

AMERICAN DECAMERON.

Day 77. The Prince of Crows . . .

by Anthony Acri

WHY WE LIKE IT: *If 'on a winter's night... neutron stars Robert Burton (1577-1640) and Italo Calvino (1923-1985) collided above '...a traveller' in the high up halo-sphere the nucleic fallout would be Anthony Acri's American Decameron. In his attempt 'to create an italianate (sic)-like work of art out of the most politically diabolical pandemic since Manzoni' the author has transcended the duality of writer and reader. Visions rise and swoon, images crash and burn in the hellscape of post-Arcadia america (sic). The author approaches private language with his cosmetic re-modeling and gradual descent into fragmentation of sound and symbol. We can't admit to understanding—or even apprehending—everything that goes on in this densely layered Outsiderist artifact but we felt as writing qua writing, it was just too beautiful not to publish. A Fellini-esque carousel that spreads its glories like a peacocks' tale (sic). (Spacing and font size are author's own. Syntax, misspells and typos are deliberate.)*

Five stars.

QUALITY QUOTABLES (*for the love of language*)...

There In the sunny emptiness as it is as quiet as its ever been, it seems, around me, was the white rose parade float this perfecta homecoming queen, but better than merely that, used as a Sagan like Avian carriage that no imaginer could ever come up with.

I had to turn to VESTA, and go to ask, but she fotelling my question rolled her egeuous eyes and pressed her gumby smile and nodded her dark brown banged head. I called him, he said, walking ays from the still janagling glass cabinete, and Tinkerbelle's of bikinied composure, anad he stood theer as a bigg a killetr as Puzo could ever have mdae, or even a schoolboy defender of the res publica in Sallsut, which I musts ay to the gal who asked, was , I read in his list of codexes, the peraoetrs fourth favorite book.

DAY 77. THE PRINCE OF THE CROWS.

1. As the crow does appear in the great book tattered and dismissed when was being lectured to and called an Anti Semite for mentioning the anti aircraft guns trained on children, the kind that Harvey doesn't cry for, like Sicilian granddaughters, and the elderly at Jeddah.

As somehow, the Romans got tarred by a crew of born again in laws, who then were just happily being called Doges and as the Stromboli, the trash can Hollywood rapist, their Fatty Ar-buckle, sways from one brunette to another, and I was being castigated for daring to think, not allowed then, that the National Biscuit Company was doing yeoman's service , as I said, for a bloated Buffalo pig, as it had way back when weekend update was losing anchor wise guys for actually making OJ jokes, or one too many. I am, as the auger always Wrong--except in hindsight.

I went outside again, as my brother went to go to that maelstrom that I have called the Inferno, Wal-Mart, long before we became knucklehead nation. I took the Hoover outside and wore a mask and I made sure that I emptied the canister and got a bunch of Welch's gummy bears out of the hose and allowed the gray dust to flow like sand superman

into the blue sky. I walked and bumped into a woman dressed as a nun.

Oh, I said, Golly, I'm sorry sister I wasn't watching here I was going. I saw the nun was not quite the nun of Monza, I guess Hillary is our variation here, like Biden is our Erronious, look, we always have one, but more like an image one would see in Passolini's Decameron, cone banned in Boston, as the city of hating Negros ballplayers and throwing batteries at black baseball players has always amusingly been quite against not only Misogyny, but almost every form of sex outside of the rapes of the Kennedy family. I mean, even in the burlap of st. Claire this woman, was , what is thee word stacked, I could tell by her rounded edges and curvy outline of habit. Sorry Sister... I said. She turned and smiled at me in full batman wife regalia, and I saw it was Westa herself again, Trojan goddess, somewhere between the yellowed pages of a history of Italian literature and the Insta- gram she inhabited as a sweetly politically conscious pin up dream.

