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Phaedrus

Socrates. Dear Phaedrus, whither away, and where do you come from?

Phaedrus. From Lysias, Socrates, the son of Cephalus; and I am going for a walk outside the wall. For I spent a long time there with Lysias, sitting since early morning; and on the advice of your friend and mine, Acumenus, I am taking my walk on the roads; for he says they are less fatiguing than the streets.

Socrates. He is right, my friend. Then Lysias, it seems,was in the city?

Phaedrus. Yes, at Epicrates' house, the one that belonged to Morychus, near the Olympieum.

Socrates. What was your conversation? But it is obvious that Lysias entertained you with his speeches.

Phaedrus. You shall hear, if you have leisure to walk along and listen.

Socrates. What? Don't you believe that I consider hearing your conversation with Lysias "a greater thing even than business,"*Pind. Isthm 1.1*as Pindar says?[1]

Phaedrus. Lead on, then.

Socrates. Speak.

Phaedrus. Indeed, Socrates, you are just the man to hear it. For the discourse about which we conversed, was in a way, a love-speech. For Lysias has represented one of the beauties being tempted, but not

[1] *Pind. I. 1.1Μᾶτερ ἐμά, τὸ τεόν, χρύσασπι Θήβα, πρᾶγμα καὶ ἀσχολίας ὑπέρτερον θήσομαι.* My mother, Thebes of the golden shield, I will consider thy interest greater even than business.

by a lover; this is just the clever thing about it; for he says that favors should be granted rather to the one who is not in love than to the lover.

Socrates. O noble Lysias! I wish he would write that they should be granted to the poor rather than to the rich, to the old rather than to the young, and so of all the other qualities that I and most of us have; for truly his discourse would be witty and of general utility. I am so determined to hear you, that I will not leave you, even if you extend your walk to Megara, and, as Herodicus says, go to the wall and back again.[2]

Phaedrus. What are you saying, my dear Socrates? Do you suppose that I, who am a mere ordinary man, can tell from memory, in a way that is worthy of Lysias, what he, the cleverest writer of our day, composed at his leisure and took a long time for? Far from it; and yet I would rather have that ability than a good sum of money.

Socrates. O Phaedrus! If I don't know Phaedrus, I have forgotten myself. But since neither of these things is true, I know very well that when listening to Lysias, he did not hear once only, but often urged him to repeat; and he gladly obeyed. Yet even that was not enough for Phaedrus, but at last he borrowed the book and read what he especially wished, and doing this he sat from early morning. Then, when he grew tired, he went for a walk, with the speech, as I believe, by the Dog, learned by heart, unless it was very long. And he was going outside the wall to practice it. And meeting the man who is sick with the love of discourse, he was glad when he saw him, because he would have someone to share his revel, and told him to lead on. But when the lover of discourse asked him to speak, he feigned coyness, as if he did not yearn to speak; at last, however, even if no one would listen willingly, he was bound to speak whether or no. So, Phaedrus, ask him to do now what he will presently do anyway.

Phaedrus. Truly it is best for me to speak as I may; since it is clear that you will not let me go until I speak somehow or other.

Socrates. You have a very correct idea about me.

Phaedrus. Then this is what I will do. Really, Socrates, I have not at all learned the words by heart; but I will repeat the general sense of

[2] *ἰατρὸς ἦν καὶ τὰ γυμνάσια ἔξω τείχους ἐποιεῖτο, ἀρχόμενος ἀπό τινος διαστήματος οὐ μακροῦ ἀλλὰ συμμέτρου, ἄχρι τοῦ τείχους, καὶ ἀναστρέφων.* Herodicus, Sch. He was a physician and exercised outside the wall, beginning at some distance, not great but moderate, going as far as the wall and turning back.

the whole, the points in which he said the lover was superior to the non-lover, giving them in summary, one after the other, beginning with the first.

Socrates. Yes, my dear, when you have first shown me what you have in your left hand, under your cloak. For I suspect you have the actual discourse. And if that is the case, believe this of me, that I am very fond of you, but when Lysias is here I have not the slightest intention of lending you my ears to practice on. Come now, show it.

Phaedrus. Stop. You have robbed me of the hope I had of practicing on you. But where shall we sit and read?

Socrates. Let us turn aside here and go along the Ilissus; then we can sit down quietly wherever we please.

Phaedrus. I am fortunate, it seems, in being barefoot; you are so always. It is easiest then for us to go along the brook with our feet in the water, and it is not unpleasant, especially at this time of the year and the day.

Socrates. Lead on then, and look out for a good place where we may sit.

Phaedrus. Do you see that very tall plane tree?

Socrates. What of it?

Phaedrus. There is shade there and a moderate breeze and grass to sit on, or, if we like, to lie down on.

Socrates. Lead the way.

Phaedrus. Tell me, Socrates, is it not from some place along here by the Ilissus that Boreas is said to have carried off Oreithyia?

Socrates. Yes, that is the story.

Phaedrus. Well, is it from here? The streamlet looks very pretty and pure and clear and fit for girls to play by.

Socrates. No, the place is about two or three furlongs farther down, where you cross over to the precinct of Agra; and there is an altar of Boreas somewhere thereabouts.

Phaedrus. I have never noticed it. But, for Heaven's sake, Socrates, tell me; do you believe this tale is true?

Socrates. If I disbelieved, as the wise men do, I should not be extraordinary; then I might give a rational explanation, that a blast of Boreas, the north wind, pushed her off the neighboring rocks as she was playing with Pharmacea, and that when she had died in this manner

she was said to have been carried off by Boreas.[3] But I, Phaedrus, think such explanations are very pretty in general, but are the inventions of a very clever and laborious and not altogether enviable man, for no other reason than because after this he must explain the forms of the Centaurs, and then that of the Chimaera, and there presses in upon him a whole crowd of such creatures, Gorgons and Pegas, and multitudes of strange, inconceivable, portentous natures. If anyone disbelieves in these, and with a rustic sort of wisdom, undertakes to explain each in accordance with probability, he will need a great deal of leisure.

Socrates. But I have no leisure for them at all; and the reason, my friend, is this: I am not yet able, as the Delphic inscription has it, to know myself; so it seems to me ridiculous, when I do not yet know that, to investigate irrelevant things. And so I dismiss these matters and accepting the customary belief about them, as I was saying just now, I investigate not these things, but myself, to know whether I am a monster more complicated and more furious than Typhon or a gentler and simpler creature, to whom a divine and quiet lot is given by nature. But, my friend, while we were talking, is not this the tree to which you were leading us?

Phaedrus. Yes, this is it.

Socrates. By Hera, it is a charming resting place. For this plane tree is very spreading and lofty, and the tall and shady willow is very beautiful, and it is in full bloom, so as to make the place most fragrant; then, too, the spring is very pretty as it flows under the plane tree, and its water is very cool, to judge by my foot. And it seems to be a sacred place of some nymphs and of Achelous, judging by the figurines and statues. Then again, if you please, how lovely and perfectly charming the breeziness of the place is! and it resounds with the shrill summer music of the chorus of cicadas. But the most delightful thing of all is the grass, as it grows on the gentle slope, thick enough to be just right when you lay your head on it. So you have guided the stranger most excellently, dear Phaedrus.

Phaedrus. You are an amazing and most remarkable person. For you really do seem exactly like a stranger who is being guided about,

[3]The Mss. insert here *ἢ ἐξ Ἀρείου πάγου: λέγεται γὰρ αὖ καὶ οὗτος ὁ λόγος, ὡς ἐκεῖθεν ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐνθένδε ἡρπάσθη*, or from the Areopagus, for this story is also told, that she was carried off from there and not from here. Schanz follows Bast and many editors in rejecting this as a gloss.

and not like a native. You don't go away from the city out over the border, and it seems to me you don't go outside the walls at all.

Socrates. Forgive me, my dear friend. You see, I am fond of learning. Now the country places and the trees won't teach me anything, and the people in the city do. But you seem to have found the charm to bring me out. For as people lead hungry animals by shaking in front of them a branch of leaves or some fruit, just so, I think, you, by holding before me discourses in books, will lead me all over Attica and wherever else you please. So now that I have come here, I intend to lie down, and do you choose the position in which you think you can read most easily, and read.

Phaedrus. Hear then.

Phaedrus. You know what my condition is, and you have heard how I think it is to our advantage to arrange these matters. And I claim that I ought not to be refused what I ask because I am not your lover. For lovers repent of the kindnesses they have done when their passion ceases; but there is no time when non-lovers naturally repent. For they do kindnesses to the best of their ability, not under compulsion, but of their free will, according to their view of their own best interest. And besides, lovers consider the injury they have done to their own concerns on account of their love, and the benefits they have conferred, and they add the trouble they have had, and so they think they have long ago made sufficient return to the beloved; but non-lovers cannot ever neglect of their own affairs because of their condition, nor can they take account of the pains they have been at in the past, nor lay any blame for quarrels with their relatives; and so, since all these evils are removed, there is nothing left for them but to do eagerly what they think will please the beloved. And besides, if lovers ought to be highly esteemed because they say they have the greatest love for the objects of their passion, since both by word and deed they are ready to make themselves hated by others to please the beloved, it is easy to see that, if what they say is true, whenever they fall in love afterwards, they will care for the new love more than for the old and will certainly injure the old love, if that pleases the new. And how can one reasonably entrust matters of such importance to one who is afflicted with a disease such that no one of any experience would even try to cure it? For they themselves confess that they are insane, rather than in their right mind, and that they know they are foolish, but cannot control themselves; and so, how could they, when they have come to their senses, think those acts were good which they determined upon when in such a condition? And if you were to choose the best from

among your lovers, your choice would be limited to a few; whereas it would be made from a great number, if you chose the most congenial from non-lovers, so that you would have a better chance, in choosing among many, of finding the one most worthy of your affection.

Phaedrus. Now if you are afraid of public opinion, and fear that if people find out your love affair you will be disgraced, consider that lovers, believing that others would be as envious of them as they are of others, are likely to be excited by possession and in their pride to show everybody that they have not toiled in vain; but the non-lovers, since they have control of their feelings, are likely to choose what is really best, rather than to court the opinion of mankind. Moreover, many are sure to notice and see the lovers going about with their beloved ones and making that their chief business, and so, when they are seen talking with each other, people think they are met in connection with some love-matter either past or future; but no one ever thinks of finding fault with non-lovers because they meet, since everyone knows that one must converse with somebody, either because of friendship or because it is pleasant for some other reason. And then, too, if you are frightened by the thought that it is hard for friendship to last, and that under other circumstances any quarrel would be an equal misfortune to both, but that when you have surrendered what you prize most highly you would be the chief sufferer, it would be reasonable for you to be more afraid of the lovers; for they are pained by many things and they think everything that happens is done for the sake of hurting them. Therefore they prevent their loves from associating with other men, for they fear the wealthy, lest their money give them an advantage, and the educated, lest they prove superior in intellect; and they are on their guard against the influence of everyone who possesses any other good thing. If now they persuade you to incur the dislike of all these, they involve you in a dearth of friends, and if you consider your own interest and are more sensible than they, you will have to quarrel with them. But those who are not in love, but who have gained the satisfaction of their desires because of their merit, would not be jealous of those who associated with you, but would hate those who did not wish to do so, thinking that you are slighted by these last and benefited by the former, so that there is much more likelihood that they will gain friendship than enmity from their love-affair with you.

Phaedrus. And then, too, many lovers are moved by physical passion before they know the character or have become acquainted with the connections of the beloved, so that it is uncertain whether they will wish to be your friends after their passion has ceased. But in the case

of those who are not in love, who were your friends before entering into the closer relation, the favors received are not likely to make the friendship less, but will remain as pledges of future joys. And then, too, it will be better for your character to yield to me than to a lover. For lovers praise your words and acts beyond due measure, partly through fear of incurring your displeasure, and partly because their own judgment is obscured by their passion. For such are the exhibitions of the power of Love: he makes the unsuccessful lovers think that things are grievous which cause no pain to others, and he compels the successful to praise what ought not to give pleasure; therefore those whom they love are more to be pitied than envied. But if you yield to me, I shall consort with you, not with a view to present pleasure only, but to future advantage also, not being overcome by passion but in full control of myself, and not taking up violent enmity because of small matters, but slowly gathering little anger when the transgressions are great, forgiving involuntary wrongs and trying to prevent intentional ones; for these are the proofs of a friendship that will endure for a long time. But if you have a notion that friendship cannot be firm, unless one is in love, you should bear in mind that in that case we should not have great affection for sons or for fathers and mothers, nor should we possess faithful friends who have been gained not through passion but through associations of a different kind. Besides, if you ought to grant favors to those who ask for them most eagerly, you ought in other matters also to confer benefits, not on the best, but on the most needy; for they will be most grateful, since they are relieved of the greatest ills. And then, too, at private entertainments you ought not to invite your friends, but beggars and those who need a meal; for they will love you and attend you and come to your doors and be most pleased and grateful, and will call down many blessings upon your head.

