St. John's College
SUMMER ACADEMY
SANTA FE | ANNAPOLIS

Justice, Nature, and Law

Annapolis 2017

sjc | St. John's College

Manual of Readings

Justice, Nature, and Law

Annapolis 2017

Bibliography

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SUMMER ACADEMY 2017: JUSTICE, NATURE, AND LAW July 16 – July 22

	Sunday 7/16	Monday 7/17	Tuesday 7/18	Wednesday 7/19	Thursday 7/20	Friday 7/21	Saturday 7/22
8--9 a.m.		Breakfast	Breakfast	Breakfast	Breakfast	Breakfast	Sleep in & Pack
9--10 a.m.		Language Tutorial 1	Language Tutorial 2	Language Tutorial 3	Off-Campus Excursion	Language Tutorial 4	
10--11 a.m.		Swing Lessons & Croquet	Swing Lessons & Croquet	Swing Lessons & Croquet		Swing Lessons & Croquet	Farewell Brunch/ Check Out
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12--1 p.m.		Laboratory Tutorial 1	Laboratory Tutorial 2	Laboratory Tutorial 3		Laboratory Tutorial 4	
1--2 p.m.							
2--3 p.m.							
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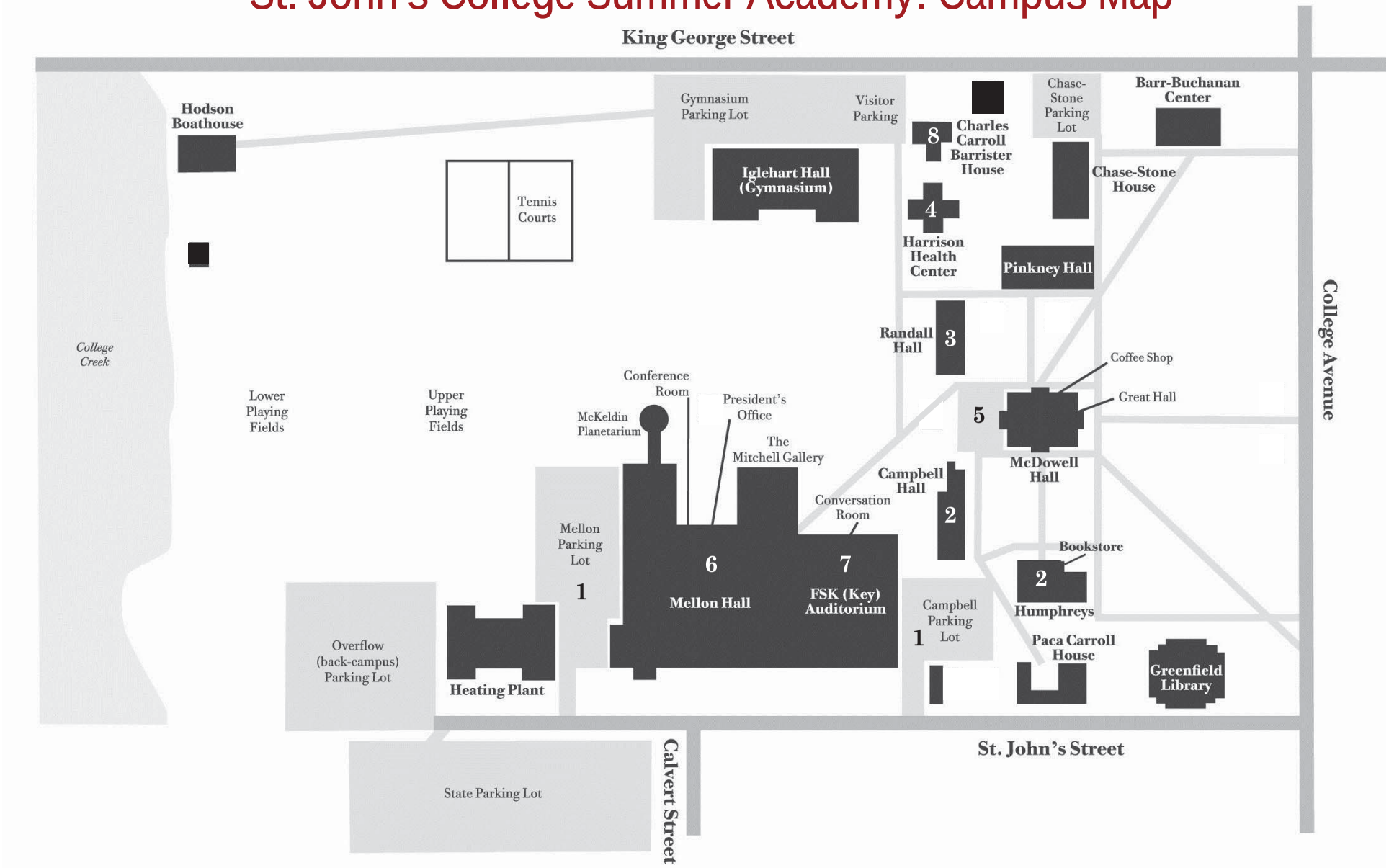
4--5 p.m.			Reading & Activities w/ RA's				
5--6 p.m.	Dinner	Dinner	Dinner	Dinner	Dinner		
6--7 p.m.		Reading & Activities w/ RA's		Reading & Activities w/ RA's		*The Tempest*	
7--8 p.m.	Ice-Breaker Seminar		Seminar 2		Seminar 3		
8--9 p.m.	Hall Meeting			Lecture			
9-10 p.m.	Dorm Quiet Time	Dorm Quiet Time	Dorm Quiet Time	Dorm Quiet Time	Open Mic	Waltz/ Swing Party	
10-11 p.m.	*Lights Out	*Lights Out	*Lights Out	*Lights Out			

St. John's College Summer Academy: Campus Map



DIRECTORY

1. Parking lots available during Registration and Pick-Up
2. Dorm buildings that house Summer Academy students
3. Randall Dining Hall, location of the Farewell brunch
4. Harrison Health Center
5. College Quad, location of Summer Academy Registration
6. Mellon Hall, location of Summer Academy classes
7. FSK Auditorium, Registration rain location
8. Friendly and helpful Admissions office

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE – 2017 SUMMER ACADEMY

STUDENT EXPECTATIONS AND POLICIES

Although these expectations and policies are extensive, they should not be regarded as all-inclusive. The following rules and expectations are meant for your safety and well-being. They will be strictly enforced. Students who have been found to have violated these rules will be dismissed from the Summer Academy. Students who have been dismissed due to violation of the rules must leave campus by 4:30 p.m. the day after dismissal. No money will be refunded to students who have been dismissed.

Alcohol and Drugs

Alcohol and illegal drugs are prohibited at all times at the Summer Academy. There are no exceptions to this rule. For these purposes, the category of illegal drugs includes drugs that are simply illegal as well as drugs for which the student does not have a prescription. Students suspected of being intoxicated or under the influence of any illicit substance will be dismissed from the program immediately. Students who smell of alcohol or are found in the presence of alcohol or illegal drugs will be dismissed immediately. There are no exceptions to this rule. All use or possession of cigarettes and other tobacco products is prohibited, even if the student is 18 years of age.

Attendance

In addition to classes, the Summer Academy includes non-academic activities on campus and in surrounding areas that are not explicitly part of the curriculum of study. All classes are mandatory, and all extracurricular activities are mandatory unless otherwise specified. Students must stay with their RA and assigned group on any outing that occurs off-campus.

Banned Objects

The possession and use of candles, matches, incense, fireworks, other highly combustible items, and weapons of any sort is prohibited.

Community Living

St. John's is a community of learning. Students of the Summer Academy are expected to conform to the standards of living that make communal life and work possible. Foremost among these standards is respect for the person and property of others. In a community that brings people from diverse backgrounds together, maintaining this respect may require a deliberate effort from all of its members; such an effort is essential to the intellectual enterprise in which we are engaged. A student who behaves, either in or out of class, in a way that is destructive to the intellectual community that we foster may be dismissed from the program. Students who are, in our judgment, a threat to themselves or others, will be withdrawn from the Summer Academy.

Dress

Students should wear dress appropriate to a place of study; feet must be shod at all times while indoors in non-residential spaces.

Free Time

Students may not leave the campus of St. John's College unless they are accompanied by a Resident Assistant

STUDENT EXPECTATIONS AND POLICIES CONT.

or other Summer Academy staff member.

Guests

Summer Academy students are not permitted to host guests on campus.

Lights Out

Evening reading and study time is a time of quiet in the dormitories. It occurs between 9 and 10:30 p.m. every night except Friday night. Students must be in the dormitory by 10:30 p.m. every night, ready for lights out in their assigned room at 11 p.m.

Medications

Prescription medications will not be administered by Summer Academy staff, so students are responsible for safely storing and taking their medication according to their doctor's instructions. Parents are required to sign a Self-Administration of Prescription Medication authorization form in acknowledgment of this responsibility. They will also be required to provide medication and dosage information for any prescription medication their student takes. Any sharing of medication or taking medication that was not prescribed to you is strictly prohibited.

Personal Items

Students should use good judgment about what kinds of personal belongings they store in their rooms. St. John's College is not liable for loss or damage of money or personal property. Personal property is left in the rooms at the owner's risk.

Sexual Behavior

Sexual relations of any nature are not permitted at the Summer Academy. Furthermore, in accordance with the St. John's College Sexual Misconduct and Harassment Policies, sexual misconduct of any kind is strictly prohibited, including sexual assault, dating violence, domestic violence, stalking, and sexual coercion.

Transportation

If students do not arrive to campus with a parent or guardian, they are responsible for getting to campus on their own. St. John's College will not arrange transportation from airports to campus, so it is important to make necessary transportation plans ahead of time. Students should arrive on campus between noon and 3 p.m. on the Sunday of Registration.

Students are required to sign a copy of these Expectations and Policies before arriving on campus. Any inappropriate behavior on the part of the Summer Academy student during their stay may affect their ability to remain at the Summer Academy and will be considered by the Admissions office and may impact their status as an applicant to St. John's College.

Notes on Dialogue

by Stringfellow Barr

Perhaps the first obstacle to writing even these random notes on dialogue is that the very word, dialogue, has been temporarily turned into a cliché. Everybody is loudly demanding dialogue, and there is not much evidence that most of us are prepared to carry one on. Indeed, to borrow a traditional phrase from professional diplomats, conversations have deteriorated. But both radio and television, whether public or commercial, remind us daily that a lonely crowd hungers for dialogue, not only for the dialogue of theatre but also for the dialogue of the discussion program.

* * *

There is a pathos in television dialogue: the rapid exchange of monologues that fail to find the issue, like ships passing in the night; the reiterated preface, "I think that . . .," as if it mattered who held which opinion rather than which opinion is worth holding; the impressive personal vanity that prevents each "discussant" from really listening to another speaker and that compels him to use this God-given pause to compose his own next monologue; the further vanity, or instinctive caution, that leads him to choose very long words, whose true meaning he has never grasped, rather than short words that he understands but that would leave the emptiness of his point of view naked and exposed to a mass public. There is pathos in the meaningless gestures: the extended chopping hands, fingers rigidly held parallel and together, the rigid wayward thumb pointing to heaven. A knowledgeable theatrical director would cringe at these gestures and would perhaps faint when the extended palms, one held in front of the other, are made to revolve rapidly around each other, thereby imitating and emphasizing the convolutions of a mind that races like a motor not in gear. And Mrs. Malaprop herself would cringe at those long, wayward words, so much at cross purpose with the intent of the speakers. Or at the academic speaker's strings of adjacent nouns, where all but the last noun modify adjectivally either the last noun or the nearest noun—it is anybody's guess. We are all suffocating intellectually, not from the ungrammatical language of Cassius Clay, which is gutsy, forceful and eloquent. We are suffocating from a fausse élégance that scorns the honest, clear, four-letter word. And quite aside from the obscene ones, hundreds of splendid four-letter words are waiting to work for us. Is it possible that we discussants are oppressed by a subconscious suspicion that we are really saying precisely nothing, and that this nothing will stand up as conversation only if we say it elaborately? Is it this suspicion that forces us to speak in what our learned jargon recently christened "jargonese?" "Yoono Chinese, Japanese; well I am now speaking, yoono, jargonese." Our failure at dialogue is building a Tower, of yoono, Babel.

Nevertheless, back of this tormenting, and tormented, babble is a ghost we cannot lay, the ghost of dialogue. We yearn, not always consciously, to commune with other persons, to learn with them by joint search. This joint labor to understand would be even more exciting than the multiplication of our gross national product or the improvement of our national defense or even than the elimination of war from the face of the earth. For we can never live wholly human lives without a genuine converse between men.

* * *

We human animals yearn so deeply to converse that we have discovered, or imagined, that the whole universe shares our longing, that the whole universe is not only "in labor," but "in dialogue." The epics of Hindu and ancient Greek alike, the sacred scriptures both of Jew and Christian, abound in dialogue between God, or the gods, and man. The heroic effort to achieve political democracy was an effort to increase dialogue between men, while that master of dialogue, Socrates, sought with Apollo at Delphi and died rather than cease from asking his fellow-Athenians awkward, important questions. We human animals are wistfully anxious to engage non-human animals in dialogue; we are persistent disciples of Aesop. Our children's books are crowded with talking animals and the same children talk confidently to domestic animals. How could they not feel confidence, they who have so recently passed from the status of dumb animals to the status of animals in dialogue? Our scientists try to understand the language of dolphins. On the other hand, they do not stop at possible dialogue with the animate; at least, metaphorically, their experiments question inanimate matter. So deep is the human faith in inquiry. Before we resent or reject the idea that the scientist is "in dialogue" with the object or objects he investigates, let us observe that, like Socrates, he is humble, patient, imaginative, and deeply attentive. He "listens" with all five senses and with "the mind's eye."

* * *

Our century - or those two-thirds of it that we have now traversed - has been called the Age of Violence. But our century has been marked not only by a massive breakdown of dialogue, but by its massive growth, too. It is, indeed, the century of two World Wars, or revolution and totalitarianism, of cold inhumanity and genocide of racial strife. It is also the century of Martin Buber's "I-and-Thou," of Telhard de Chardin's daring restatement of cosmic progression, of Pope John' call to all men of good will, regardless of their particular religious faith, their race, their economic status, their nation, their political creed, or their technological development.

Moreover, regardless of big-power imperialism, of a precarious peace sustained by a "balance of terror," of a spreading backlash against the claims of racial equality, modern technology has enabled a new ecumenism to germinate. We are learning that the very word, ecumenical, has older uses than ecclesiastical ones. Like Robinson Crusoe, we are finding footprints on the sandy shore of what had sometimes seemed a lonely, desert island; and, like him, we are increasingly eager to meet our brother. Indeed, our century is a dangerous one to be alive in, but it is an expectant one as well. Shall we "search and destroy," or shall we engage in dialogue? Surely, this question does not apply only to Vietnam, or only to Americans. The Age of Violence—the century we live in—has been marked, let us recall here, by much searching and destroying, by many "body counts," by much "bagging" of prisoners, all over the globe.

It seems possible that the most relevant sort of dialogue, though perhaps the most difficult, for twentieth century men to achieve and especially for Americans to achieve is the Socratic. For this difficult form of dialogue, there are luckily a number of models in Plato's Dialogues. To model [our] dialogues on those that Socrates incited and took part in is a dangerous counsel of something precious close to perfection. But I would merely urge that Socrates' behavior "in dialogue" is a good star to hitch one's wagon to. At the minimum, it is a good guide to the reefs on which most really good dialogues are wrecked. All these reefs welcome hungrily those who substitute the kind of discussion Socrates called "eristic" as a substitute for the kind he called

"dialectic." In Book I of Plato's *Republic* Thrasymachus uses eristic; Socrates, dialectic. Thrasymachus' purpose is to win points and to win applause. The purpose of Socrates is to try, through dialectical discussion with Thrasymachus and others, to understand better the essential nature of justice. Each of the two men makes a choice of weapons appropriate to his purpose. The rising voice, the personal accusation, the withering scorn, the crushing sarcasm, the panic at the possibility of being out-maneuvered, the sweating, the unaccustomed blush of a normally unblushing champion sophist, the volubility that tries to shore up a crumbling argument and to ward off the disgrace of refutation, the love of one's own opinions precisely because they are one's own, the vanity that replaces love of truth with love for victory are all exemplified by Thrasymachus. What Socrates displays towards Thrasymachus is courtesy. He treats him not as an enemy, but as a valued colleague in the mutual search for understanding. Socrates is, as it were, the personification for purposes of discourse of the love for one's neighbor that Judaism and Christianity prescribe. And the same love sometimes infuses his courteous questions with irony, because such irony helpfully invited Thrasymachus to rid himself of the false opinions he harbored. So he is never fearful that he will "lose," precisely because he is not trying to "win," and does not meet these flat opinions with other flat opinion, but with the ironical question.

Just as we are taught to hate not the sinner but the sin, especially if it is our own, so Socrates never attacks Thrasymachus. Indeed, he never attacks his ignorance and presumptuousness. He merely dissolves the opinions Thrasymachus spouts so loudly, so rapidly, and so volubly. That Thrasymachus recognizes the mortal danger in Socrates' questions and, indeed, that painful scalpel, irony, that Socrates uses on on his opinions (and consequently, given Thrasymachus' pride of authorship where his expressed opinions are concerned, on himself, his honor, and his fame as a sophist) comes out in Thrasymachus' sarcastic allusion to "your famous irony." That Socrates knew that his irony "put to the question," a euphemism the Spanish Inquisition would later in history use for the act of torturing the accused, is shown by his likening himself to a gadfly that stung the noble steed, the Athenian democracy. That the steed knew too is shown in Plato's Apology, where Socrates was sentenced to death for putting Athens to the question.

The many dialectical conversations in Plato's Dialogues suggest several rules of thumb that might be profitably used by [students], or at least more frequently followed. One hesitates to suggest rules of thumb for a kind of discussion that is essentially spontaneous. But it is hard to see how these particular rules could stifle spontaneity:

- The exchange of declarative monologues tends to be dialectically unproductive. The effort to be too complete is often self-defeating. An adumbration often contributes more to dialectic than a rotund speech. Brevity stimulates dialectic.

- I take it that Herodotus' "anecdote" that the Persians deliberated while drunk and decided while sober implies that in the early stages of a dialectic exchange a "wild idea" is often more fruitful that a prematurely prudent opinion. The imaginative and the unexpected are frequent ingredients of Socrates' style, though they are often introduced with an (ironic) apology. Since [students are] trying to see more deeply into current problems but are free of the burden of imminent, practical, political action, they might profitably stay "drunk" longer than the King of Kings and his royal counsellors could risk staying.

- The Socratic dialectic has another code of manners than the dinner party, where religion and politics are sometimes forbidden for fear that rising passions may damage "social" intercourse, and where interrupting a speaker and even a long-winded empty speech, is forbidden. In dialectic, a quick question is analogous to "point of order" in political assemblies. "Do I understand you to be saying . . . ?" always has the floor.

- Even these thumb-rules may seem guaranteed to produce bedlam. And, indeed, when they are first tried, they generally do produce it. But inexperienced dancers on a ballroom floor and inexperienced skaters on an ice rink also collide. Experience brings a sixth sense in Socratic dialectic too. The will of self-insistence gives way to the will to learn.

- In dialectic, "participational democracy" consists in everybody's listening intently; it does not consist in what commercial television calls equal time. When a good basketball team has the ball, its members do not snatch the ball from each other but support the man who has it, and the man who has it passes it to a teammate whenever a pass is called for by the common purpose of the team. But in dialectic, as opposed to basketball, the "opposing team" is composed only of the difficulties all men face when they try to understand. The point is that, in dialectic, it does not matter whose mouth gets used by the dialectical process, provided all are listening intently and exercise the freedom to interrupt with a question if they do not understand. On the other hand, reading or writing while "in dialogue" is a grave offense against the common purpose of all, not because they diminish the number of speaking mouths but because they diminish the number of listening ears. (Doodling and smoking are permissible aides to listening!)

- Whatever the touted merits of pluralism in democratic society today (and pluralism is, minimally, better than shooting each other with mail-order sub-machine guns or even than legislating on religious beliefs), the agreement to disagree is a disgraceful defeat if it means surrendering the hope of agreement through further dialectic. Even Socrates, on rare occasions, countenanced postponement of the struggle to a more propitious occasion.

- Perhaps the first rule of Socratic dialectic was laid down by Socrates: that we should follow the argument wherever it leads. Presumably, this means that some sorts of relevance that a court pleading should exhibit (and, even more the forensic eloquence that pleading encourages) are irrelevant to dialectic. The deliberate manner, and even more the ponderous manner, are mere impediments. The name of the game is not instructing one's fellows, or even persuading them, but thinking with them and trusting the argument to lead to understanding, sometimes to very unexpected understandings.

- The chairman [of the Fellows of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara] recently abandoned the practice of recognizing speakers in the order in which their raised hands requested the floor. The abandonment of this device, so necessary in parliamentary procedure and even in small committees if they have not learned to discuss dialectically, was an immense step towards Socratic dialogue. The chairman, [like St. John's tutors] now has the more delicate task of intervening, preferably by question, only when he believes that there is a misunderstanding or an unprofitable (not a profitable) confusion, a confusion that in his judgment bids fair not to right itself.

- [Students], however, will need to be close listeners, in the event that we take Socrates' advice; we shall, indeed, have to be closer listeners than we now are. We are likely, if we meet that obligation, to attain to a level of friendship that not many men attain to. Aristotle, we may recall, held that friendship could be achieved on three levels. The lowest level is that of what we Americans call "contacts," a level on which two men are useful to each other and exchange favors and services. On a higher level, two men can find pleasure in each other's company: they amuse each other. On the highest level, each man is seeking the true good of the other. On that level [students] would be, even more satisfyingly than now, seeking in common to understand. We share the friendship, or philia, that Aristotle thought must exist between the citizens of any republic if it was to be worthy of men. It would certainly exist, and without sentimentality, in any genuine republic of learning. And it would heighten the courtesy that any good and rigorous dialectic demands.

- There is only one, final rule of thumb that I would offer: When free minds seek together for greater understanding, they tend to move, as the mind of Socrates so characteristically moved - with playfulness and a sense of the comic. This, perhaps, is because men are most like the gods when they think; because, nevertheless, they are emphatically not gods; and because, for godlike animals, this fact is so thoroughly funny. The truly relevant jest is never out of order, so long as we can pursue our dialogue with high seriousness and with relevant playfulness.

Were we to apply the ten rules of thumb sketched above, we would certainly produce many of those brief interludes of bedlam when dialectical collisions occur, even though these moments of vocal static would decrease in length and in number as we gained practice with free dialectic. Such static is not dialogue's worst problem. Plato and Shakespeare both speak of the mind's eye, that eye that alone sees intellectual light. I suggest there is a mind's ear too, a listening, mindful ear. I suggest that the chief reason that conversations deteriorate is that the mind's ear fails.

–January, 1968

These notes, while addressed to Fellows of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, California, are particularly relevant to St. John's College. Stringfellow Barr introduced dialogue to St. John's as president of the College from 1937 to 1946. With Dean Scott Buchanan, he created a liberal arts curriculum built upon students' discussion of great books in philosophy, literature, theology, history, economics, and political philosophy.

Seminar Readings

ANTIGONE by Sophocles

CHARACTERS

ANTIGONE daughter of Oedipus and Jocasta
ISMENE sister of Antigone
KREON king of Thebes, brother of Jocasta
HAIMON son of Kreon and Eurydice, fiancé of Antigone
TEIRESIAS the prophet
EURYDICE wife of Kreon
SENTRY
MESSENGER
KORYPHAIOS chorus leader
CHORUS of elderly Theban nobles

Attendants, armed slaves, boy

Line numbers in the right-hand margin of the text refer to the English translation only, and the Notes at p. 75 are keyed to these lines. The bracketed line numbers in the running headlines refer to the Greek text.

A square in front of the Theban palace. The palace faces south. In the foreground is an altar. This is the hour of dawn. As the action proceeds, the area gradually brightens. ANTIGONE *waits on the audience's side of the altar.* ISMENE *comes forward from the palace and approaches hesitantly.*

ANTIGONE Ismene?
Let me see your face:
my own, only sister,
can you see
because we are the survivors
today Zeus is completing in us the ceremony
of pain and dishonor and disaster and shame
that began with Oedipus?
And today, again:
the proclamation, under the rule of war
but binding, they say, on every citizen. . . .
Haven't you heard? Don't you see
hatred marches on love
when friends, our own people, our family
are treated as enemies?

ISMENE No, Antigone,
since the day we lost our brothers,
both in one day, both to each other,
I haven't thought of love—happy or painful, either.
Last night the enemy army left.
I know nothing further.
Nothing makes me happy, nothing hurts me any more.

ANTIGONE I know. But I called you here for a reason:
to talk alone.

ISMENE I can see there's something important. Tell me.

ANTIGONE It's the burial. It's our brothers:
Kreon, honoring one and casting the other out.
They say he has buried Eteokles
with full and just and lawful honors due the dead;
but Polyneices, who died as pitiably—
Kreon has proclaimed that his body will stay unburied;
no mourners, no tomb, no tears,
a tasty meal for vultures.
That's what they say this man of good will
Kreon has proclaimed, for you, yes and for me;
and he is coming here to announce it
clearly, so that everyone will know.
And they say he intends to enforce it:
"Whoever shall perform any prohibited act
shall be liable to the penalty of death by stoning
in the presence of the assembled citizens."
You can see that you'll have to act quickly
to prove you are as brave today
as you were born to be.

ISMENE What can I accomplish? There's nothing left.
What can I do or undo?

ANTIGONE Will you join with me? Will you help?
Ask yourself that.

ISMENE Help with what?

ANTIGONE The body. Give me your hand. Help me.

ISMENE You mean to bury him? In spite of the edict?

ANTIGONE He's my brother and yours too;
and whether you will or not, I'll stand by him.

ISMENE Do you dare, despite Kreon?

ANTIGONE He cannot keep me from my own.

ISMENE Your own?
Think of Oedipus, our own father,
hated, infamous, destroyed;
found his crimes, broke his eyes,
that hand that murdered,
two in one—
and Mother, remember,
his mother and wife,
two in one,
her braids of rope that twisted life away—
then our brothers,
two in one day,
the hands that murdered
shared twin doom—
now us, sisters, two alone,
and all the easier destroyed
if we spite the law and the power of the king.

No, we should be sensible:
we are women, born unfit to battle men;
and we are subjects, while Kreon is king.
No, we must obey, even in this,
even if something could hurt more.
But because I will obey,
I beg forgiveness of the dead;
my plea is that I am forced;
to intervene would be senseless.

ANTIGONE Then I won't urge you. No,
Even if you were willing to "be senseless"
I wouldn't want the help you could give.
It's too late.
You must be as you believe.
I will bury him myself.
If I die for doing that, good:
I will stay with him, my brother;
and my crime will be devotion.
The living are here,

but I must please those longer
who are below; for with the dead
I will stay forever.
If you believe you must,
cast out these principles which the gods themselves honor.

ISMENE I won't dishonor anything; but I cannot help,
not when the whole country refuses to help.

ANTIGONE Then weakness will be your plea.
I am different. I love my brother
and I'm going to bury him, now.

ISMENE Antigone, I'm so afraid for you.

ANTIGONE Don't be afraid yet, not for me.
Steer your own fate. It's a long way.

ISMENE Promise not to say anything.
Keep this secret. I'll join you in secrecy.

ANTIGONE No, shout it, proclaim it.
I'll hate you the more for keeping silence.

ISMENE Hate me?
This ardor of yours is spent on ashes.
Will is not enough.
There is no way, without power.

ANTIGONE When my strength is spent, I will be done.
I know I am pleasing those whom I must.

ISMENE With no hope, even to start is wrong.

ANTIGONE Talk like that, and you'll make me hate you;
and he, dead, will hate you,
and rightly, as an enemy.

Leave me alone, with my hopeless scheme;
I'm ready to suffer for it and to die.
Let me. No suffering could be so terrible
as to die for nothing.

ISMENE Since you believe you must, go on.
You are wrong. But we who love you
are right in loving you.

ANTIGONE and ISMENE part, ANTIGONE to the left, the west, ISMENE to the right. Bright daylight now pours from the right where the CHORUS enters, fifteen white-bearded gentlemen, whose courtiers' garb, spangled with golden dragons and sunbursts, reflects the color of new day. They about-face toward the sun. They pray:

CHORUS Sun-blaze, shining at last,
you are the most beautiful light
ever shown Thebes
over her seven gates;

and now, higher,
widening gaze of gold day,
you come,
over the course of our west river.

In whole armor,
come out of Argos
(his shield shone white)
you have expelled the man,
exiled in unbridled and blinding flight.

Out of the crisis of a dubious quarrel
Polyneices had roused him against our country
As shrill as an eagle on wings white as snow
he flew onto the country,
feathered in armor,

many men full-armed
and plumes on their helmets.

Stood there, over our roofs;
circled our gates, Thebes' seven faces;
spears, set for the kill,
snarling about the wall;

a gullet gaping,
dry for a fill of our blood;
fires
ready to catch our wreath of towers;

but then nothing.
Now he was gone,
fled the war god's crash,
snared in flight by the war god.
Futile to have struggled with dragon Thebes.

Zeus hates the noise of a bragging tongue.
When he saw them come against us
in a great gush, grandiose with splashing gold,
he whirled fire;
and the man who was rushing like a racer to the goal
on the heights of our battlements
and was signaling victory,
Zeus hurled him down with that fire.

Swung and then fell,
with the torch in his hand still,
on our land;
struck, and the land returned the shock.

He who had raved drunk, raged to attack,
who had howled with sweeps of the wind of hatred,
fell baffled;
and the grand war god allotted the rest their own dooms,
pressed as they failed,
gained us the contest.

Our seven gates were their seven stations,
and standing against our own, their seven captains,
who were turned by Zeus and ran
and to Zeus abandoned their bronze squadrons.
But on either side, one man remained, out of hatred,
seed of one father, birth from one mother,
planted spears against each other,
and both of them conquered,
sharing a twin death.

Victory comes
bringing glory to Thebes,
answers a smile
to our many chariots that cheer her.
Now that the war is over, forget war.
We'll visit every god's temples,
for a whole night, dancing and chanting praise.
Dionysos leads us,
rules Thebes,
makes the land tremble.

KORYPHAIOS But look, the new king of the country,
Kreon, is coming:
a new kind of man for new conditions.
I wonder what program he intends to launch,
that he should call the elders into special conference.

From the palace KREON *enters, in armor, with a military retinue*

KREON Gentlemen, the state!
The gods have quaked her in heavy weather.
Now they have righted her.
The state rides steady once again.

Out of all the citizens, I have summoned you,
remembering that you blessed King Laios' reign;
when Oedipus ruled, you stood by him;

and after his destruction stood by his sons,
always with firm counsel.
Both sons died in one day, struck and stricken,
paired in doom and a twin pollution.
Now I rule, as next of kin.
They are dead; I am king.

It is impossible to know a man's soul,
both the wit and will,
before he writes laws and enforces them.
I believe that he who rules in a state
and fails to embrace the best men's counsels,
but stays locked in silence and vague fear,
is the worst man there.
I have long believed so.
And he who cherishes an individual beyond his homeland,
he, I say, is nothing.
Zeus who sees all will see I shall not stay silent
if I see disaster marching against our citizens,
and I shall not befriend the enemy of this land.
For the state is safety.
When she is steady, then we can steer.
Then we can love.

Those are my principles. The state will thrive through them.
Today I have proclaimed more laws akin to those.
These concern the sons of Oedipus:
Eteokles, who fought in defense of the nation
and fell in action,
will be given holy burial,
a funeral suited to greatness and nobility.
But his brother, Polyneices, the exile,
who descended with fire to destroy his fatherland and family gods,
to drink our blood and drive us off slaves,
will have no ritual, no mourners,
will be left unburied, so men may see him
ripped for food by dogs and vultures.

This is an example of my thinking.
I shall never let criminals excel good men in honor.
I shall honor the friends of the state
while they live, and when they die.

KORYPHAIOS These opinions, sir,
concerning enemies and friends of the state,
are as you please.
Law and usage, as I see it,
are totally at your disposal
to apply both to the dead and to us survivors.

KREON Think of yourselves, therefore,
as the guardians of my pronouncements.

KORYPHAIOS You have young men you can put on duty.

KREON No, no! Not the corpse. I have guards posted.

KORYPHAIOS Then what are your orders?

KREON Not to side with rebels.

KORYPHAIOS No one is such a fool. No one loves death.

KREON That's right, death is the price.
All the same, time after time,
greed has destroyed good men.

A SENTRY *runs in from the left.*

SENTRY King Kreon,
I'm going to
explain about
why I made it
down here all out of wind,
which for one thing
is not on account of going
fast,
because even when I started out

it wasn't light-footed.
No, and I kept stopping to think,
and all the way I was going in circles
about turning right back.
Yes, and my soul keeps telling me things.
Says: What are you going to go there for,
when as soon as you get there you're sure to pay for it?
And then: What are you standing here for?
If Kreon finds out about this from somebody else first
you'll be the one that suffers.
I kept rolling that over in my mind,
and moved along slow,
like on my own time:
you can go a long way, walking a short distance.
In the end the thought
that actually did win out
was to go right ahead to you, sir.
And even if what I'm about to explain
really isn't anything,
I'm going to say it anyhow,
because here I am,
yes, and with a handful of hope
that nothing more will happen to me
but what the future has in store already.

KREON What's the matter with you? What are you afraid of?

SENTRY Well, first I want to tell you about me,
because I didn't do it, and don't know who did,
so it wouldn't be right either way
if I fell into some kind of trouble.

KREON You aim well before you shoot.
You virtually encircle the business, you build a blockade.
Clearly your news is extraordinary.

SENTRY Sir, it's awful; it was so strange
I can hardly bring myself to say it.

KREON Tell me now,
then I'll dismiss you,
and you'll go.

SENTRY Well, I *am* telling you:
somebody up and buried the corpse and went off:
sprinkled dust over it
and did the ceremonies you're supposed to.

KREON Who? Who dared?

SENTRY I don't know.
There wasn't any cut from a pickax or scoop of a hoe.
The soil is hard and dry,
no breaks in it from wagon wheels.
No, whoever the one who did it was,
there's no sign of him now. Nothing at all.
When the first daytime sentry showed us
we all thought it was a miracle.
We couldn't see the body; and he wasn't really buried;
it was like someone tried to drive the curse out:
a fine dust on it.
No game tracks or dog tracks,
no sign of being tugged at.

Next thing there's a flurry of harsh words,
with one sentry cross-examining the other;
and we'd have wound up fighting,
with nobody there to stop us, either,
because everybody did it, and no one saw him do it,
and everyone testified he knew nothing about it.
We were ready to hold hot iron, walk through fire,
swearing by the gods we didn't do it
and never knew who did or planned it, either one.

But in the end, when we'd tried everything,
one man speaks up
and sets us all hanging our heads

looking at the ground afraid,
because we couldn't say a thing against it
and couldn't expect good to come of doing it.
He said we couldn't hide what happened,
we had to tell you.
And that idea won out.
With my bad luck, the lot fell on me,
and I'm the winner, and here I am,
and I don't want to be
and I know you don't want me here
because no one who hates what you say loves you.

KORYPHAIOS My lord, we have been considering
whether a god might not have done this. . . .

KREON Stop, before you say too much.
You're an old man. Are you senile?
Intolerable talk,
as if gods had any concern for that corpse,
covering him up,
honoring him presumably as a public benefactor,
when he was the one who came to burn their temples,
the circles of pillars and the holy treasures
and the country that is theirs,
smashing the laws.
Is that your idea?
Can you see gods honoring criminals?
Impossible.

No. For a long while now
certain men in this city, as they would have it,
have scarcely been able to stand up under my commands.
They mutter about me, they hide, shake their heads
instead of properly shouldering the yoke and working with the team,
which is the one way of showing love to me.
Those are the men that did this, I'm positive.
They were seduced with money.

Money: nothing worse for people
ever has sprouted up and grown current.
That's what ravages nations and drives men from their homes,
perverts the best human principles,
teaches men to turn to crime,
makes everything they do and think unholy.

Everyone they hired to do this will pay for it.
As Zeus accepts my prayers,
understand this well, I'm talking on oath,
to you (*to* SENTRY)
unless you find me the perpetrator of this burial
death won't be enough,
you'll hang alive till you tell me who did it,
just so you'll, all of you, know from then on
not to take bribes, and learn that your love
of getting what you can where you can is wrong.
You'll see: When you have it, shame makes you hide it;
that kind of money wrecks men,
and few escape alive.

SENTRY Will you give me a chance to answer,
or should I just go?

KREON Don't you know yet your talk irritates me?

SENTRY Does it hurt in your ears, sir, or in your soul?

KREON What is this? Anatomy?

SENTRY The man who did it irritates your mind.
I just bother your ears.

KREON You can't stop talking, can you?
You must have been born this way.

SENTRY Anyway, I never did what you said I did.

KREON Yes you did! For money! You sold your soul.

SENTRY Sir, it's terrible; you make your mind up
when even what's wrong looks right.

KREON I'll leave the subtleties to you. I make decisions.
But unless you show me the responsible parties in this case
you will learn that easy money buys suffering.

Re-enters the palace.

SENTRY I hope they find him.
But if he's caught or if he's not,
which is something luck will decide,
you won't ever see me come back here.
No, because I never thought or hoped even,
but, thanks to the gods and praise them, I'm alive.

Exit, to the east.

CHORUS Many marvels walk through the world,
terrible, wonderful,
but none more than humanity,
which makes a way under winter rain,
over the gray deep of the sea,
proceeds where it swells and swallows;
that grinds at the Earth—
undwindling, unwearied, first of the gods—
to its own purpose,
as the plow is driven, turning year into year,
through generations as colt follows mare.

Weaves and braids the meshes to hurl—
circumspect man—
and to drive lightheaded tribes of birds his prisoners,
and the animals,
nations in fields, race of the salty ocean;
and fools and conquers the monsters
whose roads and houses are hills,

the shaggy-necked horse that he holds subject,
and the mountain oxen that he yokes under beams,
bowing their heads,
his unwearying team.

The breath of his life he has taught to be
language, be the spirit of thought;
griefs, to give laws to nations;
fears, to dodge weapons
of rains and winds and the homeless cold—
always clever,
he never fails to find ways
for whatever future;
manages cures for the hardest maladies;
from death alone he has secured no refuge.

With learning and with ingenuity
over his horizon of faith
mankind crawls
now to failure, now to worth.
And when he has bound the laws of this earth
beside Justice pledged to the gods,
he rules his homeland;
but he has no home
who recklessly marries an illegitimate cause.
Fend this stranger from my mind's and home's hearth.

KORYPHAIOS An unholy miracle. Am I right or mistaken?
How can I say no,
this is not the girl that I know,
Antigone?

From the right, the SENTRY *leads* ANTIGONE *forward.*

Daughter of Oedipus,
not you? Where is he taking you?
You haven't broken the laws of the king,

have you? That would be senseless.
Why have they arrested you?

SENTRY This girl here is the one who buried him.
We caught her at it. Where's Kreon?

KORYPHAIOS There he is, leaving the palace.
He's coming back just when we need him.

KREON *returns. He is now in regalia, and has a retinue of armed slaves.*

KREON To come forward just in time
seems to be my fate.
How do you need me?

SENTRY King Kreon,
there's nothing a man can swear won't happen.
What you think later makes you wrong before.
I could have sworn I'd never come here again.
The way you threatened me shook me like a storm.
But happiness you never hope for
makes every other joy look smaller.
Here I am, though I swore an oath I'd never come,
bringing this girl we caught tidying the grave up.
This time I wasn't picked by lot,
no, this is a lucky find that's mine and nobody else's.
Yes, and here she is, she's yours:
take her and cross-examine her and judge her, just as you please.
And as for me, I'm free now, and rightly so,
and rid of this trouble.

KREON This girl? Where did you find her? And how?

SENTRY She's the one that buried that man.
Now you know all I know.

KREON Are you sure you're saying what you mean?

SENTRY This is the girl I saw
bury that dead man you said not to.
That's what I'm telling you, plain and clear.

KREON How did you spot her? How did you stop her and arrest her?

SENTRY It was like this.
When we got back from you with those terrible threats on us,
we swept off all the dust that covered the corpse up,
stripped it naked;
the body was oozing,
and we sat down on a hilltop between the wind and it
to dodge the smell,
one man busy shaking the next man, with harsh words rushing
so nobody could be lazy on the job this time.

This went on all the while
till the sun was a glittering circle
that stood in the middle of the air
and warmed and then seared.
And suddenly a whirlwind, like a smudge fire,
raised a squall off the soil and trouble in heaven;
and it filled the plain,
and tortured the leaves of the woods in the level places,
and forced the mighty air full.
We squinted and suffered out this holy misery.
After a long time, it was sent away.
Then we saw the girl.

She wailed out loud:
that sharp sound out of bitterness
a bird makes when she looks in her nest and it's empty,
it's a widow's bed and the baby chicks are gone.
And this girl,

when she saw the corpse was bare,
she cried that same way and groaned and mourned for it,
and she prayed hard curses on the one who did that to it.
Right away she brings dust, handful by handful,
then pours offerings three times,
holding a beautiful urn up high
like for giving a crown.

We watched that,
then quick as a shot hunted her down,
and right off got her, not a bit afraid.
We accused her of doing it before and this time, both,
and she didn't deny a thing,
which made me glad and sad at the same time.
I've cleared myself and arrested her:
When you go free, nothing makes you happier;
and when you hurt someone you care about,
nothing can hurt more.
But I'm naturally the kind of man
that puts everything second to his own safety.

KREON (*to* ANTIGONE) You now,
you hanging your head, looking at the ground,
do you admit or deny you did this?

ANTIGONE I did it. I deny nothing.

KREON (*to* SENTRY) As for you,
you may convey your person wherever you wish.
This is a grave charge; and you are free of it.

Exit SENTRY.

(*To* ANTIGONE) Now tell me, briefly and concisely:
were you aware of the proclamation prohibiting those acts?

ANTIGONE I was.
I couldn't avoid it when it was made public.

KREON You still dared break this law?

ANTIGONE Yes, because I did not believe
that Zeus was the one who had proclaimed it;
neither did Justice,
or the gods of the dead whom Justice lives among.
The laws they have made for men are well marked out.
I didn't suppose your decree had strength enough,
or you, who are human,
to violate the lawful traditions
the gods have not written merely, but made infallible.
These laws are not for now or for yesterday,
they are alive forever;
and no one knows when they were shown to us first.
I did not intend to pay, before the gods,
for breaking these laws
because of my fear of one man and his principles.
I was thoroughly aware I would die
before you proclaimed it;
of course I would die, even if you hadn't.
Since I will die, and early, I call this profit.
Anyone who lives the troubled life I do
must benefit from death.

No, I do not suffer from the fact of death.
But if I had let my own brother stay unburied
I would have suffered all the pain I do not feel now.
And if you decide what I did was foolish,
you may be fool enough to convict me too.

KORYPHAIOS Clearly she's her father's child, hard and raw.
He never learned to yield, for all his troubles.

KREON Yes, but these stiff minds are the first to collapse.
Fire-tempered iron, the strongest and toughest,
that's the kind you most often see snapped and shattered.
I know horses:
slim reins discipline even the spirited ones.

You can't be brave and free with your master near by.

Laws were made. She broke them.
Rebellion to think of it,
then to do it and do it again,
now more defiance, bragging about it,
she did it and she's laughing.
I'm no man—
she is a man, she's the king—
if she gets away with this.
My niece, or let her be
closer than any who pray at my home hearth,
she and her kin cannot prevent their doom.
Yes, the other girl, I hold her
equally responsible for plotting the burial.
Summon her immediately.

An armed slave goes to the palace.

Just now I saw her at home, hysterical,
out of her wits. A thieving mind
scheming crooked plans in its own darkness
loves to be caught before it can act.
But what I really hate is the one
that, once it's caught, wants to beautify its guilt.

ANTIGONE You have caught me. What more do you want?
Isn't killing me enough?

KREON I want? No. With that I have everything.

ANTIGONE Then why are you waiting?
There is nothing you can say I would like to hear,
and there never could be.
And obviously there is nothing about me
that could please you either.

Still, where was there a way for me
to win greater fame or glory

than by simply taking my own brother to his grave?
There should be a voice among these gentlemen
to say I have pleased them too;
but all have been locked in silence by fear.
A king may do and say what he wishes.
This is his greatest good fortune.

KREON You're the only citizen who holds that view.
The rest are with me. Aren't you ashamed
to dissent from these good men?

ANTIGONE No, they keep silent to please you.
Why should I be ashamed of loyalty to my brother?

KREON Wasn't his enemy your brother?
Why do you honor Polyneices only?
Isn't that the same as rejecting Eteokles?

ANTIGONE Yes, they were brothers, one blood,
father and mother, the same as mine.
Eteokles is dead: he will not say I have rejected him.

KREON He will if you honor him no more than Polyneices,
who died ravaging this land, while he defended it.

ANTIGONE He's not his slave, but his brother;
and he's dead. And Death is a god
who wants his laws obeyed.

KREON Not that good and bad be treated
equally under those laws.

ANTIGONE Does anyone know?
Maybe, down there, all this is pure.

KREON Enemies and friends are two different things,
and dying doesn't reconcile them.

ANTIGONE And I wasn't born to hate one with the other,
but to love both together.

KREON If you must love somebody
go down there and love the dead.
I'm alive though, and no woman will rule me.

ISMENE *enters from the palace, under arrest.*

CHORUS (*severally*) Here, Antigone, is your sister. . . . She loves you. . . .

She is weeping. . . . She blushes . . . a lovely face . . .

when clouds on its brow wet a mountain's cheek
which the sky has painted with blood. . . .

KREON (*to* ISMENE) You, in my own home,
slunk like a viper, sneaking, sucked my blood,
and I never learned I was nursing a pair of traitors:
but now, tell me,
say you shared in this burial
or swear you knew nothing about it.

