

Dear Reader; Your author never thought he would be writing the following when he prepared the first draft of Arden 13, some 2 years ago. Today, April 30, 2009 he came across a book review that pissed him off. He suggests you read it for yourself, assuming you are the least bit interested. <http://www.guardian.co.uk/books/2009/apr/25/science-patricia-fara-review>. Why even bother? Your author did a huge amount of research to get stuff like this right. It will become apparent as the story unfolds why he thinks it important. Arden and the City State of Parga are fictional. The historical context, which includes actual events, what literature, technology and science Arden had or could have had access to, is anything but fanciful.

13 Dedication to Duty and Art

1312, the 11th month, 5th day:

Today was highly eventful and I did not get any chance for sports or other activities. I have been: posed, sketched, measured and forced to stand perfectly still for long periods. I do not like this modeling business in the least. Goro assures me I will get more accustomed to it and not mind so much when older. He is not the one who must remain still; it is not difficult for him to say such things. Iason is sympathetic and reminds me it is just another royal duty. Me thinks picking olives or figs is much more to my liking. He forgets or chooses not to remember, that while I stand stone still, he and the others get to be outside shooting arrows and fencing.

At our midday meal we were told to be dressed in our most fine uniform of office for the afternoon. We were not told why but suspected it had to do with the Florentine Envoy. Ikaros already had our parade clothing laid out for us. I was sad that we had so little time, since the site of my lovers naked body always stirs my lustful desires. Even clothed he stirs those desires but naked they become almost unmanageable.

We all assembled in the great hall; King Iason on his throne, the Prince Consort on his right and Iason and I on his left. We were told to go and sit with the other Pages until called; before the Envoy was admitted the history scholar gave us pages one of his brief lectures. (TN: I am sure brief is being used here with a large dose of sarcasm.)

Without going into detail he outlined the Florence's important role in church affairs prior to about 1200. With that background he got into much detail; which, with Iason's help, I am greatly shortening. (TN: The reader may wish to skip this, that is why I, your translator, placed it in []. If this is Arden's idea of shortening my earlier note about sarcasm is grossly understated.)

[The social structure of the city reveals a community constituted of religious and secular representatives, with three dominant social groups: the nobles, grouped into consorterie (the so-called "Società delle torri"), the merchants, and the horse soldiers, the backbone of the army, who included all those, noble or not, who were able to provide their own arms and on horseback serve the militia of the Commune. Among the nobles were to be found the old feudal families who had always lived in the city, as well as the landed proprietors of the surrounding countryside or contado who were forced to live within the walls once they had been conquered by the Commune. Although the nobles held most of the power in the 12th century, it was nevertheless mainly the merchants who were responsible for the growth of the city. The rise of the merchants accelerated in the second half of the century, as trade with distant countries was intensified and became a new and much richer source for the accumulation of capital. Extensive trade and its inseparable companion, credit, were what provided the Commune with its power of growth and were the basis for the economic and demographic expansion of the city.

The requisites of commercial activity (the need for free circulation of the goods that arrived in or left from Florence) forced the Commune to protect the communication routes from the extravagant tolls imposed by the proprietors of the contado, as well as the authority of the neighboring municipalities. Throughout the 12th century therefore a goodly part of the military power of the Commune was earmarked for the struggle against the feudal regime (represented above all by the consorterie bound to the noble Guidi and Alberti families) and against rival Communes.

This process of expansion underwent a temporary halt when Frederick Barbarossa advanced south into Italy. In 1185 the emperor even deprived the city of its contado and restored the marquisate of Tuscany, setting his younger son Philip at its head. But the provision had a brief life. In 1197, taking advantage of the death of Barbarossa's successor, Henry VI, Florence regained control of her contado, which she had probably never completely lost. At the end of the century and at the beginning of the 13th century, thanks to a series of fortunate military exploits, the Florentine Commune succeeded in getting most of the peoples of the contado to pledge allegiance, which formerly had been owed to the signoria of the counts of Guidi and those of Mangona and Capraia and Certaldo. Henceforws, deprived of their authority and their power, were to be pushed back to the borders of the municipal territory and later fought and defeated even in what was left of their dominions.