Phaedrus. Perhaps, however, you ought not to grant favors to those who beg for them, but to those who are most able to repay you; and not to those who ask merely, but to the most deserving; and not to those who will enjoy your youthful beauty, but to those who will share their good things with you when you are older; and not to those who, when they have succeeded, will boast to others of their success, but to those who will modestly keep it a secret from all; and not to those who will be enamored for a little while, but to those who will be your friends for life; and not to those who will seek a pretext for a quarrel when their passion has died out, but to those who will show their own merit when your youth is passed. Do you, then, remember what I have said, and bear this also in mind, that lovers are admonished by their

friends, who think their way of life is bad, but no relative ever blamed a non-lover for bad management of his own interests on account of that condition. Perhaps you may ask me if I advise you to grant favors to all non-lovers. But I think the lover would not urge you to be so disposed toward all lovers either; for the favor, if scattered broadcast, is not so highly prized by the rational recipient, nor can you, if you wish, keep your relations with one hidden from the rest. But from love no harm ought to come, but benefit to both parties. Now I think I have said enough. But if you feel any lack, or think anything has been omitted, ask questions. What do you think of the discourse, Socrates? Is it not wonderful, especially in diction?

Socrates. More than that, it is miraculous, my friend; I am quite overcome by it. And this is due to you, Phaedrus, because as I looked at you, I saw that you were delighted by the speech as you read. So, thinking that you know more than I about such matters, I followed in your train and joined you in the divine frenzy.

Phaedrus. Indeed! So you see fit to make fun of it?

Socrates. Do I seem to you to be joking and not to be in earnest?

Phaedrus. Do not jest, Socrates, but, in the name of Zeus, the god of friendship, tell me truly, do you think any other of the Greeks could speak better or more copiously than this on the same subject?
Socrates. What? Are you and I to praise the discourse because the author has said what he ought, and not merely because all the expressions are clear and well rounded and finely turned? For if that is expected, I must grant it for your sake, since, because of my stupidity, I did not notice it. I was attending only to the rhetorical manner, and I thought even Lysias himself would not think that satisfactory. It seemed to me, Phaedrus, unless you disagree, that he said the same thing two or three times, as if he did not find it easy to say many things about one subject, or perhaps he did not care about such a detail; and he appeared to me in youthful fashion to be exhibiting his ability to say the same thing in two different ways and in both ways excellently.

Phaedrus. Nonsense, Socrates! Why that is the especial merit of the discourse. He has omitted none of the points that belong to the subject, so that nobody could ever speak about it more exhaustively or worthily than he has done.

Socrates. There I must cease to agree with you; for the wise men and women of old, who have spoken and written about these matters,

will rise up to confute me, if, to please you, I assent.

Phaedrus. Who are they? and where have you heard anything better than this?

Socrates. I cannot say, just at this moment; but I certainly must have heard something, either from the lovely Sappho or the wise Anacreon, or perhaps from some prose writers. What ground have I for saying so? Why, my dear friend, I feel that my own bosom is full, and that I could make another speech, different from this and quite as good. Now I am conscious of my own ignorance, and I know very well that I have never invented these things myself, so the only alternative is that I have been filled through the ears, like a pitcher, from the well springs of another; but, again because of my stupidity, I have forgotten how and from whom I heard it.

Phaedrus. Most noble Socrates, that is splendid! Don't tell, even if I beg you, how or from whom you heard it; only do as you say; promise to make another speech better than that in the book and no shorter and quite different. Then I promise, like the nine archons, to set up at Delphi a statue as large as life, not only of myself, but of you also.
Socrates. You are a darling and truly golden, Phaedrus, if you think I mean that Lysias has failed in every respect and that I can compose a discourse containing nothing that he has said. That, I fancy, could not happen even to the worst writer. For example, to take the subject of his speech, who do you suppose, in arguing that the non-lover ought to be more favored than the lover, could omit praise of the non-lover's calm sense and blame of the lover's unreason, which are inevitable arguments, and then say something else instead? No, such arguments, I think, must be allowed and excused; and in these the arrangement, not the invention, is to be praised; but in the case of arguments which are not inevitable and are hard to discover, the invention deserves praise as well as the arrangement.

Phaedrus. I concede your point, for I think what you say is reasonable, So I will make this concession: I will allow you to begin with the premise that the lover is more distraught than the non-lover; and if you speak on the remaining points more copiously and better than Lysias, without saying the same things, your statue of beaten metal shall stand at Olympia beside the offering of the Cypselids.

Socrates. Have you taken my jest in earnest, Phaedrus, because, to tease you, I laid hands on your beloved, and do you really suppose I am going to try to surpass the rhetoric of Lysias and make a speech

more ingenious than his?

Phaedrus. Now, my friend, you have given me a fair hold; for you certainly must speak as best you can, lest we be compelled to resort to the comic

"you're another"; be careful and do not force me to say

"O Socrates, if I don't know Socrates, I have forgotten myself," and

"he yearned to speak, but feigned coyness." Just make up your mind that we are not going away from here until you speak out what you said you had in your breast. We are alone in a solitary spot, and I am stronger and younger than you; so, under these circumstances, take my meaning, and speak voluntarily, rather than under compulsion.

Socrates. But, my dear Phaedrus, I shall make myself ridiculous if I, a mere amateur, try without preparation to speak on the same subject in competition with a master of his art.

Phaedrus. Now listen to me. Stop trying to fool me; for I can say something which will force you to speak.

Socrates. Then pray don't say it.

Phaedrus. Yes, but I will. And my saying shall be an oath. I swear to you by— by what god? By this plane tree? I take my solemn oath that unless you produce the discourse in the very presence of this plane tree, I will never read you another or tell you of another.

Socrates. Oh! Oh! You wretch! How well you found out how to make a lover of discourse do your will!

Phaedrus. Then why do you try to get out of it?

Socrates. I won't any more, since you have taken this oath; for how could I give up such pleasures?

Phaedrus. Speak then.

Socrates. Do you know what I'm going to do?

Phaedrus. About what?

Socrates. I'm going to keep my head wrapped up while I talk, that I may get through my discourse as quickly as possible and that I may not look at you and become embarrassed.

Phaedrus. Only speak, and in other matters suit yourself.

Socrates. Come then, O tuneful Muses, whether ye receive this name from the quality of your song or from the musical race of the Ligyans, grant me your aid in the tale this most excellent man compels me to relate, that his friend whom he has hitherto considered wise, may seem to him wiser still. Now there was once upon a time a boy, or rather a stripling, of great beauty: and he had many lovers. And

among these was one of peculiar craftiness, who was as much in love with the boy as anyone, but had made him believe that he was not in love; and once in wooing him, he tried to persuade him of this very thing, that favors ought to be granted rather to the non-lover than to the lover; and his words were as follows:— There is only one way, dear boy, for those to begin who are to take counsel wisely about anything. One must know what the counsel is about, or it is sure to be utterly futile, but most people are ignorant of the fact that they do not know the nature of things. So, supposing that they do know it, they come to no agreement in the beginning of their enquiry, and as they go on they reach the natural result,—they agree neither with themselves nor with each other. Now you and I must not fall into the error which we condemn in others, but, since we are to discuss the question, whether the lover or the non-lover is to be preferred let us first agree on a definition of love, its nature and its power, and then, keeping this definition in view and making constant reference to it, let us enquire whether love brings advantage or harm. Now everyone sees that love is a desire; and we know too that non-lovers also desire the beautiful. How then are we to distinguish the lover from the non-lover? We must observe that in each one of us there are two ruling and leading principles, which we follow whithersoever they lead; one is the innate desire for pleasures, the other an acquired opinion which strives for the best. These two sometimes agree within us and are sometimes in strife; and sometimes one, and sometimes the other has the greater power.

Socrates. Now when opinion leads through reason toward the best and is more powerful, its power is called self-restraint, but when desire irrationally drags us toward pleasures and rules within us, its rule is called excess. Now excess has many names, for it has many members and many forms; and whichever of these forms is most marked gives its own name, neither beautiful nor honorable, to him who possesses it. For example, if the desire for food prevails over the higher reason and the other desires, it is called gluttony, and he who possesses it will be called by the corresponding name of glutton, and again, if the desire for drink becomes the tyrant and leads him who possesses it toward drink, we know what he is called; and it is quite clear what fitting names of the same sort will be given when any desire akin to these acquires the rule. The reason for what I have said hitherto is pretty clear by this time, but everything is plainer when spoken than when unspoken; so I say that the desire which overcomes the rational opinion that strives toward the right, and which is led away toward the enjoyment of beauty and again is strongly forced by the desires that

are kindred to itself toward personal beauty, when it gains the victory, takes its name from that very force, and is called love.[4] Well, my dear Phaedrus, does it seem to you, as it does to me, that I am inspired?

Phaedrus. Certainly, Socrates, you have an unusual fluency.

Socrates. Then listen to me in silence; for truly the place seems filled with a divine presence; so do not be surprised if I often seem to be in a frenzy as my discourse progresses, for I am already almost uttering dithyrambics.

Phaedrus. That is very true.

Socrates. You are responsible for that; but hear what follows; for perhaps the attack may be averted. That, however, is in the hands of God; we must return to our boy. Well then, my dearest, what the subject is, about which we are to take counsel, has been said and defined, and now let us continue, keeping our attention fixed upon that definition, and tell what advantage or harm will naturally come from the lover or the non-lover to him who grants them his favors. He who is ruled by desire and is a slave to pleasure will inevitably desire to make his beloved as pleasing to himself as possible. Now to one who is of unsound mind everything is pleasant which does not oppose him, but everything that is better or equal is hateful.

Socrates. So the lover will not, if he can help it, endure a beloved who is better than himself or his equal, but always makes him weaker and inferior; but the ignorant is inferior to the wise, the coward to the brave, the poor speaker to the eloquent, the slow of wit to the clever. Such mental defects, and still greater than these, in the beloved will necessarily please the lover, if they are implanted by Nature, and if they are not, he must implant them or be deprived of his immediate enjoyment. And he is of necessity jealous and will do him great harm by keeping him from many advantageous associations, which would most tend to make a man of him, especially from that which would do most to make him wise. This is divine philosophy, and from it the lover will certainly keep his beloved away, through fear of being despised; and he will contrive to keep him ignorant of everything else and make him look to his lover for everything, so that he will be most agreeable to him and most harmful to himself. In respect to the intellect, then, a man in love is by no means a profitable guardian or associate. We must next consider how he who is forced to follow pleasure and not good will keep the body of him whose master he is, and what care he will

[4] This somewhat fanciful statement is based on a supposed etymological connection between *ἔρως* and *ῥώμη, ἐρρωμένως, ῥωσθεῖσα*.

give to it. He will plainly court a beloved who is effeminate, not virile, not brought up in the pure sunshine, but in mingled shade, unused to manly toils and the sweat of exertion, but accustomed to a delicate and unmanly mode of life, adorned with a bright complexion of artificial origin, since he has none by nature, and in general living a life such as all this indicates, which it is certainly not worth while to describe further. We can sum it all up briefly and pass on. A person with such a body, in war and in all important crises, gives courage to his enemies, and fills his friends, and even his lovers themselves, with fear. This may be passed over as self-evident, but the next question, what advantage or harm the intercourse and guardianship of the lover will bring to his beloved in the matter of his property, must be discussed. Socrates.Now it is clear to everyone, and especially to the lover, that he would desire above all things to have his beloved bereft of the dearest and kindest and holiest possessions; for he would wish him to be deprived of father, mother, relatives and friends, thinking that they would hinder and censure his most sweet intercourse with him. But he will also think that one who has property in money or other possessions will be less easy to catch and when caught will be less manageable; wherefore the lover must necessarily begrudge his beloved the possession of property and rejoice at its loss. Moreover the lover would wish his beloved to be as long as possible unmarried, childless, and homeless, since he wishes to enjoy as long as possible what is pleasant to himself. Now there are also other evils, but God has mingled with most of them some temporary pleasure; so, for instance, a flatterer is a horrid creature and does great harm, yet Nature has combined with him a kind of pleasure that is not without charm, and one might find fault with a courtesan as an injurious thing, and there are many other such creatures and practices which are yet for the time being very pleasant; but a lover is not only harmful to his beloved but extremely disagreeable to live with as well. The old proverb says, “birds of a feather flock together”; that is, I suppose, equality of age leads them to similar pleasures and through similarity begets friendship; and yet even they grow tired of each other’s society. Now compulsion of every kind is said to be oppressive to every one, and the lover not only is unlike his beloved, but he exercises the strongest compulsion. For he is old while his love is young, and he does not leave him day or night, if he can help it, but is driven by the sting of necessity, which urges him on, always giving him pleasure in seeing, hearing, touching, and by all his senses perceiving his beloved, so that he is glad to serve him constantly. But what consolation or what pleasure can he give the

beloved? Must not this protracted intercourse bring him to the uttermost disgust, as he looks at the old, unlovely face, and other things to match, which it is not pleasant even to hear about, to say nothing of being constantly compelled to come into contact with them? And he is suspiciously guarded in all ways against everybody, and has to listen to untimely and exaggerated praises and to reproaches which are unendurable when the man is sober, and when he is in his cups and indulges in wearisome and unrestrained freedom of speech become not only unendurable but disgusting.