I almost went yuck, despite myself, and it certainly wasn't at her image, like some who made faces about Monica and kept shows through #Metoo, DESPITE THE FACT THAT they will liberal with the sue of words like ghoul n88#er, but then this as HBO. I was in no mood again, like Ovid, Bill Clinton's hero writer poetry warrior, to get in her swan again, and speak to a goddess so close, fictionally or otherwise, and go to gods only knows where, when again all I was doing was aging to plan to take the garbage out, and

this time, a long phallus of gray dirt out of cheap vacuum. It as again, the least I could do.

And, without a measure of contradiction she was pretty, as she alas lazy is, to her smallest atom , sparkling there without meaning to. This serenity of her effortless sexuality, un put on, un masked, unprinted, as opposed to over combed actresses on television who I have read in a brother's Times, are seen as perpetually putting ion the dog as it were, why ill never know that rancid TV land dyke Ellen, showing again I've never met a Vivian who I didn't find sexually enticing, and have never found an Ellen who didn't deserve tow era Sensible shoes.

Oh no, I said, aloud, wearing a cowboy hat, but a different cowboy chart and flannel pants that had a slight smell of piss as we haven't done laundry in now ate last eight weeks, if one doesn't count me washing t shirts and underwater for the family by using Irish spring and table top Joy dish-washing gel, and warm water in the bathroom sink, which, to be fair, my brother thinks I am adept at and every so often leaves a shirt on a chair and asks me to wash them with that bar of soap. But, again I wasn't in the mood to fly over the despaired and the rioting now, as we have it seems left Boccaccio in the dust, I had just spilled out over and into the sunshiny day.

And it appears, we have entered a rancid time of my mothers beloved Victor Hugo, if not a redo of the follies berg ere

of the 1968 Dem convention, as the essence and the definition of ebbing democrat is doing the same things over and over and then putting the inner through hell, as the losers usually give a nice concession speech and this time, not even that. As this time, Hillary, not the man she thinks she is, couldn't be a decent loser, and sent out a house wop, as my father called them, a Niccolo in visage only, and the sort of dago ninny that I have never strayed, as knew he was set to detonate from the first, who amen out to say never say die and said that Billy the kid, or was it Alan Brady...?, would ride again, so some such shit that got to be stale, even in the fairy tale land of long, long, ago.

Hey, Buddy, she said with almost sling blade bubble gum chewers, healthiest grin. I found her exquisite and immaculate, hens the name Westa for her as she really as something between the unbelievably touching Movies that helped crated Peckinpah, Pollansky and Bogdonavich, and those silver nitrite like pin ups from movies we used to have from the Verna Lisssi's of the world, and the goddesses that came to hosts Ovid also in an Imperial exile, as was so long ago. Oyyyyyy, I said, as you'd think id take whatever of Wendy even this as I could get, but sometimes, I find I cant even so much as masturbate of lesser than her, as it prickles at my soul and my ebbing, as am still, after forty years and a mixer I had that I recalled when started to watch the new placed Facts of life each afternoon, and I wonder if I shall ever now get to that Coriolanus Out there, or if it even exists.

She placed a voluptuous, and yet lean and lithe orange skinned, we called it olive before black hags got passed their box office poison plaque as hung around them, by again making politics their shtick, a hand out to me that, for a nun as acquisitive as she had put Lee press on nailed. She had, I saw in some minds eye as I stood there at the small tree and the small sweet robins who now were all over the place as somehow the earth was being replicated by that virus to a pre industrial, pre thank god Scrooge Ian, pre Dickens, as he deserved to be recalled by Norton, no less, age, the image of an earth goddess, a Gaea queen, an inherent creation in flesh and how, of Italia, as we had now made a less sooty, less smoggy environment. I thought of saint Francis, the first great church apostate, after Julian, that only Gore Vidal would make a hero in that Shawn time of liking fingers, maybe why I saw her this way, as you'd think the least thing shed remained me of was the lovely old Franciscan nuns I had a boy, they were all, Loretta, Celica, Barbra Ann, all old as Methuselah, and so why I placed her in a nun habit I had no idea. I did see this image, as the sun hit me on some level, so again, all is true, if you think about it.

