But as it happened, once the argument had begun to make him mad, I looked at him first, and so I was able to answer him, and I

said, with a slight tremble in my voice, “Thrasyarchus, do not be so harsh with us, for if Polemarchus here and I are making mistakes in considering the argument, rest assured that our mistakes are unintentional. If we were searching for gold we would never give way to one another deliberately in the search, and ruin our chances of finding it. So you certainly should not presume that in searching for justice, something more precious than a lot of

gold, we would then give way to one another in this mindless manner and not be serious about bringing it fully to light. Do not make that presumption, my friend. No, in my opinion we lack the ability, so it is surely far more

reasonable that you clever people have mercy on us rather than being harsh.” And when he heard this he broke into scornful laughter. “By Heracles,” said he, “there it is, the familiar irony of Socrates. Indeed, I predicted this already. Yes, I told these people that you would not be willing to answer questions and would speak ironically and do anything rather than answer the question someone asked you.” “You are indeed wise, Thrasymachus,” said I. “So you knew full well that if you were to ask someone how much twelve is, and if you were to introduce your question by saying to him,

‘Do not tell me, my man, that twelve is twice six, or three times four, or six times two, or that it is four times three, because I will not accept your answer if you talk such nonsense as this,’ I am sure it is obvious to you that no one could answer your question if you were to put it like that.

But if he responded to you, ‘Thrasymachus, what are you saying? Can I not give a single one of the answers you mentioned? That is amazing! Even if one of them happens to be the answer, should I say something other than what is true? Or what do you mean?’ What would you say to him in reply?” “Well, well,” said he, “so this is like that question of mine!” “There is no reason why not,” said I, “but even if it is not like that but it seems like that to the person you are questioning, do you not think he is likely nonetheless to answer based on how it appears to him, whether we are prohibiting these responses or whether we are not?”

“Is that what you are going to do now?” he said. “Will you give one of those answers that I prohibited?” “I would not be surprised,” said I, “if that is how it seemed to me once I had considered the matter.” “And what if I should present a different answer about justice besides these, and better than all of them? What fate would you deserve?” “The fate that is appropriate to someone who does not know,” said I. “There is no alternative. And presumably it is appropriate that he learn from someone who knows. So this is the fate I deserve to suffer.”

“How sweet you are,” said he. “But as well as learning, you should also pay a fee.” “Yes, when I have the money,” said I. “You have it,” said Glaucon. “If money is an issue speak on, Thrasymachus, since we will all pay for Socrates.” “Yes, I am quite sure you will,” said he, “so that Socrates may arrange things, as usual. He does not answer questions himself, and when someone else answers, he may take hold of an argument and refute it.”

“Best of men,” said I, “how could someone give answers when, in the first place, he does not know nor does he claim to know? And secondly, even if he does have some thoughts on the matter, he is prohibited from saying what he believes by a man of no mean status? No, it is more reasonable that you speak, since you actually claim to know and to be able to express what you know. So you really must do this. Gratify me by answering the question. Do not hold back, and instruct Glaucon here, and the others too.” Once I had said all this, Glaucon and the others implored him to do what I had asked him to do, and Thrasymachus was obviously eager to speak in order to impress people, since he thought he had a really good answer, but he pretended to be keen that I be the one to answer the question. He

finally gave his assent, and then he said, “There it is, the wisdom of Socrates. Although he himself does not want to teach, he goes about learning from others, and he does not even thank them.” “What you are saying is true, Thrasymachus,” said I, “I do learn from others. But when you say I do not give thanks, that is not true, for I give as much as I am able to give. But since I do not have money, I am only able to give praise, and once you give your answer you will know full well, there and then, just how eagerly I praise someone who seems to me to speak well, since I believe you will speak well.”

“Then listen,” said he. “Indeed, I maintain that what is just is nothing else but the ‘advantage of the stronger’. Well, why do you not praise me? You just do not want to.” “I should understand what you are saying first,” said I. “At the moment I still do not know what you mean. You maintain that the advantage of the stronger is just. But what exactly do you mean by this, Thrasymachus? For presumably you are not maintaining that if Polydamas, the pancratiast,¹⁷ is stronger than we are, and it is to his advantage to eat beef for his body, then this food is also advantageous for us weaker folk, and just too?”

“You are loathsome indeed, Socrates,” said he, “and you are interpreting the argument in a sense that does it the most damage.” “Not at all, best of men,” said I. “Just explain what you mean, with greater clarity.” “Do you not know,” said he, “that some cities are governed as tyrannies, some as democracies, others as aristocracies?” “Of course.” “And whatever rules in each city exercises power?” “Entirely so.”

“And each ruling group institutes the laws to its own advantage, democratic laws in the case of a democracy, tyrannical laws in the case of a tyranny, and so on. Having instituted them, they then proclaim that this, what is advantageous to themselves, is just for those over whom they rule and so they punish those who go against this, as lawbreakers who are acting unjustly. So this, best of men, is what I say is just: it is the same in all cities, the advantage

of the established ruling group. This presumably holds power, and it follows, if one reasons correctly, that what is just is the same everywhere: the advantage of the stronger.” “I now understand what you are saying,” said I, “and I shall attempt to understand whether it is true or not. So, Thrasymachus, you too have answered that what is advantageous is what is just, even though you prohibited me from giving this answer, and yet the words ‘for the stronger’ were

added on to it.” “Yes, a minor addition perhaps,” said he. “It is not yet clear whether it is significant or minor, but it is clear that we should consider whether or not you are speaking the truth. Now, since I too accept that what is just is something advantageous, but you make an addition and say it is the advantage of the stronger, while I do not know, consider it we must.” “Consider it then,” said he. “That is what I shall do,” said I. “Tell me then. Do you not maintain that it is just to obey those who rule?” “Yes, I do.”

“And are the rulers of each city unerring, or are they also capable of making some mistakes?” “Absolutely,” said he. “They are also quite capable of making some mistakes.” “So as they set about instituting the laws, would they not institute some laws correctly, others incorrectly?” “Yes, I think so.” “And what is instituted correctly is to their own advantage, and what is instituted incorrectly is to their disadvantage. Is this what you are saying?” “Just so.” “But whatever they institute must be enacted by those over whom they rule,

and this is what is just?" "Of course."

"Then according to your argument, it is just not only to enact what is advantageous for the stronger, but also the opposite, what is disadvantageous." "What are you saying?" he replied. "What you are saying, I think, but let us take a better look. Hasn't it been agreed that when the rulers are directing their subjects to enact something, they sometimes make mistakes about what is best for themselves, yet it is just for the subjects to enact whatever the rulers order? Has this not been agreed?" "Yes, I think so," said he.

"Then, you must suppose," I said, "that you also accept that it is just to do what is disadvantageous to those who rule and are stronger, whenever the rulers unintentionally direct what is bad for themselves, since you maintain that it is just for the others to enact what the rulers have directed. So in that case, wisest Thrasymachus, does it not necessarily follow that it is just to do the very opposite of what you are saying? For the weaker have surely been directed to enact what is disadvantageous to the stronger." "Yes, by Zeus, Socrates," said Polemarchus, "nothing could be clearer."

"Yes, if you are to be his witness," said Clitophon, interrupting. "Why is there need of a witness?" said he. "Indeed, Thrasymachus himself accepts that although the rulers sometimes direct what is bad for themselves, it is still just for the others to enact this." "Because, Polemarchus, Thrasymachus posited that to enact the orders of the rulers is just." "Yes, Clitophon, and he also proposed that the advantage of the stronger is just. And having put both these proposals forward, he went on to admit that the stronger sometimes order the weaker folk, their subjects, to enact what is disadvantageous for themselves. But based upon these admissions, what is advantageous for the stronger would be no more just than what is not advantageous."

"But," said Clitophon, "by 'what is advantageous for the stronger' he meant what the stronger person believes to be advantageous to himself. This is what is to be enacted by the weaker, and he posited that this is what is just." "But that is not what he said," said Polemarchus. "That makes no difference, Polemarchus," said I. "Rather, if Thrasymachus now means it in this way, let us accept it from him in this way. "So tell me, Thrasymachus, is this what you wanted to say is just, what seems to the stronger to be to the advantage of the

stronger, whether it is advantageous or not? Shall we say that this is what you mean?"

"No, not in the least," said he. "Do you think that I call someone who is making mistakes stronger, at the time he is making the mistakes?" "Yes," said I, "I did think you meant this when you accepted that those who rule are not unerring, but also make some mistakes." "That is because," said he, "you are conducting your arguments unfairly, Socrates. Take an immediate example. Do you call someone who is making mistakes in treating the sick a physician, based on the actual mistake he is making, or someone who makes mistakes in calculating, a calculator at the time he is making a mistake, based on this mistake? No, I

think this is just our manner of speaking. We say the physician makes mistakes, the calculator makes mistakes, and so does the writing teacher. But in fact, I think each of these, insofar as they are what we call them, never makes mistakes. And so, according to this precise account, since you do speak so precisely, none of these practitioners errs. Someone who makes mistakes does so in the absence of knowledge when he is not a practitioner, and so no practitioner, wise person, or ruler, makes mistakes at that time when he is a ruler, even though everyone would say that the physician erred, and so did the ruler. So it

is in this sense in which you should understand the answer I gave you a moment ago. But the other account is the most precise. The one who rules, insofar as he is a ruler, does not make mistakes and he unerringly institutes what is best for himself, and this must be enacted by the one who is ruled. And so, as I have been saying from the outset, I say that what is just is enacting what is to the advantage of the stronger." "Very well, Thrasymachus," said I. "Do you think I am arguing unfairly?" "Yes, certainly," he replied.

"Because you think I asked my questions in the way I asked them, as part of a plan to do damage to you in the arguments." "I actually know this quite well," he said. "Yes, and you will not get any further for you could not do this damage without my noticing it, nor will you be capable of overpowering me in the argument now that you have been found out."

“Blessed man,” said I, “I would not even make the attempt! But to avoid something of this sort happening to us all over again, please clarify in which sense you mean ‘the ruler’ and ‘the stronger’. Do you mean the ruler and stronger in the common sense of the words or in the precise sense that you explained just now, who is stronger and whose advantage it will be just for the weaker person to enact?” “The one who is a ruler in the most precise sense of the word,” said he. “So do damage

to that and be unfair if you can – I am asking you for no concessions – but you won’t be able to.” “Do you think,” said I, “that I would be so insane as to attempt to shave the lion, by being unfair to Thrasymachus?” “Well, you made the attempt just now,” said he, “and you came to naught in that case too.” “Enough of this sort of thing,” said I. “But tell me. The physician, in the precise sense you explained earlier, is he a money-maker or someone who treats the sick? And you should speak of someone who really is a physician.” “He is someone who treats the sick,” he replied. “What about a steersman? Is someone who is a steersman, in the correct sense, a sailor or someone who is in charge of sailors?”

“Someone who is in charge of sailors.” “We need not, I believe, take account of the fact that he sails in a ship, nor is he to be called a sailor for that reason. For he is not called a steersman based on his sailing, but based on his skill and the fact that he is in charge of the sailors.” “True,” he said. “Is there not some advantage that belongs to each of these?” “Absolutely.” “And is not the skill naturally directed to this,” I asked, “to seeking out and furnishing what is advantageous to each?” “It is directed to this,” said he. “Now, in each of the skills too, is there any other advantage apart from being as perfect as possible?”

“In what sense are you asking this question?” “It is as if you were to ask me,” said I, “whether it is sufficient that our body be a body, or is it in need of something else besides. I would reply that it does need something else, entirely so, and that is why the skill of medicine has now been invented, because our body is deficient and it is not sufficient that it be like this. So this skill has been provided in order to furnish what is advantageous to this body. Do you think,” said I, “that I would have answered correctly or incorrectly had I said this?” “Correctly,” he replied.

“What about this? Is medicine itself deficient, or is there any other skill that needs some additional excellence, in the way that eyes need sight and ears need hearing, and is there, for this reason, a need for some skill, set over them, that considers what’s advantageous in this respect, and provides it? So too, is there any deficiency in the skill itself, and does each skill need another skill that will consider what’s advantageous to it, and does the one that’s considering this need another skill of this sort, in turn, and is this an unending process? Or will the skill consider what is advantageous

to itself? Or does it need neither itself nor another skill to consider what is advantageous in relation to its own deficiency, because there is no deficiency or error present in any skill, nor is it the function of a skill to seek what is advantageous for anything apart from the object of that skill? And is it unblemished and pure, because it is right, as long as each skill is precisely and wholly what it is? And considering that ‘precise’ formulation, is this how matters stand or not?” “So it appears,” he said. “So,” said I, “medicine does not consider what is advantageous to medicine, but to the body.” “Yes,” said he.

“Nor does horsemanship consider what is advantageous to horsemanship, but to horses. Nor does any other skill consider what is advantageous to itself, since it has no additional need. It considers what is advantageous to the object of that skill.” “It appears so,” he replied. “But of course, Thrasyarchus, the skills rule over and dominate the objects of those skills.” He agreed to this, but with great reluctance. “So no knowledge at all considers or commands what is to the advantage of the stronger, but what is to the advantage of the weaker, and of whatever is ruled by the knowledge itself.”

In the end he accepted this too, although he did attempt to resist it. Once he had agreed, I said, “So is it not the case that no physician, insofar as he is a physician, considers or commands what is advantageous to the physician rather than to the sick person? For it has been agreed that the physician, in the precise sense, is someone who rules over bodies, but is not a money-maker. Was that not agreed?” He concurred. “Is not the steersman too, in the precise sense, also someone who rules over sailors, but is not a sailor?” He agreed. “So a steersman and ruler of this sort will not consider and command what is advantageous to the steersman, but to the sailor, the person whom he rules

over.” He concurred, reluctantly.

“In that case, Thrasymachus,” said I, “no one at all exercising any rulership, insofar as he is a ruler, considers or commands what is advantageous to himself, but to the one he rules over, for the sake of whom he himself exercises his skill. With his gaze fixed upon that, and whatever is advantageous and appropriate to that, he says all that he says and he does all that he does.”

Now, once we had reached this stage in the discussion, and it was apparent to everyone that his argument about what is just had undergone a complete reversal, Thrasymachus, instead of responding said, “Tell me, Socrates, do you have a nurse?” “Why is this?” said I. “Should you not respond rather than asking a question like this?” “Because,” said he, “she overlooks your snivelling and does not wipe your nose though you need it. In any case, with her, you do not even distinguish between shepherds and sheep.” “Why exactly are you saying this?” I asked.

“Because you think the shepherds and the neatherds consider the good of the sheep and the oxen, and fatten them and care for them with a view to something else besides the good of their masters and themselves. What is more, you imagine that those who rule our cities, those who truly rule, have some other attitude towards those they rule over than the disposition someone might have towards sheep, and that they consider something else, night and day, besides how they will benefit themselves. And when it comes to what is just and justice, what is unjust and injustice,

you are so remote that you are unaware that justice and what is just are, in fact, someone else’s good, being the advantage of the stronger, of those who rule, and the personal detriment of whoever obeys and is subordinate. But injustice is the opposite, and it rules over the truly simple-minded

folk who are just and who, because they are ruled, do what is to the advantage of that stronger man and make that person happy by serving him, without making themselves happy at all. “But, my utterly simple-minded Socrates, you should consider the fact that everywhere the just man has less than the unjust man. Firstly, in contractual arrangements with one another, wherever people like this are in partnership with one another, you would never find that the just man has more than the unjust man when the partnership is ended. No, he

has less. Again, in their dealings with the city, when there are taxes to be paid, the just man pays more and the unjust man pays

less although they are equally liable. And when there is money to be had one gains nothing while the other gains a lot. And, indeed, whenever either of them holds a position of authority, the just man, even if he suffers no other loss, suffers the deterioration of his personal affairs through neglect, and because he is just he takes no personal advantage of public property. And besides all this he is hated by his family and acquaintances when he is not prepared to afford them any service beyond what is just. But what happens to the unjust man is the opposite of all this. Indeed, I am referring

to the person I was speaking of just now, someone who is capable of getting more, on a large scale. That is the person you should consider if you really want to judge how much more advantageous it is to him, personally, to be unjust rather than just. "But the easiest way of all for you to understand this is by taking the most extreme injustice, that makes the one who has committed the injustice as happy as he can possibly be, and those who have suffered the injustice, and are not prepared to act unjustly, utterly wretched. This is tyranny, which takes, not little by little but all at once by stealth and by force, what does not

belong to it, what is sacred and holy, private and public. If someone acts unjustly by enacting a particular part of this extreme injustice, and he is found out, he is penalised and attracts enormous reproach. And, indeed, temple robbers, kidnappers, house-breakers, swindlers and thieves is what they call people who, through crimes of this sort, are unjust in part only. But, when in addition to stealing the wealth of the citizens someone actually kidnaps and enslaves the citizens themselves, instead of these shameful names he is called happy and blessed, not only by those citizens,

but by anyone who hears that he has acted in this completely unjust manner. For, those who reproach injustice do not reproach it because they are afraid of doing unjust deeds. No, they are afraid of suffering them. "And so, Socrates, injustice on a sufficiently large scale is stronger, freer and more dominant than justice. And as I said at the outset, what is just is indeed the advantage of the stronger, and what is unjust is profitable and advantageous to oneself."

Having said all this, Thrasymachus intended to leave, having poured his speech about our ears in a massive flood, like an attendant at the baths. However, the company wouldn't allow him to do so. Rather, they compelled him to stay and provide an argument in support of what he had said. I myself was particularly insistent, and I said, "Heavens, Thrasymachus, after firing off a speech like that, do you intend to take your leave before you provide adequate instruction or before you have learned whether or not this is how matters

stand? Or do you think we are trying to determine some minor issue, rather than a course of life which would enable anyone who pursues it to live the most profitable of lives?" "Indeed," said Thrasymachus, "do I think this is not the case?" "You seem to think so," said I, "or else you do not care about us, nor have you any concern about whether we live worse or better lives, we who are in ignorance about what you claim to know. So, good man, take heart and explain it to us, since you won't fare at all badly if you do a good deed

for so many of us. In fact, I must say that I, for my part, am not persuaded, nor do I believe that injustice is more profitable than justice, not even if someone allows it free rein and does not prevent it from doing whatever it wishes. No, my good man, let a man be unjust and able to act unjustly, either by avoiding detection or by open force. Nevertheless, he does not persuade me that injustice is more profitable than justice. Now, there is probably someone else among us, and I am not alone, who is not convinced of this, so do enough to persuade us, blessed man, that we are being ill-advised when we set justice above injustice."

"But how am I going to persuade you?" he asked. "Indeed, if you are not persuaded by what I said just now, what more can I do for you, besides taking the argument and shoving it into your soul?" "By Zeus," said I, "do not do that. No, firstly, you should stand by whatever you said, or if you do change your position do so openly and do not try to deceive us. But at the moment, Thrasymachus, let us look again at the previous examples, because, you see, although you began by defining the physician in the true sense, you no longer thought it necessary later on to be careful and precise

about the shepherd in the true sense. Instead, you presume that he fattens the sheep with a view not to what's best for the sheep, but with a view to a banquet, as if he were a dinner guest about to have a feast, or again with a view to selling them, like a businessman rather than a shepherd. But the skill of shepherding surely does not care for anything else apart from what it has been put in charge of, and how to provide to this what's best, since as long as it does not fall short of being shepherding, whatever belongs to itself has, of course, already been provided to a sufficient extent so that it can be best. Accordingly, I think we need to accept at this stage that all rule, insofar as it

is rule, does not consider what's best for anything else except what it rules over and tends upon, whether the rule is exercised in civic or in private matters. But do you think that those who exercise rule in our cities, those who rule in the true sense, do so of their own free will?" "By Zeus," said he, "I do not think it. I know it very well." "But why, Thrasymachus?" said I. "Are you not aware that in the case of the other rulers, no one is prepared of his own free will to exercise rule? Rather, they ask for payment because any benefit accruing from the exercise of rule will accrue, not to themselves, but to those who are ruled. Now,

tell me this much. Do we not consistently say that each of the skills is different in virtue of having a different power? And, blessed man, do not give an answer that is contrary to your own opinion, so that we may make some progress." "Yes," said he, "they are different in virtue of this." "Does not each of them provide some benefit of its own to us, a benefit that is not common to them all, medicine providing health, steersmanship providing safety at sea, and so on for the other skills?" "Entirely so."

"And does not wage-earning provide a reward, since that is its power? Or do you call medicine and steersmanship the same skill? Or, if you really want to make a precise distinction, as you proposed, would you be any more inclined to refer to a steersman's skill as medicine if someone acting as a steersman were to become healthy because of the advantages of a sea voyage?" "Of course not," he said. "Nor, I believe, would you say this about wage-earning if someone earning wages were to become healthy." "Of course not."

“What about this? Would you call medicine wage-earning if someone were to earn a wage whilst healing people?” “I would not,” he said. “Well, did we not agree that the benefit of each skill is particular to that skill?” “I grant that,” said he. “Then whatever benefit all the practitioners obtain in common, they obviously obtain by their common recourse to something else that is the same.” “So it seems,” said he.

“And yet, we maintain that the benefit whereby the practitioners gain a reward comes to them from their recourse to the wage-earning skill.” He agreed reluctantly.

“So, it is not from his own skill that each practitioner has this benefit, whereby he obtains a reward. Rather, if we are to consider this precisely, medicine produces health while wage-earning produces a reward, and although house-building produces a house, wage-earning follows it and produces a reward. And the same goes for all the other skills. Each performs its own function and benefits whatever it is set over, but if a reward were not to accompany the skill, is there any benefit to the practitioner?” “Apparently not,” said he.

“In that case, when he works for nothing, does he not confer any benefit then?” “No, I think he does.” “Therefore, Thrasymachus, this much is obvious by now. No skill or rule furnishes what is beneficial to itself but, as we have been saying for some time, it furnishes and commands what is beneficial to whatever it rules over by considering what is to the advantage of the weaker, but not of the stronger. And that is why, dear Thrasymachus, I was saying just now that no one is prepared to exercise rule, and get involved in correcting the evil ways of others, of his own free will. Instead

he asks for a reward, because whoever is to enact anything properly by means of a skill never enacts what is best for himself, nor commands it either, when his commands are based upon the skill. Rather, he enacts what’s best for whoever is ruled. These are the reasons, it seems, why there needs to be a reward for those who are going to consent to exercise rule, either money, honour, or a penalty if they will not exercise rule.” “What do you mean by this, Socrates?” said Glaucon. “The first two rewards I recognise, but I do not understand what penalty you are referring to, or how you include it among

the rewards.”

“Then,” said I, “you do not understand the reward of the best people, on account of which the most suitable people exercise rule, whenever they are willing to do so. Or do you not know that having a thirst for honour or for money is said to be, and is indeed, a reproach?” “I do,” said he. “Well,” said I, “that is why the good people are not willing to rule, either for the sake of money or honour. For they do not wish to be called hirelings for openly securing a reward from exercising authority, nor to be called thieves for profiting from their position of authority by stealth. Then again, they won’t do it for the sake of honour either for they are not thirsty for honour. So in their

case, there also needs to be some necessity or a penalty if they are going to want to exercise rule. And that is surely why it is regarded as a disgrace to seek to exercise rule of one’s own free will and not wait for necessity. But if one is not willing to exercise rule oneself, the greatest penalty is to be ruled over by someone of lesser rate. And for fear of this penalty, it appears to me, the reasonable people exercise rule, whenever they do so. And then they set about exercising their authority, not as though they are embarking upon something good, nor as though they are going to do

well out of it, but as a necessity, because they are not able to entrust it to anyone better than or like themselves. “It is quite likely then that if there were a city constituted entirely of good men, there would be as much contention over not ruling as there is over exercising rule nowadays. And in that case it would become quite evident that, in fact, the true ruler does not, by nature, consider his own advantage, but the advantage of whoever is ruled. Accordingly, everyone who realises this would choose to be benefited by someone else rather than have the trouble of benefiting someone else.

“So I do not agree with Thrasymachus at all, that what is just is the advantage of the stronger. Now, we shall consider this again on another occasion, but what Thrasymachus is now saying seems much more significant to me, when he maintains that the life of the unjust person is superior to the life of the just. Well, Glaucon,” said I, “which do you choose, and which formulation seems truer to you?” “Well, I say the life of the just person is more profitable.”

“And did you hear how much good Thrasymachus ascribed a moment ago to the life of the unjust?” “I heard,” said he, “but I am not convinced.” “So do you want us to persuade him that he is not speaking the truth, if we can somehow find a way to do so?” “How could I not want that?” said he. “Well, if we argue against him, setting one speech against another, as to how much good there is in turn in being just, and he makes a reply, and we make another speech, it will be necessary to count up the good points and measure how many of them each of us made. And at that stage we shall need some judges to decide on the issue. But if we consider the matter as we did just now,

by coming to agreement with one another, we ourselves shall be both judges and pleaders at the same time.” “Yes, certainly,” said he. “So which approach do you like best?” I asked. “This one,” Glaucon replied. “Come on then, Thrasymachus,” said I, “answer us, from the beginning. Do you maintain that complete injustice is more profitable than justice, when it too is complete?” “I certainly do maintain this,” said he, “and I have explained the reasons why.” “Well then, tell me what you say about them in this respect. I presume you refer to one of them as an excellence and the other as a vice?” “Of course.”

“Justice being an excellence, and injustice a vice?” “Well, that is likely, my sweet friend, since I also say that injustice is profitable, while justice is not.” “What are you saying then?” “The opposite,” said he. “That justice is a vice?” “No, it is a very noble simple-mindedness.” “In that case, is injustice an evil disposition?” “No, it is sound judgement,” he said. “And do the unjust people also seem to you, Thrasymachus, to be intelligent and good?” “Yes, those who are able to be completely unjust at any rate,” said he, “and have the ability to bring cities and entire races of humans under their power. But perhaps you think I am

speaking of pickpockets,” said he, “although this sort of thing is profitable too, as long as it goes undetected. Yet it is not worth mentioning compared to what I have just been speaking of.” “I am not unaware,” said I, “of the point you wish to make, but what surprised me was this: you placed injustice alongside excellence and wisdom, although you placed justice with their opposites.” “That is where I place them, very much so.”

“This is now a tougher challenge, my friend, and it is no longer easy to come up with a response. For if you had proposed that injustice is profitable, and yet accepted that it is an evil and a disgrace, as some others do, we would have something to say by discussing it in conventional terms. But you are obviously going to say that it is noble and strong, and you will attribute to it all the other qualities that we used to attribute to justice since you have even dared to place it alongside excellence and wisdom.”

“Your prophecy could not be truer,” said he. “And yet,” said I, “I should not hold back from developing the argument, as long as I understand you to be saying what you are actually thinking. Indeed, Thrasyarchus, I do not think you are joking at the moment. No, you are expressing your opinions as to what is true.” “What difference does it make to you,” said he, “whether this is my opinion or not? Why do you not just refute the argument?”

“No reason,” said I. “But apart from all this, please try to answer one further question. Do you think the just person would want to get more than another just person, in any respect?” “Not at all,” said he. “Otherwise he would not be the charming, simple-minded fellow he actually is.” “And what of the just action?” “No, not that either,” he said. “And would he think he deserves to get more than the unjust person, and would he believe that this is just or would he not believe so?” “He would believe it,” said he, “and he would think he deserved it, but he would be unable to achieve it.”

“But I am not asking you that,” said I, “but whether the just man wants, and thinks he deserves, to get more than the unjust man, but not more than the just man.” “Yes, that is it,” said he. “And what about the unjust man? Does he think he deserves to get more than the just man and more than the just action?” “How could he do otherwise,” he said, “when he thinks he deserves to get more than everyone?” “Will not the unjust also get more than the unjust person and the unjust action, and will he not strive, in all things, to get more for himself?” “That is it.”

“Should we, in fact, put it like this?” I asked. “The just man does not get more than someone like himself, only someone unlike, while the unjust gets more than his like and his unlike.” “An excellent formulation,” he said. “And yet the unjust person is intelligent and good,” said I, “while the just person is

neither?" "That too is a good way of putting it," said he. "In that case," said I, "does not the unjust man resemble the intelligent and the good, while the just man does not?" "Yes, indeed," said he. "How could this sort of person fail to resemble people like this, and how could the other fellow resemble them?" "Well said. So each of them is this sort of person. They are each the sort of people they resemble." "What else could they be?" he said.

"Very well, Thrasyarchus. And do you say that one person is musical and another is unmusical?" "I do." "Which of them is intelligent and which is unintelligent?" "The musical person is presumably intelligent, and the unmusical person unintelligent." "Is he not good in matters wherein he is intelligent, and bad in matters wherein he is unintelligent?" "Yes." "What about the medical man? Is not the situation the same?" "It is." "So, best of men, would it seem to you that any musical man, when tuning his lyre, would want to get more than another musical man in tightening and loosening the strings, or would you think he deserves to get more?"

"No, I do not think so." "Would he want to get more than the unmusical man?" "Necessarily," he replied. "And what about the medical man? In prescribing food and drink, do you think he would want to get more than the medical man, or the medical procedure?" "Of course not." "But more than someone who is not a medical man?" "Yes." "Well then, in the case of all knowledge and ignorance, consider this. Would anyone at all who is knowledgeable want to choose to do, or say, more than another knowledgeable person, rather than choosing the same as someone who is like himself, in the case of the same activity?" "Yes," said he. "Perhaps that is how matters must stand in this case."

"What about someone who is not knowledgeable? Would he not want to get more than both the knowledgeable person and the person who is not knowledgeable, in like manner?" "Probably." "And whoever is knowledgeable is wise?" "I agree." "And whoever is wise is good?" "I agree." "So, whoever is good and wise does not want to get more than his like, although he does want to get more than his unlike, and his opposite." "So it seems," said he. "But whoever is bad and ignorant wants to get more than his like, and more than his opposite too." "Apparently."

“In that case, Thrasymachus, does not our unjust man get more than his like and his unlike? Were you not saying this?” “I was,” said he. “And yet, whoever is just will not get more than his like, but he will get more than his unlike?” “Yes.” “So the just person,” said I, “resembles the wise and the good, while the unjust resembles the bad and the ignorant.” “Quite likely.” “But surely we agreed that whoever someone is like, that is the sort of person he actually is.” “We agreed indeed.” “So the just person has turned out, for us, to be good and wise, and the unjust person ignorant and bad.”

Now, Thrasymachus did agree with all this, but not as easily as I am now describing. Rather he was dragged reluctantly, perspiring prodigiously as you would expect on a summer’s day. Then I saw what I had never seen before, Thrasymachus blushing. And since we had finally agreed that justice is excellence and wisdom, while injustice is badness and ignorance, I said, “There it is, let that be our position on this. And yet we also maintained that injustice is strong, or do you not remember, Thrasymachus?”

“I remember,” said he, “but what you are now saying is unsatisfactory to me, and I have something to say about this. Yet if I were to say it, I know quite well that you’d accuse me of making public speeches. So, either allow me to speak as much as I want to, or if you want to ask questions ask, and I shall respond with ‘there it is’, as we do to old women telling stories, and nod my head and shake my head.” “No, no,” said I, “not if it is contrary to your own opinion.” “Yes, to satisfy you,” he said. “Since you will not allow me to speak, what else do you want me to do?” “Nothing, by Zeus,” said I. “But if you really are going to do this, do it, and I shall ask my questions.” “Ask them.”

“Then I ask this question, the one I asked earlier, so that we may consider the argument thoroughly, in due order. What sort of thing is justice in relation to injustice? For it was said, somehow, that injustice is more powerful and stronger than justice, and yet now, if justice is indeed wisdom and excellence,” said I, “I think it will easily be shown to be stronger than injustice, since, in fact, injustice is ignorance. No one could still fail to recognise that. But I have no desire, Thrasymachus,

to consider this in such a facile manner, but somewhat as follows. Would you maintain that a city is unjust when it attempts to enslave other cities and

reduce them to slavery, and indeed hold many more in subjection, having enslaved them already?" "Yes, of course. And the best city, being utterly unjust, will do this to the greatest extent." "I understand," said I, "that this was your argument, but I am considering the following question: whether a city that becomes stronger than another city will have this power, in the absence of justice, or is it necessary for it that justice be present?"

"Well, if it is as you were just saying, and justice is wisdom, then this will happen when justice is present. But if it is as I was saying, then this will happen when injustice is present." "Thrasymachus, I am really delighted," said I, "that you are not only nodding and shaking your head, but also responding so beautifully." "Yes," said he, "I am being obliging towards you." "It is nice of you to do so, but please oblige me a little more and tell me this. Do you think a city or an army, robbers or thieves, or any other group that jointly undertakes something in an unjust manner, would be able to accomplish anything if they were unjust towards one another?" "Of course not," said he.

"But what if they were not unjust to one another? Wouldn't they be more likely to accomplish something?" "Very much so." "Because injustice, Thrasymachus, presumably causes factions, hatred, and conflict among them, while justice brings like-mindedness and friendship. Is this so?" "Let it be so," said he, "so that I do not have to differ with you." "Again, that is good of you, best of men. But tell me this. If the function of injustice is to produce hatred wherever it is present, will it not also, whether it arises among free men or slaves, make them hate one another and develop factions, and be unable to act with one another jointly?"

"Entirely so." "And what if it arises among two people? Will they not differ, develop hatred, and become enemies of each other and of the just people?" "They will," said he. "And if injustice arises in a single person, my surprising friend, will it lose its own power or will it still retain it nonetheless?" "Let us say it retains it nonetheless."

"Is it not apparent that the sort of power it has is as follows. Wherever it arises, be it in a city, a family, an army, or anything else at all, injustice first renders it incapable of acting in collaboration with itself because of faction and difference, and what's more it makes it an enemy of itself, and of everything

that is opposite to it, and of the just? Is this not the case?" "Entirely so."

"And if it is present even in a single person, it will I presume produce those same outcomes, the outcomes it naturally produces. Firstly, injustice will render him incapable of action because he has inner factions and is not like-minded with himself, and also make him an enemy of himself, and of the just. Is this so?" "Yes." "And surely, my friend, the gods too are just?" "So be it," said he. "And in that case the unjust man will be an enemy of the gods, Thrasymachus, and the just man a friend." "Feast away on your argument," said he. "Have no fear. I shall not oppose you in case I incur the displeasure of these people here."

"Come on, then," said I, "and complete what is left of the banquet for me by answering questions as you have just been doing. For the just are apparently wiser, better and more capable of action, while the unjust are not able to do anything together. And in fact, when we say that despite being unjust, people have on occasion accomplished something by working together jointly, with strength, we are not speaking the entire truth. For had they been perfectly unjust, they could not have restrained their injustice towards one another, so it is clear that some justice was present in them which prevented them from being unjust both to one another and the people they were set against at the same time. Because of this justice, they accomplished what they accomplished, and they embarked upon their unjust exploits only half-corrupted by injustice, since total degenerates, who are completely unjust, are also completely incapable of accomplishing anything.

"Now, as I understand it, this is how matters stand, and not as you proposed at first. However, we should also consider the issue we put forward for consideration after that, whether the just people live better lives than the unjust and are happier. Well, based on what we have said, in my opinion it now appears that they are happier. Nevertheless, we should consider this more thoroughly, for this argument is not concerned with any random issue. It concerns the manner in which our lives should be lived. "Consider it then," said he. "Very well," said I. "So tell me, do you think a horse has some function?" "I do." "And would you propose that this function of a horse, or of anything else, would be what can only be carried out with that, or is best

carried out with that?" "I do not understand," said he.

"Well, what about this? Can you see with anything else except your eyes?" "Of course not." "And again, can you hear with anything except your ears?" "Not at all." "Would we not be right to say that these are the functions of those organs?" "Entirely so." "What about this? Could you take a cutting from a vine with a dagger, a chisel, or with many other tools?" "Of course." "But you could not do it, I think, with anything else as well as you could do it with a pruning hook, manufactured for this purpose." "True." "In that case, should we not propose that this is its function?" "We should indeed."

"Well, I think you should now have a better understanding of my line of questioning just now, when I was asking if the function of something is what it alone can accomplish or what it can accomplish better than anything else." "Yes," said he, "I now understand, and it seems to me that this is the function of anything."

"Very well," said I. "Now, do you also think there is an excellence belonging to anything to which some function has been assigned? But let us go back again to the same examples. Is there some function of eyes, according to us?" "There is." "And in that case, is there also an excellence of eyes?" "An excellence too." "What about ears? Do they have a function?" "Yes." "Have they not an excellence too?" "An excellence too." "And in all other cases, does not the same apply?" "It does."

"Hold on. Could the eyes ever perform their own function properly without possessing their own particular excellence, but possessing a defect instead of the excellence?" "Well, how could they?" he replied. "For presumably you mean that they possess blindness instead of sight." "I am not yet asking what their excellence might be, but whether anything that exercises a function carries out its own function well by means of its own excellence, and badly by means of its defect." "Well, what you are saying is true in this case," said he. "Will not the ears carry out their own function badly when deprived of their own excellence?" "Entirely so."

"So, do we apply the same argument to all the other instances?" "Well, I think so." "Come on then, next consider the following. Is there some function of the soul that you could not perform by means of anything else there is, for

instance, caring, ruling and deliberating, and everything of that sort? Is there anything else besides soul to which we might properly attribute these? Could we maintain that they are not particular to soul?" "They are particular to nothing else." "And again, what about living? Shall we say that it is a function of soul?" "More than anything," said he. "Do we not also say that there is some excellence of a soul?" "We say so."

"In that case, will a soul ever carry out its own functions well, Thrasymachus, when deprived of its own particular excellence, or is that impossible?" "It is impossible." "So, of necessity, a bad soul exercises rule and care badly, and a good soul does all this well." "Of necessity." "Did we not agree that excellence of soul is justice, and badness is injustice?" "Yes, we agreed." "Then, the just soul, and the just man, will live well, while the unjust man will live badly." "So it appears," said he, "according to your argument."

"But someone who lives well is blessed and happy, while someone who does not is the opposite." "Of course." "In that case, the just person is happy, while the unjust is wretched." "Let it be so," said he. "But there is no profit in being wretched, but in being happy there is." "Of course." "Then, blessed Thrasymachus, injustice is never more profitable than justice." "Well, Socrates, let this be your feast for the festival of Bendis."

"A feast provided by you, Thrasymachus," said I, "once you became gentle with me and stopped being difficult. However, I have not feasted properly, but that's my own fault, not yours. Rather, I think I am behaving like gluttons, who snatch at whatever is spread before them to get a taste before they have enjoyed the previous dish in due measure. Before considering the first thing we were looking for, the just, and what precisely it is, I let that go and set about considering something about this, whether it is badness and ignorance, or wisdom and excellence. And again later on, when another argument came my way, that injustice is more profitable than justice, I could not

restrain myself from going after that and abandoning the other one. So the outcome of the discussion for me, at the moment, is that I know nothing. Since I do not know what precisely the just is, I shall hardly know whether it happens to be an excellence or not, or whether someone who possesses it is

unhappy or happy.”

BOOK II

Now, having said all this, I thought I was quit of the argument, but it turned out in the end to be a mere prelude. For Glaucon, who is always extremely forthright on every issue, on this occasion in particular could not accept the withdrawal of Thrasymachus, so he said, “Socrates, do you wish to seem to have persuaded us, or do you wish to persuade us truly that it is better in every way to be

just rather than unjust?” “To persuade you truly,” said I. “That is what I would choose if it were up to me.” “Well, then,” said he, “you are not doing what you wish to do. Yes, tell me this. Do you think there is a kind of good that we would choose to have not with a view to getting something out of it, but because we welcome it for its own sake, like enjoyment and pleasures that are harmless and produce no future consequences apart from enjoying their possession?” “Well,” said I, “I think there is a good of this kind.”

“What about the kind we prize both for its own sake and for what it gives rise to, thinking, for instance, and seeing, or being healthy, since we welcome these, presumably, for both reasons?” “Yes,” said I. “And do you see a third form of good which includes physical exercise, being healed when you are ill, healing others, and money-making in general? These we would say are troublesome, and although they benefit us we would not choose to have them for their own sake but for their rewards and for whatever else they give rise to.”

“Yes, indeed,” said I. “There is also this third form, but what about it?” “In which of these three do you place justice?” he asked.

“I think,” said I, “that it belongs in the noblest of the three, the one that should be prized for itself and for what it gives rise to by anyone who is to be blessed.” “Well, most people do not think so,” said he. “They think it belongs in the troublesome form that should be practised for the sake of its rewards, and for reputation based on appearance, but just by itself it should be avoided because it is difficult.” “I know that that is how they think,” said I, “and Thrasymachus has been criticising justice for some time for being like this, and

he has been praising injustice. But it seems I am a slow learner.”

“Come on, then,” said he, “and see if you still hold the same view after you listen to me. For Thrasymachus seems to me like a snake who has submitted to your charms more meekly than he should, since to my mind no proof on either side has yet been given. For I am eager to hear what each is, and what power each possesses, just by itself, when present in the soul, and to set to one side their rewards and whatever arises from them.

“So I shall proceed in this way if, indeed, it seems acceptable to you. I shall revive Thrasymachus’ argument, and I shall say first the sort of thing they maintain justice is, and where it has come from. Secondly, I shall show that everyone who practises it does so against their own

free will, as a necessity and not as something good. And thirdly, I shall demonstrate that they are acting reasonably in doing so, because the life of the unjust is actually far better than the life of the just, according to them. “Although this is not how it seems to me at all, Socrates, I am perplexed, nevertheless, from hearing Thrasymachus and countless others assailing my ears, while the argument on behalf of justice, that it is better than injustice, I have heard so far from no one in the way I wish to hear it. I wish to hear justice itself being praised for itself, and I think I am most likely to get this from you.

“That is why I shall speak forcibly in praise of the unjust life, and in speaking like this I shall demonstrate to you the manner in which I want to hear you, in turn, censuring injustice and praising justice. So let us see if what I am proposing is to your liking.” “More than anything,” said I. “Yes, what could be more delightful to a person of intelligence than hearing about this issue and discussing it again and again?”

“You put that perfectly,” said he. “Now, listen to the first thing I said I was going to say on this matter, the sort of thing justice is, and where it has come from. Indeed, according to them, doing injustice is good by nature, while suffering injustice is bad, and the badness in suffering injustice far exceeds the good in doing it. And so, when people are being unjust to one another, and suffering injustice too, and getting a taste of both the doing and the suffering, those who are unable to avoid the one and opt for the other think it profitable to enter a contract with one another, neither to do injustice nor to suffer it.

From there they began to set down laws, mutual contracts, and to call whatever the law commands lawful and just. This they say is the origin and the very

essence of justice. It is a middle ground between what is best – not paying a penalty when you act unjustly – and what is worst – being unable to get revenge when you suffer injustice. And what is just, being midway between both extremes, is prized not as something good but as something that is respected due to an inability to do injustice, since a true man, who can actually do this, would never enter into a contract with anyone neither to do injustice nor to suffer injustice. That would be madness. So, Socrates, according to their argument, such is the nature of justice. This is what it is like, and such are its natural origins.

“Now, we would be most likely to see that those who practise justice do so against their will because they lack the power to act unjustly, if we were to picture in mind a situation somewhat as follows. Let us grant each of these two, the just and the unjust person, licence to do whatever they want. Then we shall accompany them and watch where their desire may lead them in each case. We would then catch the just person, in the very act, doing the same thing as the unjust person, getting more. This is what every nature naturally pursues as something good, despite being forcibly misled by law into respecting equality.

“The sort of licence I am referring to would be most apparent if they were to possess the power that they say once belonged to the ancestor of Gyges of Lydia.¹⁸ Well, he was a shepherd working for the then ruler of Lydia, when there was a huge storm and an earthquake. The ground broke apart and a chasm appeared in the very place he was tending the flocks. When he saw it he was amazed, went down into it and, the story goes, he beheld other amazing sights, including a hollow bronze horse which had little doors. And when he bent down and peeped in, he saw that there was a corpse inside that appeared to be larger than a human. This corpse was wearing nothing else apart from a gold ring on its finger. He removed the ring and went out again.

“When the usual meeting of shepherds was held to report to the king, on a monthly basis, on the state of his flocks, he arrived wearing the ring. As he sat

down with the others, he happened to turn the ring around towards himself to the inside of his hand. With that, he became invisible to the people he was sitting with, and they spoke about him as if he was not there. He was amazed, and as he fiddled with the ring again he turned the ring outwards, and he immediately became visible once more. Once he had noticed this, he tested the ring out to see if it really had this power,

and he found that this was so. On turning the ring inwards he became invisible, on turning it outwards he became visible.

“Having become aware of this, he immediately contrived to become one of the messengers that go to the king. When he got there he seduced the king’s wife, and with her assistance he set upon the king, killed him, and took over the kingship.

“Now, if there were two rings like this, and one was worn by our just person, the other by our unjust person, there is no one, it would seem, with such adamant resolve as to abide by justice, and dare to refrain from touching other people’s possessions when it is possible for him, with no fear, to take whatever he wants from the market, go into private houses and lie with whomever he wants, to kill anyone, or free anyone he wants from prison, and to behave generally among his fellow men as though he were the equal of a god. But behaving in this manner he would not be doing anything different from the other fellow. They would both be going down the same path.

“So, someone might say that this is strong evidence that no one, of his own free will, is just, but only when he is compelled to be so, because being just is not something that is good for him personally, since whenever a person believes he will be able to act unjustly, he will do so. For every man believes that injustice is far more profitable, personally, than justice. And what they believe is true, as anyone who puts forward an argument of this sort will maintain, because if someone who has obtained such licence as this never had any desire to act unjustly, nor to lay hands on other people’s possessions, he would be regarded as wretched and devoid of intelligence by those who noticed, although they would still praise him when face to face with one another, deceiving one another completely because of their fear of suffering injustice.

“Well then, so much for that. As for this decision concerning the life of the people we are speaking of, we shall be able to decide the issue correctly once we contrast the most just person with the most unjust, but not otherwise. So what contrast do I mean? It is as follows. Let us take nothing away from the injustice of the unjust man, nor from the justice of the just man. No, let us propose that each of them is perfect in terms of his own conduct. So in the first place, let the unjust man act like expert craftsmen, such as a foremost steersman or physician, who is fully aware of

the impossibilities and the possibilities associated with his skill, and who attempts what is possible and sets aside what is impossible. And even if he slips up somewhere, he is up to the task of setting it right. So we should also allow the unjust man, attempting his unjust acts in the correct manner, to go undetected if he is going to be utterly unjust. And we should regard the fellow who gets caught as inept, for the pinnacle of injustice is to seem just, even though one is not.

“So, let us grant complete injustice to the completely unjust person, and there should be no omissions, but we should allow him, whilst perpetrating the greatest injustices, to have provided himself with the greatest reputation for justice. And even if he does slip up somewhere, let us grant him the ability to set it right, to speak persuasively enough if any of his unjust actions are ever exposed, and to use force to whatever extent force is needed, because he has the courage and strength to do so and because he is well supplied with friends and property. And having put an unjust person of this sort in place, we should set the just person alongside him, in our account, a simple, noble man who, as Aeschylus says, wishes to be good, and not just to seem so.¹⁹

“So we must take away this ‘seeming’, for if he is going to seem just, he will have honours and privileges because he seems to be this sort of person. Accordingly, it will not be clear whether he is the sort of person he is for the sake of justice or for the sake of the privileges and honours.

So we should strip away everything else apart from justice, and make his situation the exact opposite of the previous fellow. For although he is doing nothing unjust, let him have an enormous reputation for injustice so that he may be well tested, in terms of justice, by resisting any softening in the face of

a bad reputation, and whatever results from that. But let him persist unto death, undeflected in his course, reputed to be unjust even though he is just, so that both men, having attained the pinnacle of justice in one case and of injustice in the other, may be judged as to which of the two is happier.”

“My, my, dear Glaucon,” said I, “how thoroughly you clean up both men for judgement, as though they were two statues.” “I am doing my best,” said he, “and since they are both like this, it will no longer be hard, in my view, to complete our account of the sort of life that is in store for each of them. So this should be described, Socrates, and in this case, if it is described in very crude terms, do not presume that I am the one who is saying this. No, it is the people who praise injustice above justice.

“The people will say that the just man in this situation will be whipped, stretched on the rack, put in chains, have his eyes burned out, and finally, having suffered all possible evils, he will be impaled and will come to realise that one should not wish to be just, but to seem to be so. And the saying of Aeschylus turns out to be much more applicable to the unjust man. For they maintain that, in fact, the unjust man, since he is engaging in something that adheres to truth and does not live his life according to mere seeming, does not wish to seem unjust but to be so, *Enjoying the fruits of the deep furrow of thought / From which sagacious counsel is sprung*.

“Firstly, he rules in the city because he seems to be just. Then he marries a wife from any family he wants and gives his children in marriage to whomsoever he wants, does business with anyone he wishes, and as well as being benefited by all of this he also gains by having no scruples about doing injustice. So, in competitive situations in private or in public, they say he wins out and gets more than his enemies, and is wealthy because he gets more, and so he does good to his friends

and harm to his enemies. And he makes sufficient sacrifices and offerings to the gods, magnificently, and serves the gods and any people he wants to far better than the just man. As a result, they say it is more appropriate, in all probability, that he be more beloved of the gods than the just man. On this basis, Socrates, they say that from the gods, and from his fellow man too, the life provided to the unjust person is better than what is provided to the just.”

When Glaucon had said all this, I had in mind to say something in response, but his brother, Adimantus, said, "You surely do not imagine, Socrates, that enough has now been said about this argument?" "But why not?" said I. "The very point," said he, "that most needed to be made has not been made."

"In that case," said I, "as the saying goes, 'Let a brother be there for a brother',²⁰ and so you should come to his aid if this man has left anything out. And yet, for my part, what he has said already is enough to floor me and render me incapable of coming to the assistance of justice." "You are talking nonsense," said he. "And yet, you should also listen to this. Yes, it is necessary that we go through the opposite arguments to the ones he recounted, arguments that praise justice and censure injustice so that the point I think Glaucon wishes to make may be clarified.

"Fathers, when speaking to their sons and offering them advice, and indeed anyone who cares for anyone, speak to them presumably about the need to be just by praising not justice itself but the good reputation derived from it, saying that by seeming to be just, from the reputation alone, they may secure positions of authority, and marriages, and whatever else Glaucon listed just now, all from having a reputation for being just.

"Yet these people have more to say on the subject of reputation. For when they throw in good reputation in the eyes of the gods, they describe a whole host of goods that they declare are given by the gods to holy people, just as noble Hesiod, and Homer too, declare in one case that for the just people the gods make oak trees *Bear acorns in their topmost branches with swarms of bees below* "And he says, *Their woolly sheep are weighed down with fleeces.*²¹ And there are many other good things connected to these. In the other case, Homer says something similar:

*as of some king who, as a blameless man and god-fearing / and ruling as lord over many powerful people, / upholds the way of good government, and the black earth yields him / barley and wheat, his trees are heavy with fruit, his sheep flocks / continue to bear young, the sea gives him fish.*²² "But the goods from the gods that Musaeus and his son bestow upon the just people are more novel than these.²³ In their account they lead them into Hades, and having set them reclining at a symposium of holy people which they have prepared, they

crown them with garlands and make them

spend their time thereafter in a drunken state in the belief that the supreme reward for excellence is eternal drunkenness. Others extend the rewards from the gods even further than this, for they maintain that holy people who are faithful to their oaths leave behind them a whole race, children and children's children.

"So, in these respects, and in others like these, they sing the praises of justice while they sink the unholy and unjust people into some mire in Hades and compel them to carry water in a sieve. And while they are still alive they bring them into evil repute, and they ascribe to these unjust people all the punishments that Glaucon listed for those who are just, but have a reputation for being unjust. But they have nothing else to say.

"Such then is the praise and the censure associated with each, with the just and the unjust. But as well as these, Socrates, consider also the kind of arguments about justice and injustice spoken by ordinary folk and by the poets. For they all, with one voice, keep saying that justice and sound-mindedness are something glorious but difficult and hard work to attain, while lack of restraint and injustice are pleasant and easy to attain, and only by opinion and convention are they a disgrace.

"They say that unjust actions are, for the most part, more profitable than just ones, and they regard bad people who are wealthy and generally powerful as happy, and they have no scruples about honouring them in public and in private while disrespecting and looking down on those who are in some way weak or poor, even whilst agreeing that these are better people than the others.

"But the most surprising of all these things is what they say about the gods and about excellence. They say that the gods themselves allot misfortunes and a bad life to many good people, and an opposite fate to people of the opposite sort. And begging priests and soothsayers, going to the doors of the wealthy man, convince him that they have a power provided by the gods through sacrifices and incantations to make good any injustice committed by him or his ancestors with pleasant festivities. And if he wants to bring ruin upon some enemy, with minimal expenditure on

his part, he may do harm to just and unjust alike with certain incantations and spells which, they claim, persuade the gods to serve them. And they bring forth poets as supporting witnesses to all these arguments, some making the case that badness is easy because *Badness is abundant and easy to lay hold of. / The road is smooth and it dwells very close at hand. / But the gods have placed sweat in front of the path of excellence* “and a road that is long and rough and steep.”²⁴ Others bring in Homer as their witness that the gods are turned by humans, because he too said, *Even the gods themselves are moved by prayer. / By sacrifices and soothing vows, / Libations and burnt offerings, / Humanity turns the will of the gods; / Praying whenever someone has transgressed or gone astray.*²⁵

“And they produce a confused array of books by Musaeus and Orpheus, the offspring of Selene²⁶ and of the Muses they say, on the basis of which they perform their sacrificial rites, convincing not only private citizens but whole cities that there are remissions and purifications of their unjust deeds available through sacrifices and playful pleasantries to those who are still alive and also to those who have died. These they call initiations, which deliver us from the evils of the other world, where horrors await those who have not performed the sacrifices.

“Dear Socrates,” said he, “when all this is being said about excellence and badness, and the esteem in which they are held by gods and by humans, and when it is said so often in these various ways, what do we think this will do to the souls of the young when they hear it, young people who are gifted and up to the task of, as it were, flitting between all the various formulations and working out from them the sort of person one should be, and how one should behave in order to lead the very best life possible? Indeed, he would be most likely to ask himself, after the manner of Pindar: *Shall I, by justice or by crooked deceit / Ascend the high wall and, thus fortified, / live out the rest of my life?*

“For according to what is being said, there is no advantage to me in being just if I actually seem unjust, only trouble and losses that are plain to be seen. But if I am unjust and have secured a reputation for justice, a divinely sweet life is promised. Therefore, since the wise explain to me that seeming overpowers the truth and is lord of happiness, to this indeed should I turn fully. I must sketch

about myself a shadowy picture of excellence as an exterior façade whilst trailing the cunning, subtle fox of the all-wise Archilochus behind me.²⁷

“‘But surely,’ someone will declare, ‘it is not easy to be bad and go undetected always.’ ‘Indeed,’ we shall say, ‘nothing else that is worthwhile is an easy matter either. Nevertheless, if we are going to enjoy happiness, this is the path we must follow since that is the way the footprints of these arguments are leading us. So we shall form companies and associations in order to avoid being detected, and there are teachers of persuasion who, for a fee, impart the wisdom needed for public speaking and for winning lawsuits. Based on these, we shall use persuasion in some cases, and force in other cases, so that we may continue to get more, with impunity.’

“‘But, of course,’ someone might say, ‘you do not go undetected by the gods, nor can you use force against them.’ ‘But what if there are no gods, or human affairs do not concern them at all? Why should we, for our part, care about not being detected? If, on the other hand, there are gods and they do care about us, we know about them and have heard of them from no other sources than the laws and the genealogies of the poets, the very sources who are saying they are amenable to being turned and persuaded by sacrifices, soothing vows and offerings. We must believe either

both or neither. Now, if they are to be believed, then we should act unjustly and offer sacrifice from the fruits of our unjust acts. For by being just we shall merely go unpunished by the gods, but we shall forgo the advantages born of injustice. However, by being unjust we shall have the advantages, and by praying when we transgress or fall into error we shall win them over and escape unpunished.’

“‘But surely,’ someone may say, ‘we shall pay a just penalty in Hades for whatever injustices we may have done here, either ourselves or our children’s children.’ ‘But, my friend,’ he will reply on reflection, ‘the initiations, for their part, are extremely powerful, and so are the gods of deliverance. So say the greatest cities and the children of the gods who have become the gods’ poets and prophets, and who reveal that this is indeed the case.’

“Now, by what argument might we still choose justice in preference to gross injustice, which we may attain along with a fraudulent seemliness, and act as we are minded to act with gods and with humans, in life and after death, as the argument of most people, and of the special folk too, proclaims? Indeed, from all that has been said, is there any way, Socrates, that anyone possessed of any intellectual, physical, financial or family power would be willing to revere justice, and not laugh when he hears it being praised? And so, if someone is able to demonstrate that what we have said is false, and has recognised well enough that justice is best, he has a lot of sympathy with those who are unjust and is not angry with them. He knows, rather, that apart from someone who cannot bear to act unjustly because of a divine nature, or who refrains from it because of the knowledge he has acquired, no one else is just of their own free will. Rather, they censure unjust action

out of cowardice, old age, or some other weakness, because they are powerless to enact it. This must be obvious, because the first such person who attains the power to do so, is the first person to act unjustly as much as he possibly can.

“And there is no other cause of all this except the origin of this entire argument, directed by Glaucon and myself towards you, Socrates, to make the case that, ‘Come on, my wonderful man. Of all of you who claim to be champions of justice, beginning with the earliest heroes whose utterances are still with us, right down to human beings today, no one so far has censured injustice or praised justice on any other basis than reputation, esteem, and the advantages that derive from them. And no one so far, either in poetry or in ordinary language, has described in a sufficiently detailed argument what each does itself, by its own power, when present in the soul of its possessors, unnoticed by gods and humans, an argument according to which injustice is the worst of all

the evils that any soul can have within itself, while justice is the greatest good. For if you had all described it in these terms from the beginning, and convinced us of this from our earliest years, we would not have been acting as one another’s guardians for fear we might behave unjustly, but each of us would himself be his own guardian for fear that by acting unjustly he would have to live with the worst evil of all.’

“This, Socrates, and perhaps even more than this, is what Thrasymachus, and anyone else too I suppose, might say about justice and injustice, by crudely misrepresenting, in my opinion at any rate, the power they possess. But I, and I need to hide nothing from you, am speaking as forcefully as I possibly can because I am eager to hear you expressing the opposite views. Do not just show us, by your argument, that justice is stronger than injustice, but show what each of them, just by itself, is doing to their possessor, such that one is bad and the other good. And take away the reputations that go with them, as Glaucon directed you, for unless you take away the

true reputations from each, and substitute the false ones, we shall say that you are not praising what is just, but what is reputed to be just, nor are you censuring what is unjust, but what is reputed to be so, and you are encouraging us to be unjust without being noticed. And you are agreeing with Thrasymachus that what is just is someone else’s good since it is the advantage of the stronger, while what is unjust is to one’s own advantage and it is profitable, but it is disadvantageous to the weaker.

“Now, since you have agreed that justice is among the greatest goods, those that are worth acquiring for the sake of all that comes from them, but much more so for themselves – goods like sight, hearing, intelligence, and indeed health, and whatever other goods are fruitful by their own nature, and not merely by opinion – you should therefore praise this particular aspect of justice which, in its own right, benefits its possessor, while injustice does him harm. Leave the rewards and the reputations for others to praise, because although I might put up with other people when they are praising justice and censuring injustice in this way, by extolling or bewailing their associated reputations and rewards, I will not accept it from you unless you order me to do so, because you have spent your whole life considering this issue and nothing else.

“So, do not just show us, by our argument alone, that justice is stronger than injustice, but show what each of them, just by itself, is doing to their possessor, whether gods or humans notice this or not, such that one is good and the other bad.”

Now, although I had always admired the natural qualities of Glaucon and Adimantus, nevertheless, when I heard them on this occasion I was utterly delighted and I said, "You are worthy sons of your own father, and that admirer of Glaucon's began his eulogy of you quite nicely, after you had distinguished yourselves at the battle of Megara, when he said, *Sons of Ariston, a godlike race is born of an illustrious man.*

"And I think this captures the point quite well, my friends, for you have been much influenced by the divine if you are able to speak of injustice in these terms, without being convinced that it is better than justice. And it does seem to me that you are, in truth, unconvinced. And my evidence for this is your character in general, since on the basis of your speeches themselves, I would have doubted you both. But the more I trust you, the more I am at a loss as to how I should proceed, for I am not able to render any assistance. Indeed, I seem to be incapable of doing so, as indicated by the fact that you have not accepted what I said to Thrasymachus, which I thought showed that justice is better than injustice. Nor again am I capable of not rendering assistance, for I am afraid that

it might be an unholy act were I to be present when justice is being ill-spoken of, and fail her by not coming to her aid while I still had life and power of utterance. So under the circumstances, it is best that I help her to the best of my ability." Now, Glaucon, and the others too, begged me in all sorts of ways to render assistance and not give up on the argument, but to examine in detail what each is and where the truth really lies about the benefit of each. So, I said what I was thinking. "The enquiry we are undertaking is no ordinary one," said I. "No, it calls for keen vision. That is how it seems to me. Now, since we are not clever people," I said, "I think we should conduct an investigation somewhat as follows. It is as if someone

had ordered us to read very small letters from afar when we are not very keen-sighted, and someone then realised that the same letters are situated somewhere else, but larger, and on something larger. I think it would look like a godsend to read the smaller letters after we have first read the larger ones, if they happened to be the same." "Yes, indeed," said Adimantus, "but what do you see of this sort of thing in our enquiry into justice, Socrates?" "I will tell

you,” said I. “We maintain that there is justice of an individual man, and presumably also of an entire city?”

“Certainly,” said he.

“Is a city not larger than an individual man?” “Larger,” said he. “Then, surely there would be more justice in the larger, and it would be easier to apprehend. So, if you wish, first let us enquire into the sort of thing justice is in the cities. Then, on this basis, we may consider it even in one individual, thus considering the likeness of the larger in the character of the smaller.” “Yes, I think that is a good suggestion,” said he. “In that case,” said I, “if we were to watch a city coming into being in words, would we not also see the justice of the city coming into being, and its injustice too?” “Quite likely,” said he.

“And once this had come into being, could we not hope to see what we are seeking more easily?” “Very much so.” “So do you think we should attempt to proceed with this, for I think this is no small task? So give it some consideration.” “It has been considered,” said Adimantus, “and it simply must be done.” “Well,” said I, “a city comes into being, as I see it, because none of us are actually self-sufficient. Indeed, we all fall short of this in many respects. Or do you think there is some other principle for the foundation of a city?” “Not at all,” he replied.

“And so, it is that one person associates with another person for one purpose and with someone else for a different purpose, and since we all have many needs, we assemble people together into a single dwelling place as associates and helpers, and to this shared abode we give the name ‘city’. Is this so?” “It is so.” “And does one person give to another, if he does so, or receive something on the assumption that he himself will be better off.” “Very much so.” “Come on, then,” said I. “Let us make a city from the beginning, in words. And it seems that our own needs will be making it.” “Of course.”

“And, indeed, the first and greatest of needs is for the provision of food, for the sake of being and living.” “Entirely so.” “The second is for housing, and the third is for clothing and such like.” “That is it.” “Come on,” said I. “What size city will be sufficient to provide for as many needs as this? Will there not be one farmer, a house builder too, and someone else who is a weaver? Or should we also add a shoemaker to it, and someone else who looks after bodily

needs?” “By all means.” “In any case, the absolute minimum for a city to be a city would consist of four or five men.” “So it appears.”

“What then? Should each one of them place his own work at the joint disposal of everyone else? Should the farmer, for instance, one man, provide food for the other four and spend four times the time and the effort in providing food which he shares with the others? Or should he pay them no attention and produce a quarter of the food for himself in a quarter of the time, spending the remaining three quarters in providing a house, clothing and some shoes, without having to bother about sharing with others, and attend to his own concerns just by himself?”

And Adimantus replied, “The first way, Socrates, is probably easier than that.” “That is nothing strange, by Zeus,” said I. “Indeed, now that you say so, it also occurs to me that in the first place people are, by nature, not much like one another, rather they are naturally different. So one person is suited to one task, another to another task. Do you not think so?” “I do.”

“What about this? Would someone, one person, fare better by practising a lot of skills, or is it better when one person practises one skill?” “When one practises one,” said he. “Then again, I believe, it is also obvious that if we neglect the right moment for some task, it comes to naught.” “Yes, that is obvious.” “Indeed, in my view, that is because what is to be done is not prepared to wait until the person who is to do it has the time. No, the person needs to attend closely to what is to be done, not partially as a secondary task.” “Yes, he must.” “On this basis then, more is accomplished, and better and more easily, when one person does one thing that accords with his nature, at the right moment, free of involvement in anything else.” “Entirely so.”

“Then, Adimantus, more than four citizens are needed to provide all the services we were speaking of. For the farmer, it seems, will not make his own plough himself if it is to be a good one, nor his mattock either, nor any of the other tools required for farming. This applies to the house builder too, who also needs a lot of tools, as does the weaver and shoemaker.” “True.” “So carpenters, blacksmiths, and many craftsmen of this sort, becoming partners of our little city, will make it quite populous.” “Yes, certainly.”

“And it still would not be very large if we were to add oxherds and shepherds to their number, and other herdsmen, so that the farmers would have oxen for ploughing, and the house builders, and farmers too, would have beasts of burden to use for carrying loads, and the weavers and shoemakers would have leather and wool.” “Indeed,” said he, “it would not be a small city either, if it contained all these.” “And what is more,” said I, “it will be well-nigh impossible to found the city itself in a place where there will be no need of imported goods.” “Impossible indeed.”

“So there will be a further need for even more people, who will import whatever is needed from other cities.” “There will.” “And, indeed, if our agent goes empty handed, bringing nothing which the other cities need, goods they would import, goods they themselves need, he will return empty handed. Is this so?” “I think so.” “Then they need to produce at home not just enough for themselves, but also enough of the sort of goods that are needed by the cities they depend upon.” “Yes, they need to.” “So our city needs more farmers and other artificers.” “Yes, more.” “Then I presume we shall also need additional agents, who will import and export the goods in each case. These people are traders, are they not?”

“Yes.” “Then we shall also need traders.” “Very much so.”

“And if the trading is to take place by sea, then there will be a further need for a lot more people who are knowledgeable about seafaring.” “A lot more, indeed.” “And what happens in this city itself? How will each group share the products of their labour with one another? This was after all the very reason we founded our city and established a community.” “Obviously,” said he, “through buying and selling.” “Then a marketplace will arise from this, and a system of currency to facilitate the exchange.” “Yes, certainly.”