Socrates.And while he is in love he is harmful and disagreeable, but when his love has ceased he is thereafter false to him whom he formerly hardly induced to endure his wearisome companionship through the hope of future benefits by making promises with many prayers and oaths. But now that the time of payment has come he has a new ruler and governor within him, sense and reason in place of love and madness, and has become a different person; but of this his beloved knows nothing. He asks of him a return for former favors, reminding him of past sayings and doings, as if he were speaking to the same man; but the lover is ashamed to say that he has changed, and yet he cannot keep the oaths and promises he made when he was ruled by his former folly: now that he has regained his reason and come to his senses, lest by doing what he formerly did he become again what he was. He runs away from these things, and the former lover is compelled to become a defaulter. The shell has fallen with the other side up;[5] and he changes his part and runs away; and the other is forced to run after him in anger and with imprecations, he who did not know at the start that he ought never to have accepted a lover who was necessarily without reason, but rather a reasonable non-lover; for otherwise he would have to surrender himself to one who was faithless, irritable, jealous, and disagreeable, harmful to his property, harmful to his physical condition, and most harmful by far to the cultivation of his soul, than which there neither is nor ever will be anything of higher importance in truth either in heaven or on earth. These things, dear boy, you must bear in mind, and you must know that the fondness of the lover is not a matter of goodwill, but of appetite which he wishes to satisfy:

"Just as the wolf loves the lamb, so the lover adores his beloved."

There it is, Phaedrus! Do not listen to me any longer; let my speech end here.

[5]This refers to a game played with oyster shells, in which the players ran away or pursued as the shell fell with one or the other side uppermost.

Phaedrus. But I thought you were in the middle of it, and would say as much about the non-lover as you have said about the lover, to set forth all his good points and show that he ought to be favored. So now, Socrates, why do you stop?

Socrates. Did you not notice, my friend, that I am already speaking in hexameters, not mere dithyrambics, even though I am finding fault with the lover? But if I begin to praise the non-lover, what kind of hymn do you suppose I shall raise? I shall surely be possessed of the nymphs to whom you purposely exposed me. So, in a word, I say that the non-lover possesses all the advantages that are opposed to the disadvantages we found in the lover. Why make a long speech? I have said enough about both of them.

Socrates.And so my tale shall fare as it may; I shall cross this stream and go away before you put some further compulsion upon me.

Phaedrus. Not yet, Socrates, till the heat is past. Don't you see that it is already almost noon? Let us stay and talk over what has been said, and then, when it is cooler, we will go away.

Socrates. Phaedrus, you are simply a superhuman wonder as regards discourses! I believe no one of all those who have been born in your lifetime has produced more discourses than you, either by speaking them yourself or compelling others to do so. I except Simmias the Theban; but you are far ahead of all the rest. And now I think you have become the cause of another, spoken by me.

Phaedrus. That is not exactly a declaration of war! But how is this, and what is the discourse?

Socrates. My good friend, when I was about to cross the stream, the spirit and the sign that usually comes to me came—it always holds me back from something I am about to do—and I thought I heard a voice from it which forbade my going away before clearing my conscience, as if I had committed some sin against deity. Now I am a seer, not a very good one, but, as the bad writers say, good enough for my own purposes; so now I understand my error. How prophetic the soul is, my friend! For all along, while I was speaking my discourse, something troubled me, and as Ibycus says, "I was distressed lest I be buying honor among men by sinning against the gods."*Ibycus Frag. 24, Bergk.*But now I have seen my error.

Phaedrus. What do you mean?

Socrates. Phaedrus, a dreadful speech it was, a dreadful speech, the one you brought with you, and the one you made me speak.

Phaedrus. How so?

Socrates. It was foolish, and somewhat impious. What could be more dreadful than that?

Phaedrus. Nothing, if you are right about it.

Socrates. Well, do you not believe that Love is the son of Aphrodite and is a god?

Phaedrus. So it is said.

Socrates. Yes, but not by Lysias, nor by your speech which was spoken by you through my mouth that you bewitched.
Socrates.If Love is, as indeed he is, a god or something divine, he can be nothing evil; but the two speeches just now said that he was evil. So then they sinned against Love; but their foolishness was really very funny besides, for while they were saying nothing sound or true, they put on airs as though they amounted to something, if they could cheat some mere manikins and gain honor among them. Now I, my friend, must purify myself; and for those who have sinned in matters of mythology there is an ancient purification, unknown to Homer, but known to Stesichorus. For when he was stricken with blindness for speaking ill of Helen, he was not, like Homer, ignorant of the reason, but since he was educated, he knew it and straightway he writes the poem:"That saying is not true; thou didst not go within the well-oared ships, nor didst thou come to the walls of Troy"*Stesichorus Frag. 32 Bergk* and when he had written all the poem, which is called the recantation, he saw again at once. Now I will be wiser than they in just this point: before suffering any punishment for speaking ill of Love, I will try to atone by my recantation, with my head bare this time, not, as before, covered through shame.

Phaedrus. This indeed, Socrates, is the most delightful thing you could say.

Socrates. Just consider, my good Phaedrus, how shameless the two speeches were, both this of mine and the one you read out of the book. For if any man of noble and gentle nature, one who was himself in love with another of the same sort, or who had ever been loved by such a one, had happened to hear us saying that lovers take up violent enmity because of small matters and are jealously disposed and harmful to the beloved, don't you think he would imagine he was listening to people brought up among low sailors, who had never seen a generous love? Would he not refuse utterly to assent to our censure of Love?

Phaedrus. I declare, Socrates, perhaps he would.

Socrates. I therefore, because I am ashamed at the thought of this man and am afraid of Love himself, wish to wash out the brine from

my ears with the water of a sweet discourse. And I advise Lysias also to write as soon as he can, that other things being equal, the lover should be favored rather than the non-lover.

Phaedrus. Be assured that he will do so: for when you have spoken the praise of the lover, Lysias must of course be compelled by me to write another discourse on the same subject.

Socrates. I believe you, so long as you are what you are.

Phaedrus. Speak then without fear.

Socrates. Where is the youth to whom I was speaking? He must hear this also, lest if he do not hear it, he accept a non-lover before we can stop him.

Phaedrus. Here he is, always close at hand whenever you want him. Socrates. Understand then, fair youth, that the former discourse was by Phaedrus, the son of Pythocles (Eager for Fame) of Myrrhinus (Myrrhtown); but this which I shall speak is by Stesichorus, son of Euphemus (Man of pious Speech) of Himera (Town of Desire). And I must say that this saying is not true, which teaches that when a lover is at hand the non-lover should be more favored, because the lover is insane, and the other sane. For if it were a simple fact that insanity is an evil, the saying would be true; but in reality the greatest of blessings come to us through madness, when it is sent as a gift of the gods. For the prophetess at Delphi and the priestesses at Dodona when they have been mad have conferred many splendid benefits upon Greece both in private and in public affairs, but few or none when they have been in their right minds; and if we should speak of the Sibyl and all the others who by prophetic inspiration have foretold many things to many persons and thereby made them fortunate afterwards, anyone can see that we should speak a long time. And it is worth while to adduce also the fact that those men of old who invented names thought that madness was neither shameful nor disgraceful; otherwise they would not have connected the very word mania with the noblest of arts, that which foretells the future, by calling it the manic art. No, they gave this name thinking that mania, when it comes by gift of the gods, is a noble thing, but nowadays people call prophecy the mantic art, tastelessly inserting a T in the word. So also, when they gave a name to the investigation of the future which rational persons conduct through observation of birds and by other signs, since they furnish mind (nous) and information (historia) to human thought (oiesis) from the intellect (dianoia) they called it the oionoistic (oionoistike) art, which modern folk now call oionistic making it more high-sounding by introducing the long O. The ancients, then testify that in proportion as prophecy

(mantike) is superior to augury, both in name and in fact, in the same proportion madness, which comes from god, is superior to sanity, which is of human origin. Moreover, when diseases and the greatest troubles have been visited upon certain families through some ancient guilt, madness has entered in and by oracular power has found a way of release for those in need, taking refuge in prayers and the service of the gods, and so, by purifications and sacred rites, he who has this madness is made safe for the present and the after time, and for him who is rightly possessed of madness a release from present ills is found. Socrates.And a third kind of possession and madness comes from the Muses. This takes hold upon a gentle and pure soul, arouses it and inspires it to songs and other poetry, and thus by adorning countless deeds of the ancients educates later generations. But he who without the divine madness comes to the doors of the Muses, confident that he will be a good poet by art, meets with no success, and the poetry of the sane man vanishes into nothingness before that of the inspired madmen. All these noble results of inspired madness I can mention, and many more. Therefore let us not be afraid on that point, and let no one disturb and frighten us by saying that the reasonable friend should be preferred to him who is in a frenzy. Let him show in addition that love is not sent from heaven for the advantage of lover and beloved alike, and we will grant him the prize of victory. We, on our part, must prove that such madness is given by the gods for our greatest happiness; and our proof will not be believed by the merely clever, but will be accepted by the truly wise. First, then, we must learn the truth about the soul divine and human by observing how it acts and is acted upon. And the beginning of our proof is as follows: Every soul is immortal. For that which is ever moving is immortal but that which moves something else or is moved by something else, when it ceases to move, ceases to live. Only that which moves itself, since it does not leave itself, never ceases to move, and this is also the source and beginning of motion for all other things which have motion. But the beginning is ungenerated. For everything that is generated must be generated from a beginning, but the beginning is not generated from anything; for if the beginning were generated from anything, it would not be generated from a beginning. And since it is ungenerated, it must be also indestructible; for if the beginning were destroyed, it could never be generated from anything nor anything else from it, since all things must be generated from a beginning. Thus that which moves itself must be the beginning of motion. And this can be neither destroyed nor generated, otherwise all the heavens and all generation

must fall in ruin and stop and never again have any source of motion or origin. But since that which is moved by itself has been seen to be immortal, one who says that this self-motion is the essence and the very idea of the soul, will not be disgraced.

Socrates. For every body which derives motion from without is soulless, but that which has its motion within itself has a soul, since that is the nature of the soul; but if this is true,— that that which moves itself is nothing else than the soul,—then the soul would necessarily be ungenerated and immortal. Concerning the immortality of the soul this is enough; but about its form we must speak in the following manner. To tell what it really is would be a matter for utterly superhuman and long discourse, but it is within human power to describe it briefly in a figure; let us therefore speak in that way. We will liken the soul to the composite nature of a pair of winged horses and a charioteer. Now the horses and charioteers of the gods are all good and of good descent, but those of other races are mixed; and first the charioteer of the human soul drives a pair, and secondly one of the horses is noble and of noble breed, but the other quite the opposite in breed and character. Therefore in our case the driving is necessarily difficult and troublesome. Now we must try to tell why a living being is called mortal or immortal. Soul, considered collectively, has the care of all that which is soulless, and it traverses the whole heaven, appearing sometimes in one form and sometimes in another; now when it is perfect and fully winged, it mounts upward and governs the whole world; but the soul which has lost its wings is borne along until it gets hold of something solid, when it settles down, taking upon itself an earthly body, which seems to be self-moving, because of the power of the soul within it; and the whole, compounded of soul and body, is called a living being, and is further designated as mortal. It is not immortal by any reasonable supposition, but we, though we have never seen or rightly conceived a god, imagine an immortal being which has both a soul and a body which are united for all time. Let that, however, and our words concerning it, be as is pleasing to God; we will now consider the reason why the soul loses its wings. It is something like this. The natural function of the wing is to soar upwards and carry that which is heavy up to the place where dwells the race of the gods. More than any other thing that pertains to the body it partakes of the nature of the divine. But the divine is beauty, wisdom, goodness, and all such qualities; by these then the wings of the soul are nourished and grow, but by the opposite qualities, such as vileness and evil, they are wasted away and destroyed.