I did see the fantastic about the great Wendy-Vesta as a nun in some scurrilous daytime wet dream, for some reason that I guess ill never understand.

Just then she looked up and so did I. A giant and I mean a giant crow, almost a black hawk came dropping out of the streets of Ovid's skit, and I thought sadly it as dead, or

dying as have had enough of all of that. But as it came towards a smaller bread liked truck, it zoomed back up into the cloudless sky, screwing a bloated hat wearing teamster who was afraid it as going to slam into his dark red, weather-beaten, almost Sanford and son looking, truck. Holy shit, I said as the Heckle , a bird once scared to Romans and extractions before the Jewish minded hatred of all things black, but kept book seemed to take over the west's sadly and Romans were recalled by people taught to hate the children of Ham, if not ham its own self to this very day. So, as an Italian through and through, I adore ham and pork, sorry, as recall that senator as you can still hear in the very sandstone Latin in the ova of the word, Senator means pig farmer, way back, recalling senate of farmers with a genius for fighting back, that always always reduced itself to trash like Biden and Obama, who will bomb and screw over anything or one, they can or have to, or even don't.

Don't worry about the crows, Niño, she said. They will, she smiled and snapped her chubby fingers, Always survive on their own. They know, she said to me with a wink of her deep Seinna eyes and a smirk worthy of a Roman princess, Exactly how to swoop and dive and take back to the wing again. She walked ahead, going the topside direction of where I as headed back towards my door. I as I have been since 1977, followed the perfect ass and the legs is aw in the slit someone put in the back of her burlap habit, in that direction, as I always have and will. The crow incident actually happened, and maybe on some level the following of Wendy as goddess down towards the Pogo like

woods not far away, did also.

There In the sunny emptiness as it is as quiet as its ever been, its seems, around me, was the white rose parade float this perfecta homecoming queen, but better than merely that, used as a Sagan like Avian carriage that no imagineer could ever come up with.

I mean to be fair, when submitted a bunch of sketches for the last true Grimm's storybook fillies they'd ever have done, soon they'd be making sanctimonious versions of Kimba the white lion, a cartoons shown on Paul Shannon adventure time when I was a lad, I sent in stone soup to the sweat Shoppe that Disney ahs ways been. I would be told to the chagrin of some who thought I could ape Mickey mouse perfectly as shown in Pow-girl , but alas think too much of myself to be a mere copyist of , of all people uncle Walt, that they ahd no intentions to retain the rights to Grimm's, as if there were anymore, and basically Brunette princesses from Shady Grove, well, like the Times of Calvino's Italay, they've had enough. Ask Robert Blake, as sad a killer they hate to eye.

Recently they too have alas had to apologize to those shysters and creeps and pinheads who think political charity is the same that it is, explaining why they have to yell, as you'd have to yell too to drown out the remembrances that in fact, all these riots were being done by and for the benefit of someone who ahd not only gone to

, but actually gave the eulogy at the funeral of a last segregationist, and a street thug who was passing bad twentieths, but missed all this silent memorials unhallowed by Gummadis and Shylock's, who thought wrinkly as usual, there were no votes there. So, good luck, to Chiron as he thinks he's navigating that most important river in the world as it was when Pliny wrote, and finds himself going down the less than whitewater of the river Styx, it seems, just on time.

She stood there, gloriously, before the girl swan she rode like a buckaroo. Her white and lavender sheer dress flapped around her, and yet gave her a winged victory feel, with still, though some weren't glad about it, a beautiful head that could, as smart black girls she was perfect exemplar of, the kind the Jews hate was in perfect unrestrained, gregariousness. The new found love of the American Visigoths, --boy, that racial mixing of even metaphors so would that bother the lace tables Bush Family as my mother called them ilk-to crush statues, showing its not just the Semitic, yes they are Semitic too, at least to Greek price boys-cribs of civilization that the Bushes can demand and destroy as they have come even to Poppy's mausoleum, strange isn't it, for a family that had to, after the golden age of Reagan, still had to bite and scratch like women, to get that third interregnum for a president, that no matter how liked they are, ask Al Gore, never comes that easily, and like Nixon showed, they never forgive you for it. Spit on his grave, and let us see.

