

Setting: Socrates and Glaucon are discussing the mathematical myth of the geometrical number.

A. Socrates:

“It’s hard for a city composed in this way to change, but everything that comes into being must decay. Not even a constitution such as this will last forever. It, too, must face dissolution. And this is how it will be dissolved. All plants that grow in the earth, and also all animals that grow upon it, have periods of fruitfulness and barrenness of both soul and body as often as the revolutions complete the circumferences of their circles. These circumferences are short for the short-lived, and the opposite for each of their opposites. Now, the people you have educated to be leaders in your city, even though they are wise, still won’t, through calculation together with sense perception, hit upon the fertility and the barrenness of the human species. Eventually, they will escape these, and so they will at the same time beget children when they ought not to do so. For the birth of a divine creature, there is a cycle represented by a perfect number.”
CITATION

B. Glaucon:

Ok, hold up. What are you talking about? Have you ever had a health class? Are you sure that you did not skip health for geometry class, because if you did, that would make sense. Did you just forget to order your mocha latte in the morning from Starbucks? You can’t assume that children are born based on the myth of a geometrical number, there is something called impregnation through fertilization.

A. Socrates:

What nonsense are you talking about? For a human being, it is the first number in which root and square increases are found, comprehending that three lengths and four terms, of elements that make things like and unlike, that cause them to increase and decrease, and that render all things mutually agreeable and rational in their relation to one another. Of these elements, four and three, married with five, give two harmonies when thrice increased. One of them is a square, so many times a hundred. The other is of equal length one way but oblong. One of its sides is one hundred squares of the rational diameter of five diminished by one each or one hundred squares of the irrational diameter diminished by two each. The other side is a hundred cubes of three. This whole geometrical number controls better and worse births.”...

B. Glaucon:

No. Just stop this nonsense. It’s called human fertilization. This is the process that results in the fertilized egg in which will mature in the womb of the mother until birth.

A. Socrates:

But how should this so called “egg” be fertilized? It must be because of math because you know how those ladies love to mathematically reason about everything.

B. Glaucon:

You need Jesus. It’s like you haven’t paid attention to Professor Delucia or Fremd or even Young during health class. I don’t even know what Xanthippe, your wife, finds attractive about you. She must have earplugs on when you are geometrically flirting. *Glaucon would shake his head in distaste.*

A. Socrates:

Well, what you may not know is that this myth of the geometrical number is essential to understanding the fall of the kallipolis. The kallipolis will decline because the philosopher-kings have to rely on sense perception, where sight, taste, touch or hearing puts their eugenics policy into practice.

B. Glaucon:

Do not change the subject because you do not want to face the fact that I am right. You have three sons for crying out loud. Biologically, Xanthippe was impregnated due to the fusion of male and female gametes in which formed a zygote. You are going to cause us to decay from a timocracy, where we are motivated by ambition, to an oligarchy, where we are controlled for corrupt and selfish purposes.

A. Socrates:

What do you mean? In order for that to happen a father has to be criticized for not being manly enough and avoiding trouble that they should be solving in their family.

B. Glaucon:

Exactly my point. You are avoiding the trouble of realizing that you are wrong and are unmanly because you don’t even know how your sons were brought to this world biologically.

A. Socrates:

You know what, you don’t even have a lover, so who’s talking now?

B. Glaucon:

That shall not be discussed! Just keep writing geometric nonsense, you so-called philosopher.