Socrates. Now the great leader in heaven, Zeus, driving a winged chariot, goes first, arranging all things and caring for all things. He is followed by an army of gods and spirits, arrayed in eleven squadrons; Hestia alone remains in the house of the gods. Of the rest, those who are included among the twelve great gods and are accounted leaders, are assigned each to his place in the army. There are many blessed sights and many ways hither and thither within the heaven, along which the blessed gods go to and fro attending each to his own duties; and whoever wishes, and is able, follows, for jealousy is excluded from the celestial band. But when they go to a feast and a banquet, they proceed steeply upward to the top of the vault of heaven, where the chariots of the gods, whose well matched horses obey the rein, advance easily, but the others with difficulty; for the horse of evil nature weighs the chariot down, making it heavy and pulling toward the earth the charioteer whose horse is not well trained. There the utmost toil and struggle await the soul. For those that are called immortal, when they reach the top, pass outside and take their place on the outer surface of the heaven, and when they have taken their stand, the revolution carries them round and they behold the things outside of the heaven. But the region above the heaven was never worthily sung by any earthly poet, nor will it ever be. It is, however, as I shall tell; for I must dare to speak the truth, especially as truth is my theme. For the colorless, formless, and intangible truly existing essence, with which all true knowledge is concerned, holds this region and is visible only to the mind, the pilot of the soul. Now the divine intelligence, since it is nurtured on mind and pure knowledge, and the intelligence of every soul which is capable of receiving that which befits it, rejoices in seeing reality for a space of time and by gazing upon truth is nourished and made happy until the revolution brings it again to the same place. In the revolution it beholds absolute justice, temperance, and knowledge, not such knowledge as has a beginning and varies as it is associated with one or another of the things we call realities, but that which abides in the real eternal absolute; and in the same way it beholds and feeds upon the other eternal verities, after which, passing down again within the heaven, it goes home, and there the charioteer puts up the horses at the manger and feeds them with ambrosia and then gives them nectar to drink.

Socrates. Such is the life of the gods; but of the other souls, that which best follows after God and is most like him, raises the head of the charioteer up into the outer region and is carried round in the revolution, troubled by the horses and hardly beholding the realities;

and another sometimes rises and sometimes sinks, and, because its horses are unruly, it sees some things and fails to see others. The other souls follow after, all yearning for the upper region but unable to reach it, and are carried round beneath, trampling upon and colliding with one another, each striving to pass its neighbor. So there is the greatest confusion and sweat of rivalry, wherein many are lamed, and many wings are broken through the incompetence of the drivers; and after much toil they all go away without gaining a view of reality, and when they have gone away they feed upon opinion. But the reason of the great eagerness to see where the plain of truth is, lies in the fact that the fitting pasturage for the best part of the soul is in the meadow there, and the wing on which the soul is raised up is nourished by this. And this is a law of Destiny, that the soul which follows after God and obtains a view of any of the truths is free from harm until the next period, and if it can always attain this, is always unharmed; but when, through inability to follow, it fails to see, and through some mischance is filled with forgetfulness and evil and grows heavy, and when it has grown heavy, loses its wings and falls to the earth, then it is the law that this soul shall never pass into any beast at its first birth, but the soul that has seen the most shall enter into the birth of a man who is to be a philosopher or a lover of beauty, or one of a musical or loving nature, and the second soul into that of a lawful king or a warlike ruler, and the third into that of a politician or a man of business or a financier, the fourth into that of a hardworking gymnast or one who will be concerned with the cure of the body, and the fifth will lead the life of a prophet or some one who conducts mystic rites; to the sixth, a poet or some other imitative artist will be united, to the seventh, a craftsman or a husbandman, to the eighth, a sophist or a demagogue, to the ninth, a tyrant.

Socrates. Now in all these states, whoever lives justly obtains a better lot, and whoever lives unjustly, a worse. For each soul returns to the place whence it came in ten thousand years; for it does not regain its wings before that time has elapsed, except the soul of him who has been a guileless philosopher or a philosophical lover; these, when for three successive periods of a thousand years they have chosen such a life, after the third period of a thousand years become winged in the three thousandth year and go their way; but the rest, when they have finished their first life, receive judgment, and after the judgment some go to the places of correction under the earth and pay their penalty, while the others, made light and raised up into a heavenly place by justice, live in a manner worthy of the life they led in human form.

But in the thousandth year both come to draw lots and choose their second life, each choosing whatever it wishes. Then a human soul may pass into the life of a beast, and a soul which was once human, may pass again from a beast into a man. For the soul which has never seen the truth can never pass into human form. For a human being must understand a general conception formed by collecting into a unity by means of reason the many perceptions of the senses; and this is a recollection of those things which our soul once beheld, when it journeyed with God and, lifting its vision above the things which we now say exist, rose up into real being. And therefore it is just that the mind of the philosopher only has wings, for he is always, so far as he is able, in communion through memory with those things the communion with which causes God to be divine. Now a man who employs such memories rightly is always being initiated into perfect mysteries and he alone becomes truly perfect; but since he separates himself from human interests and turns his attention toward the divine, he is rebuked by the vulgar, who consider him mad and do not know that he is inspired. All my discourse so far has been about the fourth kind of madness, which causes him to be regarded as mad, who, when he sees the beauty on earth, remembering the true beauty, feels his wings growing and longs to stretch them for an upward flight, but cannot do so, and, like a bird, gazes upward and neglects the things below. My discourse has shown that this is, of all inspirations, the best and of the highest origin to him who has it or who shares in it, and that he who loves the beautiful, partaking in this madness, is called a lover.

Socrates. For, as has been said, every soul of man has by the law of nature beheld the realities, otherwise it would not have entered into a human being, but it is not easy for all souls to gain from earthly things a recollection of those realities, either for those which had but a brief view of them at that earlier time, or for those which, after falling to earth, were so unfortunate as to be turned toward unrighteousness through some evil communications and to have forgotten the holy sights they once saw. Few then are left which retain an adequate recollection of them; but these when they see here any likeness of the things of that other world, are stricken with amazement and can no longer control themselves; but they do not understand their condition, because they do not clearly perceive. Now in the earthly copies of justice and temperance and the other ideas which are precious to souls there is no light, but only a few, approaching the images through the darkling organs of sense, behold in them the nature of

that which they imitate, and these few do this with difficulty. But at that former time they saw beauty shining in brightness, when, with a blessed company—we following in the train of Zeus, and others in that of some other god—they saw the blessed sight and vision and were initiated into that which is rightly called the most blessed of mysteries, which we celebrated in a state of perfection, when we were without experience of the evils which awaited us in the time to come, being permitted as initiates to the sight of perfect and simple and calm and happy apparitions, which we saw in the pure light, being ourselves pure and not entombed in this which we carry about with us and call the body, in which we are imprisoned like an oyster in its shell. So much, then, in honor of memory, on account of which I have now spoken at some length, through yearning for the joys of that other time. But beauty, as I said before, shone in brilliance among those visions; and since we came to earth we have found it shining most clearly through the clearest of our senses; for sight is the sharpest of the physical senses, though wisdom is not seen by it, for wisdom would arouse terrible love, if such a clear image of it were granted as would come through sight, and the same is true of the other lovely realities; but beauty alone has this privilege, and therefore it is most clearly seen and loveliest.

Socrates. Now he who is not newly initiated, or has been corrupted, does not quickly rise from this world to that other world and to absolute beauty when he sees its namesake here, and so he does not revere it when he looks upon it, but gives himself up to pleasure and like a beast proceeds to lust and begetting; he makes licence his companion and is not afraid or ashamed to pursue pleasure in violation of nature. But he who is newly initiated, who beheld many of those realities, when he sees a godlike face or form which is a good image of beauty, shudders at first, and something of the old awe comes over him, then, as he gazes, he reveres the beautiful one as a god, and if he did not fear to be thought stark mad, he would offer sacrifice to his beloved as to an idol or a god. And as he looks upon him, a reaction from his shuddering comes over him, with sweat and unwonted heat; for as the effluence of beauty enters him through the eyes, he is warmed; the effluence moistens the germ of the feathers, and as he grows warm, the parts from which the feathers grow, which were before hard and choked, and prevented the feathers from sprouting, become soft, and as the nourishment streams upon him, the quills of the feathers swell and begin to grow from the roots over all the form of the soul; for it was once all feathered. Now in this process the whole soul throbs and palpitates, and as in those who are cutting teeth there is an irritation and discomfort in the gums,

when the teeth begin to grow, just so the soul suffers when the growth of the feathers begins; it is feverish and is uncomfortable and itches when they begin to grow. Then when it gazes upon the beauty of the boy and receives the particles which flow thence to it (for which reason they are called yearning),[6] it is moistened and warmed, ceases from its pain and is filled with joy; but when it is alone and grows dry, the mouths of the passages in which the feathers begin to grow become dry and close up, shutting in the sprouting feathers, and the sprouts within, shut in with the yearning, throb like pulsing arteries, and each sprout pricks the passage in which it is, so that the whole soul, stung in every part, rages with pain; and then again, remembering the beautiful one, it rejoices. So, because of these two mingled sensations, it is greatly troubled by its strange condition; it is perplexed and maddened, and in its madness it cannot sleep at night or stay in any one place by day, but it is filled with longing and hastens wherever it hopes to see the beautiful one. And when it sees him and is bathed with the waters of yearning, the passages that were sealed are opened, the soul has respite from the stings and is eased of its pain, and this pleasure which it enjoys is the sweetest of pleasures at the time.

Socrates. Therefore the soul will not, if it can help it, be left alone by the beautiful one, but esteems him above all others, forgets for him mother and brothers and all friends, neglects property and cares not for its loss, and despising all the customs and proprieties in which it formerly took pride, it is ready to be a slave and to sleep wherever it is allowed, as near as possible to the beloved; for it not only reveres him who possesses beauty, but finds in him the only healer of its greatest woes. Now this condition, fair boy, about which I am speaking, is called Love by men, but when you hear what the gods call it, perhaps because of your youth you will laugh. But some of the Homeridae, I believe, repeat two verses on Love from the spurious poems of Homer, one of which is very outrageous and not perfectly metrical. They sing them as follows: "Mortals call him winged Love, but the immortals call himThe winged One, because he must needs grow wings."[7]You may believe this, or not; but the condition of lovers and the cause of it are just as I have said. Now he who is a follower of Zeus, when seized by love can bear a heavier burden of the winged god; but those who are servants of Ares and followed in his train, when they have been

[6]The play on the words*μέρη*and*ἵμερος*cannot be rendered accurately in English. Jowett approaches a rendering by the use of the words motion and emotion, but emotion is too weak a word for*ἵμερος*.

[7]*Homeridae*

seized by Love and think they have been wronged in any way by the beloved, become murderous and are ready to sacrifice themselves and the beloved. And so it is with the follower of each of the other gods; he lives, so far as he is able, honoring and imitating that god, so long as he is uncorrupted, and is living his first life on earth, and in that way he behaves and conducts himself toward his beloved and toward all others. Now each one chooses his love from the ranks of the beautiful according to his character, and he fashions him and adorns him like a statue, as though he were his god, to honor and worship him. The followers of Zeus desire that the soul of him whom they love be like Zeus; so they seek for one of philosophical and lordly nature, and when they find him and love him, they do all they can to give him such a character.

Socrates. If they have not previously had experience, they learn then from all who can teach them anything; they seek after information themselves, and when they search eagerly within themselves to find the nature of their god, they are successful, because they have been compelled to keep their eyes fixed upon the god, and as they reach and grasp him by memory they are inspired and receive from him character and habits, so far as it is possible for a man to have part in God. Now they consider the beloved the cause of all this, so they love him more than before, and if they draw the waters of their inspiration from Zeus, like the bacchantes, they pour it out upon the beloved and make him, so far as possible, like their god. And those who followed after Hera seek a kingly nature, and when they have found such an one, they act in a corresponding manner toward him in all respects; and likewise the followers of Apollo, and of each of the gods, go out and seek for their beloved a youth whose nature accords with that of the god, and when they have gained his affection, by imitating the god themselves and by persuasion and education they lead the beloved to the conduct and nature of the god, so far as each of them can do so; they exhibit no jealousy or meanness toward the loved one, but endeavor by every means in their power to lead him to the likeness of the god whom they honor. Thus the desire of the true lovers, and the initiation into the mysteries of love, which they teach, if they accomplish what they desire in the way I describe, is beautiful and brings happiness from the inspired lover to the loved one, if he be captured; and the fair one who is captured is caught in the following manner:— In the beginning of this tale I divided each soul into three parts, two of which had the form of horses, the third that of a charioteer. Let us retain this division. Now of the horses we say one is good and the other bad; but we did

not define what the goodness of the one and the badness of the other was. That we must now do. The horse that stands at the right hand is upright and has clean limbs; he carries his neck high, has an aquiline nose, is white in color, and has dark eyes; he is a friend of honor joined with temperance and modesty, and a follower of true glory; he needs no whip, but is guided only by the word of command and by reason. The other, however, is crooked, heavy, ill put together, his neck is short and thick, his nose flat, his color dark, his eyes grey and bloodshot; he is the friend of insolence and pride, is shaggy-eared and deaf, hardly obedient to whip and spurs.

