THE REPUBLIC
BY PLATO (C. 390 BCE)
Excerpts from Books VI – IX
(trans. Bloom)

"What class of thing are you speaking of?" he said.

"It's that which you call light," I said. "What you say is true," he said.

"Then the sense of sight and the power of being seen are yoked together with a yoke that, by the measure of an *idea* by no means insignificant, is more honorable than the yokes uniting other teams, if light is not without honor."

"But, of course," he said, "it's far from being without honor."

"Which of the gods in heaven can you point to as the lord responsible for this, whose light makes our sight see in the finest way and the seen things seen?"

"The very one you and the others would also point to," he said.

"For it's plain your question refers to the sun."

"Is sight, then, naturally related to this god in the following way?"

"How?"

"Neither sight itself nor that in which it comes to be – what we call the eye – is the sun."

"Surely not."

"But I suppose it is the most sunlike of the organs of the senses."

"Yes, by far."

"Doesn't it get the power it has as a sort of overflow from the sun's treasury?"

"Most certainly."

"And the sun isn't sight either, is it, but as its cause is seen by sight itself?"

"That's so," he said.

'Well, then," I said, "say that the sun is the offspring of the good I mean – an offspring the good begot in a proportion with itself: as the good is in the intelligible region with respect to intelligence and what is intellected, so the sun is in the visible region with respect to sight and what is seen."

"How?" he said. "Explain it to me still further."

"You know," I said, "that eyes, when one no longer turns them to those things over whose colors the light of day extends but to those over which the gleams of night extend, are dimmed and appear nearly blind as though pure sight were not in them."

"Quite so," he said.

"But, I suppose, when one turns them on those things illuminated by the sun, they see clearly and sight shows itself to be in these same eyes."

"Surely."

"Well, then, think that the soul is also characterized in this way.

When it fixes itself on that which is illumined by truth and that which *is,* it intellects, knows, and appears to possess intelligence. But when it fixes itself on that which is mixed with darkness, on coming into being and passing away, it opines and is dimmed, changing opinions up and down, and seems at such times not to possess intelligence."

"Yes, that's the way it seems."

"Therefore, say that what provides the truth to the things known and gives the power to the one who knows, is the *idea* of the good. And, as the cause of the knowledge and truth, you can understand it to be a thing known; but, as fair as these two are – knowledge and truth – if you believe that it is something different from them and still fairer than they, your belief will be right. As for knowledge and truth, just as in the other region it is right to hold light and sight sun like, but to believe them to be sun is not right; so, too, here, to hold these two to be like the good is right, but to believe that either of them is the good is not right. The condition which characterizes the good must receive still greater honor." .

"You speak of an overwhelming beauty," he said, "if it provides knowledge and truth but is itself beyond them in beauty. You surely don't mean it is pleasure."

"Hush, Glaucon," I said. "But consider its image still further in this way."

"How?"

"I suppose you'll say the sun not only provides what is seen with the power of being seen, but also with generation, growth, and nourishment although it itself isn't generation."

"Of course."

"Therefore, say that not only being known is present in the things known as a consequence of the good, but also existence and being are in them besides as a result of it, although the good isn't being but is still beyond being, exceeding it in dignity and power."

And Glaucon, quite ridiculously, said, "Apollo, what a demonic excess."

"You," I said, "are responsible for compelling me to tell my opinions about it."

"And don't under any conditions stop," he said, "at least until you have gone through the likeness with the sun, if you are leaving anything out."

"But, of course," I said, "I am leaving out a throng of things."

"Well," he said, "don't leave even the slightest thing aside."

"I suppose I will leave out quite a bit," I said. "But all the same, insofar as it's possible at present, I'll not leave anything out willingly."

"Don't," he said.

"Well, then," I said, "conceive that, as we say, these two things *are,* and that the one is king of the intelligible class and region, while the other is king of the visible. I don't say 'of the heaven' so as not to seem to you to be playing the sophist with the name. Now, do you have these two forms, visible and intelligible?"

"I do."

"Then, take a line cut in two unequal segments, one for the class that is seen, the other for the class that is intellected – and go on and cut each segment in the same ratio. Now, in terms of relative clarity and obscurity, you'll have one segment in the visible part for images. I mean by images first shadows, then appearances produced in water and in all close-grained, smooth, bright things, and everything of the sort, if you understand."

"I do understand."

"Then in the other segment put that of which this first is the likeness – the animals around us, and everything that grows, and the whole class of artifacts."

"I put them there," he said.

"And would you also be willing," I said, "to say that with respect to truth or lack of it, as the opinable is distinguished from the knowable, so the likeness is distinguished from that of which it is the likeness?"

"I would indeed," he said.

"Now, in its turn, consider also how the intelligible section should be cut."

"How?"

"Like this: in one part of it a soul, using as images the things that were previously imitated, is compelled to· investigate on the basis of hypotheses and makes its way not to a beginning but to an end; while in the other part it makes its way to a beginning that is free from hypotheses; starting out from hypothesis and without the images used in the other part, by means of forms themselves it makes its inquiry through them."

"I don't," he said, "sufficiently understand what you mean here."

"Let's try again," I said. "You'll understand more easily after this introduction. I suppose you know that the men who work in geometry, calculation, and they like treat as known the odd and the even, the figures, three forms of angles, and other things akin to these in each kind of inquiry. These things they make hypotheses and don't think it worthwhile to give any further account of them to themselves or others,

as though they were clear to all. Beginning from them, they go ahead with their exposition of what remains and end consistently at the object toward which their investigation was directed."

"Most certainly, I know that," he said.

"Don't you also know that they use visible forms besides and make their arguments about them, not thinking about them but about those others that they as though they were clear to all. Beginning form them, they go ahead with their exposition of what remains and end consistently at the object toward which their investigations were directed."

"Most certainly, I know that," he said.

Don't you also know that they use visible forms besides and make their arguments about them, not thinking about them but about those others that they are like? They make the arguments for the sake of the square itself and the diagonal itself, not for the sake of the diagonal they draw, and likewise with the rest. These things themselves that they mold and draw, of which there are shadows and images in water, they now use as images, seeking to *see* those things themselves, that one can *see* in no other way than with thought."

"What you say is true," he said.

"Well, then, this is the form I said was intelligible. However, a soul in investigating it is compelled to use hypotheses, and does not go to a beginning because it is unable to step out above the hypotheses. And it uses as images those very things of which images are made by the things below, and in comparison with which they are opined to be clear and are given honor."

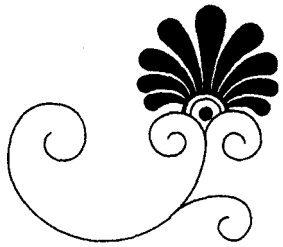
"I understand," he said, "that you mean what falls under geometry and its kindred arts."

"Well, then, go on to understand that by the other segment of the intelligible I mean that which argument itself grasps with the power of dialectic, making the hypotheses not beginnings but really hypotheses – that is, steppingstones and springboards – in order to reach what is free from hypothesis at the beginning of the whole. When it has grasped this, argument now depends on that which depends on this beginning and in such fashion goes back down again to an end; making no use of anything sensed in any way, but using forms themselves, going through forms to forms, it ends in forms too."

"I understand," he said, "although not adequately – for in my opinion it's an enormous task you speak of – that you wish to distinguish that part of what is and is intelligible contemplated by the knowledge of dialectic as being clearer than that part contemplated by what are called the arts. The beginnings in the arts are hypotheses; and although those who behold their objects are compelled to do so with the thought and not the senses, these men – because they don't consider them by going up to a beginning, but rather on the basis of hypotheses – these men, in my opinion, don't possess intelligence with respect to the objects, even though they are, given a beginning, intelligible; and you seem to me to call the habit of geometers and their likes thought and not intelligence, indicating that thought is something; between opinion and intelligence."

"You have made a most adequate exposition," I said. "And, along with me, take these four affections arising in the soul in relation to the four segments: intellection in relation to the highest one, and thought in relation to the second; to the third assign trust, and to the last imagination.[3s] Arrange them in a proportion, and believe that as the segments to which they correspond participate in truth, so they participate in clarity."

"I understand," he said. "And I agree and arrange them as you say."



BOOK VII

"Next, then," I said. "make an image of our nature in its education and want of education, likening it to a condition of the following kind. See human beings as though they were in an underground cave-like dwelling with its entrance, a long one, open to the light across the whole width of the cave. They are in it from childhood with their legs and necks in bonds so that they are fixed, seeing only in front of them, unable because of the bond to turn their heads all the way around. Their light is from a fire burning far above and behind them. Between the fire and the prisoners there is a road above, along which see a wall, built like the partitions puppet-handlers· set in front of the human beings and over which they show the puppets."

"I see," he said.

"Then also see along this wall human beings carrying all sorts of artifacts, which project above the wall, and statues of men and other animals wrought from stone, wood, and every kind of material; as is to be expected, some of the carriers utter sounds while others are silent."

"It's a strange image," he said, "and strange prisoners you're telling of."

"They're like us," I said. "For in the first place, do you suppose such men would have seen anything of themselves and one another other than the shadows cast by the fire on the side of the cave facing them?"

"How could they," he said, "if they had been compelled to keep their heads motionless throughout "life?"

"And what about the things that are carried by? Isn't it the same with them?"

"Of course,"

"If they were able to discuss things with one another, don't you believe they would hold that they are naming these things going by before them that they see?"

"Necessarily,"

"And what if the prison also had an echo from the side facing them? Whenever one of the men passing by happens to utter a sound, do you suppose they would believe that anything other than the passing shadow was uttering the sound?"

"No, by Zeus," he said. "I don't,"

"Then most certainly," I said, "such men would hold that the truth is nothing other than the shadows of artificial things."

"Most necessarily," he said.

"Now consider," I said, "what their release and healing from bonds and folly would be like if something of this sort were by nature to happen to them. Take a man who is released and suddenly compelled to stand up, to turn his neck around, to walk and look up toward the light; and who, moreover, in doing all this is in pain and, because he is dazzled, is unable to make out those things whose shadows he saw before. What do you suppose he'd say if someone were to tell him that before he saw silly nothings, while now, because he is somewhat nearer to what *is* and more turned toward beings, he sees more correctly; and, in particular, showing him each of the things that pass by, were to compel the man to answer his questions about what they are? Don't you suppose he'd be at a loss and believe that what was seen before is truer than what is now shown?"

"Yes," he said, "by far,"

"And, if he compelled him to look at the light itself, would his eyes hurt and would he flee, turning away to those things that he is able to make out and hold them to be really clearer than what is being shown?"

"So he would," he said.

"And if," I said, "someone dragged him away from there by force along the rough, steep, upward way and didn't let him go before he had dragged him out into the light of the sun, wouldn't he be distressed and annoyed at being so dragged? And when he came to the light, wouldn't he have his eyes full of its beam and be unable to see even one of the things now said to be true?"

"No, he wouldn't," he said, "at least not right away."

"Then I suppose he'd have to get accustomed, if he were going to see what's up above. At first he'd most easily make out the shadows; and after that the phantoms of the human beings and the other things in water; and, later, the things themselves. And from there he could turn to beholding the things in heaven and heaven itself, more easily at night-looking at the light of the stars and the moon-than by day-looking at the sun and sunlight."

"Of course."

"Then finally I suppose he would be able to make out the sun – not its appearances in water or some alien place, but the sun itself by itself in its own region – and see what it's like."

"Necessarily," he said.

"And after that he would already be in a position to conclude about it that this is the source of the seasons and the years, and is the steward of all things in the visible place, and is in a certain way the cause of all those things he and his companions had been seeing."

"It's plain," he said, "that this would be his next step."

"What then? When he recalled his first home and the wisdom there, and his fellow prisoners in that time, don't you suppose he would consider himself happy for the change and pity the others?"

"Quite so."

"And if in that time there were among them any honors, praises, and prizes for the man who is sharpest at making out the things that go by, and most remembers which of them are accustomed to pass before, which after, and which at the same time as others, and who is thereby most able to divine what is going to come, in your opinion would he be desirous of them and envy those who are honored and hold power among these men? Or, rather, would he be affected as Homer says and want very much 'to be on the soil, a serf to another man, to a portionless man,' and to undergo anything whatsoever rather than to opine those things and live that way?"

"Yes," he said, "I suppose he would prefer to undergo everything rather than live that way."

"Now reflect on this too," I said. "If such a man were to come down again and sit in the same seat, on coming suddenly from the sun wouldn't his eyes get infected with darkness?"

"Very much so," he said.

"And if he once more had to compete with those perpetual prisoners in forming judgments about those shadows while his vision was still dim, before his eyes had recovered, and if the time needed for getting accustomed were not at all short, wouldn't he be

the source of laughter, and wouldn't it be said of him that he went up and came back with his eyes corrupted, and that it's not even worth trying to go up? And if they were somehow able to get their hands on and kill the man who attempts to release and lead up, wouldn't they kill him?"

"No doubt about it," he said.

"Well, then, my dear Glaucon," I said, "this image as a whole must be connected with what was said before. Liken the domain revealed through sight to the prison home, and the light of the fire in it to the sun's power; and, in applying the going up and the seeing of what's above to the sours journey up to the intelligible place, you'll not mistake my expectation, since you desire to hear it. A god doubtless knows if it happens to be true. At all events, this is the way the phenomena look to me: in the knowable the last thing to be seen, and that with considerable effort, is the *idea* of the good; but once seen, it must be concluded that this is in fact the cause of all that is right and fair in everything-in the visible it gave birth to light and its sovereign; in the intelligible, itself sovereign, it provided truth and intelligence – and that the man who is going to act prudently in private or in public must see it. "

"I, too, join you in supposing that," he said, "at least in the way I can."

"Come, then," I said, "and join me in supposing this, too, and don't be surprised that the men who get to that point aren't willing to mind the business of human beings, but rather that their souls are always eager to spend their time above. Surely that's likely, if indeed this, too, follows the image of which I told before."

"Of course it's likely," he said.

"And what about this? Do you suppose it is anything surprising," I said, "if a man, come from acts of divine contemplation to the human evils, is graceless and looks quite ridiculous when-with his sight still dim and before he has gotten sufficiently accustomed to the surrounding darkness – he is compelled in courts or elsewhere to contest about the shadows of the just or the representations of which they are the shadows, and to dispute about the way these things are understood by men who have never seen justice itself?"

"It's not at all surprising," he said.

"But if a man were intelligent," I said, "he would remember that there are two kinds of disturbances of the eyes, stemming from two sources – when they have been transferred from light to darkness and when they have been transferred from darkness to light. And if he held that these same things happen to a soul too, whenever he saw one that is confused and unable to make anything out, he wouldn't laugh without reasoning but would go on to consider whether, come from a brighter life, it is in darkness for want of being accustomed, or whether, going from greater lack of learning to greater brightness, it is dazzled by the greater brilliance. And then he would deem the first soul happy for its condition and its life, while he would pity the second. And, if he wanted to laugh at the second soul, his laughing in this case would be less a laugh of scorn than would his laughing at the soul which has come from above out of the light."

"What you say is quite sensible," he said.

"Then, if this is true," I said, "we must hold the following about these things: education is not what the professions of certain men assert it to be. They presumably assert that they put into the soul knowledge that isn't in it, as though they were putting sight into blind eyes."

"Yes," he said, "they do indeed assert that."

"But the present argument, on the other hand," I said, "indicates that this power is in the soul of each, and that the instrument with which each learns – just as an eye is not able to turn toward the light from the dark without the whole body – must be turned around from that which *is coming into being* together with the whole soul until it is able to endure looking at that which *is* and the brightest part of that which *is*. And we affirm that this is the good, don't we?"

"Yes."

"There would, therefore," I said, "be an art of this turning around, concerned with the way in which this power can most easily and efficiently be turned around, not an art of producing sight in it. Rather, this art takes as given that sight is there, but not rightly turned nor looking at what it ought to look at, and accomplishes this object."