The rivalry with the neighboring municipalities also led to any number of disputes, mostly based on pretexts involving the establishment of boundaries of their respective spheres of competence. Particularly frequent was conflict with Siena, which was enlarging its contado in southern Tuscany at the expense of the bordering cities. With Pisa, which was the richest city in the western

Mediterranean in the 12th century, things were different. Since Florence normally used the port of Pisa for its commerce with overseas countries, their relationship was one of collaboration and mutual aid. Clear evidence of the power Florence had acquired in the course of the 12th century is to be found in the expansion of its urban territory. All around the circle of Matilda's walls, in correspondence to the gates, populous suburbs had sprung up, initially elongated in form as they flanked the streets that ran out of the city.

A considerable number of small and large churches also sprang up as the size of the city increased. In two centuries the number of churches in Florence was tripled, so that at the beginning of the 13th century the city had as many as 48 churches (12 priories and 36 parishes).

As can be seen the Bishop had gained enormous power and wealth. The political power was fracas and the nobles all but useless. Being a hand full of families that had little support and continually squabbling among themselves. The city has become the principal center of continental Tuscany, and which clearly show signs of continued growth thanks to the arrival of immigrants from the countryside. This immigration from the contado, consisting prevalently of the more well-to-do classes, gave rise to a new middle class, an important factor in the tensions which accompanied the struggles between the nobles who held the power and all those others who were excluded, including the majority of commoners. The Gold florins have become a standard and the banks of Florence among the most wealthy and powerful.]

This is a long discussion but Iason and I feel it is important for us to remember and know about in the future. We have overheard many saying, even if we get Florence to back down now we will not have the last of them.

The Envoy was announced. He is not only the nephew of the Bishop but also of an important and noble house. The politics I assume are still as fractal as ever and power struggles continue. What Karyakos is most concerned about is the power of several religious orders, all founded or well established in that place.

He strode in with Father Georgios. They were seated at a large table along with those already present, including the General and several of his senior officers. The Envoy was visibly shaken by their presence. Karyakos then proceeded to introduce the Envoy to everyone present. Identifying them by name and position. He then called Iason and I to leave the ranks of the pages and take our seats of office. The Envoy was less than impressed that a 12 year old Crown Prince and his Prince Consort, mere pages, were obviously given higher status than himself. Iason and I think this is all just a bit too much like theater.

Karyakos addressed the Envoy, "I sincerely hope that Father Georgios, acting Bishop, has educated you in our laws, customs and ways. I know they are

strange to you as is our language. But since we are not all fluent in Italian we will conduct this meeting in Greek. Father Georgios can translate for you if necessary. You know King Iason the 7th and myself. We tend to be a less formal here than other courts. King Iason and I have decided that I should do most of the talking and he should function in a capacity of moderator.” He looked right at Iason and myself, “That choice was made because my temper is calmer and I am less likely to offend, being by nature less sharp with my words.

You are probably wondering why all these people are here. It is simple, they are here either to observe and learn from that observation, such as the young princes or I felt they may have knowledge and information we will need. It was obvious from the results of our previous meeting that many misunderstandings and misconceptions still exist between us. It is important that these be corrected and if possible resolved. Much treasure and blood lay in the balance Envoy.

The history of Florence suggests to us that treasure is dear to your hearts and blood is easily spilt. Unless I am mistaken your society is built on three pillars: wealth, power and faith. Those three pillars reinforce each other. They form a triangle, one of the most useful and powerful geometric figures known. It is a mystic symbol that takes roots in ancient Egypt and Greece. The triangle or three pillars were not invented by your church but expropriated by it. As was the right of sanctuary, which you Envoy, counseled Father Georgios to abuse for your own political ends.

