Symposium

PLATO

c. 428–348 BC

Symposium

Συμπόσιον

Translated from the Greek with AI (Claude) and edited



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Symposium · Plato (c. 428–348 BC)

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INTRODUCTION

At a dinner party in 416 BC, celebrating the playwright Agathon's first victory, the guests decide to skip the heavy drinking and each give a speech in praise of Love.

What follows is Plato at his most brilliant and funniest: Aristophanes' tale of the round people split in two, Socrates' account of what the priestess Diotima taught him about the ladder of love, and a drunk Alcibiades crashing the party to tell the truth about Socrates.

Symposium

Athens. Apollodorus retells a story he heard from Aristodemus.
Guests at Agathon's dinner give speeches praising Love, and Alcibiades praises Socrates.

GREEK

ENGLISH

172a **APOLLODORUS** δοκῶ μοι περὶ ὧν πυνθάνεσθε οὐκ ἀμελέτητος εἶναι. καὶ γὰρ ἐτύγχανον πρῴην εἰς ἄστυ οἴκοθεν ἀνιὼν Φαληρόθεν· τῶν οὖν γνωρίμων τις ὄπισθεν κατιδών με πόρρωθεν ἐκάλεσε, καὶ παίζων ἅμα τῇ κλήσει, "ὦ Φαληρεύς," ἔφη, "οὗτος Ἀπολλόδωρος, οὐ περιμένεις;" κἀγὼ ἐπιστὰς περιέμεινα. καὶ ὅς, "Ἀπολλόδωρε," ἔφη, "καὶ μὴν καὶ ἔναγχός σε ἐζήτουν βουλόμενος διαπυθέσθαι τὴν Ἀγάθωνος συνουσίαν 172b καὶ Σωκράτους καὶ Ἀλκιβιάδου καὶ τῶν ἄλλων τῶν τότε ἐν τῷ συνδείπνῳ παραγενομένων, περὶ τῶν ἐρωτικῶν λόγων τίνες ἦσαν· ἄλλος γάρ τίς μοι διηγεῖτο ἀκηκοὼς Φοίνικος τοῦ Φιλίππου, ἔφη δὲ καὶ σὲ εἰδέναι. ἀλλὰ γὰρ οὐδὲν εἶχε σαφὲς λέγειν. σὺ οὖν μοι διήγησαι· δικαιότατος γὰρ εἶ τοὺς τοῦ ἑταίρου λόγους ἀπαγγέλλειν.

APOLLODORUS I think I'm not unprepared for what you're asking about. As it happens, the day before yesterday I was going up to town from my home in Phalerum, when one of my acquaintances caught sight of me from behind and called to me from a distance, making a joke of the summons as he did: "Hey, you from Phalerum! You there, Apollodorus! Won't you wait?" So I stopped and waited. And he said, "Apollodorus, I was looking for you just recently, as a matter of fact. I wanted to hear all about the party at Agathon's 172b with Socrates and Alcibiades and the others who were at the dinner that time—what the speeches about love were. Someone else was telling me about it, who'd heard it from Phoenix, son of Philip, and he said you knew too. But he couldn't tell me anything clearly. So you tell me. You're the one with the best right to report your friend's words.[1]

172b πρότερον δέ μοι," ἦ δ' ὅς, "εἰπέ, σὺ αὐτὸς παρεγένου τῇ συνουσίᾳ ταύτῃ ἢ οὔ;" κἀγὼ εἶπον ὅτι "παντάπασιν ἔοικέ σοι οὐδὲν διηγεῖσθαι 172c σαφὲς ὁ διηγούμενος, εἰ νεωστὶ ἡγῇ τὴν συνουσίαν γεγονέναι ταύτην ἣν ἐρωτᾷς, ὥστε καὶ ἐμὲ παραγενέσθαι." "ἐγώ γε δή," ἔφη. "πόθεν, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, ὦ Γλαύκων; οὐκ οἶσθ' ὅτι πολλῶν ἐτῶν Ἀγάθων ἐνθάδε οὐκ ἐπιδεδήμηκεν, ἀφ' οὗ δ' ἐγὼ Σωκράτει συνδιατρίβω καὶ ἐπιμελὲς πεποίημαι ἑκάστης ἡμέρας εἰδέναι ὅτι ἂν λέγῃ ἢ πράττῃ, οὐδέπω τρία ἔτη ἐστίν;"

But first tell me," he said, "were you at this party yourself, or not?" And I said, "It really does seem your informant told you nothing 172c clearly, if you think the party you're asking about happened so recently that I could have been there too." "I certainly did think so," he said. "How could that be, Glaucon?" I said. "Don't you know that Agathon hasn't lived here for many years? And it isn't yet three years since I started spending my time with Socrates and made it my business to know every day whatever he says or does.

173a "πρὸ τοῦ δὲ περιτρέχων ὅπῃ τύχοιμι καὶ οἰόμενος τὶ ποιεῖν ἀθλιώτερος ἦ ὁτουοῦν, οὐχ ἧττον ἢ σὺ νυνί, οἰόμενος δεῖν πάντα μᾶλλον πράττειν ἢ φιλοσοφεῖν." καὶ ὅς, "μὴ σκῶπτ'," ἔφη, "ἀλλ' εἰπέ μοι πότε ἐγένετο ἡ συνουσία αὕτη." κἀγὼ εἶπον ὅτι "παίδων ὄντων ἡμῶν ἔτι, ὅτε τῇ πρώτῃ τραγῳδίᾳ ἐνίκησεν Ἀγάθων, τῇ ὑστεραίᾳ ἢ ᾗ τὰ ἐπινίκια ἔθυεν αὐτός τε καὶ οἱ χορευταί." "πάνυ,"

"Before that I was running around wherever chance took me, thinking I was accomplishing something, when I was more miserable than anyone—no less than you are now, thinking you should do anything rather than philosophy." And he said, "Don't mock me. Just tell me when this party took place." And I said, "When we were still

1 Phalerum was a harbor village on the coast a few miles from the city of Athens.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ἔφη, “ἆρα πάλαι, ὡς ἔοικεν. ἀλλὰ τίς σοι διηγεῖτο; ἢ αὐτὸς Σωκράτης;” 173b “οὐ μὰ τὸν Δία,” ἦν δ’ ἐγώ, “ἀλλ’ ὅσπερ Φοίνικι. Ἀριστόδημος ἦν τις, Κυδαθηναιεύς, σμικρός, ἀνυπόδητος ἀεί· παρεγεγόνει δ’ ἐν τῇ συνουσίᾳ, Σωκράτους ἐραστὴς ὢν ἐν τοῖς μάλιστα τῶν τότε, ὡς ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ.	children, when Agathon won with his first tragedy —the day after he and his chorus held the sacrifice for the victory.” “Then it really was a long time ago, it seems,” he said. “But who told you about it? Socrates himself?” 173b “No, by Zeus,” I said, “the same man who told Phoenix. It was Aristodemus, from Cydathenaeum—a small man, always barefoot. He’d been at the party, since he was one of Socrates’ most devoted lovers in those days, I think.[2]
173b	οὐ μέντοι ἀλλὰ καὶ Σωκράτη γε ἔνια ἤδη ἀνηρόμην ὧν ἐκείνου ἤκουσα, καί μοι ὡμολόγει καθάπερ ἐκεῖνος διηγεῖτο.” “τί οὖν,” ἔφη, “οὐ διηγήσω μοι; πάντως δὲ ἡ ὁδὸς ἡ εἰς ἄστυ ἐπιτηδεία πορευομένοις καὶ λέγειν καὶ ἀκούειν.”	Still, I’ve also asked Socrates about some of the things I heard from Aristodemus, and he agreed they were as Aristodemus told them.” “Well then,” he said, “why not tell me? The road into town is just the thing for talking and listening as we go.”
	οὕτω δὴ ἰόντες ἅμα τοὺς λόγους περὶ αὐτῶν ἐποιούμεθα, 173c ὥστε, ὅπερ ἀρχόμενος εἶπον, οὐκ ἀμελετήτως ἔχω. εἰ οὖν δεῖ καὶ ὑμῖν διηγήσασθαι, ταῦτα χρὴ ποιεῖν. καὶ γὰρ ἔγωγε καὶ ἄλλως, ὅταν μέν τινας περὶ φιλοσοφίας λόγους ἢ αὐτὸς ποιῶμαι ἢ ἄλλων ἀκούω, χωρὶς τοῦ οἴεσθαι ὠφελεῖσθαι ὑπερφυῶς ὡς χαίρω· ὅταν δὲ ἄλλους τινάς, ἄλλως τε καὶ τοὺς ὑμετέρους τοὺς τῶν πλουσίων καὶ χρηματιστικῶν, αὐτός τε ἄχθομαι ὑμᾶς τε τοὺς ἑταίρους ἐλεῶ, ὅτι οἴεσθε τὶ ποιεῖν 173d οὐδὲν ποιοῦντες. καὶ ἴσως αὖ ὑμεῖς ἐμὲ ἡγεῖσθε κακοδαίμονα εἶναι, καὶ οἴομαι ὑμᾶς ἀληθῆ οἴεσθαι· ἐγὼ μέντοι ὑμᾶς οὐκ οἴομαι ἀλλ’ εὖ οἶδα.	So as we walked along we talked it all over, 173c and that’s why, as I said at the start, I’m not unprepared. If I have to tell it to you as well, then that’s what I must do. For my part, whenever I’m having philosophical conversations myself or listening to others have them, quite apart from thinking I’m getting some benefit, I enjoy it tremendously. But when it’s any other kind—especially your kind, the talk of rich men and moneymakers—I’m annoyed myself, and I pity you, my friends, because you think you’re accomplishing something 173d when you’re accomplishing nothing. And perhaps you, for your part, think I’m the unfortunate one, and I suppose you think truly. But I don’t suppose it about you—I know it for certain.
173d	**FRIEND** ἀεὶ ὅμοιος εἶ, ὦ Ἀπολλόδωρε· ἀεὶ γὰρ σαυτόν τε κακηγορεῖς καὶ τοὺς ἄλλους, καὶ δοκεῖς μοι ἀτεχνῶς πάντας ἀθλίους ἡγεῖσθαι πλὴν Σωκράτους, ἀπὸ σαυτοῦ ἀρξάμενος. καὶ ὁπόθεν ποτὲ ταύτην τὴν ἐπωνυμίαν ἔλαβες τὸ μαλακὸς καλεῖσθαι, οὐκ οἶδα ἔγωγε· ἐν μὲν γὰρ τοῖς λόγοις ἀεὶ τοιοῦτος εἶ, σαυτῷ τε καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις ἀγριαίνεις πλὴν Σωκράτους.	**FRIEND** You’re always the same, Apollodorus. You’re always running down yourself and everyone else, and you seem to me to think simply everyone is miserable except Socrates—starting with yourself. Where you ever got that nickname, “the soft one,” I really don’t know. In the way you talk you’re always like this: savage with yourself and everyone else except Socrates.
173e	**APOLLODORUS** ὦ φίλτατε, καὶ δῆλόν γε δὴ ὅτι οὕτω διανοούμενος καὶ περὶ ἐμαυτοῦ καὶ περὶ ὑμῶν μαίνομαι καὶ παραπαίω;	**APOLLODORUS** My dear friend, so it’s obvious, is it, that thinking like this about myself and about you means I’m mad and out of my mind?
	FRIEND οὐκ ἄξιον περὶ τούτων, Ἀπολλόδωρε, νῦν ἐρίζειν· ἀλλ’ ὅπερ ἐδεόμεθά σου, μὴ ἄλλως ποιήσῃς, ἀλλὰ διήγησαι τίνες ἦσαν οἱ λόγοι.	**FRIEND** It isn’t worth quarreling about that now, Apollodorus. Just don’t refuse what we asked you: tell us what the speeches were.

2 Agathon’s first victory came at the Lenaea, a dramatic festival, in 416 BC.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	APOLLODORUS ἦσαν τοίνυν ἐκεῖνοι τοιοίδε τινές—μᾶλλον δ' [174a] ἐξ ἀρχῆς ὑμῖν ὡς ἐκεῖνος διηγεῖτο καὶ ἐγὼ πειράσομαι διηγήσασθαι.	**APOLLODORUS** Well, they went something like this—no, rather, [174a] I'll try to tell it to you from the beginning, the way Aristodemus told it.

ARRIVING AT AGATHON'S

Socrates brings Aristodemus to Agathon's dinner, and the guests agree to give speeches praising Love.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
174a	**APOLLODORUS** ἔφη γάρ οἱ Σωκράτη ἐντυχεῖν λελουμένον τε καὶ τὰς βλαύτας ὑποδεδεμένον, ἃ ἐκεῖνος ὀλιγάκις ἐποίει· καὶ ἐρέσθαι αὐτὸν ὅποι ἴοι οὕτω καλὸς γεγενημένος.	**APOLLODORUS** He said Socrates met him freshly bathed and wearing fancy sandals, which he seldom did, and he asked him where he was going, all spruced up like that.
	καὶ τὸν εἰπεῖν ὅτι ἐπὶ δεῖπνον εἰς Ἀγάθωνος. χθὲς γὰρ αὐτὸν διέφυγον τοῖς ἐπινικίοις, φοβηθεὶς τὸν ὄχλον· ὡμολόγησα δ' εἰς τήμερον παρέσεσθαι. ταῦτα δὴ ἐκαλλωπισάμην, ἵνα καλὸς παρὰ καλὸν ἴω. ἀλλὰ σύ, ἦ δ' ὅς, πῶς [174b] ἔχεις πρὸς τὸ ἐθέλειν ἂν ἰέναι ἄκλητος ἐπὶ δεῖπνον;	And Socrates said, "To dinner at Agathon's. I avoided him yesterday at the victory celebration, because I was afraid of the crowd, but I agreed to come today. So that's why I've smartened myself up: to go beautiful to a beautiful man's house. But what about you?" he said. "How [174b] would you feel about coming to dinner uninvited?"
174b	κἀγώ, ἔφη, εἶπον ὅτι οὕτως ὅπως ἂν σὺ κελεύῃς.	And I said, he told me, "Whatever you say."
	ἔπου τοίνυν, ἔφη, ἵνα καὶ τὴν παροιμίαν διαφθείρωμεν μεταβαλόντες, ὡς ἄρα καὶ Ἀγάθων' ἐπὶ δαῖτας ἴασιν αὐτόματοι ἀγαθοί. Ὅμηρος μὲν γὰρ κινδυνεύει οὐ μόνον διαφθεῖραι ἀλλὰ καὶ ὑβρίσαι εἰς ταύτην τὴν παροιμίαν· ποιήσας γὰρ τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονα διαφερόντως ἀγαθὸν ἄνδρα [174c] τὰ πολεμικά, τὸν δὲ Μενέλεων μαλθακὸν αἰχμητήν θυσίαν ποιουμένου καὶ ἑστιῶντος τοῦ Ἀγαμέμνονος ἄκλητον ἐποίησεν ἐλθόντα τὸν Μενέλεων ἐπὶ τὴν θοίνην, χείρω ὄντα ἐπὶ τὴν τοῦ ἀμείνονος.	"Come along, then," he said, "so we can ruin the proverb by changing it: 'Good men go uninvited to Agathon's feasts.' Homer, in fact, seems to have done worse than ruin this proverb: he outraged it. He made Agamemnon an exceptionally good man [174c] at war, and Menelaus 'a feeble spearman'; and yet when Agamemnon was offering a sacrifice and giving a feast, he had Menelaus come uninvited to the banquet—the worse man to the feast of the better."[3]
174c	ταῦτ' ἀκούσας εἰπεῖν ἔφη ἴσως μέντοι κινδυνεύσω καὶ ἐγὼ οὐχ ὡς σὺ λέγεις, ὦ Σώκρατες, ἀλλὰ καθ' Ὅμηρον φαῦλος ὢν ἐπὶ σοφοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἰέναι θοίνην ἄκλητος. ὅρα οὖν ἄγων με τί ἀπολογήσῃ, ὡς ἐγὼ μὲν οὐχ ὁμολογήσω ἄκλητος [174d] ἥκειν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ σοῦ κεκλημένος.	When he heard this, Aristodemus said, he replied, "Perhaps I too will turn out to be, not what you say, Socrates, but as Homer has it: a nobody going uninvited to a wise man's feast. So if you bring me, think about what defense you'll make. I'm not going to admit I've come uninvited, [174d] only that you invited me."
174d	"σύν τε δύ'," ἔφη, "ἐρχομένω πρὸ ὁδοῦ" βουλευσόμεθα ὅτι ἐροῦμεν. ἀλλ' ἴωμεν.	"'When two go together along the way,'" he said, "we'll work out what to say before we get there. Come on, let's go."[4]
	τοιαῦτ' ἄττα σφᾶς ἔφη διαλεχθέντας ἰέναι. τὸν οὖν Σωκράτη ἑαυτῷ πως προσέχοντα τὸν νοῦν κατὰ τὴν ὁδὸν	They talked something like this, he said, as they went. Then Socrates, somehow absorbed in his

3 The proverb ran "Good men go uninvited to the feasts of good men"; "of good men" (agathōn) sounds like Agathon's name.
4 Adapted from Homer's *Iliad*, where Diomedes says that when two go together, one sees what's best before the other.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	πορεύεσθαι ὑπολειπόμενον, καὶ περιμένοντος οὗ κελεύειν προϊέναι εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν. ἐπειδὴ δὲ γενέσθαι ἐπὶ τῇ οἰκίᾳ [174e] τῇ Ἀγάθωνος, ἀνεῳγμένην καταλαμβάνειν τὴν θύραν, καί τι ἔφη αὐτόθι γελοῖον παθεῖν. οἱ μὲν γὰρ εὐθὺς παῖδά τινα τῶν ἔνδοθεν ἀπαντήσαντα ἄγειν οὗ κατέκειντο οἱ ἄλλοι, καὶ καταλαμβάνειν ἤδη μέλλοντας δειπνεῖν· εὐθὺς δ' οὖν ὡς ἰδεῖν τὸν Ἀγάθωνα, ὦ, φάναι, Ἀριστόδημε, εἰς καλὸν ἥκεις ὅπως συνδειπνήσῃς· εἰ δ' ἄλλου τινὸς ἕνεκα ἦλθες, εἰς αὖθις ἀναβαλοῦ, ὡς καὶ χθὲς ζητῶν σε ἵνα καλέσαιμι, οὐχ οἷός τ' ἦ ἰδεῖν. ἀλλὰ Σωκράτη ἡμῖν πῶς οὐκ ἄγεις;	own thoughts, fell behind on the road, and when Aristodemus waited for him he told him to go on ahead. When he reached Agathon's house [174e] he found the door open, and there, he said, something funny happened to him. A slave from inside met him straight away and led him to where the others were reclining, and he found them just about to start dinner. And as soon as Agathon saw him he said, "Aristodemus! You've come at just the right time to dine with us. If you came for some other reason, put it off till later. I was actually looking for you yesterday to invite you, and couldn't find you. But how come you're not bringing us Socrates?"
174e	καὶ ἐγώ, ἔφη, μεταστρεφόμενος οὐδαμοῦ ὁρῶ Σωκράτη ἑπόμενον· εἶπον οὖν ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς μετὰ Σωκράτους ἥκοιμι, κληθεὶς ὑπ' ἐκείνου δεῦρ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνον.	And I turned around, he said, and saw Socrates wasn't following anywhere. So I said I had come with Socrates myself—he'd invited me here to dinner.
	καλῶς γ', ἔφη, ποιῶν σύ· ἀλλὰ ποῦ ἔστιν οὗτος;	"Good for you," Agathon said. "But where is he?"
175a	ὄπισθεν ἐμοῦ ἄρτι εἰσῄει· ἀλλὰ θαυμάζω καὶ αὐτὸς ποῦ ἂν εἴη.	"He was coming in right behind me just now. I'm wondering myself where he can be."
	οὐ σκέψῃ, ἔφη, παῖ, φάναι τὸν Ἀγάθωνα, καὶ εἰσάξεις Σωκράτη; σὺ δ', ἦ δ' ὅς, Ἀριστόδημε, παρ' Ἐρυξίμαχον κατακλίνου.	"Boy," Agathon said, "go and look, won't you, and bring Socrates in? And you, Aristodemus," he said, "take a place next to Eryximachus."
	καὶ ἣ μὲν ἔφη ἀπονίζειν τὸν παῖδα ἵνα κατακέοιτο· ἄλλον δέ τινα τῶν παίδων ἥκειν ἀγγέλλοντα ὅτι "Σωκράτης οὗτος ἀναχωρήσας ἐν τῷ τῶν γειτόνων προθύρῳ ἕστηκεν, κἀμοῦ καλοῦντος οὐκ ἐθέλει εἰσιέναι."	And the slave washed him, he said, so that he could recline, and another of the slaves came with the news: "Your Socrates has gone off and is standing in the neighbors' porch, and when I call him he won't come in."
	ἄτοπόν γ', ἔφη, λέγεις· οὔκουν καλεῖς αὐτὸν καὶ μὴ ἀφήσεις; [175b]	"That's odd," Agathon said. "Go and call him, then, and don't let him get away." [175b]
175b	καὶ ὃς ἔφη εἰπεῖν μηδαμῶς, ἀλλ' ἐᾶτε αὐτόν. ἔθος γάρ τι τοῦτ' ἔχει· ἐνίοτε ἀποστὰς ὅποι ἂν τύχῃ ἕστηκεν. ἥξει δ' αὐτίκα, ὡς ἐγὼ οἶμαι. μὴ οὖν κινεῖτε, ἀλλ' ἐᾶτε.	And Aristodemus said he told them, "No, don't—leave him alone. It's a habit of his. Every so often he goes off and stands still wherever he happens to be. He'll be here soon, I think. So don't disturb him; leave him alone."
	ἀλλ' οὕτω χρὴ ποιεῖν, εἰ σοὶ δοκεῖ, ἔφη φάναι τὸν Ἀγάθωνα. ἀλλ' ἡμᾶς, ὦ παῖδες, τοὺς ἄλλους ἑστιᾶτε. πάντως παρατίθετε ὅτι ἂν βούλησθε, ἐπειδάν τις ὑμῖν μὴ ἐφεστήκῃ—ὃ ἐγὼ οὐδεπώποτε ἐποίησα—νῦν οὖν, νομίζοντες καὶ ἐμὲ ὑφ' ὑμῶν κεκλῆσθαι ἐπὶ δεῖπνον καὶ τούσδε τοὺς [175c] ἄλλους, θεραπεύετε, ἵν' ὑμᾶς ἐπαινῶμεν.	"Well, if that's what you think, that's what we must do," Agathon said. "But serve the rest of us, boys. Put out whatever you like, the way you always do when there's nobody standing over you—which I've never done. So today, imagine that I've been invited to dinner by you, and these [175c] others too, and look after us, so that we can praise you."
175c		

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	μετὰ ταῦτα ἔφη σφᾶς μὲν δειπνεῖν, τὸν δὲ Σωκράτη οὐκ εἰσιέναι. τὸν οὖν Ἀγάθωνα πολλάκις κελεύειν μεταπέμψασθαι τὸν Σωκράτη, ἠ δὲ οὐκ ἐᾶν. ἥκειν οὖν αὐτὸν οὐ πολὺν χρόνον ὡς εἰώθει διατρίψαντα, ἀλλὰ μάλιστα σφᾶς μεσοῦν δειπνοῦντας. τὸν οὖν Ἀγάθωνα—τυγχάνειν γὰρ ἔσχατον κατακείμενον μόνον—δεῦρ', ἔφη φάναι, Σώκρατες, παρ' ἐμὲ κατάκεισο, ἵνα καὶ τοῦ σοφοῦ ἁπτόμενός σου [175d] ἀπολαύσω, ὅ σοι προσέστη ἐν τοῖς προθύροις. δῆλον γὰρ ὅτι ηὗρες αὐτὸ καὶ ἔχεις· οὐ γὰρ ἂν προαπέστης.	After that, he said, they started dinner, but Socrates didn't come in. Agathon kept telling them to send for Socrates, but Aristodemus wouldn't let him. Then he came—he hadn't spent as long as he usually did—when they were about halfway through dinner. Agathon, who happened to be reclining alone on the last couch, said, "Here, Socrates, lie down next to me, so that by touching you I can enjoy [175d] the piece of wisdom that came to you in the porch. Obviously you found it and have it; you wouldn't have stopped otherwise."
175d	καὶ τὸν Σωκράτη καθίζεσθαι καὶ εἰπεῖν ὅτι εὖ ἂν ἔχοι, φάναι, ὦ Ἀγάθων, εἰ τοιοῦτον εἴη ἡ σοφία ὥστ' ἐκ τοῦ πληρεστέρου εἰς τὸ κενώτερον ῥεῖν ἡμῶν, ἐὰν ἁπτώμεθα ἀλλήλων, ὥσπερ τὸ ἐν ταῖς κύλιξιν ὕδωρ τὸ διὰ τοῦ ἐρίου ῥέον ἐκ τῆς πληρεστέρας εἰς τὴν κενωτέραν. εἰ γὰρ οὕτως ἔχει καὶ ἡ [175e] σοφία, πολλοῦ τιμῶμαι τὴν παρὰ σοὶ κατάκλισιν· οἶμαι γάρ με παρὰ σοῦ πολλῆς καὶ καλῆς σοφίας πληρωθήσεσθαι. ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἐμὴ φαύλη τις ἂν εἴη, ἢ καὶ ἀμφισβητήσιμος ὥσπερ ὄναρ οὖσα, ἡ δὲ σὴ λαμπρά τε καὶ πολλὴν ἐπίδοσιν ἔχουσα, ἥ γε παρὰ σοῦ νέου ὄντος οὕτω σφόδρα ἐξέλαμψεν καὶ ἐκφανὴς ἐγένετο πρῴην ἐν μάρτυσι τῶν Ἑλλήνων πλέον ἢ τρισμυρίοις.	And Socrates sat down and said, "It would be a fine thing, Agathon, if wisdom were the sort of thing that flowed from the fuller of us into the emptier when we touch each other, the way water in cups flows along a strand of wool from the fuller into the emptier. If wisdom too [175e] is like that, I set a high value on my place beside you: I expect to be filled with a great deal of beautiful wisdom from you. Mine would be a paltry sort of thing, or even questionable, like a dream; yours is brilliant and has plenty of room to grow—yours that shone out so brightly from you while you're still young, and was on display the other day before more than thirty thousand Greeks as witnesses."
175e	ὑβριστὴς εἶ, ἔφη, ὦ Σώκρατες, ὁ Ἀγάθων. καὶ ταῦτα μὲν καὶ ὀλίγον ὕστερον διαδικασόμεθα ἐγώ τε καὶ σὺ περὶ τῆς σοφίας, δικαστῇ χρώμενοι τῷ Διονύσῳ· νῦν δὲ πρὸς τὸ δεῖπνον πρῶτα τρέπου.	"You're outrageous, Socrates," said Agathon. "You and I will take this case about wisdom to court a little later, with Dionysus as our judge. For now, turn to your dinner first."[5]
176a	μετὰ ταῦτα, ἔφη, κατακλινέντος τοῦ Σωκράτους καὶ δειπνήσαντος καὶ τῶν ἄλλων, σπονδάς τε σφᾶς ποιήσασθαι, καὶ ᾄσαντας τὸν θεὸν καὶ τἆλλα τὰ νομιζόμενα, τρέπεσθαι πρὸς τὸν πότον· τὸν οὖν Παυσανίαν ἔφη λόγου τοιούτου τινὸς κατάρχειν. εἶεν, ἄνδρες, φάναι, τίνα τρόπον ῥᾷστα πιόμεθα; ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν λέγω ὑμῖν ὅτι τῷ ὄντι πάνυ χαλεπῶς ἔχω ὑπὸ τοῦ χθὲς πότου καὶ δέομαι ἀναψυχῆς τινος—οἶμαι δὲ καὶ ὑμῶν τοὺς πολλούς· παρῆστε γὰρ χθές—σκοπεῖσθε [176b] οὖν τίνι τρόπῳ ἂν ὡς ῥᾷστα πίνοιμεν.	After this, he said, when Socrates had taken his place and dined, along with the others, they poured libations, sang a hymn to the god, and did all the other customary things, and then turned to drinking. Then Pausanias, he said, opened the conversation roughly like this: "Well, gentlemen," he said, "what's the easiest way for us to drink? I'll tell you that I'm really in a bad way from yesterday's drinking and need a bit of a rest—and I think most of you do too, since you were there yesterday. So consider [176b] how we might drink as easily as possible."
176b	τὸν οὖν Ἀριστοφάνη εἰπεῖν, τοῦτο μέντοι εὖ λέγεις, ὦ Παυσανία, τὸ παντὶ τρόπῳ παρασκευάσασθαι ῥᾳστώνην	Then Aristophanes said, "You're quite right, Pausanias, that we should arrange for some relief

5 Dionysus was the god of wine and also of the theater, in whose festival Agathon had just won.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	τινὰ τῆς πόσεως· καὶ γὰρ αὐτός εἰμι τῶν χθὲς βεβαπτισμένων.	from the drinking by any means possible. I'm one of the ones who got soaked yesterday myself."
	ἀκούσαντα οὖν αὐτῶν ἔφη Ἐρυξίμαχον τὸν Ἀκουμενοῦ ἦ καλῶς, φάναι, λέγετε. καὶ ἔτι ἑνὸς δέομαι ὑμῶν ἀκοῦσαι πῶς ἔχει πρὸς τὸ ἐρρῶσθαι πίνειν, Ἀγάθωνος.	Hearing them, he said, Eryximachus, son of Acumenus, said, "You're absolutely right. And there's one more of you I'd like to hear from: how strong does Agathon feel for drinking?"
	οὐδαμῶς, φάναι, οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἔρρωμαι. 176c	"Not strong at all," Agathon said. "I'm not up to it either." 176c
176c	Ἕρμαιον ἂν εἴη ἡμῖν, ἦ δ' ὅς, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐμοί τε καὶ Ἀριστοδήμῳ καὶ Φαίδρῳ καὶ τοῖσδε, εἰ ὑμεῖς οἱ δυνατώτατοι πίνειν νῦν ἀπειρήκατε· ἡμεῖς μὲν γὰρ ἀεὶ ἀδύνατοι. Σωκράτη δ' ἐξαιρῶ λόγου· ἱκανὸς γὰρ καὶ ἀμφότερα, ὥστ' ἐξαρκέσει αὐτῷ ὁπότερ' ἂν ποιῶμεν. ἐπειδὴ οὖν μοι δοκεῖ οὐδεὶς τῶν παρόντων προθύμως ἔχειν πρὸς τὸ πολὺν πίνειν οἶνον, ἴσως ἂν ἐγὼ περὶ τοῦ μεθύσκεσθαι οἷόν ἐστι τἀληθῆ λέγων ἧττον ἂν εἴην ἀηδής. ἐμοὶ γὰρ δὴ τοῦτό γε οἶμαι 176d κατάδηλον γεγονέναι ἐκ τῆς ἰατρικῆς, ὅτι χαλεπὸν τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ἡ μέθη ἐστίν· καὶ οὔτε αὐτὸς ἑκὼν εἶναι πόρρω ἐθελήσαιμι ἂν πιεῖν οὔτε ἄλλῳ συμβουλεύσαιμι, ἄλλως τε καὶ κραιπαλῶντα ἔτι ἐκ τῆς προτεραίας.	"It would be a stroke of luck for us, it seems," said Eryximachus, "for me and Aristodemus and Phaedrus and the others here, if you, the ablest drinkers, have given up now—we're never able to. I leave Socrates out of the reckoning: he can do either, so he'll be content whichever we do. So since it seems to me that no one here is eager to drink a lot of wine, perhaps I'd be less tiresome if I told you the truth about what drunkenness is. This much, I think, has become 176d quite clear to me from medicine: drunkenness is bad for people. I wouldn't willingly drink too much myself, nor advise anyone else to, especially when he still has a hangover from the day before."
176d	ἀλλὰ μήν, ἔφη φάναι ὑπολαβόντα Φαῖδρον τὸν Μυρρινούσιον, ἔγωγέ σοι εἴωθα πείθεσθαι ἄλλως τε καὶ ἅττ' ἂν περὶ ἰατρικῆς λέγῃς· νῦν δ', ἂν εὖ βουλεύωνται, καὶ οἱ λοιποί. 176e ταῦτα δὴ ἀκούσαντας συγχωρεῖν πάντας μὴ διὰ μέθης ποιήσασθαι τὴν ἐν τῷ παρόντι συνουσίαν, ἀλλ' οὕτω πίνοντας πρὸς ἡδονήν.	"Well," said Phaedrus of Myrrhinus, breaking in, "I always do what you say, especially when you're talking about medicine—and so will the rest, if they're sensible." 176e Hearing this, they all agreed not to make this gathering a drunken one, but to drink only as much as they enjoyed.
176e	ἐπειδὴ τοίνυν, φάναι τὸν Ἐρυξίμαχον, τοῦτο μὲν δέδοκται, πίνειν ὅσον ἂν ἕκαστος βούληται, ἐπάναγκες δὲ μηδὲν εἶναι, τὸ μετὰ τοῦτο εἰσηγοῦμαι τὴν μὲν ἄρτι εἰσελθοῦσαν αὐλητρίδα χαίρειν ἐᾶν, αὐλοῦσαν ἑαυτῇ ἢ ἂν βούληται ταῖς γυναιξὶ ταῖς ἔνδον, ἡμᾶς δὲ διὰ λόγων ἀλλήλοις συνεῖναι τὸ τήμερον· καὶ δι' οἵων λόγων, εἰ βούλεσθε, ἐθέλω ὑμῖν εἰσηγήσασθαι.	"Well then," said Eryximachus, "since that's settled—each person drinks as much as he wants, and nobody is forced—my next proposal is that we let the flute-girl who just came in go, and play for herself, or for the women inside if she likes, while we spend today in each other's company in conversation. And if you like, I'm ready to propose what sort of conversation."[6]
177a	φάναι δὴ πάντας καὶ βούλεσθαι καὶ κελεύειν αὐτὸν εἰσηγεῖσθαι. εἰπεῖν οὖν τὸν Ἐρυξίμαχον ὅτι ἡ μέν μοι ἀρχὴ τοῦ λόγου ἐστὶ κατὰ τὴν Εὐριπίδου Μελανίππην· οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸς ὁ μῦθος, ἀλλὰ Φαίδρου τοῦδε, ὃν μέλλω λέγειν. Φαῖδρος γὰρ ἑκάστοτε πρός με ἀγανακτῶν λέγει οὐ δεινόν, φησίν, ὦ Ἐρυξίμαχε, ἄλλοις μέν τισι θεῶν ὕμνους καὶ παίωνας εἶναι ὑπὸ τῶν ποιητῶν πεποιημένους, τῷ δὲ	They all said they'd like that and urged him to make his proposal. So Eryximachus said: My speech starts as in Euripides' *Melanippe*: "not mine the tale," but Phaedrus' here, which I'm about to tell. Phaedrus keeps complaining to me: "Isn't it awful, Eryximachus," he says, "that other gods have hymns and paeans composed for them by the

6 The aulos, a double reed pipe usually called a "flute" in English, was standard entertainment at drinking parties, often played by hired women.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	Ἔρωτι, τηλικούτῳ ὄντι καὶ τοσούτῳ θεῷ, μηδὲ ἕνα πώποτε τοσούτων [177b] γεγονότων ποιητῶν πεποιηκέναι μηδὲν ἐγκώμιον;	poets, but for Love, so ancient and so great a god, not a single one of all the poets [177b] there have been has ever composed any song of praise?[7]
177b	εἰ δὲ βούλει αὖ σκέψασθαι τοὺς χρηστοὺς σοφιστάς, Ἡρακλέους μὲν καὶ ἄλλων ἐπαίνους καταλογάδην συγγράφειν, ὥσπερ ὁ βέλτιστος Πρόδικος—καὶ τοῦτο μὲν ἧττον καὶ θαυμαστόν, ἀλλ' ἔγωγε ἤδη τινὶ ἐνέτυχον βιβλίῳ ἀνδρὸς σοφοῦ, ἐν ᾧ ἐνῆσαν ἅλες ἔπαινον θαυμάσιον ἔχοντες πρὸς ὠφελίαν, καὶ ἄλλα τοιαῦτα [177c] συχνὰ ἴδοις ἂν ἐγκεκωμιασμένα—τὸ οὖν τοιούτων μὲν πέρι πολλὴν σπουδὴν ποιήσασθαι, ἔρωτα δὲ μηδένα πω ἀνθρώπων τετολμηκέναι εἰς ταυτηνὶ τὴν ἡμέραν ἀξίως ὑμνῆσαι· ἀλλ' οὕτως ἠμέληται τοσοῦτος θεός. ταῦτα δή μοι δοκεῖ εὖ λέγειν Φαῖδρος. ἐγὼ οὖν ἐπιθυμῶ ἅμα μὲν τούτῳ ἔρανον εἰσενεγκεῖν καὶ χαρίσασθαι, ἅμα δ' ἐν τῷ παρόντι πρέπον μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἡμῖν τοῖς παροῦσι κοσμῆσαι τὸν θεόν.	And if you care to look at our fine sophists, they write prose eulogies of Heracles and others, as the excellent Prodicus does. That's less surprising; but I once came across a book by a wise man in which salt got a marvelous eulogy for its usefulness, and you could see plenty of other such [177c] things praised. So to think that people take such pains over things like that, and yet no human being has ever, to this day, dared to hymn Love as he deserves! That's how neglected so great a god has been." I think Phaedrus has a point. So I'd like to make him my contribution and do him a favor, and at the same time I think it's fitting on this occasion for those of us here to honor the god.[8]
177c	εἰ οὖν [177d] συνδοκεῖ καὶ ὑμῖν, γένοιτ' ἂν ἡμῖν ἐν λόγοις ἱκανὴ διατριβή· δοκεῖ γάρ μοι χρῆναι ἕκαστον ἡμῶν λόγον εἰπεῖν ἔπαινον Ἔρωτος ἐπὶ δεξιὰ ὡς ἂν δύνηται κάλλιστον, ἄρχειν δὲ Φαῖδρον πρῶτον, ἐπειδὴ καὶ πρῶτος κατάκειται καὶ ἔστιν ἅμα πατὴρ τοῦ λόγου.	So if [177d] you agree too, conversation would give us plenty to occupy us. I think each of us should give a speech in praise of Love, going around from left to right, as beautiful as he can make it, and Phaedrus should start first, since he's in the first place and is also the father of the subject.
177d	οὐδείς σοι, ὦ Ἐρυξίμαχε, φάναι τὸν Σωκράτη, ἐναντία ψηφιεῖται. οὔτε γὰρ ἄν που ἐγὼ ἀποφήσαιμι, ὃς οὐδέν φημι ἄλλο ἐπίστασθαι ἢ τὰ ἐρωτικά, οὔτε που Ἀγάθων καὶ [177e] Παυσανίας, οὐδὲ μὴν Ἀριστοφάνης, ᾧ περὶ Διόνυσον καὶ Ἀφροδίτην πᾶσα ἡ διατριβή, οὐδὲ ἄλλος οὐδεὶς τουτωνὶ ὧν ἐγὼ ὁρῶ. καίτοι οὐκ ἐξ ἴσου γίγνεται ἡμῖν τοῖς ὑστάτοις κατακειμένοις· ἀλλ' ἐὰν οἱ πρόσθεν ἱκανῶς καὶ καλῶς εἴπωσιν, ἐξαρκέσει ἡμῖν. ἀλλὰ τύχῃ ἀγαθῇ καταρχέτω Φαῖδρος καὶ ἐγκωμιαζέτω τὸν ἔρωτα.	"No one will vote against you, Eryximachus," said Socrates. "I could hardly say no, since I claim to understand nothing but the things of love; nor could Agathon and [177e] Pausanias, nor Aristophanes, whose whole life is spent on Dionysus and Aphrodite, nor anyone else I see here. Of course, it isn't fair on those of us lying at the end; but if the ones before us speak well enough and beautifully, that will do for us. So good luck to Phaedrus: let him start, and praise Love."
177e	ταῦτα δὴ καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι πάντες ἄρα συνέφασάν τε καὶ [178a] ἐκέλευον ἅπερ ὁ Σωκράτης. πάντων μὲν οὖν ἃ ἕκαστος εἶπεν, οὔτε πάνυ ὁ Ἀριστόδημος ἐμέμνητο οὔτ' αὖ ἐγὼ ἃ ἐκεῖνος ἔλεγε πάντα· ἃ δὲ μάλιστα καὶ ὧν ἔδοξέ μοι ἀξιομνημόνευτον, τούτων ὑμῖν ἐρῶ ἑκάστου τὸν λόγον.	At that the others all agreed and [178a] urged the same as Socrates. Now, Aristodemus didn't remember everything each one said, and I in turn don't remember everything he told me. But I'll tell you the parts he remembered best, and the speeches of those I thought worth remembering, one by one.

7 In Euripides' lost play the line runs, "Not mine the tale, but my mother's."
8 Prodicus of Ceos was a sophist famous for a fable about the choice of Heracles between Vice and Virtue.

PHAEDRUS: LOVE THE OLDEST GOD

Phaedrus praises Love as the oldest god, who inspires lovers to courage and self-sacrifice.

GREEK

178a **APOLLODORUS** πρῶτον μὲν γάρ, ὥσπερ λέγω, ἔφη Φαῖδρον ἀρξάμενον ἐνθένδε ποθὲν λέγειν, ὅτι μέγας θεὸς εἴη ὁ Ἔρως καὶ θαυμαστὸς ἐν ἀνθρώποις τε καὶ θεοῖς, πολλαχῇ μὲν καὶ ἄλλῃ, οὐχ ἥκιστα δὲ κατὰ τὴν γένεσιν. τὸ γὰρ ἐν τοῖς πρεσβύτατον [178b] εἶναι τὸν θεὸν τίμιον, ἦ δ' ὅς, τεκμήριον δὲ τούτου· γονῆς γὰρ Ἔρωτος οὔτ' εἰσὶν οὔτε λέγονται ὑπ' οὐδενὸς οὔτε ἰδιώτου οὔτε ποιητοῦ, ἀλλ' Ἡσίοδος πρῶτον μὲν Χάος φησὶ γενέσθαι— αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Γαῖ' εὐρύστερνος, πάντων ἕδος ἀσφαλὲς αἰεί, ἠδ' Ἔρος Ἡσιόδῳ δὲ καὶ Ἀκουσίλεως σύμφησιν μετὰ τὸ Χάος δύο τούτω γενέσθαι, Γῆν τε καὶ ἔρωτα. Παρμενίδης δὲ τὴν γένεσιν λέγει—πρώτιστον μὲν ἔρωτα θεῶν μητίσατο πάντων. [178c] οὕτω πολλαχόθεν ὁμολογεῖται ὁ Ἔρως ἐν τοῖς πρεσβύτατος εἶναι.

178c πρεσβύτατος δὲ ὢν μεγίστων ἀγαθῶν ἡμῖν αἴτιός ἐστιν. οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγ' ἔχω εἰπεῖν ὅτι μεῖζόν ἐστιν ἀγαθὸν εὐθὺς νέῳ ὄντι ἢ ἐραστὴς χρηστὸς καὶ ἐραστῇ παιδικά. ὃ γὰρ χρὴ ἀνθρώποις ἡγεῖσθαι παντὸς τοῦ βίου τοῖς μέλλουσι καλῶς βιώσεσθαι, τοῦτο οὔτε συγγένεια οἵα τε ἐμποιεῖν οὕτω καλῶς οὔτε τιμαὶ οὔτε πλοῦτος οὔτ' ἄλλο [178d] οὐδὲν ὡς ἔρως. λέγω δὲ δὴ τί τοῦτο; τὴν ἐπὶ μὲν τοῖς αἰσχροῖς αἰσχύνην, ἐπὶ δὲ τοῖς καλοῖς φιλοτιμίαν· οὐ γὰρ ἔστιν ἄνευ τούτων οὔτε πόλιν οὔτε ἰδιώτην μεγάλα καὶ καλὰ ἔργα ἐξεργάζεσθαι. φημὶ τοίνυν ἐγὼ ἄνδρα ὅστις ἐρᾷ, εἴ τι αἰσχρὸν ποιῶν κατάδηλος γίγνοιτο ἢ πάσχων ὑπό του δι' ἀνανδρίαν μὴ ἀμυνόμενος, οὔτ' ἂν ὑπὸ πατρὸς ὀφθέντα οὕτως ἀλγῆσαι οὔτε ὑπὸ ἑταίρων οὔτε ὑπ' ἄλλου [178e] οὐδενὸς ὡς ὑπὸ παιδικῶν.

