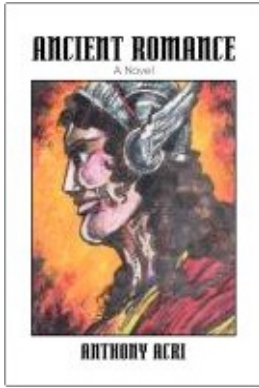


# ANCIENT ROMANCE

A Novel



**ANTHONY ACRI**



*The decline and fall of the first great Italian Empire. In the year 1140, since the arrival of Tarchon, the Tuscan hero, an older senator, escapes his decade long imprisonment by the previous tyrant of the Italian lands. Retreating to Regium, a bustling Italian city, he begins the self journey back to freedom, and translates the first great love story of Italy, the romance between goddess and demon.*

## **Ancient Romance**

**Order the complete book from  
[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/5884.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**

**Your Free excerpt appears below. Enjoy!**

# **ANCIENT ROMANCE**

Copyright © 2011 Anthony Acri

ISBN 978-1-61434-869-6

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published in the United States by Booklocker.com, Inc., Port Charlotte, Florida.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Printed in the United States of America on acid-free paper.

Booklocker.com, Inc.  
2011

First Edition

## XIV. THE SATURNALIA BALL

13 December 1140.

In the Age of Tarchon's arrival on Hesperian shorelines.

1. The night before the end of the year Fiesta in ancient Italee is as seen as a much as a holiday in honour of dying old man Saturn, a reorientation of another year gone by, as for the needed rest, perhaps more so, as it begins the parties and merriment and the joyfulness of an Italian carnival so adored and loved by italics and those who came here. We, lovely Italia Julia and I, we prepared, she seemingly all day, a virtual wreck in underclothing and curlers and pins and needles and half slips and under clothes all day, as her girlfriends, actual girls this time, helped her dress for this, to her, momentous occasion. The sorts of soirées this was of a kind bored me once, but now after so long in the mad operates docket, I must admit a kind of respite and joyousness at the going. I am sure a Regium party beats gravy and hard tack for dinner, as their love of lustful life is famous even in rather comparatively dower Tuscany.

The invitation, stamped as ex officio, on Arabian paper came around December 1, barely giving Italia Julie enough time to grit her teeth and be prepared, a scant twelve days. She worked herself as well as a general I have known who she was like in seeing this party and saturnalia celebration as a kind of lightning war party if anything, I wondered if she as going to actually enjoy any of this.

\*\*\*\*\*

2. The landlady came down the stairs of her small but well built house, it somewhat like herself, at almost commiserate with the later dusk of the later year.

She walked down the steps, and was befittingly gorgeous, matronly, and still as lovely as I have ever seen her, in a dress of raging Iulian red, with a loosely collared décolletage, of her fetching buttresses, with gloves of course, in the styles the attained of charm ladies made famous in Tuscany, that even Roman house wives bitch at their piggish husbands to buy them. She didn't spend a ransom for this piece either, having gotten a young blond girl of the neighbourhood, a sweeping servant girl, to make this dress out of a thick fabric which her potatoes and yams are bought in, --remarkable the italic genius for a rustic getting ahead--and with the Italian magic at the recreation of art out of simplest unremarkable and the most humblest of things.

The sweeper girl here, a washer woman's daughter, in the home of a local regent, somewhat as Turan was said to begin life as in these scattered to winds fairy dust tales, she made a dress of a backless sort, which looked as fine and orientalisised and prettied as any dress the Italian women of means buy when at that centre of faggot culture, Athens. There is something in this which shows theta the Italian shall always be here, no matter what Mussa's or Iulius or Tarchon's come and go, there is something here stunned, with Turnus' Regal and yet rustic duty, a play as unseen anywhere else, with even the Romans devoted to of all thing, have I mentioned this, a grass crown, this an affectation of the Samnites who festooned there champion warriors not with gold as did we, or lead as incredibly to the idiotic Lombardi, but with wreathed of grass, simple, un-laurelled, oak clustered grass, which are given now in gilded edges to anyone enriching the post of colonel, or colony Marshall-- attendees to the loveliness of life and things, and she came down the steps to the applause of her bankroller and patron, the sewer worker now criminal lord, and too, to sighs from her gay perssonaggio's.

I must admit as she looked at me with her beaming smile, I was taken aback, I had to stand there silently awe of a woman who was pretty when I got here, but now seemed a if one of the many actresses who the playhouses trafficked in, to Greek distain, if not the loveliest of them, pretty Patricia herself. As I figure, that girl seem all that time ago has just made me replicate her over and over, first in Lydia, then in others, now in Italia, as they are after all signatories, to a type and to a creed made in me all those days ago when as a little boy we were all enraptured to use the Kemeter word, in Veronica, and all the Italian girls who seemed so much like Turana they had the ability to make Greek fagots for a night or so, refine and reclaim their masculine sensations and their god given wants to at least once fuck a woman of this dark and shining of a calibre.