You should be thankful that this state has not seen fit to establish one official religion or persecute the practices of any, otherwise you and Father Georgios would have the deaths of 27 brave young men staining your hands.” He then reported to everyone what had taken place, why and what the result is. “Father Georgios was able to see that their right of sanctuary was successfully transferred from his church to the Temple of Apollo and all are on the mend, all are expected to recover. This I assure you had less to do with any prayers and more to do with the healing properties of the mineral springs.

What we are upset about, is not so much your feeble attempt at causing embarrassment to us or in your misguided efforts to cause some kind of political impasse for us; but your refusal to take any responsibility for the welfare of the surrendered soldiers you enticed into seeking sanctuary in the first place. Father can you tell us how you managed to provide these men with food and appropriate tithes to the Temple?”

“Prince Karyakos, a wealthy citizen who wishes to remain anonymous made the donation when the Envoy refused.”

“I find it strange and puzzling that Florence would employ mercenaries to attack

us, urge them to some course of action and yet refuse to support them when required.”

This went on for a little longer Karyakos building his case, to prove beyond any doubt of Envoy’s influence and motives. He then reviewed the evidence relating to the bishop and failed attack in the east. The General reviewed the failed attack by sea.

Now Envoy would you like to tell us why Florence found it necessary to attack us in the first place and why you did so without even announcing your intentions but sending assassins instead?

He recounted the usual list of false hoods which were shown to be nothing more. The King finally interjected, “It matters not Envoy, we do not care but you should. The citizens of Florence should, it is their treasure and blood that has been squandered on this venture. None of what you have said however, answers the question Prince Karyakos put. Why treachery followed by violence without even bothering to negotiate?”

“General, do you release your men, now enjoying sanctuary in the Temple of Apollo, from your service. In return for your promise to see any pay owed to them is delivered, I shall offer them permanent residence here and the opportunity but not the obligation to become citizens.” The smile on the Generals face was as great as it was when he saw Odo riding in on that pony.

“Since they are missing from my camps and by doing so have voted to seek refuge here, I must accept your offer and release them.” The scribes were writing quickly now preparing the documents.

Karyakos asked if any citizen had a question or objection. One Knight stood and was recognized. “What is your plan for these 27, Prince?”

“When they fully recover their health we will make our offer which they may or may not accept. If they accept, each will be tested and evaluated and assigned to a knight based on your needs and their skills. That man should work for you at least one year and you will pay him the normal rate for the work he does and is qualified to do. Several will find employment here in the castle, as we have many needs yet to fill.

Now Envoy let me remind you that on the 10th day of this month you must be prepared to settle up on the question of reparations. On the eleventh day our price will rise by 1000 florins and will continue to rise at that rate until the 15th day which will be your last chance.”

“Florence still demands you pay us 10,000 florins and return our captured men

and ships.”

“Envoy the decision is yours and yours alone. Your letter of introduction stated you have complete authority to resolve our differences. I take that to mean the decision is yours, since I doubt your masters would lie to us; about us we know, being of noble birth and good Christians they would be far too honorable for that.” I was quite amazed at how sarcastically Karyakos spoke, his tone of voice was as hard as a dagger's blade.

Father Georgios and the Envoy departed. After they departed the General spoke to us quietly, so most of the Knights crowded around to hear him.

“As you know I am Florentine as are my officers, our troops are mostly mercenaries, Swiss and Germanic. That fool plays a dangerous game. Florence depends on mercenaries, if he fails to secure their return to Florence he violates their contracts. The danger is finding others to take their places.”

One of the navy captains spoke next. “We too are Florentine and now that our navy is all but destroyed any dreams of being a naval power are gone for Florence. If our ships fall to other powers they will have no navy at all. Now that our galley slaves are free and would be paid to man the oars, he will be hard pressed to replace them. I know many will leave the service at their first opportunity. As to the sailors they too are mercenaries. The Envoy is a pompous ass and since our Admiral is lost he refuses to speak frankly with us as he does with the General.”

“I told him if he fails to meet our demands we would sail your ships to Venice, Dubrovnik or perhaps Pula and sell them at auction. You and your crews would be free to take employment with the purchaser, some other patron or go back to Florence by land. I am not a wife purchasing vegetables in the market, I do not bargain. We have set a fair reparations price and are not about to discount it so that fool can save face.”