So, now, in the Iunius Sun showers, as the Apollonian sun rose higher and higher now by the day, she stood in her stage combination of Va vooom it girl qualities, with a sadness almost a schoolgirl poetic-isms that has only been weaponize a few times, mostly by Hillary, and for her troubles, lest not forget who won did the woman's vote, despite three decades of pretending you were all of Motherhood incarnate when not as usual, offs script, ad libbing and snorting with biker girl made good charm about how mother hood as alas, little more then baking Cookies. Alack, we saw, another God and guns moment of truth that the slums never hold you to as long as, Machiavelli warned us about the politics of the rabble, its isn't so much you bringing a revolution, as Uncle Bill showed us, as much as assaying the era of big gummit is over, as a bit of Improv thrown in Shylock's and Gummadis old weathered, withered, faces to show, again, you wont take away, what little that they've got. Unless you absolutely have to. Such is the Cuomo's and mayor Lin-seeds we have now, as frankly knew we were in for it when Grandpa Munster himself, the Al Lewis if jewel politics in New Uooork, Ed how an I doing Koch, fer whom daddy Mario as in fact called Cuomo the homo, when in fact, Grandpa wasn't again married as he ran.

Your Brother is Right, she said with perpetual big lipped smile, You have to get out before you go stir crazy,...like the Democrats, she added. She got into her egg shelled winged chariot that seemed on closer look , almost like the old glorious riding toys that were held in front of the five and Dime when I was a kid, and would be taken there by a mother, who soon enough's topped taking me anywhere, for

reason I am still, after this long, still unsure. My brother tells me that the death of her mother, an unknown of grandmother so long ago, may have defeated her in her forties, but I cant know anything about that as remember her not a bit. But, a mother too, once lefts seemingly alone saw herself surrounded by a new world of scum and trash and wops compete always as pop said, who would do anything and anyone for power, a most vicious and venial sort, and she felt alone, though still had a husband and children, perhaps a key link back to the patria, this year as savaged by barbarity as its ever been, was lost, and she stayed pretty much at home, for the rest of her life, making me wonder as early a 1980, how I could go to Stanford or Georgetown or anywhere, and leave these two old Italians alone, as I was =certain they would be. She seemed to answer the question, like Amache Scores, after the Giants win the pennant, before it happened, or formed in my head.

The Provosts and even Olgetree did admire me once for being devoted to the Romans as I will always remain, my veins and pulses are so devoted, let the lesbians or whatever these sacristan loving perverts of Sparta are now, burn me for it, as Bill himself was, and yet even still, I guess I believe it in ways he did not, and made sure I was here to, always with bitching, benedictine kvetching, needling and even satire. I must say that looking back, I guess I did their bidding, even when that meant getting letters from 30 Rock in the same year, one from Jim Shooter telling me to go to a school for comics run by Kubert I think, as did the hard stuff well as opposed to the easy stuff I never

bothered with, and too, a letter from the nursery and how, of Conan's, and the broken bra straps and the recriminations of Late Night after it had been taken from David and given to someone else, who as I said at the time, just cause your hair is funny and you're witty, Red, pal...that don't mean shit.

We flew past the waves of green and purple that are a perpetual ring on this very Ovidian avenue of the sky, past the trees that zoomed under us, became a flat plane of glass like ice, past the old castles of medieval Italy, and Romania, where the civilization one only was and where, if kind, the trash of Tin pan alleys of vulgar Britannia, as Tacitus called it,--ah there is always reason for censorship, like how GWTW can be so ever hated by colored's, why theirs a fucking brunette in it!--said were the cut throats of Italy, if not the out and out vampires of Trans-woods. Soon she with Petronius like straps that seemed to fit in her hands well as I thought of the Machiavellian line about the kitten with a whip that is Signora Fortuna, she guided her feathery --- I am dictating, and at a loss...what is the name of the bird with the long neck, I ask out loud. A brother said, Ostriches, which is right but I'm not having Wendy ride an ostrich, then my almost silent retarded sister says unasked, Swan, with a sad replay--her swan necked missile, wizardly driven towards the golden shine, there at the edge of the earth.