178e ταὐτὸν δὲ τοῦτο καὶ τὸν ἐρώμενον ὁρῶμεν, ὅτι διαφερόντως τοὺς ἐραστὰς αἰσχύνεται, ὅταν ὀφθῇ ἐν αἰσχρῷ τινι ὤν. εἰ οὖν μηχανή τις γένοιτο ὥστε πόλιν γενέσθαι ἢ στρατόπεδον ἐραστῶν τε καὶ παιδικῶν, οὐκ ἔστιν ὅπως ἂν ἄμεινον οἰκήσειαν τὴν ἑαυτῶν ἢ ἀπεχόμενοι πάντων τῶν αἰσχρῶν καὶ φιλοτιμούμενοι πρὸς [179a] ἀλλήλους, καὶ μαχόμενοί γ' ἂν μετ' ἀλλήλων οἱ τοιοῦτοι νικῷεν ἂν ὀλίγοι ὄντες ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν πάντας ἀνθρώπους.

ENGLISH

APOLLODORUS First, as I say, he said that Phaedrus began from roughly this point: that Love is a great god, and marvelous among humans and gods in many ways, not least in his origin. Being among the very oldest [178b] is an honor for the god, he said, and here is the evidence: Love has no parents, and none are mentioned by anyone, whether ordinary person or poet. Hesiod says that first Chaos came into being—"and then broad-breasted Earth, a secure seat for all forever, and Love." And Acusilaus agrees with Hesiod that after Chaos these two came into being, Earth and Love. And Parmenides says of his birth, "First of all the gods she devised Love." [178c] So Love is agreed on many sides to be among the very oldest.[9]

And being the oldest, he is the cause of our greatest goods. I, for one, can't say what greater good there is for a young man from the start than a good lover, or for a lover than a beloved. The thing that ought to guide people through their whole lives, if they're going to live well—neither kinship, nor honors, nor wealth, nor anything else [178d] can instill it so well as love. What do I mean by this? Shame at what's shameful, and pride in what's fine. Without these neither a city nor an individual can accomplish great and fine deeds. So I say that a man in love, if he were caught doing something shameful, or submitting to shameful treatment from someone and not defending himself out of cowardice, would not be so pained at being seen by his father, or his friends, or anyone [178e] else as by his beloved.

We see the same thing in the beloved: he is especially ashamed before his lovers when he's seen doing something shameful. So if there were some way for a city or an army to be made up of lovers and their beloveds, there's no way they could govern their city better than by holding back from everything shameful and competing for honor before [179a] one another; and fighting side by side, men like that, few as they were, would defeat practically all mankind.

9 Acusilaus of Argos wrote early prose genealogies of the gods; Parmenides was a philosopher who wrote in verse.

GREEK

179a ἐρῶν γὰρ ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ παιδικῶν ὀφθῆναι ἢ λιπὼν τάξιν ἢ ὅπλα ἀποβαλὼν ἧττον ἂν δήπου δέξαιτο ἢ ὑπὸ πάντων τῶν ἄλλων, καὶ πρὸ τούτου τεθνάναι ἂν πολλάκις ἕλοιτο. καὶ μὴν ἐγκαταλιπεῖν γε τὰ παιδικὰ ἢ μὴ βοηθῆσαι κινδυνεύοντι— οὐδεὶς οὕτω κακὸς ὄντινα οὐκ ἂν αὐτὸς ὁ Ἔρως ἔνθεον ποιήσειε πρὸς ἀρετήν, ὥστε ὅμοιον εἶναι τῷ ἀρίστῳ φύσει· 179b καὶ ἀτεχνῶς, ὃ ἔφη Ὅμηρος, μένος ἐμπνεῦσαι ; ἐνίοις τῶν ἡρώων τὸν θεόν, τοῦτο ὁ Ἔρως τοῖς ἐρῶσι παρέχει γιγνόμενον παρ' αὑτοῦ.

179b καὶ μὴν ὑπεραποθνῄσκειν γε μόνοι ἐθέλουσιν οἱ ἐρῶντες, οὐ μόνον ὅτι ἄνδρες, ἀλλὰ καὶ αἱ γυναῖκες. τούτου δὲ καὶ ἡ Πελίου θυγάτηρ Ἄλκηστις ἱκανὴν μαρτυρίαν παρέχεται ὑπὲρ τοῦδε τοῦ λόγου εἰς τοὺς Ἕλληνας, ἐθελήσασα μόνη ὑπὲρ τοῦ αὐτῆς ἀνδρὸς ἀποθανεῖν, ὄντων αὐτῷ πατρός τε 179c καὶ μητρός, οὓς ἐκείνη τοσοῦτον ὑπερεβάλετο τῇ φιλίᾳ διὰ τὸν ἔρωτα, ὥστε ἀποδεῖξαι αὐτοὺς ἀλλοτρίους ὄντας τῷ υἱεῖ καὶ ὀνόματι μόνον προσήκοντας, καὶ τοῦτ' ἐργασαμένη τὸ ἔργον οὕτω καλὸν ἔδοξεν ἐργάσασθαι οὐ μόνον ἀνθρώποις ἀλλὰ καὶ θεοῖς, ὥστε πολλῶν πολλὰ καὶ καλὰ ἐργασαμένων εὐαριθμήτοις δή τισιν ἔδοσαν τοῦτο γέρας οἱ θεοί, ἐξ Ἅιδου ἀνεῖναι πάλιν τὴν ψυχήν, ἀλλὰ τὴν ἐκείνης ἀνεῖσαν ἀγασθέντες 179d τῷ ἔργῳ· οὕτω καὶ θεοὶ τὴν περὶ τὸν ἔρωτα σπουδήν τε καὶ ἀρετὴν μάλιστα τιμῶσιν.

179d Ὀρφέα δὲ τὸν Οἰάγρου ἀτελῆ ἀπέπεμψαν ἐξ Ἅιδου, φάσμα δείξαντες τῆς γυναικὸς ἐφ' ἣν ἦκεν, αὐτὴν δὲ οὐ δόντες, ὅτι μαλθακίζεσθαι ἐδόκει, ἅτε ὢν κιθαρῳδός, καὶ οὐ τολμᾶν ἕνεκα τοῦ ἔρωτος ἀποθνῄσκειν ὥσπερ Ἄλκηστις, ἀλλὰ διαμηχανᾶσθαι ζῶν εἰσιέναι εἰς Ἅιδου. τοιγάρτοι διὰ ταῦτα δίκην αὐτῷ ἐπέθεσαν, καὶ ἐποίησαν τὸν θάνατον αὐτοῦ ὑπὸ γυναικῶν 179e γενέσθαι, οὐχ ὥσπερ Ἀχιλλέα τὸν τῆς Θέτιδος ὑὸν ἐτίμησαν καὶ εἰς μακάρων νήσους ἀπέπεμψαν, ὅτι πεπυσμένος παρὰ τῆς μητρὸς ὡς ἀποθανοῖτο ἀποκτείνας Ἕκτορα, μὴ ποιήσας δὲ τοῦτο οἴκαδε ἐλθὼν γηραιὸς τελευτήσοι, ἐτόλμησεν ἐλέσθαι βοηθήσας τῷ ἐραστῇ Πατρόκλῳ καὶ 180a τιμωρήσας οὐ μόνον ὑπεραποθανεῖν ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐπαποθανεῖν τετελευτηκότι· ὅθεν δὴ καὶ ὑπεραγασθέντες οἱ θεοὶ διαφερόντως αὐτὸν ἐτίμησαν, ὅτι τὸν ἐραστὴν οὕτω περὶ πολλοῦ ἐποιεῖτο.

ENGLISH

A man in love would surely be less willing to be seen by his beloved leaving his post or throwing away his weapons than by anyone else in the world, and would choose to die many times over first. And as for abandoning his beloved, or not helping him when he's in danger—no one is so worthless that Love himself couldn't fill him with the god and inspire him to excellence, so that he's the equal of the man who is best by nature. 179b Quite simply, what Homer says—that the god "breathed might" into some of the heroes—Love supplies to lovers, from himself.

What's more, only lovers are willing to die for someone else—not only men, but women too. Pelias' daughter Alcestis gives the Greeks sufficient proof of this claim. She alone was willing to die for her husband, though he had a father 179c and mother; and she so far surpassed them in affection, because of her love, that she showed them up as strangers to their son, related in name only. And when she did this deed, it seemed so fine a deed, not only to humans but to the gods as well, that—though many have done many fine deeds, and the gods have given only a handful the privilege of letting their souls come back up from Hades—they let hers come back, in admiration 179d of her deed. That's how much the gods too honor devotion and excellence in love.[10]

But Orpheus, son of Oeagrus, they sent back from Hades empty-handed. They showed him a phantom of the wife he'd come for, but didn't give him the woman herself, because he seemed soft—he was a singer to the lyre, after all—and didn't dare to die for love like Alcestis, but contrived a way to get into Hades alive. So for that they punished him, and made his death come at the hands of women. 179e It was quite different with Achilles, son of Thetis, whom they honored and sent to the Isles of the Blessed. He had learned from his mother that he would die if he killed Hector, but if he didn't, he would go home and end his life an old man. Yet he dared to choose to help his lover Patroclus and 180a avenge him—not only to die for him, but to die after him, when he was already dead. That's why the gods were so delighted with

10 Alcestis died in place of her husband Admetus, as told in Euripides' *Alcestis*.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
		him and honored him above all others: because he valued his lover so highly.[11]
180a	Αἰσχύλος δὲ φλυαρεῖ φάσκων Ἀχιλλέα Πατρόκλου ἐρᾶν, ὃς ἦν καλλίων οὐ μόνον Πατρόκλου ἀλλ' ἅμα καὶ τῶν ἡρώων ἁπάντων, καὶ ἔτι ἀγένειος, ἔπειτα νεώτερος πολύ, ὥς φησιν Ὅμηρος. ἀλλὰ γὰρ τῷ ὄντι μάλιστα μὲν ταύτην τὴν ἀρετὴν οἱ θεοὶ τιμῶσιν τὴν περὶ [180b] τὸν ἔρωτα, μᾶλλον μέντοι θαυμάζουσιν καὶ ἄγανται καὶ εὖ ποιοῦσιν ὅταν ὁ ἐρώμενος τὸν ἐραστὴν ἀγαπᾷ, ἢ ὅταν ὁ ἐραστὴς τὰ παιδικά. θειότερον γὰρ ἐραστὴς παιδικῶν· ἔνθεος γάρ ἐστι. διὰ ταῦτα καὶ τὸν Ἀχιλλέα τῆς Ἀλκήστιδος μᾶλλον ἐτίμησαν, εἰς μακάρων νήσους ἀποπέμψαντες.	Aeschylus talks nonsense when he claims that Achilles was Patroclus' lover. Achilles was more beautiful not only than Patroclus but than all the heroes, and still beardless, and besides, much younger, as Homer says. The truth is that while the gods do especially honor this excellence in [180b] love, they marvel at it, admire it and reward it more when the beloved cherishes the lover than when the lover cherishes his beloved. A lover is a more divine thing than a beloved, because he has a god in him. That's why they honored Achilles more than Alcestis, sending him to the Isles of the Blessed.[12]
180b	οὕτω δὴ ἔγωγέ φημι ἔρωτα θεῶν καὶ πρεσβύτατον καὶ τιμιώτατον καὶ κυριώτατον εἶναι εἰς ἀρετῆς καὶ εὐδαιμονίας κτῆσιν ἀνθρώποις καὶ ζῶσι καὶ τελευτήσασιν. [180c]	So that is my claim: Love is the oldest of the gods, the most honored, and the most powerful in helping human beings gain excellence and happiness, both in life and after death. [180c]

PAUSANIAS: TWO KINDS OF LOVE

Pausanias distinguishes Heavenly from Common Love and describes Athenian customs about lovers.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
180c	**APOLLODORUS** Φαῖδρον μὲν τοιοῦτόν τινα λόγον ἔφη εἰπεῖν, μετὰ δὲ Φαῖδρον ἄλλους τινὰς εἶναι ὧν οὐ πάνυ διεμνημόνευε· οὓς παρεὶς τὸν Παυσανίου λόγον διηγεῖτο. εἰπεῖν δ' αὐτὸν ὅτι οὐ καλῶς μοι δοκεῖ, ὦ Φαῖδρε, προβεβλῆσθαι ἡμῖν ὁ λόγος, τὸ ἁπλῶς οὕτως παρηγγέλθαι ἐγκωμιάζειν ἔρωτα. εἰ μὲν γὰρ εἷς ἦν ὁ Ἔρως, καλῶς ἂν εἶχε, νῦν δὲ οὐ γάρ ἐστιν εἷς· μὴ ὄντος δὲ ἑνὸς ὀρθότερόν ἐστι πρότερον προρρηθῆναι [180d] ὁποῖον δεῖ ἐπαινεῖν. ἐγὼ οὖν πειράσομαι τοῦτο ἐπανορθώσασθαι, πρῶτον μὲν ἔρωτα φράσαι ὃν δεῖ ἐπαινεῖν, ἔπειτα ἐπαινέσαι ἀξίως τοῦ θεοῦ. πάντες γὰρ ἴσμεν ὅτι οὐκ ἔστιν ἄνευ Ἔρωτος Ἀφροδίτη. μιᾶς μὲν οὖν οὔσης εἷς ἂν ἦν Ἔρως· ἐπεὶ δὲ δὴ δύο ἐστόν, δύο ἀνάγκη καὶ Ἔρωτε εἶναι. πῶς δ' οὐ δύο τὼ θεά;	**APOLLODORUS** Phaedrus gave a speech something like that, he said, and after Phaedrus there were some others he didn't remember very well. He passed over them and told me Pausanias' speech. Pausanias said: I don't think the subject has been put to us properly, Phaedrus—this bare instruction to praise Love. If Love were one, that would be fine; but in fact he isn't one. And since he isn't one, it's more correct to state first [180d] which one we're to praise. So I'll try to set this right: first to specify the Love we're to praise, and then to praise him in a manner worthy of the god. We all know there's no Aphrodite without Love. Now if there were one Aphrodite, there would be one Love; but since there are in fact two, there must be two Loves as well. And how could there not be two goddesses?
180d	ἡ μέν γέ που πρεσβυτέρα καὶ ἀμήτωρ Οὐρανοῦ θυγάτηρ, ἣν δὴ καὶ Οὐρανίαν ἐπονομάζομεν· ἡ δὲ νεωτέρα Διὸς καὶ Διώνης, [180e] ἣν δὴ Πάνδημον καλοῦμεν. ἀναγκαῖον δὴ	One, surely, is the elder, with no mother, the daughter of Uranus—Heaven—and we call her Heavenly. The other is younger, the daughter of

11 Orpheus was said to have been torn apart by Thracian women; the Isles of the Blessed were a paradise at the edge of the world for favored heroes.
12 Aeschylus' lost play *Myrmidons* portrayed Achilles as Patroclus' lover.

GREEK

καὶ ἔρωτα τὸν μὲν τῇ ἑτέρᾳ συνεργὸν Πάνδημον ὀρθῶς καλεῖσθαι, τὸν δὲ Οὐράνιον. ἐπαινεῖν μὲν οὖν δεῖ πάντας θεούς, ἃ δ' οὖν ἑκάτερος εἴληχε πειρατέον εἰπεῖν. πᾶσα γὰρ πρᾶξις ὧδ' ἔχει· αὐτὴ ἐφ' ἑαυτῆς πραττομένη οὔτε καλὴ οὔτε αἰσχρά.

181a οἷον ὃ νῦν ἡμεῖς ποιοῦμεν, ἢ πίνειν ἢ ᾄδειν ἢ διαλέγεσθαι, οὐκ ἔστι τούτων αὐτὸ καλὸν οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ πράξει, ὡς ἂν πραχθῇ, τοιοῦτον ἀπέβη· καλῶς μὲν γὰρ πραττόμενον καὶ ὀρθῶς καλὸν γίγνεται, μὴ ὀρθῶς δὲ αἰσχρόν. οὕτω δὴ καὶ τὸ ἐρᾶν καὶ ὁ Ἔρως οὐ πᾶς ἐστι καλὸς οὐδὲ ἄξιος ἐγκωμιάζεσθαι, ἀλλὰ ὁ καλῶς προτρέπων ἐρᾶν.

ὁ μὲν οὖν τῆς Πανδήμου Ἀφροδίτης ὡς ἀληθῶς πάνδημός 181b ἐστι καὶ ἐξεργάζεται ὅτι ἂν τύχῃ· καὶ οὗτός ἐστιν ὃν οἱ φαῦλοι τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐρῶσιν. ἐρῶσι δὲ οἱ τοιοῦτοι πρῶτον μὲν οὐχ ἧττον γυναικῶν ἢ παίδων, ἔπειτα ὧν καὶ ἐρῶσι τῶν σωμάτων μᾶλλον ἢ τῶν ψυχῶν, ἔπειτα ὡς ἂν δύνωνται ἀνοητοτάτων, πρὸς τὸ διαπράξασθαι μόνον βλέποντες, ἀμελοῦντες δὲ τοῦ καλῶς ἢ μή· ὅθεν δὴ συμβαίνει αὐτοῖς ὅτι ἂν τύχωσι τοῦτο πράττειν, ὁμοίως μὲν ἀγαθόν, ὁμοίως δὲ τοὐναντίον. ἔστι γὰρ καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς θεοῦ νεωτέρας 181c τε οὔσης πολὺ ἢ τῆς ἑτέρας, καὶ μετεχούσης ἐν τῇ γενέσει καὶ θήλεος καὶ ἄρρενος.

181c ὁ δὲ τῆς Οὐρανίας πρῶτον μὲν οὐ μετεχούσης θήλεος ἀλλ' ἄρρενος μόνον—καὶ ἔστιν οὗτος ὁ τῶν παίδων ἔρως—ἔπειτα πρεσβυτέρας, ὕβρεως ἀμοίρου· ὅθεν δὴ ἐπὶ τὸ ἄρρεν τρέπονται οἱ ἐκ τούτου τοῦ ἔρωτος ἔπιπνοι, τὸ φύσει ἐρρωμενέστερον καὶ νοῦν μᾶλλον ἔχον ἀγαπῶντες. καί τις ἂν γνοίη καὶ ἐν αὐτῇ τῇ παιδεραστίᾳ τοὺς εἰλικρινῶς 181d ὑπὸ τούτου τοῦ ἔρωτος ὡρμημένους· οὐ γὰρ ἐρῶσι παίδων, ἀλλ' ἐπειδὰν ἤδη ἄρχωνται νοῦν ἴσχειν, τοῦτο δὲ πλησιάζει τῷ γενειάσκειν. παρεσκευασμένοι γὰρ οἶμαί εἰσιν οἱ ἐντεῦθεν ἀρχόμενοι ἐρᾶν ὡς τὸν βίον ἅπαντα συνεσόμενοι καὶ κοινῇ συμβιωσόμενοι, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐξαπατήσαντες, ἐν ἀφροσύνῃ λαβόντες ὡς νέον, καταγελάσαντες οἰχήσεσθαι ἐπ' ἄλλον ἀποτρέχοντες.

ENGLISH

Zeus and Dione, 180e and we call her Common. So it follows that the Love who works with the one is rightly called Common, and the other Heavenly. Of course we should praise all gods; but we must try to say what has fallen to each of these two. For every action is like this: done by itself, in itself, it is neither fine nor shameful.[13]

Take what we're doing now—drinking, singing, conversing. None of these is fine in itself; it turns out one way or the other in the doing, depending on how it's done. Done finely and correctly, it becomes fine; done incorrectly, shameful. It's the same with loving: not every Love is fine and deserves praise, only the one that moves us to love finely.

The Love that belongs to Common Aphrodite is truly common 181b and does whatever it happens to do. This is the love that the lower sort of people feel. People like this, first, love women no less than boys; second, when they love, they love bodies rather than souls; and third, they love the most senseless partners they can find, since they look only to getting what they want and don't care whether it's done finely or not. So it turns out that they do whatever comes their way, good and its opposite alike. For this love comes from the goddess who is far younger 181c than the other, and who in her birth had a share of both female and male.

But the Love of Heavenly Aphrodite comes, first, from a goddess who has no share of the female, only of the male—and this is the love of boys—and second, from the older goddess, who has no part in wantonness. That is why those inspired by this love turn to the male, cherishing what is by nature stronger and has more intelligence. And even within the love of boys itself you can recognize those who are driven purely 181d by this love. They don't fall in love with boys until the boys begin to show some intelligence, and that happens around the time the beard starts to grow. Those who begin to love at that point are prepared, I think, to stay with the beloved their whole life and live their lives in common—not to trick him, catching him young and foolish, and then laugh at him and run off after someone else.

13 "Heavenly" (Ourania) and "Common" (Pandemos, "of all the people") were both real cult titles of Aphrodite.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
181d	χρῆν δὲ καὶ νόμον εἶναι μὴ ἐρᾶν [181e] παίδων, ἵνα μὴ εἰς ἄδηλον πολλὴ σπουδὴ ἀνηλίσκετο· τὸ γὰρ τῶν παίδων τέλος ἄδηλον οἳ τελευτᾷ κακίας καὶ ἀρετῆς ψυχῆς τε πέρι καὶ σώματος. οἱ μὲν οὖν ἀγαθοὶ τὸν νόμον τοῦτον αὐτοὶ αὑτοῖς ἑκόντες τίθενται, χρῆν δὲ καὶ τούτους τοὺς πανδήμους ἐραστὰς προσαναγκάζειν τὸ τοιοῦτον, ὥσπερ καὶ τῶν ἐλευθέρων γυναικῶν προσαναγκάζομεν αὐτοὺς καθ' [182a] ὅσον δυνάμεθα μὴ ἐρᾶν.	There ought to be a law, too, against loving [181e] boys, so that a great deal of effort isn't squandered on an uncertain outcome. With boys, it's uncertain where they'll end up in the end, in vice or excellence of soul and body. Good men lay down this law for themselves willingly, but these common lovers ought to be compelled to observe it too, just as we compel them, as far as [182a] we can, not to love freeborn women.
182a	οὗτοι γάρ εἰσιν οἱ καὶ τὸ ὄνειδος πεποιηκότες, ὥστε τινὰς τολμᾶν λέγειν ὡς αἰσχρὸν χαρίζεσθαι ἐρασταῖς· λέγουσι δὲ εἰς τούτους ἀποβλέποντες, ὁρῶντες αὐτῶν τὴν ἀκαιρίαν καὶ ἀδικίαν, ἐπεὶ οὐ δήπου κοσμίως γε καὶ νομίμως ὁτιοῦν πρᾶγμα πραττόμενον ψόγον ἂν δικαίως φέροι.	These are the men who have given the practice its bad name, so that some people go so far as to say it's shameful to grant favors to lovers. They say it with an eye on these men, seeing their bad timing and their injustice—since surely no act whatever, done in an orderly and lawful way, could justly bring blame.
	καὶ δὴ καὶ ὁ περὶ τὸν ἔρωτα νόμος ἐν μὲν ταῖς ἄλλαις πόλεσι νοῆσαι ῥᾴδιος, ἁπλῶς γὰρ ὥρισται· ὁ δ' ἐνθάδε [182b] καὶ ἐν Λακεδαίμονι ποικίλος. ἐν Ἤλιδι μὲν γὰρ καὶ ἐν Βοιωτοῖς, καὶ οὗ μὴ σοφοὶ λέγειν, ἁπλῶς νενομοθέτηται καλὸν τὸ χαρίζεσθαι ἐρασταῖς, καὶ οὐκ ἄν τις εἴποι οὔτε νέος οὔτε παλαιὸς ὡς αἰσχρόν, ἵνα οἶμαι μὴ πράγματ' ἔχωσιν λόγῳ πειρώμενοι πείθειν τοὺς νέους, ἅτε ἀδύνατοι λέγειν· τῆς δὲ Ἰωνίας καὶ ἄλλοθι πολλαχοῦ αἰσχρὸν νενόμισται, ὅσοι ὑπὸ βαρβάροις οἰκοῦσιν. τοῖς γὰρ βαρβάροις διὰ τὰς τυραννίδας αἰσχρὸν τοῦτό γε καὶ ἥ γε [182c] φιλοσοφία καὶ ἡ φιλογυμναστία· οὐ γὰρ οἶμαι συμφέρει τοῖς ἄρχουσι φρονήματα μεγάλα ἐγγίγνεσθαι τῶν ἀρχομένων, οὐδὲ φιλίας ἰσχυρὰς καὶ κοινωνίας, ὃ δὴ μάλιστα φιλεῖ τά τε ἄλλα πάντα καὶ ὁ ἔρως ἐμποιεῖν.	Now the custom about love is easy to understand in other cities, since it is laid down in simple terms; but here [182b] and in Sparta it is complicated. In Elis and Boeotia, and wherever people aren't skilled at speaking, the law simply says that it's fine to grant favors to lovers, and no one, young or old, would call it shameful—so that they can spare themselves the trouble, I suppose, of trying to win over the young with speeches, since they're no good at speaking. But in Ionia and many other places—wherever people live under non-Greek rule—it's held to be shameful. Among non-Greeks, because of their tyrannies, this is shameful, and so are [182c] philosophy and the love of athletics. It isn't in the rulers' interest, I suppose, for their subjects to develop great ambitions, or strong friendships and associations, which love, more than anything else, tends to produce.
182c	ἔργῳ δὲ τοῦτο ἔμαθον καὶ οἱ ἐνθάδε τύραννοι· ὁ γὰρ Ἀριστογείτονος ἔρως καὶ ἡ Ἁρμοδίου φιλία βέβαιος γενομένη κατέλυσεν αὐτῶν τὴν ἀρχήν. οὕτως οὖ μὲν αἰσχρὸν ἐτέθη [182d] χαρίζεσθαι ἐρασταῖς, κακίᾳ τῶν θεμένων κεῖται, τῶν μὲν ἀρχόντων πλεονεξίᾳ, τῶν δὲ ἀρχομένων ἀνανδρίᾳ· οὗ δὲ καλὸν ἁπλῶς ἐνομίσθη, διὰ τὴν τῶν θεμένων τῆς ψυχῆς ἀργίαν. ἐνθάδε δὲ πολὺ τούτων κάλλιον νενομοθέτηται, καὶ ὅπερ εἶπον, οὐ ῥᾴδιον κατανοῆσαι.	The tyrants here learned this from experience: the love of Aristogeiton and the friendship of Harmodius, once it grew firm, brought their rule to an end. So wherever it has been laid down that it is shameful [182d] to grant favors to lovers, that rests on the badness of those who laid it down—the greed of the rulers and the cowardice of the ruled; and wherever it has been held to be simply fine, that's owing to the laziness of soul of those who laid it down. Here, though, the law is much finer than either of these, and, as I said, not easy to understand.[14]

GREEK

ENGLISH

182d ἐνθυμηθέντι γὰρ ὅτι λέγεται κάλλιον τὸ φανερῶς ἐρᾶν τοῦ λάθρᾳ, καὶ μάλιστα τῶν γενναιοτάτων καὶ ἀρίστων, κἂν αἰσχίους ἄλλων ὦσι, καὶ ὅτι αὖ ἡ παρακέλευσις τῷ ἐρῶντι παρὰ πάντων θαυμαστή, οὐχ ὥς τι αἰσχρὸν ποιοῦντι, καὶ ἑλόντι τε καλὸν δοκεῖ εἶναι 182e καὶ μὴ ἑλόντι αἰσχρόν, καὶ πρὸς τὸ ἐπιχειρεῖν ἐλεῖν ἐξουσίαν ὁ νόμος δέδωκε τῷ ἐραστῇ θαυμαστὰ ἔργα ἐργαζομένῳ ἐπαινεῖσθαι, ἃ εἴ τις τολμῴη ποιεῖν ἄλλ' ὁτιοῦν διώκων καὶ 183a βουλόμενος διαπράξασθαι πλὴν τοῦτο, φιλοσοφίας τὰ μέγιστα καρποῖτ' ἂν ὀνείδη—εἰ γὰρ ἢ χρήματα βουλόμενος παρά του λαβεῖν ἢ ἀρχὴν ἄρξαι ἤ τινα ἄλλην δύναμιν ἐθέλοι ποιεῖν οἷάπερ οἱ ἐρασταὶ πρὸς τὰ παιδικά, ἱκετείας τε καὶ ἀντιβολήσεις ἐν ταῖς δεήσεσιν ποιούμενοι, καὶ ὅρκους ὀμνύντες, καὶ κοιμήσεις ἐπὶ θύραις, καὶ ἐθέλοντες δουλείας δουλεύειν οἵας οὐδ' ἂν δοῦλος οὐδείς, ἐμποδίζοιτο ἂν μὴ πράττειν οὕτω τὴν πρᾶξιν καὶ ὑπὸ φίλων καὶ ὑπὸ ἐχθρῶν, 183b τῶν μὲν ὀνειδιζόντων κολακείας καὶ ἀνελευθερίας, τῶν δὲ νουθετούντων καὶ αἰσχυνομένων ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν—τῷ δ' ἐρῶντι πάντα ταῦτα ποιοῦντι χάρις ἔπεστι, καὶ δέδοται ὑπὸ τοῦ νόμου ἄνευ ὀνείδους πράττειν, ὡς πάγκαλόν τι πρᾶγμα διαπραττομένου·

Consider: it's said to be finer to love openly than in secret, and especially to love the noblest and best, even if they're less good-looking than others. And again, the encouragement everyone gives a lover is remarkable—not as if he were doing something shameful. If he makes his conquest, it's thought fine, 182e and if he fails, shameful. And in his efforts to make the conquest, the law has given the lover license to do astonishing things and be praised for them—things which, if anyone dared to do them in pursuit of anything else, 183a wanting to achieve anything but this, would earn him the harshest reproaches philosophy can give. For suppose he wanted to get money from someone, or to hold office, or to gain some other kind of power, and was willing to do what lovers do for their beloveds—pleading and begging in their entreaties, swearing oaths, sleeping on doorsteps, willing to endure a slavery that not even a slave would put up with—he'd be stopped from acting like this by friends and enemies alike, 183b the enemies reproaching him for flattery and servility, the friends admonishing him and feeling ashamed on his behalf. But when a lover does all these things, it lends him charm, and the law grants him leave to do them without reproach, as though he were accomplishing something altogether fine.

183b ὃ δὲ δεινότατον, ὥς γε λέγουσιν οἱ πολλοί, ὅτι καὶ ὀμνύντι μόνῳ συγγνώμη παρὰ θεῶν ἐκβάντι τῶν ὅρκων —ἀφροδίσιον γὰρ ὅρκον οὔ φασιν εἶναι· οὕτω 183c καὶ οἱ θεοὶ καὶ οἱ ἄνθρωποι πᾶσαν ἐξουσίαν πεποιήκασι τῷ ἐρῶντι, ὡς ὁ νόμος φησὶν ὁ ἐνθάδε—ταύτῃ μὲν οὖν οἰηθείη ἄν τις πάγκαλον νομίζεσθαι ἐν τῇδε τῇ πόλει καὶ τὸ ἐρᾶν καὶ τὸ φίλους γίγνεσθαι τοῖς ἐρασταῖς.

And what is most astonishing, as most people say, is that only a lover gets forgiveness from the gods when he swears an oath and breaks it—an oath sworn in love, they say, is no oath at all. So 183c gods and men alike have given the lover complete license, as our law here says. On these grounds, then, one might think that in this city both loving and befriending lovers are held to be altogether fine.

183c ἐπειδὰν δὲ παιδαγωγοὺς ἐπιστήσαντες οἱ πατέρες τοῖς ἐρωμένοις μὴ ἐῶσι διαλέγεσθαι τοῖς ἐρασταῖς, καὶ τῷ παιδαγωγῷ ταῦτα προστεταγμένα ᾖ, ἡλικιῶται δὲ καὶ ἑταῖροι ὀνειδίζωσιν ἐάν τι ὁρῶσιν τοιοῦτον γιγνόμενον, καὶ τοὺς ὀνειδίζοντας αὖ οἱ 183d πρεσβύτεροι μὴ διακωλύωσι μηδὲ λοιδορῶσιν ὡς οὐκ ὀρθῶς λέγοντας, εἰς δὲ ταῦτά τις αὖ βλέψας ἡγήσαιτ' ἂν πάλιν αἴσχιστον τὸ τοιοῦτον ἐνθάδε νομίζεσθαι. τὸ δὲ οἶμαι ὧδ' ἔχει· οὐχ ἁπλοῦν ἐστιν, ὅπερ ἐξ ἀρχῆς ἐλέχθη οὔτε καλὸν εἶναι αὐτὸ καθ' αὑτὸ οὔτε αἰσχρόν, ἀλλὰ καλῶς μὲν

But then fathers put attendants in charge of the boys who are loved and won't let them talk with their lovers, and the attendant has orders to that effect; the boy's age-mates and companions taunt him if they see anything of the kind going on; and the 183d older people don't stop the taunters or scold them for speaking wrongly. Looking at all this, one might think, on the contrary, that such conduct is held to be utterly shameful here. But the truth, I think, is this. It isn't a simple matter. As

14 Harmodius and his lover Aristogeiton killed Hipparchus, brother of the Athenian tyrant Hippias, in 514 BC; Athens honored them as the tyrant-slayers.

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πραττόμενον καλόν, αἰσχρῶς δὲ αἰσχρόν. αἰσχρῶς μὲν οὖν ἐστι πονηρῷ τε καὶ πονηρῶς χαρίζεσθαι, καλῶς δὲ χρηστῷ τε καὶ καλῶς.

183d πονηρὸς δ' ἐστὶν ἐκεῖνος ὁ ἐραστὴς ὁ πάνδημος, [183e] ὁ τοῦ σώματος μᾶλλον ἢ τῆς ψυχῆς ἐρῶν· καὶ γὰρ οὐδὲ μόνιμός ἐστιν, ἅτε οὐδὲ μονίμου ἐρῶν πράγματος. ἅμα γὰρ τῷ τοῦ σώματος ἄνθει λήγοντι, οὗπερ ἤρα, "οἴχεται ἀποπτάμενος," πολλοὺς λόγους καὶ ὑποσχέσεις καταισχύνας· ὁ δὲ τοῦ ἤθους χρηστοῦ ὄντος ἐραστὴς διὰ βίου μένει, ἅτε μονίμῳ συντακείς.

183e τούτους δὴ βούλεται ὁ [184a] ἡμέτερος νόμος εὖ καὶ καλῶς βασανίζειν, καὶ τοῖς μὲν χαρίσασθαι, τοὺς δὲ διαφεύγειν. διὰ ταῦτα οὖν τοῖς μὲν διώκειν παρακελεύεται, τοῖς δὲ φεύγειν, ἀγωνοθετῶν καὶ βασανίζων ποτέρων ποτέ ἐστιν ὁ ἐρῶν καὶ ποτέρων ὁ ἐρώμενος. οὕτω δὴ ὑπὸ ταύτης τῆς αἰτίας πρῶτον μὲν τὸ ἁλίσκεσθαι ταχὺ αἰσχρὸν νενόμισται, ἵνα χρόνος ἐγγένηται, ὃς δὴ δοκεῖ τὰ πολλὰ καλῶς βασανίζειν, ἔπειτα τὸ ὑπὸ χρημάτων καὶ ὑπὸ πολιτικῶν δυνάμεων ἁλῶναι αἰσχρόν, [184b] ἐάν τε κακῶς πάσχων πτήξῃ καὶ μὴ καρτερήσῃ, ἄν τ' εὐεργετούμενος εἰς χρήματα ἢ εἰς διαπράξεις πολιτικὰς μὴ καταφρονήσῃ· οὐδὲν γὰρ δοκεῖ τούτων οὔτε βέβαιον οὔτε μόνιμον εἶναι, χωρὶς τοῦ μηδὲ πεφυκέναι ἀπ' αὐτῶν γενναίαν φιλίαν. μία δὴ λείπεται τῷ ἡμετέρῳ νόμῳ ὁδός, εἰ μέλλει καλῶς χαριεῖσθαι ἐραστῇ παιδικά.

184b ἔστι γὰρ ἡμῖν νόμος, ὥσπερ ἐπὶ τοῖς ἐρασταῖς ἦν δουλεύειν ἐθέλοντα [184c] ἠντινοῦν δουλείαν παιδικοῖς μὴ κολακείαν εἶναι μηδὲ ἐπονείδιστον, οὕτω δὴ καὶ ἄλλη μία μόνη δουλεία ἑκούσιος λείπεται οὐκ ἐπονείδιστος· αὕτη δ' ἐστὶν ἡ περὶ τὴν ἀρετήν. νενόμισται γὰρ δὴ ἡμῖν, ἐάν τις ἐθέλῃ τινὰ θεραπεύειν ἡγούμενος δι' ἐκεῖνον ἀμείνων ἔσεσθαι ἢ κατὰ σοφίαν τινὰ ἢ κατὰ ἄλλο ὁτιοῦν μέρος ἀρετῆς, αὕτη αὖ ἡ ἐθελοδουλεία οὐκ αἰσχρὰ εἶναι οὐδὲ κολακεία. δεῖ δὴ τὼ νόμω τούτω συμβαλεῖν εἰς ταὐτόν, τόν τε περὶ τὴν παιδεραστίαν καὶ [184d] τὸν περὶ τὴν φιλοσοφίαν τε καὶ τὴν ἄλλην ἀρετήν, εἰ μέλλει συμβῆναι καλὸν γενέσθαι τὸ ἐραστῇ παιδικὰ χαρίσασθαι.

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was said at the start, it is neither fine nor shameful itself by itself: done finely, it is fine; done shamefully, shameful. It is shameful to grant favors to a bad man in a bad way, and fine to grant them to a good man in a fine way.[15]

And the bad man is that common lover, [183e] who loves the body rather than the soul. He isn't constant, either, since what he loves isn't constant. As soon as the bloom of the body he loved begins to fade, he "flies off and is gone," putting all his speeches and promises to shame. But the lover of a good character remains for life, since he has been fused with something constant.[16]

Our law aims to test these lovers [184a] well and truly, so that the beloved grants favors to the one kind and escapes the other. That's why it urges lovers to pursue and beloveds to flee, staging a contest and testing which kind the lover belongs to and which kind the beloved. For this reason, first, it is considered shameful to be caught quickly, so that time may pass, which seems to be a good test of most things; and second, it is shameful to be caught by money or political power, [184b] whether the boy cowers under ill-treatment and fails to hold out, or fails to disdain benefits in the form of money or political advancement. None of these seems firm or lasting, quite apart from the fact that no noble friendship ever grows from them. So our law leaves just one path, if a beloved is going to grant favors to a lover in a fine way.

We have a law that, just as it was not flattery or a matter for reproach for lovers to be willing to be slaves [184c] to their beloveds in any way at all, so there is one other kind of voluntary slavery, and only one, that remains free of reproach: slavery for the sake of excellence. It's our accepted view that if someone is willing to serve another because he believes that through him he'll become better, whether in some kind of wisdom or in any other part of excellence, this voluntary slavery, too, is neither shameful nor flattery. So these two laws must be combined into one—the law about the love of boys and [184d] the law about philosophy and excellence in general—if it is to turn out fine for a beloved to grant favors to a lover.

15 An attendant (*paidagōgos*) was a household slave who escorted a boy to school and around town and watched over his conduct.
16 The quoted phrase comes from Homer's *Iliad*, where a deceptive dream departs from Agamemnon.

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ὅταν γὰρ εἰς τὸ αὐτὸ ἔλθωσιν ἐραστής τε καὶ παιδικά, νόμον ἔχων ἑκάτερος, ὁ μὲν χαρισαμένοις παιδικοῖς ὑπηρετῶν ὁτιοῦν δικαίως ἂν ὑπηρετεῖν, ὁ δὲ τῷ ποιοῦντι αὐτὸν σοφόν τε καὶ ἀγαθὸν δικαίως αὖ ὁτιοῦν ἂν ὑπουργῶν ὑπουργεῖν, καὶ ὁ μὲν δυνάμενος εἰς φρόνησιν καὶ τὴν [184e] ἄλλην ἀρετὴν συμβάλλεσθαι, ὁ δὲ δεόμενος εἰς παίδευσιν καὶ τὴν ἄλλην σοφίαν κτᾶσθαι, τότε δὴ τούτων συνιόντων εἰς ταὐτὸν τῶν νόμων μοναχοῦ ἐνταῦθα συμπίπτει τὸ καλὸν εἶναι παιδικὰ ἐραστῇ χαρίσασθαι, ἄλλοθι δὲ οὐδαμοῦ. ἐπὶ τούτῳ καὶ ἐξαπατηθῆναι οὐδὲν αἰσχρόν· ἐπὶ δὲ τοῖς ἄλλοις πᾶσι καὶ ἐξαπατωμένῳ αἰσχύνην φέρει καὶ μή.

When lover and beloved come together, each with his own law—the lover holding that he'd be right to do any service at all for a beloved who grants him favors, the beloved that he'd be right, in turn, to render any service at all to the one who is making him wise and good; the one able to contribute to understanding and [184e] excellence in general, the other needing to acquire education and wisdom in general—then, when these laws coincide, there and only there does it come about that it is fine for a beloved to grant favors to a lover, and nowhere else. In this case even being deceived is no disgrace; in every other case it brings disgrace whether one is deceived or not.

184e εἰ γάρ τις [185a] ἐραστῇ ὡς πλουσίῳ πλούτου ἕνεκα χαρισάμενος ἐξαπατηθείη καὶ μὴ λάβοι χρήματα, ἀναφανέντος τοῦ ἐραστοῦ πένητος, οὐδὲν ἧττον αἰσχρόν· δοκεῖ γὰρ ὁ τοιοῦτος τό γε αὑτοῦ ἐπιδεῖξαι, ὅτι ἕνεκα χρημάτων ὁτιοῦν ἂν ὁτῳοῦν ὑπηρετοῖ, τοῦτο δὲ οὐ καλόν. κατὰ τὸν αὐτὸν δὴ λόγον κἂν εἴ τις ὡς ἀγαθῷ χαρισάμενος καὶ αὐτὸς ὡς ἀμείνων ἐσόμενος διὰ τὴν φιλίαν ἐραστοῦ ἐξαπατηθείη, ἀναφανέντος ἐκείνου κακοῦ [185b] καὶ οὐ κεκτημένου ἀρετήν, ὅμως καλὴ ἡ ἀπάτη· δοκεῖ γὰρ αὖ καὶ οὗτος τὸ καθ' αὑτὸν δεδηλωκέναι, ὅτι ἀρετῆς γ' ἕνεκα καὶ τοῦ βελτίων γενέσθαι πᾶν ἂν παντὶ προθυμηθείη, τοῦτο δὲ αὖ πάντων κάλλιστον· οὕτω πᾶν πάντως γε καλὸν ἀρετῆς γ' ἕνεκα χαρίζεσθαι.

Suppose someone [185a] grants favors to a lover for the sake of wealth, believing him rich, and is deceived and gets no money because the lover turns out to be poor: that's no less shameful. Such a person seems to have revealed what he himself is like—that he'd do any service for anyone for money—and that isn't fine. By the same reasoning, suppose someone grants favors to a lover believing him good, and expecting to become better himself through the lover's friendship, and is deceived, the lover turning out to be bad [185b] and without excellence: the deception is fine all the same. He too seems to have shown what he himself is like—that for the sake of excellence and becoming better he'd be eager to do anything for anyone—and that, in turn, is the finest thing of all. So it is altogether fine, in every way, to grant favors for the sake of excellence.

185b οὗτός ἐστιν ὁ τῆς οὐρανίας θεοῦ ἔρως καὶ οὐράνιος καὶ πολλοῦ ἄξιος καὶ πόλει καὶ ἰδιώταις, πολλὴν ἐπιμέλειαν ἀναγκάζων ποιεῖσθαι πρὸς ἀρετὴν τόν [185c] τε ἐρῶντα αὐτὸν αὑτοῦ καὶ τὸν ἐρώμενον· οἱ δ' ἕτεροι πάντες τῆς ἑτέρας, τῆς πανδήμου. ταῦτά σοι, ἔφη, ὡς ἐκ τοῦ παραχρῆμα, ὦ Φαῖδρε, περὶ Ἔρωτος συμβάλλομαι.