ISMENE I did it. If she is with me now,
I share the blame with her and will bear it also.

ANTIGONE No, you have no right. You weren't willing to,
and even if you had been I wouldn't have taken you with me.

ISMENE Now that you're in trouble
I'm not afraid to weather suffering with you.
I have made myself ready.

ANTIGONE The god of death and the dead are my witnesses
to who did what. I do not want love
from anyone who loves with speeches.

ISMENE Please don't, you're my sister;
don't take away from me the honor of dying with you,
and of joining with you in service to the dead.

ANTIGONE You will not die, not with me you won't.
You had nothing to do with this; don't try to claim you had.
I will die, and the dead be served well.

ISMENE What is life when I've lost you?
What is there to love in life?

ANTIGONE Ask your uncle Kreon.
You have so much in common.

ISMENE Why should you hurt me? It doesn't help.

ANTIGONE Hurt you? Maybe I am laughing at you.
If I am laughing, it's out of sorrow.

ISMENE Then what can I still do to help you?

ANTIGONE Save yourself. I want you to escape.

ISMENE No, please, don't make me let you die alone.

ANTIGONE You chose to live. I chose to die.

ISMENE I tried: I argued.

ANTIGONE You argued well, and I did;
and to those who agree with each,
each of us was right.

ISMENE But now we both share the blame, right or wrong.

ANTIGONE Be happy. You are living;
but my soul died long ago, to be useful among the dead.

KREON (*to* ISMENE) Two girls: one born that way,
and now you turn out to be a fool too.

ISMENE A mind does not just grow and then stand.
When our lives founder reason deserts us.

KREON Yes, minds like yours and hers;
when you commit crimes you wreck your lives.

ISMENE What is there left for me alone?
Without her how can I live?

KREON Forget her. She no longer exists.

ISMENE Do you mean you will kill the girl
you promised your own son would marry?

KREON There are other fields for him to furrow.

ISMENE But for him and her no other match like this.

KREON There is no match when the wife is worthless.

ISMENE It's Haimon you cast aside when you say that.
Don't you love your son? Can you deprive him?

KREON No. Death will stop that wedding.
And this is the end:
I'm sick of you and this marriage business.

KORYPHAIOS It has been determined, then,
that Antigone shall die?

KREON Yes, and you as well as I have determined it.
Stop wasting time. Hurry,
take them both inside.
Now they'll have to be women and know their place.

Even men, rash men, run
when they see how close death is to life.

ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE *are led into the palace.* KREON *follows.*

CHORUS Lucky those whose lifetime knows no taste of trouble.
The house quaked by the gods
lacks no form of disaster
creeping after all the clan;
like swellings of ocean,
when evil north winds breathe,
that run on the abyss of brine
and roll black sand up from the chasm—
and headlands beat them back
but bellow, wailing, wind-worn.

I can see the ancient griefs of dead men striking
this house, ripped by some god,
no relief, generation after generation,
no release.
But the spreading last light,
the last root, stock of Oedipus,
is now hacked down,
with blood-red dust up from the nether gods,
madness made of logic,
principle turned frenzy.

KREON *returns.*

Could man pass,
and could man keep the force down that is yours, Zeus?
Which not sleep which traps all,
nor the months, as undwindling as gods, can stop?
Within time, but without age,
through force you keep
the twinkle and blaze of Olympos yours.
And for next, and for soon as for then,
this one law will hold man in:

that no greatness creeps down
into the life destined to death
without bringing disaster.

Though stray hope
out of light-headed longing is a help many need,
others find hope a disastrous deception
that creeps on fools
who step into the blaze.
It was someone wise
who made the illustrious dictum known:—
When a god drives him, and deceives,
a man will decide
what is bad is good,
and lives only a brief while
outside disaster.

HAIMON *enters, from the palace.*

KORYPHAIOS But here is Haimon: you have no other son.
Has he come out of grief, Kreon,
for the fate of Antigone,
or in the pain of his own loss?

KREON We'll soon see; and seeing is better than prophecy.
Son, have you heard the final verdict?
Are you angry at your father,
or do you love me regardless,
whatever I do and how?

HAIMON I am your son.
You direct a course for me with good intentions,
and I follow it.
I don't believe marriage is more important to me
than you and your good leadership.

KREON Son, you should hold that to your heart.
Everything is second to a father's will.

That's the reason men pray for children,
to have them growing up at home,
boys, obedient,
the kind to punish those who hate their father
and honor those who love him
as much as he does himself.
The man who has worthless children—
what has he got for himself but hardship
and a laugh for his enemies?

That's how things are.
Don't throw out principle for a little fun,
for the sake of a woman.
Remember a treacherous wife turns cold in your arms,
and no one can hurt you worse than a false friend.
Kick this out of your system.
Send that girl off like any other enemy.
Let her be a bride in Hades' household.

I caught her in open rebellion,
her alone out of all the nation.
I won't be a leader who lies to his people.
No: I will kill her.
Let her sing a song to Zeus for the bonds of blood.
If I rear a disorderly family
I am feeding general disorder.

Anyone who's a good man inside his house
is a just man where the state is concerned.
Any man who breaks laws,
uses violence against them,
thinks he can give orders to stronger men,
gains no praise from me.

The state: when she sets someone up, you must obey him
in small matters, in just acts, and in both opposites.
For my part, I am confident
that a man willing to be ruled can himself rule well.

He is the one who stands firm in the storm of battle,
holds his post in front of you and by your side,
rightly, nobly.

Nothing is worse than lack of leadership.
It destroys nations, drives men from their homes,
smashes armies, makes allies defect.
But when men are ruled right
their obedience to authority saves their lives.

That's why we have to defend orderly people,
and never let women get the better of us.
If we must fall, better to fall to a real man
and not be called worse than women.

KORYPHAIOS In my belief,
unless time has robbed me of discernment,
you are speaking intelligently on this subject.

HAIMON Father, the gods implant intelligence in humans.
Of all our properties, that is the supreme one.
I lack the power and the training to tell you you're wrong,
and that's just as well.
But perhaps a second opinion will be valuable.

I am bound naturally
to watch over anything concerning you:
what people say or do
or what fault anyone can find with you.
Because, for the common man, your gaze is terrible.
He can't find words to explain things that displease you.
But I do hear things, under cover of darkness,
what our country says, in grief for this girl:

that no one is more innocent,
no death more awful,
no deeds more noble than hers;
with her own brother fallen slaughtered,

then not buried,
she wouldn't leave him for dogs' and crows' butchering.
Shouldn't her fate be golden glory?
Isn't she worthy?

That is the word.
It is dark, and marches in silence.

There is no possession, Father, that I honor more
than your happiness and fortune.
After all, what greater prize can children possess
than a father flourishing in glory
and glorying in their honor?

Please, be different this once.
Believe in what someone else says for once.
Whenever a man supposes that he alone
has intelligence or expression or feelings,
he exposes himself and shows his emptiness.
But it's no shame even for a wise man
to learn and to relent.

In the winter floods you can see
how the trees that give way save every stem,
and how those that strain are destroyed, uprooted.
In the same way, the man who tightens the halyard
and doesn't slacken it, is capsized.

Don't be angry. Allow yourself some leeway.
Let me give my opinion, young as I am:—
It would be best if we were born knowing everything;
but it is honorable to learn from honest men.

KORYPHAIOS What he says is to the point, sir.
You may do well to learn from him. And you too, from your father.
Both have spoken well.

KREON Men our age, learn from him?

HAIMON If I happen to be right? Suppose I am young.
Don't look at my age, look at what I do.

KREON What you do? Give your loyalty to rebels?

HAIMON No, nor would I ever encourage anyone else
to respect or be faithful to someone who is doing wrong.

KREON But didn't that girl do wrong?

HAIMON The whole nation denies it.

KREON Will the nation tell me what orders I can give?

HAIMON See? You're talking like a boy.

KREON It's my job to rule this land.
There is no one else.

HAIMON No country belongs to one man.

KREON Nations belong to the men with power.
That's common knowledge.

HAIMON You could rule a desert right,
if you were alone there.

KREON Look at him! Taken that woman's side, fighting me.

HAIMON I'm on your side. It's you I'm concerned about.

KREON A fine son you are, putting me on the stand.

HAIMON It's because I can see you're making a mistake.
You're a witness against yourself.

KREON What mistake? Respecting my high office?

HAIMON Respecting it? By dishonoring the gods?

KREON Rotten, degraded, on your knees to a woman!
Everything you've said was for her sake.

HAIMON And for my sake, and yours especially,
and for the nether gods as well.
You can tell me I'm on my knees,
but you will find that I never surrender
when I know something is wrong.

KREON There's no use.
You'll never marry Antigone. Not in this world.

HAIMON Then she'll die, and her death will destroy others.

KREON Are you threatening me?

HAIMON No, I'm arguing, in a void.

KREON Of your own mind; and trying to teach me.
Your tears will teach you.

HAIMON If you weren't my father, I'd say you'd lost your mind.

KREON Don't "father" me. You're no man. You're a slave.
Property of a woman.

HAIMON And you expect to talk but not listen,
and to speak but not be judged by what you say.

KREON Just understand:
You don't insult me and go off laughing.
Bring her here! Let him see her.
Kill her here, beside her bridegroom.

HAIMON No, you won't. Don't think it.
While I am with her, she will not die.
And you, you will never see me again.
Stay with your friends, if these are friends,
and rave at them, if they'll listen.

Rushes out, to the left.

KORYPHAIOS Sir, it was anger that made him run away.
When a person his age is hurt, he can be dangerous.

KREON Let him try, let him imagine; he's only a man.
He can't save those two girls.

KORYPHAIOS Two girls? Do you plan to kill both?

KREON No. You're right: Ismene didn't help her. Thank you.

KORYPHAIOS Antigone, then. By what form of execution?

KREON Have her taken up a road men have deserted;
hidden there, living, in a rock hollow;
leave her enough fodder only
to defend the country from the filth of a curse.
There she can beg from Death, the only god she honors;
possibly Death will excuse her from dying!
That, or she'll learn, too late,
that homage to Death and the dead is useless.

KREON *returns to the palace. Now it is noon. The harsh sun stands in the square.*

CHORUS Desire, you, unconquered in war;
Desire, vaulting upon our dear goods;
at night you rest on young girls' gentle smiles,
then travel, grazing the deep ocean,
to visit the far dwellers whose houses are fields.
The deathless gods cannot escape,

or humans whose whole life is a day.
Welcoming you, they run mad.

You twist good and just men to crime and shame.
You shook the rift in one blood,
revolt among these men.
Clear longing in the lowered eyes of a young bride
is your victory.
Your power is equal, your place beside
the great gods and eternal mandates;
for Love conquers without war, and destroys with glad games.

KORYPHAIOS Now, though, even I am borne
outside those mandates laid down for here
when I see, there . . .

ANTIGONE *is led from the palace by armed slaves.*

and I cannot dam the force of my tears
when I see Antigone
who is reaching the end of her progress
to the room and the bed of universal rest.

ANTIGONE Look at me now, citizens of my homeland.
I walk the last path
watching my last of sunlight. Never again,
for Death, giver of universal rest,
is taking me, living, to the shore of the river of Pain.
No wedding song has been sung for this bride.
I have lost that birthright.

CHORUS You go with fame and in glory
to the hidden place of the dead.
No sickness has diminished you:
no weapon has paid you war's wages.
You descend to the kingdom of Death
alive, of your own accord,
you alone of mortal women.

ANTIGONE Niobe, a stranger, once queen of our country,
I know of her death:
like tightened ivy a stone growth covered her.
Now she shrinks in incessant rain and snowfall,
and off her brow, a cliff,
fall tears to drench the hill breast.
Mine is like her death night.

CHORUS But she was a god, descendant of a god,
and we are human and born to die.
Still, your doom is worth grand fame;
for living and dying, both, you share
the heritage of the gods' equals.

ANTIGONE No, no: laughing at me!
Can't you wait till I'm gone to insult me?
Home, country, my city,
citizens, you, men grand in possessions,
west river, holy plain of Thebes splendid with chariots,
now I have made you all my witnesses:
how, friendless, unmourned, I go to what strange funeral
and under what kind of law.
Wait to laugh. I have been unlucky.
I come as a stranger always to the home hearth
of humans and spirits both,
an alien only, among the living and the dead.

CHORUS You were harsh and daring, child.
You went too far and fell broken
against the lofty pedestal of Justice.
Perhaps, though, you are paying
for some ancestral failing.

ANTIGONE The memory that wounds most,
turned like plowland year to year:
my father's griefs, the family
doomed whole in its glory, disastrous deceptions,
the bed incest lay in, mother and father,

condemned men—these are my origins.
There: you opened that wound again, not I.
So condemned, I will find a new place,
not a home, a spinster's residence, with them,
with Polyneices—doomed young by alliance,
marriage in Argos, exile from our home—
by whose death I died and still lived.

CHORUS Your devotion *is* a kind of reverence.
Power, though, must be revered, not trampled
by those who must wield it.

KREON *enters.*

But you, holding rebellion,
followed your own destruction.

ANTIGONE Unmourned, friendless, I am led away.
The path is ready. They sing no wedding song.
I will never be able to see—there!
the holy eye of radiant day—again.
But my fate is my own, to die;—
and there is no one I love who sighs over me.

KREON Singing and sighing!
If it were any use to talk before you die
no one would ever stop.
Take her away. Hurry!
Shut the tomb where it arches over, the way I told you;
leave her there, alone. Either she'll die,
or, if she likes her new house, she can live in it, buried.
Our hands are clean.
She was only a stranger in our world,
and her stay is over.

ANTIGONE To my tomb, my wedding, my home
the eternal vigil of the grave:
I am going to my own people there,

where Persephone has welcomed their greater number
among the spirits of the dead.
I am the last and least.
Before my time, I am descending to that world;
but I am returning home as well, from an exile.

As I go, I nurse the hope in my heart
that you, Father and Mother, will love me and be with me,
and you, brother, will let me see your face.
When you died, it was I, with my own hands,
who bathed you and tidied you, both of you,
and who gave offerings at your graveside.
Polyneices, I buried you too.
And today, this is my reward.

But I was right to honor you,
and men who understand will agree.
Suppose I had been a mother and widow.
I would not have taken this burden on
or defied the nation, in that case.
The principle I followed is this:
If my husband had died, there might be another,
and a son by another man if I had lost my children.
But my mother and father were gone.
I could never have had a new brother.

'It was on that principle, Polyneices,
I honored you above all.
To Kreon it seemed wrong, a terrible act of daring.
He had me caught and held,
and today he is taking me living to the grave.
And I never was loved,
I never nursed a child;
and with those I love gone,
I go alone and desolate.

What divine and just law have I evaded?
Is there any use in my looking toward the gods?

Is there any ally among the gods I can call to,
if my reverence has made me impious?
But if this is the will of the gods,
we will learn we were wrong through suffering.
But if these others are wrong,
I can pray for nothing worse for them
than what they are doing to me,
their unjust justice.

KORYPHAIOS The same torrents of the soul
still compel this girl.

KREON I said to take her out. Guards!
No more delay, or you'll suffer for it.

ANTIGONE In your words, death is approaching.

KREON I won't encourage you. You've been condemned.

ANTIGONE Land of Thebes, city of my fathers,
ancient gods of Thebes,
I can wait no longer.
You, the nation's leaders, look
at the last daughter of the house of your kings,
and see what I suffer at my mother's brother's hands
for an act of loyalty and devotion.

Slaves lead her out to the left, the west. Now the sun begins to follow.

CHORUS Danaē suffered the same fate,
exchanging the sky's heavenly light
for locked halls fastened with brass.
Hidden within a tomb that became her marriage chamber
she was yoked down, head bowed under.
Nevertheless, this proud child of a glorious race
received and stored the Golden Rain;

the seed of Zeus was her treasure.
But the force of fate is terrible,
inescapable,
riches and war, strong cities and sea-beaten ships notwithstanding.

And he, king and a king's son,
Lykurgos, was yoked, fastened in stone.
And there, that terrible mood,
flourishing madness, trickled away; and he, the scoffer,
who had touched truth with his laughter,
now understood that this same Dionysos was god,
and had imprisoned him because
he tried suppressing the fervor
of the faithful, fire of holiness,
and had then no less
angered the Muses, lovers of ritual beat danced to piping.

By the black cliffs where the broad sea is cleft
are the headlands of Thrace and the beach of the Bosporus,
where once the god of war, a neighbor there, watched
while the twin sons of Phineus were blinded
by their father's wife:
the damning wound and the unforgiving eyes,
savage hands and weapons bloodied.

As they fell, hopeless, they wept hopeless pain,
and their mother, divorced and imprisoned.
But she was from an ancient house and daughter of the North Wind;
and in far caves, among her father's hurricanes,
was nursed and healed.
Now, flying even, or riding hills,
she knew well how harshly fate oppressed her.

TEIRESIAS *enters from the east. The declining sun is full in his face, but he proceeds unblinking. He is terribly old. A boy leads him by the hand.*

TEIRESIAS Nobles of Thebes,
we two have come one common path,
one man watching the way for both.
The blind must walk where others lead.

KREON Dear old Teiresias! But is there something wrong?

TEIRESIAS I will inform you. That is my prophetic duty.
Yours is to comply.

KREON I have never disobeyed you in the past . . .

TEIRESIAS In consequence, you've been a good captain for the state,
and steered her right.

KREON . . . and I can attest, from my experience,
to the utility . . .

TEIRESIAS Then listen, please:
Once more you are walking the razor's edge.

KREON What do you mean?

TEIRESIAS You will know when you hear what the signs are:

Seated at my station of augury,
a harbor under my command since ancient days,
where every bird puts in in safety,
I heard weird cries:
birds squawking in an evil frenzy.
They were tearing one another, clawing for murder.
The whirring of their wings made this clear.
It frightened me.
Immediately I lit the altars for sacrifice.
I tried; but, from the offerings,
no flash.
Instead, a putrid slime dribbled down
and smoked and spat in the ashes.

The gall exploded in vapor.
The fat peeled off the thighs, exposing them,
the bones slithering.
The ritual had failed.

All that, I learned from this boy.
He guides me, as I do others.

The state is sick.
You and your principles are to blame.
Every altar and hearth has been loaded
with fodder brought by birds and dogs off him,
the fallen son of Oedipus.
Therefore, the gods reject our prayers and our sacrifices,
and birds, feeding fat on a murdered man's blood,
scream nonsense.

My son,
stop and consider.
All mankind is subject to error.
Once a mistake is made, and a man stumbles into misfortune,
it is both wise and worthy of him
to make amends and not be unbending.
Stubbornness is stupidity. It is criminal.
No. Give yourself leeway. Yield.
When someone has been destroyed, do you stab him? Give in.
What good is it to kill the dead again?
What kind of power is it?

I have spoken frankly for your own good.
When you benefit from what he tells you
it is a true pleasure
to learn from an honest man.

KREON Old man,
all of you shoot at me like archers at a bull's-eye.
No, this fortune-telling isn't new to me.

You and your kind, for a long time now,
have been selling me out and trying to deliver me.

Make money!
Deal in silvered gold from Sardis, get gold from India:
that's what you want.
But bury that man, no!
No, not if the eagles rip him for food,
not if they carry him to the throne of Zeus!
I'm not afraid even of that. I won't let you bury him.
I know full well no man has the power to pollute gods.
But you, my dear Teiresias, old as you are, listen:
It's you wonderfully clever people that fall hardest in disgrace
when you hide ugly ideas in pretty speeches
in order to make money.

TEIRESIAS Doesn't anyone know, won't anyone consider . . .

KREON Consider what?
What universal truth are you going to proclaim?

TEIRESIAS . . . how much more valuable ~~than money~~ good advice is?

KREON Or how much worse losing your judgment is?

TEIRESIAS And that is what's wrong with you.
You are a sick man.

KREON I don't choose to return the insult.
You're supposed to be a prophet.

TEIRESIAS But you're doing just that.
You say my prophecies are lies.

KREON Yes, and I say so because you love cash,
all of you, prophetic profiteers. . . .

TEIRESIAS And tyrants love to have their own way
regardless of right and wrong.

KREON Do you know who you're talking to?
We're your rulers.

TEIRESIAS I know you are. It's thanks to me
that you saved the state and rule now.

KREON Thanks to your skill as a prophet.
But as a man, you don't care about right or wrong.

TEIRESIAS And you are forcing me to tell you things I know
and would prefer to leave undisturbed.

KREON Go ahead, disturb them, tell me.
But don't expect to benefit by it.

TEIRESIAS I don't expect that you will.

KREON Just understand: I'm not for sale.
I have principles.

TEIRESIAS Very well. Now you understand this:

Few courses of the racing sun remain
before you lose a child of your own loins
and give him back, a corpse, exchange for corpses.
You have dishonored a living soul with exile in the tomb,
hurling a member of this upper world below.
You are detaining here, moreover,
a dead body, unsanctified, and so unholy,
a subject of the nether gods.

The matter is out of your hands and those of the gods above.
A crime of violence is being done and you are commanding it.
Therefore, relentless destroyers pursue you,
Furies of death and deity;

they lie in wait for you now
to catch you in the midst of your crimes.

Consider that, and see if I've been bribed.
The time is near.
Weeping of women and men will be heard in your house.
All the enemy nations will be aroused,
all whose altars are stinking and corrupted
with the torn fragments the dogs, wild beasts, and birds
bring.

You have hurt me. These facts
are the arrows that I fire into your heart,
unfailing, like a marksman.
You will not escape their pain by running.

Boy, lead me home.
Kreon can fire on younger men.
He ought to teach his tongue silence
and his mind better principles.

The boy leads TEIRESIAS *away.*

KORYPHAIOS Kreon, I've lived a long time,
and I, no, none of us
has ever known Teiresias to lie.

KREON I know it. I know. I'm not sure any more.
It's terrible to give in. What can I do?
Resist? I may be deluding myself.

KORYPHAIOS You need prudent council, sir.

KREON What should I do? Tell me. I promise to comply.

KORYPHAIOS Go, release the girl from the cave.
and build a tomb for the body you cast out.

KREON That's your advice? To give in?

KORYPHAIOS As quickly as possible.
The gods are swift to strike.
They cut fools' hesitations short.

KREON Oh, it's hard. This is not what I hoped.
I'll do as you say. I must not fight
wrongly, only to be defeated, against fate.

KORYPHAIOS Then act now. Go. Don't leave it to others.

KREON I will, at once.
Attendants! Here! Some of you call the rest. Here!
You, hurry, bring axes! I'll lead the way.
I've changed my mind.
I did it and I'll undo it.
Life, I'm afraid, is best spent
maintaining the established laws,
for these are moored safe and steady.

They hurry out to the west, where the sun is now very low.
The MESSENGER *leads* KREŌN *who leads the rest.*

CHORUS You, god of many names,
the pride of Theban virgins,
and son of the deep thunder of Zeus;
Protector of Italy's glory
and ruler of Eleusis whose valleys embosom all mankind;
Dionysos, Bacchūs! Your home is Thebes,
the motherland of your worship,
beside the supple channel of the Ismenos
on the soil where the dragon's teeth were planted.

Above the double cliffs—
like dazzling flame through vapor,
through ranks of your nymphs you are perceived—
and near the Kastalian fountain.

Descending ivied slopes of Euboia, down mountains, rivers
banked
with the green of numerous clustered vines,
accompanied by the worship
of words and anthems that themselves are immortal,
you are coming to visit Thebes, the city

you honor higher than all others,
here, where lightning was your father.
Now that a violent sickness
holds the nation and all its people,
come, over the slope of Parnassos,
over the groaning channel,
walk here and heal us.

The stars are dancing; they pant fire.
Night is talking. You're their leader.
Boy god and child of Zeus,
master, show us your face; attended
by trains of your nymphs who in madness
dance till the night is ended,
treasurer, Bacchus.

The MESSENGER *returns from the west.*

MESSENGER Noblemen of Thebes,
it is impossible ever to praise or to criticize
any period of a human life.
Fortune elevates and fortune tumbles
the fortunate downward and the luckless aloft.
Once affairs have been determined
even prophecy cannot assist mortal men.

Once, in my opinion, Kreon was enviable.
He had saved our fatherland from its enemies,
had seized the monarchy,
and now ruled absolutely,
flourishing proud in his station and his high-born sons.

But now he has lost everything.
For indeed, when men have forfeited their pleasures,
they are not alive, but the living dead.

To be sure, if you desire it,
gain wealth and power,
live in regal fashion.
However, should the pleasure of such a life be lost,
I, at least, would not purchase the rest,
not if the shadow of smoke were its price.

KORYPHAIOS Under what new burden must our king stand,
and his family? What is it?

MESSENGER The dead,
and the living liable for their dying.

KORYPHAIOS Who is dead? Who is responsible?

MESSENGER Haimon has been destroyed.
Blood shed by one blood.

KORYPHAIOS His father? Himself?

MESSENGER He, himself, in anger at his father.

EURYDICE *appears in the palace door.*

KORYPHAIOS Teiresias was right. All he said has come true.

MESSENGER That is the state of affairs.
It is for you to deliberate upon them.

KORYPHAIOS Wait. Look:
Eurydice, Kreon's wife, leaving the palace.
Perhaps she has heard about her boy . . .
maybe it's only by chance.

EURYDICE Oh, citizens, here you all are.
I was going out to pray;
then I heard you talking.

I was unlocking the door.
I wanted to go to the temple of Pallas
to speak to the goddess.
Then I heard things you were saying.

Something was wrong,
about my own home.
I was frightened.
I tried to lean on something.
My maids were holding me:
I must have fainted.

What were you saying?
Tell it over, to me this time.
Please, go ahead.
I know what grief is.
I can hear more.

MESSENGER My queen, dear lady,
I was present, so I know;
and I shall not omit a word of the truth.
Indeed, why should I soften the story for you,
only to be shown a liar subsequently?
The truth is always the proper thing.

Serving as guide,
I personally attended your royal consort
to the far side of the plain
where the mangled body of Polyneices
still lay, unpitied, where the dogs had dragged it.
We prayed to the goddess of the crossroads and to Pluto
to contain their anger and to bless us;
we bathed and sanctified the body;

then, together with budding twigs we tore down,
burned the remains,
and heaped him a barrow of earth of his homeland,
straight and lofty.
The we proceeded to the maiden's tomb,
a bridal chamber spread with stone.

Even from afar, one of us heard a voice—
shrill weeping, an echo from the tomb—
and he came to our lord Kreon and informed him.
As Kreon approached, the cry hovered about him,
ever nearer, and he moaned then, and shouted:
"Oh, no! Am I a prophet too?
Is this the most luckless road I've ever gone?
'Father'—my son's voice!
Run ahead, men, as fast as you can, up to the tomb!
Some of the stones have been pulled down: get inside!
If that is Haimon's voice I hear . . .
Maybe the gods are robbing me!"

Our master was in despair.
We obeyed him and looked inside.
We saw her down at the tomb's end,
hanged by the neck,
a noose made from her linen robe;
and him, his arms around her waist;
bewept his bride and their lost love,
and his father who had caused this.

Then his father saw him, and cried,
went toward him, cried and called out:
"What did you do? What are you thinking?
What hurt you so? Don't die! Come out!
I'm begging you! On bended knees!"
But the boy looked, wild-eyed, around at him:
spat in his face; not one word;
but drew his sword.

His father dodged and ran back;
so he missed, then turned on himself,
curled over the blade and drove it into his side.
He was still conscious.
His arms flowed about the girl;
he held her and tried to breathe
and breathed out a rush of blood;
and the red drops were on her white cheek.

Now the dead lie in the arms of the dead.
They have been wedded in the house of Death.
Kreon has shown there is no greater evil
than men's failure to consult and to consider.

Exit EURYDICE

KORYPHAIOS The lady is gone,
returned without a word, good or bad.
What do you think it means?

MESSENGER I don't know; but I have faith in her.
I believe that she prefers to mourn her son
in her own home.
She is intelligent. She will not do wrong.

KORYPHAIOS I don't know.
I think that too much silence is more serious
than futile outcries.

MESSENGER Very well, I shall find out.
Possibly she concealed something,
kept it and contained it in her heart.
I'll follow her. You are right—thank you:
excessive silence, to be sure, is sometimes grave.

MESSENGER *goes into the palace. By now the scene is as dark as at the beginning of the drama.*

KORYPHAIOS But look, there, he is coming, the king, Kreon.
He carries the token of his own
misdeed, of his own delusion.

KREON enters, from the left, bearing HAIMON's body.

KREON Mindless, hard, deadly crime!
Look: the killer and kill, a father and son.
Poor and worthless counsel, my own.
My boy, young,
and death come soon.
Gone, gone!
I was wrong, not you.

KORYPHAIOS Now you see what Justice is. Too late, it seems.

KREON I have learned, and am ruined.
It was a god. Then, right then!
Hit me, held me, heaped heavy on my head;
shaken on savage paths;
joy trampled;
and for all men, futile struggle.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER My lord, you have come with grief
like money, in your hands;
and now, in your home, you will see there is more.

KREON What more is left? What's worse?

MESSENGER Your wife, sir, this boy's mother . . .
fresh wounds . . . She is dead.

KREON Ruthless last harbor, death!
Why, when I am destroyed, destroy me again?
Pain and evil! Tell me the worst,
please, young man.

A new victim?
What? What?
Now my wife, so soon?

KORYPHAIOS Now we can see. They're bringing her out.

Slaves lay EURYDICE's body before the altar in front of the palace.

KREON I do see: there's no pity.
Where is the end? Where now? Where?
I just held my child, here in my own hands.
Look, there's a second dead.
Grief doubled.
For all sons, all mothers, torture.

MESSENGER On an altar, bent on a sword,
she shuts her eyes in peaceful blackness.
First Megareus, the older son, dead a hero;
and today Haimon:
she wept for both, and at the end
cursed you for both sons' dying.

KREON No, no!
I'm rising on horror, and horror flies.
Why don't you hack me down?
Has someone a sword?
I and grief are blended. I am grief.

MESSENGER You are responsible for her death as well.

KREON How did she die?

MESSENGER When she learned what happened to the boy,
she struck herself, her own hand.

KREON Nobody else; it's my fault.
I killed you. Me, really me.
Men, take me away.

Hurry, take me out of the way.
I'm nobody. I'm nothing.

KORYPHAIOS Hurry? A worthy suggestion, if worth—
or value or profit—exists in evil.
In the midst of evil, done fast is done best.

KREON No more!
The end will be welcome, the final day.
Why don't you come at last?
I'm waiting for doom.
I don't want to see another day.

KORYPHAIOS The future waits, the present claims action.
Your fate is in the care of those who can care for you.

KREON Everything I still want I just now prayed for.

KORYPHAIOS Then pray for nothing more.
No man escapes the grief that awaits him.

KREON Take me away, a poor fool.
I killed you both, son and wife.
No, nowhere to look,
not to lean, but slides from my hands.
It leaps on me, it crushes.

MESSENGER *and servants lead him out slowly, to the right.*

CHORUS (*by pairs, following* KREON) To be sensible and to be pious
are the first and last of happiness. . . .

For their grand schemes or bold words
the proud pay with great wounds. . . .

And great wounds before today
have taught sense even to the aged. . . .

THE REPUBLIC[1] (ON THE JUST)[2]

Dramatis Personae:

SOCRATES

GLAUCON

POLEMARCHUS

ADEIMANTUS

CEPHALUS

THRASYMACHUS

CLEITOPHON

CHARMANTIDES

EUTHYDEMUS

LYSIAS

NICERATUS

BOOK I

Socrates: I went down to the Piraeus[3] yesterday with Glaucon, son of Ariston,[4] to pray to the goddess; and, at the same time, I wanted to observe how they would put on the festival,[5] since they were now holding it for the first time. Now, in my opinion, the procession of the native inhabitants was fine; but the one the Thracians conducted was no less fitting a show. After we had prayed and looked on, we went off toward town. 327 *a* *b*

Catching sight of us from afar as we were pressing homewards, Polemarchus, son of Cephalus, ordered his slave boy to run after us and order us to wait for him. The boy took hold of my cloak from behind and said, "Polemarchus orders you to wait."

And I turned around and asked him where his master was. "He is coming up behind," he said, "just wait."

"Of course we'll wait," said Glaucon.

A moment later Polemarchus came along with Adeimantus, Glaucon's brother, Niceratus, son of Nicias, and some others—apparently from the procession. Polemarchus said, "Socrates, I guess you two are hurrying to get away to town." *c*

"That's not a bad guess," I said.

"Well," he said, "do you see how many of us there are?"

"Of course."

"Well, then," he said, "either prove stronger than these men or stay here."

327 c "Isn't there still one other possibility . . . ," I said, "our persuading you that you must let us go?"

"Could you really persuade," he said, "if we don't listen?"

"There's no way," said Glaucon.

"Well, then, think it over, bearing in mind we won't listen."

328 a Then Adeimantus said, "Is it possible you don't know that at sunset there will be a torch race on horseback for the goddess?"

"On horseback?" I said. "That is novel. Will they hold torches and pass them to one another while racing the horses, or what do you mean?"

"That's it," said Polemarchus, "and, besides, they'll put on an all-night festival that will be worth seeing. We'll get up after dinner and go to see it; there we'll be together with many of the young men and we'll b talk. So stay and do as I tell you."

And Glaucon said, "It seems we must stay."

"Well, if it is so resolved,"[6] I said, "that's how we must act."

Then we went to Polemarchus' home; there we found Lysias[7] and Euthydemus, Polemarchus' brothers, and, in addition, Thrasymachus,[8] the Chalcedonian and Charmantides, the Paeanian,[9] and Cleitophon,[10] the son of Aristonymus.

Cephalus,[11] Polemarchus' father, was also at home; and he c seemed very old to me, for I had not seen him for some time. He was seated on a sort of cushioned stool and was crowned with a wreath, for he had just performed a sacrifice in the courtyard. We sat down beside him, for some stools were arranged in a circle there. As soon as Cephalus saw me, he greeted me warmly and said:

"Socrates, you don't come down to us in the Piraeus very often, yet you ought to. Now if I still had the strength to make the trip to town easily, there would be no need for you to come here; rather we d would come to you. As it is, however, you must come here more frequently. I want you to know that as the other pleasures, those connected with the body, wither away in me, the desires and pleasures that have to do with speeches grow the more. Now do as I say: be with these young men, but come here regularly to us as to friends and your very own kin."

"For my part, Cephalus, I am really delighted to discuss with the e very old," I said. "Since they are like men who have proceeded on a certain road that perhaps we too will have to take, one ought, in my opinion, to learn from them what sort of road it is—whether it is rough and hard or easy and smooth. From you in particular I should like to learn how it looks to you, for you are now at just the time of life the

poets call 'the threshold of old age.'[12] Is it a hard time of life, or what 328 c have you to report of it?"

"By Zeus, I shall tell you just how it looks to me, Socrates," he said. "Some of us who are about the same age often meet together and 329 a keep up the old proverb.[13] Now then, when they meet, most of the members of our group lament, longing for the pleasures of youth and reminiscing about sex, about drinking bouts and feasts and all that goes with things of that sort; they take it hard as though they were deprived of something very important and had then lived well but are now not even alive. Some also bewail the abuse that old age receives from b relatives, and in this key they sing a refrain about all the evils old age has caused them. But, Socrates, in my opinion these men do not put their fingers on the cause. For, if this were the cause, I too would have suffered these same things insofar as they depend on old age and so would everyone else who has come to this point in life. But as it is, I have encountered others for whom it was not so, especially Sophocles. I was once present when the poet was asked by someone, 'Sophocles, how are you in sex? Can you still have intercourse with a woman?' c 'Silence, man,' he said. 'Most joyfully did I escape it, as though I had run away from a sort of frenzied and savage master.' I thought at the time that he had spoken well and I still do. For, in every way, old age brings great peace and freedom from such things. When the desires cease to strain and finally relax, then what Sophocles says comes to pass in every way; it is possible to be rid of very many mad masters. But of d these things and of those that concern relatives, there is one just cause: not old age, Socrates, but the character of the human beings.[14] If they are orderly and content with themselves,[15] even old age is only moderately troublesome; if they are not, then both age, Socrates, and youth alike turn out to be hard for that sort."

Then I was full of wonder at what he said and, wanting him to say still more, I stirred him up, saying: "Cephalus, when you say these e things, I suppose that the many[16] do not accept them from you, but believe rather that it is not due to character that you bear old age so easily but due to possessing great substance. They say that for the rich there are many consolations."

"What you say is true," he said. "They do not accept them. And they do have something there, but not, however, quite as much as they think; rather, the saying of Themistocles holds good. When a Seriphian abused him, saying that he was illustrious not thanks to himself but 330 a thanks to the city—he answered that if he himself had been a Seriphian he would not have made a name, nor would that man have made one

had he been an Athenian. And the same argument also holds good for those who are not wealthy and bear old age with difficulty: the decent man would not bear old age with poverty very easily, nor would the one who is not a decent sort ever be content with himself even if he were wealthy."

"Cephalus," I said, "did you inherit or did you earn most of what you possess?"

"What do you mean, earned, Socrates!" he said. "As a money-maker, I was a sort of mean between my grandfather and my father. For my grandfather, whose namesake I am, inherited pretty nearly as much substance as I now possess, and he increased it many times over. Lysanias, my father, used it to a point where it was still less than it is now. I am satisfied if I leave not less, but rather a bit more than I inherited, to my sons here."

"The reason I asked, you see," I said, "is that to me you didn't seem overly fond of money. For the most part, those who do not make money themselves are that way. Those who do make it are twice as attached to it as the others. For just as poets are fond of their poems and fathers of their children, so money-makers too are serious about money—as their own product; and they also are serious about it for the same reason other men are—for its use. They are, therefore, hard even to be with because they are willing to praise nothing but wealth."

"What you say is true," he said.

"Indeed it is," I said. "But tell me something more. What do you suppose is the greatest good that you have enjoyed from possessing great wealth?"

"What I say wouldn't persuade many perhaps. For know well, Socrates," he said, "that when a man comes near to the realization that he will be making an end, fear and care enter him for things to which he gave no thought before. The tales[17] told about what is in Hades—that the one who has done unjust deeds[18] here must pay the penalty there—at which he laughed up to then, now make his soul twist and turn because he fears they might be true. Whether it is due to the debility of old age, or whether he discerns something more of the things in that place because he is already nearer to them, as it were—he is, at any rate, now full of suspicion and terror; and he reckons up his accounts and considers whether he has done anything unjust to anyone. Now, the man who finds many unjust deeds in his life often even wakes from his sleep in a fright as children do, and lives in anticipation of evil. To the man who is conscious in himself of no unjust deed, sweet and good hope is ever beside him—a nurse of his old age, as Pindar puts it. For, you know, Socrates, he put it charmingly when he said that whoever lives out a just and holy life

Sweet hope accompanies,
Fostering his heart, a nurse of his old age,
Hope which most of all pilots
The ever-turning opinion of mortals.

How very wonderfully well he says that. For this I count the possession of money most wroth-while, not for any man, but for the decent and orderly one. The possession of money contributes a great deal to not cheating or lying to any man against one's will, and, moreover, to not departing for that other place frightened because one owes some sacrifices to a god or money to a human being. It also has many other uses. But, still, one thing reckoned against another, I wouldn't count this as the least thing, Socrates, for which wealth is very useful to an intelligent man."

"What you say is very fine[19] indeed, Cephalus," I said. "But as to this very thing, justice, shall we so simply assert that it is the truth and giving back what a man has taken from another, or is to do these very things sometimes just and sometimes unjust? Take this case as an example of what I mean: everyone would surely say that if a man takes weapons from a friend when the latter is of sound mind, and the friend demands them back when he is mad, one shouldn't give back such things, and the man who gave them back would not be just, and moreover, one should not be willing to tell someone in this state the whole truth."

"What you say is right," he said.

"Then this isn't the definition of justice, speaking the truth and giving back what one takes."

"It most certainly is, Socrates," interrupted Polemarchus, "at least if Simonides should be believed at all."

"Well, then," said Cephalus, "I hand down the argument to you, for it's already time for me to look after the sacrifices."

"Am I not the heir of what belongs to you?" said Polemarchus.[20]

"Certainly," he said and laughed. And with that he went away to the sacrifices.[21]

"Tell me, you, the heir of the argument," I said, "what was it Simonides said about justice that you assert he said correctly?"

"That it is just to give to each what is owed," he said. "In saying this he said a fine thing, at least in my opinion."

"Well, it certainly isn't easy to disbelieve a Simonides," I said. "He is a wise and divine man. However, you, Polemarchus, perhaps know what on earth he means, but I don't understand. For plainly he doesn't mean what we were just saying—giving back to any man whatsoever something he has deposited when, of unsound mind, he demands it. And yet, what he deposited is surely owed to him, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"But, when of unsound mind he demands it, it should under no condition be given back to him?"

"True," he said.

"Then Simonides, it seems, means something different from this sort of thing when he says that it is just to give back what is owed."

"Of course it's different, by Zeus," he said. "For he supposes that friends owe it to friends to do some good and nothing bad."

"I understand," I said. "A man does not give what is owed in giving back gold to someone who has deposited it, when the giving and the taking turn out to be bad, assuming the taker and the giver are friends. Isn't this what you assert Simonides means?"

"Most certainly."

"Now, what about this? Must we give back to enemies whatever is owed to them?"

"That's exactly it," he said, "just what's owed to them. And I suppose that an enemy owes his enemy the very thing which is also fitting: some harm."

"Then," I said, "it seems that Simonides made a riddle, after the fashion of poets, when he said what the just is. For it looks as if he thought that it is just to give to everyone what is fitting, and to this he gave the name 'what is owed.'"

"What else do you think?" he said.

"In the name of Zeus," I said, "if someone were to ask him, 'Simonides, the art[22] called medicine gives what that is owed and fitting to which things?' what do you suppose he would answer us?"

"It's plain," he said, "drugs, foods and drinks to bodies."

"The art called cooking gives what that is owed and fitting to which things?"

"Seasonings to meats."

"All right. Now then, the art that gives what to which things would be called justice?"

"If the answer has to be consistent with what preceded, Socrates," he said, "the one that gives benefits and harms to friends and enemies."

"Does he mean that justice is doing good to friends and harm to enemies?"

"In my opinion."

"With respect to disease and health, who is most able to do good to sick friends and bad to enemies?"

"A doctor."

"And with respect to the danger of the sea, who has this power over those who are sailing?"

"A pilot."

"And what about the just man, in what action and with respect to what work is he most able to help friends and harm enemies?"

"In my opinion it is in making war and being an ally in battle."

"All right. However, to men who are not sick, my friend Polemarchus, a doctor is useless."

"True."

"And to men who are not sailing, a pilot."

"Yes."

"Then to men who are not at war, is the just man useless?"

"Hardly so, in my opinion."

"Then is justice also useful in peacetime?"

"It is useful."

"And so is farming, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"For the acquisition of the fruits of the earth?"

"Yes."

"And, further, is shoemaking also useful?"

"Yes."

"You would say, I suppose, for the acquisition of shoes?"

"Certainly."

"What about justice then? For the use or acquisition of what would you say it is useful in peacetime?"

"Contracts, Socrates."

"Do you mean by contracts, partnerships,[23] or something else?"

"Partnerships, of course."

"Then is the just man a good and useful partner in setting down draughts, or is it the skilled player of draughts?"[24]

"The skilled player of draughts."

"In setting down bricks and stones, is the just man a more useful and better partner than the housebuilder?"

"Not at all."

"But in what partnership then is the just man a better partner than the harp player, just as the harp player is better than the just man when one has to do with notes?"

"In money matters, in my opinion."

"Except perhaps in using money, Polemarchus, when a horse must be bought or sold with money in partnership; then, I suppose, the expert on horses is a better partner. Isn't that so?"

333 c "It looks like it."
"And, further, when it's a ship, the shipbuilder or pilot is better?"
"It seems so."
"Then, when gold or silver must be used in partnership, in what case is the just man more useful than the others?"
"When they must be deposited and kept safe, Socrates."
"Do you mean when there is no need to use them, and they are left lying?"
"Certainly."
d "Is it when money is useless that justice is useful for it?"
"I'm afraid so."
"And when a pruning hook must be guarded, justice is useful both in partnership and in private; but when it must be used, vine-culture."
"It looks like it."
"Will you also assert that when a shield and a lyre must be guarded and not used, justice is useful; but when they must be used, the soldier's art and the musician's art are useful?"
"Necessarily."
"And with respect to everything else as well, is justice useless in the use of each and useful in its uselessness?"
"I'm afraid so."
e "Then justice, my friend, wouldn't be anything very serious, if it is useful for useless things. Let's look at it this way. Isn't the man who is cleverest at landing a blow in boxing, or any other kind of fight, also the one cleverest at guarding against it?"
"Certainly."
"And whoever is clever at guarding against disease is also cleverest at getting away with producing it?"
"In my opinion, at any rate."
"And, of course, a good guardian of an army is the very same man
334 a who can also steal the enemy's plans and his other dispositions?"
"Certainly."
"So of whatever a man is a clever guardian, he is also a clever thief?"
"It seems so."
"So that if a man is clever at guarding money, he is also clever at stealing it?"
"So the argument[25] indicates at least," he said.
"The just man, then, as it seems, has come to light as a kind of robber, and I'm afraid you learned this from Homer. For he admires
b Autolycus, Odysseus' grandfather[26] on his mother's side, and says he

surpassed all men 'in stealing and in swearing oaths.' Justice, then, 334 b
seems, according to you and Homer and Simonides, to be a certain art of stealing, for the benefit, to be sure, of friends and the harm of enemies. Isn't that what you meant?"
"No, by Zeus," he said. "But I no longer know what I did mean. However, it is still my opinion that justice is helping friends and harming enemies."
"Do you mean by friends those who seem to be good to an in- c
dividual, or those who are, even if they don't seem to be, and similarly with enemies?"
"It's likely," he said, "that the men one believes to be good, one loves, while those he considers bad one hates."
"But don't human beings make mistakes about this, so that many seem to them to be good although they are not, and vice versa?"
"They do make mistakes."
"So for them the good are enemies and the bad are friends?"
"Certainly."
"But nevertheless it's still just for them to help the bad and harm the good?" d
"It looks like it."
"Yet the good are just and such as not to do injustice?"
"True."
"Then, according to your argument, it's just to treat badly men who have done nothing unjust?"
"Not at all, Socrates," he said. "For the argument seems to be bad."
"Then, after all," I said, "it's just to harm the unjust and help the just?"
"This looks finer than what we just said."
"Then for many, Polemarchus—all human beings who make mistakes—it will turn out to be just to harm friends, for their friends e
are bad; and just to help enemies, for they are good. So we shall say the very opposite of what we asserted Simonides means."
"It does really turn out that way," he said. "But let's change what we set down at the beginning. For I'm afraid we didn't set down the definition of friend and enemy correctly."
"How did we do it, Polemarchus?"
"We set down that the man who seems good is a friend."
"Now," I said, "how shall we change it?"
"The man who seems to be, and is, good, is a friend," he said,
"while the man who seems good and is not, seems to be but is not a 335 a
friend. And we'll take the same position about the enemy."