“Now, if the farmer, or one of the other artificers brings something he has produced along to the marketplace and does not arrive at the same time as those who want to exchange what he has with him, will he sit about in the marketplace idle, not occupied with his own work?” “Not at all,” said he. “There are people who see this situation and take on this function themselves. In cities that are properly managed, they are in general the least able-bodied

folk, unsuited to involvement in any other work. For they need to wait about in the marketplace and exchange money for goods with people who wish to sell something, and again, goods for money with those who wish to buy something.” “So this particular need,” said I, “is what gives rise to retailers in our city. Or do we not call those who set themselves up in the marketplace to act as agents for buying and selling, retailers, while referring to those who travel from city to city as traders?” “Yes, certainly.”

“And there are still others too, I believe, agents who, when it comes to intellectual matters, are not really worthy of our community. And yet, they possess enough physical strength for manual labour. So they sell the use of their strength, referring to their reward as a wage, and that is why they are called wage-earners, I suppose. Is this so?” “Yes.” “Then wage-earners also fill out the population of our city?” “I think so.” “Well then, Adimantus, at this stage, has our city grown to full size?” “Perhaps.” “So where exactly would justice and injustice be in this city, and did it arise at the same time as one of the groups we have been considering?”

“I have no idea, Socrates,” said he, “unless perhaps it is in some need the groups themselves had for one another.” “And perhaps you have a good point,” said I, “and we really should investigate it and not hold back. So, let us first consider the manner of life of people who are provided for in this way. Will they not make bread, wine, clothing and shoes? And having built their houses, they will work for

the most part naked and unshod in summer, and in winter they will be clothed and shod well enough. They will be fed on meal and flour from the barley and wheat they are provided with, baking and kneading noble cakes and loaves, which they serve up on some reeds or clean leaves as they recline on rustic beds strewn with yew and myrtle; feasting themselves and their children, then drinking their wine, with garlands on their heads as they sing the praises of the gods; delighting

in one another’s company and not begetting children beyond their resources to support them, being wary of poverty and war.” Then Glaucon interjected. “It seems,” said he, “that you are making these men partake of a feast devoid of relish.”

“What you say is true,” said I. “I had forgotten that they will also have relish, salt of course, olives and cheese too, and they will boil up onions and greens as people in the countryside do. And we shall also provide them with desserts, I suppose, of figs, pulses and beans, and they will roast myrtle berries and acorns by the fire, sipping their wine in moderation. And so will they live out their lives, in peace and health, and when, as is likely, they die in old age, they will bequeath another such life to their descendants.” “Well, Socrates,” said he, “if you were providing for a city of pigs, what else would you feed the beasts with?” “But how should it be done, Glaucon?” I asked. “In the conventional manner,” said he. “People who are not going to be in discomfort should, I believe, recline on couches, dine at tables, and have various relishes available to them, the very ones they have nowadays, and desserts too.”

“Very well,” said I, “I understand. It seems we are not just considering how a city comes into existence, but how a luxurious city does so. And perhaps that is not a bad development either, for by considering something like this, we may perhaps discern how exactly justice and injustice develop in a city. Now, I think the true city is the one we have been describing, a healthy one, in a sense. But if you still want to, let us look at a city in a feverish state. There is no reason not to. In fact for some people, it seems, all this is not sufficient, nor is the lifestyle itself. They will add couches, tables and other furniture, relishes of course, perfumes, incense, courtesans and cakes, each in endless variety. And what is more, all that we first mentioned – housing, clothing and shoes – should no longer be designated as our necessities. No, we should also get painting underway, embroidery too, and we should acquire gold, ivory, and everything else like that. Is this so?” “Yes,” said he.

“In that case, will our city not need to be made bigger again? Indeed, that healthy city is no longer sufficient. It already needs to be filled out in size, with lots of things that are no longer in cities for the sake of necessity, with hunters of all sorts, for instance, imitators too, many of them concerned with shapes and colours, many concerned with music; poets too and those who serve them as rhapsodes, actors, chorus members and contractors, and artificers of a whole variety of articles for general use, and indeed for female adornment. And so, we shall also require more of these agents. Or does it not seem that we shall need people who look after children, wet nurses, nurses, beauticians,

barbers, and, moreover, people to make the relishes, and cooks? And we shall still need to include

swineherds, since there were none in our previous city because it didn't need them. However, they will need to be included in this city. And it will also need a whole host of other beasts if they are to be eaten. Is this not so?" "Inevitably." "Once we live in this way, will we not also have a requirement for far more doctors than were needed in the previous city?" "Far more."

"And presumably our territory, which was once sufficient to feed the population at the time, will then become too small and sufficient no longer. Is this the case?" "Just so," said he. "In that case, we shall have to cut off a slice of our neighbour's territory if we are to have enough land to pasture and plough. They in turn will do the same to ours, if they too give themselves over to the unbridled acquisition of wealth, exceeding the limit of the necessities." "That is quite inevitable, Socrates," said he. "What follows this then, Glaucon, is that we shall wage war. Is this what will happen?" "Just so," said he.

"And," said I, "we really should not say anything yet as to whether war accomplishes anything

good, or anything bad either. Let us just say this much: that we have also discovered the origin of war. It originates where most of the cities' public or private evils originate, whenever they arise." "Yes, certainly."

"Then our city must be even larger, my friend, not a little larger, but larger by an entire army, that will go forth and fight against our adversaries, in defence of all that wealth and whatever else we referred to just now." "Why is that?" said he. "Are the citizens themselves not up to the task?" "Not if you and the rest of us," said I, "were right to agree, when we were fashioning our city, that it is impossible for one person to practise many skills well. I presume you remember." "What you say is true," said he.

"Well now," said I, "do you not think that warfare and combat is a skilled activity?" "Very much so," said he. "So, does the skill of shoemaking deserve more care than that of warfare?" "Not at all." "Well then, we prevented the shoemaker from attempting to be either a farmer, a weaver or a house builder at the same time, rather than just being a shoemaker, so that we would then

have the job of shoemaking done properly. And we assigned one task to each one of the others in like manner,

the one for which each was naturally suited, and which he was going to work at throughout his life, free from involvement in other tasks, and not missing the appropriate moment for carrying out the task well. "So then, in the case of warfare, is it not of the utmost importance that this be carried out well? Or is it so easy that whilst engaged in farming, someone may be skilled in warfare at the same time and be practising shoemaking, or any other skill at all, although there is no one who could be sufficiently skilled, even at playing draughts or dice, who did not pursue this alone from

childhood, rather than treating it as a pastime? And will someone who grabs a shield or some other piece of military equipment or weaponry be a competent combatant in warfare as a hoplite, or in some other form of combat, there and then? Grabbing any of the other tools will not make anyone a craftsman or an athlete, nor will they be of use to someone who has not got the knowledge in each case, and has not given it sufficient practice." "If that were the case," said he, "the tools would be of enormous value."

"Then," said I, "insofar as the work of the guardians is the most important work, should it not, to that extent, be unencumbered by any other duties, and, indeed, require the utmost skill and attention?" "Yes, I think so," said he. "In that case, will it not also require a nature suited to the activity itself?" "Of course." "Then it will be our job, it seems, if we are up to it, to pick whatever natures and whatever kinds of natures are suited to the guardianship of our city." "Our job, indeed." "By Zeus," said I, "we have not taken on some insignificant task. Nevertheless, as long as our powers do not fail us we must not lose heart." "Indeed we must not," said he.

"When it comes to guardianship," said I, "do you think there is any difference in nature between a noble young hound and a well-born young man?" "In what sense do you mean?" "For instance, each of them, presumably, needs to be keen of sense and nimble in pursuit as soon as they perceive something; strong too, if they need to fight it out with whatever they catch." "Yes, all of this is needed," said he.

“And of course they will need courage too, if they are to fight well.” “Of course.” “Now, would a horse, a dog, or any living creature at all that is not spirited, be prepared to exhibit courage? Or have you not noticed that when irresistible and invincible spirit is present in any soul, it is fearless in the face of anything, and unconquerable too?” “I have noticed.” “Well, it is obvious what the guardian should be like in bodily attributes.” “Yes.” “And in the case of the soul, it should obviously be spirited.” “That too.”

“So, Glaucon,” said I, “how will they avoid being aggressive towards one another and to the other citizens when they are, by nature, people of this sort?” “Not easily, by Zeus,” he replied. “And yet, they need to be gentle towards their own people and harsh towards their enemies or else they will not have to wait for other people to destroy them. No, they will do it themselves first.” “True,” said he. “So, what shall we do?” I said. “Where shall we find a character that is at once gentle and great in spirit? For the gentle nature is, presumably, opposite to the spirited.” “Apparently.”

“And yet, if someone were deprived of either of these qualities, he would never make a good guardian. And yet it seems impossible to have them both, and consequently it turns out that it is impossible to be a good guardian.” “That is likely,” said he. I was perplexed, and having reconsidered what had gone before, I said, “It is only right, my friend, that we are in perplexity, since we have abandoned the image we were proposing.” “What do you mean?” “We did not notice that there are, after all, natures that possess these opposite qualities, natures we thought did not exist.” “Where?”

“They may be seen in other animals too, and particularly in the one we were comparing to the guardian. Indeed you know, I presume, that in the case of noble dogs, their natural disposition is to be as gentle as they possibly can towards familiar people and those whom they recognise, and the very opposite towards those they do not recognise.” “I know, indeed.” “So, it turns out this is possible after all,” I said, “and what we are looking for in a guardian is not contrary to nature.” “It seems not.”

“Now, in addition to being spirited, do you think our prospective guardian also needs this: to become a philosopher in his nature?” “In what way?” he asked. “I do not understand.” “This, too,” said I, “is something you will

discern in dogs, and it is worthy of admiration in these animals.” “What is it?” “That when he sees someone he does not recognise, he is aggressive even before he has suffered any harm at all, but when he sees someone he recognises, he welcomes them, even if they have not yet done him any good. Have you never admired this before?” “I have not really given it much attention before now,” said he, “but it is obvious that he does something like this.”

“And yet, this is evidently a delightful characteristic of his nature, and a truly philosophic one.” “In what way?” “In that he distinguishes,” said I, “on sight, between friend and foe on the sole basis of having knowledge of the former and being ignorant of the latter. Indeed, how could he not be a lover of learning, when he makes a distinction between his own and what is alien, based upon knowledge and ignorance?” “Of course,” said he, “how could he not be?” “And surely,” said I, “the lover of learning and the lover of wisdom are the same?” “The same, indeed,” said he.

“Should we therefore propose, with confidence, in the case of a human being too, that someone who is going to be gentle to his own and to people he knows needs to be a philosopher and a lover of learning?” “Let us propose this,” said he. “Then someone who is to be a noble and good guardian of the city will, according to us, be a philosopher who is spirited, swift and strong by nature.” “Entirely so,” said he.

“Since he would be a person of this sort, in what manner will such people be reared and educated by us? And is the consideration of this question of any use to us in bringing clarity to the question that lies behind all our considerations: in what manner do justice and injustice arise in a city? We do not want the argument to be inadequate, or to make it too protracted either.” And Glaucon’s brother said, “Yes, I expect that this particular consideration will help in this.” “By Zeus, Adimantus, my friend,” said I, “in that case we should not give up, even if it turns out to be a lengthy consideration.” “We should not, indeed.” “Come on then, let us educate these men in our discussion, as though we were telling a story and had ample leisure to do so.” “We should.”

“So, what would their education consist of? Or is it hard to find anything better than what has been discovered through the passage of time? This, I presume, consists of physical training for the body, and music for the soul.” “It does, indeed.” “Well then, shall we start educating them in music prior to the physical training?” “Why not?” “And as part of music,” said I, “do you include verbal accounts or not?” “I do.” “Are there two kinds of accounts, one true, the other false?” “Yes.” “Should they be educated in both, beginning with the false ones?” “I do not understand what you are saying,” said he.

“Do you not understand that we tell stories to children, at first? These, I presume, are generally speaking false, although there is truth in them too. And we make use of these stories with children before the physical training.” “This is so.” “Well, that is what I meant when I said that music should be taken up before physical training.” “Rightly so,” said he. “Do you not know that the beginning of any work is most important, especially in the case of

anything young and tender, since that is when it is most malleable, and the imprint one may wish to impress upon it sinks in?” “Yes, exactly.” “So, shall we allow the children to hear any random stories, composed by anyone at all, and take beliefs into their soul that are, for the most part, opposite to the ones we will think they should have, once they have come of age?” “No, we shall not allow this at all.”

“Firstly, then, it seems we must watch over those who make up the stories, and we must accept whatever is well made, and reject whatever is not well made, and we shall persuade the nurses and the mothers to tell the accepted stories to the children and shape their souls with these, rather than shaping their bodies with their hands. But most of the stories that they tell nowadays should be rejected.” “What kind of stories?” he asked. “In looking at the greater stories,” said I, “we shall also be looking at the lesser ones. For the greater and the lesser should indeed have the same character and the same capability. Do you not think so?” “I do,” said he, “but I do not understand what you mean by the greater ones.”

“The ones that both Hesiod and Homer told us, and the other poets too, since these men presumably composed false stories which they recounted to mankind, and they still do.” “What kind of stories?” said he. “And what aspect

of them are you criticising?” “The aspect,” said I, “which deserves most criticism primarily, and especially if someone tells the falsehoods in an ignoble manner.” “What is this?” “It occurs when someone presents an image, in words, describing what the gods and heroes are like in an ignoble manner, like a painter who paints something that bears no resemblance to whatever he wishes to paint a likeness of.” “Yes, indeed,” said he, “it is only right to criticise this sort of thing. But how is this done, and what are the falsehoods like?”

“First and foremost,” I said, “is the greatest falsehood of all, concerning the greatest personages of all, a falsehood that its narrator recounts in an ignoble manner, according to which Uranus performed the deeds that Hesiod says he performed, and Cronus in turn took revenge on him.²⁸ But the deeds of Cronus in particular, and what he suffered at the hands of his son, these, even if they were true, should not, I believe, be recounted freely and easily to unreflective young folk. No, they are best kept quiet. And if someone does need to relate them, they should be heard in secret by as few people as possible, after sacrificing not some common piglet, but an enormous beast that is hard to procure, so that the least possible number of people get to hear them.” “Yes, indeed,” said he. “These accounts really are hard to take.”

“Yes, and they should not be told,” said I, “in this city of ours, Adimantus. Nor should it be said, within earshot of the young, that there is nothing out of the ordinary in acting unjustly in the extreme, nor again in punishing a father for his unjust actions in all sorts of ways, since in so doing he would be doing what the foremost and most important gods have done.” “No, by Zeus,” said he. “I myself do not think they are suitable material either.”

“Nor,” said I, “should it be said that gods are at war with gods, and are scheming and fighting, since this is not true either. Indeed, if we want those who are to guard our city to consider it a disgrace to hate one another easily, then we should not tell or depict stories of the battles of gods and giants – far from it – or stories of a whole variety of other enmities of gods and heroes with their kindred and family members. But if we are somehow going to persuade them that no citizen so far has hated another citizen, and that it is unholy to do so, then this sort of thing must indeed be said

to the young by old men and women, and, as they get older, the poets should be compelled to compose speeches for them, adhering closely to this.

“Stories of Hera being tied up by her son, and Hephaestus being flung out of heaven by his father for trying to defend his mother when she was being beaten, and any battles of the gods that Homer has made up, these should not be admitted into our city, whether they have a deeper meaning or not. For the young person is unable to distinguish what is a deeper meaning and

what is not, and whatever he incorporates into his beliefs at that age tends to become difficult to eradicate or undo. Surely then, for all these reasons, we should ensure above all that the very first stories they hear are the noblest stories they could possibly hear for the development of excellence.” “Yes, that makes sense,” said he. “But if someone were to press the point and ask us what we are referring to and what the stories are, what stories would we mention?”

And I said, “At the moment, Adimantus, you and I are not poets but founders of a city. Now, it is appropriate that the founders know the guidelines within which the poets should compose stories, and from which they should not deviate when they are composing. But it is not appropriate that the founders themselves make up stories.” “That is right,” said he, “but the question is what would be the guidelines in relation to descriptions of the gods?” “Somewhat as follows, I presume,” said I. “The god should, of course, always be portrayed as he really is, whether a poet presents him in an epic, a lyric, or in a tragic work.” “Yes, that should always be the case.”

“And since the god is actually good, should he not be spoken of as such?” “Of course.” “And, indeed, nothing that is good is harmful, is it?” “I do not think so.” “Now, can that which is not harmful do any harm?” “Not at all.” “And can that which is not harmful do anything bad?” “No, it cannot do that either.” “Yes, and whatever does nothing bad could not be the cause of anything bad either, could it?” “No, how could it?” “What about this? Is that which is good, beneficial?” “Yes.” “In that case, is it the cause of things going well?” “Yes.” “So, what is good is not the cause of everything. No, it is the cause of all that is well, but it is not the cause of bad things.” “Entirely so,” said he.

“So, since the god is good,” I said, “he would not be the cause of everything, as most people say. No, to humanity he is the cause of very little, and there is a great deal he is not responsible for. Indeed, with us, what is bad far exceeds what is good, and we should declare that no one else is the cause of what is good except the god, and we should seek elsewhere for the causes of what is bad, and not blame the god.” “I think,” said he, “that what you are saying is entirely true.”

“In that case,” said I, “we should not accept, from Homer or any other poet, this error about the gods, when he foolishly makes the mistake of saying that two pitchers

*Stand on the floor of Zeus’ abode / They are filled with fates; / One with good, the other with wretched. / And he to whom Zeus gives a mixture of both / Sometimes meets with bad, sometimes with good / But he to whom Zeus gives, from the second jar, unmixed / Foul misery drives him over the divine earth. Nor that Zeus is our steward of ‘good and bad alike’.*²⁹

“As for Pandarus and the violation of oaths and truces, if anyone says that Athena and Zeus brought this about they will not receive our praise, nor if they say that strife and contention of gods was caused by Themis and Zeus, nor indeed should we allow the young to hear, as Aeschylus maintains, that *God implants the cause in mortal men, / When he wants to utterly destroy a house.*³⁰ “If someone includes these lines in a play about the sufferings of Niobe, or of the family of Pelops, or of the Trojan war,³¹ or anything else like that, he should not be allowed to say that these are brought about by a god. And if they are to say this, they must come up with an argument, similar to the one we are looking for, and declare that the god was doing what was just and good, and the

sufferers derived benefit from being chastised. But the poet should not be allowed to say that those who paid this penalty were wretched, and the one who did all this was a god. But if he were to say that they were in need of chastisement because bad people are wretched and derive benefit from being made to pay a penalty by the god, that should be allowed. But the statement that a god is the cause of bad to anyone who is good must be opposed. We must do battle, by every possible means, against anyone saying this in his own

city, if that city is to be well governed, or against anyone, young or old, even hearing such stories told, in verse or in prose, because if they were spoken they would be unholy utterances, of no advantage to us, not even concordant with themselves.” “On this law,” said he, “I am casting my vote with you, and I am pleased to do so.”

“Well,” said I, “this would be one of the laws and guidelines concerning gods, on the basis of which the speakers will have to speak and the poets write their poems. The god is not the cause of everything, but only of what is good.” “And that,” said he, “is surely enough.” “Well, what about a second one as follows? Do you think that the god is a beguiler who can contrive to appear in different forms at different times, sometimes actually changing his own form and passing into various shapes, at other times deceiving us and making us believe that this sort of thing is happening to him? Or is the god simple, and least likely of all to go away from his own form?” “I am unable,” said he, “to give you a direct answer at the moment.”

“What about this? If anything is to depart from its own form, must it not be changed either by itself or by something else?” “It must.” “Is it not the case that whatever is in the best condition is least subject to alteration and change by something else? For example, although a body is altered by food, drink and physical work, and any plant is altered by sunlight, the wind and other influences of this sort, the one that is healthiest and strongest is least subject to alteration, is it not?” “Of course.”

“And would not the bravest and most reflective soul be least troubled and subject to alteration by some external influence?” “Yes.”

“And presumably, in the case of all manufactured items too – equipment, buildings or garments – by the same argument those that are well made and in good condition are least liable to alteration by the passage of time, and any other influences.” “Yes, this is so.”

“Then anything that is in good condition, by nature or by design or both, is most resistant to transformation by something else.” “So it seems.” “But surely the god, and what belongs to the god, is in the best possible condition in every way?” “Of course.” “So in this respect, the god would be least inclined to adopt a lot of shapes.” “Least, indeed.” “In that case, would he transform and

alter himself?" "Of course," said he, "if he is actually altered." "So, does he change himself into something better and nobler, or into something worse and more base than himself?" "If he actually changes," said he, "it must be into something worse, for we surely shall not maintain that the god is deficient either in nobility or excellence."

"What you are saying is absolutely correct," said I. "And this being the case, do you think, Adimantus, that anyone, god or man, would willingly make himself worse in any respect?" "Impossible," said he. "So it seems impossible," said I, "even for a god, to wish to change himself. Rather, being as noble and excellent as it is possible to be, each of them always remains eternally in his own shape, purely and simply." "Well, that seems absolutely necessary to me."

"So, best of men," said I, "none of the poets should tell us that *Gods in the likeness of strangers / Assume all sorts of disguises, as they visit our cities*.³² "Nor speak falsely of Proteus and Thetis, nor introduce Hera in a tragedy, or any other works, transforming herself into a priestess, gathering alms for *The life-giving sons of Inachos, the river of Argos*.³³

"And there are many other falsehoods of this sort that they should not tell us. Nor again should mothers, misled by these fellows, terrify their children by telling them bad stories in which some gods actually go about at night looking like various strangers of all sorts, lest the mothers speak ill of the gods, and at the same time make their children more cowardly." "No, they should not do that," said he. "But is it the case," said I, "that although the gods themselves cannot undergo transformation, they make us think that they appear in lots of different guises, thus deceiving and beguiling us?" "Perhaps," said he.

"What about this?" said I. "Would a god be prepared to practise deception, either in word or in deed, by putting forth an appearance?" "I do not know," said he. "Do you not know," said I, "that the true falsehood, if I may use such an expression, is hated by all gods and all humans?" "How do you mean?" he asked. "As follows," said I. "No one is prepared willingly to be deceived in what is presumably the most important part of themselves, about the most important matters. No, we are afraid most of all to have falsehood reside there." "I still do not understand," said he.

“That is because you think I am saying something profound,” said I. “I am just saying that being deceived in the soul in relation to things that are, and to have been deceived and be ignorant, and hold falsehood there and have it reside there is what everyone would find least acceptable, and it is in this case that they most detest falsehood.” “Very much so,” said he. “Then what I was saying just now was quite right. This ignorance in the soul of the person who is deceived may be called a true lie. For the falsehood in words is an imitation of the experience in the soul, an image that has arisen subsequently, and so it is not unadulterated falsehood. Is this not so?” “Entirely so.” “Then the actual falsehood is hated, not only by the gods but by humanity too.” “I think so.”

“But what about the falsehood in words? When and for whom is this useful, so that it does not merit our hatred? Is it not when it is used against enemies, or when some among the people we call friends, through madness or ignorance, are attempting to do some bad deed, and falsehood then becomes useful as a sort of medicine to prevent this? And in the stories we were speaking of just now, because we do not know the truth concerning events of the distant past, do we not make falsehood resemble the truth as best we can, and render it useful by so doing?” “Yes, indeed,” said he, “that is what happens.”

“So then, in which respect would the falsehood be useful to the god? Is it because he does not know about past events, and therefore makes up falsehoods that resemble them?” “That would be quite ridiculous,” said he. “In that case, there is nothing of the deceiving poet in a god.” “I do not think so.” “Would he make up falsehoods because he is afraid of his enemies?” “Far from it.” “Would he do it because of ignorance or madness among those who are close to him?” “No,” said he, “no one who is ignorant or mad is beloved of god.” “So, there is no reason for the god to make up falsehoods.” “There is not.” “So, divinity and the divine are entirely devoid of falsehood.” “Entirely so,” said he.

“So, the god is absolutely simple and true, in word and in deed, and he neither changes himself nor deceives others, awake or in a dream, through appearances, words or signs.” “Now that you say so,” said he, “that is how it looks to me too.” “In that case, do you agree that this is a second guideline by

which we should speak and write poems about the gods? They are not enchanters who transform themselves, nor do they lead us astray with falsehoods through their words or their actions.” “I agree.”

“So, although we praise a great deal that is in Homer, we shall not praise the part where Zeus sends that dream to Agamemnon, nor shall we praise Aeschylus when he has Thetis say that Apollo sang at her wedding, ‘to celebrate her goodly race of children’,

*Their days prolonged, from pain and sickness free, / And rounding out the tale of heaven’s blessings, / Raised the proud paean, making glad my heart. / And I believed that Phoebus’ mouth divine, / Filled with the breath of prophecy, could not lie. / But he himself, the singer, himself who sat / At meat with us, himself who promised all, / Is now himself the slayer of my son.*³⁴

“Whenever someone says anything like this about the gods, we shall be angry with him and refuse to grant a chorus, nor shall we allow teachers to make use of this for the education of the young folk, if our guardians are going to become as god-revering and divine as it is possible for a human being to be.” “I agree entirely with these guidelines,” said he, “and I would use them as laws.”

BOOK III

“Well,” said I, “these are the sort of things that should be heard about the gods, and the sort that should not, from their earliest childhood by those who are to show respect for the gods and for their own parents, and not make light of their friendship with one another.” “Yes,” said he, “and I think we are now looking at this in the right way.” “But what if they are to be courageous? Must they not be told these stories, and also the kind of thing that will make them least afraid of death? Or do you think anyone would become courageous

whilst harbouring this fear within himself?” “By Zeus,” said he, “I do not.” “What about this? Do you think anyone who believes in Hades and its horrors will be fearless in the face of death, and will choose death in battle in preference to defeat and slavery?” “Not at all.” “It seems, then, that we should also supervise those who turn their hand to telling these stories, and implore them not to speak ill of Hades’ realm in such a simplistic manner, but rather to

praise it, since

what they are now telling us is neither true nor beneficial to those who are to become fighting men.” “We should, indeed,” said he. “So we shall erase everything of this sort,” said I, “beginning with the following verses: *I would rather follow the plough as thrall to another man, / one with no land allotted him and not much to live on, / than be a king over all the perished dead.*”³⁵

And this, ... *the houses of the dead lie open to men and immortals, / ghastly and mouldering, so the very gods shudder before them;*³⁶ And, Oh, wonder! *Even in the house of Hades there is left something, / a soul and an image, but there is no real heart of life in it.*³⁷ And this, *To whom alone Persephone has granted intelligence / even after death, but the rest of them are fluttering shadows.*³⁸ And, ... *and the soul fluttering free of his limbs went down into Death’s house / mourning her destiny, leaving youth and manhood behind her.*³⁹

And this, ... *but the spirit went underground, like vapour,*⁴⁰ And, *And as when bats in the depth of an awful cave flutter / and gibber, when one of them has fallen out of his place in / the chain that the bats have formed by holding one on another; / so, gibbering, they went their way together.*⁴¹

“And we shall ask Homer and the other poets not to be angry if we strike out these verses and others like them, not because they are unpoetic or unpleasant for most people to hear, but because the more poetic they are, the less they should be heard by the young and by men who need to be free and more afraid of slavery than of death.” “Entirely so.” “What is more, should not all the terrible, frightening names associated with these realms be abolished too, names like ‘Cocytus’ and ‘Styx’,⁴² ‘the dead’ and ‘those beneath the earth’, and other names of this type that make anyone who hears them tremble? Perhaps they are good for some other purpose, but we are afraid that as a result of such trembling our guardians may become more excitable and softer than needs be.”

“And we would be right to be afraid,” said he. “Should they be excluded?” “Yes.” “Then words that have the opposite effect should be used in common parlance and in poetry?” “Of course.” “Shall we also remove the lamentations and wailings of the famous men?” “We must,” said he, “in the light of the previous exclusions.” “Then,” said I, “let us consider whether we are right to

remove them or not. We maintain that a reasonable man will not think that dying is a terrible thing to happen to another reasonable man, who is also his friend." "We maintain this, indeed."

"So, he would not lament, at least not for that man, as though something terrible had befallen him." "Certainly not." "In that case, we are also saying that as regards living well, a person like this is most sufficient unto himself, and in contrast to other people he is least dependent on anyone else." "True," said he. "So, to him, it is least terrible to be deprived of a son or a brother or money, or anything else like that." "Least indeed." "So, whenever some such misfortune overtakes him he laments least and bears it with the utmost gentleness." "Very much so."

"We would be right then to take these dirges away from men of reputation, and we might give them to women, but not to women of substance, and to bad men, so that those whom we say we are rearing as guardians of their own country will be disgusted at the prospect of behaving like such people." "We would be right," said he. "Once again then, we shall ask Homer and the other poets not to have Achilles, the son of a goddess, *Lying now on his side, then again on his back, then face down, / then standing upright and roaming, distraught along the / shore of the unharvested ocean.*⁴³

Nor say, *In both hands he caught up the grimy dust / and poured it over his head and face.*⁴⁴ Nor have him generally wailing and lamenting in the whole variety of ways that the poet makes him behave. Nor should he say Priam, a near relation of the gods, was making entreaties and *...wallowed in the muck before them, / calling on each man and naming him by his name.*⁴⁵

But it is even more important that we ask them at least not to have gods lamenting and saying,

*Ah me, my sorrow, the bitterness in this best of child-bearing.*⁴⁶ And even if he makes gods act like this, he certainly must not dare to portray the greatest of the gods so inaccurately that he says, *Ah me, this is a man beloved whom now my eyes watch / being chased around the wall; my heart is mourning for Hector.*⁴⁷ And,

*Ab me, that it is destined that the dearest of men, Sarpedon, / must go down under the hands of Menoitios' son Patroclus.*⁴⁸ “For, dear Adimantus, if our young folk were to listen seriously to this sort of thing, and not deride these as unworthy utterances, they would hardly regard such behaviour as unworthy of mere mortals like themselves if it also occurs to them to say or do something like this. Instead, they would exhibit neither shame nor restraint in singing dirges and laments aplenty at the slightest mishap.” “What you are saying is very true,” said he.

“Well, we don’t want that, as the argument indicated to us just now, an argument in which we should place our trust until someone convinces us otherwise with a better one.” “Indeed, we do not want that.” “Indeed not, nor should they be too fond of laughter either. For whenever someone yields to violent laughter, this sort of thing involves a violent change.” “I think so,” said he.

“So, if someone portrays any human being worthy of note as overcome by laughter, that is unacceptable, and it is even more unacceptable in the case of gods.” “More unacceptable indeed,” said he. “In that case we shall not accept anything like the following verses about the gods, even from Homer: *But among the blessed immortals uncontrollable laughter / went up as they saw Hephaistus bustling about the palace.*”⁴⁹ “According to our argument these should be rejected.”

“You may attribute that to me if you wish,” said he. “In any case it should not be accepted.” “But, of course, we must attach great importance to truth. Indeed, if we were right to say earlier that although falsehood is really of no use to gods it is still useful to humans, as a kind of medicine, then it is obvious that something like this should be entrusted to physicians, and that private citizens should have no involvement with it.” “Obviously,” he said.

“It is appropriate, then, for those who rule our city, if anyone, to tell falsehoods in dealing with the citizens or in dealing with enemies for the benefit of the city, while it is not appropriate for anyone else to be involved in something of this sort. But for a private citizen to be false towards the rulers in particular is, we shall insist, as much, indeed a greater transgression than not speaking the truth to a physician when ill, or to a trainer during a training

programme about the condition of his own body, or not informing a steersman about what is actually going on regarding the ship and the sailors, or his own level of experience or that of his fellow sailors.”

“Very true,” said he. “So if the ruler catches anyone else in the city lying, whether *He is one who works for the people, either a prophet, or a healer of sickness, / or a skilled workman*,⁵⁰ he will punish them for introducing a practice that overturns and destroys the city, just like a ship.” “Yes,” said he, “if word is matched by deeds.” “What about sound-mindedness, then? Will not our young folk need this?” “Of course.” “And for most people, do not the most important aspects of sound-mindedness consist in being obedient to their rulers, and being rulers themselves over the pleasures of drink, sex and food?”

“Yes, I think so.” “Then I think we shall declare that the sort of thing that Diomedes says in Homer, is well said. *Friend, stay quiet rather and do as I tell you*,⁵¹ And the connected lines, *But the Achaian men went silently, breathing valour, / in fear of their commanders*,⁵² And anything else of this sort.” “Very well.” “What about lines like these: *You wine sack, with a dog’s eyes, with a deer’s heart...*⁵³ and the lines that follow? Are these, and any other insolent remarks directed by private citizens against their rulers, either in verse or in prose, good?” “They are not good.”

“Indeed, I do not think they are appropriate for the young folk to hear, not with a view to sound-mindedness at any rate. Yet if they provide some other pleasure, that is no surprise. How does this look to you?” “As you say,” said he. “And what if he makes the wisest of men say that he thinks the most beautiful moment of all is when *...the tables are loaded with bread and meats, / and from the mixing bowl the wine steward draws the wine / and carries it about and fills the cups*.⁵⁴ “Do you think these lines are suitable for a young person to hear, if he is to develop self-control?

Or indeed, *All deaths are detestable for wretched mortals, / but hunger is the sorriest way to die*.⁵⁵ “Or about Zeus, awake, alone, while the other gods and humans too are sleeping, quickly forgetting all the plans he had made, because of sexual desire; being so overcome at the sight of Hera that he could not even wait to get into their chamber, but wanted to have intercourse with her there

and then on the ground; saying that he was never in the grip of such desire, not even when they first consorted together

Unbeknownst to their dear parents “Nor about Ares and Aphrodite being tied up by Hephaestus for similar reasons.”⁵⁶ “No, by Zeus,” said he, “that does not seem suitable to me.” “But if some feats of endurance in the face of all sorts of trials are spoken of, and enacted by famous men, these should be seen and heard by our young folk. For example,

He struck himself on the chest and spoke to his heart and scolded it: / ‘Bear up, my heart. You have had worse to endure before this.”⁵⁷ “Entirely so,” said he.

“Nor indeed should we allow such men to be corruptible by bribes, or be fond of money.” “In no way.” “So, no one should sing the line that says, *Gifts move the gods and gifts persuade dread kings.*”⁵⁸ Nor should we praise Achilles’ teacher, Phoenix, as setting the standard when he advised him to accept gifts in return for assisting the Achaeans, and not to abate his wrath if no gifts were forthcoming. We shall not deem Achilles himself worthy of this, nor shall we accept that he was so

fond of money as to take bribes from Agamemnon, or indeed to release a dead body if he was paid, but not otherwise.” “No,” said he. “It would not really be right to praise this sort of thing.” “And I am reluctant,” said I, “for Homer’s sake, to declare that it is unholy to say all this about Achilles, or to believe it when others say so, or indeed that he said to Apollo, *You have balked me, striker from afar, most malignant of all gods, / Else I would punish you, if only the strength were in me.*”⁵⁹

“Or that he was disrespectful of the river, a god, and was prepared to do battle against him; or again, that although his own locks were already promised to the other river, Spercheius, he said, ‘I would give my hair into the keeping of the hero Patroclus,’⁶⁰ even though Patroclus was a corpse. We should not believe that Achilles did this. And we shall deny that the dragging of Hector’s body around the tomb of Patroclus,⁶¹ and the slaughter of the prisoners of war over his funeral pyre,⁶² is

true. Nor shall we allow our charges to be convinced that Achilles, the son of a goddess and of Peleus who was the most sound-minded of men, a grandson of

Zeus, reared by the all-wise Cheiron, was so full of confusion as to harbour within himself two opposed diseases: a love of money that ill becomes a free man, and an arrogance towards gods and men alike.” “You are right,” said he.

“Then we should not believe them,” said I, “nor should we believe, nor allow it to be said, that Theseus, the son of Poseidon, and Perithous, son of Zeus, embarked upon such awful abductions, nor that any other child of a god and a hero would dare to enact awful, impious deeds, the sorts that are falsely attributed to them nowadays. Rather, we shall compel the poets to declare either that the deeds were not theirs, or that those who performed them were not the children of gods. But they must not make both statements. Nor should they attempt to persuade our young folk that

the gods give rise to evil, or that heroes are no better than mortal men. For as we were saying before, these claims are neither pious, nor are they true. Indeed we have shown, I presume, that it is impossible for evils to come from the gods.” “Of course.” “And what is more, they are harmful to those who hear them, since anyone will forgive himself for being bad once he is convinced that such deeds are performed and have been performed by *The near-sown seed of gods, / Close kin to Zeus, for whom on Ida’s top / Ancestral altars flame to highest heaven, / Nor in their life-blood fails the fire divine.*”⁶³

“That is why we should put a stop to stories of this sort, lest they engender a total indifference to degenerate behaviour, in our young folk.” “Yes, precisely,” said he. “So,” said I, “now that we are defining the kind of accounts that should be delivered, and the kind that should not, is there anything we have left out? We have said how the gods, daimons and heroes should be spoken of, and those in Hades too.” “Yes, indeed.” “So, what is left would be concerned with humans, would it not?” “Obviously.” “But, my friend, it is impossible for us to arrange this at the moment.”

“Why so?” “Because I think we shall simply affirm that poets and prose writers do indeed speak ill of human beings on matters of the utmost importance. They say that although they are unjust, many of them are happy while the just people are wretched, that acting unjustly is profitable as long as it goes undetected, while justice is what is good for someone else but inimical to your own interests. And I think we shall forbid them to say this sort of thing and

direct them instead to sing and tell stories that say the exact opposite. Do you not think so?" "I know full well," said he.

"In that case, if you agree that what I am saying is correct, may I claim that you have agreed on the issues we have been investigating all along?" "You have understood correctly," said he. "Now, once we find out the sort of thing justice is, and how it is naturally beneficial to its possessor, regardless of whether he seems to be just or not, we shall then come to agreement on the sort of accounts that should be given about human beings, but not until then." "Very true," said he.

"Well, let that be the end of our discussion of speeches, and in my opinion we should consider speech itself next. Then our consideration of what should be said and how it should be said will be a comprehensive one." Then Adimantus said, "I don't understand what you mean by this." "Well, you do need to understand," said I. "Perhaps you will get a better sense of it from the following. Is not everything that storytellers or poets say a narrative of events that have happened, are happening, or are going to happen?" "Yes, what else could it be?" said he.

"Yes, and do they not proceed either by simple narrative, by narrative that takes place through imitation, or through both?" "I still need to understand this more clearly," he said. "I seem," said I, "to be a ridiculous teacher, devoid of clarity. So like those who are unable to express themselves, I shall attempt to show you what I mean, not in full, but by taking a particular part of it. Tell me then, do you know the initial verses of the Iliad, where the poet says that Chryses begged Agamemnon to set his daughter free, but that Agamemnon was angry, and so Chryses, since he had been unsuccessful, called down curses from the god upon the Achaeans?"

"I do indeed."

"Then you know that up to the lines *he supplicated all the Achaians, / But above all Atreus' two sons, the marshals of the people*:⁶⁴ the poet himself is speaking, and he does not even attempt to give us the impression that anyone else is speaking except himself. But in the lines that follow these, he speaks as if he himself is Chryses, and he attempts as best he can to make us think that the speaker is not Homer but the priest, an old man. And all the rest of the

narrative about events at Troy and Ithaca, and the entire *Odyssey*, has for the most part been composed in this way.” “Yes, indeed,” said he. “Now, it is narrative, is it not, on the occasions when he is speaking the speeches, and also when there is an interval between speeches?” “Of course.”

“But when he delivers a speech as though he were someone else, will we not then say that as best he can, he is making his own speech resemble that of the person who, he tells us, is about to speak?” “We shall say so. What of it?” “Does not the process of making oneself resemble another person, either in speech or in outward appearance, mean imitating the person one is making oneself resemble?” “Indeed.” “So, in a case like this it seems that Homer and the other poets construct the narrative through imitation.” “Entirely so.”

“But if the poet were not to hide himself anywhere, the entire poetic narrative would have proceeded without imitation. And in case you say once more that you do not understand, I will tell you how this may happen. Indeed, if Homer were to begin by saying that Chryses arrived as a suppliant of the Achaeans, and particularly of their king, bringing his daughter’s ransom, and he was to speak thereafter still as Homer and not as if he had become Chryses, you know that that would not be imitation but simple narrative. It would proceed somewhat as follows. I will deliver it in prose since I am no poet.

“When the priest arrived, he prayed that the gods would grant them safe passage home once they had captured Troy, and that they would accept the ransom and free his daughter out of reverence to the god. Once he had said all this, everyone else was respectful and co-operative, but Agamemnon was annoyed, and he ordered him to depart there and then, never to return, or else his sceptre, and the garlands of his god, would not be enough to protect him. And he said that

before he would release Chryses’ daughter she would grow old with him in Argos, and he ordered him to go away and not provoke him if he wanted to return home safely. The old man was terrified when he heard this, and he departed in silence. But once he was out of the Achaean camp he prayed profusely to Apollo, invoking the many names of the god and issuing reminders, asking to be repaid if any gifts he had ever given had pleased the god, either through building temples or sacrificing animals. In return for

these, he prayed that the Achaeans would pay the price of his tears with the arrows of the god.

“That, my friend,” said I, “is how a simple narrative proceeds in the absence of imitation.” “I understand,” said he. “Then you should understand,” said I, “that the exact opposite of this occurs when someone removes the intervening words of the poet himself and leaves only the exchanges between the speakers.” “I understand this too,” said he. “This is the sort of thing that occurs in tragedies.”

“You are quite right,” said I. “You have understood. And I think I am now clarifying for you what I could not clarify previously, that some poetry and storytelling proceeds entirely through imitation including, as you say, tragedy and comedy. The kind that proceeds through reports by the poet himself, you would find for the most part in dithyrambic poems,⁶⁵ while the kind that employs both is found in epic poetry, and in numerous other places too, if you understand me.” “Yes,” said he. “I now follow what you wanted to say then.”

“And do you also recollect what went before, when we maintained that although we have already explained what should be said, we still need to consider how it should be said.” “Yes, I remember.” “Well, this is the point I was making, that we need to come to an agreement on whether we shall allow the poets to compose narratives for us by using imitation, or allow them to imitate in some cases but not in others, and the sort of cases we envisage, or, indeed, not allow them to imitate at all.” “I get the sense,” said he, “that you are considering whether we shall admit tragedy and comedy into our city or not.” “Perhaps,” said I, “and perhaps even more than these. In fact, I do not know yet, but we should go in whatever direction the wind of the argument carries us.” “Yes,” said he, “you put that nicely.”

“Well, Adimantus, reflect upon this. Should our guardians be imitators or not? Or does this also follow from what we said before, that each particular person would be good at engaging in one particular pursuit, and not in many, and if he should attempt to turn his hand to lots of pursuits, he would fail to achieve distinction in any of them.” “Of course it does.” “Does not the same argument apply also to imitation? It is not possible for the same person to imitate many things as well as he can imitate one thing.” “Indeed not.”

“In that case, he will hardly engage in any pursuit worth mentioning, and simultaneously be an imitator imitating lots of things, when the same people cannot even do a good job of simultaneously producing two imitations that seem as closely related as comedy and tragedy for instance. You did refer to these two as imitations, did you not?” “I did, and what you are saying is true. The same people cannot compose both.” “Nor indeed can they be good rhapsodes and good actors at the same time.” “True.” “And the same people cannot be good actors in comedy and in tragedy too. And all these are imitations, are they not?” “Imitations.”

“And it seems to me that human nature has been cut up into even smaller pieces than these, so that it is incapable of imitating many things well, or of properly enacting the very things that those imitations resemble.” “Very true,” said he. “So, if we are going to save our initial argument, according to which our guardians, set apart from all the other artificers, should be artificers of the freedom of the city in the strictest sense, and engage in no other pursuit that does not lead in this direction, then it is necessary that they neither

enact nor imitate anything else. And if they are to imitate anything, they should, from their earliest childhood, imitate only what is appropriate to these artificers of freedom – men who are courageous, sound-minded, pious, free, and everything of this sort. But they will not enact, nor be clever at imitating, anything devoid of freedom, nor anything else that is shameful, in case they proceed

from enjoying the imitation to enjoying the reality. Or have you not noticed that imitations that are continued from our earliest years and beyond become established as habits and as nature at the level of body, speech and, indeed, of thought?” “Very much so,” said he. “Then those whom we claim to care for,” said I, “men who should themselves become good men, shall not be permitted to imitate a woman, old or young, railing against her husband, in conflict

with gods, being boastful about it, and believing herself to be a happy woman; or when she is overtaken by misfortune, grief, or lamentation; and especially not when she is sick, in love, or in labour.” “Absolutely,” said he. “Nor should they imitate slaves, male or female, doing what slaves do.” “No, they should not imitate this either.” “Nor bad men either, it seems, nor cowards and those

who do the very opposite of what we have

said, reviling and ridiculing one another, using foul language when drunk or even when sober, full of the errors that such people fall into, in what they say or do to themselves or others. And I think they should not develop the habit of behaving like mad people, in word or in deed. For although they should be able to recognise mad and degenerate men and women, they should not do anything these people do, nor should they imitate them.” “Very true,” said he. “Well,” said I, “should they imitate metal workers or other artificers, or those who row triremes,

or those who shout orders to the rowers, or anyone else related to these activities?” “Indeed,” said he, “how could they? They are not allowed to pay any heed to these matters at all.” “What about horses neighing, bulls bellowing, rivers rippling, the sea roaring, thunder too, and indeed everything of this sort? Will they imitate these?” “No,” said he. “They have been forbidden either to be mad or to imitate mad people.”

“In that case,” said I, “if I understand what you are saying, there is a particular form of speech and narrative in which the truly noble and good person would tell the story, whenever he had to say something, and there is also another form, unlike this one, that someone opposite to this man in nature and upbringing would hold to, and in which he would tell the story.” “And what are these?” he asked. “I think,” said I, “that the moderate man, when it comes to the point in his narrative where there is some speech or action of a good man, will be willing to present this as though he himself was

that person, and he will not be ashamed of this sort of imitation, especially when imitating a man acting resolutely and intelligently, and less so, and to a lesser extent, as he succumbs to disease, passion, drunkenness or some other affliction. But when it comes to someone unworthy of himself, he will not be prepared, seriously, to make himself like this inferior person, except perhaps briefly whenever he does something useful. Rather, he will be ashamed of being so unpractised at imitating people like this, and disgusted too at the prospect of moulding and adapting himself

to the behaviour of people who are worse than himself. Unless it is just for fun, he is repulsed by the very thought.” “Quite likely,” said he. “So, will he

not make use of the kind of narrative we described earlier when speaking of Homeric epic? And although his own speech will involve both imitation and the other form of narrative, will imitation not be a small part of the overall discourse? Or am I talking nonsense?" "This makes a lot of sense. This must be the type for a speaker like this."

"Someone," said I, "who by contrast is not like this. The more debased he is the more inclined he is to include everything in the narrative, and he will deem nothing unworthy of himself. So he will attempt, seriously and before large audiences, to imitate everything, including what we mentioned

just now – thunder, the noise of wind, hail, axles and pulleys, the notes of flutes, of pipes and all instruments, and even the sounds of dogs, sheep, and birds. And in that case, will all this person's exposition be through imitation by voice and by gesture, or will it include a small element of simple narrative?" "It must include this too," said he. "Well," said I, "these are the two forms of exposition I was speaking of." "They are, indeed," said he.

"Now, does not one of these forms involve only minor variations? And once someone imparts an appropriate harmony and rhythm to the exposition, since the variations are minor, does not the person who delivers it correctly, deliver it largely according to the same harmony, a single harmony, and indeed in a rhythm that matches it, in like manner?" "Yes, precisely," said he. "That is how matters stand." "And what about the other form? Does it not require the very opposite, all the harmonies and all the rhythms, if it too is going to be delivered in its own way, because it has such a huge variety of forms?" "Yes, this too is very much how matters stand."

"In that case, do all the poets, or anyone who says anything, fall into one or the other of these two types of exposition, or make up some mixture of them both?" "They must," said he. "So what shall we do?" said I. "Shall we admit all of these into our city, or one of the unmixed ones, or the mixed one?" "If I am to prevail," said he, "it will be the unmixed imitator of the noble person." "And yet, Adimantus, the mixed one is pleasing. And what is most pleasing of all to children, and to people responsible for them, and to the broad mass of people, is the very opposite of what you are choosing." "Most pleasing, indeed."

“But perhaps you would maintain,” said I, “that this would not fit in with our constitution because there is no twofold man among us, or a manifold one either, since each engages in only one thing.” “Indeed not. This would not fit in.” “And is that not the reason why a city like this is the only one where we shall find the shoemaker being a shoemaker and not being a helmsman as well as making shoes, and the farmer being a farmer and not being a juror as well as farming his land, and the soldier being a soldier and not being a businessman as well as acting as a soldier, and so on for everything else?” “True,” said he.

“Then it seems that if a man whose wisdom enables him to take on every possible shape, and to imitate anything at all, were to arrive in our city, anxious to put himself and his poems on show, we would fall down before him as though he were a sacred object, a wondrous and pleasing one at that. But we would say that there is no one else of this sort among the citizens of our city, nor is it permitted that there ever shall be. We would anoint his head with myrrh, and give him a garland of wool. But for our own benefit, we would ourselves employ the more severe and less pleasing poet and storyteller, who would imitate the exposition of the noble man for us, and he would deliver the speeches in accord with those types we ordained by law when we first set about educating our soldiers.” “Yes, indeed,” said he. “That is what we would do if it were up to us.”

“Well, my friend,” said I, “at this stage, the aspect of music that concerns speeches and stories has probably been brought to a conclusion fully, since we have described what should be said and how it should be said.” “Yes, I think so too,” said he.

“After this,” said I, “is what remains the aspect that concerns the manner of song and melody?” “Of course.” “Well, could not anyone at all discover by now what we must say about them, and what they need to be like, if we are going to be in harmony with what we said previously?” And Glaucon said, with a laugh, “Well, Socrates, I am afraid I am not included in this ‘anyone at all’. At the moment at any rate, I am not really up to the task of deciding the sort of things we should be saying, although I do have my suspicions.”

“Surely,” said I, “you are fully up to the task of saying, firstly, that melody is composed of three things combined: speech, harmony and rhythm.” “Yes,”

said he. "This I can say, at least." "Well, insofar as it is speech, it does not differ at all from speech that is not sung. It needs to be delivered according to the same types we prescribed earlier, and in a similar manner, does it not?" "True," said he. "And, indeed, the harmony and rhythm should follow the speech." "Of course." "But we did say that in the case of speeches we do not need to include dirges and lamentations." "Of course not."

"Well, since you are musical, tell me. What are the dirge-like harmonies?" "The mixed Lydian harmony," said he, "and the taut Lydian, and some others like these." "Should these not be taken away," said I, "since they are not even useful to women who are to be reasonable, let alone to men?" "Indeed." "And, indeed, drunkenness, softness and idleness in our guardians is most unseemly." "Of course." "So which of the harmonies are soft and suited to drinking parties?" "Ionic harmonies," said he, "and also some Lydian harmonies that are called 'loose'."

"Well, my friend, could you make use of these for military men?" "Not at all," said he. "Indeed, it looks as if you only have the Doric and Phrygian harmonies left." "I do not know these harmonies," said I, "but please leave one harmony which would appropriately

imitate the sound and tone of voice of a courageous man, engaged in military activities, or in any use of force; a man who, even in failure, or when wounded, or facing death, or when some other misfortune befalls him, confronts the situation with steadfast endurance. And leave another one for this man when he is engaged in peaceful activity that is devoid of force, and voluntary; persuading or imploring someone, either by praying to a god, or instructing or admonishing his fellow man; or when the roles are reversed, and he himself submits to someone else who is asking him for something, or instructing him, or persuading him to change his mind; acting according to his

own mind in all these, without being boastful; conducting himself with sound-mindedness and measure, always prepared to accept the outcomes. So leave these two harmonies, one forceful, the other voluntary, that will best imitate the utterances of sound-minded, courageous men as they succeed and as they fail in their purpose." "Well," said he, "you are simply asking me to leave the ones I just mentioned." "Therefore," said I, "we shall not need to

include many-stringed instruments that play all of the harmonies in our songs and melodies.” “No,” said he, “not as I see it.”

“Then we shall not encourage artificers of triangles, harps and all the other many-stringed instruments that play in lots of harmonies.” “Apparently not.”

“What about flute makers and flute players? Shall we also admit them into our city? Or is not the flute ‘many-stringed’ in the extreme, and are not the very instruments that play all of the harmonies just imitations of the flute?” “Of course,” said he. “Then the lyre and the cithara are left for use in the city, and in the countryside there would be pipes of some sort for the shepherds.” “Well,” said he, “that is what our argument is indicating.” “We are not really doing anything new, my friend,” said I, “just preferring Apollo and his instruments, to Marsyas and the instruments that belong to him.”⁶⁶ “By Zeus,” said he, “it seems we are not.”

“By the dog,” said I, “without noticing it, we have been thoroughly purifying the city again, the one we called luxurious a moment ago.” “Well, we are being sound-minded,” said he. “Come on, then,” said I, “let us also purify whatever is left. Yes, indeed, after harmony we have the matter of rhythm, and we should not pursue complicated or variegated rhythmic units. We should rather look for the rhythms of a life which is orderly and courageous. Once we have seen these, the metrical foot must be made to follow the speech of such a person, and so should the melody, but the speech must not follow the foot and the melody. But it is your job to state what these rhythms are, just as you did with the harmonies.”

“Well, by Zeus,” said he, “I cannot say. And although I can say, from observation, that there are three forms from which all rhythms are woven, just as there are four sounds which are the source of all harmonies, I cannot say what sort of life each imitates.” “Well,” said I, “we shall take advice from Damon on these and on which rhythms are suited to absence of freedom, to aggression and to madness, and what rhythms are to be left for their opposites.”⁶⁷ I am not clear about this, but I think I have heard him referring to some military rhythm as

a compound, and as a dactyl and as heroic. I do not know how he arranged it, but up and down were made equal, passing into short and long, and I think he

called one 'iambic', and the other one 'trochaic', and he assigned long and short to each. And in some of these he censured, or indeed praised, the tempo of the foot no less than the rhythms themselves, or else some combination of both. But as I said, we should refer all this to Damon, for a decision on this would involve a lengthy discussion. Or do you think otherwise?" "By Zeus, I do not." "But we can decide that grace and lack of grace follow good rhythm and lack of rhythm." "Of course."

"And, indeed, good rhythm follows beautiful speech and resembles it, while lack of rhythm follows the opposite. And the same goes for good harmony and lack of harmony, if rhythm and harmony do indeed follow speech, as we said earlier, and speech does not follow them." "But of course," said he, "these must follow speech." "But what about the manner of speaking," said I, "and the speech itself? Do these not follow the disposition of the soul?" "Of course." "And everything else follows the speech?" "Yes."

"So good speech, harmony and grace, and good rhythm, follow good disposition, not what is referred to as a good disposition as a euphemism for silliness, but a mind truly endowed with a good and noble disposition." "Yes, entirely so," said he. "Well, must not these be pursued everywhere by our young people, if they are to enact what is their own?" "Yes, these must be pursued."

"And surely painting and any craftsmanship of this sort is full of these. Weaving is also full of them, house building too, and indeed all production of any other items, even the nature of bodies and of anything else that grows, for good grace and absence of grace is inherent in all these. Indeed, the lack of grace, rhythm and harmony is the close kindred of bad speech and bad disposition, and the opposites are the close kindred and imitations of its opposite, a sound-minded and good disposition." "Entirely so," said he.

"Well then, should we only oversee the poets, and compel them to portray the image of the good disposition in their poems, or else compose nothing in our city? Or should we also oversee the other artificers and prevent them from portraying this bad disposition – the unrestrained one, devoid of freedom and grace – either in images of living creatures, or on buildings, or in anything else they produce? And if they cannot comply, should we stop them from plying

their trade in our city in case our guardians, feeding on images of evil in an evil pasture, grazing freely, day by day grad-

ually picking up a great deal from many different sources, unwittingly accumulate a single great evil in their own soul? Should we search, rather, for those artificers who are naturally capable of seeking out the noble and graceful nature so that our young folk, as though dwelling in a healthy region, may derive benefit from everything that impinges upon their sight or their hearing from the noble works of the place, like a breeze that bears health from a wholesome region and leads

them unwittingly, from their earliest childhood, to an affinity with noble reason, and friendship and concord therewith?" "Yes," said he, "that would be the best way to rear them, very much so." "Well then, Glaucon," said I, "is this not why being reared in music is of supreme importance, because rhythm and harmony, more than anything else, sink into the innermost soul and fasten most powerfully upon her, bringing good grace and making her gracious, provided the person has

been reared aright, and having the opposite effect otherwise? And it is also of supreme importance because the person who has been reared in this, as he should be, would quickly discern any deficiencies in whatever has not been well made or well wrought by nature, and being rightly dissatisfied he would praise and delight in whatever is good, receive this into his soul, and being

nourished by it he would become noble and good. And he would rightly criticise whatever is base, and he would hate it, even as a child before he was capable of understanding speech, and when speech had finally come, someone reared in this way would welcome it most of all, recognising it because of its familiarity." "Yes," said he, "I think it is for reasons of this sort that there is upbringing in music." "So, it is like when we had an adequate understanding of reading and writing," said I. "Once we noticed that the individual letters, few in number, keep recurring in all of the words they occur in,

we showed the same regard for them, whether they were observed in long words or short words, for we were eager to recognise them fully everywhere, because we were never going to be knowledgeable until we were able to do this." "True." "And we will not recognise images of letters that appear

somehow in water or in mirrors until we have first recognised the letters themselves, but both involve the same skill and practice?”

“Entirely so.” “Well, then,” said I, “by the gods, can I say that in like manner we shall not become musicians, neither ourselves nor these guardians we say we should educate, until we can first recognise the forms of sound-mindedness, of courage, of freedom, of magnificence, and all that is akin to these, and, indeed, all the opposites of these, everywhere, in all the various places they appear, and can be aware of their presence wherever they are present, themselves and their images too, and show the same regard for minor instances as for major instances, because we believe that the skill and the practice is the same in each case?” “This must be so,” said he, “very much so.”

“Well, then,” said I, “if beautiful qualities, internal to the soul, coincide in the external form and are in agreement and concord with those, and are of the same type, would not that be the most beautiful sight of all for anyone with eyes to behold?” “Very much so.” “And, indeed, what is most beautiful is most loveable?” “Of course.” “Then the musical person would love people who are most like this, and would not love someone who lacked such concordance.” “He would not,” said he, “not if the deficiency were related to the soul. However, if the deficiency were something related to the body, he would accept this and be prepared to embrace him.”

“I understand,” said I, “that you have a favourite like this, or you once had one, and I accept your point. But tell me this. Do sound-mindedness and excessive pleasure have anything in common?” “How could they,” said he, “when excessive pleasure, no less than excessive pain, drives a person out of their mind?” “Does it have anything in common with excellence in general?” “Not at all.” “What about violence and lack of restraint?” “Least of all.”

“And can you name any pleasure greater or more intense than sexual pleasure?” “I cannot,” said he, “or a more manic pleasure either.” “But does not right love naturally love the orderly and the beautiful, with a sound mind and a musical spirit?” “Very much so,” said he. “So should anything manic, or anything akin to a lack of restraint, be involved in right love?” “No, they should not be involved.” “So this particular pleasure should not be involved, nor should a lover and beloved, who love and are loved in the right way, have

any share in it.” “No, by Zeus, Socrates,” said he. “It should not be involved.”

“And so, it seems, you will establish laws for the city we are founding, that a lover is to kiss, consort with, and touch his favourite, as a father would his son, for beauty’s sake, and only with his consent, and in general that a lover is to associate with anyone he is interested in, in such a way that their relationship will never seem to go beyond this, or else he will come in for criticism as an unmusical fellow with no sense of beauty.” “Quite so,” said he.

“Well now,” said I, “does it look to you as though our account dealing with music is at an end? At any rate, it has ended where it should end. Surely, considerations of music should end in considerations of love of the beautiful.” “I agree,” said he.

“After music, then, the young folk should be brought up in gymnastics.” “Indeed.” “Then, they should also be brought up systematically in this, beginning in childhood and continuing through life. And it consists, I believe, in the following; see if you agree. Indeed, I am not of the view that if a body is sound, it makes a soul good by the body’s own excellence, but on the contrary, a good soul renders a body as good as it can possibly be by the soul’s own excellence. Is that your view too?” “That is how I see it,” said he.

“Well, would we be doing the right thing if we were to care for the mind properly, and then trust it to determine precisely what the body needs, while we provide instruction on the general guidelines, so that we do not have to give a lengthy account?” “Entirely so.” “Well, we said that guardians must avoid drunkenness. For a guardian is surely the last person we would allow to get drunk, and not know where on earth he is.” “Yes,” said he, “it would be absurd that a guardian would need another guardian to look after him.” “Well then, what about their food? Indeed, these men are athletes in a contest of the utmost importance, are they not?” “Yes.”

“In that case, would the condition of our modern athletes be suitable to these men?” “Perhaps.” “But,” said I, “this is a somewhat drowsy condition, and it is perilous to their health. Or do you not see that they sleep their lives away, and that the athletes themselves really become violently ill if they depart, even a little, from the prescribed way of life?” “Yes, I see this.”

“Then there is a need for some more refined training for our warrior athletes,” said I, “who need to be like sleepless hounds whose sight and hearing are as keen as they can possibly be, able to undergo lots of changes on military campaigns – changes of water, of their general diet, of summer and of winter – without their health being in peril.” “That is how it seems to me.” “Now, would the best upbringing in gymnastics be closely related to the musical upbringing we described a little earlier?” “What do you mean?” “An appropriate gymnastic is also simple, I presume, especially in the case of warfare.” “In what way?”

“You could,” said I, “even learn this sort of thing from Homer. For you know that on campaign, at the feasts of the heroes, he does not feast them on fish, even though they are by the sea on the Hellespont, or on boiled meats, but only on roast meats, which are easier for soldiers to provide, since generally speaking it is easier to arrange to use a simple fire than to carry cooking equipment around with you.” “Very much so.” “Nor, I believe, does Homer ever mention sauces. And does not anyone who is in training know that if his body is to be in good condition, he should abstain from everything of this sort?” “Yes, they know,” said he, “and they abstain, and rightly so.”

“And if you think these are right, my friend, it seems you will not praise Syracusan cuisine or Sicilian cookery in all its variety.” “I think not.” “Then you will not recommend a Corinthian maiden as a lady friend for men whose body is to be in good condition.”

“Absolutely not.” “Nor the famed delights of Attic pastries?” “I must agree.” “Yes. And on the whole, I think, we could liken a diet and a lifestyle of this sort to melody and song that employs all the modes and all the rhythms, and the comparison would be correct.” “Of course.” “Did not variety engender lack of restraint in that case, while in this case it engenders disease? And simplicity in music engenders sound-mindedness in souls, while simplicity in physical training engenders health in bodies?” “Very true,” said he.

“And when lack of restraint, and diseases, multiply in a city, do not law courts and medical centres open their doors in large numbers, while courtroom oratory and medical skill take on a great solemnity when lots of people, even free men, get extremely serious about them?” “What else are they to do?”

“But can we get any greater evidence of the bad and disgraceful system of education in a city than the fact that first-rate physicians and legal practitioners are needed, not only by the ordinary folk and the manual labourers, but also by those who pretend to have been brought up in the guise of free men? Or do you not think it is a disgrace, and strong evidence of a lack of education, to be compelled to use justice brought in from other people, who act as your masters and judges, because you do not have any resources of your own?” “It is the most disgraceful thing of all,” said he.

“Or do you think,” said I, “that it is even more disgraceful when someone not only spends most of his life defending himself or prosecuting others in court, but is even persuaded, because he has no sense of nobility, to pride himself on this very fact; on being clever when it comes to acting unjustly and well up to the task of exploring every twist and turn and every possible escape route to wriggle his way out, and avoid facing justice; doing all this for the sake of worthless trivia, ignorant of how much better and more noble it would be to provide himself with a life that did not depend upon the somnolence of a juror.” “No,” said he. “This is even more disgraceful than the other example.”

“And do you not think,” said I, “it is a disgrace to need a physician, not because of injuries or some seasonal diseases you have caught, but due to idleness and the sort of lifestyle we were describing: being filled with fluids and gases like some sort of swamp, compelling the refined Asclepiads to come up with names for diseases, such as flatulences and catarrhs?” “Yes, indeed,” said he. “These really are novel and unusual names for diseases.”

“The sort of diseases,” said I, “that in my view did not exist in Asclepius’ time. My evidence for this is that at Troy, his own sons did not find fault with the women who gave Pramnian wine, sprinkled lavishly with barley and grated cheese, to the wounded Eurypylos, even though these are believed to produce inflammation. Nor did they criticise Patroclus, who was responsible for the treatment.”⁶⁸ “Yes,” said he. “That certainly was a strange potion for someone in that predicament.”

“Not if you recognise”, said I, “that this fostering of diseases that is fashionable in modern medicine was not used by the Asclepiads of former times, not until Herodicus arrived on the scene.”⁶⁹ But Herodicus was a physical trainer, and

when he himself fell ill he mixed his physical exercise with medicine, and tormented himself first and foremost, and then did the same to lots of other people.”

“In what way?” he asked. “He turned his own death,” said I, “into a lengthy process. For although he paid minute attention to the disease, which was a fatal one, he was, I believe, unable to cure himself, and he lived his entire life under medical treatment with no time for anything else, tormented if he departed at all from his usual lifestyle. So, struggling against death, aided by his wisdom, he managed to reach old age.” “So,” said he, “he won a beautiful prize from his skill.”

“A fitting prize,” said I, “for someone who failed to recognise that Asclepius was not ignorant or lacking experience in this form of medicine when he did not teach it to his offspring. Rather, he knew that everyone living under good laws is each assigned a single task in the city which he must work at, and no one has time to spend his life being ill and being treated for an illness. And it is laughable that we are aware of this in the case of the craftsmen, and do not notice it in the case of the wealthy people, who are regarded as fortunate.” “How so?” said he.

“Well,” said I, “when a carpenter is ill, he expects the physician to give him medicine to drink as an emetic for the disease, or apply a purgative, or to get rid of it by burning or cutting. But if someone prescribes a lengthy regimen for him, placing felt hats on his head and so on, he quickly says that he has no time to be ill, nor is it worth his while to live in that way, preoccupied with a disease and neglecting the function that is in front of him. With that, he bids farewell to physicians of this sort, resumes his usual lifestyle, and either gets healthy and lives on doing his own work, or else, if his body cannot take the strain, he dies and is quit of his troubles.” “Well,” said he, “that seems to be the proper approach to medical treatment for someone like this.”