This is the love that belongs to the Heavenly goddess; it is heavenly itself, and of great value to the city and to individuals, since it compels both the lover [185c] himself and the beloved to take great care over excellence. All the other loves belong to the other goddess, the Common one. That, Phaedrus, he said, is my contribution on Love, as well as I can manage on the spur of the moment.

185c Παυσανίου δὲ παυσαμένου—διδάσκουσι γάρ με ἴσα λέγειν οὑτωσὶ οἱ σοφοί—ἔφη ὁ Ἀριστόδημος δεῖν μὲν Ἀριστοφάνη λέγειν, τυχεῖν δὲ αὐτῷ τινα ἢ ὑπὸ πλησμονῆς ἢ ὑπό τινος ἄλλου λύγγα ἐπιπεπτωκυῖαν καὶ οὐχ οἷόν τε εἶναι λέγειν, [185d] ἀλλ' εἰπεῖν αὐτόν—ἐν τῇ κάτω γὰρ αὐτοῦ τὸν ἰατρὸν Ἐρυξίμαχον κατακεῖσθαι—"ὦ Ἐρυξίμαχε, δίκαιος εἶ ἢ παῦσαί με τῆς λυγγὸς ἢ λέγειν ὑπὲρ ἐμοῦ, ἕως ἂν ἐγὼ παύσωμαι." καὶ τὸν Ἐρυξίμαχον

When Pausanias had paused—the experts are teaching me to talk in these matching sounds—Aristodemus said that it was Aristophanes' turn to speak, but he happened to have been seized by hiccups, whether from overeating or something else, and couldn't speak. [185d] So he said to the doctor Eryximachus, who was lying on the couch just below him, "Eryximachus, it's only fair that you

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εἰπεῖν “ἀλλὰ ποιήσω ἀμφότερα ταῦτα· ἐγὼ μὲν γὰρ ἐρῶ ἐν τῷ σῷ μέρει, σὺ δ’ ἐπειδὰν παύσῃ, ἐν τῷ ἐμῷ. ἐν ᾧ δ’ ἂν ἐγὼ λέγω, ἐὰν μέν σοι ἐθέλῃ ἀπνευστὶ ἔχοντι πολὺν χρόνον παύεσθαι ἡ λύγξ· εἰ δὲ μή, ὕδατι 185e ἀνακογχυλίασον.	either stop my hiccups or speak in my place until I’ve stopped.” And Eryximachus said, “I’ll do both. I’ll speak in your turn, and you, once you’ve stopped, can speak in mine. While I’m speaking, see whether the hiccups will stop if you hold your breath for a long time. If not, gargle 185e with water.[17]
185e εἰ δ’ ἄρα πάνυ ἰσχυρά ἐστιν, ἀναλαβών τι τοιοῦτον οἵῳ κινήσαις ἂν τὴν ῥῖνα, πτάρε· καὶ ἐὰν τοῦτο ποιήσῃς ἅπαξ ἢ δίς, καὶ εἰ πάνυ ἰσχυρά ἐστι, παύσεται.” “οὐκ ἂν φθάνοις λέγων,” φάναι τὸν Ἀριστοφάνη· “ἐγὼ δὲ ταῦτα ποιήσω.”	And if they’re really stubborn, take something you can tickle your nose with and sneeze. Do that once or twice and they’ll stop, however stubborn they are.” “Go ahead and start speaking,” said Aristophanes. “I’ll do all that.”

ERYXIMACHUS: LOVE THROUGHOUT NATURE

The doctor Eryximachus argues that Love governs harmony in bodies, music and the whole of nature.

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APOLLODORUS εἰπεῖν δὴ τὸν Ἐρυξίμαχον, δοκεῖ τοίνυν μοι ἀναγκαῖον εἶναι, ἐπειδὴ Παυσανίας ὁρμήσας ἐπὶ τὸν λόγον καλῶς οὐχ 186a ἱκανῶς ἀπετέλεσε, δεῖν ἐμὲ πειρᾶσθαι τέλος ἐπιθεῖναι τῷ λόγῳ. τὸ μὲν γὰρ διπλοῦν εἶναι τὸν ἔρωτα δοκεῖ μοι καλῶς διελέσθαι· ὅτι δὲ οὐ μόνον ἐστὶν ἐπὶ ταῖς ψυχαῖς τῶν ἀνθρώπων πρὸς τοὺς καλοὺς ἀλλὰ καὶ πρὸς ἄλλα πολλὰ καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἄλλοις, τοῖς τε σώμασι τῶν πάντων ζῴων καὶ τοῖς ἐν τῇ γῇ φυομένοις καὶ ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν ἐν πᾶσι τοῖς οὖσι, καθεωρακέναι μοι δοκῶ ἐκ τῆς ἰατρικῆς, τῆς ἡμετέρας 186b τέχνης, ὡς μέγας καὶ θαυμαστὸς καὶ ἐπὶ πᾶν ὁ θεὸς τείνει καὶ κατ’ ἀνθρώπινα καὶ κατὰ θεῖα πράγματα. ἄρξομαι δὲ ἀπὸ τῆς ἰατρικῆς λέγων, ἵνα καὶ πρεσβεύωμεν τὴν τέχνην.	APOLLODORUS Then Eryximachus said: Well, since Pausanias made a fine start on his speech but didn’t 186a bring it to an adequate finish, I think I must try to put an ending to the argument. His division of Love into two kinds seems to me a fine one. But Love is found not only in human souls, directed toward beautiful people, but also directed toward many other things and in other things—in the bodies of all animals, in the plants that grow in the earth, and, one might say, in everything that exists. This I think I have observed from medicine, our 186b art: how great and wonderful the god is, and how he extends to everything, in human and divine affairs alike. I’ll begin with medicine, so as to give pride of place to my art.
186b ἡ γὰρ φύσις τῶν σωμάτων τὸν διπλοῦν ἔρωτα τοῦτον ἔχει· τὸ γὰρ ὑγιὲς τοῦ σώματος καὶ τὸ νοσοῦν ὁμολογουμένως ἕτερόν τε καὶ ἀνόμοιόν ἐστι, τὸ δὲ ἀνόμοιον ἀνομοίων ἐπιθυμεῖ καὶ ἐρᾷ. ἄλλος μὲν οὖν ὁ ἐπὶ τῷ ὑγιεινῷ ἔρως, ἄλλος δὲ ὁ ἐπὶ τῷ νοσώδει. ἔστιν δή, ὥσπερ ἄρτι Παυσανίας ἔλεγεν τοῖς μὲν ἀγαθοῖς καλὸν χαρίζεσθαι τῶν ἀνθρώπων, 186c τοῖς δ’ ἀκολάστοις αἰσχρόν, οὕτω καὶ ἐν αὐτοῖς τοῖς σώμασιν τοῖς μὲν ἀγαθοῖς ἑκάστου τοῦ σώματος καὶ ὑγιεινοῖς καλὸν χαρίζεσθαι καὶ δεῖ, καὶ τοῦτό ἐστιν ᾧ ὄνομα τὸ ἰατρικόν, τοῖς δὲ κακοῖς καὶ νοσώδεσιν αἰσχρόν τε καὶ δεῖ ἀχαριστεῖν, εἰ μέλλει τις τεχνικὸς εἶναι.	The nature of bodies has this double Love. The healthy and the diseased in the body are admittedly different and unlike, and what is unlike desires and loves unlike things. So the love present in the healthy is one thing, and the love present in the diseased another. Now just as Pausanias was saying a moment ago that it is fine to grant favors to good people, 186c and shameful to grant them to the licentious, so too in bodies themselves it is fine, and necessary, to gratify the good and healthy elements of each body—and this is what we call medicine—whereas it is shameful to gratify the bad and diseased elements, and one must deny them, if one is to be a true expert.
186c	

GREEK

ἔστι γὰρ ἰατρική, ὡς ἐν κεφαλαίῳ εἰπεῖν, ἐπιστήμη τῶν τοῦ σώματος ἐρωτικῶν πρὸς πλησμονὴν καὶ κένωσιν, καὶ ὁ διαγιγνώσκων ἐν τούτοις τὸν [186d] καλόν τε καὶ αἰσχρὸν ἔρωτα, οὗτός ἐστιν ὁ ἰατρικώτατος, καὶ ὁ μεταβάλλειν ποιῶν, ὥστε ἀντὶ τοῦ ἑτέρου ἔρωτος τὸν ἕτερον κτᾶσθαι, καὶ οἷς μὴ ἔνεστιν ἔρως, δεῖ δ' ἐγγενέσθαι, ἐπιστάμενος ἐμποιῆσαι καὶ ἐνόντα ἐξελεῖν, ἀγαθὸς ἂν εἴη δημιουργός. δεῖ γὰρ δὴ τὰ ἔχθιστα ὄντα ἐν τῷ σώματι φίλα οἷόν τ' εἶναι ποιεῖν καὶ ἐρᾶν ἀλλήλων. ἔστι δὲ ἔχθιστα τὰ ἐναντιώτατα, ψυχρὸν θερμῷ, πικρὸν γλυκεῖ, ξηρὸν ὑγρῷ, [186e] πάντα τὰ τοιαῦτα· τούτοις ἐπιστηθεὶς ἔρωτα ἐμποιῆσαι καὶ ὁμόνοιαν ὁ ἡμέτερος πρόγονος Ἀσκληπιός, ὥς φασιν οἵδε οἱ ποιηταὶ καὶ ἐγὼ πείθομαι, συνέστησεν τὴν ἡμετέραν τέχνην.

ENGLISH

For medicine, to put it in a nutshell, is the knowledge of the body's loves with respect to filling and emptying. The one who can diagnose in these the [186d] fine and the shameful love is the most accomplished physician. And the one who can bring about a change, so that the body acquires one love in place of the other, and who knows how to instill love where it is absent but ought to be present, and to remove it where it is present, would be a good practitioner. He must be able to make the most hostile elements in the body friends, and get them to love one another. The most hostile are the most opposite: cold and hot, bitter and sweet, dry and wet, [186e] and everything of that kind. It was by knowing how to instill love and concord in these that our ancestor Asclepius—as the poets here tell us, and I believe them—founded our art.[18]

186e ἥ τε οὖν ἰατρική, ὥσπερ λέγω, πᾶσα διὰ τοῦ θεοῦ τούτου [187a] κυβερνᾶται, ὡσαύτως δὲ καὶ γυμναστικὴ καὶ γεωργία· μουσικὴ δὲ καὶ παντὶ κατάδηλος τῷ καὶ σμικρὸν προσέχοντι τὸν νοῦν ὅτι κατὰ ταὐτὰ ἔχει τούτοις, ὥσπερ ἴσως καὶ Ἡράκλειτος βούλεται λέγειν, ἐπεὶ τοῖς γε ῥήμασιν οὐ καλῶς λέγει. τὸ ἓν γάρ φησι "διαφερόμενον αὐτὸ αὑτῷ συμφέρεσθαι," "ὥσπερ ἁρμονίαν τόξου τε καὶ λύρας." ἔστι δὲ πολλὴ ἀλογία ἁρμονίαν φάναι διαφέρεσθαι ἢ ἐκ διαφερομένων ἔτι εἶναι. ἀλλὰ ἴσως τόδε ἐβούλετο λέγειν, ὅτι ἐκ διαφερομένων [187b] πρότερον τοῦ ὀξέος καὶ βαρέος, ἔπειτα ὕστερον ὁμολογησάντων γέγονεν ὑπὸ τῆς μουσικῆς τέχνης.

So all of medicine, as I say, is steered by this god, [187a] and likewise athletic training and farming. And it's obvious to anyone who pays the slightest attention that music is in the same case as these—which is perhaps what Heraclitus means to say, though he doesn't express it well. He says that the one, "in differing from itself, agrees with itself," "like the harmony of a bow and a lyre." But it's quite absurd to say that a harmony differs, or that it consists of things that are still differing. Perhaps what he meant was that harmony was produced by the art of music out of high and low notes that differed [187b] earlier and later came to agree.[19]

187b οὐ γὰρ δήπου ἐκ διαφερομένων γε ἔτι τοῦ ὀξέος καὶ βαρέος ἁρμονία ἂν εἴη· ἡ γὰρ ἁρμονία συμφωνία ἐστίν, συμφωνία δὲ ὁμολογία τις—ὁμολογίαν δὲ ἐκ διαφερομένων, ἕως ἂν διαφέρωνται, ἀδύνατον εἶναι· διαφερόμενον δὲ αὖ καὶ μὴ ὁμολογοῦν ἀδύνατον ἁρμόσαι —ὥσπερ γε καὶ ὁ ῥυθμὸς ἐκ τοῦ ταχέος καὶ [187c] βραδέος, ἐκ διενηνεγμένων πρότερον, ὕστερον δὲ ὁμολογησάντων γέγονε. τὴν δὲ ὁμολογίαν πᾶσι τούτοις, ὥσπερ ἐκεῖ ἡ ἰατρική, ἐνταῦθα ἡ μουσικὴ ἐντίθησιν, ἔρωτα καὶ ὁμόνοιαν ἀλλήλων ἐμποιήσασα· καὶ ἔστιν αὖ μουσικὴ περὶ ἁρμονίαν καὶ ῥυθμὸν ἐρωτικῶν ἐπιστήμη.

Surely there couldn't be a harmony made of high and low while they're still differing. Harmony is consonance, and consonance is a kind of agreement—and agreement between things that differ is impossible as long as they differ; and again, what differs and doesn't agree can't be harmonized. In the same way rhythm too comes from fast and [187c] slow, which differed earlier and later came to agree. In all these cases it is music that instills the agreement here, as medicine did there, by producing love and concord between them. So music, in its turn, is the knowledge of love's workings in the field of harmony and rhythm.

187c καὶ ἐν μέν γε αὐτῇ τῇ συστάσει ἁρμονίας τε καὶ ῥυθμοῦ οὐδὲν χαλεπὸν τὰ ἐρωτικὰ διαγιγνώσκειν, οὐδὲ ὁ διπλοῦς

In the actual construction of a harmony or a rhythm it's not at all hard to discern love's work-

17 The Greek *Pausaniou pausamenou* is a jingle mocking the balanced sound effects taught by fashionable teachers of rhetoric.
18 Asclepius, god of healing, was claimed by physicians as their ancestor; "the poets here" are Agathon and Aristophanes.
19 Heraclitus of Ephesus (around 500 BC) was a philosopher known for riddling sayings about the unity of opposites.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ἔρως ἐνταῦθά πω ἔστιν· ἀλλ' ἐπειδὰν δέῃ πρὸς τοὺς ἀνθρώπους καταχρῆσθαι [187d] ῥυθμῷ τε καὶ ἁρμονίᾳ ἢ ποιοῦντα, ὃ δὴ μελοποιίαν καλοῦσιν, ἢ χρώμενον ὀρθῶς τοῖς πεποιημένοις μέλεσί τε καὶ μέτροις, ὃ δὴ παιδεία ἐκλήθη, ἐνταῦθα δὴ καὶ χαλεπὸν καὶ ἀγαθοῦ δημιουργοῦ δεῖ.	ings, and the double love isn't present there yet. But when one has to put [187d] rhythm and harmony to use on human beings—whether by composing, which people call song-making, or by the correct use of songs and meters already composed, which has been called education—then it becomes difficult, and a good practitioner is needed.
187d	πάλιν γὰρ ἥκει ὁ αὐτὸς λόγος, ὅτι τοῖς μὲν κοσμίοις τῶν ἀνθρώπων, καὶ ὡς ἂν κοσμιώτεροι γίγνοιντο οἱ μήπω ὄντες, δεῖ χαρίζεσθαι καὶ φυλάττειν τὸν τούτων ἔρωτα, καὶ οὗτός ἐστιν ὁ καλός, ὁ οὐράνιος, ὁ τῆς Οὐρανίας [187e] μούσης Ἔρως· ὁ δὲ Πολυμνίας ὁ πάνδημος, ὃν δεῖ εὐλαβούμενον προσφέρειν οἷς ἂν προσφέρῃ, ὅπως ἂν τὴν μὲν ἡδονὴν αὐτοῦ καρπώσηται, ἀκολασίαν δὲ μηδεμίαν ἐμποιήσῃ, ὥσπερ ἐν τῇ ἡμετέρᾳ τέχνῃ μέγα ἔργον ταῖς περὶ τὴν ὀψοποιικὴν τέχνην ἐπιθυμίαις καλῶς χρῆσθαι, ὥστ' ἄνευ νόσου τὴν ἡδονὴν καρπώσασθαι.	For the same argument comes round again: orderly people, and those not yet orderly so that they may become more so, must be gratified, and their love must be preserved. This is the fine love, the heavenly one, the Love that belongs to the Heavenly [187e] Muse. The common love is Polymnia's, and one must apply it with caution to whomever one applies it, so as to reap its pleasure without instilling any licentiousness—just as in our art it is a major task to handle properly the appetites for fine cooking, so that people can reap the pleasure without falling ill.[20]
187e	καὶ ἐν μουσικῇ δὴ καὶ ἐν ἰατρικῇ καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἄλλοις πᾶσι καὶ τοῖς ἀνθρωπείοις καὶ τοῖς θείοις, καθ' ὅσον παρείκει, φυλακτέον ἑκάτερον τὸν ἔρωτα· ἔνεστον [188a] γάρ. ἐπεὶ καὶ ἡ τῶν ὡρῶν τοῦ ἐνιαυτοῦ σύστασις μεστή ἐστιν ἀμφοτέρων τούτων, καὶ ἐπειδὰν μὲν πρὸς ἄλληλα τοῦ κοσμίου τύχῃ ἔρωτος ἃ νυνδὴ ἐγὼ ἔλεγον, τά τε θερμὰ καὶ τὰ ψυχρὰ καὶ ξηρὰ καὶ ὑγρά, καὶ ἁρμονίαν καὶ κρᾶσιν λάβῃ σώφρονα, ἥκει φέροντα εὐετηρίαν τε καὶ ὑγίειαν ἀνθρώποις καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις ζῴοις τε καὶ φυτοῖς, καὶ οὐδὲν ἠδίκησεν· ὅταν δὲ ὁ μετὰ τῆς ὕβρεως Ἔρως ἐγκρατέστερος περὶ τὰς τοῦ ἐνιαυτοῦ ὥρας γένηται, διέφθειρέν τε πολλὰ καὶ ἠδίκησεν.	So in music, in medicine, and in every other sphere, human and divine, we must keep watch, as far as we can, on each of the two loves; for both are [188a] present. Even the ordering of the seasons of the year is full of both. When the things I was just speaking of—the hot and the cold, the dry and the wet—meet with the orderly love toward one another, and take on a harmony and a moderate blend, they come bringing good harvests and health to human beings and to the other animals and to plants, and do no harm. But when the Love that goes with wantonness gains the upper hand in the seasons of the year, he destroys a great deal and does great harm.
188b	οἵ τε γὰρ λοιμοὶ φιλοῦσι γίγνεσθαι ἐκ τῶν τοιούτων καὶ ἄλλα ἀνόμοια πολλὰ νοσήματα καὶ τοῖς θηρίοις καὶ τοῖς φυτοῖς· καὶ γὰρ πάχναι καὶ χάλαζαι καὶ ἐρυσῖβαι ἐκ πλεονεξίας καὶ ἀκοσμίας περὶ ἄλληλα τῶν τοιούτων γίγνεται ἐρωτικῶν, ὧν ἐπιστήμη περὶ ἄστρων τε φορὰς καὶ ἐνιαυτῶν ὥρας ἀστρονομία καλεῖται. ἔτι τοίνυν καὶ αἱ θυσίαι πᾶσαι καὶ οἷς μαντικὴ ἐπιστατεῖ—ταῦτα δ' ἐστὶν ἡ περὶ θεούς τε [188c] καὶ ἀνθρώπους πρὸς ἀλλήλους κοινωνία—οὐ περὶ ἄλλο τί ἐστιν ἢ περὶ Ἔρωτος φυλακήν τε καὶ ἴασιν.	Plagues tend to arise from such conditions, and many other diseases of various kinds among animals and plants. Frosts and hailstorms and blights, too, come from the overreaching and disorder of such loves toward one another; and the knowledge of these, concerning the movements of the stars and the seasons of the year, is called astronomy. Furthermore, all sacrifices and everything that divination presides over—that is, the communion between gods [188c] and human beings—are concerned with nothing other than the protection and healing of Love.
188c		

20 Urania ("Heavenly") and Polymnia ("Many Hymns") are two of the nine Muses; Eryximachus pairs them with the two Aphrodites.

GREEK

ENGLISH

πᾶσα γὰρ ἀσέβεια φιλεῖ γίγνεσθαι ἐὰν μή τις τῷ κοσμίῳ Ἔρωτι χαρίζηται μηδὲ τιμᾷ τε αὐτὸν καὶ πρεσβεύῃ ἐν παντὶ ἔργῳ, ἀλλὰ τὸν ἕτερον, καὶ περὶ γονέας καὶ ζῶντας καὶ τετελευτηκότας καὶ περὶ θεούς· ἃ δὴ προστέτακται τῇ μαντικῇ ἐπισκοπεῖν τοὺς ἐρῶντας καὶ ἰατρεύειν, καὶ ἔστιν αὖ ἡ [188d] μαντικὴ φιλίας θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων δημιουργὸς τῷ ἐπίστασθαι τὰ κατὰ ἀνθρώπους ἐρωτικά, ὅσα τείνει πρὸς θέμιν καὶ εὐσέβειαν.

For all impiety tends to arise when someone fails to gratify the orderly Love, and to honor him and give him precedence in every action, but does all this for the other Love instead—whether in relation to parents, living or dead, or in relation to the gods. Divination is charged with watching over these loves and treating them; and divination, in turn, [188d] is the craftsman of friendship between gods and human beings, because it knows which of the loves among human beings bear on what is right and pious.

188d οὕτω πολλὴν καὶ μεγάλην, μᾶλλον δὲ πᾶσαν δύναμιν ἔχει συλλήβδην μὲν ὁ πᾶς Ἔρως, ὁ δὲ περὶ τἀγαθὰ μετὰ σωφροσύνης καὶ δικαιοσύνης ἀποτελούμενος καὶ παρ' ἡμῖν καὶ παρὰ θεοῖς, οὗτος τὴν μεγίστην δύναμιν ἔχει καὶ πᾶσαν ἡμῖν εὐδαιμονίαν παρασκευάζει καὶ ἀλλήλοις δυναμένους ὁμιλεῖν καὶ φίλους εἶναι καὶ τοῖς κρείττοσιν ἡμῶν θεοῖς. ἴσως μὲν [188e] οὖν καὶ ἐγὼ τὸν ἔρωτα ἐπαινῶν πολλὰ παραλείπω, οὐ μέντοι ἑκών γε. ἀλλ' εἴ τι ἐξέλιπον, σὸν ἔργον, ὦ Ἀριστόφανες, ἀναπληρῶσαι· ἢ εἴ πως ἄλλως ἐν νῷ ἔχεις ἐγκωμιάζειν τὸν θεόν, ἐγκωμίαζε, ἐπειδὴ καὶ τῆς λυγγὸς πέπαυσαι.

So great and manifold, or rather all-embracing, is the power that Love as a whole possesses, taken all together. But the Love that is directed toward good things and is fulfilled with moderation and justice, among us and among the gods—he has the greatest power, and provides us with all happiness, enabling us to associate with one another and to be friends even with the gods, who are stronger than we are. Perhaps [188e] I too am leaving out a great deal in praising Love, though certainly not on purpose. But if I've left anything out, Aristophanes, it's your job to fill the gap; or if you have in mind some other way of praising the god, go ahead and praise him, since your hiccups have stopped.

ARISTOPHANES: THE SPLIT PEOPLE

Aristophanes tells how Zeus split the first round humans, so that love is the search for one's other half.

GREEK

ENGLISH

189a **APOLLODORUS** ἐκδεξάμενον οὖν ἔφη εἰπεῖν τὸν Ἀριστοφάνη ὅτι καὶ μάλ' ἐπαύσατο, οὐ μέντοι πρίν γε τὸν πταρμὸν προσενεχθῆναι αὐτῇ, ὥστε με θαυμάζειν εἰ τὸ κόσμιον τοῦ σώματος ἐπιθυμεῖ τοιούτων ψόφων καὶ γαργαλισμῶν, οἷον καὶ ὁ πταρμός ἐστιν· πάνυ γὰρ εὐθὺς ἐπαύσατο, ἐπειδὴ αὐτῷ τὸν πταρμὸν προσήνεγκα.

APOLLODORUS So Aristophanes, he said, took over and said, "They did stop—though not before I applied a sneeze to them. It makes me wonder whether the orderly element in the body desires the sort of noises and ticklings that a sneeze involves; they stopped at once as soon as I applied the sneeze."

καὶ τὸν Ἐρυξίμαχον, ὠγαθέ, φάναι, Ἀριστόφανες, ὅρα τί ποιεῖς. γελωτοποιεῖς μέλλων λέγειν, καὶ φύλακά με τοῦ [189b] λόγου ἀναγκάζεις γίγνεσθαι τοῦ σεαυτοῦ, ἐάν τι γελοῖον εἴπῃς, ἐξόν σοι ἐν εἰρήνῃ λέγειν.

And Eryximachus said, "My good Aristophanes, watch what you're doing. You're clowning just when you're about to speak, and you're forcing me to stand guard over [189b] your speech, in case you say something funny, when you could have spoken in peace."

189b καὶ τὸν Ἀριστοφάνη γελάσαντα εἰπεῖν εὖ λέγεις, ὦ Ἐρυξίμαχε, καί μοι ἔστω ἄρρητα τὰ εἰρημένα. ἀλλὰ μή με φύλαττε, ὡς ἐγὼ φοβοῦμαι περὶ τῶν μελλόντων ῥηθήσεσθαι, οὔ τι μὴ γελοῖα εἴπω — τοῦτο μὲν γὰρ ἂν

Aristophanes laughed and said, "You're right, Eryximachus; let what I've said be unsaid. But don't stand guard over me. What I'm afraid of in what I'm about to say isn't that I'll say something

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	κέρδος εἴη καὶ τῆς ἡμετέρας μούσης ἐπιχώριον — ἀλλὰ μὴ καταγέλαστα.	funny—that would be a gain, and native to our Muse—but that I'll say something ridiculous."
	βαλών γε, φάναι, ὦ Ἀριστόφανες, οἴει ἐκφεύξεσθαι· ἀλλὰ πρόσεχε τὸν νοῦν καὶ οὕτως λέγε ὡς δώσων λόγον. 189c ἴσως μέντοι, ἂν δόξῃ μοι, ἀφήσω σε.	"You think you can take your shot, Aristophanes," he said, "and get away with it? Pay attention, and speak as someone who will be held to account. 189c Still, if I see fit, perhaps I'll let you off."
189c	καὶ μήν, ὦ Ἐρυξίμαχε, εἰπεῖν τὸν Ἀριστοφάνη, ἄλλῃ γέ πῃ ἐν νῷ ἔχω λέγειν ἢ ᾗ σύ τε καὶ Παυσανίας εἰπέτην. ἐμοὶ γὰρ δοκοῦσιν ἄνθρωποι παντάπασι τὴν τοῦ ἔρωτος δύναμιν οὐκ ἠσθῆσθαι, ἐπεὶ αἰσθανόμενοί γε μέγιστ' ἂν αὐτοῦ ἱερὰ κατασκευάσαι καὶ βωμούς, καὶ θυσίας ἂν ποιεῖν μεγίστας, οὐχ ὥσπερ νῦν τούτων οὐδὲν γίγνεται περὶ αὐτόν, δέον πάντων μάλιστα γίγνεσθαι. ἔστι γὰρ θεῶν φιλανθρωπότατος, 189d ἐπίκουρός τε ὢν τῶν ἀνθρώπων καὶ ἰατρὸς τούτων ὧν ἰαθέντων μεγίστη εὐδαιμονία ἂν τῷ ἀνθρωπείῳ γένει εἴη. ἐγὼ οὖν πειράσομαι ὑμῖν εἰσηγήσασθαι τὴν δύναμιν αὐτοῦ, ὑμεῖς δὲ τῶν ἄλλων διδάσκαλοι ἔσεσθε. δεῖ δὲ πρῶτον ὑμᾶς μαθεῖν τὴν ἀνθρωπίνην φύσιν καὶ τὰ παθήματα αὐτῆς. ἡ γὰρ πάλαι ἡμῶν φύσις οὐχ αὐτὴ ἦν ἥπερ νῦν, ἀλλ' ἀλλοία.	Well, Eryximachus, said Aristophanes, I do intend to speak in a different way from you and Pausanias. It seems to me that human beings have entirely failed to perceive the power of Love. If they did perceive it, they'd have built him the greatest temples and altars and would offer him the greatest sacrifices—not as things are now, when none of this is done for him, though it ought to be done more than anything. For of all the gods he is the most loving toward human beings: 189d he is our helper, and the physician for those ills whose healing would bring the greatest happiness to the human race. So I'll try to explain his power to you, and you will teach everyone else. But first you must learn about human nature and what has happened to it. Long ago our nature wasn't the same as it is now, but different.
189d	πρῶτον μὲν γὰρ τρία ἦν τὰ γένη τὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων, οὐχ ὥσπερ νῦν δύο, ἄρρεν καὶ θῆλυ, 189e ἀλλὰ καὶ τρίτον προσῆν κοινὸν ὃν ἀμφοτέρων τούτων, οὗ νῦν ὄνομα λοιπόν, αὐτὸ δὲ ἠφάνισται· ἀνδρόγυνον γὰρ ἓν τότε μὲν ἦν καὶ εἶδος καὶ ὄνομα ἐξ ἀμφοτέρων κοινὸν τοῦ τε ἄρρενος καὶ θήλεος, νῦν δὲ οὐκ ἔστιν ἀλλ' ἢ ἐν ὀνείδει ὄνομα κείμενον.	First of all, there were three kinds of human beings, not two as there are now, male and female. 189e There was a third kind as well, which combined the two, and whose name survives today though the thing itself has vanished. There was then a single androgynous kind, combining male and female in both form and name; but now it no longer exists, except as a name used as an insult.[21]
189e	ἔπειτα ὅλον ἦν ἑκάστου τοῦ ἀνθρώπου τὸ εἶδος στρογγύλον, νῶτον καὶ πλευρὰς κύκλῳ ἔχον, χεῖρας δὲ τέτταρας εἶχε, καὶ σκέλη τὰ ἴσα ταῖς χερσίν, καὶ πρόσωπα 190a δύ' ἐπ' αὐχένι κυκλοτερεῖ, ὅμοια πάντῃ· κεφαλὴν δ' ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροις τοῖς προσώποις ἐναντίοις κειμένοις μίαν, καὶ ὦτα τέτταρα, καὶ αἰδοῖα δύο, καὶ τἆλλα πάντα ὡς ἀπὸ τούτων ἄν τις εἰκάσειεν. ἐπορεύετο δὲ καὶ ὀρθὸν ὥσπερ νῦν, ὁποτέρωσε βουληθείη· καὶ ὁπότε ταχὺ ὁρμήσειεν θεῖν, ὥσπερ οἱ κυβιστῶντες καὶ εἰς ὀρθὸν τὰ σκέλη περιφερόμενοι κυβιστῶσι κύκλῳ, ὀκτὼ τότε οὖσι τοῖς μέλεσιν ἀπερειδόμενοι ταχὺ ἐφέροντο κύκλῳ.	Next, each human being's shape was a complete round, with back and sides forming a circle. It had four hands, and as many legs as hands, and two faces 190a on a circular neck, exactly alike; and one head for the two faces, which looked in opposite directions; and four ears, and two sets of genitals, and everything else as you might imagine from this. It walked upright, as we do now, in whichever direction it wanted; and whenever it set off to run fast, it was like tumblers who turn cartwheels, swinging their legs round to the upright: propping themselves on their limbs, which were eight in those days, they went rolling rapidly round and round.

21 In Plato's Athens, *androgynos* ("man-woman") survived mainly as an insult.

GREEK

ENGLISH

190a ἦν δὲ διὰ ταῦτα τρία [190b] τὰ γένη καὶ τοιαῦτα, ὅτι τὸ μὲν ἄρρεν ἦν τοῦ ἡλίου τὴν ἀρχὴν ἔκγονον, τὸ δὲ θῆλυ τῆς γῆς, τὸ δὲ ἀμφοτέρων μετέχον τῆς σελήνης, ὅτι καὶ ἡ σελήνη ἀμφοτέρων μετέχει· περιφερῆ δὲ δὴ ἦν καὶ αὐτὰ καὶ ἡ πορεία αὐτῶν διὰ τὸ τοῖς γονεῦσιν ὅμοια εἶναι. ἦν οὖν τὴν ἰσχὺν δεινὰ καὶ τὴν ῥώμην, καὶ τὰ φρονήματα μεγάλα εἶχον, ἐπεχείρησαν δὲ τοῖς θεοῖς, καὶ ὃ λέγει Ὅμηρος περὶ Ἐφιάλτου τε καὶ Ὤτου, περὶ ἐκείνων λέγεται, τὸ εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν ἀνάβασιν ἐπιχειρεῖν [190c] ποιεῖν, ὡς ἐπιθησομένων τοῖς θεοῖς.

The reason there were three kinds, [190b] and of this sort, was that the male was originally the offspring of the sun, the female of the earth, and the one that shared in both of the moon, since the moon too shares in both. And they were round, both themselves and their way of moving, because they took after their parents. So they were terrifying in their strength and vigor, and they had grand ambitions. They made an attempt on the gods, and what Homer tells of Ephialtes and Otus is told of them: that they tried to make [190c] a way up to heaven, meaning to attack the gods.[22]

190c ὁ οὖν Ζεὺς καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι θεοὶ ἐβουλεύοντο ὅτι χρὴ αὐτοὺς ποιῆσαι, καὶ ἠπόρουν· οὔτε γὰρ ὅπως ἀποκτείναιεν εἶχον καὶ ὥσπερ τοὺς γίγαντας κεραυνώσαντες τὸ γένος ἀφανίσαιεν—αἱ τιμαὶ γὰρ αὐτοῖς καὶ ἱερὰ τὰ παρὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἠφανίζετο— οὔτε ὅπως ἐῷεν ἀσελγαίνειν. μόγις δὴ ὁ Ζεὺς ἐννοήσας λέγει ὅτι “δοκῶ μοι,” ἔφη, “ἔχειν μηχανήν, ὡς ἂν εἶέν τε ἄνθρωποι καὶ παύσαιντο τῆς ἀκολασίας ἀσθενέστεροι [190d] γενόμενοι. νῦν μὲν γὰρ αὐτούς, ἔφη, διατεμῶ δίχα ἕκαστον, καὶ ἅμα μὲν ἀσθενέστεροι ἔσονται, ἅμα δὲ χρησιμώτεροι ἡμῖν διὰ τὸ πλείους τὸν ἀριθμὸν γεγονέναι· καὶ βαδιοῦνται ὀρθοὶ ἐπὶ δυοῖν σκελοῖν.

So Zeus and the other gods deliberated about what they should do with them, and they were at a loss. They couldn’t kill them and wipe out the race by blasting them with thunderbolts, as they had the Giants—for then the honors and sacrifices they got from human beings would be wiped out too—and they couldn’t let them run riot either. At last, after much hard thought, Zeus said: “I think I have a device by which human beings can go on existing and yet stop their unruliness by becoming [190d] weaker. I’ll now cut each of them in two,” he said, “and they’ll be weaker and at the same time more useful to us, because there’ll be more of them. And they’ll walk upright on two legs.

190d ἐὰν δ’ ἔτι δοκῶσιν ἀσελγαίνειν καὶ μὴ ’θέλωσιν ἡσυχίαν ἄγειν, πάλιν αὖ, ἔφη, τεμῶ δίχα, ὥστ’ ἐφ’ ἑνὸς πορεύσονται σκέλους ἀσκωλιάζοντες.” ταῦτα εἰπὼν ἔτεμνε τοὺς ἀνθρώπους δίχα, ὥσπερ οἱ τὰ ὄα τέμνοντες [190e] καὶ μέλλοντες ταριχεύειν, ἢ ὥσπερ οἱ τὰ ᾠὰ ταῖς θριξίν· ὅντινα δὲ τέμοι, τὸν Ἀπόλλω ἐκέλευεν τό τε πρόσωπον μεταστρέφειν καὶ τὸ τοῦ αὐχένος ἥμισυ πρὸς τὴν τομήν, ἵνα θεώμενος τὴν αὑτοῦ τμῆσιν κοσμιώτερος εἴη ὁ ἄνθρωπος, καὶ τἆλλα ἰᾶσθαι ἐκέλευεν.

If they still seem to run riot and won’t keep quiet, I’ll cut them in two again,” he said, “so they’ll go hopping about on one leg.” With that he cut human beings in two, the way people cut sorb-apples [190e] for pickling, or slice eggs with a hair. And as he cut each one, he told Apollo to turn its face and half its neck around toward the cut, so that by looking at its own cutting the human being would behave better; and he told him to heal the rest.

190e ὁ δὲ τό τε πρόσωπον μετέστρεφε, καὶ συνέλκων πανταχόθεν τὸ δέρμα ἐπὶ τὴν γαστέρα νῦν καλουμένην, ὥσπερ τὰ σύσπαστα βαλλάντια, ἓν στόμα ποιῶν ἀπέδει κατὰ μέσην τὴν γαστέρα, ὃ δὴ τὸν ὀμφαλὸν καλοῦσι. καὶ τὰς μὲν ἄλλας ῥυτίδας [191a] τὰς πολλὰς ἐξελέαινε καὶ τὰ στήθη διήρθρου, ἔχων τι τοιοῦτον ὄργανον οἷον οἱ σκυτοτόμοι περὶ τὸν καλάποδα λεαίνοντες τὰς τῶν σκυτῶν ῥυτίδας· ὀλίγας δὲ κατέλιπε, τὰς περὶ αὐτὴν τὴν γαστέρα καὶ τὸν ὀμφαλόν, μνημεῖον εἶναι τοῦ παλαιοῦ πάθους. ἐπειδὴ οὖν ἡ φύσις δίχα ἐτμήθη, ποθοῦν ἕκαστον τὸ ἥμισυ τὸ αὑτοῦ συνήει, καὶ περιβάλλοντες τὰς χεῖρας καὶ συμπλεκόμενοι ἀλλήλοις, ἐπιθυμοῦντες συμφῦναι,

Apollo turned the face around. Then, drawing the skin together from all sides over what we now call the belly, like a drawstring purse, he made a single opening and tied it off in the middle of the belly—what people call the navel. He smoothed out most of the other wrinkles [191a] and shaped the chest, using a tool like the one shoemakers use to smooth the wrinkles out of leather on the last. But he left a few, the ones around the belly itself and the navel, as a reminder of what happened long ago. Now, since their nature had been cut in two, each half

22 Ephialtes and Otus: giant brothers who, in Homer, piled mountain on mountain to storm heaven.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ἀπέθνῃσκον ὑπὸ λιμοῦ καὶ τῆς [191b] ἄλλης ἀργίας διὰ τὸ μηδὲν ἐθέλειν χωρὶς ἀλλήλων ποιεῖν.	longed for its own other half and came together with it. Throwing their arms around each other and intertwining, longing to grow together, they began to die of hunger and of [191b] general idleness, because they refused to do anything apart from each other.
191b	καὶ ὁπότε τι ἀποθάνοι τῶν ἡμίσεων, τὸ δὲ λειφθείη, τὸ λειφθὲν ἄλλο ἐζήτει καὶ συνεπλέκετο, εἴτε γυναικὸς τῆς ὅλης ἐντύχοι ἡμίσει—ὃ δὴ νῦν γυναῖκα καλοῦμεν—εἴτε ἀνδρός· καὶ οὕτως ἀπώλλυντο. ἐλεήσας δὲ ὁ Ζεὺς ἄλλην μηχανὴν πορίζεται, καὶ μετατίθησιν αὐτῶν τὰ αἰδοῖα εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν—τέως γὰρ καὶ ταῦτα ἐκτὸς εἶχον, καὶ ἐγέννων [191c] καὶ ἔτικτον οὐκ εἰς ἀλλήλους ἀλλ' εἰς γῆν, ὥσπερ οἱ τέττιγες—μετέθηκέ τε οὖν οὕτω αὐτῶν εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν καὶ διὰ τούτων τὴν γένεσιν ἐν ἀλλήλοις ἐποίησεν, διὰ τοῦ ἄρρενος ἐν τῷ θήλει, τῶνδε ἕνεκα, ἵνα ἐν τῇ συμπλοκῇ ἅμα μὲν εἰ ἀνὴρ γυναικὶ ἐντύχοι, γεννῷεν καὶ γίγνοιτο τὸ γένος, ἅμα δ' εἰ καὶ ἄρρην ἄρρενι, πλησμονὴ γοῦν γίγνοιτο τῆς συνουσίας καὶ διαπαύοιντο καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ἔργα τρέποιντο καὶ τοῦ ἄλλου βίου ἐπιμελοῖντο.	And whenever one of the halves died and the other was left, the one left behind sought out another and intertwined with it, whether it met half of a whole woman—what we now call a woman—or of a man; and so they kept perishing. Zeus took pity and came up with another device: he moved their genitals around to the front. Until then they had these on the outside too, and they begot [191c] and gave birth not in one another but in the earth, like cicadas. So he moved them around to the front in this way and through them made reproduction happen in one another, through the male in the female. He did it for these reasons: so that in their embracing, if a man met a woman, they would beget children and the race would go on; and also, if male met male, they would at least have their fill of being together, and would take a rest, turn to their work, and look after the rest of their lives.
191c	ἔστι δὴ οὖν ἐκ τόσου [191d] ὁ ἔρως ἔμφυτος ἀλλήλων τοῖς ἀνθρώποις καὶ τῆς ἀρχαίας φύσεως συναγωγεὺς καὶ ἐπιχειρῶν ποιῆσαι ἓν ἐκ δυοῖν καὶ ἰάσασθαι τὴν φύσιν τὴν ἀνθρωπίνην. ἕκαστος οὖν ἡμῶν ἐστιν ἀνθρώπου σύμβολον, ἅτε τετμημένος ὥσπερ αἱ ψῆτται, ἐξ ἑνὸς δύο· ζητεῖ δὴ ἀεὶ τὸ αὑτοῦ ἕκαστος σύμβολον. ὅσοι μὲν οὖν τῶν ἀνδρῶν τοῦ κοινοῦ τμῆμά εἰσιν, ὃ δὴ τότε ἀνδρόγυνον ἐκαλεῖτο, φιλογύναικές τέ εἰσι καὶ οἱ πολλοὶ τῶν μοιχῶν ἐκ τούτου τοῦ γένους γεγόνασιν, καὶ [191e] ὅσαι αὖ γυναῖκες φίλανδροί τε καὶ μοιχεύτριαι ἐκ τούτου τοῦ γένους γίγνονται. ὅσαι δὲ τῶν γυναικῶν γυναικὸς τμῆμά εἰσιν, οὐ πάνυ αὗται τοῖς ἀνδράσι τὸν νοῦν προσέχουσιν, ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον πρὸς τὰς γυναῖκας τετραμμέναι εἰσί, καὶ αἱ ἑταιρίστριαι ἐκ τούτου τοῦ γένους γίγνονται.	It's from that far back, then, [191d] that love of one another has been inborn in human beings. Love gathers up our ancient nature, trying to make one out of two and to heal human nature. Each of us, then, is the matching half of a human being, since we've been cut like flatfish, two out of one; and each of us is always seeking his own matching half. Those men who are a slice of the combined kind—what was then called androgynous—are fond of women; most adulterers have come from this kind, and [191e] so, in turn, do the women who are fond of men and adulterous. The women who are a slice of a woman don't pay much attention to men at all; they're drawn rather to women, and women who love women come from this kind.[23]
191e	ὅσοι δὲ ἄρρενος τμῆμά εἰσι, τὰ ἄρρενα διώκουσι, καὶ τέως μὲν ἂν παῖδες ὦσιν, ἅτε τεμάχια ὄντα τοῦ ἄρρενος, φιλοῦσι τοὺς ἄνδρας καὶ χαίρουσι συγκατακείμενοι καὶ συμπεπλεγμένοι [192a] τοῖς ἀνδράσι, καί εἰσιν οὗτοι βέλτιστοι τῶν παίδων καὶ μειρακίων, ἅτε ἀνδρειότατοι ὄντες φύσει. φασὶ δὲ δή τινες αὐτοὺς ἀναισχύντους εἶναι, ψευδόμενοι· οὐ γὰρ ὑπ' ἀναισχυντίας τοῦτο δρῶσιν ἀλλ'	Those who are a slice of a male pursue males. As long as they're boys, being little slices of the male, they're fond of men and enjoy lying with men and being embraced [192a] by them. These are the best of the boys and young men, since they are the most manly by nature. Some people say they're shameless, but they're lying. It isn't shamelessness that

