

"Therefore it's not only contrary forms that don't endure coming at one another; but also certain other things don't endure contraries coming at them."

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

"Then do you want us to mark off," said he, "the sort of things these are, if we can?"

"Of course."

"Then Cebes," he said, "wouldn't they be those things, each of which compels whatever it occupies to contain not only its own look but also and always the look of some contrary?"

"How do you mean?"

"In exactly the way we were speaking about it just now. For surely you know that it's necessary for whatever the look of the three occupies to be not only three things but also odd."

"Of course."

"And so, we assert, the look that's contrary to whatever shape works this effect would never approach such a thing."

"No, it wouldn't."

"And the 'Odd' shape worked this effect?"

"Yes."

"And the shape contrary to this is that of the Even?"

"Yes."

"Therefore the look of the Even will never reach three things."

"Certainly not."

"So three things have no part in the Even."

"No part."

"Therefore the three is uneven."

"Yes."

"Well now, here's what I've been saying I'd mark off: the sort of thing which, though not contrary to something, still does not admit it, that is, does not admit the contrary — for example, the three just now, though not contrary to the Even, does not for all that admit it, for the three always brings the contrary to bear against it, as does the two against the Odd and fire against the Cold, and as do a great many other things. Now see if this is how you'd mark it off: The contrary isn't alone in not admitting its contrary; there's also what brings some contrary to bear on that thing that comes at it; in other words, there's the thing itself that

brings some contrary to bear, which thing never admits the contrary of the thing it brings its contrary to bear on. Go back and recollect — it does no harm to hear it often. Five things won't admit the idea of the Even, nor will ten (five doubled) admit the idea of the Odd. Now ten isn't itself contrary to anything, but nevertheless it won't admit the idea of the Odd; nor will one-and-a-half and other improper fractions, and again one-half, one-third and all such simple fractions, admit the idea of the Whole — if you follow me and it seems this way to you too."

"It seems very much that way to me too," he said, "and I do follow you."

"Then go back," he said, "and speak to me from the beginning. And don't answer me with the term I use to pose the question but by imitating me as follows. I now give an answer beyond the first one I spoke of — that safe one — since I see another safety coming out of what we're saying right now. If you should ask me what comes to be in the body by which that body will be hot, I won't give that safe and unlearned answer and say that it's Hotness; instead I'll give the fancier one coming out of what we were discussing just now and say that it's fire. Nor when you ask what comes to be in a body by which that body will be sick, will I say that it's Sickness but rather that it's fever. Nor when you ask what comes to be in a number by which that number will be odd, will I say that it's Oddness but rather that it's the unit, and so on for other things. But see if you now know sufficiently what I want to say."

"Entirely sufficiently," he said.

"Then answer," said he. "What comes to be in a body by which that body will be living?"

"It's soul," he said.

"And isn't this always the case?"

"Why, of course," said he.

"Then does soul always come on the scene bringing Life to bear on whatever she herself occupies?"

"Of course that's how she comes on the scene," he said.

"Is there some contrary to Life — or isn't there one?"

"There is," he said.

"What?"

"Death."

"Now soul, as we've agreed from the previous arguments, won't ever at all admit the contrary of what she herself always brings to bear on something?"

"That's surely the case," said Cebeus.

"Well, that which doesn't admit the idea of the Even — what were we just now naming it?"

"Uneven," he said.

"And what doesn't admit the Just, and whatever doesn't admit the Musical?"

"Unmusical," he said, "and what's unjust."

"Alright," he said, "so what do we call whatever doesn't admit Death?"

"Un-dying," he said.<sup>26</sup>

"And soul doesn't admit Death?"

"No."

"Therefore soul is something un-dying."

"Something un-dying."

"Alright," he said, "shall we claim that this has been demonstrated? Or how does it seem to you?"

"Very sufficiently demonstrated indeed, Socrates."

"Then what about this, Cebeus?" said he. "If it were necessary for the un-even to be imperishable, would three things be anything but imperishable?"

"Why, of course not."

"Then if it were necessary that the un-hot be imperishable as well, whenever somebody brought Hot upon snow, wouldn't snow slip away safe and unmelted? For surely it wouldn't have perished, nor again would it have endured and admitted Hotness."

"What you say is true," he said.

"And in the same way, I imagine, if the un-cold were imperishable as well, whenever anything cold came at fire, it would never be extinguished or perish, but would take off and go, safe and sound."

"That's a necessity," he said.

B "Isn't it a necessity then," he said, "to talk that way about the

<sup>26</sup> From here to 107A we translate *athianatos* as "un-dying" rather than "deathless" to bring out the pairing of positive and negative contraries.

un-dying too? If the un-dying is also imperishable, it's impossible for soul to perish when Death comes at her. For, from what has been said before, she won't admit Death, nor will she have died, just as three things will not, as we said, be even — nor again will the Odd — nor will fire or the Hotness in the fire be cold. 'But,' somebody might say, 'what prevents the Odd, not from becoming even when the Even comes at it — we agreed this couldn't happen — but rather from itself perishing when Even has come into being in its place?' We wouldn't be in a position to contend with somebody who made this point by saying that the Odd doesn't perish, for the un-even isn't imperishable. If we had agreed on that, we could easily have contended that when the Even came at them, the Odd and three things take off and go away. And we could have made this contention about fire and Hot and the rest, couldn't we?"

"Certainly."

"So too now concerning the un-dying: If we agree that the un-dying is also imperishable, then soul, in addition to being un-dying, would be imperishable too. But if not, we'd need another argument."

"But we don't need it," he said, "as far as that goes. For hardly anything else could fail to admit destruction if the un-dying, which is everlasting, will admit destruction."

"And the god, I think," said Socrates, "and the form itself of Life — and anything else, if it's un-dying — would be agreed by all never to perish."

"By all men of course — by Zeus," he said, "but even more, as I think, by gods!"

"Now since the un-dying is also indestructible, what else could hold but that soul, if she turns out to be un-dying, would be imperishable as well?"