Socrates. Now when the charioteer beholds the love-inspiring vision, and his whole soul is warmed by the sight, and is full of the tickling and prickings of yearning, the horse that is obedient to the charioteer, constrained then as always by modesty, controls himself and does not leap upon the beloved; but the other no longer heeds the pricks or the whip of the charioteer, but springs wildly forward, causing all possible trouble to his mate and to the charioteer, and forcing them to approach the beloved and propose the joys of love. And they at first pull back indignantly and will not be forced to do terrible and unlawful deeds; but finally, as the trouble has no end, they go forward with him, yielding and agreeing to do his bidding. And they come to the beloved and behold his radiant face. And as the charioteer looks upon him, his memory is borne back to the true nature of beauty, and he sees it standing with modesty upon a pedestal of chastity, and when he sees this he is afraid and falls backward in reverence, and in falling he is forced to pull the reins so violently backward as to bring both horses upon their haunches, the one quite willing, since he does not oppose him, but the unruly beast very unwilling. And as they go away, one horse in his shame and wonder wets all the soul with sweat, but the other, as soon as he is recovered from the pain of the bit and the fail, before he has fairly taken breath, breaks forth into angry reproaches, bitterly reviling his mate and the charioteer for their cowardice and lack of manhood in deserting their post and breaking their agreement; and again, in spite of their unwillingness, he urges them forward and hardly yields to their prayer that he postpone the matter to another time. Then when the time comes which they have agreed upon, they pretend that they have forgotten it, but he reminds them; struggling, and neighing, and pulling he forces them again with the same purpose to approach the beloved one, and when they are near him, he lowers his head, raises his tail, takes the bit in his teeth, and pulls shamelessly. The effect upon the charioteer is the same as before, but more

pronounced; he falls back like a racer from the starting-rope, pulls the bit backward even more violently than before from the teeth of the unruly horse, covers his scurrilous tongue and jaws with blood, and forces his legs and haunches to the ground, causing him much pain. Socrates. Now when the bad horse has gone through the same experience many times and has ceased from his unruliness, he is humbled and follows henceforth the wisdom of the charioteer, and when he sees the beautiful one, he is overwhelmed with fear; and so from that time on the soul of the lover follows the beloved in reverence and awe. Now the beloved, since he receives all service from his lover, as if he were a god, and since the lover is not feigning, but is really in love, and since the beloved himself is by nature friendly to him who serves him, although he may at some earlier time have been prejudiced by his schoolfellows or others, who said that it was a disgrace to yield to a lover, and may for that reason have repulsed his lover, yet, as time goes on, his youth and destiny cause him to admit him to his society. For it is the law of fate that evil can never be a friend to evil and that good must always be friend to good. And when the lover is thus admitted, and the privilege of conversation and intimacy has been granted him, his good will, as it shows itself in close intimacy, astonishes the beloved, who discovers that the friendship of all his other friends and relatives is as nothing when compared with that of his inspired lover. And as this intimacy continues and the lover comes near and touches the beloved in the gymnasia and in their general intercourse, then the fountain of that stream which Zeus, when he was in love with Ganymede, called "desire" flows copiously upon the lover; and some of it flows into him, and some, when he is filled, overflows outside; and just as the wind or an echo rebounds from smooth, hard surfaces and returns whence it came, so the stream of beauty passes back into the beautiful one through the eyes, the natural inlet to the soul, where it reanimates the passages of the feathers, waters them and makes the feathers begin to grow, filling the soul of the loved one with love. So he is in love, but he knows not with whom; he does not understand his own condition and cannot explain it; like one who has caught a disease of the eyes from another, he can give no reason for it; he sees himself in his lover as in a mirror, but is not conscious of the fact. And in the lover's presence, like him he ceases from his pain, and in his absence, like him he is filled with yearning such as he inspires, and love's image, requited love, dwells within him; but he calls it, and believes it to be, not love, but friendship. Like the lover, though less strongly, he desires to see his friend, to touch him, kiss him, and lie down by him; and naturally

these things are soon brought about.

Socrates. Now as they lie together, the unruly horse of the lover has something to say to the charioteer, and demands a little enjoyment in return for his many troubles; and the unruly horse of the beloved says nothing, but teeming with passion and confused emotions he embraces and kisses his lover, caressing him as his best friend; and when they lie together, he would not refuse his lover any favor, if he asked it; but the other horse and the charioteer oppose all this with modesty and reason. If now the better elements of the mind, which lead to a well ordered life and to philosophy, prevail, they live a life of happiness and harmony here on earth, self controlled and orderly, holding in subjection that which causes evil in the soul and giving freedom to that which makes for virtue; and when this life is ended they are light and winged, for they have conquered in one of the three truly Olympic contests. Neither human wisdom nor divine inspiration can confer upon man any greater blessing than this. If however they live a life less noble and without philosophy, but yet ruled by the love of honor, probably, when they have been drinking, or in some other moment of carelessness, the two unruly horses, taking the souls off their guard, will bring them together and seize upon and accomplish that which is by the many accounted blissful; and when this has once been done, they continue the practice, but infrequently, since what they are doing is not approved by the whole mind. So these two pass through life as friends, though not such friends as the others, both at the time of their love and afterwards, believing that they have exchanged the most binding pledges of love, and that they can never break them and fall into enmity. And at last, when they depart from the body, they are not winged, to be sure, but their wings have begun to grow, so that the madness of love brings them no small reward; for it is the law that those who have once begun their upward progress shall never again pass into darkness and the journey under the earth, but shall live a happy life in the light as they journey together, and because of their love shall be alike in their plumage when they receive their wings. These blessings, so great and so divine, the friendship of a lover will confer upon you, dear boy; but the affection of the non-lover, which is alloyed with mortal prudence and follows mortal and parsimonious rules of conduct, will beget in the beloved soul the narrowness which the common folk praise as virtue; it will cause the soul to be a wanderer upon the earth for nine thousand years and a fool below the earth at last.

Socrates. There, dear Love, thou hast my recantation, which I have

offered and paid as beautifully and as well as I could, especially in the poetical expressions which I was forced to employ on account of Phaedrus. Pardon, I pray, my former words and accept these words with favor; be kind and gracious to me; do not in anger take from me the art of love which thou didst give me, and deprive me not of sight, but grant unto me to be even more than now esteemed by the beautiful. And if in our former discourse Phaedrus and I said anything harsh against thee, blame Lysias, the father of that discourse, make him to cease from such speeches, and turn him, as his brother Polemarchus is turned, toward philosophy, that his lover Phaedrus may no longer hesitate, as he does now, between two ways, but may direct his life with all singleness of purpose toward love and philosophical discourses.

Phaedrus. I join in your prayer, Socrates, and pray that this may come to pass, if this is best for us. But all along I have been wondering at your discourse, you made it so much more beautiful than the first; so that I am afraid Lysias will make a poor showing, if he consents to compete with it. Indeed, lately one of the politicians was abusing him for this very thing, and through all his abusive speech kept calling him a speech-writer; so perhaps out of pride he may refrain from writing.

Socrates. That is an absurd idea, young man, and you are greatly mistaken in your friend if you think he is so much afraid of noise. Perhaps, too, you think the man who abused him believed what he was saying.

Phaedrus. He seemed to believe, Socrates; and you know yourself that the most influential and important men in our cities are ashamed to write speeches and leave writings behind them, through fear of being called sophists by posterity.

Socrates. You seem to be unacquainted with the "sweet elbow,"[8] Phaedrus, and besides the elbow, you seem not to know that the proudest of the statesmen are most fond of writing and of leaving writings behind them, since they care so much for praise that when they write a speech they add at the beginning the names of those who praise them in each instance.

Phaedrus. What do you mean? I don't understand.

[8]This is a proverbial expression, similar in meaning to our "sour grapes." The explanation given in the Mss., that the sweet elbow gets its name from the long bend, or elbow, in the Nile may be an addition by some commentator; at any rate, it hardly fits our passage.

Socrates. You don't understand that the name of the approver is written first in the writings of statesmen.

Phaedrus. How so?

Socrates. The writer says, "It was voted by the senate (or the people, or both), and so-and-so moved," mentioning his own name with great dignity and praise, then after that he goes on, displaying his own wisdom to his approvers, and sometimes making a very long document. Does it seem to you that a thing of that sort is anything else than a written speech?

Phaedrus. No, certainly not.

Socrates. Then if this speech is approved, the writer leaves the theater in great delight; but if it is not recorded and he is not granted the privilege of speech-writing and is not considered worthy to be an author, he is grieved, and his friends with him.

Phaedrus. Decidedly.

Socrates. Evidently not because they despise the profession, but because they admire it.

Phaedrus. To be sure.

Socrates. Well then, when an orator or a king is able to rival the greatness of Lycurgus or Solon or Darius and attain immortality as a writer in the state, does he not while living think himself equal to the gods, and has not posterity the same opinion of him, when they see his writings?

Phaedrus. Very true.

Socrates. Do you think, then, that any of the statesmen, no matter how ill-disposed toward Lysias, reproaches him for being a writer?

Phaedrus. It is not likely, according to what you say; for he would be casting reproach upon that which he himself desires to be.

Socrates. Then that is clear to all, that writing speeches is not in itself a disgrace.

Phaedrus. How can it be?

Socrates. But the disgrace, I fancy, consists in speaking or writing not well, but disgracefully and badly.

Phaedrus. Evidently.

Socrates. What, then, is the method of writing well or badly? Do we want to question Lysias about this, and anyone else who ever has written or will write anything, whether a public or private document, in verse or in prose, be he poet or ordinary man?

Phaedrus. You ask if we want to question them? What else should one live for, so to speak, but for such pleasures? Certainly not for those which cannot be enjoyed without previous pain, which is the case with nearly all bodily pleasures and causes them to be justly called slavish. Socrates. We have plenty of time, apparently; and besides, the locusts seem to be looking down upon us as they sing and talk with each other in the heat. Now if they should see us not conversing at mid-day, but, like most people, dozing, lulled to sleep by their song because of our mental indolence, they would quite justly laugh at us, thinking that some slaves had come to their resort and were slumbering about the fountain at noon like sheep. But if they see us conversing and sailing past them unmoved by the charm of their Siren voices, perhaps they will be pleased and give us the gift which the gods bestowed on them to give to men.

Phaedrus. What is this gift? I don't seem to have heard of it.

Socrates. It is quite improper for a lover of the Muses never to have heard of such things. The story goes that these locusts were once men, before the birth of the Muses, and when the Muses were born and song appeared, some of the men were so overcome with delight that they sang and sang, forgetting food and drink, until at last unconsciously they died. From them the locust tribe afterwards arose, and they have this gift from the Muses, that from the time of their birth they need no sustenance, but sing continually, without food or drink, until they die, when they go to the Muses and report who honors each of them on earth. They tell Terpsichore of those who have honored her in dances, and make them dearer to her; they gain the favor of Erato for the poets of love, and that of the other Muses for their votaries, according to their various ways of honoring them; and to Calliope, the eldest of the Muses, and to Urania who is next to her, they make report of those who pass their lives in philosophy and who worship these Muses who are most concerned with heaven and with thought divine and human and whose music is the sweetest. So for many reasons we ought to talk and not sleep in the noontime.

Phaedrus. Yes, we ought to talk.

Socrates. We should, then, as we were proposing just now, discuss the theory of good (or bad) speaking and writing.

Phaedrus. Clearly.

Socrates. If a speech is to be good, must not the mind of the

speaker know the truth about the matters of which he is to speak?

Phaedrus. On that point, Socrates, I have heard that one who is to be an orator does not need to know what is really just, but what would seem just to the multitude who are to pass judgment, and not what is really good or noble, but what will seem to be so; for they say that persuasion comes from what seems to be true, not from the truth.

Socrates. Phaedrus, "The word,which the wise speak must not be rejected," but we must see if they are right; so we must not pass by this which you just said.

Phaedrus. You are right.

Socrates. Let us then examine it in this way.

Phaedrus. How?

Socrates. If I should urge you to buy a horse and fight against the invaders, and neither of us knew what a horse was, but I merely knew this about you, that Phaedrus thinks a horse is the one of the tame animals which has the longest ears—

Phaedrus. It would be ridiculous, Socrates.