23 The word for "matching half" (symbolon) was a token broken in two, each party keeping one piece so that they could later identify each other by fitting the pieces together.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ὑπὸ θάρρους καὶ ἀνδρείας καὶ ἀρρενωπίας, τὸ ὅμοιον αὐτοῖς ἀσπαζόμενοι. μέγα δὲ τεκμήριον· καὶ γὰρ τελεωθέντες μόνοι ἀποβαίνουσιν εἰς τὰ πολιτικὰ ἄνδρες οἱ τοιοῦτοι. ἐπειδὰν δὲ ἀνδρωθῶσι, [192b] παιδεραστοῦσι καὶ πρὸς γάμους καὶ παιδοποιίας οὐ προσέχουσι τὸν νοῦν φύσει, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ τοῦ νόμου ἀναγκάζονται· ἀλλ' ἐξαρκεῖ αὐτοῖς μετ' ἀλλήλων καταζῆν ἀγάμοις. πάντως μὲν οὖν ὁ τοιοῦτος παιδεραστής τε καὶ φιλεραστὴς γίγνεται, ἀεὶ τὸ συγγενὲς ἀσπαζόμενος.	makes them do this but boldness, courage, and manliness: they welcome what is like themselves. And there's strong evidence for it: only men of this kind, when they're grown up, turn out to be real men in public life. Once they reach manhood, [192b] they love boys, and by nature they have no interest in marriage and having children, though custom compels them to it; they're content to live out their lives with one another, unmarried. In every way, then, such a person becomes a lover of boys and, as a boy, one who loves his lover, always welcoming what is akin to him.
192b	ὅταν μὲν οὖν καὶ αὐτῷ ἐκείνῳ ἐντύχῃ τῷ αὐτοῦ ἡμίσει καὶ ὁ παιδεραστὴς καὶ ἄλλος πᾶς, τότε καὶ θαυμαστὰ ἐκπλήττονται φιλίᾳ τε καὶ [192c] οἰκειότητι καὶ ἔρωτι, οὐκ ἐθέλοντες ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν χωρίζεσθαι ἀλλήλων οὐδὲ σμικρὸν χρόνον. καὶ οἱ διατελοῦντες μετ' ἀλλήλων διὰ βίου οὗτοί εἰσιν, οἳ οὐδ' ἂν ἔχοιεν εἰπεῖν ὅτι βούλονται σφίσι παρ' ἀλλήλων γίγνεσθαι. οὐδενὶ γὰρ ἂν δόξειεν τοῦτ' εἶναι ἡ τῶν ἀφροδισίων συνουσία, ὡς ἄρα τούτου ἕνεκα ἕτερος ἑτέρῳ χαίρει συνὼν οὕτως ἐπὶ μεγάλης σπουδῆς· ἀλλ' ἄλλο τι βουλομένη ἑκατέρου ἡ ψυχὴ [192d] δήλη ἐστίν, ὃ οὐ δύναται εἰπεῖν, ἀλλὰ μαντεύεται ὃ βούλεται, καὶ αἰνίττεται.	Now when the lover of boys, or anyone else, meets that very half of his own, then they're struck in amazing ways by affection and [192c] intimacy and love, and they're unwilling, so to speak, to be separated from each other for even a short time. These are the people who spend their whole lives together, and yet they couldn't even say what they want from each other. No one would think it was sex—that this is the reason each one delights so intensely in being with the other. No, it's clear that the soul of each wants something else, [192d] which it can't put into words; it divines what it wants, and hints at it in riddles.
192d	καὶ εἰ αὐτοῖς ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ κατακειμένοις ἐπιστὰς ὁ Ἥφαιστος, ἔχων τὰ ὄργανα, ἔροιτο· "τί ἔσθ' ὃ βούλεσθε, ὦ ἄνθρωποι, ὑμῖν παρ' ἀλλήλων γενέσθαι;" καὶ εἰ ἀποροῦντας αὐτοὺς πάλιν ἔροιτο· "ἆρά γε τοῦδε ἐπιθυμεῖτε, ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ γενέσθαι ὅτι μάλιστα ἀλλήλοις, ὥστε καὶ νύκτα καὶ ἡμέραν μὴ ἀπολείπεσθαι ἀλλήλων;	Suppose, as they lay together, Hephaestus were to stand over them with his tools and ask: "What is it you want from each other, you human beings?" And suppose, when they were at a loss, he asked again: "Is this what you desire—to be together in the same place as much as possible, so that you're never apart from each other, night or day?[24]
	εἰ γὰρ τούτου ἐπιθυμεῖτε, θέλω ὑμᾶς συντῆξαι καὶ [192e] συμφυσῆσαι εἰς τὸ αὐτό, ὥστε δύ' ὄντας ἕνα γεγονέναι καὶ ἕως τ' ἂν ζῆτε, ὡς ἕνα ὄντα, κοινῇ ἀμφοτέρους ζῆν, καὶ ἐπειδὰν ἀποθάνητε, ἐκεῖ αὖ ἐν Ἅιδου ἀντὶ δυοῖν ἕνα εἶναι κοινῇ τεθνεῶτε· ἀλλ' ὁρᾶτε εἰ τούτου ἐρᾶτε καὶ ἐξαρκεῖ ὑμῖν ἂν τούτου τύχητε·" ταῦτ' ἀκούσας ἴσμεν ὅτι οὐδ' ἂν εἷς ἐξαρνηθείη οὐδ' ἄλλο τι ἂν φανείη βουλόμενος, ἀλλ' ἀτεχνῶς οἴοιτ' ἂν ἀκηκοέναι τοῦτο ὃ πάλαι ἄρα ἐπεθύμει, συνελθὼν καὶ συντακεὶς τῷ ἐρωμένῳ ἐκ δυοῖν εἷς γενέσθαι.	Because if that's what you desire, I'm willing to melt you together and [192e] weld you into one, so that the two of you become one, and as long as you live, you both live a shared life as a single person; and when you die, down there in Hades too you'd be one instead of two, having died a shared death. See whether that's what you long for, and whether you'd be satisfied if you got it." We know that on hearing this not a single one would refuse or show that he wanted anything else. He would simply think he had heard just what he had been desiring all along: to come together and melt into his beloved, and become one out of two.
192e	τοῦτο γάρ ἐστι τὸ αἴτιον, ὅτι ἡ ἀρχαία φύσις ἡμῶν ἦν αὕτη καὶ ἦμεν ὅλοι· τοῦ ὅλου οὖν τῇ ἐπιθυμίᾳ [193a] καὶ	The reason is this: that this was our ancient nature, and we were whole. So "love" is the name

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διώξει ἔρως ὄνομα. καὶ πρὸ τοῦ, ὥσπερ λέγω, ἓν ἦμεν, νυνὶ δὲ διὰ τὴν ἀδικίαν διῳκίσθημεν ὑπὸ τοῦ θεοῦ, καθάπερ Ἀρκάδες ὑπὸ Λακεδαιμονίων· φόβος οὖν ἔστιν, ἐὰν μὴ κόσμιοι ὦμεν πρὸς τοὺς θεούς, ὅπως μὴ καὶ αὖθις διασχισθησόμεθα, καὶ περίιμεν ἔχοντες ὥσπερ οἱ ἐν ταῖς στήλαις καταγραφὴν ἐκτετυπωμένοι, διαπεπρισμένοι κατὰ τὰς ῥῖνας, γεγονότες ὥσπερ λίσπαι. ἀλλὰ τούτων ἕνεκα πάντ' ἄνδρα χρὴ ἅπαντα παρακελεύεσθαι εὐσεβεῖν περὶ [193b] θεούς, ἵνα τὰ μὲν ἐκφύγωμεν, τῶν δὲ τύχωμεν, ὡς ὁ Ἔρως ἡμῖν ἡγεμὼν καὶ στρατηγός.

193b ᾧ μηδεὶς ἐναντία πραττέτω— πράττει δ' ἐναντία ὅστις θεοῖς ἀπεχθάνεται—φίλοι γὰρ γενόμενοι καὶ διαλλαγέντες τῷ θεῷ ἐξευρήσομέν τε καὶ ἐντευξόμεθα τοῖς παιδικοῖς τοῖς ἡμετέροις αὐτῶν, ὃ τῶν νῦν ὀλίγοι ποιοῦσι. καὶ μή μοι ὑπολάβῃ Ἐρυξίμαχος, κωμῳδῶν τὸν λόγον, ὡς Παυσανίαν καὶ Ἀγάθωνα λέγω—ἴσως μὲν [193c] γὰρ καὶ οὗτοι τούτων τυγχάνουσιν ὄντες καί εἰσιν ἀμφότεροι τὴν φύσιν ἄρρενες—λέγω δὲ οὖν ἔγωγε καθ' ἁπάντων καὶ ἀνδρῶν καὶ γυναικῶν, ὅτι οὕτως ἂν ἡμῶν τὸ γένος εὔδαιμον γένοιτο, εἰ ἐκτελέσαιμεν τὸν ἔρωτα καὶ τῶν παιδικῶν τῶν αὑτοῦ ἕκαστος τύχοι εἰς τὴν ἀρχαίαν ἀπελθὼν φύσιν.

193c εἰ δὲ τοῦτο ἄριστον, ἀναγκαῖον καὶ τῶν νῦν παρόντων τὸ τούτου ἐγγυτάτω ἄριστον εἶναι· τοῦτο δ' ἐστὶ παιδικῶν τυχεῖν κατὰ νοῦν αὐτῷ πεφυκότων· οὗ δὴ τὸν αἴτιον θεὸν ὑμνοῦντες [193d] δικαίως ἂν ὑμνοῖμεν ἔρωτα, ὃς ἔν τε τῷ παρόντι ἡμᾶς πλεῖστα ὀνίνησιν εἰς τὸ οἰκεῖον ἄγων, καὶ εἰς τὸ ἔπειτα ἐλπίδας μεγίστας παρέχεται, ἡμῶν παρεχομένων πρὸς θεοὺς εὐσέβειαν, καταστήσας ἡμᾶς εἰς τὴν ἀρχαίαν φύσιν καὶ ἰασάμενος μακαρίους καὶ εὐδαίμονας ποιῆσαι.

193d οὗτος, ἔφη, ὦ Ἐρυξίμαχε, ὁ ἐμὸς λόγος ἐστὶ περὶ Ἔρωτος, ἀλλοῖος ἢ ὁ σός. ὥσπερ οὖν ἐδεήθην σου, μὴ κωμῳδήσῃς αὐτόν, ἵνα καὶ τῶν λοιπῶν ἀκούσωμεν τί ἕκαστος [193e] ἐρεῖ, μᾶλλον δὲ τί ἑκάτερος· Ἀγάθων γὰρ καὶ Σωκράτης λοιποί.

193e ἀλλὰ πείσομαί σοι, ἔφη φάναι τὸν Ἐρυξίμαχον· καὶ γάρ μοι ὁ λόγος ἡδέως ἐρρήθη. καὶ εἰ μὴ συνῄδη Σωκράτει τε καὶ Ἀγάθωνι δεινοῖς οὖσι περὶ τὰ ἐρωτικά, πάνυ ἂν

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for the desire [193a] and pursuit of the whole. Before, as I say, we were one; but now, because of our wrongdoing, we've been split up by the god, as the Arcadians were by the Spartans. So there's a danger that, if we don't behave properly toward the gods, we'll be split in two yet again, and go around like the figures carved in profile on gravestones, sawn in half down the line of the nose, like split dice. That's why every man should urge everyone to be reverent toward [193b] the gods, so that we may escape the one fate and win the other, with Love as our guide and commander.[25]

Let no one act against him—and whoever is hateful to the gods acts against him. For if we become his friends and are reconciled with the god, we will find and meet our very own beloveds, which few people today manage to do. And don't let Eryximachus take me up and make a comedy of my speech, as though I mean Pausanias and Agathon. Maybe [193c] they do happen to be among these, and both are male by nature. But in any case I'm speaking about everyone, men and women alike: this is how our race would become happy—if we brought love to its fulfillment, and each of us found his own beloved and returned to our ancient nature.

And if that's the best thing, then of what's possible now, whatever comes nearest to it must be best: and that is to find a beloved whose nature suits one's mind. If we're to hymn the god responsible for this, [193d] it's Love we would rightly hymn. In the present he does us the most good by leading us to what is our own, and for the future he offers the greatest hopes: if we show reverence toward the gods, he'll restore us to our ancient nature, heal us, and make us blessed and happy.

"That, Eryximachus," he said, "is my speech about Love—quite different from yours. So, as I asked you, don't make a comedy of it, so that we can hear what each of the rest [193e] will say—or rather, what each of the two will say, since only Agathon and Socrates are left."

"All right, I'll do as you say," Eryximachus said, he told me, "since I enjoyed your speech. And if I didn't know that Socrates and Agathon were experts in matters of love, I'd be very much afraid

24 Hephaestus: the smith god, craftsman of the gods.
25 In 385 BC Sparta broke up the Arcadian city of Mantinea into separate villages—an event later than the party itself.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ἐφοβούμην μὴ ἀπορήσωσι λόγων διὰ τὸ πολλὰ καὶ παντοδαπὰ εἰρῆσθαι· νῦν δὲ ὅμως θαρρῶ.	they'd run short of things to say, since so much has been said, and of every kind. As it is, I'm confident all the same."
194a	τὸν οὖν Σωκράτη εἰπεῖν καλῶς γὰρ αὐτὸς ἠγώνισαι, ὦ Ἐρυξίμαχε· εἰ δὲ γένοιο οὗ νῦν ἐγώ εἰμι, μᾶλλον δὲ ἴσως οὗ ἔσομαι ἐπειδὰν καὶ Ἀγάθων εἴπῃ εὖ, καὶ μάλ' ἂν φοβοῖο καὶ ἐν παντὶ εἴης ὥσπερ ἐγὼ νῦν.	Then Socrates said: "That's because you competed well yourself, Eryximachus. But if you were where I am now—or rather, perhaps, where I'll be once Agathon has spoken well too—you'd be really afraid, and you'd be at your wits' end, just as I am now."
	φαρμάττειν βούλει με, ὦ Σώκρατες, εἰπεῖν τὸν Ἀγάθωνα, ἵνα θορυβηθῶ διὰ τὸ οἴεσθαι τὸ θέατρον προσδοκίαν μεγάλην ἕξειν ὡς εὖ ἐροῦντος ἐμοῦ.	"You're trying to put a spell on me, Socrates," said Agathon, "so that I'll get flustered thinking the audience expects great things of my speech."
	ἐπιλήσμων μεντἂν εἴην, ὦ Ἀγάθων, εἰπεῖν τὸν Σωκράτη, 194b εἰ ἰδὼν τὴν σὴν ἀνδρείαν καὶ μεγαλοφροσύνην ἀναβαίνοντος ἐπὶ τὸν ὀκρίβαντα μετὰ τῶν ὑποκριτῶν, καὶ βλέψαντος ἐναντία τοσούτῳ θεάτρῳ, μέλλοντος ἐπιδείξεσθαι σαυτοῦ λόγους, καὶ οὐδ' ὁπωστιοῦν ἐκπλαγέντος, νῦν οἰηθείην σε θορυβήσεσθαι ἕνεκα ἡμῶν ὀλίγων ἀνθρώπων.	"I'd be forgetful indeed, Agathon," said Socrates, 194b "if, after I saw your courage and self-assurance as you stepped onto the platform with the actors, faced so huge an audience on the point of presenting your own words, and weren't rattled in the least, I now thought you'd be flustered on account of a few people like us."[26]
194b	τί δέ, ὦ Σώκρατες; τὸν Ἀγάθωνα φάναι, οὐ δήπου με οὕτω θεάτρου μεστὸν ἡγῇ ὥστε καὶ ἀγνοεῖν ὅτι νοῦν ἔχοντι ὀλίγοι ἔμφρονες πολλῶν ἀφρόνων φοβερώτεροι; 194c	"What's this, Socrates?" said Agathon. "Surely you don't think I'm so full of the theater that I don't know that, to a man of sense, a few intelligent people are more frightening than many fools?" 194c
194c	οὐ μεντἂν καλῶς ποιοίην, φάναι, ὦ Ἀγάθων, περὶ σοῦ τι ἐγὼ ἄγροικον δοξάζων· ἀλλ' εὖ οἶδα ὅτι εἴ τισιν ἐντύχοις οὓς ἡγοῖο σοφούς, μᾶλλον ἂν αὐτῶν φροντίζοις ἢ τῶν πολλῶν. ἀλλὰ μὴ οὐχ οὗτοι ἡμεῖς ὦμεν—ἡμεῖς μὲν γὰρ καὶ ἐκεῖ παρῆμεν καὶ ἦμεν τῶν πολλῶν—εἰ δὲ ἄλλοις ἐντύχοις σοφοῖς, τάχ' ἂν αἰσχύνοιο αὐτούς, εἴ τι ἴσως οἷοιο αἰσχρὸν ὂν ποιεῖν· ἢ πῶς λέγεις;	"I'd hardly be doing right, Agathon," he said, "if I held any boorish opinion about you. I know perfectly well that if you met people you thought were wise, you'd care more about them than about the many. But I'm afraid we aren't those people—we were there too, after all, and we were part of the many. But if you met others who were wise, you'd probably be ashamed before them if you thought you were doing something shameful. Or what do you say?"
	ἀληθῆ λέγεις, φάναι.	"That's true," he said.
	τοὺς δὲ πολλοὺς οὐκ ἂν αἰσχύνοιο εἴ τι οἷοιο αἰσχρὸν ποιεῖν; 194d	"But you wouldn't be ashamed before the many if you thought you were doing something shameful?" 194d
194d	καὶ τὸν Φαῖδρον ἔφη ὑπολαβόντα εἰπεῖν ὦ φίλε Ἀγάθων, ἐὰν ἀποκρίνῃ Σωκράτει, οὐδὲν ἔτι διοίσει αὐτῷ ὁπῃοῦν τῶν ἐνθάδε ὁτιοῦν γίγνεσθαι, ἐὰν μόνον ἔχῃ ὅτῳ διαλέγηται, ἄλλως τε καὶ καλῷ. ἐγὼ δὲ ἡδέως μὲν ἀκούω Σωκράτους διαλεγομένου, ἀναγκαῖον δέ μοι	And Phaedrus, he said, broke in and said: "Agathon, my friend, if you answer Socrates, it will no longer matter to him in the least how anything here turns out, as long as he has someone to talk with—especially someone beautiful. I do enjoy

26 Before the dramatic festival, playwrights appeared on a platform with their actors to announce their plays; Agathon had just won the tragic competition.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ἐπιμεληθῆναι τοῦ ἐγκωμίου τῷ Ἔρωτι καὶ ἀποδέξασθαι παρ' ἑνὸς ἑκάστου ὑμῶν τὸν λόγον· ἀποδοὺς οὖν ἑκάτερος τῷ θεῷ οὕτως ἤδη διαλεγέσθω. 194e	listening to Socrates in conversation, but I have to look after the praise of Love and collect a speech from each one of you. So let each of you two pay his due to the god, and then you can talk." 194e
194e	ἀλλὰ καλῶς λέγεις, ὦ Φαῖδρε, φάναι τὸν Ἀγάθωνα, καὶ οὐδέν με κωλύει λέγειν· Σωκράτει γὰρ καὶ αὖθις ἔσται πολλάκις διαλέγεσθαι.	"You're quite right, Phaedrus," said Agathon, "and there's nothing to stop me from speaking. There'll be plenty of chances to talk with Socrates another time."

AGATHON: THE YOUNGEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL GOD

Agathon praises Love as the youngest, most beautiful and most virtuous of the gods.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	APOLLODORUS ἐγὼ δὲ δὴ βούλομαι πρῶτον μὲν εἰπεῖν ὡς χρή με εἰπεῖν, ἔπειτα εἰπεῖν. δοκοῦσι γάρ μοι πάντες οἱ πρόσθεν εἰρηκότες οὐ τὸν θεὸν ἐγκωμιάζειν ἀλλὰ τοὺς ἀνθρώπους εὐδαιμονίζειν τῶν ἀγαθῶν ὧν ὁ θεὸς αὐτοῖς αἴτιος· ὁποῖος δέ τις αὐτὸς ὢν 195a ταῦτα ἐδωρήσατο, οὐδεὶς εἴρηκεν. εἷς δὲ τρόπος ὀρθὸς παντὸς ἐπαίνου περὶ παντός, λόγῳ διελθεῖν οἷος οἵων αἴτιος ὢν τυγχάνει περὶ οὗ ἂν ὁ λόγος ᾖ. οὕτω δὴ τὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἡμᾶς δίκαιον ἐπαινέσαι πρῶτον αὐτὸν οἷός ἐστιν, ἔπειτα τὰς δόσεις. φημὶ οὖν ἐγὼ πάντων θεῶν εὐδαιμόνων ὄντων ἔρωτα, εἰ θέμις καὶ ἀνεμέσητον εἰπεῖν, εὐδαιμονέστατον εἶναι αὐτῶν, κάλλιστον ὄντα καὶ ἄριστον. ἔστι δὲ κάλλιστος ὢν τοιόσδε. πρῶτον μὲν νεώτατος θεῶν, ὦ Φαῖδρε.	APOLLODORUS I want first to say how I ought to speak, and then to speak. It seems to me that all who have spoken before did not praise the god but congratulated human beings on the good things the god causes for them. But what sort of being he himself is, 195a who gave these gifts, no one has said. Yet there is one right way to praise anything, whatever it is: to set out in speech what sort of being the subject of the speech is, and of what sort of things he is the cause. So it is right for us too to praise Love first for what he is, and then for his gifts. I say, then, that though all the gods are happy, Love—if it is lawful and no offense to say so—is the happiest of them, being the most beautiful and the best. And he is most beautiful in this way. First, he is the youngest of the gods, Phaedrus.
195a	μέγα 195b δὲ τεκμήριον τῷ λόγῳ αὐτὸς παρέχεται, φεύγων φυγῇ τὸ γῆρας, ταχὺ ὂν δῆλον ὅτι· θᾶττον γοῦν τοῦ δέοντος ἡμῖν προσέρχεται. ὃ δὴ πέφυκεν Ἔρως μισεῖν καὶ οὐδ' ἐντὸς πολλοῦ πλησιάζειν. μετὰ δὲ νέων ἀεὶ σύνεστί τε καὶ ἔστιν· ὁ γὰρ παλαιὸς λόγος εὖ ἔχει, ὡς ὅμοιον ὁμοίῳ ἀεὶ πελάζει.	He himself provides great 195b proof of this claim, fleeing in full flight from old age—which is swift, clearly; at any rate it comes on us faster than it should. Love by nature hates old age and won't come anywhere near it. He is always with the young, and is young himself; for the old saying holds good, that like is always drawn to like.
195b	ἐγὼ δὲ Φαίδρῳ πολλὰ ἄλλα ὁμολογῶν τοῦτο οὐχ ὁμολογῶ, ὡς Ἔρως Κρόνου καὶ Ἰαπετοῦ ἀρχαιότερός ἐστιν, ἀλλά 195c φημι νεώτατον αὐτὸν εἶναι θεῶν καὶ ἀεὶ νέον, τὰ δὲ παλαιὰ πράγματα περὶ θεούς, ἃ Ἡσίοδος καὶ Παρμενίδης λέγουσιν, Ἀνάγκῃ καὶ οὐκ Ἔρωτι γεγονέναι, εἰ ἐκεῖνοι ἀληθῆ ἔλεγον· οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἐκτομαὶ οὐδὲ δεσμοὶ ἀλλήλων ἐγίγνοντο καὶ ἄλλα πολλὰ καὶ βίαια, εἰ Ἔρως ἐν αὐτοῖς ἦν, ἀλλὰ φιλία καὶ εἰρήνη, ὥσπερ νῦν, ἐξ οὗ Ἔρως τῶν θεῶν βασιλεύει. νέος μὲν οὖν ἐστι, πρὸς δὲ τῷ νέῳ ἁπαλός· ποιητοῦ δ' ἔστιν 195d ἐνδεὴς οἷος ἦν Ὅμηρος πρὸς τὸ ἐπιδεῖξαι θεοῦ ἁπαλότητα.	Though I agree with Phaedrus about much else, on this I don't agree, that Love is older than Cronus and Iapetus. No, 195c I say he is the youngest of the gods and forever young, and that those ancient doings among the gods that Hesiod and Parmenides tell of came about through Necessity, not Love—if what they said was true. For there would have been no castrations or chainings of one another, and many other violent deeds, if Love had been among them, but friendship and peace, as there is now, ever since Love has been king of the gods. So he is young; and besides being young he is delic-

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ate. But it takes a poet [195d] such as Homer to show the delicacy of a god.[27]

195d Ὅμηρος γὰρ Ἄτην θεόν τέ φησιν εἶναι καὶ ἁπαλήν—τοὺς γοῦν πόδας αὐτῆς ἁπαλοὺς εἶναι—λέγων τῆς μένθ' ἁπαλοὶ πόδες· οὐ γὰρ ἐπ' οὐδεοςπίλναται, ἀλλ' ἄρα ἥ γε κατ' ἀνδρῶν κράατα βαίνει. καλῷ οὖν δοκεῖ μοι τεκμηρίῳ τὴν ἁπαλότητα ἀποφαίνειν, ὅτι οὐκ ἐπὶ σκληροῦ βαίνει, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μαλθακοῦ. τῷ αὐτῷ [195e] δὴ καὶ ἡμεῖς χρησόμεθα τεκμηρίῳ περὶ ἔρωτα ὅτι ἁπαλός. οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ γῆς βαίνει οὐδ' ἐπὶ κρανίων, ἅ ἐστιν οὐ πάνυ μαλακά, ἀλλ' ἐν τοῖς μαλακωτάτοις τῶν ὄντων καὶ βαίνει καὶ οἰκεῖ. ἐν γὰρ ἤθεσι καὶ ψυχαῖς θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων τὴν οἴκησιν ἵδρυται, καὶ οὐκ αὖ ἐξῆς ἐν πάσαις ταῖς ψυχαῖς, ἀλλ' ἥτινι ἂν σκληρὸν ἦθος ἐχούσῃ ἐντύχῃ, ἀπέρχεται, ᾗ δ' ἂν μαλακόν, οἰκίζεται.

For Homer says that Ate is a goddess, and delicate —her feet, at least, are delicate—when he says: "Delicate are her feet: she does not touch the ground, / but walks along upon the heads of men." So I think he offers fine proof of her delicacy: that she doesn't walk on what is hard but on what is soft. We too [195e] will use the same proof about Love, that he is delicate. For he doesn't walk on the earth, or on skulls, which aren't very soft at all, but walks and dwells in the softest things there are. He has made his home in the characters and souls of gods and human beings—and not in every soul in turn: whenever he meets one with a hard character, he goes away, and wherever he finds a soft one, he settles in.[28]

195e ἁπτόμενον οὖν ἀεὶ καὶ ποσὶν καὶ πάντῃ ἐν μαλακωτάτοις τῶν μαλακωτάτων, ἁπαλώτατον ἀνάγκη [196a] εἶναι. νεώτατος μὲν δή ἐστι καὶ ἁπαλώτατος, πρὸς δὲ τούτοις ὑγρὸς τὸ εἶδος. οὐ γὰρ ἂν οἷός τ' ἦν πάντῃ περιπτύσσεσθαι οὐδὲ διὰ πάσης ψυχῆς καὶ εἰσιὼν τὸ πρῶτον λανθάνειν καὶ ἐξιών, εἰ σκληρὸς ἦν. συμμέτρου δὲ καὶ ὑγρᾶς ἰδέας μέγα τεκμήριον ἡ εὐσχημοσύνη, ὃ δὴ διαφερόντως ἐκ πάντων ὁμολογουμένως Ἔρως ἔχει· ἀσχημοσύνῃ γὰρ καὶ Ἔρωτι πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀεὶ πόλεμος. χρόας δὲ κάλλος ἡ κατ' ἄνθη δίαιτα τοῦ θεοῦ σημαίνει· ἀνανθεῖ γὰρ [196b] καὶ ἀπηνθηκότι καὶ σώματι καὶ ψυχῇ καὶ ἄλλῳ ὁτῳοῦν οὐκ ἐνίζει Ἔρως, οὗ δ' ἂν εὐανθής τε καὶ εὐώδης τόπος ᾖ, ἐνταῦθα δὲ καὶ ἵζει καὶ μένει.

Since he is always touching, with his feet and with every part of him, the softest of the soft, he must [196a] be most delicate. He is the youngest, then, and the most delicate; and in addition he is supple in form. For he couldn't wrap himself around everything, or slip into and out of every soul unnoticed at first, if he were hard. Great proof of his well-proportioned and supple form is his grace, which everyone agrees Love has above all others; for gracelessness and Love are forever at war with each other. The beauty of his complexion is shown by the god's life among the flowers; for Love will not settle on what is flowerless [196b] or has lost its flower, whether body or soul or anything else; but wherever there is a place full of flowers and full of fragrance, there he settles and there he stays.

196b περὶ μὲν οὖν κάλλους τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ ταῦτα ἱκανὰ καὶ ἔτι πολλὰ λείπεται, περὶ δὲ ἀρετῆς Ἔρωτος μετὰ ταῦτα λεκτέον, τὸ μὲν μέγιστον ὅτι Ἔρως οὔτ' ἀδικεῖ οὔτ' ἀδικεῖται οὔτε ὑπὸ θεοῦ οὔτε θεόν, οὔτε ὑπ' ἀνθρώπου οὔτε ἄνθρωπον. οὔτε γὰρ αὐτὸς βίᾳ πάσχει, εἴ τι πάσχει—βία γὰρ Ἔρωτος οὐχ [196c] ἅπτεται· οὔτε ποιῶν ποιεῖ—πᾶς γὰρ ἑκὼν Ἔρωτι πᾶν ὑπηρετεῖ, ἃ δ' ἂν ἑκὼν ἑκόντι ὁμολογήσῃ, φασὶν οἱ πόλεως βασιλῆς νόμοι δίκαια εἶναι. πρὸς δὲ τῇ δικαιοσύνῃ σωφροσύνης πλείστης μετέχει. εἶναι γὰρ ὁμολογεῖται σωφροσύνη τὸ κρατεῖν ἡδονῶν καὶ ἐπιθυμιῶν, Ἔρωτος δὲ μηδεμίαν ἡδονὴν κρείττω εἶναι· εἰ δὲ ἥττους, κρατοῖντ' ἂν ὑπὸ Ἔρωτος, ὁ δὲ κρατοῖ, κρατῶν

About the god's beauty, then, this is enough, though much still remains to say. Next we must speak of Love's excellence. The greatest point is that Love neither does wrong nor suffers wrong, neither from a god nor to a god, neither from a human being nor to a human being. For if he suffers anything, he doesn't suffer it by force—force doesn't [196c] touch Love—nor does he use force when he acts, since everyone willingly serves Love in everything; and whatever the willing agree on with the willing, "the laws, the city's

27 Cronus and Iapetus were Titans of the older generation of gods; in Hesiod, Cronus castrates his father Uranus and is later imprisoned by Zeus.

28 Ate: Delusion, or Ruin, personified as a goddess.

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	δὲ ἡδονῶν καὶ ἐπιθυμιῶν ὁ Ἔρως διαφερόντως ἂν σωφρονοῖ.	kings," declare to be just. In addition to justice, he has the largest share of moderation. For moderation is agreed to be mastery over pleasures and desires, and no pleasure is stronger than Love. If they are weaker, they would be mastered by Love, and he would be their master; and being master of pleasures and desires, Love would be exceptionally moderate.[29]
196c	καὶ μὴν εἴς γε ἀνδρείαν Ἔρωτι [196d] οὐδ' Ἄρης ἀνθίσταται. οὐ γὰρ ἔχει ἔρωτα Ἄρης, ἀλλ' Ἔρως Ἄρη—Ἀφροδίτης, ὡς λόγος—κρείττων δὲ ὁ ἔχων τοῦ ἐχομένου· τοῦ δ' ἀνδρειοτάτου τῶν ἄλλων κρατῶν πάντων ἂν ἀνδρειότατος εἴη. περὶ μὲν οὖν δικαιοσύνης καὶ σωφροσύνης καὶ ἀνδρείας τοῦ θεοῦ εἴρηται, περὶ δὲ σοφίας λείπεται· ὅσον οὖν δυνατόν, πειρατέον μὴ ἐλλείπειν. καὶ πρῶτον μέν, ἵν' αὖ καὶ ἐγὼ τὴν ἡμετέραν τέχνην τιμήσω ὥσπερ Ἐρυξίμαχος [196e] τὴν αὐτοῦ, ποιητὴς ὁ θεὸς σοφὸς οὕτως ὥστε καὶ ἄλλον ποιῆσαι· πᾶς γοῦν ποιητὴς γίγνεται, κἂν ἄμουσος ᾖ τὸ πρίν, οὗ ἂν Ἔρως ἅψηται.	And as for courage, [196d] "not even Ares stands against" Love. For Ares doesn't have Love; Love has Ares—love of Aphrodite, as the story goes—and the one who has is stronger than the one who is had. And being master of the bravest of all the others, he would be the bravest of all. So the god's justice, moderation, and courage have been spoken of; his wisdom remains. As far as possible, then, I must try not to fall short. First—so that I too may honor my own art, as Eryximachus honored [196e] his—the god is so wise a poet that he makes others poets too. At any rate everyone becomes a poet, "even if he was a stranger to the Muses before," once Love touches him.[30]
196e	ᾧ δὴ πρέπει ἡμᾶς μαρτυρίῳ χρῆσθαι, ὅτι ποιητὴς ὁ Ἔρως ἀγαθὸς ἐν κεφαλαίῳ πᾶσαν ποίησιν τὴν κατὰ μουσικήν· ἃ γάρ τις ἢ μὴ ἔχει ἢ μὴ οἶδεν, οὔτ' ἂν ἑτέρῳ δοίη οὔτ' ἂν ἄλλον διδάξειεν.	We may fittingly take this as testimony that Love is a good poet—a good maker, in short, in every kind of making that belongs to the Muses. For what one doesn't have or doesn't know, one can neither give to another nor teach to someone else.
	καὶ [197a] μὲν δὴ τήν γε τῶν ζῴων ποίησιν πάντων τίς ἐναντιώσεται μὴ οὐχὶ Ἔρωτος εἶναι σοφίαν, ᾗ γίγνεταί τε καὶ φύεται πάντα τὰ ζῷα; ἀλλὰ τὴν τῶν τεχνῶν δημιουργίαν οὐκ ἴσμεν, ὅτι οὗ μὲν ἂν ὁ θεὸς οὗτος διδάσκαλος γένηται, ἐλλόγιμος καὶ φανὸς ἀπέβη, οὗ δ' ἂν Ἔρως μὴ ἐφάψηται, σκοτεινός; τοξικήν γε μὴν καὶ ἰατρικὴν καὶ μαντικὴν Ἀπόλλων ἀνηῦρεν ἐπιθυμίας καὶ ἔρωτος ἡγεμονεύσαντος, [197b] ὥστε καὶ οὗτος Ἔρωτος ἂν εἴη μαθητής, καὶ Μοῦσαι μουσικῆς καὶ Ἥφαιστος χαλκείας καὶ Ἀθηνᾶ ἱστουργίας καὶ Ζεὺς κυβερνᾶν θεῶν τε καὶ ἀνθρώπων	And [197a] as for the making of all living things, who will deny that it is Love's wisdom by which all living things are born and grow? And in the craftsmanship of the arts, don't we know that whoever has this god for a teacher turns out renowned and illustrious, while whoever Love doesn't touch stays in obscurity? Apollo, too, discovered archery and medicine and prophecy with desire and love to lead him, [197b] so that he too would be Love's pupil—as would the Muses in music, Hephaestus in metalwork, Athena in weaving, and Zeus in "the steering of gods and men."
197b	ὅθεν δὴ καὶ κατεσκευάσθη τῶν θεῶν τὰ πράγματα Ἔρωτος ἐγγενομένου, δῆλον ὅτι κάλλους—αἴσχει γὰρ οὐκ ἔπι ἔρως—πρὸ τοῦ δέ, ὥσπερ ἐν ἀρχῇ εἶπον, πολλὰ καὶ δεινὰ θεοῖς ἐγίγνετο, ὡς λέγεται, διὰ τὴν τῆς ἀνάγκης βασιλείαν· ἐπειδὴ δ' ὁ θεὸς οὗτος ἔφυ, ἐκ τοῦ ἐρᾶν τῶν καλῶν πάντ' ἀγαθὰ γέγονεν καὶ θεοῖς καὶ ἀνθρώποις. [197c]	That is why the affairs of the gods were set in order once Love had come among them—love of beauty, obviously, since love has no place in ugliness. Before that, as I said at the beginning, many terrible things happened among the gods, so it is said, because of the reign of Necessity. But since

29 "The laws, the city's kings" is a phrase from Alcidamas, a rhetorician of Gorgias' school.
30 The quoted phrases come from Sophocles and Euripides. In myth Ares, the war god, was Aphrodite's lover.

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this god was born, from loving beautiful things every good thing has come to be, for gods and human beings alike. 197c

197c οὕτως ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ, ὦ Φαῖδρε, Ἔρως πρῶτος αὐτὸς ὢν κάλλιστος καὶ ἄριστος μετὰ τοῦτο τοῖς ἄλλοις ἄλλων τοιούτων αἴτιος εἶναι. ἐπέρχεται δέ μοί τι καὶ ἔμμετρον εἰπεῖν, ὅτι οὗτός ἐστιν ὁ ποιῶνειρήνην μὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποις, πελάγει δὲ γαλήνηννηνεμίαν, ἀνέμων κοίτην ὕπνον τ' ἐνὶ κήδει.

So it seems to me, Phaedrus, that Love, being first himself most beautiful and best, is after that the cause of other such things in others. And something in verse comes to me to say, that it is he who makes "peace among men, and on the sea a calm, / windless stillness, rest for the winds, and sleep in sorrow."

197d οὗτος δὲ ἡμᾶς ἀλλοτριότητος μὲν κενοῖ, οἰκειότητος δὲ πληροῖ, τὰς τοιάσδε συνόδους μετ' ἀλλήλων πάσας τιθεὶς συνιέναι, ἐν ἑορταῖς, ἐν χοροῖς, ἐν θυσίαισι γιγνόμενος ἡγεμών· πραότητα μὲν πορίζων, ἀγριότητα δ' ἐξορίζων· φιλόδωρος εὐμενείας, ἄδωρος δυσμενείας· ἵλεως ἀγαθός· θεατὸς σοφοῖς, ἀγαστὸς θεοῖς· ζηλωτὸς ἀμοίροις, κτητὸς εὐμοίροις· τρυφῆς, ἁβρότητος, χλιδῆς, χαρίτων, ἱμέρου, πόθου πατήρ· ἐπιμελὴς ἀγαθῶν, ἀμελὴς κακῶν· ἐν πόνῳ, ἐν φόβῳ, ἐν πόθῳ, ἐν 197e λόγῳ κυβερνήτης, ἐπιβάτης, παραστάτης τε καὶ σωτὴρ ἄριστος, συμπάντων τε θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων κόσμος, ἡγεμὼν κάλλιστος καὶ ἄριστος, ᾧ χρὴ ἕπεσθαι πάντα ἄνδρα ἐφυμνοῦντα καλῶς, ᾠδῆς μετέχοντα ἣν ᾄδει θέλγων πάντων θεῶν τε καὶ ἀνθρώπων νόημα.

197d He empties us of estrangement and fills us with belonging, bringing us together in all such gatherings as this, and leading the way in festivals, in dances, in sacrifices: bringing in mildness, banishing wildness; lavish with goodwill, never giving ill will; gracious and good; a sight for the wise, a delight for the gods; longed for by those without a share, owned by those with a fine share; father of luxury, delicacy, elegance, graces, yearning, longing; caring for the good, careless of the bad; in toil, in fear, in longing, in 197e speech, our pilot, our shipmate, our comrade-in-arms and best savior; the glory of all gods and men, the most beautiful and best of leaders, whom every man should follow, singing beautiful hymns, joining in the song he sings to enchant the minds of all gods and men.

197e οὗτος, ἔφη, ὁ παρ' ἐμοῦ λόγος, ὦ Φαῖδρε, τῷ θεῷ ἀνακείσθω, τὰ μὲν παιδιᾶς, τὰ δὲ σπουδῆς μετρίας, καθ' ὅσον ἐγὼ δύναμαι, μετέχων.

"This speech of mine, Phaedrus," he said, "let it be dedicated to the god—partly play, partly moderate seriousness, as far as I'm able."

SOCRATES QUESTIONS AGATHON

Socrates questions Agathon and shows that Love lacks beauty and goodness, since it desires them.

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ENGLISH

198a **APOLLODORUS** εἰπόντος δὲ τοῦ Ἀγάθωνος πάντας ἔφη ὁ Ἀριστόδημος ἀναθορυβῆσαι τοὺς παρόντας, ὡς πρεπόντως τοῦ νεανίσκου εἰρηκότος καὶ αὐτῷ καὶ τῷ θεῷ. τὸν οὖν Σωκράτη εἰπεῖν βλέψαντα εἰς τὸν Ἐρυξίμαχον, ἆρά σοι δοκῶ, φάναι, ὦ παῖ Ἀκουμενοῦ, ἀδεὲς πάλαι δέος δεδιέναι, ἀλλ' οὐ μαντικῶς ἃ νυνδὴ ἔλεγον εἰπεῖν, ὅτι Ἀγάθων θαυμαστῶς ἐροῖ, ἐγὼ δ' ἀπορήσοιμι;

APOLLODORUS When Agathon had finished, Aristodemus said, everyone there burst into applause, since the young man had spoken in a way that did credit both to himself and to the god. Then Socrates looked at Eryximachus and said: "Well, son of Acumenus, do you still think the fear I felt all along was nothing to fear? Wasn't I speaking like a prophet just now when I said that Agathon would speak marvelously and I'd be at a loss?"

τὸ μὲν ἕτερον, φάναι τὸν Ἐρυξίμαχον, μαντικῶς μοι δοκεῖς εἰρηκέναι, ὅτι Ἀγάθων εὖ ἐρεῖ· τὸ δὲ σὲ ἀπορήσειν, οὐκ οἶμαι. 198b

"On one point," said Eryximachus, "I think you spoke like a prophet—that Agathon would speak well. But that you'll be at a loss—I don't believe it." 198b

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198b καὶ πῶς, ὦ μακάριε, εἰπεῖν τὸν Σωκράτη, οὐ μέλλω ἀπορεῖν καὶ ἐγὼ καὶ ἄλλος ὁστισοῦν, μέλλων λέξειν μετὰ καλὸν οὕτω καὶ παντοδαπὸν λόγον ῥηθέντα; καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα οὐχ ὁμοίως μὲν θαυμαστά· τὸ δὲ ἐπὶ τελευτῆς τοῦ κάλλους τῶν ὀνομάτων καὶ ῥημάτων τίς οὐκ ἂν ἐξεπλάγη ἀκούων; ἐπεὶ ἔγωγε ἐνθυμούμενος ὅτι αὐτὸς οὐχ οἷός τ' ἔσομαι οὐδ' ἐγγὺς τούτων οὐδὲν καλὸν εἰπεῖν, ὑπ' αἰσχύνης ὀλίγου 198c ἀποδρὰς ᾠχόμην, εἴ πῃ εἶχον. καὶ γάρ με Γοργίου ὁ λόγος ἀνεμίμνῃσκεν, ὥστε ἀτεχνῶς τὸ τοῦ Ὁμήρου ἐπεπόνθη· ἐφοβούμην μή μοι τελευτῶν ὁ Ἀγάθων Γοργίου κεφαλὴν δεινοῦ λέγειν ἐν τῷ λόγῳ ἐπὶ τὸν ἐμὸν λόγον πέμψας αὐτόν με λίθον τῇ ἀφωνίᾳ ποιήσειεν.

