"Then, how," he said, "can it be good to say that the cities will have no rest from evils before the philosophers, whom we agree to be useless to the cities, rule in them?"

"The question you are asking," I said, "needs an answer given through an image."

"And you, in particular," he said, "I suppose, aren't used to speaking through images."

"All right," I said, "Are you making fun of me after having involved me in an argument so hard to prove? At all events, listen to the image so you may see still more how greedy I am for images. So hard is the condition suffered by the most decent men with respect to the cities that there is no single other condition like it, but I must make my image and apology on their behalf by bringing it together from many sources—as the painters paint goatstags and such things by making mixtures. Conceive something of this kind happening either on many ships or one. Though the shipowner surpasses everyone on board in height and strength, he is rather deaf and likewise somewhat shortsighted, and his knowledge of seamanship is pretty much on the same level. The sailors are quarreling with one another about the piloting, each supposing he ought to pilot although he has never learned the art and can't produce his teacher or prove there was a time when he was learning it. Besides this, they claim it isn't even teachable and are ready to cut to pieces the man who says it is teachable. And they are always crowded around the shipowner himself, begging and doing everything so that he will turn the rudder over to them. And sometimes, if they fail at persuasion and other men succeed at it, they either kill the others or throw them out of the ship. Enchaining the noble shipowner with mandrake, drink, or something else, they rule the ship, using what's in it; and drinking and feasting, they sail as such men would be thought likely to sail. Besides this, they praise and call 'skilled sailor,' 'pilot,' and 'knower of the ship's business' the man who is clever at figuring out how they will get the rule, either by persuading or by forcing the shipowner, while the man who is not of this sort they blame as useless. They don't know that for the true pilot it is necessary to pay careful attention to year, seasons, heaven, stars, winds, and everything that's proper to the art, if he is really going to be skilled at ruling a ship. And they don't suppose it's possible to acquire the art and practice of how one can get hold of the helm whether the others wish it or not, and at the same time to acquire the pilot's skill. So with such things happening on the ships, don't you believe that the true pilot will really be called a stargazer, a prater and useless to them by those who sail on ships run like this?"

"Indeed, he will," said Adeimantus.

"Now," I said, "I don't suppose you need to scrutinize the image to see that it resembles the cities in their disposition toward the true philosophers, but you understand what I mean."

"Indeed, I do," he said,

"First of all, then, teach the image to that man who wonders at the philosophers' not being honored in the cities, and try to persuade him that it would be far more to be wondered at if they were honored."

"I shall teach him," he said.