“So,” said I, “was that because he had a function to perform, and it was not worth his while being alive if he could not perform it?” “Of course,” said he. “But the wealthy man, as we say, has no function of this sort set before him, one that makes life unliveable if he is compelled to give it up.” “Indeed not. That is what people say, at any rate.” “Do you not listen to Phocylides,”⁷⁰ said

I, “who says that once someone has a livelihood he should practise excellence?”
“Yes,” said he, “and I think even before then.”

“Let us not fight with him about this,” said I. “Instead, let us teach ourselves whether a wealthy person should practise this, and whether life is worth living for someone who does not do so. Or is the fostering of diseases an impediment to the application of the mind to carpentry and the other skills, while it does not prevent us from adhering to the injunction of Phocylides.” “Yes, by Zeus,” said he. “Excessive attention to the body, beyond simple physical training, is almost the greatest impediment of them all. In fact, it is troublesome in running a household, in military campaigns, and in positions of authority in the city.”

“But then, what is most significant is that it makes any kind of learning, reflection or attention to oneself hard. It is constantly suspecting some tension or dizziness of the head, and blaming this on philosophy. And so it acts as a total impediment to practising and testing excellence in this way, for it constantly makes a person believe he is sick, and makes him agonise incessantly about his body.” “Quite likely,” said he.

“Should we maintain that Asclepius recognised all this too? There are those whose bodies are naturally healthy and have a healthy lifestyle, but have contracted some specific disease, and it was for these people, in this condition, that he devised medicine, for getting rid of diseases through

drugs and surgery, prescribing their accustomed lifestyle so that he would not damage the public affairs of the city. While in the case of bodies that are diseased through and through, he did not attempt to contrive a long, bad life for the person, by gradually pouring things in and draining things out, enabling him in all likelihood to produce more sickly offspring of this sort. Rather, he did not believe he should treat someone who was unable to live his life normally, following the established course, since this would not be worthwhile either for himself or the city.” “You are saying,” said he, “that Asclepius was a statesman.”

“Of course,” said I, “and his children too, because of the sort of man he was. Or do you not see that at Troy they proved themselves to be good at warfare, and they practised medicine in the way I described it? Or do you not also recall

that in the case of Menelaus' wound, the one Pandarus inflicted on him, 'They sucked the blood and soothing simples sprinkled',⁷¹ but they did not prescribe what he should drink or eat afterwards, any more than they did for Eurypylus, since the drugs were quite sufficient to cure a man who had a healthy and orderly lifestyle before he was injured, even if he happened to take a barley, cheese and wine drink afterwards. However, they thought that it was not worthwhile, either for himself or anyone else, that someone who is diseased by nature, and lacking in restraint, should live on. They decided that their skill should not be applied to people like this, and that they should not treat them, even if they were wealthier than Midas."⁷²

"You are saying," said he, "that the sons of Asclepius were men of great refinement." "Appropriately so," said I. "And yet, the tragedians, and Pindar too, are unconvinced by us,"⁷³ and they maintain that although Asclepius was a son of Apollo, he was bribed with gold to cure a wealthy man who was already at the point of death, and for this, they say, he was struck by a thunderbolt. Whereas we, adhering to what we said before, are unconvinced by either of their claims. Rather, if he was the son of a god, we shall maintain that he was not corruptible, and if he was corruptible, he was not the son of a god."

"Well, you are quite right about that," said he. "But what point are you making here, Socrates? Should we not have good physicians in our city? And presumably the best qualified doctors would be the ones who had treated the greatest number of healthy people, and sick people too. And the same would go for jurors. The best would have consorted with a whole range of people of all sorts and varieties." "I am referring to good ones, very much so," said I. "But do you know who I regard as good?" "I would if you told me," said he.

"I will try," said I. "But you were asking about two dissimilar cases in the same question." "How so?" he asked. "Physicians," said I, "become highly accomplished if, beginning in childhood, besides learning their skill, they also deal with as many bodies as possible of the most degenerate kind, and have themselves suffered from all these diseases and are, by nature, utterly unhealthy. For I do not

believe they treat a body using their own body. Indeed if that were the case, their bodies could never be allowed to be in a bad condition, or to become so.

But they treat a body using their own soul, which cannot be allowed to become bad, or to be so, if it is to carry out the treatment well.” “Correct,” said he. “But a juror, my friend, rules over a soul using his own soul, which should not be allowed, from its earliest years, to be reared among degenerate souls, to consort with them, act unjustly itself, and systematically go through all the injustices, so that it may, with a keen eye, detect the injustices

of others, like bodily diseases. It must, rather, from its earliest years, have no experience of evil dispositions and be uncontaminated by them if it is to be noble and good and deliver sound judgements as to what is just. That is why the most suitable candidates appear simple-minded when they are young and are easily deceived by unjust folk, since they do not have patterns within themselves that resemble the responses of the evil doers.” “Yes, indeed,” said he, “that certainly is what happens to them.”

“That is why,” said I, “a good juror should be old rather than young, someone who has learned late in life what injustice is by realising that it does not belong in his own soul, and practising for a considerable time being fully aware of it as something alien, present in alien souls as an innate badness. To this knowledge he should have recourse rather than his own direct experience.” “Well, a juror like this,” said he, “seems to be the noblest kind of all.”

“And good too,” said I, “which is what you were asking about. For anyone who has a good soul is good. But that clever fellow with a suspicious mind who has done a lot of evil deeds himself, who is cunning and thinks he is wise when in the company of people like himself, appears clever when he is being cautious, and looks to his own internal patterns. But when he is alongside good

people or his elders, at that stage, by contrast, he appears stupid by being unnecessarily suspicious, unable to recognise a healthy disposition because he does not possess patterns of this sort. But since he meets degenerate people more often than worthy people, he seems to himself and to others to be more wise rather than more foolish.” “Yes,” said he, “that is true, entirely so.”

“Well, then,” said I, “we should not seek out a juror of this sort. If we want a good and wise one we should seek the previous sort. For degeneracy would never recognise both excellence and itself. But natural excellence may be

educated, over time, to apprehend both itself and degeneracy simultaneously. So this person as I see it, and not the bad person, turns out to be wise.” “That,” said he, “is the way I see it too.”

“Will you not prescribe laws for our city, instituting medicine as we described it, alongside this sort of judicial practice? Will these treat those citizens of yours whose bodies and souls are naturally good, and if this is not so, allow those who are naturally bad in body to die off, while they themselves put to death those who are naturally bad in soul and incurable.” “This is apparently,” said he, “what is best both for the people in this predicament and for the city.” “And so,” said I, “your young folk of course will be careful not to need a judicial process like this, by making use of that simple music which, we say, engenders sound-mindedness.” “Indeed,” said he.

“And will not the musical person, by following the same trail as in the case of physical training, if he wishes, understand how to avoid the need for medical treatment except when it is necessary?” “It seems so to me, at any rate.” “Even the physical training itself, and the exercises, are something he will work at with the spirited aspect of his nature rather than physical strength in view, unlike other athletes who make use of diet and exercise for the sake of strength.” “Quite right,” said he.

“In that case, Glaucon,” said I, “is it not the case that those who established education in music and physical training did not do so with the intention that some people assume, that one would treat the body while the other would treat the soul?” “What was their intention then?” he asked. “It is most likely,” said I, “that they established both, mainly for the sake of the soul.” “How so?” “Have you not noticed how the mind itself is affected in people who devote themselves throughout

their lives to physical exercise, and have nothing to do with music, and in those who do the exact opposite?” “What are you referring to?” he asked. “A fierceness and hardness in one case, and a softness and gentleness in the other,” said I. “I have noticed,” said he, “that those who devote themselves exclusively to physical training turn out fiercer than they should be, while those who do so in the case of music become softer than is good for them.” “And, indeed,” said I, “the fierceness is derived from the spirited part of the nature, and, given

the proper nurture, it would constitute courage, but if it becomes more intense than it should, it would likely become hard and harsh.” “That is how it seems to me,” he said.

“What about this? Would not the philosophic nature be associated with the gentleness, and if this is relaxed too much will it not be softer than it should be? And if it is properly nurtured will it not be gentle and orderly?” “Quite so.” “And we are saying that our guardians should possess both of these natures?” “They should.” “And should not the two be in harmony with one another?” “Of course.” “And where there is such harmony, the soul is sound-minded and courageous?” “Entirely so.” “And where there is disharmony, it is cowardly and harsh?” “Very much so.”

“Now, is it not the case that whenever someone surrenders to music, to be charmed by the flute sounds pouring into his soul through the ears as if through a funnel, pouring in those sweet, soft, dirge-like harmonies we spoke of just now, and lives his whole life humming delightedly in song, this man, if he possesses a spirited part, softens it at first, like iron, and renders it useful instead of being useless and brittle? But when he pours music in unceasingly, and it works its charms, he then proceeds to melt his spirit, turn it to liquid, until he finally dissolves it away as if he were

severing the very sinews of his soul, and turning it into a ‘feeble warrior’.”⁷⁴ “Entirely so,” said he. “Now, if he were endowed by nature,” said I, “from the very outset, with a soul devoid of spirit, this would happen very quickly. But if it were spirited, having weakened the spirit he would render the soul unstable, quick to quarrel over trivia, and just as quick to calm down. So he becomes bad-tempered and irascible, rather than spirited, and he is filled with discontent.” “Yes, exactly.”

“And what if someone, in contrast, works hard at physical training, feeds himself well, very well, but refrains from music and philosophy? At first, because his body is in such good shape, will he not be filled with confidence and spirit, and become more courageous than he was before?” “Very much so.” “And what if he practised nothing else, and had no communion with a Muse at all? Even if there was some love of learning in his soul, since it never gets a taste of learning or of enquiry, and is never involved in discourse, or

music in general, will it not become weak, deaf and blind, since it is never awakened or nourished, and its awareness is never purified?" "Just so," said he.

"Then a person like this becomes a hater of discourse, and is devoid of music. He no longer uses

verbal persuasion, but he gets results in everything through force and violence, like some wild animal, and he lives his life in ignorance and ineptitude, without any rhythm or grace." "That is it," said he. "Entirely so." "Well, since there are it seems these two, the spirited and the philosophic, I would say that some god has given humanity two skills, music and physical training, aimed at the spirited and the philosophic, not at the soul and the body except incidentally, but at these two so that they may be harmonised with one another, by tightening and slackening them to the appropriate extent."

"Yes, it seems that way," said he. "So, the person who blends physical training most beautifully with music, and applies them to the soul with the utmost measure, is the one we may rightly declare to be perfectly musical and well harmonised in the highest degree, much more so than anyone who tunes the strings of an instrument." "Quite likely, Socrates," said he.

"In that case, Glaucon, will we not always need some overseer of this sort in our city, if our constitution is to be preserved?" "Yes, indeed, we shall need this most of all." "These then, would be the guidelines for their education and upbringing. Indeed why would anyone itemise the dances, hunts, chases, athletic contests, and horse races that people like this would have? Surely it is quite obvious that these must adhere to those guidelines, and should no longer be hard to discover." "Probably not," said he.

"So be it," said I. "Well then, what should we decide next? Will we not need to decide which of these same people will rule, and which of them will be ruled?" "Of course." "Is it obvious that the rulers should be older, and those who are ruled should be younger?" "It is obvious." "And is it not obvious that the best of them should rule?" "That is obvious too." "But do not the best of the farmers turn out to be the most accomplished at farming?" "Yes." "And now, since these must be the best of our guardians, will they not be the most accomplished at guarding our city?" "Yes." "And must they not be intelligent in this role, and capable, and still care for the city?"

“That is it.” “But someone would care most for that which he actually loves.” “Necessarily.” “And, indeed, he would love this most once he believes that whatever benefits the city also benefits himself, and thinks that when it does well, he himself does well too, and if it does not, he does not.” “Quite so,” said he. “Then, we should select men of this sort from among the other guardians, men who, as we watch

them throughout their entire lives, seem to us to be entirely eager to do whatever benefits the city, and unwilling under any circumstances to do anything that does not.” “These are suitable for selection,” said he. “Then, I think they need to be watched at all stages of their lives to see that they guard this precept well, and are never charmed, or forced to forget and cast aside the opinion that they should do what is best for the city.”

“What do you mean,” said he, “by ‘cast aside’?” “I shall tell you,” I replied. “It seems to me that opinion departs from the mind either voluntarily or involuntarily: voluntarily when false opinion departs from someone who learns better, involuntarily in the case of any true opinion.” “I understand the case where it is voluntary, but I need you to explain the case where it is involuntary.” “What about this? Do you not believe,” I said, “that people are deprived of what is good involuntarily, and of what is bad voluntarily? And is it not bad to be deceived in relation to the truth, and good to have the truth? Or do you not think that to have the truth is to think things that are?”

“Yes,” said he, “what you are saying is right, and I think they have been deprived, involuntarily, of true opinion.” “Does this not happen to them when they are robbed, harmed or forced?” “Now, this I do not understand either,” said he. “Perhaps,” said I, “I am speaking in a lofty, tragic style. Indeed by ‘robbed’ I mean those who are persuaded to change their minds, or who are made to forget, because time in the latter case, and discourse in the former case, takes something from them without their noticing. So I presume you understand now.” “Yes.”

“And by ‘those who are forced’ I mean those whom pain or distress would induce to change their minds.” “Yes, I understand that too, and what you are saying is correct.” “Those who are charmed, I think you would agree, are those who change their opinions when beguiled by pleasure or intimidated by some

fear.” “Indeed,” said he, “everything that deceives people seems to charm them.” “Well then, as I was saying just now, we should seek out some who are the best guardians of their own precept, according to which they should, on every occasion, do whatever seems best for the city. So, they should be watched from their very earliest years, setting them tasks in which someone would be most inclined to forget such a precept and be deceived. And we should select those whose memory holds and who are difficult to deceive, and reject anyone who is not like this. Is this so?”

“Yes.” “And we should also assign hard work, tribulations and trials to them, in which we should watch for these same qualities.” “Rightly so,” he replied. “Now,” said I, “we should also devise a third kind of test in relation to being charmed, and we should watch what happens. Just as people expose young horses to noise and commotion to see if they are fearful, so too, whilst still young, our guardians should be brought into fearful circumstances and then transferred into situations of pleasure, and thus be tested far better than gold is tested in the fire. And if someone is evidently resistant to charms, dignified in everything, a good guardian of himself and of the culture he has come to understand, adhering to good rhythm and harmony in himself under all these circumstances, he would then be of the greatest service, both to himself and to the city. And someone who is tested continually, as a child, as a youth and as a man, and emerges without taint, should be installed as a ruler and guardian of the city, and should be given honour in life and after death by assigning the most revered of our tombs and other memorials to him, while someone who is not like this should be rejected.

“So, Glaucon,” said I, “I think this is the selection and appointment process for our rulers and guardians. It is just an outline, not a detailed description.”

“Well,” said he, “that is how it appears to me too.”

“In that case, would it, in truth, be most correct to refer to these people as guardians in every respect, both in relation to enemies from outside and friends within, so that the friends will not wish to do anything bad and the enemies will be unable to do so, while the younger people, whom we were calling guardians just now, are referred to as auxiliaries, who support the precepts of the rulers?” “Yes, I think so,” said he.

“Is there any way,” said I, “we might contrive one of those lies we were referring to earlier, the ones that arise in response to a need, a single noble lie to persuade the rulers themselves for the most part, or, failing that, persuade the city in general?” “What sort of lie?” said he. “It is nothing new,” said I. “Yes, it is something from Phoenicia,”⁷⁵ which has happened in many places already, as the poets maintain, and has convinced people. But it has not happened in our time, nor do I know if it could happen, and to convince people would require a lot of persuasion.” “You seem to be speaking with some reluctance,” said he. “My reluctance,” said I, “will seem quite reasonable once I have said what I have to say.” “Speak on,” said he, “and have no fear.”

“I will tell you, then, even though I do not know where to find the audacity or the words to use, and I shall attempt firstly to persuade the rulers themselves and the soldiers, and then the rest of the city, that in fact all the education and upbringing we gave them was just like a dream. They imagined they were experiencing all this and that this was happening to them, but in truth they were under the earth at the time, being moulded and nurtured within her, and both themselves and their armour and the rest of their equipment was being manufactured. And once they had come

fully to completion, the earth, their mother, sent them forth. And now they are to plan for and defend the place they are in, as though it were their mother and their nurse, if anyone goes against her. And they are to think of all the other citizens as their brothers and sisters, sprung from the self-same earth.” “No wonder you were ashamed to recount this lie,” said he.

“Quite reasonably so,” said I, “but nevertheless, listen to the rest of the story. Yes, indeed, all who are in the city are brothers, that is what we shall tell them in our story. But as the god fashioned you, he mixed in gold in the generation of those of you who are up to the task of being rulers, and because of this such people are valued most. In the case of the auxiliaries, he mixed in silver, and he used iron and bronze in the case of farmers and other artificers. Now, since you are all kindred,

you would, for the most part, produce offspring like yourselves. Yet there are times when silver could be born from gold and there could be golden offspring from silver, and all the others could spring from one another in the

same way. So, the god first and most emphatically proclaims to the rulers that they should be good guardians of nothing else, and should watch over nothing as intently as they watch the offspring in case there be any admixture of these other metals in their souls. And

if their offspring is born with an admixture of bronze or of iron, they will not act out of pity in any way. Rather, granting them the respect appropriate to their nature, they will banish them to the ranks of artisans or farmers. Then again, if someone with an admixture of gold or silver is born among these, they will respect them and transfer some to the rank of guardians, others to that of auxiliaries, because there is an oracle according to which the city will be destroyed whenever an iron guardian or a bronze guardian guards her. Now, do you know any way that they might come to believe this story?"

"Not at all," said he, "not in the case of the people themselves. But perhaps their sons and the next generation, and humanity in general thereafter, might believe it." "But even this much," said I, "would work nicely to ensure that they show more care for the city and for one another. For I think I understand what you are saying fairly well. Indeed, this will

unfold in whatever way human tradition may take it, while we lead out these earth-born men, fully armed, led by their rulers. And when they arrive, have them look about for the best place in the city to set up their military camp, a location from which they could exercise most control over the city's inhabitants in case anyone might be unwilling to obey the laws, a place from which they could also defend her against outsiders in case enemies might come upon her like a wolf upon a flock of sheep. And with their camp established, having offered sacrifices to the appropriate gods, they could make places to rest. Or how do you see it?" "Just so," said he.

"Will not such places be adequate to withstand the heat of summer and the cold of winter?" "Yes, they must be," said he, "since I think you are referring to their dwellings." "Yes," said I, "dwellings for soldiers rather than for money-makers." "Again," said he, "what distinction are you making between these two?" "I will try to explain this to you," said I. "Indeed, it is surely the most terrible thing of all and an utter disgrace for a shepherd to rear the sort of dogs that mind sheep in such a way that through indiscipline or hunger or

some general defect of character, the dogs attempt to harm the sheep, and behave like wolves rather than dogs.” “Terrible,” said he, “of course.”

“So, must we not be on our guard in every way, in case these auxiliaries of ours do something like this to our citizens, because they are stronger than them, and become like harsh overlords rather than well-meaning allies?” “Yes,” said he, “we must be on our guard.” “Would they not have been provided with the greatest safeguard against this if they really had been properly educated?” “But surely they have been properly educated,” said he. And I said, “This is not worth insisting upon, Glaucon, my friend. However, it is worth insisting upon what we said earlier, that they must have the right education, whatever that may be, if they are to possess the most important factor required to make them gentle, both towards themselves and towards the citizens under their guardianship.”

“And rightly so,” said he. “And in addition to this education, anyone with any intelligence would maintain that they should also be provided with dwellings, and property in general, that does not prevent them from being guardians of the best possible kind, and does not induce them to behave badly towards the other citizens.” “And he would be speaking the truth.”

“Then see,” said I, “if they should live and be housed somewhat as follows if they are to be guardians of this sort. In the first place, none should possess any private property that is not absolutely necessary. Secondly, none of them should have a dwelling or storehouse that is not open to anyone who wants to go in. The necessities of life, as much as men in training for war who are both sound-minded and courageous require, these they will receive from the other citizens – as they stipulate – as a wage for guarding them, enough to last them no more than a year without any lack. And, like soldiers in a military camp, they should live life in common, and dine together at common tables.

We shall tell them that they have gold and silver of a divine sort as a gift from the gods, always in their souls, and have no further need for the human sort; that it is an unholy act to pollute and contaminate that divine possession through the acquisition of mortal gold, because so much unholiness has arisen from dealing with the currency of the multitude, whereas the currency of these people is without taint; and that they are the only people in the city who

are prohibited from handling or even

coming into contact with gold or silver, or even from being under the same roof with them, from wearing them about their person, or drinking from a gold or silver vessel. "Accordingly, they would save themselves and save the city. But once they acquire land or houses or money of their own, they will then be householders or farmers rather than guardians, and will become slave-masters and enemies of the rest of the citizens rather than their allies. They will spend their entire life hating and being hated, conspiring and being conspired against, much more fearful of internal rather than external enemies, as they run a course for themselves and the rest of the city that is already almost doomed to shipwreck.

"So, for all these reasons," said I, "let us declare that this is how the guardians should be provided with housing and with anything else, and let us establish these arrangements in law. Or do you not think we should?" "Entirely so," said Glaucon.

BOOK IV

Here Adimantus interrupted and said, "Now, Socrates, what would be your defence if someone were to maintain that you are not making these men very happy, and it is all their own fault, since, although the city is in truth theirs, they do not enjoy a single benefit from her, unlike their counterparts in other cities who own land, build beautiful grand houses, and acquire furniture to match, who offer private sacrifices to the gods, entertain guests, and, indeed, as you were saying just now, have acquired gold and silver and everything else that is supposed to belong to people who are going to be blessed? In fact, he might maintain, they look almost like paid auxiliaries who sit about

in the city with nothing to do except keep watch." "Yes," said I, "and they do all this in return for their basic provisions, receiving no wages in addition to such provisions, as everyone else does. They will not even be able to travel abroad privately if they wish to, or pay for female companions, or indulge in other kinds of expenditure, like those who are generally regarded as happy. You are leaving out these objections, and a whole host of others like them."

“In that case,” said he, “let those objections also be included.” “So are you asking how we shall conduct our defence?” “Yes.”

“We shall, in my opinion,” said I, “find whatever needs to be said by proceeding along the same track as before. Indeed, we shall say that it would be no surprise if these people, living in this way, are also the happiest people, even though we are not founding our city with a view to this so that one particular group among us will be especially happy, but so that the whole city will be as happy as it can possibly be. For we thought that in a city like this we would find justice to the greatest extent, and, by contrast, would find injustice to the greatest extent in the worst managed city, and,

by observing them carefully, decide the issue we have been investigating for so long. At the moment then, we are, I believe, forming the happy city not by considering a few of its people in isolation, and proposing that people like this are happy, but by considering the whole city. We shall look at its opposite presently. “Indeed, it is as if we were painting a statue, and someone came along and said we were not using the most beautiful pigments on the most beautiful parts of the figure because we had painted

the eyes, the most beautiful part, not with purple but with black. We would seem to be offering a reasonable defence by saying, ‘Strange man, do not presume that we should paint eyes so beautiful that they do not even look like eyes, and the same goes for the other parts too. But look and see whether we make the whole thing beautiful by applying the appropriate pigments to each part.’ “And, indeed, in the present case, do not compel us to attach happiness of this sort to our

guardians, a happiness that will turn them into anything other than guardians. For we know we could dress our farmers in fine robes and deck them out with gold, and bid them work the land whenever they felt like it. We could have our potters recline by the fire, left to right, drinking and

feasting, with the potter’s wheel beside them, to make as many pots as they felt like making. We could also make all the others happy in this way, so that the whole city would then be happy. But do not encourage us in this direction since, if we take your advice, our farmer will not be a farmer, nor will our potter be a potter, nor will any of the other functions from which our city is

constituted retain their character. "Now, in the case of the other functions, this is of less account, for shoe menders who are debased and corrupted, and who pretend to be shoemakers when they are not, are no threat to the city. But when guardians of the city and its laws seem like guardians when they are not, then, you see, they utterly destroy the entire city, and, what is more, they alone hold the key to the city being well governed and happy. So if we are producing true guardians of the city, who are least harmful to it, while our critic is referring to some farmers feasting at a festival, not in civic society, then he is describing something else besides a city.

"So, we should consider whether to appoint the guardians with a view to providing them with the utmost happiness, or with a view to ensuring such happiness for the city as a whole, compelling or persuading our guardians to co-operate in this so that they will be the very best artificers of their own work, and the same will apply to all the others. And so, with the entire city flourishing and well managed, we should allow each of the types to have a share in happiness in the way that its nature allows." "Yes," said he, "this sounds well said to me." "Well, then," said I, "I wonder if the following point, related to this one, will sound reasonable to you." "What is it?"

"In the case of the other artificers, consider whether there are factors that corrupt them, so that they become bad artificers." "What sort of factors?" "Wealth and poverty," said I. "How so?" "As follows. Once he has become wealthy, do you think a potter will still be willing to attend to his craft?" "Not at all," he replied. "Will he become lazy and less interested than he was before?" "Very much so." "Will he not become a worse potter?" "That too," said he, "very much so." "Yes, indeed. And when, due to poverty, he is unable to provide the tools or whatever else his craft requires, his workmanship will be poorer and he will teach his son and anyone else he instructs to be inferior artificers.

"Indeed he will." "Then, on account of both factors, poverty and wealth, what the crafts produce will be inferior and the artificers themselves will be inferior." "Apparently." "Then these, it seems, are additional factors which our guardians must watch out for by every possible means in case they creep into the city unnoticed." "What sort of factors?" "Wealth and poverty," said I,

“since one produces luxury, idleness and disturbance, while the other leads to lack of freedom and bad workmanship, in addition to the disturbance.”

“Entirely so, Socrates,” said he. “But please consider how our city will be able to go to war when it has acquired no wealth, especially if it is compelled to go to war against a large and wealthy city.”

“It is obvious”, said I, “that it would be more difficult to fight against a single city like this, but against two such cities it would be easier.” “What do you mean?” said he.

“Firstly,” said I, “if they need to do battle, will not they be fighting against wealthy men when they themselves are trained warriors?” “Well, yes,” said he. “This is so.” “Now, Adimantus,” I asked, “do you not think a single boxer, very well trained, could easily fight two rich, fat fellows who were not boxers at all?” “Probably not,” said he, “not at the same time, anyway.” “Not even if he were allowed to retreat,” said I, “and then turn around and strike the first man coming at him, and he were to do this repeatedly, under the baking sun? Would not a man like this

get the better of quite a number of such fellows?” “Indeed,” said he, “that would be no surprise.” “And do you not think rich people have more knowledge and experience of boxing than of warfare?” “I do,” he replied. “So, our trained warriors will easily do battle with two or even three times their own number.”

“I shall concede the point,” said he, “for it seems to me that what you are saying is correct.” “What if we sent an embassy to the other city, telling them the truth: although we have no use for gold or silver, you do, so fight alongside us and take the wealth that the others have. Do you think anyone who heard this offer would choose to fight against tough, lean dogs, rather than fight alongside them against fat, soft sheep?” “No, I do not think so,” said he. “But if one city accumulates all the wealth of the others, watch out, in case it constitutes a danger to the one that is not wealthy.”

“How fortunate you are,” said I, “that you think anything else deserves to be called a city except the sort we are equipping.” “What should we call it then?” he asked.

“We should speak about the others,” said I, “as more than one city. For each of them is not a city, but a combination of many cities, as people say in jest, two at least – one of rich folk, the other of poor – both at war with each other. And in each of these, there are very many which you would be totally incorrect to regard as one. But if you regard them as many cities, distributing the wealth of some to the others, and the powers too, and even the people themselves, you will always have access to many allies and have few enemies. And as long as your city is managed sound-mindedly as was just arranged, it will be the greatest city, not in reputation, I do not mean that, but truly the greatest city, even if there are only a thousand defenders among her ranks. For you will not easily

find a single city that is great in this way, among Greeks or non-Greeks, although there are many that seem to be many times greater than ours. Or do you think otherwise?” “By Zeus, I do not,” said he. “Would this,” said I, “not be the perfect criterion for our rulers in determining what size to make the city and, accordingly, the extent of the territory they should mark off, setting the rest aside?” “What criterion?” he asked. “I think it is as follows,” said I. “Let it keep growing as long as it remains one city. It may grow thus far and no further.”

“That is a good way to proceed,” said he. “In that case, should we give this additional instruction to our guardians: to be on their guard, in every respect, to ensure that the city be not small, nor seem to be great, but be one and sufficient?” “Quite a commonplace instruction, surely,” said he. “And there is an even more commonplace instruction than this, which we mentioned previously, saying that it would be necessary, in situations in which any ordinary offspring are born to the

guardians, that these should be sent away to other ordinary folk. And if special offspring are born to ordinary folk, these should be sent away to the guardians. And this is intended to show that even in the case of the other citizens, whatever anyone is suited to by nature is the task each should attend to, one person to one particular task, so that each, by practising the one task that is his own, would become not many but one, and in this way then the entire city would naturally come to be one, rather than many.” “Yes,” said he, ‘that is a

more insignificant instruction than that other one.”

“Adimantus, my good man,” said I, “we are not giving them a lot of important instructions as someone might presume. No, they are all quite minor, provided they guard the so-called ‘one important thing’. Or should I say sufficient rather than important?” “What is that?” he asked. “Education and upbringing,” said I. “For if, by being educated, they become reasonable men, they will easily see all of this quite clearly, and anything else we are leaving out at present, including the acquisition of women, marriages and procreation of children. They will see that all these should be conducted, as much as possible, so as to make all things common to friends. “Yes,” said he, “that would be most correct.”

“And, indeed,” said I, “the state, once it is set in motion properly, proceeds like a developing circle. For a worthy upbringing and education that is kept safe produces good natures; and worthy natures in turn, by acquiring an education of this sort, become even better than their predecessors in general, and especially in their breeding, as is the case with other creatures.” “Quite likely,” said he.

“So, to put it briefly, those who are to care for the city must hold fast to education so that it does not get corrupted without them noticing. They should, rather, guard this against everything, against any innovation in gymnastics or in music, contrary to our direction. They should be on their guard, as best they can, when anyone says that *People, surely, always give more applause to that song / which is the latest to circulate among the listeners*⁷⁶ for fear someone might presume the poet is perhaps speaking not of new songs, but of a new manner of singing, and is praising this. This sort of thing should not be praised, nor should the poet be

understood in this way. Indeed, one must be cautious about change to a new form of music, as it poses a threat to the whole, since the manners of music do not change without the most important civic laws changing too. So says Damon, and I trust him.” “Well, you can count me as someone who trusts him too,” said Adimantus. “Then,” said I, “it is here in music, it seems, that the guardians must found their citadel.” “This, at any rate,” said he, “is where lawlessness easily creeps in unawares.” “Yes,” said I, “since it is regarded as a

sort of amusement that does not do any harm.”

“Nor indeed does it do so,” said he, “except by establishing itself little by little. It flows gently into habits and behaviour, and from these it emerges larger, and enters the arrangements between the citizens, and then from these private arrangements it assails the laws and constitution with unrestrained licentiousness, Socrates, until finally it overturns everything, private as well as public.” “Indeed,” said I, “is that what it does?” “I think so,” said he.

“In that case, as we were saying initially, should not our own children be involved straightaway in play that adheres to law, since if play itself becomes lawless and the children do likewise, it is impossible that they would develop into law abiding men?” “Yes, how could they?” said he.

“Well then, when the children, having made a good start at playing, adopt a lawful spirit through music, then, in contrast to those other cases, this accompanies them in everything, and develops them, setting right anything in the city that was previously cast down.” “True indeed,” said he. “Then these people discover for themselves,” said I, “the seemingly trivial regulations, all of which their predecessors subverted.” “What sort of regulations?”

“This sort: appropriate silence of the young in the presence of their elders, for instance; offering them seats, and standing up before them; care of parents; hairstyles, clothes, shoes, and physical appearance in general, and anything else of that sort. Do you not think so?” “I do.” “But to institute laws for these is, I think, silly. For having been instituted as laws, verbal or written, they are surely not acted upon, nor do they last.” “No, how could they?”

“It is likely at any rate, Adimantus,” said I, “that the direction set by their education determines the sort of things that follow thereafter. Or does like not always call forth like?” “Of course.” “And finally, then, I believe we would declare that it turns into something single, complete and active, which is either good, or the opposite.” “Inevitably,” he said. “That,” said I, “is why I, for one, would not go further and attempt to institute laws for this sort of thing.” “Well, that is reasonable,” said he.

“But, by the gods,” said I, “what about commercial affairs and all the arrangements with one another that people enter into in the market, and, if

you like, the contracts with manual labourers, actions for slander or assault, the bringing of lawsuits, the appointment of jurors, and if necessary, I presume, the imposition and payment of commercial or maritime taxes, general regulations of the market, the city, and the harbours, and anything else like this. Shall we bring ourselves to institute laws for any of these?"

"No," said he, "it is not worth giving instructions to men who are noble and good, since in most of these cases in which laws need to be instituted, they will, I presume, easily discover them." "Yes, my friend," said I, "provided god grants them preservation of the laws we described before." "If not," said he, "they will spend their lives continually instituting and amending a whole host of regulations of this sort, in the belief that they will arrive at the best arrangement." "You are saying," said I, "that people like this are living like sick people who are not prepared to depart from their degenerate lifestyle because they lack the restraint required to do so." "Entirely so."

"And, indeed, these people live their lives in a delightful manner. For in spite of any medical treatment, they make no progress, although they do make the diseases more complicated and more extensive, and they are always hoping, whenever anyone suggests a remedy, that this is the one that will make them healthy." "Yes," said he, "that is exactly the sort of thing that happens to people who are sick in this way."

"What about this?" I said. "Is it not a delightful feature of these people that what they regard above all as their greatest enemy is the person who speaks the truth, namely that until one gives up drunkenness, gluttony, womanising and laziness, neither drugs nor burning nor cutting, nor indeed any charms or amulets, nor anything else of that sort, will be of any benefit at all?"

"It is not really delightful," said he, "since getting annoyed with someone who speaks well holds no delight." "It seems," said I, "that you are not an admirer of men like this." "No indeed, by Zeus." "In that case, you will not praise the city as a whole either, as we said before, if it acts in this way. Or does it not seem to you that those cities that are badly governed and yet direct their citizens not to change the existing state of affairs as a whole, on pain of execution for doing so, are behaving just like those sick people? And whoever is pleased to serve them even though they are governed in this way, who

delights them with flattery, who anticipates their wishes and is clever at fulfilling them, he will be their good man, wise too in important matters, and will win their respect.”

“Yes,” said he. “I think they are behaving in the same way, and I have no praise whatsoever for them either.” “And what about those who are willing to serve cities like these, and are eager to do so? Are you not delighted by their courage and humanity?” “I am,” said he, “except in cases where they are deceived into believing that they are statesmen just because most people praise them.” “What are you saying?” said I. “Can you not sympathise with the men? If a man who does not know how to measure is told by people like himself that he is six-foot tall, do you think it is possible for him not to believe this about himself?” “No, again I do not think so,” said he.

“Then, do not be so harsh with them. For people like this are the most delightful of all, instituting laws of the sort we just described, amending them, always believing they will find some way of curtailing corrupt practices in business dealings, and in the other areas I spoke of just now, while being unaware that they really are, as it were, cutting off the head of the Hydra.”⁷⁷

“Yes, indeed,” said he, “that is all they are doing.”

“Well, then,” said I, “I would not have thought the true legislator needs to trouble himself with this sort of thing in relation to laws or civic affairs, either in a badly governed city or a well-governed one – in the former, because it is of no benefit and achieves nothing, and in the latter, because some of them could be discovered by anyone at all, while the others emerge automatically from the practices described earlier.”

“So,” he asked, “what would be left for our legislative process?” And I said, “For us there is nothing, but for Apollo, who is in Delphi, there remain the greatest, most beautiful, and primary subjects of legislation.” “What are they?” he asked. “The foundation of temples, sacrifices, and general care for gods, daimons and heroes; then, for those who have died, burial rites and whatever services to the denizens of the other world are needed to keep them well disposed. For obviously we have no knowledge of such matters, nor, as we are founding our city, shall we believe anyone else if we have any sense, nor shall we have recourse to any

interpreter except our ancestral one. For this god is surely the ancestral interpreter for all humanity in such matters, seated on the navel stone in the middle of the earth, giving his interpretations.”⁷⁸ “Yes, you are expressing that nicely,” said he, “and that is how it should be done.” “Well, then,” said I, “although your city would be founded at this stage, dear son of Ariston, you should now proceed to look within it, provided with sufficient light from somewhere. Do this yourself, and call upon your brother and Polemarchus and the others, in case we may somehow see

what precisely justice may be, and injustice too I suppose, and what the difference between them is, and which of them a man who is to be happy should acquire, whether all gods and men are aware of this or not.”

“You are talking nonsense,” said Glaucon, “since you promised that you yourself were going to search for this because it would be an unholy act on your part not to come to the aid of justice, to the best of your ability, in every possible way.” “True,” said I. “You have reminded me and I should act accordingly, but you should all be involved too.” “That is what we shall do then,” said he.

“Well,” said I, “I hope we shall find it in the following way. I think our city, if it has indeed been founded correctly, is perfectly good.” “It must be,” said he. “Then it is obvious that it is wise, courageous, sound-minded and just.” “Obviously.” “Is it not the case that if we can find some of these qualities in the city, the remainder will be what has not been found? “Of course.” “Well, suppose there were four different things, and we were looking for one of them in something or other, and we then recognised this one first, that would be enough for us. But if we had previously recognised the other three, by this fact alone the object of our search would be recognised too, since obviously it is just the remainder and nothing else.” “Correct,” said he. “So, in relation to these excellences, since there are four of them,”⁷⁹ should we not conduct our search in the same way?” “Obviously.”

“And, indeed, it seems to me that wisdom is the first thing that is seen plainly in this, and something unusual becomes evident about it.” “What?” he asked. “The city we have described is, I think, actually wise, since it is well advised, is it not?” “Yes.” “And, indeed, it is obvious that being well advised is, in itself,

knowledge of some sort. For it is not by ignorance, but by knowledge, that people are well advised." "Clearly." "But there are many varieties of knowledge in the city." "Yes, there must be." "Now, is it because of the knowledge of its carpenters that a city should be referred to as wise and well advised?"

"Not at all," said he. "Because of this knowledge it is referred to as knowledgeable in carpentry." "So, it is not because of the knowledge dealing with wooden implements, and advising on how they might turn out best, that a city should be called wise." "No, indeed." "What about the knowledge dealing with objects made from bronze, or any other knowledge of this sort?" "It is not any of these either," said he.

"Nor is it the knowledge dealing with producing crops from the earth. Rather, because of this it is knowledgeable in farming." "I think so." "What about this?" said I. "Is there, in the city we have just founded, any knowledge that is particularly associated with some citizens, knowledge by which the city is advised, not about some aspect of its affairs but about the city as a whole, and the manner in which it might best conduct itself towards itself and towards the other cities?" "There is, indeed." "What is it?" I asked. "And in which citizens does it reside?" "It is guardianship," said he. "And it resides in those who rule, to whom we have just given the name perfect guardians." "So, what, on account of this knowledge, do you call the city?" "Well advised," said he, "and truly wise."

"Now," said I, "in our city, do you think there will be more bronze workers or more of these true guardians?" "Far more bronze workers," said he. "Indeed," said I, "and among those who have some knowledge, and are named accordingly, would not these guardians be the fewest in number of them all?" "The fewest by far." "So, a city founded on a natural basis would be wholly wise because of the smallest group or part of itself and the knowledge residing in this presiding, ruling part. And it seems that this class naturally turns out to be the fewest in number, and is the class that deserves to be allocated this knowledge, which alone, among all other kinds of knowledge, merits the name wisdom." "Very true," said he.

"Well then, I do not know how, but we have found this one, one of the four, and where it is situated in the city." "Well," said he, "in my opinion at any rate,

it has been discovered quite satisfactorily.” “Then again, it is not difficult to discern courage itself, and the part of our city in which it resides, on account of which the city is then called courageous.” “How so?” “Who,” said I, “could say that a city is cowardly or courageous, unless he had looked to the particular part that fights for her, and goes to war on her behalf?” “No one,” said he, “would look to anything else.” “Indeed,” said I, “the fact that the other citizens in the city were cowardly or courageous would not, I believe, determine whether the city has the one quality or the other.” “It would not.”

“And so, a city is courageous by some part of itself because it has a capacity of this sort in that part, a capacity which, in any situation, preserves the opinion about what things should be feared, and these are the same things, and the same sorts of things, that the legislators proclaimed whilst educating them. Do you not refer to this as courage?” “I do not fully understand what you are saying,” said he. “Please say it once more.”

“I am saying,” said I, “that courage is a sort of preservation.” “What sort of preservation is it?” “The preservation of the opinion, produced by law, through education, about what should be feared and what sorts of things they are. And when I said ‘in any situation’, I meant that the brave man preserves this opinion, faithfully, in the face of pleasure or pain, desire or fear, and never rejects it. I can give you what I regard as an example to illustrate this if you wish.” “Yes, I do.”

“Do you not know,” said I, “that when dyers want to dye wool so that it becomes purple, they first make a selection from all these colours and pick one kind – wools that are naturally white – and they prepare these in advance by treating them extensively so that they will take on the colour as best they can, and they then proceed with the dyeing? And whatever is dyed in this manner becomes

colourfast, and no washing, either with detergents or without them, is able to remove the colour. Otherwise, well, you know the sort of things that happen when someone dyes wool of other colours, or even dyes these white wools without preparing them in advance.” “I know,” said he, “that they become washed-out and they look ridiculous.”

“Then,” said I, “you should understand that we, to the best of our ability, were also engaged in a process of this sort when we were selecting our warriors and educating them in music and gymnastics. Understand that there was only one objective: that once they had been persuaded, as beautifully as possible, by ourselves, they would accept the laws like a dye so that their opinion in relation to what should be feared, and in relation to anything else, would become colourfast because they had acquired a nature and an education that was suitable. Then, these detergents would not

wash this dye out of them, despite their formidable dissolving power, pleasure, which is more to be feared for doing this than any soda or lye from Chalaestra; pain too, or fear, or desire, more to be feared than any detergent. Now, a power of this sort – the preservation, in any situation, of right and lawful opinion as to what should be feared and what should not – this I call courage, and this is what I propose unless you have some other suggestion.” “I have nothing else to suggest,” said he, “for I think you regard right opinion concerning these very issues when it arises without education, as is the case with beasts or slaves, as not entirely stable, and you refer to this not as courage but as something else.”

“Very true,” said I. “Then I accept that this is what courage is.” “And, indeed, you should accept it,” said I, “as being civic courage at any rate, and you will then be right to do so. But we shall, if you wish, give a better exposition of this on some other occasion. At the moment we are not looking for courage, but for justice, and for that enquiry, in my opinion, this is sufficient.” “That is fine,” said he.

“Then, there are,” said I, “two remaining qualities that we need to discern in our city, sound-mindedness and, the reason for our entire enquiry, justice.” “Yes, certainly.” “Now, how may we find justice so that we do not have to trouble ourselves about sound-mindedness anymore?” “Well,” said he, “I do not know. Nor do I wish justice to be revealed first if we will not be considering sound-mindedness anymore. But if you wish to gratify me, consider this before justice.” “Yes, indeed,” said I. “It is only right that I should wish to do so.” “Consider it then,” said he.

“Consider it I must,” said I. “And from our present vantage point, it looks more like a concord and harmony than the previous ones.” “How so?” “Presumably,” said I, “sound-mindedness is a kind of order, and a mastery over certain pleasures and desires, as people say when using the expression ‘stronger than oneself’, the manner of which I do not understand. And other expressions of this sort express a trace of this, do they not?” “Yes, absolutely,” said he.

“Is not the phrase ‘stronger than oneself’ quite comical? For whoever is stronger than himself would of course also be weaker than himself, and the weaker be stronger, since the same self is spoken of in all of these cases.” “It must be.”

“But,” said I, “it appears to me that this expression wishes to convey that there is something better, and something worse, associated with the soul of the particular person, and whenever the part in it that is naturally better is master of the worse, this is described as being stronger than oneself, as it is at any rate a term of praise. But whenever, through bad upbringing or company of a certain kind, the better part, which is smaller, is dominated by the sheer size of the worse part, this is censured as blameworthy and is called ‘being weaker than oneself’, and someone in this condition is said to be devoid of restraint.” “Yes, quite likely,” said he.

“Well then, take a look at our new city,” said I, “and you will find one of these conditions in it, for you would be justified in saying that it is, itself, stronger than itself, if indeed we should refer to the city in which the better rules over the worse as sound-minded, and stronger than itself.” “Yes, I am looking,” said he, “and what you are saying is true.” “And indeed, the numerous and variegated desires, pleasures and pains would be found mostly in children, women and household slaves, and in the majority of so-called ‘free men’ of the lowest order.” “Entirely so.”

“But the simple and measured desires which are led by reasoning, accompanied by intelligence and right opinion, are found in just a few people, those who are best by nature and those who have received the best education.” “True,” said he. “And do you not see that these are all present in your city and that the desires of the majority, the common folk, are controlled there by the

desires and the understanding of the more moderate minority?" "I do," said he. "So, if any city should be described as stronger than its pleasures and desires, and thus stronger than itself, this one should be so described." "Yes, entirely so," said he. "Should it not also be described as sound-minded on the basis of all these?" "Very much so," said he.

"And what is more, if the same opinion as to who should rule is present among the rulers and subjects in any city, it would indeed be present in ours. Do you not think so?" "Very much so," said he. "Definitely." "So, among which of the two groups of citizens would you say that sound-mindedness is present whenever they hold such an opinion, among the rulers or among the ruled?" "Among both, I presume," said he. "Well, do you see," said I, "that our prophecy just now, that sound-mindedness resembles a sort of harmony, was quite accurate?" "Why so?"

"Because unlike courage and wisdom, each of which are present in a particular part of the city – thus making it wise in one case and courageous in the other – sound-mindedness operates differently. It really extends through the whole city, through everyone, the weakest and the strongest alike, and those in the middle too, be it in intelligence, strength, numbers or wealth, or in anything else like this, and it makes them sing the same song. And so we would be quite right to declare this unanimity to be sound-mindedness, a natural concord of the worse and better as to which should rule, either in a city or in a single individual." "I agree entirely," said he.

"There it is," said I. "We have seen these three quite clearly in our city. That is how it seems at any rate. But what about the remaining form? The city would also get a share of excellence through that, so what precisely would it be? For it is, of course, justice that remains." "Of course."

"Now is the time, Glaucon, when we, like hunters, should surround the thicket, paying careful attention lest justice escape us, slip away, and be lost from sight. Yes, apparently it is around here somewhere, so look out and make an effort to catch sight of it, and if you see it before I do, then tell me." "If only I could," said he. "But it is better if you use me as your follower, as someone who is able to see what is pointed out quite clearly to him. Then you will be treating me fairly." "Follow then," said I, "and pray along with me." "I shall do

so,” said he. “Just lead on.”

“And yet,” said I, “it looks as if the terrain is hard to traverse and shadowy. It is dark indeed, and hard to hunt in, but we must proceed nevertheless.” “Yes, we must proceed,” said he. Then I spotted something, and shouted, “Ho, ho, Glaucon! Perhaps we have a trace of it, and so I do not think it will escape us entirely.” “That is good news,” said he. “In fact,” said I, “we are being stupid.” “In what way?”

“All the while, blessed man, it appears to have been rolling about under our feet from the very outset, and yet we did not see it. We are highly comical figures, like people who sometimes look for something they are already holding in their hands, and we, instead of looking directly at it, were peering off into the distance, and that is probably why it escaped our notice.” “What do you mean?” he asked. “As follows,” said I. “I think that although we have been speaking of justice, and hearing about it all along, we have not understood ourselves, and appreciated that in a way we have been speaking about it.” “For someone who is eager to hear you,” said he, “this prelude is a lengthy one.”

“But do listen,” said I, “in case I have a point. Indeed, in the beginning when we were founding our city, the rule of action that we proposed throughout was, in my opinion, either justice or a form of justice. And we proposed of course, and have said many times since if you recall, that each individual should engage in one activity in the city, the one to which his own nature would naturally be best suited.” “Yes, we have said this.”

“And, indeed, we have heard from many others, and have often said ourselves, that justice is doing what belongs to oneself and not being meddlesome.” “Yes, we said so.” “Then justice, my friend,” said I, “is likely to be this ‘doing what belongs to oneself’, when it occurs in a certain way. Do you know how I come to this conclusion?” “No,” said he. “Please tell me.”

“It seems to me,” said I, “that after considering sound-mindedness, courage and wisdom in the city, this is what is left, and this is what provides the power for all these to come into existence. And once they have come into existence, it ensures their preservation, as long as it is present, since we did maintain that if we were to find the other three, this would be the one left undiscovered.” “Yes,

indeed, this must be so,” said he.

“Well now,” said I, “if we had to decide which of these four contributes most to making our city good, it would be difficult to decide whether it is the unanimity of opinion among the rulers and those who are ruled; or the preservation of the opinion, in accordance with law, as to what things should and should not be feared; or the wisdom and guardianship inherent in the military class. Or is this what does most to make the city good, the fact that among children, among women, among

slaves and free, among artisans, rulers and subjects, each individual was engaging in the one undertaking that is his own, and was not being meddlesome?” “It would be hard to decide between them of course,” said he. “In that case, it seems that in relation to the excellence of the city, the capacity of each person in it to engage in what belongs to himself is on an equal footing with its wisdom, its sound-mindedness and its courage.” “Very much so,” said he. “So, would you propose that what is on an equal footing with these three, in terms of the excellence of the city, is justice?” “Entirely so.”

“Then you should also consider the following argument too. Will you assign the task of judging legal disputes to those who rule in the city?” “Of course.” “And do they have any other intention in passing judgement besides ensuring that no one gets what belongs to someone else, or is deprived of what belongs to himself?” “Nothing besides this.” “Because this is what is just?” “Yes.” “So, we could also accept on this basis too that having or doing what is one’s own and what belongs to oneself is justice.” “This is so.”

“Then let us see if this seems to you as it does to me. Suppose a carpenter attempts to do the work of a shoemaker, or a shoemaker the work of a carpenter, or they exchange tools or social status with one another, or the same person tries to engage in both activities, and all the other roles are changed too, do you think this would greatly harm the city?” “Not really,” said he.

“But whenever someone, who is by nature a craftsman or some other commercial type, puffed up by wealth, numbers, strength or anything else like this tries to enter the military class, or a member of that class tries to enter the decision-making guardian class undeservedly, and they interchange their instruments and social status with one another, or the same person tries to

engage in all these activities at the same time, then I think you agree with me that this exchange of roles and this meddling is the ruination of the city.” “Yes, entirely so.”

“So, this meddling among these classes, three in number, and changing one into the other, is enormously harmful to the city, and this, above all, may be referred to most correctly as evil-doing.” “Exactly so.” “And would you not declare that the greatest evil-doing towards one’s own city is injustice?” “Of course.” “So this is injustice. Then again, we may say that the opposite of this, the commercial, auxiliary and guardian classes, engaging in their own functions, each of them doing what belongs to itself in the city, would be justice and would render the city just.” “Yes,” said he, “that is it. Just so.”

“Let us not,” said I, “say it with complete certainty just yet. But if this form, when applied to each person individually, is also accepted by us as justice in that case too, we shall concede the point at that stage. What else could we do? But if not, we shall then consider something else. But we should now complete the enquiry in which we presumed that if we first attempted to observe justice in something large that possesses it, we would more easily discern the sort of thing it is in a single person. Now, we thought this large entity was a city, and so we founded the best one we could,

knowing full well that justice would be present in the good one. “So, we should apply whatever has become evident in the city to the individual, and if it corresponds, all will be well. But if something different becomes evident in the case of the individual, we should go back again to the city and put this to the test. Then perhaps, scrutinising them side by side and rubbing them together, we might cause justice to blaze forth like fire from firesticks, and once it has made its appearance we could become certain of it for ourselves.” “Yes,” said he, “that is the method and we should do as you say.” “Well now,” said I, “if something may be described as the same, be it larger or smaller, would it turn out to be unlike in that way, in the way it is described as the same, or would it be like in that way?” “Like,” said he.

“And in that case,” said I, “a just man will not differ from a just city with respect to the form of justice itself; rather, he will be like it in that respect.” “Like,” said he. “And indeed, a city seemed to be just because of the three

kinds of natures present in it, each engaged in what belonged to themselves. Furthermore, it was sound-minded, courageous and wise through certain other characteristics and habits of these same classes.” “True,” said he.

“And so, we shall expect, my friend, on this basis, that the individual, having these same forms in his own soul, because of the same characteristics as those, rightly deserves the same names as the city.” “That is completely inevitable,” said he. “My excellent man,” said I, “we have stumbled into a further ordinary issue concerning the soul, whether it has these three forms within itself or not.” “It does not seem at all ordinary to me,” said he. “In fact, the saying may well be true, Socrates, that what is good is difficult.”

“Apparently so, Glaucon,” said I. “And mark my words, in my opinion we shall never understand this in a precise manner from the sort of methods we are now using in these arguments. For there is another path, longer and more extensive, leading to this. Yet, it may perhaps be done in a manner worthy of what has been said previously, and the previous enquiries.” “Would not that be satisfactory,” said he. “Indeed, that would be enough for me, for the moment at least.” “Yes,” said I. “It will be quite sufficient for me too.” “Then do not flag,” said he. “Just enquire.”

“In that case,” said I, “do we not really have to accept that the same forms and traits in the city are present in each of us? For presumably they did not get there from anywhere else. Indeed, it would be laughable if someone were to believe that the spiritedness in cities does not arise from its private citizens, the ones who actually have this reputation, as the Thracians and Scythians do, and almost

anyone else from the northern region; or indeed, the love of learning that someone might attribute mostly to our own region; or the love of money mainly associated with the Phoenicians and the people of Egypt, as some would say.” “Very much,” said he. “This is how matters stand then,” said I, “and it is not difficult to recognise.” “No indeed.”

“The difficulty at this stage concerns whether we enact each of these with the same thing, or with three things, using a different one for each. Do we learn with one of the parts within us, become spirited with another, and then feel desire with some third part, concerned with the pleasures of food and

procreation, and anything related to these? Or do we, in each case, act with the whole soul when we are impelled to action? These are the issues that will be difficult to determine properly.”

“I think so too,” said he. “Well, there is a way to determine whether these are the same as one another, or different.” “How?” “It is obvious that the same thing will not, at the same time, do or suffer opposites, in the same respect and in relation to the same thing, at any rate. And so, if we should somehow find this happening in the case of these three, we shall know that the things in question are not the same, but a number of different things.” “So be it.” “Then please consider what I am saying.” “Speak,” said he. “So, is it possible,” said I, “for the same thing to be stationary and moving at the same time, in the same respect?” “Not at all.”

“But we should agree this even more precisely in case we encounter some conflict as we proceed. For if someone describes a man who is stationary but is moving his hands and his head, and says that the same person is stationary and moving at the same time, I presume we would not think that was the right way to describe this. We would say that a part of him is stationary, while another part is moving. Is this not so?” “Just so.”

“Now, if the person saying all this were to enjoy himself even more, by making the subtle point that spinning tops as a whole are stationary and in motion at the same time when they are spinning around, with their centre fixed in the same place, we would not accept this, because in cases like this, they are not at rest and moving about in respect of the same parts of themselves. We would say, rather, that they have straight and circular in them, and in respect of the straight, they are stationary since they are not tilting in any way, while in respect of the circular, they are moving in a circle. But when the straight inclines to the right or the left, to the front or the back, and it is revolving at the same time, then it is not stationary at all.” “And we would be right to say so,” said he.

“So, no assertions of this sort will bother us or persuade us to any extent, that the same thing could ever experience, be, or perform two opposites at the same time, in the same respect, in relation to the same thing.” “Not me, at any rate,” said he. “Nevertheless,” said I, “so that we are not compelled to drag this out

by going through all possible objections of this sort and confirm that they are not true, let us assume that this is how matters stand, and proceed, having agreed that if it ever proves otherwise, all our conclusions derived from this will have been undone.” “Yes,” said he. “That is what we should do.”

“In that case,” said I, “would you propose that assenting and dissenting, striving to get something and rejecting it, embracing and pushing away, everything of this sort, are all opposites of one another, regardless of whether one does them or suffers them? For that I presume makes no difference.” “Yes,” said he. “They are opposites.”

“What about this?” I said. “What about hunger and thirst and the desires in general, wanting and wishing too? Would you not, somehow, include these among those forms we just described? For example, would you not say that the soul of someone who has a desire either strives for whatever it desires or embraces whatever it wishes to obtain? Or again, insofar as it wants something to be provided, would you not say it assents to this, assents to itself, as if someone else was asking, and the soul was reaching out to get it?” “I would.”

“What about not wishing, not wanting and not desiring? Would we not associate these with the soul’s pushing away or driving away from itself, and, in general, the opposites of those previous examples?” “Of course.” “This being the case, shall we maintain that desires constitute a particular class, and the most obvious of these are what we call thirst and hunger?” “We shall,” said he. “Is not one a desire for drink, the other for food?” “Yes.” “Well then, insofar as it is thirst, would it be a desire in the soul for anything more than this, anything more than what we are saying it is a desire for? Is thirst, for instance, a thirst for hot or cold drink, or a lot of or little drink, or, in short, for a certain kind of drink? Or if some heat is present

in addition to the thirst, would it give rise to the desire for cold, and if cold is present, to the desire for hot? And if, because of the presence of ‘much’, the thirst is much, will it bring about a desire for much, and if it is little, a desire for little? Or is it the case that thirst itself will never become a desire for anything else besides what it is naturally for, namely drink, while hunger, for its part, is desire for food?” “That is it,” said he. “Each desire itself, without qualification, is only for the natural object of that desire, just that, while any

additions are desires for something of this sort or something of that sort.”

“And beware,” said I, “lest anyone trouble our unreflective minds by saying that no one desires drink or food, but good drink and good food, since everyone of course desires what is good. So if thirst is desire, it would be for good, be it good drink or anything else. And the same holds for the other desires.” “Yes,” said he. “Perhaps someone who said this might seem to have a point.”

“Well now,” said I, “in the case of the sort of things that are related to something else, the things of a certain kind are related to something else of a certain kind, or so it seems to me, while the things, just by themselves, relate to themselves alone.” “I do not understand,” said he. “Do you not understand,” I said, “that the greater is greater in relation to something?” “Entirely so.” “Is it not greater in relation to the lesser?” “Yes.” “And what is much greater is much greater in relation to what is much less. Is this the case?” “Yes.” “And what is greater, on occasion, is so in relation to what is less, on occasion, and what will be greater will be so in relation to what will be less?” “Of course,” said he.

“And does the same apply to more in relation to fewer, double in relation to half, and everything else of this sort, and of course heavy in relation to light, fast in relation to slow, and hot in relation to cold, and everything like these?” “Very much so.” “What about various kinds of knowledge? Does not the same thing apply? Knowledge is, itself, knowledge of learning, of learning itself, or of whatever we should propose that the object of knowledge actually is. Whereas, particular knowledge of a certain kind is of something particular of a certain kind. What I mean is this. When knowledge of how to build a house arose, was it not

different from the other kinds of knowledge so that it could be referred to as ‘house-building knowledge?’” “Of course.” “Was this not by its being a certain kind of knowledge, a kind that is different from any of the others?” “Yes.” “Was it not because it was of something of a certain kind that knowledge itself became knowledge of a certain kind, and does not the same apply to the other skills and kinds of knowledge?” “Just so.”

“Well, then,” said I, “if indeed you understand now, please accept that this is what I wanted to say earlier: that among things that are related to something else, these, just by themselves, relate to these just by themselves, while those of a certain kind relate to things of a certain kind. And I do not mean that they are also the sorts of things they are related to so that knowledge of what is healthy or diseased is healthy or diseased knowledge, and knowledge of what is bad and good is bad or good knowledge. Rather, when knowledge became not just knowledge of the object of knowledge, but of something of a certain kind, namely health or disease, then the knowledge as a consequence became knowledge of a certain kind and was no longer simply called knowledge. Once the particular kind is added on, it is called medical knowledge.” “I understand,” said he, “and I think this is how matters stand.”

“Well, then,” said I, “in the case of thirst, would you not propose that it is one of those things that is what it is in relation to something else? And what it is, of course, is thirst.” “I would,” said he, “and it is in relation to drink.” “And is it not a particular kind of thirst related to a particular kind of drink, while thirst itself is neither for much nor little, neither for good nor bad, nor in short for any particular kind of drink? Thirst itself is rather, by nature, only for drink itself?” “Entirely so.” “So, the soul of the thirsty person, insofar as it is thirsty, wants to do nothing else except drink. It yearns for this and strives for this.” “Of course.”

“In that case, if anything ever draws it away from drink when it is thirsty, would not that be something else within the soul besides that which is just thirsty, and is leading it on like a wild animal to drink? For according to us, the same thing does not, at the same time, do opposite things with the same part of itself in relation to the same thing.” “Indeed not.” “So, for instance, in the case of an archer, I presume it is not appropriate to say that his hands push and pull the bow at the same time, but that one hand pushes while the other pulls.” “Entirely so,” said he.

“Now, would we maintain that there are, on occasion, people who refuse to drink although they are thirsty?” “Very much so,” said he, “lots of them, on many occasions.” “Well, then,” said I, “what might one say about these people? Whatever bids them drink is present in their soul, is it not? And

whatever forbids them is there too, and this is something different which overpowers whatever bids them.” “I think so,” said he. “Now, does not whatever forbids such actions as these arise, whenever it does arise, from reasoning? While everything that attracts and drags the soul comes about through external influences, or diseases?” “Apparently.”

“So,” said I, “it would not be unreasonable for us to regard these as two things, separate from one another, referring to the one by which the soul reasons as the rational part, and to the one by which

it is passionate, hungry, thirsty, or is aroused by the other desires, as the irrational, appetitive part, associated with certain satisfactions and pleasures.”

“Indeed,” said he, “it would be reasonable for us to think so.” “Then, we should,” said I, “distinguish these two forms in the soul. But what about spirit, and that by which we become spirited? Is this a third form, or would it be similar in nature to one or the other of these two?” “To one of them, perhaps,” said he. “To the appetitive.”

“But I heard a story once,” said I, “and I believe it, that Leontius, son of Aglaion, was coming up from the Piraeus, along the outside of the northern wall, when he noticed corpses lying beside the public executioner. He felt a desire to look at them, and at the same time he was disgusted and turned himself away, and for a while he struggled and covered his face. But finally, overpowered by the desire, he opened his eyes wide, ran up to the corpses and said, ‘Take a look, you wretches, have your fill of this beautiful sight!’.” “I have heard this myself,” said he. “Well,” said I, “this story indicates that wrath sometimes fights against desires, one thing fighting against another.” “Yes, it does indicate this,” said he.

“Are there not many other situations too where desires are forcing someone to act contrary to reason, and he reviles himself and rouses his spirit against the part within himself that is forcing him, as if there are two factions, and the spirit of a person like this becomes the ally of the reasoning part. But spirit making common cause with the desires, when reason concludes that something should not be done... I am sure you would say you have never observed anything like this in yourself, nor I presume in anyone else.” “No, by Zeus,” said he.

“But what if someone thinks he himself is acting unjustly?” I asked. “Is it not the case that the more noble he is, the less able he is to get angry because he suffers hunger or cold, or anything else like that, at the hands of someone who believes he is inflicting these justly? Indeed, I am saying that his spirit will not be prepared to rise up against this fellow.” “True,” said he.

“And what if someone believes he is being treated unjustly? In that case, does he not seethe with anger and fight alongside whatever seems just? And despite suffering hunger, cold, and everything of that sort, does he not endure and prevail, never forsaking all that is noble, until he has either succeeded or perished or is called back and calmed by the reason within him, just as a dog is recalled by a shepherd?” “Entirely so,” said he. “It is just as you say. And of course we installed the auxiliaries in our city, just like dogs, obedient to their rulers, the shepherds of the city.” “You have appreciated what I wish to explain quite well,” said I. “But I wonder whether you noticed something else besides this.” “What?”

“That the spirited element is appearing opposite to how it did just recently. Then we thought that it was something appetitive, but now, in total contrast, we are saying that when there is conflict in the soul, it is much more inclined to deploy its weaponry in support of the rational element.” “Entirely so,” said he.

“Now, does it do so as something different from the rational element, or as a form of the rational element, in which case there would not be three elements in the soul but two, the rational and the appetitive? Or is the soul just like the city, which was constituted by three classes, the commercial, the auxiliary and the deliberative? And is the spirited element, therefore, a third thing in the soul, a natural auxiliary to the rational element, unless it gets corrupted by a bad upbringing?”

“It must be a third element,” said he. “Yes,” said I, “provided it is shown to be different from the rational element, just as it was shown to be different from the appetitive element.” “But that is not difficult to show,” said he. “Indeed, even in children, you can see that although they are full of spirit as soon as they are born, some of them, in my opinion, never partake of reason, while most of them take a long time to do so.” “Yes, by Zeus,” said I. “You put that nicely.

And even in wild animals it can be seen that what you are saying is true. And in addition to these examples, the extract from Homer that we quoted elsewhere will lend support: *He smote his breast and rebuked his heart with the words...*⁸⁰ since in this case Homer has clearly made the part that has reasoned about what is better and what

is worse rebuke the unreasoning spirit, as if they were two different things.” “Exactly,” said he, “you are right.” “So,” said I, “we have, with some difficulty, come safely through all this, and we have agreed that in all likelihood the same kinds are present in the city and in the soul of each individual person, and the same number too.” “This is so.” “Well, is it not necessarily the case, at this stage, that in whichever way the city is wise, so too is the private citizen wise, and the element by which the city is wise is the element by which the person is wise?” “Of course.”

“And is the element by which a private citizen is courageous also the element by which the city is courageous, and is the way in which one is so the way in which the other is so, and in all other cases related to excellence must the same manner of being so apply to both?” “Necessarily.” “Then, Glaucon, I presume we shall maintain that a man is just, in the same way that a city was just.” “This too is necessarily the case.” “But we surely have not forgotten that this city was just, by each of the three classes within it doing what belongs to itself.” “I do not think we have forgotten,” said he.

“Then, we must remember that each of us, in whom each of the parts within us does what belongs to itself, will be just, and will be doing whatever belongs to himself.” “We must remember this, indeed,” said he. “So, is it not appropriate that the rational element rule, since it is wise, and exercises forethought on behalf of the entire soul, while the spirited part should be subordinate, and fight by its side?” “Entirely so.” “In that case, as we were saying, does not the combination of music and gymnastics make them both harmonious, intensifying and nurturing the one with noble words and learning, while relaxing and soothing the other, making it gentle through harmony and rhythm?” “Exactly,” said he.