And how, my dear man, said Socrates, am I not going to be at a loss—me or anyone else—when I'm about to speak after a speech so beautiful and so varied? The rest wasn't equally marvelous, but the end—who wouldn't have been stunned hearing the beauty of the words and phrases? For my part, when I realized that I wouldn't be able to say anything even close to it in beauty, I was so ashamed that I nearly 198c sneaked off and left, if I'd had anywhere to go. The speech reminded me of Gorgias, so that I had exactly Homer's experience: I was afraid that at the end Agathon would send the head of Gorgias, that terrible speaker, against my speech, and turn me to stone—struck dumb.[31]

198c καὶ ἐνενόησα τότε ἄρα καταγέλαστος ὤν, ἡνίκα ὑμῖν ὡμολόγουν ἐν τῷ μέρει μεθ' 198d ὑμῶν ἐγκωμιάσεσθαι τὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἔφην εἶναι δεινὸς τὰ ἐρωτικά, οὐδὲν εἰδὼς ἄρα τοῦ πράγματος, ὡς ἔδει ἐγκωμιάζειν ὁτιοῦν. ἐγὼ μὲν γὰρ ὑπ' ἀβελτερίας ᾤμην δεῖν τἀληθῆ λέγειν περὶ ἑκάστου τοῦ ἐγκωμιαζομένου, καὶ τοῦτο μὲν ὑπάρχειν, ἐξ αὐτῶν δὲ τούτων τὰ κάλλιστα ἐκλεγομένους ὡς εὐπρεπέστατα τιθέναι· καὶ πάνυ δὴ μέγα ἐφρόνουν ὡς εὖ ἐρῶν, ὡς εἰδὼς τὴν ἀλήθειαν τοῦ ἐπαινεῖν ὁτιοῦν. τὸ δὲ ἄρα, ὡς ἔοικεν, οὐ τοῦτο ἦν τὸ καλῶς ἐπαινεῖν ὁτιοῦν, ἀλλὰ τὸ ὡς 198e μέγιστα ἀνατιθέναι τῷ πράγματι καὶ ὡς κάλλιστα, ἐάν τε ᾖ οὕτως ἔχοντα ἐάν τε μή· εἰ δὲ ψευδῆ, οὐδὲν ἄρ' ἦν πρᾶγμα.

And I realized then how ridiculous I'd been when I agreed to take my turn with 198d you in praising Love and said I was an expert in matters of love, when it turns out I knew nothing about the business of how one ought to praise anything. In my foolishness I thought one should tell the truth about whatever was being praised; that this should be the foundation, and that from these very truths one should pick out the most beautiful and present them as fittingly as possible. And I was very proud of myself, thinking I'd speak well, since I knew the truth about praising anything. But it turns out that this wasn't what it is to praise anything well; rather, it's to attribute 198e the greatest and most beautiful qualities possible to the thing, whether it has them or not. And if they were false, apparently that didn't matter at all.

198e προυρρήθη γάρ, ὡς ἔοικεν, ὅπως ἕκαστος ἡμῶν τὸν ἔρωτα ἐγκωμιάζειν δόξει, οὐχ ὅπως ἐγκωμιάσεται.

For what was proposed, it seems, was that each of us should look as if he were praising Love, not that he should actually praise him.

διὰ ταῦτα δὴ οἶμαι πάντα λόγον κινοῦντες ἀνατίθετε τῷ Ἔρωτι, καί φατε αὐτὸν τοιοῦτόν τε εἶναι καὶ τοσούτων αἴτιον, ὅπως ἂν 199a φαίνηται ὡς κάλλιστος καὶ ἄριστος, δῆλον ὅτι τοῖς μὴ γιγνώσκουσιν—οὐ γὰρ δήπου τοῖς γε εἰδόσιν—καὶ καλῶς γ' ἔχει καὶ σεμνῶς ὁ ἔπαινος. ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἐγὼ οὐκ ᾔδη ἄρα τὸν τρόπον τοῦ ἐπαίνου, οὐ δ' εἰδὼς ὑμῖν ὡμολόγησα καὶ αὐτὸς ἐν τῷ μέρει ἐπαινέσεσθαι. ἡ γλῶσσα οὖν ὑπέσχετο, ἡ δὲ φρὴν οὔ· χαιρέτω δή. οὐ γὰρ ἔτι ἐγκωμιάζω τοῦτον τὸν τρόπον—οὐ γὰρ ἂν δυναίμην—οὐ μέντοι ἀλλὰ τά γε ἀληθῆ, 199b εἰ βούλεσθε, ἐθέλω

That, I suppose, is why you rake up every story there is and heap it on Love, and say that he is like this and the cause of so much, so that he will 199a appear as beautiful and as good as possible—to those who don't know him, obviously, since surely not to those who do—and the praise turns out beautiful and impressive. But the fact is that I didn't know how this praising was done, and it was in ignorance that I agreed to take my turn at praising too. So "the tongue promised, but the mind did not." Goodbye to it, then. I'm not going to

31 A pun on the Gorgon's head, which in Homer turns those who see it to stone; Gorgias was the famous rhetorician whose jingling style Agathon imitates.

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	εἰπεῖν κατ' ἐμαυτόν, οὐ πρὸς τοὺς ὑμετέρους λόγους, ἵνα μὴ γέλωτα ὄφλω.	give that sort of encomium anymore—I couldn't—but the truth, at least, [199b] if you like, I'm willing to tell in my own way, not in competition with your speeches, so that I don't make myself a laughingstock.[32]
199b	ὅρα οὖν, ὦ Φαῖδρε, εἴ τι καὶ τοιούτου λόγου δέῃ, περὶ Ἔρωτος τἀληθῆ λεγόμενα ἀκούειν, ὀνομάσει δὲ καὶ θέσει ῥημάτων τοιαύτῃ ὁποία δ' ἂν τις τύχῃ ἐπελθοῦσα.	So consider, Phaedrus, whether you have any use for a speech like this too—to hear the truth told about Love, but in whatever words and arrangement of phrases happen to come to mind.
	τὸν οὖν Φαῖδρον ἔφη καὶ τοὺς ἄλλους κελεύειν λέγειν, ὅπῃ αὐτὸς οἴοιτο δεῖν εἰπεῖν, ταύτῃ.	So Phaedrus and the others, he said, told him to speak in whatever way he himself thought he should.
	ἔτι τοίνυν, φάναι, ὦ Φαῖδρε, πάρες μοι Ἀγάθωνα σμίκρ' ἄττα ἐρέσθαι, ἵνα ἀνομολογησάμενος παρ' αὐτοῦ οὕτως ἤδη λέγω. [199c]	"One more thing, then, Phaedrus," he said: "let me ask Agathon a few small questions, so that once I've secured his agreement I can go on to speak." [199c]
199c	ἀλλὰ παρίημι, φάναι τὸν Φαῖδρον, ἀλλ' ἐρώτα. μετὰ ταῦτα δὴ τὸν Σωκράτη ἔφη ἐνθένδε ποθὲν ἄρξασθαι.	"You have my leave," said Phaedrus. "Go ahead and ask." After that, he said, Socrates began somewhere about here:
	καὶ μήν, ὦ φίλε Ἀγάθων, καλῶς μοι ἔδοξας καθηγήσασθαι τοῦ λόγου, λέγων ὅτι πρῶτον μὲν δέοι αὐτὸν ἐπιδεῖξαι ὁποῖός τίς ἐστιν ὁ Ἔρως, ὕστερον δὲ τὰ ἔργα αὐτοῦ. ταύτην τὴν ἀρχὴν πάνυ ἄγαμαι. ἴθι οὖν μοι περὶ Ἔρωτος, ἐπειδὴ καὶ τἆλλα καλῶς καὶ μεγαλοπρεπῶς διῆλθες οἷός ἐστι, καὶ [199d] τόδε εἰπέ· πότερόν ἐστι τοιοῦτος οἷος εἶναί τινος ὁ Ἔρως ἔρως, ἢ οὐδενός; ἐρωτῶ δ' οὐκ εἰ μητρός τινος ἢ πατρός ἐστιν—γελοῖον γὰρ ἂν εἴη τὸ ἐρώτημα εἰ Ἔρως ἐστὶν ἔρως μητρὸς ἢ πατρός—ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἂν εἰ αὐτὸ τοῦτο πατέρα ἠρώτων, ἆρα ὁ πατήρ ἐστι πατήρ τινος ἢ οὔ; εἶπες ἂν δήπου μοι, εἰ ἐβούλου καλῶς ἀποκρίνασθαι, ὅτι ἔστιν υἱός γε ἢ θυγατρὸς ὁ πατὴρ πατήρ· ἢ οὔ;	"Well, my dear Agathon, I thought you led into your speech very well when you said that first one should show what sort of being Love is, and afterward what he does. I very much admire that opening. So come, tell me about Love: since you've described so beautifully and magnificently what he is like in everything else, [199d] tell me this too. Is Love the sort of thing that is love of something, or of nothing? I'm not asking whether he is born of some mother or father—it would be a ridiculous question, whether Love is love of a mother or father—but it's as if I were asking about this very thing, a father: is a father the father of someone, or not? You'd surely tell me, if you wanted to answer properly, that a father is father of a son or a daughter. Wouldn't you?"[33]
199d	πάνυ γε, φάναι τὸν Ἀγάθωνα.	"Certainly," said Agathon.
	οὐκοῦν καὶ ἡ μήτηρ ὡσαύτως; Ὁμολογεῖσθαι καὶ τοῦτο. [199e]	"And a mother the same way?" He agreed to that too. [199e]
199e	ἔτι τοίνυν, εἰπεῖν τὸν Σωκράτη, ἀπόκριναι ὀλίγῳ πλείω, ἵνα μᾶλλον καταμάθῃς ὃ βούλομαι. εἰ γὰρ ἐροίμην, "τί δέ;	"Then answer a little more," said Socrates, "so that you'll understand better what I'm after. Suppose I asked, 'What about a brother—just insofar as he is

32 The quoted line adapts Euripides' *Hippolytus*, where Hippolytus says that his tongue swore an oath but his mind did not.
33 In Greek, "of" can express parentage, so "Love of a mother" could also mean "Love, son of a mother"; Socrates is setting that reading aside.

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	ἀδελφός, αὐτὸ τοῦθ' ὅπερ ἔστιν, ἔστι τινὸς ἀδελφὸς ἢ οὔ;" φάναι εἶναι.	a brother—is he the brother of someone, or not?'" He said he was.
	οὐκοῦν ἀδελφοῦ ἢ ἀδελφῆς; Ὁμολογεῖν.	"Of a brother or a sister, then?" He agreed.
	πειρῶ δή, φάναι, καὶ τὸν ἔρωτα εἰπεῖν. ὁ Ἔρως ἔρως ἐστὶν οὐδενὸς ἢ τινός;	"Now try to tell me about love too," he said. "Is Love love of nothing, or of something?"
	πάνυ μὲν οὖν ἔστιν.	"Of something, certainly."
200a	τοῦτο μὲν τοίνυν, εἰπεῖν τὸν Σωκράτη, φύλαξον παρὰ σαυτῷ μεμνημένος ὅτου· τοσόνδε δὲ εἰπέ, πότερον ὁ Ἔρως ἐκείνου οὗ ἔστιν ἔρως, ἐπιθυμεῖ αὐτοῦ ἢ οὔ;	"Then hold on to that," said Socrates, "and keep in mind what it's love of. But tell me this much: does Love desire the thing he is love of, or not?"
	πάνυ γε, φάναι.	"Certainly," he said.
	πότερον ἔχων αὐτὸ οὗ ἐπιθυμεῖ τε καὶ ἐρᾷ, εἶτα ἐπιθυμεῖ τε καὶ ἐρᾷ, ἢ οὐκ ἔχων;	"And does he desire and love the thing he desires and loves when he has it, or when he doesn't?"
	οὐκ ἔχων, ὡς τὸ εἰκός γε, φάναι.	"When he doesn't, probably," he said.
	σκόπει δή, εἰπεῖν τὸν Σωκράτη, ἀντὶ τοῦ εἰκότος εἰ ἀνάγκη οὕτως, τὸ ἐπιθυμοῦν ἐπιθυμεῖν οὗ ἐνδεές ἐστιν, ἢ μὴ 200b ἐπιθυμεῖν, ἐὰν μὴ ἐνδεὲς ᾖ; ἐμοὶ μὲν γὰρ θαυμαστῶς δοκεῖ, ὦ Ἀγάθων, ὡς ἀνάγκη εἶναι· σοὶ δὲ πῶς;	"Consider," said Socrates, "whether instead of 'probably' it isn't necessarily so: that what desires desires what it lacks, and doesn't 200b desire if it doesn't lack. To me, Agathon, it seems amazingly clear that it's necessary. How does it seem to you?"
200b	κἀμοί, φάναι, δοκεῖ.	"It seems so to me too," he said.
	καλῶς λέγεις. ἆρ' οὖν βούλοιτ' ἄν τις μέγας ὢν μέγας εἶναι, ἢ ἰσχυρὸς ὢν ἰσχυρός;	"Good. Now, would someone who is big want to be big, or someone who is strong want to be strong?"
	ἀδύνατον ἐκ τῶν ὡμολογημένων.	"Impossible, given what we've agreed."
	οὐ γάρ που ἐνδεὴς ἂν εἴη τούτων ὅ γε ὤν.	"Because someone who is those things couldn't be lacking in them."
	ἀληθῆ λέγεις.	"That's true."
	εἰ γὰρ καὶ ἰσχυρὸς ὢν βούλοιτο ἰσχυρὸς εἶναι, φάναι τὸν Σωκράτη, καὶ ταχὺς ὢν ταχύς, καὶ ὑγιὴς ὢν ὑγιής—ἴσως γὰρ ἄν τις ταῦτα οἰηθείη καὶ πάντα τὰ τοιαῦτα τοὺς ὄντας 200c τε τοιούτους καὶ ἔχοντας ταῦτα τούτων ἅπερ ἔχουσι καὶ ἐπιθυμεῖν, ἵν' οὖν μὴ ἐξαπατηθῶμεν, τούτου ἕνεκα λέγω— τούτοις γάρ, ὦ Ἀγάθων, εἰ ἐννοεῖς, ἔχειν μὲν ἕκαστα τούτων ἐν τῷ παρόντι ἀνάγκη ἃ ἔχουσιν, ἐάντε βούλωνται ἐάντε μή, καὶ τούτου γε δήπου τίς ἂν ἐπιθυμήσειεν;	"Suppose someone strong wanted to be strong," said Socrates, "and someone fast to be fast, and someone healthy to be healthy—since someone might perhaps think that in these cases and all others like them, people who are 200c like this and have these things also desire the very things they have; I bring it up so that we won't be misled—well, Agathon, if you think about it, these people necessarily have each of the things they have right now, whether they want to or not. And who, surely, would desire that?
200c	ἀλλ' ὅταν τις λέγῃ ὅτι ἐγὼ ὑγιαίνων βούλομαι καὶ ὑγιαίνειν, καὶ πλουτῶν βούλομαι καὶ πλουτεῖν, καὶ ἐπιθυμῶ αὐτῶν τούτων ἃ ἔχω, εἴποιμεν ἂν αὐτῷ ὅτι σύ, ὦ ἄνθρωπε, 200d πλοῦτον κεκτημένος καὶ ὑγίειαν καὶ ἰσχὺν βούλει καὶ εἰς τὸν ἔπειτα χρόνον ταῦτα κεκτῆσθαι, ἐπεὶ	But when someone says, 'I'm healthy and I want to be healthy, I'm rich and I want to be rich, I desire the very things I have,' we would say to him, 'My good man, 200d you already possess wealth and

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	ἐν τῷ γε νῦν παρόντι, εἴτε βούλει εἴτε μή, ἔχεις· σκόπει οὖν, ὅταν τοῦτο λέγῃς, ὅτι ἐπιθυμῶ τῶν παρόντων, εἰ ἄλλο τι λέγεις ἢ τόδε, ὅτι βούλομαι τὰ νῦν παρόντα καὶ εἰς τὸν ἔπειτα χρόνον παρεῖναι. ἄλλο τι ὁμολογοῖ ἄν; Συμφάναι ἔφη τὸν Ἀγάθωνα.	health and strength, and what you want is to possess them in time to come as well, since at the present moment you have them whether you want to or not. So when you say "I desire what I have," consider whether you mean anything other than this: "I want the things I have now to be mine in the future too.'" Wouldn't he agree?" Agathon agreed, he said.
200d	εἰπεῖν δὴ τὸν Σωκράτη, οὐκοῦν τοῦτό γ' ἐστὶν ἐκείνου ἐρᾶν, ὃ οὔπω ἕτοιμον αὐτῷ ἐστιν οὐδὲ ἔχει, τὸ εἰς τὸν ἔπειτα χρόνον ταῦτα εἶναι αὐτῷ σῳζόμενα καὶ παρόντα; 200e	Then Socrates said, "Well, isn't this loving what is not yet at hand for him and what he does not have —that these things be kept safe for him and present to him in time to come?" 200e
200e	πάνυ γε, φάναι.	"Certainly," he said.
	καὶ οὗτος ἄρα καὶ ἄλλος πᾶς ὁ ἐπιθυμῶν τοῦ μὴ ἑτοίμου ἐπιθυμεῖ καὶ τοῦ μὴ παρόντος, καὶ ὃ μὴ ἔχει καὶ ὃ μὴ ἔστιν αὐτὸς καὶ οὗ ἐνδεής ἐστι, τοιαῦτ' ἄττα ἐστὶν ὧν ἡ ἐπιθυμία τε καὶ ὁ ἔρως ἐστίν;	"So this man, and anyone else who desires, desires what is not at hand and not present; and what he doesn't have, and what he himself is not, and what he lacks—these are the sorts of things that desire and love are for?"
	πάνυ γ', εἰπεῖν.	"Certainly," he said.
	ἴθι δή, φάναι τὸν Σωκράτη, ἀνομολογησώμεθα τὰ εἰρημένα. ἄλλο τι ἔστιν ὁ Ἔρως πρῶτον μὲν τινῶν, ἔπειτα τούτων ὧν ἂν ἔνδεια παρῇ αὐτῷ;	"Come, then," said Socrates, "let's go back over what we've agreed. Isn't Love, first, love of something, and second, of whatever he lacks?"
201a	ναί, φάναι.	"Yes," he said.
	ἐπὶ δὴ τούτοις ἀναμνήσθητι τίνων ἔφησθα ἐν τῷ λόγῳ εἶναι τὸν ἔρωτα· εἰ δὲ βούλει, ἐγώ σε ἀναμνήσω. οἶμαι γάρ σε οὑτωσί πως εἰπεῖν, ὅτι τοῖς θεοῖς κατεσκευάσθη τὰ πράγματα δι' ἔρωτα καλῶν· αἰσχρῶν γὰρ οὐκ εἶη ἔρως. οὐχ οὑτωσί πως ἔλεγες;	"Now, on top of this, recall what you said in your speech Love was love of. Or, if you like, I'll remind you. I think you said something like this: that the gods' affairs were set in order through love of beautiful things, since there couldn't be love of ugly ones. Didn't you say something like that?"
	εἶπον γάρ, φάναι τὸν Ἀγάθωνα.	"I did," said Agathon.
	καὶ ἐπιεικῶς γε λέγεις, ὦ ἑταῖρε, φάναι τὸν Σωκράτη· καὶ εἰ τοῦτο οὕτως ἔχει, ἄλλο τι ὁ Ἔρως κάλλους ἂν εἴη ἔρως, αἴσχους δὲ οὔ; ὡμολόγει. 201b	"And quite reasonably, my friend," said Socrates. "And if that's so, wouldn't Love be love of beauty, and not of ugliness?" He agreed. 201b
201b	οὐκοῦν ὡμολόγηται, οὗ ἐνδεής ἐστι καὶ μὴ ἔχει, τούτου ἐρᾶν;	"Now haven't we agreed that he loves what he lacks and doesn't have?"
	ναί, εἰπεῖν.	"Yes," he said.
	ἐνδεὴς ἄρ' ἐστὶ καὶ οὐκ ἔχει ὁ Ἔρως κάλλος.	"Then Love lacks beauty and doesn't have it."
	ἀνάγκη, φάναι.	"Necessarily," he said.
	τί δέ; τὸ ἐνδεὲς κάλλους καὶ μηδαμῇ κεκτημένον κάλλος ἆρα λέγεις σὺ καλὸν εἶναι;	"Well then, what lacks beauty and in no way possesses beauty—do you call that beautiful?"

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	οὐ δῆτα.	"Certainly not."
	ἔτι οὖν ὁμολογεῖς ἔρωτα καλὸν εἶναι, εἰ ταῦτα οὕτως ἔχει;	"Then do you still agree that Love is beautiful, if that's how things are?"
	καὶ τὸν Ἀγάθωνα εἰπεῖν κινδυνεύω, ὦ Σώκρατες, οὐδὲν εἰδέναι ὧν τότε εἶπον. 201c	And Agathon said, "It looks, Socrates, as if I didn't know anything of what I said back then." 201c
201c	καὶ μὴν καλῶς γε εἶπες, φάναι, ὦ Ἀγάθων. ἀλλὰ σμικρὸν ἔτι εἰπέ· τἀγαθὰ οὐ καὶ καλὰ δοκεῖ σοι εἶναι;	"And yet you spoke beautifully, Agathon," he said. "But tell me one small thing more: don't good things seem to you to be beautiful as well?"
	ἔμοιγε.	"They do."
	εἰ ἄρα ὁ Ἔρως τῶν καλῶν ἐνδεής ἐστι, τὰ δὲ ἀγαθὰ καλά, κἂν τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἐνδεὴς εἴη.	"Then if Love lacks beautiful things, and good things are beautiful, he would lack good things too."
	ἐγώ, φάναι, ὦ Σώκρατες, σοὶ οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην ἀντιλέγειν, ἀλλ' οὕτως ἐχέτω ὡς σὺ λέγεις.	"I couldn't argue against you, Socrates," he said. "Let it be as you say."
	οὐ μὲν οὖν τῇ ἀληθείᾳ, φάναι, ὦ φιλούμενε Ἀγάθων, δύνασαι ἀντιλέγειν, ἐπεὶ Σωκράτει γε οὐδὲν χαλεπόν. 201d	"No, my dear Agathon," he said, "it's the truth you can't argue against; arguing against Socrates is no trouble at all." 201d

DIOTIMA: LOVE AS A SPIRIT

Socrates recounts Diotima's teaching that Love is a spirit between gods and humans, desiring the good forever.

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201d	**APOLLODORUS** καὶ σὲ μέν γε ἤδη ἐάσω· τὸν δὲ λόγον τὸν περὶ τοῦ Ἔρωτος, ὅν ποτ' ἤκουσα γυναικὸς Μαντινικῆς Διοτίμας, ἣ ταῦτά τε σοφὴ ἦν καὶ ἄλλα πολλά —καὶ Ἀθηναίοις ποτὲ θυσαμένοις πρὸ τοῦ λοιμοῦ δέκα ἔτη ἀναβολὴν ἐποίησε τῆς νόσου, ἣ δὴ καὶ ἐμὲ τὰ ἐρωτικὰ ἐδίδαξεν—ὃν οὖν ἐκείνη ἔλεγε λόγον, πειράσομαι ὑμῖν διελθεῖν ἐκ τῶν ὡμολογημένων ἐμοὶ καὶ Ἀγάθωνι, αὐτὸς ἐπ' ἐμαυτοῦ, ὅπως ἂν δύνωμαι. δεῖ δή, ὦ Ἀγάθων, ὥσπερ σὺ διηγήσω, διελθεῖν 201e αὐτὸν πρῶτον, τίς ἐστιν ὁ Ἔρως καὶ ποῖός τις, ἔπειτα τὰ ἔργα αὐτοῦ. δοκεῖ οὖν μοι ῥᾷστον εἶναι οὕτω διελθεῖν, ὥς ποτέ με ἡ ξένη ἀνακρίνουσα διῄει.	**APOLLODORUS** And now I'll let you be. But the account of Love that I once heard from a woman of Mantinea, Diotima—who was wise in this and in much else besides; once, when the Athenians offered sacrifices before the plague, she won them a ten-year postponement of the disease; and it was she who taught me about love—the account she gave, I'll try to go through for you, starting from what Agathon and I have agreed, on my own, as best I can. As you explained, Agathon, one must first 201e set out who Love is and what he is like, and then his works. I think the easiest way is to go through it the way the foreign woman once did when she was questioning me.[34]
201e	σχεδὸν γάρ τι καὶ ἐγὼ πρὸς αὐτὴν ἕτερα τοιαῦτα ἔλεγον οἷάπερ νῦν πρὸς ἐμὲ Ἀγάθων, ὡς εἴη ὁ Ἔρως μέγας θεός, εἴη δὲ τῶν καλῶν· ἤλεγχε δή με τούτοις τοῖς λόγοις οἷσπερ ἐγὼ τοῦτον, ὡς οὔτε καλὸς εἴη κατὰ τὸν ἐμὸν λόγον οὔτε ἀγαθός.	For I was saying to her pretty much the same sort of things Agathon was just saying to me: that Love was a great god, and that he was love of beautiful things. And she refuted me with the very argu-

34 Mantinea was a city in Arcadia, in the Peloponnese; Diotima is known only from this dialogue. The plague struck Athens in 430 BC.

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		ments I used on him: that by my own account he was neither beautiful nor good.
	καὶ ἐγώ, πῶς λέγεις, ἔφην, ὦ Διοτίμα; αἰσχρὸς ἄρα ὁ Ἔρως ἐστὶ καὶ κακός;	And I said, "What do you mean, Diotima? Is Love ugly, then, and bad?"
	καὶ ἥ, οὐκ εὐφημήσεις; ἔφη· ἢ οἴει, ὅτι ἂν μὴ καλὸν ᾖ, ἀναγκαῖον αὐτὸ εἶναι αἰσχρόν;	And she said, "Watch what you say! Do you think that whatever isn't beautiful must be ugly?"
202a	μάλιστά γε.	"Absolutely."
	ἦ καὶ ἂν μὴ σοφόν, ἀμαθές; ἢ οὐκ ᾔσθησαι ὅτι ἔστιν τι μεταξὺ σοφίας καὶ ἀμαθίας;	"And whatever isn't wise, ignorant? Haven't you noticed that there's something between wisdom and ignorance?"
	τί τοῦτο;	"What's that?"
	τὸ ὀρθὰ δοξάζειν καὶ ἄνευ τοῦ ἔχειν λόγον δοῦναι οὐκ οἶσθ', ἔφη, ὅτι οὔτε ἐπίστασθαί ἐστιν—ἄλογον γὰρ πρᾶγμα πῶς ἂν εἴη ἐπιστήμη; —οὔτε ἀμαθία—τὸ γὰρ τοῦ ὄντος τυγχάνον πῶς ἂν εἴη ἀμαθία; —ἔστι δὲ δήπου τοιοῦτον ἡ ὀρθὴ δόξα, μεταξὺ φρονήσεως καὶ ἀμαθίας.	"Having correct opinions without being able to give an account of them," she said. "Don't you know that this is neither knowledge—for how could something without an account be knowledge?—nor ignorance—for how could something that hits on what is be ignorance? Correct opinion is surely something like that: between understanding and ignorance."
	ἀληθῆ, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, λέγεις. 202b	"That's true," I said. 202b
202b	μὴ τοίνυν ἀνάγκαζε ὃ μὴ καλόν ἐστιν αἰσχρὸν εἶναι, μηδὲ ὃ μὴ ἀγαθόν, κακόν. οὕτω δὲ καὶ τὸν ἔρωτα ἐπειδὴ αὐτὸς ὁμολογεῖς μὴ εἶναι ἀγαθὸν μηδὲ καλόν, μηδέν τι μᾶλλον οἴου δεῖν αὐτὸν αἰσχρὸν καὶ κακὸν εἶναι, ἀλλά τι μεταξύ, ἔφη, τούτοιν.	"Then don't insist that what isn't beautiful must be ugly, or that what isn't good must be bad. So with Love too: since you yourself agree that he isn't good or beautiful, don't think he must therefore be ugly and bad, but something between the two," she said.
	καὶ μήν, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, ὁμολογεῖταί γε παρὰ πάντων μέγας θεὸς εἶναι.	"And yet," I said, "everyone agrees that he's a great god."
	τῶν μὴ εἰδότων, ἔφη, πάντων λέγεις, ἢ καὶ τῶν εἰδότων;	"By everyone, do you mean everyone who doesn't know," she said, "or those who know as well?"
	συμπάντων μὲν οὖν.	"All of them together."
	καὶ ἣ γελάσασα καὶ πῶς ἄν, ἔφη, ὦ Σώκρατες, 202c ὁμολογοῖτο μέγας θεὸς εἶναι παρὰ τούτων, οἵ φασιν αὐτὸν οὐδὲ θεὸν εἶναι;	And she laughed and said, "And how, Socrates, 202c could he be agreed to be a great god by people who say he isn't even a god?"
202c	τίνες οὗτοι; ἦν δ' ἐγώ.	"Who are they?" I said.
	εἷς μέν, ἔφη, σύ, μία δ' ἐγώ.	"You're one," she said, "and I'm another."
	κἀγὼ εἶπον, πῶς τοῦτο, ἔφην, λέγεις;	And I said, "What do you mean by that?"
		And she said, "It's easy. Tell me: don't you say that all gods are happy and beautiful? Or would you

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καὶ ἥ, ῥᾳδίως, ἔφη. λέγε γάρ μοι, οὐ πάντας θεοὺς φῂς εὐδαίμονας εἶναι καὶ καλούς; ἢ τολμήσαις ἄν τινα μὴ φάναι καλόν τε καὶ εὐδαίμονα θεῶν εἶναι;	dare to say that any of the gods is not beautiful and happy?"
μὰ Δί' οὐκ ἔγωγ', ἔφην.	"By Zeus, not I," I said.
εὐδαίμονας δὲ δὴ λέγεις οὐ τοὺς τἀγαθὰ καὶ τὰ καλὰ κεκτημένους;	"And by 'happy' don't you mean those who possess good things and beautiful things?"
πάνυ γε. 202d	"Certainly." 202d
202d ἀλλὰ μὴν Ἔρωτά γε ὡμολόγηκας δι' ἔνδειαν τῶν ἀγαθῶν καὶ καλῶν ἐπιθυμεῖν αὐτῶν τούτων ὧν ἐνδεής ἐστιν.	"But you've agreed that Love, because he lacks good and beautiful things, desires the very things he lacks."
ὡμολόγηκα γάρ.	"Yes, I've agreed."
πῶς ἂν οὖν θεὸς εἴη ὅ γε τῶν καλῶν καὶ ἀγαθῶν ἄμοιρος;	"Then how could someone with no share of beautiful and good things be a god?"
οὐδαμῶς, ὥς γ' ἔοικεν.	"There's no way, it seems."
ὁρᾷς οὖν, ἔφη, ὅτι καὶ σὺ ἔρωτα οὐ θεὸν νομίζεις;	"So you see," she said, "that you too don't consider Love a god?"
τί οὖν ἄν, ἔφην, εἴη ὁ Ἔρως; θνητός;	"Then what would Love be?" I said. "Mortal?"
ἥκιστά γε.	"Not at all."
ἀλλὰ τί μήν;	"Well, what then?"
ὥσπερ τὰ πρότερα, ἔφη, μεταξὺ θνητοῦ καὶ ἀθανάτου.	"As in the earlier cases," she said, "something between mortal and immortal."
τί οὖν, ὦ Διοτίμα;	"What, then, Diotima?"
δαίμων μέγας, ὦ Σώκρατες· καὶ γὰρ πᾶν τὸ δαιμόνιον 202e μεταξύ ἐστι θεοῦ τε καὶ θνητοῦ.	"A great spirit, Socrates. For everything of the spirit kind 202e is between god and mortal."
202e τίνα, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, δύναμιν ἔχον;	"And what power does it have?" I said.
ἑρμηνεῦον καὶ διαπορθμεῦον θεοῖς τὰ παρ' ἀνθρώπων καὶ ἀνθρώποις τὰ παρὰ θεῶν, τῶν μὲν τὰς δεήσεις καὶ θυσίας, τῶν δὲ τὰς ἐπιτάξεις τε καὶ ἀμοιβὰς τῶν θυσιῶν, ἐν μέσῳ δὲ ὂν ἀμφοτέρων συμπληροῖ, ὥστε τὸ πᾶν αὐτὸ αὑτῷ συνδεδέσθαι.	"It interprets and ferries to gods what comes from humans, and to humans what comes from gods: from the one, prayers and sacrifices; from the other, commands and returns for sacrifices. Being in the middle, it fills the space between the two, so that the whole is bound together with itself.
διὰ τούτου καὶ ἡ μαντικὴ πᾶσα χωρεῖ καὶ ἡ τῶν ἱερέων τέχνη τῶν τε περὶ τὰς θυσίας καὶ τελετὰς 203a καὶ τὰς ἐπῳδὰς καὶ τὴν μαντείαν πᾶσαν καὶ γοητείαν. θεὸς δὲ ἀνθρώπῳ οὐ μείγνυται, ἀλλὰ διὰ τούτου πᾶσά ἐστιν ἡ ὁμιλία καὶ ἡ διάλεκτος θεοῖς πρὸς ἀνθρώπους, καὶ ἐγρηγορόσι καὶ καθεύδουσι· καὶ ὁ μὲν περὶ τὰ τοιαῦτα σοφὸς δαιμόνιος ἀνήρ, ὁ δὲ ἄλλο τι σοφὸς ὢν ἢ περὶ τέχνας ἢ χειρουργίας τινὰς βάναυσος. οὗτοι δὴ οἱ	"Through it pass all divination and the art of priests concerned with sacrifices and initiations 203a and spells, and all prophecy and sorcery. God does not mingle with human; it is through this that all the dealings and conversation of gods with humans take place, whether they are awake or asleep. Someone wise in such matters is a spiritual man; someone wise in anything else, in some art

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δαίμονες πολλοὶ καὶ παντοδαποί εἰσιν, εἷς δὲ τούτων ἐστὶ καὶ ὁ Ἔρως.

or manual trade, is merely a mechanic. These spirits are many and of every kind, and one of them is Love."

203a πατρὸς δέ, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, τίνος ἐστὶ καὶ μητρός; 203b

"And who," I said, "are his father and mother?" 203b

203b μακρότερον μέν, ἔφη, διηγήσασθαι· ὅμως δέ σοι ἐρῶ. ὅτε γὰρ ἐγένετο ἡ Ἀφροδίτη, ἡστιῶντο οἱ θεοὶ οἵ τε ἄλλοι καὶ ὁ τῆς Μήτιδος ὑὸς Πόρος. ἐπειδὴ δὲ ἐδείπνησαν, προσαιτήσουσα οἷον δὴ εὐωχίας οὔσης ἀφίκετο ἡ Πενία, καὶ ἦν περὶ τὰς θύρας. ὁ οὖν Πόρος μεθυσθεὶς τοῦ νέκταρος— οἶνος γὰρ οὔπω ἦν—εἰς τὸν τοῦ Διὸς κῆπον εἰσελθὼν βεβαρημένος ηὗδεν. ἡ οὖν Πενία ἐπιβουλεύουσα διὰ τὴν αὑτῆς ἀπορίαν παιδίον ποιήσασθαι ἐκ τοῦ Πόρου, κατακλίνεταί 203c τε παρ' αὐτῷ καὶ ἐκύησε τὸν ἔρωτα. διὸ δὴ καὶ τῆς Ἀφροδίτης ἀκόλουθος καὶ θεράπων γέγονεν ὁ Ἔρως, γεννηθεὶς ἐν τοῖς ἐκείνης γενεθλίοις, καὶ ἅμα φύσει ἐραστὴς ὢν περὶ τὸ καλὸν καὶ τῆς Ἀφροδίτης καλῆς οὔσης. ἅτε οὖν Πόρου καὶ Πενίας ὑὸς ὢν ὁ Ἔρως ἐν τοιαύτῃ τύχῃ καθέστηκεν.

That's rather a long story, she said, but I'll tell you anyway. When Aphrodite was born, the gods held a feast, among them Resource, the son of Cunning. When they had dined, Poverty came begging, as you'd expect when there's a banquet, and she was hanging about the doors. Now Resource, drunk on nectar—there was no wine yet—went into the garden of Zeus and, heavy with drink, fell asleep. So Poverty, plotting in her own lack of resource to get a child from Resource, lay down 203c beside him and conceived Love. That is why Love has become Aphrodite's follower and attendant: he was begotten on her birthday, and he is also by nature a lover of beauty, and Aphrodite is beautiful. So, as the son of Resource and Poverty, Love's lot is this.[35]

203c πρῶτον μὲν πένης ἀεί ἐστι, καὶ πολλοῦ δεῖ ἁπαλός τε καὶ καλός, οἷον οἱ πολλοὶ οἴονται, ἀλλὰ σκληρὸς 203d καὶ αὐχμηρὸς καὶ ἀνυπόδητος καὶ ἄοικος, χαμαιπετὴς ἀεὶ ὢν καὶ ἄστρωτος, ἐπὶ θύραις καὶ ἐν ὁδοῖς ὑπαίθριος κοιμώμενος, τὴν τῆς μητρὸς φύσιν ἔχων, ἀεὶ ἐνδείᾳ σύνοικος.

First, he is always poor, and far from being delicate and beautiful, as most people think; he's tough 203d and dirty, barefoot and homeless, always lying on the bare ground without bedding, sleeping in doorways and by the road under the open sky. He has his mother's nature: need is always his housemate.

203d κατὰ δὲ αὖ τὸν πατέρα ἐπίβουλός ἐστι τοῖς καλοῖς καὶ τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς, ἀνδρεῖος ὢν καὶ ἴτης καὶ σύντονος, θηρευτὴς δεινός, ἀεί τινας πλέκων μηχανάς, καὶ φρονήσεως ἐπιθυμητὴς καὶ πόριμος, φιλοσοφῶν διὰ παντὸς τοῦ βίου, δεινὸς γόης καὶ φαρμακεὺς καὶ σοφιστής· καὶ οὔτε ὡς 203e ἀθάνατος πέφυκεν οὔτε ὡς θνητός, ἀλλὰ τοτὲ μὲν τῆς αὐτῆς ἡμέρας θάλλει τε καὶ ζῇ, ὅταν εὐπορήσῃ, τοτὲ δὲ ἀποθνῄσκει, πάλιν δὲ ἀναβιώσκεται διὰ τὴν τοῦ πατρὸς φύσιν, τὸ δὲ ποριζόμενον ἀεὶ ὑπεκρεῖ, ὥστε οὔτε ἀπορεῖ Ἔρως ποτὲ οὔτε πλουτεῖ, σοφίας τε αὖ καὶ ἀμαθίας ἐν μέσῳ ἐστίν.

But on his father's side he schemes after the beautiful and the good; he's brave, bold, and intense, a formidable hunter, always weaving some plot, eager for understanding and full of resource, doing philosophy all his life, a formidable sorcerer, druggist, and sophist. He is by nature neither 203e immortal nor mortal: on the same day he sometimes flourishes and lives, when he finds resources, and sometimes dies, and then comes back to life again because of his father's nature. But what he gets always slips away, so that Love is never without resource and never rich, and he is in the middle between wisdom and ignorance.

204a ἔχει γὰρ ὧδε. θεῶν οὐδεὶς φιλοσοφεῖ οὐδ' ἐπιθυμεῖ σοφὸς γενέσθαι—ἔστι γάρ—οὐδ' εἴ τις ἄλλος σοφός, οὐ φιλοσοφεῖ. οὐδ' αὖ οἱ ἀμαθεῖς φιλοσοφοῦσιν οὐδ' ἐπιθυμοῦσι σοφοὶ γενέσθαι· αὐτὸ γὰρ τοῦτό ἐστι χαλεπὸν ἀμαθία, τὸ μὴ ὄντα καλὸν κἀγαθὸν μηδὲ φρόνιμον δοκεῖν

Here's how it is. None of the gods does philosophy or desires to become wise—he already is—nor does anyone else who is wise do philosophy. Nor, again, do the ignorant do philosophy or desire to become wise. For that is exactly what's so hard about ig-

35 The parents are personifications: Poros ("Resource," "Means," "Way through"), son of Metis ("Cunning"), and Penia ("Poverty").