Later that evening Iason and I were in the baths with a group of our friends. What started as a simple time of relaxation and bathing turned into a mini orgy. I think boys, certainly including us, think of only two subjects, food and sex. Once clean and finished playing toss the sponge we all assembled on the platform and began enjoying each other's bodies. Odo somehow got everyone in a line with Iason at the head and himself at the tail. In between each boy knelt and presented his ass to the penis of the boy behind, once everyone was engaged I pushed back and when the motion reached the end Odo pushed the hips of the boy in front of him forward and so it went until spent.

Before I could get this entry completed our mentors and one of the young Palace Boys came into our room. I finish it now, the following morning. Uncle

Iason pulled me into his powerful arms and carried me into his bed chamber, Father carried Iason. They left the boy with Odovacar and the others.

Mentor placed me ever so gently on the bed and began his worship of Ganymede. He kissed and licked and nibble and teased with his fingers every portion of my body, from head to foot and back again. I could see his strong body and perfectly shaped buttocks framing his enormous erection. I want that hard penis in me, I wanted it deep in my throat and fully sunk into my ass.

I looked over, Iason lay next to me and his mentor, my most handsome and desirable father, making love to him. I knew Iason was receiving as much pleasure and stimulation as I. Uncle Iason began giving me oral pleasures I had not been aware of before. My penis felt as though it would burst. Time and again he brought me to the point of ejaculation but he would not let that happen. Iason was pleading with Father but he would not let it happen either. We were both writing with desire on the edge of ecstasy.

As suddenly as it had begun Uncle stopped as did Father. I looked at Iason and he at me. Our mentors embraced each other and began passionate kissing and fondling. Iason rolled toward me and we embraced like our mentors. Uncle Iason lay on his back with his legs draped over father's shoulders. Father's penis slipped into him and they began making the most sensuous and slow hip undulating actions of love. This was not a hard and fast fuck, this was a sharing of the most sacred emotions between two men. Iason and I were a part of this and we both realized it.

We also realized we were both still on the knife edge of desire. I rolled over on top of him and in like fashion his legs draped over my shoulders and my erection entered his cavity.

As I write this, now the next day, I realize another lesson has been learned. Lust and passion are wonderful emotions but nothing replaces love. It was not his anus but his kisses that were the most significant. Our mentors had taught us it is our time shared that is most important. It is the complete giving of one to the other that is most significant.

1312 the 11th month, 9th day

I have been to the Temple of Apollo and returned only late yesterday. Father Georgios and Prince Tertius accompanied us. I think it is us that accompanied them. That tail must follow this however.

On the 6th day the Florentine citizens were asked to meeting at the castle. Non of us were present, however our Triangles reported to us that the King

explained how difficult the Envoy had become and asked them to prepare for the worst. He did not wish to see any exiled, however he was being offered little choice by the Envoy. To a man and woman, not quite all but almost all, immediately partitioned the King for citizenship. Two or three were old, and with great regret, would return to Florence if it came to that, since they would be returning soon anyway. The King accepted their partitions but not their renunciation of Florentine citizenship. If the worst came to worst he would accept it after the Envoy departed. "We will just let him think what he wishes."

They were asked not to mention any of this to the Envoy. He told them in the next day or two a warning was to be published that all non Citizens of Florentine origin should be prepared to leave with the Envoy on the 15th day. The King thought that when published, as many of you as feels comfortable doing so, should inquire with the Envoy about this ship and if Florence was prepared to compensate them for lost or unrecoverable assets. The Triangle said he counted about 13 families in total, many had been born here as are their children.

When we got to the Temple I was quite surprised at the number of people there. It is a nice place with large hot pools and therapeutic baths. I was most impressed with the large herb guardians. There were many springs, some very rich in sulfur, others less so and a few had none. One of the springs was effervescent and tickled my nose as I drank from it.