335 a "Then the good man, as it seems, will by this argument be a friend, and the good-for-nothing man an enemy?"

"Yes."

"You order us to add something to what we said at first about the just. Then we said that it is just to do good to the friend and bad to the enemy, while now we are to say in addition that it is just to do good to the friend, if he is good, and harm to the enemy, if he is bad."

b "Most certainly," he said. "Said in that way it would be fine in my opinion."

"Is it, then," I said, "the part of a just man to harm any human being whatsoever?"

"Certainly," he said, "bad men and enemies ought to be harmed."

"Do horses that have been harmed become better or worse?"

"Worse."

"With respect to the virtue[27] of dogs or to that of horses?"

"With respect to that of horses."

"And when dogs are harmed, do they become worse with respect to the virtue of dogs and not to that of horses?"

"Necessarily."

c "Should we not assert the same of human beings, my comrade—that when they are harmed, they become worse with respect to human virtue?"

"Most certainly."

"But isn't justice human virtue?"

"That's also necessary."

"Then, my friend, human beings who have been harmed necessarily become more unjust."

"It seems so."

"Well, are musicians able to make men unmusical by music?"

"Impossible."

"Are men skilled in horsemanship able to make men incompetent riders by horsemanship?"

"That can't be."

"But are just men able to make others unjust by justice, of all

d things? Or, in sum, are good men able to make other men bad by virtue?"

"Impossible."

"For I suppose that cooling is not the work of heat, but of its opposite."

"Yes."

"Nor wetting the work of dryness but of its opposite."

"Certainly."

"Nor is harming, in fact, the work of the good but of its opposite." 335 d

"It looks like it."

"And it's the just man who is good?"

"Certainly."

"Then it is not the work of the just man to harm either a friend or anyone else, Polemarchus, but of his opposite, the unjust man."

"In my opinion, Socrates," he said, "what you say is entirely true."

"Then if someone asserts that it's just to give what is owed to each e man—and he understands by this that harm is owed to enemies by the just man and help to friends—the man who said it was not wise. For he wasn't telling the truth. For it has become apparent to us that it is never just to harm anyone."

"I agree," he said.

"We shall do battle then as partners, you and I," I said, "if someone asserts that Simonides, or Bias, or Pittacus[28] or any other wise and blessed man said it."

"I, for one," he said, "am ready to be your partner in the battle."

"Do you know," I said, "to whom, in my opinion, that saying 336 a belongs which asserts that it is just to help friends and harm enemies?"

"To whom?" he said.

"I suppose it belongs to Periander, or Perdiccas, or Xerxes, or Ismenias the Theban,[29] or some other rich man who has a high opinion of what he can do."

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

"All right," I said, "since it has become apparent that neither justice nor the just is this, what else would one say they are?"

Now Thrasymachus had many times started out to take over the b argument in the midst of our discussion, but he had been restrained by the men sitting near him, who wanted to hear the argument out. But when we paused and I said this, he could no longer keep quiet; hunched up like a wild beast, he flung himself at us as if to tear us to pieces. Then both Polemarchus and I got all in a flutter from fright. And he shouted out into our midst and said, "What is this nonsense that has possessed you for so long, Socrates? And why do you act like c fools making way for one another? If you truly want to know what the just is, don't only ask and gratify your love of honor by refuting whatever someone answers—you know that it is easier to ask than to answer—but answer yourself and say what you assert the just to be. And see to it you don't tell me that it is the needful, or the helpful, d or the profitable, or the gainful, or the advantageous; but tell me

336 d clearly and precisely what you mean, for I won't accept it if you say such inanities."

I was astounded when I heard him, and, looking at him, I was frightened. I think that if I had not seen him before he saw me, I would have been speechless.[30] As it was, just when he began to be exasperated by the argument, I had looked at him first, so that I was able e to answer him; and with just a trace of a tremor, I said: "Thrasymachus, don't be hard on us. If we are making any mistake in the consideration of the arguments, Polemarchus and I, know well that we're making an unwilling mistake. If we were searching for gold we would never willingly make way for one another in the search and ruin our chances of finding it; so don't suppose that when we are seeking for justice, a thing more precious than a great deal of gold, we would ever foolishly give in to one another and not be as serious as we can be about bringing it to light. Don't you suppose that, my friend! Rather, as I suppose, we are not competent. So it's surely far more fitting for us to 337 a be pitied by you clever men than to be treated harshly."

He listened, burst out laughing very scornfully, and said, "Heracles! Here is that habitual irony of Socrates. I knew it, and I predicted to these fellows that you wouldn't be willing to answer, that you would be ironic and do anything rather than answer if someone asked you something."

"That's because you are wise, Thrasymachus," I said. "Hence you knew quite well that if you asked someone how much twelve is and in b asking told him beforehand, 'See to it you don't tell me, you human being, that it is two times six, or three times four, or six times two, or four times three; I won't accept such nonsense from you'—it was plain to you, I suppose, that no one would answer a man who asks in this way. And if he asked, 'Thrasymachus, what do you mean? Shall I answer none of those you mentioned before? Even if it happens to be one of these, shall I say something other than the truth, you surprising c man? Or what do you mean?'—what would you say to him in response?"

"Very well," he said, "as if this case were similar to the other."

"Nothing prevents it from being," I said. "And even granting that it's not similar, but looks like it is to the man who is asked, do you think he'll any the less answer what appears to him, whether we forbid him to or not?"

"Well, is that what you are going to do?" he said. "Are you going to give as an answer one of those I forbid?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," I said, "if that were my opinion upon consideration."

"What if I could show you another answer about justice besides 337 d all these and better than they are?" he said. "What punishment do you think you would deserve to suffer?"

"What else than the one it is fitting for a man who does not know to suffer?" I said. "And surely it is fitting for him to learn from the man who knows. So this is what I think I deserve to suffer."

"That's because you are an agreeable chap!" he said. "But in addition to learning, pay a fine in money too."

"When I get some," I said.

"He has some," said Glaucon. "Now, for money's sake, speak, Thrasymachus. We shall all contribute for Socrates."[31]

"I certainly believe it," he said, "so that Socrates can get away e with his usual trick; he'll not answer himself, and when someone else has answered he gets hold of the argument and refutes it."

"You best of men," I said, "how could a man answer who, in the first place, does not know and does not profess to know; and who, in the second place, even if he does have some supposition about these things, is forbidden to say what he believes by no ordinary man? It's more fitting for you to speak; for you are the one who says he knows 338 a and can tell. Now do as I say; gratify me by answering and don't begrudge your teaching to Glaucon here and the others."

After I said this, Glaucon and the others begged him to do as I said. And Thrasymachus evidently desired to speak so that he could win a good reputation, since he believed he had a very fine answer. But he kept up the pretense of wanting to prevail on me to do the answering. Finally, however, he conceded and then said:

"Here is the wisdom of Socrates; unwilling himself to teach, he b goes around learning from others, and does not even give thanks to them."

"When you say I learn from others," I said, "you speak the truth, Thrasymachus; but when you say I do not make full payment in thanks, you lie. For I pay as much as I can. I am only able to praise. I have no money. How eagerly I do so when I think someone speaks well, you will well know as soon as you have answered; for I suppose you will speak well."

"Now listen," he said. "I say that the just is nothing other than the c advantage of the stronger.[32] Well, why don't you praise me? But you won't be willing."

"First I must learn what you mean," I said. "For, as it is, I don't yet understand. You say the just is the advantage of the stronger. What ever do you mean by that, Thrasymachus? You surely don't assert such a thing as this: if Polydamas, the pancratiast,[33] is stronger than we are

338 d and beef is advantageous for his body, then this food is also advantageous and just for us who are weaker than he is."

"You are disgusting, Socrates," he said. "You take hold of the argument in the way you can work it the most harm."

"Not at all, best of men," I said. "Just tell me more clearly what you mean."

"Don't you know," he said, "that some cities are ruled tyrannically, some democratically, and some aristocratically?"

"Of course."

"In each city, isn't the ruling group master?"

"Certainly."

e "And each ruling group sets down laws for its own advantage; a democracy sets down democratic laws; a tyranny, tyrannic laws; and the others do the same. And they declare that what they have set down—their own advantage—is just for the ruled, and the man who departs from it they punish as a breaker of the law and a doer of unjust

339 a deeds. This, best of men, is what I mean: in every city the same thing is just, the advantage of the established ruling body. It surely is master; so the man who reasons rightly concludes that everywhere justice is the same thing, the advantage of the stronger."

"Now," I said, "I understand what you mean. Whether it is true or not, I'll try to find out. Now, you too answer that the just is the advantageous, Thrasymachus—although you forbade me to give that answer. Of course, 'for the stronger' is added on to it."

b "A small addition, perhaps," he said.

"It isn't plain yet whether it's a big one. But it is plain that we must consider whether what you say is true. That must be considered, because, while I too agree that the just is something of advantage, you add to it and assert that it's the advantage of the stronger, and I don't know whether it's so."

"Go ahead and consider," he said.

"That's what I'm going to do," I said. "Now, tell me: don't you say though that it's also just to obey the rulers?"

"I do."

c "Are the rulers in their several cities infallible, or are they such as to make mistakes too?"

"By all means," he said, "they certainly are such as to make mistakes too."

"When they put their hands to setting down laws, do they set some down correctly and some incorrectly?"

"I suppose so."

"Is that law correct which sets down what is advantageous for 339 c themselves, and that one incorrect which sets down what is disadvantageous?—Or, how do you mean it?"

"As you say."

"But whatever the rulers set down must be done by those who are ruled, and this is the just?"

"Of course."

"Then, according to your argument, it's just to do not only what is d advantageous for the stronger but also the opposite, what is disadvantageous."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"What you mean, it seems to me. Let's consider it better. Wasn't it agreed that the rulers, when they command the ruled to do something, sometimes completely mistake what is best for themselves, while it is just for the ruled to do whatever the rulers command? Weren't these things agreed upon?"

"I suppose so," he said.

"Well, then," I said, "also suppose that you're agreed that it is just e to do what is disadvantageous for those who are the rulers and the stronger, when the rulers unwillingly command what is bad for themselves, and you assert it is just to do what they have commanded. In this case, most wise Thrasymachus, doesn't it necessarily follow that it is just for the others to do the opposite of what you say? For the weaker are commanded to do what is doubtless disadvantageous for the stronger."

"Yes, by Zeus, Socrates," said Polemarchus, "most clearly." 340 a

"If it's you who are to witness for him, Polemarchus," said Cleitophon interrupting.

"What need is there of a witness?" he said. "Thrasymachus himself agrees that the rulers sometimes command what is bad for themselves and that it is just for the others to do these things."

"That's because Thrasymachus set down that to do what the rulers bid is just, Polemarchus."

"And because, Cleitophon, he also set down that the advantage of the stronger is just. Once he had set both of these principles down, he b further agreed that sometimes the stronger order those who are weaker and are ruled to do what is to the disadvantage of the stronger. On the basis of these agreements, the advantage of the stronger would be no more just than the disadvantage."

"But," said Cleitophon, "he said that the advantage of the stronger is what the stronger believes to be his advantage. This is what

340 b must be done by the weaker, and this is what he set down as the just."

"That's not what was said," said Polemarchus.

c "It doesn't make any difference, Polemarchus," I said, "if Thrasymachus says it that way now, let's accept it from him. Now tell me, Thrasymachus, was this what you wanted to say the just is, what *seems* to the stronger to be the advantage of the stronger, whether it is advantageous or not? Shall we assert that this is the way you mean it?"

"Not in the least," he said. "Do you suppose that I call a man who makes mistakes 'stronger' at the moment when he is making mistakes?"

"I did suppose you to mean this," I said, "when you agreed that the rulers are not infallible but also make mistakes in some things."

d "That's because you're a sycophant[34] in arguments, Socrates," he said. "To take an obvious example, do you call a man who makes mistakes about the sick a doctor because of the very mistake he is making? Or a man who makes mistakes in calculation a skilled calculator, at the moment he is making a mistake, in the very sense of his mistake? I suppose rather that this is just our manner of speaking—the doctor made a mistake, the calculator made a mistake, and the grammarian. But I suppose that each of these men, insofar as he is what we address *e* him as, never makes mistakes. Hence, in precise speech, since you too speak precisely, none of the craftsmen makes mistakes. The man who makes mistakes makes them on account of a failure in knowledge and is in that respect no craftsman. So no craftsman, wise man, or ruler makes mistakes at the moment when he is ruling, although everyone would say that the doctor made a mistake and the ruler made a mistake. What I answered you earlier, then, you must also take in this way. But what follows is the most precise way: the ruler, insofar as he *341 a* is a ruler, does not make mistakes; and not making mistakes, he sets down what is best for himself. And this must be done by the man who is ruled. So I say the just is exactly what I have been saying from the beginning, to do the advantage of the stronger."

"All right, Thrasymachus," I said, "so in your opinion I play the sycophant?"

"You most certainly do," he said.

"Do you suppose I ask as I asked because I am plotting to do harm[35] to you in the argument?"

"I don't suppose," he said, "I know it well. But it won't profit you. You *b* won't get away with doing harm unnoticed and, failing to get away unnoticed, you won't be able to overpower me in the argument."

"Nor would I even try, you blessed man," I said. "But, so that the same sort of thing doesn't happen to us again, make it clear whether

you meant by the ruler and stronger the man who is such only in common parlance or the man who is such in precise speech, whose advantage you said a moment ago it will be just for the weaker to serve because he is stronger?" *341 b*

"The one who is the ruler in the most precise sense," he said. "Do harm to that and play the sycophant, if you can—I ask for no favors—but you won't be able to."

"Do you suppose me to be so mad," I said, "as to try to shave a lion and play the sycophant with Thrasymachus?" *c*

"At least you tried just now," he said, "although you were a nonentity at that too."

"Enough of this," I said. "Now tell me, is the doctor in the precise sense, of whom you recently spoke, a money-maker or one who cares for the sick? Speak about the man who is really a doctor."

"One who cares for the sick," he said.

"And what about the pilot? Is the man who is a pilot in the correct sense a ruler of sailors or a sailor?"

"A ruler of sailors."

"I suppose it needn't be taken into account that he sails in the *d* ship, and he shouldn't be called a sailor for that. For it isn't because of sailing that he is called a pilot but because of his art and his rule over sailors."

"True," he said.

"Is there something advantageous for each of them?"

"Certainly."

"And isn't the art," I said, "naturally directed toward seeking and providing for the advantage of each?"

"Yes, that is what it is directed toward."

"And is there then any advantage for each of the arts other than to be as perfect as possible?"

"How do you mean this question?" *e*

"Just as," I said, "if you should ask me whether it's enough for a body to be a body or whether it needs something else, I would say: 'By all means, it needs something else. And the art of medicine has now been discovered because a body is defective,[36] and it won't do for it to be like that. The art was devised for the purpose of providing what is advantageous for a body.' Would I seem to you to speak correctly in saying that or not?"

"You would," he said.

"And what about medicine itself, is it or any other art defective, *342 a* and does it need some supplementary virtue? Just as eyes need sight and ears hearing and for this reason an art is needed that will consider and provide what is advantageous for them, is it also the case that there

342 a is some defect in the art itself and does each art have need of another art that considers its advantage, and does the art that considers it need in its turn another of the same kind, and so on endlessly? Or does each b consider its own advantage by itself? Or does it need neither itself nor another to consider what is advantageous for its defect? Is it that there is no defect or error present in any art, and that it isn't fitting for an art to seek the advantage of anything else than that of which it is the art, and that it is itself without blemish or taint because it is correct so long as it is precisely and wholly what it is? And consider this in that precise sense. Is it so or otherwise?"

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

c "Then," I said, "medicine doesn't consider the advantage of medicine, but of the body."

"Yes," he said.

"Nor does horsemanship consider the advantage of horsemanship, but of horses. Nor does any other art consider its own advantage—for it doesn't have any further need to—but the advantage of that of which it is the art."

"It looks that way," he said.

"But, Thrasymachus, the arts rule and are masters of that of which they are arts."

He conceded this too, but with a great deal of resistance.

"Then, there is no kind of knowledge that considers or commands the advantage of the stronger, but rather of what is weaker and ruled by d it."

He finally agreed to this, too, although he tried to put up a fight about it. When he had agreed, I said:

"Then, isn't it the case that the doctor, insofar as he is a doctor, considers or commands not the doctor's advantage, but that of the sick man? For the doctor in the precise sense was agreed to be a ruler of bodies and not a money-maker. Wasn't it so agreed?"

He assented.

"And was the pilot in the precise sense agreed to be a ruler of sailors and not a sailor?"

e "It was agreed."

"Then such a pilot and ruler will consider or command the benefit not of the pilot, but of the man who is a sailor and is ruled."

He assented with resistance.

"Therefore, Thrasymachus," I said, "there isn't ever anyone who holds any position of rule, insofar as he is ruler, who considers or commands his own advantage rather than that of what is ruled and of which he himself is the craftsman; and it is looking to this and what is

advantageous and fitting for it that he says everything he says and does 342 e
everything he does."

When we came to this point in the argument and it was evident to 343 a
everyone that the argument about the just had turned around in the opposite direction, Thrasymachus, instead of answering, said, "Tell me, Socrates, do you have a wet nurse?"

"Why this?" I said. "Shouldn't you answer instead of asking such things?"

"Because," he said, "you know she neglects your sniveling nose and doesn't give it the wiping you need, since it's her fault you do not even recognize sheep or shepherd."

"Because of what, in particular?" I said.

"Because you suppose shepherds or cowherds consider the good b
of the sheep or the cows and fatten them and take care of them looking to something other than their masters' good and their own; and so you also believe that the rulers in the cities, those who truly rule, think about the ruled differently from the way a man would regard sheep, and that night and day they consider anything else than how they will benefit themselves. And you are so far off about the just and justice, c
and the unjust and injustice, that you are unaware that justice and the just are really someone else's good, the advantage of the man who is stronger and rules, and a personal harm to the man who obeys and serves. Injustice is the opposite, and it rules the truly simple and just; d
and those who are ruled do what is advantageous for him who is stronger, and they make him whom they serve happy but themselves not at all. And this must be considered, most simple Socrates: the just man everywhere has less than the unjust man. First, in contracts, when the just man is a partner of the unjust man, you will always find that at the dissolution of the partnership the just man does not have more than the unjust man, but less. Second, in matters pertaining to the city, when there are taxes, the just man pays more on the basis of equal property, the unjust man less; and when there are distributions, the one makes no profit, the other much. And, further, when each holds some ruling e
office, even if the just man suffers no other penalty, it is his lot to see his domestic affairs deteriorate from neglect, while he gets no advantage from the public store, thanks to his being just; in addition to this, he incurs the ill will of his relatives and his acquaintances when he is unwilling to serve them against what is just. The unjust man's situation is the opposite in all of these respects. I am speaking of the man I just now spoke of, the one who is able to get the better[37] in a big 344 a
way. Consider him, if you want to judge how much more to his private advantage the unjust is than the just. You will learn most easily of all if

344 a you turn to the most perfect injustice, which makes the one who does injustice most happy, and those who suffer it and who would not be willing to do injustice, most wretched. And that is tyranny, which by stealth and force takes away what belongs to others, both what is sacred and profane, private and public, not bit by bit, but all at once. When b someone does some part of this injustice and doesn't get away with it, he is punished and endures the greatest reproaches—temple robbers, kidnappers, housebreakers,[38] defrauders, and thieves are what they call those partially unjust men who do such evil deeds. But when some- one, in addition to the money of the citizens, kidnaps and enslaves them too, instead of these shameful names, he gets called happy and c blessed, not only by the citizens but also by whomever else hears that he has done injustice entire. For it is not because they fear doing unjust deeds, but because they fear suffering them, that those who blame in- justice do so. So, Socrates, injustice, when it comes into being on a sufficient scale, is mightier, freer, and more masterful than justice; and, as I have said from the beginning, the just is the advantage of the stronger, and the unjust is what is profitable and advantageous for oneself."

d When Thrasymachus had said this, he had it in mind to go away, just like a bathman,[39] after having poured a great shower of speech into our ears all at once. But those present didn't let him and forced him to stay put and present an argument for what had been said. And I, too, on my own begged him and said:

"Thrasymachus, you demonic man, do you toss in such an ar- gument, and have it in mind to go away before teaching us adequately or finding out whether it is so or not? Or do you suppose you are e trying to determine a small matter and not a course of life on the basis of which each of us would have the most profitable ex- istence?"

"What? Do I suppose it is otherwise?" said Thrasymachus.

"You seemed to," I said, "or else you have no care for us and aren't a bit concerned whether we shall live worse or better as a result of our ignorance of what you say you know. But, my good man, make 345 a an effort to show it to us—it wouldn't be a bad investment for you to do a good deed for so many as we are. I must tell you that for my part I am not persuaded; nor do I think injustice is more profitable than justice, not even if one gives it free rein and doesn't hinder it from doing what it wants. But, my good man, let there be an unjust man, and let him be able to do injustice, either by stealth or by fighting out in the open; nevertheless, he does not persuade me that this is more profitable b than justice. And perhaps, someone else among us—and not only

I—also has this sentiment. So persuade us adequately, you blessed 345 b man, that we don't deliberate correctly in having a higher regard for justice than injustice."

"And how," he said, "shall I persuade you? If you're not per- suaded by what I've just now said, what more shall I do for you? Shall I take the argument and give your soul a forced feeding?"[40]

"By Zeus, don't you do it," I said. "But, first, stick to what you said, or if you change what you set down, make it clear that you're doing so, and don't deceive us. As it is, Thrasymachus, you see that—still considering what went before—after you had first defined c the true doctor, you later thought it no longer necessary to keep a pre- cise guard over the true shepherd. Rather you think that he, insofar as he is a shepherd, fattens the sheep, not looking to what is best for the sheep, but, like a guest who is going to be feasted, to good cheer, or in d turn, to the sale, like a money-maker and not a shepherd. The shepherd's art surely cares for nothing but providing the best for what it has been set over. For that the art's own affairs be in the best possible way is surely adequately provided for so long as it lacks nothing of being the shepherd's art. And, similarly, I for my part thought just now that it is necessary for us to agree that every kind of rule, insofar as it is rule, considers what is best for nothing other than for what is ruled and cared for, both in political and private rule. Do you think that e the rulers in the cities, those who truly rule, rule willingly?"

"By Zeus, I don't think it," he said. "I know it well."

"But, Thrasymachus," I said, "what about the other kinds of rule? Don't you notice that no one wishes to rule voluntarily, but they de- mand wages as though the benefit from ruling were not for them but for those who are ruled? Now tell me this much: don't we, at all events, al- 346 a ways say that each of the arts is different on the basis of having a dif- ferent capacity? And don't answer contrary to your opinion, you blessed man, so that we can reach a conclusion."

"Yes," he said, "this is the way they differ."

"And does each of them provide us with some peculiar[41] benefit and not a common one, as the medical art furnishes us with health, the pilot's art with safety in sailing, and so forth with the others?"

"Certainly."

"And does the wage-earner's art furnish wages? For this is its b power. Or do you call the medical art the same as the pilot's art? Or, if you wish to make precise distinctions according to the principle you set down, even if a man who is a pilot becomes healthy because sailing on the sea is advantageous to him, nonetheless you don't for that reason call what he does the medical art?"

"Surely not," he said.

346 b "Nor do you, I suppose, call the wage-earner's art the medical art, even if a man who is earning wages should be healthy?"

"Surely not," he said.

"And, what about this? Do you call the medical art the wage-earner's art, even if a man practicing medicine should earn wages?"

c He said that he did not.

"And we did agree that the benefit of each art is peculiar?"

"Let it be," he said.

"Then whatever benefit all the craftsmen derive in common is plainly derived from their additional use of some one common thing that is the same for all."

"It seems so," he said.

"And we say that the benefit the craftsmen derive from receiving wages comes to them from their use of the wage-earner's art in addition."

He assented with resistance.

d "Then this benefit, getting wages, is for each not a result of his own art; but, if it must be considered precisely, the medical art produces health, and the wage-earner's art wages; the housebuilder's art produces a house and the wage-earner's art, following upon it, wages; and so it is with all the others: each accomplishes its own work and benefits that which it has been set over. And if pay were not attached to it, would the craftsman derive benefit from the art?"

e "It doesn't look like it," he said.

"Does he then produce no benefit when he works for nothing?"

"I suppose he does."

"Therefore, Thrasymachus, it is plain by now that no art or kind of rule provides for its own benefit, but, as we have been saying all along, it provides for and commands the one who is ruled, considering his advantage—that of the weaker—and not that of the stronger. It is for just this reason, my dear Thrasymachus, that I said a moment ago that no one willingly chooses to rule and get mixed up in straightening out other people's troubles; but he asks for wages, because the man

347 a who is to do anything fine by art never does what is best for himself nor does he command it, insofar as he is commanding by art, but rather what is best for the man who is ruled. It is for just this reason, as it seems, that there must be wages for those who are going to be willing to rule—either money, or honor, or a penalty if he should not rule."

"What do you mean by that, Socrates?" said Glaucon. "The first two kinds of wages I know, but I don't understand what penalty you mean and how you can say it is a kind of wage."

"Then you don't understand the wages of the best men," I said, 347 a–b "on account of which the most decent men rule, when they are willing to rule. Or don't you know that love of honor and love of money are said to be, and are, reproaches?"

"I do indeed," he said.

"For this reason, therefore," I said, "the good aren't willing to rule for the sake of money or honor. For they don't wish openly to exact wages for ruling and get called hirelings, nor on their own secretly to take a profit from their ruling and get called thieves. Nor, again, will they rule for the sake of honor. For they are not lovers of honor. Hence, necessity and a penalty must be there in addition for them, if c they are going to be willing to rule—it is likely that this is the source of its being held to be shameful to seek to rule and not to await necessity—and the greatest of penalties is being ruled by a worse man if one is not willing to rule oneself. It is because they fear this, in my view, that decent men rule, when they do rule; and at that time they proceed to enter on rule, not as though they were going to something good, or as though they were going to be well off in it; but they enter on it as a necessity and because they have no one better than or like them- d selves to whom to turn it over. For it is likely that if a city of good men came to be, there would be a fight over not ruling, just as there is now over ruling; and there it would become manifest that a true ruler really does not naturally consider his own advantage but rather that of the one who is ruled. Thus everyone who knows would choose to be benefited by another rather than to take the trouble of benefiting another. So I can in no way agree with Thrasymachus that the just is the advantage of the stronger. But this we shall consider again at another time. What e Thrasymachus now says is in my own opinion a far bigger thing—he asserts that the life of the unjust man is stronger[42] than that of the just man. Which do you choose, Glaucon," I said, "and which speech is truer in your opinion?"

"I for my part choose the life of the just man as more profitable."

"Did you hear," I said, "how many good things Thrasymachus listed a moment ago as belonging to the life of the unjust man?" 348 a

"I heard," he said, "but I'm not persuaded."

"Then do you want us to persuade him, if we're able to find a way, that what he says isn't true?"

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

"Now," I said, "if we should speak at length against him, setting speech against speech, telling how many good things belong to being just, and then he should speak in return, and we again, there'll be need

348 b of counting the good things and measuring how many each of us has in each speech, and then we'll be in need of some sort of judges[43] who will decide. But if we consider just as we did a moment ago, coming to agreement with one another, we'll ourselves be both judges and pleaders at once."

"Most certainly," he said.

"Which way do you like?" I said.

"The latter," he said.

"Come now, Thrasymachus," I said, "answer us from the beginning. Do you assert that perfect injustice is more profitable than justice when it is perfect?"

c "I most certainly do assert it," he said, "and I've said why."

"Well, then, how do you speak about them in this respect? Surely you call one of them virtue and the other vice?"

"Of course."

"Then do you call justice virtue and injustice vice?"

"That's likely, you agreeable man," he said, "when I also say that injustice is profitable and justice isn't."

"What then?"

"The opposite," he said.

"Is justice then vice?"

"No, but very high-minded innocence."

d "Do you call injustice corruption?"[44]

"No, rather good counsel."

"Are the unjust in your opinion good as well as prudent, Thrasymachus?"

"Yes, those who can do injustice perfectly," he said, "and are able to subjugate cities and tribes of men to themselves. You, perhaps, suppose I am speaking of cutpurses. Now, such things, too, are profitable," he said, "when one gets away with them; but they aren't worth mentioning compared to those I was just talking about."

e "As to that," I said, "I'm not unaware of what you want to say. But I wondered about what went before, that you put injustice in the camp of virtue and wisdom, and justice among their opposites?"

"But I do indeed set them down as such."

"That's already something more solid, my comrade," I said, "and it's no longer easy to know what one should say. For if you had set injustice down as profitable but had nevertheless agreed that it is viciousness or shameful, as do some others, we would have something to say, speaking according to customary usage. But as it is, plainly you'll say that injustice is fair and mighty, and, since you also dared to set it down in the camp of virtue and wisdom, you'll set down to its ac-

count all the other things which we used to set down as belonging to the just." 349 a

"Your divination is very true," he said.

"But nonetheless," I said, "one oughtn't to hesitate to pursue the consideration of the argument as long as I understand you to say what you think. For, Thrasymachus, you seem really not to be joking now, but to be speaking the truth as it seems to you."

"And what difference does it make to you," he said, "whether it seems so to me or not, and why don't you refute the argument?"

"No difference," I said. "But try to answer this in addition to the b other things: in your opinion would the just man be willing to get the better of the just man in anything?"

"Not at all," he said. "Otherwise he wouldn't be the urbane innocent he actually is."

"And what about this: would he be willing to get the better of the just action?"

"Not even of the just action," he said.

"And does he claim he deserves to get the better of the unjust man, and believe it to be just, or would he not believe it to be so?"

"He'd believe it to be just," he said, "and he'd claim he deserves to get the better, but he wouldn't be able to."

"That," I said, "is not what I am asking, but whether the just man wants, and claims he deserves, to get the better of the unjust and not of c the just man?"

"He does," he said.

"And what about the unjust man? Does he claim he deserves to get the better of the just man and the just action?"

"How could it be otherwise," he said, "since he claims he deserves to get the better of everyone?"

"Then will the unjust man also get the better of the unjust human being and action, and will he struggle to take most of all for himself?"

"That's it."

"Let us say it, then, as follows," I said, "the just man does not get the better of what is like but of what is unlike, while the unjust man gets the better of like and unlike?" d

"What you said is very good," he said.

"And," I said, "is the unjust man both prudent and good, while the just man is neither?"

"That's good too," he said.

"Then," I said, "is the unjust man also like the prudent and the good, while the just man is not like them?"

349 d "How," he said, "could he not be like such men, since he is such as they, while the other is not like them."

"Fine. Then is each of them such as those to whom he is like?"

"What else could they be?" he said.

e "All right, Thrasymachus. Do you say that one man is musical and that another is unmusical?"

"I do."

"Which is prudent and which thoughtless?"

"Surely the musical man is prudent and the unmusical man thoughtless."

"Then, in the things in which he is prudent, is he also good, and in those in which he is thoughtless, bad?"

"Yes."

350 a "And what about a medical man? Is it not the same with him?"

"It is the same."

"Then, you best of men, is any musical man who is tuning a lyre in your opinion willing to get the better of another musical man in tightening and relaxing the strings, or does he claim he deserves more?"

"Not in my opinion."

"But the better of the unmusical man?"

"Necessarily," he said.

"And what about a medical man? On questions of food and drink, would he want to get the better of a medical man or a medical action?"

"Surely not."

"But the better of what is not medical?"

"Yes."

"Now, for every kind of knowledge and lack of knowledge, see if in your opinion any man at all who knows chooses voluntarily to say or do more than another man who knows, and not the same as the man who is like himself in the same action."

b "Perhaps," he said, "it is necessarily so."

"And what about the ignorant man? Would he not get the better of both the man who knows and the man who does not?"

"Perhaps."

"The man who knows is wise?"

"I say so."

"And the wise man is good?"

"I say so."

"Then the man who is both good and wise will not want to get the better of the like, but of the unlike and opposite?"

"It seems so," he said. 350 b

"But the bad and unlearned will want to get the better of both the like and the opposite?"

"It looks like it."

"Then, Thrasymachus," I said, "does our unjust man get the better of both like and unlike? Weren't you saying that?"

"I was," he said.

"And the just man will not get the better of like but of unlike?" c

"Yes."

"Then," I said, "the just man is like the wise and good, but the unjust man like the bad and unlearned."

"I'm afraid so."

"But we were also agreed that each is such as the one he is like."

"We were."

"Then the just man has revealed himself to us as good and wise, and the unjust man unlearned and bad."

Now, Thrasymachus did not agree to all of this so easily as I tell it now, but he dragged his feet and resisted, and he produced a wonderful d quantity of sweat, for it was summer. And then I saw what I had not yet seen before—Thrasymachus blushing. At all events, when we had come to complete agreement about justice being virtue and wisdom, and injustice both vice and lack of learning, I said, "All right, let that be settled for us; but we did say that injustice is mighty as well. Or don't you remember, Thrasymachus?"

"I remember," he said. "But even what you're saying now doesn't satisfy me, and I have something to say about it. But if I should speak, I know well that you would say that I am making a public harangue. So e then, either let me say as much as I want; or, if you want to keep on questioning, go ahead and question, and, just as with old wives who tell tales, I shall say to you, 'All right,' and I shall nod and shake my head."

"Not, in any case, contrary to your own opinion," I said.

"To satisfy you," he said, "since you won't let me speak. What else do you want?"

"Nothing, by Zeus," I said, "but if that's what you are going to do, go ahead and do it. And I'll ask questions."

"Then ask."

"I ask what I asked a moment ago so that we can in an orderly fashion make a thorough consideration of the argument about the 351 a character of justice as compared to injustice. Surely it was said that injustice is more powerful and mightier than justice. But now," I said,

351 a "if justice is indeed both wisdom and virtue, I believe it will easily come to light that it is also mightier than injustice, since injustice is lack of learning—no one could still be ignorant of that. But, Thrasymachus, I do not desire it to be so simply considered, but in this b way: would you say that a city is unjust that tries to enslave other cities unjustly, and has reduced them to slavery, and keeps many enslaved to itself?"

"Of course," he said. "And it's this the best city will most do, the one that is most perfectly unjust."

"I understand," I said, "that this argument was yours, but I am considering this aspect of it: will the city that becomes stronger than another have this power without justice, or is it necessary for it to have this power with justice?"

c "If," he said, "it's as you said a moment ago, that justice is wisdom—with justice. But if it's as I said—with injustice."

"I am full of wonder, Thrasymachus," I said, "because you not only nod and shake your head, but also give very fine answers."

"It's because I am gratifying you," he said.

"It's good of you to do so. But gratify me this much more and tell me: do you believe that either a city, or an army, or pirates, or robbers, or any other tribe which has some common unjust enterprise would be able to accomplish anything, if its members acted unjustly to one another?"

d "Surely not," he said.

"And what if they didn't act unjustly? Wouldn't they be more able to accomplish something?"

"Certainly," he said.

"For surely, Thrasymachus, it's injustice that produces factions, hatreds, and quarrels among themselves, and justice that produces unanimity and friendship. Isn't it so?"

"Let it be so, so as not to differ with you."

"And it's good of you to do so, you best of men. Now tell me this: if it's the work of injustice, wherever it is, to implant hatred, then, when injustice comes into being, both among free men and slaves, will it not also cause them to hate one another and to form factions, and to e be unable to accomplish anything in common with one another?"

"Certainly."

"And what about when injustice comes into being between two? Will they not differ and hate and be enemies to each other and to just men?"

"They will," he said.

"And if, then, injustice should come into being within one man,

you surprising fellow, will it lose its power or will it remain undiminished?"

"Let it remain undiminished," he said.

"Then does it come to light as possessing a power such that, wherever it comes into being, be it in a city, a clan, an army, or whatever else, it first of all makes that thing unable to accomplish anything together with itself due to faction and difference, and then it 352 a makes that thing an enemy both to itself and to everything opposite and to the just? Isn't it so?"

"Certainly."

"And then when it is in one man, I suppose it will do the same thing which it naturally accomplishes. First it will make him unable to act, because he is at faction and is not of one mind with himself, and, second, an enemy both to himself and to just men, won't it?"

"Yes."

"And the gods, too, my friend, are just?"

"Let it be," he said. b

"Then the unjust man will also be an enemy to the gods, Thrasymachus, and the just man a friend."

"Feast yourself boldly on the argument," he said, "for I won't oppose you, so as not to irritate these men here."

"Come, then," I said, "fill out the rest of the banquet for me by answering just as you have been doing. I understand that the just come to light as wiser and better and more able to accomplish something, while the unjust can't accomplish anything with one another—for we don't speak the complete truth about those men who we say vigorously c accomplished some common object with one another although they were unjust; they could never have restrained themselves with one another if they were completely unjust, but it is plain that there was a certain justice in them which caused them at least not to do injustice to one another at the same time that they were seeking to do it to others; and as a result of this they accomplished what they accomplished, and they pursued unjust deeds when they were only half bad from injustice, since the wholly bad and perfectly unjust are also perfectly unable to accomplish anything—I say that I understand that these things are so d and not as you set them down at first. But whether the just also live better than the unjust and are happier, which is what we afterwards proposed for consideration, must be considered. And now, in my opinion, they do also look as though they are, on the basis of what we have said. Nevertheless, this must still be considered better: for the argument is not about just any question, but about the way one should live."

"Well, go ahead and consider," he said.

352 d "I shall," I said. "Tell me, in your opinion is there some work that belongs to a horse?"

e "Yes."

"Would you take the work of a horse or of anything else whatsoever to be that which one can do only with it, or best with it?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Look at it this way: is there anything with which you could see other than eyes?"

"Surely not."

"And what about this? Could you hear with anything other than ears?"

"By no means."

"Then wouldn't we justly assert that this is the work of each?"

"Certainly."

353 a "And what about this: you could cut a slip from a vine with a dagger or a leather-cutter or many other things?"

"Of course."

"But I suppose you could not do as fine a job with anything other than a pruning knife made for this purpose."

"True."

"Then shall we take this to be its work?"

"We shall indeed."

"Now I suppose you can understand better what I was asking a moment ago when I wanted to know whether the work of each thing is what it alone can do, or can do more finely than other things."

"Yes, I do understand," he said, "and this is, in my opinion, the

b work of each thing."

"All right," I said, "does there seem to you also to be a virtue for each thing to which some work is assigned? Let's return again to the same examples. We say that eyes have some work?"

"They do."

"Is there then a virtue of eyes, too?"

"A virtue, too."

"And what about ears? Wasn't it agreed that they have some work?"

"Yes."

"And do they have a virtue, too?"

"Yes, they do."

"And what about all other things? Aren't they the same?"

"They are."

"Stop for a moment. Could eyes ever do a fine job of their work if

they did not have their proper virtue but, instead of the virtue, 353 c vice?"

"How could they?" he said. "For you probably mean blindness instead of sight."

"Whatever their virtue may be," I said. "For I'm not yet asking that, but whether their work, the things to be done by them, will be done well with their proper virtue, and badly with vice."

"What you say is true," he said.

"Will ears, too, do their work badly when deprived of their virtue?"

"Certainly." d

"Then, shall we include everything else in the same argument?"

"In my opinion, at least."

"Come, let's consider this now: is there some work of a soul that you couldn't ever accomplish with any other thing that is? For example, managing, ruling, and deliberating, and all such things—could we justly attribute them to anything other than a soul and assert that they are peculiar to it?"

"To nothing else."

"And, further, what about living? Shall we not say that it is the work of a soul?"

"Most of all," he said.

"Then, do we say that there is also some virtue of a soul?"

"We do."

"Then, Thrasymachus, will a soul ever accomplish its work well if e deprived of its virtue, or is that impossible?"

"Impossible."

"Then a bad soul necessarily rules and manages badly while a good one does all these things well."

"Necessarily."

"Didn't we agree that justice is virtue of soul, and injustice, vice?"

"We did so agree."

"Then the just soul and the just man will have a good life, and the unjust man a bad one."

"It looks like it," he said, "according to your argument."

"And the man who lives well is blessed and happy, and the man 354 a who does not is the opposite."

"Of course."

"Then the just man is happy and the unjust man wretched."

"Let it be so," he said.

354 a "But it is not profitable to be wretched; rather it is profitable to be happy."

"Of course."

"Then, my blessed Thrasymachus, injustice is never more profitable than justice."

"Let that," he said, "be the fill of your banquet at the festival of Bendis,[45] Socrates."

"I owe it to you, Thrasymachus," I said, "since you have grown gentle and have left off being hard on me. However, I have not had a b fine banquet, but it's my own fault, not yours. For in my opinion, I am just like the gluttons who grab at whatever is set before them to get a taste of it, before they have in proper measure enjoyed what went before. Before finding out what we were considering at first—what the just is—I let go of that and pursued the consideration of whether it is vice and lack of learning, or wisdom and virtue. And later, when in its turn an argument that injustice is more profitable than justice fell in my way, I could not restrain myself from leaving the other one and going after this one, so that now as a result of the discussion I know nothing. c So long as I do not know what the just is, I shall hardly know whether it is a virtue or not and whether the one who has it is unhappy or happy."

BOOK II

Now, when I had said this, I thought I was freed from argument. 357 a But after all, as it seems, it was only a prelude. For Glaucon is always most courageous in everything, and so now he didn't accept Thrasymachus' giving up but said, "Socrates, do you want to seem to have persuaded us, or truly to persuade us, that it is in every way better to be b just than unjust?"

"I would choose to persuade you truly," I said, "if it were up to me."

"Well, then," he said, "you're not doing what you want. Tell me, is there in your opinion a kind of good that we would choose to have not because we desire its consequences, but because we delight in it for its own sake—such as enjoyment and all the pleasures which are harmless and leave no after effects other than the enjoyment in having them?"

"In my opinion, at least," I said, "there is a good of this kind."

"And what about this? Is there a kind we like both for its own c sake and for what comes out of it, such as thinking and seeing and being healthy? Surely we delight in such things on both accounts."

"Yes," I said.

"And do you see a third form[1] of good, which includes gymnastic exercise, medical treatment when sick as well as the practice of medicine, and the rest of the activities from which money is made? We

357 c would say that they are drudgery but beneficial to us; and we would not
d choose to have them for themselves but for the sake of the wages and whatever else comes out of them."

"Yes, there is also this third," I said, "but what of it?"

"In which of them," he said, "would you include justice?"

358 a "I, for my part, suppose," I said, "that it belongs in the finest kind, which the man who is going to be blessed should like both for itself and for what comes out of it."

"Well, that's not the opinion of the many," he said, "rather it seems to belong to the form of drudgery, which should be practiced for the sake of wages and the reputation that comes from opinion;[2] but all by itself it should be fled from as something hard."

"I know this is the popular opinion," I said, "and a while ago justice, taken as being such, was blamed by Thrasymachus while injustice was praised. But I, as it seems, am a poor learner."

b "Come, now," he said, "hear me too, and see if you still have the same opinion. For it looks to me as though Thrasymachus, like a snake, has been charmed more quickly than he should have been; yet to my way of thinking there was still no proof about either. For I desire to hear what each is and what power it has all alone by itself when it is in the soul—dismissing its wages and its consequences. So I shall do it
c this way, if you too consent: I'll restore Thrasymachus' argument, and first I'll tell what kind of thing they say justice is and where it came from; second, that all those who practice it do so unwillingly, as necessary but not good; third, that it is fitting that they do so, for the life of the unjust man is, after all, far better than that of the just man, as they say. For, Socrates, though that's not at all my own opinion, I am at a loss: I've been talked deaf by Thrasymachus and countless others, while the argument on behalf of justice—that it is better than in-
d justice—I've yet to hear from anyone as I want it. I want to hear it extolled all by itself, and I suppose I would be most likely to learn that from you. That's the reason why I'll speak in vehement praise of the unjust life, and in speaking I'll point out to you how I want to hear you, in your turn, blame injustice and praise justice. See if what I'm saying is what you want."

"Most of all," I said. "What would an intelligent man enjoy talking and hearing about more again and again?"

e "What you say is quite fine," he said. "Now listen to what I said I was going to tell first—what justice is and where it came from.

"They say that doing injustice is naturally good, and suffering injustice bad, but that the bad in suffering injustice far exceeds the good in doing it; so that, when they do injustice to one another and suffer it

and taste of both, it seems profitable—to those who are not able to 358 e
escape the one and choose the other—to set down a compact among 359 a
themselves neither to do injustice nor to suffer it. And from there they began to set down their own laws and compacts and to name what the law commands lawful and just. And this, then, is the genesis and being of justice; it is a mean between what is best—doing injustice without paying the penalty—and what is worst—suffering injustice without being able to avenge oneself. The just is in the middle between these two, cared for not because it is good but because it is honored due to a want of vigor in doing injustice. The man who is able to do it and is b
truly a man would never set down a compact with anyone not to do injustice and not to suffer it. He'd be mad. Now the nature of justice is this and of this sort, and it naturally grows out of these sorts of things. So the argument goes.