"So it seems," he said.

"Therefore, the other virtues of a soul, as they are called, are probably somewhat close to those of the body. For they are really not there beforehand and are later produced by habits and exercises, while the virtue of exercising prudence is more than anything somehow more divine, it seems; it never loses its power, but according to the way it is turned, it becomes useful and helpful or, again, useless and harmful. Or haven't you yet reflected about the men who are said to be vicious but wise, how shrewdly their petty soul sees and how sharply it distinguishes those things toward which it is turned, showing that it doesn't have poor vision although it is compelled to serve vice; so that the sharper it sees, the more evil it accomplishes?"

"Most certainly," he said.

"However," I said, "if this part of such a nature were trimmed in earliest childhood and its ties of kinship with becoming were cut off-like leaden weights, which eating and such pleasures as well as

their refinements naturally attach to the soul and turn its vision downward – if, I say, it were rid of them and turned around toward the true things, this same part of the same human beings would also see them most sharply, just as it does those things toward which it now is turned,"

"It's likely," he said.

"And what about this? Isn't it likely," I said, "and necessary, as a consequence of what was said before, that those who are without education and experience of truth would never be adequate stewards of a city, nor would those who have been allowed to spend their time in education continuously to the end – the former because they don't have any single goal in life at which they must aim in doing everything they do in private or in public, the latter because they won't be willing to act, believing they have emigrated to a colony on the Isles of the Blessed[4] while they are still alive?"

"True," he said.

"Then our job as founders," I said, "is to compel the best natures to go to the study which we were saying before is the greatest, to see the good and to go up that ascent; and, when they have gone up and seen sufficiently, not to permit them what is now permitted,"

"What's that?"

"To remain there," I said, "and not be willing to go down again among those prisoners or share their labors and honors, whether they be slighter or more serious."

"What?" he said. "Are we to do them an injustice, and make them live a worse life when a better is possible for them?"

"My friend, you have again forgotten," I said, "that it's not the concern of law that anyone class in the city fare exceptionally well, but it contrives to bring this about in the city as a whole, harmonizing the citizens by persuasion and compulsion, making them share with one another the benefit that each is able to bring to the commonwealth. And it produces such men in the city not in order to let them turn whichever way each wants, but in order that it may use them in binding the city together."

"That's true," he said. "I did forget. "

"Well, then, Glaucon," I said, "consider that we won't be doing injustice to the philosophers who come to be among us, but rather that we will say just things to them while compelling them besides to care for and guard the others. We'll say that when such men come to be in the other cities it is fitting for them not to participate in the labors of those cities. For they grow up spontaneously against the will of the regime in each; and a nature that grows by itself and doesn't owe its rearing to anyone has justice on its side when it is not eager to payoff the price of rearing to anyone. 'But you we have begotten for yourselves and for the rest of the city like leaders and kings in hives; you have been better and more perfectly educated and are more able to participate in both lives. So you must go down, each in his turn, into the common dwelling of the others and get habituated along with them to seeing the dark things. And, in getting habituated to it, you will see ten thousand times better than the men there, and you'll know what each of the phantoms is, and of what it is a phantom, because you have seen the truth about fair, just, and good things. And thus, the city will be governed by us and by you in a state of waking, not in a dream as the many cities nowadays are governed by men who fight over shadows with one another and form factions for the sake of ruling, as though it were some great good. But the truth is surely this: that city in which those who are going to rule are least eager to rule is necessarily governed in the way that is best and freest from faction, while the one that gets the opposite kind of rulers is governed in the opposite way.'"

"Most certainly," he said.

"Do you suppose our pupils will disobey us when they hear this and be unwilling to join in the labors of the city, each in his turn, while living the greater part of the time with one another in the pure region?"

Impossible," he said. "For surely we shall be laying just injunctions on just men. However, each of them will certainly approach ruling as a necessary thing-which is the opposite of what is done by those who now rule in every city."

"That's the way it is, my comrade," I said. "If you discover a life better than ruling for those who are going to rule, it is possible that your well-governed city will come into being. For here alone will the really rich rule, rich not in gold but in those riches required by the happy man, rich in a good and prudent life. But if beggars, men hungering for want of private goods, go to public affairs supposing that in them they must seize the good, it isn't possible. When ruling becomes a thing fought over, such a war-a domestic war, one within the family destroys these men themselves and the rest of the city as well."

"That's very true," he said.

“Have you," I said, "any other life that despises political offices other than that of true philosophy?"

"No, by Zeus," he said. "I don't."

"But men who aren't lovers of ruling must go to it; otherwise, rival lovers will fight."

"Of course."

"Who else will you compel to go to the guarding of the city than the men who are most prudent in those things through which a city is best governed, and who have other honors and a better life than the political life?"

"No one else," he said.

"Do you want us now to consider in what way such men will come into being and how one will lead them up to the light, just as some men are said to have gone from Hades up to the gods?"

"How could I not want to?" he said.

"Then, as it seems, this wouldn't be the twirling of a shell but the turning of a soul around from a day that is like night to the true day; it is that ascent to what *is* which we shall truly affirm to be philosophy."

"Most certainly."

"Then mustn't we consider what studies have such a power?"

"Of course."

"What then, Glaucon, would be a study to draw the soul from becoming to being? And, as I speak, I think of this. Weren't we saying that it's necessary for these men to be champions in war when they are young?"

"Yes, we were saying that."

"Then the study we are seeking must have this further characteristic in addition to the former one."

"What?"

"It mustn't be useless to warlike men."

"Of course, it mustn't," he said, "if that can' be."

"Now previously they were educated by us in gymnastic and music."

"That was so," he said.

"And gymnastic, of course, is wholly engaged with coming into being and passing away. For it oversees growth and decay in the body."

"It looked that way."

"So it wouldn't be the study we are seeking."

"No, it wouldn't."

"And is music, so far as we described it before?"

"But it," he said, "was the antistrophe[9] to gymnastic, if you remember. It educated the guardians through habits, transmitting by harmony a certain harmoniousness, not knowledge, and by rhythm a certain rhythmicalness. And connected with it were certain other habits, akin to these, conveyed by speeches, whether they were tales or speeches of a truer sort. But as for a study directed toward something of the sort you are now seeking, there was nothing of the kind in it."

"Your reminder to me is quite precise," I said. "For, really, it had nothing of the sort. But Glaucon, you demonic man, what could there be that is like this? For all the arts surely seemed to be mechanical."

"Certainly they were. And, yet, what other study is left now separate from music, gymnastic, and the arts?"

"Come, then," I said, "if we have nothing left to take besides these, let's take something that applies to them all."

"What kind of thing?"

"For example, this common thing that all kinds of art, thought, and knowledge use as a supplement to themselves, a thing that it is necessary for everyone to learn among his first studies."

"What's that?" he said.

"The lowly business," I said, "of distinguishing the one, the two, and the three. I mean by this, succinctly, number and calculation. Or isn't it the case with them that every kind of art and knowledge is compelled to participate in them?"

"Very much so," he said.

"The art of war too?" I said.

"Most necessarily," he said.

"At all events," I said, "in the tragedies Palamedes is constantly showing up Agamemnon as a most ridiculous general. Or haven't you noticed that he says that by· discovering number he established the dispositions for the army at Ilium and counted the ships and everything else, as though before that they were uncounted and Agamemnon didn't know how many feet he had, if he really didn't know how to count? And, if this is the case, what kind of general do you suppose he was?"

"A strange one," he said, "if this was true."

"Shall we not then," I said, "set down as a study necessary for a warrior the ability to calculate and to number?"

"Most of all," he said, "if he's going to have any professional knowledge of the order of the army, but I should say rather, if he's going to be a human being."

"Do you," I said, "notice the same thing I do in this study?"

"What?"

"It probably is one of those things we are seeking that by nature lead to intellection; but no one uses it rightly, as a thing that in every way is apt to draw men toward being."

"How do you mean?" he said.

"I shall attempt to make at least my opinion plain. Join me in looking at the things I distinguish for myself as leading or not leading

to what we are speaking of; and agree or disagree so that we may see more clearly whether this is as I divine it to be."

"Show," he said.

"Here, I show," I said, "if you can make it out, that some objects of sensation do not summon the intellect to the activity of investigation because they seem to be adequately judged by sense, while others bid it in every way to undertake a consideration because sense seems to produce nothing healthy."

"Plainly you mean things that appear from far off," he said, "and shadow paintings."

"You have hardly got my meaning," I said.

"Then, what do you mean?" he said.

"The ones that don't summon the intellect," I said, "are all those that don't at the same time go over to the opposite sensation. But the ones that do go over I class among those that summon the intellect, when the sensation doesn't reveal one thing any more than its opposite, regardless of whether the object strikes the senses from near or far off. But you will see my meaning more clearly this way: these, we say, would be three fingers-the smallest, the second, and the middle. "

"Certainly," he said.

"Think of them while I'm speaking as if they were being seen up close.

Now consider this about them for me."

"What?"

"Surely each of them looks equally like a finger, and in this respect it makes no difference whether it's seen in the middle or on the extremes, whether it's white or black, or whether it's thick or thin, or anything else of the sort. In all these things the soul of the many is not compelled to ask the intellect what a finger is. For the sight at no point indicates to the soul that the finger is at the same time the opposite of a finger."

"No," he said, "it doesn't."

"Then," I said, "it isn't likely that anything of the sort would be apt to summon or awaken the activity of intellect."

"No, it's not likely."

"Now what about this? Does the sight see their bigness and littleness adequately, and does it make no difference to it whether a finger lies in the middle or on the extremes? And similarly with the touch, for thickness and thinness or softness and hardness? And do the other senses reveal such things without insufficiency? Or doesn't each of them do the following: first, the sense set over the hard is also compelled to be set over the soft; and it reports to the soul that the same thing is sensed by it as both hard and soft?"

"So it does," he said.

"Isn't it necessary," I said, "that in such cases the soul be at a loss as to what this sensation indicates by the hard, if it says that the same thing is also soft, and what the sensation of the light and of the heavy indicates by the light and heavy, if it indicates that the heavy is light and the light heavy?"

"Yes, indeed," he said, "these are strange interpretations received by the soul and require further consideration."

"Therefore," I said, "it's likely that in such cases a soul, summoning calculation and intellect, first tries to determine whether each of the things reported to it is one or two."

"Of course."

"If it appears to be two, won't each of the two appear to be different and to be one?"

"Yes."

"Then, if each is one and both two, the soul will think the two as separate. For it would not think the inseparable as two but as one."

"Right."

"But sight, too, saw big and little, we say, not separated, however, but mixed up together. Isn't that so?"

"Yes."

"In order to clear this up the intellect was compelled to see big and little, too, not mixed up together but distinguished, doing the opposite of what the sight did."

"True."

"Isn't it from here that it first occurs to us to ask what the big and the little are?"

"That's entirely certain."

"And so, it was on this ground that we called the one intelligible and the other visible."

"Quite right," he said.

"Well, then, this was what I was just trying to convey in saying that some things are apt to summon thought, while others are not, defining as apt to summon it those that strike the sense at the same time as their opposites, while all those that do not, are not apt to arouse intellection."

"Well, now I understand," he said, "and in my opinion it is so,"

"What then? To which of the two do number and the one seem to belong?"

"I can't conceive," he said.

"Figure it out on the basis of what was said before," I said. "For if the one is adequately seen, itself by itself, or is grasped by

some other sense, it would not draw men toward being, as we were saying about the finger. But if some opposition to it is always seen at the same time, so that nothing looks as though it were one more than the opposite of one, then there would now be need of something to judge; and in this case, a soul would be compelled to be at a loss and to make an investigation, setting in motion the intelligence within it, and to ask what the one itself is. And thus the study of the one would be among those apt to lead and turn around toward the contemplation of what *is."*

"Surely," he said, "the sight, with respect to the one, possesses this characteristic to a very high degree. For we see the same thing at the same time as both one and as an unlimited multitude."

"If this is the case with the one," I said, "won't it be the same for all number?"

"Of course."

"And, further, the arts of calculation and number are both wholly concerned with number"

"Quite so"

"Then it looks as if they lead toward truth"

"Preternaturally so."

"Therefore, as it seems, they would be among the studies we are seeking. It's necessary for a warrior to learn them for the sake of his dispositions for the army, and for a philosopher because he must rise up out of becoming and take hold of being or else never become skilled at calculating

"That's so," he said.

"And our guardian is both warrior and philosopher."

"Certainly."

"Then it would be fitting, Glaucon, to set this study down in law and to persuade those who are going to participate in the greatest things in the city to go to calculation and to take it up, not after the fashion of private men, but to stay with it until they come to the contemplation of the nature of numbers with intellection itself, not practicing it for the sake of buying and selling like merchants or tradesmen, but for war and for ease of turning the soul itself around from becoming to truth and being:'

"What you say is very fine," he said.

"And further," I said, "now that the study of calculation has been mentioned, I recognize how subtle it is and how in many ways it is useful to us for what we want, if a man practices it for the sake of coming to know and not for trade:'

"In what way?" he said.

"In the very way we were just now saying. It leads the soul powerfully upward and compels it to discuss numbers themselves. It won't at all permit anyone to propose for discussion numbers that are attached to visible or tangible bodies. For surely, you know the way of men who are clever in these things. If in the argument someone attempts to cut the one itself, they laugh and won't permit it. If you try to break it up into small coin, they multiply, taking good care against the one's ever looking like it were not one but many pieces."

"What you say is very true," he said.

"What, Glaucon, do you suppose, would happen if someone were to ask them, "you surprising men, what sort of numbers are you discussing, in which the one is as your axiom claims it to be each one equal to every other one, without the slightest difference between them, and containing no parts within itself?' What do you suppose they would answer?"

"I suppose they would answer that they are talking about those numbers that admit only of being thought and can be grasped in no other way."

"Do you see, then, my friend," I said, "that it's likely that this study is really compulsory for us, since it evidently compels the soul to use the intellect itself on the truth itself?"

"It most certainly does do that," he said.

"What about this? Have you already observed that men who are by nature apt at calculation are naturally quick in virtually all studies, while those who are slow, if they are educated and given gymnastic in it, all make progress by becoming quicker than they were, even if they are benefited in no other way?"

"That's so," he said.

"And, further, I don't suppose you would easily find many studies that take greater effort in the learning and in the practice than this."

"Certainly not."

"Then, for all these reasons this study shouldn't be neglected, and the best natures must be educated in it."

"I join my voice to yours," he said.

"Therefore we have settled on this one," I said. "And let's consider whether the study adjoining this one is in any way suitable."

"What is it?" he said. "Or do you mean geometry?"

"That's exactly it," I said.

"As much of it as applies to the business of war is plainly suitable," he said. "In pitching camp, assaulting places, gathering the army together and drawing it up in line, and in all other maneuvers

armies make in the battle itself and on marches, it would make quite a difference to a man whether he were skilled in geometry or not."

"However," I said, "for such things only a small portion of geometry – as of calculation – would suffice. It must be considered whether its greater and more advanced part tends to make it easier to make out the *idea* of the good. And we say that this tendency is possessed by everything that compels the soul to turn around to the region inhabited by the happiest part of what is, which is what the soul must by all means see."

"What you say is right," he said.

"Then if geometry compels one to look at being, it is suitable; if at becoming, it is not suitable."

"That is what we affirm."

"Well, then," I said, "none of those who have even a little experience with geometry will dispute it with us: this kind of knowledge is exactly the opposite of what is said about it in the arguments of those who take it up,"

"How?" he said.

"In that they surely speak in a way that is as ridiculous as it is necessary. They speak as though they were men of action and were making all the arguments for the sake of action, uttering sounds like 'squaring,' 'applying,' 'adding,' and everything of the sort, whereas the whole study is surely pursued for the sake of knowing,"

"That's entirely certain," he said.

"Mustn't we also come to an agreement about the following point?"

"What?"

