Tides of War

A Novel of Alcibiades and the Peloponnesian War

Steven Pressfield

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GATES OF FIRE

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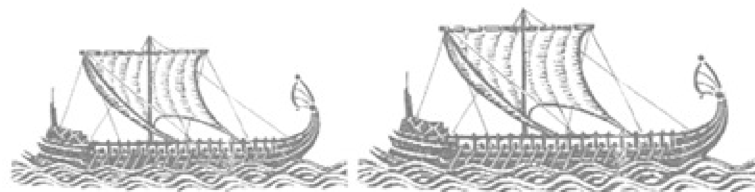
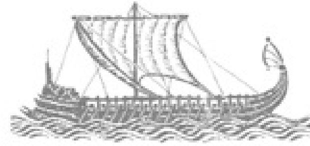
THE LEGEND OF BAGGER VANCE



Tides of War



A Novel of Alcibiades and the Peloponnesian War

Steven Pressfield

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Acknowledgments

Excerpt from The Profession

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Copyright

HISTORICAL NOTE

By their epochal victories over the Persians in 490 and 480/479 B.C., Sparta ar
Athens established themselves as the preeminent powers in Greece and the Aegean-
Sparta on land, Athens at sea.

For half a century the states maintained a tenuous equilibrium. At Athens thes
years inaugurated the Golden Age of Periclean democracy. The Parthenon wa
constructed, the tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides commence
performance; Socrates began to teach.

By 431, however, Athens' power had become too great for the free states of Greec
to endure. War came—that struggle called by Thucydides "the greatest in history
which lasted, as the oracle had foretold, thrice nine years and ended with th
capitulation of Athens in 404.

One man set his stamp upon this conflict, for good or ill, beyond all others. This wa
Alcibiades of Athens.

Kinsman of Pericles, intimate of Socrates, he was, the ancient sources attest, th
handsomest and most brilliant man of his era, as well as the most lawless. As
general he was never beaten.

THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

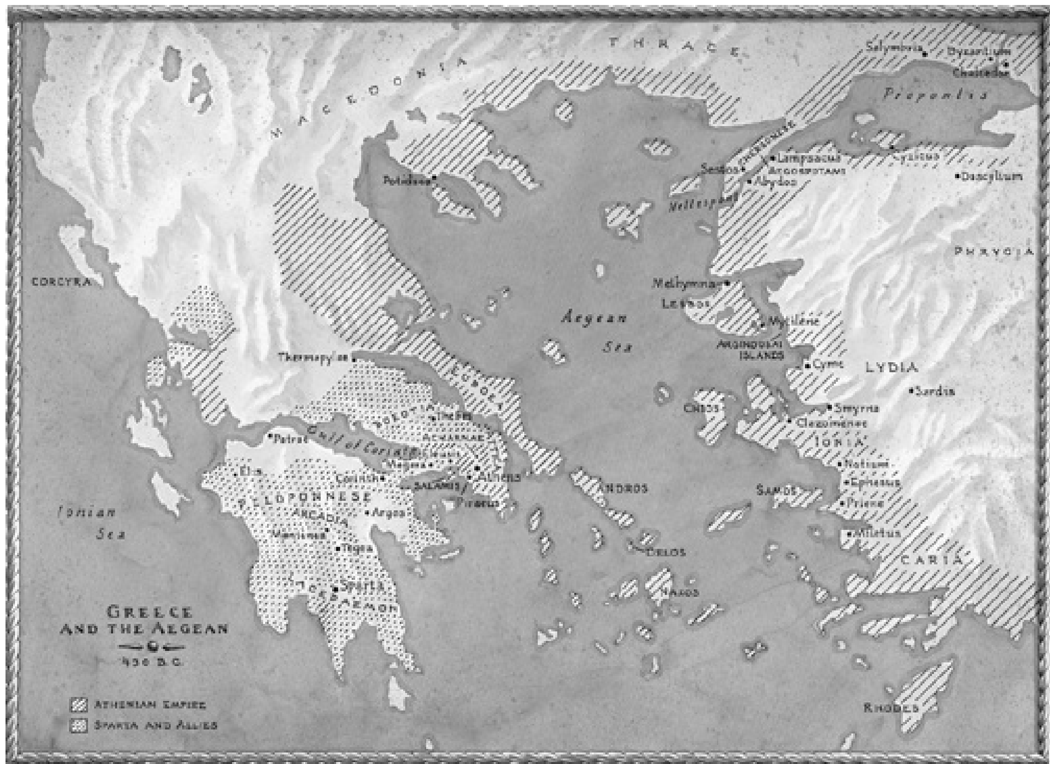
490	Athenians defeat Persians at Marathon
480	300 Spartans stand at Thermopylae
	Athenians and allies defeat Persians in sea battle of Salamis
479	Spartans and allies defeat Persians in land battle at Plataea
454	Pericles establishes Athenian Empire
431	Peloponnesian War begins
429	Great Plague; death of Pericles
415–413	Sicilian Expedition
410–407	Alcibiades’ victories in the Hellespont
405	Lysander’s victory at Aegospotami
404	Surrender of Athens
399	Execution of Socrates