"It's a great necessity."

"Therefore when Death comes at a human being, his deathbound part, as is likely, dies, but his un-dying part takes off and goes away safe and undestroyed, having gotten out of Death's way."

"Apparently."

"Therefore more than anything else, Cebeus," he said, "it's the case that soul is an un-dying and imperishable thing and that our souls really will be in Hades."

"I, at any rate, Socrates," he said, "don't have anything else to say against these claims, nor do I in any way distrust our arguments. But if Simmias here or anybody else has something to say, he'd do well not to remain silent — I don't know to what better occasion somebody could put off the discussion than the one before us right now, if he wanted to say or hear something about such matters."

"To be sure," said he, Simmias, "I'm certainly not in a position to be at all distrustful any longer, given what's being argued. And yet I'm compelled — both by the bigness of what our arguments are about, and because I hold our human weakness in dishonor — to have some lingering distrust within myself concerning what's been said."

"Not only that, Simmias," said Socrates. "What you say is good, but also our very first hypotheses — even if to all of you they're trustworthy — must nevertheless be looked into for greater surety. And if you sort them out sufficiently, you will, as I think, be following up the argument as much as it's possible for a human being to follow it. And should this very thing become sure, you'll search no further."

"What you say is true," he said.

"And yet, gentlemen," he said, "it is just to keep this in mind: If the soul is indeed deathless, she's in need of care, not only for this time in which what we call 'being alive' goes on, but for time as a whole; and the risk now would seem to be dreadful, if somebody is careless of his soul. For if death were freedom from time as a whole, it would be a godsend for bad men, who in death would be at once set free — along with the soul — from their body and their own vice. But now, since it's apparent that she's deathless, there'd be no other refuge for her from bad things nor any safety except for her to become as good and as thoughtful as possible. For the soul goes into Hades with nothing else except her education and nurture, which things are said to be of the greatest benefit or harm to the man who's met his end — right from the beginning of his journey There. Here's how it's told: After each man has met his end, the spirit of each — the very spirit assigned to him while alive — attempts to lead him into a certain region, a region where the dead, who've been collected together and who've submitted themselves to justice, must begin their journey to Hades, in the company of that guide who's been appointed to transport the people from here to There. And once they've encountered There what they must encounter, and have stayed for

the needed time, another guide conveys them back here again over the course of many — and long — circuits of time. And consequently the journey is not as Aeschylus' Telephus says it is. He claims that a simple path takes you to Hades; but to me it appears to be neither simple nor one — for there'd be no need of guides, since no one, I suppose, would stray anywhere if there were only one way. But as it stands, the way seems to have many branchings into two and also three ways. I say this taking my proof from the rites and lawful ceremonies practised here. Now the soul that's both orderly and thoughtful follows along and isn't ignorant of her circumstances; but, just as I was saying before, the soul that's in a condition of desire for the body, once she's fluttered around her body and the visible region for a long time, goes off with much resisting and much suffering, led away by force and with difficulty by her appointed spirit. And as for the soul that arrives where the others are, the one that's impure and has done something impure, either by perpetrating unjust manslaughters or by bringing about some other things of this sort that happen to be akin to these and are deeds of kindred souls — every other soul flees this one and turns away from her, and is willing to become neither fellow-journeyer nor guide. And she wanders around all by herself, lost in a state of total perplexity, until certain periods of times have passed, and, once they're over, she's carried under pain of necessity to the dwelling that's fitting for her. But the soul that's gone through life pure and sensible meets up with gods for fellow-journeyers and guides; and each dwells in the region that befits her. And many and wondrous are the Earth's regions, and Earth Itself is neither of the sort nor of the size it's held to be in the opinion of those who usually speak about Earth, as I've been persuaded by somebody."

And Simmias said, "What are you saying, Socrates? Of course, I've heard many things about Earth myself, but not those things that persuade you; so it'd be a pleasure for me to hear."

"Well, Simmias, it doesn't seem I'll need the art of Glaucus to recount what they are. But to show that they're true — that does appear to me too difficult for Glaucus' art.<sup>27</sup> And perhaps I wouldn't be up to it, and along with that, even if I had the knowledge, it seems to me that my life, Simmias, isn't long enough for the argument! Nevertheless, as for what I've been persuaded the

<sup>27</sup> The "art of Glaucus" is a proverbial phrase for expertise. It may refer to Glaucus of Samos, who was said to be the inventor of welding.

E look of the Earth is like, as well as its regions, nothing prevents me from telling."

"But," said Simmias, "even that's enough."

"Well then, I for my part," said he, "have been first of all persuaded of this: If it's round and in the middle of the Heaven, it doesn't need either the air or any other such compulsion in order not to fall. But the self-similarity of the Heaven Itself in every direction and the equilibrium of the Earth Itself are sufficient to hold it. For a thing that's in equilibrium and placed in the middle of something self-similar will be in no condition to incline more or less to either side, and being in a self-similar condition will stay put, uninclined. This, then," said he, "is the first thing of which I've been persuaded."

"And rightly, too," said Simmias.

B "And furthermore," he said, "I'm persuaded that it's something very, very big and that we who dwell in the parts from River Phasis to the Pillars of Hercules dwell in some small part of it around the sea, just as ants and frogs dwell around a swamp, and many others dwell elsewhere in many other regions of this sort.<sup>28</sup> For everywhere, all over the Earth, there are many hollows with all manner of looks and sizes, into which the water and the mist and the air have flowed together. But the Earth Itself is pure and situated in the pure Heaven — the very Heaven in which are the stars — that many of those who usually talk about such things name 'ether.' The water, mist and air are the sediment of the ether and are forever flowing together into the hollows of the Earth.

