

C seized on by philosophy — do you think a soul in this condition will be released herself all by herself and unadulterated?"

"In no way whatsoever," he said.

"But I take it she'll be set free pervaded by the body-like, which the company and intercourse with the body have made grow together with her because the soul was always with the body and gave it lots of care?"

"Of course."

"And, my friend, we should imagine that the body-like is oppressive and heavy and earthy and visible; and a soul in the sort of condition we described is made heavy and dragged back into the visible region through terror of the Unseen and of Hades and, as they say, circulates among the memorials and tombs, around which certain shadowy apparitions of souls have been seen, ghostly images produced by the sort of souls that weren't released in purity but participate in the Visible — which is why they too are visible."

"That's likely, Socrates."

"Of course it's likely, Cebes. And it's not at all likely that these are the souls of the good — they're the souls of the inferior, souls compelled to wander around such places paying the penalty for their former way of life, which was bad. And they wander about until, through the desire for the body-like that stalks them, they're again entangled in a body. And as is likely, they're entangled in whatever sort of characters they happen to have made their care in life."

"What sort of characters do you mean, Socrates?"

"I mean something like this: Those who've made gorgings and abusings and boozings their care and weren't wary of these things are likely to slip into the classes of donkeys and other such beasts. Don't you think so?"

"What you say is certainly likely."

"And those who held injustices and tyrannies and robberies in highest honor will slip into the classes of wolves and falcons and hawks — or where else do we say such souls would go?"

"Not to worry," said Cebes, "into such classes."

"Isn't it clear then," said he, "where all the rest would go as well, each one into a class that's similar to its care?"

"Why, certainly it's clear," he said.

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"Then aren't the happiest of these, and the ones who go to the best region," he said, "those who've devoted themselves to the popular and political virtue people call moderation and justice, which is born of habit and of care, without philosophy and without mind?"

"In what way are these the happiest?"

"Because it's likely that they'll arrive again into some such political and tame class as perhaps that of bees or wasps or ants, or even back again into the same human class, and from them will be born temperate men."

"It's likely."

C "And indeed it's not lawful for anybody who hasn't philosophized and gone off from here entirely pure, to enter the class of gods — but the lover of learning may. It is for these reasons, my comrades Simmias and Cebes, that those who philosophize rightly keep away from all the bodily desires and bear up and don't give themselves over to them — not because they're somehow terrified of ruin and poverty, as are the many and money-loving; nor again are they terrified of the dishonor and disrepute of corruption, as are the power-lovers and honor-lovers — not for that do they keep away from desires."

"That, Socrates, wouldn't be fitting," said Cebes.

D "No, it wouldn't be, by Zeus!" said he. "That, Cebes, is surely why those who care for their own souls but don't live to serve the body, bid farewell to all these people and don't make the same journey as they do, since these others don't know where they're going. But since they themselves consider that they must do nothing contrary to philosophy and to the release and cleansing it effects, they turn to it and follow wherever it leads."

"How do they do that, Socrates?"

E "I'll tell you," he said. "For the lovers of learning recognize," said he, "that when philosophy takes over their soul, she's utterly bound within the body and glued to it, and she's compelled to investigate the things that *are* through it as through a cage rather than herself through herself, and she wallows in every sort of ignorance. And philosophy sees that the dreadful cleverness of the cage comes from desire — so that the bound man would be himself the chief accomplice of his bondage. And so that's just what I'm saying: Lovers of learning recognize that philosophy, when it takes over their soul in this condition, gently persuades her and attempts to release her. It shows her that investigation

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through the eyes is full of deception, and that investigation through the ears and other senses is full of deception as well; and it persuades her to retreat from them, insofar as there's no necessity to use them. And philosophy exhorts her to gather and collect herself into herself and to trust in nothing but herself and what she perceives herself all by herself of what's itself all by itself among the things that *are*, and to regard nothing else as true that she investigates through anything that's different from herself and differs under differing conditions. And it tells her that such a thing is sensible and visible, while what she herself sees is intelligible and invisible. Now the soul of the true philosopher thinks she must not run contrary to this release. And so she keeps herself away from pleasures and desires and pains and terrors as much as she can, reasoning that whenever somebody is violently pleased or terrified or pained or desirous, he doesn't just suffer the evil one might think comes from them, such as falling ill or spending a lot because of desires. No, the greatest and most extreme evil of all — this he suffers, and it doesn't enter into his reasoning."

"What evil's that, Socrates?" Cebes said.

"That every human being's soul is compelled, at the very moment she's violently pleased or pained at something, to regard what above all brought about her suffering as both most manifest and most true — although this isn't the case. And these are above all visible things, aren't they?"

"Of course."

"Then in this experience above all, isn't soul tied down by body?"

"How's that?"

"Because each pleasure and pain — as if it had a nail — nails the soul to the body, pins her and makes her body-like, so she opines to be true exactly whatever things the body says are true. For as a result of her having similar opinions with the body and delighting in the same things, I imagine that the soul is compelled to become similar in ways and similar in nurture so as never to arrive in Hades pure; instead, she always leaves full of the body, so that she tends to fall quickly again into another body and takes root there as if she had been sown. And as a result of this, she has no share of intercourse with the divine and pure and single-formed."

"What you say is most true, Socrates," said Cebes.

"Well then, it's for these reasons, Cebes, that those who are justly called lovers of learning are orderly and courageous — not for the reasons given by the many. Or do you suppose it's otherwise?"

84A "I certainly don't."

"No indeed! A philosophic man's soul wouldn't reason it out that way: She wouldn't think that philosophy should release her and that, once released, she should of herself give herself over to pleasures and pains and tie herself down again to the body and engage in the unfinished task of a Penelope unweaving the web she's woven.<sup>10</sup> No, instead his soul provides a calm sea untroubled by these things, follows reasoning and always abides in it, and beholds the true and the divine and the not-to-be-opined and is nurtured by what she sees. That's how she thinks she must live while she's alive and how, when she meets her end, she'll arrive at what's akin to her and of her sort and be freed from human evils. And because her nurture has been of this sort, and since she has devoted herself to these things, there's no danger at all of her being terrified, Simmias and Cebes, that at the moment of her getting free of the body, she'll go off scattered and, all aflutter, be blown away by the winds and no longer be anywhere at all."

Silence came about when Socrates had said this, and it lasted a long time. And Socrates himself, to judge from looking at him, was absorbed in the previous argument, as were most of us. But Cebes and Simmias went on conversing with each other in a low voice, and Socrates saw the two of them and asked: "What is it?" he said. "You think there's something lacking in the previous argument, do you? Certainly, in many ways it's still open to suspicions and counterattacks — if, that is, somebody's going to go through it sufficiently. Now if you two are considering something else, I have nothing to say. But if you're perplexed about all this, don't hesitate to speak up yourselves and go through it if it appears to you that it could've been said better. And what's more, don't hesitate to take me along with you if you think you'll fare better in my company."