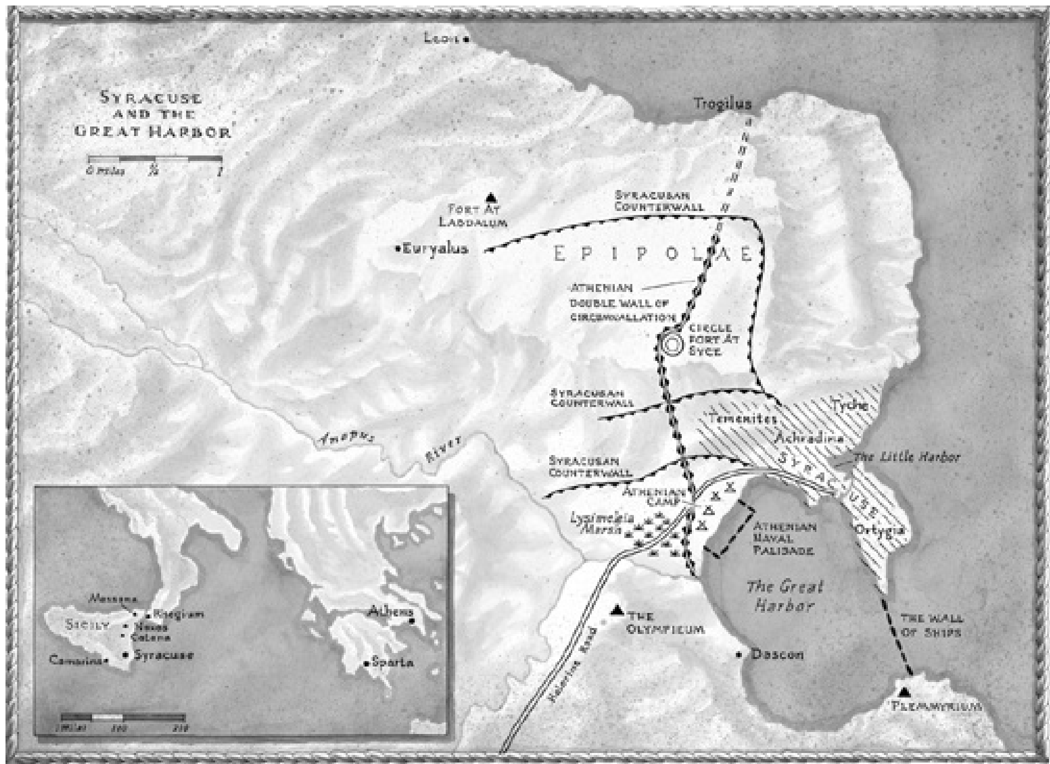
… the worst enemies of Athens are not those who, like you, have only harmed h in war, but those who have forced her friends to turn against her. The Athens love is not the one which is wronging me now, but that one in which I used have secure enjoyment of my rights as a citizen. That country that I am attackin does not seem to be mine any longer; it is rather that I am trying to recover country that has ceased to be mine. And the man who really loves his country not the one who refuses to attack it when he has been unjustly driven from it, b the man whose desire for it is so strong that he will shrink from nothing in h efforts to get back there again.