"That it is for the sake of knowing what is always, and not at all for what is at any time coming into being and passing away,"

"That may well be agreed," he said. "For geometrical knowing is of what is always,"

"Then, you noble man, it would draw the soul toward truth and be productive of philosophic understanding in directing upward what we now improperly direct downward."

"It does so," he said, "to the greatest extent possible."

"Then to the greatest extent possible," I said, "the men in your beautiful city must be enjoined in no way to abstain from geometry. For even its by-products aren't slight."

"What are they?" he said.

"What you said about war, of course," I said, "and, in addition, with respect to finer reception of all studies, we surely know there is a general and complete difference between the man who has been devoted to geometry and the one who has not,"

"Yes, by Zeus," he said, "the difference is complete."

"Then, shall we set this down as the second study for the young?"

"Yes," he said, "we shall set it down."

"And what about this? Shall we set astronomy down as the third? Or doesn't it seem to be the thing?"

"It does, at least to me," he said. "A better awareness of seasons, months and years is suitable not only for farming and navigation, but no less so for generalship."

"You are amusing," I said. "You are like a man who is afraid of the many in your not wanting to seem to command useless studies. It's scarcely an ordinary thing, rather it's hard, to trust that in these studies a certain instrument of everyone's soul – one that is destroyed and blinded by other practices – is purified and rekindled, an instrument more important to save than ten thousand *eyes.* For with it alone is truth seen. To those who share your opinion about this, what you say will seem indescribably good, while all those who have had no awareness at all of it can be expected to believe you are talking nonsense. They *see* no other benefit from these studies worth mentioning. Consider right here with which of these two kinds of men you are discussing. Or are you making the arguments for neither but chiefly for your own sake, without, however, grudging anyone else who might be able to get some profit from them?"

"I choose the latter," he said, "to speak and ask and answer mostly for my own sake."

"Well, then," I said, "retreat a way. What we took up as following geometry just now wasn't right."

"Where was the mistake?" he said.

"After a plane surface," I said, "we went ahead and took a solid in motion before taking it up by itself. But the right way is to take up the third dimension next in order after the second, and this is surely the dimension of cubes and what participates in depth."

"Yes, it is," he said. "But, Socrates, it doesn't seem to have been discovered yet."

"Of that," I said, "there are two causes. Because no city holds it in honor, it is feebly sought due to its difficulty. And those who seek for it need a supervisor, without whom they would not find it. And, in the first place, he's hard to come by; and then, even when he's there, as things stand he wouldn't be obeyed by those given to seeking it because of their high opinion of themselves. But if a whole city should join in supervising it and take the lead in honoring it, these men would obey; and, with it being continuously and eagerly sought for, its character would come to light; for even now, although it is despised and cut short by the many, and by those who seek it, since they have no account to

give of the way it is useful, nevertheless in the face of all this it grows *per force,* due to its charm. So it wouldn't be at all surprising if it came to light."

"Yes, indeed," he said, "it is exceptionally charming. But tell me more clearly what you meant just now; you presumably set geometry down as that which treats of the plane."

"Yes," I said.

"Then," he said, "at first you set down astronomy after geometry, but later you withdrew."

"My haste to go through everything quickly is the cause of my being slowed down," I said. "The investigation of the dimension with depth was next in order, but, due to the ridiculous state of the search for it, I skipped over it after geometry and said astronomy, which treats the motion of what has depth."

"What you say is right," he said.

"Well, then," I said, "as the fourth study let's set down astronomy, assuming that the study that is now being left aside will be present if a city pursues it."

"That's likely," he said. "And on the basis of the reproach you just made me for my vulgar praise of astronomy, Socrates, now I shall praise it in the way that you approach it. In my opinion it's plain to everyone that astronomy compels the soul to see what's above and leads it there away from the things here."

"Perhaps it's plain to everyone except me," I said. "In my opinion, that's not the way it is."

"Then how is it?" he said.

"As it is taken up now by those who lead men up to philosophy, it has quite an effect in causing the soul to look downward."

"How do you mean?" he said.

"In my opinion," I said, "its no ignoble conception you have for yourself of what the study of the things above is. Even if a man were to learn something by tilting his head back and looking at decorations on a ceiling, you would probably believe he contemplates with his intellect and not his eyes. Perhaps your belief is a fine one and mine innocent. I, for my part, am unable to hold that any study makes a soul look upward other than the one that concerns what *is* and is invisible. And if a man, gaping up or squinting down, attempts to learn something of sensible things, I would deny that he ever learns – for there is no knowledge of such things – or that his soul looks up, rather than down, even if he learns while floating on his back on land or sea."

"I am paying the just penalty," he said. "You are right in reproaching me. But just what did you mean when you said that astronomy must be studied in a way contrary to the one in which they now study it, if it's going to be studied in away that's helpful for what we are talking about?"

"As follows," I said. "These decorations in the heaven, since they are embroidered on a visible ceiling, may be believed to be the fairest and most precise of such things; but they fall far short of the true ones, those movements in which the really fast and the really slow-in true number and in all the true figures-are moved with respect to one another and in their turn move what is contained in them. They, of course, must be grasped by argument and thought, not sight. Or do you suppose otherwise?"

"Not at all," he said.

"Therefore," I said, "the decoration in the heaven must be used as patterns for the sake of learning these other things, just as if one were to come upon diagrams exceptionally carefully drawn and worked out by Daedalus or some other craftsman or painter. A man experienced in geometry would, on seeing such things, presumably believe that they are fairest in their execution but that it is ridiculous to consider them seriously as though one were to grasp the truth about equals, doubles, or any other proportion in them."

"How could it be anything but ridiculous?" he said.

"Then," I said, "don't you suppose that a man who is really an astronomer will have the same persuasion in looking at the movements of the stars? He will hold that the craftsman of heaven composed it and what's in it as beautifully as such works can be composed. But as for the proportion of night to day, of these to a month, of a month to a year, and of the rest of the stars to these and to one another, don't you think he will consider strange the man who holds that these are always the same and deviate in no way at all? For these things are connected with body and are visible. Hence won't he consider it strange to seek in every way to grasp their truth?"

"That is my opinion," he said, "at least now that I am listening to you."

"Therefore," I said, "by the use of problems, as in geometry, we shall also pursue astronomy; and we shall let the things in the heaven go, if by really taking part in astronomy we are going to convert the prudence by nature in the soul from uselessness to usefulness."

"The task you prescribe," he said, "is many times greater than what is now done in astronomy."

"And," I said, "I suppose our prescriptions in the rest will also be of the same kind, if we are to be of any help as lawgivers. But have you any suitable study to suggest?"

"No, I haven't," he said, "at least not right now."

"However," I said, "motion presents itself not in one form but several, as I suppose. Perhaps whoever is wise will be able to tell them all, but those that are evident even to us are two."

"What are they?"

"In addition to astronomy," I said, "there is its antistrophe."

"What's that?"

"It is probable," I said, "that as the eyes are fixed on astronomy, so the ears are fixed on harmonic movement, and these two kinds of knowledge are in a way akin, as the Pythagoreans say and we, Glaucon, agree. Or what shall we do?"

"That," he said.

"Then," I said, "since it's a big job, we'll inquire of the Pythagoreans what they mean about them and if there is anything else besides them. But throughout all of this we shall keep a guard over our interest."

"What's that?"

"That those whom we shall be rearing should never attempt to learn anything imperfect, anything that doesn't always come out at the point where everything ought to arrive, as we were just saying about astronomy. Or don't you know that they do something similar with harmony too? For, measuring the heard accords and sounds against one another, they labor without profit, like the astronomers."

"Yes, by the gods," he said, "and how ridiculous they are. They name certain notes 'dense' and set their ears alongside, as though they were hunting a voice from the neighbors' house. Some say they distinctly hear still another note in between and that this is the smallest interval by which the rest must be measured, while others insist that it is like those already sounded. Both put ears before the intelligence."

"You mean," I said, "those good men who harass the strings and put them to the torture, racking them on the pegs. I won't prolong the image with the blows struck by the plectrum, and the accusation against the strings, and their denial and imposture. I will put an end to the image by saying that it isn't these men I mean but those whom we just now said we are going to question about harmony. They do the same thing the astronomers do. They seek the numbers in these heard accords and don't rise to problems, to the consideration of which numbers are concordant and which not, and why in each case."

"The thing you are speaking of," he said, "is demonic."

"Useful, rather, for the quest after the fair and the good," I said, "but pursued in any other way it is useless."

"That's likely," he said.

"And I suppose," I said, "that if the inquiry into all the things we have gone through arrives at their community and relationship with one another, and draws conclusions as to how they are akin to one another, then the concern with them contributes something to what we want, and is not a labor without profit, but otherwise it is."

"I, too, divine that this is the case," he said. "But it's a very big job you speak of, Socrates."

"Do you mean the prelude or what?" I said. "Or don't we know that all of this is a prelude to the song itself which must be learned? For surely it's not your opinion that the men who are clever at these things are dialecticians."

"No, by Zeus," he said, "with the exception of a very few whom I have encountered."

"But," I said, "was it ever your opinion that men who are unable to give an account and receive one will ever know anything of what we say they must know?"

"To this question too," he said, "the answer is no."

"Glaucon," I said, "isn't this at last the song itself that dialectic performs? It is in the realm of the intelligible, but it is imitated by the power of sight. We said that sight at last tries to look at the animals themselves and at stars themselves and then finally at the sun itself. So, also, when a man tries by discussion-by means of argument without the use of any of the senses-to attain to each thing itself that *is* and doesn't give up before he grasps by intellection itself that which is good itself, he comes to the very end of the intelligible realm just as that other man was then at the end of the visible."

"That's entirely certain," he said.

"What then? Don't you call this journey dialectic?" "Of course."

"Then," I said, "the release from the bonds and the turning around from the shadows to the phantoms and the light, the way up from the cave to the sun; and, once there, the persisting inability to look at the animals arid the plants and the sun's light, and looking instead at the divine appearances in water and at shadows of the things that *are,* rather than as before at shadows of phantoms cast by a light that, when judged in comparison with the sun, also has the quality of a shadow of a phantom – all this activity of the arts, which we went through, has the power to release and leads what is best in the soul up to the contemplation of what is best in the things that *are,* just as previously what is clearest in the body was led to the contemplation of what is brightest in the region of the bodily and the visible."

"I accept this as so," he said. "It seems to me extremely hard to accept, however, but in another way hard not to accept. All the same-since it's not only now that these things must be heard, but they must all be returned to many times in the future – taking for granted that this is as has now been said, let's proceed to the song itself and go through it just as we went through the prelude. So tell what the character of the power of dialectic is, and, then, into exactly what forms it is divided; and finally what are its ways. For these, as it seems, would lead at last toward that place which is for the one who reaches it a haven from the road, as it were, and an end of his journey,"

"You will no longer be able to follow, my dear Glaucon," I said, "although there wouldn't be any lack of eagerness on my part. But you would no longer be seeing an image of what we are saying, but rather the truth itself, at least as it looks to me. Whether it is really so or not can no longer be properly insisted on. But that there is some such thing to see must be insisted on. Isn't it so?"

"Of course."

"And, also, that the power of dialectic alone could reveal it to a man experienced in the things we just went through, while it is in no other way possible?"

"Yes," he said, "it's proper to insist on that too."

"At least," I said, "no one will dispute us when we say that some other inquiry methodically attempts with respect to everything to grasp – about each several thing itself – what each *is*. For all the other arts are directed to human opinions and desires, or to generation and composition, or to the care of what is grown or put together. And as for the rest, those that we said do lay hold of something of what is – geometry and the arts following on it – we observe that they do dream about what *is;* but they haven't the capacity to see it in full awakeness so long as they use hypotheses and, leaving them untouched, are unable to give an account of them. When the beginning is what one doesn't know, and the end and what comes in between are woven out of what isn't known, what contrivance is there for ever turning such an agreement into knowledge?"

"None," he said.

"Then," I said, "only the dialectical way of inquiry proceeds in this direction, destroying the hypotheses, to the beginning itself in order to make it secure; and when the eye of the soul is really buried in a barbaric bog, dialectic gently draws it forth and leads it up above, using the arts we described as assistants and helpers in the turning around. Out of habit we called them kinds of knowledge several times, but they require another name, one that is brighter than opinion but dimmer than knowledge. Thought was, I believe, the word by which we previously distinguished it. But, in my opinion, there is no place for dispute about a name when a consideration is about things so great as those lying before us."

"No, there isn't," he said.

"Then it will be acceptable," I said, "just as before, to call the first part knowledge, the second thought, the third trust, and the fourth imagination; and the latter two taken together, opinion, and the former two, intellection. And opinion has to do with coming into being and intellection with being; and as being is to coming into being, so is intellection to opinion; and as intellection is to opinion, so is knowledge to trust and thought to imagination. But as for the proportion between the, things over which these are set and the division into two parts of each – the opinable and the intelligible – let's let that go, Glaucon, so as not to run afoul of arguments many times longer than those that have been gone through."

"Well," he said, "about the rest, insofar as I am able to follow, I share your opinion."

"And do you also call that man dialectical who grasps the reason for the being of each thing? And, as for the man who isn't able to do so, to the extent he's not able to give an account of a thing to himself and another, won't you deny that he has intelligence with respect to it?"

"How could I affirm that he does?" he said.

"Isn't it also the same with the good? Unless a man is able to separate out the *idea* of the good from all other things and distinguish it in the argument, and, going through every test, as it were in battle-eager to meet the test of being rather than that of opinion – he comes through all this with the argument still on its feet; you will deny that such a man knows the good itself, or any other good? And if he somehow lays hold of some phantom of it, you will say that he does so by opinion and not knowledge, and that, taken in by dreams and slumbering out his present life, before waking up here he goes to Hades and falls finally asleep there?"

"Yes, by Zeus," he said. "I shall certainly say all that."

"Then, as for those children of yours whom you are rearing and educating in speech, if you should ever rear them in deed, I don't suppose that while they are as irrational as lines you would let them rule in the city and be the sovereigns of the greatest things."

"No, I wouldn't," he said.

"Then will you set it down as a law to them that they pay special attention to the education on the basis of which they will be able to question and answer most knowledgeably?"

"I shall join with you," he said, "in setting down this law."

"Is it your opinion," I said, "that we have placed dialectic at the top of the studies like a coping stone, and that no other study could rightly be set higher than this one, but that the treatment of the studies has already reached its end?"

"Yes, it is my opinion," he said.

"Well: then," I said, "the distribution is still ahead of you. To whom shall we give these studies and how shall we do it?"

"That's plainly the next question," he said.

"Do you remember, in the former selection of the rulers, what sort of men we selected?"

"How could I not remember?" he said.

"Well, then, so far as most of the requirements go, suppose that those are the natures that must be chosen," I said. "The steadiest and most courageous· must be preferred and, insofar as possible, the best looking. But besides this, one must seek for men who are not only by disposition noble and tough, but who also possess those qualities in their nature that are conducive to this education."

"What do you determine them to be?"

"Keenness at studies, you blessed man," I said, "is a prerequisite for them, and learning without difficulty. For souls, you know, are far more likely to be cowardly in severe studies than in gymnastic. The labor is closer to home in that it is the soul's privately and not shared in common with the body."

"True," he said.

"And, of course, a man with a memory and who is firm and wholly a lover of labor must be sought. Or in what way do you suppose anyone will be willing both to perform the labors of the body and to complete so much study and practice?"

"No one would," he said, "unless he has an entirely good nature."

"At any rate," I said, "the current mistake in philosophy – as a result of which, as we also said before, dishonor has befallen philosophy – is that men who aren't worthy take it up. Not bastards, but the genuine should have taken it up."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"In the first place," I said, "the man who is to take it up must not be lame in his love of labor, loving half the labor while having no taste for the other half. This is the case when a man is a lover of gymnastic and the hunt and loves all the labor done by the body, while he isn't a lover of learning or of listening and isn't an inquirer, but hates the labor involved in all that. Lame as well is the man whose love of labor is directed exclusively to the other extreme."