She came down, shingly reddened and dark and prettied, and her hair was indeed fixed and affixed braded and combed perfectly, as she had thought this hermaphrodite Cynthia could so well do. She smiled beamingly at me, and I felt badly, that I wondered if I had somehow just glommed onto this pretty woman as a needed matron a lovely set of everything feminine, as in, eyes, tits, buttocks, legs, those setoffs all things womanly, so perfectly made and kept up by her, the landlady here supreme.

3. There were other pretty women, here, all in the employ of Saco and his men, like Portia, Diana, and others quite lovely and yet they didn't have her, aged like great wine flavour and colouring and perfectionisms, as she was somehow not only older than they she was, again like that Sardinian wine that

*ANTHONY ACRI*

I have spoken of, of a kind so different that the Tuscan variant of wine, which is mere vinegar here, that the Etruria variation seems, despite the preening we do, suspect and faked and less than other rustics perfected-ness. I came to her and took her white gloved hand; a lovely faggot has designed setting and accouchement to her lovely circle around her, and kissed it as if I was a young senator persevering to go to a ball like this when first selected by the powers then and there to be allowed in those august marble hallways.

\*\*\*\*\*

4. We left the boarding porch, with the gang, literally, of homosexuals and thieves, blond girl sweeps and the other filth such College as the Regium parliament sees as taxpayers, if that much human, sadly enough. It was now dark on a December night, and it started to be a winter rain of the sort Italee has, as nowhere else, except perhaps the farthest east from which perhaps the earliest eagle people from china did bring these monsoon rains.

She laughed, as we raced through the giant raindrops of clear wet cold water, towards a carriage I had bought for the night, lest we go to 'the College', as they call the old Regium building where the cardinals and Zillah's do their magisterial damages, brought wed be, in a wagon teamster by pack mules. I, as a Tuscan, still had some zest for preening and pretences, and was not letting this grand dame widow par excellence get out of a pushcart as is sometimes seen in the lower districts.

5. We got in the gilded, ivory black doors, of the stagecoach, pulled as it was by black horses, which yes, I paid more for, 50 Di Nero's for the whole of the night, white again are for hurses and evil captains of war, and we took off into the Saturnalia festival night. The trees along the way, though a poor section of town, were gaily papered and delightfully festive, as the barbarians and Greeks who declaimed Italian poverty as something which shows their own poor ethics, not the piggish qualities of doges, or of their master at all, never so that, but as if a declamation made of Italian sub par-ness, I say, having been a senator and been in various missions and embassies to even Macedonia and Spain and yes upper Italay, or lower Gaul, or whatever it is, that there is a sweetness to Italians, even in poverty, which frankly despite Greek lettered faggots, some here do see as a mark of honour I must admit to being shocked by, a life forced verve baked into to them I tell you now here, no whiter race ever has.

THE CHILDREN HERE MAY BE WANTING OF CERTAIN THINGS,  
AND THE MORE CONNIVING OF THE MOP HAired HONEY CAKE  
WHORES MIGHT GET AHEAD THROUGH A STOLEN BAUBLE HERE

OF THERE, but alas and alack, I have seen the white race and how it and Persia treats there, children, as ghastly a thing as I have ever seen, and if one wishes to see poverty as the Greeks so call it, go as I have been to the Po river, now forever stained with Germanic barbaric race, go see those moppet children living in rags, this they never see, as funny thing, a nation of thieves as Italay is and can be, precedes it from the savage cruelty and meaningless hunger of the filth now entering fair Italay, making the Romans even be devoted to the sacrosanct meaning of their own failed Oscan, Tuscany Latin, as if a shield from which to avoid their ragged meanness.

I have been in Rome, I tell the lovely Italia, and have never seen people of mud as I had in what is being laughably called Turin, city of the lovely Turana, in a criminal misnomer, where fittingly, the horrid cunts and slobs and barbaric hags there have made her a mermaid, ala Veronica, as they eat a fried dough with beans inside, and worse yet, have made the Italian goddess of Love and fate Blond and fat, as a retelling of their hag women, as would the Greeks, whom they all despise.

6. A look of concern suddenly sullied her Ball gown bright pretty face. Uh, Cornelius..., she said, If the local Doge knows of you as having been the escaped Senator of Tuscany and all like this, she said, tossing some over washed over clipped hairs out of her eyes, Doesn't that mean that the people who are looking for you from Tuscany can easily find out where you are too....?, she sweetly asked.