—Alcibiades addressing th
Spartan Assembly, in Thucydide
History of the Peloponnesian W

She [Athens] loves, and hates, and longs to have him back….

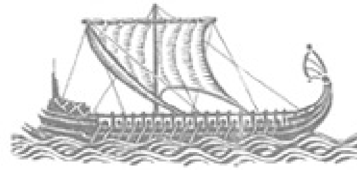
—Aristophane
on Alcibiades, in *The Fro*


GREECE
AND THE AEGEAN
430 B.C.
ATHENIAN EMPIRE
SPARTA AND ALLIES
THRACE
MACEDONIA
Potidaea
CORCYRA
Thermopylae
EUBOEA
BOEOTIA
Thebes
ACHARNAE
Gulf of Corinth
Patrae
Megara
Corinth
SALAMIS
Athens
Piraeus
Elis
PELOPONNESE
ARCADIA
Argos
Mantinea
Tegea
Sparta
LACEDAEMON
Ionian
Sea
Aegean
Sea
Salymbria
Byzantium
Chalcedon
Propontis
CHERSONESE
Sestos
Lampsacus
AEGOSPOTAMI
Abydos
Hellespont
Cyzicus
Dascylium
PHRYGIA
Methymna
LESBOS
Mytilene
ARGINOUSAI
ISLANDS
Cyme
LYDIA
Sardis
CHIOS
Smyrna
Clazomenae
IONIA
Notium
Ephesus
Priene
ANDROS
SAMOS
Miletus
DELOS
NAXOS
CARIA
RHODES



Syracuse and the Great Harbor
Leon
Trogilus
Fort at Labdalum
Syracusan Counterwall
Euryalus
Epipolae
Athenian Double Wall of Circumvallation
Circle Fort at Syce
Syracusan Counterwall
Temenites
Tyche
Achradina
Anapus
River
Syracusan Counterwall
Syracuse
The Little Harbor
Athenian Camp
Lysimeleia Marsh
Athenian Naval Palisade
Ortygia
The Great Harbor
The Olympieum
Helorine Road
Dascon
The Wall of Ships
Plemmyrium
Messana
Rhegium
Sicily
Naxos
Catana
Camarina
Syracuse
Athens
Sparta

AGAINS
POLEMIDE



I

MY GRANDFATHER JASON

My grandfather, Jason the son of Alexicles of the district of Alopece, died just before sunset o the fourteenth day of Boedromion, one year past, two months prior to his ninety-second birthda He was the last of that informal but fiercely devoted circle of comrades and friends who attend the philosopher Socrates.

The span of my grandfather's years ran from the imperial days of Pericles, the construction of t Parthenon and Erechtheum, through the Great Plague, the rise and fall of Alcibiades, and the fu tenure of that calamitous twenty-seven-year conflagration called in our city the Spartan War a known throughout greater Greece, as recorded by the historian Thucydides, as the Peloponnesi War.

As a young man my grandfather served as a sail lieutenant at Sybota, Potidaea, and Scione a later in the East as a trierarch and squadron commander at the battles of Bitch's Tomb, Abydos (f which he was awarded the prize of valor and incidentally lost an eye and the use of his right le and the Arginousai Islands. As a private citizen he spoke out in the Assembly, alone sa Euryptolemus and Axiochus, against the mob in defense of the Ten Generals. In his years he buri two wives and eleven children. He served his city from her peak of preeminence, mistress of t hundred tributary states, to the hour of her vanquishment at the hands of her most inclement fo In short he was a man who not only witnessed but participated in most of the significant events the modern era and who knew personally many of its principal actors.

In the waning seasons of my grandfather's life, when his vigor began to fail and he could mo about only with the aid of a companion's arm, I took to visiting him daily. There appears ever o among a family, the physicians testify, whose disposition invites and upon whom falls the duty succor its elderly and infirm members.

To me this was never a chore. Not only did I hold my grandfather in the loftiest esteem, bu delighted in his society with an intensity that frequently bordered upon the ecstatic. I could listen him talk for hours and, I fear, tired him more severely than charity served with my inquiries a importunities.