And Simmias said: "Well, Socrates, I'll tell you the truth. For a long time now each of us has been perplexed and has been egg-

<sup>10</sup> In Homer's *Odyssey*, Penelope, while waiting out the ten years it takes for her husband Odysseus to return from the Trojan War, weaves a web during the day and undoes it at night. She thus hopes to escape marriage with the suitors infesting her house, one of whom she had promised to choose when the web was finished.

ing the other on and telling him to ask his question, because each of us had the desire to hear your answer but hesitated to make an uproar, for fear that it might be unpleasant for you in your present misfortune."

E And when he heard this, he gave a gentle laugh and said: "Gosh, Simmias, I'd sure have a hard time persuading other human beings that I don't consider my present luck a misfortune, when I can't even persuade you two! No, you're terrified I might be somewhat crankier now than I was in my earlier life. And apparently I seem to you to be inferior in prophecy to the swans, who, although they sing at earlier times too, sing the most and the most beautifully when they sense that they must die, in joy that they're about to go off to the very god whose servants they are. But humans, because of their fear of death, tell lies against the swans and say they sing out in pain, wailing for their death. And they don't reason that no bird sings when it's hungry or cold or is grieved by some other pain — not even the nightingale and the swallow and the hoopoe, who, they claim, are wailing in pain when they sing. But it doesn't appear to me that these birds sing because they're grieving — and neither do the swans. But since they belong to Apollo, they are, as I think, prophets and, because they have foreknowledge of the good things in Hades, they sing and make merry all that day far more than at any time before. Now I consider myself to be a co-servant with the swans and consecrated to the same god, and I think that I've received from our master a prophetic art no worse than theirs, and that I'm not being freed from life any more sad of heart than they. For that very reason, you should say and ask whatever you want — as long as the Athenian Eleven allow it."

C "Beautifully put," said Simmias. "So I myself will tell you what perplexes me, and then this fellow here will in turn say in what way he doesn't accept what was said. It seems to me, Socrates, perhaps as it does to you too, that to know anything sure about such matters in our life now is either impossible or something altogether hard, while again, not to test in every way what's said about them and to back off before one is worn out with investigating them from every side, is the part of a really soft man. For in these matters, a man must, it seems to me, accomplish one of these things: He must learn or discover what's the case, or, if that's impossible, he must sail through life in the midst of danger, seizing on the best and the least refutable of human accounts, at any rate, and letting himself be carried upon

D it as on a raft — unless, that is, he could journey more safely and less dangerously on a more stable carrier, some divine account. And so, for my part, I won't be ashamed to ask questions, since even you are telling me to do so, and I won't blame myself at a later time for not saying now what seems to me to be the case. For Socrates, when I consider what's been said, either within myself or with this fellow here, it's not altogether apparent to me that what was said was sufficient."

E And Socrates said, "Perhaps, my comrade, what appears to you is true. But tell me exactly in what way it's not sufficient."

86A "In this way, as it seems to me," said he. "Somebody might also give the same account about a tuning and a lyre and its strings — that the tuning is something invisible and bodiless and something altogether beautiful and divine in the tuned lyre, but that the lyre itself and its strings are bodies and are body-like and composite, and earth-like and are akin to the deathbound. Now what if, whenever somebody either shatters the lyre or cuts and breaks the strings, somebody should insist, by the very same argument you gave, that it's necessary that the tuning still *be* and not perish? For once the strings were broken, there'd be no trick by which the lyre and strings could still be, since they're deathbound in form; and no trick by which the tuning could per-

B ish — and perish before that deathbound thing — since it's naturally similar and akin to the divine and deathless. Instead, he'd claim it's necessary that the tuning itself still *be* somewhere and that the wood and strings rot before the tuning suffers in any way. For I certainly suppose, Socrates, that you've gathered that we take the soul to be just this sort of thing — that while our body is strung and held together by warm and cold and dry and wet and the like, our soul is, as it were, a blend and tuning of these very things, whenever, that is, they're blended with one another in a beautiful and measured way. If, then, the soul turns out to be some sort of tuning, it's clear that whenever our body is relaxed or strained without measure by diseases and other evils, it's a necessity that the soul perish right away, even though she's most divine — just as do other 'tunings' in sounds and in all the works of craftsmen — while the remains of each body stick around for a long time, until they're burned or rot. See, then, what we'll say in response to this argument, if somebody maintains that the soul — since she's a blend of the elements of the body — is, in what's called death, the first to perish."

Then, with that usual keen look of his and a smile, Socrates

said, "What Simmias is saying is certainly just. So if one of you is better provided than I am, why not answer? Now surely Simmias is like somebody who's got no mean hold on the argument! And yet it seems to me that before his answer we should first listen to Cebes, to hear *his* charge against the argument. That way, as time goes by, we may take counsel on what we're to say, and then, once we've listened, either concede to them, if they strike the proper note, or, if they don't, continue our advocacy of the argument. But come, Cebes," said he, "you tell us what was shaking you up."

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"I'll tell you," said Cebes. "For to me the argument still appears to be at the same point, and the very same charge we were talking about earlier holds. I don't take back that it's been demonstrated with complete elegance and, if it's not laying it on too thick, complete adequacy, that our soul *was* even before she came into her present form. But that she'll still *be* somewhere after we've died — this does not seem to me to have been so demonstrated. I don't grant Simmias' objection, that soul isn't a stronger and more long-lasting thing than body, for it seems to me she's vastly superior in all these respects. 'Why, then,' the argument might say, 'are you still distrustful, since you see that after the human being's died his weaker part still *is*? Doesn't it seem to you necessary that the more long-lasting part still be kept safe and sound during this time?' Now consider whether my reply to just this point amounts to anything. And it seems I too need some sort of likeness, just as Simmias did. For what's been said about the soul seems to me similar to what somebody might argue about an old weaver-man who'd died: that the human hadn't perished but continued to *be* somewhere, safe and sound. And he'd offer as proof of this that a cloak the fellow used to wear and which he himself had woven was safe and sound and hadn't perished; and if somebody distrusted him, he'd ask which class was more long-lasting, that of a human or of a cloak in constant use and wear; and when the person answered 'Of a human, by far,' he'd think he had demonstrated that therefore the human being is most certainly safe and sound, since the less long-lasting hadn't perished. But what I think, Simmias, is that the argument doesn't hold up — for you too consider what I'm saying. Anybody could grasp that the man who talks that way talks simple-mindedly. For this weaver who wore out and wove many such cloaks perished later than they did, even though the cloaks were many, but he did so, I suppose, earlier than the last one; and for all that, a human