"What you say is very true," he said.

"And likewise with respect to truth," I said, "won't we class as maimed a soul that hates the willing lie, both finding it hard to endure in itself and becoming incensed when others lie, but is content to receive the unwilling lie and, when it is caught somewhere being ignorant, isn't vexed but easily accommodates itself, like a swinish beast, to wallowing in lack of learning?"

"That's entirely certain," he said.

"And with respect to moderation," I said, "and courage and magnificence and all the parts of virtue, a special guard must be kept for the man who is bastard and the one who is genuine. When a private man and a city don't know how to make a complete consideration of such things, for whatever services they happen to need they unawares employ lame men and bastards as friends or rulers."

"That's just the way it is," he said.

"So," I said, "we must take good care of all such things since, if we bring men straight of limb and understanding to so important a study and so important a training and educate them, Justice herself will not blame us, and we shall save the city and the regime; while, in bringing men of another sort to it, we shall do exactly the opposite and also pour even more ridicule over philosophy."

"That," he said, "would indeed be shameful"

"Most certainly," I said. "But I seem to have been somewhat ridiculously affected just now. "

"How's that?" he said.

"I forgot," I said, "that we were playing and spoke rather intensely. For, as I was talking I looked at Philosophy and, seeing her undeservingly spattered with mud, I seem to have been vexed and said what I had to say too seriously as though my spiritedness were aroused against those who are responsible."

"No, by Zeus," he said, "that's not the way you seemed to me, the listener."

"But to me, the speaker," I said. "And let's not forget that in our former selection we were picking old men, but in this one that isn't admissible. For we mustn't trust Solon when he says that in growing old a man is able to learn much; he's less able to do that than to run, and all the great and numerous labors belong to the young."

"Necessarily," he said.

"Well then, the study of calculation and geometry and all the preparatory education required for dialectic must be put before them as children, and the instruction must not be given the aspect of a compulsion to learn."

"Why not?"

"Because," I said, "the free man ought not to learn any study slavishly. Forced labors performed by the body don't make the body any worse, but no forced study abides in a soul."

"True," he said.

"Therefore, you best of men," I said, "don't use force in training the children in the studies, but rather play. In that way you can also better discern what each is naturally directed toward."

"What you say makes sense." he said.

"Don't you remember," I said, "that we also said that the children must be led to war on horseback as spectators; and, if it's safe anywhere, they must be led up near and taste blood, like the puppies?"

"I do remember," he said.

"Then in all these labors, studies, and fears," I said, "the boy who shows himself always readiest must be chosen to join a select number."

"At what age?" he said.

"After they are released from compulsory gymnastic." I said.

"For this is a time, whether it is two or three years, during which it is impossible to do anything else. Weariness and sleep are enemies of studies. And, at the same time, one of their tests, and that not the least, is what each will show himself to be in gymnastic."

"Of course," he said.

"Then, after this time," I said, "those among the twenty-year-olds who are given preference will receive greater honors than the others. And the various studies acquired without any particular order by the children in their education must be integrated into an overview which reveals the kinship of these studies with one another and with the nature of that which *is."*

"At least, only such study," he said, "remains fast in those who receive it."

"And it is the greatest test," I said, "of the nature that is dialectical and the one that is not. For the man who is capable of an overview is dialectical while the one who isn't, is not."

"I share your belief," he said.

"Well, then," I said, "in terms of these tests, you will have to consider who among them most meets them and is steadfast in studies and steadfast in war and the rest of the duties established by law. And to these men, in turn, when they are over thirty, you will give preference among the preferred and assign greater honors; and you must consider, testing them with the power of dialectic, who is able to release himself from the eyes and the rest of sense and go to that which *is* in itself and accompanies truth. And here, my comrade, you have a job requiring a great deal of guarding."

"Of what in particular?" he said.

"Don't you notice," I said, "how great is the harm coming from the practice of dialectic these days?"

"What's that?" he said.

"Surely its students," I said, "are filled full with lawlessness."

"Very much so," he said.

"Do you suppose it's any wonder," I said, "that they are so affected, and don't you sympathize?"

"Why exactly should I?" he said.

"It is like the case of changeling child," I said, "reared in much wealth, in a numerous and great family amidst many flatterers, who on reaching manhood becomes aware that he does not belong to these pretended parents and isn't able to find those who really gave him birth. Can you divine how he would be disposed toward the flatterers and toward those who made the change, in the time when he didn't know about the change, and then again when he did know it? Or do you want to listen while I do the divining?"

"That's what I want," he said.

"Well, then," I said: "I divine that in the time when he doesn't know the truth he would be more likely to honor his father and his mother and the others who seem to be his kin than those who flatter him. And he would be less likely to overlook any of their needs, less likely to do or say anything unlawful to them, and less likely to disobey them in the important things than the flatterers."

"That's to be expected," he said.

"And, when he has become aware of that which *is,* I divine that now he would relax his honor and zeal for these people and intensify them for the flatterers, be persuaded by them a great deal more than before, and begin to live according to their ways, and have unconcealed relations with them. For that father and the rest of the adoptive kin, unless he is by nature particularly decent, he wouldn't care."

"Everything you say," he said, "is just the sort of thing that would happen. But how does this image apply to those who take up arguments?"

"Like this. Surely we have from childhood convictions about what's just and fair by which we are brought up as by parents, obeying them as rulers and honoring them."

"Yes, we do."

"And then there are other practices opposed to these, possessing pleasures that flatter our soul and draw it to them. They do not persuade men who are at all sensible; these men rather honor the ancestral things and obey them as rulers."

"That's so."

"Then what?" I said. "When a question is posed and comes to the man who is so disposed, 'What is the fair?' – and after answering what he heard from the lawgiver, the argument refutes him, and refuting him many times and in many ways, reduces him to the opinion that what the law says is no more fair than ugly, and similarly about the just and good and the things he held most in honor – after that, what do you suppose he'll do about honoring and obeying as rulers the things he heard from the lawgiver?"

"Necessarily," he said, "he'll neither honor nor obey them any longer in the same way."

"Then," I said, "when he doesn't believe, as he did before, that these things are honorable or akin to him, and doesn't find the true ones, is it to be expected that he will go to any other sort of life than the one that flatters him?"

"No, it isn't," he said.

"Then, I suppose, he will seem to have become an outlaw from having been a law-abiding man."

"Necessarily."

"Isn't it to be expected," I said, "that this is what will happen to those who take up the study of arguments in this way; and as I was just saying, don't they deserve much sympathy?"

"And pity, too," he said.

"Lest your thirty-year-olds be recipients of this pity, mustn't you take every kind of precaution when they turn to arguments?"

"Quite so," he said.

"Isn't it one great precaution not to let them taste of arguments while they are young? I suppose you aren't unaware that when lads get their first taste of them, they misuse them as though it were play, always using them to contradict; and imitating those men by whom they are refuted, they themselves refute others, like puppies enjoying pulling and tearing with argument at those who happen to be near."

"They certainly have," he said, "a preternatural tendency in that direction."

"Then when they themselves refute many men and are refuted by many, they fall quickly into a profound disbelief of what they formerly believed. And as a result of this, you see, they themselves and the whole activity of philosophy become the objects of slander among the rest of men."

"Very true," he said.

"An older man, however," I said, "wouldn't be willing to participate in such madness. He will imitate the man who's willing to discuss and consider the truth rather than the one who plays and contradicts for the sake of the game. And he himself will be more sensible and will make the practice of discussion more honorable instead of more dishonorable."

"That's right," he said.

"And wasn't everything that was said before this also directed to precaution – that those with whom one shares arguments are to have orderly and stable natures, not as is done nowadays in sharing them with whoever chances by and comes to it without being suited for *it."*

"Most certainly," he said.

"If a man is to devote himself exclusively to steady and strenuous participation in arguments – exercising himself in a gymnastic that is the antistrophe of the bodily gymnastic-will double the number of years devoted to gymnastic suffice?"

"Do you mean six years," he said, "or four?"

"Don't worry about that," I said. "Set it down at five. Now, after this, they'll have to go down into that cave again for you, and they must be compelled to rule in the affairs of war and all the offices suitable for young men, so that they won't be behind the others in experience. And here, too, they must still be tested whether they will stand firm or give way when pulled in all directions."

"How much time do you assign to this?" he said.

"Fifteen years," I said. "And when they are fifty years old, those who have been preserved throughout and are in every way best at everything, both in deed and in knowledge, must at last be led to the end. And, lifting up the brilliant beams of their souls, they must be compelled to look toward that which provides light for everything. Once they see the good itself, they must be compelled, each in his turn, to use it as a pattern for ordering city, private men, and themselves for the rest of their lives. For the most part, each one spends his time in philosophy, but when his turn comes, he drudges in politics and rules for the city's sake, not as though he were doing a thing that is fine, but one that is necessary. And thus always educating other like men and leaving them behind in their place as guardians of the city, they go off

to the Isles of the Blessed and dwell. The city makes public memorials and sacrifices to them as to demons, if the Pythia is in accord; if not, as to happy and divine men."

"Just like a sculptor, Socrates," he said, "you have produced ruling men who are wholly fair."

"And ruling women, too, Glaucon," I said. "Don't suppose that what I have said applies any more to men than to women, all those who are born among them with adequate natures."

"That's right," he said, "if they are to share everything in common equally with the men, as we described it."

"What then?" I said. "Do you agree that the things We have said about the city and the regime are not in every way prayers; that they are hard but in a way possible; and that it is possible in no other way than the one stated: when the true philosophers, either one or more, come to power in a city, they will despise the current honors and believe them to be illiberal and worth nothing. Putting what is right and the honors coming from it above all, while taking what is just as the greatest and the most necessary, and serving and fostering it, they will provide for their own city."

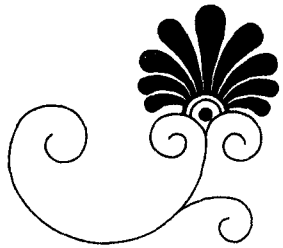
"How?" he said.

"All those in the city who happen to be older than ten they will send out to the country; and taking over their children, they will rear them – far away from those dispositions they now have from their parents – in their own manners and laws that are such as we described before. And, with the city and the regime of which we were speaking thus established most quickly and easily, it will itself be happy and most profit the nation in which it comes to be."

"That is by far the quickest and easiest way," he said. "And how it would come into being, if it ever were to come into being, you have, in my opinion, Socrates, stated well."

"Isn't that enough already," I said, "for our arguments about this city and the man like it? For surely it's plain what sort of man we'll say he has to be."

"It is plain," he said. "And as for what you ask, in my opinion this argument has reached its end."



BOOK VIII

"All right. This much has been agreed, Glaucon: for a city that is going to be governed on a high level, women must be in common, children and their entire education must be in common, and similarly the practices in war and peace must be in common, and their kings must be those among them who have proved best in philosophy and with respect to war."

"Yes," he said, "it has been agreed."

"Furthermore, we also accepted that when the rulers are established, they must take the lead and settle the soldiers in houses – such as we spoke of before – that have nothing private for anyone but are common for all. And, in addition to such houses, as to possessions, if you remember, we presumably came to an agreement about what sort they are to have."

"Yes, I do remember," he said, "that we supposed that no one must possess any of the things the others nowadays have; but that like champions of war and guardians, they will receive a wage annually from the others consisting of the bare subsistence required for their guarding, and for this wage they must take care of themselves and the rest of the city."

"What you say is right," I said. "But come, since we have completed this, let's recall where we took the detour that brought us here so that we can go back to the same way."

"That's not hard," he said. "You were presenting your arguments pretty much as you are doing now, as though you had completed your description of what concerns the city, saying that you would class a city such as you then described, and the man like it, as good. And you did this, as it seems, in spite of the fact that you had a still finer city and man to tell of. Anyhow, you were saying that the other cities are mistaken if this one is right. Concerning the remaining regimes, as I remember, you asserted that there are four forms it is worthwhile to have an account of, and whose mistakes are worth seeing; and similarly with the men who are like these regimes; so that, when we have seen them all and agreed which man is best and which worst, we could consider whether the best man is happiest and the worst most wretched, or whether it is otherwise. – And just as I was asking which four regimes you meant, Polemarchus and Adeimantus interrupted. That's how you picked up the argument and got here."

"What you remember," I said, "is quite correct."

"Well, then, like a wrestler, give me the same hold again; and when I put the same question, try to tell what you were going to say then."

"If I am able," I said.

"And, in fact," he said, "I myself really desire to hear what four regimes you meant."

"It won't be hard for you to hear them," I said. "For those I mean are also the ones having names; the one that is praised by the many, that Cretan and Laconian regime; and second in place and second in praise, the one called oligarchy, a regime filled with throngs of evils; and this regime's adversary, arising next in order, democracy; and then the noble tyranny at last, excelling all of these, the fourth and extreme illness of a city. Or have you some other *idea* of a regime that fits into some distinct form? For dynasties and purchased kingships and certain regimes of the sort are somewhere between these, and one would find them no less among the barbarians than the Greeks."

"At any rate," he said, "many strange ones are talked about."

"Do you know," I said, "that it is necessary that there also be as many forms of human characters as there are forms of regimes? Or do you suppose that the regimes arise 'from an oak or rocks' and not from the dispositions of the men in the cities, which, tipping the scale as it were, draw the rest along with them?"

"No," he said. "I don't at all think they arise from anything other than this."

"Therefore if there are five arrangements of cities, there would also be five for the soul of private men."

"Surely."

"Well, we have already described the man who is like the aristocracy, a man of whom we rightly assert that he is both good and just."

"Yes, we have described him."

"Must we next go through the worse men – the man who loves victory and honor, fixed in relation to the Laconian regime; and then, in turn, an oligarchic and a democratic man, and the tyrannic man, so that seeing the most unjust man, we can set him in opposition to the most just man? If so, we can have a complete consideration of how pure justice is related to pure injustice with respect to the happiness and wretchedness of the men possessing them. In this way we may be persuaded either by Thrasymachus and pursue injustice, or by the argument that is now coming to light and pursue justice."

"That," he said, "is most certainly what must be done."

"Then, just as we began by considering the various dispositions in the regimes before considering them in the private men, supposing that to be the more luminous way; so must we now consider first the regime that loves honor – I can give no other name that is used for it in common parlance; it should be called either timocracy or timarchy. And, in relation to this regime, we shall consider the like man, and after that oligarchy and an oligarchic man. Later, after having looked at democracy, we'll view a democratic man; and fourth, having gone to the city that is under a tyranny and seen it, then looking into a tyrannic soul, we shall try to become adequate judges of the subject we proposed for ourselves."

"It would, in any case," he said, "be a reasonable way for the observation and judgment to take place."

"Well, come, then," I said, "let's try to tell the way in which a timocracy would arise from an aristocracy. Or is it simply the case that change in every regime comes from that part of it which holds the ruling offices-when faction arises in it-while when it is of one mind, it cannot be moved, be it composed of ever so few?"

"Yes, that's so."

"Then, Glaucon," I said, "how will our city be moved and in what way will the auxiliaries and the rulers divide into factions against each other and among themselves? Or do you want us, as does Homer, to pray to the Muses to tell us how 'faction first attacked,' and shall we say that they speak to us with high tragic talk, as though they were speaking seriously, playing and jesting with us like children?"

"How?"