That, my dear woman is none of your headed concern, I said, and kissed her shoulder, as was already getting a bit excited just being this close to a woman this pretty, one that smelled this intoxicating. I don't, I said, Think at all, that they are still looking for me, more crinations than I have gotten out of that hive that night...I hear, I said, with a wry smile she wouldn't understand, I was heralded from Gaius the immigrant from Tuscany, that someone set fire to the Citadel the past weeks, heheheh, I said, as he blankly looked at me, unsure why I would be so nonplussed by all of this, As, I said, they aren't looking for me, not as long as the madman has a matchstick. I, you see, dearie, I said, Reminded them of all they wish now to forget.

The horses, beautiful in the storm, and the moonlight, rode like the gorgeous animalized jewels, as hand painted on cameos, through the wet streets. Pete the arsonist was now out there, past the horizon, past the storms, past the roads of salt, and this idea made me laugh, as she wondered what it was about this fire, which made me so pleased



*ANTHONY ACRI*

\*\*\*\*\*

7. We arrived at the grand garlanded for the festive time year-end celebration of the god who bleeds creation Saturn, at the college as I have said, the magisterial building is called. All manners of loveliest people, of the high upper crust, and too, those who are just below and gaudiest sorts then came out of various gilded cloaks, and coaches and chariots to the giant grey , of all un-Italianate colours, buildings.

We came out, She lovely, glistening as she now was made up worthy of a local duchess, and I helped her from the black stage. Here in the courtyard was a giant Turan, as I could tell, as she had, in the Sabine style, a smile enigmatic as the Tuscan adore on her, as if she is partially telling herself of a joke no one else on the Parnassus has heard,. And too, dutifully in the italic style, though she is a daughter of Eseba, the deer queen with Janus, the two faced God, he is not of that set of awful deities who come from Olympus, with which we as Italians are forever doing a deprecation job on, graffiti on the divine hallowed halls, for which the Greeks shall always think us vulgar. She stood above us on a pestle of the types Tuscany effected in Vatican and now the Romans try to replicate though there t-squares and levels, that are always crooked.

\*\*\*\*\*

The food was lied out already, and was lovely, almost ornate, although unlike Macedonians the Italian do not cotton much too much of a ornamentation in something which is going to be eaten anyway. A chef, a Macedonian speaking of such, as Greeks loved to foist theirs upper inland Greek crap on the rest of the middle sea, and call it Cuisines, when actually, I have had better food in the territories and the small eat in joints along the via saltier the Regiumate have built to carry slat from the sea, as here it is worth more literally by the Libra, than mere Gold, which can never be ate by anyone. Hens, it is not as worthwhile. We passed The giant smiling Turan, and the chef asked us, My, are not you towners in fine regalia, Might I offer you an small pastry to wet your appetite, before the dinner, fair-minded souls... This was Macedonian to the hilt as a embassy sender; I have seen my fair share.

The lovely Italia took a small cruller filled with a kind of mincemeat upon which as the caucuses needed to make all mere food a cuisines as so admired by woman and the pompous. Hmmm...she said, with fingers to her perfectly frosted lips. That is quiet tasty, Chef. I thank you, He said.

*ANCIENT ROMANCE: THE CATALOGUE OF ITALIC GODS*

We walked on. The large floor was empty, the parcel was made vacant for this ball, as lovely woman, hoped to become by some, mistresses on the arms of powerful men's clerks, the local maids, and servant girls, were prettier but not swell dressed as the older matrons who were their wives. Some, as is in Tuscany at such things, seeing the patrons their with large wives, the black haired maids, for which all Romans do dream, were shown off by mere workers, often with hands all over them, and the mistresses not in any way brushing this off as man of power fumed, as some men in the shadows of these men in full did think such a occasion as the Saturnalia Ball was a good way to at least get even if not conceit the lovely sea side woman that the Greek men of the state would never leave their wives for the pearliest girls with nicest tits; as , honey dearest, all the property is in my Greek wives name! I smiled seeing this, as larger matron woman fumed, as party girls played this game to make Constables and chief of guards jalousied with playful laughs and pettings.

\*\*\*\*\*

The food in this ultimate of coastal cities is lovely, like nothing seen in Tuscany, where a playful Italia Julia tells me, which I am thinking of calling her always Italia Julia as opposed to Italia, WHO IS the goddess of the vines, of which the nations in named, as after all, both are by now, interposed and combined.

The food here is a mixture of all invasions this proud land hath seen, but co mingles with the indigenous Italic, as are the people, catering with a mixture, which the Greeks like to dismiss as Mongrel. Yes, I have heard women with noses far too tragic and Aquiline for the faces, therefore, Greek women, call us as such, but then, who else but the coward or the ugly woman, both set as part paralleled images, do speak of their bloody nobility so often and so assuredly....?