One thing I did notice was the lack of accommodation. The place only had a few small inns. I will write Perum, I see a business opportunity for him and I assume my sister.

I saw many different herbs, bushes, trees and other plants being cultivated, many I had never seen before. They claimed that certain herbs, when combined with the waters from one of the less sulfurous pools or the non sulfurous springs, were highly curative for many different ills. Some or parts of some plants are poisonous too.

Open wounds are best treated in the most sulfurous pools. People with breathing difficulties were often taken into a grotto where the hot springs put vapors into the air. Many of the plants were brought here from far away places. No one knows how long his place has been a temple or when they started collecting and cultivating all these herbs.

Near by I saw many small orchards growing oranges, lemons and limes. In Koalhurst we grew lemons and some farmers limes but only a few trees. The priests at the Temple praised these fruits as sources of good health and encouraged all to eat them, often mixing their juice with the effervescent waters. I rather liked it so did Iason. Uncle Tertius thought the Argoanuts should plant

and maintain large gardens and fruit groves at each of the estates. This would be a worthy service to the people and small but potentially valuable source of income. We all laughed at the suggestion Alexandros teach them how to climb the trees for harvest. Now that his leg is healed he was willing to at least laugh about it.

All 27 were more than happy to accept the King's offer. The priests wanted them to remain at the temple for at least another few days, to be sure their illness was completely healed. These men were all tucked into several small buildings with multiple bunks or sleeping platforms. Mostly they were outside as long as the weather was good. Vitale was very glad to see Odo again and they visited while we met the others. Tertius was most impressed with several who he judged would become valuable assets in our military, including Vitale.

I was curious why so many were abandoning their professional and family connections with Florence. I learned that most were either advised by their officers to do so or had become disillusioned by the apparent foolishness of the venture they had been sent into. A few desired to enter Father Georgios' seminary or the monastery. One wished to remain at the Temple, if the priests would have him. Vitale told me that one had been the closest to death on their arrival and the quickest to recover. Father Georgios did not want to lose one of the faithful but he understood the lad's desire and gave the Apollo priests his recommendation. My suspicion was correct, all of these men and women seemed to know each other.

Many people came just for a short visit, often just to obtain a potent or some of the waters. Some had small tents or other shelters on the grounds or in the orchards. The temple itself was very small, a few columns with a statue of Apollo and Asclepius along with several small altars for the faithful. In olden times belief and medicine were linked and the sick would come to Asclepius' temple to dream for guidance. Here, I guess Apollo's medical credentials were merged with Asclepius. Today we are much more modern.

The priests and priestesses seemed to form in four groups. Tenders of plants and makers of potent, those that helped or tended the sick, those that tended the temple, gardens and orchards.

One of my tutors told me: "The Romans created *valetudinaria* for the care of sick slaves, gladiators and soldiers around 100 CE. The adoption of Christianity as the state religion of the empire drove an expansion of the provision of care, but not just for the sick. The First Council of Nicaea in 325 C.E. urged the Church to provide for the poor, sick, widows and strangers. It ordered the construction of a hospital in every cathedral town. Among the earliest were those built by the physician Saint Sampson in Constantinople and by Basil, bishop of Caesarea. The latter was attached to a monastery and provided

lodgings for poor and travelers, as well as treating the sick and infirm. There was a separate section for lepers.”

I know that healing places go way back in Greek history, many were associated with temples of Apollo and his son.

As near as I can tell we established our modified Apollo's Places to care for the sick in every town in the land about the same time. Except for this place, only the name Apollo remains as connection to the god. In Koalhurst we always thought of Apollo's Place as where you go to die or see the physicians, apothecaries or barber - surgeons, get wounds treated and so on.

I noticed one other curious thing. One of the springs had water so hot that it would burn flesh. That water bubbled up and spilled down a series of small steps making little pools. The priests had all the sick clean their belongs, bowls, knives, spoons, clothing and so on in them at least once a day. This spring joined a cooler sulfurous spring and the combined water was used to clean hands and feet after contacting the sick, just below the joining place. Apparently in older times this was a purification ritual with religious overtones. Now it is a purification ritual of medicine.