"Something like this. A city so composed is hard to be moved. But, since for everything that has come into being there is decay, not even a composition such as this will remain for all time; it will be

dissolved. And this will be its dissolution: bearing and barrenness of soul and bodies come not only to plants in the earth but to animals on the earth when revolutions complete for each the bearing round of circles; for ones with short lives, the journey is short; for those whose lives are the opposite, the journey is the opposite. Although they are wise, the men you educated as leaders of the city will nonetheless fail to hit on the prosperous birth and barrenness of your kind with calculation aided by sensation, but it will pass them by, and they will at some time beget children when they should not. For a divine birth there is a period comprehended by a perfect number; for a human birth, by the first number in which root and square increases, comprising three distances and four limits, of elements that make like and unlike, and that wax and wane, render everything conversable and rational. Of these elements, the root four-three mated with the five, thrice increased, produces two harmonies. One of them is equal an equal number of times, taken one hundred times over. The other is of equal length in one way but is an oblong; on one side, of one hundred rational diameters of the five, lacking one for each; or, if of irrational diameters, lacking two for each; on the other side, of one hundred cubes of the three. This whole geometrical number is sovereign of better and worse begettings. And when your guardians from ignorance of them cause grooms to live with brides out of season, the children will have neither good natures nor good luck. Their predecessors will choose the best of these children; but, nevertheless, since they are unworthy, when they, in turn, come to the powers of their fathers, they will as guardians first begin to neglect us by having less consideration than is required, first, for music, and, second, for gymnastic; and from there your young will become more unmusical. And rulers chosen from them won't be guardians very apt at testing Hesiod's races and yours – gold and silver and bronze and iron. And the chaotic mixing of iron with silver and of bronze with gold engenders unlikeness and inharmonious irregularity, which, once they arise, always breed war and hatred in the place where they happen to arise. Faction must always be said to be 'of this ancestry wherever it happens to rise."

"And we'll say," he said, "that what the Muses answer is right."

"Necessarily," I said. "For they are Muses."

"What," he said, "do the Muses say next?"

"Once faction had arisen," I said, "each of these two races, the iron and bronze, pulled the regime toward money-making and the possession of land, houses, gold, and silver; while the other two, the gold and the silver – not being poor but rich by nature – led the souls toward virtue and the ancient establishment. Struggling and straining against one another, they came to an agreement on a middle way: they distributed land and houses to be held privately, while those who previously were guarded by them as free friends and supporters they then enslaved and held as serfs and domestics; and they occupied themselves with war and with guarding against these men."

"In my opinion," he said, "this is the source of this transformation."

"Wouldn't this regime," I said, "be a certain middle between aristocracy and oligarchy?"

"Most certainly."

"This will be the way of the transformation. But once transformed, how will it be governed? Or is it evident that in some things it will imitate the preceding regime; in others oligarchy, because it is a middle; and that it will also have something peculiar to itself?"

"That's the way it is," he said.

"In honoring the rulers, and in the abstention of its war-making part from farming and the manual arts and the rest of money-making; in its provision for common meals and caring for gymnastic and the exercise of war – in all such ways won't it imitate the preceding regime?"

"Yes."

"But in being afraid to bring the wise to the ruling offices – because the men of that kind it possesses are no longer simple and earnest, but mixed – and in _leaning toward spirited and simpler men, men naturally more directed to war than to peace; in holding the wiles and stratagems of war in honor; and in spending all its time making war; won't most such aspects be peculiar to this regime?"

"Yes."

"And such men," I said, "will desire money just as those in oligarchies do, and under cover of darkness pay fierce honor to gold and silver, because they possess storehouses and domestic treasuries where they can deposit and hide them; and they will have walls around their houses, exactly like private nests, where they can make lavish expenditures on women and whomever else they might wish."

"Very true," he said.

"Then they will also be stingy with money because they honor it and don't acquire it openly; but, pushed on by desire, they will love to spend other people's money; and they will harvest pleasures stealthily, running away from the law like boys from a father. This is because they weren't educated by persuasion but by force – the result of neglect of the true Muse accompanied by arguments and philosophy while giving more distinguished honor to gymnastic than music."

"You certainly speak of a reigme," he said, "which is a mixture of bad and good."

"Yes, it is mixed," I said, "but due to the dominance of

spiritedness one thing alone is most distinctive in it: love of victories and of honors."

"Very much so," he said.

"Then," I said, "this is the way this regime would come into being and what it would be like-given the fact that we are only outlining a regime's figure in speech and not working out its details precisely, since even the outline is sufficient for seeing the justest man and the unjustest one, and it is an impractically long job to go through all regimes and all dispositions and leave nothing out."

"Right," he said.

"Who, then, is the man corresponding to this regime? How did he come into being and what sort of man is he?"

"I suppose," said Adeimantus, "that as far as love of victory goes, he'd be somewhere near to Glaucon here."

"Perhaps in that," I said, "but in these other respects his nature does not, in my opinion, correspond to Glaucon's."

"Which respects?"

"He must be more stubborn," I said, "and somewhat less apt at music although he loves it, and must be a lover of hearing although he's by no means skilled in rhetoric. With slaves such a man would be brutal, not merely despising slaves as the adequately educated man does. But with freemen he would be tame and to rulers most obedient. He is a lover of ruling and of honor, not basing his claim to rule on speaking or anything of the sort, but on warlike deeds and everything connected with war; he is a lover of gymnastic and the hunt."

"Yes," he said, "that is the disposition belonging to this regime."

"Wouldn't such a man," I said, "when he is young also despise money, but as he grows older take ever more delight in participating in the money-lover's nature and not be pure in his attachment to virtue, having been abandoned by the best guardian?"

"What's that?" Adeimantus said.

"Argument mixed with music," I said. "It alone, when it is present, dwells within the one possessing it as a savior of virtue throughout life."

"What you say is fine," he said.

"Such, then," I said, "is the timocratic youth, like the timocratic city."

"Most certainly."

"And this is how he comes into being," I said. "Sometimes he is the young son of a good father who lives in a city that is not under a good regime, a father who flees the honors, the ruling offices, the lawsuits, and everything of the sort that's to the busybody's taste, and who is willing to be gotten the better of so as not to be bothered."

"In what way, then, does he come into being?" he said.

"When," I said, "in the first place, he listens to his mother complaining. Her husband is not one of the rulers and as a result she is at a disadvantage among the other women. Moreover, she sees that he isn't very serious about money and doesn't fight and insult people for its sake in private actions in courts and in public but takes everything of the sort in an easygoing way; and she becomes aware that he always turns his mind to himself and neither honors nor dishonors her very much. She complains about all this and says that his father is lacking in courage and too slack, and, of course, chants all the other refrains such as women are likely to do in cases of this sort."

"Yes, indeed," said Adeimantus, "it's just like them to have many complaints."

"And you know," I said, "that the domestics of such men – those domestics who seem well-disposed – sometimes also secretly say similar things to the sons, and if they see someone who owes him money or does some other injustice and whom the father doesn't prosecute, they urge the son to punish all such men when he becomes a man, and thus to be more of a man than his father. And when the son goes out, he hears and sees other similar things – those in the city who mind their own business called simpletons and held in small account, and those who don't, honored and praised. Now when the young man hears and sees all this, and, on the other hand, hears his father's arguments and sees his practices at close hand contrasted with those of the others, he is drawn by both of these influences. His father waters the calculating part of his soul, and causes it to grow; the others, the desiring and spirited parts. Because he doesn't have a bad man's nature, but has kept bad company with others drawn by both of these influences, he came to the middle, and turned over the rule in himself to the middle part, the part that loves victory and is spirited; he became a haughty-minded man who loves honor."

"In my opinion," he said, "you have given a complete description of this man's genesis."

Therefore," I said, "we have the second regime and the second man."

"We have," he said.

"Then, next, shall we, with Aeschylus, tell of another man set against another city or rather, shall we follow our plan and tell first of the city?"

"Most certainly," he said.

"And, I suppose, oligarchy would come after such a regime."

"What kind of arrangement do you mean by oligarchy?" he said.

"The regime founded on a property assessment," I said, "in which the rich rule and the poor man has no part in ruling office."

"I understand," he said.

"Mustn't it first be told how the transformation from timarchy to oligarchy takes place?"

"Yes."

"And really," I said, "the way it is transformed is plain even to a blind man."

"How?"

"The treasure house full of gold," I said, "which each man has, destroys that regime. First they seek out expenditures for themselves and pervert the laws in that direction; they themselves and their wives disobey them."

"That's likely," he said.

"Next, I suppose, one man sees the other and enters into a rivalry with him, and thus they made the multitude like themselves."

"That's likely."

"Well, then," I said, "from there they progress in money-making, and the more honorable they consider it, the less honorable they consider virtue. Or isn't virtue in tension with wealth, as though each were lying in the scale of a balance, always inclining in opposite directions?"

"Quite so," he said.

"Surely, when wealth and the wealthy are honored in a city, virtue and the good men are less honorable."

"Plainly."

"Surely, what happens to be honored is practiced, and what is without honor is neglected."

"That's so."

"Instead of men who love victory and honor, they finally become lovers of money-making and money; and they praise and admire the wealthy man and bring him to the ruling offices, while they dishonor the poor man."

"Certainly. "

"Therefore, don't they then set down a law defining an oligarchic regime by fixing an assessment of a sum of money – where it's more of an oligarchy, the sum is greater, where less of an oligarchy, less? Prescribing that the man whose substance is not up to the level of the fixed assessment shall not participate in the ruling offices, don't they either split this into effect by force of arms or, before it comes to that, they arouse fear and so establish this regime? Or isn't it that way?"

"It certainly is."

"This is, then, speaking generally, its establishment."

"Yes," he said. "But what is the character of the regime? And what are the mistakes which we were saying it contains?"

"First," I said, "the very thing that defines the regime is one. Reflect: if a man were to choose pilots of ships in that way – on the basis of property assessments – and wouldn't entrust one to a poor man, even if he were a more skilled pilot?"

"They would make a poor sailing," he said.

"Isn't this also so for any other kind of rule whatsoever?"

"So I suppose, at least."

"Except for a city?" I said. "Or does it also apply to a city?"

"Certainly," he said, "most of all, insofar as it is the hardest and greatest kind of rule."

"Then oligarchy would contain this one mistake that is of such proportions. "

"It looks like it."

"And what about this? Is this a lesser mistake than the former one?"

"What?"

"Such a city's not being one but of necessity two, the city of the poor and the city of the rich, dwelling together in the same place, ever plotting against each other."

"No, by Zeus," he said, "that's no less of a mistake."

"And further, this isn't a fine thing: their being perhaps unable to fight any war, first, on account of being compelled either to use the multitude armed and be more afraid of it than the enemy, or not to use it and thus show up as true oligarchs on the field of battle; and, besides, on account of their not being willing to contribute money because they love it."

"No, it's not a fine thing."

"And what about this? That tendency to be busybodies we were condemning long ago – the same men in such a regime engaged in farming, money-making and war-making at the same time – does that seem right?"

"In no way whatsoever."

"Now see whether this regime is the first to admit the greatest of all these evils."

"What?"

"Allowing one man to sell everything that belongs to him and another to get hold of it; and when he has sold it, allowing him to live in the city while belonging to none of its parts, called neither a moneymaker, nor a craftsman, nor a knight, nor a hoplite, but a poor man without means:'

"Yes," he said, "it is the first:'

"Then this sort of thing is at least not prevented in oligarchies. Otherwise some wouldn't be super rich while others are out-and-out poor:'

"Right:'

"Reflect on this. When such a man was wealthy and was spending, was he then of any more profit to the city with respect to the functions we were mentioning just now? Or did he seem to belong to the rulers, while in truth he was neither a ruler nor a servant of the city but a spender of his means?"

"That's the way it was," he said, "he seemed, but was nothing other than a spender:'

"Do you wish us," I said, "to say of him that, as a drone growing up in a cell is a disease of a hive, such a man growing up in a house is a drone and a disease of a city?"

"Most certainly, Socrates," he said.

"Hasn't the god made all drones with wings stingless, Adeimantus, but only some drones with feet stingless while others have terrible stings? From the stingless ones come those who end up as beggars in old age, while from those who have stings come all who are called wrongdoers:'

"Very true," he said.

"It's plain, therefore," I said, "that in a city where you see beggars, somewhere in the neighborhood thieves, cutpurses, temple robbers, and craftsmen of all such evils are hidden."

"It is plain," he said.

"What then? In cities under oligarchies don’t you see beggars present?"

"Just about everyone except, the rulers," he said.

"Aren't we to suppose," I said, "that there are also many wrongdoers with stings among them, whom the ruling offices diligently hold down by force?"

"We must certainly suppose so," he said.

"Shall we assert that such men arise there as a result of want of education, bad rearing, and a bad arrangement of the regime?"

"We shall assert it."

"Well, anyhow, such would be the city under an oligarchy and it would contain all these evils, and perhaps even more."

"That's pretty nearly it," he said.

"Then let's take it," I said, "that we have developed the regime called oligarchy, one that gets its rulers on the basis of a property assessment, and next let's consider how the man similar to it comes into being and what he's like once he has come into being."

"Most certainly," he said.

"Is this the principal way in which the transformation from that timocratic man to an oligarchic one takes place?"

"How?"

"When his son is born and at first emulates his father and follows in his footsteps, and then sees him blunder against the city as against a reef and waste his property as well as himself. He had either been a general or had held some other great ruling office, and then got entangled with the court – suffering at the hands of sycophants – and underwent death, exile, or dishonor and lost his whole substance."

"That's likely," he said.

"And the son, my friend, seeing and suffering this and having lost his substance, is frightened, I suppose, and thrusts love of honor and spiritedness headlong out of the throne of his soul; and, humbled by poverty, he turns greedily to money-making; and bit by bit saving and working, he collects money. Don't you suppose that such a man now puts the desiring and money-loving part on the throne, and makes it the great king within himself, girding it with tiaras, collars, and Persian swords?"

"I do," he said.

"And, I suppose, he makes the calculating and spirited parts sit by it on the ground on either side and be slaves, letting the one neither calculate about nor consider anything but where more money will come from less; and letting the other admire and honor nothing but wealth and the wealthy, while loving the enjoyment of no other honor than that resulting from the possession of money and anything that happens to contribute to getting it."

"There is," he said, "no other transformation so quick and so sure from a young man who loves honor to one who loves money."

"Is this, then," I said, "the oligarchic man?"

"At least he is transformed out of a man who was like the regime out of which oligarchy came."

"Then, let's consider if he would be like."

"Yes, let's consider that. "

"In the first place, wouldn't he be similar in giving the highest place to money?"

"Of course. "

"And, further, in being stingy and a toiler, satisfying only his necessary desires and not providing for other expenditures, but enslaving the other desires as vanities."

"Most certainly."

"A sort of squalid man," I said, "getting a profit out of everything, filling up his storeroom – exactly the kind of men the multitude praises – isn't this the one who is like such a regime?"

"In my opinion, at least," he said. "Money, in any event, is held in honor above all by the city and by the man like it."

"For I don't suppose," I said, "such a man has devoted himself to education."

"Not in my opinion," he said. "Otherwise he wouldn't have set a blind leader over the chorus and honored it above all."

"Good," I said. "But consider this. Won't we say that due to lack of education dronelike desires come to be in him – some of the beggar variety, others of the wrongdoing variety – held down forcibly by his general diligence."

"Surely," he said.

"Do you know," I said, "to what you must look if you want to see the wrongdoings of these men?"

"To what?" he said.

"To their guardianship of orphans and any occasion of the kind that comes their way and gives them a considerable license to do injustice."

"True."

"Isn't it plain from this that when such a man has a good reputation in other contractual relations – because he seems to be just – he is forcibly holding down bad desires, which are there, with some decent part of himself. He holds them down not by persuading them that they 'had better not' nor by taming them with argument, but by necessity and fear, doing so because he trembles for his whole substance."

"Very much so," he said.

"And, by Zeus, my friend," I said, "you'll find the desires that are akin to the drone present in most of them when they have to spend what belongs to others."

"Indeed you most certainly will," he said.

"Such a man, therefore, wouldn't be free from faction within himself; nor would he be simply one, but rather in some sense twofold, although for the most part his better desires would master his worse desires."

"That's so."

"Then on this account, I suppose such a man would be more graceful than many, but the true virtue of the single-minded and harmonized soul would escape far from him."

"That's my opinion."