“And these two, then, nurtured in this way, having learned and been educated in what truly belongs to themselves, will take command of the appetitive

element, which is the most extensive part of the soul in each of us, and the part that is by nature the most greedy for wealth. They will watch over this in case it gets too big and strong by filling itself with the so-called pleasures of the body, and rather than doing what belongs to itself, attempts to enslave and rule over what its kind should not rule over, and overturn the entire life of everyone.” “Very much so,” said he.

“And are not these two,” said I, “also best equipped to guard against external enemies, on behalf of the soul and the body too, one giving advice, the other fighting on their behalf following the advice of the ruling element, and carrying it out courageously?” “Just so.”

“And we call each individual courageous too – I presume, because of this – whenever his spirited element, in the face of pain or pleasure, holds to what has been proclaimed by the words to be worthy of fear, or not.” “And rightly so,” said he. “And we call him wise because of that small part, the one that ruled in him and made these proclamations; a part that has, in turn, the knowledge within itself of what is beneficial to each part and to the whole community, consisting of the three of them.” “Very much so,” said he.

“What about this? Is not being sound-minded the result of the friendship and harmony among these themselves, when the ruling element and the two that are ruled share the belief that the rational element should rule, and do not take a stand against it?” “That”, said he, “is exactly what sound-mindedness is, either in a city or a private citizen.” “Then again, he will be just because of the principle we have referred to on many occasions. He will be just because of this, and in this way.” “Yes, he really must be.”

“Well then, what about this?” said I. “Are we seeing justice any less distinctly? Does it seem to be something different from what it turned out to be in the case of the city?” “It does not seem different to me,” said he. “Indeed,” said I, “in case there is any doubt still lurking in our souls, we could make completely certain of this by applying some commonplace considerations to it.” “Of what sort?”

“Suppose we needed to come to an understanding concerning this city and the man who resembles it in nature and upbringing, and whether such a person would withhold a deposit of gold or silver with which he had been entrusted.

Do you think anyone could believe that a man like this would do such a deed, rather than someone who is not like this?" "No one could," said he. "And would not sacrilege, theft, betrayal of friends in his private life, or betrayal of the city in his public life, be alien to this man?" "Alien." "Nor indeed would he be unfaithful to his oaths or any other agreements." "No, how could he be?" "Adultery too, neglect of parents, and disregard for the gods, may be associated with anyone else, but not with a person like this." "Anyone else indeed," said he.

"And is it that in all these cases, the explanation is that each of the elements within him does what belongs to itself, in relation to ruling and being ruled?" "There is no other explanation. That is it." "So, are you still looking for justice? Is it anything else besides this power which produces men of this sort, and cities too?" "By Zeus," said he, "I am not."

"So, our dream has finally come to maturity, the suspicion we spoke of that, as soon as we set about founding our city, thanks to some god, we had in all probability stumbled upon the origin and some outline of justice." "Yes, entirely so."

"And so, Glaucon, this was, after all, a sort of image of justice – that is why it was useful – the principle that someone who is by nature a shoemaker rightly practises shoemaking and engages in nothing else, while the carpenter engages in carpentry, and the same goes for all the others." "Apparently so."

"Now, although justice was, in truth, it seems, something of this sort, it was not anything concerned with the external activity that belongs to a person but with the inner activity that truly concerns himself and what belongs to himself, not permitting each element in himself to engage in activities that are alien to it, nor allowing the kinds that are in the soul to meddle in one another's functions; rather putting what is his own in place well and truly, ruling over and bringing order to himself, becoming a friend to himself, and harmonising the three elements which are really like the three defining notes of the musical scale, the highest, lowest and middle, and any others that are in between. Having bound all these together from many, he becomes entirely one, sound-minded and harmonious. Then, and only then, does he proceed to act if any action is needed, either in the acquisition of wealth, the care of the

body, or indeed in civic affairs or private contracts. In all these activities, whatever preserves and helps to bring about this condition, he regards as a just and noble action and he names it accordingly, and the knowledge that presides over this action he calls wisdom. But whatever action consistently undoes this disposition, he calls unjust, and he calls the opinion that presides over it ignorance." "What you are saying, Socrates," said he, "is entirely true."

"There it is," said I. "If we were to claim that we had found the just man and the just city, and what justice in them happens to be, I do not think we would seem to be telling an out-and-out lie." "Indeed not, by Zeus," said he. "So should we make this claim?" "We should."

"Let it be so then," said I, "since we should go on to consider injustice next." "Obviously." "Must it not, by contrast, consist in faction among these three elements, a meddlesomeness by which they do what is alien to themselves, one part rising up against the entire soul to rule there when that is not its role, a part that is naturally suited to slavery enslaving the part that is naturally suited to rule? These, I believe, are the sort of things we will say, and that the confusion of these elements, and their going astray, is injustice, lack of restraint, cowardice and ignorance, and in short, all evil." "That is exactly what they are," said he.

"Well, then," said I, "as for performing unjust actions and being unjust, and performing just actions too, isn't it clear and obvious at this stage what all of these actually are, since it is clear what injustice and justice are?" "How so?" "Because", said I, "there is no difference between these two and health and disease, which are to the body as justice and injustice are to the soul." "In what way?" he asked. "What is healthy presumably produces health, while what is diseased produces disease." "Yes." "And does not doing what is just produce justice, while doing what is unjust produces injustice?" "Necessarily."

"And producing health consists in establishing the elements in the body so that they control and are controlled by one another according to nature, while producing disease consists in establishing them so that they rule and are ruled by one another contrary to nature." "Yes, that is it."

"Well," said I, "would not producing justice, for its part, consist in establishing the elements in the soul so that they control and are controlled by

one another according to nature, while producing injustice will consist in establishing them so that they rule and are ruled by one another contrary to nature?" "Exactly," he replied. "So, excellence, it seems, would be a sort of health, beauty and vigour of the soul, while vice would be a disease, disgrace and weakness." "Just so." "Now, is it not the case that noble activities lead to the acquisition of excellence, while disgraceful ones lead to vice?" "Necessarily."

"Then, what remains for us to consider at this stage, it seems, is whether it is indeed profitable to do what is just, engage in noble actions, and be just, whether such behaviour goes unnoticed or not; or, on the other hand, to act unjustly and be unjust, provided one does not pay a penalty, or become a better person by being punished." "But Socrates," said he, "that consideration, as I see it, is already becoming absurd if it implies that life is not worth living when the nature of the body is corrupted, even if the person is surrounded by food and drink of every sort, huge wealth and enormous power,

yet implies that life will indeed be worth living when this very nature by which we live is confounded and corrupted, provided the person does as he wishes and avoids anything by which he will banish evils and injustices, and acquire justice and excellence, especially since these have turned out to be as we have described them." "Absurd, indeed," said I. "But nevertheless, since we have come far enough to see quite clearly that this is how matters stand, we should not flag at this stage." "No, by Zeus," said he. "We should not flag at all, not in the least."

"Come here, then," said I, "so that you may behold how many forms this evil has in my opinion, those that are worthy of note at any rate." "I am following you," said he. "Just speak." "Well, then," said I, "it appears to me from our present viewing point, so to speak, having ascended to this level of argument, that there is one form of excellence, and that the forms of evil are without limit, although there are four of them that are worth mentioning." "How do you mean?" said he. "There are probably as many types of soul as there are types of government, with a particular form." "How many?"

"Five types of government," said I, "and five types of soul." "Tell me, what types?" "I say," said I, "that one type of government is the one we have been

describing, although it is given two names. For when one exceptional individual arises among those who rule, it is referred to as kingship, and when there is more than one, as aristocracy.” “True,” said he.

“Well, I am saying,” said I, “that this is one form. For whether one such person or a number arises, they would not alter any laws of the city worth mentioning, provided they have recourse to the upbringing and education we have described.” “Yes, that is most unlikely,” said he.

BOOK V

“Well, a city like this and such a form of government, and a man of this sort too, I call good and right. And if this is indeed right, I call the others bad and wide of the mark in relation to the management of cities and provision for the type of soul of their private citizens. There are four forms of degeneracy in cities.” “What are they?” he asked.⁸¹

And, as I was about to speak of these four in turn, and how in my view they each evolve from one another, Polemarchus, who was seated further from Adimantus, reached out his hand, grabbed his garment from above around the shoulder, drew the man toward him, stretched forward, leaned towards him and said a few things, none of which we could hear except, “Well, shall we let this go,” said he, “or what shall we do?” “Not in the least,” said Adimantus, speaking loudly at this stage. “And,” I said, “what precisely are you ‘not letting go’?” “You,” said he.

“Because of what, precisely?” said I. “We think,” said he, “that you are taking the easy way and cheating us out of a whole section of the argument, an important one at that, so that you do not have to go through it in detail. And you think you will get away with saying glibly that, of course, in the case of women and children, it is obvious to everyone that ‘friends will have all things in common’.” “Is that not right, Adimantus?” said I.

“Yes,” said he. “But ‘right’, like everything else, requires explanation – common in what sense? Indeed, it could be meant in many ways. So do not just pass on. Tell us what sense you intend, since we have been waiting for some time, expecting you somehow to mention the procreation of children –

how this will happen and how they will be reared once they have been born – and explain this whole issue of women and children being in common that you are speaking of. For we believe that arranging this correctly or incorrectly is of enormous significance, on the whole, to a system of government. So now, since you are in the process of tackling another form of government before dealing properly with these

issues, we are resolved, as you heard, not to let you proceed until you have gone through all these details, just as you did with the others.” “And you can include me in that vote too,” said Glaucon. “Indeed, Socrates,” said Thrasymachus, “you may regard this as a resolution of us all.” “What have you done,” said I, “tackling me like this? What an enormous argument you are setting in train. It is like starting all over again from the beginning about the form of government when I was pleased that this had been dealt with already, being satisfied if someone would allow all

this and accept what was said at the time. Now, when you call these matters into question, you do not realise what a swarm of arguments you are stirring up. I saw this earlier, and I passed on for fear of raising too much difficulty.”

“What is this?” said Thrasymachus. “Do you think these people have come here on some gold-rush, and not to hear arguments?” “Yes,” said I, “arguments, in measure.” “Yes, Socrates,” said Glaucon. “But for reasonable people, their whole life hearing arguments like these is the measure. But do not be concerned about us, and, for your own part, do not tire at all of expanding upon your views about what will be the manner of this sharing of children and of women among our guardians, and the rearing of the young ones in the intervening years after they are born and before their education. A troublesome period, it seems. So, try to describe the manner in which this should happen.”

“Blessed man,” said I, “this is not easy to explain since it involves a great deal that is difficult to accept, even more than what we dealt with previously. Indeed, it may be hard to believe that what is said is possible, and even if it were somehow or other to become a reality, it may be hard to accept that these would be the best arrangements. That is why, dear friend, there is some reluctance to touch them at all in case the argument looks like a vain hope.”

“Let there be no hesitation,” said he, “for your hearers will be neither unsympathetic nor incredulous nor negative.” “And,” I said, “best of men, I presume you wish to encourage me by saying this?” “I do,” said he.

“Well, you are doing the exact opposite,” said I. “If I believed I knew what I was talking about, your encouragement would be well placed. For to speak the truth when you know it, among reasonable people and friends, on matters of great importance that are dear to your heart, is safe and encouraging. But to construct arguments when you are still in doubt and still seeking, which is what I am doing, is a frightening and perilous undertaking. Not for fear of being laughed at – that is a trivial concern – but that I shall stumble from the truth and bring down not just myself but my friends too on issues we should not stumble from at all. And I prostrate myself before Adrasteia,⁸² Glaucon, for what I am about to say. For I expect that it is a lesser error to become a murderer by mistake than to deceive noble and good people about what is just and lawful. Now, it is better to run this risk among enemies rather than friends, so you do well to encourage me.”

Glaucon laughed and said, “But, Socrates, if we experience any disquiet over your argument, we shall acquit you as if you had been charged with murder. To us you are pure and not a deceiver, so take heart and speak.” “Well, then,” said I, “according to the law, someone acquitted in court is pure so that is likely to be so in this situation too.” “Then speak,” said he, “now that this is resolved.”

“In that case,” said I, “we need to go back over this once more, and say now, in due order, whatever we probably should have said at the time. And perhaps this would be the correct way: after the male drama has been described thoroughly, let us go on and conclude the female drama, especially since that is what you are asking me to do. Indeed, in my opinion, for people whose nature and education is as we have described it, there is not another correct way of possessing and dealing with children and women besides proceeding in the direction in which we first sent them. In our account we attempted, I believe, to establish the men as guardians of a herd.” “Yes.”

“Well, let us follow this up by assigning them the relevant birth and upbringing, and consider whether that is appropriate for our purposes or

not.”

“In what way?” said he. “As follows. Do we think female guard dogs should guard whatever the males guard along with them, and hunt, and share in the other duties too? Or should they be kept at home indoors, unable to do all this because they bear the puppies and rear them, while the males go out to work and have total responsibility for the flock?” “They should share in everything,” said he, “except that we should employ the females as weaker and the males as stronger.”

“Now, is it possible,” said I, “to employ any creature in the same roles as any other creature if they have not received the same upbringing and education?” “That is not possible.” “So, if we are to employ women in the same roles as men, they also should be taught the same things.”

“Yes.” “Music and gymnastics were given to the men.” “Yes.” “In that case, these two skills should be given to the women too, along with anything related to warfare, and they should be employed in the same ways.” “That is likely,” said he, “from what you are saying.” “Perhaps, then,” said I, “compared to what we are used to, a lot of what we are now describing might appear comical, if practised in the way it is being described.” “Very much so,” said he.

“What,” said I, “do you regard as the most comical aspect of all this? Or is it, of course, the prospect of the women exercising naked in the Palaestra alongside the men, not just the young women but the older ones too, just like the old men in the gymnasium when they are wrinkled and not a pleasant sight, who love their gymnastics nevertheless?” “Yes, by Zeus,” said he. “that would look comical, by present-day standards at least.”

“Well,” said I, “since our discussion is under way, we should not be afraid of whatever jokes, of whatever kind, the witty folk might make about such a transformation taking place in the realms of gymnastics or music, especially in relation to women bearing arms or riding horses.” “Quite right,” said he. “And since we have begun to discuss this, we should proceed to the rough terrain of the law, and implore these wits not to do what belongs to themselves but to be serious, and we shall remind them that it is not long since the Greeks thought it disgraceful, and comical too, as do most other races today, for men to be seen naked. And when the practice of exercising naked first started

among the Cretans, and then among the Spartans, the polite folk of that era got away with making a mockery of all this. Do you not think so?" "I do." "However, I think once it became evident to those who adopted the practice that it is better to undress for any activities of this sort rather than covering up, then what is comical to the eyes vanished in the face of what reason proclaimed to be best. And this demonstrated that it is futile to regard anything as comical, except what is bad. And that someone who tries to raise a laugh by

regarding any other spectacle, apart from stupidity and evil, as comical, will also in all seriousness be setting up another standard of nobility, apart from what is good." "Entirely so," said he. "Well now, should we not first come to agreement on whether all this is possible or not, and grant a right of reply in case someone wishes to argue, in jest or seriously, over whether human nature, in the case of the female, is able to share in all the tasks of the male, or in none of them, or in some but not in others, and over which of these two categories this military role belongs to? Would this not be the best way to start the process, to ensure that we are likely to finish in the best way too?" "Very much so," said he.

"In that case," said I, "would you like us to take up the dispute ourselves on their behalf in case the arguments of the other side go undefended against our repeated attacks?" "There is no reason not to," said he. "Then, let us say on their behalf, 'Socrates and Glaucon, there is no need for you to dispute with anyone else since you yourselves, when you began founding this city of yours, agreed that each individual should engage in the one function that is his own by nature.'" "I believe we agreed this. Why would we not?" "Must there not be an enormous difference in nature between a woman and a man?" "Yes, they must be different."

"In that case, is it not appropriate to assign a different function to each, the one that is their own by nature?" "Of course." "So how can you avoid falling into error now, and saying the opposite of what you yourselves said before by maintaining that although men and women are vastly different in nature, they should perform the same functions? Well, my wonderful friend, what defence will you be able to offer in response to this?" "It is not very easy," said

he, "to respond so suddenly. But I shall ask you, and I am asking you, to elaborate the case on our behalf, whatever that is."

"These, dear Glaucon, and many others like them, are the issues that I was afraid of when I foresaw them a while ago, and so I was reluctant to deal with the law concerning the possession and upbringing of women and children."

"It does not seem to be an easy subject to deal with," said he. "Not at all, by Zeus." "Indeed not," said I. "But the fact of the matter is that regardless of whether someone falls into a little bathing pool or the middle of a vast sea, nonetheless he swims." "Very much so." "Should we not swim too and attempt to save ourselves from the argument, hoping that some dolphin, or some other more unusual saviour, would pick us up?"⁸³ "Quite likely," said he.

"Come on, then," said I. "Let us find some way out of this. Although we agree of course that a different nature should engage in a different activity, and that women and men differ in nature, we are now maintaining that these different natures should engage in the same activities. Are these the accusations against us?" "Yes, precisely."

"Dear Glaucon," said I, "how noble is the power of the skill of contradiction." "Why?" "Because," said I, "it seems to me that many people fall into this unintentionally, and believe they are not arguing, but engaging in discussion. This is because they are unable to consider what is being said by making distinctions on the basis of forms, so they pursue their opposition to what is being said based just upon a word, employing argumentation rather than dialectic towards one another." "Yes, indeed," said he, "that is what happens to a lot of people. But surely this does not apply to us at the moment?" "It certainly does," said I, "since we are in danger of engaging, unintentionally, in contradiction." "How?"

"On the basis only of the word, we are very vigorously and argumentatively pursuing the point that different natures should have different pursuits, but we did not consider, in any way, what kind of different nature we were distinguishing when we assigned different pursuits to a different nature, and the same to the same." "No indeed," said he. "We did not consider this."

"In that case," said I, "we may, it seems, ask ourselves if the nature of bald men and long-haired men is the same or the opposite. And should we agree that it is

opposite, and bald men engage in shoemaking, we would not allow hairy men to do so, and again if hairy men did so, we would not let the others do so.” “That would be ridiculous indeed,” said he.

“Yes,” said I, “but for what reason? Is it not because, at the time, we were not speaking of a nature that was the same or different in every respect? Rather, we were paying attention only to that form of difference or sameness that applies to the pursuits themselves. We meant, for instance, that a man and a woman with the soul of a physician have the same nature. Do you not think so?” “I do.” “But a physician and a builder have a different nature?” “Completely different, I suppose.” “Well,” said I, “if it turns out that the male sex and the female sex excel at some skill, or in any pursuit, should we not then declare that this should be assigned to them? But if it merely turns out

that they differ in that the female bears the offspring while the male begets them, and in this respect alone, then we shall maintain that nothing more has yet been presented that is relevant to what we are saying, about how a woman differs from a man, and we shall go on thinking that our guardians and their women should engage in the same pursuits.” “And rightly so,” said he.

“Now, after this, should we not ask anyone who says the opposite to explain precisely this to us: in relation to what skill or pursuit, relevant to the condition of our city, is the nature of a woman and a man not the same, but different?” “Well, that is fair enough.” “But perhaps someone else might also say what you said a little earlier, that although it is not easy to respond adequately there and then, given time to consider the matter it is not difficult.” “Yes, they might say that.”

“So, do you want us to ask the person who raises such objections as these to follow us in case we may somehow demonstrate to him that there is no pursuit, related to the administration of a city, that is particular to a woman?” “Entirely so.” “‘Come on, then,’ we will say to him, ‘answer us. In what way do you mean that one person has a natural gift for something while another person does not? Is it that one person learns it easily while the other has difficulty? Would the one, with minimal instruction, discover a lot for himself about the subject he has been taught while the other, despite a great deal of instruction and study,

would not even retain what he has been taught? And is whatever belongs to the body adequately subservient to thought in one case and opposed to it in the other? Are these the criteria by which you distinguish the naturally gifted person from the one who is not, or are there others?" "No one," said he, "will maintain there are others."

"Now, do you know anything that is practised by humanity in which the male sex does not excel over the female, in all these respects? Or are we to go on at length about weaving and attending to pancakes and stews, in which the female sex does have a reputation, and where it is utterly laughable for them to lose out to a man?" "That is true," said he. "You could say that one sex is much surpassed by the other in every-

thing, and although many women are better than many men in many respects, the situation is, on the whole, as you describe it." "So, my friend, in the case of those who manage a city, there is no pursuit that belongs to a woman because she is a woman, or to a man because he is a man. The natures are distributed in like manner among both creatures, and a woman by nature shares in all the pursuits, and so does a man, although a woman is weaker than a man in every case." "Entirely so."

"Well then, shall we allocate them all to the men and none to the women?" "How could we?" "On the contrary, we shall maintain, I presume, that one woman is by nature inclined to be a physician while another is not, one is musical while another is unmusical." "Of course." "Is not one woman inclined towards gymnastics and warfare, while another has an aversion to warfare and is no lover of gymnastics?" "Yes, I think so." "What about this? Will one be a lover of wisdom while another hates it? Will one be spirited while another is devoid of it?" "This is the case too."

"So one woman also has the qualities of a guardian while another does not, since this was the sort of nature we selected in the case of our male guardians too, was it not?" "This sort, indeed." "So in the guardianship of a city, the nature of a man and of a woman is the same, except insofar as one is weaker and the other stronger." "Apparently."

"In that case, women of this sort should be selected to live with and exercise guardianship with men of this sort, if they are indeed up to the task and akin

to them in nature.” “Entirely so.” “And should not the same pursuits be allocated to the same natures?” “The same.” “So after all that, we have come back to our previous considerations, and we accept that it is not contrary to nature to prescribe music and gymnastics to our women guardians.” “Entirely so.”

“In that case we were not passing impossible laws, like vain hopes, since we proposed a law in accordance with nature. Rather, our present-day practices that run counter to this are, it seems, more opposed to nature.” “So it seems.” “Was not our enquiry concerned with whether our proposals might be possible, and for the best?” “It was indeed.” “And have we agreed that they are actually possible?” “Yes.” “Then do we need to agree next that they are for the best?” “Of course.” “Well, when it comes to creating a woman guardian, we will not need one education to produce the men and a different one to produce the women, will we, especially since it is taking charge of the same nature?” “No, not a different one.” “Now, what view do you hold on the following issue?” “What issue?”

“Do you presume that some men are better while others are worse? Or do you think they are all alike?” “Not at all.” “Now, in the city we were founding, who do you think turned out to be our better men, the guardians who received the education we described, or the shoemakers who have been educated in shoemaking?” “What a funny question to ask,” said he. “I understand,” said I. “And what about the other citizens? Are not these guardians the best of them?” “Very much so.” “And what about these guardian women? Will they not be the best of the women?” “This is also the case,” said he. “Very much so.” “And is there anything better for a city than the presence of the very best women and men?” “There is not.”

“And will music and gymnastics, applied in the way we have described them, bring this about?” “Of course.” “So, not only is the regulation we proposed possible, but it is also best for the city.” “Quite so.” “Then, the women guardians must undress, since they will be clothed in excellence rather than garments. And they must share the military role and the other duties of a guardian of the city, and not engage in anything else, although in the exercise of these the lighter duties should be assigned

to the women, rather than the men, because of the weakness of their sex. But the man who laughs at naked women exercising with the best of intentions, ‘plucks the fruit of laughter, unmatured by wisdom’,⁸⁴ and does not know what he is laughing at, it seems, or even what he is doing. Indeed, this is surely expressed most beautifully, and always will be, by the saying ‘what is beneficial is beautiful, and what is harmful is ugly’.” “Entirely so.”

“May we then claim that we are escaping this first wave, so to speak, without being swept away completely by describing the law relating to women’s affairs? We proposed that our male and female guardians should share in all pursuits, but does the argument somehow or other agree with itself, since it describes what is possible, and beneficial too?” “Yes, indeed,” said he. “It is no small wave that we are escaping.” “You will not say that this one is big,” said I, “when you see the next one.” “Keep talking,” said he. “Let us see.” “There is, in my opinion,” said I, “a law that follows from this, and from whatever else has been said before.” “What is it?”

“These women are all shared among all these men, and no woman is to live together in private with any man. And the children too are shared, and no parent is to know its own offspring, or any child its parent.” “This,” said he, “presents a much greater credibility issue than the previous one, in terms of its possibility and also of its benefit.” “I do not think,” said I, “there would be dispute over the benefit, since there is great good, is there not, in women being shared and children too, if it can be done. But I think there would be much dispute over whether this is possible or not.” “Both issues,” said he, “would be disputed, well and truly.”

“You mean,” said I, “that there is an alliance of arguments against me. I thought I had escaped the first one, provided you would accept that the arrangement would be beneficial, and I would then be left with the question of whether it is possible or not.”

“Well, your escape did not go unnoticed,” said he, “so give an account of both.” “Then I must pay the penalty,” said I. “But gratify me to this extent. Allow me a holiday, just as people who are mentally lazy are in the habit of indulging themselves when they proceed on their own. In fact, people like this, before discovering how something they desire will come into existence,

somehow set that question aside so that they will not tire themselves out by deliberating over whether it is possible or not. They assume that what they want exists already, and set about arranging everything else, and they delight in working out the sort of things they will do now that this has come into existence, thus making an already lazy soul even lazier.

“Well, I too am getting soft at this stage, and I wish to postpone those issues and investigate how they are possible later on. Just now, on the assumption that they are possible, I shall, if you let me, consider how the rulers will arrange all this in detail once the system is in place, and whether their implementation would be more advantageous than anything else for the city and its guardians. These, if you let me, are the issues I shall first attempt to consider in detail with you. We shall consider those others later.” “I am letting you,” said he. “Go ahead and consider this.”

“Well, I think,” said I, “that if our guardians are to be really worthy of this name, and their auxiliaries likewise, the latter should be willing to follow orders and the former to issue them, in some cases obeying our laws themselves and, in other cases, those in which we transfer responsibility to them, they will imitate our laws when giving their orders.” “Quite likely,” said he.

“Then you, their lawgiver,” said I, “just as you selected the men, should also select the women, to bestow upon them women who are as similar to them in nature as possible. And these people, since they have shared dwelling places and meal tables, and no one possesses anything of this sort privately, will be together. And having mingled with one another in the gymnasium, and throughout their general upbringing, they will necessarily be drawn by innate nature to intercourse with one another. Or do you think this lacks the force of necessity?” “Well, not the necessities of geometry at any rate, but those of love, which are surely more potent at persuading and drawing most people.”

“Very much so,” said I. “But besides all this, Glaucon, to have intercourse, or do anything else at all in a random manner, is unholy in a city of happy people, and the rulers will not allow it.” “No,” said he, “that would not be just.” “Then it is obvious,” said I, “that we should next make marriages sacred, to the best of our ability, and those that are most beneficial would be sacred.”

“Entirely so.”

“Well, in that case, how shall they be most beneficial? Tell me this, Glaucon. I notice that you have dogs for hunting, and quite a number of well-bred birds, at home. Now, by Zeus, have you noticed anything about their unions and their production of offspring?” “What sort of thing?” he asked. “Firstly, although they are all well bred, are there not some that are, or turn out to be, the very best?” “There are.”

“Now, do you breed from all of them in like manner, or are you careful to do so, as much as possible, from the best of them?” “From the best.” “And do you breed from the youngest or from the oldest, or as much as possible from those in their prime?” “From those in their prime.” “And if they are not bred in this way, do you believe your stock of birds and hounds will be much worse?” “I do,” said he. “And in the case of horses and other animals,” I asked, “is the situation any different?” “It would be strange,” said he, “if it were different.”

“Well, well, my dear friend,” said I, “our rulers will need to be at their very best if the situation is the same in the case of the human race.” “But the situation is the same,” said he. “What of it?” “Because they will need to make use of many medicines,” said I. “And presumably, in cases where bodies do not need medicine because they are responsive to a particular lifestyle, we regard even an ordinary physician as sufficient. But whenever it is necessary to make use of medicines, we know that a bolder physician is required.” “That is true. But what are you referring to?”

“To the following,” said I. “It is likely that our rulers will have to resort to falsehood on a large scale, and deception too, for the benefit of their subjects. And we maintained, I believe, that everything of this sort is useful as a form of medicine.” “And rightly so,” said he. “And the fact that it is right turns out to be most significant in the case of marriages and in the production of offspring.” “How so?” “Based upon what has already been agreed, the best should have intercourse with the best, as often as possible, and the worst with the worst as seldom as possible, and the offspring of the former

should be reared, while those of the latter should not, if the flock is to be at its pinnacle. And all this should take place without anyone knowing about it except the rulers themselves, if our herd of guardians, for its part, is to be as

free of faction as possible.” “Quite right,” said he.

“In that case, should there not be some festivals, instituted by law, at which we shall bring together the brides and the bridegrooms? And should there not be sacrifices too, and should not our poets compose hymns appropriate to the marriages that are taking place? We shall make the rulers responsible for the number of marriages so that they may, as best they can, maintain the population at the same level, taking war, disease, and anything else like this into consideration, and as far as possible neither allow our city to become too big or too small.” “Right,” said he. “Then I think certain ingenious lotteries should be devised so that the ordinary person will blame chance, rather than the rulers, for each union.” “Yes, indeed,” said he.

“And to those young men who are somehow best in war, or I presume in anything else, honours and prizes should be given, and in particular more generous opportunity for intercourse with the women so that as many children as possible may be begotten by men like these, while affording an excuse for this at the same time.” “Right.” “And any offspring that are born will be taken over by the officials responsible for these matters, who may be men or women or both, since official posts too are presumably shared between women and men.” “Yes.”

“Then, I think, having taken the offspring of the good, they will transfer them into the fold, to special nurses who dwell apart in some precinct of the city, while the offspring of the inferior, or of any of the others that are born with deformities, they will hide away in a secret, undisclosed place as appropriate.” “Yes,” said he, “if the race of guardians is to be kept pure.”

“Would not these officials also take responsibilities for the nursing, bringing the mothers to the fold when they are full of milk, while ensuring by every possible means that none recognises her own child, and providing other women who have milk if ever the mothers do not have enough? They will also be responsible for the mothers themselves so that they do not spend too much time in feeding, and will hand over the sleepless nights and the rest of the hardship to wet-nurses and carers.” “By your account,” said he, “childbearing will be very easy for the women of the guardians.” “As it should be,” said I. “But we should proceed to the next suggestion we made, for we said that the

offspring should be bred from parents in their prime.” “True.”

“Now, are you also of the view that for a woman her prime lasts about twenty years and for a man about thirty years?” “Which years?” he asked. “A woman,” said I, “is to bear children for the city beginning from her twentieth year until her fortieth, while a man, once he has passed the age at which he can run most swiftly, begets children for the city until the age of fifty-five.” “Well, in both cases,” said he, “this is the prime of body and of mind.”

“Now, if those who take to begetting for the community are older or younger than this, we shall maintain that their error is neither holy nor just, as a child has been born to the city who, if this goes unnoticed, will have been born without the sacrifices and prayers offered at every marriage by priests and priestesses, and by all of the city; that better offspring, of greater benefit to the city, may always be born from the good people and from the city’s benefactors. But this child will have been born of darkness, accompanied by a shocking lack of restraint.” “Quite right,” said he.

“And the same law applies,” said I, “if any man, still at the right age to beget children, has a relationship with any women of that age without the ruler bringing them together. For we shall state that he is imposing an illegitimate, unauthorised and unsanctified child upon the city.” “And rightly so,” said he.

“But presumably, once the women and the men have passed the age for reproduction, we shall set them free to form relationships with anyone they wish, except daughter or mother, or the children of daughters, or the mothers of a mother, in the case of men; or in the case of women, a son, a father, or the descendants and ancestors of them. And we shall allow all this only after we have directed them to take particular care that no child sees the light of day if any is conceived. And if any child forces its way into the light, this should be dealt with on the basis that such offspring are not to be reared.”

“Yes, that all sounds quite reasonable,” said he. “But how will they recognise one another’s fathers and daughters, and the other relatives you mentioned?” “They will not,” said I, “not at all. But any offspring born in the tenth month, and indeed the seventh month, after he became a bridegroom, all these he shall address as his son if they are male and as his daughter if they are female. And they, in turn, shall address these men as their father, and similarly he shall call

their offspring his grandchildren. And these, for their part, shall call his age group grandfathers and grandmothers. Those born during the time when their mothers and

fathers were begetting children shall call each other brothers and sisters so that, as we were saying just now, they will not have intercourse with one another. But the law will grant that brothers and sisters may dwell together if the lot falls accordingly, and the Pythia adds a favourable response.” “Absolutely correct,” said he.

“Well, Glaucon, this, or something like this, is the sharing of women and children among the guardians of the city. But we should next confirm, from the argument, that this fits in with the rest of our system of government, and is by far the best arrangement. Or how should we proceed?” “In this way, by Zeus,” said he. “Now, is not our first step towards agreement to ask ourselves what precisely we can say is the greatest good for the fabric of our city – a good that the lawgiver should aim at when instituting the laws – and what is the greatest evil? And then investigate whether everything we described in detail just now matches the footprint of the good, and not the footprint of the evil?” “Most of all,” said he.

“Well, do we know any greater evil for a city than that which tears it asunder and makes it many rather than one? And do we know any greater good than that which binds it together and makes it one?” “We do not.” “Does not the sharing of pleasure and pain bind it together whenever, to the greatest extent possible, all the citizens are pleased and pained to the same extent by the same successes or failures?” “Entirely so,” said he. “And do not personal responses on occasions like these break the city apart, whenever some people are troubled while others are delighted, when the very same things are happening to the city or its inhabitants?”

“Of course.” “Now, does not something like this arise because expressions like ‘mine’ and ‘not mine’ are not uttered in our city at the same time? And the same applies to the word ‘alien’?” “Yes, precisely.” “Then the city in which the most people say ‘mine’ and ‘not mine’ about the same things, in the same respect, is the best managed city.” “Very much so.” “Is it also the one that bears the closest resemblance to a single human being? For instance, imagine

one of us injures his finger. The entire community, extending from the body to the soul, in a single

arrangement under the ruling element, perceives this in itself and all of it experiences the pain together, simultaneously, as a whole, even though only a part suffered the injury. And so we say, accordingly, that the person has pain in his finger. And the same argument applies to any other part of the person at all, whether there is pain because the part suffers or pleasure because it finds relief." "The same, indeed," said he. "And in answer to your question, the best administered city is closest to such an arrangement."

"So, I imagine, when anything good or bad happens to any one of its citizens, a city like this is most inclined to say that the victim is its own, and the entire city will share in the pleasure or the pain." "Necessarily," said he, "if it is well regulated at any rate." "Now would be the time," said I, "for us to revisit our own city and observe therein the principles agreed in the argument, and see if this city embodies them more than any other." "Should we not do so then?" said he.

"Well, what about this? In other cities there are, I presume, rulers and the populace, and they are present in this city of ours too." "They are." "And do all of these people refer to one another as fellow citizens?" "Of course." "But what else besides fellow citizens do the people in other cities call the rulers?"

"In most cities they call them masters, but in those governed democratically they call them just this, rulers." "What about the populace in our city? What do they call the rulers, besides fellow citizens?" "Saviours and helpers," said he. "And what do our rulers call the populace?" "Pay masters who give them sustenance." "And in the other cities, the rulers call the populace..." "Slaves," he said. "And what do their rulers call one another?" "Fellow rulers," said he. "And ours..." "Fellow guardians."

"Now, can you tell me whether any of the rulers in the other cities can refer to one fellow ruler as kindred and to another as not kindred?" "Very much so." "Does he not regard the kindred as his own and the non-kindred as not his own, and speak accordingly?" "So he does." "And what about your guardians? Would any of them be able to regard any of their fellow guardians as non-kindred, or speak of them as such?" "Not at all," said he, "since in the case

of anyone he meets he will think he is meeting a brother or sister, a father or mother, a son or daughter, or their offspring, or their forbears.”

“Excellent,” said I. “But tell me this too. Will your laws merely ordain that they should use these names of kinship, or will you also ordain that they should act in accordance with these names in all their activities. In the case of fathers, should they do whatever the law relating to fathers ordains in terms of respect and care, and the obedience that is due to parents, without which they will not fare well with the gods or their fellow men, because their actions would be neither holy nor just if they were to act in any other way? Shall these proclamations ring from the very outset in the ears of the children, sung by all of the citizens about the fathers, that anyone might point out to them, and about their other relatives too?”

“These are the ones,” said he, “for it would be laughable if the names were to be on their lips without the deeds to back them up.” “So, in this city most of all, whenever any one citizen fares well or fares badly, all the citizens together will pronounce the words we used just now and say that ‘what is mine fares well’, or ‘what is mine fares badly’.” “Very true,” said he.

“And did we not also say that with this belief and these words there came a sharing of pleasures and pains?” “And we were right to say so.” “Will not our citizens, most of all, share in the same thing which they will all call ‘mine’? And by sharing this in this way, will they not, most of all, have shared pleasure and pain?” “Very much so.” “Now, is not the cause of all this, besides the general constitution of the city, the sharing of women and children among the guardians?” “Yes,” said he, “much more than anything else.”

“And we did agree that this was the greatest good for the city, comparing a well-managed city to a human body in terms of its response to pleasure or pain in a part of itself.” “And we were right to agree,” said he.

“So, the sharing of children and of women among the auxiliaries has turned out to be the cause of the city’s greatest good.” “Yes, indeed,” said he. “In that case, we are also being consistent with what went before. For we said, I believe, that they should have no private households, or land, or any other possession. They should, rather, receive sustenance from everyone else as their guardians’ pay, and should all spend it together if they really are to be guardians.” “Yes,

precisely,” said he.

“So, is it not the case, as I say, that whatever was said before, and is being said now, turns them into true guardians to an even greater extent, and prevents them from tearing the city asunder by using the word ‘mine’, to refer not to the same thing but to something different; one man dragging whatever he is able to acquire on his own off to his own house, while another fellow drags things to a different house, also his own, with a separate wife and children, thus introducing the private pleasures and pains of private persons? Rather, with a single belief concerning what is private, all striving as best they can for the same objective, they have the same experience of pain and pleasure.” “Precisely,” said he.

“What about this? Will not lawsuits and accusations against one another almost vanish from their midst because they have no private property, apart from their body, while everything else is shared? And thus they will be free from any factions that people develop because of the acquisition of wealth, children or family connections.” “Yes,” said he, “they will be free of all that. They really must.” “And, indeed, there would be no justification for legal action for assault or violence among them for we shall presumably maintain that self-defence against people of the same age is noble and just, and impose upon them the requirement to look after their bodies.” “And rightly so,” said he.

“And this law,” said I, “is right in the following way too. If someone was provoked by someone else he might satisfy his rage through a personal encounter of this sort and be less inclined to keep going until there were more serious conflicts.” “Yes, certainly.” “What is more, an older man will be given the task of ruling over and restraining all of the younger ones.” “Of course.”

“And, indeed, a younger person will not, unless the rulers command it, use force against someone older, nor is he likely to strike him, nor, I believe, will he show disrespect in any other way either. For the twin guardians, fear and shame, prevent this. Shame prevents him from laying hands upon a possible parent, and he fears the help others will give to the victim, either as his sons, brothers or fathers.” “Yes, that follows,” said he. “Under these laws then, the men will enjoy great peace towards one another, in every respect.” “Great

indeed.” “And in the absence of any conflict among themselves there would be no danger of any faction between them and the rest of the city, or one another.” “No, there would not.”

“I am reluctant to mention the most trivial difficulties, which they will be quit of, because they are so unseemly: the flattery of the rich by the poor, the troubles and pains involved in rearing children, and making money to provide for the needs of the household members by borrowing from some people, failing to repay others, using every possible means to provide resources, that they then

hand over to the women and household members to manage. All that they suffer over these matters, and what it is like, is self-evident, and it is ignoble and unworthy of mention.” “Yes, it is evident,” said he, “even to a blind man.” “Quit of all this, our guardians will live a life more blessed than the life of Olympic victors.” “In what way?” “These victors are made happy by a small portion of what those guardians get. For their victory is more beautiful and their popular support is more comprehensive. Indeed, the victory they win is the safety of the entire city, and they are crowned with support and everything else that human life requires, they and their children too. They receive honours from their own city during their lives and are granted a worthy burial when they die.” “Yes, that is all very beautiful,” said he.

“Now,” said I, “do you remember that in our earlier discussions, an argument – I do not know whose – took us to task by maintaining that we were not making our guardians happy, because even though it is possible for them to own everything belonging to their fellow citizens, they have nothing? And I think we said that we would look at this again if it turned out to be the case, but at the moment we are making our guardians into guardians and making our city as happy as possible, without focussing upon one group within the city and working on its happiness.” “I remember,” said he.

“Well then, since the life of our auxiliaries now turns out to be far better and more beautiful than the life of Olympic victors, is there any way it compares to the life of shoemakers, or other artificers, or to the life of farmers?” “I do not think so,” said he.

“In that case, what I said there may rightly be repeated here. If a guardian attempts to attain happiness in a way that makes him a guardian no longer, and if such a measured and stable life – which according to us is the best life – is not enough for him, but some mindless, immature opinion about happiness takes over, it will impel him, because he has the power, to appropriate everything in the city, and he will realise that Hesiod was indeed wise when he said that ‘half is somehow more than the whole’.”⁸⁵ “If he takes my advice,” said he, “he will abide by this life.”

“So do you accept,” said I, “this sharing of the women with the men in relation to education, children, and their guardianship of the rest of the citizens, as we have elaborated it? Whether remaining in the city or going to war, should they guard and hunt together like dogs, and to the best of their ability share everything in every way? And by doing all this, do you accept that they will be doing what is best and not acting contrary to the nature of the female towards the male, and their natural tendency to share with one another?” “I agree,” said he.

“Do we not still have to decide,” said I, “if it is possible for this sharing to be engendered among human beings, just as it is among other creatures, and how this is possible?” “You have anticipated the point I was just about to raise,” said he. “Indeed, when it comes to warfare,” said I, “I presume that the way in which they will do battle is obvious.” “How?” he asked. “They will march out together, and, what is more, they will bring their children, the stronger ones, with them to the battle so that like the children of other artificers, they may see the work they will have to engage in when they are grown up. And as well as looking on, they will assist and serve in everything related to the battle and will care for their fathers and mothers. Or have you not

noticed what goes on in the various crafts? Potters’ children, for instance, spend a long time looking on as assistants, before they ever put their hands to the task itself.” “Very much so.” “Well, should these people show more care than our guardians in educating their children through experience and observation of what is appropriate to them?” “That would be ridiculous,” said he.

“Then again, every creature fights especially well when their own offspring are present.” “This is so, Socrates. But if they lose, as is prone to happen in war, there is no small danger that having lost their children as well as themselves, they will also make it impossible for the rest of the city to recover.” “True,” said I, “but do you think that we should arrange, firstly, that there will be no danger?” “Not at all.” “Well then, if there is somehow to be danger, should not this be in a situation where they will be better if they are successful?” “Yes, of course.”

“But, do you think it makes little difference whether or not those who are to be military men watch the proceedings of the battlefield when they are children? Is the risk not worth taking?” “No, it does make a difference for the purpose you mention.” “So this must be arranged. The children must be made spectators of warfare, and once their safety is assured, all will be well. Is this so?” “Yes.” “And will not their fathers,” said I, “as far as humanly possible, be knowledgeable people, able to recognise which campaigns are dangerous and which are not?” “Quite likely,” said he.

“So they will bring them on some campaigns and be wary of bringing them on others.” “And rightly so.”

“And, presumably,” said I, “they will not appoint ordinary fellows as their leaders, but those who are competent by age and experience to be guides and tutors.” “Yes, that is appropriate.” “Yes, but as we shall declare, lots of unexpected things also happen to lots of people.” “Very much so.” “Well, in the light of such possibilities, my friend, they should be equipped with wings from earliest childhood so that if the need arises they may take flight and be gone.”

“What do you mean?” he asked. “They should go on horseback,” said I, “from the youngest possible age. And having learned to ride, they should be brought to view the battle mounted on horses, not spirited or warlike animals but those that are most swift-footed and responsive to the rein, since in this way they will have the best view of their own future function, and, should the need arise, they could get away safely, following the lead of their older guides.”

“Yes,” said he. “This sounds right to me.” “And what about the events of the battlefield?” said I. “How should your soldiers behave towards themselves and

towards the enemy? I am looking at this correctly or not?" "Tell me," he said, "in what sense." "Among themselves, someone who deserts his post or throws away his weapons, or does anything else like that through cowardice, should he not be reduced in status to an artificer or farmer?" "Yes, certainly." "And should not someone who is captured alive by the enemy be given to his captors as a gift, for them to use their captive as they wish?"

"Precisely." "But someone who excels and wins fame, do you not think he should first be crowned on campaign by his comrades in arms, youths and children in turn? Or do you not think so?" "I do." "Shall they shake his hand?" "That too." "But this, I suppose you would not accept..." "What?" "That he kisses and is kissed by each." "This most of all," he said. "And I would make an addition to the law that as long as they are involved in this campaign, no one whom he wishes to kiss is allowed to refuse, so that if someone happened to be in love with someone else, male or female, he would also be more eager to carry off the prize for valour."

"Very good," said I. "And we have already said that a good person will have more opportunity for union than the others, and will be selected for such purposes more often than the others so that as many children as possible may be born from a person like this." "Yes, we said that," said he. "And indeed, according to Homer, it is right to honour young folk who are good through arrangements of this sort. For he says that when Ajax had won fame in battle, he was rewarded 'with the choicest cuts of meat',⁸⁶ as this is the appropriate honour for someone in the prime of youth and courage, as it honours him and increases his strength at the same time." "Quite right," said he.

"So," said I, "we shall be persuaded by Homer on these matters at any rate. And, indeed, during sacrifices and everything of this sort, we shall honour the good people, insofar as they prove themselves to be so, with hymns and whatever we have mentioned just now, and to this we shall add 'seats of honour, meat, and goblets full to the brim',⁸⁷ so that we may train these good men and women at the same time as we honour them." "Excellent," said he.

"Very well. And in the case of those who die on campaign, should we not first say that someone who wins fame in death belongs to the golden race?" "Most of all." "And shall we believe Hesiod, that when anyone who belongs to such a

race dies, they become

*Hallowed spirits dwelling on earth, averters of evil, / Guardians watchful and good of articulate speaking mortals?*⁸⁸ “We shall believe him indeed.” “So, having found out from the god how demi-gods and divine beings should be buried, and what the difference is, shall we bury these men according to the mode and manner he expounds?” “How could we do otherwise?” “And ever after, shall we care for and revere their tombs as though they were the tombs of demi-gods? And should we observe the same customs whenever someone, who is judged to have been exceptionally good whilst alive, dies of old age or in some other way?” “It would be right to do so,” said he.

“What about this? How should our soldiers behave towards the enemy soldiers?” “In what sense?”

“Firstly, concerning enslavement, does it seem right that Greek cities should enslave fellow Greeks? Or should they, as best they can, not even allow another city to do so and accustom them to sparing their fellow Greeks for fear of enslavement by the non-Greek races?” “Sparing them,” said he, “is completely better in every way.” “Then they are not to own a Greek slave themselves, and they are to advise their fellow Greeks to do likewise.” “Yes, certainly,” said he. “And so in this way, they would turn their attention more towards the non-Greeks and show restraint towards themselves.”

“And what about stripping and despoiling the dead after a victory?” said I. “Besides removing their weapons, is this the right thing to do? Or does it not give cowards an excuse for not engaging with another combatant because they are doing something needful when they are poking about among the dead? Has not many an army already been lost because of this sort of plundering?” “Very much so.” “Does it not seem like a slavish and mercenary act to strip the armour from a corpse? And is it not the mark of an unmanly and petty mind to regard the body of the dead man as the enemy when the real foe has fled, leaving only the instrument with which he fought? Or do you think those who do

this are doing anything different from dogs who get angry with the stones that struck them, and do not touch the person throwing them?” “Not in the least,” said he. “So should we abandon the stripping of corpses and hindering the

enemy from removing their fallen comrades?" "We should abandon this indeed, by Zeus," said he.

"Nor indeed shall we carry weapons off to our temples as dedicatory offerings, especially those belonging to our fellow Greeks, if we have any interest in fostering good relations towards them. Rather, we shall be afraid that it might be a defilement to bring this sort of thing from our own kin to a temple, unless, of course, the god says otherwise." "Quite right," said he. "And when it comes to ravaging Greek land or the burning of houses, how will your soldiers behave towards their enemies?" "I would like to hear you expressing your opinion on that," said he.

"Well," said I, "I do not think they would do either of these. No, they should just deprive them of their annual harvest. Do you want me to tell you why?" "Very much so." "As I see it, just as we make use of these two words, 'war' and 'faction', so they are indeed two, being applied to two disputes between two different parties. I mean that the disputant is their own kindred in one case, but alien and foreign in the other case. The hostility of their own is called faction, while the hostility of the alien is called war." "Yes," said he. "There is nothing strange in what you are saying."

"Then decide whether this is strange or not. I maintain that the Greek race, to itself, is its own kindred, but is alien and foreign to the non-Greek race." "Well said," he replied. "So, when Greeks do battle against non-Greeks, or non-Greeks against Greeks, we shall maintain that they are at war and are enemies by nature, and we should refer to this hostility as 'war'. But when Greeks do this sort of thing to Greeks, we shall maintain that although they are friends by

nature, the Greek state is sick in this case, and has fallen into faction, and we should refer to such hostility as 'faction'." "Yes," said he, "we should consider it in this way. I agree." "Then," said I, "take note that in faction, as it is understood nowadays, wherever something like

this arises and a city is divided, and one side devastates the land of the other and burns their homes, such faction is regarded as an abomination, and neither party is thought to have any love for their city or they would not have dared to ravage their nurse and mother. But it does seem reasonable for the

victors to deprive the vanquished of their harvest and to bear in mind that they are going to be reconciled, and not be at war forever.” “Yes,” said he, “this way of thinking is much gentler than the other.” “What about this then?” I asked. “Will not the city you are founding be a Greek city?” “It must be,” said he. “In that case, will not the people be good and gentle?” “Absolutely.” “And will they not love their fellow Greeks, and will they not regard Greece as their own, enjoying the sacred places in common with their fellows?” “Yes, absolutely.”

“In that case, will they regard a dispute with Greeks, their own people, as faction, and not refer to it as war?” “No, indeed.” “And will they conduct the dispute with a view to reconciliation?” “Very much so.” “Then they will correct their adversaries out of goodwill, not punishing them to make slaves of them, or indeed to destroy them, since they are correctors, after all, not enemies.” “Quite so,” said he.

“And so being Greeks, they will not ravage Greece or burn down its homes, nor will they accept that all the people in a particular city are their enemies, men, women and children alike. They will accept, rather, that a few enemies are always responsible for the dispute, and for all these reasons they will not be prepared to ravage their land or pull down their houses, since most of them are their friends. They will, rather, pursue the dispute to the point where those who are responsible are forced into a just response by the suffering of their innocent fellow citizens.” “I agree,” said he, “that our citizens should behave like this towards their Greek opponents, while treating the non-Greeks as the Greeks treat us Greeks nowadays.”

“Shall we set down this law for our guardians, that they neither lay waste to the land nor burn down houses?” “Let us set it down,” said he, “and accept that this is all good, and so is what was said previously. But, Socrates, it seems to me that if someone leaves it to you to speak on such issues, you will never remember the question you pushed aside in order to say all this, namely the question of whether it is ever possible for this civic arrangement to come about, and in what way is it possible at all. I agree that if it were to come about it would be really good for that city. And I will add what you omitted to say, namely that they would fight

best against their enemies since they would be least likely to desert one another because they recognise themselves as brothers, fathers and sons, and use these very names. And if the female sex is to campaign with them, either in the same rank or assigned to the rearguard to strike fear into the enemy and to provide assistance if needed, I know full well that with all this they would be invincible. And I see also all the domestic advantages they would have, which you omitted to mention. Now, you may assume that I agree that there would be all these advantages, and thousands more, if this civic arrangement were to arise, so do not say any more about it. Let us try rather, at this stage, to convince ourselves that this is possible, and how it is possible, and bid farewell to everything else.”

“Well,” I said, “you have made quite a sudden onslaught upon this proposition of mine, without any allowance for my hesitation. For perhaps you do not appreciate that you are bringing a third

huge and most troublesome wave upon me when I have barely escaped the first two. Once you see and hear this you will have more sympathy and will understand that my reluctance was reasonable, and so was my fear of recounting such a paradoxical argument and attempting to scrutinise it.”

“The more you go on like this,” he said, “the less likely we are to release you from describing how this civic arrangement could arise. So speak, and do not delay.” “In that case,” I said, “should we first be reminded that we got to this point by enquiring into what justice and injustice are like?” “We should,” he said. “But why do you say this?” “No reason, but if we do find what justice is like, shall we also insist that the just man must not

be different at all from justice, and that such a man is like justice in every respect? Or shall we be satisfied if he gets as close as possible to it and partakes of it to a greater extent than most people?” “Yes,” he said. “We shall be satisfied with that.” “Then,” said I, “we have been seeking justice itself, the sort of thing it is, and the perfectly just man, if there be such a man, and the sort of person he would be if he ever did come into existence to use as a model. The same considerations also apply to injustice and the utterly unjust man. The intention was to look to these standards and apply whatever became evident about their happiness

or unhappiness, and be compelled to accept that in our own situation, whoever is most like one of those standards will have the like portion of happiness. However, it was never the intention that we would demonstrate that such persons could come into existence.” “Yes, what you say is true,” he said. “Now, would you maintain that a painter was not really a good painter if he painted an exquisitely beautiful person as a standard, rendered it in consummate detail, but was unable to demonstrate that such a person could ever come into existence?” “By Zeus, I would not,” he replied. “Well then, have we not, so we say, been making a standard in words of a good city?”

“Very much so.” “Then, do you maintain that our words lack merit, on account of the fact that we may be unable to demonstrate that the city could be established in the manner in which we have described it?” “I certainly do not,” he said. “Then that is the truth of the matter,” said I. “But if, for your sake, we must endeavour to demonstrate how exactly and upon what basis this is at all possible, I must ask you again to concede the same points regarding such a demonstration.” “What points?”

“Is it possible for anything to be enacted as spoken, or must action by nature involve less truth than speech, in spite of what some people think? Well, do you agree that this is the case or not?” “I agree,” he said. “In that case, do not force me to prove that the sort of thing we have recounted in words can also come into existence in its entirety in deed. Rather, if we are able to discover how a city that is very close to what we have described might be constituted, you must say that we have found out how

this city can come into being, which was the task you set us. Would you be satisfied if that happened? I, for one, would be satisfied.” “And so would I,” he said. “Well then, after this it seems we should try to find, and demonstrate, what precisely is enacted badly in the various cities nowadays so that they are not constituted like ours. Also, what change would bring a city to this manner of civic arrangement, the smallest change possible – ideally just one, otherwise two, or the fewest in number – with the least impact.”

“I entirely agree,” he said.

“Well,” said I, “there is one change that could effect this transformation, and I think we can show this. However, it is not minor or easy, though it is feasible.”

“What is it?” said he. “I am now,” said I, “on the verge of what we likened to the most enormous wave. But it must be spoken, even if some wave of hilarity is literally going to deluge me with laughter and ridicule. So pay attention to what I am about to say.” “Speak on,” he said. “Unless philosophers exercise kingly rule in the cities,” said I, “or those whom we now call kings and rulers engage in philosophy with dignity and competence, and political power and philosophy coincide in the same person, while the vast majority, whose natures incline them to pursue one

rather than the other, are necessarily excluded from both, the cities will have no rest from their evils, my dear Glaucon, and neither, in my view, will the human race. Nor until then will this civic arrangement, which we have described in words, ever grow to its full potential or see the light of day. Well, this is what made me reluctant to speak earlier, for I could see this will be directly opposed to popular opinion. For it is hard to see that there is no other way for one to be happy, neither as an individual nor as a society.”

“Well, Socrates,” he said, “you have blurted out an utterance and argument like this, and now that you have said it you should expect a large number of men, no common folk, to rip off their garments, grab the first weapon that comes to their hand, and rush at you, naked, at full stretch, intending unspeakable deeds. If you do not ward them off in argumentation and make your escape, you will pay the penalty of being well and truly ridiculed.” “Are you not the one who is responsible for all this, in my case?” I said. “I am doing the right thing,” he said. “However I shall not desert you, but will defend you by whatever means I can, and I can do this through good will and encouragement. And perhaps I may respond to your questions more reasonably than someone else would. But now that you have such assistance, try to prove to the unbelievers that what you are saying is so.”

“Try I must,” I said, “since you are offering such a significant alliance. Now, if we are going to escape from the men you describe, I think it will be necessary to define for them which philosophers we are speaking of when we dare to maintain that they must rule. Then, once that has become evident, we can conduct our defence by demonstrating that it belongs to these men by nature to engage in philosophy and to lead in the city, while it belongs to the others to

have no dealing with philosophy and to follow their leadership.” “Now would be the time to define this,” he said.

“Come on then. You will have to be guided by me here if we are to have any chance of explaining this properly.” “Lead on,” he said. “Now,” I said, “will it be necessary to remind you, or do you remember already, that anyone who is said to love something must, if the description is correct, show that his affection is total, and he does not love one aspect of that thing while not loving another?” “It seems you will have to remind me,” he said, “for I do not really understand.”

“That response of yours, Glaucon, would be appropriate for another person, but it is hardly appropriate for a man of love to be reminded that all those youths in their prime afflict and stir the amorous lover, and all are deemed worthy of his care and affection. Is this not how you behave towards the fair? If someone is snub-nosed you praise him by calling him charming, and if he is hook-nosed you say he is kingly, while if he is halfway between the two you say his features are perfectly balanced. Those who are dark have a manly aspect, those who are fair are children of gods, and as for the name ‘honey-pale’, who could invent it except a coaxing lover who willingly tolerates a poor complexion, provided it belongs to a pretty youth? And, in short, you invent any excuse at all, and

resort to any expression at all, to avoid rejecting those who are in the bloom of youth.” “If you wish to allege that I behave as these lovers do, I shall go along with you for the sake of this discussion,” he replied.

“What about this?” I said. “Do you not see the lovers of wine doing the very same thing, welcoming every sort of wine on any pretext at all?” “Very much so.” “And I am sure you observe that those who love honour, if they cannot command an army, will command a lesser cohort. And if they are not honoured by the important and distinguished people,

they will be satisfied with the respect of lesser, more ordinary folk, so consummate is their desire for honour.” “Yes, exactly.” “So, do you agree or disagree that when anyone is said to desire something, we should say that he desires it all, or one part only and not another?” “All of it,” he said. “Therefore, shall we say that the philosopher does not desire one part of

wisdom rather than another, but desires it all?" "True."

"Then we shall not say that a person who cannot stand study is a lover of learning or a lover of wisdom, especially if he is young and still lacks the reasoning power to distinguish what is useful from what is not, just as someone who makes difficulties about food is said neither to be hungry nor to want food, and will not be called a food lover but a poor eater." "And we shall be right to say so."

"However, anyone with a ready desire to taste all branches of learning, who enters into study gladly and with an insatiable appetite, may properly be called a lover of wisdom. Is this so?" Glaucon replied, "Then you will have lots of unusual examples of such people. For those who love seeing sights all seem to me, anyway, to be like this because they take a delight in learning. Those who love hearing things are the strangest folk to include among the philosophers, for although they would never willingly engage in serious discussion or devote their time to anything of that sort, they run around all the festivals of Dionysus in the city or the country, as if they had hired out their ears to listen to them all. Now, shall we refer

to all these people, and others with knowledge of similar activities, or even the minor crafts, as philosophers?" "Certainly not," I said, "but they are similar to philosophers." And he said, "Whom do you refer to as true philosophers?" "Those who love beholding the truth," I said. "Yes, that is all very well," he said, "but what do you mean by this?" "This would not be at all easy for someone else," said I, "but I do think that you will agree with me here." "About what?"

"That since beauty is the opposite of ugliness, they are two. "How could I disagree?" "Therefore, since they are two, each is one." "I also agree with this." "And the same argument applies to just and unjust, good and bad, and to all of the forms. Each itself is one, but since they manifest everywhere in communion with activities, bodies, and with one another, each appears to be multiple." "What you are saying is correct," he said. "Well," I said, "this is how I make the distinction, separating the people you referred to as 'those who love seeing things' or 'those who love skills and are practical', from those we are now discussing, who are the only ones we may properly refer to as

philosophers.” “In what way?” he said. “Presumably,” I said, “those who love hearing things, and seeing things, delight in beautiful sounds and colours and shapes and everything that is fashioned from these, but their mind is unable to behold the nature of beauty itself, and to delight in that.” “Yes,” he said, “that is certainly the case.”

“On the other hand, would not those who can have recourse to beauty itself, and behold it just by itself, be quite rare?” “Very much so.” “Now, do you think that a person is awake or living in a dream if he recognises beautiful objects but does not recognise beauty itself, and cannot follow someone else if he leads him to the knowledge of this? Think about this. Is not dreaming an activity in which someone, either in sleep or whilst awake, thinks that a likeness is not a likeness, but is itself the very object which the likeness resembles?” “Yes, I am inclined to say that a person like that is dreaming,” he said.

“Well then, what about someone who, by contrast, thinks that there is beauty itself and is able to behold it and whatever partakes of it without thinking that that which partakes is beauty itself, or that beauty itself is that which partakes. Do you think this person is awake, or living in a dream?” “He is very much awake,” he said. “Would we not be right to refer to the mental state of this man as knowledge because he knows, and to the mental state of the other as opinion because he is forming opinions.” “Yes, certainly.”

“Now, what if this fellow, whom we accuse of forming opinions and of not knowing, gets angry with us and argues that we are not speaking the truth? Shall we be able to console him and engage in gentle persuasion whilst concealing the fact that he is not of sound mind?” “You really should try, anyway,” he said. “Come on, then. Let us consider what we shall say to him. Or if you prefer we could put some questions to him, maintaining that if he does know something, nobody will begrudge him that. Rather, we would be delighted to see that he knew something. So tell us this: does someone who knows know something or nothing? Now, you should reply on behalf of this fellow.” “I reply that they know something,” he said.

“Is it something that is or is not?” “Something that is, for how could something that is not be known?” “Well, are we satisfied that no matter how

we consider the matter, 'what entirely is' is entirely knowable, and 'what in no way is' is entirely unknowable?" "We are completely satisfied." "Very well. But if, in fact, something is characterised in such a way that it both 'is' and 'is not', would it not lie in between 'what purely is' and 'what in no way is'?" "Yes, in between." "Therefore, since knowledge is directed towards 'what is', and ignorance is necessarily directed to 'what is not', we must search for something in between ignorance and knowledge, which is directed to that which lies between 'what is' and 'what is not', if there happens to be such a thing." "Yes, certainly."

"Now, do we say that opinion is something?" "What else could we say?" "And is it a different power from knowledge, or the same power?" "Different."

"So opinion is directed to one, and knowledge to another, each on the basis of its own power." "Just so." "Is not knowledge naturally directed towards 'what is', to know 'what is' as it is? But before we go on, I think we must make a further distinction." "How?" "Shall we say that powers are a class of things that are, by which we are able to do whatever we can do, and anything else is able to do whatever it can do. So I say for example that seeing and hearing are powers, if you understand what I am trying to explain." "I do understand," he said.

"Well, listen, and I shall tell you my view of them. Indeed, with respect to powers I do not discern any colour or a shape, or anything of this sort, as I do in many other things, features to which I can look in order to distinguish for myself between some objects and others. But in the case of a power, I look only to what it is directed to and what it accomplishes, and on this basis I call each of them a power, and whatever is directed to the same object and accomplishes the same thing, I call the same, while anything that is directed to a different object and accomplishes something different, I refer to as different. How about you? What do you do?" "Just as you do," he said. "At this stage," I said, "I should ask you the question again, my excellent friend. Do you say that knowledge is a power, or in what class do you place it?"

"In this one," he said. "It is the strongest of all powers." "And what about opinion? Shall we assign it to power or to another form?" "To no other form," he said, "for opinion is nothing other than the power by which we are able to

form opinions.” “Yes, and you did agree a little earlier that knowledge and opinion are not the same.” “How could any reasonable person,” he replied, “ever suggest that something that does not make mistakes is the same as something that makes mistakes?”

“Well expressed,” I said. “And it is obvious that we agree opinion is different from knowledge.” “Yes, different.” “So is each of them by nature a different power, directed to something different?” “They must be.” “Well, is knowledge directed to ‘what is’, to know ‘what is’ as ‘it is’?” “Yes.” “And we say that opinion forms opinions.” “Yes.” “Does it not form opinions about the same things that knowledge knows? And will the objects of knowledge and opinion be the same? Or is that impossible?” “According to what we have agreed, that is impossible,” he said. “If, in fact, a different

power is naturally directed to something different, and opinion and knowledge are both powers and each is different, which is what we are saying, then we cannot accept, based on this, that the object of knowledge and the object of opinion are the same.” “Now, if the object of knowledge is ‘what is’, would not the object of opinion be something other than ‘what is’?” “Yes, something other than that.” “Well, does it form opinions about ‘what is not’, or is it impossible even to form an opinion about ‘what is not’? Reflect on this. Does not someone who forms an opinion apply the opinion to something? Or again, is it possible to form an opinion which is an opinion about nothing?” “That is impossible.” “Rather, the person forming an opinion forms it about some one thing.”

“Yes.” “However, would it be at all correct to refer to ‘what is not’ as some one thing? Instead, it should be called nothing.” “Entirely so.” “Well, did we, by necessity, assign ignorance to ‘what is not’ and knowledge to ‘what is’?” “We did, and rightly so,” he said. “So opinions are not formed either about ‘what is’ or ‘what is not’.” “They are not.” “Then opinion is neither ignorance nor knowledge.” “It seems not.”

“Well, in that case, is it beyond them, exceeding either knowledge in clarity or ignorance in obscurity?” “It does neither.” “Alternatively,” I said, “does opinion appear to you as darker than knowledge and yet brighter than ignorance?” “Very much so,” he said. “Does it lie within these two extremes?”

“Yes.” “So opinion would be in between knowledge and ignorance.” “Yes, exactly.”

“But did we not say earlier that if anything were to prove capable of being and of not being at the same time, it would lie in between ‘what purely is’ and ‘what entirely is not’, and that neither knowledge nor ignorance would be directed towards it, but something, which for its part makes its appearance in between knowledge and ignorance, would be directed towards it?” “Correct.” “But now the power that we call opinion has made its appearance in between these two.” “It has.”