C Now we are unaware that we dwell in its hollows, and we think we dwell up top on the Earth. It's just as if somebody who dwells in the midst of the bottom of the deep should think he dwells on top of the sea, and, because he sees the sun and the other stars through the water, should consider the sea to be the heaven, and since he'd never yet gotten to the surface of the sea because of his slowness and weakness, should neither have seen by emerging and leaping up out of the sea into our region here how much purer and more beautiful it happens to be than the region where his people dwell, nor should have heard from another who has seen it. Now that's how we too have been affected. For although we dwell in some hollow of the Earth, we think we dwell up on

<sup>28</sup> The Phasis, a river in northern Asia Minor, was regarded as the eastern boundary between Europe and Asia; the Pillars of Hercules, hills guarding the modern Straits of Gibraltar, marked the western end of the Mediterranean Sea.

E top of it, and we call the air 'heaven,' thinking that because the stars travel in it, it's Heaven. It's the same thing: Because of weakness and slowness we're not able to pass through to the outermost air. For if somebody should go to its surface or become winged and fly up, he'd leap up and take a look — just as fish here leap up out of the sea and see what's here, that's also how somebody might take a look at what's there. And if the nature in him were sufficient to endure seeing the sight, he'd recognize that *that* is what's truly Heaven and the true Light and what's truly Earth. For this earth and the rocks and the whole region here are damaged and corroded, just as things in the sea are by brine — and in the sea nothing worth mentioning grows, and nothing, in a word, is perfect, but there are only caverns and sand and, wherever there's earth, monstrous mud and muck, nothing in any way whatsoever worthy of being compared to the beauties around us. But those beauties up there would in their turn appear to excel far more still those around us — for if it's a beautiful thing to tell a story, then, Simmias, it's also worth hearing what those things happen to be like that are on that Earth beneath Heaven."

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B "But surely, Socrates," said Simmias, "it'd be a pleasure for us to hear this story."

C "Well then, in the first place, my comrade," he said, "they say the Earth Itself, if one should catch sight of it from above, looks just like those twelve-piece leather balls — dappled, divided up into colors of which the colors here seem like samples that painters use. But up there the whole Earth is made of such colors, indeed of colors still more splendid and pure than the ones here.

D For in one part it's purple and wondrous in beauty; in another it has the look of gold, and all the part that's white is whiter than chalk or snow — and in just the same way it's composed of other colors, indeed of colors still greater in number and more beautiful than all those we've seen. For even these very hollows of the Earth, being filled with water and air, themselves provide a certain form of color as they glisten within the dappling of other colors, so that a single form of Earth, continuous and dappled, makes its appearance. In this Earth, in such Earth, the things that grow — trees and flowers and fruits too — grow in like measure. And again in the same way, the mountains and the rocks have a proportionate smoothness and transparency and colors more beautiful. Of these, the little rocks here that are precious — carnelians and jaspers and emeralds and all such things — are frag-

E ments; and up there, there's nothing at all that's not of the same sort as the gems here — and even more beautiful. The cause of this is that those rocks there are pure and not eaten away and damaged, as are the rocks here by the rot and brine, by all that flows together and produces deformities and diseases in stones and earth and also in the various animals and plants. But the Earth itself has been adorned by all these things — and moreover by gold and silver and again by other such things. For by nature they appear right out in the open, being great in multitude and big and all over the Earth, so that the Earth is quite a sight for happy sightseers. And there are many different animals upon it, and also human beings, some dwelling inland and others around the air — just as we dwell around the sea — and still others who dwell on islands around which the air flows and which are near the mainland. And, in a word, the very thing water and the sea are to us with respect to our needs, the air is to those up there; and what air is to us, the ether is to them. And the blending of their seasons is such that those people there are without disease and live a much greater span of time than people here; and in sight and hearing and thoughtfulness and in all such things, they stand apart from us in respect of purity by the very same interval by which air stands apart from water and ether from air. And in particular, they have both groves and temples for gods in which gods are really dwellers; and their utterances and prophecies and perceptions of the gods and all such forms of intercourse with gods come about for them face to face; and the sun and moon and stars are seen by them such as they really happen to be; and the rest of their happiness follows in the train of these things.

D "Now such is the nature of the whole Earth and of the things surrounding the Earth. But within it, encircling the whole of it, there are many regions defined by hollows, some deeper and more spread out than the one in which we dwell, some deeper but not as gaping as the region near us; and then there are others that are shallower in depth than the one here and also broader. And all these regions are connected to one another underground in many directions by means of borings, some narrower and others wider; and the regions have passageways through which much water flows from the one into the others, just as into mixing bowls. And under the Earth there are monstrous amounts of ever-flowing rivers and of waters hot and cold, and lots of fire and great rivers of fire, and many rivers of liquid mud, both purer and muckier, just like those rivers of mud that flow ahead of the lava in Sicily and like the lava-stream itself. By them each of these regions is re-

plenished as the circulation happens to reach each one in turn. And it moves all these things to and fro, as though there were some sort of swing present within the Earth. And this swing is there through some such nature as this: One of the gaps of the earth happens to be greatest in other respects and is also bored right through the whole Earth. It's the one of which Homer speaks when he says

112A

Very far off, where is the deepest pit beneath the ground.<sup>29</sup>

And elsewhere he and many others among the poets have called it Tartarus. For into this gap all the rivers flow together and flow back out of it again. And each of them becomes like whatever sort of earth it flows through. The cause of all the streams' flowing out from here and flowing into there is that this liquid has no bottom or base. So it swings and surges to and fro, and the air and breath of wind around it do the same; for they follow along with the liquid both when it rushes on to the far side of the earth and to this side. And just as when people breathe, the breath, as it flows, is always breathed out and breathed in, so also there the breath, as it swings along with the liquid, brings about certain dreadful and monstrous winds as it goes in and out. So whenever the water recedes to the region called 'below,' it flows into the beds of those streams there that flow through the earth and fills them just as irrigators do; and again, whenever the water falls off over there, while surging over here, then the streams here are filled in turn, and the filled streams flow through the channels and through the earth; and when they arrive at those regions toward which they're each making their way, they make seas and lakes and rivers and springs. And from there, as they sink again down into the earth, some going around regions wider and greater in number, others around regions fewer and narrower, they discharge back into Tartarus, some far below the point where they were irrigated and others only a little. But all flow in beneath their point of outflow. And some flow in directly opposite to where they rushed out, and some in the same part; and there are those that go around entirely in a circle, coiling themselves once or even many times around the earth just like snakes and, descending as low as possible, discharge back into Tartarus. And it's possible to drop down towards the center from either side, but not beyond. For the parts opposite are steep for both kinds of streams coming in from either side.