"That even those who practice it do so unwillingly, from an incapacity to do injustice, we would best perceive if we should in thought do something like this: give each, the just man and the unjust, license to c
do whatever he wants, while we follow and watch where his desire will lead each. We would catch the just man red-handed going the same way as the unjust man out of a desire to get the better; this is what any nature naturally pursues as good, while it is law[3] which by force perverts it to honor equality. The license of which I speak would best be realized if they should come into possession of the sort of power that it is said the ancestor of Gyges,[4] the Lydian, once got. They say he was a d
shepherd toiling in the service of the man who was then ruling Lydia. There came to pass a great thunderstorm and an earthquake; the earth cracked and a chasm opened at the place where he was pasturing. He saw it, wondered at it, and went down. He saw, along with other quite wonderful things about which they tell tales, a hollow bronze horse. It had windows; peeping in, he saw there was a corpse inside that looked larger than human size. It had nothing on except a gold ring on its hand; he slipped it off and went out. When there was the usual e
gathering of the shepherds to make the monthly report to the king about the flocks, he too came, wearing the ring. Now, while he was sitting with the others, he chanced to turn the collet of the ring to himself, toward the inside of his hand; when he did this, he became invisible to those sitting by him, and they discussed him as though he were away. 360 a
He wondered at this, and, fingering the ring again, he twisted the collet toward the outside; when he had twisted it, he became visible. Thinking this over, he tested whether the ring had this power, and that was exactly his result: when he turned the collet inward, he became invisible, when outward, visible. Aware of this, he immediately contrived to

360 a b be one of the messengers to the king. When he arrived, he committed adultery with the king's wife and, along with her, set upon the king and killed him. And so he took over the rule.

"Now if there were two such rings, and the just man would put one on, and the unjust man the other, no one, as it would seem, would be so adamant as to stick by justice and bring himself to keep away from what belongs to others and not lay hold of it, although he had license to take what he wanted from the market without fear, and to go into houses and have intercourse with whomever he wanted, and to c slay or release from bonds whomever he wanted, and to do other things as an equal to a god among humans. And in so doing, one would act no differently from the other, but both would go the same way. And yet, someone could say that this is a great proof that no one is willingly just but only when compelled to be so. Men do not take it to be a good for them in private, since wherever each supposes he can do injustice, he does it. Indeed, all men suppose injustice is far more to their private d profit than justice. And what they suppose is true, as the man who makes this kind of an argument will say, since if a man were to get hold of such license and were never willing to do any injustice and didn't lay his hands on what belongs to others, he would seem most wretched to those who were aware of it, and most foolish too, although they would praise him to each others' faces, deceiving each other for fear of suffering injustice. So much for that.

e "As to the judgment itself about the life of these two of whom we are speaking, we'll be able to make it correctly if we set the most just man and the most unjust in opposition; if we do not, we won't be able to do so. What, then, is this opposition? It is as follows: we shall take away nothing from the injustice of the unjust man nor from the justice of the just man, but we shall take each as perfect in his own pursuit. So, first, let the unjust man act like the clever craftsmen. An outstanding pilot or doctor is aware of the difference between what is impossible in 361 a his art and what is possible, and he attempts the one, and lets the other go; and if, after all, he should still trip up in any way; he is competent to set himself aright. Similarly, let the unjust man also attempt unjust deeds correctly, and get away with them, if he is going to be extremely unjust. The man who is caught must be considered a poor chap. For the extreme of injustice is to seem to be just when one is not. So the perfectly unjust man must be given the most perfect injustice, and nothing must be taken away; he must be allowed to do the greatest injustices while having provided himself with the greatest reputation for justice. b And if, after all, he should trip up in anything, he has the power to set himself aright; if any of his unjust deeds should come to light, he is

capable both of speaking persuasively and of using force, to the extent 361 b that force is needed, since he is courageous and strong and since he has provided for friends and money. Now, let us set him down as such, and put beside him in the argument the just man in his turn, a man simple and noble, who, according to Aeschylus,[5] does not wish to seem, but rather to be, good. The seeming must be taken away. For if he should seem just, there would be honors and gifts for him for seeming to be c such. Then it wouldn't be plain whether he is such for the sake of the just or for the sake of the gifts and honors. So he must be stripped of everything except justice, and his situation must be made the opposite of the first man's. Doing no injustice, let him have the greatest reputation for injustice, so that his justice may be put to the test to see if it is softened by bad reputation and its consequences. Let him go unchanged till death, seeming throughout life to be unjust although he is d just, so that when each has come to the extreme—the one of justice, the other of injustice—they can be judged as to which of the two is happier."

"My, my," I said, "my dear Glaucon, how vigorously you polish up each of the two men—just like a statue—for their judgment."

"As much as I can," he said. "With two such men it's no longer hard, I suppose, to complete the speech by a description of the kind of life that awaits each. It must be told, then. And if it's somewhat e rustically told, don't suppose that it is I who speak, Socrates, but rather those who praise injustice ahead of justice. They'll say that the just man who has such a disposition will be whipped; he'll be racked; he'll be bound; he'll have both his eyes burned out; and, at the end, when he 362 a has undergone every sort of evil, he'll be crucified and know that one shouldn't wish to be, but to seem to be, just. After all, Aeschylus' saying applies far more correctly to the unjust man. For really, they will say, it is the unjust man, because he pursues a thing dependent on truth and does not live in the light of opinion, who does not wish to seem unjust but to be unjust,

> Reaping a deep furrow in his mind
> From which trusty plans bear fruit.[6] b

First, he rules in the city because he seems to be just. Then he takes in marriage from whatever station he wants and gives in marriage to whomever he wants; he contracts and has partnerships with whomever he wants, and, besides benefiting himself in all this, he gains because he has no qualms about doing injustice. So then, when he enters contests, both private and public, he wins and gets the better of his enemies. In getting the better, he is wealthy and does good to friends and harm to c

362 c enemies. To the gods he makes sacrifices and sets up votive offerings, adequate and magnificent, and cares for the gods and those human beings he wants to care for far better than the just man. So, in all likelihood, it is also more appropriate for him to be dearer to the gods than is the just man. Thus, they say, Socrates, with gods and with humans, a better life is provided for the unjust man than for the just man."

d When Glaucon had said this, I had it in mind to say something to it, but his brother Adeimantus said in his turn, "You surely don't believe, Socrates, that the argument has been adequately stated?"

"Why not?" I said.

"What most needed to be said has not been said," he said.

"Then," I said, "as the saying goes, 'let a man stand by his brother.'[7] So, you too, if he leaves out anything, come to his defense. And yet, what he said was already enough to bring me to my knees and make it impossible to help out justice."

e And he said, "Nonsense. But still hear this too. We must also go through the arguments opposed to those of which he spoke, those that praise justice and blame injustice, so that what Glaucon in my opinion wants will be clearer. No doubt, fathers say to their sons and exhort

363 a them, as do all those who have care of anyone, that one must be just. However, they don't praise justice by itself but the good reputations that come from it; they exhort their charges to be just so that, as a result of the opinion, ruling offices and marriages will come to the one who seems to be just, and all the other things that Glaucon a moment ago attributed to the just man as a result of his having a good reputation. And these men tell even more of the things resulting from the opinions. For by throwing in good reputation with the gods, they can tell of an inexhaustible store of goods that they say gods give to the holy. And in this way they join both the noble Hesiod and Homer. The former says that for the just the gods make the oaks

b Bear acorns on high, and bees in the middle,
And the fleecy sheep heavily laden with wool[8]

and many other very good things connected with these. And the other has pretty much the same to tell, as when he says,

c As for some blameless king who in fear of the gods
Upholds justice, the black earth bears
Barley and wheat, the trees are laden with fruit,
The sheep bring forth without fail, and the
sea provides fish.[9]

And Musaeus and his son give the just even headier goods than these from the gods. In their speech they lead them into Hades and lay them

down on couches; crowning them, they prepare a symposium of the 363 c holy, and they then make them go through the rest of time drunk, in the belief that the finest wage of virtue is an eternal drunk.[10] Others extend the wages from the gods yet further than these. For they say that a d holy and oath-keeping man leaves his children's children and a whole tribe behind him. So in these and like ways they extol justice. And, in turn, they bury the unholy and unjust in mud in Hades and compel them to carry water in a sieve; and they bring them into bad reputation while they are still alive. Thus, those penalties that Glaucon described e as the lot of the just men who are reputed to be unjust, these people say are the lot of the unjust. But they have nothing else to say. This then is the praise and blame attached to each.

"Furthermore, Socrates, consider still another form of speeches about justice and injustice, spoken in prose[11] and by poets. With one tongue they all chant that moderation and justice are fair, but hard and 364 a full of drudgery, while intemperance and injustice are sweet and easy to acquire, and shameful only by opinion and law. They say that the unjust is for the most part more profitable than the just; and both in public and in private, they are ready and willing to call happy and to honor bad men who have wealth or some other power and to dishonor and overlook those who happen in some way to be weak or poor, although they agree they are better than the others. But the most wonb derful of all these speeches are those they give about gods and virtue. They say that the gods, after all, allot misfortune and a bad life to many good men too, and an opposite fate to opposite men. Beggar priests and diviners go to the doors of the rich man and persuade him that the gods have provided them with a power based on sacrifices and incantations. If he himself, or his ancestors, has committed some injustice, they can c heal it with pleasures and feasts; and if he wishes to ruin some enemies at small expense, he will injure just and unjust alike with certain evocations and spells. They, as they say, persuade the gods to serve them. And they bring the poets forward as witnesses to all these arguments about vice, and they present it as easy, saying that,

d Vice in abundance is easy to choose,
The road is smooth and it lies very near,
While the gods have set sweat before virtue,
And it is a long road, rough and steep.[12]

And they use Homer as a witness to the perversion of the gods by human beings because he too said:

e The very gods can be moved by prayer too.
With sacrifices and gentle vows and

364 e

> The odor of burnt and drink offerings, human beings
> turn them aside with their prayers,
> When someone has transgressed and made a mistake.[13]

And they present a babble of books by Musaeus and Orpheus, offspring of the Moon and the Muses, as they say, according to whose prescriptions they busy themselves about their sacrifices. They persuade not only private persons, but cities as well, that through sacrifices and pleasurable games there are, after all, deliverances and purifications from unjust deeds for those still living. And there are also rites for 365 a those who are dead. These, which they call initiations,[14] deliver us from the evils in the other place; while, for those who did not sacrifice, terrible things are waiting.

"My dear Socrates," he said, "with all these things being said—of this sort and in this quantity—about virtue and vice and how human beings and gods honor them, what do we suppose they do to the souls of the young men who hear them? I mean those who have good natures and have the capacity, as it were, to fly to all the things that are said and gather from them what sort of man one should be and what way b one must follow to go through life best. In all likelihood he would say to himself, after Pindar, will I 'with justice or with crooked deceits scale the higher wall' where I can fortify myself all around and live out my life? For the things said indicate that there is no advantage in my being just, if I don't also seem to be, while the labors and penalties involved are evident. But if I'm unjust, but have provided myself with a reputation for justice, a divine life is promised. Therefore, since as the c wise make plain to me, 'the seeming overpowers even the truth'[15] and is the master of happiness, one must surely turn wholly to it. As facade and exterior I must draw a shadow painting[16] of virtue all around me, while behind it I must trail the wily and subtle fox of the most wise Archilochus.[17] 'But,' says someone, 'it's not always easy to do bad and get d away with it unnoticed.' 'Nothing great is easy,' we'll say. 'But at all events, if we are going to be happy we must go where the tracks of the arguments lead. For, as to getting away with it, we'll organize secret societies and clubs; and there are teachers of persuasion who offer the wisdom of the public assembly and the court. On this basis, in some things we'll persuade and in others use force; thus we'll get the better and not pay the penalty.' 'But it surely isn't possible to get away from the gods or overpower them.' 'But, if there are no gods, or if they have no care for human things, why should we care at all about getting e away? And if there are gods and they care, we know of them or have heard of them from nowhere else than the laws[18] and the poets who have given genealogies; and these are the very sources of our being told that they are such as to be persuaded and perverted by sacrifices, sooth-

ing vows, and votive offerings. Either both things must be believed or 365 e neither. If they are to be believed, injustice must be done and sacrifice offered from the unjust acquisitions. For if we are just, we won't be 366 a punished by the gods. That is all. And we'll refuse the gains of injustice. But if we are unjust, we shall gain and get off unpunished as well, by persuading the gods with prayers when we transgress and make mistakes.' 'But in Hades we'll pay the penalty for our injustices here, either we ourselves or our children's children.' 'But, my dear,' will say the man who calculates, 'the initiations and the delivering gods have great power, as say the greatest cities and those children of gods who b have become poets and spokesmen of the gods and reveal that this is the case.'

"Then, by what further argument could we choose justice before the greatest injustice? For, if we possess it with a counterfeited seemly exterior, we'll fare as we are minded with gods and human beings both while we are living and when we are dead, so goes the speech of both the many and the eminent. After all that has been said, by what device, Socrates, will a man who has some power—of soul, money, body or c family—be made willing to honor justice and not laugh when he hears it praised? So, consequently, if someone can show that what we have said is false and if he has adequate knowledge that justice is best, he undoubtedly has great sympathy for the unjust and is not angry with them; he knows that except for someone who from a divine nature cannot stand doing injustice or who has gained knowledge and keeps away from injustice, no one else is willingly just; but because of a lack of d courage, or old age, or some other weakness, men blame injustice because they are unable to do it. And that this is so is plain. For the first man of this kind to come to power is the first to do injustice to the best of his ability. And there is no other cause of all this than that which gave rise to this whole argument of his and mine with you, Socrates. We said, 'You surprising man, of all you who claim to be praisers of e justice—beginning with the heroes[19] at the beginning (those who have left speeches) up to the human beings of the present—there is not one who has ever blamed injustice or praised justice other than for the reputations, honors, and gifts that come from them. But as to what each itself does with its own power when it is in the soul of a man who possesses it and is not noticed by gods and men, no one has ever, in poetry or prose, adequately developed the argument that the one is the greatest of evils a soul can have in it, and justice the greatest good. For if all of you had spoken in this way from the beginning and persuaded 367 a us, from youth onwards, we would not keep guard over each other for fear injustice be done, but each would be his own best guard, afraid that in doing injustice he would dwell with the greatest evil.'

367 *a* . "This, Socrates, and perhaps yet more than this, would Thrasymachus and possibly someone else say about justice and injustice, vulgarly turning their powers upside down, in my opinion at least. But I—for I *b* need hide nothing from you—out of my desire to hear the opposite from you, speak as vehemently as I can. Now, don't only show us by the argument that justice is stronger[20] than injustice, but show what each in itself does to the man who has it that makes the one bad and the other good. And take away the reputations, as Glaucon told you to. For if you don't take the true reputation from each and attach the false one to it, we'll say that you aren't praising the just but the seeming, nor *c* blaming being unjust but the seeming; and that you're exhorting one to be unjust and to get away with it; and that you agree with Thrasymachus that the just is someone else's good, the advantage of the stronger, while the unjust is one's own advantage and profitable, but disadvantageous to the weaker. Now, since you agreed that justice is among the greatest goods—those that are worth having for what comes from them but much more for themselves, such as seeing, hearing, thinking, and, *d* of course, being healthy and all the other goods that are fruitful by their own nature and not by opinion—praise this aspect of justice. Of what profit is justice in itself to the man who possesses it, and what harm does injustice do? Leave wages and reputations to others to praise. I could endure other men's praising justice and blaming injustice in this way, extolling and abusing them in terms of reputations and wages; but from you I couldn't, unless you were to order me to, because you have spent *e* your whole life considering nothing other than this. So, don't only show us by the argument that justice is stronger than injustice, but show what each in itself does to the man who has it—whether it is noticed by gods and human beings or not—that makes the one good and the other bad."

Job 1

The prologue

1 There was once a man in the land of Uz
whose name was Job. That man was
blameless and upright, one who feared God
and turned away from evil. 2 There were
born to him seven sons and three daughters.
3 He had seven thousand sheep, three
thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen,
five hundred donkeys, and very many
servants; so that this man was the greatest of
all the people of the east. 4 His sons used to
go and hold feasts in one another's houses in
turn; and they would send and invite their
three sisters to eat and drink with them. 5
And when the feast days had run their
course, Job would send and sanctify them,
and he would rise early in the morning and
offer burnt offerings according to the
number of them all; for Job said, "It may be
that my children have sinned, and cursed
God in their hearts." This is what Job always
did.

6 One day the heavenly beings came
to present themselves before the LORD, and
Satan also came among them. 7 The LORD
said to Satan, "Where have you come
from?" Satan answered the LORD, "From
going to and fro on the earth, and from
walking up and down on it." 8 The LORD
said to Satan, "Have you considered my
servant Job? There is no one like him on the
earth, a blameless and upright man who
fears God and turns away from evil." 9 Then
Satan answered the LORD, "Does Job fear
God for nothing? 10 Have you not put a fence
around him and his house and all that he has,
on every side? You have blessed the work of
his hands, and his possessions have
increased in the land. 11 But stretch out your
hand now, and touch all that he has, and he
will curse you to your face." 12 The LORD
said to Satan, "Very well, all that he has is in
your power; only do not stretch out your
hand against him!" So Satan went out from
the presence of the LORD.

13 One day when his sons and
daughters were eating and drinking wine in
the eldest brother's house, 14 a messenger
came to Job and said, "The oxen were
plowing and the donkeys were feeding
beside them, 15 and the Sabeans fell on them
and carried them off, and killed the servants
with the edge of the sword; I alone have
escaped to tell you." 16 While he was still
speaking, another came and said, "The fire
of God fell from heaven and burned up the
sheep and the servants, and consumed them;
I alone have escaped to tell you." 17 While he
was still speaking, another came and said,
"The Chaldeans formed three columns,
made a raid on the camels and carried them
off, and killed the servants with the edge of
the sword; I alone have escaped to tell you."
18 While he was still speaking, another came
and said, "Your sons and daughters were
eating and drinking wine in their eldest
brother's house, 19 and suddenly a great wind
came across the desert, struck the four
corners of the house, and it fell on the young
people, and they are dead; I alone have
escaped to tell you."

20 Then Job arose, tore his robe,
shaved his head, and fell on the ground and
worshiped. 21 He said, "Naked I came from
my mother's womb, and naked shall I return
there; the LORD gave, and the LORD has
taken away; blessed be the name of the
LORD."

22 In all this Job did not sin or charge
God with wrongdoing.

Job 2

1 One day the heavenly beings came to
present themselves before the LORD, and
Satan also came among them to present
himself before the LORD. 2 The LORD said
to Satan, "Where have you come from?"

Satan answered the LORD, "From going to
and fro on the earth, and from walking up
and down on it." 3 The LORD said to Satan,
"Have you considered my servant Job?
There is no one like him on the earth, a
blameless and upright man who fears God
and turns away from evil. He still persists in
his integrity, although you incited me
against him, to destroy him for no reason."
4 Then Satan answered the LORD,
"Skin for skin! All that people have they
will give to save their lives. 5 But stretch out
your hand now and touch his bone and his
flesh, and he will curse you to your face."
6 The LORD said to Satan, "Very
well, he is in your power; only spare his
life." 7 So Satan went out from the presence
of the LORD, and inflicted loathsome sores
on Job from the sole of his foot to the crown
of his head. 8 Job took a potsherd with which
to scrape himself, and sat among the ashes.
9 Then his wife said to him, "Do you
still persist in your integrity? Curse God,
and die." 10 But he said to her, "You speak as
any foolish woman would speak. Shall we
receive the good at the hand of God, and not
receive the bad?" In all this Job did not sin
with his lips.
11 Now when Job's three friends
heard of all these troubles that had come
upon him, each of them set out from his
home — Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the
Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite. They
met together to go and console and comfort
him. 12 When they saw him from a distance,
they did not recognize him, and they raised
their voices and wept aloud; they tore their
robes and threw dust in the air upon their
heads. 13 They sat with him on the ground
seven days and seven nights, and no one
spoke a word to him, for they saw that his
suffering was very great.

Job 3

Job's curse of the day of his birth
1 After this Job opened his mouth and cursed
the day of his birth. 2 Job said: 3 "Let the day
perish in which I was born, and the night
that said, 'A man-child is conceived.' 4 Let
that day be darkness! May God above not
seek it, or light shine on it. 5 Let gloom and
deep darkness claim it. Let clouds settle
upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it.
6 That night — let thick darkness seize it! let
it not rejoice among the days of the year; let
it not come into the number of the months.
7 Yes, let that night be barren; let no joyful
cry be heard in it. 8 Let those curse it who
curse the Sea, those who are skilled to rouse
up Leviathan. 9 Let the stars of its dawn be
dark; let it hope for light, but have none;
may it not see the eyelids of the morning —
10 because it did not shut the doors of my
mother's womb, and hide trouble from my
eyes.
11 "Why did I not die at birth, come
forth from the womb and expire? 12 Why
were there knees to receive me, or breasts
for me to suck? 13 Now I would be lying
down and quiet; I would be asleep; then I
would be at rest 14 with kings and counselors
of the earth who rebuild ruins for
themselves, 15 or with princes who have
gold, who fill their houses with silver.
16 Or why was I not buried like a stillborn
child, like an infant that never sees the light?
17 There the wicked cease from troubling,
and there the weary are at rest. 18 There the
prisoners are at ease together; they do not
hear the voice of the taskmaster. 19 The small
and the great are there, and the slaves are
free from their masters.
20 "Why is light given to one in
misery, and life to the bitter in soul, 21 who
long for death, but it does not come, and dig
for it more than for hidden treasures; 22 who
rejoice exceedingly, and are glad when they
find the grave? 23 Why is light given to one

who cannot see the way, whom God has fenced in? 24 For my sighing comes like my bread, and my groanings are poured out like water. 25 Truly the thing that
I fear comes upon me, and what I dread befalls me. 26 I am not at ease, nor am I quiet; I have no rest; but trouble comes."

Job 4

Eliphaz's first discourse

1 Then Eliphaz the Temanite answered:

2 "If one ventures a word with you, will you be offended? But who can keep from speaking? 3 See, you have instructed many; you have strengthened the weak hands. 4 Your words have supported those who were stumbling, and you have made firm the feeble knees. 5 But now it has come to you, and you are impatient; it touches you, and you are dismayed. 6 Is not your fear of God your confidence, and the integrity of your ways your hope?

7 "Think now, who that was innocent ever perished? Or where were the upright cut off? 8 As I have seen, those who plow iniquity and sow trouble reap the same. 9 By the breath of God they perish, and by the blast of his anger they are consumed. 10 The roar of the lion, the voice of the fierce lion, and the teeth of the young lions are broken. 11 The strong lion perishes for lack of prey, and the whelps of the lioness are scattered.

12 "Now a word came stealing to me, my ear received the whisper of it. 13 Amid thoughts from visions of the night, when deep sleep falls on mortals, 14 dread came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones shake. 15 A spirit glided past my face; the hair of my flesh bristled.

16 It stood still, but I could not discern its appearance. A form was before my eyes; there was silence, then I heard a voice:

17 'Can mortals be righteous before God? Can human beings be pure before their Maker? 18 Even in his servants he puts no trust, and his angels he charges with error; 19 how much more those who live in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, who are crushed like a moth. 20 Between morning and evening they are destroyed; they perish forever without any regarding it. 21 Their tent-cord is plucked up within them, and they die devoid of wisdom.'

Job 5

1 "Call now; is there anyone who will answer you? To which of the holy ones will you turn? 2 Surely vexation kills the fool, and jealousy slays the simple. 3 I have seen fools taking root, but suddenly I cursed their dwelling. 4 Their children are far from safety, they are crushed in the gate, and there is no one to deliver them. 5 The hungry eat their harvest, and they take it even out of the thorns; and the thirsty pant after their wealth. 6 For misery does not come from the earth, nor does trouble sprout from the ground; 7 but human beings are born to trouble just as sparks fly upward.

8 "As for me, I would seek God, and to God I would commit my cause. 9 He does great things and unsearchable, marvelous things without number. 10 He gives rain on the earth and sends waters on the fields; 11 he sets on high those who are lowly, and those who mourn are lifted to safety. 12 He frustrates the devices of the crafty, so that their hands achieve no success. 13 He takes the wise in their own craftiness; and the schemes of the wily are brought to a quick end. 14 They meet with darkness in the daytime, and grope at noonday as in the night. 15 But he saves the needy from the sword of their mouth, from the hand of the mighty. 16 So the poor have hope, and injustice shuts its mouth.

17 "How happy is the one whom God
reproves; therefore do not despise the
discipline of the Almighty. 18 For he wounds,
but he binds up; he strikes, but his hands
heal. 19 He will deliver you from six
troubles; in seven no harm shall touch you.
20 In famine he will redeem you from death,
and in war from the power of the sword.
21 You shall be hidden from the scourge of
the tongue, and shall not fear destruction
when it comes. 22 At destruction and famine
you shall laugh, and shall not fear the wild
animals of the earth. 23 For you shall be in
league with the stones of the field, and the
wild animals shall be at peace with you.
24 You shall know that your tent is safe, you
shall inspect your fold and miss nothing.
25 You shall know that your descendants will
be many, and your offspring like the grass of
the earth. 26 You shall come to your grave in
ripe old age, as a shock of grain comes up to
the threshing floor in its season. 27 See, we
have searched this out; it is true. Hear, and
know it for yourself."

Job 6

Job's response

1 Then Job answered:

2 "O that my vexation were weighed,
and all my calamity laid in the balances! 3
For then it would be heavier than the sand of
the sea; therefore my words have been rash.
4 For the arrows of the Almighty are in me;
my spirit drinks their poison; the terrors of
God are arrayed against me. 5 Does the wild
ass bray over its grass, or the ox low over its
fodder? 6 Can that which is tasteless be eaten
without salt, or is there any flavor in the
juice of mallows? 7 My appetite refuses to
touch them; they are like food that is
loathsome to me.

8 "O that I might have my request,
and that God would grant my desire; 9 that it
would please God to crush me, that he
would let loose his hand and cut me off!
10 This would be my consolation; I would
even exult in unrelenting pain; for I have not
denied the words of the Holy One. 11 What is
my strength, that I should wait? And what is
my end, that I should be patient? 12 Is my
strength the strength of stones, or is my flesh
bronze? 13 In truth I have no help in me, and
any resource is driven from me.

14 "Those who withhold kindness
from a friend forsake the fear of the
Almighty. 15 My companions are treacherous
like a torrent-bed, like freshets that pass
away, 16 that run dark with ice, turbid with
melting snow. 17 In time of heat they
disappear; when it is hot, they vanish from
their place. 18 The caravans turn aside from
their course; they go up into the waste, and
perish. 19 The caravans of Tema look, the
travelers of Sheba hope. 20 They are
disappointed because they were confident;
they come there and are confounded. 21 Such
you have now become to me; you see my
calamity, and are afraid. 22 Have I said,
Make me a gift'? Or, 'From your wealth
offer a bribe for me'? 23 Or, 'Save me from an
opponent's hand'? Or, 'Ransom me from the
hand of oppressors'?

24 "Teach me, and I will be silent;
make me understand how I have gone
wrong. 25 How forceful are honest words!
But your reproof, what does it reprove?
26 Do you think that you can reprove words,
as if the speech of the desperate were wind?
27 You would even cast lots over the orphan,
and bargain over your friend. 28 "But now, be
pleased to look at me; for I will not lie to
your face. 29 Turn, I pray, let no wrong be
done. Turn now, my vindication is at stake.
30 Is there any wrong on my tongue? Cannot
my taste discern calamity?

Job 7

1 "Do not human beings have a hard service
on earth, and are not their days like the days
of a laborer? 2 Like a slave who longs for the
shadow, and like laborers who look for their
wages, 3 so I am allotted months of
emptiness, and nights of misery are
apportioned to me. 4 When I lie down I say,
'When shall I rise?' But the night is long, and
I am full of tossing until dawn. 5 My flesh is
clothed with worms and dirt; my skin
hardens, then breaks out again. 6 My days
are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and come
to their end without hope.

7 "Remember that my life is a breath;
my eye will never again see good. 8 The eye
that beholds me will see me no more; while
your eyes are upon me, I shall be gone. 9 As
the cloud fades and vanishes, so those who
go down to Sheol do not come up; 10 they
return no more to their houses, nor do their
places know them any more.

11 "Therefore I will not restrain my
mouth; I will speak in the anguish of my
spirit; I will complain in the bitterness of my
soul. 12 Am I the Sea, or the Dragon, that
you set a guard over me? 13 When I say, 'My
bed will comfort me, my couch will ease my
complaint,' 14 then you scare me with dreams
and terrify me with visions, 15 so that I
would choose strangling and death rather
than this body. 16 I loathe my life; I would
not live forever. Let me alone, for my days
are a breath. 17 What are human beings, that
you make so much of them, that you set
your mind on them, 18 visit them every
morning, test them every moment? 19 Will
you not look away from me for a while, let
me alone until I swallow my spittle? 20 If I
sin, what do I do to you, you watcher of
humanity? Why have you made me your
target? Why have I become a burden to you?
21 Why do you not pardon my transgression
and take away my iniquity? For now I shall
lie in the earth; you will seek me, but I shall
not be."

Job 8

Bildad's first discourse

1 Then Bildad the Shuhite answered:

2 "How long will you say these
things, and the words of your mouth be a
great wind? 3 Does God pervert justice? Or
does the Almighty pervert the right? 4 If your
children sinned against him, he delivered
them into the power of their transgression.
5 If you will seek God and make supplication
to the Almighty, 6 if you are pure and
upright, surely then he will rouse himself for
you and restore to you your rightful place.
7 Though your beginning was small, your
latter days will be very great.

8 "For inquire now of bygone
generations, and consider what their
ancestors have found; 9 for we are but of
yesterday, and we know nothing, for our
days on earth are but a shadow. 10 Will they
not teach you and tell you and utter words
out of their understanding?

11 "Can papyrus grow where there is
no marsh? Can reeds flourish where there is
no water? 12 While yet in flower and not cut
down, they wither before any other plant.
13 Such are the paths of all who forget God;
the hope of the godless shall perish. 14 Their
confidence is gossamer, a spider's house
their trust. 15 If one leans against its house, it
will not stand; if one lays hold of it, it will
not endure. 16 The wicked thrive before the
sun, and their shoots spread over the garden.
17 Their roots twine around the stoneheap;
they live among the rocks. 18 If they are
destroyed from their place, then it will deny
them, saying, 'I have never seen you.' 19 See,
these are their happy ways, and out of the
earth still others will spring.

20 "See, God will not reject a
blameless person, nor take the hand of

evildoers. 21 He will yet fill your mouth with
laughter, and your lips with shouts of joy.
22 Those who hate you will be clothed with
shame, and the tent of the wicked will be no
more."

Job 9

Job's response

1 Then Job answered:

2 "Indeed I know that this is so; but
how can a mortal be just before God? 3 If
one wished to contend with him, one could
not answer him once in a thousand. 4 He is
wise in heart, and mighty in strength — who
has resisted him, and succeeded? — 5 he
who removes mountains, and they do not
know it, when he overturns them in his
anger;
6 who shakes the earth out of its place, and
its pillars tremble; 7 who commands the sun,
and it does not rise; who seals up the stars;
8 who alone stretched out the heavens and
trampled the waves of the Sea; 9 who made
the Bear and Orion, the Pleiades and the
chambers of the south; 10 who does great
things beyond understanding, and marvelous
things without number. 11 Look, he passes by
me, and I do not see him; he moves on, but I
do not perceive him. 12 He snatches away;
who can stop him? Who will say to him,
'What are you doing?'

13 "God will not turn back his anger;
the helpers of Rahab bowed beneath him.
14 How then can I answer him, choosing my
words with him? 15 Though I am innocent, I
cannot answer him; I must appeal for mercy
to my accuser. 16 If I summoned him and he
answered me, I do not believe that he would
listen to my voice. 17 For he crushes me with
a tempest, and multiplies my wounds
without cause; 18 he will not let me get my
breath, but fills me with bitterness. 19 If it is
a contest of strength, he is the strong one!
If it is a matter of justice, who can summon
him? 20 Though I am innocent, my own
mouth would condemn me; though I am
blameless, he would prove me perverse.
21 I am blameless; I do not know myself; I
loathe my life. 22 It is all one; therefore I say,
he destroys both the blameless and the
wicked. 23 When disaster brings sudden
death, he mocks at the calamity of the
innocent. 24 The earth is given into the hand
of the wicked; he covers the eyes of its
judges — if it is not he, who then is it?

25 "My days are swifter than a
runner; they flee away, they see no good.
26 They go by like skiffs of reed, like an
eagle swooping on the prey. 27 If I say, 'I will
forget my complaint; I will put off my sad
countenance and be of good cheer,' 28 I
become afraid of all my suffering, for I
know you will not hold me innocent. 29 I
shall be condemned; why then do I labor in
vain? 30 If I wash myself with soap and
cleanse my hands with lye, 31 yet you will
plunge me into filth, and my own clothes
will abhor me. 32 For he is not a mortal, as I
am, that I might answer him, that we should
come to trial together. 33 There is no umpire
between us, who might lay his hand on us
both. 34 If he would take his rod away from
me, and not let dread of him terrify me,
35 then I would speak without fear of him,
for I know I am not what I am thought to be.

Job 10

1 "I loathe my life; I will give free utterance
to my complaint; I will speak in the
bitterness of my soul. 2 I will say to God, Do
not condemn me; let me know why you
contend against me. 3 Does it seem good to
you to oppress, to despise the work of your
hands and favor the schemes of the wicked?
4 Do you have eyes of flesh? Do you see as
humans see? 5 Are your days like the days of
mortals, or your years like human years,

6 that you seek out my iniquity and search
for my sin, 7 although you know that I am
not guilty, and there is no one to deliver out
of your hand? 8 Your hands fashioned and
made me; and now you turn and destroy me.
9 Remember that you fashioned me like clay;
and will you turn me to dust again? 10 Did
you not pour me out like milk and curdle me
like cheese? 11 You clothed me with skin and
flesh, and knit me together with bones and
sinews. 12 You have granted me life and
steadfast love, and your care has preserved
my spirit. 13 Yet these things you hid in your
heart; I know that this was your purpose.
14 If I sin, you watch me, and do not acquit
me of my iniquity. 15 If I am wicked, woe to
me! If I am righteous, I cannot lift up my
head, for I am filled with disgrace and look
upon my affliction. 16 Bold as a lion you
hunt me; you repeat your exploits against
me. 17 You renew your witnesses against me,
and increase your vexation toward me; you
bring fresh troops against me.

18 "Why did you bring me forth from
the womb? Would that I had died before any
eye had seen me, 19 and were as though I had
not been, carried from the womb to the
grave. 20 Are not the days of my life few?
Let me alone, that I may find a little comfort
21 before I go, never to return, to the land of
gloom and deep darkness, 22 the land of
gloom and chaos, where light is like
darkness."

Job 11

Zophar's first discourse

1 Then Zophar the Naamathite answered:

2 "Should a multitude of words go
unanswered, and should one full of talk be
vindicated? 3 Should your babble put others
to silence, and when you mock, shall no one
shame you? 4 For you say, 'My conduct is
pure, and I am clean in God's sight.' 5 But O
that God would speak, and open his lips to
you, 6 and that he would tell you the secrets
of wisdom! For wisdom is many-sided.
Know then that God exacts of you less than
your guilt deserves. 7 "Can you find out the
deep things of God? Can you find out the
limit of the Almighty? 8 It is higher than
heaven — what can you do? Deeper than
Sheol — what can you know? 9 Its measure
is longer than the earth, and broader than the
sea. 10 If he passes through, and imprisons,
and assembles for judgment, who can hinder
him? 11 For he knows those who are
worthless; when he sees iniquity, will he not
consider it? 12 But a stupid person will get
understanding, when a wild ass is born
human.

13 "If you direct your heart rightly,
you will stretch out your hands toward him.
14 If iniquity is in your hand, put it far away,
and do not let wickedness reside in your
tents. 15 Surely then you will lift up your
face without blemish; you will be secure,
and will not fear. 16 You will forget your
misery; you will remember it as waters that
have passed away. 17 And your life will be
brighter than the noonday; its darkness will
be like the morning. 18 And you will have
confidence, because there is hope; you will
be protected and take your rest in safety.
19 You will lie down, and no one will make
you afraid; many will entreat your favor.
20 But the eyes of the wicked will fail; all
way of escape will be lost to them, and their
hope is to breathe their last."

Job 12

Job's response

1 Then Job answered:

2 "No doubt you are the people, and
wisdom will die with you. 3 But I have
understanding as well as you; I am not
inferior to you. Who does not know such
things as these? 4 I am a laughingstock to my
friends; I, who called upon God and he

answered me, a just and blameless man, I
am a laughingstock.
5 “Those at ease have contempt for
misfortune, but it is ready for those whose
feet are unstable. 6 The tents of robbers are
at peace, and those who provoke God are
secure, who bring their god in their hands.
7 "But ask the animals, and they will teach
you; the birds of the air, and they will tell
you; 8 ask the plants of the earth, and they
will teach you; and the fish of the sea will
declare to you. 9 Who among all these does
not know that the hand of the LORD
has done this? 10 In his hand is the life of
every living thing and the breath of every
human being. 11 Does not the ear test words
as the palate tastes food? 12 Is wisdom with
the aged, and understanding in length of
days?
13 "With God are wisdom and
strength; he has counsel and understanding.
14 If he tears down, no one can rebuild;
if he shuts someone in, no one can open up.
15 If he withholds the waters, they dry up;
if he sends them out, they overwhelm the
land. 16 With him are strength and wisdom;
the deceived and the deceiver are his.
17 He leads counselors away stripped,
and makes fools of judges. 18 He looses the
sash of kings, and binds a waistcloth on their
loins. 19 He leads priests away stripped,
and overthrows the mighty. 20 He deprives of
speech those who are trusted, and takes
away the discernment of the elders. 21 He
pours contempt on princes, and looses the
belt of the strong. 22 He uncovers the deeps
out of darkness, and brings deep darkness to
light. 23 He makes nations great, then
destroys them; he enlarges nations, then
leads them away. 24 He strips understanding
from the leaders of the earth, and makes
them wander in a pathless waste. 25 They
grope in the dark without light; he makes
them stagger like a drunkard.

Job 13

1 "Look, my eye has seen all this, my
ear has heard and understood it. 2 What you
know, I also know; I am not inferior to you.
3 But I would speak to the Almighty, and I
desire to argue my case with God. 4 As for
you, you whitewash with lies; all of you are
worthless physicians. 5 If you would only
keep silent, that would be your wisdom!
6 Hear now my reasoning, and listen to the
pleadings of my lips. 7 Will you speak falsely
for God, and speak deceitfully for him?
8 Will you show partiality toward him, will
you plead the case for God? 9 Will it be well
with you when he searches you out? Or can
you deceive him, as one person deceives
another? 10 He will surely rebuke you if in
secret you show partiality. 11 Will not his
majesty terrify you, and the dread of him fall
upon you? 12 Your maxims are proverbs of
ashes, your defenses are defenses of clay.
13 "Let me have silence, and I will
speak, and let come on me what may. 14 I
will take my flesh in my teeth, and put my
life in my hand. 15 See, he will kill me; I
have no hope; but I will defend my ways to
his face. 16 This will be my salvation, that
the godless shall not come before him.
17 Listen carefully to my words, and let my
declaration be in your ears. 18 I have indeed
prepared my case; I know that I shall be
vindicated. 19 Who is there that will contend
with me? For then I would be silent and die.
20 Only grant two things to me, then I will
not hide myself from your face: 21 withdraw
your hand far from me, and do not let dread
of you terrify me. 22 Then call, and I will
answer; or let me speak, and you reply to
me. 23 How many are my iniquities and my
sins? Make me know my transgression and
my sin. 24 Why do you hide your face, and
count me as your enemy? 25 Will you
frighten a windblown leaf and pursue dry
chaff? 26 For you write bitter things against
me, and make me reap the iniquities of my

youth. 27 You put my feet in the stocks, and
watch all my paths; you set a bound to the
soles of my feet. 28 One wastes away like a
rotten thing, like a garment that is moth-
eaten.

Job 14

1 "A mortal, born of woman, few of days
and full of trouble, 2 comes up like a flower
and withers, flees like a shadow and does
not last. 3 Do you fix your eyes on such a
one? Do you bring me into judgment with
you? 4 Who can bring a clean thing out of an
unclean? No one can. 5 Since their days are
determined, and the number of their months
is known to you, and you have appointed the
bounds that they cannot pass, 6 look away
from them, and desist, that they may enjoy,
like laborers, their days.
7 "For there is hope for a tree, if it is
cut down, that it will sprout again, and that
its shoots will not cease. 8 Though its root
grows old in the earth, and its stump dies in
the ground, 9 yet at the scent of water it will
bud and put forth branches like a young
plant. 10 But mortals die, and are laid low;
humans expire, and where are they? 11 As
waters fail from a lake, and a river wastes
away and dries up, 12 so mortals lie down
and do not rise again; until the heavens are
no more, they will not awake or be roused
out of their sleep. 13 O that you would hide
me in Sheol, that you would conceal me
until your wrath is past, that you would
appoint me a set time, and remember me!
14 If mortals die, will they live again? All the
days of my service I would wait until my
release should come. 15 You would call, and I
would answer you; you would long for the
work of your hands. 16 For then you would
not number my steps, you would not keep
watch over my sin; 17 my transgression
would be sealed up in a bag, and you would
cover over my iniquity.
18 "But the mountain falls and
crumbles away, and the rock is removed
from its place; 19 the waters wear away the
stones; the torrents wash away the soil of the
earth; so you destroy the hope of mortals.
20 You prevail forever against them, and they
pass away; you change their countenance,
and send them away. 21 Their children come
to honor, and they do not know it; they are
brought low, and it goes unnoticed. 22 They
feel only the pain of their own bodies, and
mourn only for themselves."

Job 15

Eliphaz's second discourse
1 Then Eliphaz the Temanite answered:
2 "Should the wise answer with
windy knowledge, and fill themselves with
the east wind? 3 Should they argue in
unprofitable talk, or in words with which
they can do no good? 4 But you are doing
away with the fear of God, and hindering
meditation before God. 5 For your iniquity
teaches your mouth, and you choose the
tongue of the crafty.
6 Your own mouth condemns you, and not I;
your own lips testify against you. 7 "Are you
the firstborn of the human race? Were you
brought forth before the hills? 8 Have you
listened in the council of God? And do you
limit wisdom to yourself? 9 What do you
know that we do not know? What do you
understand that is not clear to us? 10 The
gray-haired and the aged are on our side,
those older than your father. 11 Are the
consolations of God too small for you, or the
word that deals gently with you? 12 Why
does your heart carry you away, and why do
your eyes flash, 13 so that you turn your
spirit against God, and let such words go out
of your mouth? 14 What are mortals, that
they can be clean? Or those born of woman,
that they can be righteous? 15 God puts no
trust even in his holy ones, and the heavens

are not clean in his sight; 16 how much less
one who is abominable and corrupt, one who
drinks iniquity like water!

17 "I will show you; listen to me;
what I have seen I will declare — 18 what
sages have told, and their ancestors have not
hidden, 19 to whom alone the land was given,
and no stranger passed among them. 20 The
wicked writhe in pain all their days, through
all the years that are laid up for the ruthless.
21 Terrifying sounds are in their ears; in
prosperity the destroyer will come upon
them. 22 They despair of returning from
darkness, and they are destined for the
sword. 23 They wander abroad for bread,
saying, 'Where is it?' They know that a day
of darkness is ready at hand; 24 distress and
anguish terrify them; they prevail against
them, like a king prepared for battle.
25 Because they stretched out their hands
against God, and bid defiance to the
Almighty, 26 running stubbornly against him
with a thick-bossed shield; 27 because they
have covered their faces with their fat, and
gathered fat upon their loins, 28 they will live
in desolate cities, in houses that no one
should inhabit, houses destined to become
heaps of ruins; 29 they will not be rich, and
their wealth will not endure, nor will they
strike root in the earth; 30 they will not
escape from darkness; the flame will dry up
their shoots, and their blossom will be swept
away by the wind. 31 Let them not trust in
emptiness, deceiving themselves; for
emptiness will be their recompense. 32 It will
be paid in full before their time, and their
branch will not be green. 33 They will shake
off their unripe grape, like the vine, and cast
off their blossoms, like the olive tree. 34 For
the company of the godless is barren, and
fire consumes the tents of bribery. 35 They
conceive mischief and bring forth evil and
their heart prepares deceit."

Job 16

Job's response

1 Then Job answered:

2 "I have heard many such things;
miserable comforters are you all. 3 Have
windy words no limit? Or what provokes
you that you keep on talking? 4 I also could
talk as you do, if you were in my place; I
could join words together against you, and
shake my head at you. 5 I could encourage
you with my mouth, and the solace of my
lips would assuage your pain.

6 "If I speak, my pain is not
assuaged, and if I forbear, how much of it
leaves me? 7 Surely now God has worn me
out; he has made desolate all my company.
8 And he has shriveled me up, which is a
witness against me; my leanness has risen
up against me, and it testifies to my face.
9 He has torn me in his wrath, and hated me;
he has gnashed his teeth at me; my
adversary sharpens his eyes against me.
10 They have gaped at me with their mouths;
they have struck me insolently on the cheek;
they mass themselves together against me.
11 God gives me up to the ungodly, and casts
me into the hands of the wicked. 12 I was at
ease, and he broke me in two; he seized me
by the neck and dashed me to pieces; he set
me up as his target; 13 his archers surround
me. He slashes open my kidneys, and shows
no mercy; he pours out my gall on the
ground. 14 He bursts upon me again and
again; he rushes at me like a warrior. 15 I
have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and
have laid my strength in the dust. 16 My face
is red with weeping, and deep darkness is on
my eyelids, 17 though there is no violence in
my hands, and my prayer is pure.

18 "O earth, do not cover my blood;
let my outcry find no resting place. 19 Even
now, in fact, my witness is in heaven, and he
that vouches for me is on high. 20 My friends
scorn me; my eye pours out tears to God,

21 that he would maintain the right of a
mortal with God, as one does for a neighbor.
22 For when a few years have come, I shall
go the way from which I shall not return.