This was a border town, a place which was half Fortress of solitude in the old superman comics, if not the Doc Savage

I read as a kid, pulps still helmed by the Jewish kids who'd be pawed out, and partly looked like set designs I have seen used by Orson for his modern dress Julius Caesar which, like everything else, in the imperial high school of America was reversed to merest fashion and Vogue. Strike a pose. I stop here a moment as recite this like Caesar to myself as scribe, as an ex TV LAND f\$g, Jerry Helper from an Ex f@ggot show, now dropped yet again, how many trap door endings shall you have mister Tolkien as no less than a scholar of Roman lore said to the I'm certain, crestfallen, if not cold dunked in water, little scribbler of fairies and trolls, but then I was hardly the first Jesuits schoolboy to have seen how he strip mined Ariosto, wither the English majors nor spic literary critics, like knowing Magic realisms is Italian as Spanish Steps or not.

2.

She, Wendy, was like a image that they will eventually try to bust in Italia, as the hags went there demanding that that eldest language, bacillary new Latin, be scrubbed of pronouns and of feminine and masculinity we are all, after all Spartans in Bush land, and didn't know, or much care that in romance languages, each and every word has a feminine and masculine purpose, hence Il and La, as he was never la Duce, unless sof course one was speaking about Bill Clinton. Ouch.

She drove the swan, her perfect attendant, and took 8us

over the curvature of mother Gaea, past the pink and puce hue of the sky this high upon in the clouds, this far from the centers of the earth. I thought of how Pliny described how a man walked all the way to the deepest part of hell and avoided Hades therein, the Satan of that Roman time, whatever, whoever, as kept, and walking back marked his Dantean like sojourn from his city of Rimini, strangely enough in this telling, or retelling, and marking it own, this chute, my father's word for idiot or imbecile, the Bushes word for Sonny Boy, figured out, somehow that the whole circumference of the earth was around 28,000 miles 'round. Looking over at me, knowing what I was thinking about, she smiled with her gorgeous Heavy Traffic sexual cartoon eyes, as immense as I've ever seen, and she smiled at the people who have survived each and every onslaught of barbarians from any branch of The Bush family or the those Negroes they allowed in when it's time to take a powder, but they still want the wars percolating along.

We came to the walled edges of the earth, a strange bonded city of sandstone, on the edge of the Terra Incognita, a buttress and a bulwark against the barbarians that Virgil said rung around the earth and lived amid the ice maw where the hock nosed Christians won't go, in more ways than one.

The sheer walls, like something out of the valley of the kings, no, not that reality, almost like out of a cartoon, a political cartoon, a gray demesne of stones, a wall city, a city all, a Hadrian's fences made out of brick bracks and falderals, a city of Troy made out of pen and ink, almost

like a monolith but as seen in and on various t bills and the un-approachable lithographs, a pun worthy of Tacitus there, as seen on stocks, or bonds, or the money and vainglorious war bonds of those empires that the good wholesome folks at Jewish in law-ed cities of Amsterdam always suited to drowned asunder, it as a massive city states setting.

Almost a cross between modern art and an Etruscan ruin, if any be left. He sweeps the cum behind the golden door, Westa said, playfully, as we saw the night come in, towards the porticos of power and empire there, and on the flat city citadel was Bill Jefferson Clinton, playing at a machine I could tell what it was at first. But, it did, as we came in, as the swan-once sued by Romans as we use the stork now, to explain who and why babies are brought, we touched down on the parapets of sheer stone and trick, which more than not had the look of a fort one would see in Paladin, with Richard Boone coming in to do battle ,as the Jewish cowboys of golden aged television did, with some cavalry dick, who the Paladin knight, as in Roman and Italian books that hated the army, never much liked.