"Furthermore, the stingy man is a poor contestant when with his private means he competes for some victory or any other noble object of ambition in a city; he's not willing to spend money for the sake of good reputation or any such contests. Afraid to awaken the spendthrift desires and to summon them to an alliance and a love of victory, he makes war like an oligarch, with a few of his troops, is defeated most of the time, and stays rich."

"Quite so," he said.

"Do we then still doubt," I said, "that the stingy, money-making man, in virtue of his likeness, corresponds to the oligarchic city?"

"Not at all," he said.

"Then, democracy, must, as it seems, be considered next-in what way it comes into being and, once come into being, what it is like – so that when we know the character of such a man in his turn, we can bring him forward for judgment."

"In that," he said, "we would at least be proceeding just as we were."

"Doesn't," I said, "the transformation from an oligarchy to a democracy take place in something like the following way, as a result of the insatiable character of the good that oligarchy proposes for itself – the necessity of becoming as rich as possible?"

"How?" he said.

"I suppose that because the rulers rule in it thanks to possessing much, they are unwilling to control those among the youth who become licentious by a law forbidding them to spend and waste what belongs to them – in order that by buying and making loans on the property of such men they can become richer and more honored."

"That they do above all."

"Isn't it by now plain that it's not possible to honor wealth in a city and at the same time adequately to maintain moderation among the citizens, but one or the other is necessarily neglected?"

"That's fairly plain," he said.

"Then, by their neglect and encouragement of licentiousness in oligarchies, they have sometimes compelled human beings who are not ignoble to become poor.

"Quite so."

"Then I suppose these men sit idly in the city, fitted out with stings and fully armed, some owing debts, some dishonored, and some both, hating and plotting against those who acquired what belongs to them and all the rest too, gripped by a love of change."

"That's so."

"And these money-makers, with heads bent down, not seeming to see these men, wound with injections of silver any man among the remainder who yields; and carrying off from the father a multiple offspring in interest, they make the drone and the beggar great in the city."

"Very great indeed," he said.

"And, at all events," I said, "they aren't willing to quench this kind of evil – as it is bursting into flame – either by preventing a man from doing what he wants with his property, or, alternatively, by instituting another law that resolves such cases."

"What law?"

"The one that takes second place to the former law and which compels the citizens to care for virtue. For if someone were to prescribe that most voluntary contracts are to be made at the contractor's own risk, the citizens would make money less shamelessly in the city and fewer evils of the kind we were just describing would grow in it."

"Far fewer," he said.

"But, as it is," I said, "for all these reasons, the rulers in the city treat the ruled in this way. And as for themselves and their own, aren't their young luxurious and without taste for work of body or of soul, too soft to resist pleasures and pains, and too idle?"

"What else could they be?"

"And haven't they themselves neglected everything except moneymaking and paid no more attention to virtue than the poor?"

"Yes, they have."

"When the rulers and the ruled, each prepared in this fashion, come alongside of each other – either wayfaring or in some other community, on trips to religious festivals or in campaigns, becoming shipmates or fellow soldiers, or even observing one another in dangers themselves – the poor are now in no wise despised by the rich. Rather it is often the case that a lean, tanned poor man is ranged in battle next to a rich man, reared in the shade, surrounded by a great deal of alien flesh, and sees him panting and full of perplexity. Don't you suppose he believes that it is due to the vice of the poor that such men are rich, and when the poor meet in private, one passes the word to the other: 'Those men are ours. For they are nothing'?"

"I certainly know very well," he said, "that this is what they do."

"Just as a sickly body needs only a slight push from outside to become ill, and sometimes even without any external influence becomes divided by factions within itself, so too doesn't a city that is in the same kind of condition as that body, on a small pretext – men brought in as allies from outside, from a city under an oligarchy, by the members of one party, from a city under a democracy by the members of the other – fall sick and do battle with itself, and sometimes even without any external influence become divided by faction?"

"That is very much the case."

"Then democracy, I suppose, comes into being when the poor win, killing some of the others and casting out some, and share the regime and the ruling offices with those who are left on an equal basis; and, for the most part, the offices in it are given by lot."

"Yes," he said, "this is the establishment of democracy, whether it comes into being by arms or by the others withdrawing due to fear."

"In what way do these men live?" I said. "And what is the character of such a regime? For it's plain that the man who is like it will turn out to be democratic."

"Yes, it is plain," he said.

"In the first place, then, aren't they free? And isn't the city full of freedom and free speech? And isn't there license in it to do whatever one wants?"

"That is what is said, certainly," he said.

"And where there's license, it's plain that each man would organize his life in it privately just as it pleases him."

"Yes, it is plain."

"Then I suppose that in this regime especially, all sorts of human beings come to be."

"How could they fail to?"

"It is probably the fairest of the regimes," I said. "Just like a many-colored cloak decorated in all hues, this regime, decorated with all dispositions, would also look fairest, and many perhaps," I said, "like boys and women looking at many-colored things, would judge this to be the fairest regime."

"Quite so," he said.

"And, what's more, you blessed man," I said, "its a convenient place to look for a regime."

"Why is that?"

"Because, thanks to its license, it contains all species of regimes, and it is probably necessary for the man who wishes to organize a city, as we were just doing, to go to a city under a democracy. He would choose the sort that pleases him, like a man going into a general store

of regimes, and, once having chosen, he would thus establish his regime."

"Perhaps," he said, "he wouldn't be at a loss for patterns at least."

"And the absence of any compulsion to rule in this city," I said, "even if you are competent to rule, or again to be ruled if you don't want to be, or to make war when the others are making war, or to keep peace when the others are keeping it, if you don't desire peace; and, if some law prevents you from ruling or being a judge, the absence of any compulsion keeping you from ruling and being a judge anyhow, if you long to do so-isn't such a way of passing the time divinely sweet for the moment?"

"Perhaps," he said, "for the moment."

"And what about this? Isn't the gentleness toward some of the condemned exquisite? Or in such a regime haven't you yet seen men who have been sentenced to death or exile, nonetheless staying and carrying on right in the middle of things; and, as though no one cared or saw, stalking the land like a hero?"

"Yes, many," he said.

"And this regime's sympathy and total lack of pettiness in despising what we were saying so solemnly when we were founding the city – that unless a man has a transcendent nature he would never become good if from earliest childhood his play isn't noble and all his practices aren't such – how magnificently it tramples all this underfoot and doesn't care at all from what kinds of practices a man goes to political action, but honors him if only he says he's well disposed toward the multitude?"

"It's a very noble regime," he said.

"Then, democracy," I said, "would have all this and other things akin to it and would be, as it seems, a sweet regime, without rulers and many-colored, dispensing a certain equality to equals and unequals alike."

"What you say," he said, "is quite well known."

"Reflect, then," I said, "who is the private man like this? Or, just as we did in the case of the regime, must we first consider how he comes to be?"

"Yes," he said.

"Isn't it this way? I suppose a son would be born to that stingy, oligarchic man, a son reared by his father in his dispositions."

"Of course."

"Now, this son too, forcibly ruling all the pleasures in himself that are spend thrifty and do not conduce to money-making, those ones that are called unnecessary – "

"Plainly," he said.

"So that we don't discuss in the dark," I said, "do you want us to define the necessary and the unnecessary desires?"

"Yes," he said, "that's what I want."

"Wouldn't those we aren't able to turn aside justly be called necessary, as well as all those whose satisfaction benefits us? We are by nature compelled to long for both of these, aren't we?"

"Quite so."

"Then we shall justly apply the term necessary to them."

"That is just."

"And what about this? If we were to affirm that all those are unnecessary of which a man could rid himself if he were to practice from youth on and whose presence, moreover, does no good-and sometimes even does the opposite of good-would what we say be fine?"

"Fine it would be."

"Then shall we choose an example of what each of them is so that we can grasp their general types?"

"Yes, we must."

"Wouldn't the desire of eating – as long as it is for health and good condition, the desire of mere bread and relish – be necessary?"

"I suppose so."

"The desire for bread, at least, is presumably necessary on both counts, in that it is beneficial and in that it is capable of putting an end to life."

"Yes."

"And so is the desire for relish, if in any way it is beneficial to good condition."

"Most certainly."

"But what about the desire that goes beyond toward sorts of food other than this, of which the many can be rid if it is checked in youth and educated, and is harmful to the body and to the soul with respect to prudence and moderation? Wouldn't it rightly be called un-necessary?"

"Most rightly indeed."

"Then wouldn't we also assert that the latter desires are spend thrifty, while the former are money-making because they are useful for our works?"

"Surely."

"Then won't we also assert the same about sex and the other desires?"

"Yes, we'll assert the same."

"And weren't we also saying that the man we just named a drone is full of such pleasures and desires and is ruled by the unnecessary ones, while the stingy oligarchic man is ruled by the necessary ones?"

"Of course we were."

"Well, then, going back again," I said, "let's say how the democratic man comes out of the oligarchic one. And it looks to me as though it happens in most cases like this."

"How?"

"When a young man, reared as we were just saying without education and stingily, tastes the drones' honey, and has intercourse with fiery, clever beasts who are able to purvey manifold and subtle pleasures with every sort of variety, you presumably suppose that at this point he begins his change from an oligarchic regime within himself to a democratic one."

"Most necessarily," he said.

"Then, just as the city was transformed when an alliance from outside brought aid to one party, like to like, is the young man also transformed in the same way when desires of a kindred and like form from without bring aid to one party of desires within him?"

"That's entirely certain."

"And, I suppose, if a counter-alliance comes to the aid of the oligarchic party in him, either from the advice and scolding of his father or from other relatives, then faction and counter-faction arise in him and he does battle with himself."

"Surely."

"And I suppose that at times the democratic party gives way to the oligarchic; and, with some of the desires destroyed and others exiled, a certain shame arose in the young man's soul, and order was reestablished."

"Sometimes that does happen," he said.

"But I suppose that once' again other desires, akin to the exiled ones, reared in secret due to the father's lack of knowledge about rearing, came to be, many and strong."

"At least," he said, "that's what usually happens."

"Then, drawn to the same associations, their secret intercourse bred a multitude."

"Of course."

"And, finally, I suppose they took the acropolis of the young man's soul, perceiving that it was empty of fair studies and practices and true speeches, and it's these that are the best watchmen and guardians in the thought of men whom the gods love."

"They are by far the best," he said.

"Then, in their absence, false and boasting speeches and opinions ran up and seized that place in such a young man."

"Indeed they did," he said.

"Doesn't he go back again to those Lotus-eaters and openly settle among them? And if some help should come to the stingy element in his soul from relatives, those boasting speeches close the gates of the kingly wall within him; they neither admit the auxiliary force itself nor do they receive an embassy of speeches of older private men, but doing battle they hold sway themselves; and naming shame simplicity, they push it out with dishonor, a fugitive; calling moderation cowardliness and spattering it with mud, they banish it; persuading that measure and orderly expenditure are rustic and illiberal, they join with many useless desires in driving them over the frontier."

"Indeed they do,"

"Now, once they have emptied and purged these from the soul of the man whom they are seizing and initiating in great rites, they proceed to return insolence, anarchy, wastefulness, and shamelessness from exile, in a blaze of light, crowned and accompanied by a numerous chorus, extolling and flattering them by calling insolence good education; anarchy, freedom; wastefulness, magnificence; and shamelessness, courage, Isn't it in some such way," I said, "that a man, when he is young, changes from his rearing in necessary desires to the liberation and unleashing of unnecessary and useless pleasures?"

"Yes," he said, "it's quite manifestly that way,"

"Then, I suppose that afterward such a man lives spending no more money, effort, and time on the necessary than on the unnecessary pleasures. However, if he has good luck and his frenzy does not go beyond bounds – and if, also, as a result of getting somewhat older and the great disturbances having passed by, he readmits a part of the exiles and doesn't give himself wholly over to the invaders – then he lives his life in accord with a certain equality of pleasures he has established, To whichever one happens along, as though it were chosen by the lot, he hands over the rule within himself until it is satisfied; and then again to another, dishonoring none but fostering them all on the basis of equality,"

"Most certainly,"

"And," I said, "he doesn't admit true speech or let it pass into the guardhouse, if someone says that there are some pleasures belonging to fine and good desires and some belonging to bad desires, and that the ones must be practical and honored and the others checked and enslaved. Rather, he shakes his head at all this and says that all are alike and must be honored on an equal basis."

"That's exactly," he said, "what a man in this condition does."

"Then," I said, "he also lives along day by day, gratifying the desire that occurs to him, at one time drinking and listening to the

flute, at another downing water and reducing; now practicing gymnastic, and again idling and neglecting everything; and sometimes spending his time as though he were occupied with philosophy. Often he engages in politics and, jumping up, says and does whatever chances to come to him; and if he ever admires any soldiers, he turns in that direction; and if it's money-makers, in that one. And there is neither order nor necessity in his life, but calling this life sweet, free, and blessed he follows it throughout."

"You have," he said, "described' exactly the life of a man attached to the law of equality."

"Well," I said, "I suppose that this man is all – various and full of the greatest number of dispositions, the fair and many-colored man, like the city. Many men and women would admire his life because it contains the most patterns of regimes and characters."

"Yes, that is he," he said.

"What then? Shall we set the man of this sort over against democracy as the one who would rightly be called democratic?"

"Let's do so," he said.

"Then," I said, "the fairest regime and the fairest man would be left for us to go through, tyranny and the tyrant."

"Certainly," he said.

"Come, now, my dear comrade, what is the manner of tyranny's coming into being? For it is pretty plain that it is transformed out of democracy."

"Yes, it is plain."

"Does tyranny come from democracy in about the same manner as democracy from oligarchy?"

"How?"

"The good that they proposed for themselves," I said, "and for the sake of which oligarchy was established, was wealth, wasn't it?"

“Yes.”

"And then the greediness for wealth and the neglect of the rest for the sake of money-making destroyed it."

"True," he said.

"And does the greediness for what democracy defines as good also dissolve it?"

“What do you say it defines that good to be?"

"Freedom," I said. "For surely in a city under a democracy you would hear that this is the finest thing it has, and that for this reason it is the only regime worth living in for anyone who is by nature free."

"Yes indeed," he said, "that's an often repeated phrase."

"Then," I said, "as I was going to say just now, does the insatiable desire of this and the neglect of the rest change this regime and prepare a need for tyranny?"

"How?" he said.

"I suppose that when a democratic city, once it's thirsted for freedom, gets bad winebearers as its leaders and gets more drunk than it should on this unmixed draught, then, unless the rulers are very gentle and provide a great deal of freedom, it punishes them, charging them with being polluted and oligarchs."

"Yes," he said, "that's what they do."

"And it spatters with mud those who are obedient, alleging that they are willing slaves of the rulers and nothings," I said, "while it praises and honors – both in private and in public – the rulers who are like the ruled and the ruled who are like the rulers. Isn't it necessary in such a city that freedom spread to everything?"

"How could it be otherwise?"

"And, my friend," I said, "for it to filter down to the private houses and end up by anarchy's being planted in the very beasts?"

"How do we mean that?" he said.

"That a father," I said, "habituates himself to be like his child and fear his sons, and a son habituates himself to be like his father and to have no shame before or fear of his parents – that's so he may be free; and metic is on an equal level with townsman and townsman with metic, and similarly with the foreigner."

"Yes," he said, "that's what happens."

"These and other small things of the following kind come to pass," I said. "As the teacher in such a situation is frightened of the pupils and fawns on them, so the students make light of their teachers, as well as of their attendants. And, generally, the young copy their elders and compete with them in speeches and deeds while the old come down to the level of the young; imitating the young, they are overflowing with facility and charm, and that's so that they won't seem to be unpleasant or despotic."

"Most certainly," he said.

"And the ultimate in the freedom of the multitude, my friend," I said, "occurs in such a city when the purchased slaves, male and female, are no less free than those who have bought them. And we almost forgot to mention the extent of the law of equality and of freedom in the relations of women with men and men with women."