Job 17

1 My spirit is broken, my days are extinct,
the grave is ready for me. 2 Surely there are
mockers around me, and my eye dwells on
their provocation.

3 "Lay down a pledge for me with
yourself; who is there that will give surety
for me? 4 Since you have closed their minds
to understanding, therefore you will not let
them triumph. 5 Those who denounce friends
for reward — the eyes of their children will
fail. 6 "He has made me a byword of the
peoples, and I am one before whom people
spit. 7 My eye has grown dim from grief, and
all my members are like a shadow. 8 The
upright are appalled at this, and the innocent
stir themselves up against the godless. 9 Yet
the righteous hold to their way, and they that
have clean hands grow stronger and
stronger. 10 But you, come back now, all of
you, and I shall not find a sensible person
among you. 11 My days are past, my plans
are broken off, the desires of my heart.

12 They make night into day; 'The
light,' they say, 'is near to the darkness.' 13 If
I look for Sheol as my house, if I spread my
couch in darkness, 14 if I say to the Pit, 'You
are my father,' and to the worm, 'My
mother,' or 'My sister,' 15 where then is my
hope? Who will see my hope? 16 Will it go
down to the bars of Sheol? Shall we descend
together into the dust?"

Job 18

Bildad's second discourse
1 Then Bildad the Shuhite answered:

2 "How long will you hunt for
words? Consider, and then we shall speak.
3 Why are we counted as cattle? Why are we
stupid in your sight? 4 You who tear yourself
in your anger — shall the earth be forsaken
because of you, or the rock be removed out
of its place?

5 "Surely the light of the wicked is
put out, and the flame of their fire does not
shine. 6 The light is dark in their tent, and
the lamp above them is put out. 7 Their
strong steps are shortened, and their own
schemes throw them down. 8 For they are
thrust into a net by their own feet, and they
walk into a pitfall. 9 A trap seizes them by
the heel; a snare lays hold of them. 10 A rope
is hid for them in the ground, a trap for them
in the path. 11 Terrors frighten them on every
side, and chase them at their heels. 12 Their
strength is consumed by hunger, and
calamity is ready for their stumbling. 13 By
disease their skin is consumed, the firstborn
of Death consumes their limbs. 14 They are
torn from the tent in which they trusted, and
are brought to the king of terrors. 15 In their
tents nothing remains; sulfur is scattered
upon their habitations.16 Their roots dry up
beneath, and their branches wither above. 17
Their memory perishes from the earth, and
they have no name in the street. 18 They are
thrust from light into darkness, and driven
out of the world. 19 They have no offspring
or descendant among their people, and no
survivor where they used to live. 20 They of
the west are appalled at their fate, and horror
seizes those of the east. 21 Surely such are
the dwellings of the ungodly, such is the
place of those who do not know God."

Job 19

Job's response
1 Then Job answered:

2 "How long will you torment me,
and break me in pieces with words? 3 These

ten times you have cast reproach upon me;
are you not ashamed to wrong me? 4 And
even if it is true that I have erred, my error
remains with me. 5 If indeed you magnify
yourselves against me, and make my
humiliation an argument against me, 6 know
then that God has put me in the wrong, and
closed his net around me. 7 Even when I cry
out, 'Violence!' I am not answered; I call
aloud, but there is no justice. 8 He has walled
up my way so that I cannot pass, and he has
set darkness upon my paths. 9 He has stripped
my glory from me, and taken the crown
from my head. 10 He breaks me down on
every side, and I am gone, he has uprooted
my hope like a tree. 11 He has kindled his
wrath against me, and counts me as his
adversary.12 His troops come on together;
they have thrown up siegeworks against me,
and encamp around my tent.

13 "He has put my family far from
me, and my acquaintances are wholly
estranged from me. 14 My relatives and my
close friends have failed me; 15 the guests in
my house have forgotten me; my serving
girls count me as a stranger; I have become
an alien in their eyes. 16 I call to my servant,
but he gives me no answer; I must myself
plead with him. 17 My breath is repulsive to
my wife; I am loathsome to my own family.
18 Even young children despise me; when I
rise, they talk against me. 19 All my intimate
friends abhor me, and those whom I loved
have turned against me. 20 My bones cling to
my skin and to my flesh, and I have escaped
by the skin of my teeth. 21 Have pity on me,
have pity on me, O you my friends, for the
hand of God has touched me! 22 Why do
you, like God, pursue me, never satisfied
with my flesh?

23 "O that my words were written
down! O that they were inscribed in a book!
24 O that with an iron pen and with lead they
were engraved on a rock forever! 25 For I
know that my Redeemer lives, and that at
the last he will stand upon the earth; 26 and
after my skin has been thus destroyed, then
in my flesh I shall see God, 27 whom I shall
see on my side, and my eyes shall behold,
and not another. My heart faints within me!
28 If you say, 'How we will persecute him!'
and, 'The root of the matter is found in him';
29 be afraid of the sword, for wrath brings
the punishment of the sword, so that you
may know there is a judgment."

Job 20

Zophar's second discourse

1 Then Zophar the Naamathite answered:

2 "Pay attention! My thoughts urge
me to answer, because of the agitation
within me. 3 I hear censure that insults me,
and a spirit beyond my understanding
answers me. 4 Do you not know this from of
old, ever since mortals were placed on earth,
5 that the exulting of the wicked is short, and
the joy of the godless is but for a moment?
6 Even though they mount up high as the
heavens, and their head reaches to the
clouds, 7 they will perish forever like their
own dung; those who have seen them will
say, 'Where are they?' 8 They will fly away
like a dream, and not be found; they will be
chased away like a vision of the night. 9 The
eye that saw them will see them no more,
nor will their place behold them any longer.
10 Their children will seek the favor of the
poor, and their hands will give back their
wealth. 11 Their bodies, once full of youth,
will lie down in the dust with them.
12 "Though wickedness is sweet in their
mouth, though they hide it under their
tongues, 13 though they are loath to let it go,
and hold it in their mouths, 14 yet their food
is turned in their stomachs; it is the venom
of asps within them. 15 They swallow down
riches and vomit them up again; God casts
them out of their bellies. 16 They will suck
the poison of asps; the tongue of a viper will

kill them. 17 They will not look on the rivers,
the streams flowing with honey and curds.
18 They will give back the fruit of their toil,
and will not swallow it down; from the
profit of their trading they will get no
enjoyment. 19 For they have crushed and
abandoned the poor, they have seized a
house that they did not build.

20 "They knew no quiet in their
bellies; in their greed they let nothing
escape. 21 There was nothing left after they
had eaten; therefore their prosperity will not
endure. 22 In full sufficiency they will be in
distress; all the force of misery will come
upon them. 23 To fill their belly to the full
God will send his fierce anger into them,
and rain it upon them as their food. 24 They
will flee from an iron weapon; a bronze
arrow will strike them through. 25 It is drawn
forth and comes out of their body, and the
glittering point comes out of their gall;
terrors come upon them. 26 Utter darkness is
laid up for their treasures; a fire fanned by
no one will devour them; what is left in their
tent will be consumed. 27 The heavens will
reveal their iniquity, and the earth will rise
up against them. 28 The possessions of their
house will be carried away, dragged off in
the day of God's wrath. 29 This is the portion
of the wicked from God, the heritage
decreed for them by God."

Job 21

Job's response

1 Then Job answered:

2 "Listen carefully to my words, and
let this be your consolation. 3 Bear with me,
and I will speak; then after I have spoken,
mock on. 4 As for me, is my complaint
addressed to mortals? Why should I not be
impatient? 5 Look at me, and be appalled,
and lay your hand upon your mouth. 6 When
I think of it I am dismayed, and shuddering
seizes my flesh. 7 Why do the wicked live
on, reach old age, and grow mighty in
power? 8 Their children are established in
their presence, and their offspring before
their eyes. 9 Their houses are safe from fear,
and no rod of God is upon them. 10 Their
bull breeds without fail; their cow calves
and never miscarries. 11 They send out their
little ones like a flock, and their children
dance around. 12 They sing to the tambourine
and the lyre, and rejoice to the sound of the
pipe. 13 They spend their days in prosperity,
and in peace they go down to Sheol. 14 They
say to God, 'Leave us alone! We do not
desire to know your ways. 15 What is the
Almighty, that we should serve him? And
what profit do we get if we pray to him?'
16 Is not their prosperity indeed their own
achievement? The plans of the wicked are
repugnant to me.

17 "How often is the lamp of the
wicked put out? How often does calamity
come upon them? How often does God
distribute pains in his anger? 18 How often
are they like straw before the wind, and like
chaff that the storm carries away?
19 You say, 'God stores up their iniquity for
their children.' Let it be paid back to them,
so that they may know it. 20 Let their own
eyes see their destruction, and let them drink
of the wrath of the Almighty. 21 For what do
they care for their household after them,
when the number of their months is cut off?
22 Will any teach God knowledge, seeing
that he judges those that are on high? 23 One
dies in full prosperity, being wholly at ease
and secure, 24 his loins full of milk and the
marrow of his bones moist. 25 Another dies in
bitterness of soul, never having tasted of
good. 26 They lie down alike in the dust, and
the worms cover them.

27 "Oh, I know your thoughts, and
your schemes to wrong me. 28 For you say,
'Where is the house of the prince? Where is
the tent in which the wicked lived?' 29 Have
you not asked those who travel the roads,
and do you not accept their testimony, 30 that

the wicked are spared in the day of calamity,
and are rescued in the day of wrath? 31 Who
declares their way to their face, and who
repays them for what they have done?
32 When they are carried to the grave, a
watch is kept over their tomb. 33 The clods of
the valley are sweet to them; everyone will
follow after, and those who went before are
innumerable. 34 How then will you comfort
me with empty nothings? There is nothing
left of your answers but falsehood."

Job 22

Eliphaz's third discourse

1 Then Eliphaz the Temanite answered:

2 "Can a mortal be of use to God?
Can even the wisest be of service to him?
3 Is it any pleasure to the Almighty if you
are righteous, or is it gain to him if you
make your ways blameless? 4 Is it for your
piety that he reproves you, and enters into
judgment with you? 5 Is not your wickedness
great? There is no end to your iniquities.
6 For you have exacted pledges from your
family for no reason, and stripped the naked
of their clothing. 7 You have given no water
to the weary to drink, and you have withheld
bread from the hungry. 8 The powerful
possess the land, and the favored live in it.
9 You have sent widows away empty-
handed, and the arms of the orphans you
have crushed. 10 Therefore snares are around
you, and sudden terror overwhelms you,
11 or darkness so that you cannot see; a flood
of water covers you.

12 "Is not God high in the heavens?
See the highest stars, how lofty they are!
13 Therefore you say, 'What does God know?
Can he judge through the deep darkness?
14 Thick clouds enwrap him, so that he does
not see, and he walks on the dome of
heaven.' 15 Will you keep to the old way that
the wicked have trod? 16 They were snatched
away before their time; their foundation was
washed away by a flood. 17 They said to
God, 'Leave us alone,' and 'What can the
Almighty do to us?' 18 Yet he filled their
houses with good things — but the plans of
the wicked are repugnant to me. 19 The
righteous see it and are glad; the innocent
laugh them to scorn, 20 saying, 'Surely our
adversaries are cut off, and what they left,
the fire has consumed.'

21 "Agree with God, and be at peace;
in this way good will come to you.
22 Receive instruction from his mouth, and
lay up his words in your heart. 23 If you
return to the Almighty, you will be restored,
if you remove unrighteousness from your
tents, 24 if you treat gold like dust, and gold
of Ophir like the stones of the torrent-bed,
25 and if the Almighty is your gold and your
precious silver, 26 then you will delight
yourself in the Almighty, and lift up your
face to God. 27 You will pray to him, and he
will hear you, and you will pay your vows.
28 You will decide on a matter, and it will be
established for you, and light will shine on
your ways. 29 When others are humiliated,
you say it is pride; for he saves the humble.
30 He will deliver even those who are guilty;
they will escape because of the cleanness of
your hands."

Job 23

Job's response

1 Then Job answered:

2 "Today also my complaint is bitter;
his hand is heavy despite my groaning.
3 Oh, that I knew where I might find him,
that I might come even to his dwelling! 4 I
would lay my case before him, and fill my
mouth with arguments. 5 I would learn what
he would answer me, and understand what
he would say to me. 6 Would he contend
with me in the greatness of his power? No;
but he would give heed to me. 7 There an

upright person could reason with him, and I should be acquitted forever by my judge.

8 "If I go forward, he is not there; or backward, I cannot perceive him; 9 on the left he hides, and I cannot behold him; I turn to the right, but I cannot see him. 10 But he knows the way that I take; when he has tested me, I shall come out like gold. 11 My foot has held fast to his steps; I have kept his way and have not turned aside. 12 I have not departed from the commandment of his lips; I have treasured in my bosom the words of his mouth. 13 But he stands alone and who can dissuade him? What he desires, that he does. 14 For he will complete what he appoints for me; and many such things are in his mind. 15 Therefore I am terrified at his presence; when I consider, I am in dread of him. 16 God has made my heart faint; the Almighty has terrified me; 17 If only I could vanish in darkness, and thick darkness would cover my face!

Job 24

1 "Why are times not kept by the Almighty, and why do those who know him never see his days? 2 The wicked remove landmarks; they seize flocks and pasture them. 3 They drive away the donkey of the orphan; they take the widow's ox for a pledge. 4 They thrust the needy off the road; the poor of the earth all hide themselves. 5 Like wild asses in the desert they go out to their toil, scavenging in the wasteland food for their young. 6 They reap in a field not their own and they glean in the vineyard of the wicked. 7 They lie all night naked, without clothing, and have no covering in the cold. 8 They are wet with the rain of the mountains, and cling to the rock for want of shelter.

9 "There are those who snatch the orphan child from the breast, and take as a pledge the infant of the poor. 10 They go about naked, without clothing; though hungry, they carry the sheaves; 11 between their terraces they press out oil; they tread the wine presses, but suffer thirst. 12 From the city the dying groan, and the throat of the wounded cries for help; yet God pays no attention to their prayer.

13 "There are those who rebel against the light, who are not acquainted with its ways, and do not stay in its paths. 14 The murderer rises at dusk to kill the poor and needy, and in the night is like a thief. 15 The eye of the adulterer also waits for the twilight, saying, 'No eye will see me'; and he disguises his face. 16 In the dark they dig through houses; by day they shut themselves up; they do not know the light. 17 For deep darkness is morning to all of them; for they are friends with the terrors of deep darkness.

18 "Swift are they on the face of the waters; their portion in the land is cursed; no treader turns toward their vineyards.
19 Drought and heat snatch away the snow waters; so does Sheol those who have sinned. 20 The womb forgets them; the worm finds them sweet; they are no longer remembered; so wickedness is broken like a tree.

21 "They harm the childless woman, and do no good to the widow. 22 Yet God prolongs the life of the mighty by his power; they rise up when they despair of life. 23 He gives them security, and they are supported; his eyes are upon their ways. 24 They are exalted a little while, and then are gone; they wither and fade like the mallow; they are cut off like the heads of grain. 25 If it is not so, who will prove me a liar, and show that there is nothing in what I say?"

Job 25

Bildad speaks
1 Then Bildad the Shuhite answered:

2 "Dominion and fear are with God; he makes peace in his high heaven. 3 Is there

any number to his armies? Upon whom does
his light not arise? 4 How then can a mortal
be righteous before God? How can one born
of woman be pure? 5 If even the moon is not
bright and the stars are not pure in his sight,
6 how much less a mortal, who is a maggot,
and a human being, who is a worm!"

Job 26

Job interrupts
1 Then Job answered:
2 "How you have helped one who has
no power! How you have assisted the arm
that has no strength! 3 How you have
counseled one who has no wisdom, and
given much good advice! 4 With whose help
have you uttered words, and whose spirit has
come forth from you? Bildad continues 5 The
shades below tremble, the waters and their
inhabitants. 6 Sheol is naked before God, and
Abaddon has no covering. 7 He stretches out
Zaphon over the void, and hangs the earth
upon nothing. 8 He binds up the waters in his
thick clouds, and the cloud is not torn open
by them. 9 He covers the face of the full
moon, and spreads over it his cloud. 10 He
has described a circle on the face of the
waters, at the boundary between light and
darkness. 11 The pillars of heaven tremble,
and are astounded at his rebuke. 12 By his
power he stilled the Sea; by his
understanding he struck down Rahab. 13 By
his wind the heavens were made fair; his
hand pierced the fleeing serpent. 14 These are
indeed but the outskirts of his ways; and
how small a whisper do we hear of him! But
the thunder of his power who can
understand?"

Job 27

Job continues
1 Job again took up his discourse and said:
2 "As God lives, who has taken away
my right, and the Almighty, who has made
my soul bitter, 3 as long as my breath is in
me and the spirit of God is in my nostrils,
4 my lips will not speak falsehood, and my
tongue will not utter deceit. 5 Far be it from
me to say that you are right; until I die I will
not put away my integrity from me. 6 I hold
fast my righteousness, and will not let it go;
my heart does not reproach me for any of
my days.
7 "May my enemy be like the wicked,
and may my opponent be like the
unrighteous. 8 For what is the hope of the
godless when God cuts them off, when God
takes away their lives? 9 Will God hear their
cry when trouble comes upon them? 10 Will
they take delight in the Almighty? Will they
call upon God at all times? 11 I will teach
you concerning the hand of God; that which
is with the Almighty I will not conceal.
12 All of you have seen it yourselves; why
then have you become altogether vain?
13 "This is the portion of the wicked
with God, and the heritage that oppressors
receive from the Almighty: 14 If their
children are multiplied, it is for the sword;
and their offspring have not enough to eat.
15 Those who survive them the pestilence
buries, and their widows make no
lamentation. 16 Though they heap up silver
like dust, and pile up clothing like clay —
17 they may pile it up, but the just will wear
it, and the innocent will divide the silver.
18 They build their houses like nests, like
booths made by sentinels of the vineyard.
19 They go to bed with wealth, but will do so
no more; they open their eyes, and it is gone.
20 Terrors overtake them like a flood; in the
night a whirlwind carries them off. 21 The
east wind lifts them up and they are gone; it
sweeps them out of their place. 22 It hurls at
them without pity; they flee from its power
in headlong flight. 23 It claps its hands at
them, and hisses at them from its place.

Job 28

A poem on Wisdom

1 "Surely there is a mine for silver, and a
place for gold to be refined. 2 Iron is taken
out of the earth, and copper is smelted from
ore. 3 Miners put an end to darkness, and
search out to the farthest bound the ore in
gloom and deep darkness. 4 They open
shafts in a valley away from human
habitation; they are forgotten by travelers,
they sway suspended, remote from people.
5 As for the earth, out of it comes bread; but
underneath it is turned up as by fire. 6 Its
stones are the place of sapphires, and its dust
contains gold.

7 "That path no bird of prey knows,
and the falcon's eye has not seen it. 8 The
proud wild animals have not trodden it; the
lion has not passed over it. 9 "They put their
hand to the flinty rock, and overturn
mountains by the roots. 10 They cut out
channels in the rocks, and their eyes see
every precious thing. 11 The sources of the
rivers they probe; hidden things they bring
to light.

12 "But where shall wisdom be
found? And where is the place of
understanding? 13 Mortals do not know the
way to it, and it is not found in the land of
the living. 14 The deep says, 'It is not in me,'
and the sea says, 'It is not with me.' 15 It
cannot be gotten for gold, and silver cannot
be weighed out as its price. 16 It cannot be
valued in the gold of Ophir, in precious
onyx or sapphire. 17 Gold and glass cannot
equal it, nor can it be exchanged for jewels
of fine gold. 18 No mention shall be made of
coral or of crystal; the price of wisdom is
above pearls. 19 The chrysolite of Ethiopia
cannot compare with it, nor can it be valued
in pure gold.

20 "Where then does wisdom come
from? And where is the place of
understanding? 21 It is hidden from the eyes
of all living, and concealed from the birds of
the air. 22 Abaddon and Death say, 'We have
heard a rumor of it with our ears.'

23 "God understands the way to it,
and he knows its place. 24 For he looks to the
ends of the earth, and sees everything under
the heavens. 25 When he gave to the wind its
weight, and apportioned out the waters by
measure; 26 when he made a decree for the
rain, and a way for the thunderbolt; 27 then
he saw it and declared it; he established it,
and searched it out. 28 And he said to
humankind, 'Truly, the fear of the Lord, that
is wisdom; and to depart from evil is
understanding.'"

Job 29

Job's speech

1 Job again took up his discourse and said:

2 "O that I were as in the months of
old, as in the days when God watched over
me; 3 when his lamp shone over my head,
and by his light I walked through darkness;
4 when I was in my prime, when the
friendship of God was upon my tent; 5 when
the Almighty was still with me, when my
children were around me; 6 when my steps
were washed with milk, and the rock poured
out for me streams of oil! 7 When I went out
to the gate of the city, when I took my seat
in the square, 8 the young men saw me and
withdrew, and the aged rose up and stood;
9 the nobles refrained from talking, and laid
their hands on their mouths; 10 the voices of
princes were hushed, and their tongues stuck
to the roof of their mouths. 11 When the ear
heard, it commended me, and when the eye
saw, it approved; 12 because I delivered the
poor who cried, and the orphan who had no
helper. 13 The blessing of the wretched came
upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to
sing for joy. 14 I put on righteousness, and it
clothed me; my justice was like a robe and a
turban. 15 I was eyes to the blind, and feet to
the lame. 16 I was a father to the needy, and I

championed the cause of the stranger. 17 I
broke the fangs of the unrighteous, and
made them drop their prey from their teeth.
18 Then I thought, 'I shall die in my nest, and
I shall multiply my days like the phoenix; 19
my roots spread out to the waters, with the
dew all night on my branches; 20 my glory
was fresh with me, and my bow ever new in
my hand.'

21 "They listened to me, and waited,
and kept silence for my counsel. 22 After I
spoke they did not speak again, and my
word dropped upon them like dew. 23 They
waited for me as for the rain; they opened
their mouths as for the spring rain. 24 I
smiled on them when they had no
confidence; and the light of my countenance
they did not extinguish. 25 I chose their way,
and sat as chief, and I lived like a king
among his troops, like one who comforts
mourners.

Job 30

1 "But now they make sport of me, those
who are younger than I, whose fathers I
would have disdained to set with the dogs of
my flock. 2 What could I gain from the
strength of their hands? All their vigor is
gone. 3 Through want and hard hunger they
gnaw the dry and desolate ground, 4 they
pick mallow and the leaves of bushes, and to
warm themselves the roots of broom. 5 They
are driven out from society; people shout
after them as after a thief. 6 In the gullies of
wadis they must live, in holes in the ground,
and in the rocks. 7 Among the bushes they
bray; under the nettles they huddle together.
8 A senseless, disreputable brood, they have
been whipped out of the land.

9 "And now they mock me in song; I
am a byword to them. 10 They abhor me,
they keep aloof from me; they do not
hesitate to spit at the sight of me. 11 Because
God has loosed my bowstring and humbled
me, they have cast off restraint in my
presence. 12 On my right hand the rabble rise
up; they send me sprawling, and build roads
for my ruin. 13 They break up my path, they
promote my calamity; no one restrains them.
14 As through a wide breach they come;
amid the crash they roll on. 15 Terrors are
turned upon me; my honor is pursued as by
the wind, and my prosperity has passed
away like a cloud.

16 "And now my soul is poured out
within me; days of affliction have taken hold
of me. 17 The night racks my bones, and the
pain that gnaws me takes no rest. 18 With
violence he seizes my garment; he grasps
me by the collar of my tunic. 19 He has cast
me into the mire, and I have become like
dust and ashes. 20 I cry to you and you do not
answer me; I stand, and you merely look at
me. 21 You have turned cruel to me; with the
might of your hand you persecute me. 22 You
lift me up on the wind, you make me ride on
it, and you toss me about in the roar of the
storm. 23 I know that you will bring me to
death, and to the house appointed for all
living.

24 "Surely one does not turn against
the needy, when in disaster they cry for help.
25 Did I not weep for those whose day was
hard? Was not my soul grieved for the poor?
26 But when I looked for good, evil came;
and when I waited for light, darkness came.
27 My inward parts are in turmoil, and are
never still; days of affliction come to meet
me. 28 I go about in sunless gloom; I stand
up in the assembly and cry for help. 29 I am a
brother of jackals, and a companion of
ostriches. 30 My skin turns black and falls
from me, and my bones burn with heat.
31 My lyre is turned to mourning, and my
pipe to the voice of those who weep.

Job 31

1 "I have made a covenant with my eyes;
how then could I look upon a virgin?
2 What would be my portion from God
above, and my heritage from the Almighty
on high? 3 Does not calamity befall the
unrighteous, and disaster the workers of
iniquity? 4 Does he not see my ways, and
number all my steps?

5 "If I have walked with falsehood,
and my foot has hurried to deceit — 6 let me
be weighed in a just balance, and let God
know my integrity! — 7 if my step has
turned aside from the way, and my heart has
followed my eyes, and if any spot has clung
to my hands; 8 then let me sow, and another
eat; and let what grows for me be rooted out.

9 "If my heart has been enticed by a
woman, and I have lain in wait at my
neighbor's door; 10 then let my wife grind for
another, and let other men kneel over her.
11 For that would be a heinous crime; that
would be a criminal offense; 12 for that
would be a fire consuming down to
Abaddon, and it would burn to the root all
my harvest.

13 "If I have rejected the cause of my
male or female slaves, when they brought a
complaint against me; 14 what then shall I do
when God rises up? When he makes inquiry,
what shall I answer him? 15 Did not he who
made me in the womb make them? And did
not one fashion us in the womb?

16 "If I have withheld anything that
the poor desired, or have caused the eyes of
the widow to fail, 17 or have eaten my morsel
alone, and the orphan has not eaten from it
— 18 for from my youth I reared the orphan
like a father, and from my mother's womb I
guided the widow — 19 if I have seen anyone
perish for lack of clothing, or a poor person
without covering, 20 whose loins have not
blessed me, and who was not warmed with
the fleece of my sheep; 21 if I have raised my
hand against the orphan, because I saw I had
supporters at the gate; 22 then let my shoulder
blade fall from my shoulder, and let my arm
be broken from its socket. 23 For I was in
terror of calamity from God, and I could not
have faced his majesty.

24 "If I have made gold my trust, or
called fine gold my confidence; 25 if I have
rejoiced because my wealth was great, or
because my hand had gotten much; 26 if I
have looked at the sun when it shone, or the
moon moving in splendor, 27 and my heart
has been secretly enticed, and my mouth has
kissed my hand; 28 this also would be an
iniquity to be punished by the judges, for I
should have been false to God above.

29 "If I have rejoiced at the ruin of
those who hated me, or exulted when evil
overtook them — 30 I have not let my mouth
sin by asking for their lives with a curse —
31 if those of my tent ever said, 'O that we
might be sated with his flesh!' — 32 the
stranger has not lodged in the street; I have
opened my doors to the traveler — 33 if I
have concealed my transgressions as others
do, by hiding my iniquity in my bosom,
34 because I stood in great fear of the
multitude, and the contempt of families
terrified me, so that I kept silence, and did
not go out of doors — 35 O that I had one to
hear me! (Here is my signature! Let the
Almighty answer me!) O, that I had the
indictment written by my adversary!
36 Surely I would carry it on my shoulder; I
would bind it on me like a crown; 37 I would
give him an account of all my steps; like a
prince I would approach him.

38 "If my land has cried out against
me, and its furrows have wept together; 39 if
I have eaten its yield without payment, and
caused the death of its owners; 40 let thorns
grow instead of wheat, and foul weeds
instead of barley." The words of Job are
ended.

Job 32

Elihu's disputations; prose and poetic introduction

1 So these three men ceased to answer Job,
because he was righteous in his own eyes.
2 Then Elihu son of Barachel the Buzite, of
the family of Ram, became angry. He was
angry at Job because he justified himself
rather than God; 3 he was angry also at Job's
three friends because they had found no
answer, though they had declared Job to be
in the wrong. 4 Now Elihu had waited to
speak to Job, because they were older than
he. 5 But when Elihu saw that there was no
answer in the mouths of these three men, he
became angry.

6 Elihu son of Barachel the Buzite
answered: "I am young in years, and you are
aged; therefore I was timid and afraid to
declare my opinion to you. 7 I said, 'Let days
speak, and many years teach wisdom.' 8 But
truly it is the spirit in a mortal, the breath of
the Almighty, that makes for understanding.
9 It is not the old that are wise, nor the aged
that understand what is right. 10 Therefore I
say, 'Listen to me; let me also declare my
opinion.'

11 "See, I waited for your words, I
listened for your wise sayings, while you
searched out what to say. 12 I gave you my
attention, but there was in fact no one that
confuted Job, no one among you that
answered his words. 13 Yet do not say, 'We
have found wisdom; God may vanquish
him, not a human.' 14 He has not directed his
words against me, and I will not answer him
with your speeches.

15 "They are dismayed, they answer
no more; they have not a word to say. 16 And
am I to wait, because they do not speak,
because they stand there, and answer no
more? 17 I also will give my answer; I also
will declare my opinion. 18 For I am full of
words; the spirit within me constrains me.
19 My heart is indeed like wine that has no
vent; like new wineskins, it is ready to burst.
20 I must speak, so that I may find relief; I
must open my lips and answer. 21 I will not
show partiality to any person or use flattery
toward anyone. 22 For I do not know how to
flatter — or my Maker would soon put an
end to me!

Job 33

1 "But now, hear my speech, O Job,
and listen to all my words. 2 See, I open my
mouth; the tongue in my mouth speaks.
3 My words declare the uprightness of my
heart, and what my lips know they speak
sincerely. 4 The spirit of God has made me,
and the breath of the Almighty gives me life.
5 Answer me, if you can; set your words in
order before me; take your stand. 6 See,
before God I am as you are; I too was
formed from a piece of clay. 7 No fear of me
need terrify you; my pressure will not be
heavy on you.

8 "Surely, you have spoken in my
hearing, and I have heard the sound of your
words. 9 You say, 'I am clean, without
transgression; I am pure, and there is no
iniquity in me. 10 Look, he finds occasions
against me, he counts me as his enemy;
11 he puts my feet in the stocks, and watches
all my paths.'

12 "But in this you are not right. I will
answer you: God is greater than any mortal.
13 Why do you contend against him, saying,
'He will answer none of my words'? 14 For
God speaks in one way, and in two, though
people do not perceive it. 15 In a dream, in a
vision of the night, when deep sleep falls on
mortals, while they slumber on their beds,
16 then he opens their ears, and terrifies them
with warnings, 17 that he may turn them
aside from their deeds, and keep them from
pride, 18 to spare their souls from the Pit,
their lives from traversing the River. 19 They

are also chastened with pain upon their beds,
and with continual strife in their bones, 20 so
that their lives loathe bread, and their
appetites dainty food. 21 Their flesh is so
wasted away that it cannot be seen; and their
bones, once invisible, now stick out. 22 Their
souls draw near the Pit, and their lives to
those who bring death. 23 Then, if there
should be for one of them an angel, a
mediator, one of a thousand, one who
declares a person upright, 24 and he is
gracious to that person, and says, 'Deliver
him from going down into the Pit; I have
found a ransom; 25 let his flesh become fresh
with youth; let him return to the days of his
youthful vigor'; 26 then he prays to God, and
is accepted by him, he comes into his
presence with joy, and God repays him for
his righteousness. 27 That person sings to
others and says, 'I sinned, and perverted
what was right, and it was not paid back to
me. 28 He has redeemed my soul from going
down to the Pit, and my life shall see the
light.'

29 "God indeed does all these things,
twice, three times, with mortals, 30 to bring
back their souls from the Pit, so that they
may see the light of life. 31 Pay heed, Job,
listen to me; be silent, and I will speak. 32 If
you have anything to say, answer me; speak,
for I desire to justify you. 33 If not, listen to
me; be silent, and I will teach you wisdom."

Job 34

Elihu's second disputation

1 Then Elihu continued and said:

2 "Hear my words, you wise men,
and give ear to me, you who know; 3 for the
ear tests words as the palate tastes food.
4 Let us choose what is right; let us
determine among ourselves what is good.
5 For Job has said, 'I am innocent, and God
has taken away my right; 6 in spite of being
right I am counted a liar; my wound is
incurable, though I am without
transgression.' 7 Who is there like Job, who
drinks up scoffing like water, 8 who goes in
company with evildoers and walks with the
wicked? 9 For he has said, 'It profits one
nothing to take delight in God.'

10 "Therefore, hear me, you who have
sense, far be it from God that he should do
wickedness, and from the Almighty that he
should do wrong. 11 For according to their
deeds he will repay them, and according to
their ways he will make it befall them. 12 Of
a truth, God will not do wickedly, and the
Almighty will not pervert justice. 13 Who
gave him charge over the earth and who laid
on him the whole world? 14 If he should take
back his spirit to himself, and gather to
himself his breath, 15 all flesh would perish
together, and all mortals return to dust.

16 "If you have understanding, hear
this; listen to what I say. 17 Shall one who
hates justice govern? Will you condemn one
who is righteous and mighty, 18 who says to
a king, 'You scoundrel!' and to princes, 'You
wicked men!'; 19 who shows no partiality to
nobles, nor regards the rich more than the
poor, for they are all the work of his hands?
20 In a moment they die; at midnight the
people are shaken and pass away, and the
mighty are taken away by no human hand.

21 "For his eyes are upon the ways of
mortals, and he sees all their steps. 22 There
is no gloom or deep darkness where
evildoers may hide themselves. 23 For he has
not appointed a time for anyone to go before
God in judgment. 24 He shatters the mighty
without investigation, and sets others in their
place. 25 Thus, knowing their works, he
overturns them in the night, and they are
crushed. 26 He strikes them for their
wickedness while others look on, 27 because
they turned aside from following him, and
had no regard for any of his ways, 28 so that
they caused the cry of the poor to come to
him, and he heard the cry of the afflicted —
29 When he is quiet, who can condemn?

When he hides his face, who can behold
him, whether it be a nation or an individual?
— 30 so that the godless should not reign, or
those who ensnare the people.

31 "For has anyone said to God, 'I
have endured punishment; I will not offend
any more; 32 teach me what I do not see; if I
have done iniquity, I will do it no more'?
33 Will he then pay back to suit you, because
you reject it? For you must choose, and not
I; therefore declare what you know. 34 Those
who have sense will say to me, and the wise
who hear me will say, 35 'Job speaks without
knowledge, his words are without insight.'
36 Would that Job were tried to the limit,
because his answers are those of the wicked.
37 For he adds rebellion to his sin; he claps
his hands among us, and multiplies his
words against God."

Job 35

Elihu's third disputation

1 Elihu continued and said:

2 "Do you think this to be just? You
say, 'I am in the right before God.' 3 If you
ask, 'What advantage have I? How am I
better off than if I had sinned?' 4 I will
answer you and your friends with you.
5 Look at the heavens and see; observe the
clouds, which are higher than you. 6 If you
have sinned, what do you accomplish
against him? And if your transgressions are
multiplied, what do you do to him? 7 If you
are righteous, what do you give to him; or
what does he receive from your hand?
8 Your wickedness affects others like you,
and your righteousness, other human beings.

9 "Because of the multitude of
oppressions people cry out; they call for
help because of the arm of the mighty. 10 But
no one says, 'Where is God my Maker, who
gives strength in the night, 11 who teaches us
more than the animals of the earth, and
makes us wiser than the birds of the air?'
12 There they cry out, but he does not
answer, because of the pride of evildoers.
13 Surely God does not hear an empty cry,
nor does the Almighty regard it. 14 How
much less when you say that you do not see
him, that the case is before him, and you are
waiting for him! 15 And now, because his
anger does not punish, and he does not
greatly heed transgression, 16 Job opens his
mouth in empty talk, he multiplies words
without knowledge."

Job 36

Elihu's fourth disputation

1 Elihu continued and said:

2 "Bear with me a little, and I will
show you, for I have yet something to say on
God's behalf. 3 I will bring my knowledge
from far away, and ascribe righteousness to
my Maker. 4 For truly my words are not
false; one who is perfect in knowledge is
with you.

5 "Surely God is mighty and does not
despise any; he is mighty in strength of
understanding. 6 He does not keep the
wicked alive, but gives the afflicted their
right. 7 He does not withdraw his eyes from
the righteous, but with kings on the throne
he sets them forever, and they are exalted.
8 And if they are bound in fetters and caught
in the cords of affliction, 9 then he declares
to them their work and their transgressions,
that they are behaving arrogantly. 10 He
opens their ears to instruction, and
commands that they return from iniquity.
11 If they listen, and serve him, they
complete their days in prosperity, and their
years in pleasantness. 12 But if they do not
listen, they shall perish by the sword, and
die without knowledge.

13 "The godless in heart cherish
anger; they do not cry for help when he
binds them. 14 They die in their youth, and
their life ends in shame. 15 He delivers the

afflicted by their affliction, and opens their
ear by adversity. 16 He also allured you out
of distress into a broad place where there
was no constraint, and what was set on your
table was full of fatness.
17 "But you are obsessed with the
case of the wicked; judgment and justice
seize you. 18 Beware that wrath does not
entice you into scoffing, and do not let the
greatness of the ransom turn you aside.
19 Will your cry avail to keep you from
distress, or will all the force of your
strength? 20 Do not long for the night, when
peoples are cut off in their place. 21 Beware!
Do not turn to iniquity; because of that you
have been tried by affliction. 22 See, God is
exalted in his power; who is a teacher like
him? 23 Who has prescribed for him his way,
or who can say, 'You have done wrong'?"
24 "Remember to extol his work, of
which mortals have sung. 25 All people have
looked on it; everyone watches it from far
away. 26 Surely God is great, and we do not
know him; the number of his years is
unsearchable. 27 For he draws up the drops
of water; he distills his mist in rain, 28 which
the skies pour down and drop upon mortals
abundantly. 29 Can anyone understand the
spreading of the clouds, the thunderings of
his pavilion? 30 See, he scatters his lightning
around him and covers the roots of the sea.
31 For by these he governs peoples; he gives
food in abundance. 32 He covers his hands
with the lightning, and commands it to strike
the mark. 33 Its crashing tells about him; he
is jealous with anger against iniquity."

Job 37

1 "At this also my heart trembles, and
leaps out of its place. 2 Listen, listen to the
thunder of his voice and the rumbling that
comes from his mouth. 3 Under the whole
heaven he lets it loose, and his lightning to
the corners of the earth. 4 After it his voice
roars; he thunders with his majestic voice
and he does not restrain the lightnings when
his voice is heard. 5 God thunders
wondrously with his voice; he does great
things that we cannot comprehend. 6 For to
the snow he says, 'Fall on the earth'; and the
shower of rain, his heavy shower of rain,
7 serves as a sign on everyone's hand, so that
all whom he has made may know it. 8 Then
the animals go into their lairs and remain in
their dens. 9 From its chamber comes the
whirlwind, and cold from the scattering
winds. 10 By the breath of God ice is given,
and the broad waters are frozen fast. 11 He
loads the thick cloud with moisture; the
clouds scatter his lightning. 12 They turn
round and round by his guidance, to
accomplish all that he commands them on
the face of the habitable world. 13 Whether
for correction, or for his land, or for love, he
causes it to happen."
14 "Hear this, O Job; stop and
consider the wondrous works of God. 15 Do
you know how God lays his command upon
them, and causes the lightning of his cloud
to shine? 16 Do you know the balancings of
the clouds, the wondrous works of the one
whose knowledge is perfect, 17 you whose
garments are hot when the earth is still
because of the south wind? 18 Can you, like
him, spread out the skies, hard as a molten
mirror? 19 Teach us what we shall say to
him; we cannot draw up our case because of
darkness. 20 Should he be told that I want to
speak? Did anyone ever wish to be
swallowed up? 21 Now, no one can look on
the light when it is bright in the skies, when
the wind has passed and cleared them. 22 Out
of the north comes golden splendor; around
God is awesome majesty. 23 The Almighty
— we cannot find him; he is great in power
and justice, and abundant righteousness he
will not violate. 24 Therefore mortals fear
him; he does not regard any who are wise in
their own conceit."

Job 38

God speaks from the whirlwind

1 Then the LORD answered Job out of the whirlwind:

2 "Who is this that darkens counsel
by words without knowledge? 3 Gird up
your loins like a man, I will question you,
and you shall declare to me."

4 "Where were you when I laid the
foundation of the earth? Tell me, if you have
understanding. 5 Who determined its
measurements — surely you know! Or who
stretched the line upon it? 6 On what were its
bases sunk, or who laid its cornerstone
7 when the morning stars sang together and
all the heavenly beings shouted for joy?"

8 "Or who shut in the sea with doors
when it burst out from the womb? — 9 when
I made the clouds its garment, and thick
darkness its swaddling band, 10 and
prescribed bounds for it, and set bars and
doors, 11 and said, 'Thus far shall you come,
and no farther, and here shall your proud
waves be stopped'?"

12 "Have you commanded the
morning since your days began, and caused
the dawn to know its place, 13 so that it
might take hold of the skirts of the earth, and
the wicked be shaken out of it? 14 It is
changed like clay under the seal, and it is
dyed like a garment. 15 Light is withheld
from the wicked, and their uplifted arm is
broken."

16 "Have you entered into the springs
of the sea, or walked in the recesses of the
deep? 17 Have the gates of death been
revealed to you, or have you seen the gates
of deep darkness? 18 Have you
comprehended the expanse of the earth?
Declare, if you know all this."

19 "Where is the way to the dwelling
of light, and where is the place of darkness,
20 that you may take it to its territory and that
you may discern the paths to its home?
21 Surely you know, for you were born then,
and the number of your days is great!"

22 "Have you entered the storehouses
of the snow, or have you seen the
storehouses of the hail, 23 which I have
reserved for the time of trouble, for the day
of battle and war? 24 What is the way to the
place where the light is distributed, or where
the east wind is scattered upon the earth?

25 "Who has cut a channel for the
torrents of rain, and a way for the
thunderbolt, 26 to bring rain on a land where
no one lives, on the desert, which is empty
of human life, 27 to satisfy the waste and
desolate land, and to make the ground put
forth grass?"

28 "Has the rain a father, or who has
begotten the drops of dew? 29 From whose
womb did the ice come forth, and who has
given birth to the hoarfrost of heaven? 30 The
waters become hard like stone, and the face
of the deep is frozen.

31 "Can you bind the chains of the
Pleiades, or loose the cords of Orion? 32 Can
you lead forth the Mazzaroth in their season,
or can you guide the Bear with its children?
33 Do you know the ordinances of the
heavens? Can you establish their rule on the
earth?"

34 "Can you lift up your voice to the
clouds, so that a flood of waters may cover
you? 35 Can you send forth lightnings, so
that they may go and say to you, 'Here we
are'? 36 Who has put wisdom in the inward
parts, or given understanding to the mind?
37 Who has the wisdom to number the
clouds? Or who can tilt the waterskins of the
heavens, 38 when the dust runs into a mass
and the clods cling together?"

39 "Can you hunt the prey for the
lion, or satisfy the appetite of the young
lions, 40 when they crouch in their dens, or
lie in wait in their covert? 41 Who provides
for the raven its prey, when its young ones
cry to God, and wander about for lack of
food?"

Job 39

1 "Do you know when the mountain
goats give birth? Do you observe the calving
of the deer? 2 Can you number the months
that they fulfill, and do you know the time
when they give birth, 3 when they crouch to
give birth to their offspring, and are
delivered of their young? 4 Their young ones
become strong, they grow up in the open;
they go forth, and do not return to them."
5 "Who has let the wild ass go free?
Who has loosed the bonds of the swift ass,
6 to which I have given the steppe for its
home, the salt land for its dwelling place?
7 It scorns the tumult of the city; it does not
hear the shouts of the driver. 8 It ranges the
mountains as its pasture, and it searches
after every green thing."
9 "Is the wild ox willing to serve
you? Will it spend the night at your crib?
10 Can you tie it in the furrow with ropes, or
will it harrow the valleys after you? 11 Will
you depend on it because its strength is
great, and will you hand over your labor to
it? 12 Do you have faith in it that it will
return, and bring your grain to your
threshing floor?"
13 "The ostrich's wings flap wildly,
though its pinions lack plumage. 14 For it
leaves its eggs to the earth, and lets them be
warmed on the ground, 15 forgetting that a
foot may crush them, and that a wild animal
may trample them. 16 It deals cruelly with its
young, as if they were not its own; though
its labor should be in vain, yet it has no fear;
17 because God has made it forget wisdom,
and given it no share in understanding.
18 When it spreads its plumes aloft, it laughs
at the horse and its rider."
19 "Do you give the horse its might?
Do you clothe its neck with mane? 20 Do you
make it leap like the locust? Its majestic
snorting is terrible. 21 It paws violently,
exults mightily; it goes out to meet the
weapons. 22 It laughs at fear, and is not
dismayed; it does not turn back from the
sword. 23 Upon it rattle the quiver, the
flashing spear, and the javelin. 24 With
fierceness and rage it swallows the ground;
it cannot stand still at the sound of the
trumpet. 25 When the trumpet sounds, it says
'Aha!' From a distance it smells the battle,
the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.
26 "Is it by your wisdom that the
hawk soars, and spreads its wings toward the
south? 27 Is it at your command that the
eagle mounts up and makes its nest on high?
28 It lives on the rock and makes its home in
the fastness of the rocky crag. 29 From there
it spies the prey; its eyes see it from far
away. 30 Its young ones suck up blood;
and where the slain are, there it is."

Job 40

Question and response
1 And the LORD said to Job:
2 "Shall a faultfinder contend with
the Almighty? Anyone who argues with God
must respond." 3 Then Job answered the
LORD:
4 "See, I am of small account; what
shall I answer you? I lay my hand on my
mouth. 5 I have spoken once, and I will not
answer; twice, but will proceed no further."