The food is delicate, as again like nothing seen in the rest of Italy. There is salt, but again not like the Romans , and ales, brines, the Neapolitans masters of these vinegar wines, who pickle all in it, as if all is fish. Fish here is resplendent, some even eating sharks and squids, seen as monsters by land locked ship deprived Romans, who with only the small Tyber as their water, eat only catfish and mud crabs if that. Some keep fish as I have never seen, but heard tell of, the kind whose faces have swords coming from them as actual trophies, signifying as they have been taxidermy, placed up on boards, to show that this or that place on the long cobblestone road, is a good eatery for fish, some keep them as prizes, some even keep the swords as martial

*ANTHONY ACRI*

weapons, which I am told they can be sharpened to an almost Captain quality of eastern swords, which is known as sharpest in the world, though they are called Tuscan swords here and that were eschewed instead for blunt armaments the roman had first bought from the always peddling Spaniards.

\*\*\*\*\*

We were gathered about, the swells of the Regium society, frankly, I have seen much prettier girls in the streets and markets than the hags here as wives and even the mistresses with masons working on them with make up as cement trawlers were wanting, and Cyrus, the Sicilian Doge of Regium, thanked us for coming.

A large man beefy and atlas like, stood as father Saturn, a farce play costume on which recalled as Fulfinus more than anything, the god pf the people, and he wore a gash on his side and a wreath made of stars, and held a cornucopia, signifying the plenty which camass from his wounds. Cyrus welcomed us all to his Saturnalia ball. He invited us to this holiday dance, and I took the opportunity to dance on the marbled tiled floor, under a blue skinned Sethlands in terracotta, again in a mistaking of the myths of atlas and Sethlands, again here in virtual Greek- Samnites and Apulian no mans land, or everyman's land., everything is coming and going and catch as catch can.

I ascended to the raised dance floor, with the delightful Italian Julia, as Tuscans adore a slow dance, and here, both hands are placed on each others hips, or waist, and a slow swaying is made until the dance partners are simpatico, and in this rhythmic conduced is a recreation of the sexual act, which the Romans as puritans find so distasteful when no beheading coldly their own sons as famously some senators do. A local perssonaggio's, without whom the elites galas are incapable, played the five stringed Guitar, again an Italic innovation as much as anything, as a large fat man sensualist played the Viola, or the cousin to the string guitar.

It is a lovely evening, she said to me, wearing a set of flowers of paper given to all women to wear about there wrists. I should thank you, she said, As mere landladies do not get to go to Saturnalia balls without disguised-- sorry, Distinguished, she said with a slight giggle, Dapper-est gentleman for a courier. I thank you for this, always, dear Cornelius. I smiled. It is lovely evening merely because of you being here, I said, As again, these people, I remarked, They are always the same-- boring and vain. I held her sleekly and we danced to the slow tempered music, used by the guardians here to allow a kind of ball where wives, husbands, and mistresses of the elite were always looking to move up in various weight classes. The rich and the powerful are

*ANCIENT ROMANCE: THE CATALOGUE OF ITALIC GODS*

but as Boxers whose wounds are much more Savage at heart, abide by no umpiring, and the bruises do not in time easily Go away.

\*\*\*\*\*

I stood about in the Men's quarters of this soiree, as Italia had seen her once time partners Imperialus, grand dame, Portia, had been invited here. Of course, they both of a lower strata, and far too pretty, really, the old crones looked upon her with a mixture of suspicion and silent hate, that such a gorgeous, obvious indigenous, beauty such as she was even allowed to breach the walls, and she went over to say a less gilded and less marbled alley ways Regiumate hello.

I stood there as boring men, as boring as the TUSCAN,-- AND THIS SAYS LOADS--, mingled about, as Duxia , or caretaker, Cyrus the Sicilian, who I am told wishes to buy a Tuscan senate seat, sat in a wooden but ornate chair. I am told by a local assemblyman that Cyrus sees a buying opportunity in Tuscany, as a born Sicilian he gravitates towards losing things always at the wrong time. He stood there, at the wooden chair owned by Italus, since the invaders always pick up the accouchements of the indigenous, and he smiled at me. He was a well fed, short, shorn haired, goateed, and in a blue-black suit, with a large golden charm on an iron chain around a ruffled collar.