"Won't we," he said, "with Aeschylus, 'say whatever just came to our lips'?"

"Certainly," I said, "I shall do just that. A man who didn't have

the experience couldn't be persuaded of the extent to which beasts subject to human beings are freer here than in another city. The bitches follow the proverb exactly and become like their mistresses; and, of course, there come to be horses and asses who have gotten the habit of making their way quite freely and solemnly, bumping into whomever they happen to meet on the roads, if he doesn't stand aside, and all else is similarly full of freedom."

"You're telling me my own dream," he said. "I, myself, repeatedly suffer that very thing when journeying to the country."

"Then, summing up all of these things together," I said, "do you notice how tender they make the citizens' soul, so that if someone proposes anything that smacks in any way of slavery, they are irritated and can't stand it? And they end up, as you well know, by paying no attention to the laws, written or unwritten, in order that they may avoid having any master at all."

"Of course, I know it," he said.

"Well, then, my friend," I said, "this is the beginning, so fair and heady, from which tyranny in my opinion naturally grows."

"It surely is a heady beginning," he said, "but what's next?" "The same disease," I said, "as that which arose in the oligarchy and destroyed it, arises also in this regime – but bigger and stronger as a result of the license – and enslaves democracy. And, really, anything that is done to excess is likely to provoke a correspondingly great change in the opposite direction – in seasons, in plants, in bodies, and, in particular, not least in regimes."

"That's probable," he said.

"Too much freedom seems to change into nothing but too much slavery, both for private man and city."

"Yes, that's probable."

"Well, then," I said, "tyranny is probably established out of no other regime than democracy, I suppose – the greatest and most savage slavery out of the extreme of freedom."

"Yes," he said, "that's reasonable."

"But I suppose you weren't asking that," I said, "but rather what disease, growing naturally in oligarchy and democracy alike, enslaves the latter."

"What you say is true," he said.

"Well, then," I said, "I meant that class of idle, extravagant men. The most courageous part of them leads, the less courageous part follows. It's just these whom we liken to drones, some equipped with stings, others without stings."

"That's right," he said.

"Well, then," I said, "when these two come into being in any regime, they cause trouble, like phlegm and bile in a body. And it's against them that the good doctor and lawgiver of a city, no less than a wise beekeeper, must take long-range precautions, preferably that they not come into being, but if they do come into being, that they be cut out as quickly as possible, cells and all."

"Yes, by Zeus," he said, "completely."

"Well, then," I said, "let's take it like this so that we may more distinctly see what we want."

"How?"

"In the argument let's divide the city under a democracy into three parts, which is the way it actually is divided. One class is surely that which, thanks to the license, grows naturally in it no less than in the oligarchic city,"

"That's so."

"But its far fiercer here than in the other."

"How's that?"

"There, due to its not being held in honor but being driven from the ruling offices, it is without exercise and isn't vigorous. But in a democracy, presumably, this class, with few exceptions, leads, and its fiercest part does the speaking and the acting, while the rest alight near the platform and buzz and don't endure the man who says anything else; the result is that everything, apart from a certain few exceptions, is governed by this class in such a regime."

"Quite so," he said.

"Well, there is also another class that always distinguishes itself from the multitude."

"What class?"

"Presumably when all are engaged in money-making, the men most orderly by nature become, for the most part, richest."

"Likely."

"Then I suppose that it is there that the most honey, and that easiest to get to, can be squeezed out by the drones."

"How," he said, "could one squeeze it out of those who have little?"

"Then I suppose such rich men are called the drones' pasture."

"Just about," he said.

"And the people would be the third class, all those who do their own work, don't meddle in affairs, and don't possess very much. Whenever they assemble, they constitute the most numerous and most sovereign class in a democracy."

"Yes, they do," he said. "But they aren't willing to assemble very frequently unless they get some share of the honey."

"Therefore, they always get a share," I said, "to the extent that the leaders, in taking away the substance of those who have it and distributing it among the people, are able to keep the greatest part for themselves."

"Yes," he said, "they do get a share in that way."

"Then I suppose that those men whose property is taken away are compelled to defend themselves by speaking before the people and by doing whatever they can."

"Of course."

"For this they are charged by the others, even if they don't desire to make innovations, with plotting against the people and being oligarchs."

"Of course."

"And, therefore, when they see that the people are trying to do them an injustice, not willingly but out of ignorance and because they are deceived by the slanderers, they at last end up, whether they want to or not, by becoming truly oligarchs; they do not do so willingly, but the drone who stings them engenders this evil too."

"That's entirely certain."

"And then come impeachments, judgments, and contests against one another."

"Quite so."

"Aren't the people always accustomed to set up some one man as their special leader and to foster him and make him grow great?"

"Yes, they are accustomed to do that."

"It's plain, therefore," I said, "that when a tyrant grows naturally, he sprouts from a root of leadership and from nowhere else."

"That is quite plain."

"What is the beginning of the transformation from leader to tyrant? Or is it plainly when the leader begins to act out the tale that is told in connection with the temple of Lycaean Zeus in Arcadia?"

"What's that?"

"That the man who tastes of the single morsel of human inwards cut up with those of other sacrificial victims must necessarily become a wolf. Or haven't you heard that speech?"

"I have."

"Isn't it also the same for the leader of a people who, taking over a particularly obedient mob, does not hold back from shedding the blood of his tribe but unjustly brings charges against a man – which is exactly what they usually do – and, bringing him before the court, murders him, and, doing away with a man's life, tastes of kindred blood with unholy tongue and mouth, and banishes, and kills and hints at cancellations of debts and redistributions of land; isn't it also necessarily fated, I say, that after this such a man either be slain by his enemies or be tyrant and turn from a human being into a wolf?"

"Quite necessarily." he said.

"Then this," I said, "is the man who incites faction against those who have wealth."

"This is he,"

"If he's exiled and comes back in spite of his enemies, does he come back a complete tyrant?"

"Plainly."

"But if they are unable to exile him or to kill him by slandering him to the city, they plot to do away with him stealthily by a violent death."

"At least," he said, "That's what usually happens."

"All those, then, whose careers have progressed to this stage now hit upon the notorious tyrannical request – to ask the people for some bodyguards to save the people's defender for them."

"Quite so," he said.

"Then I suppose the people grant the request, frightened for him and sure of themselves."

"Quite so."

"Consequently when a man sees this, one who possesses money and is charged not only with having money but also with hating the people, he, my comrade, then follows the oracle that was given to Croesus and

Flees along many-pebbled Hermus;
He doesn't stay nor is he ashamed to be a coward. "

"For he couldn't be ashamed a second time," he said.

"And I suppose," I said, "that if he's caught, he's given death."

"Necessarily. "

"And surely it's plain that this leader himself doesn't lie great in his greatness' on the ground, but, having cast down many others, stands in the chariot of the city, now a perfected tyrant instead of a leader."

"Of course," he said.

"Then let us," I said, "go through the happiness of the man and the city in which such a mortal comes to be."

"Most certainly," he said, "let's go through it."

"In the first days of his time in office," I said, "doesn't he smile at and greet whomever he meets, and not only deny he's a tyrant but promise

much in private and public, and grant freedom from debts and distribute land to the people and those around himself, and pretend to be gracious and gentle to all?"

"Necessarily," he said.

"But I suppose that when he is reconciled with some of his enemies outside and has destroyed the others, and there is rest from concern with them, as his first step he is always setting some war in motion, so that the people will be in need of a leader."

"That's likely."

"And, also, so that, becoming poor from contributing money, they will be compelled to stick to their daily business and be less inclined to plot against him?"

"Plainly."

"Then, too, I suppose – if he suspects certain men of having free thoughts and not putting up with his ruling – so that he can have a pretext for destroying them by giving them to the enemy? For all these reasons isn't it necessary for a tyrant always to be stirring up war?"

"It is necessary."

"And is, consequently, all this activity a preparation for being more hateful to the citizens?"

"Of course."

"Also, don't some of those who helped in setting him up and are in power – the manliest among them – speak frankly to him and to one another, criticizing what is happening?"

"That's likely."

"Then the tyrant must gradually do away with all of them, if he's going to rule, until he has left neither friend nor enemy of any worth whatsoever."

"Plainly."

"He must, therefore, look sharply to see who is courageous, who is great-minded, who is prudent, who is rich. And so happy is he that there is a necessity for him, whether he wants to or not, to be an enemy of all of them and plot against them until he purges the city."

"A fine purgation," he said.

"Yes," I said, "the opposite of the one the doctors give to bodies. For they take off the worst and leave the best, while he does the opposite."

"For it seems," he said, "to be a necessity for him, if he is to rule."

"Therefore," I said, "he is bound by a blessed necessity that prescribes that he either dwell with the ordinary many, even though hated by them, or cease to live."

"That is precisely his situation," he said.

"To the extent that he is more hateful to the citizens for doing these things, won't he have more need of more-and more trustworthy armed guards?"

"Of course."

"Who are these trustworthy men? And where will he send for them?"

"On their own, many will come flying," he said, "if he gives the wages."

"These are drones, by the dog," I said, "of whom you are, in my opinion, again speaking, foreign ones of all sorts."

"Your opinion is true," he said.

"And who are the trustworthy ones on the spot? Wouldn't he be willing– "

"What?"

" – to take away the slaves from the citizens, free them and include them among the armed guards surrounding himself?"

"Oh, he would be very willing," he said, "Since these are, doubtless, the men most trustworthy for him."

"The tyrant of whom you speak," I said, "is a blessed thing, if he uses such men as friends and trustworthy helpers after he has destroyed his former ones."

"But he certainly does use such men," he said.

"And these companions admire him," I said, "and the new citizens have intercourse with him, while the decent men hate him and flee from him."

"What else would they do?"

"It's not for nothing," I said, "that tragedy in general has the reputation of being wise and, within it, Euripides of being particularly so."

"Why is that?"

"Because, among other things, he uttered this phrase, the product of shrewd thought, 'tyrants are wise from intercourse with the wise.' And he plainly meant that these men we just spoke of are the wise with whom a tyrant has intercourse."

"And he and the other poets," he said, "extol tyranny as a condition 'equal to that of a god' and add much else, too,"

"Therefore," I said, "because the tragic poets are wise, they pardon us, and all those who have regimes resembling ours, for not admiting them into the regime on the ground that they make hymns to tyranny."

"I suppose," he said, "they pardon us, at least all the subtle ones among them."

"And I suppose that, going around to the other cities, gathering

crowds, and hiring fine, big and persuasive voices, they draw the regimes toward tyrannies and democracies."

"Quite so."

"And, besides this, they get wages and are honored too, most of all by tyrants, as is to be expected, and, in the second place, by democracy. But the higher they go on the slope of the regimes, the more their honor fails, as though it were unable to proceed for want of breath."

"Most certainly."

"But here we've digressed," I said. "Let's return to the tyrant's camp, that fair, numerous, many-colored thing that is never the same, and tell from where its support will come."

"It's plain," he said, "that if there is sacred money in the city, he'll spend it as long as it lasts, along with the property of the men he has destroyed, so that people won't be compelled to bring in such large contributions."

"And what happens when that source gives out?"

"It's plain," he said, "that he and his drinking fellows and comrades, male and female, will get their support from his father's property."

"I understand," I said. "The people that begot the tyrant will support him and his comrades."

"A great necessity will compel it," he said.

"But what do you have to say to this?" I said. "What if the people are discontented and say that it is not just for a son in his prime to be supported by his father, but the reverse, the father should be supported by the son; and that they didn't beget and set him up so that when he had grown great they should be slaves to their own slaves and support him and the slaves along with other flotsam, but so that with him as leader they would be freed from the rich and those who are said to be gentlemen in the city; and they now bid him and his comrades to go away from the city – like a father driving a son along with his troublesome drinking fellows out of the house?"

"By Zeus, how this kind of a people will then know," he said, "the kind of a beast they have begotten, welcomed, and made great, and that they are the weaker driving out the stronger'"

"What are you saying?" I said. "Will the tyrant dare to use force on his father, and if he doesn't obey, strike him?"

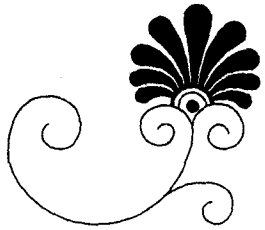
"Yes," he said, "once he's taken away his father's arms."

"You speak of the tyrant as a parricide and a harsh nurse of old age," I said, "and, as it seems, this would at last be self-admitted tyranny and, as the saying goes, the people in fleeing the smoke of enslavement to free men would have fallen into the fire of being under the mastery of slaves; in the place of that great and unseasonable freedom they have put on the dress of the harshest and bitterest enslavement to slaves."

"That's exactly what happens," he said.

'Well then," I said, "wouldn't we be speaking appropriately if we asserted that we have given an adequate presentation of how a tyranny is transformed out of a democracy, and what it is like when it has come into being?"

"Most certainly," he said, "it was adequate."



BOOK IX

"Well," I said, "the tyrannic man himself remains to be considered – how he is transformed out of the democratic man, and, once come into being, what sort of man he is and how he lives, wretchedly or blessedly."

"Yes," he said, "he is the one who still remains."

"Do you know," I said, "what I still miss?"

"What?"

"In my opinion we haven't adequately distinguished the kinds and number of the desires. And with this lacking, the investigation we are making will be less clear."

"Isn't it," he said, "still a fine time to do so?"

"Most certainly. And just consider that aspect of them I wish to observe. It's this. Of the unnecessary pleasures and desires, there are, in my opinion, some that are hostile to law and that probably come to be in everyone; but, when checked by the laws and the better desires, with the help of argument, in some human beings they are entirely gotten rid of or only a few weak ones are left, while in others stronger and more numerous ones remain."

"Which ones do you mean?" he said.

"Those," I said, "that wake up in sleep when the rest of the soul – all that belongs to the calculating, tame, and ruling part of it – slumbers, while the beastly and wild part, gorged with food or

drink, is skittish and, pushing sleep away, seeks to go and satisfy its dispositions. You know that in such a state it dares to do everything as though it were released from, and rid of, all shame and prudence. And it doesn't shrink from attempting intercourse, as it supposes, with a mother or with anyone else at all-human beings, gods, and beasts; or attempting any foul murder at all, and there is no food from which it abstains. And, in a word, it omits no act off oily or shamelessness."

"What you say," he said, "is very true."

"But, on the other hand, I can suppose a man who has a healthy and moderate relationship to himself and who goes to sleep only after he does the following: first, he awakens his calculating part and feasts it on fair arguments and considerations, coming to an understanding with himself; second, he feeds the desiring part in such a way that it is neither in want nor surfeited – in order that it will rest and not disturb the best part by its joy or its pain, but rather leave that best part alone pure and by itself, to consider and to long for the perception of something that it doesn't know, either something that has been, or is, or is going to be; and, third, he soothes the spirited part in the same way and does not fall asleep with his spirit aroused because there are some he got angry at. When a man has silenced these two latter forms and set the third – the one in which prudent thinking comes to be – in motion, and only then takes his rest, you know that in such a state he most lays hold of the truth and at this time the sights that are hostile to law show up least in his dreams."

"I suppose," he said, "it's exactly that way."

"Well now, we have been led out of the way and said too much about this. What we wish to recognize is the following: surely some terrible, savage, and lawless form of desires is in every man, even in some of us who seem to be ever so measured. And surely this becomes plain in dreams. Now reflect whether I seem to be saying something and whether you agree with me."

"I do agree."

"Well then, recall the character we attributed to the man of the people. He was presumably produced by being reared from youth by a stingy father who honored only the money-making desires while despising the ones that aren't necessary but exist for the sake of play and showing off. Isn't that so?"

“Yes,"

"And once having had intercourse with subtler men who are full of those desires we just went through, he began by plunging himself into every insolence and assuming the form of these men, out of hatred of his father's stinginess. But, because he has a nature better than that of his corrupters, he was drawn in both directions, and settled down exactly in the middle between the two ways; and enjoying each in measure, as he supposed, he lives a life that is neither illiberal nor hostile to law, a man of the people come from an oligarchic man."