To me he was like one of our hardy Attic vines, assaulted season after season by the invade torch and ax, blistered by summer sun, frost-jacketed in winter, yet unkillable, ever-endurin drawing strength from deep within the earth to yield up despite all privations or perhaps because them the sweetest and most mellifluent of wines. I felt keenly that with his passing an era wou close, not alone of Athens' greatness but of a caliber of man with whom we contemporary specime stood no longer familiar, nor to whose standard of virtue we could hope to obtain.

The loss to typhus of my own dear son, aged two and a half, earlier in that season, had alter every aspect of my being. Nowhere could I discover consolation save in the company of m grandfather. That fragile purchase we mortals hold upon existence, the fleeting nature of our hou beneath the sun, stood vividly upon my heart; only with him could I find footing upon some sto but stabler soil.

My regimen upon those mornings was to rise before dawn and, summoning my dog Sentinel (

more accurately, responding to his summons), ride down to the port along the Carriage Roa returning through the foothills to our family's mains at Holm Oak Hill. The early hours were a bal to me. From the high road one could see the naval crews already at drill in the harbor. We passe other gentlemen upon the track to their estates, saluted athletes training along the roads, ar greeted the young cavalrymen at their exercises in the hills. Upon completion of the morning business of the farm, I stabled my mount and proceeded on foot, alone save Sentinel, up the se olive-dotted slope to my grandfather's cottage.

I brought him his lunch. We would talk in the shade of the overlook porch, or sometimes simp sit, side by side, with Sentinel reclining on the cool stones between us, saying nothing.

"Memory is a queer goddess, whose gifts metamorphose with the passage of the years," m grandfather observed upon one such afternoon. "One cannot call to mind that which occurred a hour past, yet summon events seventy years gone, as if they were unfolding here and now."

I interrogated him, often ruthlessly I fear, upon these distant holdings of his heart. Perhaps for h part he welcomed the eager ear of youth, for once launched upon a tale he would pursue i passage, like the tireless campaigner he was, in detail to its close. In his day the scribe's art had n yet triumphed; the faculty of memory stood unatrophied. Men could recite extended passages fro the Iliad and Odyssey, quote stanzas of a hundred hymns, and relate passage and verse of t tragedy attended days previous.

More vivid still stood my grandfather's recollection of men. He remembered not alone friends ar heroes but slaves and horses and dogs, even trees and vines which had graven impress upon h heart. He could summon the memory of some antique sweetheart, seventy-five years gone, ar resurrect her mirage in colors so immediate that one seemed to behold her before him, yet youthf and lovely, in the flesh.

I inquired of my grandfather once, whom of all the men he had known he adjudged mo exceptional.

"Noblest," he replied without hesitation, "Socrates. Boldest and most brilliant, Alcibiades. Braves Thrasybulus, the Brick. Wickedest, Anytus."

Impulse prompted a corollary query. "Was there one whom memory has driven deepest? One whom you find your thoughts returning?"

At this my grandfather drew up. How odd that I should ask, he replied, for yes, there was or man who had, for cause to which he could not give name, been of late much upon his mind. Th individual, my grandfather declared, stood not among the ranks of the celebrated or the renowne he was neither admiral nor archon, nor would his name be found memorialized among the archive save as a dark and self-condemned footnote.

"Of all I knew, this man could not but be called the most haunted. He was an aristocrat of th district of Acharnae. I helped to defend him once, on trial for his life."

I was intrigued at once and pressed my grandfather to elaborate. He smiled, declaring that launch upon this enterprise may take many hours, for the events of the man's tale transpired ov decades and covered on land and sea most of the known world. Such prospect, far from dauntir me, made me the more eager to hear. Please, I entreated; the day is well spent, but let us at lea make a beginning.

"You're a greedy whelp, aren't you?"

"To hear you speak, Grandfather, the greediest."

He smiled. Let us start, then, and see where the tale takes us.

“In those days,” my grandfather began, “that class of professional rhetorician and specialist affairs of the courts had not yet arisen. On trial a man spoke in his own defense. If he wishe however, he might appoint an associate—a father or uncle, perhaps a friend or gentleman influence—to assist in preparing his case.