I also learned from the tutor and Apollo's priests: that all the castle physicians and apothecaries were partly trained here. Our physicians are trained in Galen's medical practices as well as Herophilus and Erasistratus, Democritus and Hippocratic schools, Asclepiades and Temison and others. No one was necessarily held above the others but true to the teachings of Aristotle all was considered and used where useful. From the early work in Alexandra, where thoughtful and careful autopsies were performed, much about how the body did and didn't work was learned. Human and animal anatomy is now taught at the castle. I noticed that the artists and sculptures as well as the physicians worked with the dead to learn their structure.

Theophrastus, Dioscrides, Damian and Cosmas. Much knowledge also came from the Pagans in cures and the uses of herbs, concoctions and so on. In the libraries are books from the north and west as well as the east about these things. I learned, they in fact did not always know why something worked, just that it did.

I know that in the vineyard we used a white, soluble powder from this place to control the fermentation. The idea was to stop it before it became vinegar, unless that was the desired end product. I saw the white powder being produced; it was ground from the rock deposited by some of the sulfurous springs. I don't know what this is but the yellowish-white powder does smell of sulfur. (Translator's Note: This would be a naturally occurring sulfite or sulfate, either sodium, magnesium or calcium rich. Any would do the job and would

have been a much better choice than the lead salts used by the Romans. Modern research suggests that the Romans suffered from lead poisoning. Not from the plumbing, which was coated with calcium carbonate or other lime minerals, which sealed off the lead, but from the lead salts used in the wine making. These were soluble and consumed directly.)

I was informed by one of the 27 that places called Hospitals exist in Florence but are not at all like this place. He also told me Apollo's Temple, meaning the whole area, not just the sanctuary, is the cleanest he has ever seen. All of them told me that Parga is the cleanest place, with the cleanest people, they have ever encountered.

On our return Iason and I went into the city and joined the Argoanuts at the monument site. The others took our horses back to the castle with them. Work was progressing very well. The base for the statue was now almost finished. It is a large limestone block into which several brass rods had been fixed. Around the large block are a number of smaller blocks that make up the platform.

The brass rods are pushed into the stone from the bottom, where they are flattened to form what I am told is called a head. The holes for the rods were drilled into the rock with a special tool, made of iron by the smiths in the castle foundry. The Argoanuts have cut, trimmed, drilled and transported the blocks from a quarry, about two hours cart trip from the city. Several of the boys proudly announced, this is here as a result of boy power. They did not use any beasts of burden but the strength of the boys alone.

The top of the rods had curious notches cut into them just below holes drilled through the rods. Once the rods had been placed the large block was turned over so the heads were at the bottom. This was done with large poles making a lever. Two wooden poles were laid across the block next to the rods, one on each side. A small iron rod was inserted into the two holes and the poles lashed tight together. A thick hemp rope was tied to each end of the sticks and looped over the end of a long, thick tree. The tree was another lever arm. They told us the combined weight of 15 boys, who climbed on the far end of the lever arm, raising the stone into the air. Several other boys pushed a cart under the stone and the boys let it down onto the cart bed. Everything was then transported here and the process repeated. It took the weight of 20 boys to lower the stone in place.

At Iason's urging I climbed onto the pedestal and took my pose, arms outstretched to the sea. Everyone cheered and then made me take my kilt and tunic off, so I could stand naked. This produced even more cheers. This time many of the citizens who were on the plaza or near by it, cheered also. All the boys began singing Odo's ode and I must say as they sang, with me standing arms outstretched to the sea and not yet setting sun, I felt sensations like I have

never know before. There was a tingling that ran through my body, a flow of energy of sorts. For that moment I became the Ganymede of Parga.

On the way back to the castle, Iason and I at the lead, and about 50 boys behind us, all singing our marching songs, I never felt prouder or more excited. It was like one long unending orgasm. Iason was laying plans for a grand pageant at the official unavailing ceremony, which is scheduled for mid morning, the shortest day of the year, the winter solutes.