God's second speech
6 Then the LORD answered Job out of the
whirlwind:
7 "Gird up your loins like a man;
I will question you, and you declare to me.
8 Will you even put me in the wrong? Will
you condemn me that you may be justified?
9 Have you an arm like God, and can you
thunder with a voice like his?
10 "Deck yourself with majesty and
dignity; clothe yourself with glory and
splendor. 11 Pour out the overflowings of
your anger, and look on all who are proud,
and abase them. 12 Look on all who are

proud, and bring them low; tread down the wicked where they stand. 13 Hide them all in the dust together; bind their faces in the world below. 14 Then I will also acknowledge to you that your own right hand can give you victory.

15 "Look at Behemoth, which I made just as I made you; it eats grass like an ox. 16 Its strength is in its loins, and its power in the muscles of its belly. 17 It makes its tail stiff like a cedar; the sinews of its thighs are knit together. 18 Its bones are tubes of bronze, its limbs like bars of iron."

19 "It is the first of the great acts of God — only its Maker can approach it with the sword. 20 For the mountains yield food for it where all the wild animals play. 21 Under the lotus plants it lies, in the covert of the reeds and in the marsh. 22 The lotus trees cover it for shade; the willows of the wadi surround it. 23 Even if the river is turbulent, it is not frightened; it is confident though Jordan rushes against its mouth. 24 Can one take it with hooks or pierce its nose with a snare?

Job 41

1 "Can you draw out Leviathan with a fishhook, or press down its tongue with a cord? 2 Can you put a rope in its nose, or pierce its jaw with a hook? 3 Will it make many supplications to you? Will it speak soft words to you? 4 Will it make a covenant with you to be taken as your servant forever? 5 Will you play with it as with a bird, or will you put it on leash for your girls? 6 Will traders bargain over it? Will they divide it up among the merchants? 7 Can you fill its skin with harpoons, or its head with fishing spears? 8 Lay hands on it; think of the battle; you will not do it again! 9 Any hope of capturing it will be disappointed; were not even the gods overwhelmed at the sight of it? 10 No one is so fierce as to dare to stir it up. Who can stand before it? 11 Who can confront it and be safe? — under the whole heaven, who?"

12 "I will not keep silence concerning its limbs, or its mighty strength, or its splendid frame. 13 Who can strip off its outer garment? Who can penetrate its double coat of mail? 14 Who can open the doors of its face? There is terror all around its teeth. 15 Its back is made of shields in rows, shut up closely as with a seal. 16 One is so near to another that no air can come between them. 17 They are joined one to another; they clasp each other and cannot be separated. 18 Its sneezes flash forth light, and its eyes are like the eyelids of the dawn. 19 From its mouth go flaming torches; sparks of fire leap out. 20 Out of its nostrils comes smoke, as from a boiling pot and burning rushes. 21 Its breath kindles coals, and a flame comes out of its mouth. 22 In its neck abides strength, and terror dances before it. 23 The folds of its flesh cling together; it is firmly cast and immovable. 24 Its heart is as hard as stone, as hard as the lower millstone. 25 When it raises itself up the gods are afraid; at the crashing they are beside themselves. 26 Though the sword reaches it, it does not avail, nor does the spear, the dart, or the javelin. 27 It counts iron as straw, and bronze as rotten wood. 28 The arrow cannot make it flee; slingstones, for it, are turned to chaff. 29 Clubs are counted as chaff; it laughs at the rattle of javelins. 30 Its underparts are like sharp potsherds; it spreads itself like a threshing sledge on the mire. 31 It makes the deep boil like a pot; it makes the sea like a pot of ointment. 32 It leaves a shining wake behind it; one would think the deep to be white-haired. 33 On earth it has no equal, a creature without fear. 34 It surveys everything that is lofty; it is king over all that are proud."

Job 42

Job's second response

1 Then Job answered the LORD:

2 "I know that you can do all things,
and that no purpose of yours can be
thwarted. 3 'Who is this that hides counsel
without knowledge?' Therefore I have
uttered what I did not understand, things too
wonderful for me, which I did not know.
4 'Hear, and I will speak; I will question you,
and you declare to me.' 5 I had heard of you
by the hearing of the ear, but now my eye
sees you; 6 therefore I despise myself, and
repent in dust and ashes."

Epilogue

7 After the LORD had spoken these words to
Job, the LORD said to Eliphaz theTemanite:

"My wrath is kindled against you
and against your two friends; for you have
not spoken of me what is right, as my
servant Job has. 8 Now therefore take seven
bulls and seven rams, and go to my servant
Job, and offer up for yourselves a burnt
offering; and my servant Job shall pray for
you, for I will accept his prayer not to deal
with you according to your folly; for you
have not spoken of me what is right, as my
servant Job has done."

9 So Eliphaz the Temanite and
Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the
Naamathite went and did what the LORD
had told them; and the LORD accepted Job's
prayer. 10 And the LORD restored the
fortunes of Job when he had prayed for his
friends; and the LORD gave Job twice as
much as he had before. 11 Then there came
to him all his brothers and sisters and all
who had known him before, and they ate
bread with him in his house; they showed
him sympathy and comforted him for all the
evil that the LORD had brought upon him;
and each of them gave him a piece of money
and a gold ring. 12 The LORD blessed the
latter days of Job more than his beginning;
and he had fourteen thousand sheep, six
thousand camels, a thousand yoke of oxen,
and a thousand donkeys. 13 He also had
seven sons and three daughters. 14 He named
the first Jemimah, the second Keziah, and
the third Keren-happuch. 15 In all the land
there were no women so beautiful as Job's
daughters; and their father gave them an
inheritance along with their brothers. 16 After
this Job lived one hundred and forty years,
and saw his children, and his children's
children, four generations. 17 And Job died,
old and full of days.

Language Readings

Before the Law

Franz Kafka

Before the law sits a gatekeeper. To this gatekeeper comes a man from the country who asks to gain entry into the law. But the gatekeeper says that he cannot grant him entry at the moment. The man thinks about it and then asks if he will be allowed to come in later on. “It is possible,” says the gatekeeper, “but not now.” At the moment the gate to the law stands open, as always, and the gatekeeper walks to the side, so the man bends over in order to see through the gate into the inside. When the gatekeeper notices that, he laughs and says: “If it tempts you so much, try it in spite of my prohibition. But take note: I am powerful. And I am only the most lowly gatekeeper. But from room to room stand gatekeepers, each more powerful than the other. I can’t endure even one glimpse of the third.” The man from the country has not expected such difficulties: the law should always be accessible for everyone, he thinks, but as he now looks more closely at the gatekeeper in his fur coat, at his large pointed nose and his long, thin, black Tartar’s beard, he decides that it would be better to wait until he gets permission to go inside. The gatekeeper gives him a stool and allows him to sit down at the side in front of the gate. There he sits for days and years. He makes many attempts to be let in, and he wears the gatekeeper out with his requests. The gatekeeper often interrogates him briefly, questioning him about his homeland and many other things, but they are indifferent questions, the kind great men put, and at the end he always tells him once more that he cannot let him inside yet. The man, who has equipped himself with many things for his journey, spends everything, no matter how valuable, to win over the gatekeeper. The latter takes it all but, as he does so, says, “I am taking this only so that you do not think you have failed to do anything.” During the many years the man observes the gatekeeper almost continuously. He forgets the other gatekeepers, and this one seems to him the only obstacle for entry into the law. He curses the unlucky circumstance, in the first years thoughtlessly and out loud, later, as he grows old, he still mumbles to himself. He becomes childish and, since in the long years studying the gatekeeper he has come to know the fleas in his fur collar, he even asks the fleas to help him persuade the gatekeeper. Finally his eyesight grows weak, and he does not know whether things are really darker around him or whether his eyes are merely deceiving him. But he recognizes now in the darkness an illumination which breaks inextinguishably out of the gateway to the law. Now he no longer has much time to live. Before his death he gathers in his head all his experiences of the entire time up into one question which he has not yet put to the gatekeeper. He waves to him, since he can no longer lift up his stiffening body. The gatekeeper has to bend way down to him, for the great difference has changed things to the disadvantage of the man. “What do you still want to know, then?” asks the gatekeeper. “You are insatiable.” “Everyone strives after the law,” says the man, “so how is that in these many years no one except me has requested entry?” The gatekeeper sees that the man is already dying and, in order to reach his diminishing sense of hearing, he shouts at him, “Here no one else can gain entry, since this entrance was assigned only to you. I’m going now to close it.”

From
A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND
by Flannery O'Connor

Flannery O'Connor

A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND

THE GRANDMOTHER didn't want to go to Florida. She wanted to visit some of her connections in east Tennessee and she was seizing at every chance to change Bailey's mind. Bailey was the son she lived with, her only boy. He was sitting on the edge of his chair at the table, bent over the orange sports section of the *Journal*. "Now look here, Bailey," she said, "see here, read this," and she stood with one hand on her thin hip and the other rattling the newspaper at his bald head. "Here this fellow that calls himself The Misfit is aloose from the Federal Pen and headed toward Florida and you read here what it says he did to these people. Just you read it. I wouldn't take my children in any direction with a criminal like that aloose in it. I couldn't answer to my conscience if I did."

Bailey didn't look up from his reading so she wheeled around then and faced the children's mother, a young woman in slacks, whose face was as broad and innocent as a cabbage and was tied around with a green headkerchief that had two points on the top like rabbit's ears. She was sitting on the sofa, feeding the baby his apricots out of a jar. "The children have been to Florida before," the old lady said. "You all ought to take them somewhere else for a change so they would see different parts of the world and be broad. They never have been to east Tennessee."

The children's mother didn't seem to hear her but the eight-year-old boy, John Wesley, a stocky child with glasses, said, "If you don't want to go to Florida, why dontcha stay at home?" He and the little girl, June Star, were reading the funny papers on the floor.

"She wouldn't stay at home to be queen for a day," June Star said without raising her yellow head.

"Yes and what would you do if this fellow, The Misfit, caught you?" the grandmother asked.

"I'd smack his face," John Wesley said.

"She wouldn't stay at home for a million bucks," June Star said. "Afraid she'd miss something. She has to go everywhere we go."

"All right, Miss," the grandmother said. "Just remember that the next time you want me to curl your hair."

June Star said her hair was naturally curly.

The next morning the grandmother was the first one in the car, ready to go. She had her big black valise that looked like the head of a hippopotamus in one corner, and underneath it she was hiding a basket with Pitty Sing, the cat, in it. She didn't intend for the cat to be left alone in the house for three days because he would miss her too much and she was afraid he might brush against one of the gas burners and accidentally asphyxiate himself. Her son, Bailey, didn't like to arrive at a motel with a cat.

She sat in the middle of the back seat with John Wesley and June Star on either side of her. Bailey and the children's mother and the baby sat in front and they left Atlanta at eight forty-five with the mileage on the car at 55890. The grandmother wrote this down because she thought it would be interesting to say how many miles they had been when they got back. It took them twenty minutes to reach the outskirts of the city.

The old lady settled herself comfortably, removing her white cotton gloves and putting them up with her purse on the shelf in front of the back window. The children's mother still had on slacks and still had her head tied up in a green kerchief, but the grandmother had on a navy blue straw sailor hat with a bunch of white violets on the brim and a navy blue dress with a small white dot in the print. Her collars and cuffs were white organdy trimmed with lace and at her neckline she had pinned a purple spray of cloth violets containing a sachet. In case of an accident, anyone seeing her dead on the highway would know at once that she was a lady.

She said she thought it was going to be a good day for driving, neither too hot nor too cold, and she cautioned Bailey that the speed limit was fifty-five miles an hour and that the patrolmen hid themselves behind billboards and small clumps of trees and sped out after you before you had a chance to slow down. She pointed out interesting details of the scenery: Stone Mountain; the blue granite that in some places came up to both sides of the highway; the brilliant red clay banks slightly streaked with purple; and the various crops that made rows of green lace-work on the ground. The trees were full of silver-white sunlight and the meanest of them sparkled. The children were reading comic magazines and their mother had gone back to sleep.

"Let's go through Georgia fast so we won't have to look at it much," John Wesley said.

"If I were a little boy," said the grandmother, "I wouldn't talk about my native state that way. Tennessee has the mountains and Georgia has the hills."

"Tennessee is just a hillbilly dumping ground," John Wesley said, "and Georgia is a lousy state too."

"You said it," June Star said.

"In my time," said the grandmother, folding her thin veined fingers, "children were more respectful of their native states and their parents and everything else. People did right then. Oh look at the cute little pickaninny!" she said and pointed to a Negro child standing in the door of a shack. "Wouldn't that make a picture, now?" she asked and they all turned and looked at the little Negro out of the back window. He waved.

"He didn't have any britches on," June Star said.

"He probably didn't have any," the grandmother explained. "Little niggers in the country don't have things like we do. If I could paint, I'd paint that picture," she said.

The children exchanged comic books.

The grandmother offered to hold the baby and the children's mother passed him over the front seat to her. She set him on her knee and bounced him and told him about the things they were passing. She rolled her eyes and screwed up her mouth and stuck her leathery thin face into his smooth bland one. Occasionally he gave her a faraway smile. They passed a large cotton field with five or six graves fenced in the middle of it, like a small island. "Look at the graveyard!" the grandmother said, pointing it out. "That was the old family burying ground. That belonged to the plantation."

"Where's the plantation?" John Wesley asked.

"Gone With the Wind," said the grandmother. "Ha. Ha."

When the children finished all the comic books they had brought, they opened the lunch and ate it. The grandmother ate a peanut butter sandwich and an olive and would not let the children throw the box and the paper

napkins out the window. When there was nothing else to do they played a game by choosing a cloud and making the other two guess what shape it suggested. John Wesley took one the shape of a cow and June Star guessed a cow and John Wesley said, no, an automobile, and June Star said he didn't play fair, and they began to slap each other over the grandmother.

The grandmother said she would tell them a story if they would keep quiet. When she told a story, she rolled her eyes and waved her head and was very dramatic. She said once when she was a maiden lady she had been courted by a Mr. Edgar Atkins Teagarden from Jasper, Georgia. She said he was a very good-looking man and a gentleman and that he brought her a watermelon every Saturday afternoon with his initials cut in it, E. A. T. Well, one Saturday, she said, Mr. Teagarden brought the watermelon and there was nobody at home and he left it on the front porch and returned in his buggy to Jasper, but she never got the watermelon, she said, because a nigger boy ate it when he saw the initials, E. A. T.! This story tickled John Wesley's funny bone and he giggled and giggled but June Star didn't think it was any good. She said she wouldn't marry a man that just brought her a watermelon on Saturday. The grandmother said she would have done well to marry Mr. Teagarden because he was a gentleman and had bought Coca-Cola stock when it first came out and that he had died only a few years ago, a very wealthy man.

They stopped at The Tower for barbecued sandwiches. The Tower was a part stucco and part wood filling station and dance hall set in a clearing outside of Timothy. A fat man named Red Sammy Butts ran it and there were signs

stuck here and there on the building and for miles up and down the highway saying, TRY RED SAMMY'S FAMOUS BARBECUE. NONE LIKE FAMOUS RED SAMMY'S! RED SAM! THE FAT BOY WITH THE HAPPY LAUGH. A VETERAN! RED SAMMY'S YOUR MAN!

Red Sammy was lying on the bare ground outside The Tower with his head under a truck while a gray monkey about a foot high, chained to a small chinaberry tree, chattered nearby. The monkey sprang back into the tree and got on the highest limb as soon as he saw the children jump out of the car and run toward him.

Inside, The Tower was a long dark room with a counter at one end and tables at the other and dancing space in the middle. They all sat down at a board table next to the nickelodeon and Red Sam's wife, a tall burnt-brown woman with hair and eyes lighter than her skin, came and took their order. The children's mother put a dime in the machine and played "The Tennessee Waltz," and the grandmother said that tune always made her want to dance. She asked Bailey if he would like to dance but he only glared at her. He didn't have a naturally sunny disposition like she did and trips made him nervous. The grandmother's brown eyes were very bright. She swayed her head from side to side and pretended she was dancing in her chair. June Star said play something she could tap to so the children's mother put in another dime and played a fast number and June Star stepped out onto the dance floor and did her tap routine.

"Ain't she cute?" Red Sam's wife said, leaning over the counter. "Would you like to come be my little girl?"

"No I certainly wouldn't," June Star said. "I wouldn't live in a broken-down place like this for a million bucks!" and she ran back to the table.

"Ain't she cute?" the woman repeated, stretching her mouth politely.

"Arn't you ashamed?" hissed the grandmother.

Red Sam came in and told his wife to quit lounging on the counter and hurry up with these people's order. His khaki trousers reached just to his hip bones and his stomach hung over them like a sack of meal swaying under his shirt. He came over and sat down at a table nearby and let out a combination sigh and yodel. "You can't win," he said. "You can't win," and he wiped his sweating red face off with a gray handkerchief. "These days you don't know who to trust," he said. "Ain't that the truth?"

"People are certainly not nice like they used to be," said the grandmother.

"Two fellers come in here last week," Red Sammy said, "driving a Chrysler. It was a old beat-up car but it was a good one and these boys looked all right to me. Said they worked at the mill and you know I let them fellers charge the gas they bought? Now why did I do that?"

"Because you're a good man!" the grandmother said at once.

"Yes'm, I suppose so," Red Sam said as if he were struck with this answer.

His wife brought the orders, carrying the five plates all at once without a tray, two in each hand and one balanced on her arm. "It isn't a soul in this green world of God's that you can trust," she said. "And I don't count nobody out of that, not nobody," she repeated, looking at Red Sammy.

"Did you read about that criminal, The Misfit, that's escaped?" asked the grandmother.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he didn't attact this place right here," said the woman. "If he hears about it

being here, I wouldn't be none surprised to see him. If he hears it's two cent in the cash register, I wouldn't be a tall surprised if he . . ."

"That'll do," Red Sam said. "Go bring these people their Co'-Colas," and the woman went off to get the rest of the order.

"A good man is hard to find," Red Sammy said. "Everything is getting terrible. I remember the day you could go off and leave your screen door unlatched. Not no more."

He and the grandmother discussed better times. The old lady said that in her opinion Europe was entirely to blame for the way things were now. She said the way Europe acted you would think we were made of money and Red Sam said it was no use talking about it, she was exactly right. The children ran outside into the white sunlight and looked at the monkey in the lacy chinaberry tree. He was busy catching fleas on himself and biting each one carefully between his teeth as if it were a delicacy.

They drove off again into the hot afternoon. The grandmother took cat naps and woke up every few minutes with her own snoring. Outside of Toombsboro she woke up and recalled an old plantation that she had visited in this neighborhood once when she was a young lady. She said the house had six white columns across the front and that there was an avenue of oaks leading up to it and two little wooden trellis arbors on either side in front where you sat down with your suitor after a stroll in the garden. She recalled exactly which road to turn off to get to it. She knew that Bailey would not be willing to lose any time looking at an old house, but the more she talked about it, the more she wanted to see it once again and find out if the little twin arbors were still standing. "There was a secret panel in this house," she said craftily, not

telling the truth but wishing that she were, "and the story went that all the family silver was hidden in it when Sherman came through but it was never found . . ."

"Hey!" John Wesley said. "Let's go see it! We'll find it! We'll poke all the woodwork and find it! Who lives there? Where do you turn off at? Hey Pop, can't we turn off there?"

"We never have seen a house with a secret panel!" June Star shrieked. "Let's go to the house with the secret panel! Hey Pop, can't we go see the house with the secret panel!"

"It's not far from here, I know," the grandmother said. "It wouldn't take over twenty minutes."

Bailey was looking straight ahead. His jaw was as rigid as a horseshoe. "No," he said.

The children began to yell and scream that they wanted to see the house with the secret panel. John Wesley kicked the back of the front seat and June Star hung over her mother's shoulder and whined desperately into her ear that they never had any fun even on their vacation, that they could never do what THEY wanted to do. The baby began to scream and John Wesley kicked the back of the seat so hard that his father could feel the blows in his kidney.

"All right!" he shouted and drew the car to a stop at the side of the road. "Will you all shut up? Will you all just shut up for one second? If you don't shut up, we won't go anywhere."

"It would be very educational for them," the grandmother murmured.

"All right," Bailey said, "but get this: this is the only time we're going to stop for anything like this. This is the one and only time."

"The dirt road that you have to turn down is about a

mile back," the grandmother directed. "I marked it when we passed."

"A dirt road," Bailey groaned.

After they had turned around and were headed toward the dirt road, the grandmother recalled other points about the house, the beautiful glass over the front doorway and the candle-lamp in the hall. John Wesley said that the secret panel was probably in the fireplace.

"You can't go inside this house," Bailey said. "You don't know who lives there."

"While you all talk to the people in front, I'll run around behind and get in a window," John Wesley suggested.

"We'll all stay in the car," his mother said.

They turned onto the dirt road and the car raced roughly along in a swirl of pink dust. The grandmother recalled the times when there were no paved roads and thirty miles was a day's journey. The dirt road was hilly and there were sudden washes in it and sharp curves on dangerous embankments. All at once they would be on a hill, looking down over the blue tops of trees for miles around, then the next minute, they would be in a red depression with the dust-coated trees looking down on them.

"This place had better turn up in a minute," Bailey said, "or I'm going to turn around."

The road looked as if no one had traveled on it in months.

"It's not much farther," the grandmother said and just as she said it, a horrible thought came to her. The thought was so embarrassing that she turned red in the face and her eyes dilated and her feet jumped up, upsetting her valise in the corner. The instant the valise moved, the

newspaper top she had over the basket under it rose with a snarl and Pitty Sing, the cat, sprang onto Bailey's shoulder.

The children were thrown to the floor and their mother, clutching the baby, was thrown out the door onto the ground; the old lady was thrown into the front seat. The car turned over once and landed right-side-up in a gulch off the side of the road. Bailey remained in the driver's seat with the cat—gray-striped with a broad white face and an orange nose—clinging to his neck like a caterpillar.

As soon as the children saw they could move their arms and legs, they scrambled out of the car, shouting, "We've had an ACCIDENT!" The grandmother was curled up under the dashboard, hoping she was injured so that Bailey's wrath would not come down on her all at once. The horrible thought she had had before the accident was that the house she had remembered so vividly was not in Georgia but in Tennessee.

Bailey removed the cat from his neck with both hands and flung it out the window against the side of a pine tree. Then he got out of the car and started looking for the children's mother. She was sitting against the side of the red gutted ditch, holding the screaming baby, but she only had a cut down her face and a broken shoulder. "We've had an ACCIDENT!" the children screamed in a frenzy of delight.

"But nobody's killed," June Star said with disappointment as the grandmother limped out of the car, her hat still pinned to her head but the broken front brim standing up at a jaunty angle and the violet spray hanging off the side. They all sat down in the ditch, except the children, to recover from the shock. They were all shaking.

"Maybe a car will come along," said the children's mother hoarsely

"I believe I have injured an organ," said the grandmother, pressing her side, but no one answered her. Bailey's teeth were clattering. He had on a yellow sport shirt with bright blue parrots designed in it and his face was as yellow as the shirt. The grandmother decided that she would not mention that the house was in Tennessee.

The road was about ten feet above and they could see only the tops of the trees on the other side of it. Behind the ditch they were sitting in there were more woods, tall and dark and deep. In a few minutes they saw a car some distance away on top of a hill, coming slowly as if the occupants were watching them. The grandmother stood up and waved both arms dramatically to attract their attention. The car continued to come on slowly, disappeared around a bend and appeared again, moving even slower, on top of the hill they had gone over. It was a big black battered hearse-like automobile. There were three men in it.

It came to a stop just over them and for some minutes, the driver looked down with a steady expressionless gaze to where they were sitting, and didn't speak. Then he turned his head and muttered something to the other two and they got out. One was a fat boy in black trousers and a red sweat shirt with a silver stallion embossed on the front of it. He moved around on the right side of them and stood staring, his mouth partly open in a kind of loose grin. The other had on khaki pants and a blue striped coat and a gray hat pulled down very low, hiding most of his face. He came around slowly on the left side. Neither spoke.

The driver got out of the car and stood by the side of it,

looking down at them. He was an older man than the other two. His hair was just beginning to gray and he wore silver-rimmed spectacles that gave him a scholarly look. He had a long creased face and didn't have on any shirt or undershirt. He had on blue jeans that were too tight for him and was holding a black hat and a gun. The two boys also had guns.

"We've had an ACCIDENT!" the children screamed.

The grandmother had the peculiar feeling that the bespectacled man was someone she knew. His face was as familiar to her as if she had known him all her life but she could not recall who he was. He moved away from the car and began to come down the embankment, placing his feet carefully so that he wouldn't slip. He had on tan and white shoes and no socks, and his ankles were red and thin. "Good afternoon," he said. "I see you all had you a little spill."

"We turned over twice!" said the grandmother.

"Oncet," he corrected. "We seen it happen. Try their car and see will it run, Hiram," he said quietly to the boy with the gray hat.

"What you got that gun for?" John Wesley asked. "Whatcha gonna do with that gun?"

"Lady," the man said to the children's mother, "would you mind calling them children to sit down by you? Children make me nervous. I want all you all to sit down right together there where you're at."

"What are you telling US what to do for?" June Star asked.

Behind them the line of woods gaped like a dark open mouth. "Come here," said their mother.

"Look here now," Bailey began suddenly, "we're in a predicament! We're in . . ."

The grandmother shrieked. She scrambled to her feet and stood staring. "You're The Misfit!" she said, "I recognized you at once!"

"Yes'm," the man said, smiling slightly as if he were pleased in spite of himself to be known, "but it would have been better for all of you, lady, if you hadn't of reckernized me."

Bailey turned his head sharply and said something to his mother that shocked even the children. The old lady began to cry and The Misfit reddened.

"Lady," he said, "don't you get upset. Sometimes a man says things he don't mean. I don't reckon he meant to talk to you thataway."

"You wouldn't shoot a lady, would you?" the grandmother said and removed a clean handkerchief from her cuff and began to slap at her eyes with it.

The Misfit pointed the toe of his shoe into the ground and made a little hole and then covered it up again. "I would hate to have to," he said.

"Listen," the grandmother almost screamed, "I know you're a good man. You don't look a bit like you have common blood. I know you must come from nice people!"

"Yes mam," he said, "finest people in the world." When he smiled he showed a row of strong white teeth. "God never made a finer woman than my mother and my daddy's heart was pure gold," he said. The boy with the red sweat shirt had come around behind them and was standing with his gun at his hip. The Misfit squatted down on the ground. "Watch them children, Bobby Lee," he said. "You know they make me nervous." He looked at the six of them huddled together in front of him and he seemed to be embarrassed as if he couldn't think of anything to say. "Ain't a cloud in the sky," he remarked, looking up

at it. "Don't see no sun but don't see no cloud neither."

"Yes, it's a beautiful day," said the grandmother. "Listen," she said, "you shouldn't call yourself The Misfit because I know you're a good man at heart. I can just look at you and tell."

"Hush!" Bailey yelled. "Hush! Everybody shut up and let me handle this!" He was squatting in the position of a runner about to sprint forward but he didn't move.

"I pre-chate that, lady," The Misfit said and drew a little circle in the ground with the butt of his gun.

"It'll take a half a hour to fix this here car," Hiram called, looking over the raised hood of it.

"Well, first you and Bobby Lee get him and that little boy to step over yonder with you," The Misfit said, pointing to Bailey and John Wesley. "The boys want to ast you something," he said to Bailey. "Would you mind stepping back in them woods there with them?"

"Listen," Bailey began, "we're in a terrible predicament! Nobody realizes what this is," and his voice cracked. His eyes were as blue and intense as the parrots in his shirt and he remained perfectly still.

The grandmother reached up to adjust her hat brim as if she were going to the woods with him but it came off in her hand. She stood staring at it and after a second she let it fall on the ground. Hiram pulled Bailey up by the arm as if he were assisting an old man. John Wesley caught hold of his father's hand and Bobby Lee followed. They went off toward the woods and just as they reached the dark edge, Bailey turned and supporting himself against a gray naked pine trunk, he shouted, "I'll be back in a minute, Mamma, wait on me!"

"Come back this instant!" his mother shrilled but they all disappeared into the woods.

"Bailey Boy!" the grandmother called in a tragic voice but she found she was looking at The Misfit squatting on the ground in front of her. "I just know you're a good man," she said desperately. "You're not a bit common!"

"Nome, I ain't a good man," The Misfit said after a second as if he had considered her statement carefully, "but I ain't the worst in the world neither. My daddy said I was a different breed of dog from my brothers and sisters. 'You know,' Daddy said, 'it's some that can live their whole life out without asking about it and it's others has to know why it is, and this boy is one of the latters. He's going to be into everything!' " He put on his black hat and looked up suddenly and then away deep into the woods as if he were embarrassed again. "I'm sorry I don't have on a shirt before you ladies," he said, hunching his shoulders slightly. "We buried our clothes that we had on when we escaped and we're just making do until we can get better. We borrowed these from some folks we met," he explained.

"That's perfectly all right," the grandmother said. "Maybe Bailey has an extra shirt in his suitcase."

"I'll look and see terrectly," The Misfit said.

"Where are they taking him?" the children's mother screamed.

"Daddy was a card himself," The Misfit said. "You couldn't put anything over on him. He never got in trouble with the Authorities though. Just had the knack of handling them."

"You could be honest too if you'd only try," said the grandmother. "Think how wonderful it would be to settle down and live a comfortable life and not have to think about somebody chasing you all the time."

The Misfit kept scratching in the ground with the butt

of his gun as if he were thinking about it. "Yes'm, somebody is always after you," he murmured.

The grandmother noticed how thin his shoulder blades were just behind his hat because she was standing up looking down on him. "Do you ever pray?" she asked.

He shook his head. All she saw was the black hat wiggle between his shoulder blades. "Nome," he said.

There was a pistol shot from the woods, followed closely by another. Then silence. The old lady's head jerked around. She could hear the wind move through the tree tops like a long satisfied insuck of breath. "Bailey Boy!" she called.

"I was a gospel singer for a while," The Misfit said. "I been most everything. Been in the arm service, both land and sea, at home and abroad, been twict married, been an undertaker, been with the railroads, plowed Mother Earth, been in a tornado, seen a man burnt alive oncet," and he looked up at the children's mother and the little girl who were sitting close together, their faces white and their eyes glassy; "I even seen a woman flogged," he said.

"Pray, pray," the grandmother began, "pray, pray . . ."

"I never was a bad boy that I remember of," The Misfit said in an almost dreamy voice, "but somewheres along the line I done something wrong and got sent to the penitentiary. I was buried alive," and he looked up and held her attention to him by a steady stare.

"That's when you should have started to pray," she said. "What did you do to get sent to the penitentiary that first time?"

"Turn to the right, it was a wall," The Misfit said, looking up again at the cloudless sky. "Turn to the left, it was a wall. Look up it was a ceiling, look down it was a floor.

I forget what I done, lady. I set there and set there, trying to remember what it was I done and I ain't recalled it to this day. Oncet in a while, I would think it was coming to me, but it never come."

"Maybe they put you in by mistake," the old lady said vaguely.

"Nome," he said. "It wasn't no mistake. They had the papers on me."

"You must have stolen something," she said.

The Misfit sneered slightly. "Nobody had nothing I wanted," he said. "It was a head-doctor at the penitentiary said what I had done was kill my daddy but I known that for a lie. My daddy died in nineteen ought nineteen of the epidemic flu and I never had a thing to do with it. He was buried in the Mount Hopewell Baptist churchyard and you can go there and see for yourself."

"If you would pray," the old lady said, "Jesus would help you."

"That's right," The Misfit said.

"Well then, why don't you pray?" she asked trembling with delight suddenly.

"I don't want no hep," he said. "I'm doing all right by myself."

Bobby Lee and Hiram came ambling back from the woods. Bobby Lee was dragging a yellow shirt with bright blue parrots in it.

"Thow me that shirt, Bobby Lee," The Misfit said. The shirt came flying at him and landed on his shoulder and he put it on. The grandmother couldn't name what the shirt reminded her of. "No, lady," The Misfit said while he was buttoning it up, "I found out the crime don't matter. You can do one thing or you can do another, kill a man or take a tire off his car, because sooner or later

you're going to forget what it was you done and just be punished for it."

The children's mother had begun to make heaving noises as if she couldn't get her breath. "Lady," he asked, "would you and that little girl like to step off yonder with Bobby Lee and Hiram and join your husband?"

"Yes, thank you," the mother said faintly. Her left arm dangled helplessly and she was holding the baby, who had gone to sleep, in the other. "Hep that lady up, Hiram," The Misfit said as she struggled to climb out of the ditch, "and Bobby Lee, you hold onto that little girl's hand."

"I don't want to hold hands with him," June Star said. "He reminds me of a pig."

The fat boy blushed and laughed and caught her by the arm and pulled her off into the woods after Hiram and her mother.

Alone with The Misfit, the grandmother found that she had lost her voice. There was not a cloud in the sky nor any sun. There was nothing around her but woods. She wanted to tell him that he must pray. She opened and closed her mouth several times before anything came out. Finally she found herself saying, "Jesus. Jesus," meaning, Jesus will help you, but the way she was saying it, it sounded as if she might be cursing.

"Yes'm," The Misfit said as if he agreed. "Jesus thown everything off balance. It was the same case with Him as with me except He hadn't committed any crime and they could prove I had committed one because they had the papers on me. Of course," he said, "they never shown me my papers. That's why I sign myself now. I said long ago, you get you a signature and sign everything you do and keep a copy of it. Then you'll know what you done and you can hold up the crime to the punishment and see

do they match and in the end you'll have something to prove you ain't been treated right. I call myself The Misfit," he said, "because I can't make what all I done wrong fit what all I gone through in punishment."

There was a piercing scream from the woods, followed closely by a pistol report. "Does it seem right to you, lady, that one is punished a heap and another ain't punished at all?"

"Jesus!" the old lady cried. "You've got good blood! I know you wouldn't shoot a lady! I know you come from nice people! Pray! Jesus, you ought not to shoot a lady. I'll give you all the money I've got!"

"Lady," The Misfit said, looking beyond her far into the woods, "there never was a body that give the undertaker a tip."

There were two more pistol reports and the grandmother raised her head like a parched old turkey hen crying for water and called, "Bailey Boy, Bailey Boy!" as if her heart would break.

"Jesus was the only One that ever raised the dead," The Misfit continued, "and He shouldn't have done it. He thown everything off balance. If He did what He said, then it's nothing for you to do but thow away everything and follow Him, and if He didn't, then it's nothing for you to do but enjoy the few minutes you got left the best way you can—by killing somebody or burning down his house or doing some other meanness to him. No pleasure but meanness," he said and his voice had become almost a snarl.

"Maybe He didn't raise the dead," the old lady mumbled, not knowing what she was saying and feeling so dizzy that she sank down in the ditch with her legs twisted under her.

"I wasn't there so I can't say He didn't," The Misfit said. "I wisht I had of been there," he said, hitting the ground with his fist. "It ain't right I wasn't there because if I had of been there I would of known. Listen lady," he said in a high voice, "if I had of been there I would of known and I wouldn't be like I am now." His voice seemed about to crack and the grandmother's head cleared for an instant. She saw the man's face twisted close to her own as if he were going to cry and she murmured, "Why you're one of my babies. You're one of my own children!" She reached out and touched him on the shoulder. The Misfit sprang back as if a snake had bitten him and shot her three times through the chest. Then he put his gun down on the ground and took off his glasses and began to clean them.

Hiram and Bobby Lee returned from the woods and stood over the ditch, looking down at the grandmother who half sat and half lay in a puddle of blood with her legs crossed under her like a child's and her face smiling up at the cloudless sky.

Without his glasses, The Misfit's eyes were red-rimmed and pale and defenseless-looking. "Take her off and thow her where you thown the others," he said, picking up the cat that was rubbing itself against his leg.

"She was a talker, wasn't she?" Bobby Lee said, sliding down the ditch with a yodel.

"She would of been a good woman," The Misfit said, "if it had been somebody there to shoot her every minute of her life."

"Some fun!" Bobby Lee said.

"Shut up, Bobby Lee," The Misfit said. "It's no real pleasure in life."

Abraham Lincoln: Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865

Fellow Countrymen:

At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention, and engrosses the energies [sic] of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it so ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil-war. All dreaded it--all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war--seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and others would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war, the magnitude, or the duration, which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare ask a just God s assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not that we will be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh! If we shall suppose that American Slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South, this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a Living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope--fervently do we pray--that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue, until all the wealth piled by the bond-man s two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash, shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said the judgments of the Lord, are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nations wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan--to do all which may achieve and cherish a just, and a lasting peace, among ourselves, and with all nations.

From
A CURTAIN OF GREEN
by Eudora Welty

WHY I LIVE AT THE P.O.

by Eudora Welty

I WAS getting along fine with Mama, Papa-Daddy and Uncle Rondo until my sister Stella-Rondo just separated from her husband and came back home again. Mr. Whitaker! Of course I went with Mr. Whitaker first, when he first appeared here in China Grove, taking "Pose Yourself" photos, and Stella-Rondo broke us up. Told him I was one-sided. Bigger on one side than the other, which is a deliberate, calculated falsehood: I'm the same. Stella-Rondo is exactly twelve months to the day younger than I am and for that reason she's spoiled.

She's always had anything in the world she wanted and then she'd throw it away. Papa-Daddy gave her this gorgeous Add-a-Pearl necklace when she was eight years old and she threw it away playing baseball when she was nine, with only two pearls.

So as soon as she got married and moved away from home the first thing she did was separate! From Mr. Whitaker! This photographer with the popeyes she said she trusted. Came home from one of those towns up in Illinois and to our complete surprise brought this child of two.

Mama said she like to made her drop dead for a second. "Here you had this marvelous blonde child and never so much as wrote your mother a word about it," says Mama. "I'm thoroughly ashamed of you." But of course she wasn't.

Stella-Rondo just calmly takes off this *hat,* I wish you could see it. She says, "Why, Mama, Shirley-T.'s adopted, I can prove it."

"How?" says Mama, but all I says was, "H'm!" There I was over the hot stove, trying to stretch two chickens over five people and a completely unexpected child into the bargain, without one moment's notice.

"What do you mean—'H'm!'?" says Stella-Rondo, and Mama says, "I heard that, Sister."

I said that oh, I didn't mean a thing, only that whoever Shirley-T. was, she was the spit-image of Papa-Daddy if he'd cut off his beard, which of course he'd never do in the world. Papa-Daddy's Mama's papa and sulks.

Stella-Rondo got furious! She said, "Sister, I don't need to tell you you got a lot of nerve and always did have and I'll thank you to make no

future reference to my adopted child whatsoever."

"Very well," I said. "Very well, very well. Of course I noticed at once she looks like Mr. Whitaker's side too. That frown. She looks like a cross between Mr. Whitaker and Papa-Daddy."

"Well, all I can say is she isn't."

"She looks exactly like Shirley Temple to me," says Mama, but Shirley-T. just ran away from her.

So the first thing Stella-Rondo did at the table was turn Papa-Daddy against me.

"Papa-Daddy," she says. He was trying to cut up his meat. "Papa-Daddy!" I was taken completely by surprise. Papa-Daddy is about a million years old and's got this long-long beard. "Papa-Daddy, Sister says she fails to understand why you don't cut off your beard."

So Papa-Daddy l-a-y-s down his knife and fork! He's real rich. Mama says he is, he says he isn't. So he says, "Have I heard correctly? You don't understand why I don't cut off my beard?"

"Why," I says, "Papa-Daddy, of course I understand, I did not say any such of a thing, the idea!"

He says, "Hussy!"

I says, "Papa-Daddy, you know I wouldn't any more want you to cut off your beard than the man in the moon. It was the farthest thing from

my mind! Stella-Rondo sat there and made that up while she was eating breast of chicken."

But he says, "So the postmistress fails to understand why I don't cut off my beard. Which job I got you through my influence with the government. 'Bird's nest'—is that what you call it?"

Not that it isn't the next to smallest P.O. in the entire state of Mississippi.

I says, "Oh, Papa-Daddy," I says, "I didn't say any such of a thing, I never dreamed it was a bird's nest, I have always been grateful though this is the next to smallest P.O. in the state of Mississippi, and I do not enjoy being referred to as a hussy by my own grandfather."

But Stella-Rondo says, "Yes, you did say it too. Anybody in the world could of heard you, that had ears."

"Stop right there," says Mama, looking at *me*.

So I pulled my napkin straight back through the napkin ring and left the table.

As soon as I was out of the room Mama says, "Call her back, or she'll starve to death," but Papa-Daddy says, "This is the beard I started growing on the Coast when I was fifteen years old." He would of gone on till nightfall if Shirley-T. hadn't lost the Milky Way she ate in Cairo.

So Papa-Daddy says, "I am going out and lie in the hammock, and you can all sit here and remember my words: I'll never cut off my beard

as long as I live, even one inch, and I don't appreciate it in you at all." Passed right by me in the hall and went straight out and got in the hammock.

It would be a holiday. It wasn't five minutes before Uncle Rondo suddenly appeared in the hall in one of Stella-Rondo's flesh-colored kimonos, all cut on the bias, like something Mr. Whitaker probably thought was gorgeous.

"Uncle Rondo!" I says. "I didn't know who that was! Where are you going?"

"Sister," he says, "get out of my way, I'm poisoned."

"If you're poisoned stay away from Papa-Daddy," I says. "Keep out of the hammock. Papa-Daddy will certainly beat you on the head if you come within forty miles of him. He thinks I deliberately said he ought to cut off his beard after he got me the P.O., and I've told him and told him and told him, and he acts like he just don't hear me. Papa-Daddy must of gone stone deaf."

"He picked a fine day to do it then," says Uncle Rondo, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" flew out in the yard.

What he'd really done, he'd drunk another bottle of that prescription. He does it every single Fourth of July as sure as shooting, and it's horribly expensive. Then he falls over in the hammock and snores. So he insisted on zigzagging

right on out to the hammock, looking like a half-wit.

Papa-Daddy woke up with this horrible yell and right there without moving an inch he tried to turn Uncle Rondo against me. I heard every word he said. Oh, he told Uncle Rondo I didn't learn to read till I was eight years old and he didn't see how in the world I ever got the mail put up at the P.O., much less read it all, and he said if Uncle Rondo could only fathom the lengths he had gone to to get me that job! And he said on the other hand he thought Stella-Rondo had a brilliant mind and deserved credit for getting out of town. All the time he was just lying there swinging as pretty as you please and looping out his beard, and poor Uncle Rondo was *pleading* with him to slow down the hammock, it was making him as dizzy as a witch to watch it. But that's what Papa-Daddy likes about a hammock. So Uncle Rondo was too dizzy to get turned against me for the time being. He's Mama's only brother and is a good case of a one-track mind. Ask anybody. A certified pharmacist.

Just then I heard Stella-Rondo raising the upstairs window. While she was married she got this peculiar idea that it's cooler with the windows shut and locked. So she has to raise the window before she can make a soul hear her outdoors.

So she raises the window and says, *"Oh!"* You

would have thought she was mortally wounded.

Uncle Rondo and Papa-Daddy didn't even look up, but kept right on with what they were doing. I had to laugh.

I flew up the stairs and threw the door open! I says, "What in the wide world's the matter, Stella-Rondo? You mortally wounded?"

"No," she says, "I am not mortally wounded but I wish you would do me the favor of looking out that window there and telling me what you see."

So I shade my eyes and look out the window.

"I see the front yard," I says.

"Don't you see any human beings?" she says.

"I see Uncle Rondo trying to run Papa-Daddy out of the hammock," I says. "Nothing more. Naturally, it's so suffocating-hot in the house, with all the windows shut and locked, everybody who cares to stay in their right mind will have to go out and get in the hammock before the Fourth of July is over."

"Don't you notice anything different about Uncle Rondo?" asks Stella-Rondo.

"Why, no, except he's got on some terrible-looking flesh-colored contraption I wouldn't be found dead in, is all I can see," I says.

"Never mind, you won't be found dead in it, because it happens to be part of my trousseau, and Mr. Whitaker took several dozen photo-

graphs of me in it," says Stella-Rondo. "What on earth could Uncle Rondo *mean* by wearing part of my trousseau out in the broad open daylight without saying so much as 'Kiss my foot,' *knowing* I only got home this morning after my separation and hung my negligee up on the bathroom door, just as nervous as I could be?"

"I'm sure I don't know, and what do you expect me to do about it?" I says. "Jump out the window?"

"No, I expect nothing of the kind. I simply declare that Uncle Rondo looks like a fool in it, that's all," she says. "It makes me sick to my stomach."

"Well, he looks as good as he can," I says. "As good as anybody in reason could." I stood up for Uncle Rondo, please remember. And I said to Stella-Rondo, "I think I would do well not to criticize so freely if I were you and came home with a two-year-old child I had never said a word about, and no explanation whatever about my separation."

"I asked you the instant I entered this house not to refer one more time to my adopted child, and you gave me your word of honor you would not," was all Stella-Rondo would say, and started pulling out every one of her eyebrows with some cheap Kress tweezers.

So I merely slammed the door behind me and

went down and made some green-tomato pickle. Somebody had to do it. Of course Mama had turned both the niggers loose; she always said no earthly power could hold one anyway on the Fourth of July, so she wouldn't even try. It turned out that Jaypan fell in the lake and came within a very narrow limit of drowning.

So Mama trots in. Lifts up the lid and says, "H'm! Not very good for your Uncle Rondo in his precarious condition, I must say. Or poor little adopted Shirley-T. Shame on you!"

That made me tired. I says, "Well, Stella-Rondo had better thank her lucky stars it was her instead of me came trotting in with that very peculiar-looking child. Now if it had been me that trotted in from Illinois and brought a peculiar-looking child of two, I shudder to think of the reception I'd of got, much less controlled the diet of an entire family."

"But you must remember, Sister, that you were never married to Mr. Whitaker in the first place and didn't go up to Illinois to live," says Mama, shaking a spoon in my face. "If you had I would of been just as overjoyed to see you and your little adopted girl as I was to see Stella-Rondo, when you wound up with your separation and came on back home."

"You would not," I says.

"Don't contradict me, I would," says Mama.

But I said she couldn't convince me though she talked till she was blue in the face. Then I said, "Besides, you know as well as I do that that child is not adopted."