There was Bill Clinton playing at a Pinball machine, one I ahd seen and actually noted before, the playboy Bally machine, as there were a few strewn here and lit and gleaming and zinging and shining in the now pitch balk sky of the fort Antonia at which we , as opposed to Christ who took the Romans as a back dropped carnage as suppose he didn't have to talk about slavery, had now come, and found

ourselves. He played away, showing a strain of plebeian, even juvenile delinquent that has ways been at the core of Clinton, which as the only thing about him I liked, and the most thing that the once called chattering classes so hated. He played with aplomb and zest at the machine, upon which I believe no less than the glorious and gorgeous Candy Loving was painted upon the glass as a dea image of the goddess at mid centaury, as a bright and shining exemplar against of the Salam that wives of doges think they can make the res publican now. He played at the machine, a perfect, middle aged, if not a sober like Tommy, playing at the machine, with each flap and each digit dropping and pinging, he was getting even with someone unseen for something unknown.

I should tell, I thought, the latest Candy Loving, the latest non blond of all, this Italian girl par excellence , Wendy that I am taken with her and in love worth her, ...Well not with her, as don't know her, but am about as close to her as ever ever been to many a woman, sad to say, I always back away and run like a little prick, anyway. And I am if not in love with her, the idea of her, as a pretty, lovely, va voomy Italian girl amid all the big hear and sopranos jokes that Jews have had the never to act like lately they hadn't done for as long as I have been alive, forgetting and forgoing the Mel Brooks and Carl Reiner and other Jewish comics on the old David Susskind show, when they all laughed it up as almost all the Danny Thomas's of comedy were marred to Italian chicks.

And she was their queen, as even my mom said when I showed her the Venus cartoon I have gotten into a Roman salon, just with minuets to go another of the midnights the criminals of power always give to us, she said, Que Bella Raggazzta, gawking somehow, she did, that I had not plucked this lovely miss thing out of the ether somehow, but was as dutiful a tracer as Warhola had ever much been.

We got out of the swan, at the kind of HP hyper sharp photos that Microsoft keeps ending me as a screensaver for the HP on the desk. As of the swan itself, she seemed to power down and then closed her Disney -esque, no wait, that is unfair to better cartons than Zion Walt AS SOME HAVE DONE BETTER THAN ANY he's ever made, the long lashed giant eyes of the flying sawn seemed to automatically close and went to sleep.

The voluptuous Angela and I both stood on the west wall of the giant creation of tile and stone, as I said such giant effigies and such monuments have always disabled and stunted me. I have always been afraid, as even in Washington during carter as a schoolboy trip as they perpetually looked for alter boys at the tail end of such Clinton boys answering the call, and me seemingly stricken with a vainglorious allergy to such Erhartz Roman monuments all done without a hit of saffron marble or so much's a sprig of laurel tree baleful green, now I as nonplussed to see and know this Rome of the their schoolboys mind, the mind that was more or less Machiavellian than it should have been, this reacted Rome we entered in thee creation

that Bill Clinton resorted to anyway, as I had in a cartoon world where Italians were pretty if not supermen, a people eschewed and demeaned often and well by pimply up valued costumers, whose hideaways and cubby holes, were stores were not shattered and smashed and grabbed by anyone close to me, but much less orange than I would ever be.

We were in his own private Ostia, a creation of his own that he journeyed to to hide within, and perhaps too much, she was used to the road she took here, as a sentiment of Signora Fortuna among the Negros and the fairyism the unmarried women and the Sicilian creepers, the sonny boys and the dirt bags of imperial porticos and porches, at that sadly, this as the best Rome that eh could ever conceived of, and wants the Rome I ever resorted or was bequeathed .