“By letter from prison this man solicited me. This was odd, as I shared no personal acquaintanc with the fellow. He and I had served simultaneously in several theaters of war and had he positions of responsibility in conjunction with the younger Pericles, son of the great Pericles ar Aspasia, whom both of us were privileged to call friend; this, however, was far from uncommon those days and could in nowise be construed as constituting a bond. Further this individual was, say the least, notorious. Though an officer of acknowledged valor and long and distinguished servi to the state, he had entered Athens at her hour of capitulation not only beneath the banner of th Spartan foe but clad in her mantle of scarlet. I believed, and told him so, that one guilty of suc infamy must suffer the supreme penalty, nor could I contribute in any way to such a crimina exoneration.

“The man persisted nonetheless. I visited him in his cell and listened to his story. Though at th time Socrates himself had been convicted and sentenced to death, and in fact resided awaitin execution within the walls of the same prison, and to his aid I must before all attend, not to mentio the affairs of my own family, I agreed to assist the man in the preparation of his defense. I did not because I believed he could be acquitted or deserved to be (he himself readily ratified his ow inculpation), but because I felt the publication of his history must be accomplished, if only before jury, to hold the mirror up to the democracy which, by its conviction of the noblest citizen it ha ever produced, my master Socrates, had evinced such wickedness as to crown and consummate i own self-immolation.”

My grandfather held silent for long moments. One could see his eye turn inward and his hea summon the memory of this individual and the tone and tenor of that time.

“What was the man’s name, Grandfather?”

“Polemides the son of Nicolaus.”

I recalled the name vaguely but could not place it in quarter or context.

“He was the man,” my grandfather prompted, “who assassinated Alcibiades.”

II

MURDER IN MELISSA

The assassination party [my grandfather continued] *was led by two nobles of Persia actin under orders of the Great King's governor of Phrygia. They proceeded by ship from Abydos on t Hellespont to the stronghold in Thrace to which Alcibiades had repaired in his final exile, whenc discovering their prey absconded, the party pursued him back across the straits to Asia. The Persia were accompanied by three Peers of Sparta whose chief, Endius, had been Alcibiades' guest-frier and intimate since boyhood. These had been appointed by the home government, not to participa in the murder, but to serve as witnesses, to confirm with their own eyes the extinction of this ma the last left alive whom they still feared. Such was Alcibiades' renown for escape and resurrectio that many believed he could cheat even that final magistrate, Death.*

A professional assassin, Telamon of Arcadia, accompanied the party, along with some half doze henchmen of his selection, to plan and execute the action. His confederate was the Athenia Polemides.

Polemides had been a friend of Alcibiades. He had served as captain of marines througho Alcibiades' spectacular sequence of victories in the Hellespontine War, had acted as his bodygua when the conqueror returned in glory to Athens, and had stood upon his right hand when Alcibiad restored the procession by land in celebration of the Eleusinian Mysteries. I recall vividly h appearance, at Samos, upon Alcibiades' recall from exile to the fleet. The moment was incendiar with twenty thousand sailors, marines, and heavy infantry, distraught for their own fate and t survival of their country, enveloping the mole they called Little Choma as the longboat touched a Polemides stepped off, shielding his charge from the mob which seemed as ripe to stone as salu him. I studied Alcibiades' expression; nothing could have been clearer than that he trusted the ma at his shoulder absolutely with his life.

It was this Polemides' duty now, some seven years subsequent, to draw the victim out and with h cohort, the assassin Telamon, perform the slaughter. For this his fee was a talent of silver from t treasury of Persia.

Of all this the man informed me, concealing nothing, within the first minutes of our init interview. He did so, he stated, to ensure that I—whose family shared bonds of marriage with t Alcmaeonids, Alcibiades' family on his mother's side, and myself through my devotion to Socrate whose link to Alcibiades was well known—would know the worst at once and could pull out, i wished.

The actual indictment against the man made no citation of Alcibiades.

Polemides was charged in the death of a boatswain of the fleet named Philemon, who had bee murdered some few years prior in a brothel brawl at Samos. A second impeachment was preferre against him, that of treason. It was under this rubric, clearly, that the jurors would read that mo consequential slaying. Such obliquity was not uncommon in those days; yet its indirection w compounded by the specific statute under which his accusers had brought him to trial.