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"Now there are other streams, many and great and varied. But as it happens, there are among these many streams a certain four, of which the greatest and outermost that flows in a circle is called Ocean. Directly opposite from it and flowing in the contrary direction is Acheron, which flows through various desert regions and, as it flows underground, in fact arrives at the Acherousian Lake. Here the souls of many who've met their end keep arriving, and after staying for certain allotted times — some longer, some shorter — are sent out again into the generations of the living. A third river discharges between these two; and near the discharge-point it rushes out into a large region that burns with a great fire and so makes a lake, seething with water and mud, and bigger than our sea. From here, turbid and muddy, the river makes its way in a circle, and as it coils around the Earth, it arrives, among other places, at the edge of the Acherousian Lake, though it doesn't mix with its waters. And after coiling around many times underground, it discharges further down in Tartarus. This is the river they name Pyriphlegethon, whose torrents of lava in fact vent themselves in volcanic eruptions whenever it happens to reach the earth's surface. And again, directly opposite from this river, the fourth river is said to rush out first into a region dreadful and wild, and on the whole having a dark blue color, which region they name Stygian, and the lake that the river makes when it discharges, the Styx. And after it has rushed in here and taken on dreadful powers within its waters, it sinks beneath the earth and, as it coils around, makes its way in the direction contrary to the Pyriphlegethon and comes level with it on the other side of the Acherousian Lake; and the waters of this river too mix with no others; instead this one as well, after going around in a circle, discharges into Tartarus opposite the Pyriphlegethon; and the name of this river is, as the poets say, Cocytus.

D "And since such is the nature of these things, whenever those who've met their end arrive at the region where the spirit conveys each of them, they first submit themselves to justice — both those who lived their lives nobly and piously, as well as those who didn't. And all who seem to have lived middling lives journey on foot as far as the Acheron, embark on rafts reserved for them, and on these arrive at the lake. And there they dwell and, purified by paying the penalty for their unjust deeds (if one of them's done something unjust), are released, and they carry off honors for their good deeds, each man according to his worth. But all who seem to be in an incurable condition because of the magnitude of their misdeeds — people who perpetrated many

and great sacrileges or unjust slaughters and many crimes, or whatever else happens to be of that sort — these a fitting Destiny casts into Tartarus, from which there is no exit. And all who seem to have done misdeeds curable although great — for example, those who've practised some violence against father or mother under the influence of anger and live out the rest of their lives in repentance, or those who became homicides in some other such way — these of necessity rush into Tartarus. And after they've rushed in and have been there for one year, the surge discharges them — the homicides down along Cocytus and the parricides and matricides down along Pyriphlegethon. And whenever, as they're swept along, they draw level with the Acherousian lake, at that point they raise a cry and call out — some to those they've slain, others to those against whom they've committed outrages; and once they've called out, they supplicate and entreat these people to let them go forth into the lake and to receive them. And whenever they do persuade them, they go forth and cease from their evils; but if they don't, they're swept once more into Tartarus and from there again into the rivers, and they don't stop suffering all this until they persuade those to whom they did injustice; for this is the judgement imposed on them by their judges. But all who seem to have distinguished themselves in leading a holy life — it is they who are liberated and set free from these regions here within the Earth, as though from prisons, and who, arriving at their pure dwelling up top, dwell on the surface of the Earth. And of these people, the ones who've been sufficiently purified by philosophy live without bodies for all time to come; and they arrive at dwellings still more beautiful than these others, dwellings that aren't easy to reveal ... nor is there sufficient time at present. But now, because of all we've described, Simmias, we should do everything so as to partake of virtue and thoughtfulness in life. For beautiful is the prize, and the hope great.

D "Now to insist that all this holds in just the way I've described it, isn't fitting for a man with any mind. Nevertheless, that this or something like it is the case regarding our souls and their dwellings, since it's apparent that the soul is in fact something deathless, does seem to me both fitting to insist on and worth the risk for one who thinks it's so — for a noble risk it is! And he should sing, as it were, incantations to himself over and over again; and that's just why I've drawn out the story for so long. Yes, it's because of this that a man should be confident on behalf of his own soul — the man, that is, who in his life bade

לְמַדְעֵי הַרְחָקוֹת וְחַמְדָּה  
לְמַדְעֵי הַרְחָקוֹת וְחַמְדָּה

body-related pleasures and ornaments as something alien to him, considering them more likely to do him harm than good, and who seriously pursued the learning-related pleasures, and who, having adorned his soul not with something alien but with the soul's own adornment — moderation and justice and courage and freedom and truth — awaits the journey to Hades like one who means to journey whenever fate should call. Now you, Simmias and Cebes and you others," he said, "will each make the journey hereafter at a certain time. But me Destiny calls anon, as a man in a tragedy might declaim, and the hour for me to turn to the bath is nearly come. For surely it seems better to drink the potion after bathing and not to give the women the trouble of bathing a corpse."

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B Now when he said that, Crito said, "Alright, Socrates, but what last instructions do you have for these others or me either about your children or about anything else? Is there anything at all we could do for you by way of a special favor?"

"Just what I'm always telling you, Crito," he said, "nothing very novel: By caring for yourselves, you'll be doing whatever you do as a favor to me and to mine and to yourselves, even if you don't agree to anything now. But if you're careless of yourselves and aren't willing to live, as it were, in the footsteps of the things said now and in the time before, no matter how many agreements you may make at present, and how emphatically, you won't be doing much."

C

"Then we'll put our hearts into doing as you say," he said. "But in what way shall we bury you?"