He saw me, Ah, you are the Senator no...? He said. I nodded, smilingly. Ah yes, Imperialus Saco, he tells me of your plights,--of the tower of the mad in Tuscany, the fact you were a political prisoner of a man preening his Aquila eagle man prince , as if a Greek would be so caught dead, preening himself an indigenous anything--especially not Greek. I laughed. All Greeks are from Crete, in some way, he said, yet all unerringly are from Athens city of the virginal war woman. Such a party...he said, I am paying through the nose for this one, but alas it is worth it to keep the lower level patricians appeased, let them think they are higher up than they Are. So, Senator he said to me, Do you Tuscans celebrate Saturnalia too...?, I hear the Romans are quiet against it. I turned amused, trying not to be a pompous prig as the Calabrian here know us Tuscan to be, but said, We Invented Saturnalia, Duke, [I purposefully degraded his place] As we did The steam engine, the Tuba, the Violin, Free Verse and the fresco, the aqueduct and the dome, your honour. With that he grinned, and looked his beady eyes way. I suddenly felt myself the embodiment of all that I know now is Tuscan to the mezzogiorno, bloated preening, pushy, pompous, and in the end, dated.

Your Escort was a true find, Senator, he said to me. Yes, I SAID trying to alleviate the faux paus, She is lovely as I have ever seen a woman of her

ANTHONY ACRI

...age. I sounded more like the Tuscan bigot by the second, but couldn't help myself, hadn't been to anything like this in a decade and a half, and when was, was surrounded by Tuscans who alas were all worse than I. Hymn...he said,... I see you Tuscans really do come in for the kill as that bird god of yours, you have those hawk-eyed, do I see, you not...?, he said. I turned. What does that mean, I SAID, vaguely insulted. Why, he said, Dear Italia, your matron love here, a fine idea to bring her along and move into the society down this a ways, I should have thought of that my own self. I was lost. Wait...he said, seeing my incredulousness. You...you, didn't know...?, he said, Know what...?, I asked. He laughed, My my...he said, and here I thought you were playing the political game, He said, the woman you have brought here, she is a pretty bit of a royal bloodline, dear Senator. More Royal than yours. I was a bit peeved, I have no royal Blood, I am a senator of a republic ... in a republic there are no royals. At this the whole dance card of men, Regium, Greeks, mixed bloods, Africana, Apulians, they all started laughing.

The Duxia's good-looking Sicilian clerk, a younger man named of Argos, like the dog, and scathingly beautiful, as a man, as some are here, with deep bronze skin and green eyes, spoke up. Senator he said, swathed in black, a presumption of state held power, like a judge, here, though in upland Tuscany only executioners' wear black, but when one thinks of it...He spoke up. Dear Senator of Laurentium city, THE WOMAN you are with, with whom you dance, is of royal household in Samnites lands. Oh, I said, unsure what to make of that if anything. Distinctions between italics are more for the Greeks to calibrate as mattering, I said to seem less a prick to the gentlemen of the city, as the fat man gleefully smiled a frozen political smile. She is a princess, like in the Neapolitan farces, she is of the line of kings of Samnites nation, of the west coast, he said. The Romans, he said Took a dislike to them right away, do not so Trust them, they are powerful and strong, men of war in ways, sadly, you are not, he smiled, You see, Tuscan lord, the kings of her tribe once constrained all of central Italy from Tyrrhenian sea as you call it, after us, to the Adriatic, they even drafted the Greek Spartans who ventured too far inland, without a shingled catapult, nothing but stones and swords and shield and liege capes...She was of a princely line, he added as I stood there gaped mouth, As was to be married to the duke of Syracuse as a bride, until taken captive by a roman captain named Gaius Camillus, where she was kept as trophy in a cellar, after being driven through their streets, in chains as the last Sabine girl found. He aid, this horrified her race, a woman, no less, in chains...this is why she limps as she does, you didn't notice, dear

Senator...?, he asked. No, I said, self-aware and attuned creature, as Tuscans are. The aide de Duxia spoke up again, She is my fathers niece, well , the man my mother married when they became Diaspora and were sent by the Romans, scattered, with nothing into Italy...he said. She was a princess queen of the Samnites , dear senator, he said, She then taken and had to escape the Romans, as they took no prisoners this time, not like the northern cites, they are fearful of the mad blood of the Apulian, at hat one cannot take an Apulian prisoner, as the staving goes, only make them graves, and even then...the Romans, like the Turkish niggers they are fear ghosts in ways we simple minded do not...