Polemides had been arraigned neither under a writ of eisangelia, *the standard indictment f treason, nor a* dike phonou, *a straight charge of homicide, both of which would have permitted hi*

to elect voluntary exile, sparing his life. Rather he had been denounced (by a pair of known rogue brothers and stooges of acknowledged foes of the democracy) under an endeixis kakourgias, a f more general category of "wrongdoing." This struck one at first as preposterous, the issue prosecutors ignorant of the law. Further reflection, however, revealed its cunning. Under th category of indictment, the accused may not only be imprisoned before and throughout tria without option of voluntary exile, but denied bail as well. The death penalty still obtained, and t trial would take place, not before the Council or Areopagus, but a common people's court, whe such terms as "traitor" and "friend of Sparta" could be counted upon to inflame the jurors' i Clearly Polemides' accusers wanted him dead, by the right hand or the left. As far as one cou predict, they would get their wish. For all those who hated Alcibiades and blamed him for the fall our nation, yet many still loved him. These would raise no remonstrance to the execution of t man who had betrayed and slain their champion. Still, Polemides observed, his accusers were, was certain, of the opposite party—those who had conspired with their country's enemies, seeking purchase their own preservation at the price of their nation's ruin.

As to the man Polemides himself, his appearance was both striking and singular, dark-eyed, slightly less than average height, extremely thick-muscled, and, though well past forty years, as le through the middle as a schoolboy. His beard was the color of iron, and his skin despi imprisonment retained the dark copper of one who has spent much of his life at sea. Scars of fi spear, and sword crisscrossed the flesh of his arms, legs, and back. Upon his brow, though bleach by exposure to the elements, stood vivid the koppa slave brand of the Syracusans, token of th captivity endured by survivors of the Sicilian calamity and emblematic of unspeakable suffering.

Did I abhor him? I was prepared to. Yet in the flesh his clarity of thought and expression, candor and utter want of self-exoneration, disarmed my prejudice. His crimes notwithstanding, t man appeared to my imagination much as might have Odysseus, stepping forth from the songs Homer. Nor did he comport himself in the brutish or insolent manner of the soldier for hire; on t contrary his demeanor and self-presentation were those of a gentleman. What wine he had, proffered at once and insisted upon vacating for his guest the solitary stool his cell possesse pillowing it for my comfort with the fleece he used to bundle the chamber's single bare pallet.

Throughout that initial interview he performed as we spoke various calisthenics intended maintain fitness despite confinement. He could place his heel upon the wall above his head an standing flat on the other sole, set his forehead with ease upon his elevated shin. Once when brought him some eggs, he placed one within the cage of his fist and, extending his arm, challeng me either to prize his fingers apart or crush the egg. I tried, employing all my strength, and failed, he grinned at me mischievously the while.

I never felt afraid with the man or of him. In fact as the days progressed I came to embrace profound sympathy for the fellow, despite his numerous criminal deeds and lack of repentan therefor. His name, Polemides, as you know, means "child of war." But he was not a child of ju any war, rather one unprecedented in scale and duration and distinguished beyond all previo conflicts by its debasement of that code of honor, justice, and voluntary restraint by whose tenets prior strife among Hellenes had been conducted. It was indeed this war, the first modern war, whi forged our narrator's destiny and directed it to its end. He began as a soldier and ended as assassin. How was I any different? Who may disaffirm that I or any other did not enact in t shadows of our private hearts, by commission or omission, that same dark history played out daylight by our countryman Polemides?

He was, like me, a product of our time. As to the harbor, high road and low follow their sever courses along the shore, so his path had paralleled my own and that of the main of o contemporaries, only passing through different country. ◙

III

IN POLEMIDES' CELL

You ask, Jason *[the prisoner Polemides spoke],* which aspect is most distasteful of th assassin's art. Knowing you as the paragon of probity you are, you no doubt anticipate som response involving bloodguilt or ritual pollution, perhaps some physical difficulty of the kil It is neither. The hardest part is bringing back the head.

You have to, to get paid.