“Then what remains for us to discover, apparently, is something partaking of both being and non-being, which may not properly be called either pure being or pure non-being. Should that be found, we would be right to call it the object of opinion, thus assigning the powers at the extremes to the objects at the extremes, and the powers that lie in between to the objects that lie in between. Is this how we should proceed?” “It is.” “Now that we have established all this, let this good fellow speak to me and give me an answer, this man who thinks there is no such thing as beauty itself, or a form of beauty itself, which is always just the same as it is, even though he does think that there are many beautiful things. He is someone who loves seeing things and cannot endure it if someone says that beauty is one, and so too is justice, and that the same goes for the others. I shall say to him, ‘Best of men, tell me this. Are there any of these numerous beautiful things which will not appear to be ugly? Are there any of the many just actions which will not appear unjust, any sacred things which will not appear profane?’”

“No,” said Glaucon, “they must somehow appear to be both beautiful and ugly, and the same applies to your other instances.” “And what about the many things which are doubles? Do they appear to be halves any less than doubles?” “No less.” “And things we say are large or small, light or heavy, will they be called by these names any more than the opposite names?” “Yes,” he said, “each of them always has both names.”

“Then, if anyone says that any of these many things is this, is it no more this, than not this?” “It is like party games involving the double meanings of words,” he replied, “and the children’s riddle about the eunuch striking the

bat, in which they also make obscure statements about what it was struck by and what it was sitting upon.⁸⁹ In fact, these too are ambiguous, and none of them is capable of being thought definitely to be, or not to be, either both or neither.” “So, do you know what to do with them,” I said, “or can you put them in any better place than in between being and non-being? Presumably they will not prove to be darker than ‘what is not’, involving more non-being, or brighter than ‘what is’, involving more being.”

“Very true,” he said. “Well, it seems we have found that the numerous conceptions about beauty, or anything else, which most people hold, are somehow rolling about between ‘what is not’ and ‘what purely is’.” “That is what we have found.” “And we agreed previously that if something like this were to turn up, it should be referred to as an object of opinion rather than an object of knowledge. The wandering object is apprehended by the intermediate power.” “We agreed on this.”

“So those who see many beautiful things, without beholding beauty itself, and who are unable to follow someone who is leading them towards it, who see many just actions, but not justice itself, or anything like that, we shall say that these people form opinions on all these matters, but know nothing about the matters on which they are opining.” “We must,” he said. “And what about those who, by contrast, behold things themselves, things which are always just the same as they are? Do they not know rather than opine?” “This must also be so.”

“And will we not say that these people embrace and love the objects of knowledge, while those others embrace and love the objects of opinion? Or do you not remember? We said that the others love and contemplate beautiful sounds and colours, and the like, but they cannot bear to hear that there is such a thing as beauty itself.” “We remember.” “In that case, would it be offensive to call them lovers of opinion or philodoxical⁹⁰ rather than lovers of wisdom or philosophical? Would they get very angry with us if we referred to them in this way?” “Not if they are persuaded by me anyway,” he said, “for it is not appropriate to be angry at the truth.” “Then should those who embrace what anything actually is be called philosophers, or lovers of wisdom, rather than lovers of opinion?” “Yes, entirely so.”

BOOK VI

“Well then, Glaucon,” I said, “after conducting quite a lengthy enquiry, we have, with some difficulty, discovered those who are philosophers and those who are not.” “Yes,” he said, “perhaps it would not have been easy to shorten it.”

“Apparently not,” I replied. “And yet I still think the discovery would have gone better if we only needed to talk about this topic and we had no need to discuss a host of outstanding issues if we are going to discern the difference between the just and the unjust life.” “What do we need to discuss after this?” he said. “The next issue in due sequence,” I replied. “What else? Since philosophers can apprehend that which is always the same as it is, while those who cannot do so are not philosophers but wander instead amid multiplicity and variety, which of them should actually be rulers in the city?” “How may we give an adequate response to this question?” he said. “Whichever sort proves capable of guarding the laws and the proceedings of the city are the ones to appoint as guardians,” I replied.

“Quite right,” he said. “Well,” I said, “is it obvious whether it is a blind man or a keen-sighted man who should keep watch over something?” “Of course it is obvious,” he said. “Well then, do these people seem any better than blind men? I mean, are these people blind who are, in truth, deprived of the knowledge of what anything is, who have no evident pattern in their soul and are unable to look towards perfect truth, as a painter looks at a model, always referring

to that realm and contemplating it with the utmost precision, and who cannot establish regulations concerning beauty, justice and goodness in this realm, if they are needed, or act as guardian saviours of what is already in place?” “No, by Zeus,” he said. “They are not much different from blind men.” “So, shall we install these men as guardians in preference to those who know what each thing is, and are not lacking in practical experience compared to the others or inferior to them in any other aspect of excellence?” “It would be most strange,” he said, “to choose anyone else if the philosophers, in fact, lacked none of the other qualities. For the particular quality in which they excel is

really the most important one of all.”

“Well, should we not explain how the same people will be able to possess these qualities and the other qualities?” “Yes, certainly.” “We said at the beginning of this discussion that it is necessary to understand their nature first, and I believe that if we come to a satisfactory agreement on this, we shall also agree that the same people can possess both sets of qualities, and these must be the rulers of the city and not anyone else.” “How?”

“Well, let us agree something about the philosophic natures. Let us agree that they always love any learning, which would reveal to them something of that being which always is, and does not wander in subjection to generation and decay.” “We should agree on that.” “And what is more,” I said, “they will love all of it and will not willingly dismiss any part, be it small or large, honourable or dishonourable. They are just like the lovers of honour and the flattering lovers we described earlier.” “What you are saying is correct,” he said.

“Here is something else you should think about. Consider whether people who are going to conform to this description must have an additional characteristic in their nature.” “What sort of characteristic?” “Freedom from falsehood. They will never willingly accept the false; they hate it and love the truth.” “Quite likely,” he said. “Oh it is not merely likely, my friend, but absolutely necessary for someone, who is by nature lovingly disposed to anything, to cherish all that is kindred and related to the beloved.” “You are right,” he said. “Now, could you find anything more closely related to wisdom than truth?” “No, how could you,” he said. “And is it possible for the same nature to be both a lover of wisdom and a lover of falsehood?” “Not at all.” “So, the genuine lover of learning must strive to the utmost for all truth from his youth upwards.” “Entirely so.”

“However, when desires are strongly inclined in a single direction, we surely understand that they are weakened in the other directions, just like a stream which is diverted to a particular place.” “Of course.” “Now, those who are inclined towards the objects of learning and everything like that would, I believe, be concerned with the pleasure of soul just by itself and would forsake the pleasures of the body, if the person is to be truly a philosopher and not artificially so.” “This must necessarily be so.”

"Indeed, such a man is sound-minded and in no sense a lover of money. In fact, it is not appropriate for him to be involved in the concerns of money and its objects, and its enormous extravagance." "Quite so." "Yes, and there is something else you must consider if you are going to distinguish the philosophic nature from the unphilosophic." "What is it?" "Be on the lookout for any involvement in slavishness. For presumably, petty-mindedness is utterly inimical to the soul, which intends to strive always for the whole and entire, of both the divine and the human." "Very true," he said.

"Now, do you think that a mind endowed with magnificence, and a vision of all time and all being, could regard human life as something important?" "Impossible," he said. "And a man like this will not think that death is something terrible, will he?" "Not in the least." "Then, it seems a cowardly and slavish nature would have no involvement in true philosophy." "I do not think so."

"Then again, is there any way that someone who is well behaved – not a lover of money, or slavish, or boastful, or cowardly – could be unjust or difficult to deal with?" "There is not." "Well, when you are considering whether a soul is philosophic or not, you will enquire whether he was just and gentle from his youth upwards, or unsociable and wild." "Yes, indeed."

"And I think there is one more consideration you should not omit." "Which is?" "Whether he learns easily or with difficulty. Or do you expect that someone would ever really love an activity when its performance caused him pain, and after much difficulty he accomplished little?" "No, he would not." "And what if he could preserve nothing of what he learned, being full of forgetfulness? Could he avoid being empty of knowledge?" "No, how could he?" "Now, as his labour accomplishes nothing, do you not imagine he will be driven finally to hate both himself and this sort of activity?" "That is inevitable."

"So, we should not ever admit a forgetful soul into the ranks of those competent for philosophy, but we must search instead for a retentive soul." "Yes, entirely so." "What is more, we would say that a person of unharmonious and deformed nature is drawn to mismeasure, and to nothing else." "Of course." "And do you think truth is akin to measure or to

mismmeasure?” “To measure.” “So, we should look for a mind which naturally exhibits measure and good grace in addition to the other qualities, a mind whose own nature allows it to be led easily to the form of anything that is.” “We should, of course.”

“Well then, do you think that the qualities we have listed are in any way unnecessary, or incompatible with one another, for a soul which intends to apprehend ‘what is’ adequately and comprehensively?” “They are absolutely necessary,” he replied.

“Now, is there any way you could criticise a pursuit like this, which no one would be able to engage in properly unless he were naturally retentive, a good learner, magnanimous, gracious, and a friend and relation of truth, justice, courage and sound-mindedness?” “Not even Momus⁹¹ would criticise an activity of that sort,” he said. “Then,” I said, “would you not entrust the city to such people, once they have been perfected by education and the passage of years?”

Then Adimantus said, “Socrates, no one would be able to contradict you on these matters. However, your hearers have a particular kind of experience every time they hear what you are saying now. They think, due to their inexperience in questioning and answering, that with every question, they are being led a little astray by the argument. But when the little steps are gathered together at the conclusion of the arguments, the defeat proves to be enormous, and quite contrary to the initial assertions. And just like draughts players who are finally boxed in by clever opponents and do not know what move they should make, your

hearers are also finally boxed in and do not know what they should say in this quite different game of draughts, played not with counters but with words. However, they have no better knowledge of the truth on account of this process.

“I am speaking in the context of the present discussion. For someone may now say that they cannot oppose you in argument based upon each individual question, but that you should look at the facts. Those who venture into philosophy, not taking it up in their youth for educational purposes and then being free from it, but engaging in it for a long period of time, become for the

most part very odd or, we could even say, utterly debased. There are others who seem completely reasonable, except that they are rendered useless to their cities through their encounters with the very subject which you commend.” Having listened to all this, I replied, “Do you think that the people who make these statements are lying?” “I do not know,” he said, “but I would be glad to hear your opinion.” “Then I will tell you. In my opinion, they appear to me anyway to be speaking the truth.” “In that case,” he said, “how is it appropriate to say that the cities will have no relief from evils until the philosophers rule in them, when we agree that such people are useless to these cities?”

“The question you have asked,” I replied, “needs an answer expressed by means of an image.” “And I suppose you are quite unaccustomed to speaking in terms of images!” he said. “Very well,” I said. “Are you mocking me now that you have landed me with a proposition which is so hard to prove? Anyway, listen to the image so that you may get a better appreciation of how sparingly I make use of images. Indeed, the plight which the most reasonable ones experience at the hands of their cities is so grievous that there is not a single predicament like it. Rather, it is necessary to draw numerous sources together to develop an image of their condition and conduct a defence on their behalf, like the painters who draw goat-stags and hybrid creatures of that sort.

“So, imagine something like this taking place on numerous ships or on a single ship. The captain, though he exceeds everyone on board in size and strength, is, on the other hand, somewhat deaf, his eyesight is also poor, and his knowledge of navigation is not much better. Now, the sailors are arguing with one another over the steering of the ship, each believing that he should steer, though he has not ever learned the skill nor is he able to indicate who his own teacher was, nor when it was that he studied with him. What is more, they assert that the subject is not even teachable, and they do not hesitate to cut into pieces anyone who says that it can be taught. They throng

about the captain himself, imploring him and doing anything so that he will turn the helm over to them. Sometimes, if they do not prevail and others are preferred, they kill these others or throw them out of the ship. And having

entangled the noble captain with drugs or drink or something

else, they assume command of the ship, make use of its contents, and sail on, drinking and feasting in the manner you expect from such people. As well as this, they praise anyone who is clever at working out how they can gain power by either persuading or overpowering the captain, and they refer to such a person as navigator, helmsman or professor of nautical affairs, and anyone who is not like this they dismiss as useless. But they do not want to hear about the true helmsman, that he

must make a study of the year, the seasons, the sky, stars and winds and everything appropriate to this skill, if he really intends to govern a ship. And they do not believe it is possible to be skilled and practised in taking the helm regardless of the wishes of anyone else, and be a skilled helmsman at the same time.

“Now, since this is what is happening on board the ship, do you not think the true helmsman will indeed be called a star-gazer, an idler, and a useless person by the mariners on ships which are organised in this way?” “Very much so,” said Adimantus.

“Now,” I said, “I do not think you will require detailed scrutiny of the image to appreciate that it resembles the disposition of the cities towards the true philosophers. I think you understand what I mean.” “Very much so,” he said.

“Then the first thing is to teach this image to the person who is amazed because philosophers are not honoured in the cities, and try to persuade him that it would be much more amazing if they were honoured.” “Yes, I shall teach him,” he said. “And therefore, what you are saying is true, that the most reasonable of those who engage in philosophy are useless to the multitude. However, tell him that the people who do not make use of the philosophers are responsible for their uselessness, and not those reasonable men. For it is not natural for the helmsman to implore the sailors to be ruled by him, or for the wise to go to the doors of the wealthy. No, whoever invented that ingenious expression was lying. The truth of

nature is that whether you are rich or poor you must go to the doors of the doctors when you are ill, and all who wish to be ruled must go to the doors of

those who can rule. The ruler must not implore his subjects to submit to his rule if he is to be of any use at all. But you will not be wide of the mark in comparing the politicians who are ruling now to the sailors we described earlier, and those whom they refer to as useless and as star-gazers to the true helmsmen.” “You are perfectly right,” he said.

“Well, under these circumstances and in these situations, it is not easy for philosophy to be esteemed as the paramount activity by people who are acting in opposition to it. But by far the greatest and most intense detraction of philosophy owes its origin to those who claim to be engaging in philosophic activity. Indeed, you said that the critic of philosophy maintains that most of those who embark upon its study are utterly debased, while the most reasonable are useless, and I admitted you were speaking the truth. Is this so?” “Yes.” “Did we not explain the cause of the uselessness of those who are reasonable?” “Very much so.”

“Do you want us to go on and explain the inevitable debasement of the majority? And if we are able, should we try to demonstrate that philosophy is not responsible for this either?” “Yes, certainly.”

“Then let us listen, and let us speak, once we have reminded ourselves of where we described the sort of nature with which someone who is to be noble and good must be endowed. First, if you recall, it was truth that guided him. He had to pursue it comprehensively by every means, or being a pretender, have no involvement whatsoever with true philosophy.” “Yes, that is what was said.” “And is not this one quality, the pursuit of truth, in stark contrast to the opinions currently expressed about him?” “Very much so,” he said.

“Now, shall we not put up a reasonable defence by saying that someone who actually loves learning would naturally strive towards ‘what is’, and would not dwell upon each of the many things which seem to be? Rather, he would go on, without blunting his love or relenting in it, until he had grasped the nature of what each thing is in itself, with that part of the soul best fitted to apprehend this, the part which is kindred to it. Once he had drawn close to what actually is, and consorted with it through that part of the soul, having given birth to reason and truth, he would know, and live truly and be nourished, and in this way and in no other would his travail cease.” “Nothing

could be more reasonable,” he said.

“Well then, will he share any love of falsehood, or, on the contrary, will he hate it?” “He will hate it,” he said.

“So once truth is leading the way, I presume we would never say that a chorus of evils could follow it.” “How could it?” “But what will follow is a healthy and just character accompanied by sound-mindedness.” “Correct,” he said. “And, in fact, why should it be necessary to arrange the rest of the chorus belonging to the philosophic nature all over again from the beginning? For presumably you do recall that courage, magnanimity, ease of learning and memory turned out to belong to such a nature. And you objected that everyone would indeed be forced to agree with what we are saying, and yet if they set the arguments aside, and looked at the people we are referring to, they would say that some of them are seen to be useless, while the majority are bad in every way. In considering the cause of this criticism we have come to a question. Why precisely are the majority bad? And now, on account of this question, we have taken up the nature of the true philosophers once more and we are compelled to define it.” “So it is,” he said.

“Then,” I said, “we need to look at the corruption of this nature and how it is destroyed in most cases, with few exceptions – a few who are, of course, referred to not as debased, but as useless. And after that we should look in turn at those who imitate this nature and set themselves up as practitioners of it. When souls of this nature encounter an activity of which they are unworthy, and which is greater than themselves, they constantly fall into error and bring upon philosophy the reputation you describe, in all sorts of ways and in front of everyone.” “What is the corruption you refer to?” he said.

“I shall try to explain this to you if I am able,” I said. “There is one point on which I think everyone will agree with us. A nature like this, possessing all the qualities we prescribed just now for a perfect philosopher, will be few in number and will develop infrequently in people. Do you agree?” “Yes, definitely.” “Now consider the many significant causes of the destruction of these few.” “What causes?”

“Well, the most amazing thing of all to hear is that each of the qualities which we praised in that philosophic nature destroys the soul that possesses it, and

tears it away from philosophy. I am referring here to courage, sound-mindedness, and all the qualities we described.” “That is very strange to hear,” he said.

“Yes,” said I. “And in addition to these, all the so-called goods corrupt and tear one away from philosophy: beauty, wealth, strength of body, strong family relationships within the city, and everything associated with these. Now you understand the kind of thing I am referring to.” “I understand,” he said, “and I would love to hear what you have to say in more detail.” “Then,” I said, “comprehend it correctly in its entirety and it will appear quite clear to you, and the previous statements about these goods will not seem strange.” “What are you telling me to do?” he said.

“In the case of all seeds, or any growth either in the earth or in animals, we know that whatever does not encounter appropriate nourishment, or climate, or location, feels a lack, and the more vigorous it is the more it feels the lack of what is appropriate to it. For badness is more opposed to good than to that which is not good.” “Of course.” “Now, it stands to reason, I believe, that the best nature turns out worse than the ordinary nature under nurture which is alien to it.” “It does.”

“And,” said I, “will we not say, Adimantus, that the same applies to souls? Those with the best natural endowments will become especially bad on encountering bad instruction. Or do you think that enormous injustices and unadulterated baseness originate in an ordinary nature rather than in a high-spirited nature corrupted by its nurture? Will a weak nature ever be responsible for any great good or any great evil?” “No,” he said, “the situation is as you describe it.”

“Then, I presume, the nature we designated as philosophic must develop and attain complete excellence if it obtains the proper instruction. However, if it is not sown, planted and nurtured in the proper manner, it attains the very opposite instead, unless one of the gods happens to come to its aid.

“Or do you also believe, as many do, that some young people are corrupted by sophists, and that certain sophists, operating in private, are a corrupting influence of any significance? Rather, is it not the very people who make these statements who are the greatest sophists, who educate young and old, men and

women, to the utmost, and fashion them according to their will?" "When does this happen?" he said.

"Whenever many people sit down together in large numbers in the assembly," I said, "the law court, the theatre or a military camp, or some other crowded public forum, and with much commotion they censure some things that are said or enacted, and praise others, both in excess. They cry out and applaud, and the rocks and the very place they are in echo with them and redouble the din of their censure and praise. Now, in such a situation, how do you think the young man's heart will fare? What private education will withstand this, and not be swept away by this sort of censure and praise, and be gone, borne away by the flood to wherever it may lead? Won't he declare that what is beautiful or ugly is just what they say it is? Won't he behave as they do and be just like them?"

"Yes, Socrates," he said, "he must." "And yet," I said, "we have still not mentioned the most powerful compulsion." "What is that?" he said. "The compulsion which these educators and sophists employ through their actions when they fail to persuade with words. Or do you not realise that they punish people who are not persuaded, through loss of status, fines and death?" "Yes, most definitely," he said.

"So what other sophist, or what sort of private principles, do you think will prevail in a struggle against such people as these?" "I do not think there is one," he said. "No, there is not," I said. "And even the attempt would be utter folly. For there is not, nor has there been, nor indeed will there ever be, a character distinguished in excellence who has been educated in the system which these people provide, not among humanity anyway, my friend. Of course, according to the proverb, we should make an exception in the case of the divine. For we need to appreciate that if anything is saved and develops as it should, when cities are in such a predicament

as this, it is the providence of God that saves it. If you say this, you will be speaking no evil." "Well, that is how it seems to me anyway," he said. "Then," said I, "there is another proposition you should also accept as well as these." "What is it?" "Each of the private hirelings, whom certain people call sophists and regard as their professional rivals, do not teach anything other than the

doctrines of the masses, the opinions that they form when they are gathered together. And the sophists call this wisdom. It is as if a huge powerful beast was being nurtured and someone made a careful study of its appetites and desires: how it

should be approached and how it should be touched; when it is at its most difficult or when it is most docile; how these moods arise, and, indeed, what sounds it usually utters in either circum-

stance, and what sounds uttered, in turn, by others make it gentle or wild. Suppose having learned all this through years of experience of being with the creature, he called it wisdom, set it up as a skill, and turned to teaching it. Without knowing if any of those doctrines or desires was beautiful or ugly, good or bad, just or unjust, he would decide everything according to the opinions of the huge animal. Whatever pleased it he would call good, whatever upset it he would call bad, and this is the only argument he would have on the matter. Whatever was necessary he would call just and beautiful, without having seen the nature of the necessary and the nature of the good, and the extent to which they really differ, or being able to demonstrate this to anyone else. Now, by Zeus, do you not think a person like this would be a strange educator?" "I think so," he said.

"Well, is there any difference between this man and someone who believes that discerning the mood and pleasures of these numerous, variegated gatherings of people is wisdom, whether it concerns painting, music or even politics? For regardless of how someone deals with them, whether he presents poetry or some other product or service to the city, once he turns the multitude into his masters beyond the limit of necessity, the so-called 'necessity of Diomedes'⁹² compels him to produce whatever they praise. But have you ever yet heard someone make the case that these productions are in truth good and beautiful, based on an argument which was not utterly laughable?" "No, and I do not think I ever shall," he said.

"Well, now that you have understood all this, let me remind you of something. Is there any way that the masses will accept or believe that there is such a thing as beauty itself, rather than many beautiful things, or anything 'by itself', rather than many particular things?" "Not in the least," he said. "So it is

impossible for the multitude to be a philosopher,” I replied. “Impossible.” “And so those who engage in philosophy must be censured by the multitude.” “They must.” “And, of course, by those private educators who associate with the crowds and who long to please them.” “Obviously.”

“Now, do you see any salvation for the philosophic nature emerging from all this, so that it will persist in its activity and reach its objective? Think in terms of what was said earlier. We did agree that ease of learning, memory, courage, and magnanimity belong to this nature.” “Yes.” “Will not a person like this, from his very childhood, be the first among them all in everything, especially if his body also develops like his soul?” “He must be,” he said.

“Then his associates and fellow citizens will want to make use of him for their own purposes, once he comes of age.” “How could they do otherwise?” “So, they will fall at his feet, and petition him and honour him, laying on their flattery as they anticipate his impending power.” “That is what tends to happen, anyway,” he said.

“Now, what do you think a person like this will do under such circumstances,” I said, “especially if he happens to belong to a great city in which he is wealthy and of noble birth, and he is tall and good-looking besides? Will he not be filled with unbounded confidence, believing himself competent to manage the affairs of the Greeks and non-Greeks? Will he not exalt himself on account of this, and be loaded with pretension and empty thinking which is devoid of reason?” “Yes, very much so,” he said.

“Well, if one were to approach a person in such a predicament gently and tell him the truth – that there is no reason in him but he does need reason, and that anyone who does not have it must work like a slave to acquire it – do you think it would be easy for him to hear this in the midst of such corrupting influences?” “Far from it,” he said.

“What if one such person somehow becomes aware of philosophy,” I said, “turns to it, and is drawn there on account of good rearing and an affinity with reasoned arguments? How do we think the others will respond when they presume that they will lose his influence and companionship? Will they not do anything, or say anything, through private conspiracies and public confrontations to prevent him from being persuaded, and to prevent the

persuader from succeeding?" "Yes, they must," he said.

"Then is there any way that such a person will enter into philosophy?" "Certainly not." "Do you see now that we were not far wrong when we said that the very qualities of the philosophic nature, once they encounter bad nurture, are in a way responsible for making a man give up the activity? And the same goes for the so-called goods, such as wealth or any acquisition of that sort." "Yes, what was said was correct."

"So, wonderful friend, such is the extent of the corruption, and the sort of destruction, which afflicts the very best nature with regard to this supreme activity, and we assert that this nature is a rare occurrence in any case. And, indeed, from the ranks of these men come the people who inflict the greatest evils on cities and individuals, and the greatest good too should they happen to be inclined in that direction. But a weak nature never does anything significant, either for a city or for an individual." "Very true," he said.

"And now that these people who are most suited to philosophy have gone away like this, they leave it alone and incomplete, while they themselves live an unseemly and untrue life. Philosophy, on the other hand, is like an orphan without relatives. Unworthy characters arrive on the scene and they subject it to shame and derision, levelling the sort of criticisms you describe, that some of its associates are worthless, while most of them are responsible for countless evils." "Well, yes, that is what they say anyway."

"And what they say is quite reasonable. For other puny specimens of humanity observe that this place is becoming empty, though it is full of fair titles and reputations. Like men who flee from prison to take refuge in temples, those who happen to be cleverest in their own little subject are glad to jump from their professions into philosophy. Nevertheless, philosophy, in spite of its predicament, retains a most worthy reputation in comparison with the other occupations. So of

course many people whose nature is undeveloped aspire to this, but their souls are stunted and crushed by vulgarities, just as their bodies are deformed by their professions and occupations. This is inevitable is it not?" "Very much so," he said. "Now," I said, "do you think they are any different to behold than a small, bald-headed bronze-worker who has acquired some money, has

recently been freed from bondage, washed himself at a bathhouse, is wearing a brand new garment, and is decked out like a bridegroom, intending to marry his master's daughter because she is poor and abandoned?" "No, there is not much difference," he said.

"And what sort of offspring are such unions likely to bring forth? Will it not be illegitimate and ordinary?" "It really must be." "Well then, what sort of ideas and opinions would we say are produced when those who are unworthy of education draw near to philosophy and consort with it when they do not deserve to? Would it not be best, in truth, to call them sophisms, possessing nothing genuine or worthy of true intelligence?" "Entirely so," he said.

"Well, Adimantus," I said, "what is left is some tiny remnant of those who are worthy to consort with philosophy, perhaps a noble and well-reared character who has suffered exile, has no access to corrupting influences and remains naturally by its side. Or sometimes a great soul may grow up in a small city, show no respect for the affairs of that city and may see beyond them. Or perhaps some few with natural endowments may come to it from other professions, for which they rightly show an appropriate disregard. The bridle of our friend Theages⁹³ may also be able to restrain someone. Yes, indeed, all other factors in Theages' life gave him cause to give up philosophy. However, his inclination to physical illness keeps him out of public affairs and acts as a restraint. But my own sign,⁹⁴ the daimon, is not worth mentioning, for I believe it has happened to scarcely anyone else before.

"Now, those who belong to this small group have tasted the sweetness and blessedness of this possession, and can also see the madness of the multitude quite well, realising that in a sense no one does anything reasonable in the conduct of civic affairs, nor is there an ally with whom a man could go to the aid of justice and still survive. Instead, he is like a man who has fallen in with wild animals, has no desire to conspire in wrongdoing but is not up to the task of resisting all their savagery, a man who will perish before he is of any benefit to the city or his friends, and would be of no use to himself or anyone else. Having understood all this through reflection, he is at peace and attends to his own affairs, like a man in a storm of wind-driven dust and rain who crouches

beneath a low wall. And seeing that all else is crammed full of lawlessness, he is content if somehow he can live this life here purified of injustice and unholy deeds, and take his departure with good hope, gracious and kindly as he goes.” “But surely,” he said, “if he were to depart, having accomplished this, it would be no mean achievement.”

“Nor the greatest possible achievement either,” I said, “unless he encounters a form of government which is propitious. For he himself will develop fully in a propitious city, and will save what is public and what is private. “And now the origin of the slanders against philosophy and the injustice of the charges have, in my opinion, been properly explained, unless you have anything else to say.” “No,” he said, “I have nothing else to say on this topic. But which of the present forms of government is propitious to philosophy?”

“None whatsoever,” I said. “That is the very accusation I am making. Not one city of those presently in existence is worthy of the philosophic nature, and therefore it is contorted and altered. Just as an alien seed planted in foreign ground tends to be overpowered and fades into the local countryside, this type, in like manner, no longer holds onto his own capacity, but degenerates into a character which is not his own. However, if he encounters the most excellent form of government, as excellent as himself, then it will be evident that this type is truly divine, while the others are human both in their natures and in their activities. Obviously the next thing you will ask is what this form of government is.”

“No, you are wrong,” he said. “I was not about to ask you that, but rather whether this is the very form of government we have been describing whilst establishing our city, or a different form.”

“In general terms, it is that form,” I said. “However, it was also stated earlier that there must always be one person in the city possessing the same understanding of the form of government which you, the lawgiver, held when you were instituting the laws.” “Yes, that was said,” he replied.

“But this was not made sufficiently clear,” I said, “because we were afraid of your objections which show that the proof of this is long and difficult. Indeed, what now remains is not at all easy to recount.” “What does remain?” “The manner in which a city practising philosophy may avoid destruction. For

obviously all great undertakings are prone to failure, and it is a true saying that 'hard is the good'."

"But we should bring the proof to a conclusion anyway by making this point clear." "It is not lack of will," I said, "but lack of ability, if anything, which may prevent this. And since you are here you will see how eager I am. Behold the impetuosity and rashness with which I now declare that the city must take up this philosophic activity in the opposite manner to the present manner." "How?"

"Nowadays," I said, "those who take up the subject are youths just out of childhood, before they turn to household affairs and money-making, who get close to the most difficult aspect of the activity and then give up. I am referring to those with the greatest philosophic pretensions. And when I mention 'the most difficult aspect', I mean reasoned arguments. Subsequently, if they are invited by others who engage in philosophy, they prefer to participate as listeners, and they think that this is significant for they regard it as a necessary pastime. But in their later years, save of course for a few, they are extinguished more comprehensively than Heraclitus' sun,"⁹⁵ insofar as they are never again rekindled." "What should they do?" he asked.

"The complete opposite. When they are youths and children, they should engage in a youthful form of education and philosophy, and at a time when their bodies are developing and reaching manhood, these should be very well cared for in order to procure a servant for philosophy. "But once they reach the age at which the soul starts to become mature, they should intensify the exercises of the soul. And later, when the strength abates and they become unfit for political

or military affairs, at that stage they should be left to indulge in philosophy without restraint and do nothing else unless as a pastime, if they are to live happily, and when they die, crown the life they have lived here with a propitious destiny beyond." "Socrates," he said, "it really does seem to me that you have, at best, spoken enthusiastically. However, I think that most of your listeners are resisting you with even greater enthusiasm and will not be persuaded at all, beginning with Thrasymachus."

“Do not speak ill of me and Thrasyarchus,” I replied. “We have only just become friends, not that we were enemies before that. For we shall not give up this effort until we either persuade him and the others, or make some preparation for that life wherein they come into being once more and encounter arguments such as these.” “You are referring to quite a short time period,” he said. “Yes, but it is really nothing in relation to all time,” I replied. “However, the fact that most people are not persuaded by what is being said is no wonder at all. For they have never beheld what is

now being described. No, just a lot more expressions of this sort, which cohere with one another due to contrivance rather than the chance occurrence which happened just now. But they have never yet seen a number of men, or even one man, who is perfectly balanced and coherent in virtue as far as this is possible, in both word and deed, holding power in a city which is just like himself. Or do you think they have?” “Not at all.” “Nor, blessed friend, have they listened properly to beautiful and free discourse, of a kind which exerts itself in every way to seek truth for the sake of knowledge, showing only a distant regard for clever and argumentative words whose aim, both in law courts and in private gatherings, is nothing except reputation and contention?” “No, they do not have this experience, either,” he said.

“Well,” I said, “on account of these issues, and anticipating them, at the time we were afraid. But nevertheless, under the compulsion of truth, we said that neither a city, nor a form of government, nor an individual person either, would attain perfection until some necessity, perchance, compels those few philosophers – who are not corrupted but who have just been referred to as useless – to take responsibility for the city, whether they want to or not, and also constrains the city to heed them. Or, until a true love of true philosophy, through some divine providence, inspires the sons of our present kings or potentates, or even the men themselves. And I am saying that there is no reason why either or both of these outcomes is impossible. For in that case, we would rightly be laughed at for uttering nothing but empty pieties. Is this not so?” “It is so.”

“Then, if some necessity had arisen for those at the very pinnacle of philosophy to take charge of a city, in the boundless ages of the past, in some

foreign land which is somehow far beyond our view, or there is such a need at present, or if this will ever happen in future, then I am prepared to uphold the argument that there has been a form of government such as we have described, and there is and will be such a form whenever the Muse of philosophy has come to power in a city. For it is not impossible to bring this into being, neither are we describing impossibilities, but we do acknowledge that it is difficult.” “And that is how it seems to me too,” he said.

“And would you agree,” I said, “that this is not how it seems to most people?” “Perhaps,” he replied. “Blessed friend,” I said, “do not level undue criticism at the masses in this manner. They will hold a different opinion if you are encouraging, rather than adversarial, as you undo this slander against the love of learning. Show them the people you call philosophers, and define their nature and the activity just as you did before, so that they will not think you are referring to the people whom

they themselves regard as philosophers. And once they see this, surely you agree that they will hold a different opinion and respond differently. Or do you think that anyone gets angry with someone who is not being angry, or acts grudgingly towards someone who is ungrudging and is a generous, gentle person? Actually, I shall anticipate your answer and say that it may happen in a few cases, but in most cases such an angry nature does not arise.” “And I agree with you, of course,” he said.

“And will you not also agree that the angry disposition of most people towards philosophy is caused by those outsiders who rush in wildly where they do not belong, abusing one another, possessed by a love of adversity, always framing their arguments in relation to other people, an activity utterly inappropriate to philosophy?” “Very much so,” he replied.

“Yes, and surely you would also agree, Adimantus, that someone whose mind is truly directed towards things that are, has no time to look down upon the affairs of men and do battle with them,

filled with envy and hostility. No, he looks towards things which are in their assigned place, which are always the same, and seeing that these neither act unjustly nor are treated unjustly by one another, but are completely ordered and in accord with reason, he imitates them and becomes as like unto them as

possible. Or do you think there is any way that a person who delights in something, and consorts with it, can avoid imitating it?" "Impossible," he said.

"Then the philosopher, consorting with the divine and the orderly, becomes as divine and orderly as is possible for a human being. But there is enormous prejudice from all quarters." "Yes, entirely so." "Now, should some need arise for him to practise instilling what he sees in that place into the private or public affairs of humanity, and not merely to work upon himself, do you think he would prove to be a poor artificer of sound-mindedness and justice and the sum total of public excellence?" "Not in the least," he said.

"But if the masses actually realise that we are speaking the truth about the philosopher, will they still be angry with the philosophers, and disbelieve us when we say that a city will not ever be happy at all unless it is drawn by draughtsmen who have recourse to the divine pattern?" "They will not be angry once they realise this," he said. "But what manner of drawing are you referring to?"

"Having taken the city," I said, "as if it were a writing tablet, and the customs of humanity too, they would first make them clean, and this is no easy task. But in any case, you know that they would immediately differ from others in this respect; they would not be prepared to take responsibility for a person or a city, or write laws, unless these were either clean when they received them, or they themselves made them clean."

"And rightly so," he said. "And after that, do you not think they would sketch an outline of the form of government?" "Of course."

"Then, I presume, they would turn their gaze in both directions as they filled in the details, looking towards what is naturally just and beautiful and sound, and everything of that sort, and towards their counterpart in the realm of humanity. Mixing together and blending various activities, they would fashion the likeness of a man by referring to what Homer calls 'the form and image of God arising in human beings'."⁹⁶ "Correct," he said.

"And I imagine they would erase one feature and then draw in another feature, until they had made the character of humanity as beloved of God as it can possibly be." "The picture could scarcely be more beautiful," he said.

“Now,” I said, “are we somehow persuading the people who are ‘rushing at us in battle array’ that this is the sort of draughtsman of forms of government we commended to them earlier? They were angry because we were going to hand the city over to this man, but are they any gentler now that they have heard this?” “Very much so,” he replied, “if they are sound-minded, anyway.”

“Yes, but how could they dispute this? Would they say that the philosophers are not lovers of truth and ‘what is’?” “That would indeed be strange,” he said. “Or that their nature, as we have described it, is not akin to the very best nature?” “They cannot say that either.”

“Well then, will they say that such a nature, encountering the appropriate practices, will not be perfectly good and philosophic, if any nature can? Or will they say that the people we have excluded have a better chance?” “Certainly not.” “So, will they still be angry when we say that until the philosophic type assume power, there will be no cessation of evils for cities or for citizens, nor will the city which we are describing in fabled words ever be perfectly realised in action.” “Perhaps they will be less angry,” he said. “May we say not that they are less angry, but they have become completely gentle and have been persuaded, so that they are inclined to agree with us, even if only from shame?” “Yes, certainly,” he said.

“Then let us assume,” I said, “that they are persuaded of this. Is there anyone who will argue nevertheless that there is no chance of the offspring of kings and potentates turning out to be philosophers by nature?” “Not a single person will argue that,” he replied. “Can anyone maintain that such people absolutely must be destroyed once they do come into being? We do agree of course that they are difficult to save, but is there anyone who would contend that throughout all time not even one of them has ever been saved?” “How could anyone maintain that?”

“But surely,” I said, “if one such person comes into being, and the city is co-operative, that is sufficient to accomplish everything which is now cast into doubt?” “Yes, it is sufficient,” he said. “For I presume,” said I, “that once the ruler has set down the laws and practices we have described, it is certainly not impossible for the citizens to be willing to enact them.” “No, not at all.”

“Well then, would it be any surprise if others held the opinions which we hold, or is this impossible?” “Well, I do not think so anyway,” he said. “And, indeed, in my opinion we have provided sufficient evidence already that these arrangements, if they are possible, are the very best.” “Yes, quite sufficient.” “Well now, it seems we are coming to the conclusion that when it comes to the enactment of laws, the arrangements we are describing are the best, if they can be enacted. However they are difficult, but not impossible, to implement.” “Yes, that is what we are concluding,” he said.

“Therefore, since this issue has with some effort reached a conclusion, we should of course go on and discuss whatever remains: the manner in which the saviours fit into our form of government, the subjects and activities upon which this is based, and the ages at which they will take them up.” “We should indeed discuss this,” he said.

“And nothing came of my earlier cleverness,” I said, “in passing over the difficult question of the possession of women, the begetting of children, and the appointment of rulers. I knew that the completely true version would attract hostility, and is also difficult to implement, but now it proves necessary to give an account of it in any case. “Well, matters relating to women and children have been concluded. However the question of the rulers must, in a sense, be dealt with from the beginning. We said, if you recall, that they must prove themselves to be lovers of the city, tested both in pleasure and in pain, and must show that they never set aside this principle in the face of hardship, or fear, or any adversity whatsoever. Those who cannot do this must be rejected, while anyone who turns out to be entirely pure, like gold tested in the fire, should be installed as a ruler and be accorded honours, both in life and after

death, yea, and prizes too. These were the sorts of things we were saying while the argument turned aside and hid itself for fear of initiating this particular discussion.” “What you are saying is very true,” he replied. “I do remember.”

“Yes, my friend. I was reluctant to say what I have just dared to say,” said I, “but now we should have the courage to declare that philosophers must be appointed as guardians, in the strict sense of the word.” “Yes, we should say so,” he replied. “Now, bear in mind that they will probably be few in number.

For the various qualities of the nature we described must be applicable to them, and those qualities are seldom inclined to develop together in the same person, but are usually dispersed throughout the population.” “What do you mean?” he said.

“You know that ease of learning, memory, sagacity, acuity, and whatever is associated with these, along with spiritedness and magnificence of mind, tend not to develop along with a desire to live an orderly life in peace and constancy. Rather, such people are borne by their own brilliance wherever chance may lead, and all constancy goes out of them.” “What you say is true.”

“On the other hand, do not characters that are constant and not easily swayed, in which we place more trust, that are unmoved in the face of terrors on the battlefield, also act in just the same way when faced with things to be learned? They are hard to move and hard to teach, as if they had been paralysed, and are full of sleep and yawning if they must apply themselves to such a task.” “That is what happens,” he said. “But we stated that a person must partake of both characters in proper and fair measure, or else he should not be given a share of education in the truest sense, or of honour, or of rule.” “Correct,” he said. “Do you not think that this will be rare?” “How could it not be?”

“Then they should be tested under the hardships, fears and pleasures we described earlier. And there is also the point we just mentioned, which we passed over before, that they should be put through exercises in many branches of learning to see if they will be able to endure the most important sub-

jects, or will prove to be cowards, just as people also prove to be cowards in the other situations.” “Yes of course,” he said, “it is quite appropriate to consider the matter in this way. But what sort of important subjects are you actually referring to?” “You remember, I presume,” said I, “that once we had distinguished three parts of soul we came to conclusions about what justice is, and about what sound-mindedness, courage and wisdom each is.” “Well,” he said, “if I did not remember, I would have no right to hear the rest of this discussion.” “Do you also remember what was said before that?” “What sort of thing?”

“I believe we said that in order to obtain the clearest possible view of these, another longer, circuitous route would be necessary, and they would become apparent to someone who took that route. However, we said we could add proofs which follow from the previous discussion, and you agreed that this was sufficient, and what was said was said on this basis, though it seemed to me to lack precision. But whether it was satisfactory to you is for you to say.” “Well, to me it was satisfactory in some measure, and the others seemed to think so too.”

“But, my friend,” I said, “in such matters a measure which leaves out any aspect of ‘what is’ does not act as a measure at all, for nothing incomplete is a measure of anything. However, it does sometimes seem to some people that enough has been achieved already, and it is not necessary to search any further.” “Yes, lots of people feel like this due to laziness,” he said. “But this feeling has no place whatsoever in a guardian of the city and the laws.” “That is reasonable,” he said.

“Then, my friend,” I said, “the longer route must be taken by someone like this, and he should devote just as much labour to learning as to gymnastics. Otherwise, as we just said, he will never attain the objective of the greatest and most important subject.” “So, is there something greater than justice and whatever else we described?” he asked. “Are these not the greatest?” “There are greater,” I said, “and in those cases we must behold no mere outline as we did just now. No, we cannot avoid giving a complete and comprehensive account. Would it not be ridiculous to make all these efforts to achieve the utmost precision and clarity in issues of little significance, and in contrast deem the greatest issues unworthy of the greatest precision?” “Very much so,” he said. “But do you think that anyone will let you go without asking what the greatest subject is, and what it deals with?”

“Not at all,” I said, “you should ask. You have heard the answer often enough, that is for sure, but now either you cannot think of it, or alternatively you intend to make work for me by raising objections. And I suspect it is more the latter, since you have often heard that the form of the good is the greatest subject, and that justice and the others become useful and beneficial through recourse to this. You know quite well that I am going to talk about this, and

will also say that our knowledge of it is inadequate. And if we do not know this, but have comprehensive knowledge of other matters without knowing this, you know it is of no benefit to us, nor is anything else we acquire, without acquiring the good. Or do you think there is any advantage in acquiring everything without acquiring the good? Or in understanding everything else except the good, but understanding nothing fair and good?" "By Zeus, I do not," he said.

"Well now, you also know that to most people pleasure seems to be the good, but to the more refined people it seems to be understanding." "So it does," he said.

"And you know, my friend, that those who believe this are unable to indicate what this understanding is. Rather, they are finally compelled to say that it is understanding of 'the good'." "Yes, it is quite comical," he said. "Isn't that inevitable," I said, "if they criticise us because we do not know the good while talking to us as if we did know it? For they say that it is understanding of the good, as if for our part we follow what they are saying whenever they utter the phrase 'the good'." "Very true," he said.

"And what about those who define pleasure as the good? Are they any less adrift than the others? Are they not also compelled to agree that there are bad pleasures?" "Definitely." "In that case it follows, I presume, that they are agreeing that the same things are both good and bad. Is this so?" "Of course." "Is it not evident then that there are many intense disputes about it?" "Inevitably."

"What about this? Is it not evident that many people would choose whatever seems to be just and fair when it comes to actions, possessions, or reputations, even if these are not actually just and fair? But no one is ever satisfied with acquiring what seems to be good. No, they search for things that are good, and in this case they utterly despise seeming." "Very much so," he said.

"So, there is something that every soul pursues, and for the sake of which it performs all actions, possessing an intuition that there is such a thing. But it is perplexed, and cannot apprehend precisely what it is, or resort to a stable belief as it does in other pursuits, and on this account it loses any benefit from the other pursuits. Now, would we say that our guardians, the very best people in

the

city, to whom everything is entrusted, should be in such dark ignorance about something as important as this?" "Least of all," he said. "Anyway," I said, "I suspect that when there is ignorance as to how exactly the just and fair are also good, they will obtain a guardian who is not good for much, since he will be ignorant of this issue. And my intuition is that no one will have adequate knowledge of the just and the fair, until the good is known." "A sound intuition indeed," he said.

"Will not our form of government attain perfect order if a guardian such as this, someone with knowledge of these matters, watches over it?" "It must," he replied. "But, Socrates, are you saying that the good is knowledge or pleasure, or something else besides these?" "What an excellent man you are," I said. "Indeed, it has been evident for some time that you would not accept the opinions of others about this." "Yes, Socrates, it does not seem right to me to be able to express other people's opinions but not your own, when you have been engaged in these issues for such a long time."

"Then what about this?" I said. "Does it seem right to you for someone who does not know to speak as if he knows?" "He certainly should not speak as if he knows," he replied. "But he should be prepared to state what he believes as if he believed it." "Yes, but have you not observed that opinions devoid of knowledge are all disgraceful? That the very best of them are blind? Or do you think that those who form true opinions, devoid of reason, are any different from blind men travelling along the right road?" "Not one bit," he replied.

"So, would you like to contemplate the disgraceful, the blind and the deformed, when it is possible to hear what is bright and beautiful from other sources?" "By Zeus, Socrates," said Glaucon, "do not give up when you are almost at the end. Indeed, we shall be satisfied even if you give an account of the good, in the same way that you also gave an account of justice, sound-mindedness and the others." "And so shall I, my friend," I said, "I shall be quite satisfied. But I fear that I shall not be able, and in my enthusiasm I shall disgrace myself and incur ridicule. Instead, blessed friends, let us set aside for now this question of what precisely is the good, for it appears to me that to attain what I

now have in mind is beyond this current endeavour. However, I am prepared to describe something which appears to be the offspring of the good, and to resemble it very closely, if that is acceptable to you. Otherwise, let us leave it.”

“Just speak,” he said. “You will repay the story of the father some other time.”

“I wish that I could give you this,” I said, “and that you could receive it and not the mere ‘interest’⁹⁷ I am giving you now. Anyway, you should certainly accept this interest and offspring of the good itself. However, be careful, in case I somehow deceive you unintentionally with a false account of the interest.” “We will be as careful as we can,” he said. “Just speak.”

“I will begin,” I said, “once I have come to an agreement with you and reminded you of what was said previously, and has often been said on other occasions too.” “What are you referring to?” he asked. “We say,” I said, “that there are many beautiful things, many good things, and so on, and we define them in words.” “Yes, that is what we say.” “And we say there is beauty itself and good itself, and the same applies to everything else we then designated as many. Furthermore, based upon a single form belonging to each multiplicity, designating the form as being one, we refer to it as ‘what each is’.” “This is so.” “And we say that the many are seen but are not known by reason, while the forms are known by reason but are not seen.” “Entirely so.”

“Now, with which of our faculties do we see visible objects?” “With sight.” “And with hearing we hear whatever is heard, and with the other senses we perceive all that is perceived. Is this so?” “Of course.” “Now,” I said, “have you thought about the great extravagance with which the artificer of the senses fashioned the faculty of seeing and being seen?” “Not much,” he replied. “Well, consider this: do hearing and sound require another factor so that the one can hear, and the other be heard, a third element in the absence of which hearing will not hear and sound will not be heard?” “They require nothing,” he replied.

“Yes,” I said, “and I believe there is no such requirement in most other instances, though I do not wish to say there are none at all. Or do you have any examples?” “No, I do not,” he said. “But do you realise that the faculty of sight and visibility does have this requirement?” “How so?” “Sight is presumably present in the eyes and their possessor attempts to make use of it. Colour is

present too, but in the absence of a third factor naturally adapted to the particular purpose, you know that sight will see nothing, and colours will be invisible.” “What factor are you referring to?” he asked. “It is what you call light,” I replied. “What you are saying is true,” he said.

“Then, the sense of sight and the capacity to be seen are yoked together by a bond, more noble in no small measure than other combinations, since light does not lack nobility.” “On the contrary,” he said, “it is far from ignoble.”

“Now, can you say which lord of the gods in heaven is responsible for this light, by which our sight can see so clearly and by which the visible things can be seen?” “I can say what you or anyone else can say, for obviously you are asking about the sun.” “Well, is there a particular natural relation of sight to this god?” “How is it related?” “Neither sight itself, nor the eye in which we say sight arises, are the sun.” “No, they are not.” “And yet I believe the eye, of all the organs of sense, is most like the sun in form.”

“Very like.” “And is not the power it possesses acquired as an influx dispensed from the sun?” “Yes, entirely so.” “In which case the sun is not sight. However, being the cause of sight, is it seen by sight itself?” “Quite so,” he replied.

“Then you should realise”, I said, “that what I am describing is the offspring of the good, which the good itself generated in a particular relation to itself. Insofar as the good, in the realm of reason, relates to reason and whatever is known by reason, so does the sun, in the realm of sight, relate to sight and whatever is seen by sight.” “In what way?” he asked. “Tell me more.” “You know,” I said, “that whenever the eyes are no longer turned to objects whose colours receive the light of day, but to objects in the dim light of the night, their keenness is blunted, and they almost seem blind as though there is no clear vision in them.” “Very much so,” he replied.

“And yet, I believe, when they turn to objects on which the sun shines, they see clearly, and it appears that there is vision in those same eyes.” “Of course.” “Then, you should also understand the condition of the soul in the same way. Whenever it rests on something upon which truth and ‘what is’ shine, it reasons and knows it, and appears to possess reason. However, when directed to something compounded with darkness which comes into being and is

destroyed, the soul forms opinions, sees dimly, changes its opinions back and forth, and in this situation seems not to possess reason.” “Yes, that is how it seems.”

“Then, you should declare that the form of the good bestows truth upon whatever is known, and confers the power of knowing on the knower. Being the cause of knowledge and truth, you should think of it as knowable. However, although knowledge and truth are both beautiful, you would be right to regard this as different from them, and even more beautiful than both of them. And just as in the previous case, it is right to regard light and sight as resembling the sun in form, but it is not right to believe they are the sun, so also in this case it is right to regard knowledge and truth as

both resembling the good in form, but it is not right to believe that either of them is the good. No, the character of the good should be accorded even greater honour.” “You are speaking of an unparalleled beauty,” he said, “if it bestows knowledge and truth, and exceeds them in beauty. For you are surely not saying that it is pleasure.” “Please show respect,” I said, “and consider a further aspect of its image.” “In what way?”

“I assume you will agree that the sun bestows not only the ability to be seen upon visible objects, but also their generation and increase and nurture, though the sun itself is not generation.” “How could I disagree?” “Then not only does the knowability of whatever is known derive from the good, but also what it is, and its being, is conferred on it through that, though the good is not being, but is even beyond being, exceeding it in dignity and power.”

Then Glaucon exclaimed quite hilariously, “By Apollo, it is utterly supernatural!” “Yes,” I said, “and you are responsible for making me express my opinions about it.” “And you should not stop at all,” he replied. “At least give us more details about this simile of the sun, if there is anything you are leaving out.” “In fact,” I said, “I am leaving out quite a lot.” “Well, you should not omit even a little,” he said. “I think I shall omit a lot,” I said. “Nevertheless, to the extent that it is possible at present, I shall

not leave anything out deliberately.” “Then do not,” he said. “Keep in mind what we have been saying, that there are two things, one having lordship of the realm and kind known by reason while the other is lord of the visible realm.

Now, I hope you do not think I am just playing with words,⁹⁸ but do you now understand that there are these two kinds, one known by sight and the other by reason?" "I understand that."

"Then, take a line which has been divided into two unequal sections, one corresponding to the kind known by sight, and the other to the kind known by reason. Divide each section once more in the same ratio, and you will have an expression of their relative clarity and obscurity in the realm of sight. There, one section consists of images, and by images I mean shadows first, and then appearances produced in water, and in anything dense, smooth and polished, and indeed everything else of that sort. Do you understand?" "I do understand."

"Then you should designate the other section as that which the first one resembles – the animals around us, everything that grows, and the entire class of inanimate objects." "Very well," he said. "And would you also be prepared to say that this division makes a distinction involving truth and its absence, for as an object of opinion relates to an object of knowledge, so also does a likeness relate to whatever it is like?" "I would indeed," he replied. "Now, you should go on to consider how the section known by reason is to be divided." "Yes, in what way?"

"In this way. In one of the sections, the soul is compelled to search, based on hypotheses, using as images what had previously been imitated, and proceeding not to a first principle but to a conclusion. In the other section however, it also goes on from hypothesis to an un-hypothesised first principle, and based upon forms themselves, it conducts its approach through them, without the images used before." "I don't really understand what you are saying," he said.

"Then I will try again," I said, "for you will learn more easily from these preliminary examples. Indeed, I am sure you appreciate that those involved with geometry or calculation, or such subjects, hypothesise the odd and the even, the various shapes, the three kinds of angles, and other kindred hypotheses, depending on the particular approach. They assume that these are already known, turn them into hypotheses, and see no value in giving an account of them, either to themselves or to anyone else, since they are obvious

to everyone. Beginning from these, they proceed with the remaining issues, and arrive at consistent conclusions about the matter they set out to investigate.” “Yes,” he said. “I certainly know this.”

“In that case, you also appreciate that they make use of the visible forms, and construct their arguments in relation to them, although it is not the visible forms that they have in mind but the things which they resemble. They construct their arguments with an eye to the square itself, and the diameter itself, and not the one in the diagram. The same applies to the other instances. They take the objects which are fabricated or drawn, objects which have shadows, and images in water, and use them in turn as images, seeking to discern the entities themselves, which may only be discerned through thought.” “What you are saying is true,” he said.

“Well, this is the form I described as ‘known by reason’. However, the soul is compelled to employ hypothesis in its investigation of it, not proceeding to a first principle, since it is unable to transcend any higher than hypotheses. Instead, it employs as images the very objects which are imitated in

the lower division, objects which are regarded as clear and worthy of honour when compared to their images.”

“I understand that you are referring to the province of geometry and related subjects,” he said. “Then you should appreciate that I am referring to the other division of the realm, known by reason, as what reasoned argument itself attains through the power of dialectic. It does not turn the hypotheses into first principles, but into actual underpinnings, like steps or points of attack, so that it may go as far as the un-hypothesised, to the first principle of all. Having attained that, and proceeding

once more to follow whatever depends on that, it descends in this way to a conclusion, having no recourse whatsoever to any sense object, but to forms themselves – through forms, to forms, and ending in forms.” “I appreciate that,” he said, “but not very well, for you seem to me to be describing a vast undertaking. Anyway, you wish to establish that the realm contemplated by the knowledge of dialectic, the realm of ‘what is’ and what is known by intelligence, is clearer than what is contemplated by what we call skills. In skills, the hypotheses are the first principles, and those who discern their

objects, despite the fact that they must see them through understanding rather than through the senses, enquire on the basis of hypotheses. However,

because they do not ascend to a principle, you do not think they employ intelligence in relation to these objects, even though they are objects of intelligence associated with a principle. And you seem to me to be calling the faculty of geometers and the like not intelligence, but understanding, since understanding is something in between opinion and intelligence.”

“You have given a very competent exposition,” I said. “And corresponding to the four sections, you should assume four qualities arising in the soul: intelligence corresponding to the highest, and understanding to the second, assign belief to the third, imagination to the last. And arrange them in proportion, accepting that these partake of clarity insofar as their objects partake of truth.” “I understand,” he said, “and I agree. And I am arranging them as you suggest.”

BOOK VII

“Now,” I said, “after this you should compare our nature, in respect of education and lack of education, to a condition such as the following. Behold men in a sort of underground cave-like dwelling, with a long entrance facing towards the light along the side of the entire cave. They have

been in this place from childhood, with bonds both on their legs and on their necks, so that they remain looking only at what is in front of them, being unable to turn their heads around because of the chain on the neck. “Light comes to them from a fire burning above and at a distance behind them, and higher up, between the fire and the prisoners, there is a path, and you can see a low wall built along the path, just like the screens which puppet-makers place in front of themselves, over which they display their puppets.” “I see,” he said.

“Besides this, you should also see men carrying a variety of objects past the wall, including statues

of men and other animals made of wood, stone and all sorts of materials. Some of the object-carriers are likely to be speaking, while others are silent.” “You are

describing a strange image,” he said, “and strange prisoners.” “They are just like us,” I said. “For in the first place, do you think such people would ever have seen anything of themselves, or one another, apart from the shadows cast by the fire onto the cave wall in front of them?”

“How could they,” he replied, “if they were compelled to keep their heads motionless throughout life?” “And what about the objects being carried? Is not the situation the same?” “Of course.” “Now, if they were able to converse with one another, do you not think they would name these things that they are seeing?” “They must.” “What if the prison had an echo coming from the opposite wall? Whenever one of the passers-by spoke, do you think the men would believe the speaker to be anything other than the passing shadow?” “By Zeus, I do not,” he said.

“Then, such people would believe,” I said, “without reservation, that the truth is nothing but the shadows of the artificial objects.” “They really must,” he said. “Now,” I said, “consider what liberation from their bonds, and cure of their ignorance, would be like for them, if it happened naturally in the following way. Suppose one of them were released, and suddenly compelled to stand up, crane his neck, walk, and look up towards the light. Would

he not be pained by all this, and on account of the brightness be unable to see the objects whose shadows he previously beheld? And if someone were to tell him that he beheld foolishness before, but now he sees more truly, since he is much closer to ‘what is’, and is turned towards things which partake of more being, what do you think he would say? Moreover, if they showed him each of the passing objects and forced him to answer the question ‘what is this?’, do you not think he would be perplexed, and would believe that what he saw before was truer than what he is now being shown?” “Very much so,” he replied.

“And if he were compelled to look towards the light itself, would not his eyes be pained? Would he not turn away and flee to those things he really can see, and regard these as, in fact, clearer than what he is being shown?” “Just so,” he replied.

“And,” I said, “if someone were to drag him forcibly from there, along the rough upward path, and not let him go until he had been dragged out into the

light of the sun, would he not be distressed and upset by the process? And once he had come into the light, would not his eyes be flooded with its glare, and be unable to see even one of what are now called truths.” “No, they would not,” he said. “Not immediately anyway.” “Yes, I think he would need to become accustomed to it if he were ever to behold the objects of the upper realm. At first he would discern shadows very easily, after that images of men and other objects in water, then the actual objects. From these he would proceed to view the heavenly bodies and the heaven itself by night, looking at the light of the stars and the moon more easily than the sun and the light of the sun by day.” “What else could he do?”

“Then, I imagine, he would finally be able to behold the sun, not its appearance in water or in an alien setting, but just by itself, in its own place, and he would see the sun as it is.” “This must be so,” he said. “And after this, he would then make deductions about it, that this is what provides the seasons and the years, presiding over everything in the visible realm, and in a way the cause of everything they have been seeing.” “Obviously,” he said. “Those are the steps he would take.”

“What then? Remembering his first dwelling place, and the wisdom there, and his former fellow prisoners, would he not believe that he himself was blessed by the transformation, and feel compassion for them?” “Very much so.”

“And suppose they received certain honours and praises from one another, and there were privileges for whoever discerns the passing shadows most keenly, and is best at remembering which of them usually comes first or last, which are simultaneous, and on that basis is best able to predict what is going to happen next. Do you think he would have any desire for these prizes, or envy those who are honoured by the prisoners and hold power over them? Or would he much prefer the fate described by Homer and ‘work as a serf for a man with no land’,” and suffer anything at all, rather than hold their opinions and live as they do?” “I think it is just as you say. He would accept any fate rather than live as they do.”

“Yes, and think about this,” I said. “If such a person were to go back down, and sit in the same seat, would not his eyes become filled with darkness after this sudden return from the sunlight?” “Very much so,” he said. “Now,

suppose that he had to compete once more with those perpetual prisoners in recognising these shadows, while his eyesight was still poor, before his eyes had adjusted. Since it would take

some time to become accustomed to the dark, would he not become a figure of fun? Would they not say that he went up, but came back down with his eyes ruined, and that it is not worth even trying to go upwards? And if they could somehow get their hands on and kill a person who was trying to free people and lead them upwards, would they not do just that?" "Definitely," he said.

"Then, dear Glaucon," I said, "you should connect this image, in its entirety, with what we were saying before. Compare the realm revealed by sight to the prison house, and the firelight within it to the power of our sun. And if you suggest that the upward journey, and seeing the objects of the upper world, is the ascent of the soul to the realm known by reason, you will not be misreading my intention, since that is what you wanted to hear. God knows whether it happens to be true, but in any case this is how it all seems to me. When it comes to knowledge, the form of the good is

seen last, and is seen only through effort. Once seen, it is reckoned to be the actual cause of all that is beautiful and right in everything, bringing to birth light, and the lord of light, in the visible realm, and providing truth and reason in the realm known by reason, where it is lord. Anyone who is to act intelligently, either in private or in public, must have had sight of this." "I also hold the same views that you hold," he said, "after my own fashion, anyway."

"Come on, then," I said, "and agree with me about something else. Do not be surprised that those who have attained these heights have no desire for involvement in human affairs. Their souls, rather, are constantly hastening to commune with the upper realm. For I presume that is what is likely to happen, if this really does accord with the image we described earlier." "Yes, quite likely," he said. "Yes. And do you think it would be any surprise," I asked, "if someone who has returned from divine contemplations to human affairs disgraces himself badly, and appears utterly ridiculous, while his eyes are still dim, and if, before he has become accustomed to the prevailing darkness, he is compelled to argue, in courtrooms or elsewhere, about the shadows of justice

or the artificial

objects which cast those shadows, and dispute about these matters as understood by people who have never seen justice itself?" "No, that would be no surprise at all," he replied.

"But if someone were endowed with reason," I said, "he would recall that the confounding of the eyes is of two kinds and has two sources: a change from light to darkness, and from darkness to light. And having realised that the same thing happens to the soul, he will not laugh boorishly whenever he sees a soul confused and unable to see clearly. Instead, he will enquire whether it has come from a brighter life and is darkened because it is not used to the gloom, or it is coming from

the utter darkness of ignorance into a brighter realm, and is dazzled by the greater brilliance. So, on this basis he would regard the condition and the life of one soul as blessed, while he would feel compassion for the other. And if he wished to laugh at it, his laughter would be less scornful than it would for a soul descended from the light above." "Yes," he said. "What you are saying is very reasonable."

"Then," I said, "if this is all true, there is something we need to recognise about it: education is not the sort of thing which some people profess it to be. They somehow claim that although knowledge is not present in the soul, they can put it there as if they were putting sight into blind eyes." "Yes, that is what they say." "Yes," I said, "but the argument is now indicating that this capacity, present in the soul of each person, the instrument by which each learns, is like an eye which cannot turn to the light from the darkness unless the whole body turns. So, this instrument must be turned, along with the entire

soul, away from becoming until it becomes capable of enduring the contemplation of 'what is' and the very brightest of 'what is', which we call the good. Is this so?" "Yes."

"Then," I said, "there would be a particular skill dealing with this turning of the soul, which will turn it around in the most easy and effective manner, a skill which does not produce sight in the soul, but assumes that although sight is already present, it is not directed properly or looking where it should, and

sets about correcting this.” “Yes, so it seems.”

“Now, the other excellences, which are said to belong to the soul, are really somewhat closer to excellence of the body, for they are not actually present at first, but are generated later through habit and practice. However, that excellence wherein we employ reason surely belongs most of all to something more divine, it seems, something whose power is never destroyed, but becomes either useful and beneficial or useless and harmful, depending upon how the soul is turned. Or have you never noticed those men who are said to be evil and yet wise? Have you noticed the keen vision of their tiny soul, and how sharply it discerns whatever it happens to turn to? For there is no problem with its sight, but it is forced into the service of evil, and consequently the more keenly the soul sees, the more evil it accomplishes.” “Yes, certainly,” he said.

“However,” I said, “if this part of one who possesses a nature of this kind is worked upon from earliest childhood, the relationships with becoming are cut away, as if they were leaden weights. These grow upon the soul through gluttony and similar pleasures, and the refinements thereof, and turn the vision of the soul downwards. But once the soul is quit of them, it turns around to the realm of truth, and the same part of the same people beholds that realm, just as clearly as it beholds whatever is in front of it now.” “Quite likely,” he said.

“What about this? Is it not also likely,” I said, “and must it not follow from what we said before, that neither the uneducated, with no experience of truth, nor those who are allowed to spend all their time in education, would ever be adequate custodians of the city – the one, because they do not have a single purpose in life which they should aim at in all the actions they perform in public or in private, and the other because they will not willingly engage in action, believing that whilst still alive they are already dwelling on the far-off Isles of the Blest?” “True,” he said.

“Now,” I said, “it is our task as founders to compel the best natures to attain the learning which we said previously was the most important: to see the good, and ascend that upward path. And once they have ascended and seen enough, we must not allow them to do what is permitted at present.” “What is that?”

“They are allowed to remain there,” I said, “with no desire to descend once more among those prisoners or to partake of their endeavours and their honours, whether these are mundane or more serious.” “In that case,” he said, “shall we be doing them an injustice? Shall we make them live an inferior life when a better one is available to them?”

“My friend,” I said, “you have just forgotten that the law is not concerned with how one particular class in the city may fare better than the others. Instead, it tries to bring this about in the city as a whole, creating harmony among the citizens by persuasion and compulsion, and making them share with one another any benefit that each of them is able to contribute to the community. And the law itself produces men like these in the city, not so that each may go in any direction he pleases, but to use them to bind the city together.” “True,” he said. “I had forgotten this.”