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	αὐτῷ εἶναι ἱκανόν. οὔκουν ἐπιθυμεῖ ὁ μὴ οἰόμενος ἐνδεὴς εἶναι οὗ ἂν μὴ οἴηται ἐπιδεῖσθαι.	norance: that someone who is neither fine and good nor intelligent is satisfied with himself as he is. And one who doesn't think he's lacking doesn't desire what he doesn't think he needs.
	τίνες οὖν, ἔφην ἐγώ, ὦ Διοτίμα, οἱ φιλοσοφοῦντες, εἰ μήτε οἱ σοφοὶ μήτε οἱ ἀμαθεῖς; 204b	"Then who, Diotima," I said, "are the ones who do philosophy, if it's neither the wise nor the ignorant?" 204b
204b	δῆλον δή, ἔφη, τοῦτό γε ἤδη καὶ παιδί, ὅτι οἱ μεταξὺ τούτων ἀμφοτέρων, ὧν ἂν εἴη καὶ ὁ Ἔρως. ἔστιν γὰρ δὴ τῶν καλλίστων ἡ σοφία, Ἔρως δ' ἐστὶν ἔρως περὶ τὸ καλόν, ὥστε ἀναγκαῖον ἔρωτα φιλόσοφον εἶναι, φιλόσοφον δὲ ὄντα μεταξὺ εἶναι σοφοῦ καὶ ἀμαθοῦς. αἰτία δὲ αὐτῷ καὶ τούτων ἡ γένεσις· πατρὸς μὲν γὰρ σοφοῦ ἐστι καὶ εὐπόρου, μητρὸς δὲ οὐ σοφῆς καὶ ἀπόρου. ἡ μὲν οὖν φύσις τοῦ δαίμονος, ὦ φίλε Σώκρατες, αὕτη· ὃν δὲ σὺ ᾠήθης ἔρωτα 204c εἶναι, θαυμαστὸν οὐδὲν ἔπαθες. ᾠήθης δέ, ὡς ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ τεκμαιρομένῃ ἐξ ὧν σὺ λέγεις, τὸ ἐρώμενον ἔρωτα εἶναι, οὐ τὸ ἐρῶν· διὰ ταῦτά σοι οἶμαι πάγκαλος ἐφαίνετο ὁ Ἔρως.	"That's clear even to a child by now," she said: "those between the two, and Love would be one of them. For wisdom is among the most beautiful things, and Love is love of the beautiful, so Love must be a philosopher, a lover of wisdom, and being a philosopher he must be between wise and ignorant. And the cause of this too is his birth: his father is wise and resourceful, his mother neither wise nor resourceful. That, then, my dear Socrates, is the nature of this spirit. As for what you thought Love 204c was, it's no wonder you thought so. You thought, as I gather from what you say, that Love was the beloved, not the lover. That's why, I think, Love seemed so utterly beautiful to you.
204c	καὶ γὰρ ἔστι τὸ ἐραστὸν τὸ τῷ ὄντι καλὸν καὶ ἁβρὸν καὶ τέλεον καὶ μακαριστόν· τὸ δέ γε ἐρῶν ἄλλην ἰδέαν τοιαύτην ἔχον, οἵαν ἐγὼ διῆλθον.	For what is lovable really is beautiful and delicate and perfect and blessed; but what loves has a different character, the kind I've described."
	καὶ ἐγὼ εἶπον, εἶεν δή, ὦ ξένη, καλῶς γὰρ λέγεις· τοιοῦτος ὢν ὁ Ἔρως τίνα χρείαν ἔχει τοῖς ἀνθρώποις; 204d	And I said, "All right, then, stranger—you put it well. If that's what Love is like, what use is he to human beings?" 204d
204d	τοῦτο δὴ μετὰ ταῦτ', ἔφη, ὦ Σώκρατες, πειράσομαί σε διδάξαι. ἔστι μὲν γὰρ δὴ τοιοῦτος καὶ οὕτω γεγονὼς ὁ Ἔρως, ἔστι δὲ τῶν καλῶν, ὡς σὺ φῄς. εἰ δέ τις ἡμᾶς ἔροιτο· τί τῶν καλῶν ἐστιν ὁ Ἔρως, ὦ Σώκρατές τε καὶ Διοτίμα; ὧδε δὲ σαφέστερον· ἐρᾷ ὁ ἐρῶν τῶν καλῶν· τί ἐρᾷ;	"That's what I'll try to teach you next, Socrates," she said. "Love is like this and was born like this, and he is love of beautiful things, as you say. But suppose someone asked us, 'In what way is Love love of beautiful things, Socrates and Diotima?' Or, more clearly, like this: 'The lover of beautiful things loves—what does he love?'"
	καὶ ἐγὼ εἶπον ὅτι γενέσθαι αὐτῷ.	And I said, "That they become his."
	ἀλλ' ἔτι ποθεῖ, ἔφη, ἡ ἀπόκρισις ἐρώτησιν τοιάνδε· τί ἔσται ἐκείνῳ ᾧ ἂν γένηται τὰ καλά;	"But that answer still calls for a further question," she said: "what will he have when the beautiful things become his?"
	οὐ πάνυ ἔφην ἔτι ἔχειν ἐγὼ πρὸς ταύτην τὴν ἐρώτησιν προχείρως ἀποκρίνασθαι. 204e	I said I couldn't really give a ready answer to that question any more. 204e
204e	ἀλλ', ἔφη, ὥσπερ ἂν εἴ τις μεταβαλὼν ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ τῷ ἀγαθῷ χρώμενος πυνθάνοιτο· φέρε, ὦ Σώκρατες, ἐρᾷ ὁ ἐρῶν τῶν ἀγαθῶν· τί ἐρᾷ;	"Well," she said, "suppose someone switched and used 'good' instead of 'beautiful,' and asked, 'Come,

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		Socrates: the lover of good things loves—what does he love?'"
	γενέσθαι, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, αὐτῷ.	"That they become his," I said.
	καὶ τί ἔσται ἐκείνῳ ᾧ ἂν γένηται τἀγαθά;	"And what will he have when the good things become his?"
	τοῦτ' εὐπορώτερον, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, ἔχω ἀποκρίνασθαι, ὅτι εὐδαίμων ἔσται.	"That one I'm better supplied to answer," I said: "he'll be happy."
205a	κτήσει γάρ, ἔφη, ἀγαθῶν οἱ εὐδαίμονες εὐδαίμονες, καὶ οὐκέτι προσδεῖ ἐρέσθαι ἵνα τί δὲ βούλεται εὐδαίμων εἶναι ὁ βουλόμενος; ἀλλὰ τέλος δοκεῖ ἔχειν ἡ ἀπόκρισις.	"Yes," she said, "for it's by possessing good things that the happy are happy, and there's no further need to ask, 'And why does the one who wants to be happy want that?' The answer seems to have reached its end."
	ἀληθῆ λέγεις, εἶπον ἐγώ.	"That's true," I said.
	ταύτην δὴ τὴν βούλησιν καὶ τὸν ἔρωτα τοῦτον πότερα κοινὸν οἴει εἶναι πάντων ἀνθρώπων, καὶ πάντας τἀγαθὰ βούλεσθαι αὐτοῖς εἶναι ἀεί, ἢ πῶς λέγεις;	"Now this wanting and this love—do you think it is common to all human beings, and that everyone wants good things to be theirs always? Or what do you say?"
	οὕτως, ἦν δ' ἐγώ· κοινὸν εἶναι πάντων.	"Just that," I said: "it's common to all."
	τί δὴ οὖν, ἔφη, ὦ Σώκρατες, οὐ πάντας ἐρᾶν φαμεν, [205b] εἴπερ γε πάντες τῶν αὐτῶν ἐρῶσι καὶ ἀεί, ἀλλά τινάς φαμεν ἐρᾶν, τοὺς δ' οὔ;	"Then why, Socrates," she said, "don't we say that everyone loves, [205b] if everyone loves the same things, and always? Why do we say that some people love and others don't?"
205b	θαυμάζω, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, καὶ αὐτός.	"I wonder about that myself," I said.
	ἀλλὰ μὴ θαύμαζ', ἔφη· ἀφελόντες γὰρ ἄρα τοῦ ἔρωτός τι εἶδος ὀνομάζομεν, τὸ τοῦ ὅλου ἐπιτιθέντες ὄνομα, ἔρωτα, τὰ δὲ ἄλλα ἄλλοις καταχρώμεθα ὀνόμασιν.	"Don't wonder," she said. "It's because we separate off one kind of love and give it the name of the whole, 'love,' while for the others we use other names."
	ὥσπερ τί; ἦν δ' ἐγώ.	"Such as what?" I said.
	ὥσπερ τόδε. οἶσθ' ὅτι ποίησίς ἐστί τι πολύ· ἡ γάρ τοι ἐκ τοῦ μὴ ὄντος εἰς τὸ ὂν ἰόντι ὁτῳοῦν αἰτία πᾶσά ἐστι [205c] ποίησις, ὥστε καὶ αἱ ὑπὸ πάσαις ταῖς τέχναις ἐργασίαι ποιήσεις εἰσὶ καὶ οἱ τούτων δημιουργοὶ πάντες ποιηταί.	"Such as this. You know that 'making' is a broad thing: whatever is the cause of anything at all passing from not being into being is always [205c] making, so that the work done in all the arts is making, and the craftsmen who do it are all makers."[36]
205c	ἀληθῆ λέγεις.	"That's true."
	ἀλλ' ὅμως, ἦ δ' ἥ, οἶσθ' ὅτι οὐ καλοῦνται ποιηταὶ ἀλλὰ ἄλλα ἔχουσιν ὀνόματα, ἀπὸ δὲ πάσης τῆς ποιήσεως ἓν μόριον ἀφορισθὲν τὸ περὶ τὴν μουσικὴν καὶ τὰ μέτρα τῷ τοῦ ὅλου ὀνόματι προσαγορεύεται. ποίησις γὰρ τοῦτο	"And yet," she said, "you know that they aren't called makers but have other names, and that out of all making one part, the part concerned with music and meter, has been marked off and is

36 The Greek *poiēsis* means both "making" and "poetry," and *poiētēs* both "maker" and "poet."

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	μόνον καλεῖται, καὶ οἱ ἔχοντες τοῦτο τὸ μόριον τῆς ποιήσεως ποιηταί.	called by the name of the whole. Only this is called 'making'—poetry—and those who have this part of making are called 'makers'—poets."
	ἀληθῆ λέγεις, ἔφην. 205d	"That's true," I said. 205d
205d	οὕτω τοίνυν καὶ περὶ τὸν ἔρωτα. τὸ μὲν κεφάλαιόν ἐστι πᾶσα ἡ τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἐπιθυμία καὶ τοῦ εὐδαιμονεῖν ὁ μέγιστός τε καὶ δολερὸς ἔρως παντί· ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν ἄλλῃ τρεπόμενοι πολλαχῇ ἐπ' αὐτόν, ἢ κατὰ χρηματισμὸν ἢ κατὰ φιλογυμναστίαν ἢ κατὰ φιλοσοφίαν, οὔτε ἐρᾶν καλοῦνται οὔτε ἐρασταί, οἱ δὲ κατὰ ἕν τι εἶδος ἰόντες τε καὶ ἐσπουδακότες τὸ τοῦ ὅλου ὄνομα ἴσχουσιν, ἔρωτά τε καὶ ἐρᾶν καὶ ἐρασταί.	"So too with love. In sum, every desire for good things and for being happy is, for everyone, 'the greatest and wiliest love.' But those who turn to it in various other ways—through making money, or love of athletics, or philosophy—are not said to be in love or called lovers, while those who go after it in one particular kind, and devote themselves to that, get the name of the whole: love, being in love, and lovers."
	κινδυνεύεις ἀληθῆ, ἔφην ἐγώ, λέγειν.	"You may well be right," I said.
	καὶ λέγεται μέν γέ τις, ἔφη, λόγος, ὡς οἳ ἂν τὸ ἥμισυ 205e ἑαυτῶν ζητῶσιν, οὗτοι ἐρῶσιν· ὁ δ' ἐμὸς λόγος οὔτε ἡμίσεός φησιν εἶναι τὸν ἔρωτα οὔτε ὅλου, ἐὰν μὴ τυγχάνῃ γέ που, ὦ ἑταῖρε, ἀγαθὸν ὄν, ἐπεὶ αὐτῶν γε καὶ πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐθέλουσιν ἀποτέμνεσθαι οἱ ἄνθρωποι, ἐὰν αὐτοῖς δοκῇ τὰ ἑαυτῶν πονηρὰ εἶναι.	"And there is a certain story going around," she said, "that those who seek their other half 205e are the ones who love. But my account says love is neither of a half nor of a whole, unless, my friend, that happens to be good—since people are willing to have their own feet and hands cut off if they think those parts of them are bad.
205e	οὐ γὰρ τὸ ἑαυτῶν οἶμαι ἕκαστοι ἀσπάζονται, εἰ μὴ εἴ τις τὸ μὲν ἀγαθὸν οἰκεῖον καλεῖ καὶ ἑαυτοῦ, τὸ δὲ κακὸν ἀλλότριον· ὡς οὐδέν γε ἄλλο ἐστὶν οὗ 206a ἐρῶσιν ἄνθρωποι ἢ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ. ἢ σοὶ δοκοῦσιν;	"For I don't think each of us clings to what is his own, unless someone calls the good his own and belonging to him, and the bad foreign to him. For there's nothing else that 206a people love but the good. Or do you think there is?"
206a	μὰ Δί' οὐκ ἔμοιγε, ἦν δ' ἐγώ.	"By Zeus, not I," I said.
	ἆρ' οὖν, ἦ δ' ἥ, οὕτως ἁπλοῦν ἐστι λέγειν ὅτι οἱ ἄνθρωποι τἀγαθοῦ ἐρῶσιν;	"Then," she said, "can we simply say that people love the good?"
	ναί, ἔφην.	"Yes," I said.
	τί δέ; οὐ προσθετέον, ἔφη, ὅτι καὶ εἶναι τὸ ἀγαθὸν αὐτοῖς ἐρῶσιν;	"What? Mustn't we add," she said, "that they love the good to be theirs?"
	προσθετέον.	"We must."
	ἆρ' οὖν, ἔφη, καὶ οὐ μόνον εἶναι, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀεὶ εἶναι;	"And not only to be theirs," she said, "but to be theirs always?"
	καὶ τοῦτο προσθετέον.	"We must add that too."
	ἔστιν ἄρα συλλήβδην, ἔφη, ὁ ἔρως τοῦ τὸ ἀγαθὸν αὑτῷ εἶναι ἀεί.	"In short, then," she said, "love is of the good's being one's own always."
	ἀληθέστατα, ἔφην ἐγώ, λέγεις. 206b	"That's perfectly true," I said. 206b
206b		

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ὅτε δὴ τοῦτο ὁ ἔρως ἐστὶν ἀεί, ἦ δ' ἥ, τῶν τίνα τρόπον διωκόντων αὐτὸ καὶ ἐν τίνι πράξει ἡ σπουδὴ καὶ ἡ σύντασις ἔρως ἂν καλοῖτο; τί τοῦτο τυγχάνει ὂν τὸ ἔργον; ἔχεις εἰπεῖν;	"Since this is always what love is," she said, "in what way, and in what activity, must people pursue it for their eagerness and effort to be called love? What is this work, in fact? Can you tell me?"
οὐ μεντἂν σέ, ἔφην ἐγώ, ὦ Διοτίμα, ἐθαύμαζον ἐπὶ σοφίᾳ καὶ ἐφοίτων παρὰ σὲ αὐτὰ ταῦτα μαθησόμενος.	"If I could, Diotima," I said, "I wouldn't be admiring you for your wisdom and coming to you to learn just these things."

GIVING BIRTH IN BEAUTY

Diotima explains love as giving birth in beauty, in body or soul, to share in immortality.

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APOLLODORUS ἀλλὰ ἐγώ σοι, ἔφη, ἐρῶ. ἔστι γὰρ τοῦτο τόκος ἐν καλῷ καὶ κατὰ τὸ σῶμα καὶ κατὰ τὴν ψυχήν.	APOLLODORUS "Well, I'll tell you," she said. "It is giving birth in beauty, both in body and in soul."
μαντείας, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, δεῖται ὅτι ποτε λέγεις, καὶ οὐ μανθάνω. 206c	"It would take a seer to tell what you mean," I said. "I don't understand." 206c
206c ἀλλ' ἐγώ, ἦ δ' ἥ, σαφέστερον ἐρῶ. κυοῦσιν γάρ, ἔφη, ὦ Σώκρατες, πάντες ἄνθρωποι καὶ κατὰ τὸ σῶμα καὶ κατὰ τὴν ψυχήν, καὶ ἐπειδὰν ἔν τινι ἡλικίᾳ γένωνται, τίκτειν ἐπιθυμεῖ ἡμῶν ἡ φύσις. τίκτειν δὲ ἐν μὲν αἰσχρῷ οὐ δύναται, ἐν δὲ τῷ καλῷ. ἡ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς καὶ γυναικὸς συνουσία τόκος ἐστίν. ἔστι δὲ τοῦτο θεῖον τὸ πρᾶγμα, καὶ τοῦτο ἐν θνητῷ ὄντι τῷ ζῴῳ ἀθάνατον ἔνεστιν, ἡ κύησις καὶ ἡ γέννησις. τὰ δὲ ἐν τῷ ἀναρμόστῳ ἀδύνατον γενέσθαι. 206d ἀνάρμοστον δ' ἐστὶ τὸ αἰσχρὸν παντὶ τῷ θείῳ, τὸ δὲ καλὸν ἁρμόττον. Μοῖρα οὖν καὶ Εἰλείθυια ἡ Καλλονή ἐστι τῇ γενέσει.	"Well, I'll say it more clearly," she said. "All human beings, Socrates, are pregnant, both in body and in soul, and when they reach a certain age our nature desires to give birth. But it cannot give birth in ugliness, only in beauty. For the union of a man and a woman is a giving birth. This is a divine thing, and it is present as something immortal in the mortal creature: pregnancy and begetting. But these cannot happen in what is out of harmony. 206d And ugliness is out of harmony with everything divine, while beauty is in harmony with it. So Beauty is Fate and Eileithyia at birth.[37]
206d διὰ ταῦτα ὅταν μὲν καλῷ προσπελάζῃ τὸ κυοῦν, ἵλεών τε γίγνεται καὶ εὐφραινόμενον διαχεῖται καὶ τίκτει τε καὶ γεννᾷ· ὅταν δὲ αἰσχρῷ, σκυθρωπόν τε καὶ λυπούμενον συσπειρᾶται καὶ ἀποτρέπεται καὶ ἀνείλλεται καὶ οὐ γεννᾷ, ἀλλὰ ἴσχον τὸ κύημα χαλεπῶς φέρει. ὅθεν δὴ τῷ κυοῦντί τε καὶ ἤδη σπαργῶντι πολλὴ ἡ πτοίησις γέγονε 206e περὶ τὸ καλὸν διὰ τὸ μεγάλης ὠδῖνος ἀπολύειν τὸν ἔχοντα. ἔστιν γάρ, ὦ Σώκρατες, ἔφη, οὐ τοῦ καλοῦ ὁ ἔρως, ὡς σὺ οἴει.	That's why, when what is pregnant draws near to beauty, it becomes gracious and melts with joy, and gives birth and begets; but when it draws near to ugliness, it shrinks up, gloomy and pained, turns away, curls in, and does not beget, but holds back what it has conceived and carries it with difficulty. Hence the great excitement 206e over beauty that comes to one who is pregnant and already swelling, because beauty releases its possessor from great labor pains. For love, Socrates," she said, "is not of the beautiful, as you think."
206e ἀλλὰ τί μήν;	"Then what is it of?"
τῆς γεννήσεως καὶ τοῦ τόκου ἐν τῷ καλῷ.	"Of begetting and giving birth in beauty."
εἶεν, ἦν δ' ἐγώ.	"Very well," I said.

37 Moira (Fate) and Eileithyia, goddess of childbirth, were the deities who presided over births.

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πάνυ μὲν οὖν, ἔφη. τί δὴ οὖν τῆς γεννήσεως; ὅτι ἀειγενές ἐστι καὶ ἀθάνατον ὡς θνητῷ ἡ γέννησις. ἀθανασίας 207a δὲ ἀναγκαῖον ἐπιθυμεῖν μετὰ ἀγαθοῦ ἐκ τῶν ὡμολογημένων, εἴπερ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ ἑαυτῷ εἶναι ἀεὶ ἔρως ἐστίν. ἀναγκαῖον δὴ ἐκ τούτου τοῦ λόγου καὶ τῆς ἀθανασίας τὸν ἔρωτα εἶναι.

207a ταῦτά τε οὖν πάντα ἐδίδασκέ με, ὁπότε περὶ τῶν ἐρωτικῶν λόγους ποιοῖτο, καί ποτε ἤρετο τί οἴει, ὦ Σώκρατες, αἴτιον εἶναι τούτου τοῦ ἔρωτος καὶ τῆς ἐπιθυμίας; ἢ οὐκ αἰσθάνῃ ὡς δεινῶς διατίθεται πάντα τὰ θηρία ἐπειδὰν γεννᾶν ἐπιθυμήσῃ, καὶ τὰ πεζὰ καὶ τὰ πτηνά, νοσοῦντά τε 207b πάντα καὶ ἐρωτικῶς διατιθέμενα, πρῶτον μὲν περὶ τὸ συμμιγῆναι ἀλλήλοις, ἔπειτα περὶ τὴν τροφὴν τοῦ γενομένου, καὶ ἕτοιμά ἐστιν ὑπὲρ τούτων καὶ διαμάχεσθαι τὰ ἀσθενέστατα τοῖς ἰσχυροτάτοις καὶ ὑπεραποθνῄσκειν, καὶ αὐτὰ τῷ λιμῷ παρατεινόμενα ὥστ' ἐκεῖνα ἐκτρέφειν, καὶ ἄλλο πᾶν ποιοῦντα. τοὺς μὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώπους, ἔφη, οἴοιτ' ἄν τις ἐκ λογισμοῦ ταῦτα ποιεῖν· τὰ δὲ θηρία τίς αἰτία οὕτως ἐρωτικῶς 207c διατίθεσθαι; ἔχεις λέγειν;

207c καὶ ἐγὼ αὖ ἔλεγον ὅτι οὐκ εἰδείην· ἢ δ' εἶπεν, Διανοῇ οὖν δεινός ποτε γενήσεσθαι τὰ ἐρωτικά, ἐὰν ταῦτα μὴ ἐννοῇς;

ἀλλὰ διὰ ταῦτά τοι, ὦ Διοτίμα, ὅπερ νυνδὴ εἶπον, παρὰ σὲ ἥκω, γνοὺς ὅτι διδασκάλων δέομαι. ἀλλά μοι λέγε καὶ τούτων τὴν αἰτίαν καὶ τῶν ἄλλων τῶν περὶ τὰ ἐρωτικά.

εἰ τοίνυν, ἔφη, πιστεύεις ἐκείνου εἶναι φύσει τὸν ἔρωτα, οὗ πολλάκις ὡμολογήκαμεν, μὴ θαύμαζε. ἐνταῦθα γὰρ 207d τὸν αὐτὸν ἐκείνῳ λόγον ἡ θνητὴ φύσις ζητεῖ κατὰ τὸ δυνατὸν ἀεί τε εἶναι καὶ ἀθάνατος. δύναται δὲ ταύτῃ μόνον, τῇ γενέσει, ὅτι ἀεὶ καταλείπει ἕτερον νέον ἀντὶ τοῦ παλαιοῦ, ἐπεὶ καὶ ἐν ᾧ ἓν ἕκαστον τῶν ζῴων ζῇν καλεῖται καὶ εἶναι τὸ αὐτό—οἷον ἐκ παιδαρίου ὁ αὐτὸς λέγεται ἕως ἂν πρεσβύτης γένηται· οὗτος μέντοι οὐδέποτε τὰ αὐτὰ ἔχων ἐν αὐτῷ ὅμως ὁ αὐτὸς καλεῖται, ἀλλὰ νέος ἀεὶ γιγνόμενος, τὰ δὲ ἀπολλύς, καὶ κατὰ τὰς τρίχας καὶ σάρκα καὶ ὀστᾶ καὶ 207e αἷμα καὶ σύμπαν τὸ σῶμα.

207e καὶ μὴ ὅτι κατὰ τὸ σῶμα, ἀλλὰ καὶ κατὰ τὴν ψυχήν· οἱ τρόποι, τὰ ἤθη, δόξαι, ἐπιθυμίαι, ἡδοναί, λῦπαι, φόβοι, τούτων ἕκαστα οὐδέποτε τὰ αὐτὰ πάρεστιν ἑκάστῳ, ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν γίγνεται, τὰ δὲ ἀπόλλυται.

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"It certainly is," she said. "And why of begetting? Because begetting is everlasting and immortal, as far as anything can be for a mortal. And from what we've agreed, one must desire immortality 207a along with the good, if love is of having the good for oneself forever. So by this argument love must be of immortality too."

She taught me all this whenever she talked about matters of love. And once she asked, "What do you think, Socrates, is the cause of this love and this desire? Don't you notice what a terrible state all the animals get into when they desire to breed, whether they walk or fly? They're all sick 207b with love, first to mate with one another, then to rear what's been born. For their young the weakest are ready to fight the strongest and even die for them; they let themselves be racked by hunger to feed them, and they'll do anything else. With human beings," she said, "you might suppose they do this from calculation. But what makes animals so affected by love? 207c Can you tell me?"

And again I said I didn't know. And she said, "Then do you expect ever to become an expert in matters of love, if you don't give any thought to this?"

"But that's exactly why, Diotima, as I said just now, I've come to you: I knew I needed teachers. So tell me the cause of this, and of everything else to do with love."

Well, she said, if you're convinced that love is by nature of what we've agreed on several times, don't be surprised. For here too, 207d on the same principle as before, mortal nature seeks, as far as it can, to exist forever and be immortal. And it can do so only in this way, through generation, because it always leaves behind something new in place of the old. Even during the time each living thing is said to live and to be the same—as a person is said to be the same from childhood until he's an old man—he never has the same things in him, yet he's called the same; he is always becoming new and losing what he had, in hair and flesh and bones and 207e blood and the whole body.

And not only in the body but in the soul too: ways, character, opinions, desires, pleasures, pains, fears—none of these is ever present the same in

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anyone; some are coming to be, others passing away.

πολὺ δὲ τούτων ἀτοπώτερον ἔτι, ὅτι καὶ αἱ ἐπιστῆμαι 208a μὴ ὅτι αἱ μὲν γίγνονται, αἱ δὲ ἀπόλλυνται ἡμῖν, καὶ οὐδέποτε οἱ αὐτοί ἐσμεν οὐδὲ κατὰ τὰς ἐπιστήμας, ἀλλὰ καὶ μία ἑκάστη τῶν ἐπιστημῶν ταὐτὸν πάσχει. ὃ γὰρ καλεῖται μελετᾶν, ὡς ἐξιούσης ἐστὶ τῆς ἐπιστήμης· λήθη γὰρ ἐπιστήμης ἔξοδος, μελέτη δὲ πάλιν καινὴν ἐμποιοῦσα ἀντὶ τῆς ἀπιούσης μνήμην σῴζει τὴν ἐπιστήμην, ὥστε τὴν αὐτὴν δοκεῖν εἶναι. τούτῳ γὰρ τῷ τρόπῳ πᾶν τὸ θνητὸν σῴζεται, οὐ τῷ παντάπασιν τὸ αὐτὸ ἀεὶ εἶναι ὥσπερ τὸ 208b θεῖον, ἀλλὰ τῷ τὸ ἀπιὸν καὶ παλαιούμενον ἕτερον νέον ἐγκαταλείπειν οἷον αὐτὸ ἦν. ταύτῃ τῇ μηχανῇ, ὦ Σώκρατες, ἔφη, θνητὸν ἀθανασίας μετέχει, καὶ σῶμα καὶ τἆλλα πάντα· ἀθάνατον δὲ ἄλλῃ.

Stranger still: not only do some pieces of our knowledge 208a come to be while others pass away, so that we're never the same even in what we know, but each single piece of knowledge undergoes the same thing. What we call "studying" exists because knowledge goes out of us. Forgetting is knowledge departing, and study, by putting in a fresh memory in place of the one that's leaving, preserves the knowledge so that it seems to be the same. This is how everything mortal is preserved: not by being always entirely the same, as the 208b divine is, but by what departs and grows old leaving behind something new like itself. By this device, Socrates, she said, what is mortal shares in immortality, body and everything else. What is immortal does so in another way.

208b μὴ οὖν θαύμαζε εἰ τὸ αὑτοῦ ἀποβλάστημα φύσει πᾶν τιμᾷ· ἀθανασίας γὰρ χάριν παντὶ αὕτη ἡ σπουδὴ καὶ ὁ ἔρως ἕπεται.

So don't be surprised that everything by nature values its own offshoot. It's for the sake of immortality that this eagerness and this love go with every living thing.

καὶ ἐγὼ ἀκούσας τὸν λόγον ἐθαύμασά τε καὶ εἶπον εἶεν, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, ὦ σοφωτάτη Διοτίμα, ταῦτα ὡς ἀληθῶς οὕτως ἔχει; 208c

When I heard her argument I was amazed, and said, "Well, wisest Diotima, is this really how things are?" 208c

208c καὶ ἥ, ὥσπερ οἱ τέλεοι σοφισταί, εὖ ἴσθι, ἔφη, ὦ Σώκρατες· ἐπεί γε καὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων εἰ ἐθέλεις εἰς τὴν φιλοτιμίαν βλέψαι, θαυμάζοις ἂν τῆς ἀλογίας περὶ ἃ ἐγὼ εἴρηκα εἰ μὴ ἐννοεῖς, ἐνθυμηθεὶς ὡς δεινῶς διάκεινται ἔρωτι τοῦ ὀνομαστοὶ γενέσθαι καὶ κλέος ἐς τὸν ἀεὶ χρόνον ἀθάνατον καταθέσθαι, καὶ ὑπὲρ τούτου κινδύνους τε κινδυνεύειν ἕτοιμοί εἰσι πάντας ἔτι μᾶλλον ἢ ὑπὲρ τῶν 208d παίδων, καὶ χρήματα ἀναλίσκειν καὶ πόνους πονεῖν οὑστινασοῦν καὶ ὑπεραποθνῄσκειν. ἐπεὶ οἴει σύ, ἔφη, Ἄλκηστιν ὑπὲρ Ἀδμήτου ἀποθανεῖν ἄν, ἢ Ἀχιλλέα Πατρόκλῳ ἐπαποθανεῖν, ἢ προαποθανεῖν τὸν ὑμέτερον Κόδρον ὑπὲρ τῆς βασιλείας τῶν παίδων, μὴ οἰομένους ἀθάνατον μνήμην ἀρετῆς πέρι ἑαυτῶν ἔσεσθαι, ἣν νῦν ἡμεῖς ἔχομεν;

And she, like the accomplished sophists, said: You can be sure of it, Socrates. Just look at human beings' love of honor, if you will. You'd be amazed at how irrational it is—unless you bear in mind what I've said—when you consider how terribly they're gripped by love of becoming famous and "laying up undying glory for all time." For this they're ready to run every risk, even more than for their 208d children, to spend money, to toil at any labor, and to die. Do you really think, she said, that Alcestis would have died for Admetus, or Achilles died after Patroclus, or your own Codrus died first to save the kingdom for his children, if they hadn't thought there would be an undying memory of their excellence—the memory we still keep of them now?[38]

208d πολλοῦ γε δεῖ, ἔφη, ἀλλ' οἶμαι ὑπὲρ ἀρετῆς ἀθανάτου καὶ τοιαύτης δόξης εὐκλεοῦς πάντες πάντα ποιοῦσιν, ὅσῳ ἂν ἀμείνους 208e ὦσι, τοσούτῳ μᾶλλον· τοῦ γὰρ ἀθανάτου ἐρῶσιν.

Far from it, she said. I think it's for undying excellence and that kind of glorious fame that everyone does everything, and the better they 208e are, the

38 Codrus was a legendary king of Athens who, told by an oracle that the invading Dorians would win if they spared the king, contrived to be killed.

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more they do it: they're in love with what is immortal.

208e οἱ μὲν οὖν ἐγκύμονες, ἔφη, κατὰ τὰ σώματα ὄντες πρὸς τὰς γυναῖκας μᾶλλον τρέπονται καὶ ταύτῃ ἐρωτικοί εἰσιν, διὰ παιδογονίας ἀθανασίαν καὶ μνήμην καὶ εὐδαιμονίαν, ὡς οἴονται, αὑτοῖς εἰς τὸν ἔπειτα χρόνον πάντα ποριζόμενοι· οἱ δὲ κατὰ τὴν 209a ψυχήν—εἰσὶ γὰρ οὖν, ἔφη, οἳ ἐν ταῖς ψυχαῖς κυοῦσιν ἔτι μᾶλλον ἢ ἐν τοῖς σώμασιν, ἃ ψυχῇ προσήκει καὶ κυῆσαι καὶ τεκεῖν· τί οὖν προσήκει;

Now those who are pregnant in body, she said, turn more to women and are lovers in that way, providing themselves through childbearing, as they think, with immortality, remembrance and happiness for all time to come. But those who are pregnant in 209a soul—for there are people, she said, who are pregnant in their souls even more than in their bodies, with what it is fitting for a soul to conceive and bear. And what is fitting?

209a φρόνησίν τε καὶ τὴν ἄλλην ἀρετήν—ὧν δή εἰσι καὶ οἱ ποιηταὶ πάντες γεννήτορες καὶ τῶν δημιουργῶν ὅσοι λέγονται εὑρετικοὶ εἶναι· πολὺ δὲ μεγίστη, ἔφη, καὶ καλλίστη τῆς φρονήσεως ἡ περὶ τὰ τῶν πόλεών τε καὶ οἰκήσεων διακόσμησις, ᾗ δὴ ὄνομά ἐστι σωφροσύνη τε καὶ δικαιοσύνη—τούτων δ' αὖ ὅταν τις ἐκ 209b νέου ἐγκύμων ᾖ τὴν ψυχήν, ἤθεος ὢν καὶ ἡκούσης τῆς ἡλικίας, τίκτειν τε καὶ γεννᾶν ἤδη ἐπιθυμῇ, ζητεῖ δὴ οἶμαι καὶ οὗτος περιιὼν τὸ καλὸν ἐν ᾧ ἂν γεννήσειεν· ἐν τῷ γὰρ αἰσχρῷ οὐδέποτε γεννήσει.

Understanding and the rest of excellence. All the poets are begetters of these, and so are those craftsmen who are called inventive. But by far the greatest and most beautiful part of understanding, she said, is the ordering of cities and households, whose name is moderation and justice. Now when someone has been pregnant in soul with these from 209b youth, still unmarried, and has reached the right age and now desires to give birth and beget, then he too, I think, goes around looking for the beauty in which he might beget; for he will never beget in what is ugly.

209b τά τε οὖν σώματα τὰ καλὰ μᾶλλον ἢ τὰ αἰσχρὰ ἀσπάζεται ἅτε κυῶν, καὶ ἂν ἐντύχῃ ψυχῇ καλῇ καὶ γενναίᾳ καὶ εὐφυεῖ, πάνυ δὴ ἀσπάζεται τὸ συναμφότερον, καὶ πρὸς τοῦτον τὸν ἄνθρωπον εὐθὺς εὐπορεῖ λόγων περὶ ἀρετῆς καὶ περὶ οἷον χρὴ εἶναι 209c τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν ἀγαθὸν καὶ ἃ ἐπιτηδεύειν, καὶ ἐπιχειρεῖ παιδεύειν. ἁπτόμενος γὰρ οἶμαι τοῦ καλοῦ καὶ ὁμιλῶν αὐτῷ, ἃ πάλαι ἐκύει τίκτει καὶ γεννᾷ, καὶ παρὼν καὶ ἀπὼν μεμνημένος, καὶ τὸ γεννηθὲν συνεκτρέφει κοινῇ μετ' ἐκείνου, ὥστε πολὺ μείζω κοινωνίαν τῆς τῶν παίδων πρὸς ἀλλήλους οἱ τοιοῦτοι ἴσχουσι καὶ φιλίαν βεβαιοτέραν, ἅτε καλλιόνων καὶ ἀθανατωτέρων παίδων κεκοινωνηκότες.

So, being pregnant, he welcomes beautiful bodies rather than ugly ones; and if he comes across a soul that is beautiful, noble and gifted, he warmly welcomes the combination. With this person he at once has plenty to say about excellence, about what the good man 209c should be like and what he should pursue, and he tries to educate him. For by touching the beautiful, I think, and keeping company with it, he gives birth to and begets what he has long been carrying; present or absent, he remembers it, and together with the other he raises what has been born. So people like this share a far greater partnership with each other than parents do in their children, and a firmer friendship, since the children they've had in common are more beautiful and more immortal.

209c καὶ πᾶς ἂν δέξαιτο ἑαυτῷ τοιούτους παῖδας μᾶλλον γεγονέναι ἢ τοὺς 209d ἀνθρωπίνους, καὶ εἰς Ὅμηρον ἀποβλέψας καὶ Ἡσίοδον καὶ τοὺς ἄλλους ποιητὰς τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς ζηλῶν, οἷα ἔκγονα ἑαυτῶν καταλείπουσιν, ἃ ἐκείνοις ἀθάνατον κλέος καὶ μνήμην παρέχεται αὐτὰ τοιαῦτα ὄντα· εἰ δὲ βούλει, ἔφη, οἵους Λυκοῦργος παῖδας κατελίπετο ἐν Λακεδαίμονι σωτῆρας τῆς Λακεδαίμονος καὶ ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν τῆς Ἑλλάδος. τίμιος δὲ παρ' ὑμῖν καὶ Σόλων διὰ τὴν τῶν νόμων γέννησιν, καὶ ἄλλοι 209e

Anyone would rather have such children than human 209d ones. He looks at Homer and Hesiod and the other good poets and envies the offspring they leave behind, which bring them undying fame and memory because they are undying themselves. Or, if you like, she said, think of the children Lycurgus left behind in Sparta, the saviors of Sparta and, you might say, of Greece. Among you Athenians Solon is honored for begetting the laws, and so

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ἄλλοθι πολλαχοῦ ἄνδρες, καὶ ἐν Ἕλλησι καὶ ἐν βαρβάροις, πολλὰ καὶ καλὰ ἀποφηνάμενοι ἔργα, γεννήσαντες παντοίαν ἀρετήν· ὧν καὶ ἱερὰ πολλὰ ἤδη γέγονε διὰ τοὺς τοιούτους παῖδας, διὰ δὲ τοὺς ἀνθρωπίνους οὐδενός πω.

are other men [209e] in many other places, among Greeks and non-Greeks alike, who have brought forth many fine works and begotten every kind of excellence. Many shrines have been set up to such men because of children like these, but never yet to anyone because of human children.[39]

209e ταῦτα μὲν οὖν τὰ ἐρωτικὰ ἴσως, ὦ Σώκρατες, κἂν σὺ [210a] μυηθείης· τὰ δὲ τέλεα καὶ ἐποπτικά, ὧν ἕνεκα καὶ ταῦτα ἔστιν, ἐάν τις ὀρθῶς μετίῃ, οὐκ οἶδ' εἰ οἷός τ' ἂν εἴης. ἐρῶ μὲν οὖν, ἔφη, ἐγὼ καὶ προθυμίας οὐδὲν ἀπολείψω· πειρῶ δὲ ἕπεσθαι, ἂν οἷός τε ᾖς.

Now into these mysteries of love, Socrates, perhaps even you could [210a] be initiated. But the final revelations, the highest vision, for whose sake these exist if one pursues them correctly—I don't know if you'd be capable of them. Still, I'll tell you, she said, and I won't spare any effort. You try to follow, if you can.[40]

THE ASCENT TO BEAUTY ITSELF

Diotima describes the lover's ascent from one beautiful body to beauty itself.

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210a **APOLLODORUS** δεῖ γάρ, ἔφη, τὸν ὀρθῶς ἰόντα ἐπὶ τοῦτο τὸ πρᾶγμα ἄρχεσθαι μὲν νέον ὄντα ἰέναι ἐπὶ τὰ καλὰ σώματα, καὶ πρῶτον μέν, ἐὰν ὀρθῶς ἡγῆται ὁ ἡγούμενος, ἑνὸς αὐτὸν σώματος ἐρᾶν καὶ ἐνταῦθα γεννᾶν λόγους καλούς, ἔπειτα δὲ αὐτὸν κατανοῆσαι ὅτι τὸ κάλλος [210b] τὸ ἐπὶ ὁτῳοῦν σώματι τῷ ἐπὶ ἑτέρῳ σώματι ἀδελφόν ἐστι, καὶ εἰ δεῖ διώκειν τὸ ἐπ' εἴδει καλόν, πολλὴ ἄνοια μὴ οὐχ ἕν τε καὶ ταὐτὸν ἡγεῖσθαι τὸ ἐπὶ πᾶσιν τοῖς σώμασι κάλλος· τοῦτο δ' ἐννοήσαντα καταστῆναι πάντων τῶν καλῶν σωμάτων ἐραστήν, ἑνὸς δὲ τὸ σφόδρα τοῦτο χαλάσαι καταφρονήσαντα καὶ σμικρὸν ἡγησάμενον·

APOLLODORUS Whoever goes about this matter correctly, she said, must begin while he's young by turning to beautiful bodies. First, if his guide guides him correctly, he must love one body and there beget beautiful words. Then he must realize that the beauty [210b] in any one body is akin to the beauty in another, and that if he is to pursue beauty of appearance, it would be great folly not to regard the beauty in all bodies as one and the same. Having grasped this, he must become a lover of all beautiful bodies and relax his intense passion for just one, looking down on it and thinking it small.

210b μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα τὸ ἐν ταῖς ψυχαῖς κάλλος τιμιώτερον ἡγήσασθαι τοῦ ἐν τῷ σώματι, ὥστε καὶ ἐὰν ἐπιεικὴς ὢν τὴν ψυχήν τις κἂν σμικρὸν ἄνθος [210c] ἔχῃ, ἐξαρκεῖν αὐτῷ καὶ ἐρᾶν καὶ κήδεσθαι καὶ τίκτειν λόγους τοιούτους καὶ ζητεῖν, οἵτινες ποιήσουσι βελτίους τοὺς νέους, ἵνα ἀναγκασθῇ αὖ θεάσασθαι τὸ ἐν τοῖς ἐπιτηδεύμασι καὶ τοῖς νόμοις καλὸν καὶ τοῦτ' ἰδεῖν ὅτι πᾶν αὐτὸ αὑτῷ συγγενές ἐστιν, ἵνα τὸ περὶ τὸ σῶμα καλὸν σμικρόν τι ἡγήσηται εἶναι· μετὰ δὲ τὰ ἐπιτηδεύματα ἐπὶ τὰς ἐπιστήμας ἀγαγεῖν, ἵνα ἴδῃ αὖ ἐπιστημῶν κάλλος, καὶ βλέπων πρὸς [210d] πολὺ ἤδη τὸ καλὸν μηκέτι τὸ παρ' ἑνί, ὥσπερ οἰκέτης, ἀγαπῶν παιδαρίου κάλλος ἢ ἀνθρώπου τινὸς ἢ ἐπιτηδεύματος ἑνός, δουλεύων φαῦλος ᾖ καὶ σμικρολόγος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τὸ πολὺ πέλαγος τετραμμένος τοῦ καλοῦ καὶ θεωρῶν πολλοὺς καὶ καλοὺς λόγους καὶ μεγαλοπρεπεῖς τίκτῃ καὶ

After this he must think beauty in souls more precious than beauty in the body, so that if someone is decent in soul even though he has little bloom, [210c] that is enough for him: he loves him and cares for him, and gives birth to and seeks out the kind of words that will make young men better. That way he will be compelled in turn to behold the beauty in practices and laws, and to see that it is all akin to itself, so that he'll think the beauty of the body a small thing. After practices the guide must lead him to the branches of knowledge, so that he may see in turn the beauty of knowledge. Looking now at beauty in [210d] abundance, he'll no longer be devoted, like a household slave, to the

39 Lycurgus was the legendary lawgiver of Sparta; Solon, the Athenian statesman and lawgiver of the early sixth century BC.
40 Diotima uses the language of the Mysteries at Eleusis, where initiation culminated in a final "viewing" of sacred objects.

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	διανοήματα ἐν φιλοσοφίᾳ ἀφθόνῳ, ἕως ἂν ἐνταῦθα ῥωσθεὶς καὶ αὐξηθεὶς κατίδῃ τινὰ ἐπιστήμην μίαν τοιαύτην, ἥ ἐστι καλοῦ [210e] τοιοῦδε.	beauty of one individual—a boy, or some man, or a single practice—and be a mean and petty servant. Instead, turned toward the vast open sea of beauty and gazing on it, he will give birth to many beautiful and magnificent words and thoughts in boundless love of wisdom, until, strengthened and grown there, he catches sight of a single knowledge, the knowledge of a beauty [210e] of the following kind.
210e	πειρῶ δέ μοι, ἔφη, τὸν νοῦν προσέχειν ὡς οἷόν τε μάλιστα.	Now try, she said, to pay me the closest attention you can.
	ὃς γὰρ ἂν μέχρι ἐνταῦθα πρὸς τὰ ἐρωτικὰ παιδαγωγηθῇ, θεώμενος ἐφεξῆς τε καὶ ὀρθῶς τὰ καλά, πρὸς τέλος ἤδη ἰὼν τῶν ἐρωτικῶν ἐξαίφνης κατόψεταί τι θαυμαστὸν τὴν φύσιν καλόν, τοῦτο ἐκεῖνο, ὦ Σώκρατες, οὗ δὴ ἕνεκεν καὶ οἱ ἔμπροσθεν πάντες πόνοι ἦσαν, πρῶτον μὲν [211a] ἀεὶ ὂν καὶ οὔτε γιγνόμενον οὔτε ἀπολλύμενον, οὔτε αὐξανόμενον οὔτε φθίνον, ἔπειτα οὐ τῇ μὲν καλόν, τῇ δ' αἰσχρόν, οὐδὲ τοτὲ μέν, τοτὲ δὲ οὔ, οὐδὲ πρὸς μὲν τὸ καλόν, πρὸς δὲ τὸ αἰσχρόν, οὐδ' ἔνθα μὲν καλόν, ἔνθα δὲ αἰσχρόν, ὡς τισὶ μὲν ὂν καλόν, τισὶ δὲ αἰσχρόν·	Whoever has been guided this far in matters of love, beholding beautiful things in the right order and correctly, will now approach the goal of love and suddenly catch sight of something wonderfully beautiful in its nature—the very thing, Socrates, for whose sake all the earlier labors were undertaken. First, [211a] it always is, and neither comes to be nor passes away, neither grows nor diminishes. Next, it is not beautiful in one respect and ugly in another, nor beautiful at one time and not at another, nor beautiful in relation to one thing and ugly in relation to another, nor beautiful here and ugly there, as if it were beautiful to some and ugly to others.
211a	οὐδ' αὖ φαντασθήσεται αὐτῷ τὸ καλὸν οἷον πρόσωπόν τι οὐδὲ χεῖρες οὐδὲ ἄλλο οὐδὲν ὧν σῶμα μετέχει, οὐδέ τις λόγος οὐδέ τις ἐπιστήμη, οὐδέ που ὂν ἐν ἑτέρῳ τινι, οἷον ἐν ζῴῳ ἢ ἐν γῇ ἢ ἐν οὐρανῷ [211b] ἢ ἔν τῳ ἄλλῳ, ἀλλ' αὐτὸ καθ' αὑτὸ μεθ' αὑτοῦ μονοειδὲς ἀεὶ ὄν, τὰ δὲ ἄλλα πάντα καλὰ ἐκείνου μετέχοντα τρόπον τινὰ τοιοῦτον, οἷον γιγνομένων τε τῶν ἄλλων καὶ ἀπολλυμένων μηδὲν ἐκεῖνο μήτε τι πλέον μήτε ἔλαττον γίγνεσθαι μηδὲ πάσχειν μηδέν.	Nor again will the beautiful appear to him as a face, or hands, or anything else the body has a share in, nor as some speech or some knowledge, nor as being somewhere in something else—in a living creature, or in earth, or in heaven, [211b] or in anything else. It is itself by itself, with itself, single in form, always being; and all the other beautiful things share in it in such a way that, while they come to be and pass away, it neither becomes more nor less nor is affected at all.
211b	ὅταν δή τις ἀπὸ τῶνδε διὰ τὸ ὀρθῶς παιδεραστεῖν ἐπανιὼν ἐκεῖνο τὸ καλὸν ἄρχηται καθορᾶν, σχεδὸν ἄν τι ἅπτοιτο τοῦ τέλους. τοῦτο γὰρ δή ἐστι τὸ ὀρθῶς ἐπὶ [211c] τὰ ἐρωτικὰ ἰέναι ἢ ὑπ' ἄλλου ἄγεσθαι, ἀρχόμενον ἀπὸ τῶνδε τῶν καλῶν ἐκείνου ἕνεκα τοῦ καλοῦ ἀεὶ ἐπανιέναι, ὥσπερ ἐπαναβασμοῖς χρώμενον, ἀπὸ ἑνὸς ἐπὶ δύο καὶ ἀπὸ δυοῖν ἐπὶ πάντα τὰ καλὰ σώματα, καὶ ἀπὸ τῶν καλῶν σωμάτων ἐπὶ τὰ καλὰ ἐπιτηδεύματα, καὶ ἀπὸ τῶν ἐπιτηδευμάτων ἐπὶ τὰ καλὰ μαθήματα, καὶ ἀπὸ τῶν μαθημάτων ἐπ' ἐκεῖνο τὸ μάθημα τελευτῆσαι, ὅ ἐστιν οὐκ ἄλλου ἢ αὐτοῦ ἐκείνου τοῦ καλοῦ μάθημα, καὶ γνῷ αὐτὸ τελευτῶν ὃ ἔστι [211d] καλόν. ἐνταῦθα τοῦ βίου, ὦ φίλε Σώκρατες, ἔφη ἡ Μαντινικὴ ξένη, εἴπερ που ἄλλοθι, βιωτὸν ἀνθρώπῳ, θεωμένῳ αὐτὸ τὸ καλόν.	So when someone rises from these things through loving boys correctly and begins to catch sight of that beauty, he has almost reached the goal. For this is the correct way to approach [211c] matters of love, or to be led by another: beginning from these beautiful things here, to keep climbing for the sake of that beauty, using them like steps on a stair—from one body to two, and from two to all beautiful bodies, and from beautiful bodies to beautiful practices, and from practices to beautiful studies, and from studies to end at that study which is the study of nothing other than beauty itself, so that in the end he knows what it is to be [211d] beautiful.