Telamon of Arcadia, my mentor in the profession of manslaughter, taught me to pack it olive oil and bring it home in a jar. In the early days of the war such proof was not require A ring might do, or an amulet, or so my tutor apprised me later, as at that time I had not y commenced employment in the "silent art," but served as a common soldier like everyon else. The assassin's requirements grew sterner as the war dragged on. Those victims who g the chance invariably pleaded, some quite eloquently, for their lives. For my part considered it dishonorable, not to say bad business, to yield to such blandishments. I honore my commitments.

I see you smile, Jason. You must remember I was not always a villain. My family counte among its ancestors the hero Philaeus, Ajax' son, forebear of Miltiades and Cimon, he whom the rights of the city were granted with his brother Eurysaces, from whom Alcibiad claimed descent. My father was a Knight of Meleager and bred racers, a number exceptional lineage, including the mare Briareia, who was the pole horse on Alcibiades' tea when it won the crown at Olympia, the year of his magnificent triple, when Euripides himse sang the victory ode. We were good people. People of quality.

That said, I make no pretense to innocence of Alcibiades' assassination or any other charg But these scoundrels aren't after me for that, are they? They're still too happy to see hi dead. Men hate nothing worse than that mirror held before them whose reflection display their own failure to prove worthy of themselves. This likewise is your master's crim Socrates the philosopher. He will suck hemlock for it. My own transgressions, I fear, rema unsullied by such aspirations to honor.

This murder charge, I say, the one of that luckless fellow Philemon…of this I'm innocent. was an accident! Ask anyone who saw it.

But listen to me beg for my life! I sound like every other lying swine in here. [Laughs.] If had gold in the yard, I'd dig it up. Yes, and have your way with my wife and daughters well! [Laughs again.]

But hear me, Jason. I appreciate your coming. I am aware of the demands upon you fro other quarters and grateful for your time. I know you despise, if not me, then m transgressions. As for my chances of acquittal, the betting man will long since have purchase the shovel to dig my grave. Yet remain, I beseech you. Track with me the course of this ma I am said to have slain and our intertwined fates—yours, mine, and our nation's.

If I am guilty, Athens is too. What did I perform, save what she desired? As the city love him, so did I. As she hated him, I did too. Let us tell that story, of the spell he cast over ou

state and how that bewitchment led us to ruin, all in the same basket. As I plead for my li like the dog I am, perhaps we may dig up some gold in the yard, the treasure of insight ar illumination. What do you say, Jason? Will you assist me? Will you help a villain explore th provenance of his villainy? ◙

IV

ORDEAL AND COMMISSION

When I was ten, my father sent me for my schooling to Sparta. This was far fro
unheard-of in the decades before the war, when fellow feeling still prevailed between the tw
great states by whose allied exertions Greece had been preserved from the Persian yok
Periodic clashes and conflicts notwithstanding, the dominant disposition toward Sparta amo
the Athenian gentry was respect. Many of the older landed families, not alone of our city b
of Greece entire, shared bonds of guest-friendship with clans at Sparta; such gentlefolk ofte
felt keener kinship for their kind across borders than for the commons of their own state
whose increasing stridency and self-assertion threatened not only to overturn the old court
ways but to coarsen and corrupt the rising generation of youth. What more satisfacto
inoculation for these striplings, their fathers reasoned, than a turn or two in the Spart
agoge, the Upbringing, where a lad learned the old-fashioned virtues of silence, continenc
and obedience?

Among my father's forebears were the Athenian heroes Miltiades and Cimon, the latt
esteemed by the Spartans little less than their own kings, which affection Cimon returned
abundance, naming his eldest son Lacedaemonius, who himself trained at Sparta, though on
to age sixteen. Through such ties and by his own exertions my father succeeded in enrolli
his firstborn among that handful of foreigners permitted to "stand, steal, and starve" besi
their Lacedaemonian counterparts. Some twenty or thirty of us *anepsioi,* "cousins," trekked
each year from all Greece, taking our places among the seven hundred homegrown
Alcibiades himself, though he did not train at Lacedaemon, was *xenos,* guest-friend, of t
Spartan knight Endius (who would stand present in Asia to oversee his friend's assassinatio
Endius' father was named Alcibiades, a Lacedaemonian name which alternated in bo
families. My own father's name, Nicolaus, is Laconian, as was mine at birth, Polemidas, b
whose pronunciation and spelling I Atticized upon enlistment.