Socrates. No, not yet; but if I tried to persuade you in all seriousness, composing a speech in praise of the ass, which I called a horse, and saying that the beast was a most valuable possession at home and in war, that you could use him as a mount in battle, and that he was able to carry baggage and was useful for many other purposes—

Phaedrus. Then it would be supremely ridiculous.

Socrates. But is it not better to be ridiculous than to be clever and an enemy?

Phaedrus. To be sure.

Socrates. Then when the orator who does not know what good and evil are undertakes to persuade a state which is equally ignorant, not by praising the "shadow of an ass" under the name of a horse, but by praising evil under the name of good, and having studied the opinions of the multitude persuades them to do evil instead of good, what harvest do you suppose his oratory will reap thereafter from the seed he has sown?

Phaedrus. No very good harvest.

Socrates. Well, do you think we have reproached the art of speaking too harshly? Perhaps she might say:

"Why do you talk such nonsense, you strange men? I do not compel anyone to learn to speak without knowing the truth, but if my advice

is of any value, he learns that first and then acquires me. So what I claim is this, that without my help the knowledge of the truth does not give the art of persuasion."

Phaedrus. And will she be right in saying this?

Socrates. Yes, if the arguments that are coming against her testify that she is an art. For I seem, as it were, to hear some arguments approaching and protesting that she is lying and is not an art, but a craft devoid of art. A real art of speaking, says the Laconian, which does not seize hold of truth, does not exist and never will.

Phaedrus. We have need of these arguments, Socrates. Bring them here and examine their words and their meaning.

Socrates. Come here, then, noble creatures, and persuade the fair young Phaedrus that unless he pay proper attention to philosophy he will never be able to speak properly about anything. And let Phaedrus answer.

Phaedrus. Ask your questions.

Socrates. Is not rhetoric in its entire nature an art which leads the soul by means of words, not only in law courts and the various other public assemblages, but in private companies as well? And is it not the same when concerned with small things as with great, and, properly speaking, no more to be esteemed in important than in trifling matters? Is this what you have heard?

Phaedrus. No, by Zeus, not that exactly; but the art of speaking and writing is exercised chiefly in lawsuits, and that of speaking also in public assemblies; and I never heard of any further uses.

Socrates. Then you have heard only of the treatises on rhetoric by Nestor and Odysseus, which they wrote when they had nothing to do at Troy, and you have not heard of that by Palamedes?

Phaedrus. Nor of Nestor's either, unless you are disguising Gorgias under the name of Nestor and Thrasymachus or Theodorus under that of Odysseus.

Socrates. Perhaps I am. However, never mind them; but tell me, what do the parties in a lawsuit do in court? Do they not contend in speech, or what shall we say they do?

Phaedrus. Exactly that.

Socrates. About the just and the unjust?

Phaedrus. Yes.

Socrates. Then he whose speaking is an art will make the same

thing appear to the same persons at one time just and at another, if he wishes, unjust?

Phaedrus. Certainly.

Socrates. And in political speaking he will make the same things seem to the State at one time good and at another the opposite?

Phaedrus. Just so.

Socrates. Do we not know that the Eleatic Palamedes (Zeno) has such an art of speaking that the same things appear to his hearers to be alike and unlike, one and many, stationary and in motion?

Phaedrus. Certainly.

Socrates. Then the art of contention in speech is not confined to courts and political gatherings, but apparently, if it is an art at all, it would be one and the same in all kinds of speaking, the art by which a man will be able to produce a resemblance between all things between which it can be produced, and to bring to the light the resemblances produced and disguised by anyone else.

Phaedrus. What do you mean by that?

Socrates. I think it will be plain if we examine the matter in this way. Is deception easier when there is much difference between things or when there is little?

Phaedrus. When there is little.

Socrates. And if you make a transition by small steps from anything to its opposite you will be more likely to escape detection than if you proceed by leaps and bounds.

Phaedrus. Of course.

Socrates. Then he who is to deceive another, and is not to be deceived himself, must know accurately the similarity and dissimilarity of things.

Phaedrus. Yes, he must.

Socrates. Now will he be able, not knowing the truth about a given thing, to recognize in other things the great or small degree of likeness to that which he does not know?

Phaedrus. It is impossible.

Socrates. In the case, then, of those whose opinions are at variance with facts and who are deceived, this error evidently slips in through some resemblances.

Phaedrus. It does happen in that way.

Socrates. Then he who does not understand the real nature of things will not possess the art of making his hearers pass from one thing

to its opposite by leading them through the intervening resemblances, or of avoiding such deception himself?

Phaedrus. Never in the world.

Socrates. Then, my friend, he who knows not the truth, but pursues opinions, will, it seems, attain an art of speech which is ridiculous, and not an art at all.

Phaedrus. Probably.

Socrates. Shall we look in the speech of Lysias, which you have with you, and in what I said, for something which we think shows art and the lack of art?

Phaedrus. By all means, for now our talk is too abstract, since we lack sufficient examples.

Socrates. And by some special good fortune, as it seems, the two discourses contain an example of the way in which one who knows the truth may lead his hearers on with sportive words; and I, Phaedrus, think the divinities of the place are the cause thereof; and perhaps too, the prophets of the Muses, who are singing above our heads, may have granted this boon to us by inspiration; at any rate, I possess no art of speaking.

Phaedrus. So be it; only make your meaning clear.

Socrates. Read me the beginning of Lysias' discourse.

Phaedrus. You know what my condition is, and you have heard how I think it is to our advantage to arrange these matters. And I claim that I ought not to be refused what I ask because I am not your lover. For lovers repent of—

Socrates. Stop. Now we must tell what there is in this that is faulty and lacks art, must we not?

Phaedrus. Yes.

Socrates. It is clear to everyone that we are in accord about some matters of this kind and at variance about others, is it not?

Phaedrus. I think I understand your meaning, but express it still more clearly.

Socrates. When one says "iron" or "silver," we all understand the same thing, do we not?

Phaedrus. Surely.

Socrates. What if he says "justice" or "goodness"? Do we not part company, and disagree with each other and with ourselves?

Phaedrus. Certainly.

Socrates. Then in some things we agree and in others we do not.

Phaedrus. True.

Socrates. Then in which of the two are we more easy to deceive, and in which has rhetoric the greater power?

Phaedrus. Evidently in the class of doubtful things.

Socrates. Then he who is to develop an art of rhetoric must first make a methodical division and acquire a clear impression of each class, that in which people must be in doubt and that in which they are not.

Phaedrus. He who has acquired that would have conceived an excellent principle.

Socrates. Then I think when he has to do with a particular case, he will not be ignorant, but will know clearly to which of the two classes the thing belongs about which he is to speak.

Phaedrus. Of course.

Socrates. Well then, to which does Love belong? To the doubtful things or the others?

Phaedrus. To the doubtful, surely; if he did not, do you think he would have let you say what you said just now about him, that he is an injury to the beloved and to the lover, and again that he is the greatest of blessings?

Socrates. Excellent. But tell me this—for I was in such an ecstasy that I have quite forgotten—whether I defined love in the beginning of my discourse.

Phaedrus. Yes, by Zeus, and wonderfully well.

Socrates. Oh, how much more versed the nymphs, daughters of Achelous, and Pan, son of Hermes, are in the art of speech than Lysias, son of Cephalus! Or am I wrong, and did Lysias also, in the beginning of his discourse on Love, compel us to suppose Love to be some one thing which he chose to consider it, and did he then compose and finish his discourse with that in view? Shall we read the beginning of it again?

Phaedrus. If you like; but what you seek is not in it.

Socrates. Read, that I may hear Lysias himself.

Phaedrus. You know what my condition is, and you have heard how I think it is to our advantage to arrange these matters. And I claim that I ought not to be refused what I ask because I am not your lover. For lovers repent of the kindnesses they have done when their passion

ceases.

Socrates. He certainly does not at all seem to do what we demand, for he does not even begin at the beginning, but undertakes to swim on his back up the current of his discourse from its end, and begins with what the lover would say at the end to his beloved. Am I not right, Phaedrus my dear?

Phaedrus. Certainly that of which he speaks is an ending.

Socrates. And how about the rest? Don't you think the parts of the discourse are thrown out helter-skelter? Or does it seem to you that the second topic had to be put second for any cogent reason, or that any of the other things he says are so placed? It seemed to me, who am wholly ignorant, that the writer uttered boldly whatever occurred to him. Do you know any rhetorical reason why he arranged his topics in this order?

Phaedrus. You flatter me in thinking that I can discern his motives so accurately.

Socrates. But I do think you will agree to this, that every discourse must be organized, like a living being, with a body of its own, as it were, so as not to be headless or footless, but to have a middle and members, composed in fitting relation to each other and to the whole.

Phaedrus. Certainly.

Socrates. See then whether this is the case with your friend's discourse, or not. You will find that it is very like the inscription that some say is inscribed on the tomb of Midas the Phrygian.

Phaedrus. What sort of inscription is that, and what is the matter with it?

Socrates. This is it: A bronze maiden am I; and I am placed upon the tomb of Midas. So long as water runs and tall trees put forth leaves, Remaining in this very spot upon a much lamented tomb, I shall declare to passers by that Midas is buried here; and you perceive, I fancy, that it makes no difference whether any line of it is put first or last.

Phaedrus. You are making fun of our discourse, Socrates.

Socrates. Then, to spare your feelings, let us say no more of this discourse—and yet I think there were many things in it which would be useful examples to consider, though not exactly to imitate—and let us turn to the other discourses; for there was in them, I think, something which those who wish to investigate rhetoric might well examine.

Phaedrus. What do you mean?

Socrates. The two discourses were opposites; for one maintained that the lover, and the other that the non-lover, should be favored.

Phaedrus. And they did it right manfully.

Socrates. I thought you were going to speak the truth and say "madly"; however, that is just what I had in mind. We said that love was a kind of madness, did we not?

Phaedrus. Yes.

Socrates. And that there are two kinds of madness, one arising from human diseases, and the other from a divine release from the customary habits.

Phaedrus. Certainly.

Socrates. And we made four divisions of the divine madness, ascribing them to four gods, saying that prophecy was inspired by Apollo, the mystic madness by Dionysus, the poetic by the Muses, and the madness of love, inspired by Aphrodite and Eros, we said was the best. We described the passion of love in some sort of figurative manner, expressing some truth, perhaps, and perhaps being led away in another direction, and after composing a somewhat plausible discourse, we chanted a sportive and mythic hymn in meet and pious strain to the honor of your lord and mine, Phaedrus, Love, the guardian of beautiful boys.

Phaedrus. Yes, and I found it very pleasant to hear.

Socrates. Here let us take up this point and see how the discourse succeeded in passing from blame to praise.

Phaedrus. What do you mean?

Socrates. It seems to me that the discourse was, as a whole, really sportive jest; but in these chance utterances were involved two principles, the essence of which it would be gratifying to learn, if art could teach it.

Phaedrus. What principles?

Socrates. That of perceiving and bringing together in one idea the scattered particulars, that one may make clear by definition the particular thing which he wishes to explain; just as now, in speaking of Love, we said what he is and defined it, whether well or ill. Certainly by this means the discourse acquired clearness and consistency.

Phaedrus. And what is the other principle, Socrates?

Socrates. That of dividing things again by classes, where the natural

joints are, and not trying to break any part, after the manner of a bad carver. As our two discourses just now assumed one common principle, unreason, and then, just as the body, which is one, is naturally divisible into two, right and left, with parts called by the same names, so our two discourses conceived of madness as naturally one principle within us, and one discourse, cutting off the left-hand part, continued to divide this until it found among its parts a sort of left-handed love, which it very justly reviled, but the other discourse, leading us to the right-hand part of madness, found a love having the same name as the first, but divine, which it held up to view and praised as the author of our greatest blessings.

Phaedrus. Very true.

Socrates. Now I myself, Phaedrus, am a lover of these processes of division and bringing together, as aids to speech and thought; and if I think any other man is able to see things that can naturally be collected into one and divided into many, him I follow after and "walk in his footsteps as if he were a god."*Home. Od. 5.193* *ὃ δ' ἔπειτα μετ' ἴχνια βαῖνε θεοῖο*, and he walked in the footsteps of the god. And whether the name I give to those who can do this is right or wrong, God knows, but I have called them hitherto dialecticians. But tell me now what name to give to those who are taught by you and Lysias, or is this that art of speech by means of which Thrasymachus and the rest have become able speakers themselves, and make others so, if they are willing to pay them royal tribute?

Phaedrus. They are royal men, but not trained in the matters about which you ask. I think you give this method the right name when you call it dialectic; but it seems to me that rhetoric still escapes us.

Socrates. What do you mean? Can there be anything of importance, which is not included in these processes and yet comes under the head of art? Certainly you and I must not neglect it, but must say what it is that remains of rhetoric.