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There, if anywhere, dear Socrates, said the woman from Mantinea, life is worth living for a human being: in beholding beauty itself.

211d ὃ ἐάν ποτε ἴδῃς, οὐ κατὰ χρυσίον τε καὶ ἐσθῆτα καὶ τοὺς καλοὺς παῖδάς τε καὶ νεανίσκους δόξει σοι εἶναι, οὓς νῦν ὁρῶν ἐκπέπληξαι καὶ ἕτοιμος εἶ καὶ σὺ καὶ ἄλλοι πολλοί, ὁρῶντες τὰ παιδικὰ καὶ συνόντες ἀεὶ αὐτοῖς, εἴ πως οἷόν τ' ἦν, μήτ' ἐσθίειν μήτε πίνειν, ἀλλὰ θεᾶσθαι μόνον καὶ συνεῖναι. τί δῆτα, ἔφη, οἰόμεθα, εἴ τῳ γένοιτο 211e αὐτὸ τὸ καλὸν ἰδεῖν εἰλικρινές, καθαρόν, ἄμεικτον, ἀλλὰ μὴ ἀνάπλεων σαρκῶν τε ἀνθρωπίνων καὶ χρωμάτων καὶ ἄλλης πολλῆς φλυαρίας θνητῆς, ἀλλ' αὐτὸ τὸ θεῖον καλὸν δύναιτο μονοειδὲς κατιδεῖν;

If you ever see it, it won't seem to you to compare with gold or clothes or the beautiful boys and young men whose sight now stuns you, so that you and many others, seeing your beloveds and always being with them, are ready to neither eat nor drink, if that were somehow possible, but only to gaze at them and be with them. So what do we suppose, she said, it would be like if someone could see 211e beauty itself, clear, pure, unmixed, not filled up with human flesh and colors and a great deal of other mortal nonsense—if he could look upon divine beauty itself, single in form?

211e ἆρ' οἴει, ἔφη, φαῦλον βίον 212a γίγνεσθαι ἐκεῖσε βλέποντος ἀνθρώπου καὶ ἐκεῖνο ᾧ δεῖ θεωμένου καὶ συνόντος αὐτῷ; ἢ οὐκ ἐνθυμῇ, ἔφη, ὅτι ἐνταῦθα αὐτῷ μοναχοῦ γενήσεται, ὁρῶντι ᾧ ὁρατὸν τὸ καλόν, τίκτειν οὐκ εἴδωλα ἀρετῆς, ἅτε οὐκ εἰδώλου ἐφαπτομένῳ, ἀλλὰ ἀληθῆ, ἅτε τοῦ ἀληθοῦς ἐφαπτομένῳ· τεκόντι δὲ ἀρετὴν ἀληθῆ καὶ θρεψαμένῳ ὑπάρχει θεοφιλεῖ γενέσθαι, καὶ εἴπέρ τῳ ἄλλῳ ἀνθρώπων ἀθανάτῳ καὶ ἐκείνῳ; 212b

Do you think, she said, that it's a poor life 212a for a human being to look there and behold that beauty with what one must, and be with it? Don't you realize, she said, that only there, seeing beauty with what it can be seen by, will it be possible for him to give birth not to images of excellence, since it's no image he's in touch with, but to true excellence, since he's in touch with the truth? And when he has given birth to true excellence and nurtured it, he can become dear to the gods, and he, if any human being can, can become immortal. 212b

212b ταῦτα δή, ὦ Φαῖδρέ τε καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι, ἔφη μὲν Διοτίμα, πέπεισμαι δ' ἐγώ· πεπεισμένος δὲ πειρῶμαι καὶ τοὺς ἄλλους πείθειν ὅτι τούτου τοῦ κτήματος τῇ ἀνθρωπείᾳ φύσει συνεργὸν ἀμείνω Ἔρωτος οὐκ ἄν τις ῥᾳδίως λάβοι. διὸ δὴ ἔγωγέ φημι χρῆναι πάντα ἄνδρα τὸν ἔρωτα τιμᾶν, καὶ αὐτὸς τιμῶ τὰ ἐρωτικὰ καὶ διαφερόντως ἀσκῶ, καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις παρακελεύομαι, καὶ νῦν τε καὶ ἀεὶ ἐγκωμιάζω τὴν δύναμιν καὶ ἀνδρείαν τοῦ Ἔρωτος καθ' ὅσον οἷός τ' εἰμί. τοῦτον 212c οὖν τὸν λόγον, ὦ Φαῖδρε, εἰ μὲν βούλει, ὡς ἐγκώμιον εἰς ἔρωτα νόμισον εἰρῆσθαι, εἰ δέ, ὅτι καὶ ὅπῃ χαίρεις ὀνομάζων, τοῦτο ὀνόμαζε.

This, Phaedrus and the rest of you, is what Diotima said, and I'm persuaded. And being persuaded, I try to persuade others too that for gaining this possession human nature couldn't easily find a better helper than Love. That's why I say every man should honor Love; I myself honor the things of love and practice them above all, and I urge others to do the same; and now and always I praise the power and courage of Love as far as I'm able. So 212c consider this speech, Phaedrus, if you like, as a speech in praise of Love; if not, call it whatever you like to call it, and however.

ALCIBIADES ARRIVES

A drunken Alcibiades bursts in, crowns Agathon and Socrates, and agrees to praise Socrates.

GREEK

ENGLISH

212c **APOLLODORUS** εἰπόντος δὲ ταῦτα τοῦ Σωκράτους τοὺς μὲν ἐπαινεῖν, τὸν δὲ Ἀριστοφάνη λέγειν τι ἐπιχειρεῖν, ὅτι ἐμνήσθη αὐτοῦ λέγων ὁ Σωκράτης περὶ τοῦ λόγου· καὶ ἐξαίφνης τὴν αὐλειον θύραν κρουομένην πολὺν ψόφον παρασχεῖν ὡς κωμαστῶν, καὶ αὐλητρίδος

APOLLODORUS When Socrates had said this, the others praised him, but Aristophanes was trying to say something, because Socrates had mentioned him when talking about his speech. Then suddenly there was a loud knocking at the court-

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	φωνὴν ἀκούειν. τὸν οὖν Ἀγάθωνα, παῖδες, φάναι, [212d] οὐ σκέψεσθε; καὶ ἐὰν μέν τις τῶν ἐπιτηδείων ᾖ, καλεῖτε· εἰ δὲ μή, λέγετε ὅτι οὐ πίνομεν ἀλλ' ἀναπαυόμεθα ἤδη.	yard door, as if from revelers, and they heard the voice of a flute-girl. So Agathon said, "Boys, [212d] won't you go and see? If it's one of our friends, invite him in. If not, say we're not drinking but have already stopped for the night."[41]
212d	καὶ οὐ πολὺ ὕστερον Ἀλκιβιάδου τὴν φωνὴν ἀκούειν ἐν τῇ αὐλῇ σφόδρα μεθύοντος καὶ μέγα βοῶντος, ἐρωτῶντος ὅπου Ἀγάθων καὶ κελεύοντος ἄγειν παρ' Ἀγάθωνα. ἄγειν οὖν αὐτὸν παρὰ σφᾶς τήν τε αὐλητρίδα ὑπολαβοῦσαν καὶ ἄλλους τινὰς τῶν ἀκολούθων, καὶ ἐπιστῆναι ἐπὶ τὰς θύρας [212e] ἐστεφανωμένον αὐτὸν κιττοῦ τέ τινι στεφάνῳ δασεῖ καὶ ἴων, καὶ ταινίας ἔχοντα ἐπὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς πάνυ πολλάς, καὶ εἰπεῖν· ἄνδρες, χαίρετε· μεθύοντα ἄνδρα πάνυ σφόδρα δέξεσθε συμπότην, ἢ ἀπίωμεν ἀναδήσαντες μόνον Ἀγάθωνα, ἐφ' ᾧπερ ἤλθομεν; ἐγὼ γάρ τοι, φάναι, χθὲς μὲν οὐχ οἷός τ' ἐγενόμην ἀφικέσθαι, νῦν δὲ ἥκω ἐπὶ τῇ κεφαλῇ ἔχων τὰς ταινίας, ἵνα ἀπὸ τῆς ἐμῆς κεφαλῆς τὴν τοῦ σοφωτάτου καὶ καλλίστου κεφαλὴν ἐὰν εἴπω οὑτωσὶ ἀναδήσω.	Not long after, they heard Alcibiades' voice in the courtyard. He was very drunk and shouting loudly, asking where Agathon was and demanding to be taken to Agathon. So the flute-girl and some others of his companions helped him along and brought him to them, and he stood at the doorway, [212e] crowned with a thick wreath of ivy and violets and with a great many ribbons on his head, and said, "Gentlemen, greetings! Will you accept a very, very drunk man as a drinking companion? Or shall we just crown Agathon, which is what we came for, and leave? You see," he said, "yesterday I couldn't come, but now I'm here with these ribbons on my head, so that from my head I can crown the head of the wisest and most beautiful man—if I may put it like this.[42]
212e	ἆρα καταγελάσεσθέ μου ὡς μεθύοντος; ἐγὼ δέ, κἂν ὑμεῖς [213a] γελᾶτε, ὅμως εὖ οἶδ' ὅτι ἀληθῆ λέγω. ἀλλά μοι λέγετε αὐτόθεν, ἐπὶ ῥητοῖς εἰσίω ἢ μή; συμπίεσθε ἢ οὔ;	"Are you going to laugh at me for being drunk? Well, even if you [213a] laugh, I still know perfectly well that I'm telling the truth. But tell me right now: do I come in on these terms or not? Will you drink with me or not?"
213a	πάντας οὖν ἀναθορυβῆσαι καὶ κελεύειν εἰσιέναι καὶ κατακλίνεσθαι, καὶ τὸν Ἀγάθωνα καλεῖν αὐτόν. καὶ τὸν ἰέναι ἀγόμενον ὑπὸ τῶν ἀνθρώπων, καὶ περιαιρούμενον ἅμα τὰς ταινίας ὡς ἀναδήσοντα, ἐπίπροσθε τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν ἔχοντα οὐ κατιδεῖν τὸν Σωκράτη, ἀλλὰ καθίζεσθαι παρὰ τὸν Ἀγάθωνα [213b] ἐν μέσῳ Σωκράτους τε καὶ ἐκείνου· παραχωρῆσαι γὰρ τὸν Σωκράτη ὡς ἐκεῖνον κατιδεῖν. παρακαθεζόμενον δὲ αὐτὸν ἀσπάζεσθαί τε τὸν Ἀγάθωνα καὶ ἀναδεῖν.	Everyone cheered and told him to come in and take a place, and Agathon called him over. So he came, led by his people, and as he was taking off the ribbons to crown Agathon, holding them in front of his eyes, he didn't notice Socrates, but sat down next to Agathon, [213b] between him and Socrates—Socrates had moved over when he saw him. Sitting down beside him, he embraced Agathon and crowned him.
213b	εἰπεῖν οὖν τὸν Ἀγάθωνα Ὑπολύετε, παῖδες, Ἀλκιβιάδην, ἵνα ἐκ τρίτων κατακέηται.	Then Agathon said, "Boys, take off Alcibiades' shoes, so he can recline here as the third of us."
	πάνυ γε, εἰπεῖν τὸν Ἀλκιβιάδην· ἀλλὰ τίς ἡμῖν ὅδε τρίτος συμπότης; καὶ ἅμα μεταστρεφόμενον αὐτὸν ὁρᾶν τὸν Σωκράτη, ἰδόντα δὲ ἀναπηδῆσαι καὶ εἰπεῖν ὦ Ἡράκλεις, τουτὶ τί ἦν; Σωκράτης οὗτος; ἐλλοχῶν αὖ με ἐνταῦθα κατέκεισο, [213c] ὥσπερ εἰώθεις ἐξαίφνης ἀναφαίνεσθαι ὅπου ἐγὼ ᾤμην ἥκιστά σε ἔσεσθαι. καὶ νῦν τί ἥκεις; καὶ τί	"Certainly," said Alcibiades. "But who's this third drinking companion of ours?" And as he said it he turned around and saw Socrates, and on seeing him he leaped up and said, "Heracles! What's this? Socrates, here? Lying in wait for me here again, [213c] the way you always used to pop up suddenly

41 Diotima had dismissed the idea that lovers seek their other half, an allusion to Aristophanes' speech.
42 Alcibiades was a brilliant, rich and notoriously handsome Athenian politician and general, and a longtime companion of Socrates.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	αὖ ἐνταῦθα κατεκλίνης; ὡς οὐ παρὰ Ἀριστοφάνει οὐδὲ εἴ τις ἄλλος γελοῖος ἔστι τε καὶ βούλεται, ἀλλὰ διεμηχανήσω ὅπως παρὰ τῷ καλλίστῳ τῶν ἔνδον κατακείσῃ.	where I least expected you! And what are you here for now? And why did you settle down here, of all places? Not next to Aristophanes, or anyone else who's funny or wants to be—no, you've contrived to lie next to the most beautiful person in the room."
213c	καὶ τὸν Σωκράτη, Ἀγάθων, φάναι, ὅρα εἴ μοι ἐπαμύνεις· ὡς ἐμοὶ ὁ τούτου ἔρως τοῦ ἀνθρώπου οὐ φαῦλον πρᾶγμα γέγονεν. ἀπ' ἐκείνου γὰρ τοῦ χρόνου, ἀφ' οὗ τούτου 213d ἠράσθην, οὐκέτι ἔξεστίν μοι οὔτε προσβλέψαι οὔτε διαλεχθῆναι καλῷ οὐδ' ἑνί, ἢ οὑτοσὶ ζηλοτυπῶν με καὶ φθονῶν θαυμαστὰ ἐργάζεται καὶ λοιδορεῖταί τε καὶ τὼ χεῖρε μόγις ἀπέχεται. ὅρα οὖν μή τι καὶ νῦν ἐργάσηται, ἀλλὰ διάλλαξον ἡμᾶς, ἢ ἐὰν ἐπιχειρῇ βιάζεσθαι, ἐπάμυνε, ὡς ἐγὼ τὴν τούτου μανίαν τε καὶ φιλεραστίαν πάνυ ὀρρωδῶ.	And Socrates said, "Agathon, see if you'll defend me. My love for this person has turned into no small trouble for me. Ever since I fell in love 213d with him, I haven't been allowed to look at or talk to a single beautiful person, or else he gets jealous and envious and does outrageous things—he abuses me and can barely keep his hands off me. So watch out he doesn't do something now too. Reconcile us, or if he tries to use force, defend me, because I'm terrified of his madness and his passion for his lover."
213d	ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔστι, φάναι τὸν Ἀλκιβιάδην, ἐμοὶ καὶ σοὶ διαλλαγή. ἀλλὰ τούτων μὲν εἰς αὖθίς σε τιμωρήσομαι· νῦν 213e δέ μοι, Ἀγάθων, φάναι, μετάδος τῶν ταινιῶν, ἵνα ἀναδήσω καὶ τὴν τούτου ταυτηνὶ τὴν θαυμαστὴν κεφαλήν, καὶ μή μοι μέμφηται ὅτι σὲ μὲν ἀνέδησα, αὐτὸν δὲ νικῶντα ἐν λόγοις πάντας ἀνθρώπους, οὐ μόνον πρῴην ὥσπερ σύ, ἀλλ' ἀεί, ἔπειτα οὐκ ἀνέδησα. καὶ ἅμ' αὐτὸν λαβόντα τῶν ταινιῶν ἀναδεῖν τὸν Σωκράτη καὶ κατακλίνεσθαι.	"There can be no reconciliation between you and me," said Alcibiades. "But I'll pay you back for this some other time. For now, 213e Agathon," he said, "give me some of the ribbons, so I can crown his head too—this amazing head—so he won't blame me for crowning you but not crowning him, when he beats everyone in words, not just the other day as you did, but always." And with that he took some of the ribbons, crowned Socrates, and lay down.
213e	ἐπειδὴ δὲ κατεκλίνη, εἰπεῖν· εἶεν δή, ἄνδρες· δοκεῖτε γάρ μοι νήφειν. οὐκ ἐπιτρεπτέον οὖν ὑμῖν, ἀλλὰ ποτέον· ὡμολόγηται γὰρ ταῦθ' ἡμῖν. ἄρχοντα οὖν αἱροῦμαι τῆς πόσεως, ἕως ἂν ὑμεῖς ἱκανῶς πίητε, ἐμαυτόν. ἀλλὰ φερέτω, Ἀγάθων, εἴ τι ἔστιν ἔκπωμα μέγα.	Once he'd lain down, he said, "Well now, gentlemen, you look sober to me. That can't be allowed: you must drink. That was our agreement. So as master of the drinking, until you've had enough, I elect—myself. Agathon, have them bring a big cup, if there is one.
	μᾶλλον δὲ οὐδὲν δεῖ, ἀλλὰ φέρε, παῖ, φάναι, τὸν ψυκτῆρα ἐκεῖνον, ἰδόντα αὐτὸν 214a πλέον ἢ ὀκτὼ κοτύλας χωροῦντα. τοῦτον ἐμπλησάμενον πρῶτον μὲν αὐτὸν ἐκπιεῖν, ἔπειτα τῷ Σωκράτει κελεύειν ἐγχεῖν καὶ ἅμα εἰπεῖν· πρὸς μὲν Σωκράτη, ὦ ἄνδρες, τὸ σόφισμά μοι οὐδέν· ὁπόσον γὰρ ἂν κελεύῃ τις, τοσοῦτον ἐκπιὼν οὐδὲν μᾶλλον μή ποτε μεθυσθῇ.	"No, never mind. Boy," he said, "bring that wine-cooler over there"—he'd noticed it held 214a more than half a gallon. He had it filled and drained it first himself, then told the boy to pour for Socrates, and as he did he said, "Against Socrates, gentlemen, my trick is no use. However much anyone tells him to drink, he'll drink it all and never get drunk."
214a	τὸν μὲν οὖν Σωκράτη ἐγχέαντος τοῦ παιδὸς πίνειν· τὸν δ' Ἐρυξίμαχον πῶς οὖν, φάναι, ὦ Ἀλκιβιάδη, ποιοῦμεν; 214b οὕτως οὔτε τι λέγομεν ἐπὶ τῇ κύλικι οὔτε τι ᾄδομεν, ἀλλ' ἀτεχνῶς ὥσπερ οἱ διψῶντες πιόμεθα;	So the boy poured and Socrates drank. But Eryximachus said, "What are we doing, Alcibiades? 214b Are we going to neither say anything over the cup nor sing anything, but simply drink like people who are thirsty?"

	GREEK	ENGLISH
214b	τὸν οὖν Ἀλκιβιάδην εἰπεῖν ὦ Ἐρυξίμαχε, βέλτιστε βελτίστου πατρὸς καὶ σωφρονεστάτου, χαῖρε.	Then Alcibiades said, "Eryximachus, best son of the best and most sober of fathers, greetings!"
	καὶ γὰρ σύ, φάναι τὸν Ἐρυξίμαχον· ἀλλὰ τί ποιῶμεν;	"Greetings to you too," said Eryximachus. "But what shall we do?"
	ὅτι ἂν σὺ κελεύῃς. δεῖ γάρ σοι πείθεσθαι·ἰητρὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιος ἄλλων· ἐπίταττε οὖν ὅτι βούλει.	"Whatever you prescribe. We have to obey you: 'a doctor is worth many other men.' So order whatever you like."[43]
	ἄκουσον δή, εἰπεῖν τὸν Ἐρυξίμαχον. ἡμῖν πρὶν σὲ εἰσελθεῖν ἔδοξε χρῆναι ἐπὶ δεξιὰ ἕκαστον ἐν μέρει λόγον 214c περὶ Ἔρωτος εἰπεῖν ὡς δύναιτο κάλλιστον, καὶ ἐγκωμιάσαι. οἱ μὲν οὖν ἄλλοι πάντες ἡμεῖς εἰρήκαμεν· σὺ δ' ἐπειδὴ οὐκ εἴρηκας καὶ ἐκπέπωκας, δίκαιος εἶ εἰπεῖν, εἰπὼν δὲ ἐπιτάξαι Σωκράτει ὅτι ἂν βούλῃ, καὶ τοῦτον τῷ ἐπὶ δεξιὰ καὶ οὕτω τοὺς ἄλλους.	"Listen, then," said Eryximachus. "Before you came in, we decided that each of us in turn, going to the right, should make a speech 214c about Love, as beautiful as he could, and praise him. All the rest of us have spoken. Since you haven't spoken, and you have drunk, it's only fair that you speak, and when you've spoken, give Socrates whatever task you like, and he the man on his right, and so on for the others."
214c	ἀλλά, φάναι, ὦ Ἐρυξίμαχε, τὸν Ἀλκιβιάδην, καλῶς μὲν λέγεις, μεθύοντα δὲ ἄνδρα παρὰ νηφόντων λόγους παραβάλλειν μὴ οὐκ ἐξ ἴσου ᾖ. καὶ ἅμα, ὦ μακάριε, πείθει τί 214d σε Σωκράτης ὧν ἄρτι εἶπεν; ἢ οἶσθα ὅτι τοὐναντίον ἐστὶ πᾶν ἢ ὃ ἔλεγεν; οὗτος γάρ, ἐάν τινα ἐγὼ ἐπαινέσω τούτου παρόντος ἢ θεὸν ἢ ἄνθρωπον ἄλλον ἢ τοῦτον, οὐκ ἀφέξεταί μου τὼ χεῖρε.	"Well, Eryximachus," said Alcibiades, "that's well said, but pitting a drunk man's words against sober men's may not be a fair contest. And besides, my dear fellow, do you believe anything 214d Socrates just said? Don't you know it's the exact opposite of what he was saying? If I praise anyone in his presence, god or human, other than him, he won't keep his hands off me."
214d	οὐκ εὐφημήσεις; φάναι τὸν Σωκράτη.	"Watch your tongue!" said Socrates.
	μὰ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, εἰπεῖν τὸν Ἀλκιβιάδην, μηδὲν λέγε πρὸς ταῦτα, ὡς ἐγὼ οὐδ' ἂν ἕνα ἄλλον ἐπαινέσαιμι σοῦ παρόντος.	"By Poseidon," said Alcibiades, "don't say a word against it. I wouldn't praise a single other person with you here."
	ἀλλ' οὕτω ποίει, φάναι τὸν Ἐρυξίμαχον, εἰ βούλει· Σωκράτη ἐπαίνεσον. 214e	"Then do that, if you like," said Eryximachus. "Praise Socrates." 214e
214e	πῶς λέγεις; εἰπεῖν τὸν Ἀλκιβιάδην· δοκεῖ χρῆναι, ὦ Ἐρυξίμαχε; ἐπιθῶμαι τῷ ἀνδρὶ καὶ τιμωρήσωμαι ὑμῶν ἐναντίον;	"What do you mean?" said Alcibiades. "You think I should, Eryximachus? Shall I go after the man and take my revenge in front of you all?"
	οὗτος, φάναι τὸν Σωκράτη, τί ἐν νῷ ἔχεις; ἐπὶ τὰ γελοιότερά με ἐπαινέσαι; ἢ τί ποιήσεις;	"Here, you," said Socrates, "what have you got in mind? Praising me to make me look ridiculous? Or what will you do?"
	τἀληθῆ ἐρῶ. ἀλλ' ὅρα εἰ παρίης.	"I'll tell the truth. But see whether you'll allow it."
	ἀλλὰ μέντοι, φάναι, τά γε ἀληθῆ παρίημι καὶ κελεύω λέγειν.	"Well, the truth, of course, I allow," he said, "and I urge you to tell it."

43 A line from Homer's *Iliad*.

GREEK

οὐκ ἂν φθάνοιμι, εἰπεῖν τὸν Ἀλκιβιάδην. καὶ μέντοι οὑτωσὶ ποίησον.

ἐάν τι μὴ ἀληθὲς λέγω, μεταξὺ ἐπιλαβοῦ, ἂν βούλῃ, καὶ εἰπὲ ὅτι τοῦτο ψεύδομαι· ἑκὼν γὰρ εἶναι οὐδὲν 215a ψεύσομαι. ἐὰν μέντοι ἀναμιμνῃσκόμενος ἄλλο ἄλλοθεν λέγω, μηδὲν θαυμάσῃς· οὐ γάρ τι ῥᾴδιον τὴν σὴν ἀτοπίαν ὧδ' ἔχοντι εὐπόρως καὶ ἐφεξῆς καταριθμῆσαι.

ENGLISH

"I'll start right away," said Alcibiades. "And here's what you should do."

If I say anything that isn't true, interrupt me in the middle, if you like, and say that that's a lie; I won't knowingly tell 215a a single lie. But if I tell things in a jumble as they come back to me, don't be surprised. It's not easy for someone in my state to list your oddities fluently and in order.

ALCIBIADES PRAISES SOCRATES

Alcibiades compares Socrates to a silenus statue and tells of his failed attempt to seduce him.

GREEK

215a **APOLLODORUS** Σωκράτη δ' ἐγὼ ἐπαινεῖν, ὦ ἄνδρες, οὕτως ἐπιχειρήσω, δι' εἰκόνων. οὗτος μὲν οὖν ἴσως οἰήσεται ἐπὶ τὰ γελοιότερα, ἔσται δ' ἡ εἰκὼν τοῦ ἀληθοῦς ἕνεκα, οὐ τοῦ γελοίου. φημὶ γὰρ δὴ ὁμοιότατον αὐτὸν εἶναι τοῖς σιληνοῖς τούτοις τοῖς 215b ἐν τοῖς ἑρμογλυφείοις καθημένοις, οὕστινας ἐργάζονται οἱ δημιουργοὶ σύριγγας ἢ αὐλοὺς ἔχοντας, οἳ διχάδε διοιχθέντες φαίνονται ἔνδοθεν ἀγάλματα ἔχοντες θεῶν. καὶ φημὶ αὖ ἐοικέναι αὐτὸν τῷ σατύρῳ τῷ Μαρσύᾳ. ὅτι μὲν οὖν τό γε εἶδος ὅμοιος εἶ τούτοις, ὦ Σώκρατες, οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἄν που ἀμφισβητήσαις· ὡς δὲ καὶ τἆλλα ἔοικας, μετὰ τοῦτο ἄκουε. ὑβριστὴς εἶ· ἢ οὔ; ἐὰν γὰρ μὴ ὁμολογῇς, μάρτυρας παρέξομαι. ἀλλ' οὐκ αὐλητής; πολύ γε θαυμασιώτερος ἐκείνου.

215c ὁ μέν γε δι' ὀργάνων ἐκήλει τοὺς ἀνθρώπους τῇ ἀπὸ τοῦ στόματος δυνάμει, καὶ ἔτι νυνὶ ὃς ἂν τὰ ἐκείνου αὐλῇ—ἃ γὰρ Ὄλυμπος ηὔλει, Μαρσύου λέγω, τούτου διδάξαντος—τὰ οὖν ἐκείνου ἐάντε ἀγαθὸς αὐλητὴς αὐλῇ ἐάντε φαύλη αὐλητρίς, μόνα κατέχεσθαι ποιεῖ καὶ δηλοῖ τοὺς τῶν θεῶν τε καὶ τελετῶν δεομένους διὰ τὸ θεῖα εἶναι. σὺ δ' ἐκείνου τοσοῦτον μόνον διαφέρεις, ὅτι ἄνευ ὀργάνων ψιλοῖς λόγοις ταὐτὸν 215d τοῦτο ποιεῖς. ἡμεῖς γοῦν ὅταν μέν του ἄλλου ἀκούωμεν λέγοντος καὶ πάνυ ἀγαθοῦ ῥήτορος ἄλλους λόγους, οὐδὲν μέλει ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν οὐδενί· ἐπειδὰν δὲ σοῦ τις ἀκούῃ ἢ τῶν σῶν λόγων ἄλλου λέγοντος, κἂν πάνυ φαῦλος ᾖ ὁ λέγων, ἐάντε γυνὴ ἀκούῃ ἐάντε ἀνὴρ ἐάντε μειράκιον, ἐκπεπληγμένοι ἐσμὲν καὶ κατεχόμεθα.

ENGLISH

APOLLODORUS Gentlemen, I'll try to praise Socrates this way: through images. He may think it's to make him look ridiculous, but the image will be for the sake of truth, not laughter. I say he's very like those sileni 215b that sit in the statue-makers' shops, the ones craftsmen make holding panpipes or flutes: when you open them up in two, they turn out to have statues of gods inside. And I say too that he resembles the satyr Marsyas. That you're like them in looks, Socrates, not even you would dispute; but that you resemble them in other ways too, listen to this. You're insolent, aren't you? If you won't admit it, I'll produce witnesses. And aren't you a flute-player? Yes, and a far more amazing one than Marsyas.[44]

He enchanted people by means of instruments, through the power of his mouth, and still does, whenever anyone plays his tunes—for the tunes Olympus played I count as Marsyas', since he taught him. So his tunes, whether a good flute-player plays them or a poor flute-girl, are the only ones that make people possessed, and because they are divine they reveal who is in need of the gods and of initiation rites. You differ from him only in this: you do the same 215d thing without instruments, with bare words. At any rate, when we hear anyone else speaking, other speeches, even a very good orator's, practically nobody cares at all. But when anyone hears you, or your words spoken by someone else, even if the speaker is quite poor, whether it's a woman listening or a man or a boy, we are stunned and possessed.

44 Sileni and satyrs were snub-nosed, goatish companions of Dionysus; the satyr Marsyas challenged Apollo to a music contest on the flute and was flayed for losing.

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215d	ἐγὼ γοῦν, ὦ ἄνδρες, εἰ μὴ ἔμελλον κομιδῇ δόξειν μεθύειν, εἶπον ὀμόσας ἂν ὑμῖν οἷα δὴ πέπονθα αὐτὸς ὑπὸ τῶν τούτου λόγων καὶ πάσχω ἔτι καὶ [215e] νυνί. ὅταν γὰρ ἀκούω, πολύ μοι μᾶλλον ἢ τῶν κορυβαντιώντων ἥ τε καρδία πηδᾷ καὶ δάκρυα ἐκχεῖται ὑπὸ τῶν λόγων τῶν τούτου, ὁρῶ δὲ καὶ ἄλλους παμπόλλους τὰ αὐτὰ πάσχοντας· Περικλέους δὲ ἀκούων καὶ ἄλλων ἀγαθῶν ῥητόρων εὖ μὲν ἡγούμην λέγειν, τοιοῦτον δ' οὐδὲν ἔπασχον, οὐδ' ἐτεθορύβητό μου ἡ ψυχὴ οὐδ' ἠγανάκτει ὡς ἀνδραποδωδῶς διακειμένου, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ τουτουΐ τοῦ Μαρσύου πολλάκις δὴ [216a] οὕτω διετέθην ὥστε μοι δόξαι μὴ βιωτὸν εἶναι ἔχοντι ὡς ἔχω.	At any rate, gentlemen, if I weren't going to seem completely drunk, I'd have sworn to you on oath what I myself have experienced from this man's words, and still experience even [215e] now. Whenever I listen to him, my heart leaps far more than a Corybant's, and tears pour out of me at his words; and I see a great many others going through the same thing. When I listened to Pericles and other good orators, I thought they spoke well, but I never felt anything like this: my soul wasn't thrown into turmoil, or indignant at the thought that I was living like a slave. But this Marsyas here has often [216a] put me in such a state that it seemed to me life wasn't worth living the way I am.[45]
216a	καὶ ταῦτα, ὦ Σώκρατες, οὐκ ἐρεῖς ὡς οὐκ ἀληθῆ. καὶ ἔτι γε νῦν σύνοιδ' ἐμαυτῷ ὅτι εἰ ἐθέλοιμι παρέχειν τὰ ὦτα, οὐκ ἂν καρτερήσαιμι ἀλλὰ ταὐτὰ ἂν πάσχοιμι. ἀναγκάζει γάρ με ὁμολογεῖν ὅτι πολλοῦ ἐνδεὴς ὢν αὐτὸς ἔτι ἐμαυτοῦ μὲν ἀμελῶ, τὰ δ' Ἀθηναίων πράττω. βίᾳ οὖν ὥσπερ ἀπὸ τῶν Σειρήνων ἐπισχόμενος τὰ ὦτα οἴχομαι φεύγων, ἵνα μὴ αὐτοῦ καθήμενος παρὰ τούτῳ καταγηράσω. πέπονθα δὲ [216b] πρὸς τοῦτον μόνον ἀνθρώπων, ὃ οὐκ ἄν τις οἴοιτο ἐν ἐμοὶ ἐνεῖναι, τὸ αἰσχύνεσθαι ὀντινοῦν· ἐγὼ δὲ τοῦτον μόνον αἰσχύνομαι. σύνοιδα γὰρ ἐμαυτῷ ἀντιλέγειν μὲν οὐ δυναμένῳ ὡς οὐ δεῖ ποιεῖν ἃ οὗτος κελεύει, ἐπειδὰν δὲ ἀπέλθω, ἡττημένῳ τῆς τιμῆς τῆς ὑπὸ τῶν πολλῶν. δραπετεύω οὖν αὐτὸν καὶ φεύγω, καὶ ὅταν ἴδω, αἰσχύνομαι τὰ ὡμολογημένα.	And you won't say that isn't true, Socrates. Even now I know perfectly well that if I were willing to lend him my ears, I couldn't hold out; I'd go through the same thing again. He forces me to admit that, though I'm still lacking in so much myself, I neglect myself and busy myself with the affairs of the Athenians. So I stop my ears by force, as if against the Sirens, and run off, so as not to sit here beside him until I grow old. And with him [216b] alone of all people I've experienced something no one would think was in me: feeling ashamed before anyone. He's the only one I'm ashamed in front of. I know perfectly well that I can't argue with him that I shouldn't do what he tells me; but when I go away, I give in to the honors the crowd pays me. So I run away from him like a runaway slave, and whenever I see him, I'm ashamed of what I've admitted.
216c	καὶ πολλάκις μὲν ἡδέως ἂν ἴδοιμι αὐτὸν μὴ ὄντα ἐν ἀνθρώποις· εἰ δ' αὖ τοῦτο γένοιτο, εὖ οἶδα ὅτι πολὺ μεῖζον ἂν ἀχθοίμην, ὥστε οὐκ ἔχω ὅτι χρήσωμαι τούτῳ τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ.	Many times I'd be glad to see him gone from the world of the living; but if that happened, I know well I'd be far more miserable. So I don't know what to do with this man.
	καὶ ὑπὸ μὲν δὴ τῶν αὐλημάτων καὶ ἐγὼ καὶ ἄλλοι πολλοὶ τοιαῦτα πεπόνθασιν ὑπὸ τοῦδε τοῦ σατύρου· ἄλλα δὲ ἐμοῦ ἀκούσατε ὡς ὅμοιός τ' ἐστὶν οἷς ἐγὼ ᾔκασα αὐτὸν καὶ τὴν δύναμιν ὡς θαυμασίαν ἔχει. εὖ γὰρ ἴστε ὅτι οὐδεὶς ὑμῶν [216d] τοῦτον γιγνώσκει· ἀλλὰ ἐγὼ δηλώσω, ἐπείπερ ἠρξάμην. ὁρᾶτε γὰρ ὅτι Σωκράτης ἐρωτικῶς διάκειται τῶν καλῶν καὶ ἀεὶ περὶ τούτους ἐστὶ καὶ ἐκπέπληκται, καὶ αὖ ἀγνοεῖ πάντα καὶ οὐδὲν οἶδεν. ὡς τὸ σχῆμα αὐτοῦ τοῦτο οὐ σιληνῶδες; σφόδρα γε. τοῦτο γὰρ οὗτος ἔξωθεν περιβέβληται, ὥσπερ ὁ γεγλυμμένος σιληνός· ἔνδοθεν δὲ	That's what I and many others have been through from the piping of this satyr. But hear from me how like he is to the things I've compared him to, and how amazing his power is. You can be sure none of you [216d] knows him. But I'll show you, since I've started. You see that Socrates is erotically drawn to beautiful boys, is always around them and is dazzled by them; and again, that he's ignorant of everything and knows nothing. Isn't that look of his just like a silenus? Very much so.