"She most certainly is adopted," says Mama, stiff as a poker.

I says, "Why, Mama, Stella-Rondo had her just as sure as anything in this world, and just too stuck up to admit it."

"Why, Sister," said Mama. "Here I thought we were going to have a pleasant Fourth of July, and you start right out not believing a word your own baby sister tells you!"

"Just like Cousin Annie Flo. Went to her grave denying the facts of life," I remind Mama.

"I told you if you ever mentioned Annie Flo's name I'd slap your face," says Mama, and slaps my face.

"All right, you wait and see," I says.

"I," says Mama, "*I* prefer to take my children's word for anything when it's humanly possible." You ought to see Mama, she weighs two hundred pounds and has real tiny feet.

Just then something perfectly horrible occurred to me.

"Mama," I says, "can that child talk?" I simply had to whisper! "Mama, I wonder if that child can be—you know—in any way? Do you realize," I says, "that she hasn't spoken one single, solitary

word to a human being up to this minute? This is the way she looks," I says, and I looked like this.

Well, Mama and I just stood there and stared at each other. It was horrible!

"I remember well that Joe Whitaker frequently drank like a fish," says Mama. "I believed to my soul he drank *chemicals.*" And without another word she marches to the foot of the stairs and calls Stella-Rondo.

"Stella-Rondo? O-o-o-o-o! Stella-Rondo!"

"What?" says Stella-Rondo from upstairs. Not even the grace to get up off the bed.

"Can that child of yours talk?" asks Mama.

Stella-Rondo says, "Can she what?"

"Talk! Talk!" says Mama. "Burdyburdyburdy-burdy!"

So Stella-Rondo yells back, "Who says she can't talk?"

"Sister says so," says Mama.

"You didn't have to tell me, I know whose word of honor don't mean a thing in this house," says Stella-Rondo.

And in a minute the loudest Yankee voice I ever heard in my life yells out, "OE'm Pop-OE the Sailor-r-r-r Ma-a-an!" and then somebody jumps up and down in the upstairs hall. In another second the house would of fallen down.

"Not only talks, she can tap-dance!" calls Stella-

Rondo. "Which is more than some people I won't name can do."

"Why, the little precious darling thing!" Mama says, so surprised. "Just as smart as she can be!" Starts talking baby talk right there. Then she turns on me. "Sister, you ought to be thoroughly ashamed! Run upstairs this instant and apologize to Stella-Rondo and Shirley-T."

"Apologize for what?" I says. "I merely wondered if the child was normal, that's all. Now that she's proved she is, why, I have nothing further to say."

But Mama just turned on her heel and flew out, furious. She ran right upstairs and hugged the baby. She believed it was adopted. Stella-Rondo hadn't done a thing but turn her against me from upstairs while I stood there helpless over the hot stove. So that made Mama, Papa-Daddy and the baby all on Stella-Rondo's side.

Next, Uncle Rondo.

I must say that Uncle Rondo has been marvelous to me at various times in the past and I was completely unprepared to be made to jump out of my skin, the way it turned out. Once Stella-Rondo did something perfectly horrible to him—broke a chain letter from Flanders Field—and he took the radio back he had given her and gave it to me. Stella-Rondo was furious! For six months we all had to call her Stella instead of Stella-

Rondo, or she wouldn't answer. I always thought Uncle Rondo had all the brains of the entire family. Another time he sent me to Mammoth Cave, with all expenses paid.

But this would be the day he was drinking that prescription, the Fourth of July.

So at supper Stella-Rondo speaks up and says she thinks Uncle Rondo ought to try to eat a little something. So finally Uncle Rondo said he would try a little cold biscuits and ketchup, but that was all. So *she* brought it to him.

"Do you think it wise to disport with ketchup in Stella-Rondo's flesh-colored kimono?" I says. Trying to be considerate! If Stella-Rondo couldn't watch out for her trousseau, somebody had to.

"Any objections?" asks Uncle Rondo, just about to pour out all the ketchup.

"Don't mind what she says, Uncle Rondo," says Stella-Rondo. "Sister has been devoting this solid afternoon to sneering out my bedroom window at the way you look."

"What's that?" says Uncle Rondo. Uncle Rondo has got the most terrible temper in the world. Anything is liable to make him tear the house down if it comes at the wrong time.

So Stella-Rondo says, "Sister says, 'Uncle Rondo certainly does look like a fool in that pink kimono!' "

Do you remember who it was really said that?

Uncle Rondo spills out all the ketchup and jumps out of his chair and tears off the kimono and throws it down on the dirty floor and puts his foot on it. It had to be sent all the way to Jackson to the cleaners and re-pleated.

"So that's your opinion of your Uncle Rondo, is it?" he says. "I look like a fool, do I? Well, that's the last straw. A whole day in this house with nothing to do, and then to hear you come out with a remark like that behind my back!"

"I didn't say any such of a thing, Uncle Rondo," I says, "and I'm not saying who did, either. Why, I think you look all right. Just try to take care of yourself and not talk and eat at the same time," I says. "I think you better go lie down."

"Lie down my foot," says Uncle Rondo. I ought to of known by that he was fixing to do something perfectly horrible.

So he didn't do anything that night in the precarious state he was in—just played Casino with Mama and Stella-Rondo and Shirley-T. and gave Shirley-T. a nickel with a head on both sides. It tickled her nearly to death, and she called him "Papa." But at 6:30 A.M. the next morning, he threw a whole five-cent package of some unsold one-inch firecrackers from the store as hard as he could into my bedroom and they every one went off. Not one bad one in the string. Anybody else, there 'd be one that wouldn't go off.

Well, I'm just terribly susceptible to noise of any kind, the doctor has always told me I was the most sensitive person he had ever seen in his whole life, and I was simply prostrated. I couldn't eat! People tell me they heard it as far as the cemetery, and old Aunt Jep Patterson, that had been holding her own so good, thought it was Judgment Day and she was going to meet her whole family. It's usually so quiet here.

And I'll tell you it didn't take me any longer than a minute to make up my mind what to do. There I was with the whole entire house on Stella-Rondo's side and turned against me. If I have anything at all I have pride.

So I just decided I'd go straight down to the P.O. There's plenty of room there in the back, I says to myself.

Well! I made no bones about letting the family catch on to what I was up to. I didn't try to conceal it.

The first thing they knew, I marched in where they were all playing Old Maid and pulled the electric oscillating fan out by the plug, and everything got real hot. Next I snatched the pillow I'd done the needlepoint on right off the davenport from behind Papa-Daddy. He went "Ugh!" I beat Stella-Rondo up the stairs and finally found my charm bracelet in her bureau drawer under a picture of Nelson Eddy.

"So that's the way the land lies," says Uncle Rondo. There he was, piecing on the ham. "Well, Sister, I'll be glad to donate my army cot if you got any place to set it up, providing you'll leave right this minute and let me get some peace." Uncle Rondo was in France.

"Thank you kindly for the cot and 'peace' is hardly the word I would select if I had to resort to firecrackers at 6:30 A.M. in a young girl's bedroom," I says back to him. "And as to where I intend to go, you seem to forget my position as postmistress of China Grove, Mississippi," I says. "I've always got the P.O."

Well, that made them all sit up and take notice.

I went out front and started digging up some four-o'clocks to plant around the P.O.

"Ah-ah-ah!" says Mama, raising the window. "Those happen to be my four-o'clocks. Everything planted in that star is mine. I've never known you to make anything grow in your life."

"Very well," I says. "But I take the fern. Even you, Mama, can't stand there and deny that I'm the one watered that fern. And I happen to know where I can send in a box top and get a packet of one thousand mixed seeds, no two the same kind, free."

"Oh, where?" Mama wants to know.

But I says, "Too late. You 'tend to your house, and I'll 'tend to mine. You hear things like that

all the time if you know how to listen to the radio. Perfectly marvelous offers. Get anything you want free."

So I hope to tell you I marched in and got that radio, and they could of all bit a nail in two, especially Stella-Rondo, that it used to belong to, and she well knew she couldn't get it back, I'd sue for it like a shot. And I very politely took the sewing-machine motor I helped pay the most on to give Mama for Christmas back in 1929, and a good big calendar, with the first-aid remedies on it. The thermometer and the Hawaiian ukulele certainly were rightfully mine, and I stood on the step-ladder and got all my watermelon-rind preserves and every fruit and vegetable I'd put up, every jar. Then I began to pull the tacks out of the bluebird wall vases on the archway to the dining room.

"Who told you you could have those, Miss Priss?" says Mama, fanning as hard as she could.

"I bought 'em and I'll keep track of 'em," I says. "I'll tack 'em up one on each side the post-office window, and you can see 'em when you come to ask me for your mail, if you're so dead to see 'em."

"Not I! I'll never darken the door to that post office again if I live to be a hundred," Mama says. "Ungrateful child! After all the money we spent on you at the Normal."

"Me either," says Stella-Rondo. "You can just let my mail lie there and *rot,* for all I care. I'll never come and relieve you of a single, solitary piece."

"I should worry," I says. "And who you think's going to sit down and write you all those big fat letters and postcards, by the way? Mr. Whitaker? Just because he was the only man ever dropped down in China Grove and you got him—unfairly—is he going to sit down and write you a lengthy correspondence after you come home giving no rhyme nor reason whatsoever for your separation and no explanation for the presence of that child? I may not have your brilliant mind, but I fail to see it."

So Mama says, "Sister, I've told you a thousand times that Stella-Rondo simply got homesick, and this child is far too big to be hers," and she says, "Now, why don't you all just sit down and play Casino?"

Then Shirley-T. sticks out her tongue at me in this perfectly horrible way. She has no more manners than the man in the moon. I told her she was going to cross her eyes like that some day and they'd stick.

"It's too late to stop me now," I says. "You should have tried that yesterday. I'm going to the P.O. and the only way you can possibly see me is to visit me there."

So Papa-Daddy says, "You'll never catch me setting foot in that post office, even if I should take a notion into my head to write a letter some place." He says, "I won't have you reachin' out of that little old window with a pair of shears and cuttin' off any beard of mine. I'm too smart for you!"

"We all are," says Stella-Rondo.

But I said, "If you're so smart, where's Mr. Whitaker?"

So then Uncle Rondo says, "I'll thank you from now on to stop reading all the orders I get on postcards and telling everybody in China Grove what you think is the matter with them," but I says, "I draw my own conclusions and will continue in the future to draw them." I says, "If people want to write their inmost secrets on penny postcards, there's nothing in the wide world you can do about it, Uncle Rondo."

"And if you think we'll ever *write* another postcard you're sadly mistaken," says Mama.

"Cutting off your nose to spite your face then," I says. "But if you're all determined to have no more to do with the U. S. mail, think of this: What will Stella-Rondo do now, if she wants to tell Mr. Whitaker to come after her?"

"Wah!" says Stella-Rondo. I knew she'd cry. She had a conniption fit right there in the kitchen.

"It will be interesting to see how long she holds out," I says. "And now—I am leaving."

"Good-bye," says Uncle Rondo.

"Oh, I declare," says Mama, "to think that a family of mine should quarrel on the Fourth of July, or the day after, over Stella-Rondo leaving old Mr. Whitaker and having the sweetest little adopted child! It looks like we'd all be glad!"

"Wah!" says Stella-Rondo, and has a fresh conniption fit.

"*He* left *her*—you mark my words," I says. "That's Mr. Whitaker. I know Mr. Whitaker. After all, I knew him first. I said from the beginning he'd up and leave her. I foretold every single thing that's happened."

"Where did he go?" asks Mama.

"Probably to the North Pole, if he knows what's good for him," I says.

But Stella-Rondo just bawled and wouldn't say another word. She flew to her room and slammed the door.

"Now look what you've gone and done, Sister," says Mama. "You go apologize."

"I haven't got time, I'm leaving," I says.

"Well, what are you waiting around for?" asks Uncle Rondo.

So I just picked up the kitchen clock and marched off, without saying "Kiss my foot" or

anything, and never did tell Stella-Rondo good-bye.

There was a nigger girl going along on a little wagon right in front.

"Nigger girl," I says, "come help me haul these things down the hill, I'm going to live in the post office."

Took her nine trips in her express wagon. Uncle Rondo came out on the porch and threw her a nickel.

And that's the last I've laid eyes on any of my family or my family laid eyes on me for five solid days and nights. Stella-Rondo may be telling the most horrible tales in the world about Mr. Whitaker, but I haven't heard them. As I tell everybody, I draw my own conclusions.

But oh, I like it here. It's ideal, as I've been saying. You see, I've got everything cater-cornered, the way I like it. Hear the radio? All the war news. Radio, sewing machine, book ends, ironing board and that great big piano lamp—peace, that's what I like. Butter-bean vines planted all along the front where the strings are.

Of course, there's not much mail. My family are naturally the main people in China Grove, and if they prefer to vanish from the face of the earth, for all the mail they get or the mail they write, why, I'm not going to open my mouth.

Some of the folks here in town are taking up for me and some turned against me. I know which is which. There are always people who will quit buying stamps just to get on the right side of Papa-Daddy.

But here I am, and here I'll stay. I want the world to know I'm happy.

And if Stella-Rondo should come to me this minute, on bended knees, and *attempt* to explain the incidents of her life with Mr. Whitaker, I'd simply put my fingers in both my ears and refuse to listen.

Lab Readings

Pascal: *A Treatise on the Equilibrium of Liquids*[17]

Chapter I

That Liquids Press Downward According to their Height[18]

If one fastens to a wall several receptacles, one as in the first figure [of Plate I on page 55,[19] the next sloping as in the second figure, another very wide as in the third, still another narrow as in the fourth, and the last merely a fine tube which ends in a broader but very short base as in the fifth, and if one fills them all with water to the same level, makes apertures of the same area at the base of each, and puts stoppers in to prevent the water from leaking out, experiment shows that it takes the same force to keep those stoppers in, although there are very different amounts of water in the several receptacles. This is because the water stands at the same level in all of them, and the measure of that force is the weight of the water contained in the first tube, which is uniformly of the same diameter throughout. If that water weighs a hundred pounds it will take a force of one hundred pounds to hold up each of the stoppers, even that in the fifth tube; though the water in it may weigh no more than one ounce.

To test this with accuracy it is necessary to close the base of the fifth tube with a round piece of wood wrapped with tow like the plunger of a pump which fits this opening so exactly that it can slide up and down without sticking and yet prevent the water from escaping: a thread must then be fastened to the center of the plunger, passed through the small pipe, and fastened to one arm of a pair of scales, on the other arm of which a one-hundred-pound weight is hung. The hundred-pound weight will be seen to be in perfect equilibrium with the ounce of water in this small tube; and however little this one-hundred-pound weight is diminished, the weight of the water will bring down the plunger and with it the arm of the scales to which it is attached, while the arm to which the weight of a little less than one hundred pounds is attached will be seen to rise.

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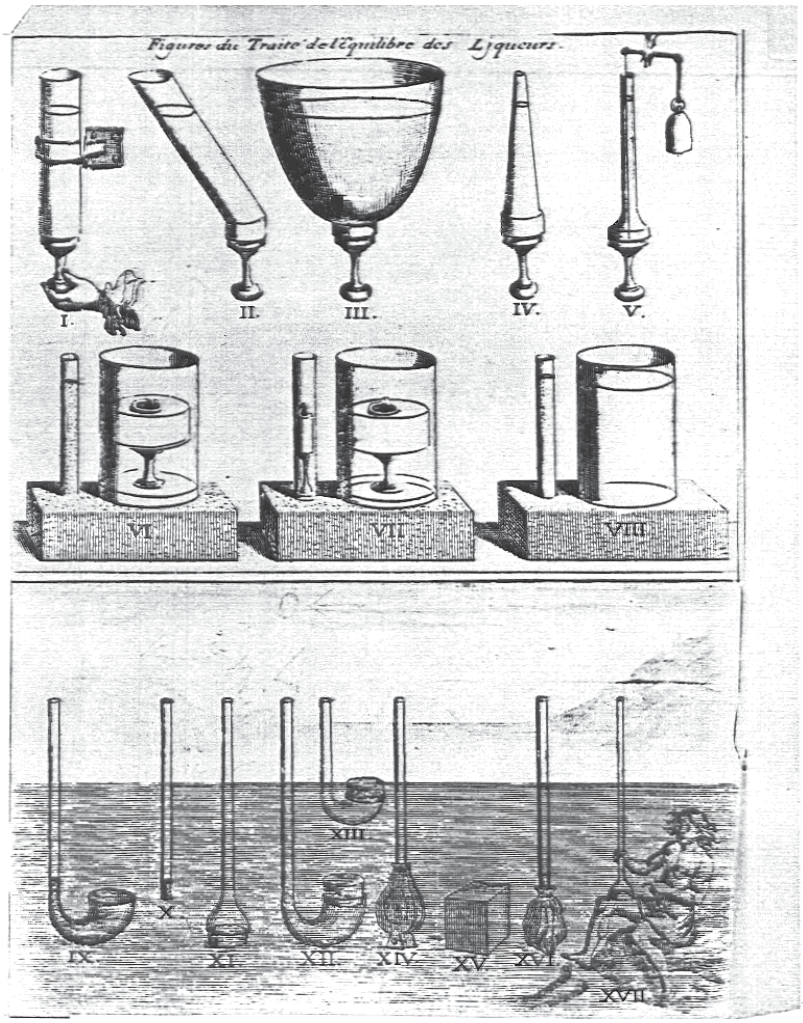
[17] Translated in *The Physical Treatises of Pascal*, Columbia University Press, 1937.

[18] "Press Downward"(*pèsent*): that is, weigh.

[19] Plate I. Although only Figure I is explicit, *all* the devices in Figures I through V are fastened to the wall, as Pascal states at the outset of his Chapter I. In Figures IX through XVII, it is not intended to represent river water as present *inside* the tubes.



[Plate I]

If this water happens to freeze and the ice does not stick to the tube (which it seldom does) the other arm of the scale need only carry a one-ounce weight to balance the ice; but if you apply heat to the tube and thaw the ice, it will take a one-hundred-pound weight to balance the weight of the now melted ice, although, as we have assumed, the weight of the water is just one ounce.

The same thing would happen when these stoppered apertures are at the side or even at the top of the broader base; indeed that arrangement would make the experiment easier.

Figure VI.[20] It is necessary to have a container hermetically sealed on all sides, on the top of which two holes are made, the one being narrow, the other wider, to which pipes are soldered that fit exactly. If now a piston is placed in the larger pipe and water is poured into the smaller, a great weight must be put on the piston to prevent the weight of the water in the smaller pipe from driving it up, just as in the former cases a force

[20] For this and the following figures (VI through XVII) see Plate I.

of a hundred pounds was necessary to prevent the weight of the water from driving the stoppers down, the opening being in the base. Likewise in the present case, if the opening had been in the side, the same force would have been required to prevent the weight of the water from pushing the piston towards that side.

And if the tube that was filled with water were a hundred times larger or a hundred times smaller, then so long as the level of the water in it remained the same, the same weight always would be required to balance it; and if the weight were diminished by never so little the water would flow down and cause this lesser weight to rise.

Rule for the force necessary to stop the water. But if the water were poured to twice the height in the tube, it would take twice the weight on the piston to balance the water, and, similarly, if the piston opening were doubled, the force necessary to keep the piston up would have to be doubled. Whence it appears that the force necessary to support the double piston is proportional to the height of the water and not to its wideness; and that the measure of this force is always the weight of all the water contained in a column as high as the water and of the magnitude of the opening.

What I have said of water must be understood to apply to every kind of liquid.

CHAPTER II
Why Liquids Weigh in Proportion to their Height

All these examples show that a fine thread of water can balance a heavy weight. It remains to demonstrate the cause of such multiplication of force. This we can do by the following experiment.

New type of machine for multiplying forces. Figure VII. Let there be a vessel full of water, sealed on all sides and provided with two apertures, one of them one hundred times as large as the other. If a perfectly fitting piston is adjusted to each, one man pressing on the smaller piston will exert a force equal to that of one hundred men pressing on the larger, and will exceed that of ninety-nine men doing the same.

And whatever ratio these apertures may have, if the forces exerted upon the pistons are in the same ratio, they will balance one another. Whence it follows that a vessel filled with water is a new mechanical principle and a new machine that will multiply forces to any amount desired; for a man by this means will be enabled to lift any weight that another may propose.

It is remarkable that this new machine exhibits the same constant relation that is characteristic of all the old machines, such as the lever, the wheel and axle, the endless screw, and others, which is that the distance traversed increases [reciprocally] in the same proportion as the

force. For it is obvious that since one of these apertures is one hundred times as large as the other, a man pressing the small piston down a distance of one inch would move the other piston up only one-hundredth of that distance. It is the continuity of the water between the pistons that makes it impossible to move one without moving the other. It is clear that if the small piston moves one inch, the water thus moved presses on the other piston, and since the aperture of this one is one hundred times larger, it rises to only one-hundredth of the height. Thus the distances traveled are [reciprocally] in the same ratio as the forces.[21]

Such may even be taken as the true cause of this effect, since it is evident that it amounts to the same thing whether we make one hundred pounds of water move through one inch, or make one pound of water move through one hundred inches. Thus when one pound of water and one hundred pounds of water are so arranged that the hundred pounds cannot move one inch without moving the one pound a distance of one hundred inches, they must stand in equilibrium, since one pound has as much force to make the hundred pounds move through one inch, as the hundred pounds have to make one pound move through one hundred inches.

For greater clearness it may be added that the water is equally pressed upon under the two pistons; for though one of these is one hundred times as heavy as the other, it, on the other hand, touches a hundred times more parts. Consequently, each part is pressed upon equally; hence, all [the parts] must be at rest; for there is no more reason why the one should yield than the other. Thus if a vessel filled with water has but one aperture as wide as an inch, and a piston is placed on it under a one-pound weight, that weight is exerted on every part of the vessel because of the continuity and fluidity of water. To ascertain how much each part bears, the following rule holds good.

Each part as large as a [square] inch like the aperture bears as much as if it were pushed by the one-pound weight. The weight of the water is not taken into consideration here since only the weight of the piston is being dealt with. The one-pound weight presses the piston at the aperture, and each part of the vessel, more or less large, bears precisely more or less in proportion to its largeness, whether that part be opposite the aperture, or to one side of it, or far, or near; for the continuity and fluidity of the water make all those circumstances equal and indifferent.

The material of which the vessel is made must be tough enough to withstand all these pushings and pressings [*efforts*] at every point. Should the resistance be inadequate at any point, then the vessel will burst; if the vessel is stronger than necessary, it furnishes the required resistance together with an excess resistance which is not useful in the circumstances. Should a second aperture be made in the vessel, then to

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21 *Le chemin est au chemin, comme la force à la force.*

stop the jet of water issuing from it a force will be required equal to the resistance needed by that part of the vessel; that is to say, a force which shall be to that of one pound as the second aperture is to the first.

Here is another proof which will appeal only to geometricians, and may be disregarded by others.

I assume as a principle that a body never moves by its own weight without lowering its center of weight. From this follows the proof that the two pistons shown in Figure VII are in equilibrium, as follows: Their common center of weight is the point that divides the line joining their individual centers of weight in the proportion of their weights. Now, supposing it were possible for them to move, they would move through distances inversely proportional to their weights, as we have shown. And if we observe their common center of weight in this new position, it will be found at precisely the same point as before: for it is always at the point which divides the line joining their individual centers of weight in proportion to their weights. Therefore, owing to the parallelism of their lines of movement it will be at the intersection of the two lines joining the centers of weight in each of the two positions. Hence the common center of weight will be in the same place as before; hence the two pistons, considered as one system, have moved without lowering their common center of weight, which violates the principle; hence they cannot move; hence they are at rest, that is to say, in equilibrium—which was to be proved.

I have demonstrated by this method, in a little Treatise of Mechanics, the reason of all the multiplications of force to be found in all other mechanical devices invented so far. For I show that in all of them unequal weights, when made to balance with the aid of machines, are so disposed by the machinery that their common center of weight is not lowered, whatever their position; whence it follows that they must remain at rest, that is, in equilibrium. Let us then accept it as beyond doubt that if a vessel filled with water and provided with two apertures and with forces at these apertures in proportion to them, these forces will be in equilibrium. Such is the foundation and reason of the Equilibrium of Liquids, of which a few examples follow.

This new machine of mechanics shows why liquids weigh in accordance with their height. This mechanical machine for multiplying forces, if rightly understood, shows why liquids weigh in accordance with their height and not in accordance with the width [of their apertures] in all the effects that we have set down.

For in Figure VI it is evident to the eye that the water in a small tube balances a piston bearing a weight of one hundred pounds, because the vessel at the base is a vessel full of water, with two apertures, over one of which is a large piston, while over the other is the column of water which is properly a piston with a weight of its own. These two must balance each other if their weights are to one another as their apertures.

Again, in Figure V the water in the small tube is in equilibrium with a one-hundred-pound weight. The reason is that the vessel at the base, which is wide but shallow, is a hermetically sealed vessel filled with water, with two apertures, one wide, at the bottom where the piston is, and the other narrow, at the top where the small tube is. The water in the latter is properly a piston and balances the other because of the proportionality of the weights to the apertures; for, as we have said, it does not matter whether the apertures face each other or not.

It is obvious that the water in these tubes behaves exactly as would copper [or brass][22] pistons of the same weights, since a brass piston weighing one ounce would balance the one-hundred-pound weight just as well as does the thin thread of water weighing one ounce. Thus the cause of the equilibrium between a light weight and a heavier, as seen in all these instances, is not that these light weights which balance much heavier weights consist of a liquid material (for this is not the case in every instance, as the same results are obtained when small copper pistons balance such heavy ones) but is that the material which fills the bases of the vessels, from one aperture to the other, is liquid. This is a feature common to all the instances given and is the true cause of the multiplication. Further, if in the Figure V the water in the slender tube were to freeze and that in the tube with a wide base were to remain liquid, it would take one hundred pounds to hold up the weight of that ice; but if the water in the base were to freeze, whether the rest froze or not, one ounce would suffice to balance it.

From this it is most clearly evident that it is the liquidity of the substance by which one aperture communicates with the other that causes this multiplication of force. The fundamental reason is, as we have said, that a vessel full of water is a mechanical machine for multiplying force.

Let us now proceed to the consideration of other effects of which this machine reveals the reason.

CHAPTER III
Illustrations of the Equilibrium of Liquids

Figure VIII. If a vessel filled with water has two apertures, to each of which a tube is soldered, and if water is poured into each tube up to the same level, the two columns will be in equilibrium.

For their heights being the same, their volumes will be proportional to their magnitudes: that is, proportional to their apertures. Thus these two columns of water are properly two pistons whose weights are in the ratio

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[22] *Cuivre*. Boyle translated this as "brass"—see note 24 below; but on page 62 the specific weight of *cuivre* is given as 9, which indicates copper.

of the apertures. The foregoing demonstrations, therefore, show them to be in equilibrium.

This is why if water is poured into one of these tubes it will force the water up in the other until the same level is reached in both; when the two will be in equilibrium, for then they will be a pair of pistons whose weights will be in the same ratio as their apertures.

Why water rises to the height of its source. This is the reason why water rises to the height of its source.

If different liquids are poured into the tubes, say, water in one and quicksilver in the other, the two liquids will be in equilibrium when their heights are in the same ratio as their weights. In this case the water will be fourteen times as high as the quicksilver, since quicksilver is fourteen times as dense as water,[23] and we shall have two pistons, one of water and the other of quicksilver, the weights of which will be proportional to their apertures. And even if the water-filled tube were one hundred times more slender than that filled with the quicksilver, that fine thread of water would balance the whole great mass of quicksilver, provided it were fourteen times as high.

All that has been said thus far of tubes must be taken to apply to any vessel, whether regular or irregular in shape: for the same equilibrium is established in all cases. Thus if, instead of the tubes which we have pictured at these two apertures, two other receptacles were adapted to them, wide in places and narrow elsewhere—in short, irregular throughout their lengths—then should liquids be poured into them to the heights specified above, these liquids will be as balanced in these irregular tubes as in the regular, because liquids weigh only according to their height and not their largeness.

This could be readily demonstrated by inserting in each of the tubes several smaller regular tubes; for thus we could show, from the foregoing demonstrations, that any corresponding pair of these inserted tubes, one in the first of the larger tubes, the other in the second, are in equilibrium; whence it would follow that all those of one large tube will be in equilibrium with all those in the other. Those who are familiar with inscribing and circumscribing in geometry will find no difficulty in understanding this; to others it would be very difficult to offer a geometrical demonstration.

Figure IX. If one sets up in a river a tube bent backward at its lower extremity and completely full of quicksilver, and always keeps its upper end above the surface of the water, the quicksilver will drop part of the way down [the longer arm] until it reaches a certain level, after which it falls no more, but remains at a height which will be one-fourteenth of the height of the water above the recurved lower end. Thus if from the surface of the water to the recurved end the distance is fourteen feet, the

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[23] *Parce que le vif argent pese de luy mesme quatorze fois plus...*

quicksilver will drop until it reaches a height of one foot only above that end, and there it will stay: for the weight of the quicksilver inside will balance that of the water outside the tube, since their heights are in proportion to their weights, while their widths are immaterial to the equilibrium. Similarly it is also immaterial whether the recurved end is wide or narrow, and consequently sustains a large or a small weight of water.

Again, if the tube is sunk deeper in the water, the quicksilver rises, for the weight of water has increased. On the other hand, if the tube is raised, the quicksilver falls, for its weight is now greater than the other. If the tube is inclined, the quicksilver rises until it reaches the necessary level, which had been lowered by the inclining, since a tube when inclined is of lesser height than when it is vertical.

Figure X. The same effect is produced with a simple, that is to say, a straight tube. Let the tube be open top and bottom, filled with quicksilver and set in a river. So long as the upper end is out of the water, if the lower end reaches down to a depth of fourteen feet the quicksilver will sink to the level of one foot only [above the lower end] and will be held there by the weight of the water. This is readily understood, for the water, pressing the quicksilver from below and not from above, strives to push it up, as though driving a piston, with the more force as it is greater in height, until, when the weight of the quicksilver [thus raised] exerts the same force downward that the water exerts upward, the whole system comes to equilibrium.

Further, it is obvious that, if there were no quicksilver in the tube, the water would enter it and would rise to a height of fourteen feet, this being the surface level. Therefore, since one foot of quicksilver weighs the same as the fourteen feet of water which it replaces, it naturally comes to the same equilibrium [with the water outside] that fourteen feet of water in the tube would establish.

If, however, the tube were lowered until the upper end was submerged, then the water would enter the tube and the quicksilver would drop out; for, since the water would then press downward within as well as without the tube, the quicksilver would lack the counterweight necessary to hold it up.

CHAPTER IV

On the Equilibrium between a Liquid and a Solid

We will now give examples of equilibrium between water and solid bodies, as, for instance, that between water and a solid copper cylinder.

The cylinder can be made to float in this way. Take a long tube, say one about twenty feet in length, which is enlarged at its lower end, funnelwise [Fig. XI]. Into the round mouth of that end insert a copper cylinder, so accurately turned that it can slide in and out of the mouth

without allowing any water to escape. It is not difficult to construct such a piston. Now set up this whole system in a river, so that only the upper end emerges; support it with the hand and leave the cylinder free to move as it will. The solid cylinder, then, will not sink but will float, because it is in contact with the water beneath and not above, since no water can enter the tube. Thus the water presses it up just as it pressed the quicksilver up in the last experiment, and with just the same force as the weight of copper exerts to make the cylinder sink, so that the two opposing forces balance each other. Of course, to bring about this result the tube must be immersed deeply enough to give the water a height sufficient to counterpoise the copper. If the cylinder is one foot in height, there must be nine feet from the surface of the water to the bottom of the cylinder, since copper by itself weighs nine times as much as water.[24] If the column of water is not long enough, as for instance, when the tube is lifted higher in the water, the weight of the cylinder prevails and it sinks. But if the tube is lowered too deep, say to a depth of twenty feet, then it certainly will not sink by its own weight; on the contrary, a strong force will be necessary to wrench it apart from the funnel, since the weight of the water drives it upward with the force of a head of twenty feet. But if a hole is bored in the tube and the water, thus let in, presses upon the cylinder both above and below, then the cylinder sinks by its own weight, like the quicksilver in the other experiment, because it is no longer supported by a counterpoise.

If such a tube as we have just pictured is bent upward, a cylinder of wood put in it, and the whole system plunged in water with the upper end of the tube just emerging [Fig. XII], the wood will not float up, although it is surrounded by water. On the contrary, it will sink in the tube, because the water is in contact with it above but not below, since it cannot get inside the tube. Consequently the water presses the cylinder downward with all its weight and not at all upward because it is not in contact with the cylinder below.

Now if the cylinder were made to float low, just so as to have no water above it, without emerging at all [Fig. XIII], it would not be pressed by water either above or below, since the water, unable to enter the tube, would be in contact with it neither above nor below. Only at the sides would there be contact all round, and the cylinder would not rise, since nothing would press it upward; on the contrary, it would sink by its own weight only.

And if the lower end of the tube were twisted sideways, like a crutch, and a cylinder inserted, and the whole system immersed in water with the upper end emerging, the weight of the water would drive the cylinder across and into the tube, because the water would

[24] This specific weight indicates that *cuivre* here (and probably elsewhere) means not brass, but copper. —Tr.

not be in contact with it on the opposite side and would therefore exert a force that would be the stronger, the greater its depth in water.

CHAPTER V
On Bodies Wholly Immersed in Water

We have seen that water presses upward bodies that it bears upon from below, that it presses downward those that it bears upon from above, and that it presses to one side those that it bears upon from the opposite side. From this is can be readily inferred that, when a body is wholly submerged [Fig. XV], then, since the water bears upon it above, below, and on every side, it strives to push it up, down, and to all sides; but as its height is the measure of its force in all these efforts, there is no difficulty in determining which of them should overbear the rest. It is obvious at once that since the water has the same height on all the lateral faces, it will press upon them equally; and the immersed body, consequently, will receive no particular impulsion towards any side, any more than would a weather vane between two equal winds. But as the water has a greater head against the bottom than against the top, it will obviously press the body more upward than downward; and since the difference between these heights of water is the height of the body itself, it will be readily understood that the water presses it upward and not downward, and with a force equal to the weight of a volume of water equal to that of the body.

A BODY IN WATER IS BALANCED BY AN EQUAL VOLUME OF WATER

Thus a body in water is buoyed up by the same force that would lift it if it were in one of the trays of a pair of scales, while the other tray was weighted with a volume of water equal to its own.

THAT IS WHY SOME BODIES SINK

Therefore if it is of copper or other material that is heavier than water, volume for volume, it sinks, because its weight overbears that of the counterpoise.

OTHERS RISE

But if it is of wood or other material lighter than water, volume for volume, it rises with all the force by which the weight of the water exceeds its own.

OTHERS NEITHER RISE NOR SINK

And if the weights are equal, the body neither sinks nor rises. For instance, wax remains in water approximately where it is put in.

It follows that the bucket of a well is easy to raise so long as it is in the water: one does not feel its weight until it begins to emerge. Similarly a bucket filled with wax would also be easy to lift so long as it remained in the water. Not that water, or wax, does not weigh as much in the water as out of it; but in the water they have a counterpoise which they lack when they are taken out of it. Thus in the water they are easy to lift, just as the scale of a balance loaded with a one-hundred-pound weight is easy to lift if there is an equal weight in the other scale.

COPPER WEIGHS MORE IN THE AIR THAN IN WATER

Hence when copper is under water, it is found lighter by exactly the weight of an equal volume of water. If it weighs nine pounds in the air, it weighs only eight in water, because it is counterpoised by an equal volume of water, weighing one pound. In sea water it weighs less, since sea water is about one-forty-fifth heavier.

TWO BODIES, IN EQUILIBRIUM IN THE AIR, ARE NOT SO IN WATER

For the same reason two bodies, one of copper and the other of lead, of equal weight and consequently of different volume (since it takes more of the copper to make the same weight) will be found in equilibrium if they are put in the two trays of a pair of scales. But if the scales are held under water, the equilibrium is destroyed: for each body being balanced by a volume of water equal to its own, and the volume of the copper being greater than the volume of the lead, the copper has a larger counterpoise and therefore is overborne by the lead.

NOT EVEN IN A DAMP ATMOSPHERE

Similarly, when two weights of different materials are balanced with the greatest accuracy which man can attain and are in perfect equilibrium in a very dry atmosphere, they cease to be so balanced when the atmosphere is humid.

WATER LIFTS IMMERSED BODIES BY ITS WEIGHT AND DOES NOT BEAR THEM DOWN

It is in accordance with the same principle that when a man is immersed in water, then, far from being borne down by the weight of the water, he is, on the contrary, lifted. But being heavier than water he sinks nevertheless, though with far less violence than in the air; for he is counterpoised by a volume of water equal to his own, weighing almost as much as himself. If it actually weighed as much, he would float. Hence if he gives himself an impetus by kicking the bottom, or makes the slightest effort to oppose the water, he rises and floats. In mud baths, a man cannot sink; and if he is pressed down, he rises again of his own accord.

For the same reason, in a bathtub it is easy to lift an arm that is immersed; but out of the water the arm is felt to be quite heavy, because it lacks the counterpoise afforded by a volume of water equal to its own, which helped to raise it when immersed.

WHAT MAKES BODIES FLOAT

Lastly, floating bodies weigh just the same as the water which they displace: the water, in contact with them below and not above, presses them upward only.

That is why a convex plate of lead will float: its shape causes it to displace a large volume of water. If it were in a lump it would never take up in the water a larger space than a volume of water equal to the volume of its own material, and that volume would be insufficient to counterpoise it.

CHAPTER VI
On Immersed Compressible Bodies

All that I have set forth shows the way water acts upon all bodies put into it; by pressing them on all sides. From this it is readily to be inferred that if a compressible body is immersed, it must be compressed inwardly toward the center. That is exactly what does happen, as the following examples will show [Fig. XIV].

If a bellows with a very long nozzle, say twenty feet in length, is immersed so that only the nozzle-tip emerges, then, provided the small air inlet-valves are plugged, it will be hard to open, although in the air it could easily be opened: the water compresses it on all sides by its weight. If the necessary force is exerted, it may be opened; but the smallest relaxation of that force will cause it to slam shut again owing to the weight of water pressing on it: in the air it would remain open. And the deeper it is in the water, the harder it is to open, because there is a greater head of water to overcome.

For like reasons, if a twenty-foot tube is inserted into the air pipe of a balloon and bound securely [Fig. XVI], and if through this tube quicksilver is poured until the balloon is exactly filled, then when the whole is plunged into a tank of water until the free end of the tube just emerges, the quicksilver will be seen to rise from the balloon to a certain level in the tube. The reason is that the water presses the balloon on all sides; the quicksilver which it contains is equally pressed at every point, save at the entrance of the tube, to which the water has no access, since the tube reaches above the surface. Thus the quicksilver is pushed out of the parts where it is pressed toward the part where it is not, and so rises in the tube till it reaches such a height that its weight is the same as that of the water outside. The effect would be similar if the balloon were pressed between both hands, for the quicksilver could then be easily driven up the tube. This clearly shows that [when it is immersed] the surrounding water presses upon it in the same way.

It is for the same reason that if a man sets one end of a glass tube twenty feet in length upon his thigh, and then sits down in a tank full of water with the upper end of the tube just emerging [Fig. XVII], his flesh will rise under the mouth of the tube and a big and painful swelling will be formed there, as if his flesh were sucked up as it is in the process of cupping. The weight of the water compresses his body everywhere save at the mouth of the tube, where the water cannot reach since it is kept away by the walls of the tube. The flesh is driven from where it is compressed to the spot where it is not compressed. The higher the water-level, the greater the swelling. On withdrawing the water the swelling disappears, just as it does if water is poured down the tube; for as the weight of the water then bears upon the spot as well as everywhere else, there is no more swelling there than elsewhere. This result is exactly in accord with the preceding. The quicksilver in the one case, and the human flesh in the other, are pressed on all sides save just at the spots covered by the mouths of the tubes; and they are thus driven up the tubes as far as the weight of the water can lift them.

If one places at the bottom of a water-filled tub a balloon in which the air is only moderately compressed, it will show marked diminution of volume; and as the water is drained away it will gradually swell up. This is because the weight of the mass of water above the balloon presses it together on all sides towards the center until the resilience of the air thus compressed equals the weight of the incumbent water. If, however, a balloon filled with very highly compressed air is placed at the bottom of the same water-filled tub, no compression will be visible. This is not because the water is not pressing on it; for, in the case of the other balloon, in that of the balloon with quicksilver, in that of the bellows, and in all the other

instances given, the contrary fact was proved. The reason is that the water has not force enough to compress this air perceptibly, on account of its great previous compression: just as a very stiff spring, such as an archery bow, cannot be bent by a moderate force which would very visibly bend one of weaker resistance.

And it is not to be wondered at that the weight of the water does not perceptibly compress this balloon, although the mere application of a finger, of much less force, can compress it markedly. The reason for this difference of behavior is that when the balloon is immersed, it is pressed by water on all sides, whereas when it is pressed by a finger in one spot only, a deep dent can easily be made, because the adjoining parts are not pressed and thus can easily take up the air which is driven from the spot that is pressed. Thus, since the matter which is driven from the one spot pressed distributes itself through the rest, each spot has but little to find room for, and a very visible difference appears between the pressed part and all the other parts about it which are not being pressed.

But if the other parts were to be pressed like the first, each part, giving up what it had received from the first, would come back to its former state, inasmuch as it would itself be pressed as much as the first. The result, therefore, would be nothing more than a general compression of all the parts toward the center, and no compression would be apparent in any particular spot. This general compression could be gauged only by comparing the space finally occupied by the balloon with that which it occupied originally; and since these volumes would be only very slightly different, it would be impossible to detect the change. This makes it apparent that pressure at one point only and general pressure on every part are very different.

The same thing happens when every part of a body is pressed excepting one; for at that part a swelling develops which is caused by a overflow from all the rest, as was seen in the case of a man immersed in water with a tube on his thigh. Again, if the same balloon is squeezed between both hands, try as you may to cover every part, there will always be some that slip out between the fingers; and just at these points big swellings appear. But, if it could be pressed everywhere equally, it could never be perceptibly compressed by any effort, provided that the air in the balloon had previously been compressed vigorously. That is precisely what happens when it is in water, which touches it on every side.

CHAPTER VII

On Animals in Water. Why the weight of the water does not visibly compress them.

From all this we discover why water does not compress the animals within it, although it presses uniformly all the bodies it surrounds, as has been shown by many examples. It is not that the water does not press them, but that, as we have already said, it touches them on every side and therefore cannot cause either swelling or depression at any particular spot but only a general condensation of all parts toward the center. This condensation is imperceptible unless it is very great; and it must necessarily be very slight, owing to the compactness of the bodies of the animals. For if the water was only in partial contact with them, or everywhere except in just one place, provided its height was great, the effect would be very noticeable, as we have seen; but if the water presses it everywhere, no change is visible.

Why one does not feel the weight of water. It is easy to proceed from this point to the reason why animals in water do not feel its weight.

The pain we feel when something presses us is great if the compression is great, because the part pressed has its blood squeezed out, and the flesh, nerves, and other parts of which it is composed are pressed out of their normal positions: a violence which cannot be unattended with pain. But if there is only slight compression as when the skin is so lightly touched with a finger that the blood is not squeezed away, nor the flesh or the nerves displaced, nor any similar change brought about, there can be no sense of pain. Whatever part of the body may thus be touched, we can feel no pain from so slight a compression.

That is exactly what happens to animals in water. The weight compresses them indeed, but not visibly, for the reason set forth above. No part is pressed, or squeezed bloodless, or disturbed in nerve, vein, or flesh; for everything being pressed equally, there is no reason why anything should be pressed one way or another; and there being no change there can nowhere be pain or indeed special sensation.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that animals do not feel the weight of water, although they would distinctly feel if one pressed one's finger on them, although one would then be pressing them less than the force of the water. The reason for this difference is that when immersed, they are pressed on all sides uniformly, whereas when they are pressed with a finger they are acted upon at one point only. We have shown that this difference is why they are visibly compressed by a finger-tip touch, but not visibly at all by the weight

of water, though this weight may be a hundred times greater. And as sensation is always in proportion to compression, that same difference is the reason why they feel easily enough a compression by a finger, and not at all the weight of the water.

Thus the real reason why animals in water do not feel its weight is that they are pressed equally on all parts.

Similarly if a worm were put into a mass of dough, then although it were squeezed between the hands it could never be crushed nor even injured nor distorted, because it would be pressed on all sides. The following experiment will prove this. Into a glass tube, closed at the bottom and half-filled with water, drop three things—namely, a small balloon half-filled with air, another quite full of air, and a fly (which can live in luke-warm water as well as in the air); and then push into this tube a piston that reaches the water. If now you press upon the piston with whatever force you please, as, for instance, by piling many weights upon it, the water will press all that it contains; the half-filled balloon will be very noticeably compressed; but the taut balloon will be no more compressed than if there were nothing pressing it, nor will the fly; which will feel no pain under this heavy weight but will move freely and briskly along the glass, and if released from its prison, will fly off immediately.

It is not necessary to possess great clarity of thought to confirm by this experiment all we have thus far demonstrated.

We see the weight pressing upon all these bodies with all its force.

We see it compressing the slack balloon, and consequently the taut one close to it, since the same reasoning applies to both, though the latter does not show any compression.

Whence arises, whence must arise, this difference, if not from the single condition by which the two balloons differ, which is that one of them is full of air which has been forcibly introduced under pressure, while the other is only half full? The slack air in the latter can be greatly compressed, but that in the other cannot, because it is compact already, and the water surrounding it and pressing it on all sides can make no observable impression upon it, because it arches over it like a completely enveloping vault.

We see that the fly is not compressed. Why not, unless for the same reason that the taut balloon is not compressed? And finally the fly suffers no noticeable pain, for the same reason.

If at the bottom of the tube dough were substituted for water, and both the balloon and the fly were thrust into it, the pressure caused by the piston above would produce the very same effect.