I was nineteen when war began, at Sparta, one season shy of that commencement called
and C, Ordeal and Commission, the accession granted to non-Lacedaemonians, equivalent
initiation into the Corps of Peers for citizens, the Spartiatai, and their "stepbrothe
comrades, the *mothakes.*

Few believed then that the war would last more than a season. True, Athenian troops we
in action, besieging Potidaea, but this was strictly an internal affair between Athens and o
of her subject states, however vocally the latter might squeal, and did not violate the Peac
It was not Sparta's ox being gored. The Spartan army, egged on by her allies, had inde
invaded Attica in retaliation, yet so lightly was this regarded that I without demur
participated in the pack-out of the two line divisions, to be reinforced by twenty thousa
heavy infantry of Sparta's Peloponnesian allies, which comprised the invasion brigades.
the foreign boys helped too. We thought nothing of it. The army would march in, raise he
and march out, to be succeeded by some form of negotiated settlement by fall or winter. T
idea that we lads in schooling might be sent home was never even broached.

It was on the eve of the Gymnopaedia, the Festival of the Naked Boys, that I learned m father's estate had been burned. I had been elected an *eirenos,* a youth-captain, and this nig took charge for the first time of my own platoon of boys. We were at choral practice, ju setting up, when one of the lads, a particularly bright youth named Philoteles, advanced the scrupulous manner prescribed by the laws, eyes down, hands beneath his cloak, ar sought permission to address me. His father, Cleander, was with the army in Attica and ha sent a message home. He knew our farm. We had welcomed him as a guest more than once.

"Please convey to Polemidas my extreme regret," Cleander's letter stated, employing m Laconian name. "I exerted all influence I possessed to prevent this action, but the district ha been selected by Archidamus, prompted by the omens. One farm could not be spared whe all others were torched."

I applied at once for an interview with my commander Phoebidas, the brother of Gylippu whose leadership in Sicily, scores of thousands of deaths later, was to prove of suc calamitous effect against our forces. Should I return or complete my passage to initiatior Phoebidas was a gentleman of virtue, a throwback to a nobler age. After much deliberatio including taking of the dream omens at Oeum, it was decided that duty to the gods of hear and fatherland superseded all conflicting obligations. I must go home.

I trekked to Acharnae, a hundred and forty miles in four days, without even a dog accompany my steps, oblivious to the sequence of sorrows of which this blow was th precursor. I expected to find vines and groves blackened by fire, walls toppled, crops la waste. This, as you know, Jason, is no calamity. The grapes and olives spring back, ar nothing can kill the land.

I arrived at my father's farm, Road's Turn, during the hours of darkness. It looked bad, b nothing could prepare me for the devastation which greeted my eyes at daybrea Archidamus' men had not simply scorched vineyard and grove but sheared the living plants the nub. They had poured lime into the open stumps and spread this brew across eve square yard of field. The house was ashes, and the cottages and barns. All stock had bee slaughtered. They had even killed the cats.

What kind of war was this? What manner of king was Archidamus to countenance suc depredation? I was enraged; more so my younger brother Demades, whom we called Litt Lion, when at last I located him in the city. Eluding our father by whose command he was maintain his study of music and mathematics, he had enlisted in the regiment of Aegei outside our tribe and under false papers. My two younger uncles and all six cousins ha joined their companies. I signed as well.

The war had begun. In the far north the Potidaeans, emboldened by the vigorousness of th Spartan incursion into Attica, had enlarged their revolt from our empire. A hundred ships ar ninety-five hundred Athenian and Macedonian troops held them besieged. Alcibiades, th most illustrious youth of our generation, had mustered already. Too impatient to wait for h twentieth birthday and the cavalry trials, he had shipped as a common infantryman with th Second Eurysaces, that company which his guardian, Pericles, had claimed as his fir command. When weather and the close of sailing season threatened to strand the last of ou unembarked Acharnian companies, we were piggybacked onto the penteconters of this uni We sailed on the eighth of Pyanopsion, Theseus day, into a howling norther.

Of the hundreds of passages I have endured in subsequent seasons, this was the worst. N

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