“Then,” I said, “you must see, Glaucon, that we are not doing an injustice to the philosophers in our midst, but we shall be making just demands when we compel them to care for and protect the other citizens. We shall say that ‘when people like you arise in the other cities, it is reasonable that

they do not share in the labours of those cities. And this is justified there because such people develop of their own accord, through no intention on the part of that civic arrangement, and it is only fair that whatever develops of its own accord owes its nurture to no one, and should feel no urge to pay for that nurture. “But you have been bred by us like kings and rulers of the hive, both for your own sakes and for the rest of the city. Having been better and more perfectly educated than them, you are

more capable of participating in both realms. Therefore, you must each play your part, and go down to where the others dwell together and become accustomed with them to the dark shadows. For once you are used to the darkness you will see a thousand times better than the people there. And you will know what each of the images is and what it is an image of, because you have seen the truth about things beautiful, just and good. Accordingly, the city will be governed by us and by you in a wakeful state, and not in a dream, as most cities are governed today by men who fight

one another over shadows, and battle for public office as if that was the greatest good. But surely the truth is that the city in which those who are going to rule have the least desire to do so must be the best governed city and the one most free from strife. And if it gets the opposite sort of rulers, it must be ruled in the opposite manner.” “Yes, certainly,” he said. “Now, will our charges be unmoved when they hear this? And will they be reluctant to join in the work of the city when it is their turn, and then live together most of the time in the pure realm?”

“Impossible,” he replied. “We are laying just injunctions upon just men. However, each of them will approach public office very much as a necessity, in contrast to those who now rule each city.”

“So on this basis, my friend,” I said, “if you can find a better life than ruling for these who are going to rule, a well-governed city becomes a possibility for you. For only there will the truly wealthy be the rulers, wealthy not in gold but in the wealth which a blessed man needs – a good and reasonable life. However, if beggars, starved of goods of their own, enter public affairs thinking that therein they may seize the good, then it is an impossibility. For public office then becomes something to fight over, and a domestic and internal battle like this destroys the disputants and the rest of the city.” “Very true,” he said.

“Now,” I said, “other than the life of true philosophy, can you think of any life that despises political office?” “By Zeus, I cannot,” he said. “Well, in that case, those who are not lovers of public office must take it on. Otherwise, the competing lovers will fight over it.” “How could it be otherwise?” “Now, are there any others whom you would compel to act as guardians of the city, others who would manage it better than those who are wisest about these matters, who have other honours and a better life than politics?” “There are no others,” he replied.

“Then, would you like to go on to consider the manner in which people like this will arise in our city and how we shall lead them to the light, just as certain people are said to have ascended from Hades to the gods?” “How could I refuse?” he said. “Well this, it seems, would not be the mere flipping over of an oyster shell, but a process of turning the soul around from a day which is more

like night, to the true day, the ascent to 'what is', an ascent which we may truly call philosophy. " "Yes, certainly."

"Then, is it necessary to consider which branch of learning possesses a power like this?" "It is necessary."

"Now, Glaucon, what subject would draw the soul from becoming towards 'what is'? And something else occurs to me as I say this. Did we not state that these guardians must be practised in war when they are young?" "Yes, we said that." "So, the subject we are looking for must also have this characteristic as well as the other." "What characteristic?" "It must not be useless to military men." "It certainly must not, if that is actually possible." "In the earlier account they were educated by us in gymnastics and in music." "They were," he said. "Gymnastics is presumably concerned with what comes into being and passes away, for it presides over the development and the decline of the body." "So it appears." "Then this would not be the subject we are looking for." "It would not."

"So in that case, is it music in the sense we described it earlier?" "But that was the counterpart of gymnastics," he said. "And if you recall, it educated the guardians through habit, imparting gracefulness through its harmony, and orderliness through its rhythm, without imparting knowledge. And it also contained habits akin to these in its words, both in the mythical stories and in the truer versions. However, music does not include a branch of learning that leads towards the sort of thing you are looking for now."

"A most exact reminder," I said, "for music actually contains nothing of that sort. But, my blessed Glaucon, what kind of subject would this be? Indeed all of the skills seemed somehow to be mechanical." "Yes, they must be. And yet what other subject is left apart from music, gymnastics and the various skills?" "Come on," I said. "If we cannot come up with anything besides these, let us select something applicable to them all." "Like what?" "Like this, what they have in common, that which all skills, thoughts and knowledge refer to, and which is also the first thing everyone needs to learn." "What is it?" he asked.

"The ordinary process," I said, "of distinguishing one, two and three; in short, arithmetic and calculation. Is it not the case that all skill and knowledge needs to involve recourse to these?" "Very much so," he replied. "Military skill too?"

I asked. "It certainly must," he replied.

"In that case, Palamedes in the tragedies repeatedly shows up Agamemnon as an utterly ridiculous general.¹⁰⁰ Or have you not noticed that he claims to have discovered number, and arranged the ranks of the army at Troy, counted the ships, and everything else, as though they had not been counted before? And apparently Agamemnon did not know how many feet he had since he did not know how to count. So what sort of general do you think he was?" "A strange one," he replied, "if this is true."

"So," I said, "should we propose that the ability to calculate and count is a necessary branch of learning for a military man?" "It is the most necessary of all," he said, "if he is going to have any understanding whatsoever of arranging armies, and more importantly if he is even to be human." "Now, do you notice what I notice about this subject?" "What is that?"

"It is quite likely to be one of the subjects we are seeking, which, by nature, leads us towards reason. However, no one uses it correctly, that is, as a subject which can draw one comprehensively towards being." "How do you mean?" he said. "Well, I shall try to set out my opinion," I said. "Look at this with me, and agree or disagree so that we may see more clearly if my suspicion is correct. For I am distinguishing for myself between what leads and what does not lead in the direction we spoke of." "Give an example," he said.

"Take this example," I said. "Observe, if you can, that in the case of sense perceptions, there are some which do not call upon reason to investigate them since they are adequately judged by the senses. Others, however, completely depend upon reason to investigate them, since the senses furnish nothing trustworthy." "You are obviously referring to distant phenomena and to shadow-drawing," he said. "You have not really got my meaning," I said. "Then what do you mean?" he asked.

"Those which do not call upon reason are those which do not extend into the opposite sensation at the same time. However, in the case of those which do extend, I suggest that they call upon reason whenever the sense impression reveals something, no more than its opposite, regardless of whether it impinges upon us from near or far. My meaning will be clearer from this example. We would say that these are three fingers, the smallest, the second and the

middle.” “Certainly,” he said. “Assume that I am describing them as seen from close up. Now, there is a question you must consider in relation to them.” “What is it?”

“Well, each of them, in the same way, appears to be a finger, and in this respect there is no difference, whether it is seen in the middle or at either extreme, whether it is white or black, or whether it is fat or thin, or anything of that sort. For in all these cases, the soul of most people is not compelled to put a question to reason as to what precisely a finger is. For at no stage does sight indicate to the soul that the finger is the opposite of a finger at the same time.” “No, it does not,” he said. “Therefore,” I said, “a case such as this would be unlikely to call upon or awaken reason.” “Unlikely.”

“What about this? Does sight see their largeness or smallness adequately, and does it make no difference to sight whether one of them lies in the middle or on either side? Does the same apply to thickness and thinness, and hardness and softness in the case of touch? And do the other senses

reveal things like this without any deficiency? Or does each of them behave in the following manner: the sense which extends to hard must also extend to soft, and it proclaims to the soul that the same thing is being perceived as both hard and soft?” “Just so,” he replied. “Must not the soul,” I said, “for its part, be perplexed in such circumstances, as to what precisely the hard that the particular sense is indicating actually is, since it also says that the same thing is soft. And if the sense of light and heavy indicates that heavy is light and light is heavy, must not the soul be perplexed as to what is heavy and what is light?” “Yes, indeed,” he replied. “These messages to the soul are strange and require further investigation.”

“So,” I said, “it is likely that in these situations the soul first calls upon calculation and reason, and tries to investigate whether each of the proclamations is two or one.” “Yes, what else could it do?” “If it turns out that it is two, would not each of the two appear to be both different and one?” “Yes.” “So, if each is one and both are two, soul will recognise the two as separate, for if they were not separate it would not have recognised two, but only one.” “Correct.” “And we say sight too has seen large and small, not separately however, but in combination. Is this so?” “Yes.”

“But for the sake of clarity in this, reason, in contrast to sight, is compelled to view large and small, not mixed together but separately.” “True.” “Hence, the first thing that occurs to us is to ask what precisely ‘large’ and ‘small’ actually are. Is this not so?” “Entirely so.” “And on this basis, of course, we said there was a realm known by reason, and also a realm known by sight.” “You are perfectly right.”

“Well, this is what I was trying to explain earlier, that there are some things that call upon thought, and others that do not. Now, I define those things that impinge upon the sense at the same time as their own opposites as provoking reason, while those which do not do this do not awaken reason.” “Very well, I understand now,” he said, “and I think this is right.” “Well then, to which realm do you think number and the one belong?” “I cannot decide,” he replied.

“But you can work it out from what was said before,” I said. “If the one is seen adequately just by itself, or apprehended by some other sense, it would be like the finger we referred to and would not draw people towards being. However, if the one is always seen along with something which is opposite to it, so that what is presented is no more one than its opposite, discrimination would then be required. And in that situation, the soul, activating the intelligence within itself, would have to be perplexed, and search, and ask, ‘What precisely is the one itself?’ And accordingly, getting knowledge of the one would be among the branches of learning that lead the soul, and turn it around towards the contemplation of ‘what is’.” “And, indeed,” he said, “this applies in no less measure to seeing it, for we see the same thing both as one, and as an unlimited multiplicity, at the same time.”

“Since this is what happens in the case of the one,” said I, “will not the same thing happen with all number?” “It must.” “And, indeed, calculation and arithmetic are entirely concerned with number.” “Very much so.” “Yes, and these appear to lead towards truth.” “Yes, to an enormous extent.” “So apparently, these would be among the subjects we are seeking. For a military man must learn them in order to arrange an army in ranks, and a philosopher has to learn them too, because he

must lay hold of being and rise out of becoming, otherwise he will never be able to calculate.” “This is the case,” he replied. “Now, our guardian turns out to be both a military man and a philosopher.” “Of course.”

“In that case, Glaucon, it would be appropriate to establish this subject by law, and persuade those who are going to participate in the most important affairs of the city to have recourse to calculation, and take it up not as a personal matter, but until they attain the contemplation of the nature of the numbers by means of reason itself. They should not practise it for the sake of buying and selling, like merchants or retailers, but for the sake of war, and the ready turning of the soul itself away from becoming, towards truth and being.” “That is beautifully expressed,” he said.

“And, indeed,” I said, “in the light of what is being said about the subject of calculation, I realise that it is nicely and entirely suited to our purpose, provided it is pursued for the sake of knowledge and not for shop-keeping.” “In what way then?” he asked. “In the way we already described. It leads the soul powerfully upwards to some place, and compels it to engage in dialectic in relation to the numbers themselves. It will not accept it at all if someone presents the soul with numbers associated with visible or tangible things, and discusses them. For

I presume you know that its skilled exponents are amused if anyone, in discussion, attempts to divide the one itself, and they will not accept this. If you divide it, they will multiply, being careful lest the one ever proves to be not one, but a multiplicity of parts.” “What you are saying is very true,” he said.

“Glaucon, if someone were to ask them, ‘Wonderful men, what sort of numbers are you talking about in which the one is as you are proposing, each in every case equal to each, not the slightest bit different, and having no parts within itself?’ What do you think their reply would be?” “I think they would say that they are referring to those numbers which it is possible to grasp only by thought, and which it is not possible to deal with in any other way at all.”

“Now, my friend,” I said, “do you see that in truth this is likely to be the subject we require, since it evidently compels the soul to resort to reason itself, for the sake of truth itself?” “Yes, indeed,” he said. “It certainly does that.”

“Well then, have you ever considered the fact that those who take naturally to calculation are said to be bright in all subjects? While those who are dull, if they are educated and exercised in this subject, all improve and become brighter than they were before, even if they derive no other benefit?” “That is the way it is,” he replied.

“And indeed, in my view, you would not easily find many subjects which involve greater toil in learning or in practising than this one.” “Indeed not.” “So for all these reasons, the subject must not be dismissed, and the best natures must be educated in it.” “I agree,” he said. “Then let us leave it at that, and consider whether the second subject, the one that follows it, is appropriate to our purpose.” “What sort of subject?” he asked. “Do you mean geometry?” “The very one,” I replied.

“Insofar as it is applicable to military affairs, it will obviously be appropriate,” he said. “Indeed, the man who knows geometry would be superior to one who does not in setting up camp, capturing territory, drawing the army into close formation or dispersing it, and in any other arrangements of the army in the battle itself or on a march.”

“But, of course,” said I, “even a little geometry and calculation would be sufficient for these purposes. But we need to consider whether most of it, and the more advanced part thereof, is inclined to make the form of the good easier to discern. That is the objective. And according to us, any subject inclines to this, provided it compels the soul to turn around to that place where the most blessed part of ‘what is’ resides, a part that the soul must behold in every way.” “Correct,” said he. “And in that case, if it compels the soul to behold being, it is an appropriate subject. But if it compels it to behold becoming, it is not appropriate.” “Yes, so we say.”

“Well,” said I, “no one with even the slightest experience of geometry will argue with us over this proposition, that this knowledge itself stands in total contrast to what is said about it in discussion by those who practise it.” “How so?” said he. “Well, they somehow speak quite comically, and they are actually compelled to do so. In fact, by using terms like ‘squaring’ and ‘applying’ and ‘extending’, and so on, they speak as though they are engaging in activity and as if they are constructing arguments for some practical purpose, even though,

I presume, the entire subject is pursued for the sake of knowledge.” “Yes, entirely so,” he said.

“Can we agree on a further point?” “What is it?” “They pursue it for the sake of knowledge of ‘what always is’, and not of what becomes something at some time and is then destroyed.” “That is easy to accept,” said he. “Geometrical knowledge is knowledge of what always is.” “So, my noble friend, it would be a subject that draws the soul towards truth and produces a philosophic mind, directing upwards whatever we now, incorrectly, direct downwards.” “Yes, as best it can,” said he.

“So,” said I, “you must arrange, as best you can, that the people in ‘Noble-City’ do not refrain from geometry in any way, for even its incidental benefits are significant.” “What are they?” he asked. “Those you mentioned,” said I, “those concerned with warfare. And of course we know, I presume, that for any subject to be better assimilated, it generally makes all the difference whether the student has already taken to geometry or not.” “All the difference indeed, by Zeus,” said he. “So, should we propose this as the second subject for our young folk?” “We should.”

“What about this? Should we propose astronomy as a third subject? Or do you not think we should?” “I do, indeed,” said he. “For being better able to discern the seasons, the months and the years is appropriate, not only for agriculture and navigation, but also for generalship, no less.”

“You amuse me,” said I. “You seem to be afraid of what most people may think of you if you prescribe impractical subjects. It is no ordinary matter; in fact, it is quite difficult to be convinced that some organ of the soul, an organ that everyone has, is purified and rekindled by these studies, having been corrupted and blinded by our other pursuits, and that it is more important to preserve this organ than it is to preserve ten thousand eyes. For truth is seen only by this. Now, those who hold these opinions already will think that what you are saying is really sound, while those with no awareness of this at all are likely to think you are talking nonsense, for they will see no other benefit worth mentioning from these. So decide here and now which group you are conversing

with, if any. Or perhaps you are formulating the arguments mainly for your own sake, although you would not, of course, begrudge anyone else who might derive some benefit from them.” “That is my choice,” said he. “I am speaking, asking questions and answering them, mostly for my own sake.” “Let us fall back then,” said I, “since we did not pick the subject that comes next after geometry correctly just now.” “How did we go wrong?” he asked.

“After flat surfaces,” I said, “we took solids already in rotation before taking solids just by themselves. The correct sequence is to take the third dimension after the second, and this is presumably the dimension associated with cubes, and whatever has depth.” “Quite so, Socrates,” he said, “but these do not seem to have been found yet.” “Yes,” said I, “for two reasons. Firstly, because no city affords them proper respect, these matters, being so difficult, are not thoroughly investigated. Secondly, investigators in this area need a guide, without whom they will not discover anything. But a guide is hard to find in the first place, and

when found, as matters now stand, the arrogant fellows who would be able to investigate this would pay no heed to him. But if an entire city were to co-operate with the guide by treating these matters with respect, these people would heed him, and under close and intensive investigation the true state of affairs would become evident. Even now, although they are disrespected and criticised by most people, and by those who investigate them without being able to explain their usefulness, nevertheless, in the face of all this they develop by force, due to their inherent charm, and it would be no surprise if they were to come to light.”

“Yes, indeed,” said he. “They do possess exceptional charm. But explain what you are saying more clearly, for I presume you designated the study of flat surfaces as geometry.” “Yes,” said I. “Then,” said he, “initially you put astronomy after that, but later on you changed your mind.” “Yes,” said I. “In my haste to recount everything quickly I am making slower progress. For, although the study of the dimension of depth is next in sequence, I passed over this because of the comical state of the investigation, and after geometry I spoke of astronomy, which is the motion of objects with depth.” “Right,” said he.

“Then, provided the city pursues it, let us propose astronomy as the fourth subject, on the assumption that the third, the one we are now passing over, exists.” “Quite likely,” said he. “And I will now praise astronomy, Socrates, in the way you set about it, and avoid the commonplace manner of praise for which you rebuked me. Indeed,

it is obvious to everyone that this study compels the soul to look upwards, and leads it away from what is here to what is there, above.” “This is probably obvious to everyone except me,” said I, “since that is not how it seems to me.” “How does it seem to you?” he asked. “Handled, as it is nowadays, by those who are elevating us towards philosophy, it really makes the soul look downwards.” “How do you mean?” he asked.

“I think you have a very liberal understanding of the subject concerned with the upper realm,” I said. “Indeed, if someone were to throw his head back and contemplate adornments on the ceiling and arrive at some understanding, you would probably think he was contemplating them with his intellect rather than his eyes. Now, perhaps your thinking is sound and I am being simple-minded, for I cannot think of anything that makes the soul look to the upper realm except the subject that is concerned with ‘what is’ and the unseen. Whether someone attempts to understand sense objects by gaping upwards or squinting downwards, I would never maintain that he has ever understood

anything. For things of this sort do not admit of knowledge, and his soul is not gazing upwards but downwards even if he tries to understand while floating on his back, on land or in the sea.” “I am getting my just deserts,” said he, “and you are right to rebuke me. But in what way are you saying astronomy should be studied, contrary to the way they study it nowadays, if its study is to confer the benefits we are speaking of?” “As follows,” said I. “These adornments that are in the heavens adorn in the visible realm, and although they should be regarded as the most beautiful and perfect of visible objects, they do fall far short of the true adornments, the motions with which actual speed and actual slowness are moved with respect to one another in the true number and in all the true shapes, carrying whatever they contain. These can be apprehended by reason and by thought, but not by sight. Or do you think otherwise?” “Not at all,” he replied.

“Therefore,” said I, “we must use the heavenly adornments as patterns in order to understand what is unseen, just as if we had come across diagrams, exceptionally well drawn and executed by

Daedalus,¹⁰¹ or some other craftsman or draughtsman. For anyone experienced in geometry, on seeing this sort of thing, would surely think that although the workmanship is very beautiful, it would be quite ridiculous to scrutinise them seriously with a view to finding the truth about equals, or doubles, or any other proportion, in these.” “Yes, it must be ridiculous,” said he.

“Do you not think, then,” I asked, “that the genuine astronomer will come to the same conclusion when he looks upon the motions of the stars? Will he not be of the opinion that these, and whatever they contain, have been fashioned in the most beautiful manner possible for objects of this sort by the craftsman of the heaven? But what about the proportion of night to day, of these to the month, of the month to the year, and of the other stars to these and to one another? Well, do you not believe the true astronomer will think it strange if anyone regards these as unchanging and as undergoing no alteration whatsoever, even though they are physical objects and are visible; and if someone seeks in various ways to grasp the truth about these?” “Well, I think so now at any rate,” said he, “now that I hear you saying so.”

“So,” said I, “we should engage in astronomy by making use of problems, just as we do in geometry, and bid farewell to the heavenly bodies, if we are actually going to engage in astronomy, so as to make the intelligence that is naturally present in the soul useful rather than useless.” “You are prescribing a task,” said he, “that is very much larger than what astronomy deals with nowadays.” “I think,” said I, “that our other prescriptions will be of the same sort if we are to be of any use as lawgivers. But anyway, do you have any other appropriate subject to suggest?” “I do not have any,” said he, “not immediately at any rate.”

“Well,” said I, “motion, in my opinion, does not consist of one form only, but of many. Now, a wise man could perhaps list them all, but two are evident, even to us.” “What are they?” “Besides this one, astronomy, there is the counterpart of this.” “Which is?”

“It is quite likely,” said I, “that just as the eyes have been framed for astronomy, so too were the ears framed for harmonic motion, and that these two branches of knowledge are kindred to one another, as the Pythagoreans maintain. And we are agreeing with them, Glaucon. Is that what we are doing?” “Just so,” he replied.

“Therefore,” said I, “since this is a considerable task, we shall find out from them what they have to say on these matters, and whether there is anything else besides these. But throughout the entire process we shall guard our own concern.” “Which is?” “That our charges should never attempt to learn anything incomplete, anything that does not consistently reach the point which everything needs to reach, a failing we ascribed earlier to astronomy.

Or do you not know that in the case of harmony, too, the practitioners do something similar? Indeed, for their part, they measure the concords and sounds that are heard, against one another, engaging in useless labour, just like the astronomers.” “Yes, by the gods,” said he. “And they call some intervals ‘dense’, bending their ears towards them as if they were eavesdropping on their neighbours, some declaring that they still hear a note in between, and that this is the smallest interval by which we should measure, while others dispute this and say it is the same as the note already sounding, both parties

granting their ears priority over their intelligence.” “You are referring,” said I, “to the good fellows who inflict trouble upon the strings, and torture them by tightening them upon the pegs. But in case this image gets out of hand I will put a stop to it now, before it refers to the strings being beaten with the plectrum, the various accusations against them, and their reluctance or readiness to answer. These are not the people I am referring to, but the others, those we said just now we would ask about harmony. Indeed, these fellows do the same

thing as those who are involved in astronomy since they are looking for numbers in the concords that they can hear, and they do not ascend to the level of problems and investigate which numbers are concordant and which are not, and the reason why this is so.” “The task you are describing,” said he, “is not of this world.” “Well,” said I, “it is useful if it is done in search of the beautiful and the good; otherwise it is useless.” “Quite likely,” said he.

“And I also think,” said I, “that if the method we have described for all these subjects gets to their kinship and what they have in common, and works out their mutual affinities, then their pursuit does contribute something to our desired ends and is not unprofitable; otherwise it is pointless.” “And I feel the same way, Socrates,” said he. “But you are describing an enormous undertaking.” “Are you speaking of the prelude,” said I, “or what? Or do we not know that these are all a prelude to the main theme, the one that we must learn? For you surely do not think that those who are clever in these subjects are skilled in dialectic.”

“By Zeus, I do not,” said he, “apart from a few exceptions I have come across.” “Well, then,” said I, “do you think those who are unable to present an argument, and respond to one, will ever know anything of what we say they must know?” “In that case, too,” said he, “the answer is no.”

“Glaucou,” said I, “is not this, at last, the main theme, the very one that dialectic performs? And although it is known by reason, it would imitate the power of sight that we described in our earlier image, which at a certain stage tries to look at the actual living creatures, then at the stars themselves, and finally at the sun itself. And whenever someone attempts in this way, by dialectic, without any of the senses, to get to what each thing itself is, through reason, and does not give up until he apprehends what the good itself is, by the reasoning process itself, he then arrives at the end of

the realm known by reason, just as the other man in our allegory came to the end of the visible realm.” “Entirely so,” said he.

“Yes, and do you not refer to this process as dialectical?” “Indeed.” “And what about the release of the prisoner from his bonds, his turning from the shadows to the images that cast them, and to the light, the ascent from underground into the sunlight, and his inability when he gets there to look yet at the actual animals and plants and the light of the sun, and his looking instead at divine appearances in water, or at shadows of things that are, rather than the shadows of images, cast by another such light which, when compared to the sun, is like another shadow? All this practice of the subjects we have described has this power, and leads what is best in the soul upwards to the sight of what is most excellent among things that are, just as in our allegory what is brightest in the

body was led upwards towards the sight of what is most resplendent in the realm of the physical and visible.”

“I accept,” said he, “that this is so. And yet, although I find it extremely difficult to accept, in another way it is difficult not to. Nevertheless, this needs to be heard often, not only today, but in future, so we should return to this. But let us assume for now that what has been proposed is indeed so, and then proceed to the main theme itself and go through it in detail, just as we did with the prelude. So tell me, what is the manner of this power of dialectic, what sort of forms is it divided into, and what paths does it follow? For these would be the ones that lead at last to where there is, for whoever gets there, a sort of rest from the journey and an end to the process.”

“Dear Glaucon,” said I, “you will not be able to follow me any longer, even though there will not be any lack of eagerness on my part. Nor would you still be seeing an image of what we are speaking of, but the truth itself, as it appears to me anyway. At the moment it is not right to insist that this is actually so, or that it is not. But we should insist that there is something of this sort to be seen. Is this so?” “Of course.” “And should we not also insist that the power of dialectic alone would reveal this to someone with experience in what we have been describing just now, and that this is not possible in any other way?” “It is only right,” said he, “that we insist upon this too.”

“Well,” said I, “no one will argue against us when we say that some other method, apart from the five subjects, attempts to grasp systematically, in each and every case, what each itself is. But all the other skills are concerned with people’s opinions and desires, or with producing things or assembling them, or with looking after them once they have been produced or assembled. As for the rest, geometry and so on, we maintained that these apprehended something of what is. But we

see that although they dream about what is, they are unable to see it, wide awake, as long as they make use of hypotheses that are left unchallenged because they are unable to give an account of them. For when the first principle is something that is not known, and the conclusion and everything in between is woven from what is not known, is there any way that a combination like this could ever constitute knowledge?” “None at all,” said

he.

“Does not the dialectical method alone,” said I, “proceed in this way to the first principle itself by doing away with hypotheses in order to be sure of its ground? It draws the eye of the soul, which is actually buried in some outlandish mire, and leads it upwards, using the very subjects we have described as helpmates and assistants in the conversion. We have often referred to these subjects as branches of knowledge out of habit, but they need another name to indicate greater clarity than opinion, and more vagueness than knowledge. I think we used ‘understanding’ to make the distinction earlier, but in my opinion there is no point in arguing over a name, when an enquiry into such important matters lies before us.”

“No, indeed,” he replied.

“So,” said I, “are you content to do what we did before and call the first part knowledge, the second

understanding, the third belief, and the fourth imagination? The last two, both together, constitute opinion; the first two, intelligence. Opinion is concerned with becoming, while intelligence is concerned with being. And as being is to becoming so is intelligence to opinion, and as intelligence is to opinion so is knowledge to belief, and understanding to imagination. “But the proportion between what these two are directed towards, Glaucon, and the twofold division of each of these – what is grasped by opinion and what is grasped by intelligence – this we should leave aside in case we get involved in many times more arguments than we have already been through.”

“Well,” said he, “insofar as I am able to follow, I agree with you about the others.” “And do you describe someone who acquires an account of the being of each thing as dialectical? And would you not say that someone who cannot do so, insofar as he is unable to give an account, either to himself or to anyone else, lacks intelligence about the thing to that extent?” “How could I say otherwise?” he replied.

“Does not the same also apply to the good? If someone is not able to separate the form of the good by argument – setting it apart from everything else, going through all the refutations like a warrior, eager to practise refutation based

upon being rather than opinion, and coming through all this with his argument still standing – you will say, will you not, that someone who cannot do this does not know the good itself, nor any other good either? And if he does, somehow, get hold of some image of the good, he does so by opinion and not by knowledge? He is dreaming and sleeping this life

away, and before he ever wakes up here, he arrives finally in Hades and sleeps on forever. Is this not what you would say?” “Yes, by Zeus,” said he. “I’d say all that, very much so.” “But of course in the case of your own children, whom you are bringing up and educating in our discussion, if you were ever actually bringing them up, I presume you would not allow them to be irrational, like lines in geometry, when ruling the city and presiding over matters of the utmost importance.” “Indeed not,” said he. “Then will you pass a law by which they receive an education that enables them, above all, to ask and answer questions in the most knowledgeable manner possible?”

“I shall, indeed,” said he, “with your help.”

“In that case,” said I, “do you think we now have dialectic positioned above the other subjects, like a coping stone, that no other subject may rightly be placed higher, and that our discussion of the various subjects is now complete?” “I do, indeed,” said he. “Well,” said I, “your remaining task is their distribution and deciding to whom we shall allocate these subjects, and in what way.” “Of course,” said he. “Do you remember the kind of people we chose when we selected our rulers earlier?” “How could I forget?” said he.

“Well, in general,” said I, “those very natures are the ones that must be selected. The most steadfast and the bravest should be chosen, and, as far as possible, the most comely. As well as this, we must look not only for those who are noble and virile in character, but they should also have the natural qualities suited to this particular education.” “What qualities?” “They need to be keen, my friend, on the subjects they learn, and have no difficulty in understanding them. Indeed, men’s souls are much more inclined to turn coward in the face of demanding

studies than in the gymnasium, since the exertion is more personal to themselves because it is private and not shared with the body.” “True,” said he. “Well, we should look for good memory, robustness, and a total love of hard

work. Or how else do you think anyone would be prepared to undertake the physical labour and also complete so much study and practice?" "No one would," said he, "not unless he was extraordinarily gifted by nature."

"Our current problem," said I, "and the associated disrespect for philosophy, has come about because, as I said before, those who take to philosophy are unworthy of it. What philosophy needs are genuine adherents, not fakes." "In what way?" he asked. "Firstly," said I, "someone who takes to philosophy should not be handicapped in his love of hard work so that he loves half the work and does not bother with the other half. This happens when someone loves exercise and loves hunting and loves all physical labour but is not a lover of learning, does not like to listen, has no spirit of enquiry, and hates any work that involves any of these. And when the situation is reversed, the man's love of labour is handicapped in the opposite way." "Very true," said he.

"And will we not suggest," said I, "that a soul is maimed in relation to truth in the same way if it hates the deliberate lie, finds it unbearable in itself, and gets extremely angry when lied to by others and yet calmly accepts the unintentional lie, is untroubled by the lack of understanding when caught out somehow, and has no qualms about being debased in ignorance like some swinish beast?" "Yes, entirely so," said he.

"And when it comes to sound-mindedness, courage, magnanimity, and all the other parts of excellence," said I, "must we not be on our guard just as much to distinguish between the genuine and the fake? For whenever a city or an individual does not know how to look at things like this comprehensively, they unwittingly rely on fakes or those whose work is handicapped as their allies or rulers as the case may be." "That is what happens," said he, "very much so."

"Then, we should be extremely careful about everything of this sort," said I, "because if we introduce sensible people, sound of body, to such extensive study and exercise, and educate them, justice itself will find no fault with us and we shall save our city and its form of government. But if we introduce people of the wrong sort to these studies, we shall achieve the complete opposite, and deluge philosophy with even more ridicule." "That, indeed," said he, "would be shameful."

"It certainly would," said I. "But at the moment, I too seem to be inviting ridicule." "How so?" said he. "I forgot," said I, "that we were just playing, and I spoke with too much intensity. For as I was speaking I turned my gaze towards philosophy, and seeing it being trampled undeservedly in the mire, I think I went into a rage and said what I said too seriously, as though I were angry with those responsible." "By Zeus, no," said he. "That is not how it sounded to me as I listened."

"Well," said I, "that is how it sounded to me as I said it. But we must not forget that in the previous selection process we picked old men, but in this case that is not allowed. Indeed, we should not believe Solon,¹⁰² that a person is able to learn a lot in old age. He can no more learn than run a race! No, all great labours, and there are many, belong to the young." "They must," said he.

"Now, calculation, geometry, and all the preliminary instruction that should precede education in dialectic, needs to be set before them when they are still children, without presenting it in the form of compulsory instruction that they must learn." "Why not?" "Because," said I, "a free man should never learn any subject under conditions of slavery. Indeed, physical labours performed under compulsion do not make the body any worse, but no instruction, forcibly imparted, is retained by the soul." "True," said he.

"So, my friend," said I, "as you bring up the children in these various subjects, do not do it forcibly, but playfully, so that you will be better able to discern what each of them is naturally adapted to." "That sounds reasonable," said he. "Do you not remember," said I, "that, assuming it was safe to do so, we also maintained that the children should be brought to the battlefield on horseback, as spectators, and brought close to the fray to get a taste of blood like young hunting dogs?" "I remember," said he. "And in all these exertions, studies, and dangers," said I, "whoever should prove consistently to be most adept is to be admitted to a select number." "At what age?" he asked.

"At the time," said I, "when their compulsory gymnastics comes to an end. For during that period of about two or three years, it is impossible to undertake anything else, since tiredness and sleep are inimical to study. And at the same time, their prowess in gymnastics is in itself one of their most important tests." "Yes," said he, "it would have to be." "And when this period

is over,” said I, “those twenty-year-olds who have been selected will have to bring the subjects that were presented unsystematically during their childhood education into a combined view of the interrelatedness of the subjects with one another, and with the nature of ‘what is’.” “Yes,” said he, “only this sort of learning becomes steadfast in those who receive it.” “And this,” said I, “is the greatest test of whether their natures are dialectical or not; someone who can take a combined view is dialectical, while someone who cannot do so is not.” “I concur,” said he.

“Well,” said I, “you will need to consider all this. Those among our young folk who are most like these people and are also reliable in their studies, in war, and in their other appointed duties, these again, once they reach thirty, should be selected from among the previous selection and awarded even greater honour. You should then see, testing them by the power of dialectic, who is able to let go the eyes and the other senses, and proceed in the company of truth to what just ‘is’. And here, my friend, the task requires the utmost care.” “Why exactly?” said he.

“Are you not aware,” said I, “of how much harm is done by dialectic as it is practised nowadays?” “What sort of harm?” he asked. “Its practitioners,” said I, “are filled with lawlessness.” “Very much so,” said he. “Now,” said I, “do you think it is any surprise that this happens to them, and do you not sympathise with them?” “In what way exactly?” he asked.

“Suppose,” said I, “that a changeling child was brought up amidst great wealth, in a large and extensive family, surrounded by lots of flatterers. What if he became aware as a grown man that he was not related to these so-called parents and was unable to find his real parents? Can you guess what his attitude would be towards those flatterers and the substitute parents, either during the time when he did not know about the switch, or later when he did know? Or would you like to hear my guess?” “I would like that,” said he.

“Well,” said I, “my guess is that during the time when he did not know the truth, he would honour his father and mother and his other supposed family members more than those who flatter him. He would be less inclined to allow them to want for anything or to do or say anything unlawful to them, and more inclined to be persuaded by them rather than by the flatterers on

important matters.” “Quite likely,” said he.

“But once he had become aware of the actual situation, my guess is that, in contrast, he would lose his honour and respect for them, intensify his respect for the flatterers, and be persuaded by them to a greater extent than before. He would then live as they do, associate openly with them, and pay no heed to that pretended father and the rest of his pretended relatives, unless he was extremely reasonable by nature.” “Everything you are describing,” said he, “is the sort of thing that would actually happen. But what relevance does this image have for those who are encountering dialectic?” “As follows. There are, I presume, certain doctrines about what is just and beautiful that we have from childhood, doctrines we have been brought up on, so that we grant them authority and honour them like parents.” “There are indeed.”

“And there are pursuits, opposed to these doctrines, pursuits that involve pleasure which flatter this soul of ours and drag it in their direction. However, these do not sway people who have some element of measure, who continue to honour the traditional doctrines and grant them authority.” “That is right.” “What about this?” said I. “Suppose there comes a time when someone in such a situation is faced with a question and asked, ‘What is the beautiful?’, and he gives the answer he heard from the conventional source, but the argument refutes this. Suppose it refutes him many times in lots of different ways, and reduces him to the opinion that this is no more beautiful than it is ugly, and the same thing happens with the just, the good, and whatever is held in the highest esteem. How do you think he will behave after this towards those doctrines in terms of honour and granting them authority?” “Inevitably,” said he, “he will no longer honour them in the same way, or be persuaded by them either.”

“Now,” said I, “when he regards these doctrines as no longer worthy of the honour he gave them before, and has no affinity with them, but cannot discover the true ones, is he likely to have recourse to any other life besides the flatterer’s life?” “He is not,” said he. “In that case, I think, he will seem to have become lawless, having previously been law abiding.” “He must.”

“Is this not,” said I, “the likely predicament of those who encounter dialectic in this way and who, as I said earlier, deserve a lot of sympathy?” “Yes,” said he,

“and pity too.” “Well, should you not be careful with every detail of their encounter with dialectic so that there is no need to pity your thirty-year-old students?” “Very much so,” said he.

“So, there is one thing to be extremely careful about, is there not? That they do not get a taste of this when they are still young. For I presume you have noticed that youngsters, when they first get a taste of dialectic, misuse it as if it was their plaything, by using it always to come up with counter-arguments. They themselves imitate those who engage in refutation by refuting other people, taking delight, like puppies, in verbally tugging at and pulling apart anyone who ever comes near them.” “Exceedingly so,” said he.

“And so, when they themselves have refuted many, and have been refuted by many, they descend rapidly and inexorably to a state where they believe nothing they believed before, and, as a consequence, they themselves, and philosophy in general, are held in low regard by everyone else.” “Very true,” he said. “But someone older,” said I, “would not want to be involved in such madness. He will imitate the one who is willing to engage in dialectic and consider the truth rather than the one who plays with

it for fun and just argues against people. And he himself will be more measured and will bring honour to this activity rather than dishonour.” “That is right,” said he. “Now, was not everything that was said previous to this said as a caution? That dialectic is to be imparted to the orderly and stable natures, and not, as is done nowadays, to anyone at all, even if they are unsuited.” “Yes, certainly,” said he.

“Is it enough then to persist with the practice of dialectic continuously and intensively, without any involvement in anything else, as a mental counterpart of the bodily exercises they practised for twice as many years as that?” “Do you mean six years or four?” he asked. “It does not matter,” said I. “Let us suggest five. For after this they will be brought down again into that cave, and compelled to rule over military matters and take up other positions of authority suited to the young so that they do not lag behind the others in experience. And in these situations,

too, they will still be tested to see if they hold firm or shift their ground when they are being dragged in all directions.” “How much time,” he asked, “are you

proposing for this?" "Fifteen years," said I. "And when they have turned fifty, those who have come through safely and have excelled in every way at everything, in action and in knowledge, should be led at that stage to the final destination. They should be compelled to lift the ray of the soul upwards to behold that which provides light to everything, and, seeing the good itself and using that as their pattern,

bring order to the city, its citizens and themselves, for the rest of their lives. Each in turn should spend most of their time in philosophy. But when their turn comes, they should get involved in the drudgery of civic affairs, each exercising authority for the sake of the city, doing so not as some fine activity but as a necessity. And having continually educated others in this way, others who are like themselves, and having left these behind as guardians of the city, they themselves depart to the Isles of the Blest to dwell there. And the city should have memorials to them and

offer sacrifices publicly, as if to demigods, if the Pythia consents, and if not, as to blessed or divine personages." "You are like a sculptor, Socrates," said he, "fashioning rulers who are absolutely beautiful." "Female rulers too," said I. "Do not presume that what I have said applies any more to men than it does to those women among their number who are naturally equipped for the role." "You are right," said he, "if they really are to share everything equally with the men, as we have explained."

"Well, then," said I, "do you agree that what we have said about the city and its system of government has not been a mere aspiration? Rather, although it is difficult, it is still possible, but only in the way we have described. Whenever true philosophers, many or just one, come to power in the city, despise the honours of the age, which they regard as unworthy of free men and attach most importance to what is right and to the honours that come from that, and treat justice as

supreme and absolutely necessary, then by serving this and strengthening this they will set their own city in order." "How?" said he.

"They will send anyone in the city who happens to be more than ten years old," said I, "out into the countryside. They will then isolate the children from their present habits, the habits of their parents, and bring them up in their

own manners and regulations, the sort we just described. And once the city and form of government we were speaking of has been established very quickly and easily in this way, do you not agree that it will be a happy city and that the people among whom it arises will benefit enormously?" "Very much so," he said. "And I think, Socrates, that you have described nicely how it might come into existence, if it were ever to do so."

"At this stage," said I, "have we not had our fill of arguments about this city and the sort of person who resembles it? For surely it is also obvious what sort of person we shall say he must be." "It is obvious," said he. "And as for your question, I think that is the end of the matter."

BOOK VIII

"So, there it is. This has now been agreed, Glaucon. For a city to be governed at its very best, women are to be shared, children are to be shared, and all education too. And in like manner, all activities are to be shared, both in war and in peace, and those among them who turn out best in philosophy, and in warfare too, are to be their kings." "This was agreed," said he.

"And indeed, we also accepted that once the rulers are in place, they will take the soldiers in hand and settle them in living arrangements of the sort we have already described, which are common to all, with nothing private to anyone. And as well as such living arrangements, we also agreed upon the sort of possessions they will have, as you may recall."

"Yes," said he, "I recall. We thought that none of them should acquire any of the possessions that everyone else has nowadays. Rather, like warrior athletes and guardians, they must care for themselves and for the rest of the city, accepting their guardians' pay for the year from the others, to sustain them in their work." "You are right," said I, "but come on. Now that we have concluded this, let us remember where we digressed from so that we may proceed along the same course once more."

"That is not difficult," said he. "You presented your arguments about the city then, much as you are doing now, as though the exposition was complete. You proposed a city, saying that a city like the one you had described was good, and

so was the man who resembled it,

even though, it seems, you were able to speak of a still more beautiful city and a more beautiful man too. But in any case, you were saying that if this city is right, the others are in error, and you maintained, as I recall, that there are four other forms of government besides this one. You said these would be worth describing to see their particular errors and the kinds of people who resemble these forms, and having agreed upon who is the most excellent and who is the worst man, we might then investigate whether the most excellent person is happiest, and the worst is most wretched, or whether the situation is otherwise. And when

I was asking you which four forms of government you meant, Polemarchus and Adimantus interrupted at that stage, and so it was that you took up the argument again and arrived here.” “That is right,” said I. “You have remembered this very well.” “So then, like a wrestler, offer me the same hold once more, and in response to my same question try to say what you were about to say at the time.” “I shall, if I am able to,” said I. “And, indeed,” said he, “I am also anxious to learn for myself what four forms of government you were referring to then.”

“That is not difficult,” said I, “so listen. The forms I am referring to are those that have names. First is the one that most people praise, your Cretan or Spartan form. Second to arise, and second

too in terms of praise, is the one called oligarchy, a form of government full of evils aplenty. Next comes the adversary of this form, democracy. And then there is noble tyranny, set apart from all the others, the fourth and last disease of the city. Or can you think of any other form of government of any type that constitutes another obvious form? Indeed dynasties, purchased kingships, and other forms of government of this sort are presumably something intermediate between these four, and they are to be found no less among non-Greeks than among the Greeks.” “Yes,” said he, “many unusual forms are spoken of.”

“Now,” said I, “do you know that there must be as many types of human character as there are forms of government? Or do you think that forms of government come into existence from oak or from rock,¹⁰³ and not from the

characters of the people in the cities, which, in a sense, exert their influence and pull everything else in their direction.” “Yes,” said he, “that is where they come from and not from anywhere else at all.” “In that case, if there are five types of cities, there would also be five conditions of individual souls.” “Indeed.” “Well now, we have already described the person who resembles the aristocracy, whom we rightly declare to be good and just.” “We have.”

“Now, after this should we not describe the lesser men: first, the ambitious fellow who loves honour, and corresponds to the Spartan form of government, then the oligarchic man, the democratic and, finally, the tyrannical? Would this not enable us to look at the most unjust man alongside the most just man, and complete our enquiry as to where exactly pure justice stands relative to pure injustice, in relation to the happiness or wretchedness of their possessor, so that we could either be persuaded by Thrasymachus and pursue injustice, or accept the argument that is now emerging, and pursue justice?” “Yes,” said he, “that is what we should do. Entirely so.”

“Well now, we began this process by considering the characters of the various forms of government – where they are more obvious – prior to considering those of the individuals. So, should we proceed in a similar way now, and consider first the form of government that loves honour? In our language I have no other name to call it except timocracy or timarchy, and in relation to this we shall consider the man who resembles it. Then, after that, we shall consider the oligarchy and the oligarchic man. And after looking at the democracy, we shall behold the democratic man. And arriving at the fourth city, the tyrannical one, and looking at that, and at the tyrannical soul too, we shall try to become competent judges of the issues we have put forward.”

“Well,” said he, “if we proceed in this way, our perspective and our judgement would surely be reasonable.” “Come on, then,” said I. “Let us try to describe the way in which timocracy would arise from aristocracy. Or is it simply that change in any form of government comes from the part of it that exercises authority, whenever faction arises in that particular part, whereas if it is of one mind, even if it is very small, no disturbance is possible?” “Yes, indeed so.”

“So, Glaucon,” said I, “how shall this city of ours be disturbed, and in what way shall our auxiliaries and our rulers develop factions against one another,

and against themselves? Or would you prefer that we copy Homer and pray to the Muses to tell us how faction first came about,¹⁰⁴ and we could declare that they are playing with us, like children, speaking lightly but in a tragic style, pretending to be serious by speaking in a lofty manner?”

“How?”

“As follows. Although it is difficult to disturb a city that has been constituted in this way, nevertheless, since destruction is the lot of anything that has come into being, even something constituted like this will not endure for all time. It too will be dissolved, and its dissolution will be as follows. Not alone for the plants in the earth, but also among the animals on the earth there is productiveness and sterility of their souls and bodies as they run their circular course and complete their cycles,

which are short for those who are short-lived, and longer for the long-lived. But for your race, although the people whom you educated as leaders of the city are wise, they will be unable by calculation combined with sense experience, to hit upon the best time for bringing children to birth and for not bearing children. This will evade them, and they will, on occasion, bring forth children when they should not.

“Now, divine birth has a cycle that the perfect number encompasses. But for a human being the number is the first in which root and square increases, having comprehended three distances and four limits of whatever brings about likenesses and unlikenesses, waxings and wanings, renders all things mutually agreeable and expressible towards one another. Of these four, three yoked together with five yields two harmonies when increased threefold. The first is equal, an equal number of times, one hundred times this amount. The other is equal in length on one side, but it is oblong on the other side of one hundred squares of rational diameters of five diminished by one each, or, if of irrational diameters, by two, on the other side of one hundred cubes of three.

“This entire geometrical number is lord of anything like this,¹⁰⁵ of better and worse births. And whenever our guardians, in ignorance of this, make brides cohabit with bridegrooms inappropriately, their children will be neither well developed nor fortunate. And although their predecessors will install the best of them in power, nevertheless, being unworthy, when their turn comes to

rule and exercise the powers of their fathers, they will begin, as guardians, firstly to pay little heed to us Muses by regarding our realm of music as less important, and secondly they will neglect

the realm of gymnastics too, and so your own young people will become less musical. From these,

rulers will be installed who cannot exercise much guardianship when it comes to testing for the races of Hesiod,¹⁰⁶ and of your people too, the gold, silver, bronze and iron. The indiscriminate mixing of iron with silver and of bronze with gold will produce dissimilarity and an inappropriate inconsistency, which always beget war and enmity wherever they arise. So, we should declare that ‘such is the lineage’ of faction,¹⁰⁷ whenever and wherever it occurs.” “And we shall declare,” said he, “that they have answered correctly.” “As they must,” said I, “since they are Muses.”

“Well, then,” said he, “what shall the Muses say next?” “Once faction had arisen,” said I, “both races began to exert their influence, the iron and brass kinds drawing the city towards the acquisition of money, land and property, gold and silver, while the gold and silver kinds, for their part – since these are not in poverty but are naturally wealthy of soul – led in the direction of excellence and the ancient order. As they struggled violently in opposite directions, they eventually agreed to compromise, distribute land and property for themselves, and make these private. With this, they enslaved those they had previously guarded as free men, friends and supporters by treating them as serfs and underlings, while they themselves

attended to warfare and guarding themselves against their former friends.” “I think,” said he, “that this is how the change comes about.” “Would not this form of government,” said I, “be something in between aristocracy and oligarchy?” “Very much so.”

“Well, that is how it will change, but once it has changed, how will it be administered? Or is it obvious that in some respects it will imitate the previous form of government, and in other respects

the oligarchy, since it is in between them, and that it will also have something that is particular to itself?” “Quite so,” said he. “In the respect given to its

rulers, the fact that its military class refrains from working the land and from skilled labour and from other sorts of money-making, in its provision of common meals and the attention it pays to physical exercise and military competition, in everything of this sort will it not imitate the previous form?" "Yes."

"Will not the features that, for the most part, are particular to itself be its fear of admitting the wise to positions of authority since it no longer has people of this sort who are straightforward and sincere, rather than complicated? Will it not also prefer spirited types who are simpler, more fitted by nature for war than peace, who attach value to its tactics and strategies? And will it not spend all its time waging war?" "Yes."

"And yet," said I, "people like this will have a longing for money, just like those in the oligarchies, harbouring a concealed but fierce reverence for gold and silver because they have storehouses and private treasuries in which to keep it all hidden, and enclosures too, houses which are really private nests in which they spend their money, lavishing it extravagantly on women and on many others, whomever they please." "Very true," said he.

"And they will also be miserly with money since they revere it and may not acquire it openly. Yet because of desire, they love spending other people's money and enjoying their pleasures in secret, running away from the law like boys from their father, having been educated by force rather than persuasion because they paid no heed to the true Muse who accompanies argument and philosophy, and had more respect for gymnastics than for music." "You are," said he, "most certainly describing a form of government that is a mixture of good and bad."

"Yes, it is mixed," said I, "but what is most distinctive about it is one particular feature. Due to the dominance of spiritedness in it, it is ambitious and loves honour." "Most certainly," said he. "Well," said I, "this form of government would arise in this way, and this is what it would be like. This is just a verbal sketch providing an outline without the detail, because a sketch will indeed be enough to reveal the most just person, and the most unjust. But to describe all forms of government and all their characters, omitting nothing, would be an inordinately lengthy undertaking." "That is right," said he.

“Now, what about the man who corresponds to this form of government? How did he arise, and what sort of person is he?” “I think,” said Adimantus, “that when it comes to ambition, at any rate, he is quite like Glaucon here.” “Well, in that respect,” said I, “perhaps you are right, but in other respects his nature is different.” “In what respects?”

“He must be more stubborn,” said I, “and less musical, even though he loves music, and despite being a good listener he is not at all eloquent. And he would be aggressive towards slaves rather than merely looking down upon them, as an adequately educated person would do. Yet he would

be gentle towards free men, and highly respectful towards those in authority. He himself loves authority and he loves honour, and he is worthy of authority, not because of what he says or anything of that sort, but because of his achievements on the battlefield and in military affairs generally, being fond of physical exercise and of hunting.” “Yes,” said he, “this is the character of that form of government.” “Would not a person like this,” said I, “despise money when young, but grow more and more fond of it the older he gets because he has a share of this money-loving nature and is no longer directed towards excellence, purely and simply, because he has been deprived of its very best guardian?” “What is that?” asked Adimantus. “Reason,” said I, “combined with music, which alone, once engendered, dwells as the lifelong preserver of excellence for whoever possesses it.” “Very good,” said he. “So, that is what the young timocrat is like,” said I. “He is just like this sort of city.” “Yes, indeed.”

“Now, this person arises somewhat as follows,” said I. “Sometimes he is the young son of a good father who is living in a city that is not well run. His father shuns the honours, the positions of authority, legal disputes and all business of that sort, and he is willing to accept loss of status to avoid trouble.” “And how,” he asked, “does he become timocratic?”

“Whenever,” said I, “in the first place, he hears his mother being annoyed at the fact that her husband is not one of the rulers, and that she is losing status among the other women as a result. She sees that he is not particularly serious about money and does not fight or engage in slander, either in private or in the law courts or public gatherings, but is indifferent to everything like this. She notices that he is constantly turned in on himself, does not show her much

respect, and does not disrespect her either. And she gets annoyed at all this and tells her son that his father is unmanly and extremely neglectful, and she repeats all the other expressions of this sort that women like to use when speaking of such men.”

“Yes,” said Adimantus, “there are lots of them. That is what they are like.” “And you know,” said I, “that the servants of such men, the ones that seem well-intentioned, sometimes say this sort of thing secretly to the sons. And if they see someone owing money to his father, or someone doing him some other injustice, someone whom the father will not pursue, they exhort

him to take revenge on all such people when he becomes a man, and be more of a man than his father. And when he goes out he hears and sees other things of this sort. Those who do what belongs to themselves in the city are called simple-minded and are held in little regard, while those who do not are honoured and praised. Then the young man, seeing and hearing all this, and also hearing the words of his father and seeing his father’s actions from close up, alongside those of everyone

else, is dragged in both directions: his father encouraging and fostering the rational element in his soul, while the others foster the appetitive and spirited elements. Because he is not, by nature, a bad man, but has fallen into bad company of others, he is pulled by both of these, ends up in the middle, hands over the authority within himself to the middle element of ambition and spiritedness, and becomes a high-spirited man who loves honour.” “I think,” said he, “that you have described the origin of this fellow quite accurately.”

“In that case,” said I, “we have our second form of government, and the corresponding man too.” “We have, indeed,” said he. “After this, should we, as Aeschylus says, speak of ‘another man set before another city’¹⁰⁸ or, according to our procedure, speak of the city first?” “Yes, certainly,” said he. “And the form of government that comes after this one would, I think, be oligarchy.” “Well,” said he, “what kind of constitution do you call oligarchy?” “The one that is based on a property qualification,” said I, “in which the rich rule and the poor man has no share of authority.” “I understand,” said he.

“Should we not say how the change from timocracy to oligarchy first begins?” “Yes.” “And, indeed,” said I, “even to the blind, it is obvious how this

changes.” “How?” “That treasury,” said I, “private to each, filled with gold, is what destroys a form of government of this sort. For in the first place they invent various extravagances for themselves, and divert the laws to this end by disobeying them themselves, and their wives do likewise.” “Quite likely,” said he. “Next, I imagine, they start watching each other, and by entering into rivalry they eventually make almost everyone else behave just like themselves.” “That is likely.”

“And, thereafter,” said I, “as they proceed further with their money-making, the more honour they assign to wealth, the less honour they assign to excellence. Or is this not how excellence contrasts with wealth, as if they were each being weighed on a balance that is constantly inclining in opposite directions?” “Very much so,” said he. “So, when wealth and the wealthy people are honoured in a city, excellence and the good people are shown less honour.” “Evidently.” “But whatever is honoured constantly is practised, and whatever is dishonoured is neglected.” “Just so.”

“Then, instead of being ambitious men who love honour, they finally become men who love money and money-making. They praise the wealthy man, and they are in awe of him and put him in positions of authority, while they dishonour the poor man.” “Absolutely.” “And at that stage they pass a law that defines the oligarchical form of government. They prescribe a particular sum of money, which is more when it is more of an oligarchy, less when it is less so, and they decree that anyone whose property falls short of the prescribed valuation may have no involvement in ruling the city. They bring this about either through force of arms, or else they will establish a form of government like this through fear. Is this not so?” “Yes, this is so.”

“Well then, this is what we might call its establishment.” “Yes,” said he. “But what is the manner of this form of government, and what defects do we say it possesses?” “Well, firstly,” said I, “consider its own defining characteristic and what it is like. What if helmsmen for ships were to be appointed based upon a property qualification, and the poor man was never given the role, even if he was a better helmsman?” “Their sea voyage,” said he, “would be terrible.” “Does not the same also apply to the control of anything else at all?” “Yes, I think so.” “Except a city,” said I. “Or does this also apply to a city?”

“Very much so,” said he, “to a city most of all, since the rule of a city is so difficult and important.”

“Then oligarchy would possess this one significant defect.” “Apparently.” “What about this? Is the following defect any less significant?” “Which one?” “The fact that such a city is not one, but necessarily two: a city of poor folk and a city of wealthy people, living in the same place but always scheming against one another.” “By Zeus,” said he, “that is not a less significant defect!”

“And, indeed, it is not good that they are unlikely to be able to wage a war, because that compels them either to arm the general population, and then be more afraid of them than of the enemy, or not to arm them and thus be true oligarchs, a few rulers alone on the battlefield. And at the same time they are unwilling to contribute to military expenditure because they love money so much.” “Not good, indeed.” “And what about the aspect we criticised a while ago? What about the fact that people have lots of different roles? Under such a form of government, the same people simultaneously engage in

agriculture, make money, and fight in wars. Do you think this is all right?” “No, not at all.” “Then let us see if such a form of government is the first to tolerate the greatest of all these evils.” “Which is?” “Allowing someone to sell everything he has, and allowing someone else to take possession of this. Having sold everything, the man may live on in the city without any role as a businessman,

a craftsman, a cavalryman or an infantry-man. They call him poor, a man without means.” “It is the first to tolerate this,” said he. “This sort of thing certainly will not be prohibited in oligarchies or else some people could not be excessively wealthy while others are in total poverty.” “That is right.” “Think about this too. When he was still wealthy, was this fellow of any more benefit to the city in the various roles we have described? Or did he seem to be one of the rulers of the city, when in truth he was neither a ruler nor an underling, but a mere spender of anything that was available?”

“That is it,” said he. “He seemed to be something else, but he was nothing more than a spendthrift.” “Would you like us to declare,” said I, “that just as a drone is born in a cell of honeycomb, a pestilence to the hive, so too is a man like this, born in a private dwelling house, a drone and a pestilence to the city?”

“Yes, certainly, Socrates,” said he. “Now, Adimantus, although the god made all the winged drones without any stings, did he not make some of the drones that go by foot stingless, and others with terrible stings? Is it not the case

that those who remain beggars to the very end belong to the stingless sort, while all the so-called evildoers are from the drones which have stings?” “Very true,” said he. “So, it is evident”, said I, “that in any city where you see beggars, there are thieves and cutpurses somewhere in the vicinity, hidden away, temple robbers too, and artificers of all sorts of evil deeds.” “That is evident,” said he. “What about this? Do you not see beggars in the oligarchical cities?” “Yes,” said he, “almost everyone apart from those in authority are beggars.”

“Should we not presume, then,” said I, “that there are also lots of evildoers in these cities, complete with stings, whom the rulers deliberately restrain by force?” “We should presume so,” said he. “Well then, shall we declare that people like this arise there because of ill-education, bad upbringing, and the evil foundations of this form of government?” “We shall.” “In that case then, the oligarchical city would be something of this sort, and would have as many evils as this, and perhaps even more.” “That just about sums it up,” said he.

“Then,” said I, “we have dealt with this form of government too, the one they call oligarchy, the one having rulers appointed on the basis of a property qualification. Next, we should consider the person who resembles this, how he arises, and what he is like once he has arisen.” “Yes, certainly,” said he. “Does not the change from that timocratic type to the oligarchic type take place, for the most part, as follows?” “How?”

“It happens when a son, born to a timocratic man, emulates his father at first and follows in that man’s footsteps. Then he sees him suddenly dashed against the city, like a ship against a reef, his property and the man himself being lost overboard. Perhaps he was serving as a general, or exercising some other important position of authority, and then ended up in court because of damaging allegations by false informers, and was put to death, or exiled, or lost his civil rights and had all his property confiscated.” “Quite likely,” said he.

“And the son, my friend, seeing all this, suffering its consequences and losing all his property, is presumably afraid, and immediately thrusts any love of honour, and that spiritedness too, from the throne in his own soul. Humbled

by poverty, he turns to money-making, and greedily, gradually, by being thrifty and working hard, he gets some money together. Now, do you not think someone like this, at that stage, would install the appetitive element with its love of money on that throne, turn this into the Great King within himself, and deck it out with tiaras, necklets and ceremonial swords?" "I do," said he.

"And I presume that he seats the rational and the spirited elements on the ground on either side, beneath that king, as his slaves. He would not allow the rational element to work out or consider anything except how to turn smaller sums of money into larger ones. And he would not allow the spirited element to hold anything in awe, or to have any respect for anything apart from wealth and wealthy people, or to take pride in anything at all except the acquisition of wealth, and anything that brings this about." "There is," said he, "no other transformation of a young man who loves honour into one who loves money that is as swift and sure as this."

"So, is this fellow our oligarchical man?" I asked. "Well, at any rate, the transformation of this fellow starts with a man who resembles the timocracy, the form that turns into oligarchy." "Let us investigate whether he himself resembles the oligarchy." "Let us investigate it." "Would he not resemble it firstly by assigning the utmost importance to money?" "Of course." "And, indeed, by being miserly and diligent, satisfying only the most necessary of his desires without making provision for any other expenditure and enslaving the other desires because they are unprofitable." "Yes, certainly."

"He is a squalid fellow," said I, "a man who builds up a fortune by making a profit out of everything, the sort of man that most people praise. Would not this person be the one who resembles a form of government like oligarchy?"

"Well, I think so," said he. "At any rate, money is what this city honours most, and so does a man like this." "Yes," said I, "presumably because a man like this has not paid attention to education." "It seems not," said he, "or else he would not have installed blind wealth as the leader of his chorus, and honoured this most."¹⁰⁹ "Nicely explained," said I, "but consider this. Should we not state that because of his lack of education, drone-like desires arise in him – the desires of the beggar in some cases, those of the evildoer in others – but these are restrained by his other concern?"

“Indeed,” said he, “very much so.” “Now,” said I, “do you know where you will see the evil deeds of these people, if you look?” “Where?” he asked. “In their guardianship of orphans, and any other opportunity like this that arises, where they get unrestricted licence to act unjustly.” “True.” “So is it not obvious from this that in the other business dealings, those in which a man like this is well regarded and seems to be acting justly, he is forcibly restraining other bad innate desires

by some moderation of his own devising? He does not persuade them that it is better not to do this, nor does he tame them by reason, but by compulsion and fear, because he is afraid of losing the rest of his property.” “Yes, entirely so,” said he. “And, by Zeus, my friend,” said I, “once they have the opportunity to spend other people’s money, you will find that the drone-like desires are present in most of them.” “Yes,” said he, “with great intensity.”

“So a man like this would not be free of internal factions, nor would he be one person, but somehow double, although his better desires would, for the most part, prevail over his worse desires.” “Quite so.” “Because of this, I believe, such a person would be more respectable than many others. But the true excellence of the even-minded and harmonious soul would escape him by some distance.” “I think so.”

“And, indeed, this miserly fellow, as a private citizen, is a poor competitor when it comes to any civic ambition or love of noble achievements as he is not prepared to spend money for the sake of good reputation, or on any rivalries of this sort. He is afraid to awaken the desires that make him spend money and summon them to join the battle and fulfil his ambition. So he fights like a true oligarch with only a few of his own resources, loses most of the time, but remains wealthy.” “Very much so,” said he.

“Now,” said I, “are we still in any doubt that the miserly money-maker corresponds to the oligarchical city, and resembles it?” “Not at all,” said he. “Then we should, it seems, consider the democracy next, the manner in which it arises and what it is like once it has arisen. This will allow us to recognise the character of the man who is like this, and judge him alongside the others.” “Well, we would at least be proceeding much as we did earlier,” said he. “Does not the change from oligarchy to democracy come about, somehow, because

of this insatiable desire for what is presented as good, this need to become as wealthy as possible?" I asked. "How so?"

"Since the rulers hold office in that city because they have acquired so much wealth, they are, I think, unwilling to restrict by law any young people who are becoming unrestrained, and prevent them from spending and wasting all they possess. This enables them to buy up the property of such young folk, and also to lend money on security of the property, thus becoming even wealthier and more privileged than before." "More than anything."

"Now, is it not obvious already that in a city it is impossible to have reverence for wealth and sufficient sound-mindedness among the citizens at the same time? Is it not necessary rather to neglect one or the other?" "Yes," said he, "that is fairly obvious." "In fact, when they neglect this in the oligarchies, and encourage unrestrained behaviours, good people are sometimes forced into poverty." "Very much so." "So these people, I imagine, sit there in the city, complete with stings in armed array, some of them in debt, some of them deprived of their rights, some in both predicaments. They hate and conspire against those who took their possessions, and against everyone else too, and they are passionate for revolution." "That is right."

"And yet, the money-makers, keeping their heads down and without even seeming to notice these people, insert their silver, injuring anyone else who does not consistently resist them. And they recover their original sum many times over in interest, and cause the drone and the beggar to multiply in the city." "Yes," said he, "why would they not multiply?"

"Nor," said I, "are they willing to extinguish an evil of this sort, as it blazes up in the city, by restricting a person's right to do what he likes with his own property, nor again will they undo such arrangements by another law." "What law do you mean?" "A law that is second best after that, one that compels the citizens to pay attention to excellence. For if it were decreed that a person enters into most voluntary contracts at his own risk, there would be less shameless money-making in the city and fewer evils like those we have been describing would spring up there." "Much fewer," said he.

"But as matters stand," said I, "for all sorts of reasons, such as those we have given, the rulers of the city put their subjects in this predicament. As for

themselves and their own kindred, do they not make the young folk delicate, averse to hard work, be it physical or mental, too soft to withstand pleasures or pains, and lazy too?" "Indeed." "And do they not turn themselves into money-makers who neglect everything else besides this, caring no more for excellence than the poor people do?" "Yes, no more than that."

"Then, under such an arrangement, whenever the rulers and their subjects come into contact with one another, either on a journey or in some other communal activities such as a festival, or on a military campaign as shipmates or fellow soldiers, and when they see one another facing actual dangers, the poor are no longer held in contempt by the wealthy folk at all. Indeed, very often the poor man, lean and sunburnt, stationed in battle beside a wealthy man who has been reared in the shade, with far more flesh than he needs, sees this rich fellow out of breath and in total confusion.

So, do you not think he will then conclude that such people are wealthy due to some failing on the part of the poor, and when the poor get together in private will they not proclaim to one another that 'These men are good for nothing. They are ours for the taking.?' "I know quite well," said he, "that that is what they will do."

"Is it not like an unhealthy body that needs only the slightest external influence to tip it into disease, and is sometimes in conflict with itself, without any external influence? Will not a city that is in the same condition as that unhealthy body become diseased at the slightest prompting, and fight against itself? Perhaps one group might bring in allies from an oligarchic state, or the others might bring them in from a democratic state, and there may sometimes be conflict even without any external influence."

"Yes, emphatically so." "Then democracy, I imagine, comes about when the poor, having won their victory, execute some of their opponents, exile others, and grant an equal involvement in civic affairs and in positions of authority to those who remain. And positions of authority in the city are, for the most part, assigned by lot." "This is indeed how the democracy is established," said he, "whether it happens through force of arms, or the others withdraw out of fear."