"However you want to," he said, "if, that is, you catch me and I don't get away from you!" And with a serene laugh and a glance in our direction, he said: "I'm not persuading Crito, gentlemen, that I am this Socrates — the one who is now conversing and marshalling each of our arguments. Instead, he thinks I'm that one he'll see a little later as a corpse and so asks how he should bury me. And as for the long argument I've been making from way back, that when I drink the potion I shall no longer remain here with you but shall be off and gone to all sorts of happiness among the blessed — to him I seem to be merely talking and telling encouraging tales at once to you and to me. So give a pledge for me before Crito," he said, "the pledge contrary to the one *he* made before the judges. For he swore that I would remain here. But as for you: Give a pledge that I shall by no means remain here when I die, but shall be off and gone, so that Crito

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may bear it more easily and, as he sees my body being either burnt or buried, won't make a fuss over me because he thinks I'm suffering dreadfully, nor say at the funeral that he's laying out Socrates, or carrying him to his grave or burying him. For know this well, my excellent Crito," said he, "that not to speak in a fine way not only strikes a false note in itself, but also makes for something bad in our souls. Instead, you should be confident and declare that you're burying my body, and you should bury it just as seems agreeable to you and as you think is most in accordance with custom."

116A

When he had said this, he got up to go into a sort of chamber to bathe, and Crito followed him and kept telling us to wait behind. So we waited, conversing among ourselves and examining closely what had been said, and then again going through our misfortune — how great it would be — since we simply believed that we'd spend the rest of our life just like orphans robbed of their father. But when he'd bathed and his children had been brought to him — two of his sons were small, and one big — and when those women who belong to his household had arrived, then once he'd conversed with them in front of Crito and had given the instructions he wished to, he told the women and children to go away, and he himself came to us. And it was already close to the setting of the sun (he'd spent much time within). Once he had come, he sat down, freshly bathed, and after this not many things were discussed. And the servant of the Eleven came and stood by him and said, "Socrates, I certainly won't pass the same judgment on you that I pass on others: They get angry with me and curse me when I order them to drink the potion under the compulsion of the officials. But as for you, during this time I've come to recognize you as the noblest and gentlest and best man among those who've ever arrived here; what's more, I know well that you're angry not with me but with those others — for you recognize who's responsible. So now — for you know what I came to report — farewell and try to bear these necessities as easily as possible." And bursting into tears as he turned around, he began to walk away.

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D

And Socrates, as he glanced up at him, said, "Farewell to you, too, and we'll do as you say." And with that he said to us, "How civilized that human being is; indeed, throughout my whole time here he used to visit me and sometimes used to converse with me and was the choicest of men — and now see how nobly he weeps for me. But come now, Crito, let us be persuaded by him, and let

somebody bring in the potion, if it's been concocted, and if it hasn't been, let the man concoct it."

E And Crito said, "But Socrates, I think there's still sun on the mountains and it hasn't set yet. Also, I know that others drink very late, long after the order comes to them, and after they've dined and drunk very well, and even after some have had intercourse with anyone they happen to desire. So don't hurry — there's still a ways to go."

And Socrates said, "It's reasonable for those you mention, Crito, to do these things — they suppose they profit by doing them — and it's reasonable that I won't. For I don't think I'll profit at all by drinking a little later — except, of course, to make myself a laughingstock in my own eyes by clinging to life and being stingy with it when there's nothing more left. So come on," he said, "be persuaded and don't act otherwise!"

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And Crito, when he heard this, nodded to the boy who was standing nearby. And the boy, after he'd gone out and spent a long time away, came back bringing the one who was to give the potion, which he carried, already concocted, in a cup. When Socrates saw the man, he said, "Alright, best of men, since you're one who has knowledge of these things, what should I do?"

B "Nothing," he said, "other than drink and walk around until you get heavy in the legs and then lie down; and the potion will act of itself." And with that, he extended the cup to Socrates.

And having taken it — and very graciously too, Echebrates — without the least tremor and without any falling off in his color or expression, but instead, looking up from under his brows at the man with that bull's look that was so usual with him, he said, "What do you say to pouring somebody a libation from this drink? Is it allowed, or not?"

"Socrates," he said, "we concoct only so much as we think is the right dose to drink."

C "I understand," said he, "but I suppose I am allowed to, and indeed should, pray to the gods that my emigration from here to There may turn out to be a fortunate one. That's just what I'm praying for — and may it be so!" And with these words he put the cup to his lips and downed it with great readiness and relish. Now up to that point, most of us had been fairly able to keep ourselves from weeping. But when we saw that he was drinking — indeed, that he had drunk — we could do so no longer. In spite of myself, my own tears poured forth in torrents, so that I

hid my face and bewailed my loss — for it was not him I bewailed, oh no, but my own misfortune ... to be robbed of such a man for a comrade! Crito got up and left even before I did, since he couldn't keep back his tears. But Apollodorus, who hadn't stopped weeping even during the whole time before, at that moment really let loose with such a storm of wailing and fussing that there wasn't a single one of those present whom he didn't break up — except, of course, Socrates himself.

D And that man said, "What are you doing, you wonders! Surely this wasn't the least of my reasons for sending the women away — so they wouldn't strike such false notes! For I've heard too that one should meet one's end in propitious silence. So be still and control yourselves!"

E And when we heard this, we grew ashamed of ourselves and held back our weeping. He walked around, and when he said his legs had gotten heavy, he lay down on his back — that's what the man told him to do — and with that, the one who'd given him the potion laid hold of him and, after letting some time elapse, began examining his feet and legs, and then gave his foot a hard pinch and asked him if he sensed it — he said "no" — and again, after that, his thighs. And going upward in this way, he showed us that he was growing cold and stiff. And he himself touched him and said that when it came to his heart, at that point he'd be gone.

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And the parts about his lower belly had already nearly grown cold when he uncovered himself (for he had covered himself) and said what was to be the final thing he uttered: "Crito," he said, "we owe a cock to Asclepius. So pay the debt and don't be careless."