"That was and is," he said, "the opinion about this kind of man."

"Well, then," I said, "assume again that such a man, now grown older, has a young son reared, in turn, in his father's dispositions."

"I shall assume that."

"Well, assume further that those same things happen to the son that also happened to his father and he is drawn to complete hostility to law, though it is named complete freedom by those who are introducing him to it, and that his father and his other relatives bring aid to those middle desires while these dread enchanters and tyrant-makers give aid to the other side. And when they have no hope of getting hold of the young man in any other way, they contrive to implant some love in him – a great winged drone – to be the leader of the idle desires that insist on all available resources being distributed "to them. Or do *you* suppose that love in such men is anything other than a winged drone?"

"I suppose," he said, "that it is nothing but this."

"Then, when the other desires overflowing with incense, myrrh, crowns, wines and all the pleasures, with which such societies are rife-buzz around the drone, making it grow great and fostering it, they plant the sting of longing in it. Now this leader of the soul takes madness for its armed guard and is stung to frenzy. And if it finds in the man any opinions or desires accounted good and still admitting of shame, it slays them and pushes them out of him until it purges him of moderation and fills him with madness brought in from abroad."

"Your account," he said, "of a tyrannic man's genesis is quite perfect."

"Is it for this reason, too," I said, "that love has from old been called a tyrant?"

"That's likely," he said.

"And, my friend,” I said, "doesn't a drunken man also have something of a tyrannic turn of mind?"

"Yes, he does."

"And, further, the man who is mad and deranged undertakes and expects to be able to rule not only over human beings but gods, too."

"Quite so," he said.

"And, *you* demonic man," I said, "a man becomes tyrannic in the precise sense when, either by nature or by his practices or both, he has become drunken, erotic, and melancholic.”

"That's perfectly certain."

"This, as it seems, is also the way such a man comes into being. Now how does he live?"

"As those who play say," he said, "you'll tell me this *too."*

"I shall," I said. "I suppose that next there are among them feasts, revels, parties, courtesans, and everything else of the sort that belongs to those in whom the tyrant love dwells and pilots all the elements of the soul"

"Necessarily," he said.

"Don't many terrible and very needy desires sprout up beside it every day and night?"

"They are indeed many."

"So that whatever revenues there may be are quickly used up."

"Of course."

"And next surely come borrowing and the stripping away of his estate. "

"What else?"

"Then when all this gives out, won't the crowd of intense desires hatched in the nest necessarily cry out; and won't these men, driven as it were by the stings of the other desires but especially by love itself, which guides all the others as though they were its armed guards, rage and consider who has anything they can take away by deceit or force?"

"Very much so," he said.

"Then it is necessary to get contributions from every source or be caught in the grip of great travail and anguish."

"Yes, it is necessary."

"Then, just as the pleasures that came to be in him later got the better of the old ones and took away what belonged to them, so won't he, a younger man, claim he deserves to get the better of his father and mother and, if he has spent his own part, take away and distribute the paternal property?"

"Of course," he said.

"And then if they won't turn it over to him, wouldn't he first attempt to steal from his parents and deceive them?"

"Exactly."

"And where he's not able to, won't he next seize it and use force?"

"I suppose so," he said.

"And then, you surprising man, if the old man and the old woman hold their ground and fight, would he watch out and be reluctant to do any tyrannic deeds?"

"I'm not," he said, "very hopeful for such a man's parents."

"But, in the name of Zeus, Adeimantus, is it your opinion that for the sake of a newly-found lady friend and unnecessary concubine such a man will strike his old friend and necessary mother, or that for the sake of a newly-found and unnecessary boy friend, in the bloom of youth, he will strike his elderly and necessary father who is no longer in the bloom of youth and is the oldest of friends, and that he will enslave his parents to them if he should bring them into the same house?"

"Yes, by Zeus," he said, "it is."

"How very blessed it seems to be," I said, "to bear a tyrannic son."

"Oh, quite," he said.

"What then? When what belongs to his father and mother gives out on such a man and there's already quite a swarm of pleasures densely gathered in him, won't he begin by taking hold of the wall of someone's house or the cloak of someone who goes out late at night, and next, sweep out some temple? And throughout all this, those opinions he held long ago in childhood about fine and base things, the opinions accounted just, are mastered by the opinions newly released from slavery, now acting as love's bodyguard and conquering along with it. These are the opinions that were formerly released as dreams in sleep when, still under laws and a father; there was a democratic regime in him. But once a tyranny was established by love, what he had rarely been in dreams, he became continuously while awake. He will stick at no terrible murder, or food, or deed. Rather, love lives like a tyrant within him in all anarchy and lawlessness; and, being a monarch, will lead the man whom it controls, as though he were a city, to every kind of daring that will produce wherewithal for it and the noisy crowd around it – one part of which bad company caused to come in from outside; the other part was from within and was set loose and freed by his own bad character. Or isn't this the life of such a man?"

"It certainly is," he said.

"And if," I said, "there are few such men in a city and the rest of the multitude is behaving moderately, they emigrate and serve as bodyguards to some other tyrant or as auxiliaries for wages, if there is war somewhere. And if they come to be in a period of peace and quiet, then they remain there in the city and do many small evil deeds."

"What kind of deeds do you mean?"

"Oh, they steal, break into houses, cut purses, go off with people's clothes, rob temples, and lead men into slavery; at times they are sycophants, if they are able to speak, and they bear false witness and take bribes."

"These are small evils you speak of," he said, "if such men are few"

"That's because small things," I said, "are small compared to big ones; and for the badness and wretchedness of a city all of these things together surely don't, as the saying goes, come within striking distance of a tyrant. But when such men and the others who follow them become many in a city, and they become aware of their own multitude, it is then that they, together with the folly of the people, generate the tyrant, that one among them who in particular has the biggest and most extreme tyrant within his own soul."

"Fitting," he said. "For he would be the most tyrannic."

"That's if they submit willingly. But if the city doesn't offer itself, just as he then punished his mother and father, so now he will, if he can, punish the fatherland, bringing in new comrades; and his way of keeping and cherishing his dear old motherland – as the Cretans say – and fatherland will be to enslave them to these men. And this must surely be the end toward which such a man's desire is direct."

"That's exactly it:' he said.

"When these men are in private life, before they rule, aren't they like this: in the first place, as to their company, either they have intercourse with their flatterers, who are ready to serve them in everything, or, if they have need of anything from anyone, they themselves cringe and dare to assume any posture, acting as though they belonged to him, but when they have succeeded they become quite alien."

"Very much so," he said.

"Therefore, they live their whole life without ever being friends of anyone, always one man's master or another's slave. The tyrannic nature never has a taste of freedom or true friendship."

"Most certainly."

"Wouldn't we be right in calling such men faithless?"

"Of course."

"And, further, could we call them as unjust as they can be, if our previous agreement about what justice is was right?"

"But surely it was right," he said.

"Well, then," I said, "let's sum up the worst man. He is awake, presumably, what we described a dreaming man to be."

"Most certainly:'

"And he comes from a man who is by nature most tyrannic and gets a monarchy; and the longer he lives in tyranny, the more he becomes like that."

"Necessarily," Glaucon said, as he took over the argument.

"The man who turns out to be worst," I said, "will he also turn out to be most wretched? And he who is for the longest time the most a tyrant, will he also have been most wretched for the longest time-in the light of the truth? However, the many have many opinions."

"But, regardless," he said, "this is necessarily so."

"With respect to likeness," I said, "does the tyrannic man correspond to anything other than the city under a tyranny, and the man of the people to anything other than the city under a democracy, and similarly with the other men?"

"Of course not."

"And as city is to city with respect to virtue and happiness so is man to man?"

"Of course."

"With respect to virtue, what is the relation between a city under a tyranny and the one under a kingship such as we first described?"

"Everything is the opposite," he said. "The one was the best, the other the worst."

"I won't ask you which you mean," I said. "It's plain. But as to their happiness and wretchedness, do you judge similarly or differently? And let's not be overwhelmed at the sight of the tyrant – one man – or a certain few around him; but, as one must, let's go in and view the city as a whole, and, creeping down into every corner and looking, only then declare our opinion."

"What you suggest is right," he said. "And it's plain to everyone that there is no city more wretched than one under a tyranny and none happier than one under a kingship."

"And about these same things, as they exist in the men," I said, "would I also be right in suggesting that that man should be deemed fit to judge them who is able with his thought to creep into a man's disposition and see through it – a man who is not like a child looking from outside and overwhelmed by the tyrannic pomp set up as a facade for those outside, but who rather sees through it adequately? And what if I were to suppose that all of us must hear that man who is both able to judge and has lived together with the tyrant in the same place and was witness to his actions at home and saw how he is with each of his own, among whom he could most be seen stripped of the tragic gear; and, again, has seen him in public dangers; and, since he has seen all that, we were to bid him to report how the tyrant stands in relation to the others in happiness and wretchedness?"

"You would," he said, "be quite right in suggesting these things too."

"Do you want us," I said, "to pretend that we are among those who would be able to judge and have already met up with such men, so that we'll have someone to answer what we ask?"

"Certainly. "

"Come, then," I said, "and consider it in this way for me. Recalling for yourself the likeness of the city and the man, and reflecting on each in turn, tell of the states of both."

"Which ones?" he said.

"In the first place," I said, "speaking of a city, will you say that one under a tyranny is free or slave?"

"Slave," he said, "in the highest possible degree."

"However, you do see masters and free men in it too."

"I do," he said, "see a small part of the kind, but virtually the whole of it and the most decent part is slave, without honor, and wretched."

"If, then," I said, "a man is like his city, isn't it also necessary that the same arrangement be in him and that his soul be filled with much slavery and illiberality, and that, further, those parts of it that are most decent be slaves while a small part, the most depraved and maddest, be master?"

"That is necessary," he said.

"What, then? Will you assert that such a soul is slave or free?"

"Slave, of course."

"And, further, doesn't the city that is slave and under a tyranny least do what it wants?"

"By far."

"And therefore, the soul that is under a tyranny will least do what it wants – speaking of the soul as a whole. Always forcibly drawn by a gadfly, it will be full of confusion and regret."

"Of course."

"And is the city under a tyranny necessarily rich or poor?"

"Poor."

"And, therefore, the tyrannic soul is necessarily always poverty-ridden and insatiable."

"That's so," he said.

"And what about this? Isn't such a city necessarily as full of fear as such a man?"

"Quite necessarily."

"Do you suppose you'll find more complaining, sighing, lamenting or suffering in any other city?"

"Not at all."

"But, in a man, do you believe there is more of this sort of thing in anyone other than this tyrannic man maddened by desires and loves?"

"How could I?" he said.

"I suppose, then, that you looked to all these things and others like them and judged this city to be the most wretched of cities."

"Wasn't I right in doing so?" he said.

"Quite right," I said. "But, now, what do you say about the tyrannic man in looking at these same things?"

"That he is by far," he said, "the most wretched of all men."

"In saying that," I said, "you are no longer right."

"How's that?" he said.

"This man," I said, "is not yet, I suppose, the most wretched."

"Then who is?"

"Perhaps this man will, in your opinion, be even more wretched than the other."

"What man?"

"The man," I said, "who is tyrannic and doesn't live out a private life but has bad luck and by some misfortune is given the occasion to become a tyrant."

"I conjecture," he said, "on the basis of what was said before, that what you say is true."

"Yes," I said. "But in an argument such as this, one must not just suppose such things but must consider them quite well. For, you know, the consideration is about the greatest thing, a good life and a bad one:'

"Quite right," he said.

"Well, then, consider whether, after all, I am saying anything. In my opinion we must reflect on it from this point of view."

"Which one?"

"The point of view of the individual private men who are rich in cities and possess many bondsmen. For they are similar to the tyrant in ruling many, although the multitude of the tyrant is greater."

"Yes, it is greater."

"You know that they are confident, and not frightened, of the domestics?"

"What would they be frightened of?"

"Nothing," I said. "But do you recognize the cause?"

"Yes, that the city as a whole defends the individual private man."

"What you say is fine," I said. "But what if some one of the gods were to lift one man who has fifty or more bondsmen out of the city – him, his wife, and his children – and set them along with the rest of his property and the domestics in a desert place where none of the free men is going to be able to help him? What do you suppose will be the character and extent of his fear that he, his children, and his wife will be destroyed by the domestics?"

"I think it will be extreme," he said.

"Wouldn't he now be compelled to fawn on some of his own slaves and promise them much and free them although there is no obligation for him to do so? And wouldn't he himself turn out to be the flatterer of servants?"

"He's certainly compelled to," he said, "or else be destroyed,"

"And," I said, "what if the god settled many other neighbors all around him who won't stand for any man's claiming to be another's master, and if they ever can get their hands on such a one, they subject him to extreme punishments,"

"He would," he said, "I suppose, be in an even greater extreme of evil, watched on all sides by nothing but enemies."

"Isn't the tyrant bound in such a prison, he who has a nature such as we described, full of many fears and loves of all kinds? And he, whose soul is so gourmand, alone of the men in the city can't go anywhere abroad or see all the things the other free men desire to see; but, stuck in his house for the most part, he lives like a woman, envying any of the other citizens who travel abroad and see anything good."

"That's entirely certain," he said.

"Therefore, it is a harvest greater by such ills that is reaped by a man who has a bad regime in himself – the one you just now judged most wretched, the tyrannic man – and who doesn't live out his life as a private man but is compelled by some chance to be a tyrant, and while not having control of himself attempts to rule others, just as if a man with a body that is sick and without control of itself were compelled to spend his life not in a private station but contesting and fighting with other bodies."

"The case is in every way most similar," he said, "and what you say, Socrates, is most true, "

"My dear Glaucon," I said, "isn't this a perfectly wretched condition, and doesn't the man who is a tyrant have a still harder life than the man judged by you to have the hardest life?"

"That's entirely so," he said.

"Therefore, the real tyrant is, even if he doesn't seem so to someone, in truth a real slave to the greatest fawning and slavery, and a flatterer of the most worthless men; and with his desires getting no kind of satisfaction, he shows that he is most in need of the most things and poor in truth, if one knows how to look at a soul as a whole. Throughout his entire life his is full of fear, overflowing with convulsions and pains, if indeed he resembles the disposition of the city he rules. And he does resemble it, doesn't he?"

"Quite so," he said,

"And, besides, shouldn't we attribute to the man too the things we spoke of before? Isn't it necessary that he be and due to ruling become still more than before-envious, faithless, unjust, friendless, impious, and a host and nurse for all vice; and, thanks to all this, unlucky in the extreme; and then, that he make those close to him so?"

"No one with any sense," he said, "will contradict you."

"Come, then," I said, "just as the man who has the final decision in the whole contest[5] declares his choice, you, too, choose now for me who in your opinion is first in happiness, and who second, and the others in order, five in all – kingly, timocratic, oligarchic, democratic, tyrannic."

"The choice is easy," he said. "For, with respect to virtue and vice, and happiness and its opposite, I choose them, like choruses, in the very order in which they came on stage."

"Shall we hire a herald then," I said, "or shall I myself announce that Ariston's son has decided that the best and most just man is happiest, and he is that man who is kingliest and is king of himself; while the worst and most unjust man is most wretched and he, in his turn, happens to be the one who, being most tyrannic, is most tyrant of himself and of the city?"

"Let it have been announced by you," he said.

"And shall I," I said, "add this to the proclamation: whether or not in being such they escape the notice of all human beings and gods?"

"Do add that to the proclamation," he said.

"All right, then," I said. "That would be one proof for us. Look at this second one and see if there seems to be anything to it. "

"What is it?"

"Since," I said, "just as a city is divided into three forms, so the soul of every single man also is divided in three, the thesis will admit yet of another proof, in my opinion."