45 Corybants were worshippers who danced themselves into an ecstatic frenzy to the music of pipes and drums.

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	ἀνοιχθεὶς πόσης οἴεσθε γέμει, ὦ ἄνδρες συμπόται, σωφροσύνης;	He has wrapped it around his outside, like the carved silenus; but open him up, my fellow drinkers, and how full of moderation do you think he is inside?
216d	ἴστε ὅτι οὔτε εἴ τις καλὸς ἐστι μέλει αὐτῷ οὐδέν, ἀλλὰ καταφρονεῖ τοσοῦτον 216e ὅσον οὐδ' ἂν εἷς οἰηθείη, οὔτ' εἴ τις πλούσιος, οὔτ' εἰ ἄλλην τινὰ τιμὴν ἔχων τῶν ὑπὸ πλήθους μακαριζομένων· ἡγεῖται δὲ πάντα ταῦτα τὰ κτήματα οὐδενὸς ἄξια καὶ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν εἶναι—λέγω ὑμῖν—εἰρωνευόμενος δὲ καὶ παίζων πάντα τὸν βίον πρὸς τοὺς ἀνθρώπους διατελεῖ.	Believe me, it doesn't matter to him in the least whether someone is beautiful—he despises that more 216e than anyone could imagine—or whether someone is rich, or has any other honor of the kind the crowd counts blessed. He considers all these possessions worth nothing, and us nothing too—I'm telling you—and he spends his whole life being ironic and playing games with people.
216e	σπουδάσαντος δὲ αὐτοῦ καὶ ἀνοιχθέντος οὐκ οἶδα εἴ τις ἑώρακεν τὰ ἐντὸς ἀγάλματα· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ ἤδη ποτ' εἶδον, καί μοι ἔδοξεν οὕτω θεῖα καὶ 217a χρυσᾶ εἶναι καὶ πάγκαλα καὶ θαυμαστά, ὥστε ποιητέον εἶναι ἔμβραχυ ὅτι κελεύοι Σωκράτης. ἡγούμενος δὲ αὐτὸν ἐσπουδακέναι ἐπὶ τῇ ἐμῇ ὥρᾳ ἔρμαιον ἡγησάμην εἶναι καὶ εὐτύχημα ἐμὸν θαυμαστόν, ὡς ὑπάρχον μοι χαρισαμένῳ Σωκράτει πάντ' ἀκοῦσαι ὅσαπερ οὗτος ᾔδει· ἐφρόνουν γὰρ δὴ ἐπὶ τῇ ὥρᾳ θαυμάσιον ὅσον.	But when he's serious and opened up, I don't know if anyone has seen the images inside. I once saw them, though, and they seemed to me so divine and 217a golden and utterly beautiful and amazing that, in short, I had to do whatever Socrates told me. I thought he was serious about my youthful bloom, and I considered it a godsend and an amazing piece of luck: by granting Socrates my favors I'd get to hear everything he knew. For I was incredibly proud of my bloom.
217a	ταῦτα οὖν διανοηθείς, πρὸ τοῦ οὐκ εἰωθὼς ἄνευ ἀκολούθου μόνος μετ' αὐτοῦ γίγνεσθαι, τότε ἀποπέμπων 217b τὸν ἀκόλουθον μόνος συνεγιγνόμην—δεῖ γὰρ πρὸς ὑμᾶς πάντα τἀληθῆ εἰπεῖν· ἀλλὰ προσέχετε τὸν νοῦν, καὶ εἰ ψεύδομαι, Σώκρατες, ἐξέλεγχε—συνεγιγνόμην γάρ, ὦ ἄνδρες, μόνος μόνῳ, καὶ ᾤμην αὐτίκα διαλέξεσθαι αὐτόν μοι ἅπερ ἂν ἐραστὴς παιδικοῖς ἐν ἐρημίᾳ διαλεχθείη, καὶ ἔχαιρον. τούτων δ' οὐ μάλα ἐγίγνετο οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ὥσπερ εἰώθει διαλεχθεὶς ἄν μοι καὶ συνημερεύσας ᾤχετο ἀπιών. μετὰ ταῦτα συγγυμνάζεσθαι 217c προυκαλούμην αὐτὸν καὶ συνεγυμναζόμην, ὥς τι ἐνταῦθα περανῶν. συνεγυμνάζετο οὖν μοι καὶ προσεπάλαιεν πολλάκις οὐδενὸς παρόντος· καὶ τί δεῖ λέγειν; οὐδὲν γάρ μοι πλέον ἦν.	With this in mind—though before this I wasn't in the habit of being alone with him without an attendant—I then began sending 217b the attendant away and being with him alone. (I have to tell you the whole truth. So pay attention, and if I'm lying, Socrates, refute me.) Yes, gentlemen, I was with him alone, just the two of us, and I thought he'd straightaway talk to me the way a lover talks to his beloved in private, and I was delighted. But nothing of the kind happened at all. He'd talk with me as he usually did, spend the day with me, and go off home. After that I invited him to exercise 217c with me, and I exercised with him, thinking I'd get somewhere that way. So he exercised with me and wrestled with me many times with no one else there. And what need is there to say it? I got nowhere.
217c	ἐπειδὴ δὲ οὐδαμῇ ταύτῃ ἤνυτον, ἔδοξέ μοι ἐπιθετέον εἶναι τῷ ἀνδρὶ κατὰ τὸ καρτερὸν καὶ οὐκ ἀνετέον, ἐπειδήπερ ἐνεκεχειρήκη, ἀλλὰ ἰστέον ἤδη τί ἐστι τὸ πρᾶγμα. προκαλοῦμαι δὴ αὐτὸν πρὸς τὸ συνδειπνεῖν, ἀτεχνῶς ὥσπερ ἐραστὴς παιδικοῖς ἐπιβουλεύων. καί μοι οὐδὲ τοῦτο ταχὺ 217d ὑπήκουσεν, ὅμως δ' οὖν χρόνῳ ἐπείσθη. ἐπειδὴ δὲ ἀφίκετο τὸ πρῶτον, δειπνήσας ἀπιέναι ἐβούλετο. καὶ τότε μὲν αἰσχυνόμενος ἀφῆκα αὐτόν· αὖθις δ' ἐπιβουλεύσας, ἐπειδὴ ἐδεδειπνήκεμεν διελεγόμην ἀεὶ	Since I was getting nowhere this way, I decided I had to attack the man head-on and not let up, now that I'd set my hand to it; I had to find out at last what was going on. So I invite him to dinner, exactly like a lover laying a trap for his beloved. He didn't 217d accept this quickly either, but in time he was persuaded. The first time he came, he wanted to leave after dinner, and on that occasion I was embarrassed and let him go. But I laid my trap

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	πόρρω τῶν νυκτῶν, καὶ ἐπειδὴ ἐβούλετο ἀπιέναι, σκηπτόμενος ὅτι ὀψὲ εἴη, προσηνάγκασα αὐτὸν μένειν. ἀνεπαύετο οὖν ἐν τῇ ἐχομένῃ ἐμοῦ κλίνῃ, ἐν ᾗπερ ἐδείπνει, καὶ οὐδεὶς ἐν τῷ οἰκήματι ἄλλος καθηῦδεν ἢ [217e] ἡμεῖς.	again: after we'd eaten I kept on talking far into the night, and when he wanted to leave, I made the excuse that it was late and made him stay. So he lay down to rest on the couch next to mine, the one he'd dined on, and no one else was sleeping in the room but [217e] us.
217e	μέχρι μὲν οὖν δὴ δεῦρο τοῦ λόγου καλῶς ἂν ἔχοι καὶ πρὸς ὁντινοῦν λέγειν· τὸ δ' ἐντεῦθεν οὐκ ἄν μου ἠκούσατε λέγοντος, εἰ μὴ πρῶτον μέν, τὸ λεγόμενον, οἶνος ἄνευ τε παίδων καὶ μετὰ παίδων ἦν ἀληθής, ἔπειτα ἀφανίσαι Σωκράτους ἔργον ὑπερήφανον εἰς ἔπαινον ἐλθόντα ἄδικόν μοι φαίνεται.	Up to this point in my story it would be fine to tell it to anyone. But what comes next you wouldn't have heard me say, if, first, wine—with or without children, as the saying goes—weren't truthful; and second, it seems unjust to me, when I've come to praise Socrates, to hide a proud deed of his.[46]
	ἔτι δὲ τὸ τοῦ δηχθέντος ὑπὸ τοῦ ἔχεως πάθος κἄμ' ἔχει. φασὶ γάρ πού τινα τοῦτο παθόντα οὐκ ἐθέλειν λέγειν οἷον ἦν πλὴν τοῖς δεδηγμένοις, ὡς μόνοις γνωσομένοις [218a] τε καὶ συγγνωσομένοις εἰ πᾶν ἐτόλμα δρᾶν τε καὶ λέγειν ὑπὸ τῆς ὀδύνης. ἐγὼ οὖν δεδηγμένος τε ὑπὸ ἀλγεινοτέρου καὶ τὸ ἀλγεινότατον ὧν ἄν τις δηχθείη—τὴν καρδίαν γὰρ ἢ ψυχὴν ἢ ὅτι δεῖ αὐτὸ ὀνομάσαι πληγείς τε καὶ δηχθεὶς ὑπὸ τῶν ἐν φιλοσοφίᾳ λόγων, οἳ ἔχονται ἐχίδνης ἀγριώτερον, νέου ψυχῆς μὴ ἀφυοῦς ὅταν λάβωνται, καὶ ποιοῦσι δρᾶν τε καὶ λέγειν ὁτιοῦν—καὶ ὁρῶν αὖ Φαίδρους, Ἀγάθωνας, [218b] Ἐρυξιμάχους, Παυσανίας, Ἀριστοδήμους τε καὶ Ἀριστοφάνας· Σωκράτη δὲ αὐτὸν τί δεῖ λέγειν, καὶ ὅσοι ἄλλοι;	What's more, I'm in the state of a man bitten by a snake. They say someone this has happened to won't tell anyone what it was like except those who've been bitten, since only they will understand [218a] and forgive him if the pain drove him to dare to do and say anything at all. Well, I've been bitten by something more painful, and in the most painful place anyone can be bitten—in the heart, or the soul, or whatever one should call it, I've been struck and bitten by the words of philosophy, which cling more savagely than a viper when they take hold of a young soul with some talent, and make it do and say anything at all. And then I look around and see Phaedruses, Agathons, [218b] Eryximachuses, Pausaniases, Aristodemuses and Aristophaneses—and what need to mention Socrates himself, and all the rest?
218b	πάντες γὰρ κεκοινωνήκατε τῆς φιλοσόφου μανίας τε καὶ βακχείας—διὸ πάντες ἀκούσεσθε· συγγνώσεσθε γὰρ τοῖς τε τότε πραχθεῖσι καὶ τοῖς νῦν λεγομένοις. οἱ δὲ οἰκέται, καὶ εἴ τις ἄλλος ἐστὶν βέβηλός τε καὶ ἄγροικος, πύλας πάνυ μεγάλας τοῖς ὠσὶν ἐπίθεσθε.	You have all shared in the madness and Bacchic frenzy of philosophy. So you'll all hear it, because you'll forgive both what was done then and what's being said now. But the servants, and anyone else here who's uninitiated and uncultured—put very large doors over your ears.
	ἐπειδὴ γὰρ οὖν, ὦ ἄνδρες, ὅ τε λύχνος ἀπεσβήκει καὶ [218c] οἱ παῖδες ἔξω ἦσαν, ἔδοξέ μοι χρῆναι μηδὲν ποικίλλειν πρὸς αὐτόν, ἀλλ' ἐλευθέρως εἰπεῖν ἅ μοι ἐδόκει· καὶ εἶπον κινήσας αὐτόν, Σώκρατες, καθεύδεις;	Well then, gentlemen, when the lamp had gone out and [218c] the slaves were outside, I decided I shouldn't be subtle with him at all but say freely what I thought. So I nudged him and said, "Socrates, are you asleep?"
218c	οὐ δῆτα, ἦ δ' ὅς.	"Not at all," he said.
	οἶσθα οὖν ἅ μοι δέδοκται;	"Do you know what I've decided?"
	τί μάλιστα, ἔφη.	"What exactly?" he said.

46 Alcibiades combines two proverbs, "wine is truth" and "children tell the truth"; the phrase may also mean "with or without the slaves present."

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	σὺ ἐμοὶ δοκεῖς, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, ἐμοῦ ἐραστὴς ἄξιος γεγονέναι μόνος, καί μοι φαίνῃ ὀκνεῖν μνησθῆναι πρός με. ἐγὼ δὲ οὑτωσὶ ἔχω· πάνυ ἀνόητον ἡγοῦμαι εἶναι σοὶ μὴ οὐ καὶ τοῦτο χαρίζεσθαι καὶ εἴ τι ἄλλο ἢ τῆς οὐσίας τῆς ἐμῆς [218d] δέοιο ἢ τῶν φίλων τῶν ἐμῶν. ἐμοὶ μὲν γὰρ οὐδέν ἐστι πρεσβύτερον τοῦ ὡς ὅτι βέλτιστον ἐμὲ γενέσθαι, τούτου δὲ οἶμαί μοι συλλήπτορα οὐδένα κυριώτερον εἶναι σοῦ. ἐγὼ δὴ τοιούτῳ ἀνδρὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἂν μὴ χαριζόμενος αἰσχυνοίμην τοὺς φρονίμους, ἢ χαριζόμενος τούς τε πολλοὺς καὶ ἄφρονας.	"I think you're the only lover who's worthy of me," I said, "and it looks to me as though you're hesitant to bring it up with me. Here's how I feel: I think it would be really stupid not to grant you this favor too, along with anything else you might need, whether from my property [218d] or my friends. Nothing matters more to me than becoming as good as I possibly can, and I don't think anyone could be a more effective helper to me in that than you. So with a man like you I'd be far more ashamed before sensible people if I didn't grant my favors than I'd be before the foolish crowd if I did."
218d	καὶ οὗτος ἀκούσας μάλα εἰρωνικῶς καὶ σφόδρα ἑαυτοῦ τε καὶ εἰωθότως ἔλεξεν ὦ φίλε Ἀλκιβιάδη, κινδυνεύεις τῷ ὄντι οὐ φαῦλος εἶναι, εἴπερ ἀληθῆ τυγχάνει ὄντα ἃ λέγεις [218e] περὶ ἐμοῦ, καί τις ἔστ' ἐν ἐμοὶ δύναμις δι' ἧς ἂν σὺ γένοιο ἀμείνων· ἀμήχανόν τοι κάλλος ὁρᾷς ἂν ἐν ἐμοὶ καὶ τῆς παρὰ σοὶ εὐμορφίας πάμπολυ διαφέρον.	When he heard this, he said, very ironically and quite in his usual manner, "My dear Alcibiades, it looks as though you really are no fool, if what you say about me [218e] happens to be true, and there's some power in me through which you could become better. You must be seeing an extraordinary beauty in me, far superior to your own good looks.
218e	εἰ δὴ καθορῶν αὐτὸ κοινώσασθαί τέ μοι ἐπιχειρεῖς καὶ ἀλλάξασθαι κάλλος ἀντὶ κάλλους, οὐκ ὀλίγῳ μου πλεονεκτεῖν διανοῇ, ἀλλ' ἀντὶ δόξης ἀλήθειαν καλῶν κτᾶσθαι ἐπιχειρεῖς καὶ τῷ [219a] ὄντι χρύσεα χαλκείων διαμείβεσθαι νοεῖς. ἀλλ', ὦ μακάριε, ἄμεινον σκόπει, μή σε λανθάνω οὐδὲν ὤν. ἥ τοι τῆς διανοίας ὄψις ἄρχεται ὀξὺ βλέπειν ὅταν ἡ τῶν ὀμμάτων τῆς ἀκμῆς λήγειν ἐπιχειρῇ· σὺ δὲ τούτων ἔτι πόρρω.	"So if you've caught sight of it and are trying to get a share of it and trade beauty for beauty, you mean to get much the better of me: you're trying to acquire the reality of beauty in return for its appearance, and you really [219a] intend to trade 'gold for bronze.' But look more carefully, my wonderful friend, in case you don't notice that I'm nothing. The mind's sight begins to see sharply when the eyes' sight starts to lose its edge; and you're still far from that."[47]
219a	κἀγὼ ἀκούσας, τὰ μὲν παρ' ἐμοῦ, ἔφην, ταῦτά ἐστιν, ὧν οὐδὲν ἄλλως εἴρηται ἢ ὡς διανοοῦμαι· σὺ δὲ αὐτὸς οὕτω βουλεύου ὅτι σοί τε ἄριστον καὶ ἐμοὶ ἡγῇ.	I heard this and said, "Well, that's my side of it, and I haven't said any of it otherwise than as I mean it. You decide for yourself what you think is best for you and for me."
	ἀλλ', ἔφη, τοῦτό γ' εὖ λέγεις· ἐν γὰρ τῷ ἐπιόντι χρόνῳ [219b] βουλευόμενοι πράξομεν ὃ ἂν φαίνηται νῷν περί τε τούτων καὶ περὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἄριστον.	"Well," he said, "you're right about that. In the time to come [219b] we'll think it over and do whatever seems best to the two of us, about this and about everything else."
219b	ἐγὼ μὲν δὴ ταῦτα ἀκούσας τε καὶ εἰπών, καὶ ἀφεὶς ὥσπερ βέλη, τετρῶσθαι αὐτὸν ᾤμην· καὶ ἀναστάς γε, οὐδ' ἐπιτρέψας τούτῳ εἰπεῖν οὐδὲν ἔτι, ἀμφιέσας τὸ ἱμάτιον τὸ ἐμαυτοῦ τοῦτον—καὶ γὰρ ἦν χειμών—ὑπὸ τὸν τρίβωνα κατακλινεὶς τὸν τουτουί, περιβαλὼν τὼ χεῖρε τούτῳ τῷ [219c] δαιμονίῳ ὡς ἀληθῶς καὶ θαυμαστῷ, κατεκείμην τὴν	So, having heard and said this, and having let fly my arrows, as it were, I thought I'd wounded him. I got up, and without letting him say another word, I wrapped my own cloak around him—it was winter—lay down under that worn old cloak of his, threw my arms around this [219c] truly un-

47 In Homer's *Iliad*, Glaucus foolishly swaps his gold armor for Diomedes' bronze.

GREEK

νύκτα ὅλην. καὶ οὐδὲ ταῦτα αὖ, ὦ Σώκρατες, ἐρεῖς ὅτι ψεύδομαι. ποιήσαντος δὲ δὴ ταῦτα ἐμοῦ οὗτος τοσοῦτον περιεγένετό τε καὶ κατεφρόνησεν καὶ κατεγέλασεν τῆς ἐμῆς ὥρας καὶ ὕβρισεν—καὶ περὶ ἐκεῖνό γε ᾠμην τι εἶναι, ὦ ἄνδρες δικασταί· δικασταὶ γάρ ἐστε τῆς Σωκράτους ὑπερηφανίας—εὖ γὰρ ἴστε μὰ θεούς, μὰ θεάς, οὐδὲν περιττότερον καταδεδαρθηκὼς [219d] ἀνέστην μετὰ Σωκράτους, ἢ εἰ μετὰ πατρὸς καθηῦδον ἢ ἀδελφοῦ πρεσβυτέρου.

ENGLISH

canny and amazing man, and lay there the whole night. And you won't say I'm lying about this either, Socrates. But when I'd done all this, he so completely got the better of me, and scorned and laughed at my bloom and insulted it—and that was the one thing I thought was really something, gentlemen of the jury (you're the jury on Socrates' arrogance)—for you can be sure, by the gods and goddesses, that I got up after a night with Socrates having slept no differently [219d] than if I'd slept beside my father or an older brother.

SOCRATES AT WAR

Alcibiades describes Socrates' endurance and courage on campaign at Potidaea and Delium.

GREEK

219d **APOLLODORUS** τὸ δὴ μετὰ τοῦτο τίνα οἴεσθέ με διάνοιαν ἔχειν, ἡγούμενον μὲν ἠτιμάσθαι, ἀγάμενον δὲ τὴν τούτου φύσιν τε καὶ σωφροσύνην καὶ ἀνδρείαν, ἐντετυχηκότα ἀνθρώπῳ τοιούτῳ οἵῳ ἐγὼ οὐκ ἂν ᾠμην ποτ' ἐντυχεῖν εἰς φρόνησιν καὶ εἰς καρτερίαν; ὥστε οὔθ' ὅπως οὖν ὀργιζοίμην εἶχον καὶ ἀποστερηθείην τῆς τούτου συνουσίας, οὔτε ὅπῃ προσαγαγοίμην [219e] αὐτὸν ηὐπόρουν. εὖ γὰρ ᾔδη ὅτι χρήμασί γε πολὺ μᾶλλον ἄτρωτος ἦν πανταχῇ ἢ σιδήρῳ ὁ Αἴας, ᾧ τε ᾠμην αὐτὸν μόνῳ ἁλώσεσθαι, διεπεφεύγει με. ἠπόρουν δή, καταδεδουλωμένος τε ὑπὸ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ὡς οὐδεὶς ὑπ' οὐδενὸς ἄλλου περιῆα. ταῦτά τε γάρ μοι ἅπαντα προυγεγόνει, καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα στρατεία ἡμῖν εἰς Ποτείδαιαν ἐγένετο κοινὴ καὶ συνεσιτοῦμεν ἐκεῖ.

ENGLISH

APOLLODORUS After that, what state of mind do you think I was in? I considered myself humiliated, yet I admired his nature, his moderation and his courage; I had met a man whose understanding and endurance I never thought I'd meet in anyone. So I couldn't find a way to be angry with him and lose his company, nor any way to win [219e] him over. I knew well that he was far more invulnerable to money, every inch of him, than Ajax was to iron, and the one thing I thought he could be caught by had slipped away from me. So I was at a loss, and I went around enslaved to the man as no one has ever been enslaved by anyone. All this had already happened to me, and after that we served together on the campaign to Potidaea and messed together there.[48]

219e πρῶτον μὲν οὖν τοῖς πόνοις οὐ μόνον ἐμοῦ περιῆν, ἀλλὰ καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἁπάντων—ὁπότ' ἀναγκασθεῖμεν ἀποληφθέντες που, οἷα δὴ ἐπὶ στρατείας, [220a] ἀσιτεῖν, οὐδὲν ἦσαν οἱ ἄλλοι πρὸς τὸ καρτερεῖν—ἔν τ' αὖ ταῖς εὐωχίαις μόνος ἀπολαύειν οἷός τ' ἦν τά τ' ἄλλα καὶ πίνειν οὐκ ἐθέλων, ὁπότε ἀναγκασθείη, πάντας ἐκράτει, καὶ ὃ πάντων θαυμαστότατον, Σωκράτη μεθύοντα οὐδεὶς πώποτε ἑώρακεν ἀνθρώπων. τούτου μὲν οὖν μοι δοκεῖ καὶ αὐτίκα ὁ ἔλεγχος ἔσεσθαι.

First of all, in hardships he outdid not only me but everyone else. Whenever we were cut off somewhere, as happens on campaign, and were forced [220a] to go without food, the rest of us were nothing compared to him at enduring it. And again, when there was plenty, he alone was able to enjoy it, especially drinking: though he didn't want to drink, when he was made to he beat everyone; and, most amazing of all, no human being has ever seen Socrates drunk. I think we'll have proof of that shortly, too.

220a πρὸς δὲ αὖ τὰς τοῦ χειμῶνος καρτερήσεις —δεινοὶ γὰρ αὐτόθι χειμῶνες—θαυμάσια ἠργάζετο τά τε [220b] ἄλλα, καί ποτε ὄντος πάγου οἵου δεινοτάτου, καὶ πάντων ἢ οὐκ

Then again, in enduring the winter—the winters there are terrible—he did amazing things. [220b] Once in particular, when there was the most ter-

48 Potidaea, a city in the northern Aegean, revolted from Athens and was besieged by the Athenians in 432–430 BC.

GREEK

ἐξιόντων ἔνδοθεν, ἢ εἴ τις ἐξίοι, ἠμφιεσμένων τε θαυμαστὰ δὴ ὅσα καὶ ὑποδεδεμένων καὶ ἐνειλιγμένων τοὺς πόδας εἰς πίλους καὶ ἀρνακίδας, οὗτος δ' ἐν τούτοις ἐξῄει ἔχων ἱμάτιον μὲν τοιοῦτον οἷόνπερ καὶ πρότερον εἰώθει φορεῖν, ἀνυπόδητος δὲ διὰ τοῦ κρυστάλλου ῥᾷον ἐπορεύετο ἢ οἱ ἄλλοι ὑποδεδεμένοι, οἱ δὲ στρατιῶται ὑπέβλεπον [220c] αὐτὸν ὡς καταφρονοῦντα σφῶν. καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ ταῦτα·οἷον δ' αὖ τόδ' ἔρεξε καὶ ἔτλη καρτερὸς ἀνὴρ ἐκεῖ ποτε ἐπὶ στρατιᾶς, ἄξιον ἀκοῦσαι. συννοήσας γὰρ αὐτόθι ἕωθέν τι εἱστήκει σκοπῶν, καὶ ἐπειδὴ οὐ προυχώρει αὐτῷ, οὐκ ἀνίει ἀλλὰ εἱστήκει ζητῶν.

ENGLISH

rible frost, and everyone either stayed indoors or, if anyone went out, was wrapped up in an amazing amount of clothing, with shoes on and their feet bound up in felt and sheepskins, he went out in all this wearing the same sort of cloak he had always worn before, and he walked barefoot over the ice more easily than the others did in shoes. The soldiers eyed [220c] him suspiciously, thinking he was looking down on them. So much for that. But "what a thing this was that the strong man did and endured" there once on campaign is worth hearing. Something occurred to him there early in the morning, and he stood in one spot considering it; and when he made no progress, he didn't give up but stood there searching.[49]

220c καὶ ἤδη ἦν μεσημβρία, καὶ ἄνθρωποι ἠσθάνοντο, καὶ θαυμάζοντες ἄλλος ἄλλῳ ἔλεγεν ὅτι Σωκράτης ἐξ ἑωθινοῦ φροντίζων τι ἕστηκε. τελευτῶντες δέ τινες τῶν Ἰώνων, ἐπειδὴ ἑσπέρα ἦν, δειπνήσαντες—καὶ [220d] γὰρ θέρος τότε γ' ἦν—χαμεύνια ἐξενεγκάμενοι ἅμα μὲν ἐν τῷ ψύχει καθηῦδον, ἅμα δ' ἐφύλαττον αὐτὸν εἰ καὶ τὴν νύκτα ἑστήξοι. ὁ δὲ εἱστήκει μέχρι ἕως ἐγένετο καὶ ἥλιος ἀνέσχεν· ἔπειτα ᾤχετ' ἀπιὼν προσευξάμενος τῷ ἡλίῳ. εἰ δὲ βούλεσθε ἐν ταῖς μάχαις—τοῦτο γὰρ δὴ δίκαιόν γε αὐτῷ ἀποδοῦναι—ὅτε γὰρ ἡ μάχη ἦν ἐξ ἧς ἐμοὶ καὶ τἀριστεῖα ἔδοσαν οἱ στρατηγοί, οὐδεὶς ἄλλος ἐμὲ ἔσωσεν [220e] ἀνθρώπων ἢ οὗτος, τετρωμένον οὐκ ἐθέλων ἀπολιπεῖν, ἀλλὰ συνδιέσωσε καὶ τὰ ὅπλα καὶ αὐτὸν ἐμέ.

By now it was midday, and people noticed, and in amazement they said to one another that Socrates had been standing there since dawn thinking about something. Finally, when evening came, some of the Ionians, after they'd eaten— [220d] it was summer then—brought out their bedding and slept in the cool, while at the same time watching him to see whether he'd stand there all night as well. And he stood until dawn came and the sun rose; then he said a prayer to the sun and went away. And in battle, if you like—it's only right to give him credit for this—in the battle for which the generals gave me the prize for valor, no one [220e] else saved me but this man. I was wounded, and he wouldn't leave me behind, but rescued both my armor and me.

220e καὶ ἐγὼ μέν, ὦ Σώκρατες, καὶ τότε ἐκέλευον σοὶ διδόναι τἀριστεῖα τοὺς στρατηγούς, καὶ τοῦτό γέ μοι οὔτε μέμψῃ οὔτε ἐρεῖς ὅτι ψεύδομαι· ἀλλὰ γὰρ τῶν στρατηγῶν πρὸς τὸ ἐμὸν ἀξίωμα ἀποβλεπόντων καὶ βουλομένων ἐμοὶ διδόναι τἀριστεῖα, αὐτὸς προθυμότερος ἐγένου τῶν στρατηγῶν ἐμὲ λαβεῖν ἢ σαυτόν.

And I, Socrates, even then urged the generals to give you the prize—you can't blame me for this or say I'm lying. But when the generals, out of regard for my rank, wanted to give the prize to me, you yourself were more eager than the generals that I should get it rather than you.

ἔτι τοίνυν, ὦ ἄνδρες, ἄξιον ἦν θεάσασθαι Σωκράτη, ὅτε ἀπὸ Δηλίου [221a] φυγῇ ἀνεχώρει τὸ στρατόπεδον· ἔτυχον γὰρ παραγενόμενος ἵππον ἔχων, οὗτος δὲ ὅπλα. ἀνεχώρει οὖν ἐσκεδασμένων ἤδη τῶν ἀνθρώπων οὗτός τε ἅμα καὶ Λάχης· καὶ ἐγὼ περιτυγχάνω, καὶ ἰδὼν εὐθὺς παρακελεύομαί τε αὐτοῖν θαρρεῖν, καὶ ἔλεγον ὅτι οὐκ ἀπολείψω αὐτώ. ἐνταῦθα δὴ καὶ κάλλιον ἐθεασάμην Σωκράτη ἢ ἐν Ποτειδαίᾳ—αὐτὸς γὰρ ἧττον ἐν φόβῳ ἦ διὰ τὸ ἐφ' ἵππου εἶναι—πρῶτον μὲν ὅσον περιῆν [221b] Λάχητος τῷ ἔμφρων εἶναι· ἔπειτα ἔμοιγ' ἐδόκει, ὦ Ἀριστόφανες, τὸ

What's more, gentlemen, Socrates was worth seeing when the army was retreating from Delium [221a] in a rout. I happened to be there on horseback, and he was in infantry armor. The men were already scattered, and he was retreating along with Laches. I come upon them, and as soon as I see them I tell them both to take heart, and I said I wouldn't abandon them. There I got an even better view of Socrates than at Potidaea—I was less afraid

49 The quoted line is from Homer's *Odyssey*, where Helen describes Odysseus.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	σὸν δὴ τοῦτο, καὶ ἐκεῖ διαπορεύεσθαι ὥσπερ καὶ ἐνθάδε, βρενθυόμενος καὶ τὼφθαλμὼ παραβάλλων ἠρέμα παρασκοπῶν καὶ τοὺς φιλίους καὶ τοὺς πολεμίους, δῆλος ὢν παντὶ καὶ πάνυ πόρρωθεν ὅτι εἴ τις ἅψεται τούτου τοῦ ἀνδρός, μάλα ἐρρωμένως ἀμυνεῖται.	myself, being on horseback. First, how far he outdid [221b] Laches in keeping his head; and then, Aristophanes, it seemed to me that he was making his way there just as he does here, in that phrase of yours, "strutting and casting his eyes from side to side," calmly watching both friends and enemies, making it clear to everyone, even from far off, that if anyone laid a hand on this man, he'd defend himself very vigorously.[50]
221b	διὸ καὶ ἀσφαλῶς ἀπῄει καὶ οὗτος καὶ ὁ ἑταῖρος· σχεδὸν γάρ τι τῶν οὕτω διακειμένων ἐν τῷ πολέμῳ οὐδὲ ἅπτονται, ἀλλὰ τοὺς προτροπάδην [221c] φεύγοντας διώκουσιν.	That's why both he and his companion got away safely. In war, people pretty much don't touch those who carry themselves like that; they go after those fleeing [221c] headlong.
221c	πολλὰ μὲν οὖν ἄν τις καὶ ἄλλα ἔχοι Σωκράτη ἐπαινέσαι καὶ θαυμάσια· ἀλλὰ τῶν μὲν ἄλλων ἐπιτηδευμάτων τάχ' ἄν τις καὶ περὶ ἄλλου τοιαῦτα εἴποι, τὸ δὲ μηδενὶ ἀνθρώπων ὅμοιον εἶναι, μήτε τῶν παλαιῶν μήτε τῶν νῦν ὄντων, τοῦτο ἄξιον παντὸς θαύματος. οἷος γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς ἐγένετο, ἀπεικάσειεν ἄν τις καὶ Βρασίδαν καὶ ἄλλους, καὶ οἷος αὖ Περικλῆς, καὶ Νέστορα καὶ Ἀντήνορα—εἰσὶ δὲ καὶ ἕτεροι— [221d] καὶ τοὺς ἄλλους κατὰ ταὐτ' ἄν τις ἀπεικάζοι· οἷος δὲ οὑτοσὶ γέγονε τὴν ἀτοπίαν ἄνθρωπος, καὶ αὐτὸς καὶ οἱ λόγοι αὐτοῦ, οὐδ' ἐγγὺς ἂν εὕροι τις ζητῶν, οὔτε τῶν νῦν οὔτε τῶν παλαιῶν, εἰ μὴ ἄρα εἰ οἷς ἐγὼ λέγω ἀπεικάζοι τις αὐτόν, ἀνθρώπων μὲν μηδενί, τοῖς δὲ σιληνοῖς καὶ σατύροις, αὐτὸν καὶ τοὺς λόγους.	Now, there are many other amazing things one could praise Socrates for. But of his other activities one might perhaps say the same sort of thing about someone else too; what deserves all our wonder is that he's like no other human being, either of the ancients or of those alive now. What Achilles was like, you could compare with Brasidas and others; and what Pericles was like, with Nestor and Antenor—and there are others too— [221d] and you could make comparisons for the rest in the same way. But what this man is like in his strangeness, both himself and his words, you couldn't find anyone even close to if you searched, either among people now or among the ancients—unless, perhaps, you compared him as I do, not to any human being but to sileni and satyrs, both him and his words.[51]
221d	καὶ γὰρ οὖν καὶ τοῦτο ἐν τοῖς πρώτοις παρέλιπον, ὅτι καὶ οἱ λόγοι αὐτοῦ ὁμοιότατοί εἰσι τοῖς σιληνοῖς τοῖς διοιγομένοις. [221e] εἰ γὰρ ἐθέλοι τις τῶν Σωκράτους ἀκούειν λόγων, φανεῖεν ἂν πάνυ γελοῖοι τὸ πρῶτον· τοιαῦτα καὶ ὀνόματα καὶ ῥήματα ἔξωθεν περιαμπέχονται, σατύρου δή τινα ὑβριστοῦ δοράν.	In fact, there's this too that I left out at the start: his words are also very like the sileni that open up. [221e] If you were willing to listen to Socrates' words, they would seem quite ridiculous at first: such are the words and phrases they wrap themselves in on the outside, like the hide of some outrageous satyr.
221e	ὄνους γὰρ κανθηλίους λέγει καὶ χαλκέας τινὰς καὶ σκυτοτόμους καὶ βυρσοδέψας, καὶ ἀεὶ διὰ τῶν αὐτῶν τὰ αὐτὰ φαίνεται λέγειν, ὥστε ἄπειρος καὶ ἀνόητος ἄνθρωπος [222a] πᾶς ἂν τῶν λόγων καταγελάσειεν. διοιγομένους δὲ ἰδὼν ἄν τις καὶ ἐντὸς αὐτῶν γιγνόμενος πρῶτον μὲν νοῦν ἔχοντας ἔνδον μόνους εὑρήσει τῶν	He talks about pack-asses and blacksmiths and shoemakers and tanners, and he always seems to be saying the same things in the same words, so that anyone inexperienced and foolish [222a] would laugh at his words. But if you see them opened up and get inside them, you'll find first that they are

50 At Delium in Boeotia the Athenians were badly defeated in 424 BC; Laches was an Athenian general, and the quoted phrase is from Aristophanes' *Clouds,* which mocked Socrates.
51 Brasidas was a Spartan general killed in 422 BC; Nestor and Antenor were the wise, eloquent elders of the Greeks and Trojans in Homer.

GREEK

ENGLISH

λόγων, ἔπειτα θειοτάτους καὶ πλεῖστα ἀγάλματ' ἀρετῆς ἐν αὐτοῖς ἔχοντας καὶ ἐπὶ πλεῖστον τείνοντας, μᾶλλον δὲ ἐπὶ πᾶν ὅσον προσήκει σκοπεῖν τῷ μέλλοντι καλῷ κἀγαθῷ ἔσεσθαι.

the only words that have sense inside them, and then that they are utterly divine, and hold the most images of excellence within them, and reach furthest—or rather, reach to everything that anyone who means to be fine and good should look into.

222a ταῦτ' ἐστίν, ὦ ἄνδρες, ἃ ἐγὼ Σωκράτη ἐπαινῶ· καὶ αὖ ἃ μέμφομαι συμμείξας ὑμῖν εἶπον ἅ με ὕβρισεν. καὶ μέντοι 222b οὐκ ἐμὲ μόνον ταῦτα πεποίηκεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ Χαρμίδην τὸν Γλαύκωνος καὶ Εὐθύδημον τὸν Διοκλέους καὶ ἄλλους πάνυ πολλούς, οὓς οὗτος ἐξαπατῶν ὡς ἐραστὴς παιδικὰ μᾶλλον αὐτὸς καθίσταται ἀντ' ἐραστοῦ. ἃ δὴ καὶ σοὶ λέγω, ὦ Ἀγάθων, μὴ ἐξαπατᾶσθαι ὑπὸ τούτου, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ τῶν ἡμετέρων παθημάτων γνόντα εὐλαβηθῆναι, καὶ μὴ κατὰ τὴν παροιμίαν ὥσπερ νήπιον παθόντα γνῶναι. 222c

That, gentlemen, is what I praise Socrates for; and I've mixed in what I hold against him, and told you how he insulted me. And it isn't 222b only me he's done this to, but also Charmides son of Glaucon, Euthydemus son of Diocles, and a great many others: he deceives them as if he were their lover, and then sets himself up as the beloved instead of the lover. So I'm telling you too, Agathon: don't be deceived by this man; learn from what we went through and be on your guard, and don't, as the proverb has it, learn like a fool by suffering. 222c

THE PARTY BREAKS UP

Revelers overrun the party, the guests drink or sleep, and Socrates leaves at dawn for the Lyceum.

GREEK

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222c **APOLLODORUS** εἰπόντος δὴ ταῦτα τοῦ Ἀλκιβιάδου γέλωτα γενέσθαι ἐπὶ τῇ παρρησίᾳ αὐτοῦ, ὅτι ἐδόκει ἔτι ἐρωτικῶς ἔχειν τοῦ Σωκράτους. τὸν οὖν Σωκράτη, Νήφειν μοι δοκεῖς, φάναι, ὦ Ἀλκιβιάδη. οὐ γὰρ ἄν ποτε οὕτω κομψῶς κύκλῳ περιβαλλόμενος ἀφανίσαι ἐνεχείρεις οὗ ἕνεκα ταῦτα πάντα εἴρηκας, καὶ ὡς ἐν παρέργῳ δὴ λέγων ἐπὶ τελευτῆς αὐτὸ ἔθηκας, ὡς οὐ πάντα τούτου ἕνεκα εἰρηκώς, τοῦ ἐμὲ καὶ 222d Ἀγάθωνα διαβάλλειν, οἰόμενος δεῖν ἐμὲ μὲν σοῦ ἐρᾶν καὶ μηδενὸς ἄλλου, Ἀγάθωνα δὲ ὑπὸ σοῦ ἐρᾶσθαι καὶ μηδ' ὑφ' ἑνὸς ἄλλου. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔλαθες, ἀλλὰ τὸ σατυρικόν σου δρᾶμα τοῦτο καὶ σιληνικὸν κατάδηλον ἐγένετο. ἀλλ', ὦ φίλε Ἀγάθων, μηδὲν πλέον αὐτῷ γένηται, ἀλλὰ παρασκευάζου ὅπως ἐμὲ καὶ σὲ μηδεὶς διαβαλεῖ.

APOLLODORUS When Alcibiades had said this, there was laughter at his frankness, since he seemed to be still in love with Socrates. So Socrates said, "You seem sober to me, Alcibiades. Otherwise you'd never have circled round so cleverly, trying to hide the reason you said all this, and slipped it in at the end as if in passing, as though you hadn't said everything for this very purpose: to set me and 222d Agathon at odds, thinking I should love you and no one else, and Agathon should be loved by you and not by a single other person. But you didn't get away with it: this satyr play of yours, this silenus play, has been exposed. Now, my dear Agathon, don't let him gain anything by it; take steps so that no one will set you and me at odds."[52]

222d τὸν οὖν Ἀγάθωνα εἰπεῖν, καὶ μήν, ὦ Σώκρατες, κινδυνεύεις 222e ἀληθῆ λέγειν. τεκμαίρομαι δὲ καὶ ὡς κατεκλίνη ἐν μέσῳ ἐμοῦ τε καὶ σοῦ, ἵνα χωρὶς ἡμᾶς διαλάβῃ. οὐδὲν οὖν πλέον αὐτῷ ἔσται, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ παρὰ σὲ ἐλθὼν κατακλινήσομαι.

Then Agathon said, "You know, Socrates, you may well be 222e right. I take it as a sign, too, that he lay down between you and me, to keep us apart. Well, he won't gain anything by it; I'll come over and lie down next to you."

222e πάνυ γε, φάναι τὸν Σωκράτη, δεῦρο ὑποκάτω ἐμοῦ κατακλίνου.

"By all means," said Socrates. "Lie down here, on my other side."

52 A satyr play was a bawdy burlesque with a chorus of satyrs, performed after a set of three tragedies.

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ὦ Ζεῦ, εἰπεῖν τὸν Ἀλκιβιάδην, οἷα αὖ πάσχω ὑπὸ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου. οἴεταί μου δεῖν πανταχῇ περιεῖναι. ἀλλ' εἰ μή τι ἄλλο, ὦ θαυμάσιε, ἐν μέσῳ ἡμῶν ἔα Ἀγάθωνα κατακεῖσθαι.

"Zeus!" said Alcibiades. "What I have to put up with from this man, once again! He thinks he has to get the better of me at every turn. But at least, you amazing man, let Agathon lie between us."

ἀλλ' ἀδύνατον, φάναι τὸν Σωκράτη. σὺ μὲν γὰρ ἐμὲ ἐπῄνεσας, δεῖ δὲ ἐμὲ αὖ τὸν ἐπὶ δεξί' ἐπαινεῖν.

"But that's impossible," said Socrates. "You praised me, and now I have to praise the person on my right.

ἐὰν οὖν ὑπὸ σοὶ κατακλινῇ Ἀγάθων, οὐ δήπου ἐμὲ πάλιν ἐπαινέσεται, πρὶν ὑπ' ἐμοῦ μᾶλλον ἐπαινεθῆναι; ἀλλ' ἔασον, 223a ὦ δαιμόνιε, καὶ μὴ φθονήσῃς τῷ μειρακίῳ ὑπ' ἐμοῦ ἐπαινεθῆναι· καὶ γὰρ πάνυ ἐπιθυμῶ αὐτὸν ἐγκωμιάσαι.

"So if Agathon lies down on your other side, surely he won't praise me all over again before he's been praised by me instead? Let it be, 223a my dear fellow, and don't begrudge the young man being praised by me. I really do want to sing his praises."

223a ἰοῦ ἰοῦ, φάναι τὸν Ἀγάθωνα, Ἀλκιβιάδη, οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως ἂν ἐνθάδε μείναιμι, ἀλλὰ παντὸς μᾶλλον μεταναστήσομαι, ἵνα ὑπὸ Σωκράτους ἐπαινεθῶ.

"Oh, wonderful!" said Agathon. "Alcibiades, there's no way I could stay here. I'm moving, no matter what, so I can be praised by Socrates."

ταῦτα ἐκεῖνα, φάναι τὸν Ἀλκιβιάδην, τὰ εἰωθότα· Σωκράτους παρόντος τῶν καλῶν μεταλαβεῖν ἀδύνατον ἄλλῳ. καὶ νῦν ὡς εὐπόρως καὶ πιθανὸν λόγον ηὗρεν, ὥστε παρ' ἑαυτῷ τουτονὶ κατακεῖσθαι. 223b

"There it is, the usual thing," said Alcibiades. "When Socrates is around, no one else can get a share of the beautiful boys. And look how easily he's found a plausible argument now, to get this one lying beside him." 223b

223b τὸν μὲν οὖν Ἀγάθωνα ὡς κατακεισόμενον παρὰ τῷ Σωκράτει ἀνίστασθαι· ἐξαίφνης δὲ κωμαστὰς ἥκειν παμπόλλους ἐπὶ τὰς θύρας, καὶ ἐπιτυχόντας ἀνεῳγμέναις ἐξιόντος τινὸς εἰς τὸ ἄντικρυς πορεύεσθαι παρὰ σφᾶς καὶ κατακλίνεσθαι, καὶ θορύβου μεστὰ πάντα εἶναι, καὶ οὐκέτι ἐν κόσμῳ οὐδενὶ ἀναγκάζεσθαι πίνειν πάμπολυν οἶνον. τὸν μὲν οὖν Ἐρυξίμαχον καὶ τὸν Φαῖδρον καὶ ἄλλους τινὰς ἔφη ὁ Ἀριστόδημος οἴχεσθαι ἀπιόντας, ἔ δὲ ὕπνον λαβεῖν, 223c καὶ καταδαρθεῖν πάνυ πολύ, ἅτε μακρῶν τῶν νυκτῶν οὐσῶν, ἐξεγρέσθαι δὲ πρὸς ἡμέραν ἤδη ἀλεκτρυόνων ᾀδόντων, ἐξεγρόμενος δὲ ἰδεῖν τοὺς μὲν ἄλλους καθεύδοντας καὶ οἰχομένους, Ἀγάθωνα δὲ καὶ Ἀριστοφάνη καὶ Σωκράτη ἔτι μόνους ἐγρηγορέναι καὶ πίνειν ἐκ φιάλης μεγάλης ἐπὶ δεξιά.

So Agathon got up to go and lie down beside Socrates. But suddenly a great crowd of revelers arrived at the doors, and, finding them open because someone was going out, they walked straight in to join them and lay down. The whole place was in an uproar, and with all order gone, everyone was made to drink a huge amount of wine. Aristodemus said that Eryximachus and Phaedrus and some others went off home, and that he himself fell asleep 223c and slept a very long time, since the nights were long, and woke up toward daybreak, when the cocks were already crowing. When he woke up, he saw that the others were either asleep or gone, and that only Agathon, Aristophanes and Socrates were still awake, drinking from a large bowl that they passed to the right.

223c τὸν οὖν Σωκράτη αὐτοῖς διαλέγεσθαι· καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα ὁ 223d Ἀριστόδημος οὐκ ἔφη μεμνῆσθαι τῶν λόγων—οὔτε γὰρ ἐξ ἀρχῆς παραγενέσθαι ὑπονυστάζειν τε—τὸ μέντοι κεφάλαιον, ἔφη, προσαναγκάζειν τὸν Σωκράτη ὁμολογεῖν αὐτοὺς τοῦ αὐτοῦ ἀνδρὸς εἶναι κωμῳδίαν καὶ τραγῳδίαν ἐπίστασθαι ποιεῖν, καὶ τὸν τέχνῃ τραγῳδοποιὸν ὄντα καὶ κωμῳδοποιὸν εἶναι. ταῦτα δὴ ἀναγκαζομένους αὐτοὺς καὶ οὐ σφόδρα ἑπομένους νυστάζειν, καὶ πρότερον μὲν καταδαρθεῖν τὸν Ἀριστοφάνη, ἤδη δὲ ἡμέρας γιγνομένης τὸν Ἀγάθωνα. τὸν οὖν Σωκράτη, κατακοιμίσαντ'

Socrates was talking with them. As for the rest 223d of the conversation, Aristodemus said he didn't remember it, since he hadn't been there from the beginning and kept nodding off; but the gist of it, he said, was that Socrates was pressing them to agree that the same man should know how to write comedy and tragedy, and that someone who is a tragic poet by skill is a comic poet as well. They were being driven to this, and weren't following very

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ἐκείνους, ἀναστάντα ἀπιέναι, καὶ ἕ ὥσπερ εἰώθει ἕπεσθαι, καὶ ἐλθόντα εἰς Λύκειον, ἀπονιψάμενον, ὥσπερ ἄλλοτε τὴν ἄλλην ἡμέραν διατρίβειν, καὶ οὕτω διατρίψαντα εἰς ἑσπέραν οἴκοι ἀναπαύεσθαι.	closely, and kept nodding off; Aristophanes fell asleep first, and then, when it was already day, Agathon. Once he'd put them to sleep, Socrates got up and left, and Aristodemus followed him, as he usually did. Socrates went to the Lyceum, washed, and spent the rest of the day as he would any other; and having spent it that way, he went home in the evening to rest.[53]

53 The Lyceum was a gymnasium just outside Athens, one of Socrates' favorite haunts.