Phaedrus. A great many things remain, Socrates, the things that are written in the books on rhetoric.

Socrates. Thank you for reminding me. You mean that there must be an introduction first, at the beginning of the discourse; these are the things you mean, are they not?—the niceties of the art.

Phaedrus. Yes.

Socrates. And the narrative must come second with the testimony

after it, and third the proofs, and fourth the probabilities; and confirmation and further confirmation are mentioned, I believe, by the man from Byzantium, that most excellent artist in words.

Phaedrus. You mean the worthy Theodorus?

Socrates. Of course. And he tells how refutation and further refutation must be accomplished, both in accusation and in defence. Shall we not bring the illustrious Parian, Evenus, into our discussion, who invented covert allusion and indirect praises? And some say that he also wrote indirect censures, composing them in verse as an aid to memory; for he is a clever man. And shall we leave Gorgias and Tisias undisturbed, who saw that probabilities are more to be esteemed than truths, who make small things seem great and great things small by the power of their words, and new things old and old things the reverse, and who invented conciseness of speech and measureless length on all subjects? And once when Prodicus heard these inventions, he laughed, and said that he alone had discovered the art of proper speech, that discourses should be neither long nor short, but of reasonable length.

Phaedrus. O Prodicus! How clever!

Socrates. And shall we not mention Hippias, our friend from Elis? I think he would agree with him.

Phaedrus. Oh yes.

Socrates. And what shall we say of Polus and his shrines of learned speech, such as duplication and sententiousness and figurativeness, and what of the names with which Licymnius presented him to effect beautiful diction?

Phaedrus. Were there not some similar inventions of Protagoras, Socrates?

Socrates. Yes, my boy, correctness of diction, and many other fine things. For tearful speeches, to arouse pity for old age and poverty, I think the precepts of the mighty Chalcedonian hold the palm, and he is also a genius, as he said, at rousing large companies to wrath, and soothing them again by his charms when they are angry, and most powerful in devising and abolishing calumnies on any grounds whatsoever. But all seem to be in agreement concerning the conclusion of discourses, which some call recapitulation, while others give it some other name.

Phaedrus. You mean making a summary of the points of the speech at the end of it, so as to remind the hearers of what has been said?

Socrates. These are the things I mean, these and anything else you can mention concerned with the art of rhetoric.

Phaedrus. There are only little things, not worth mentioning.

Socrates. Never mind the little things; let us bring these other things more under the light and see what force of art they have and when.

Phaedrus. They have a very powerful force, at least in large assemblies.

Socrates. They have; but my friend, see if you agree with me in thinking that their warp has gaps in it.

Phaedrus. Go on and show them.

Socrates. Tell me; if anyone should go to your friend Eryximachus or to his father Acumenus and should say

"I know how to apply various drugs to people, so as to make them warm or, if I wish, cold, and I can make them vomit, if I like, or can make their bowels move, and all that sort of thing; and because of this knowledge I claim that I am a physician and can make any other man a physician, to whom I impart the knowledge of these things"; what do you think they would say?

Phaedrus. They would ask him, of course, whether he knew also whom he ought to cause to do these things, and when, and how much.

Socrates. If then he should say:

"No, not at all; but I think that he who has learned these things from me will be able to do by himself the things you ask about?"

Phaedrus. They would say, I fancy, that the man was crazy and, because he had read something in a book or had stumbled upon some medicines, imagined that he was a physician when he really had no knowledge of the art.

Socrates. And what if someone should go to Sophocles or Euripides and should say that he knew how to make very long speeches about a small matter, and very short ones about a great affair, and pitiful utterances, if he wished, and again terrible and threatening ones, and all that sort of thing, and that he thought by imparting those things he could teach the art of writing tragedies?

Phaedrus. They also, I fancy, Socrates, would laugh at him, if he imagined that tragedy was anything else than the proper combination of these details in such a way that they harmonize with each other and with the whole composition.

Socrates. But they would not, I suppose, rebuke him harshly, but

they would behave as a musician would, if he met a man who thought he understood harmony because he could strike the highest and lowest notes. He would not say roughly,

"You wretch, you are mad," but being a musician, he would say in gentler tones,

"My friend, he who is to be a harmonist must know these things you mention, but nothing prevents one who is at your stage of knowledge from being quite ignorant of harmony. You know the necessary preliminaries of harmony, but not harmony itself."

Phaedrus. Quite correct.

Socrates. So Sophocles would say that the man exhibited the preliminaries of tragedy, not tragedy itself, and Acumenus that he knew the preliminaries of medicine, not medicine itself.

Phaedrus. Exactly so.

Socrates. Well then, if the mellifluous Adrastus[9] or Pericles heard of the excellent accomplishments which we just enumerated, brachylogies and figurative speech and all the other things we said we must bringto the light and examine, do we suppose they would, like you and me, be so ill-bred as to speak discourteously of those who have written and taught these things as the art of rhetoric? Would they not, since they are wiser than we, censure us also and say,

"Phaedrus and Socrates, we ought not to be angry, but lenient, if certain persons who are ignorant of dialectics have been unable to define the nature of rhetoric and on this account have thought, when they possessed the knowledge that is a necessary preliminary to rhetoric, that they had discovered rhetoric, and believe that by teaching these preliminaries to others they have taught them rhetoric completely, and that the persuasive use of these details and the composition of the whole discourse is a small matter which their pupils must supply of themselves in their writings or speeches."

Phaedrus. Well, Socrates, it does seem as if that which those men teach and write about as the art of rhetoric were such as you describe. I think you are right. But how and from whom is the truly rhetorical and persuasive art to be acquired?

Socrates. Whether one can acquire it, so as to become a perfect

[9] "*οὐδ' εἰ Ταντα̃λίδεω Πέλοπος βασιλεύτερος εἴη γλω̃σσαν δ' Ἀδρήστου μειλιχόγηρυν ἔχοι*", not even if he were more kingly than Pelops and had the mellifluous tongue of Adrastus. Perhaps the orator Antiphon is referred to under the name of Adstratus, cf. chapter xliii. above.

orator, Phaedrus, is probably, and perhaps must be, dependent on conditions, like everything else. If you are naturally rhetorical, you will become a notable orator, when to your natural endowments you have added knowledge and practice; at whatever point you are deficient in these, you will be incomplete. But so far as the art is concerned, I do not think the quest of it lies along the path of Lysias and Thrasymachus.

Phaedrus. Where then?

Socrates. I suppose, my friend, Pericles is the most perfect orator in existence.

Phaedrus. Well?

Socrates. All great arts demand discussion and high speculation about nature; for this loftiness of mind and effectiveness in all directions seem somehow to come from such pursuits. This was in Pericles added to his great natural abilities; for it was, I think, his falling in with Anaxagoras, who was just such a man, that filled him with high thoughts and taught him the nature of mind and of lack of mind, subjects about which Anaxagoras used chiefly to discourse, and from these speculations he drew and applied to the art of speaking what is of use to it.

Phaedrus. What do you mean by that?

Socrates. The method of the art of healing is much the same as that of rhetoric.

Phaedrus. How so?

Socrates. In both cases you must analyze a nature, in one that of the body and in the other that of the soul, if you are to proceed in a scientific manner, not merely by practice and routine, to impart health and strength to the body by prescribing medicine and diet, or by proper discourses and training to give to the soul the desired belief and virtue.

Phaedrus. That, Socrates, is probably true.

Socrates. Now do you think one can acquire any appreciable knowledge of the nature of the soul without knowing the nature of the whole man?

Phaedrus. If Hippocrates the Asclepiad is to be trusted, one cannot know the nature of the body, either, except in that way.

Socrates. He is right, my friend; however, we ought not to be content with the authority of Hippocrates, but to see also if our reason agrees with him on examination.

Phaedrus. I assent.

Socrates. Then see what Hippocrates and true reason say about nature. In considering the nature of anything, must we not consider first, whether that in respect to which we wish to be learned ourselves and to make others learned is simple or multiform, and then, if it is simple, enquire what power of acting it possesses, or of being acted upon, and by what, and if it has many forms, number them, and then see in the case of each form, as we did in the case of the simple nature, what its action is and how it is acted upon and by what?

Phaedrus. Very likely, Socrates.

Socrates. At any rate, any other mode of procedure would be like the progress of a blind man. Yet surely he who pursues any study scientifically ought not to be comparable to a blind or a deaf man, but evidently the man whose rhetorical teaching is a real art will explain accurately the nature of that to which his words are to be addressed, and that is the soul, is it not?

Phaedrus. Of course.

Socrates. Then this is the goal of all his effort; he tries to produce conviction in the soul. Is not that so?

Phaedrus. Yes.

Socrates. So it is clear that Thrasymachus, or anyone else who seriously teaches the art of rhetoric, will first describe the soul with perfect accuracy and make us see whether it is one and all alike, or, like the body, of multiform aspect; for this is what we call explaining its nature.

Phaedrus. Certainly.

Socrates. And secondly he will say what its action is and toward what it is directed, or how it is acted upon and by what.

Phaedrus. To be sure.

Socrates. Thirdly, he will classify the speeches and the souls and will adapt each to the other, showing the causes of the effects produced and why one kind of soul is necessarily persuaded by certain classes of speeches, and another is not.

Phaedrus. That would, I think, be excellent.

Socrates. By no other method of exposition or speech will this, or anything else, ever be written or spoken with real art. But those whom you have heard, who write treatises on the art of speech nowadays, are deceivers and conceal the nature of the soul, though they know it very

well. Until they write and speak by this method we cannot believe that they write by the rules of art.

Phaedrus. What is this method?

Socrates. It is not easy to tell the exact expressions to be used; but I will tell how one must write, if one is to do it, so far as possible, in a truly artistic way.

Phaedrus. Speak then.

Socrates. Since it is the function of speech to lead souls by persuasion, he who is to be a rhetorician must know the various forms of soul. Now they are so and so many and of such and such kinds, wherefore men also are of different kinds: these we must classify. Then there are also various classes of speeches, to one of which every speech belongs. So men of a certain sort are easily persuaded by speeches of a certain sort for a certain reason to actions or beliefs of a certain sort, and men of another sort cannot be so persuaded. The student of rhetoric must, accordingly, acquire a proper knowledge of these classes and then be able to follow them accurately with his senses when he sees them in the practical affairs of life; otherwise he can never have any profit from the lectures he may have heard.

Socrates. But when he has learned to tell what sort of man is influenced by what sort of speech, and is able, if he comes upon such a man, to recognize him and to convince himself that this is the man and this now actually before him is the nature spoken of in a certain lecture, to which he must now make a practical application of a certain kind of speech in a certain way to persuade his hearer to a certain action or belief—when he has acquired all this, and has added thereto a knowledge of the times for speaking and for keeping silence, and has also distinguished the favorable occasions for brief speech or pitiful speech or intensity and all the classes of speech which he has learned, then, and not till then, will his art be fully and completely finished; and if anyone who omits any of these points in his speaking or writing claims to speak by the rules of art, the one who disbelieves him is the better man.

"Now then," perhaps the writer of our treatise will say,

"Phaedrus and Socrates, do you agree to all this? Or must the art of speech be described in some other way?"

Phaedrus. No other way is possible, Socrates. But it seems a great task to attain to it.

Socrates. Very true. Therefore you must examine all that has been said from every point of view, to see if no shorter and easier road to the art appears, that one may not take a long and rough road, when there is a short and smooth one. If you have heard from Lysias or

anyone else anything that can help us, try to remember it and tell it.

Phaedrus. If it depended on trying, I might, but just now I have nothing to say.

Socrates. Then shall I tell something that I have heard some of those say who make these matters their business?

Phaedrus. Pray do.

Socrates. Even the wolf, you know, Phaedrus, has a right to an advocate, as they say.

Phaedrus. Do you be his advocate.

Socrates. Very well. They say that there is no need of treating these matters with such gravity and carrying them back so far to first principles with many words; for, as we said in the beginning of this discussion, he who is to be a competent rhetorician need have nothing at all to do, they say, with truth in considering things which are just or good, or men who are so, whether by nature or by education. For in the courts, they say, nobody cares for truth about these matters, but for that which is convincing; and that is probability, so that he who is to be an artist in speech must fix his attention upon probability. For sometimes one must not even tell what was actually done, if it was not likely to be done, but what was probable, whether in accusation or defence; and in brief, a speaker must always aim at probability, paying no attention to truth; for this method, if pursued throughout the whole speech, provides us with the entire art.

Phaedrus. You have stated just what those say who pretend to possess the art of speech, Socrates. I remember that we touched upon this matter briefly before,[10] but the professional rhetoricians think it is of great importance.