They couldn't take the Samnites prisoner as they refuse to go, unlike some, he spoke as he gloated at me, as here I knew there as no dog in any fight of Tuscan versus Roman for Italee whole. To make a Samnites a prisoner is , well, he said, As easily as one can leached a wolf. She was a royal, as beautiful as any italic princess, dark and pretty, the Romans screamed Uni, as she rode by, thinking they had dislodged a goddess from heaven, and had campaigned on the moon, or some such silly thing as that. She was the royal as what ever was, in the blood line of Italus himself, first king of the Hesperian's, as she got away with the clothes on her back, dressed as she was in a cage, in a parody of the ideas of a royal of the weeds, as they call it, as to Romans all is fair in hate and in war, as the Romans burned each Samnites city and left nothing but fields of weeds in which the shah himself of one , sat amid the corpse- men alone, wallowing in the ash, letting the men to decay around him, wasting to die, neither drink of eat for seven days, a scene at which even roman captain, Camillus, was touched, and decamped and ordered the men buried with holy war like military rights, and that he be buried with honours at the muddy pantheon at Rome. That was her father, son of Acrigola the soldier, he said. The pirates and children, so similar, still scour the weeds and the by ways left of Amentia, for troves, as the Romans didn't find the Gold they were supposed to have had, as getting even in an Italian sacrament, sir, and at times one may find a golden bracelet of a pretty goddess.

I must recall, as his pretty faced history lesson, unlike blowhards who screech at you as which in Tuscany I am used, I must recall that when my precious Tarchon came here to the shores of Ita-- Hesperia, that there were bronzed skinned people like this boy man and the now known as princess of the Italians Spartans, Italia, to greet the ramshackle group from Lydia. Oh..., again was all I could bring myself to say.

ANTHONY ACRI

\*\*\*\*\*

Lovely Portia, who also uses the Roman stage name of Lysastrada, i.e., mistress of the divine Iulius, she too, a mistress of Saco, the Prince of goons, as his ex lover I take it, Talia calls him when she is around, out of joyously of her younger self there on his arm, I am not certain, --Still, she comes to me, knowing I am from Tuscany, and sets down with us at our table, as she is half way between metamorphoses , a Tuscan word betwixt and between simple italic actress girl-dancer -goddess, her hair half done. And shows me a leaflet, which has made its way around the Regium circles of actresses. On a paper, in almost unreadable to them Tuscan, the bill says NEEDED, ACTRESSES AND MODELS...I smile, feeling a con when I see one, still, she with massive invaders blue eyes begs me, as a Tuscan literate to read it to her. I do, as she is a lovely girl. I tell her, a playwright owner of a theatre in Veii, is looking for women who are lovely enough, of all sorts, and god knows she is of the first kind in Italian men's minds, to get the men of Tuscany to come and watch a play historical, comedy and dramatic diva wanted, though I am sure acting ability is secondary.

But then, all Italians, easily the pretty ones, can act, as we are all born liars. I tell her it is a good opportunity, they do not make them in Tuscany like her any more, to think of Argos and his line about the lie of racial cleansing, as without them the only theatre goers are Greek and fags, and both are miserably cheap, and after all, selling fish cakes has been the counterpace of all drama, whatever Aristophanes and that ilk wishes to admit it or not. If one didn't want an audience they would be mere poets then. As like politicians, as am I, they live for the mezzanine, and a break from dower reality, high-minded life amid pillars weather true and stone, or painted on a set of cardboard.

And now the room has come immediately dark within seconds, not so much and early fall sunset, but a lingering as they call it in Rome, Apulian summer, as summer there they think does not end, as if in Africa, abet stinted with a violent thunderstorm.

The wing's bowed angel figure, mythical Talia, the priestess of Saturn who holds the censor whose image is made in beauteous relief by Neapolitan crafts men, blew widely, the mad Manias ride the winds, and the lightning, a symbol of always angered Tinia the Good God Head. I open the window for a moment, helping a Hanger on of the Duxia, if nobly the clear the dust and feel the mad tempest of the winds and hear the booms of the God of a hammer called by the cisalpine Tore, but who has no place in the catalogue of Gods

and goddesses I am collecting for my own reasons of posterity and amusement, and homesickness, in etched linen pulped pages.

She had been tagged by the Greeks who are not queer and thus always looking for a brick shithouse as is she, as they are not that far from the Sabine's who were here first, as to play the role she seems born to play, Turan, the goddess of Love. She is exquisite and beautiful, shining dark, blued eyes, another Patricia, she is, as a perfect casting choice she is. She flout about, rather graceful for a woman of her--size, as is a trained dancer, as the Greeks dispraise the Tuscan taste, Italian really for dancing girls, as in their dower plays all parts are played by overdramatic men, and she danced her memorised as aren't all such girls such as she. She dances around, barley covered in the kind of lavender tree dress Samnites such souls made so well that the Romans, I am told, after having beating the Samnites at the cat coast took from them first their exquisite Robes to be resold, as the Romans live in course in burlap.