"Very well, it shall be done," said Crito, "but see if you have anything else to say."

When he asked him this, he no longer answered. But after he let a little time elapse, he moved, and the man uncovered him, and he'd composed his countenance; and when Crito saw this, he closed his mouth and his eyes.

This was the end, Echebrates, of our comrade, as it came to pass — a man, as we may say, who was, among those of that time we'd come up against, the best and, yes, the most thoughtful and the most just.



## GLOSSARY

The entries in this glossary are grouped not alphabetically but according to associated meanings. Our hope is that readers will use the glossary not only to find out our translation of Greek words — many of which are recognizable in transliteration — but also as an introduction to the basic vocabulary of philosophical inquiry.

The accents that appear are stress marks.

\* \* \* \* \*

**speech, account or argument** (*lógos*)

The Greek verb *legein* ordinarily means say or speak, but its root meaning is gather or select. (See, for instance, 59D and 107D.) Hence the noun derived from it, *logos*, means everything from sentence (the gathering together in speech of subject and predicate) to account (a discerning tallying up of pros and cons) to argument (a skillful marshalling of reasons in support of a position) to reason (in the sense of rational principle) to ratio (a determinate relation between numbers or magnitudes). We translate *logos* as "speech," "account" or "argument" and *legein* as "say," "speak," "mean" or "put" (as in "Well put!").

The verb *logizesthai* and the corresponding noun *logismos*, both derived from *logos*, tend to underscore the calculative or mathematical aspects of *logos*. We translate *logizesthai* as "reason," "calculate" or "reckon," and *logismos* as "reasoning" or "reckoning." *Dia-legeisthai*, to talk things through, is "converse," "discuss" or "talk with"; *homologeîn*, to speak alike or say the same thing, is "agree." Finally, *apo-logesthai* (literally, speak away) means not, as one might expect, apologize, but defend, that is, ward off in speech. We translate *apologeisthai* as "make a defense" and *apologia*, the corresponding noun, as "defense."

**knowledge** (*epistême*), **know** (*eidênai*), **recognize** (*gignóskein*), **mind** (*nous*), **thought** (*diánoia*), **notion** (*énnoia*)

A wide range of terms are used in the *Phaedo* to characterize knowledge,

knowing and coming to know. *Episteme* is the Greek word for knowledge in the sense of an assured, articulable understanding of a specific subject matter, for knowledge one can stand or rest on (*ep-istasthai*). We always translate *episteme* as "knowledge" and its corresponding verb, *epistasthai*, as "have knowledge." The verb *gignoskein* — related to our words "know" and "cognition" — suggests knowledge and judgement born of deep intimacy and familiarity with persons and things. "Recognize" is our translation for *gignoskein*.

The sense of touch lies at the root of yet another set of knowledge words: *lambanên*, which we translate as "catch" or "grasp" and *haptên*, which we translate in different contexts as "lay hold of," "get in touch with" and "have contact with."

But by far the greatest number of words for knowledge stem from four words for seeing. *Eidenai*, the perfective form of *horan*, see, we translate as "know" — to know is to have seen. Related to *noein*, to perceive with the eye or mind's eye, are the nouns *nous*, "mind," *dianoia*, "thought" and *énnoia*, "notion," and the verbs *katanoein*, "detect," *dianoesthai*, "think," "think through" or "keep in mind," and *énnoein*, "note," "take note," "notice" or "get the notion."

*Skopein* and *skeptesthai* — consider the English "scope" and "skeptical" — we translate as "see," "look at," "look into," "examine" or "investigate." Finally, *theasthai* and *theorein* are "behold" in the body of the dialogue and "see the sight" or "catch sight of" in the myth. The related noun, *theoria* (often rendered as contemplation in translations of Aristotle), is "embassy" — a "viewing" of divine matters — in the opening of the dialogue; *theama* and *theates* are "sight" and "sightseer" in the myth at the end.

**inquiry** (*historía*), **searching** (*zétêsis*), **way of proceeding** (*méthodos*), **plexity** (*aporía*)

In addition to the *skepsis* words mentioned above, three terms for inquiry turn up in the *Phaedo*. *Historia* (whence our "history") is from the same verb of sight as *eidos* and *idea*, "form" and "look" (see below). We translate it as "inquiry." *Zetein* and *zêtesis* are "search" and "searching"; here the emphasis is less on careful looking than on thinking through a problem or question. *Methodos*, which we translate as "way of proceeding," is composed of two elements, "after" (*meta*) and "way" (*hodos*). A *méthodos* is not a rule-governed procedure in the modern sense but simply a path one takes in pursuit of something, a way of going after it. In contrast to other inquiry words, it inevitably calls up the image of motion from place to place.

Bodily motion is also at the root of an important set of terms for stymied

inquiry. *Aporia* — from *poros*, originally a way or means for passing through difficult territory — means waylessness, an utter lack of resources or, in the case of inquiry, an intellectual impasse (as when we say, "I'm getting nowhere with this question"). We translate *aporia* as "perplexity" and the corresponding verb, *aporein*, as "be perplexed"; the related verb, *poreuesthai*, and noun, *syneporos*, are "journey" and "fellow journeyer."

### **hypothesis** (*hypóthesis*)

The origin of *hypothesis* is the verb *tithenai*, which means set, put or place. When used of speech and thought, it means put forward a claim or posit. *Hypo-tithenai* means place under or provide a foundation or support for something. When used of speech and thought, it can mean assume or suppose. A hypothesis, then, is a ground — either an underpinning or support for some set of things, or a supposition or basis for some argument or claim.