Whatever this was, wherever it was, as the sky was as Dante would say black as the pitch in hell, it as a Roma of some sort, a word now used by imperial housefrau to explain those people who are anti Jews or reverse Jews, who are perpetually in Hillary Clintons garbage and rooting around in her shit, so, it as some sort of private Rome that Bill Clinton, I could guess reverted to and lived within, and compared to the Tactics Germania we are trapped, or worse even that Amazons that run through the adobes and the tee pees of noble savages, it as Roman noun the less, and therefore, it as okay by me.

Where are we, Wendy, ...? I asked her. She smiled again, she obviously is nothing but a wondrous tease, the kind that men with small egos wish to throw on beds, and it will get worse now that Jews and white trash no longer can be the out and out rapists they've been under Hillary and other in laws of power, as they all pretend now to have been guiltless and clean handed all the way down, as it were. And, it will only get worse for her sorts. We are, she said, Like Calvino's sword of sunlight on the Ionian sea, we are everywhere and we are nowhere. I think, as an Italian she liked quoting Calvino as it, as I do, but better for her, its just gets under the skin of those people who would just love to smash her in her perfect teeth, as they obviously do.

He played the pinball machine like the partial misspent youth eh was, as think should he die at 100, he will still be seen by many gals as the Do Rfun rfun run dey do run run Johnny nagels he seems to be, ecapet of course, by his wiofe. Ah the inviabile sisater hretude og=f my Betarithed, whose I=viage is as diapperd as she was in his marrge, and whom I now have no resocted for at all, as athe cookie making mother luvver realstied too late, her egarte eemey and detah bed scnene father of the year had tioo eralkey and surriptsoculsy, how else...?, taken her seat as being chamooined by creeps and labsisns on A Bigger Check, now danding on the side of a raosrs edge ,as they are too stupid and woppish, to know it.

There sudnnely in the bright against drakenss sky side

sheet of carrere marble thatw as this mans clandestine Rome, wa strhe odl man who now thinsk himself the ward of history, the new Boy, but so very old in every move doth he make, the LaBron to our smiling Jordan of better daeys, the thug to our Rtobin Hood, the doer batman of Nolan as posoed to the mod vivacious and pahsydelcie colorful Adam West we all know and love, the killer Superman with erad heaired girl Friday as opspioed to Goerge Reeves and perfect Lios Lane Phyllis Coats in Roz Russle fineray and Milderd paiced snooping perfection, here was ythe nati-Ckinton, the old codgert Biden. He stood theer, faril and weak against the agaiang man still wanteidng to eb a cross bwteen Loenatrdo Da Vinci and Alex Karras, and he looedk as ill as I had ever seen or snesed him to be. I was prodded by the sight of him, and asked vixeny va vooming angela Westa at my side up some onteh perpetual steps that seemd to go this way and that, God, I said, He looks like a corpse here as oosped to Roman Bill, a s I call him to a brother discoeretiedness, But why, I saked, Did the first black preunedt feel comfortable to have as his Procoucil--I have been asked what that word emans, its Roman for second in command-his vice, the man who drug Anita Hill through the city by her ehair as if a capotive from Veii..?

From where, she asked,...? Veii, is adi, schoekd she didntg know this, but figred she ius mopre amerfcian than Irtalatain after all, Was the city of Tucany that fell to Coriolanus I think, and dersyed Tucany as a pwier , with the ehl,p of Jews and syaraisn and greeks, ecaoiielly, a s they never ekarend not not let the Romasni get their beaks under the tents...She smiled and then shook herf ehaed as

never thought of that. In the real world, I have noticed that if at work at all as a school, though even those who aren't fond of her do admit she is an upper drawer and a keeper among such gals who would be pin ups, she is more devoted to causes, much like her mother of sorts, Marlo, and thus annoys those who wish she'd just spread her legs, or let her tits out, and her even attempting a coitus is bothersome to the contingent who keep their hands around their dicks chocking chickens in the backwoods all along. She really as far as I saw her here now, a cross between the RKPO days of the strait whod play a envira to keep herself aloft as something unsaid by Billy Crystal, how she and Fernando had to find in 1964 that the days of Maria Montez movies were over in 1960 as the Jews second generation went whole hog with blonds now, and Spanish and Italians need not apply to the campus of Valentino, Crystal, now supinely and thankfully silent as others have to apologize to the rioting crowds over black face, She was in whole a combination of the great and still stuck as a bride of the atom, on CBS, young Yvonne DeCarlo and Betty Rubble.