Then next came out a blonde haired boy man, ah, as Kemeter in this saturnalia passion play, and they, the lovers of the astrology, danced around together in the ballet sort of form, an artfulness despised by the Romans but which even the Cisalpine has as they do worse than Rome, affected their beaver pelted lives with as a Mediterranean lilt of civility, as has been done by Aryan Kings, cine the Mede. They flew about each other, gracefully, lovers unhallowed in that most italic of sensibilities, as to an Italian it isn't a love story until the hands of the pair, are broken apart, lest true love deteriorate they say into a fish wife or a dirty vulgar husband, who needs a throat slit to teach him a lesson. Now, this is passion writ large and grand until it is sadly over, and thus purified and stays love and never reverts into the husbandry of dower Greek queers who like dusk mate for life.

She was gloriously looking, curvaceous in the ways adored by Italianate men, who ere now completely domesticated, at least up my ways, as her sort of girl has that effect that other preening omen do not. **THEY REACHED THE OTHER AND ENGAGED IN AN EMBRACE**, this was some kiss, the actor taking full advance of Portia as he id, and she was as they say In-caricature, and they kissed a again to show just because something is a myth that doesn't make it so.

The fact that blond chancre was engulfing the lips of the pretty woman, one looking like Aquila and one looking like my dearest Daughter Cornelia, it got to me, --and I stood as up enraptured by this moment, and Italia, a perfect candidate for a perfect wife, merely saw this and thinking quickly, took me by the hand, and squished it as if to forestall my embarrassing moment. I was



*ANTHONY ACRI*

about to screech out, Do not let him touch you, dear girl...! As this was no longer pretty raven haired Regiumate Portia, but alas, was as if speaking to my own daughter, taken as a sexual hostage as Romans like Aquila, and yes, did I mention he was Roman in blood, have had a greater moonset of historical piety. She looks up and smiled at me, so sweet she was, and she patted my hairy hand. I looked down, eyes wet, and saw the Greek Magestrea of Regium and his posse of Italians who control him looked to see if I was aright. I made a pantomime of indigestion, which all Italians of the lower foot seem to think of as a chronic ailment and the goateed wearing Duxia, he gave me nod.

She followed me out of the Saturnalia ball, into the cold of the damp night, a few wet snowflakes in the suddenly northern winded air, as across the ravine was forever snow less African colony always, forever not part of Italy , Sicily. I let the cold wind cool me down, as beads of sweat had popped on my skin, as seeing this Tuscan love holiday dance, and its nearness to what I had been through was too much. She, now fully a companion, stood with me in the cold winds and the bare trees swayed in what was suddenly a winter wind, as it seemed hot only days ago, but then I have been wrapped up in the anti time of the alters.

I took my cue, as if a play as all love is, and entered stage left, as the Tuscan affection was to have ingénues as woman and not played by less butch Greek men as they did, or by transvestites, and I took Italia and planted one right on her pretty face, a duplicate of the actor playing as Kemeter had done inside the ball. She kept her eyes closed as I pulled back, the widow Sabine girl, as I had come to know, and she smiled eyes shut, and nodded, as she paced a perfectly manicured ball gowned finger against her puffy italic lips. Oh yes, she said, I had figured as much the moment you were looking for a room, she said, I just knew then we were coming together.... She said, opening her massive dark eyes at me as they reflected the un-Tuscan moon, In that I just knew you were someone who the fates, who Turan, had sent unto me, she said, As she does, I was so...alone...so desperately by myself, those sissies were just silly men who laughed all day, and Imperialus saved me when all that happened that did...I saw you at the stoop looking for a room, and I heard Opps come to me, that deceitful little boy, and I must tell you, here and now, I became enthralled by the Tuscan gentleman who lived again...

We kissed again. I held her face, as pitch black hair with a few wayward weeds of gray were struck back, held in place with beads and pins and swept backwards in the italic matrons who is not yet a crone sensibilities. Lets go

*ANCIENT ROMANCE: THE CATALOGUE OF ITALIC GODS*

home, Senator, I have seen enough of the elites, she said, placing her pretty raven colored head showing blue in Losna's light against my formal wear, for the first time in fifteen years, dressed vestments. I held her closer to me as we stood in the icy winds, as frivolity could be heard in the lit glander hall across the walkway, under a fresco of Tinia, or as he is called here, Jupiter Invictus, as he was tearing the sky apart or some such over dramatic diva acts which appeal to the kind of Gods that homosexual artists so admire. I called for the coach, and he dutifully came, with horses seeming massive, who appeared to breathe fire and smoke in the old winds as if the chariot of God, Sole, as she and I had had enough and wished to be left alone.