“Well, then,” said I, “in what way do these people live their lives, and what will a form of government of this sort be like? For it is obvious that a man like this will prove to be a democratic man.” “That is obvious,” said he. “Well, in the first place, are they not free, and does not the city become full of freedom and unrestricted speech, with licence for anyone there to do what he likes?” “So they say, anyway,” said he. “And wherever there is licence, it is obvious that each person would make individual arrangements for his own life there, an arrangement that pleases him.” “That is obvious.”

“So under this form of government especially, I imagine, an enormous variety of people of all sorts would arise.” “Inevitably.” “Perhaps,” said I, “it is the most beautiful of all the forms of government. Just like a many coloured robe, embroidered with flowers of all sorts, this city, decked out with characters of all sorts, would prove to be the most beautiful one there is. Indeed, it is quite likely that most people, just like children and women when they see decorated objects, would decide that this form of government is the most beautiful one.” “Very much so,” said he. “And, indeed, my friend,” said I, “it is somehow quite appropriate to search for a form of government in this one.”

“Why is that?” “Because it contains forms of government of every kind on account of the licence that it allows. Indeed, anyone who intends to arrange a city, as we have been doing just now, should really go to one that is governed democratically and select whatever arrangement pleases him, as if he was entering a general market selling forms of government of all sorts, to make his selection and found his city accordingly.” “Well,” said he, “there would surely be no shortage of examples to choose from.”

“There is no compulsion to exercise authority in this city, even if you are qualified to do so,” said I, “or indeed to be subject to authority if you do not feel like it, or to go to war in time of war, or to observe the peace when everyone else does so, if you do not want peace. What is more, if some law is preventing you from holding office or being on a jury, you may hold office or serve on the

jury anyway, if it suits you to do so. Now, is this not a divinely pleasant and sweet way of carrying on, for a while?” “For a while, perhaps,” said he. “And what about the calmness of those who have ended up in court? Is that not

nice? Or have you never seen people who have been sentenced to death or exile under a form of government like this, remaining on in the city nevertheless, and going about in public. Or how a convicted person stalks about the place unheeded and unseen by anyone, like a ghost?" "This happens a lot," said he.

"And note the tolerance of this form of government and its lack of any attention to detail. It despises anything we were so serious about when we were founding our city, and said that unless someone had an exceptional nature, he would never become a good man unless he were to play in the midst of beauty from his earliest childhood and engage in pursuits of a similar sort thereafter. See how high-mindedly it tramples upon all this, pays no heed to the sort of pursuits someone engaged in before they got involved in public life, but honours him as long as he declares that he is well disposed towards the people." "How utterly noble," said he.

"So democracy would, it seems, have these qualities and others akin to these," said I. "It is a pleasant form of government, anarchic and variegated, that bestows some equality on equals and unequals alike." "Yes," said he, "what you say is all very recognisable." "Then," said I, "think carefully about what the corresponding person will be like. Or should we first consider how he arises, just as we did with the form of government?" "Yes," said he. "Well, would it not happen in the following way? The miserly oligarchic man might have a son, I imagine, who has been brought up in the habits of his father." "Yes, why not?"

"Then the son too would forcibly control any pleasures within him that are conducive to spending money rather than making it, the pleasures that are referred to as unnecessary." "Obviously," said he. "Now," said I, "so that we do not discuss this in an obscure manner, do you first want to distinguish between the desires that are necessary and those that are not?" "I do," said he. "Well, desires which we would be unable to divert, and those whose fulfilment benefits us, may we justifiably refer to these as necessary? In fact, it is necessary for us, by our very nature, to pursue both of these. Is this not so?" "Very much so."

"Then we may justifiably use the word 'necessary' to refer to these." "Justifiably." "What about those which someone may be rid of, through

practice from his earliest years, which do not do him any good when they are present, and can indeed do the opposite? If we declare that all these are unnecessary, would we be right to say so?" "Right, indeed." "Then should we pick an example of each, so that we may grasp what they are, in rough outline?" "We should do that."

"Would not the desire to eat just to maintain health and well-being, the desire just for bread and for relish, be necessary?" "I believe so." "The desire for bread is presumably necessary for both reasons; it is beneficial, and it can bring our lives to an end if we do not satisfy it." "Yes." "Whereas the desire for relish is necessary insofar as it confers some benefit in terms of well-being." "Yes, certainly." "What about desire that goes beyond these, desire for different things to eat besides this sort of food, desire that is capable of being eliminated from most people by restraint and education from their earlier years and is harmful to the body and harmful to the soul's intelligence and soundness

of mind? May this correctly be referred to as not necessary?" "Most correctly." "Now, should we not say that these desires are conducive to spending money, and the others to making money because they are useful in relation to work?" "Indeed." "And shall we say the same about sexual desires and the others?" "The same." "Now, is it not the case that the fellow we called a drone just now, this man, according to us, is full of pleasures and desires of this sort, and is ruled by the unnecessary ones, while the miserly oligarchic type is ruled by the necessary ones?" "Yes, indeed."

"Well," said I, "let us go back again and say how the democratic type arises from the oligarchic. It seems to me to happen, in general, as follows." "How?" "Whenever a young man, brought up in the manner we just described – ill-educated and miserly, being a mere drone – gets a taste of honey and keeps company with wild, clever creatures who are

able to ply him with a whole variety of pleasures of all sorts and types, this, you may safely assume, is the source of the change from the oligarchic system within himself to the democratic one." "It must be," said he, "very much so." "Well then, just as the city changed when an external alliance came to the aid of one of its parts, like supporting like, so too does not the young man change when some form of external desire comes in turn to the aid of similar,

corresponding, kindred desires within himself?" "Entirely so."

"And I presume that if some alliance provides assistance, in turn, to the oligarchic element within him, either from his father's circle or any other relations who are censuring and criticising him, then faction and counter faction and internal warfare against himself arises." "Indeed." "And sometimes, I imagine, the democratic element yields to the oligarchic, and some of the desires are destroyed while others are expelled, some shame arises in the soul of the young man, and its good order is restored once again." "Yes, this sometimes happens," said he.

"At other times, I believe other desires, akin to those that have been expelled, arise in their place because the father lacks knowledge of proper nurture, and these can become numerous and strong." "Yes," said he. "That is what is inclined to happen." "Do they not drag him back into the same bad company, and by getting together in secret, give birth to a rabble?" "Indeed." "Then finally, I believe, they seize the citadel of the young man's soul, having noticed that it is devoid of understanding, noble pursuits and words of truth, which are of course the very best watchmen and guardians in the minds of men whom the gods love."

"Much the best," said he. "False and arrogant arguments and opinions then rush up and seize the self-same citadel of a man like this, usurping the place of the true ones." "With great energy," said he.

"So, does he not go back once more to those Lotus Eaters and live openly among them this time? And if any assistance from the relatives arrives to help the miserly aspect of his soul, do not those arrogant words close the gates in the walls of the kingly element within him, refuse to allow the alliance itself to get through or to accept the words of private persons who are older and wiser as ambassadors? They themselves do battle and prevail. Shame they rename as silliness, and they thrust it out as an exile, showing it no respect. Sound-mindedness they rename as unmanliness, and having trampled it in the mud, they cast this out too. Is it not the case that they convince him that measure and orderly expenditure are crude restraints on freedom, and with the help of lots of useless desires, they drive these beyond the frontier?" "They do, indeed."

“And once they have somehow emptied and purged the soul they have occupied and are initiating with magnificent rites, they proceed at that stage to reinstate insolence, anarchy, wastefulness and shamelessness, in a blaze of light, accompanied by a vast procession, crowning them with garlands, singing their praises and calling them by sweet names. They refer to insolence as good education, anarchy as freedom, wastefulness as magnificence, and shamelessness as courage. Is this not somehow the way,” said I, “that he changes, as a young man, from being reared on the necessary desires to the liberation and licence that goes with unnecessary and unprofitable pleasures?” “Yes,” said he, “that’s very clear.”

“After all this, I imagine, a person like this lives on, spending money, effort and time on the necessary and unnecessary pleasures in equal measure. But if he is fortunate, and his frenzy does not go beyond all bounds, and he gets a bit older too, then once the great inner tumult has passed he may readmit some parts that he had expelled and not give himself over entirely to the new arrivals. He proceeds to place the various pleasures on some sort of equal footing, handing authority over himself to any pleasure that comes along, in a sort of lottery, until it is satisfied, then he moves on to another, cherishing them all equally and showing no disrespect to any of them.” “Yes, certainly.”

“And he does not accept true argument,” said I, “nor admit it into that citadel, when someone says that there are pleasures that belong to noble and good desires, and others that belong to base desires, and that the former should be pursued and honoured, while the others are to be restrained and kept in subjection. No, he shakes his head at all such arguments and declares that these pleasures are all much the same, and equally worthy of honour.” “Yes, indeed,” said he, “that is his position and that is what he would do.”

“And that is how he passes his life from day to day,” said I, “gratifying whatever desire comes along. At one moment he is a drunkard, charmed by sweet music; next he becomes a water-drinker and goes on a diet; then he starts exercising, but he soon gets lazy and completely careless, and after that he seems to be engaged in philosophy. He often turns to politics, jumping up and saying

or doing whatever occurs to him, and if he ever develops an admiration for military folk, he takes himself off in that direction, or he might admire business people and go that way instead. There is no order in his life, nor any compulsion to do anything, and yet he calls this life pleasant, free and blessed, and he holds to this through and through.” “You have,” said he, “given a comprehensive description of a ‘legal equality man’.”

“And I think,” said I, “that he is a man of great variety, full of character traits aplenty, and this fellow, just like that city, is the fair and many-coloured one. Most men and women would admire his life, which contains so many models for systems of government and personal traits.” “Yes,” he said, “that is him.”

“Well now, should we have aligned a person like this with the democracy as a man who may correctly be referred to as democratic?” “We should,” said he. “Then,” said I, “all that is left for us to describe is the most beautiful form of government and the most beautiful man – tyranny and the tyrant.” “Certainly,” said he. “Come on then, my dear friend, what does the manner of tyranny prove to be? Indeed, it is quite obvious that it develops out of a democracy.” “It is.” “Now, does tyranny arise from democracy in somewhat the same manner as democracy arose from oligarchy?” “In what manner?”

“The good that they proposed,” said I, “which is the very basis of the oligarchy, was wealth. Is this not so?” “Yes.” “Well, the insatiable desire for wealth, and the disregard of everything else in favour of making money, destroyed the oligarchy.” “True,” said he. “And whatever democracy defines as good, and the insatiable desire for this, is what breaks the democracy apart, is it not?” “What, according to you, does it define as good?”

“Freedom,” said I. “For you would surely hear it said in the democratically governed city, that this is its most precious possession, and that’s why it is the only city worth living in for anyone who is free by nature.” “Yes, indeed,” said he. “That is what is said, and it is said often.” “Well, then,” said I, “as I was just about to say, the insatiable desire for this sort of thing, to the neglect of everything else, changes this form of government too, and puts it in a position where it needs tyranny.” “How so?” he asked.

“This happens, I believe, whenever a democratically governed city with a thirst for freedom gets leaders who behave like bad wine pourers. The city gets

intoxicated by drinking too much unadulterated freedom, and unless the rulers are very obliging and provide the city with a lot of freedom, it punishes them and accuses them of being despicable oligarchs.” “Yes,” said he, “that is what it does.” “And,” said I, “it hurls insults at those who are obedient to their rulers for being willing slaves and mere nobodies. But in private, and publicly too, it praises and honours any rulers who are like the subjects, and any subjects who are like rulers. Now, is it not inevitable that freedom in a city like this would extend to everything?”

“How could it do otherwise?” “And this,” said I, “must also seep down into private households, my friend, until finally the anarchy springs up even among the wild beasts.” “How are we saying this happens?” he asked.

“We would say, for example,” said I, “that a father gets accustomed to behaving like a child and is afraid of his sons. A son behaves like a father and feels neither shame nor fear before his parents so that he may, of course, be free. A foreigner residing in the city has equal status with a citizen, and a citizen has equal status with a foreigner, and the same applies to a visitor.” “Indeed,” said he, “that is what happens.”

“It does,” said I, “and there are other trivial examples. A teacher in such a situation fears and flatters the pupils, while the pupils belittle their teachers and whoever else is put in charge of them. And the young become like their elders in all respects, competing with them in word and deed, while the elders come down to the level of the young folk by being full of banter and wit, imitating the young for fear of seeming disagreeable or oppressive.” “Very much so,” said he.

“And yet, my friend,” said I, “freedom in such a city reaches its extreme when slaves, male and female, are just as free as those who buy them. And I almost forgot to mention how much equality and freedom there is among women in relation to men, and among men in relation to women.” “Should we not follow Aeschylus,” said he, “and say ‘whatever now comes to our lips?’” “Certainly,” said I, “and accordingly I say that unless he had experienced it first hand, no one would believe how much freer the domesticated animals are in this city than in any other. Indeed, it is literally the case that, as the proverb says, ‘the bitches become just like their mistresses’. And, indeed, horses and

donkeys get used to going about with total freedom and solemnity, bumping into anyone they happen to meet on the road who doesn't get out of their way, and everything else becomes just as full of freedom." "You are describing my own dream," said he. "I experience this myself when I am making my way out into the countryside."

"And," said I, "the outcome of all of these factors combined together is the observable softness it produces in the souls of the citizens. Consequently, if anyone tries to introduce any subjugation to any authority at all, they get angry and cannot stand it. Indeed, I am sure you recognise that in the end they don't even pay attention to the laws, written or unwritten, so that no one may have any authority whatsoever over them." "Yes," said he, "I know quite well." "Well, my friend," said I, "this, in my view, is the beautiful and high-spirited source from which a tyranny springs up." "High-spirited, indeed," said he. "But what happens after this?"

"The same disease," said I, "that developed in the oligarchy, and destroyed it, also develops in the democracy, but it is more pervasive and more virulent on account of the licence it allows, and it dominates the democracy completely. In fact, anything that is done to excess tends to reciprocate with an enormous corresponding change in the opposite direction, in seasons, in plants and in human bodies, and especially in forms of government." "Quite likely," said he.

"Indeed, the excessive freedom seems to transform simply into excessive slavery in the individual and in the city." "Yes, quite likely." "Then," said I, "it is likely that tyranny arises from no other form of government besides democracy. From the very pinnacle of freedom comes the most extensive and savage slavery." "Yes," said he, "that is reasonable." "But I do not think that is what you were asking," said I. "I think you asked what kind of disease develops identically in an oligarchy and in a democracy too and reduces it to slavery." "True," said he.

"Well," said I, "I was referring to that class of idle, spendthrift men, the most courageous of whom take the lead while the less vigorous among them follow. These we compare to drones, some having stings, others stingless." "And rightly so," said he. "Well," said I, "these two cause trouble in any city when they arise there. They are like phlegm and bile in the body which a good

physician, and a lawgiver in the case of a city must be careful

about from afar, just as careful as a wise beekeeper, so that ideally they do not arise in the first place, and then if they do arise they are cut out as quickly as possible, along with the wax that surrounds them.” “Yes, by Zeus,” said he, “entirely so.” “Well,” said I, “to see what we want to see with greater precision, let us proceed in the following way.” “In what way?”

“Let us use the argument to divide the democratically governed city into three, which is how matters actually stand. One part is presumably this drone-like class that develops there, no less than it does in an oligarchy, because there is so much licence.” “So it does.” “But this class is much fiercer in a democracy than in an oligarchy.” “How so?” “In the oligarchy it gets no exercise and doesn’t get strong because it is not respected and it is excluded from positions of authority. But in the democracy, with few exceptions, this is presumably the dominant class, and the fiercest part of it is vocal and active while the rest gather about the

speaker’s platform, sit there buzzing, and will not stand for any opposition. Consequently, with few exceptions, everything in such a form of government is managed by this class.” “Very much so,” said he. “And another distinct part always emerges from the general population as follows.” “In what way?” “Presumably, if everyone is involved in making money, those who are by nature most orderly generally become wealthier than everyone else.” “Quite likely.” “Well, that is where the drones find most honey, and it is easiest to extract from there.” “Yes,” said he. “How could someone extract it from the others who have so little?” “Then, I imagine, wealthy people like this are called ‘the drones’ feeding-ground’.” “Pretty much,” said he.

“The ‘People’ would be the third class, consisting of easy-going types, those who work their own land and do not own a lot. They constitute the most numerous and most powerful group in a democracy when they gather in an assembly.” “That is right,” said he, “but they are not inclined to do this very often unless they get a share of the honey.” “Do they not always get a share,” said I, “as much as the people in charge are able to spare, since they confiscate property from those who have it, distribute some to the people, but hold on to most of it themselves?”

“Yes,” said he, “that is indeed how they get a share.” “In that case, I imagine, those whose property is being confiscated are compelled to put up a defence by speaking in the assembly and by taking whatever action they can.” “Inevitably.” “Then an accusation against them is made by those on the other side, and even though they have no desire for revolution, they are accused of conspiring against the people and acting like oligarchs.” “Indeed.”

“Finally, they see that the people are trying to do them an injustice, not intentionally but out of ignorance, because they have been deceived by various slanderers. And at this stage they really do become oligarchs, whether they wish to do so or not. They are acting against their will, but the drone is stinging them and that is what produces this evil too.” “Yes, exactly.”

“Then the two sides launch impeachments, lawsuits and court cases against one another.” “Very much so.” “And in such a situation are not the people always inclined to put forward one person in particular as their own protector, whom they nurture and turn into a great man?” “That is what they are inclined to do.” “So this much is obvious,” said I. “Whenever a tyrant springs up, the root from which he springs is a protectorate and nothing else.” “Yes, that is quite obvious.”

“So, what is the origin of the change from protector to tyrant? Or is it obvious that this happens once the protector begins to do the same thing as the fellow in the story about the sanctuary of Lycean Zeus in Arcadia?” “What story?” he asked. “The story is that someone who tastes one piece of the innards of a human being, chopped up and mixed with the innards of other sacrificial animals, must necessarily turn into a wolf. Or have you not heard the account?” “I have.”

“Now, does not someone who has become a protector of the people do something like this? Does he not take control of a faithful mob and show no restraint, even to shed the blood of his own people, making unjust accusations, the mob’s usual favourites? And does he not drag someone into court and commit murder, doing away with a man’s life, tasting the blood of his own kin with defiled lips and tongue? Does he not banish people, slay them, and hint at the cancellation of debts and the redistribution of land? Now, is it not inevitable that such a person, after all this, is destined either to

be destroyed by his enemies or to become a tyrant, and transform from a man to a wolf?" "Quite inevitable," said he.

"Then this fellow," said I, "turns out to be someone who is at odds with those who own the wealth." "He does." "Now, if he is expelled and then returns in defiance of his enemies, will he not return as a finished tyrant?" "Evidently." "But if they are unable to expel him or to have him killed by spreading slander in the city, they conspire to have him slain in secret and die a violent death." "Yes," said he, "that is what tends to happen." "Then comes the request of the tyrant, all too familiar, the one that they all come up with at this stage. They ask the people for some bodyguards so that the saviour of the people may be kept safe for them." "Indeed so," said he.

"And they grant his request, I believe, because they are afraid on his behalf, although they are confident about their own situation." "Yes, indeed." "Now, when the man with money sees all this – a man who, besides having money, is accused of hating the common people – then, my friend, as the oracle given to Croesus says,

*He flees along the shore of many-pebbled Hermus
He abides not, nor is he ashamed to be a coward.*¹¹⁰

"Indeed," said he, "he will not get a second chance to be ashamed." "And I imagine," said I, "that he is done to death if he gets caught."

"Inevitably." "And yet that protector of the people does not of course lie fallen, 'a great man brought down in his greatness'.¹¹¹ No, he overthrows numerous adversaries, and stands in the controlling position of the city, a complete tyrant rather than a mere protector." "It must be so," said he. "Should we," said I, "give an account of the happiness of this man and of the city in which such a creature has arisen?" "Yes, certainly," said he. "Let us give the account."

"Well," said I, "initially, in the early days, does he not have a smile and a warm greeting for anyone he meets? Does he not deny that he is a tyrant and make lots of promises in private and in public, free people from their debts, and distribute land to the people and to his own circle, and does he not pretend to

be kind and gentle to everyone?" "He must," said he. "And yet I believe once he is reconciled with some of his enemies in exile, and has destroyed the others, and all is quiet in that regard, he sets about waging some war or other constantly so that the people will be in need of a leader." "Quite likely."

"He does this so that they will also be impoverished by paying taxes, forced to focus upon their day-to-day needs, and be less inclined to conspire against him." "Obviously." "And if he suspects that some people with exalted notions of freedom will not accept his authority, I believe he can come up with a pretext to destroy these people by handing them over to the enemy. So, for all these reasons it is imperative that a tyrant stirs up war continuously." "Imperative." "And because he behaves like this, must he not expect to be increasingly hated by the citizens?" "How can he not expect that?"

"And will not some of those who helped him to power, and are in power themselves, speak frankly to him and to one another, criticising the things that are happening – those who are brave enough to do so at any rate." "Quite likely." "So, the tyrant needs to do away with all these people secretly if he is to have authority, until finally there is no one left, friend or foe, who is of any use to him." "Evidently."

"So, he must keep a sharp eye out to see who is courageous, who has a great mind, who is intelligent, and who is wealthy. And such is his blessedness that whether he likes it or not, he must be an enemy to all these people, and conspire against them, until such time as he cleanses the city." "A fine cleansing that is," said he. "Yes," said I, "it is the exact opposite of what physicians do to bodies. They remove the worst and leave the best, but the tyrant does the opposite." "Yes," said he. "It seems he needs to do this if he is to rule the city."

"So, he is bound," said I, "by a blessed necessity which directs him either to live alongside people who are, for the most part, quite ordinary, or else not live at all." "He is," said he. "Now, is it not the case that the more he is hated by the citizens for doing all this, the greater his need for more bodyguards who are more trustworthy?" "He has no alternative." "So, who are these trustworthy people? And where will he source them from?" "Lots of them will fly in of their own accord," said he, "once he comes up with the money."

“By the dog,” said I, “I think you are referring to some more drones, foreign ones this time, of all varieties.” “Yes,” said he. “I think that is true.” “What about local ones? Would he be at all reluctant to take the slaves away from the citizens, set them free, and then make them part of his own circle of bodyguards?” “He will be very keen to do so,” he said, “since men like this will be extremely loyal to him.” “What a blessed thing this tyranny is,” said I, “if it relies upon such people as trusted friends, having done away with their predecessors.” “But of course he relies on people like this,” said he.

“And these companions of his admire him, of course,” said I. “And the new citizens associate with him, while the respectable citizens hate him and avoid him.” “What else could they do?” “It is no wonder,” said I, “that tragedy is generally thought to be wise, and Euripides is thought to excel in it.” “Why so?” “Because he uttered the following maxim, born of cogent thought: ‘tyrants are wise, by associating with the wise’. And he meant of course that these people, with whom the tyrant is associating, are wise people.”

“And,” said he, “he praises the tyranny as the equal of the gods, and he himself says much else besides, as do the other poets.” “And that,” said I, “is why the tragic poets, being wise, forgive us and those with a form of government similar to ours for not admitting them, because they are advocates of tyranny.” “I think,” said he, “that the more civilised among them do forgive us.”

“And yet, I believe, they go around the other cities, and by gathering crowds and paying for the services of good voices that are loud and persuasive, they influence those regimes in the direction of tyranny or democracy.” “They do indeed.” “And besides this, will they not receive payment and be honoured too, mostly, as seems likely, by tyrannical regimes and, to a lesser extent, by democracies? But the higher they climb along the ascending scale of systems of government, the more their honour starts to flag, as if it were unable to go any further because it was out of breath.” “Yes, indeed.”

“But we have digressed here,” said I. “Let us go back to that noble, numerous, variegated and ever-changing army of the tyrant, and say how it is supported.” “Obviously,” said he, “if there are sacred treasures in the city’s temples he will spend these for as long as the proceeds from their sale is sufficient, and make the people contribute less.” “And what happens when this runs out?”

“Obviously,” said he, “he himself, his fellow drinkers and his companions, both male and female, will be supported from his father’s estate.”

“I understand,” said I. “The people who brought forth this tyrant will support the man himself and his companions too.” “They need to,” said he, “very much so.” “What are you saying?” I asked. “What if the people get angry and say that it is unjust for a grown-up son to be supported by his father, and that it should be the other way around – the father should be supported by the son? That was not why they created him and put him in place, so that when

he had grown up the people would then be enslaved by their own slaves and end up supporting him, along with the slaves and a rabble of others too. They wanted to be liberated from the wealthy classes and the so-called ‘noble and good’ people in their own city, with him as their protector. What if they now order him to get out of the city, himself and his companions, like a father driving an errant son out of the house along with a rabble of revellers?”

“By Zeus,” said he, “the people would then realise what sort of beast they had brought forth, embraced and encouraged. They are now the weaker party driving out someone stronger.” “What do you mean?” said I. “Would the tyrant dare to do violence to his father and aim a blow at him if he was not compliant?” “Yes,” said he, “after he had disarmed him.” “You are saying,” said I, “that the tyrant is a parricide and a harsh nurturer of the aged, and it seems that this would indeed be undisguised tyranny. And, as the saying goes, in fleeing from the

smoke of slavery to free men, the people would have fallen into the fire of total subjugation to slaves. Instead of that vast and immoderate freedom, they have donned a new robe, the harshest and most bitter slavery, slavery to slaves.” “Yes, that is what happens,” said he, “very much so.” “Well, then,” said I, “would it be appropriate for us to claim that we have given a sufficiently detailed account of how tyranny follows after democracy, and what it is like then?” “Sufficiently detailed indeed,” said he.

BOOK IX

“Then,” said I, “what remains to be considered is the tyrannical man himself, how he develops from the democratic man and what he is like then, and whether his manner of life is wretched or blessed.” “Yes,” said he, “this fellow remains to be considered.” “I feel that something is still missing,” said I. “Do you know what it is?” “What?” “I do not think we have adequately distinguished the kind and number of the various desires. Indeed, if we do not remedy this deficiency, the search we are engaged in will lack clarity.” “Would not this still be a good time to do so?” said he.

“Yes, certainly. And consider what I wish to see in these desires. It is as follows. Among the unnecessary pleasures and desires, some I believe are lawless. Although these are probably innate in everyone, they can nevertheless, when restrained by the laws and by the better desires accompanied by reason, be eliminated completely in some cases, or a few weak ones may be left. But in other cases those that remain may be stronger and more numerous.” “Can you say,” said he, “what these desires are?”

“Those,” said I, “that are aroused whenever the rational, gentle part of the soul, the part that rules the other part, is in slumber, and the brutish and wild part, gorged on food or wine, springs to life, refusing to sleep, and sets out to indulge its bad habits. You know that in a situation like this, it

dares to do anything at all, as if it had been released from and was rid of all shame and understanding. Indeed, it does not shrink, or so it imagines, from intercourse with mother or with anything else at all, man or god or beast. It murders anyone at all and eats any meat at all, without restraint, and in short there is no deed, be it mindless or shameless, that it leaves undone.” “Very true,” said he.

“And yet I think when someone keeps himself healthy and of sound mind, and goes to sleep having aroused the rational part of himself, and feasted it on beautiful words and considerations, he attains concord with himself. He ensures that his appetitive part is neither in want nor fully satisfied so

that it may be lulled to sleep and not be a source of trouble to the best part of him by being pleased or in pain, but will allow that part, just by itself, to reflect on its own and aspire to perceive what it does not know of the past, the present or the future. “He calms the spirited part too in the same way, and he

will not go to sleep with a troubled heart after being angry with someone. Rather, having quietened the other two parts and activated the third, the one in which understanding resides, he then takes his rest. You know that under such circumstances he is most likely to apprehend the truth, and the visions that appear in his dreams are then least likely to be lawless.” “That is it,” said he, “entirely so.”

“Well, all of this has led us to say more than we needed to, but what we want to recognise is this: that there is, in fact, some fearsome, savage and lawless form of desires present in each of us, even in some people who seem to be extremely moderate, and this becomes evident when we are asleep. So, think about whether I am making any sense and whether you agree.” “Yes, I agree.”

“Well, remember the democratic man, and what we said he was like. He presumably became like this by being brought up from his earliest years by a miserly father who only had respect for those desires that make money and had no respect for the unnecessary ones that exist for the sake of amusement and ostentation. Is this so?” “Yes.”

“But once he associates with cleverer men who are full of the desires we have just described, he rushes in the direction of total excess, adopts the behaviour of those new-found friends, and hates the miserliness of his father. But because he is by nature better than his corruptors, he is drawn in both directions and finally takes up a middle position in between the two tendencies. Managing – so he believes anyway – to enjoy each of them in due measure, he lives a life that is neither devoid of freedom nor utterly lawless. He has been transformed from an oligarchical man into a democratic one.” “Yes,” said he, “this was, and remains, our view of such a person.”

“Then, assume once again,” said I, “that a man like this has already grown older, and has a young son who has, in turn, been brought up in the habits of his father.” “I am assuming this.” “Assume too that the same things that happened to his father also happen to the son. He is drawn to utter lawlessness, which is called total freedom by those who are leading him. His father and other relatives assist those middle desires, while his corruptors, in turn, help the other desires. And when these clever beguilers and tyrant-makers lose hope of controlling the young man by any

other means, they contrive to engender a passion in him, as a protector of the idle desires that are keen to spend so freely. And the passion in such people is a huge, winged drone. Or do you think it is something else?" "No, I do not think it is anything else," said he.

"Now, when the other desires are buzzing about the drone, full of incense, perfume, garlands and wine, and all the pleasures that are usually let loose at such gatherings, they feed the drone and make it grow, and engender in it the sting of desire. Then this protector of the soul, with madness as its bodyguard, goes into a frenzy, and if it detects any opinions or desires within itself that are accounted worthy, or still have any shame, it kills them off and pushes them out of itself until it has been cleansed of sound-mindedness and is full of madness brought in from outside."

"That," said he, "is a comprehensive description of the origin of the tyrannical man." "Is this not why Eros has traditionally been called a tyrant?" said I. "Quite likely," said he. "And, my friend," said I, "does not a man who is drunk have a certain tyrannical frame of mind?" "He has." "And, indeed, someone who is mad or deranged endeavours to exercise authority, not only over men but over gods too, and he imagines that he can do so." "Very much so," said he.

"And this, dear fellow, is exactly how a man becomes tyrannical," said I. "It happens when, by nature or by his pursuits, or both, he has become drunken, passionate and maniacal." "Entirely so." "That, it seems, is how the man originates and that is what he is like. But how then does he live?" "You tell me!" said he, as people say when they are having fun. "I shall," said I. "Indeed, I believe that after this they indulge in feasting, carousing, revelry and womanising, and all sorts of things associated with people whose entire soul is governed by an indwelling tyrannical passion." "Inevitably," said he. "Now, do not desires, many and fearsome, spring up alongside this one, every day and every night, making many demands?" "Many indeed." "So, any sources of income are quickly spent." "Of course."

"And after this comes borrowing and the erosion of his estate." "Indeed." "And when all this fails him, must not there be an outcry from that crowd of intense desires that have made their nest there? Must not the men themselves

be goaded on, so to speak, by the stings of the other desires, and especially by the master-passion itself which leads all the others as if they were its bodyguards? Will they not look about in a frenzy to see who has something that can be taken away by deception or by force?" "Very much so," said he.

"So, he needs to plunder from every quarter, or else be gripped by enormous travails and pains." "He must." "Now, just as the newer pleasures in him got the better of the old ones and took away all they possessed, so too would not the man himself also, in spite of his youth, feel that he deserves to have more than his father and mother, and to take away and appropriate the family's wealth, once he had spent his own portion?" "Yes, indeed," said he.

"And if they would not turn it over to him, would he not initially attempt to steal from his parents and deceive them?" "Absolutely." "And if he were unable to do this, would he then seize what he could by force?" "I think so," said he. "And then, my friend, if that elderly man or woman resisted him and put up a fight, would he be careful and spare them from any tyrannical behaviour?" "No," said he, "I am not at all confident about the fate of the parents of a man like this."

"But, by Zeus, Adimantus, do you think he would rain down blows upon his aged friend, the friend he needs, his own mother, all because of a new-found girlfriend, a companion he does not need? Would he strike his elderly father, a man in decline, a much-needed and most ancient friend, all because of a newfound boyfriend in his prime whom he does not really need? And would he let his parents be slaves of these new friends if he were to bring them all into the same household?" "Yes, he would, by Zeus," said he. "How very blessed it seems to be," said I, "to bring forth a tyrannical son." "Entirely so," said he.

"But what happens to such a person when the resources of his father and mother fail him, while the swarm of pleasures within him is already growing in size? Will he not initially turn his hand to house-breaking or steal the robe of someone who is out late at night, and then go on to plunder a temple? And in all these exploits, the opinions he held of old since childhood about what is noble and what is shameful, opinions that are accounted just, will be subject to those opinions, newly released from slavery, that constitute the bodyguards of the ruling passion and rule alongside it.

These were released previously only in dreams during sleep, when he was still subject to the laws and to his father, because he was under democratic rule within. But now that he is under the tyranny of passion, the sort of person he occasionally became whilst dreaming is the sort of person he has

now become, constantly, whilst awake. He will not refrain from any vile murder; there is nothing he will not eat, no action he will not perform. Passion lives within him as a tyrant, in total anarchy and lawlessness, since it is itself the sole ruler, and like a tyrant in a city it will lead anyone in whom it resides to utter recklessness. From this it feeds itself and the rabble that surrounds it, some of which come in from outside from bad company, some of which come from within because the very same tendencies, his own tendencies in this case, have been established and set free. Is this not the life that a man like this leads?" "That is it, indeed," said he.

"And," said I, "if people of this sort are few in number while the rest of the population of the city is sound-minded, they leave and act as bodyguards for some other tyrant, or serve as paid mercenaries in time of war. But if they arise in time of peace when things are quiet, they stay in the city and do a lot of bad deeds on a small scale." "What sort of deeds?" "Theft, for instance, house-breaking, picking pockets, stealing people's clothes, robbing from temples and kidnapping. And sometimes, if they are accomplished speakers, they become informers, give false evidence and take bribes." "Yes," said he, "small-scale bad deeds indeed, provided such people are few in number."

"Yes," said I, "what is small is small relative to what is large, and none of these evils 'come nigh at all', as they say, to a tyrant in terms of the corruption and degeneracy of a city. For when such people grow large in number in the city, along with the others who follow their lead, and they realise how numerous they are, these are the ones who, with assistance from the unthinking general populace, bring forth that tyrant, the particular person who has the greatest and most extensive tyrant within his own soul." "Yes, quite likely," said he, "since he would be the most tyrannical of them all."

"That is what happens if the people yield willingly, but if the city will not submit to him, then he acts as he did towards his own father and mother. He will punish his fatherland in the same way that he punished them, if he can, by

bringing in his newfound companions, and he will hold and maintain his beloved ancient fatherland – or motherland, as the Cretans say – in slavery to them. And this would be the culmination of such a man's desire." "It would," said he, "entirely so."

"Well, then," said I, "how do these people behave as private citizens, even before they have authority? In the first place, will they not spend their time with people who flatter them when they are together, or who are prepared to do anything to serve them? Or if they want something from someone else, will they not debase themselves and try any device, as if they were friends, but turn into strangers once their mission is accomplished?" "Yes, very much so."

"And so they live their entire lives without ever being friends to anyone, but always either someone's master or someone else's slave. But the tyrannical nature never gets a taste of true freedom or true friendship." "Entirely so."

"Well then, would we be right to refer to such people as unfaithful?" "Of course." "And unjust too, to the greatest extent possible, if we were indeed correct in agreeing what we agreed previously about the sort of thing justice is." "Well, we were right about that at any rate," said he.

"To sum up, then," said I, "let us say this about the most evil person: he would presumably, even when awake, be like the sort of person we described in dreams." "Yes, certainly." "And he comes into existence when someone who is by nature utterly tyrannical, has sole authority, and the longer he lives the life of a tyrant, the more like this he becomes." "He must," said Glaucon, taking up the argument.

"So, is it the case," said I, "that whoever proves to be most evil will also prove to be most wretched? And is it the case that whoever is a tyrant to the greatest degree for the most time, has in truth been most miserable for the most time? But popular opinion on this is quite varied." "Well, the situation must be as you describe it," said he. "And does not the tyrannical man correspond to the tyrannically governed city in likeness," I said, "and the democratic man to the democratically governed city, and similarly for the others?" "Of course."

"Now, as city corresponds to city in excellence and happiness, does one man correspond to another man in this respect too?" "Of course." "Now, in terms of excellence, how does the city governed by a tyrant correspond to the first

one we described, the one governed by a king?" "It is the complete opposite," said he. "Indeed, one is the most excellent of all and the other is the worst."

"I shall not ask," said I, "which you are referring to since it is quite obvious. But would your decision be the same in relation to happiness and wretchedness, or would it be different? And let us not be dazzled by looking at the tyrant in person or a few people in his inner circle; we need to look at the whole city by going into it, delving into every corner and seeing what is there. Then and only then may we express our opinion." "You are right to challenge me," said he. "Indeed, it is obvious to everyone that no city is more wretched than one that is governed by a tyrant, and none is more happy than one that is governed by a king."

"Well," said I, "what if I were to issue the very same challenges in relation to individual men? Would I be right to suggest that the only person who has the right to decide these issues is someone who is able to use his mind to go deep into the character of a man and see clearly, without being dazzled by the pretence of the tyrannical types, like a child who looks only from the outside, someone who is well able to see through the pretence that tyrants put on for the world at large? Now, what if I were to presume that we should all listen to that person, the one who is able to make this decision and who has lived alongside a tyrant and has witnessed his dealings with his household and how he behaves towards the various members of his family where he is best seen, stripped of

theatrical trappings, and who has also seen him amidst the perils of public life? Since this person has seen so much, should we call upon him to report where the tyrant stands relative to the others, in terms of happiness and wretchedness?" "You would," said he, "be absolutely right to suggest this." "Would you like us," said I, "to pretend to be people who are able to make this decision, and who have already met up with tyrants, so that we may have someone to answer the questions we asked?" "Certainly."

"Come on, then," said I, "and consider the following. Remembering the similarity between the city and the individual man, consider them carefully, each in turn, and describe the characteristics of each." "What sort of characteristics?" he asked. "Firstly," said I, "to speak of the city, will you say

that the one governed by a tyrant is free or enslaved?" "Enslaved," said he, "to the greatest extent possible." "And yet you see masters and free men there."

"Yes," said he, "I see this, and it is a small detail, but the whole population, so to speak, in that city, and the very best part, is dishonourably and miserably enslaved." "Now," said I, "if the individual is like the city, must not the same state of affairs prevail within him, and must not his soul be full of slavishness and restriction, the very best parts being enslaved, while a small part, the worst and the maddest, is their master?" "It must be so," said he. "In that case, will you maintain that a soul of this sort is enslaved or free?" "Enslaved, I presume."

"Furthermore, does not the enslaved, tyrannically governed city do what it wishes to do to the least possible extent?" "Yes, the very least."

"So, the tyrannically governed soul, too, will do what it wishes to do to the least possible extent, speaking of the soul as a whole, and, being continually impelled by the gadfly of desire, it will be full of confusion and regret."

"Inevitably." "And must the tyrannically governed city be wealthy or poor?" "Poor." "So the tyrannical soul too must always be in need and dissatisfied." "It must," said he. "And what about this? Must not a city like this and a person like this be full of fear?" "That is quite inevitable."

"And do you think you will find more wailing, groaning, lamentation and suffering in any other city than you find in this one?" "Not at all." "And do you think this sort of thing is more prevalent in any other individual than it is in this tyrant, mad with desires and passions?" "How could I?" he said.

"Now, I imagine you decided that this city, at any rate, is the most wretched of cities in view of all these considerations and others like them." "Was I not right to do so?" he asked. "Very much so," said I. "But what do you say, in turn, about the tyrannical individual in the light of these same considerations?" "That he is", said he, "the most wretched by far, more so than any of the others." "That," said I, "is not quite correct." "How so?" he asked. "This fellow," said I, "is not yet the most wretched I imagine." "Then who is?" "Someone who will surely seem to you to be more wretched than this fellow." "Who?"

“Someone,” said I, “with a tyrannical nature who does not live out his life as a private citizen, but by an unfortunate accident gets the opportunity to become an actual tyrant.” “I reckon,” said he, “from what has already been said, that this is true.” “Yes,” said I, “but we should not merely think about matters of this sort. We should consider them very carefully, using an argument like this, since our enquiry is concerned with the most important issue of all – living a good life or a bad one.” “Quite right,” said he. “Now, consider if what I am saying makes any sense. For I think this needs to be considered with the following examples in mind.” “What examples?”

“The example of any of the private citizens in the city who are wealthy and own lots of slaves, for they have this in common with tyrants: they rule over many people, although they differ in that the tyrant rules over a greater number.” “They differ in this way, indeed.” “And you know, do you not, that these people do not live in fear and they are not terrified of their own household slaves?” “Yes, for what would they be afraid of?” “Nothing,” said I. “But do you recognise the reason why?” “Yes, because the entire city is there to assist every single private citizen.” “That is right,” said I. “But what if some god were to take one man who owned fifty slaves or even more, lift him and his wife and children out of the city and set him down in an isolated place, along with his other property and his household slaves, where none of his fellow free men would be in a position to come to his aid? Can you imagine his fear, and how afraid he would be that he, his children and his wife might be done away with by his own slaves?” “I think he would be in total fear,” said he.

“Would he not be compelled, at that stage, to ingratiate himself with some of those slaves, make lots of promises, and even set them free when there was no need to, and he himself would thus turn out to be the flatterer of his own servants.” “He would have to do that,” said he, “just to survive.” “And what if the god,” said I, “were to settle other people around him, lots of neighbours who would not put up with it if someone were to claim the right to enslave anyone else, and would inflict the most severe punishments on someone who acts like this, if they could catch him?” “I think,” said he, “that he would be in even more difficulty, in every respect, being watched from all sides by nothing but enemies.”

“So, is it not the case that the tyrant is bound fast in a prison house like this, since his nature is as we have described it, filled with a huge variety of fears and passions? Although his soul is full of craving, he is the one person in the city who finds it impossible to travel abroad or to see anything that other free men love to see. Skulking inside his own house most of the time, does he not live

like a woman, envying the other citizens if any of them ever travel abroad or see anything good?” “Yes, entirely so,” said he. “So, does not the man who is ill-governed within, the tyrannical man whom you deemed most wretched, reap an even greater harvest of such evils once he forsakes his private life and is compelled by some chance event to become a tyrant, and attempts to rule others when he cannot even control himself? It is as if someone with a sick body that cannot control itself was compelled to

live his life not in quiet privacy, but in constant competition and physical combat.” “Very true, Socrates,” said he, “it is exactly like that.” “Now, dear Glaucon,” said I, “is this not an entirely wretched predicament, and does not the actual tyrant live an even harsher life than the person whose life you decided was harshest?” “Definitely,” said he.

“So, the truth of the matter, even if someone thinks otherwise, is that the real tyrant is actually a slave to fawning and servitude on a huge scale, and a flatterer of the most vile people of all. Since none of his desires are satisfied, he turns out to be most needy in most respects, and in truth, poor, once someone knows how to look at a soul as a whole. He is full of fear too throughout his entire life, beset with convulsions and pains, if he does indeed resemble the disposition of the city he rules over. And he does resemble this, does he not?” “Very much so,” said he.

“And in addition to all this, should we not also ascribe what we spoke of earlier to this man? Must he not be envious, unfaithful, unjust, friendless and impious, a host and nurturer of every evil? And must he not become even more like this than he previously was because he is a ruler, and for all these reasons be most unhappy in himself and make people around him unhappy too?” “No one,” said he, “with any intelligence will argue against you.”

“Come on now,” said I, “act like the overall judge in a competition and announce who, in your opinion, comes first in terms of happiness, who comes

second, and so on for the other five in turn, the kingly person, the timocratic, the oligarchic, the democratic and the tyrannical. Decide!" "The decision is an easy one," said he. "I judge them as if I were judging theatrical choruses, and I rank them in terms of excellence and evil, happiness and its opposite, in the very order in which they made their entrance."

"Shall we hire a herald then?" I asked. "Or shall I myself proclaim that the son of Ariston has decided that the best and most just person is also the happiest, and this is the most kingly person who exercises kingly rule over himself, and that the worst and most unjust person is also the most wretched, and he, for his part, turns out to be the most tyrannical person who tyrannises to the greatest possible extent over himself, and over the city too?" "Consider it done," said he. "And should I declare, in addition," said I, "that this is the case whether their dispositions are noticed by all men and gods, or not?" "Add that declaration," said he.

"So be it," said I, "and this would be one of our proofs. But take a look at a second one and see if you think it amounts to anything." "What is it?" "Since the city," said I, "is divided into three parts, and the soul of each individual is threefold in like manner, this I believe will afford another proof." "In what way?"

"As follows. It seems to me that there are three kinds of pleasures corresponding to the three parts of the soul, one pleasure being particular to each part, and that the same goes for desires and for ways of ruling the soul." "What do you mean?" he asked. "There is, according to us, one part with which a person learns, and another with which he becomes spirited. We were unable to provide a particular name for the third since it is complex, so we named it after its largest and strongest aspect. We called it the appetitive part, due to the intensity of its appetite for food, drink and sex, and everything associated with these. We called it money-loving too, because such appetites are satisfied mainly through money."

"And we were right to do so," said he. "Well then, if we were to say that the pleasure and love belonging to this part was for profit, would that best summarise the argument so that we could be confident that we are referring to this part of the soul correctly when we refer to it as money-loving or

profit-loving?” “So it seems to me anyway,” said he. “What about this? Do we not maintain that the spirited part is always wholly intent upon power, victory and fame?” “Very much so.” “Now, if we were to refer to it as ambitious and in love with honour, would that seem right?” “Right indeed.”

“But, of course, it is obvious to everyone that the part by which we learn is always intent upon knowing the truth as it is, and, of the three parts, this one is least interested in money and reputation.” “The least by far.” “Would it be appropriate then for us to refer to it as having a love of learning and of wisdom?”

“Yes, of course.” “Is it not the case,” said I, “that this part rules the soul of some people while one of the other two rules the souls of others, as the case may be?” “Quite so,” said he. “For these reasons, then, we say that the principal kinds of human being are also three in number: the kind that loves wisdom, the kind that loves winning and the kind that loves profit.” “Exactly.” “And are there not three forms of pleasure, one underlying each of these?” “Entirely so.”

“Now you do realise, do you not,” said I, “that if you decided to ask three people of this sort, each in turn, which of these lives is most pleasant, each would praise his own way of life the most? Will not the money-maker maintain that unless he makes some money from them, the pleasures of attaining honour or learning are worthless in comparison with the pleasure of making profit?” “True,” said he. “What about the kind that loves honour?” I asked. “Will he not regard the pleasure that comes from money as vulgar, and the pleasure that comes from learning, for its part, as insubstantial nonsense unless the learning confers some honour?” “That is his position,” said he.

“And how,” said I, “do we think the lover of wisdom will regard the other pleasures in comparison with knowing the truth as it is and being continually involved in something like this while he is learning? Will not the other pleasures be far removed from this pleasure, and will he not refer to them as necessary, in a literal sense, because he would have no need for any of them unless necessity was involved?” “This needs to be well understood,” said he.

“Now,” said I, “when there is dispute over the pleasures of each kind and over the life itself, not only over which life is more noble or more shameful, which

is worse and which is better, but over which life is actually more pleasant and least painful, how are we to know which of them is really speaking the truth?" "I just cannot say," he replied. "Well, consider it in this way. What should things be judged by if they are going to be properly judged? Is it not by experience, intelligence and argument, or could anyone have a better criterion than these?" "How could they?" said he.

"Then consider this. Of the three men, who among them has most experience of all the pleasures we mentioned? Does the lover of profit, by understanding truth itself and what it is like, seem to you to have more experience of the pleasure of knowledge than the lover of wisdom has of the pleasure that comes from making a profit?" "There is a big difference," said he. "Indeed the lover of wisdom, of necessity, tastes the other pleasures from his earliest childhood. But there is no necessity that the lover of profit tastes the pleasure of learning the nature of things that are, and how sweet that pleasure is, or that he have any experience of this, and even if he is eager to do so, it is not easy." "There is a big difference, then," said I, "between the lover of wisdom and the lover of profit in their experience of both of these pleasures." "Big, indeed."

"And how does he compare to the lover of honour? Does the lover of wisdom have less experience of the pleasure of attaining honour than the profit lover has of the pleasure of the intellect?" "No," said he, "honour accrues to them all once they achieve whatever they are each intent upon. Indeed, the wealthy are honoured by lots of people, and so too are the courageous and the wise. So they all have experience of the kind of pleasure that comes from attaining honour. But it is impossible for anyone except the lover of wisdom to have tasted the kind of pleasure that comes from beholding what is."

"So, in terms of experience," said I, "he is a better judge than any of the others." "Much better." "And, indeed, he alone will have gained his experience in the company of intelligence." "Indeed." "Then again, the instrument that is needed in order to judge is not the instrument of the profit lover, or of the lover of honour, but of the lover of wisdom." "What is it?" "I think we said that it is necessary to judge by means of arguments. Is this so?" "Yes." "And arguments are the instrument of the philosopher most of all." "They must be." "Now, if whatever is to be judged were best judged by wealth and profit,

then the things that the profit lover praised and censured would necessarily be the truest of all, would they not?" "Much the truest." "And if they were judged by honour, victory and courage, would not whatever is praised by the ambitious lover of honour be truest?" "Obviously."

"But since they must be judged by experience, intelligence and argument, what follows?" "It must be the case," said he, "that whatever the lover of wisdom and argument praises is the truest." "So, of the three pleasures, would the one that belongs to the part of the soul we learn with be most pleasant, and would the life of the person in whom this part rules be the most pleasant life of the three?" "How could it be otherwise?" said he. "The man of intelligence is the one who has complete authority to praise his own life." "And what life comes second and what pleasure comes second, according to the judge?" I asked. "It is obviously the pleasure of the military type who loves honour since this is closer to the lover of wisdom than the pleasure of the lover of profit." "Then it seems that the pleasure of the lover of profit comes last." "Indeed," said he.

"These would constitute two arguments in succession, and two victories for the just over the unjust. Let the third, in Olympic fashion, be dedicated to the Saviour, Olympian Zeus. Consider this carefully. The pleasure of the others, apart from the pleasure of the man of intelligence, is not completely true, nor is it pure; it is a mere shadow-drawing, as it seems to me I have heard from one of the wise. And, indeed, this next overthrow of the unjust would be the greatest and most decisive of all." "Very decisive. But what do you mean?" "I will discover this," said I, "if you answer questions while I carry out an enquiry." "Ask your questions then," said he.

"Then tell me," said I, "do we not maintain that pain is the opposite of pleasure?" "Very much so." "And do we not also say that being neither in pleasure nor in pain is possible?" "It is indeed." "Would you describe this as a middle state, between these two, a respite of the soul from both?" "Quite so."

"Now," said I, "do you recall the utterances of sick people and what they say when they are ill?" "What sort of utterances?"

"That nothing is actually more pleasant than being healthy, but they were unaware, prior to their illness, just how pleasant it is." "I remember," said he.

“And do you not hear people who are gripped by some huge pain saying that nothing is more pleasant than cessation of pain?” “I do hear that.” “And I believe in lots of other situations like this, you notice that people in pain, rather than praising enjoyment, praise absence of pain and respite from this sort of thing as the greatest pleasure.” “Yes,” said he, “this respite is probably pleasant and enjoyable then.”

“And,” said I, “when someone’s enjoyment comes to an end, respite from the pleasure will be a source of pain.” “Probably,” said he. “So respite, which we said just now is in between pleasure and pain, will on occasion be both.” “So it seems.” “But is it possible for something that is neither to become both?” “I do not think so.” “And, indeed, the pleasure that arises in the soul, and the pain too, are both movements of some sort, are they not?” “Yes.”

“And did not whatever is neither painful nor pleasant turn out just now to be a repose between these two?” “So it did.” “Now, how could it be right to think that not being in pain is pleasure, and absence of enjoyment is pain?” “It could not be.” “So this is not the case,” said I, “but it appears so. Respite, on occasion, appears pleasant in comparison with pain, and painful in comparison with pleasure, but there is nothing sound in any of these appearances in relation to the truth about pleasure. They are, rather, a sort of enchantment.” “Well,” said he, “that is what the argument is indicating.”

“Then,” said I, “look at the pleasures that do not originate in pains, so that you do not come to believe, in the present case, that this is the natural state of affairs, that pleasure is indeed the cessation of pain, and pain the cessation of pleasure.” “Where shall I look,” said he, “and what sort of pleasures do you mean?” “Well,” said I, “although there are many other examples, I would like you to pay particular attention to the pleasures associated with smells. For these suddenly become extraordinarily intense, without any preceding pain, and when they cease they leave no pain at all behind.” “Very true,” said he.

“So, let us not believe that being quit of pain is pure pleasure, or that being quit of pleasure is pain.” “Let us not.” “And yet,” said I, “the greatest and most numerous of the so-called pleasures that extend through the body as far as the soul, are of this form. They are mere releases from pain.” “They are, indeed.” “And does not the same hold for the anticipatory pleasures and pains that arise

from our expectations of these?" "The same, indeed."

"Now," said I, "do you know what qualities they have, and what they most resemble?" "What?" he asked. "Do you think," said I, "that in nature there is an up, a down and a middle?" "I do." "Now, do you think that someone being carried from below towards the middle would think he is being carried upwards? Could he think otherwise? And once he is standing in the middle, looking back to where he had been carried from, would he not presume without question that he is above, never having seen the truly above?" "By Zeus," said he, "I really do not think a person in such a position could think otherwise."

"And if he were carried back again," said I, "would he think he was being carried down, and would that be true?" "How could it not be?" "And would not all this happen because he has no experience of what is truly above, in the middle, and below?" "Obviously." "And would you be at all surprised if people who, in like manner, have no experience of the truth about many other matters, hold unsound opinions? Might they hold a view of pleasure and pain, and the intermediate state according to which, when they move in the direction of pain, they think they really and truly are in pain? But on the other hand, when they move from pain to the intermediate state, might they be convinced that they are approaching fulfilment and pleasure, and be deceived by comparing an absence of pain to pain, without any experience of pleasure, as if they were comparing black to grey with no experience of white?" "By Zeus," said he, "I would not be surprised. No, I would be much more surprised if this did not happen."

"Well, think about this," said I. "Are not hunger and thirst and the like a sort of deficiency in the state of the body?" "Indeed." "And are not ignorance and stupidity, in turn, a deficiency in the state of the soul?" "Very much so." "And would not anyone who gets nourishment or who acquires intelligence be filled up?" "Of course."

"And does the true filling up involve being filled with what is less real or more real?" "With what is more real, of course." "And which of the kinds do you think partakes more of pure being? Is it the kind that includes food, drink, relish and every kind of nourishment, or the form that includes true opinion,

knowledge, intelligence and, in short, all excellence? You need to decide the following question. Does that which holds to the unchanging, to the immortal and to truth, and is like this itself and originates in something like this, seem more real to you than what holds to the ever-changing and the mortal, and is like this itself and originates in this sort of thing?"

"Whatever holds to that which is unchanging," said he, "far exceeds the other." "Now, does the being of the unchanging partake any more of being than of knowledge?" "Not at all." "Or of truth?" "Not of truth either." "And what partakes less of truth, also partakes less of being, does it not?" "Necessarily." "So, in general, do not the kinds that are concerned with the care of the body partake less of truth and being than those that are concerned with the care of the soul?" "Much less."

"And do you not think the same holds for the body itself, in comparison with the soul?" "I do indeed." "So, is not that which is filled with what is more real, and is itself more real, actually filled to a greater extent than something filled with what is less real, and is itself less real?" "It must be."

"In that case, if being filled with what naturally belongs to us is pleasure, then that which is filled more with things that really are, would make us enjoy true pleasure more really and more truly. But that which shares in things that are less real would be filled less truly and less certainly, and would share in a pleasure that is less trustworthy and less true." "This must be so," said he.

"So, those with no experience of wisdom or excellence, who are constantly involved in feasting and the like, are, it seems, moving downwards and then back to the middle again, and they spend their lives wandering like this. They have never transcended this and turned their gaze to what is truly above, nor have they ever yet been borne there, nor have they really been filled with what is or tasted pleasure that is certain and true.

"Rather, like cattle with a constant downward gaze and their heads bowed towards the ground to their tables, they gorge themselves, feeding then mating, and out of sheer greed for all this, they kick and butt one another with horns and hooves of iron. They slaughter one another with weapons of war because their desire is insatiable, since they are not filling the real part of themselves with things that are, nor are they even filling the part that can

contain these.” “Socrates,” said Glaucon, “you are describing most people’s lives in an utterly prophetic manner.”

“Now, is it not inevitable that they live among pleasures that are mixed with pains, mere images and shadow-drawings of true pleasure, taking their colour from being placed alongside one another so that they each appear quite intense, and engender raging passions of their own in senseless people who fight over them, just as the heroes at Troy, according to Stesichorus, fought over the image of Helen, in ignorance of the truth?”¹¹² “Yes,” said he, “something like this is quite inevitable.”

“What about this? Must not similar considerations apply to the spirited part whenever someone satisfies this, either through envy because he loves honour, or through violence because he is ambitious, or through spirit because he is bad tempered? Is he not then pursuing the satisfaction of honour, victory and spirit, in the absence of and reason and intelligence?” “This sort of thing,” said he, “is inevitable too, in that case.”

“Well, then,” said I, “may we be so bold as to say that in the case of the ambitious, profit-loving part, there are a number of desires that adhere to knowledge and reason, and which pursue their pleasures in the company of these, only adopting those pleasures that intelligence approves of? Will not these desires adopt the truest pleasures they can attain to, because they are following truth itself and pleasures that belong to themselves, if indeed what is best for each is what most belongs to each?” “Yes, what most belongs to each indeed.”

“So, when the entire soul follows the lead of the part that loves wisdom, without being rebellious, and each part as a result performs its own function in every respect and is just, then above all does each part reap a rich harvest of pleasures that are its own, the very best pleasures and the very truest of which it is capable?”

“Yes, precisely.” “But when any of the other parts is in control, it is unable as a result to discover its own pleasure, and it compels the others to pursue an untrue pleasure that is alien to them.” “Quite so,” said he. “And would not the parts that stand furthest from philosophy and reason be most inclined to bring this about?” “Yes, they would be most inclined by far.” “And whatever

stands furthest from reason is furthest from law and from order?" "Of course." "And did not the passionate and tyrannical desires prove to be the ones that stood at the furthest remove?" "Yes, they stood at the furthest remove by far." "And the kingly and orderly desires stood closest?" "Yes."

"Then I suppose the tyrant will stand furthest away from those pleasures that are true and are his own, while the king will stand closest." "That is necessary." "Then," said I, "the tyrant will live the least pleasant life while the king will live the most pleasant one." "This must be so." "Now," said I, "do you know how much less pleasantly the tyrant lives in comparison with a king?" "I would if you told me," said he. "There are, it seems, three pleasures – one that is genuine, two that are fake. The tyrant has gone beyond the fake pleasures into another realm. Fleeing from law and from reason, he lives with a bodyguard of slavish pleasures, and it is not at all easy to say how much worse off he is, except perhaps in the following way." "How?" he asked.

"The tyrant, I believe, was at a third remove from the oligarchic type, and the democratic man was in between them." "Yes." "And if what we said previously is true, will he not live with an image of pleasure that is at a third remove, in terms of truth, from the oligarch's pleasure?" "Quite so." "And yet the oligarchic type is, again, at a third remove from the kingly type if we designate the aristocratic and kingly types as the same." "A third, indeed." "So," said I, "the tyrant stands three times three in number removed from true pleasure." "So it appears."

"In that case," said I, "the image of pleasure that the tyrant has, numerically in terms of length, would, it seems, be a square." "Precisely." "And by squaring and cubing, it is obvious what the extent of the interval becomes." "Of course," said he, "to a mathematician anyway." "And if someone does this the other way around and tries to say how far the king stands from the tyrant in terms of the truth of their pleasure, he will find, on completing the calculation, that the king lives 729 times more pleasantly, while the tyrant lives more wretchedly by the very same interval." "You have," said he, "poured forth a massive stream of calculation of the difference between these two men, the just and the unjust, in relation to pleasure and pain."

“Yes, and it is also a true number, appropriate to their lives,” said I, “if days and nights, months and years are indeed appropriate to them.” “But of course they are appropriate,” said he. “Now, if the good and just man wins out over the bad, unjust man to this extent in terms of pleasure, will he not win out to an enormously greater extent in the refinement of his life and in terms of beauty and excellence?” “Enormously indeed, by Zeus,” said he.

“So be it then,” said I. “Since we have come to this point in the argument, let us go back to the initial statements that got us here. It was said, I believe, that acting unjustly is beneficial to the completely unjust man, provided he has a reputation for being just. Is this not what was said?” “It was, indeed.” “Then,” said I, “let us discuss this now, with its proponent, since we have come to agreement on the power that acting unjustly and doing what is just each possesses.” “How?” said he. “By fashioning an image of the soul in words, so that the person proposing this may see for himself what he is talking about.” “What sort of image?” he asked.

“An image,” said I, “like one of those creatures that are referred to in myths of old – Chimaera, Scylla, Cerberus, and certain others that are spoken of, in which many forms have grown together and become one.” “Yes, so they say,” said he. “Then fashion a single form, the form of a complex, many-headed beast that has heads of wild and tame beasts all in a circle and is able to change all these and make them grow out of itself.” “That is a task for an ingenious craftsman,” said he. “Nevertheless, since it is easier to fashion speech than wax or the like, let it be fashioned like this.”

“Then fashion one other form, the form of a lion, and then the form of a man, and let the first be the largest by far, and the second, second largest.” “These are easier to fashion,” said he. “It is done.” “Then join these three together into one so that, still being three, they somehow grow together.” “They have been joined,” said he.

“Now fashion an image of one of them round about them all, on the outside, an image of a human being, so that to anyone who is unable to see what is inside and only sees the external shell, it appears to be one creature, a human being.” “The surrounding shell has been fashioned,” said he.

“Then let us say to whoever maintains that acting unjustly is beneficial to this human being, and doing what is just is not advantageous, that he is really claiming that it is beneficial to the person to feed the complex beast well, and make it strong, and the lion too, and its entourage, while he starves his human part and makes it so weak that it is dragged wherever either of the other two may lead it. And it leaves them to themselves to bite, fight with and devour one another rather than getting them accustomed to one another or turning them into friends.” “Absolutely,” said he, “that is just what someone who praises unjust action would be advocating.”

“Then again, would not someone who says that what is just is beneficial be maintaining that it is necessary to do and to say whatever puts the inner human being most in control of the person, whatever ensures that the human part will attend to the many-headed beast, like a husbandman, by nurturing and taming the gentle elements while preventing the wild ones from growing, making an ally of the lion nature, and caring in common for them all, and making them friends to one another and to itself? Is that not how it will nurture them?”

“Yes, that again is exactly what someone who praises justice asserts.” “So, someone who praises justice would be speaking the truth in every respect, while someone who praises what is unjust would be speaking falsehoods. Indeed, from the perspective of pleasure or reputation, or the benefit it confers, whoever praises justice is speaking the truth, while someone who criticises it is unsound in his criticism and does not even know what he is criticising.” “Does not know at all, in my view,” said he.

“Well, since he is not falling into error deliberately, let us persuade him gently by asking him, ‘Good man, would we not say that whatever is regarded as noble or as disgraceful has come to be so for reasons such as these: whatever is noble makes the savage part of our nature subject to the human part, or perhaps to the divine part, and whatever is disgraceful makes the gentle part a slave to the wild part?’ Will he agree, or not?” “He will, if he listens to me,” said he.

“Now, based on this argument,” said I, “is there anyone who benefits from acquiring gold unjustly if, in getting the gold, he enslaves the very best part of

himself to the most base part at the same time? Or, if in the process of getting gold he enslaved his own son or daughter to wild and evil men, that would not benefit him no matter how much money he might get for this. But if he enslaves the most divine part of himself to the most godless and corrupt part, and shows no mercy, is he not

wretched as a result, and is he not accepting a gift of gold in return for much more terrible ruination than Eriphyle experienced when she took a necklace in return for the soul of her husband?"¹¹³ "Much more terrible indeed," said Glaucon, "for I will answer your question on his behalf." "Do you not also think that is why unrestrained behaviour has long been criticised? Is it not because such behaviour lets loose that horror, that huge multiform beast, beyond the proper measure?" "Of course," said he.

"And wilfulness and discontent are censured, are they not, whenever they cause the lion-like, snake-like part to increase and intensify beyond all proportion?" "Very much so." "And luxury and softness are censured too, are they not, for loosening and relaxing this same aspect, when they induce cowardice in it?" "Indeed."

"Are not flattery and servitude censured when someone puts this same spirited aspect in subjection to the unruly beast and degrades the lion, all for the sake of money, to fulfil the beast's insatiable desires, getting it accustomed from its earliest years to being more of an ape than a lion?" "Indeed so," said he.

"And why do you think lowly manual labour is subject to reproach? Or is it simply because it is associated with someone whose very best part is, by nature, weak, so that he is unable to rule the beasts within himself, fosters them instead, and is unable to understand anything else except how to flatter them?" "So it seems," said he.

"Now, so that such a person may be ruled by something similar to what rules the best person, are we to say that he should be a slave of that best person who is ruled by the divine element, and we should not adopt Thrasymachus' view that a slave should be ruled to his own detriment? Do we not think it best that everyone be subject to divine wisdom, preferably residing within himself or else established externally, so that we may all be as much alike as possible, and friends too, because we are all governed by the same thing?" "And rightly so,"

said he.

“And the law, being the ally of everyone in the city, makes it clear that it also intends something of this sort. This is also the purpose of the authority we exercise over children, not allowing them to be free until we have established a system within them, like the system of government in our city, and, by caring for their best part with the best part in us, we install guardians and rulers in them similar to our own, and then proceed to set our children free.” “Yes, that is clear,” said he.

“In which case, Glaucon, how, and based upon what argument, can we maintain that acting unjustly or without restraint or doing something shameful is of benefit to anyone when he will actually be a worse person as a result, despite having a bit more money and power?” “We cannot maintain this at all,” said he. “And is acting unjustly, escaping detection and avoiding punishment beneficial in any way? Or does not someone who escapes detection become even more degenerate, while in the case of someone who does not escape and is punished, his brutish part is made calm and gentle and his gentle part is set free. His entire soul is restored to its very best state and attains a more honourable condition because it has acquired sound-mindedness and justice, accompanied by understanding. Indeed, to the extent that soul is more honourable than body, soul attains a more honourable condition than a body that has acquired strength and beauty along with health.” “Entirely so,” said he.