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being's in no way inferior to a cloak, nor is he weaker. Now I think soul in relation to body would admit of the same likeness, and somebody who said the same thing about them would appear to me to speak sensibly when he said that the soul's more long-lasting while the body's weaker and less long-lasting. But should he go on to say that each of our souls wears out many bodies, especially if a life lasted many years — that is, if the body's going to be in flux and perishing while the human being's still living, but the soul's always going to re-weave what wears out — then surely it'd be necessary for the soul, at whatever time she might perish, to happen to have on her last weave and to perish earlier than this one alone; and when the soul had perished, the body would from that moment on show the nature of its weakness and, rotting quickly, would go off. So that anybody who trusts this argument isn't yet worthy of the confidence he has that when we die our soul will still *be* somewhere. For if one were to concede even more than what you say to somebody who makes this argument, granting him not only that our souls *were* in the time before we were born but also that nothing prevents this — that the souls of some of us, once we're dead, still *are* and *will be* and will often be born and die in turn (because a soul is so strong a thing by nature that she can withstand being born often) — even if one granted this, one might not go on to concede that she doesn't exhaust herself in these many births and, meeting her end in one of these deaths, doesn't perish altogether. But one would claim that nobody knows the particular death and dissolution of the body that brings destruction to the soul. For this is impossible for any of us to perceive. But if all this holds, the confidence that characterizes anybody who's confident in the face of death is a mindless confidence — so long as he can't demonstrate that the soul is altogether deathless and imperishable. And if he cannot, then it's necessary that a man about to die always fear for his soul, in case she should altogether perish in her imminent unyoking from the body."

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Now once we'd heard what they said, all of us felt ill at ease (as we told one another later) because, after we'd been so powerfully persuaded by the previous argument, they now seemed to shake us up again and to cast us back into distrust, concerning not only the arguments that came before but even what would be said later on. Who knows, we might be worthless judges, or these matters themselves might even be beyond trust!

**Echecrates:** By the gods, Phaedo, I have real sympathy for all of

you! For as I myself now listen to you, it occurs to me to say something like this to myself: "What argument will we trust from now on? The one that was so powerfully trustworthy — the argument that Socrates gave — has now fallen into discredit." For this argument, that our soul is a sort of tuning has now, as ever, a wonderful hold on me, and your speaking of it reminded me, as it were, that up till now all this seemed to be the case to me too. And now what I really need is some other argument which will, from a new beginning as it were, persuade me that when somebody dies, the soul won't die along with him. So tell me, by Zeus, in what direction did Socrates pursue the argument? And which was it: Did he too, as you say the rest of you did, reveal in any way that he was distressed; or didn't he, and did he instead come serenely to the aid of the argument? And was his aid sufficient, or did it fall short? Go through everything for us as precisely as you can.

**Phaedo:** Although, Echebrates, I'd often wondered at Socrates, I never admired him more than when I was present with him then. That he should have something to say was perhaps not out of the ordinary. No, what I really wondered at him for was this: first, how pleasantly and kindly and admirably he received the young men's argument, then how keenly he perceived how we'd suffered under their arguments, then how well he healed us and, as if we were men who'd fled and been laid low, rallied us and turned us about to follow him and consider the argument with him.

**Echebrates:** How did he do it?

**B Phaedo:** I'll tell you. I happened to be sitting to his right on a sort of low stool next to the couch, and he was on a seat a lot more elevated than mine. And he caressed my head and gathered up the hair on my neck — for he was in the habit, on occasion, of teasing me about my hair — and said, "Tomorrow, Phaedo, perhaps you'll cut off these beautiful locks of yours."<sup>11</sup>

"That's likely, Socrates," said I.

"Not if you're persuaded by me."

"Then what?" said I.

"This very day," he said, "I'll cut mine, and you'll cut these locks of yours, if our argument meets its end and we can't bring it back to life. And as for me, if I were you and the argument were to get away from me, I'd make an oath, as did the Argives, not to

<sup>11</sup> The Greeks cut off their hair when in mourning.

cut my hair before I should be victorious in the renewed battle against the argument of Simmias and Cebes."

"But," said I, "they say not even Heracles could manage against two."<sup>12</sup>

"Then call on me as well," he said, "as your Iolaus — while there's still light."

"Well then, I will call on you," I said, "not as a Heracles but as an Iolaus calling on Heracles."

"Makes no difference," he said. "But first let's be on our guard so we don't undergo a certain experience."

"What sort of experience?" said I.

"So that we don't become," said he, "haters of argument, as some become haters of human beings; for it's not possible," he said, "for anybody to experience a greater evil than hating arguments. Hatred of arguments and hatred of human beings come about in the same way. For hatred of human beings arises from artlessly trusting somebody to excess, and believing that human being to be in every way true and sound and trustworthy, and then a little later discovering that this person is wicked and untrustworthy — and then having this experience again with another. And whenever somebody experiences this many times, and especially at the hands of just those he might regard as his most intimate friends and comrades, he then ends up taking offense all the time and hates all human beings and believes there's nothing at all sound in anybody. Or haven't you perceived that something like this happens?"

"Of course," said I.

"Isn't it shameful," said he, "and clear that such a person was attempting to deal with human beings without art in human affairs? For if he dealt with them artfully, he'd think of them just as they are — that both the really good-natured and the really wicked are few, and that most people are in between."

"What are you saying?" said I.

"Just what I'd say if we were talking about the really small

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<sup>12</sup> Heracles was the most admired of Greek heroes, who performed twelve prodigious labors, most of them concerned with slaying monsters and conquering death. Iolaus was his young companion in these exploits. In the dialogue *Euthydemus* (297C) Socrates recalls in the midst of an argument that Heracles had to summon Iolaus to help him fight the many-headed Hydra and a second sea-monster.

and the really big," he said. "Do you suppose anything's more rare than finding either a really big or a really small man or dog or any other such thing, or again, one that's really fast or slow, or really ugly or beautiful, or really white or black? Haven't you perceived that among all such things those at the farthest ends of either extreme are rare and few, while the ones in between are in generous supply and many?"

"Of course," said I.

B "And don't you think," he said, "that if a wickedness contest were held, those who showed first would be very few here as well?"

"That's likely," said I.

"Likely indeed," he said. "Now arguments aren't similar to human beings in that respect — I was merely following your lead just now — but rather in this one: when somebody trusts some argument to be true without the art of arguments, and then a little later the argument seems to him to be false, as it sometimes is and sometimes isn't, and this happens again and again with one argument after another. And, as you know, those especially who've spent their days in debate-arguments end up thinking they've become the wisest of men and that they alone have detected that there's nothing sound or stable — not in the realm of either practical matters or arguments — but all the things that *are* simply toss to and fro, as happens in the Euripus, and don't stay put anywhere for any length of time."<sup>13</sup>

"Certainly," said I, "what you say is true."