\*\*\*\*\*

When we arrived at the boarding house, we were thankfully met with an empty house, or least the other inn boarders had locked their small apartment doors. We, us two older lovers, went at it now, with a pent up attraction and desire as we had both felt since I had come here. I had taken her curved body, lovely as it was a, still pretty, though older, it like wine had a certain bouquet which came with her age, and her hair now went every which way as clips and combs and pins were left off and we held the other as I was glad to see that my jail time hadn't destroyed my captain's love of sex with women, or to do any of enthused things.

She, after a particularly gripping, satisfying, go around, as Italian women here no ways are as the Romans want them to be, as they were taught in Turkey, pretending that they do not enjoy such acts as this, as after all this is the land of Turan, and beside every priestess of love is after all a gold digging pretty busty smiling washer girl, hoping to marry upwards, as that is the point of the story, and she lied back, her large areola jugs having been kneaded good by me. I love you, Italia, I said, still holding back, feeling I was alas being deceitful to the great ghost of Lydia, in more ways than one. I had succumbed as all invaders do to the italic goddess charms, those pesters of Turan, lovely aged as if fine Sardinian wine, Italia Julia, I had fallen head over heels for her as I did the actress Patricia eons back. I love you, I said, ...Princess of Apulia.

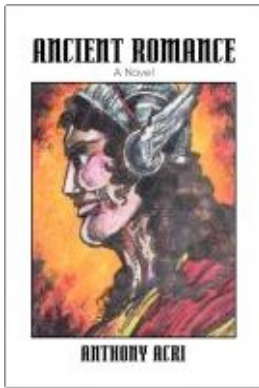
She smirked. Oh, she said, I see that loud mouth Imperialus Rex has told you all. Big-mouthed drunkard, she said. No, I said, as seeing her with the sheet draped around her as if a freelance painting done by men like Pinnocchio back home for any patron willing to pay him for what he wishes to draw anyway, come to life with those black caracoled eyes recollecting the saturnalia moon double in those wet orbs of this earth goddess italic princess

queen, almost made me wince with pain. Marry me, dear woman, I must have someone to retreat to...and I said, sure after what I had heard of how the Samnites had stolen back Acrigola corpse lest it be dammed by being in a Roman vault, I too would show my italic war heart, at least.

She smirked, her skin shining a wheat bread brown against the white and green of the bedding, I still sue a soldier's blanket, as an affectation. She grinned and tossed her head back, a loveliest creature. Oh, Politian, she said, issuing the gruff Imperialis as a guide to diminishment. Look, I am no goddess, nor princess anymore, she said, Am just a landlady with a small renting house, and a nice Italian shored life...I am too old to chase marriage like a fat girl or a faggot, or a duck. I laughed. I AM, she innocently said here shoulders glistening in the moon light and the small candelabra at the window to define a saturnalia night, I AM, an older woman now, And have had my share of chains...I like my life as a porch living woman, a matron to the sympathichi, a mother hen to the actors and poets, and ...lover to you...? I need no husband, now telling me where to go and what to do and when I can leave and what I can say, she said. I was flabbergasted.

Why would you think I would be this way, I asked, almost insulted, As you, she said, Are a Tuscan, and your head is filled with domes of Rocks and Tages letters, and how grand you are, and I am just a hillbilly girl, and you would lord over me. But, you are always welcome here, Senator, with me, by me, ...not over me, though, I am too old for that. I felt crushed. She got up and waked over to me, as naked as a Talia the first, walking through the Italian woods.

Happy Saturnalia Senator, she said, smilingly and using a long hand to pull back the skin off my dick, and I knew then, strangely, though I adored this woman now as I hadn't anyone since Livee, and as I felt alive, remade, reborn, still, I figured after the first of Wintertime, that which the horrid Romans call January, I shall go back to Laurentium to get my revenge, as have been asked by a Samnites rich man if I can get him the sword of Quo, first the sword of Iulius, a Sabine and thus kin to him figure, he shall pay me a kings ransomed for this, obviously, for such a fools errand. A perfect recompense. I kissed my landlady, as I pulled her over on me, letting her be on top, as it were, and her larger than they seemed in her bodice breasts falling against my white haired sunken chest of an old man. I was knowing I would leave her soon enough for this last great adventure and leave her her honour and her station as a woman unchained, letting her be as free as Camellia had done, and would ask her to keep my room open, and to tell her to recall to feed my blasé cat.



*The decline and fall of the first great Italian Empire. In the year 1140, since the arrival of Tarchon, the Tuscan hero, an older senator, escapes his decade long imprisonment by the previous tyrant of the Italian lands. Retreating to Regium, a bustling Italian city, he begins the self journey back to freedom, and translates the first great love story of Italy, the romance between goddess and demon.*

## **Ancient Romance**

**Order the complete book from  
[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/5884.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**