It follows, therefore, that this condition of being pressed from all sides causes the compression to be neither painful nor perceptible.

Must it not be granted, therefore, that this is the only reason why animals in water are insensible to the pressure upon them?

Let us, then, no longer assign as the reason for this that water in water has no weight: for it weighs everywhere alike; nor that it weighs otherwise than do solids: for all weights are alike, and we have just seen that a fly can support a solid weight without feeling it.

Do you wish for something yet more conclusive? Let the piston be removed, and let the tube be filled with water until the latter, which thus displaces the piston, weighs as much as the piston itself. Undoubtedly the fly will not feel the weight of this water any more than he felt that of the piston. Whence comes this insensibility to so heavy a weight in these two cases? Is it that the weight is water? No, for the same happens if the weight is a solid. Let us say then that the reason is solely that the animal is surrounded with water. That feature alone both cases have in common: therefore, it is the real reason.

Further, if it so happened that all the water above this animal froze, then so long as there remained just enough liquid above it as to surround it on every side, again it would not feel the weight of the ice any more than previously it felt the weight of the water. And if all the water in the river were to freeze down to within one foot from the bottom, the fish swimming in it would not feel the weight of the ice any more than that of the water into which it would subsequently melt. Thus animals in water do not feel its weight; not because it is merely water that weighs upon them, but because they are surrounded with water.

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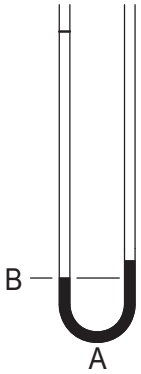
4. EXHIBIT: Equilibrium of a Single Fluid

Pascal describes an experiment which employs the receptacles depicted in Figures I-V of the previous Treatise. We will approximate those receptacles by setting up "Pascal's Vases." These are a set of vessels of various fanciful shapes; only instead of being stoppered at their bases they all communicate with one another through a glass tube.

Notice that despite great differences in shape and cross-section of the vessels, liquid rises to the same level in each of them. The same remains true even if the vessels are tilted. Does this phenomenon exemplify Pascal's observation that liquids "weigh" in proportion to their height? Could this behavior have been deduced from Archimedes' postulate?

5. EXHIBIT: Equilibrium of Two Fluids



Pascal describes a case of equilibrium between mercury and water in his discussion of the "recurved tube," depicted in Figure IX as immersed in a river. In our reconstruction of this apparatus we may dispense with the river by extending the short arm of the tube and filling it with water, thus producing a U-shaped tube with water in one arm and mercury in the other.

Notice that in this apparatus the two columns of fluid do not rise to the same level. Pascal observes that the heights of the columns are in reciprocal ratio of the weights[25] of the fluids, but from where are the column heights to be measured? For example, should the heights be measured from the bottom of the tube (A)? Or should they be measured from the boundary where the mercury and water meet (B)?

What determines the position of the mercury-water boundary? Can it be made to fall to the very bottom of the tube? Find out what is the effect of adding and subtracting fluid from the water column. (The tutor or assistant will show you a technique for doing so without risking a mercury spill.[26]) Is the ratio of column heights altered when the amount of fluid is changed? Could this behavior have been deduced from Archimedes' postulate?

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25 "the weights": that is, taken volume for volume—in other words, in reciprocal ratio of the *densities*.

26 A note of caution: Mercury, as well as all other heavy metals, is highly toxic. Obviously it should not be ingested, but neither should it be touched or handled, since it can also be absorbed into the body through contact with the skin. Therefore, be careful never to spill mercury; and if it does spill, do not touch it. Do not use a finger to cap a mercury-filled tube.

Chapter IV: Equilibrium of Air

Pascal: *Treatise on the Weight of the Mass of the Air*[1]

CHAPTER I

The Mass of the Air has Weight, And with this Weight presses upon all Bodies it surrounds

It is no longer open to discussion that the air has weight. It is common knowledge that a balloon is heavier when inflated than when empty, which is proof enough. For if the air were light, the more the balloon was inflated, the lighter the whole would be, since there would be more air in it. But since, on the contrary, when more air is put in, the whole becomes heavier, it follows that each part has a weight of its own, and consequently that the air has weight.

Whoever wishes for more elaborate proofs can find them in the writings of those who have devoted special treatises to the subject.

If it be objected that air is light when pure, but that the air that surrounds us is not pure, being mixed with vapor and impurities which alone give it weight, my answer is brief: I am not acquainted with "pure" air, and believe that it might be very difficult to find it. But throughout this treatise I am referring solely to the air such as we breathe, regardless of its component elements. Whether it be compound or simple, that is the body which I call the air, and which I declare to have weight. This cannot be denied, and I require nothing more for my further proof.

This principle being laid down, I will now proceed to draw from it certain consequences.

1. Since every part of the air has weight, it follows that the whole mass of the air, that is to say, the whole sphere of the air, has weight, and as the sphere of the air is not infinite in extent, but limited, neither is the weight of the whole mass of the air infinite.

2. The mass of the water of the sea presses with its weight that part of the earth which is beneath it; if it surrounded the whole earth instead of only a part, its weight would press upon the whole surface of the earth. In the same way, since the mass of the air covers the

[1] [Or, "Treatise on the *Pressing Downward* of the Mass of Air" *(Traité de la pesanteur de la masse de l'air*); see footnotes 18, 20, 23 in Chapter III. Translated in *The Physical Treatises of Pascal*, Columbia University Press, 1937.]

whole face of the earth, its weight presses upon the earth at every point.

3. Just as the bottom of a bucket containing water is pressed more heavily by the weight of the water when it is full than when it is half empty, and the more heavily the deeper the water is, similarly the high places of the earth, such as the summits of mountains, are less heavily pressed than the lowlands are by the weight of the mass of the air. This is because there is more air above the lowlands than above the mountain tops; for all the air along a mountain side presses upon the lowlands but not upon the summit, being above the one but below the other.

4. Bodies immersed in water are pressed on all sides by the weight of the water above them, as we have shown in the *Treatise on the Equilibrium of Liquids.* In the same way bodies in the air are pressed on all sides by the weight of the air above them.

5. Animals in water do not feel its weight; neither do we the weight of the air and for the same reason. Just as it would be a mistake to infer that, because we do not feel the weight of the water when immersed in water, water has no weight; so it would be a mistake to infer that air has no weight because we do not feel its pressure. We have shown the reason of this in the *Treatise on the Equilibrium of Liquids.*

6. If there were collected a great bulk of wool, say twenty or thirty fathoms high, this mass would be compressed by its own weight; the bottom layers would be far more compressed than the middle or top layers, because they are pressed by a greater quantity of wool. Similarly the mass of the air, which is a compressible and heavy body like wool, is compressed by its own weight, and the air at the bottom, in the lowlands, is far more compressed than the higher layers on the mountain tops, because it bears a greater load of air.

7. In the case of that bulk of wool, if a handful of it were taken from the bottom layer, compressed as it is, and lifted, in the same state of compression, to the middle of the mass, it would expand of its own accord; for it would then be nearer the top and subjected there to the pressure of a smaller quantity of wool. Similarly if a body of air, as found here below in its natural state of compression, were by some device transferred to a mountain top, it would necessarily expand and come to the condition of the air around it on the mountain; for then it would bear a lesser weight of air than it did below. Hence if a balloon, only half inflated—not fully so, as they generally are—were carried up a mountain, it would necessarily be more inflated at the mountain top, and would expand in the degree to which it was less

burdened.[2] The difference will be visible, provided the quantity of air along the mountain slope, from the pressure of which it is now relieved, has a weight great enough to cause a sensible effect.

There is so necessary a bond between these consequences and their principle that if the principle is true the consequences will be true also. Since, therefore, it is acknowledged that the air, reaching from the earth to the periphery of its sphere, has weight, all the conclusions we have inferred from this fact are equally correct.

But, however certain these conclusions may be deemed, it appears to me that all who accept them would nevertheless be eager to see this last consequence confirmed by experiment, because it involves all the others and indeed directly verifies the principle itself. There is no doubt that if a balloon such as we have described were seen to expand as it was lifted up, the conclusion could not be avoided that the expansion was due to pressure, which was greater below than above. Nothing else could cause that expansion, the more so as the mountains are colder than the lowlands. The compression of the air in the balloon could have no other cause than the weight of the mass of the air, since this air was taken in its actual condition at low altitudes and was uncompressed, the balloon being even limp and only half inflated. This would be proof positive that air has weight; that the mass of the air is heavy; that its weight presses all the bodies it contains; that its pressure is greater on the lowlands than on the highlands; that it compresses itself by its own weight, and is more highly compressed below than above. And, since in physical science experience is far more convincing than argument, I do not doubt that everyone will wish to see this reasoning confirmed by experiment. Moreover, should the experiment be performed, I should enjoy this advantage: that if no expansion of the balloon were observed even on the highest mountains, my conclusions, nevertheless, would not be invalidated; for I might then claim that the mountains were still not high enough to cause a perceptible difference. Whereas if a considerable and very marked change occurred, say of one-eighth or one-ninth in volume, the proof, to me, would be absolutely convincing, and there could remain no doubt as to the truth of all that I had asserted.

But I delay too long. It is time to say, in a word, that the trial has been made and with the following successful result.

AN EXPERIMENT MADE AT TWO HIGH PLACES, THE ONE ABOUT 500 FATHOMS HIGHER THAN THE OTHER

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[2] "[Air] ... would expand in the degree to which it was less burdened.": The precise relation between volume occupied by a quantity of air and pressure applied to it is the subject of Marriotte's paper, which appears later in this chapter.

If one takes a balloon half-filled with air, shrunken and flabby, and carries it by a thread to the top of a mountain 500 fathoms high, it will expand of its own accord as it rises, until at the top it will be fully inflated as if more air had been blown into it. As it is brought down it will gradually shrink by the same degrees, until at the foot of the mountain it has resumed its former condition.

This experiment proves all that I have said of the mass of the air, with wholly convincing force; but it must be fully confirmed, since the whole of my discourse rests on this foundation. Meanwhile it remains to be pointed out only that the mass of the air weighs more or less at different times, according as it is more charged with vapor or more contracted by cold.

Let it then be set down, (1) that the mass of air has weight; (2) that its weight is limited; (3) that it is heavier at some times than at others; (4) that its weight is greater in some places than in others, as in [highlands and] lowlands; (5) that by its weight it presses all the bodies it surrounds, the more strongly when its weight is greater.

CHAPTER III

The Weight of the Mass of the Air being limited, so also are the Effects it produces

Since the weight of the air produces all the effects hitherto ascribed to the abhorrence of a vacuum, it must follow that, this weight being limited and not infinite, its effects also must be limited. Experiment confirms this, as the following will show.

Whenever the piston of a suction pump or a syringe is drawn back, the water follows it. If the action is continued, the water will still follow, but not to any height whatsoever: for there is a certain point beyond which it will not go, namely, a height of about thirty-one feet. So long as the piston is not raised beyond that height, the water will rise with it and stay there, still in close contact with the piston. But when the piston is raised any higher, the water ceases to be pulled and remains in motionless suspension at the same unchanging height. However high the piston may rise beyond, the water leaves it unaccompanied.

The reason is that the weight of the mass of the air is approximately the same as that of a height of thirty-one feet[4] of water; so that, when it drives the water up the pump by pressing upon it without and not within, to attain a balance, it raises it just to the height at which the water pressure equals its own. When this condition obtains, equilibrium is established between the water in the syringe and the air outside, just as water and quicksilver balance when their heights are in the same ratio as their weights,[5] as is shown in our *Equilibrium of Liquids.* And since the water does not rise excepting for the solitary reason that the weight of the air forces it to do so, it remains stationary when it reaches the particular level beyond which the weight of the air can raise it no further; there being no other force to move it.

However large the pump, the water always reaches the same level, because liquids rise not according to their bulk, but according to their height, as we have shown in the *Equilibrium of Liquids.*

If quicksilver is drawn up a syringe, it will rise to a height of two feet three inches and five lines, which is precisely the height at which its pressure equals that of thirty-one feet of water, because this

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[4] *Pieds*, each equal to about 1.07 English feet. —Tr.

[5] *Poids*.

pressure equals that of the mass of the air. And if oil is raised in a pump it will rise to about thirty-four feet or more: for at that height it weighs as much as thirty-one feet of water and consequently as much as the air. All other liquids behave in a similar manner.

When a tube sealed at the top and open at the base is filled with water, then, whatever its height may be under thirty-one feet, all the water will remain suspended in it, because the weight of the air is sufficient to hold it at such levels. But if the height exceeds thirty-one feet, enough water will fall to bring the level to thirty-one feet, where it will remain without further drop. In the same way we saw the quicksilver in a tube placed in a tank full of water drop down to the height at which its pressure equaled that of the water. But if this tube were filled with quicksilver instead of water, the quicksilver would fall until it rested at the height of two feet, three inches, and five lines, which exactly corresponds to thirty-one feet of water.

And should these tubes, in which water and quicksilver have remained suspended, be slightly tilted, these liquids, being lowered by the tilting, would rise again until they reached the same height they had before. The weight of the air prevails so long as they are below that height, and is in equilibrium as soon as it is reached again. This behavior is wholly similar to that recorded in the *Treatise on the Equilibrium of Liquids,* in the case of a tube of quicksilver tilted in a tank full of water: when this tube is again placed erect, the liquids always rise again to the original level.

Thus it is that in a siphon all the water of the higher vessel rises and passes over into the lower so long as the branch of the siphon that dips into it has any height under thirty-one feet, because, as we have stated elsewhere, the weight of the air is fully equal to holding the water suspended at that height; but as soon as the branch in the higher vessel exceeds that height, the siphon ceases to work; that is to say, the water of the higher vessel will no longer rise to the top of the siphon and flow into the other, because the weight of the air cannot raise the water above thirty-one feet. The water at the top of the siphon, consequently, then divides, and flows down each leg into its proper vessel, but stops at the height of thirty-one feet above each vessel and stays motionless at that height, because of the countervailing weight of the air.

If the siphon is tilted somewhat, the water will rise in each leg until it reaches the level at which it stood before the tilting; and if the tilting is such that the top of the siphon is no higher than thirty-one feet above the higher vessel, the water in the leg that dips into this vessel, being at the top of the siphon, will fall down the other leg: and, if constantly replenished from the higher vessel, will flow as a thin trickle only; whereas if the tilting is increased, it will flow copiously, filling the tube.

The same effects will be produced by all other liquids, in due proportion to their weight. Thus, also, a bellows cannot be opened unless a certain degree of force is applied; but if that degree is exceeded it can be opened. Now the force required is as follows. If the sides are one foot in diameter, a force will be needed capable of raising a vessel full of water one foot in diameter like the wings of the bellows and thirty-one feet long—which is the height to which water rises in a pump. If the wings are only six inches in diameter, the force required to open the bellows will be equal to the weight of water in a vessel six inches in diameter and thirty-one feet in height, and so forth. A weight equal to that of such water, hanging from one of the wings, will open it; but a lesser weight will not, because the weight of the air that presses it is precisely equal to that of thirty-one feet of water. The same weight will draw out the piston of a sealed syringe, and will also pull apart two polished bodies laid on one another. If they are an inch in diameter, then, when a force is applied to them which is equal to the weight of a mass of water one inch in diameter and thirty-one feet in height, they will come apart.

CHAPTER IV

As the Weight of the Mass of the Air increases when it is more highly charged with Vapors, and diminishes when it is less so charged,[6] *so the Effects produced by its Weight increase and decrease proportionally*

Since the weight of the air causes the effects we are here discussing, and since that weight is not always the same in the same region but varies continually with the vapors that blow into it, the effects cannot be at all times uniform, but must, on the contrary, be continually variable. Experiment confirms this, and shows that the thirty-one foot height which we have taken as our standard is not an invariably accurate measure. Water does not always rise in the pumps and remain in suspension at that precise height. It sometimes rises to thirty-one and one-half feet, then drops back to thirty-one; again it drops three inches down and suddenly rises one foot, according to the changes in the air. This occurs with the same irregularity with which the atmosphere clouds over or clears up.

Experiment shows that the same pump raises water higher in some weather than in others by as much as one foot and eight inches. A pump can be built, and by the same token, a siphon also, of such

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[6] The density of moist air ("charged with vapors") is actually *less* than that of dry air under the same conditions. Nevertheless, barometric pressures at the same altitude and like temperatures are sometimes greater when the air is moist. To understand this paradox, see Problem 4 for Chapter IV in the Appendix.

height that they will work in some weathers but not in others, according as the air is more or less charged with vapor or for some other reason weighs more or less. Should quicksilver be used instead of water, the experiment would be rather curious, and quite easy, since in this case such long tubes would not be required.

From such facts the inferences must be drawn that water in tubes remains in suspension at a lower level in certain states of the atmosphere than in others, and that a bellows is easier to open in different weathers with precisely the same variability. And so with the other effects; for what is true of one applies exactly to all the others, each according to its special nature.

CHAPTER V

The Weight of the Mass of the Air being greater in low places than in high, the Effects produced in the Lowlands are proportionally greater

Since the weight of the mass of the air produces all the effects we are examining, it ought to happen that since it is not the same at all places on the earth, inasmuch as it is greatest on the lowest ground, these effects ought also to differ. Experiment confirms this, and reveals the fact that this height of thirty-one feet which we have taken to serve as an example is not that to which water rises in pumps all over the world. The heights differ in all places which are not at the same altitude, being greater when the altitude is less, and less when it is greater. Experiments conducted at altitudes which differ by five or six hundred fathoms[7] have shown a difference of water-level of four feet and three inches. Similarly, the same pump which will raise water to a height of thirty feet and four inches at one place, at another, some five hundred fathoms higher, will not raise it under the same atmospheric conditions higher than twenty-six feet and one inch: the difference in this case being a sixth [of the lower pressure].

The same thing necessarily occurs with respect to all the other effects, each according to its character. For instance, two polished bodies are harder to separate in a valley than on a mountain top.

As a difference in altitude of five hundred fathoms causes a difference of four feet and three inches in the water-level, so do smaller differences in altitude cause proportionally smaller

[7] 500 *toises* = 978 meters. Pascal's value of 4.25 *pieds* of water for the corresponding difference in atmospheric pressure is equal to about 4.54 English feet, or 138 cm, of water.

difference in water levels: one hundred fathoms, a difference of about ten inches; twenty fathoms about two inches; and so forth.[8]

The best apparatus for studying these variations is a glass tube some three or four feet long, sealed at the top and bent backward at the bottom, along the length of which a strip of paper ruled off into inches and lines is glued. If this tube is filled with quicksilver this [when the tube is placed erect] will be seen to drop some distance down, and then to remain suspended at a level that can be observed with precision. The variations of level that will follow upon changes in the air due to changes in the weather can be readily noted, as well as those which occur when the instrument is carried to a higher altitude. When it is left in one spot, the level will be seen to rise or fall as the weather changes and to be higher at one time than at another by a difference of one inch and six lines, which corresponds exactly to the one foot and eight inches of water which we have stated in the preceding chapter to be the difference due to weather. When it is carried from the foot to the top of a mountain, at a height of ten fathoms it will show a drop of close upon one line;[9] at a height of twenty fathoms a drop of two lines; of one hundred fathoms, a drop of nine lines and of five hundred fathoms a drop of three inches and ten lines. As it is carried down again, the rise of the level will go through the same gradations. All this has been verified by the experiment on the mountain Puy de Dôme in Auvergne, as will be seen in the account of that experiment which follows this treatise. And these measurements of the quicksilver correspond exactly with those we have just given of water. A corresponding explanation must be given of the resistance to the opening of a bellows and of the rest.

Whence it is apparent that precisely the same effects are produced by the weight of the air as by the weight of the water. For we have seen that when a bellows is immersed in water and is opened with difficulty because of the weight of the water, it becomes easier to open, the nearer it is brought to the surface. Also we have seen that quicksilver in a tube immersed in water remains suspended at a greater or lesser height according as it is more or less deeply immersed in the water. All these effects, whether of the weight of air or of the weight of water, follow so necessarily from the equilibrium of fluids that there is nothing more evident in the world.

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[8] Pascal here ignores the effect of the self-compression of the air, of which he was aware. Recall his discussion of the "bulk of wool," on page 73 above.

[9] Corresponding to a difference of about 3 mm in 2 meters.

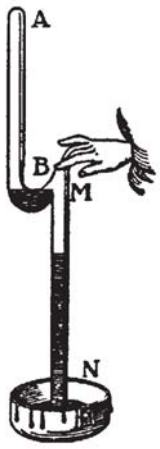
CHAPTER VI

As the Effects of the Weight of the Mass of the Air increase or diminish with the increase or diminution of that Weight, they would cease altogether if one were above the Air or on a place where there is no air

We have seen so far that the effects ascribed to the abhorrence of a vacuum are due in fact to the weight of the air and are always proportional to it: as that weight increases they increase, as it diminishes they diminish. For that reason, the quicksilver filling a tube[10] remains suspended at a lower level when it is carried to a place of high altitude, there being less air remaining above it; just as the quicksilver in a tube immersed in water falls when the tube is raised towards the surface, there being less water remaining above to balance it. Hence one may conclude with assurance that if such a tube were raised to the extreme top of the air and lifted completely out of its sphere, the quicksilver in the tube would drop entirely, there being no air at all to counterpoise it; just as the quicksilver in a tube immersed in water drops entirely when lifted bodily out of the water.

The same thing would happen if the air in the room where the experiment was conducted could be entirely removed. There being no air pressing the recurved end of the tube, one must believe that the quicksilver, having no counterpoise, would fall.

But as both of these experiments are impossible, since we can neither soar above the air nor live in a room from which all the air is exhausted, it will suffice to exclude the air, not from the whole room, but only from the vicinity of the recurved end so as to keep the air from that, in order to see whether all the quicksilver will drop when the counterpoising air cannot reach it. This is easily done in the following way.



One must have a tube bent at its base, sealed at the top A and open at the bent base B, and a second tube, quite straight, open at both ends M and N, but inserted and sealed near the end M into the bend of the other as is shown in the accompanying figure.[11] The open bent end of B of the first tube must be closed with a finger or otherwise, say with a pig's bladder, and the whole device turned upside down, the two tubes being now joined into one with free communication between them. If then, the whole tube having been filled with quicksilver and turned back again so as to bring the end A to the top, the end N is plunged into a

[10] "a tube:" that is, the recurved or backward-bent glass tube described in the previous section.

[11] An error in the drawing, noted by Perier, has been corrected here.

bath of quicksilver, all the quicksilver from the upper tube will fall completely, and will be caught in the bend, save for a portion that will escape by the lower tube through the hole M. But the quicksilver in the lower tube will fall only in part, the rest remaining suspended at a height of some twenty-six or twenty-seven inches, according to the locality of the experiment and the state of the weather.

The reason for this difference is that the air weighs on the quicksilver in the bath at the base of the lower tube and thus keeps the contained quicksilver suspended and in equilibrium; but there is no weight of air on the quicksilver at the bent end of the upper tube, since the finger or the bladder excludes the air. As there is no weight of air at that point, the quicksilver in the tube drops freely; for nothing supports it nor opposes its fall.

But nothing is ever wasted in nature: though the quicksilver in the bend does not feel the weight of the air, excluded as it is by the finger, the finger itself by compensation suffers sharply; for it bears the whole weight of the air pressing it from above, while it is unsupported from below and consequently feels as if it were pressed against the glass and drawn or sucked into the tube; and a swelling rises as if the place had been cupped. The weight of the air presses the finger, the hand, the whole body of the man on every part excepting the one spot which is at this opening, and to which it has no access; hence that spot swells and aches for the reason aforesaid.

If now the finger is lifted from this opening, the quicksilver in the bend will jump up the tube to a height of twenty-six or twenty-seven inches, because the air, falling suddenly upon the quicksilver, will drive it up instantly to the height sufficient to effect a balance. Indeed the violence of the impact will drive it even a little higher; but it will soon fall somewhat lower and then rise again until after swaying up and down a little, like a weight swinging on a thread, it will remain steady at a certain height, which is precisely that at which it balances the air.

This shows that when the air does not weigh upon the quicksilver in the bend, the quicksilver in the tube drops entirely; and consequently that if this tube had been conveyed to a place where there was no air at all, or, if such a thing were possible, above the sphere of air, the quicksilver would drop entirely.

CONCLUSION OF THE LAST THREE CHAPTERS

The conclusion is that as the weight of air is great, small, or null, so the height to which water rises in a pump is great, small, or null; and this relation is exactly proportional, like that between cause and effect. The same principle applies to the resistance encountered in

opening a sealed bellows, and to the other related effects previously cited.

Conclusion of the Two Preceding Treatises

I have recorded in the preceding Treatise all the general effects which have been heretofore ascribed to nature's effort to avoid a vacuum, and have shown that it is utterly wrong to attribute them to that imaginary cause. I have demonstrated, on the contrary, by absolutely convincing arguments and experiments that the weight of the mass of the air is their real and only cause. Consequently, it is now certain that nature nowhere produces any effects in order to avoid a vacuum.

It is not difficult to demonstrate, furthermore, that nature does not abhor a vacuum at all. This manner of speaking is improper, since created nature, which is the nature under consideration, is not animated, and can have no passions. Such language is in fact metaphorical, and means nothing more that that nature makes the same efforts to avoid a vacuum as if she abhorred it. Those who use this phrase mean that it is the same thing to say that nature abhors a vacuum as to say that nature makes great efforts to prevent a vacuum. Now, since I have shown that nature does nothing at all to avoid a vacuum, the conclusion is that nature does not abhor it. To carry out the metaphor: just as we say of a man that a thing is indifferent to him when his actions never betray any movement of desire for, or of aversion to, that thing, so should we say of nature that it is supremely indifferent to a vacuum, since it never does anything either to seek or to avoid it. (I am here still using the word "vacuum" to mean a space empty of all bodies which our senses can apprehend).

It is perfectly true (and this is what misled the ancients) that water rises in a pump when the air has no access to it, that a vacuum would result if the water did not follow the piston, and that the water ceases to rise as soon as any cracks develop by which the air can get in to fill the pump. Thus it looks as though the water rose merely for the purpose of preventing a vacuum, since it rises only when otherwise there would be one.

Similarly it is a fact that a bellows is hard to open when its apertures are so carefully sealed that no air can enter it; and it is true that its opening would produce a vacuum. This resistance ceases when air can enter to fill the bellows, and since it is met with only when a vacuum would otherwise result, it seems to be due to nothing else than the fear of a vacuum.

Finally, it is a fact that all bodies in general make great effort to follow one another and to keep together whenever their separation, and nothing else, would produce a vacuum between them. This is why it has been inferred that this close adhesion is due to the fear of a vacuum.

To reveal the weakness of this reasoning the following example will serve. When a bellows is placed in water in the manner we have often described, with its nozzle at the end of a tube assumed to be twenty feet long which projects out of the water into the air, and with all its side apertures sealed so as to exclude the air, everyone knows that it is hard to open, and the more so the greater the amount of water above it; whereas if the vents in one of the wings are unsealed so that they admit the water freely, the resistance disappears.

If one wished to reason out this effect like the others, he might say: When the side vents are closed and when, therefore, if the bellows is to be opened, the air must enter through the tube, there is difficulty in opening it; but when water instead of air can enter to fill it, the resistance ceases. Therefore, since there is resistance only to the entrance of air, the resistance arises from an abhorrence of air.

There is no one who will not laugh at this inference, seeing there may well be another cause of the resistance. It is evident indeed that the bellows cannot be opened without raising the water, because the water that would be pushed aside in the act of opening cannot enter the body of the bellows, and, compelled to find room for itself elsewhere, raises the whole body of the water and causes the resistance. This does not occur when the bellows has vents through which the water can enter; for whether it is opened or shut the water neither rises nor falls in consequence, since water enters the bellows just as fast as it is pushed aside, and thus offers no resistance to its opening. All this is clear, and consequently we must believe that the bellows cannot be opened without two results: first, the air does really enter, or second, the level of the water is raised. It is the latter action that causes the resistance and with this the former has nothing to do, although it occurs simultaneously.

Let us give the same explanation for the difficulty experienced in opening in the air a bellows sealed on all sides. If it were forced open two things would occur: first, a vacuum would really be formed; second, the whole mass of air would be raised and upheld. It is the latter action that causes the resistance felt; the former has nothing to do with it. This resistance also increases or diminishes in proportion to the weight of the air, as I have shown.

The same facts explain the resistance to separation offered by all bodies between which there is a vacuum: air cannot filter in, otherwise there would be no vacuum, and this being so, they cannot

be separated except by raising and upholding the whole mass of the air. It is this which occasions the resistance.

Such then is the real cause of the adhesion of bodies between which there exists a possible vacuum. It was for a long time not understood because erroneous opinions were entertained which were discarded only by degrees. There have been three different periods during which different opinions of this character were held; and these involved three generally prevailing errors which made it absolutely impossible to understand the cause of this adhesion of bodies.

The first is that, in nearly all times, it was believed that the air has no weight; for the ancients said so, and their professed disciples followed them blindly. They would have remained forever wedded to that theory had not keener thinkers rescued them by the force of experimental evidence; for it was impossible to believe that the weight of the air causes such adherence, so long as it was held that the air had no weight.

The second error lay in the belief that the elements have no weight in themselves, for the sole reason that the weight of water is not felt by those who are in it, that a bucket full of water immersed in the water is easy to lift so long as it stays there, and that its weight begins to be felt only when it is lifted out. As if these effects could not be due to another cause—or rather, as if this one was not wholly beyond all probability! For there is no sense in believing that water in a bucket has weight when out of the water, but has no weight left after it is poured back into the well; that it loses its weight when mixing with the rest, and recovers its weight when lifted above the surface. Strange are the means men employ in order to cloak their ignorance! Because they could not understand why the weight of water is not felt, and were loath to confess their ignorance, they declared it had no weight, for the satisfaction of their vanity and to the ruin of truth. Their views prevailed; and, of course, the weight of the air could not be accepted as the cause of these effects so long as this vain imagining had currency. Even had it been known that air has weight, the claim would still have been made that it has no weight when contained within itself, and consequently the belief would have persisted that it can effect nothing by its weight. That is why I have shown in the *Equilibrium of Liquids* that water weighs the same within itself as outside, and I have explained there why, in spite of that weight, a bucket is not hard to raise while it is in the water and its weight is scarcely felt. And in the *Treatise on the Weight of the Mass of the Air* I have given the same demonstration in the case of the air, to clear up all doubts.

The third error is different in kind. It does not appear in connection with [the weight of] the air, but in connection with the

effects which were ascribed to the abhorrence of a vacuum. Concerning these the most erroneous theories were entertained. For it had been imagined that a pump raises water not only to ten or twenty feet, which is true enough, but still farther—to a height of fifty, one hundred, or one thousand feet, or as high as you please, without limit. Likewise the belief was held that it is not only difficult, but actually impossible, to separate two polished bodies in close contact; that not even an angel, or any created force, could do so, with hundreds of exaggerations which I scorn to repeat. And so with the rest.

This is an error of observation so ancient that it cannot be traced back to its source. Heron himself, who is one of the oldest and best of the authors who have written on the raising of water, states as a positive and uncontrovertible fact that the water of a river may be made to pass over a mountain ridge and to flow into the valley beyond, provided this valley be somewhat lower down, by means of a siphon placed on the summit with its legs stretching along the slopes, one into the river and the other on the farther side; and he asserts that the water will rise from the river over the mountain and drop down again into the other valley, however high the ridge between may be.

All writers on the subject have said the same thing; and even at the present time our fountain builders guarantee that they can make suction pumps which will raise water as much as sixty feet if it be desired.

Neither Heron, nor those other writers, nor the artisans, and still less the natural philosophers, can have carried their test very far; for had they tried to draw water to the height of forty feet, they would have failed. They had only seen suction pumps and siphons six, ten, or twelve feet high, which worked beautifully; and in all the experiments they had occasion to make, had observed no case in which water failed to rise. They never imagined, consequently, that there was a limit beyond which water behaved otherwise. They conceived that the facts they had noticed were the results of an invariable natural necessity; and since they believed that water rose by an invincible abhorrence of a vacuum, they concluded that as it rose at first, so it would continue to rise without limit, applying their interpretation of what they did observe to what they did not observe and declaring both statements to be equally true.

So positively was this believed that philosophers have made it one of the most general principles of their science and the foundation of the treatises on the vacuum. It is and has been didactically asserted every day in all the schoolrooms in the world, ever since books were written. Everyone has firmly believed it, and it has remained uncontradicted down to our own time.

This fact perhaps may open the eyes of those who dare not doubt an opinion which has always been universally entertained; for simple workmen have been able to prove in this instance that all the great men we call philosophers were wrong. Galileo declares in his *Dialogues* that Italian plumbers taught him that water rises in pumps only to a certain height; whereupon he himself confirmed the statement as others did also, afterward, first in Italy and later in France, by using quicksilver, which is easier to handle but provides merely several other ways of making the same demonstration.

Before men gained that knowledge, there was no incentive to prove that the weight of the air was the cause of water rising in pumps; since, the weight of the air being limited, it could not produce an unlimited effect.

But all these experiments were insufficient to show that the air does produce those effects: they had rid us of one error but left us in another. They taught us, to be sure, that water rises only to a certain height, but they did not teach us that it rises higher in low-lying places. On the contrary, the belief was held that it always rises to the same height, in every place on the earth. And since the weight of the air never entered anybody's head, it was vaguely thought that the nature of the pump was such that it lifted water to a limited height and no further. Indeed, Galileo took that to be the natural height of a pump, and called it *la altessa limitatissima*. How indeed could it have been imagined that that height was different in different places? Certainly, it would seem improbable. Yet that last error again put out of the question the proof that the weight of the air causes these effects; since, because this weight would be greater at the foot than at the top of a mountain, its effects, obviously, would be proportionately greater there.

That is why I decided that the proof could be obtained only by experimenting in two places, one some four or five hundred fathoms above the other. I chose for my purpose the Puy de Dôme mountain in Auvergne, for the reasons that I have set forth in a little paper which I printed as early as the year 1648, immediately after the experiment had proved successful.[12]

This experiment revealed the fact that water rises in pumps to very different heights, according to the variation of altitudes and weathers, but is always in proportion to the weight of the air. It perfected our knowledge of these effects, and put an end to all doubting; it showed their real cause, which was not abhorrence of a vacuum, and shed on the subject all the light that could be wished for.

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[12] See Perier's letter to Pascal, which follows this Conclusion.

Try now to explain otherwise than by the weight of the air why suction pumps do not raise water so high by one-quarter on the top of Puy de Dôme in Auvergne as at Dieppe; why the same siphon lifts water and draws it over at Dieppe and not at Paris; why two polished bodies in close contact are easier to separate on a steeple than on the street level; why a completely sealed bellows is easier to open on a house-top than in the yard below;[13] why, when the air is more heavily charged with vapors, the piston of a syringe is harder to withdraw; and lastly why all these effects are invariably proportional to the weight of the air, as effects are to their cause.

Does nature abhor a vacuum more[14] in the highlands than in the lowlands? In damp weather more than in fine? Is not its abhorrence the same on a steeple, in an attic, and in the yard? Let all the disciples of Aristotle collect the profoundest writings of their master and of his commentators in order to account for these things by abhorrence of a vacuum if they can. If they cannot, let them learn that experiment is the true master that one must follow in Physics; that the experiment made on mountains has overthrown the universal belief in nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, and given the world the knowledge, never more to be lost, that nature has no abhorrence of a vacuum, nor does anything to avoid it; and that the weight of the mass of the air is the true cause of all the effects hitherto ascribed to that imaginary cause.

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[13] In this illustration the difference of altitude would probably be not less than 10 *toises* or 64 feet; compare the "house ninety steps high" on p. 105 below. According to Pascal's figure (in note 7 above) of 138 cm of water per 500 *toises*, an ascent of 10 *toises* would cause a drop of about 2.76 cm in the level of the water barometer. If the bellows in this illustration—or the polished bodies in the preceding—had the lateral area of a square *pied*, or roughly 1,000 square centimeters, a difference of 10 *toises* in height would therefore change the force required to open it by the weight of 2.76 x 1,000 grams or 2.76 kilograms. Even a twentieth of this force—which would roughly measure the corresponding difference for a small bellows with circular wings three inches in diameter, such as Pascal actually used—would be nearly five ounces, and easily observable. —Tr.

[14] Since the space above the mercury column is greater at higher altitudes, it might have been clearer to ask whether nature abhors a vacuum *less* in the highlands than in the lowlands, etc.

Copy of the letter sent by Monsieur Perier to Monsieur Pascal the Younger, September 22, 1648

MONSIEUR,

At last I have carried out the experiment you have so long wished for. I would have given you this satisfaction before now, but have been prevented both by the duties I have had to perform in Bourbonnais, and by the fact that ever since my return the Puy de Dôme, where the experiment is to be made, has been so wrapped in snow and fog that even in this season, which here is the finest of the year, there was hardly a day when one could see its summit, which is usually in the clouds and sometimes above them even while the weather is clear in the plains. I was unable to adjust my own convenience to a favorable state of the weather before the 19th of this month. But my good fortune in performing the experiment on that day has amply repaid me for the slight vexation caused by so many unavoidable delays.

I send you herewith a complete and faithful account of it, in which you will find evidence of the painstaking care I bestowed upon the undertaking, which I thought proper to carry out in the presence of a few men who are as learned as they are irreproachably honest, so that the sincerity of their testimony should leave no doubt as to the certainty of the experiment.

Copy of the Account of the Experiment submitted by Monsieur Perier

The weather on Saturday last, the nineteenth of this month, was very unsettled. At about five o'clock in the morning, however, it seemed sufficiently clear; and since the summit of the Puy de Dôme was then visible, I decided to go there to make the attempt. To that end I notified several people of standing in this town of Clermont, who had asked me to let them know when I would make the ascent. Of this company some were clerics, others laymen. Among the clerics was the Very Revd. Father Bannier, one of the Minim Fathers of this city, who has on several occasions been "Corrector" (that is, Father Superior), and Monsieur Mosnier, Canon of the Cathedral Church of this city; among the laymen were Messieurs La Ville and Begon, councillors to the Court of Aids, and Monsieur La Porte, a doctor of medicine, practising here. All these men are very able, not only in the practice of their professions, but also in every field of intellectual interest. It was a delight to have them with me in this fine work.

On that day, therefore, at eight o'clock in the morning, we started off all together for the garden of the Minim Fathers, which is almost

the lowest spot in the town, and there began the experiment in this manner.

First, I poured into a vessel six pounds of quicksilver which I had rectified during the three days preceding; and having taken glass tubes of the same size, each four feet long and hermetically sealed at one end but open at the other, I placed them in the same vessel and carried out with each of them the usual vacuum experiment. Then, having set them side by side without lifting them out of the vessel, I found that the quicksilver left in each of them stood at the same level, which was twenty-six inches and three and a half lines[15] above the surface of the quicksilver in the vessel. I repeated this experiment twice at the same spot, in the same tubes, with the same quicksilver, and in the same vessel; and found in each case that the quicksilver in the two tubes stood at the same horizontal level, and at the same height as in the first trial.

That done, I fixed one of the tubes permanently in its vessel for continuous experiment. I marked on the glass the height of the quicksilver, and leaving that tube where it stood, I requested Revd. Father Chastin, one of the brothers of the house, a man as pious as he is capable, and one who reasons very well upon these matters, to be so good as to observe from time to time all day any changes that might occur. With the other tube and a portion of the same quicksilver, I then proceeded with all these gentlemen to the top of the Puy de Dôme, some 500 fathoms above the convent. There, after I had made the same experiments in the same way that I had made them at the Minims, we found that there remained in the tube a height of only twenty-three inches and two lines of quicksilver; whereas in the same tube, at the Minims we had found a height of twenty-six inches and three and a half lines. Thus between the heights of the quicksilver in the two experiments there proved to be a difference of three inches one line and a half. We were so carried away with wonder and delight, and our surprise was so great that we wished, for our own satisfaction, to repeat the experiment. So I carried it out with the greatest care five times more at different points on the summit of the mountain, once in the shelter of the little chapel that stands there, once in the open, once shielded from the wind, once in the wind, once in fine weather, once in the rain and fog which visited us occasionally. Each time I most carefully rid the tube of air; and in all these experiments we invariably found the same height of quicksilver. This was twenty-three inches and two lines, which yields the same discrepancy of three inches, one line and a

[15] This indicates a precision of measurement of less than a millimeter (1 *ligne* = 2.2 mm). — Tr.

half in comparison with the twenty-six inches, three lines and a half which had been found at the Minims. This satisfied us fully.

Later, on the way down at a spot called Lafon de l'Arbre, far above the Minims but much farther below the top of the mountain, I repeated the same experiment, still with the same tube, the same quicksilver, and the same vessel, and there found that the height of the quicksilver left in the tube was twenty-five inches. I repeated it a second time at the same spot; and Monsieur Mosnier, one of those previously mentioned, having the curiosity to perform it himself, then did so again, at the same spot. All these experiments yielded the same height of twenty-five inches, which is one inch, three lines and a half less than that which we had found at the Minims, and one inch and ten lines more than we had just found at the top of the Puy-de-Dôme. It increased our satisfaction not a little to observe in this way that the height of the quicksilver diminished with the altitude of the site.

On my return to the Minims I found that the [quicksilver in the] vessel I had left there in continuous operation was at the same height at which I had left it, that is, at twenty-six inches, three lines and a half; and the Revd. Father Chastin, who had remained there as observer, reported to us that no change had occurred during the whole day, although the weather had been very unsettled, now clear and still, now rainy, now very foggy, and now windy.

Here I repeated the experiment with the tube I had carried to the Puy de Dôme, but in the vessel in which the tube used for the continuous experiment was standing. I found that the quicksilver was at the same level in both tubes and exactly at the height of twenty-six inches, three lines and a half, at which it had stood that morning in this same tube,[16] and as it had stood all day in the tube used for the continuous experiment.

I repeated it again a last time, not only in the same tube I had used on the Puy de Dôme, but also with the same quicksilver and in the same vessel that I had carried up the mountain; and again I found the quicksilver at the same height of twenty-six inches, three lines and a half which I had observed in the morning, and thus finally verified the certainty of our results.

The next day, the Very Revd. Father De la Mare, priest of the Oratory and Lecturer in Divinity of the Cathedral Church, who had witnessed all that had taken place on the morning before in the garden of the Minims, and to whom I had reported all that had occurred on the Puy de Dôme, proposed to me that I carry out the same experiment at the base and on the top of the highest tower of

[16] *Ce mesme tuyau*; i.e., that first mentioned—the one which had been carried up the mountain.—Tr.

Notre Dame de Clermont, to see whether there would be any difference [between pressures at these heights]. To gratify the curiosity of a man of such great distinction who has given all France many proofs of his ability, I carried out that very day the ordinary experiment of the vacuum in a private residence which stands on the highest ground in the city, some six or seven fathoms above the garden of the Minims, and on a level with the base of the tower. There we found the quicksilver at the height of about twenty-six inches and three lines, which is less than that which was found at the Minims by half a line. I next made the experiment on the top of the same tower, which was twenty fathoms higher than its base and about twenty-six or twenty-seven fathoms above the garden of the Minims. There I found the quicksilver at the height of about twenty-six inches and one line, that is, about two lines less than its height at the base of the tower, and about two and a half lines lower than it stood in the garden of the Minims.

Thus, collecting results and comparing the various elevations of the places where the experiments were made with the corresponding heights of quicksilver which were left in the tubes, it is found that:

In the experiment made at the lowest site the quicksilver stood at the height of twenty-six inches, three lines and a half; in that which was made at a place some seven fathoms above the lowest, the quicksilver stood at twenty-six inches and three lines; in that which was made at a place about twenty-seven fathoms above the lowest, the quicksilver stood at twenty-six inches and one line; in that which was made at a place about one hundred and fifty fathoms above the lowest, the quicksilver stood at twenty-five inches; in that which was made at a place about five hundred fathoms above the lowest, the quicksilver stood at twenty-three inches and two lines.

Therefore, it is found that about seven fathoms of altitude give a difference in the height of the quicksilver of half a line; about twenty-seven fathoms give a difference of two lines and a half; about one hundred and fifty fathoms, fifteen lines and a half, which makes one inch, three lines and a half; and about five hundred fathoms, thirty-seven lines and a half, or three inches, one line and a half.

This is, in truth, all that took place in this investigation. All the gentlemen who assisted in it will subscribe to this account of it whenever you wish.

In addition, I must tell you that the heights of the quicksilver were read with very great accuracy; but those of the sites where the experiments were made, much less satisfactorily. If I had had sufficient leisure and adequate facilities, I would have measured the altitudes with more exactness, and would indeed have marked places on the mountain at intervals of a hundred fathoms, in each of

which I would have made the experiment and recorded the differences in the height of the quicksilver which would have been observed, at each of these stations, in order to give you the exact difference caused by the first hundred fathoms rise, that given by the second hundred fathoms, and so on, with the others. These data could serve for the construction of a table, by an amplification of which those who cared to take the trouble might possibly arrive at a perfect knowledge of the exact diameter of the total sphere of the air.

I do not abandon the hope of sending you some day these hundred-fathom differences, as much for our own personal satisfaction as for the benefit the public might derive from them.

If you find any obscurities in this recital, I shall be able in a few days to clear them up in conversation with you, since I am about to take a little trip to Paris, when I shall assure you that I am,

Monsieur,

Your very humble and affectionate servant,

PERIER

[Pascal's Comment:]

This narrative cleared up all my difficulties, and, I am free to say, afforded me great satisfaction. Seeing that a difference of twenty fathoms of altitude made a difference of two lines in the height of the quicksilver, and six or seven fathoms one of about half a line, I made the usual vacuum experiment on the top and at the base of the tower of Saint Jacques de la Boucherie, which is some twenty-four or twenty-five fathoms high, and found a difference of more than two lines in the height of the quicksilver. I then repeated it in a private house ninety steps high, and found a clearly perceptible difference of half a line. These results are in perfect agreement with those given in M. Perier's narrative.

Any who care to do so, may, for themselves, confirm them at their pleasure.