D "Then, Phaedo," he said, "his condition would be a pitiable one if, when there was in fact some argument that was true and stable and capable of being detected, somebody — through his associating with the very sort of arguments that sometimes seem to be true and sometimes not — should not blame himself or his own artlessness but should end up in his distress being only too pleased to push the blame off himself and onto the arguments, and from that moment on should finish out the rest of his life hating and reviling arguments and should be robbed of the truth and knowledge of the things that *are*."

"Yes, by Zeus," I said, "pitiable indeed!"

E "Then first of all," he said, "let's be on our guard against this

<sup>13</sup> The Euripus, a narrow sea-channel between the Greek mainland and the island of Euboea, reverses its direction at least seven times a day.

condition and not admit into the soul that the realm of arguments risks having nothing sound in it. Instead let's far rather admit that *we're* not yet sound but must act like men and put our hearts into being sound — you and the others for the sake of your whole life hereafter, and I for the sake of death itself. For at present, as far as that goes, I run the risk of being in a mood not to love wisdom but to love victory, as do altogether uneducated people. These people, whenever they dispute about something, don't give a thought to the way it is with the things the argument's about, but put their hearts into this: that what they themselves put forward should seem to be the case to those present. And at present I seem to myself to differ from those people in this way only: I won't put my heart into making what I say seem to be true to those present, except as a side effect, but into making it seem to be the case to me myself as much as possible. For I'm calculating, my dear comrade — behold how self-serving! — that if what I'm saying happens to be true, I'm well off believing it; and if there's nothing at all for one who's met his end, well then, I'll make myself so much the less unpleasant with lamenting to those who are present during this time, the time before my death; and this mindlessness of mine won't continue — that would be an evil! — but will perish a little later. Thus prepared, Simmias and Cebeus," he said, "I enter on the argument. But as for all of you, if you're persuaded by me and give little thought to Socrates and much more to the truth, you must agree with me if I seem to you to say what's true; and if I don't, you must strain against me with every argument you've got, taking care that I don't, out of eagerness, go off, having deceived both myself and you, like a bee that's left its stinger behind.

"But we must get going," he said. "First remind me of what you were saying, in case it's apparent that I haven't remembered it. Simmias, as I think, is distrustful and is terrified that the soul, though she's a more divine and beautiful thing than the body, may perish before it, if she's in the form of a tuning. And Cebeus seemed to me to concede to me that soul was much more long-lasting than body, but claimed that the following's unclear to everybody: whether, having often worn out many bodies, the soul, once she's left the last body, does not now perish herself, and this very thing is death — perishing of soul — since body of course never stops perishing. Anything other than these points, Simmias and Cebeus, that we must investigate?"

E The pair agreed that these were the points.

"Now is it that you don't accept," he said, "all the previous arguments, or do you accept some and not others?"

"Some we do, some we don't," said the two.

"What do you say, then," said he, "about the former argument where we claimed that learning is recollection and that — if this holds — it necessarily holds that our soul is somewhere else earlier, before she's bound within the body?"

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"I was wonderfully persuaded by it then," Cebes said, "and I stick with it now as with no other argument."

"I myself am certainly in that situation, too," Simmias said, "and I'd be filled with wonder if I ever had a different opinion about this matter."

And Socrates said, "But it's necessary that you have different opinions, my Theban guest, as long as this thought of yours sticks around — that a tuning is a composite thing and soul a sort of tuning composed of bodily elements tensed like strings. For you won't, I suppose, allow yourself to say that a tuning was composed before those things *were*, from which it had to be composed. Or will you allow it?"

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"No way, Socrates," he said.

"Do you perceive, then," said he, "that you're going to be saying this whenever you claim that the soul is before she arrives in human form and body and that she's composed of things that are *not* yet. For in fact a tuning's not the sort of thing you liken it to. Instead, the lyre and the strings and the sounds come into being earlier, while they're still untuned, and the tuning is the last of all to be composed and the first to perish. Then how will this argument of yours sing in accord with that other one?"

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"It won't at all," said Simmias.

"And yet," said he, "it's fitting that it be in accord with the argument about tuning if with any!"

"It's fitting," Simmias said.

"Well then," he said, "this one of yours doesn't sing in accord. But see which of the two arguments you prefer — that learning is recollection or soul a tuning."

"The first, Socrates, by a long shot," he said. "The other came to me without demonstration and with a certain likelihood and attractiveness — which is also why it seems to be the case to many human beings. And I know that arguments that make their demonstrations through likelihoods are impostors, and if one doesn't

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have one's guard up against them, they do quite a good job of deceiving us, both in geometry and in everything else. But the recollection and learning argument was established through a hypothesis worthy of being accepted. For it was established, I suppose, that our soul is even before arriving in the body, just as certainly as that Being she belongs with has the title 'that which is.' And this Being, I persuade myself, I've accepted for adequate and right reasons. Then because of all this, it's necessary for me, as it seems, to allow neither myself nor anyone else to say that soul is a tuning."

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"What about this way of looking at it, Simmias?" said he. "Does it seem to you that a tuning or any other composition is apt to be in some other condition than whatever the condition is of the things from which it's composed?"

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"No way."

"Nor, as I think, is it apt to do or suffer anything else beyond what those things may do or suffer?" He gave his assent.

"Therefore a tuning is apt not to lead these things from which it's composed, but to follow them." He went along with this opinion.

"Therefore it's far from being the case that a tuning undergoes contrary movement or makes contrary sounds, or does anything else that runs contrary to its parts."

"Far from it indeed."

"Well then, isn't each tuning by nature a tuning insofar as it's been tuned?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Wouldn't it be more so and more fully a tuning," said he, "if — allowing that this could happen — it could be tuned more so and more fully, and less so and less fully a tuning if it were tuned less so and less fully?"

"Of course."

"Then is this the same case with soul? Is one soul, even in the slightest degree, more fully and more so than another, or less fully and less so this very thing — a soul?"

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"In no way whatever," he said.

"Well then, by Zeus!" he said. "Is one soul said to have both mind and virtue and to be good, while another has both mindlessness and wickedness and is bad? And is what's said true?"

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"True indeed."

"So what will one of those who posit soul as tuning claim these things in our souls are — virtue and vice? That they in turn are some other tuning and lack of tuning? And that the one soul, the good one, has been tuned and has another tuning in herself, although she's already a tuning, while the other soul is untuned and has no other tuning within herself?"

"I myself can't say," said Simmias, "but it's clear that the one who held that hypothesis would be saying some such thing."