Socrates. Well, there is Tisias whom you have studied carefully; now let Tisias himself tell us if he does not say that probability is that which most people think.

Phaedrus. That is just what he says.

Socrates. Apparently after he had invented this clever scientific definition, he wrote that if a feeble and brave man assaulted a strong coward, robbed him of his cloak or something, and was brought to trial for it, neither party ought to speak the truth; the coward should say that he had not been assaulted by the brave man alone, whereas the other should prove that only they two were present and should use the well-known argument,

[10] See *Plat. Phaedrus 259e.*

"How could a little man like me assault such a man as he is?" The coward will not acknowledge his cowardice, but will perhaps try to invent some other lie, and thus give his opponent a chance to confute him. And in other cases there are other similar rules of art. Is that not so, Phaedrus?

Phaedrus. Certainly.

Socrates. Oh, a wonderfully hidden art it seems to be which Tisias has brought to light, or some other, whoever he may be and whatever country he is proud to call his own! But, my friend, shall we say in reply to this, or shall we not—

Phaedrus. What?

Socrates.

"Tisias, some time ago, before you came along, we were saying that this probability of yours was accepted by the people because of its likeness to truth; and we just stated that he who knows the truth is always best able to discover likenesses. And so, if you have anything else to say about the art of speech, we will listen to you; but if not, we will put our trust in what we said just now, that unless a man take account of the characters of his hearers and is able to divide things by classes and to comprehend particulars under a general idea, he will never attain the highest human perfection in the art of speech. But this ability he will not gain without much diligent toil, which a wise man ought not to undergo for the sake of speaking and acting before men, but that he may be able to speak and to do everything, so far as possible, in a manner pleasing to the gods."

Socrates.

"For those who are wiser than we, Tisias, say that a man of sense should surely practice to please not his fellow slaves, except as a secondary consideration, but his good and noble masters. Therefore, if the path is long, be not astonished; for it must be trodden for great ends, not for those you have in mind. Yet your ends also, as our argument says, will be best gained in this way, if one so desires."

Phaedrus. I think what you have said is admirable, if one could only do it.

Socrates. But it is noble to strive after noble objects, no matter what happens to us.

Phaedrus. Certainly.

Socrates. We have, then, said enough about the art of speaking and that which is no art.

Phaedrus. Assuredly.

Socrates. But we have still to speak of propriety and impropriety

in writing, how it should be done and how it is improper, have we not?

Phaedrus. Yes.

Socrates. Do you know how you can act or speak about rhetoric so as to please God best?

Phaedrus. Not at all; do you?

Socrates. I can tell something I have heard of the ancients; but whether it is true, they only know. But if we ourselves should find it out, should we care any longer for human opinions?

Phaedrus. A ridiculous question! But tell me what you say you have heard.

Socrates. I heard, then, that at Naucratis, in Egypt, was one of the ancient gods of that country, the one whose sacred bird is called the ibis, and the name of the god himself was Theuth. He it was who invented numbers and arithmetic and geometry and astronomy, also draughts and dice, and, most important of all, letters. Now the king of all Egypt at that time was the god Thamus, who lived in the great city of the upper region, which the Greeks call the Egyptian Thebes, and they call the god himself Ammon. To him came Theuth to show his inventions, saying that they ought to be imparted to the other Egyptians. But Thamus asked what use there was in each, and as Theuth enumerated their uses, expressed praise or blame, according as he approved or disapproved. The story goes that Thamus said many things to Theuth in praise or blame of the various arts, which it would take too long to repeat; but when they came to the letters,

"This invention, O king," said Theuth,

"will make the Egyptians wiser and will improve their memories; for it is an elixir of memory and wisdom that I have discovered."

Socrates. But Thamus replied,

"Most ingenious Theuth, one man has the ability to beget arts, but the ability to judge of their usefulness or harmfulness to their users belongs to another; and now you, who are the father of letters, have been led by your affection to ascribe to them a power the opposite of that which they really possess. For this invention will produce forgetfulness in the minds of those who learn to use it, because they will not practice their memory. Their trust in writing, produced by external characters which are no part of themselves, will discourage the use of their own memory within them. You have invented an elixir not of memory, but of reminding; and you offer your pupils the appearance of wisdom, not true wisdom, for they will read many things without

instruction and will therefore seem to know many things, when they are for the most part ignorant and hard to get along with, since they are not wise, but only appear wise."

Phaedrus. Socrates, you easily make up stories of Egypt or any country you please.

Socrates. They used to say, my friend, that the words of the oak in the holy place of Zeus at Dodona were the first prophetic utterances. The people of that time, not being so wise as you young folks, were content in their simplicity to hear an oak or a rock, provided only it spoke the truth; but to you, perhaps, it makes a difference who the speaker is and where he comes from, for you do not consider only whether his words are true or not.

Phaedrus. Your rebuke is just; and I think the Theban is right in what he says about letters.

Socrates. He who thinks, then, that he has left behind him any art in writing, and he who receives it in the belief that anything in writing will be clear and certain, would be an utterly simple person, and in truth ignorant of the prophecy of Ammon, if he thinks written words are of any use except to remind him who knows the matter about which they are written.

Phaedrus. Very true.

Socrates. Writing, Phaedrus, has this strange quality, and is very like painting; for the creatures of painting stand like living beings, but if one asks them a question, they preserve a solemn silence. And so it is with written words; you might think they spoke as if they had intelligence, but if you question them, wishing to know about their sayings, they always say only one and the same thing. And every word, when once it is written, is bandied about, alike among those who understand and those who have no interest in it, and it knows not to whom to speak or not to speak; when ill-treated or unjustly reviled it always needs its father to help it; for it has no power to protect or help itself.

Phaedrus. You are quite right about that, too.

Socrates. Now tell me; is there not another kind of speech, or word, which shows itself to be the legitimate brother of this bastard one, both in the manner of its begetting and in its better and more powerful nature?

Phaedrus. What is this word and how is it begotten, as you say?

Socrates. The word which is written with intelligence in the mind

of the learner, which is able to defend itself and knows to whom it should speak, and before whom to be silent.

Phaedrus. You mean the living and breathing word of him who knows, of which the written word may justly be called the image.

Socrates. Exactly. Now tell me this. Would a sensible husbandman, who has seeds which he cares for and which he wishes to bear fruit, plant them with serious purpose in the heat of summer in some garden of Adonis, and delight in seeing them appear in beauty in eight days, or would he do that sort of thing, when he did it at all, only in play and for amusement? Would he not, when he was in earnest, follow the rules of husbandry, plant his seeds in fitting ground, and be pleased when those which he had sowed reached their perfection in the eighth month?

Phaedrus. Yes, Socrates, he would, as you say, act in that way when in earnest and in the other way only for amusement.

Socrates. And shall we suppose that he who has knowledge of the just and the good and beautiful has less sense about his seeds than the husbandman?

Phaedrus. By no means.

Socrates. Then he will not, when in earnest, write them in ink, sowing them through a pen with words which cannot defend themselves by argument and cannot teach the truth effectually.

Phaedrus. No, at least, probably not.

Socrates. No. The gardens of letters he will, it seems, plant for amusement, and will write, when he writes, to treasure up reminders for himself, when he comes to the forgetfulness of old age, and for others who follow the same path, and he will be pleased when he sees them putting forth tender leaves. When others engage in other amusements, refreshing themselves with banquets and kindred entertainments, he will pass the time in such pleasures as I have suggested.

Phaedrus. A noble pastime, Socrates, and a contrast to those base pleasures, the pastime of the man who can find amusement in discourse, telling stories about justice, and the other subjects of which you speak.
Socrates. Yes, Phaedrus, so it is; but, in my opinion, serious discourse about them is far nobler, when one employs the dialectic method and

plants and sows in a fitting soul intelligent words which are able to help themselves and him who planted them, which are not fruitless, but yield seed from which there spring up in other minds other words capable of continuing the process for ever, and which make their possessor happy, to the farthest possible limit of human happiness.

Phaedrus. Yes, that is far nobler.

Socrates. And now, Phaedrus, since we have agreed about these matters, we can decide the others.

Phaedrus. What others?

Socrates. Those which brought us to this point through our desire to investigate them, for we wished to examine into the reproach against Lysias as a speechwriter,[11] and also to discuss the speeches themselves and see which were the products of art and which were not. I think we have shown pretty clearly what is and what is not a work of art.

Phaedrus. Yes, I thought so, too; but please recall to my mind what was said.

Socrates. A man must know the truth about all the particular things of which he speaks or writes, and must be able to define everything separately; then when he has defined them, he must know how to divide them by classes until further division is impossible; and in the same way he must understand the nature of the soul, must find out the class of speech adapted to each nature, and must arrange and adorn his discourse accordingly, offering to the complex soul elaborate and harmonious discourses, and simple talks to the simple soul. Until he has attained to all this, he will not be able to speak by the method of art, so far as speech can be controlled by method, either for purposes of instruction or of persuasion. This has been taught by our whole preceding discussion.

Phaedrus. Yes, certainly, that is just about our result.

Socrates. How about the question whether it is a fine or a disgraceful thing to be a speaker or writer and under what circumstances the profession might properly be called a disgrace or not? Was that made clear a little while ago when we said—

Phaedrus. What?

Socrates. That if Lysias or anyone else ever wrote or ever shall write, in private, or in public as lawgiver, a political document, and in writing it believes that it possesses great certainty and clearness, then it is a disgrace to the writer, whether anyone says so, or not. For whether one be awake or asleep, ignorance of right and wrong and

[11] See *Plat. Phaedrus 257c.*

good and bad is in truth inevitably a disgrace, even if the whole mob applaud it.

Phaedrus. That is true.

Socrates. But the man who thinks that in the written word there is necessarily much that is playful, and that no written discourse, whether in meter or in prose, deserves to be treated very seriously (and this applies also to the recitations of the rhapsodes, delivered to sway people's minds, without opportunity for questioning and teaching), but that the best of them really serve only to remind us of what we know; and who thinks that only in words about justice and beauty and goodness spoken by teachers for the sake of instruction and really written in a soul is clearness and perfection and serious value, that such words should be considered the speaker's own legitimate offspring, first the word within himself, if it be found there, and secondly its descendants or brothers which may have sprung up in worthy manner in the souls of others, and who pays no attention to the other words,—that man, Phaedrus, is likely to be such as you and I might pray that we ourselves may become.

Phaedrus. By all means that is what I wish and pray for.

Socrates. We have amused ourselves with talk about words long enough. Go and tell Lysias that you and I came down to the fountain and sacred place of the nymphs, and heard words which they told us to repeat to Lysias and anyone else who composed speeches, and to Homer or any other who has composed poetry with or without musical accompaniment, and third to Solon and whoever has written political compositions which he calls laws: If he has composed his writings with knowledge of the truth, and is able to support them by discussion of that which he has written, and has the power to show by his own speech that the written words are of little worth, such a man ought not to derive his title from such writings, but from the serious pursuit which underlies them.

Phaedrus. What titles do you grant them then?

Socrates. I think, Phaedrus, that the epithet "wise" is too great and befits God alone; but the name "philosopher," that is, "lover of wisdom," or something of the sort would be more fitting and modest for such a man.

Phaedrus. And quite appropriate.

Socrates. On the other hand, he who has nothing more valuable than the things he has composed or written, turning his words up and down at his leisure, adding this phrase and taking that away, will you not properly address him as poet or writer of speeches or of laws?

Phaedrus. Certainly.

Socrates. Tell this then to your friend.

Phaedrus. But what will you do? For your friend ought not to be passed by.

Socrates. What friend?

Phaedrus. The fair Isocrates. What message will you give him? What shall we say that he is?

Socrates. Isocrates is young yet, Phaedrus; however, I am willing to say what I prophesy for him.

Phaedrus. What is it?

Socrates. I think he has a nature above the speeches of Lysias and possesses a nobler character; so that I should not be surprised if, as he grows older, he should so excel in his present studies that all who have ever treated of rhetoric shall seem less than children; and I suspect that these studies will not satisfy him, but a more divine impulse will lead him to greater things; for my friend, something of philosophy is inborn in his mind. This is the message that I carry from these deities to my favorite Isocrates, and do you carry the other to Lysias, your favorite.

Phaedrus. It shall be done; but now let us go, since the heat has grown gentler.

Socrates. Is it not well to pray to the deities here before we go?

Phaedrus. Of course.

Socrates. O beloved Pan and all ye other gods of this place, grant to me that I be made beautiful in my soul within, and that all external possessions be in harmony with my inner man. May I consider the wise man rich; and may I have such wealth as only the self-restrained man can bear or endure.—Do we need anything more, Phaedrus? For me that prayer is enough.

Phaedrus. Let me also share in this prayer; for friends have all things in common.

Socrates. Let us go.

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