“Now, will not any intelligent person live his life with all his resources directed to this end, respecting, first and foremost, the branches of learning that will make his soul like this and showing no respect for any others?” “Of course,” said he.

“Then,” said I, “he does not give over the condition of his body, or its nurture, to brutish, irrational pleasure, and turn his life in that direction, nor does he look to its health or attach importance to being strong or healthy or beautiful unless he is going to become sound-minded as a result. Rather, he is always to be found attuning the harmony of his body for the sake of the concord of his soul.” “Yes, entirely so,” said he, “if he is going to be a musician, in truth.”

“And,” said I, “will he not also bring this order and concord to his acquisition of wealth? He will not increase the sheer size of his fortune beyond all bounds, and his troubles too, because he is in the thrall of popular views on what he should be grateful for.” “No, I do not think he would,” said he. “Rather,” said I, “he will add to or expend his wealth while looking to and guarding the city within himself to the best of his ability. He steers his course in this way in case anything might disturb the elements within him through excess or deficiency of wealth.” “Yes, exactly,” said he.

“And when it comes to honours, looking to the same principle, he will willingly partake of and taste those that, in his view, will make him better, but he will flee from private or public honours that undo the proper order.” “In that case,” said he, “if this is his concern, he will not wish to engage in civic affairs.” “By the dog, he will,” said I, “in the city within himself, very much so, but probably not in his own fatherland, unless some divine good fortune intervenes.” “I understand,” said he, “you are referring to the city we have now described and are founding, the one that is laid out in words, since I do not think it exists anywhere on earth.”

“But perhaps a pattern is laid up in heaven,” said I, “for anyone who wishes to behold it and to found himself based on what he sees. And it makes no difference whether it exists somewhere or will ever exist, for he would engage in the affairs of that city alone and of no other.” “Quite likely,” said he.

BOOK X

“Yes, indeed,” said I, “I have all sorts of ideas in mind as to why our city has been founded in the best possible way. I say this particularly when I reflect upon poetry.” “What aspect?” he asked.

“Our refusal to admit any poetry that employs imitation. Indeed, now that the various parts of the soul have each been distinguished, it is even more evident, in my opinion, that this should not be admitted.” “What do you mean?” “Well, between ourselves, since you won’t denounce me to the tragic poets and all the other imitators, everything of this sort seems to be a mutilation of the minds of those who hear it without possessing the antidote of knowing

things as they actually are.” “What exactly do you have in mind when you say this?” he asked.

“This must be spoken,” I replied, “even though the love and reverence that I have for Homer since my childhood prevents me from speaking. Indeed, he seems to have been the first teacher of all the beauties that tragedy possesses, and the leader too. But no man is to be honoured before the truth, so, as I say, this must be spoken.” “Yes, certainly,” said he. “Then listen, or, more to the point, answer my questions.” “Just ask.” “Can you tell me, in general, what precisely imitation is? For I myself do not fully understand what it wants to be.” “And do you think I shall somehow understand it?” said he.

“That would be nothing strange,” said I, “since those with poorer eyesight often see things before those whose vision is sharper.” “That is so,” said he, “but in your presence, I wouldn’t be at all eager to say what it is like, even if something did occur to me. So look for yourself.” “Would you like us to begin then by considering this by our familiar method? For we are presumably accustomed to proposing some one particular form, related to each of the various multiplicities to which we apply the same name. Do you understand?” “I understand.” “Then, let’s propose this now for any of the multiplicities that you want, beds and tables for example, if you like. There are, presumably, many of these.” “Of course.”

“But there are, I presume, two forms related to these items, one form of bed and one form of table.” “Yes.” “Aren’t we also accustomed to saying that the artificer producing either of the items is looking towards the form, and in this way he makes the beds and tables that we use, and the same applies

to other items? Indeed, none of the craftsmen, I presume, produces the form itself.” “How could he?” “Not at all, but let’s see what you call the artificer in the following case.” “What artificer?” “The one who makes everything that each particular craftsman makes.” “You are speaking of a clever and most amazing man.” “I’m not finished yet. You’ll soon say so all the more, for this same craftsman is not only able to make all manufactured items, but he also makes everything that springs from the earth, and he fashions all the living creatures, and everything else too, and himself, and, in addition to these, earth, heaven and gods, and he fashions everything that’s in heaven and in Hades

under the earth.” “You are speaking,” said he, “of an absolutely amazing sophist.” “Don’t you believe me?” I asked. “Well, tell me, do you think that an artificer like this doesn’t exist at all, or do you think that there could, in a way, be a maker of all these things, although in another way there could not? Or are you not aware that even you, yourself, would be able to make all these in a way?” “And what,” he asked, “is this ‘way’?”

“It’s not difficult,” said I. “This crafting is done quickly in many ways, but it is surely quickest if you are prepared to take a mirror and carry it around wherever you go. Then you will quickly make a sun and whatever is in the sky, you will quickly make earth, quickly make yourself and the other creatures too, manufactured items, plants, and whatever else was mentioned just now.”

“Yes,” said he, “they are appearances that do not, I take it, exist in truth.”

“Excellent,” said I, “that’s just what the argument needs. For a painter, I believe, is an artificer of this sort. Is this so?” “Of course.” “But you will maintain, I imagine, that what he makes is not true. And yet, the painter does in a way make a bed, does he not?” “Yes,” said he, “he too makes an appearance of a bed anyway.” “What about the bed-maker? Didn’t we say earlier that he does not make the form, which, according to us, is what bed is? He makes some particular bed.” “Yes, so we said.” “Now, isn’t it the case that if he does not make what it is, he would not be making what is, would he? Although, something of this sort is like what is, but is not what is. So, if someone were to maintain that what the work of the artificer of the bed, or of any other artificer produces, ‘is’ in the most complete sense, he is unlikely to be speaking the truth.”

“Yes,” said he, “at least that would be the opinion of those who spend their time on arguments of this sort.” “Then, we should not be at all surprised if the manufactured bed also proves to be somewhat obscure in comparison with truth.” “Indeed not.” “So,” said I, “would you like us to use these particular examples to enquire into what precisely this imitator is?” “As you wish,” said he. “It turns out then that there are these three beds, first is the one that is in nature, which we would maintain, I believe, was produced by God, or is there someone else?” “No one else, in my view.” “Then there is the one that the carpenter produced.” “Yes,” said he. “And the one the painter produced. Is

this so?"

"So be it." "Then, the painter, the bed-maker and God, these three are responsible for three forms of bed." "Yes, three."

"Now, God made only one bed, itself, what bed is, either because he did not want to make more or because some necessity was laid upon him to fashion just one bed in nature. Two or more beds of this sort were not planted by God, nor will they ever grow naturally." "Why is that?" he asked. "Because," said I, "if he were to make only two, another one would make its appearance, whose form both those others would possess, and that third bed, and not the other two, would be 'what bed is'." "Correct," said he.

"So God, knowing all this, I imagine, made it one by nature because he wanted actually to be a maker of a bed that actually is, and not a maker of some particular bed, or another mere bed-maker." "Quite likely." "Now, do you want us to refer to him as its natural maker or something of that sort?" "That's the right name," said he, "especially since he has made this and everything else, through nature." "What about the carpenter? Won't we call him the artificer of a bed?" "Yes." "And shall we refer to the painter as an artificer and maker of this sort of thing?" "Not at all." "Then, what shall we say he is in relation to the bed?"

"I think," said he, "that it is most reasonable to refer to him as an imitator of whatever those others are artificers of." "So be it," said I. "Are you to call the person whose product is at a third remove from nature, an imitator?" "Yes, certainly," said he. "So this will include the maker of tragedies if he is indeed an imitator. He is naturally at some third remove from the king and from the truth, as are all the other imitators." "Quite likely."

"We have agreed then about the imitator. But tell me something about the painter. Does he attempt to imitate the thing itself, the thing in nature in each case, or does he imitate the works of the artificers?" "The works of the artificers," said he. "As they are or as they appear? You still have to make this distinction." "How do you mean?" he asked. "As follows. If you look at a bed from the side or from the front, or in any other way, does it differ from what it, itself, is? Or does it not differ at all even though it appears different, and does the same hold for everything else too?" "That's it," said he, "it appears

different but doesn't differ at all."

"Then, consider this very issue. What is painting directed towards in each case? Is it directed towards imitating what is as it is, or towards imitating what appears as it appears? Is it an imitation of an appearance or of truth?" "Of an appearance," said he. "So, imitation is surely at a far remove from the truth, and it seems it can fashion everything because it gets hold of some small part of each, and this is an image. For instance, our painter, we

say, will paint a cobbler for us, or a carpenter or any other artificer, without knowing anything about any of their skills. But nevertheless, if the painter were a good one and he painted a carpenter

and showed it from afar to children, or men devoid of intelligence, he would deceive them into thinking that it was, in truth, a carpenter." "Of course." "And in general, my friend, there is, in my view, something we should keep in mind in relation to everything of this sort. If someone ever tells us that he has met a person who is knowledgeable about craftsmanship of every sort and who knows whatever anyone else knows with greater precision than anyone else, we should reply to someone like this that he is a simple-minded fellow who has, it seems, met up with a beguiler and an imitator, and has been deceived into thinking that the man is wise beyond all measure because he himself is unable to test knowledge, lack of knowledge, and imitation." "Very true," said he.

"So, after this," said I, "mustn't we consider tragic poetry and its leader, Homer, since we hear from some people that these poets know everything, all skills, all human affairs relating to excellence and vice, and, indeed, all matters divine? For they say that it is necessary for the good poet to compose whilst possessed of knowledge, if he is going to compose well on whatever he is writing about, or else be unable to compose at all. We need to consider carefully then whether these people have met with imitators of this sort and have been deceived. Are they looking at the products of imitators without being aware that these are at a third remove from what is, and are easy to make without knowing the truth, because they are producing appearances, not things that are? Or do they actually have a point? Do the good poets really have knowledge of these subjects when they impress so many people with their

eloquence?”

“This certainly must be tested,” said he. “Now, do you think that if someone were able to make both the original and the image, he would devote himself seriously to crafting images and make this the primary concern of his own life, his most prized possession?” “I do not.”

“But, I imagine, if he were knowledgeable, in truth, about the objects he is imitating, he would much prefer to engage seriously with real work rather than making imitations. He would endeavour to leave behind various beautiful works of his own as memorials, and he would be more eager to receive praise than to give praise.” “I think so,” said he, “since the honour and the advantage are not equal.”

“Well, we shall not demand an account from Homer or any of the other poets on other subjects by asking them if any of them was ever a medical expert rather than a mere imitator of medical terminology; whether any poet, ancient or modern, is said to have made someone healthy, just as Asclepius did,¹¹⁴ or what students of medicine they have left behind in the way that Asclepius left successors. Nor indeed should we ask them about any other skill. No, we should leave all that.

But when it comes to the most important and sublime matters about which Homer attempts to speak, such as warfare, military strategy, the governing of cities and the education of the person, it is only right, I believe, to question him and ask, ‘Dear Homer, if you are not actually at a third remove from the truth about excellence, a mere craftsman of an image, someone we defined as an imitator, but if you are indeed at a second remove and would be able to recognise what sorts of activities make people better or worse personally and as citizens, then tell us which cities have been better governed because of you, as Sparta was because of Lycurgus?’¹¹⁵ And lots of other cities too, some large, some small, were they better governed because of numerous others? What city celebrates you for being a good lawgiver and for being of service to them? Italy and Sicily celebrate

Charondas,¹¹⁶ we celebrate Solon,¹¹⁷ but who celebrates you?’ Will he have anything to say?” “I do not think so,” said Glaucon. “At any rate, even the Homeric band¹¹⁸ themselves have nothing to say on the matter.”

“And, indeed, was any war in Homer’s time said to have been well conducted under the command or advice of the man himself? Does anyone remember one?” “Not a one.” “Well then, what about the works of a wise man, the insights and innovations into human skills and activities in general, the sort that Thales the Milesian or Anacharsis the Scythian introduced?”¹¹⁹ Are there reports of this sort of thing?” “Not at all, nothing of this sort.”

“In that case, if this did not happen in the civic realm, in private was Homer himself, during his lifetime, said to have taken on a role as leader of their education, for some people? Did they then love being with him so much that they passed on a certain Homeric way of life to those who came after them? Was he, therefore, like Pythagoras, who was loved for this very reason and whose followers even now refer to their manner of life as Pythagorean, and seem somehow to stand out from everyone else?”

“No,” said he, “nothing like this is reported either. Indeed, Socrates, perhaps Homer’s disciple, Creophylos,¹²⁰ would prove to be more ridiculous for his education than for his name if all that is said about Homer is true, since it is reported that Homer, even during his own lifetime, was largely ignored by this fellow.” “Yes,” said I, “that is what is reported. But, Glaucon, if Homer really had been able to educate people and make them better, because he had the ability not just to imitate but to understand the matters in question, don’t you think he would have produced large numbers of disciples and been honoured and loved by them? While Protagoras of Abdera and Prodicus of Ceos,¹²¹ and very many

others, are able to convince their contemporaries in private conversations that they will not be able to manage their own household or city unless they entrust their education to them. And in return for this wisdom, their disciples love them so much that they are just about ready to carry them around, head high. Yet, are we to say that although he really was able to help them towards excellence, the people of his own time allowed Homer, and Hesiod too, to travel about reciting poems

and did not hold them close, more closely than gold, and compel these poets to dwell with them in their homes? And if they did not persuade them, wouldn’t they themselves have escorted them wherever they went until they

had received an adequate education?” “I think, Socrates,” said he, “that what you are saying is absolutely true.” “So, should we propose that all poetic types, beginning with Homer, are imitators of images of excellence, and of anything else they write poems about, but they have no contact with the truth? Aren’t they rather, as we said just now, like the painter, who, without knowing anything about cob-

bling himself, will produce what seems to be a cobbler to those who also know nothing about this and merely look at the colours and shapes?” “Yes, certainly.” “In this way then, I imagine we shall maintain that the poetic type too applies certain colours to the various skills with his words and phrases, even though he himself knows nothing except how to imitate. As a result, other people like himself, who only look at the words, think he is speaking extremely well, whether he is speaking with metre, rhythm and harmony about cob-

bling, or about military strategy, or about anything else at all, so great is the natural enchantment that these three possess. But when these poetic productions are stripped of their musical colouration and are spoken unadorned, I think you know the show they put on, since I presume you have seen this yourself.” “I have,” said he.

“Are they not,” said I, “like the faces of youths who are in their prime, but not beautiful when their bloom of youth is gone?” “Absolutely,” said he. “Come on then, consider this carefully. The maker of the image, the imitator, according to us knows nothing of what is, but does know what appears. Isn’t this so?” “Yes.” “Well, we shouldn’t leave this half-said; we should look at it properly.” “Speak on,” said he. “Don’t we say that the painter paints the reins and the bit in the mouth of a horse?” “Yes.” “But the leatherworker and the blacksmith will make them.” “Indeed.” “Now, does the painter know what qualities the reins or the bit should have, or is this unknown even to the smith and the leatherworker who make them? Is it only the person who knows how to use these, the horseman, who knows what qualities they should have?” “Very true.”

“Won’t we say that this applies in all cases?” “How?” “In each case, are there these three skills – using, making and imitating?” “Yes.” “Now, isn’t the

excellence, beauty and correctness of each manufactured item, living creature or activity related solely to the use for which each has been made, or naturally produced?" "So it is." "So, it is quite necessary that the user be most experienced with the particular item, and that he be the one who reports to the maker the good and bad qualities that it manifests when used by the user. The flautist, for example, presumably reports back to the flute-maker as to which flutes serve his purpose when he plays them, and he instructs him as to how they should be made. Then the flute-maker will serve his need." "Of course."

"So, doesn't one person report back, knowledgeably, about the good and bad qualities of the flutes, while the other believes him and makes them?" "Yes."

"So, in relation to the same item, the maker will have a correct belief about its excellence or deficiency by associating with someone who knows, and by being compelled to hear what he has to say. But it is the user who will have knowledge." "Certainly."

"Now, will the imitator, from using them, have knowledge of whether or not the things he paints are good and right, or will he have right opinion because he is required to associate with the person who knows, and be instructed as to how he is to paint them?" "Neither." "So the imitator will neither know, nor have right opinion, concerning what's beautiful or bad about whatever he is imitating." "It seems not." "The poetic imitator would have a charming relationship with the wisdom of whoever he writes about." "Not really."

"But he will proceed to imitate nevertheless, without knowing how the object in question may be good or bad. It seems, rather, that he will imitate the sort of thing that seems beautiful to most people, people who don't know anything about it." "What else can he do?" "Well then, it looks as if all this has been reasonably well agreed between us: the imitator knows nothing worth mentioning about the things he imitates; the imitation is a mere plaything devoid of seriousness; and those who are involved in tragic poetry, whether in iambic or epic metre, are all imitators, through and through." "Yes, certainly."

"By Zeus," said I, "this business of imitation is concerned with something at a third remove from the truth. Isn't it so?" "Yes." "And what aspect of the person does it have the power to influence?" "What sort of aspect are you referring to?" "As follows. The same magnitude seen from near and then from

afar does not appear equal to us.” “It does not.”

“And the same objects appear bent or straight when they are viewed in or out of water; concave or convex objects look flat to our eyes because of the play of colours, and all such confusion is obviously itself present in us, in the soul. And shadow-drawing, taking advantage of this tendency in our nature, is nothing short of sorcery, and so too are conjuring and many other clever contrivances of this sort.” “True.” “Now, weren’t measuring, counting and weighing invented as intelligent safeguards against all this so that we might not be dominated by what appears greater or less, or more or heavier, but by that which has been calculated, measured or, indeed, weighed?” “Of course.”

“But this function would belong to the calculating part of the soul.” “Yes, it belongs to this part.” “But when this part has done its measuring and has indicated that some objects are greater than or less than or equal to others, the contrary qualities often present themselves at the same time in relation to the very same objects.” “Yes.” “Now, didn’t we say that it is impossible for the same thing to hold contrary views about the same thing at the same time?” “And we were right to say so.”

“So, the part of the soul that is forming opinions contrary to the measurements would not be the same as the part that does so on the basis of the measurements.” “No, it would not.” “But the part that trusts in measurement and calculation would be the best part of the soul.” “Indeed.” “So, the part that is opposed to this would be one of the lesser elements in us.” “Necessarily.”

“Well, this is what I wanted us to agree upon when I was saying that painting and imitation generally fashion a product that is far removed from the truth. And the part in us that it consorts with is, in turn, far removed from intelligence, and imitation is its companion and friend for no sound or true purpose.” “Entirely so,” said he. “So, imitation, which is something lowly, generates lowly offspring by associating with something lowly.” “So it seems.” “Does that,” said I, “apply only to imitation we can see, or does it also apply to that which we can hear, the imitation we call poetry?” “It is likely,” said he, “to apply to poetry too.”

“Well,” said I, “let’s not put our trust only in what’s likely by analogy with painting. Let’s take a look, rather, at the very part of the mind with which poetic imitation consorts, and see whether it is lowly or superior.” “Yes, that’s what’s needed.” “Then let’s propose the following. Imitation, we say, imitates human beings performing actions under compulsion or voluntarily, thinking that they have done well or done badly as a result of the activity and experiencing pain, or being delighted in all these. Is there anything more to it than this?” “Nothing.”

“Now, is the person in a unified state of mind in all of these cases? Or is there faction, just as there was in the case of seeing, when he held opposite opinions within himself about the same objects at the same time? Is it the same in the case of these activities; is there faction and does he fight with himself? But I recall that there is no longer any need for us to agree on this issue. Indeed, we agreed all of this quite adequately in the previous arguments; our souls are teeming with countless contradictions of this sort, arising at the same time.” “Correct,” said he. “Correct, indeed,” said I, “but I think we now need to recount in detail something we omitted at the time.” “What is it?” he asked.

“We also said earlier, I believe, that when a reasonable man meets with a misfortune, such as the loss of a son or something that is very important to him, he will bear this loss more easily than other people.” “Entirely so.” “But now let’s consider whether he will experience no distress, or, this being impossible, he will somehow keep measure in relation to the pain.” “More the latter,” said he, “that’s the truth.” “Now, tell me this about him. Do you think he will struggle more against the pain, and resist it, when he can be seen by his fellows or when he is alone just by himself?” “Presumably,” said he, “he will fight it much more when he is seen by others.”

“But when he is on his own, I imagine, he will dare to utter lots of things which he would be ashamed of if anyone were to hear him. He will also do lots of things which he would not allow anyone to see him doing.” “So he would,” said he. “Don’t reason and law exhort him to resist, while the feeling itself draws him to the pain?” “True.”

“But when a contrary tendency arises in a person about the same thing, at the same time, we maintain that the person must have two elements within him.”

“Of course.” “Isn’t one of them ready to obey the law and follow its guidance?” “How?”

“The law declares, I presume, that the very best course of action is to be at peace in the face of misfortunes, and not be distressed, because the good or bad of such situations is not obvious. There is no future advantage in taking things badly; nothing in human affairs deserves to be taken seriously, and being pained acts as an impediment to the very thing whose assistance we need as quickly as possible in these cases.” “What,” said he, “are you referring to?” “To deliberation,” said I, “about what has happened and to arranging one’s own affairs in the way that reason deems best, as if responding to the fall of the dice, without wasting time like children who have had a fall, crying and holding on to the hurt. We should continually accustom the soul to turn as quickly as possible to the process of healing and to ensuring that whatever has fallen or

become diseased is put right, banishing lamentation by means of the healing art.” “This,” he said, “is certainly the right way for someone to deal with life’s misfortunes.” “So, according to us, our very best part is prepared to follow this reasoning?” “Of course.” “But the part that leads us back towards our memories of what happened and to our lamentations about it, and has an insatiable desire for these, is irrational and idle and a friend of cowardice. Isn’t this what we shall say?” “We shall indeed.”

“Now, one of these, the troubled one, is highly susceptible to imitation in all sorts of ways, while the intelligent peaceful disposition, because it is always much the same as itself, is neither easy to imitate nor, when it is imitated, is it easily understood, especially not by a large crowd of people of all sorts gathered together in a theatre. For the imitation is of an experience that is somehow alien to them.”

“Entirely so.” “Then, it is obvious that the imitative poet has no natural affinity with the good part of the soul, and his wisdom is not designed to please this if he is going to be well regarded among the general population. He has, rather, an affinity with the troubled and complex character because it is so easy to imitate.” “Obviously.”

“Isn’t it only right that we set him aside at this stage and put him with the painter as his counterpart? In fact, he resembles him by producing products that are inferior in terms of their truth. But he is similar to him too in appealing to that other part of the soul rather than to the best part. Accordingly, we would already be justified in denying him admission into a city that is to be well regulated, because he rouses this part of the soul and nurtures it, and by making it strong he destroys the rational part. It’s as if, in the case of a city, someone were to put degenerate people in charge, entrust the city to them, and destroy the better sort. Shall we maintain that the imitative poet does the same by establishing an evil form of government privately in the soul of each individual, grat-

ifying the irrational part that cannot even distinguish what’s large from what’s small, and believes that the same things are now big, now little? Is he not a maker of images, images that are very far removed from the truth?” “Entirely so.” “But we have not yet brought our significant accusations against poetry. For its ability to do harm, even to people of the best sort, with very few exceptions, is terrible in the extreme.” “Inevitably, if it actually does this.” “Listen and consider. Indeed, even the best of us, I presume, has had the experience of listening

to Homer or one of the other tragic poets, imitating one of the heroes, grief-stricken, delivering a speech that stretches out into lengthy lamentations, or even singing and beating his breast. You know that we are delighted, we surrender ourselves, we follow along and feel what they feel, and in all seriousness we praise whoever is best able to give us such an experience and call him a good poet.” “I know, of course.”

“But when some personal misfortune befalls any of us, you realise, in this case, that we pride ourselves on the opposite response, on being able to remain at peace and to endure it, since this is the response of a man, while the other, the one we just praised, is a woman’s response.” “I realise this,” said he. “Now,” said I, “is there anything good about this praise? When someone sees a man like this, a man he himself would be ashamed to be like and would not accept, should he be delighted and praise him rather than being filled with loathing?” “No, by Zeus,” said he, “that does not seem reasonable.”

“Yes,” said I, “especially if you were to consider it in this way.” “In what way?” “Well, if you were to consider that the poets now satisfy and gratify the part that is restrained by force when dealing with private misfortunes and which hungers for its proper fill of crying and lamenting and has a natural desire for these. But the best part of us, by nature, has not been sufficiently educated by reason and habit, so it relaxes its guardianship of this mournful part since the man is looking at the suffering of other people, and he himself feels no shame if someone else claims to be good, but engages in inappropriate lamentation. So he praises and pities this person, thinking there is advantage in that. It is a pleasure he will not be deprived of by despising the whole poem. Indeed, in my view, there are few who are capable of working out that whatever enjoyment we derive from the affairs of others necessarily affects our own. For having indulged pity to the full with the misfortunes of others, it is not easy to restrain it in the face of our own.”

“Very true,” said he. “Now, doesn’t the same argument apply to laughter? If you are absolutely delighted when jokes you would be ashamed to make yourself are acted out on the comic stage, or heard in private, and you don’t detest them for their baseness, aren’t you doing exactly what we described in the case of pity? For something within you wanted to make a joke and you restrained it then for fear of seeming like a clown. But now you are letting it loose, and having allowed it free rein you will frequently give in to this, unwittingly, in private, and so become a comic poet yourself.” “Very much so,” said he.

“And poetic imitation affects us in various ways in the case of sexual desires, anger, and all the appetites, pleasures and pains of the soul, which, we maintain, accompany every action of ours. It actually nurtures these and waters them when they should be left to wither, and sets them up as rulers when they should be under authority, so that we may become better and happier rather than worse and more wretched.” “I cannot disagree,” said he.

“In that case, Glaucon,” said I, “whenever you come across Homer’s eulogists declaring that this poet has educated Greece, that he deserves to be adopted and studied both for the management and for the education of human affairs, and that everyone should live his own life under the arrangements suggested

by this poet, you should embrace them and love them for doing their very best, and concede that Homer is highly poetic and our foremost tragic poet. But you must understand that the only poetry we can admit into our city are hymns to the gods and praises of good people.

And if you admit the voluptuous Muse, in lyric or epic form, pleasure and pain will be kings of your city instead of law and the reasoning that always seems best to the community.”

“Very true,” said he. “Well,” said I, “now that we have revisited the question of poetry, let this be our defence. We were, after all, acting reasonably when we banished it from our city, since this is what it is like. The argument proved this to us. But in case poetry accuses us of a certain harshness and lack of refinement, let’s explain to it that a dispute between philosophy and poetry is of ancient date. Indeed, there are signs of this long-standing opposition in expressions such as, ‘the yelping hound that

bays against her master’, and ‘paramount in the empty talk of fools’, and ‘the mob that rules the over-wise’, and ‘the subtle thinkers who turn out to be poor’, and there are scores of others. Nevertheless, let’s declare that if someone is able to put forward an argument as to why there should be poetry and imitation, whose aim is pleasure, in a well-regulated city, we would gladly receive these back again because we realise that we are still charmed by them. But it is an unholy act to betray what you think to be true. Is this so, my friend? Aren’t you charmed by poetry too, especially when you meet it through Homer?” “Very much so.”

“Then, isn’t it only right that we allow poetry back under these circumstances, once it has defended itself in lyric or in some other metre?” “Yes, entirely so.”

“And we would, presumably, also allow its supporters who are not poetical but who do love poetry to make a case on its behalf, devoid of poetic metre, arguing that it is not only a source of

pleasure to civic society and to human life, but a source of benefit too. And we would listen fairly, since we would surely gain an advantage if poetry proved to be beneficial rather than merely pleasant.” “Yes,” said he, “the advantage would inevitably be ours.” “But if not, my dear friend, we must act like those

who have fallen in love with someone but forcibly restrain themselves, nevertheless, because they believe that the love is not beneficial. Because of the love of such poetry, engendered by our upbringing under our good systems of government, we shall be well disposed to a proof that it is utterly good and true. But as long as it is unable to offer a defence, we shall listen to it while chanting this argument to ourselves, the one we are stating, this charm of ours, as a precaution against falling once more into the childish love that most people have for such poetry. But we are now aware that it must not be taken seriously, as something serious

that lays hold of the truth. Rather, whoever hears poetry should be careful about it, out of fear for the city within himself, and should heed whatever we have said about poetry.” “I agree entirely,” said he. “Yes, dear Glaucon,” said I, “the struggle is a great one, greater than you think. What’s at stake is becoming good or bad, and so we should not neglect justice, and excellence in general, because we are excited by honour, money, or any power whatsoever, or indeed by poetry.”

“I agree with you,” said he, “on the basis of all we have recounted, and I think anyone else would agree too.” “And yet,” said I, “we have not recounted the greatest rewards of excellence, and the prizes that are on offer.” “You are referring to something great beyond measure,” said he, “if it is greater than what we have spoken of.” “Could anything great happen in a short period of time?” I asked. “Indeed, the entire span of time, from childhood to old age, would presumably be short in comparison with all time.” “Nothing,” said he. “Well then, do you think something immortal should take a short time span like this seriously, but not be serious about all time?”

“I think it should be serious about all time,” said he, “but why are you saying this?”

“Are you not aware”, said I, “that our soul is immortal and is never destroyed?” And he looked at me, in amazement, and said, “By Zeus, I am not, but are you able to say this?” “I can,” said I, “and I think you can too. It’s not difficult.” “It is for me,” said he, “but as it’s so easy for you, I would like to hear about it from you.” “Hear you shall,” said I. “Speak on,” said he. “Is there something you call good,” I asked, “and something you call bad?” “There is.”

“Now, do you think about them as I do?” “In what way?” “That which destroys and corrupts everything is what’s bad, while that which preserves and confers benefit is what’s good.” “This is what I think, at any rate,” said he.

“What about this? Do you say that there is some particular good or bad that belongs to each individual thing, just as ophthalmia belongs to the eyes, disease to the entire body, mildew to grain, rot to wood, and rust to bronze and iron? I mean, in almost all cases, do you say that there is some badness or disease that belongs to each?” “I do,” said he. “Isn’t it the case that whenever any of these gets attached to something, it makes whatever it is attached to degenerate, and in the end breaks it down completely and destroys it?” “It must be so.”

“So, the bad and the degeneracy that naturally belong to each, destroys each, or if these do not destroy it, there is nothing else that could still corrupt it. For the good will never destroy anything, nor indeed will that which is neither good nor bad.” “No, how could it?” said he. “So, if we find anything at all which has a specific badness that makes it worse but is unable to dissolve and destroy it, won’t we know at this stage that no destruction belongs to something of such a nature?” “Quite likely,” said he.

“Well then,” said I, “does soul have something particular that makes it bad?” “Very much so,” said he, “everything we were listing just now – injustice, lack of restraint, cowardice and ignorance.” “Now, do any of these dissolve and destroy the soul? And consider carefully in case we are misled into thinking that the unjust and unreasonable person, when caught in his unjust act, is destroyed by that very injustice, even though it is a degeneracy of the soul. Think of it, rather, in the following way. Just as disease, the vice of the body, wastes it away, dissolves it, and brings it to a stage where it is no longer a body, so too, in all the cases we just mentioned, when their own particular badness attaches itself to them or is present in them, they are corrupted by this and eventually cease to exist. Isn’t this so?” “Yes.”

“Come on then, and consider soul in the same manner. Do injustice and vice in general, when present in the soul, corrupt and waste it away by their presence and by attaching to it until they bring the soul to death and separate it from the body.” “No,” said he, “this does not happen at all.” “But it is also unreasonable,” said I, “that something could be destroyed by the degeneracy

of another, but not by its own.” “Unreasonable.”

“Yes, Glaucon,” said I, “think about it. We do not think that a body could be destroyed by the degeneracy that belongs to foods themselves, be it staleness, rottenness or anything else. But once the degeneracy of the foods themselves produces a poor condition of the body, in the body, we shall maintain that because of the foods, it has been destroyed by its own badness, namely,

disease. But since the foods are one thing and the body is another, we should never expect the body to be corrupted by their alien badness unless their degeneracy produces its own degeneracy in the body.” “Quite right,” said he. “Well, by the same argument,” said I, “unless degeneracy of the body produces degeneracy of soul, in the soul, we would not expect soul to be destroyed by the alien badness of the body, a badness that belongs to something else, in the absence of soul’s own particular degeneracy.” “Indeed,” said he, “that is reasonable.”

“Well, we should either refute these assertions because we were wrong, or, as long as they stand unrefuted, we should not declare that the soul is ever destroyed in any sense by fever or any other disease, by slaughter, or even if someone chops the body up into tiny pieces, until someone proves that soul itself becomes more unjust, or more unholy because these things happen to the body. We

should not allow anyone to maintain that soul or anything else is destroyed when an alien badness arises in it, in the absence of its own particular badness.” “But you may be sure,” said he, “that no one will ever prove that the souls of those who are dying become more unjust because of death.” “But,” said I, “suppose someone is bold enough to attack this argument so that he will not be forced to accept that souls are immortal. If he says that the dying person does become more degenerate and more unjust, we shall, presumably, maintain that if this is true, then injustice is fatal to its possessor, just as fatal as disease. So by its own nature it would kill those who catch it, killing those

who have more of it quite quickly, and those who have less of it more gradually. This would be unlike the present situation where the unjust die because of their injustice, but at the hands of others who are imposing a penalty upon them.” “By Zeus,” said he, “if injustice is going to be fatal to its

possessor, it will turn out not to be so terrible after all, for it would be a release from evils. But I think it is more likely to

turn out to be the exact opposite. It kills others, if that is actually possible, while making its possessor more lively, and in addition to being more lively, more awake too. And so, in my view, it seems nowhere near to being fatal.” “You are right,” said I. “In fact, when its own particular degeneracy and its own particular badness is not sufficient to kill or destroy soul, then badness assigned to the destruction of something else will hardly destroy soul, or anything else for that matter, except that which it is assigned to destroy.” “Hardly likely, indeed,” said he.

“In that case, since it is not destroyed by any badness, either its own or an alien one, it obviously must be something that always is, and since it always is, mustn’t it be immortal?” “It must,” said he. “Well,” said I, “this is how matters stand, and since this is so, you may note that the souls must always be the same. For their number could not become less, I presume, since none are destroyed, nor could there be more of them since you know that any increase in number among any immortal things would come from the mortal, and everything would, in the end, be immortal.” “True.”

“But,” said I, “let us not think that this is so, for the argument will not allow it. Nor again, should we think that soul, in its truest nature, is the sort of thing that is itself full of variation, dissimilarity and divergence, with respect to itself.” “How do you mean?” he asked. “It is not easy,” said I, “for something to be everlasting when it is composed of many things and they have not been put together in the best possible way, which is how the soul appeared to us just now.” “No, that is not likely to be easy.”

“Well, although our earlier argument, and others, would compel us to accept that soul is immortal, we should still behold what it is like in truth, not mutilated by its association with the body and other bad influences, which is how we behold it now. We should, rather, use reason to see it properly, as it is when it has been purified, and we shall find that it is much more beautiful, and we shall discern justice and injustice with greater clarity, and everything else we have just described. We have now spoken the truth about it, as it appears at the moment. But although we behold it in this condition, we are

like people looking at the sea god, Glaucus, who are still unable, easily, to see his ancient nature because the original parts of his body have been broken off, smashed and mutilated by the waves. And other things have attached themselves to him, such as shells and seaweed and rocks, so that he seems more like some wild animal rather than what he is by nature. That's also how we behold the soul, in a condition that results from countless bad influences. But, dear Glaucon, we should look elsewhere." "Where?" said he.

"We should look to soul's love of wisdom and consider what it is in contact with, and the sort of thing it strives to associate with, because it is akin to the divine, the immortal, and what always is. We should consider what it would become like by directing itself entirely to this sort of thing, when it has lifted itself by this effort out of the sea that it now resides in and has knocked off the stones and shells that now encrust it, since it is feasting on earth and is surrounded by a wild profusion of earth and stone, because of the feasting that is generally called happiness. Then one would see soul's true nature, what it is like, and how it is so, and whether its form is multiple or just one. But we have now described what happens to it, and the forms it takes in human life, in what I regard as a satisfactory manner." "Entirely so," said he.

"In that case," said I, "did we not do away with the other criticisms in the course of our argument without praising the rewards and good reputation that are associated with justice, as you say Hesiod and Homer do? Have we not found that justice itself is best for soul itself, and that soul should perform just actions whether it possesses the ring of Gyges or not, and the helmet of Hades too, in addition to that famous ring?"¹²² "Very true," said he.

"Well then, Glaucon," said I, "at this stage there should, in addition, be no reluctance about restoring to justice, and to excellence in general, any rewards of any kind that they afford to the soul, either from humanity or from the gods, during a person's life or after he dies." "Absolutely," said he. "In that case, will you restore to me what you borrowed in the argument?" "What precisely?"

"I conceded to you that the just man might be reputed unjust, and the unjust man might be reputed just. You made this request, and even if these cannot go unnoticed by gods and mankind, the concession had to be made nevertheless

for the sake of the argument, so that justice itself might be judged alongside injustice itself. Don't you remember?" "It would be an injustice on my part," said he, "if I did not."

"Well," said I, "now that they have been judged, I demand, on behalf of justice, that you restore

its good reputation among gods and men, and that we too should concur that it is held in such high repute so that justice may carry off the victory prizes that come from being reputed to possess justice, prizes it bestows upon those who possess it in truth. Indeed, justice has already proved that it bestows the goods that come from actually being just, and is not deceiving those who really do attain to it." "A just demand," said he. "Would you concede, firstly," said I, "that the gods certainly are not unaware of what these two, justice and injustice, are like?" "We shall concede that," said he. "But if there is awareness of both, then one would be loved by the gods and the other hated by the gods, as we agreed at the outset." "Quite so."

"And won't we agree that for the person who is loved by the gods, whatever comes from the gods, at any rate, is all for the best, unless some unavoidable badness accrues to him from a former transgression?" "Certainly." "So, in the case of the just man, we may presume that whether poverty or disease or one of the so-called evils befalls him, these will end in some good for this man during his lifetime or after his death. For the gods certainly will never neglect someone who has an eager desire to become just

and to become as much like unto God as a human being possibly can by pursuing excellence." "Yes," said he, "a person like this is hardly likely to be neglected by his like." "And shouldn't we presume that the exact opposite of all this applies to the unjust person?" "Very much so." "These, then, would be the sorts of prizes the gods give to the just man." "Well, that is what I think anyway," said he.

"But what prizes," said I, "does he receive from mankind? If we are to describe the situation as it is, isn't it somewhat as follows. Don't the clever but unjust people behave like runners who run well when going up the track, but not in the other direction? At first they sprint away at a brisk pace, but in the end they become laughing stocks as they run off the track without the victory

wreath, with their ears drooping down to their shoulders. But the true runners keep going to the very end, collect their prizes, and are crowned as victors. Isn't this also how things turn out, for the most part, in the case of just people? Towards the end of each undertaking or association, or their entire life, are they not well regarded, and don't they carry off the prizes that their fellow men bestow?" "Yes, indeed."

"So, will you put up with it if I say the same things about these people as you said about unjust people? For I shall say that when the just people get older, they take up positions of authority in their own city if they wish, they marry from whatever families they wish, and marry their children into any families they please. In fact, I am now saying about these people everything you then said about those people. And furthermore, I shall say that the unjust, in most cases, even if they go undetected when young, are caught at the end of their course and become figures of fun. In old age they are trampled upon like wretches by strangers and by their own people, they are whipped

and they suffer everything you rightly described as brutal. I won't repeat the details, so just assume that you have heard me list them and tell me if you will put up with my saying this." "Yes, indeed," said he, "it's only right that you say so."

"These, then," said I, "would be the sorts of prizes, rewards and gifts that the just person receives from gods and his fellow men during his own lifetime, in addition to those goods that justice itself bestows." "Noble and secure rewards, indeed," said he.

"Well, they are nothing," said I, "in number or extent in comparison with those that await the just and the unjust after death. These should now be heard so that each of them may hear in full what they deserve to hear from the argument." "Speak on," said he, "as there are not many things I'd be more pleased to listen to." "I shan't," said I, "tell you the long tale that Alcinoos told, but a story of a brave man, Er, the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian by race. "Once upon a time, he met his death on the battlefield, and when the corpses were being gathered after ten days, already decomposing, his body was found in good condition. He was brought home, and on the twelfth day, as the funeral was about to begin and he was lying on the pyre, he revived, and

having come back to life he described what he had seen there, in that other place.

“He said that when his soul went forth, it proceeded along with many others, and they arrived at a mysterious region in which there were two openings in the earth, side by side, and two others in the heaven above, directly opposite them. Judges were seated between these, and once they had passed judgement they ordered the just to proceed upwards to the right, through the heaven, with signs attached in front of them indicating the judgements that had been passed, while they ordered the unjust to proceed downwards to the left, also wearing signs behind them indicating all they had done. But when he himself came forward, they told him that he must be a messenger to humanity to tell of what went on there, and they directed him to listen and to observe everything in the place.

“He said that he saw souls there, departing through one opening in the heaven and one in the earth after judgement had been passed upon them. Through the other two openings, souls came up out of the earth in one case, full of squalor and filth, while from the other opening other souls descended from the heaven, purified. They arrived continually, looking as if they had completed a lengthy journey, and they made their way gladly to the meadow and encamped there, as if at a religious festival. Those who recognised one another embraced, and those who had come out of the earth enquired from the others about what went on there in the other place, while those who had come from the heaven asked about what went on below. They swapped stories with one

another, one group wailing and lamenting as they recalled whatever they had suffered and seen, and what it was like on their journey beneath the earth, which was a journey of a thousand years, while those who had come from the heaven, for their part, described pleasant experiences and scenes beautiful beyond measure.

“To recount the many details, Glaucon, would take a long time, but the summation”, he said, “was as follows. However many wrongs the person had done, to however many people, he paid a just penalty for them all in turn, a tenfold penalty for each, that is, a period of one hundred years in each case,

which is the span of a human life, so that the penalty paid would be ten times the unjust act. For instance, if someone had been responsible for many deaths by betraying entire cities or armies and reducing them to slavery, or had been responsible for some other enormity besides, they would receive back the pain of all these multiplied tenfold for each. Then again, if

someone had done good deeds and had become just and holy, they would receive their deserved reward on the same basis. And he also made comments, not worth recalling, about those who died as soon as they were born, or lived for but a short time. And he described even greater penalties in cases of disrespect and respect for gods and for parents, and slaying with one's own hand.

"Now, he said that he was present when one person asked another, 'Where is Ardiaeus the Great?' This Ardiaeus had been tyrant of some city in Pamphylia a thousand years before then, and he had murdered his aged father and his elder brother, and was said to have done many other unholy deeds too. Er said that the person who was questioned replied, 'He has not come here, nor

will he ever come here. In fact, this was one of the terrible scenes that we beheld. When we were close to the mouth of the chasm and about to come out after all that we had been through, we suddenly caught sight of him, and others too, most of them surely tyrants, but there were also some

private citizens who had committed great crimes. Just when they thought they were going to go up, the mouth of the chasm did not let them, but it gave a roar whenever someone in such an incurable condition of degeneracy or someone who had not paid the penalty in full tried to come up. Then,' said he, 'wild men of fiery aspect, who had been standing by, recognised the sound, took hold of some of them and led them away. But they bound Ardiaeus and others, hand, foot and

head, flung them down and flayed them, dragged them to the side of the road to strip their skin on thorns, indicating to those who kept passing by why they were taking them away and that they were about to throw them into Tartarus.'¹²³ Then, although they had already met with many terrors of all sorts, the man said that this exceeded them all, the fear that this voice might emerge in their case when they went up. And each went through with great

delight as the voice was silent.

“Such were the just penalties and punishments that Er described, and the blessings were the counterparts of these. But once seven days had elapsed for each group in the meadow, they had to get up on the eighth day and go on a journey from there. In four days they arrived at a place where they beheld a light extending straight from above, through all heaven and earth, like a pillar bearing a strong resemblance to a rainbow, but brighter and purer. This they arrived at after a

further day’s travel, and there, at the light’s centre, they saw the extremities of its bonds extending from the heaven, for this light is what binds the heaven together, like the braces under a trireme, holding the entire revolution of the heaven together in this way. The spindle of Necessity, by which all the heavenly revolutions are turned, was extending from the extremities. Its shaft and its hook were made of adamant, and its whorl from a mixture of this and of other materials.

“The nature of the whorl was as follows. Although its shape was like what we have here – you should recognise what it was like from what he said – it was as if one large whorl, hollow and scooped out thoroughly, had another one just like it, but smaller, fitting neatly inside it, like jars that fit inside one another, and a third and a fourth, and four others. In fact, there were eight whorls

altogether, lying inside one another, and their rims looked like circles when viewed from above. From the back, these formed the uniform surface of a single whorl, centred on the shaft which had been driven right through the centre of the eighth whorl. “The first and outermost whorl had the widest circular rim, the rim of the sixth was second, that of the fourth was third, that of the eighth was fourth, that of the seventh was fifth, that of the fifth was sixth, that of the third was seventh, while that of the second was eighth. The rim of the largest whorl was spangled, that of the seventh was brightest, while the rim of the eighth derived

its colour from the seventh which shone upon it. The colours of the second and fifth were quite similar to one another and yellower than the previous two, the third had the whitest colour, the fourth was reddish, while the sixth was the second whitest. “Although the whole spindle revolved, turning with

the same motion within the overall revolution, the seven inner circles revolved gently in the opposite direction to the overall revolution.

Of these inner circles, the eighth travelled fastest; second fastest in pace with one another were the seventh, sixth and fifth. The fourth moved third fastest and it seemed to them to be revolving backwards. The third was fourth fastest and the second was fifth. The spindle turned in the lap of Necessity, and perched on top of each of the circles was a Siren, revolving along with the circle, sending forth a single sound on a single note, and from them all, all eight, came a single concordant harmony. There were three other women round about, at an equal distance from one another, each

seated upon a throne. These were the Fates, Lachesis, Clotho and Atropos, the daughters of Necessity, dressed in white with garlands upon their heads, singing in harmony with the Sirens. Lachesis sang of what had come to pass, Clotho of things that are, Atropos of what is to come.

Clotho, with a touch of her right hand, was helping turn the outer revolution of the spindle, pausing from time to time, while Atropos, with her left hand, did the same for the inner revolutions, and Lachesis lent a hand to each revolution in turn, with each hand in turn. "Now, once they had arrived, they had to go immediately to Lachesis, where a prophet first divided them into ranks, then took tokens and patterns of lives from the lap of Lachesis, ascended a lofty platform and proclaimed, 'This is the word of Lachesis, maiden daughter of Necessity. Souls that live for a day, now begins another death-bearing cycle for your mortal race. No daimon shall be assigned to you by lot, but you shall choose your daimon. Let the one who is allotted first place be the first to choose a life which he will, necessarily, abide by. Excellence has no master, but each will have more of it or less of it as he honours it or dishonours it. The responsibility lies with the one who chooses. God is not responsible.'

"Having said all this, he threw down the lots among them all and each picked up the one that fell beside him, except for Er, who was forbidden to do so, and the number that each had drawn was obvious to the person who had picked it. After this he proceeded to place the patterns of lives on the ground in front of them, and there were many more of these than the number of people present.

There were lives of every variety, for lives of all living creatures, and indeed all human lives, were included. There were tyrannies among them, some that endure to the end, others that are destroyed in the middle of their course, ending in poverty, exile or beggary. There were lives of famous men, some famous for their appearance and beauty and for their general strength and prowess, some for their lineage and the excellence of their ancestors, while others were infamous for the same reasons. The same applied to women too. But because of the requirement that a soul become a different kind of soul by choosing a different life, the arrangement of soul was not inherent. But everything was commingled with everything else, and with wealth, poverty, disease and health, and anything in between.

“And this, dear Glaucon, it seems is the moment of extreme danger for a human being, and because of this we must neglect all other studies save one. We must pay the utmost attention to how each of us will be a seeker and student who learns and finds out, from anywhere he can, who it is who will make him capable and knowledgeable enough to choose the best possible life, always and everywhere, by distinguishing between a good life and a degenerate one. Who will make him knowl-

edgeable enough to know what bad or good will be brought about by beauty when it is combined with poverty or prosperity, along with what sort of disposition of soul, doing so by taking account of everything we have mentioned and how their combinations with one another, and separations from one another, contribute to the excellence of a life? Who will make him knowledgeable enough to know what is brought about by the various inter-combinations with one another of good or evil birth, private station or public office, strength or weakness, ease of learning or difficulty in learning, and everything else like this that belongs naturally to the soul, or is acquired? He will do all this so that he is able to make his choice reasonably, between the worse life and the better one, by looking to the nature of the soul and calling the life that leads soul to become more unjust, the worse life, and the one that leads it to become more just, the better life. All other studies he will set aside, for we have seen that in life and after death this is the supreme choice.

“He must go then to Hades holding to this view with an unbreakable resolve, so that even there he would not be dazzled by wealth and other such bad influences, fall in with tyrannies and activities like that, inflict a whole host of incurable evils, and experience even greater evils himself. He would decide, rather, that he should always choose the life that is midway between such extremes, and flee the excesses from either direction as best he can in this life and in all that is to

come, for that is how a human being attains the utmost happiness. And, indeed, the messenger

from there reported that the prophet then said, ‘Even for the person who comes up last but chooses intelligently and lives in a disciplined way, an acceptable life rather than a bad one awaits. The first to choose must not be careless, and the last must not be despondent.’

“He said that once the prophet had made this announcement, the person who had been allotted first place came up immediately and chose the most extreme tyranny. Out of stupidity and

greed, he had made his choice without considering all the details properly, so he did not notice that it involved being destined to devour his own children, and other evils. Once he had time to look at it, he beat his breast and lamented his choice, without being true to the earlier pronouncements of the prophet, for he did not blame himself for the evils, but chance and the spirits and everything else except himself. He was one of the people who had come from the heaven and had

lived his previous life under an orderly system of government, where any share of excellence he had came from habit in the absence of philosophy. And, generally speaking, those who had come from the heaven were more likely to be caught out in this way since they had no training in dealing with suffering, while those who had come out of the earth, for the most part, having had experience of suffering themselves and having seen others suffer, did not make their choices in a hurry. This, and the element of chance from the lot, is why most souls undergo an interchange of what is good and what is bad. Yet if someone were to engage in philosophy, consistently, in a sound manner,

whenever he comes back to live in this world, unless he is among the last to choose it is likely not only that he would be happy whilst here, but also that his journey from here to there, and back here again, would be a smooth journey through the heaven, rather than rough and underground. So say the pronouncements from the other realm.

“Indeed, he said that the scene as the souls each chose their lives was well worth beholding, for it was a pitiful, comical and amazing sight to see. In fact, most of them made their choice based upon the habits of the previous life. And so he saw the soul that had once been Orpheus¹²⁴ choosing the life of a swan out of hatred for womankind, because, having met his death at their hands, the soul was unwilling to be conceived and born of woman. He saw that Thamyris¹²⁵ soul had chosen the life of a nightingale, and he saw a swan changing its choice to the life of a human, and other

musical animals acted in like manner. The soul that had been allotted twentieth place chose the life of a lion. This was the soul of Ajax,¹²⁶ son of Telamon, and it was fleeing from embodiment as a human because it remembered the decision over the armour of Achilles. Next came Agamemnon’s¹²⁷ soul. This soul, too, was hostile to the human race because of its past experiences, and so it changed to the life of an eagle. The soul of Atalanta¹²⁸ had been allotted a place in the middle, and when it saw the huge honours that accompany the life of a male athlete, it could not

pass this by, and so it grabbed that life. After this, Er saw the soul of Epeius,¹²⁹ the son of Panopeus, adopting the nature of a highly skilled woman. In the distance, among the last to choose, he saw the soul of Thersites,¹³⁰ the joker, entering into a monkey. As it happened, the soul of Odysseus¹³¹ was allotted the last choice of all. When his turn came, he remembered all his former troubles, gave up the love of honour he had held previously, and went about for a long time seeking the life of an ordinary man with a private station. And he found it with difficulty, lying about somewhere,

neglected by everyone else. And he said when he saw it that he would have done the same thing even had he been given first choice, and he chose it gladly. And similarly, the other beasts entered into human beings or into one another; the unjust changed into wild creatures, while the just changed into tame ones,

and there were mixtures of all sorts.

“Now, once all of the souls had chosen their lives, they went up to Lachesis in the allotted order and she sent them on their way, with the daimon that each had chosen as the guardian of the life who fulfils what has been chosen. The guardian first led the soul to Clotho to ratify the fate it had chosen, as allotted beneath her hand as she turned the revolving spindle. Once the fate had been confirmed, the guide led it on again to Atropos and her spinning to make the web of destiny

unalterable. From there it went, inexorably, beneath the throne of Necessity, and when it had gone through, since the others had also gone through, they all proceeded to the Plain of Forgetfulness through terrible burning, stifling heat, for the place is devoid of trees or anything that springs from the earth. Evening was coming on by then, so they encamped beside the River of Heedlessness, whose water no vessel can contain. Now, it was necessary for all of them to drink a measure of the water, but some, who were not protected by wisdom, drank more than the measure, and as he drank, each forgot everything.

“When they had fallen asleep, at midnight there was thunder and an earthquake, and each was suddenly borne upwards, this way and that, to their birth, like shooting stars. He himself had been prevented from drinking the water, yet he did not know by what manner or means he arrived back in the body, but he suddenly looked about and saw himself already lying on the funeral pyre at dawn.

“And that, dear Glaucon, is how the story was saved and not lost, and it may save us too if we heed its advice, and we shall safely cross over the River of Forgetfulness without defiling our soul. But if we are persuaded by me, we shall regard the soul as immortal and capable of bearing everything bad, and everything good too, and we shall hold always to the upward path, practising justice,

accompanied by wisdom, in every way possible so that we may be friends to ourselves and to the gods, both during our stay here and when we receive the rewards of justice, carrying them off like prize-winners in the games, and both here and in the journey of a thousand years that we have described all may be well with us.”

Notes

1. Glaucon, son of Ariston, was Plato's older brother.
2. This is a reference to the Thracian lunar goddess Bendis, a cult to whom had recently developed in the Piraeus, a harbour town and the main port of Athens.
3. Adimantus, son of Ariston, was an older brother of Plato.
4. Lysias was a famous speechwriter and orator. In Plato's *Phaedrus*, the eponymous character is depicted as having come from a conversation with Lysias.
5. Thrasymachus was a sophist from Chalcedon who is also mentioned in Plato's *Phaedrus*.
6. Clitophon was an oligarch and statesman. There is a potentially spurious Platonic dialogue that bears his name.
7. Cephalus was a wealthy Syracusan arms manufacturer who lived in Athens.
8. *Iliad* xxii.60, xxiv.487; *Odyssey* xv.246, 348, xxiii.212.
9. *Odyssey* xvii.218.
10. Sophocles was an Athenian tragedian.
11. Themistocles was an Athenian politician and general.
12. Pindar was a lyric poet from Thebes who lived a generation before Plato. Fragment 214, Snell.
13. Simonides was a lyric poet from the island of Ceos. One of his poems serves as a basis for discussion in Plato's *Protagoras*.
14. *Odyssey* xix.392-398.
15. Bias of Priene was a wise man renowned for his probity. Pittacus was a military general from Mytilene on the island of Lesbos. Bias and Pittacus were two of the Seven Sages of Greece, a group of 7th-6th-century philosophers and statesmen who were known for their wisdom.
16. Periander, Perdiccas and Xerxes were tyrants from Greece and Persia. Ismenias was a Theban politician who managed to amass a great deal of money.
17. Pancration was a sport that combined boxing and wrestling.
18. Gyges was a king of Lydia, a kingdom in Asia Minor. The story Glaucon tells is about an ancestor of Gyges and his rise to the Lydian throne. Herodotus, *Histories* 1.8-13 tells a different story of Gyges' rise to power.

19. Aeschylus, *Seven Against Thebes* 592-594. The quote is elaborated and expanded below.

20. *Odyssey* xvi.97-98.

21. Hesiod, *Works and Days* 323 ff.

22. *Odyssey* xix.109 ff, Lattimore.

23. Musaeus of Athens was a legendary poet and polymath who was closely associated with the religious mysteries. He is also mentioned in Plato's *Apology* (41a).

24. Hesiod, *Works and Days* 287-289.

25. *Iliad* ix, 497-501.

26. Selene was goddess of the moon.

27. Archilochus was a lyric poet from the island of Paros who was known for his versatile use of poetic metre. The reference here is to his fable about a fox and a hedgehog.

28. Hesiod, *Theogony* 154-210, 453-506.

29. The first three quotes are from *Iliad* xxiv.527-532. The source of the fourth quote is unknown.

30. Athena is depicted encouraging Pandarus to violate oaths at *Iliad* iv.73-103. This Aeschylus quote is of unknown origin.

31. This is likely a reference to works of Aeschylus in a play called *Niobe*, only fragments of which survive.

32. *Odyssey* xvii.485-486.

33. Inachos was a river god and king of Argos. The source of the line quoted here is unknown.

34. In *Iliad* ii.1-34, Zeus sends a dream to Agamemnon with the false promise of victory if he lays siege to Troy immediately. The source of the Aeschylus quote is unknown. Trans. Shorey; Loeb edition of the *Republic*.

35. *Odyssey* xi.489-491, Lattimore.

36. *Iliad* xx.64-65, Lattimore.

37. *Iliad* xxiii.103-104, Lattimore.

38. *Odyssey* x.494-495, Lattimore.

39. *Iliad* xvi.856-857, Lattimore.

40. *Iliad* xxiii.100-101, Lattimore.

41. *Odyssey* xxiv.6-9, Lattimore.
42. 'Cocytus' means lamentation and was the river of wailing in the underworld. 'Styx' means river of gloom and it formed the boundary between the earth and the underworld.
43. *Iliad* xxiv.9-12, Lattimore.
44. *Iliad* xviii.23-24, Lattimore.
45. *Iliad* xxii.414-415, Lattimore.
46. *Iliad* xviii.54, Lattimore.
47. *Iliad* xxii.168-169, Lattimore.
48. *Iliad* xvi.433-434, Lattimore.
49. *Iliad* i.599-600, Lattimore.
50. *Odyssey* xvii.383-384, Lattimore.
51. *Iliad* iv.412, Lattimore.
52. In our version of Homer, this is *Iliad* iii.8 and iv.431, Lattimore.
53. *Iliad* i.225, Lattimore.
54. *Odyssey* ix.8-10, Lattimore.
55. *Odyssey* xii.342, Lattimore.
56. *Odyssey* viii.266 ff.
57. *Odyssey* xx.17-18, Lattimore.
58. The source of these lines is unknown. Trans. Shorey.
59. *Iliad* xxii.15, 20, Lattimore.
60. *Iliad* xxiii.141-151, Lattimore.
61. *Iliad* xxiv.14-18.
62. *Iliad* xxiii.175.
63. Thought to be from Aeschylus' play *Niobe*, which survives only in fragmentary form. Trans. Shorey.
64. *Iliad* i.15-16, Lattimore.
65. The dithyramb was a hymn sung or danced in honour of the god Dionysus.
66. Marsyas was a satyr who challenged Apollo to a musical competition. Marsyas lost the competition and was flayed alive by Apollo.
67. Damon of Athens was a noted musicologist and teacher of Pericles.

68. *Iliad* xi.580, 828-836, and 624-650.
69. Herodicus was a renowned physician, sophist and gymnastic expert.
70. Phocylides was a gnomic poet from Miletus.
71. *Iliad* iv.218-219, Shorey.
72. Midas was a Phrygian king who, according to legend, could turn all he touched into gold.
73. Pindar, *Pythians* 3.55-58.
74. *Iliad* xvii.588.
75. Phoenicia was an ancient civilization located in modern-day Lebanon.
76. *Odyssey* i.351-352.
77. The Hydra of Lerna was a serpentine monster. The many heads of the beast were regenerative in that when one was severed, two would grow in its place. It was eventually killed by Heracles.
78. There was a tradition in the Greek world that Delphi was the centre of the earth. The spot was marked by a stone called the omphalos. The priestess of Apollo, the Pythia, would deliver her pronouncements from a hidden chamber within the temple of Apollo.
79. The four virtues were wisdom, courage, sound-mindedness or temperance, and justice.
80. *Odyssey* xx.17-18.
81. This question is eventually answered in Book VIII.
82. Adrasteia was a name for Nemesis, the goddess of vengeance, who exacts retribution against those who succumb to hubris.
83. This is a reference to the mythical story of the poet Arion who was fabled to have been kidnapped by pirates and rescued by a dolphin.
84. This is a variation on a line from Pindar, "plucking the unripe fruit of wisdom"; *Fragment* 209, Snell.
85. Hesiod, *Works and Days* 40.
86. *Iliad* vii.321.
87. *Iliad* viii.162.
88. Hesiod, *Works and Days* 122, Shorey.
89. The riddle, apparently, went as follows. A man, who is not a man, saw and did not see a bird that was not a bird in a tree that was not a tree; he hit and did not hit it with a

stone that was not a stone. The answer was that a eunuch with poor vision saw a bat on a rafter, threw a pumice stone at it and missed.

90. Plato coins this word using the Greek word for 'opinion' (*doxa*). It means 'opinion loving' in contrast to 'wisdom loving'.

91. Momus was the personification of satire and mockery. His name is associated with blame and disgrace.

92. The phrase 'necessity of Diomede' or 'diomedan compulsion' is thought to have come from a Homeric story according to which Diomede, a great warrior, who had prevented Odysseus from killing him, decided against punishing Odysseus. Since Odysseus was so central to the defeat of Troy, the phrase came to refer to one who foregoes personal gain in the interest of the greater good.

93. The phrase 'bridle of Theages' later became proverbial for an undesired but perhaps fortunate restraint from doing something. See also the dialogue *Theages*.

94. Socrates tells us in the *Apology* (31c-32a) that his daimonic sign only admonished him not to do certain things.

95. It was reported that Heraclitus believed that the sun is new every day (Aristotle, *Meteorologica* 355a14).

96. *Iliad* i.131 and *Odyssey* iii.416.

97. The Greek for 'interest' and 'offspring' is the same. Socrates plays upon the dual sense of the word here. The pun extends to the end of Socrates' statement where he plays upon the word 'account' as being either an interest calculation or the expression of a philosophical position.

98. There is a play here in the Greek text upon the words for sky and visible which is hard to capture in English and is omitted from this translation.

99. *Odyssey* xi.489-490.

100. Palamedes is depicted as a major figure in the events surrounding the Trojan War. It is he who discovered number and arranged the ranks of the army at Troy, counted the ships and everything else.

101. Daedalus was a skilled architect and craftsman, said to have sculpted figures so real that they appeared to live and move.

102. Solon was an Athenian statesman and legislator who is credited with laying the foundation for the Athenian democracy.

103. *Odyssey* xix.163.

104. *Iliad* xvi.112-113.

105. This text is difficult, and there is general disagreement about the value of Plato's 'entire geometrical number'. The most frequent value suggested is 216, but 3,600 and 12,960,000 have also been mooted.

106. Hesiod, *Works and Days* 109-202.

107. *Iliad* vi.211.

108. Possibly an adaptation of *Seven Against Thebes* 451.

109. Plutus, the god of wealth, was depicted by Aristophanes as having been blinded.

110. Herodotus 1.55. Croesus was a king of Lydia who was noted for his wealth. He asked the oracle at Delphi whether his reign would be long.

111. *Iliad* xvi.776.

112. Stesichorus was a lyric poet who was reputed to have been blinded for writing unflatteringly about Helen of Troy, and regained his sight after writing an encomium to Helen (the *Palinode*). In Stesichorus' *Palinode*, the combatants in the Trojan war actually went to battle over a phantom of Helen, while the real Helen went to Egypt.

113. Eriphyle accepted a necklace from Polynices, and in exchange persuaded her husband Amphiaras to join the expedition of 'Seven Against Thebes', which led to his death. Eriphyle was ultimately murdered by her son Alcmaeon.

114. Asclepius was the god of medicine.

115. Lycurgus was a legendary statesman who is credited with the militaristic reform of Spartan society.

116. Charondas was a lawgiver who lived in Catania, Italy.

117. Solon was an Athenian statesman and lawgiver who is credited with laying the foundation for the Athenian democracy.

118. This refers to the contemporary rhapsodes who travelled around the Greek world reciting Homer's epic poems.

119. Thales of Miletus was a noted pre-Socratic philosopher and one of the Seven Sages. He was from Miletus in Ionia. Anacharsis was a Scythian philosopher from Scythia, which lay to the north of the Black Sea, who travelled to Athens. None of his works survives.

120. Creophylos was an epic poet from Samos or Chios and a contemporary of Homer. His name, which is odd, is formed from the Greek words for 'meat' and 'kind' or 'race'.

121. Protagoras and Prodicus were influential 5th-century sophists.

122. The ring of Gyges and the helmet of Hades were thought to confer invisibility upon the wearer.

123. Tartarus is the abyss in which the wicked are tormented.

124. Orpheus was a legendary bard, musician and prophet. He was supposedly killed by a group of Maenads, female followers of Dionysus, for not honouring the god.

125. Thamyris was a legendary Thracian musician who boasted that he could beat the Muses in a competition. When he lost they blinded him and took away his ability to compose poetry.

126. Ajax was a hero who was depicted in the *Iliad* as second only to Achilles in courage. After the death of Achilles, Ajax and Odysseus competed against one another for Achilles' armour. Ajax lost the competition and took his own life.

127. Agamemnon was the king of Mycenae. He led the army against Troy after Helen, the wife of his brother Menelaus, was taken there by Paris.

128. Atalanta was a huntress. It had been prophesied that marriage would be her undoing, so when her father attempted to arrange a marriage for her she stipulated that she would only marry one who could defeat her in a foot race. Eventually Hippomenes was able to beat Atalanta by tempting her with three golden apples provided by Aphrodite, who was offended by Atalanta's rejection of the love of the suitors.

129. Epeius was credited with building the Trojan Horse with the help of Athena. The Warriors hid inside it and stormed the city. *Odyssey* viii.493.

130. Thersites was an unremarkable soldier in the Achaean army during the Trojan War. In *Iliad* ii.211-277 he is depicted interrupting and berating Agamemnon as he is rallying the troops. In response, Odysseus beats and rebukes Thersites for his insolence.

131. Odysseus was the king of Ithaca. He was a leading warrior for the Achaeans in the Trojan War. His ten-year journey back to Ithaca from Troy is recounted in Homer's *Odyssey*.