### **memory** (*mníme*), **recollection** (*anámnēsis*), **truth** (*alétheia*)

*Mneme*, "memory" — related to our English "mind" and "memory" — forms the root for a whole series of words in the dialogue: *mimneskesthai*, "remember," *hypomimneskesthai*, "remind," *apomnēoneuein*, "recall," and most importantly, *anamimneskesthai*, "recollect," and *anamnesis*, "recollection." The *ana* in *anamimneskesthai* and *anamnesis* means back or again: to recollect is to remember again, to bring back to mind what has slipped away. The activity of recollecting is thus bound up with *lethe*, forgetting, that is, with *lanthanein*, "be unaware." *Lanthanein*, in turn, is possibly connected with the Greek word for truth, *alétheia*, the negation of *lethe*: The truth, in Greek, is that which is un-forgotten.

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### **Being** (*ousía*), **beings** or **the things that are** (*ta ónta*), **form** (*éidos*), **look** (*idéa*)

The word "Being" renders *ousía*, a noun formed from the feminine participle of the verb "to be." It is that by sharing in which, things are what they are. The nominalized neuter participle, *to on*, is translated as "a being" or "that which is" or "what is," and the plural as "beings" or "the things that are." These latter may be embodied things.

"Form" renders *eidos*, a word derived from a verb for seeing; it means the aspect or look things display, as well as the invisible, intelligible source that gives them their look. "Look" renders *idea*, a word similarly derived. Socrates plays on the paradoxical invisibility of *eidos* and *idea* by making a jingle on the name of the underworld where souls are disembodied: *Háides* and *aeides*, "Hades — the Unseen" (80D, 81C-D). *Morphe*, "shape," which in Greek often means physical shape, is in this dialogue coordinated with *idea*, "look" (104D). "Class" translates *genos*, a group of individuals having

a common origin.

Socrates refers to the forms and looks of thought in a variety of slightly varying constructions. Besides the phrase "the Equal Itself" (*auto to ison*) or "the Beautiful Itself" (*auto to kalon*), he often lengthens the expression for emphasis: "the Equal Itself, the Beautiful Itself, each thing itself that is" (*auto to ison, auto to kalon, auto hekaston ho estin*) or just "that which is" (*to ho estin*). Note that our translation of these lengthened formulas differs from most in bringing out the enduring being rather than the whatness of the form.

### **becoming** (*génēsis*), **come to be** (*gignesthai*)

The noun *genesis*, derived from the verb *gignesthai*, refers to process, becoming and origination. It has been translated as "becoming" and "birth." In its broadest meaning as process, *genesis* embraces both coming to be and passing away. The verb *gignesthai* has been rendered in various ways. These include "come to be," "be born," "happen," "turn out," "take place" and "come to pass." Both noun and verb are related to our English "genus," "gender" and "generate." *Paragignesthai* occurs often in the dialogue. It is simply the verb with the prefix *para*, the basic meaning of which is alongside of. Although *paragignesthai* has been rendered "be present," it also suggests being on hand for aid and support.

### **do or make** (*poiéin*), **be affected** (*páschein*)

*Poiéin* and *paschein* are correlative terms and mean, respectively, doing and being done to. *Poiéin* also means make, and is the basis for the Greek words *poiesis* (poetry), *poiēma* (poem) and *poietes* (poet). *Paschein*, being done to, occurs often in the dialogue and has been translated as "suffer," "be affected," "undergo" and "experience." The noun *pathos*, which derives from *paschein* and is the origin of our English "pathos," refers generally to a passive condition, affection or misfortune. It has been translated as "affection," "experience" and "condition."

### **cause** (*aitía, áition*), **responsible** (*áitios*), **hold responsible** (*epaitiásthai*), **blame** (*aitiásthai*)

The nouns *aitia* and *aition* both mean not only cause but also origin, ground and occasion. In its negative sense, an *aitia* is charge, blame or accusation. *Aitia* and *aition* have been rendered "cause," but the reader must bear in mind (especially in reading about Socrates' youthful pursuit of the cause of becoming) the strong legal implications of the word. The adjectival form *aitios* has been translated "responsible," the verb *epaitiasthai* as "hold responsible," and the verb *aitiasthai* as "blame" and "put the blame on."

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**beautiful** (*kalós*), **order** (*kósmos*), **order** (*kosmḗin*), **put in order** (*diakosmḗin*), **orderly** (*kósmios*)

The Greek word for beautiful, *kalos*, also means fine, appropriate and noble. It and its corresponding adverbial form have been translated in accordance with this range of meaning.

The noun *kosmos* refers to any well or beautifully ordered whole, including the world itself. Related in meaning to the adjective *kalos*, it is both ornament and decency of character and behavior. There is no good English equivalent. We have translated it "order," but the reader must remember that *kosmos* is above all an order worthy of admiration and praise. The verbs *kosmein* and *diakosmein* have been translated, respectively, as "order" and "put in order." They refer to the act by which something disorderly has been put into the condition of a *kosmos*. The adjective *kosmios* has been translated "orderly" and, like *kalos*, has the sense of appropriate and decorous.

Two words suggestive of disorder are worthy of note: *tarattein* and *phyrein*. *Tarattein* means stir up, disquiet, alarm or throw into disorder. It has been translated "shake up." *Phyrein* means both knead and mix up. Its general sense is that of mixing something wet with something dry. We have rendered this interesting word with the colloquial "smush."

**music** (*mousiké*), **tuning** (*harmonía*), **tune** (*harmózēin*)

*Mousike* or "music" is any art over which the Muses preside, especially poetry that is sung. It refers, more generally, to what we would call the liberal arts. The noun *harmonia* derives from the verb *harmozēin*, which has the general meaning of fit together, join and set in order or arrange. (In its reflexive form the verb can mean join to oneself or marry.) More specifically, *harmozēin* refers to the act of tuning a musical instrument, and it is this meaning that proves central to the dialogue's concern for the soul. A *harmonia* is generally any means by which things are joined together, whether the planks of a ship, the stones of a building, the bones of the body or the partners of an agreement. As with *harmozēin*, the dominant meaning of *harmonia* in the dialogue is musical. A *harmonia* in Greek is not harmony in the modern sense of the term: It does not refer to the theory of chords and part-singing. A *harmonia* is a tuning: both the act itself of tuning and the well-ordered result of this act, that is, a scale. It can also refer to any one of the so-called Greek modes or musical characters, which Socrates takes up in the *Republic*.