D "But it was agreed earlier," he said, "that one soul is neither more nor less a soul than another; and that amounts to the agreement that one tuning is neither more so and more fully nor less so and less fully a tuning than another. Isn't that so?"

"Of course."

"And that which is neither more nor less a tuning is neither more nor less tuned. Is that so?"

"It is."

"But as for that which is neither more nor less tuned, does it partake of tuning any more or less fully, or does it do so equally?"

"Equally."

E "Then as for soul, since one is neither more nor less than another this very thing — soul — isn't she neither more nor less tuned?"

"That's so."

"And, since this is her condition, she couldn't partake more fully of either lack of tuning or tuning?"

"No, she couldn't."

"And moreover, since this is her condition, one soul couldn't partake of vice or of virtue any more fully than another, if in fact vice is to be lack of tuning and virtue tuning?"

"No more fully."

94A "And I suspect it's rather the case, Simmias, that not a single soul, according to the right account, will partake of vice, if in fact she's a tuning. For since a tuning, I presume, is entirely this very thing — a tuning — it couldn't ever partake of lack of tuning."

"Certainly not."

"Nor, I presume, could soul, in being altogether soul, partake of vice."

"How could it, from what was said before?"

"Therefore it follows from this argument of ours that all souls of all living beings will similarly be good if in fact it's similarly

the nature of souls to be this very thing — souls."

"That seems so to me, Socrates."

B "Now does this seem to you to be a fine way to talk," said he, "and does it seem that the argument would suffer this, if the hypothesis were right that soul is a tuning?"

"In no way fine," he said.

"Now what about this," said he, "of all the things in a human being, do you claim that anything else rules but soul, especially if she's thoughtful?"

"Not I."

"And which of these do you claim: that she gives way to the passions of the body or that she runs contrary to them? Here's what I mean: When the body has burning heat and thirst within it, doesn't she drag it in the contrary direction, toward not drinking, and when the body has hunger within it, toward not eating? And I suppose we see the soul running contrary to what belongs to the body in a thousand other ways, don't we?"

"Certainly."

"But didn't we agree previously that if she were a tuning, she could never sing out in a way that runs contrary to those things out of which she happens to be constituted — whether they were tensed or relaxed or plucked, or whatever other condition they might undergo — but she'd follow them and never govern them?"

"Why, course we agreed," he said.

"Well then, doesn't the soul now appear to us as working in an altogether contrary way, governing all those things out of which somebody might claim she was constituted, and running contrary to just about all of them throughout all our life and being their master in all ways — disciplining some more harshly and with pain, as do gymnastics and medicine, and others more gently, threatening some while admonishing others and talking with desires and tempers and terrors as if she were other than they and had a task other than theirs? As Homer too has put it poetically in the *Odyssey*, where he says of Odysseus:

He struck his breast and reproached his heart with this word:  
'Bear up my heart, for at other times you've borne things even

more fit for a dog.<sup>14</sup>

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<sup>14</sup> *Odyssey* XX 17-18. This passage is cited by Socrates in the *Republic* (390D and 441B) as an example of self-mastery.



Do you suppose he made this poetry with the thought in mind that soul is a tuning and is of the sort to be led by the passions of the body; or rather that she's of the sort to lead them and be their master, and is herself a far more divine thing than she would be as a tuning?"

"By Zeus, Socrates, that's how it seems to me!"

"Therefore, my excellent friend, we're in no way putting it in a fine way when we say that soul is some sort of tuning. For then it's likely that we'd be agreeing neither with Homer, the Divine Poet, nor with ourselves."

"That's how things stand," he said.

"Well then," said Socrates, "somehow that business with Harmonia the Theban goddess has, as it seems, grown fairly gracious to us. But what about that business with Cadmus, Cebeus?" he said. "How are we going to make it gracious — and by what argument?"<sup>15</sup>

"Seems to me you'll discover a way," Cebeus said. "At any rate, in my view you managed this argument against tuning wondrously and beyond all expectation. For as Simmias was explaining what perplexed him, I was really wondering if anyone would be able to deal with his argument. That's why it seemed really absurd to me that right off it failed to resist the first assault of your argument. So I wouldn't wonder if the argument of Cadmus too should suffer the same fate."

"Ah, my good man," Socrates said, "don't boast — we don't want some witchery to rout the argument we're about to make. But these matters will be in the god's care; as for us, let's come to close quarters in Homeric style and try to see if there's anything to what you're saying. The upshot of what you're searching for is this: You demand that our soul be shown to be both imperishable and deathless — if, that is, a philosophic man who's about to die, and who's confident and believes he'll do well. There once he's dead, better than if he'd ended his lives in a different life, is not to be confident with a confidence both mindless and stupid. And as for our making apparent that the soul is something strong and godlike and that she *was* even before we became humans — nothing, you say, prevents this from evidencing not deathlessness, but

<sup>15</sup> Harmonia, the daughter of Ares, the god of war, and Aphrodite, the goddess of love, was the first queen of Thebes, Simmias' and Cebeus' home city. Her name is that of the musical term translated here as "tuning." Cadmus was her husband, the legendary founder of Thebes. He was said to have brought writing to Greece. Note that Socrates is about to talk of his book-learning.

only that soul is long-lasting and *was* somewhere earlier for an unbelievably long time and both knew and did a great many things. But surely not for all that is she something deathless; instead, her very entering into a human body was, like a disease, the beginning of her perishing. She lives this life wearing herself out in misery and ends up perishing in what's called death. Now you say it makes no difference at all, as far as each of us being terrified goes, whether she enters once into a body or many times; being terrified befits anyone who doesn't know that she's something deathless and who can't give an account — unless he's mindless. I suppose you're saying something like that, Cebeus. And I purposely keep going back over things often so that nothing may escape us and so that, if you want, you may add or take away something."

And Cebeus said, "But at present there's nothing I need to take away or add; that's just what I'm saying."

Then Socrates paused for a long time and within himself considered something and said, "What you're searching for is no trivial business, Cebeus. For we must busy ourselves with the cause concerning generation and destruction as a whole. So I'll go through my own experiences about them for you, if you want me to. Then, should something of what I have to say appear useful to you, you can use it for purposes of persuasion in the very matters you're talking about."

"But I do want you to," said Cebeus.

"Listen then and I shall tell you. For I, Cebeus," he said, "as a young man was wondrously desirous of that wisdom they call 'inquiry into nature.'<sup>16</sup> This wisdom seemed to me grandiose — to know the causes of each thing, why each thing comes to be and why it perishes and why it *is*; and very often I cast my thought to and fro looking first of all into questions like these: Is it when hot and cold bring about a certain fermentation, as some people say, that animals grow into organisms? And is the blood that by which we're thoughtful? Or is it air or fire? Or is it none of these, and is it the brain that produces the senses of hearing and seeing and smelling; and would memory and opinion arise out of these, and in this way out of memory and opinion brought to a state of rest arises knowledge? And then in turn, I looked into the processes by which these things pass away and the affections that pertain to heaven and earth, until I ended up with the opinion

<sup>16</sup> In Aristophanes' *Clouds*, Socrates is lampooned for his acquaintance with the opinions of the so-called "physicists," who speculated on the constitution of the visible world (225 ff.).

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that my natural fitness for this 'looking into things' was next to nothing. And I'll give you sufficient proof of this. It concerns what I had sure knowledge of even before, in my opinion at least and in the opinion of others — I was so intensely blinded by this 'looking' that I unlearned even what I thought I knew before about many other things and about why a human being grows. Before I used to think this was clear to everybody: that a human being grows because of eating and drinking. For when, from the food he eats, amounts of flesh are attached to flesh and amounts of bone to bones, and so in this way by the same account what's congenial to his other parts gets attached to them, then the bulk that's little has later become a lot and in this way the small human being becomes big. That's what I used to think then. Don't I seem sensible to you?"

"To me you do, yes," said Cebeus.

"Then look at this further thing too. I used to think the following opinion of mine was sufficient: that whenever a big fellow appeared standing next to a small one, he was larger by just this, a head, and that one horse was bigger than another for the same reason. And to mention things even more lucid, it seemed to me that ten things were more than eight because two were added to the eight; and it seemed to me that a two-foot length was larger than a one-foot length because it exceeded it by half of itself."

"And now," said Cebeus, "how do these things seem to you?"

"By Zeus!" he said, "I seem to be far from thinking, I suppose, that I know the cause concerning any of these things, I who don't even allow myself to assert that whenever anyone adds a one to a one, the one added to or the one that was added has become two, or that the one that was added and the one to which it was added became two by the addition of the one to the other.

Here's what I wonder about: When each of the two was separate from the other, then each was one and the pair were not two, but when they came close to each other, this then became the cause of their becoming two — the concourse that comes from their being placed close to each other. Nor again can I yet be persuaded that if somebody splits a one apart, this — the splitting — has in turn become the cause of their having become two. For then this cause comes to be the contrary of the former cause of their becoming two. Then it was because they were led close to one another and were added, one to the other, but now it's because they're led away and separated one from the other. Nor do I any longer even persuade myself that I know why a one comes to be nor why, in a

word, anything else comes to be or perishes or is by this way of proceeding. Instead, I've randomly smushed together another way myself, and that former one I don't tolerate at all.

Once, though, I heard somebody reading from a book he said was by Anaxagoras and which said that it is in fact Mind that puts the world in order and is responsible for all things.<sup>17</sup> Now I was pleased with this sort of cause, and it seemed to me in some way good that Mind should be responsible for all things. And I considered that if this is the case, then Mind at least, in ordering the world, would order all things and position each thing in just that way which was best. So if somebody should want to discover the cause concerning each thing — in what way it comes into being or perishes or is — he'd have to discover this concerning it: in what way it's best for it either to be or to undergo or do anything whatsoever. Now by this account, it befits a human being, in this matter and in all others, to look to nothing but what's most excellent and best. And then this same human being necessarily knows what's worse as well; for the knowledge concerning these is the same. As I reasoned these things out, I thought I had discovered, to my great pleasure, a teacher after my own mind, a teacher of the cause concerning the things that *are* — Anaxagoras. I thought he'd tell me first whether the earth was flat or round, and when he had told me that, he'd go on to take me through the cause and necessity of it, saying what's better and why in particular it's better for the earth to be such as it is. And if he claimed that it was in the middle, he'd go on to take me through how it was better for it to be in the middle. And if he could make these things apparent to me, I was prepared to yearn no longer for any other form of cause. What's more, I was prepared to find out about the sun in just the same way and about the moon and the rest of the heavenly bodies, both about their speeds relative to one another and their turning points and their other affections, too — in what way it's better for each to do and undergo what it undergoes. For I'd never have supposed — when he alleged they'd been ordered by Mind — that he'd impute to them any other cause than that it's best for them to be in just the condition they're in. Thus, once he'd given the cause for each one and for all of them in common, I thought he'd go on to take me through the best for each and the good common to all. I wouldn't

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<sup>17</sup> Anaxagoras, who belonged to the generation before Socrates, was the first non-Athenian thinker concerned with the nature of things to settle and teach in Athens. Like Socrates, he was prosecuted by Athens for impiety.

have given up my hopes for anything. Instead, after getting hold of the books with all haste, I read them as speedily as I could so that I might know as speedily as possible the best and the worse.

"From this wonderful hope, my comrade, I was swept away, since, as I went on with my reading, I saw a man who didn't employ Mind at all and didn't hold any causes responsible for putting things in order, but instead put the blame on air and ether and water and other things many and absurd.<sup>18</sup> And to me his condition seemed most similar to that of somebody who — after saying that Socrates does everything he does by mind and then venturing to assign the causes of each of the things I do — should first say that I'm now sitting here because my body's composed of bones and sinews, and because bones are solid and have joints keeping them separate from one another, while sinews are such as to tense and relax and also wrap the bones all around along with the flesh and skin that holds them together. Then since the bones swing in their sockets, the sinews, by relaxing and tensing, make me able, I suppose, to bend my limbs right now — and it's through this cause that I'm sitting here with my legs bent. And again, as regards my conversing with you, he might assign other causes of this sort, holding voices and air and sounds and a thousand other such things responsible, and not taking care to assign the true causes — that since Athenians judged it better to condemn me, so I for my part have judged it better to sit here and more just to stay put and endure whatever penalty they order. Since — by the Dog!<sup>19</sup> — these sinews and bones of mine would, I think, long ago have been in Megara or Boeotia, swept off by an opinion about what's best, if I didn't think it more just and more beautiful, rather than fleeing and playing the runaway, to endure whatever penalty the city should order.<sup>20</sup> But to call such things causes is too absurd. If somebody should say that I wouldn't be able to do what seemed best to me without having such things as bones and sinews and whatever

18 Socrates echoes Odysseus, who was swept back out to sea within sight of home by the folly of his companions (*Odyssey* X 48).

19 The oath "by the Dog!" is Socrates' very own, which he uses quite often. In the *Gorgias* he makes it clear that it is the dog-headed god, Anubis of Egypt, he is invoking (482B). Anubis, like his Greek counterpart Hermes, had the role of mediating between earth and underworld, the living and the dead.

20 In the dialogue named after him, Socrates' friend Crito tries to persuade Socrates, who is awaiting his execution in prison, to escape. He tells him that Simmias and Cebes have brought funds to get him out, to Boeotian Thebes or some other city. In the rest of the dialogue Socrates shows Crito why he must refuse to run away.