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**care** (*melete*), **care for** (*meletán*), **put one's heart into** (*prothyméisthai*), **be confident** (*tharréin*), **courage** (*andréia*), **danger or risk** (*kindynos*)

There are many occurrences in the *Phaedo* of words denoting the serious application of effort and bearing up amid dangers and adversity. The noun *melete* and the corresponding verb *meletan* occur regularly. *Melete* refers to care, attention, practice and exercise. It can also mean care in the sense of anxiety. We have translated it as "care" throughout (as in the provocative phrase "care of death"), and the corresponding verb as "care for." (The negative form of the verb, *amelein*, occurs once and has been rendered "not worry.")

The verb *prothyméisthai* suggests eager willingness, enthusiasm or zeal. Given its relation to the noun *thymos* (whose range of meanings includes heart, spiritedness and also anger), we have translated it as "put one's heart into" and "take heart." *Enthyméisthai*, another *thymos*-related word, also occurs in the dialogue. It means lay to heart, ponder and infer (hence the logical term "enthymeme"). It has been rendered "realize deep down." *Thymos* is also related to the Greek word for bodily desire: *epithymia*. The verb *tharréin* (related to the noun *tharsos*, boldness) has been rendered "be confident;" the noun *andréia*, literally manliness, is "courage."

The noun *kindynos* (related to the verb *kindyneuein*, run the risk) occurs at crucial points in the dialogue and has been translated as both "risk" and "danger."

**philosopher or lover of wisdom** (*philósophos*), **wisdom** (*sophía*), **thoughtfulness** (*phrónesis*), **soundmindedness** (*sophros yme*), **safe and sound** (*sos*), **safe** (*asphalés*)

It is very important, when reading the *Phaedo*, to remember that the word *philosophos* means "lover (*philos*) of wisdom (*sophia*)." This phrase, along with the term "philosopher," is used at various points of our translation to remind the reader that the philosopher professes to be a lover rather than a possessor. It is interesting that the noun *sophia*, which we translate as "wisdom," has a pejorative meaning in its two appearances in the *Phaedo* (96A and 101E). While the adjective *sophios*, "wise," also tends to have a pejorative sense (see, for example, 100C), at one and only one point it clearly refers to something positive (63A).

By contrast, *phronesis*, the Greek noun ordinarily translated as either wisdom or prudence and derived from the noun *phren* (heart, mind, understanding, sense) is here positive in the extreme. It is the supreme virtue, without which the other virtues degenerate into base imitations. We have rendered *phronesis* as "thoughtfulness," both to distinguish it from *sophia* and to emphasize that *phronesis*, in spite of its strong connection with the heights of intellectual vision in this dialogue, refers in its most basic meaning to a thoroughly healthy state of mind — to good sense and sound judgment. To possess *phronesis*, in other words, is to be in one's right mind. The

adjectives *phronimos* and *aphron* are, accordingly, translated as "thoughtful" and "thoughtless."

*Sophrosyne*, the Greek noun we usually translate as "moderation," is a composite of *sos* (safe and sound, in a healthy condition) and *phren*. *Sos* is related to the verb *sozein*, which means save or keep, especially *keep alive*. *Sophrosyne* is akin to *phronesis* and refers to the safe keeping and keeping alive of one's good sense. In our translation it appears not only as "moderation" but also as "soundmindedness." The adjective *sophron* appears as "moderate."

The language of safety abounds in the *Phaedo*. In addition to the adjectives *sos* (which we translate as both "safe" and "safe and sound") and *bebaios* (which we translate "stable"), there is the regularly occurring *asphales*, which means safe in the sense of firm or steadfast, not to be made to fall or not to be tripped up (as in wrestling). We have translated it throughout as "safe" and its corresponding noun *asphaleia* as "safety."

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**rule** (*árchein*), **master** (*kratéin*), **release** (*lyein*), **get free from** (*apallássesthai*)

The basic terms of political life, *archein* and *archesthai*, rule and being ruled, rarely appear in the *Phaedo* (although the noun form *archontes*, "officials," as the title for the eleven men in charge of executing Socrates, does appear). What we get instead is *kratéin*, "master" (always used with a hint of violence), *despozein*, "be the master" (ordinarily used of rule over household slaves) and *doulein*, "be enslaved" or "be a slave." *Hegemoneuein*, "govern," is also used occasionally; the related noun *hegemon* turns up in the myth at the end as "guide."

What holds for rule words holds for freedom words as well. The language of political freedom — *eleutheros* or "free" and *eleutheria* or "freedom" — is very rare. In place of this we have *lyein*, "release" (which always has the sense of breaking or getting loose from bonds, overcoming impediments), and *apallássesthai*, "get or set free from" (which often suggests getting rid of something disagreeable or harmful).

**death** (*thánatos*), **destruction** (*phithorá*), **perish** (*apólysthai*), **meet one's end** (*teleután*)

To preserve their connection with *thanatos*, "death," we translate the adjective *thnetos* (literally, able to die) as "deathbound" and the adjective *athanatos* as "deathless" or, in one stretch of the dialogue, "undying."

*Apollysthai* and the related adjective *anolethros* we translate as "perish" and "imperishable." *Phithora* is "destruction," the verb *diaphthiresthai* "be destroyed" and the related adjective *adiaphthoros* "indestructible" or

"undestroyed." *Teleutai*, from *telos* (end in the sense of limit or completion), we translate as "meet one's end."

**potion** (*phármakon*)

The word *pharmakon*, related to our English "pharmacy," means both medicine and poison. We translate it as "potion" because this word covers both meanings and in addition suggests enchantment. In the dialogue *Charmides* Socrates himself tells the boy Charmides of a potion against headache but says that it requires a spoken charm for the cure to be effective. There that charm is Socrates' conversation (155E), and so it is in the *Phaedo*.