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else I've got, he'd be speaking the truth. If, however, he should say it was *through* these things that I'm doing what I'm doing, engaging in these acts by mind but not by the choice of what's best, why the slackness of his speech would be abundant and tedious. Imagine not being able to distinguish that it's one thing to be genuinely the cause, and another to be that without which the cause wouldn't be a cause! In this respect it's apparent to me that the many are groping around as if in the dark when they apply to the latter an improper name and address it as cause. And this is also why one man makes the earth stay put under the heaven by placing a vortex around the earth, and why another props it up on a pedestal of air, as though it were on a wide kneading-trough. But as for the power of placing things as they are now situated — in the best way possible — this power they don't search for, nor do they think it's got any superhuman strength; but they believe that some day they'll discover an Atlas stronger and more deathless than this one, one who'd do a better job of holding all things together. And they don't at all suppose it's the Good-and-Binding that truly binds and holds things together. Now for that sort of cause — how it works — it'd be a pleasure to become anybody's student. But since I was robbed of this and never became capable of discovering it myself or learning it from another, do you want me to make a display, Cebes," he said, "of the way by which I've busied myself with the second sailing in search of the cause?"<sup>21</sup>

"Yes, I want you to," he said, "extraordinarily so!"

"Well then after these experiences," said he, "since I had had it with this looking into beings, it seemed to me I had to be on my guard so as not to suffer the very thing those people do who behold and look at the sun during an eclipse. For surely some of them have their eyes destroyed if they don't look at the sun's likeness in water or in some other such thing. I thought this sort of thing over and feared I might be totally soul-blinded if I looked at things with my eyes and attempted to grasp them by each of the senses. So it seemed to me that I should take refuge in accounts and look in them for the truth of beings.<sup>22</sup> Now perhaps in a certain way it isn't quite like what I'm likening it to. For I don't at all concede that somebody who looks into beings in accounts looks at them in likenesses to a greater extent than one who does so in actions. In any case, that's how I set out: On each occasion I

<sup>21</sup> The "second sailing" refers to the use of oars when the wind fails.

<sup>22</sup> "Accounts" renders the plural of *logos*. For the range of meaning of this important term, see Glossary, p. 102.

put down as hypothesis whatever account I judge to be mightiest; and whatever seems to me to be consonant with this, I put down as being true, both about cause and about all the rest, while what isn't, I put down as not true. But I want to tell you more plainly what I mean, because I think that right now you don't understand."

"No, by Zeus," said Cebes, "not by a long shot!"

"But," said he, "all I mean is this — nothing new but the very thing I've never stopped talking about at other times and in the account that's just occurred as well. For I'm going to try to show you the form of the cause with which I've busied myself. And I'll go back to those much-babbled-about things and take my beginning from them, putting down as hypothesis that there's some Beautiful Itself by Itself and a Good and a Big and all the others. If you give me those and grant that they *are*, I hope, from them, to show you the cause and to discover how soul is something deathless."

"By all means, take it as given," said Cebes, "don't let that stop you from finishing the account!"

"Consider then," he said, "whether you're of my opinion about what comes next after this. For it appears to me that if anything else is beautiful besides the Beautiful Itself, it's not beautiful because of any other single thing but this: because it participates in that Beautiful. And I speak of all things in this way. Do you grant such a cause?"

"I grant it," he said.

"Therefore I no longer understand," said he, "nor am I able to recognize the other causes — those wise ones. But if somebody should tell me why anything is beautiful by saying it has a blossoming color or shape or anything else of that sort, I bid farewell to all that, since I'm discombobulated by all these other things; and simply and artlessly and perhaps naively, I hold this close to myself: that nothing makes a thing beautiful but the presence of or communion with that Beautiful — or however and in whatever way you say it happens. As for that, I don't yet make any definite assertion, but I do assert that it's by the Beautiful that all beautiful things are beautiful. For that seems to me to be the safest way to answer for both myself and another. And by holding tight to this, I think I won't ever fall down, but it'll prove safe for myself and for anyone else to answer that beautiful things are beautiful by the Beautiful. Or doesn't that seem so to you?"

"It does seem so."

"And big things are big — and bigger things, bigger — by Bigness, and littler things are littler by Smallness?"

"Yes."

"And therefore you wouldn't allow it if somebody should claim that one man's bigger than another by a head and that the littler man's littler by this very same thing. Instead, you'd protest that you're not going to say anything else than this: Every bigger thing's bigger than another by nothing but Bigness, and it's bigger because of this, because of Bigness, while the littler is littler by nothing but Smallness and is littler because of this, because of Smallness. I suppose you'd be terrified that some contrary argument would come at you, if you claimed somebody's bigger or littler by a head — that, first of all, the bigger's bigger and the littler's littler by the same thing, and next, that the bigger's bigger by the head, which is small, and it's surely a monstrosity that somebody be big by something small. Or wouldn't you be terrified of these things?"

And Cebes, with a laugh, said, "I sure would!"

"Then wouldn't you be terrified," said he, "to assert that ten things are more than eight by two and exceed them because of this cause but not by Multitude and because of Multitude? And that the double foot's bigger than the single one by half but not by Bigness? For I suppose there's the same terror."

"Of course," he said.

"And what about this: When a one has been added to a one or has been divided up, wouldn't you beware of asserting that the addition or division is the cause of its becoming two? And you'd shout bigtime that you don't know any other way each thing comes into being except by participating in the particular Being of each form in which it participates; and that in these cases you don't have any other cause of its becoming two than its participation in the two; and that whatever's going to be two must participate in this, and whatever's going to be one, in the unit — but to these dividings and addings and other such fancy stuff you'd bid farewell, leaving them to others wiser than you to answer for.<sup>23</sup> But you, in fright (as the saying goes) at your own

<sup>23</sup> Here and in the argument that follows, "the unit," "the two," "the three" and so on translate the Greek number words that may be transliterated as "monad," "dyad," "triad," etc. These numbers are on a somewhat higher level than the numbers by which things are counted.

D shadow and inexperience, holding tightly to that safe hypothesis, would, I take it, answer as we did. But if, on the other hand, somebody should hold tightly to the hypothesis taken all by itself, you'd bid him farewell and wouldn't answer until you'd considered the things that spring forth from that hypothesis — that is, whether in your view those things are consonant or dissonant with one another. And should you have to give an account of that hypothesis itself, you'd give it in just the same way, by hypothesizing in turn another hypothesis, whichever of the higher ones appeared best, until you came to something sufficient. And at the same time, you wouldn't smush things together, the way the debaters do, by conversing both about the beginning and what emerges out of it — if, that is, you wanted to discover something about the things that *are*. There's probably not even one argument or careful thought those people have about this matter; for they're so self-sufficient because of their wisdom that even though they confound all things together, they themselves are quite capable of being satisfied with themselves. But you — if in fact you're one of the lovers of wisdom — would, I suppose, do as I say."

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"What you say is very true," said Simmias and Cebes together. **Echecrates:** By Zeus, Phaedo, a reasonable reply! For it seems wonderful to me how lucid that man made all this — lucid even to somebody who didn't have much of a mind!

**Phaedo:** Of course, Echecrates, and so it seemed to all who were present.

**Echecrates:** And to us too who were absent but are listening right now! But now what was said after that?

**Phaedo:** This, I think. Once all this had been granted him, and it was agreed that each of the forms *was* something and that everything else that has a share in them gets its name from these very things, here's what he asked next: "Now if you say 'yes' to all this," said he, "then whenever you claim that Simmias is bigger than Socrates but littler than Phaedo, aren't you on those occasions asserting that both these things, Bigness and Smallness, are in Simmias?"

"I am."

"In any case," said he, "you do agree, don't you, that the statement 'Simmias exceeds Socrates' doesn't — when it's put in those terms — get at the truth of the matter? For I suppose Simmias doesn't by nature do any exceeding by this — by being Simmias

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— but rather by the Bigness he happens to have; nor again does he exceed Socrates because Socrates is Socrates, but because Socrates has Smallness in relation to the other's Bigness?"

"True."

"Nor again is he exceeded by Phaedo in this — that Phaedo is Phaedo — but because Phaedo has Bigness in relation to Simmias' Smallness?"

"That's so."

"So this is how Simmias, who's in the middle between both, gets the name for being small and for being big — by submitting his Smallness to the Bigness of the one for that one to exceed it, while supplying his Bigness for the other's Smallness to be exceeded by it.<sup>24</sup> And at that point he said with a smile, "I seem to be even on the verge of book-speak!"<sup>25</sup> But it really is pretty much the way I'm describing it." He gave his assent.

"I'm saying all this for the sake of the following: I want the very thing that seems to me to be the case to seem so to you too. For it appears to me not only that Bigness itself is never willing to be big and small at the same time, but also that the Bigness in us never abides the Small, nor is it willing to be exceeded. Instead, one of two things must happen: Either Bigness must flee and get out of the way when its contrary, the Small, advances towards it, or else it must already have perished by the time that Smallness came near it. But what it's *not* willing to be is, by enduring and receiving Smallness, other than what it was. So I, having received and endured Smallness while still being just who I am, am this same small man; but that Bigness, since it's big, hasn't dared to be small. And in the same way, the Small that's in us isn't ever willing to become or be big, nor is any one among the contraries willing — since it's still the very thing it was — ever at the same time both to become and be its own contrary; instead, it either takes off or else perishes in this experience."

"Altogether so," said Cebes, "as it appears to me."

And then one of those present — I don't remember for sure who it was — when he listened to this, said: "By the gods, wasn't what we agreed to in the previous arguments the very contrary

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<sup>24</sup> The word we have translated as "name" (*eponymia*) in this passage really means something more like a label or moniker.

<sup>25</sup> The precise meaning of the adverb *syngraphikos* is unclear. It can mean "like a book" or "with a prose style" or even "like a (legal) writ." In any event, it refers to something formal that is written down and artfully composed.

of what's now being said? Wasn't it that the bigger comes to be out of the littler and the littler out of the bigger and, simply, that this is the coming-to-be for contraries — out of contraries? But now it seems to me it's being said that this could never come to be."

B And Socrates had turned his head toward him and listened and now said: "You've done a manly job of recalling that; however, you're not noticing the difference between what's being said now and what was said then. Then it was said that a *contrary thing* comes to be out of a contrary thing, but now it's being said that the contrary itself would never become contrary to itself — neither the one in us nor the one in nature. For then, my friend, we were speaking of things that *have* the contraries, and we named these things with the names of those contraries; but now we're speaking about those contraries themselves, which, being *in* the things named, give them their names. And we claim that those very contraries would never be willing to receive a coming-to-be from one another." And with that he glanced at Cebes and spoke: "But you, Cebes," he said, "I suppose none of what this man said shook you up ... did it?"

"That's not my condition this time," said Cebes, "although I don't say that many matters don't shake me up."

"Then we're agreed that this is simply the case," said he, "that the contrary will never be contrary to itself."

"Altogether so," he said.

"Now consider," he said, "whether you'll agree with me about this further thing too: Do you call something 'hot,' and something 'cold?'"

"I do."

"But do you call those very things 'snow' and 'fire?'"

"No, I don't, by Zeus!"

"But the Hot is something other than fire, and the Cold is something other than snow?"

"Yes."

"But this, I imagine, is what seems to you to be the case: Never will snow, while being snow, admit the Hot, just as we said in the previous arguments, and any longer be the very thing it was, snow, and hot; but when the Hot advances towards it, it will either give way to it or perish."

"Of course."

"And again, fire, when the Cold advances towards it, will either get out from under or perish but will not ever dare to admit Coldness and still be the very thing it was, fire, and cold."

"What you say is true," he said.

"So it's the case," said he, "about some things of this sort, that the Form Itself isn't the only thing worthy of the form's name for all time; there's also something else, something that is not that form but, whenever it *is*, always has the shape of that form. But perhaps what I mean will be still plainer in this example: I suppose the Odd must always happen on this very name which we are now uttering — or not?"

"Of course."

"Is this the only one of the things that *are* with this name — for that's what I'm asking — or is there something else, which is not the very thing the Odd is, but which we must still, along with its own name, always call odd because its nature is such as never to abandon the Odd? I mean how the three, for example, is affected, and many other things as well. Take a look at the three. Doesn't it seem to you that it must always be addressed both by its own name and by that of the Odd, although the Odd is not the very thing that the three is? It's not the very thing, but still the three is of this nature, and so is the five and, in all, half of numbers: Although not the very thing the Odd is, each of them is always odd. And again, take two things, and four, and the whole other row of number: Although not the very thing the Even is, still each of them is always even. Do you grant this or not?"

"Why, of course," he said.

"Well then," he said, "Observe what I want to make clear. It's this: It's apparent those contraries aren't the only thing not to admit one another — there are also all those things which, not being contrary to one another, always contain contraries. Nor are these like things that admit whatever look is contrary to the look in them; instead, whenever that look comes at them, they perish or give way. Or won't we claim that three things will sooner perish and suffer anything else, before they'll endure becoming even, while still being three?"

"Certainly," said Cebes.

"And yet," said he, "the two is surely not a contrary to the three."

"Of course not."