I have come to you, Biden said, almost as smug and vicious as he's ever been according to Jesse Jackson, not assuredly in board the show boat, sur this time. I have, he said, Done the trip to bountiful for you, old man, and HE SAID, I HAVE COME TO KISS YOUR REAR, AND ASK FOR YOUR SUPPORT. Billy the kid laughed. In the realities and real times, he has yet to even admit that someone he hates so terribly is even running for president, or Caesar or whatever he thinks he is and was. I come to you, the old bureaucrat said

in his as suauasl grey montone, Come to you to ask for your
siuppsorte. He said, in his left over sixties Kennedy
family accolytyte , pizza waiterss abusing and getting away
with it aplomb, I come to you, now, m Bill, to ask youd ment
these fenses for the good of the party. I thought myself of
this set design ., this Mereueryt thetaer Roem qwere in at
in a constueius dislaoy of Orsoens Ceasr that plasy on a
loop in this old doges head. I ask youd do this for the
good, eh said, Of the democartis poarty.

We all laughed, despite lusterless as when Augiutsu was
givbinga s peech in the Roamsn ssenate and said he wasn't a
king, casusing a bufoon-poor tuth teller tos ay to him as
he left the now deafted sneate, That someteism, the truth
egts out no matterw hat you were hoping for.

I stood there and saw the Felninis Roma that this palce
was, gehsost and perateorains all, in the imagaination of
tehe last great king, the king of Marvin gardens, the king
of Shady Grove, the prcien of Laurenetium , the king of the
entertains, the prcien of Tiucany as Augutsus cone calleded
himself in an ultimate shopw of affactataion. The pretty
girls, the mistreos the tables of this Roma that was a
bulwark against the empire of Hota in the morning
commsieatetteing with the hsouehold negreos and wtahermen
that the ncosie, not frtomk the social distress they ahd
diled up, but from kids playtaing with fi9recarckers did
now so bother the sleeping millions readyding to do
valeville from homes they might or might not have at the
end of tehe ayr. My brother is again impseed tos ee a

beuageioning call for now no elss than Tina Fey to be the lastets voctiem of cicncmstacne, ans somehow a hatred of Trmp has made the ididots now pertedn theat they are so decet it makes one siuck, and wosre than that Black face, amansily an pretension of the oughts, is taking tshoe who did black face to the hell of Jack Davis' Sememe street, when we were allowed to stairsie everything , as oosped to now, a man and those who voted for him, as we have to watch an old coot prpund of his requisum for a laasat son of the rebellious south.

The bear of a man walked away from the twinkling lighted machine. He stood there as if a cratoon I ahd done years ago, that impressed no elss than the sporst edietoer of the Pittsburgh Press at the time, Bricue Kiden. The Pretaor fore life was in a baclk suit, a pepeoseful saffron chekered toe, and wore a thick, egyptasian cotton mantle on his berado shouters, fdarped over his chest. Itw as purpel and had yellow pipping, ala the Augustsu who never grew up much either.

I am, he said, The Prince of Crows. Did you, he asked , smei seriously, Ever erad Calvino, old old man. In an elactueon eyar, ehs aid wityh a most smarmy idiocy, almost wesleley kind of cleveness mixed with an inability for to priocess the simplest things, I perfecr that Spic, Marquez, like a white woman, ehs aid, and winked a disagreeable, sealemanay sort of visual umblat. You would, the scholar prince said. Did you know, eh added, a s w stood ther, I transfixed by the Clinton opf my imagaining, and in that

olnliest Rome anywhere oustdie of the teneiments. Did you know, that I called John Kerry on election night, 2004, eh saked...? I had to turn to VESTA, and go to ask, but she fotelling my question rolled her egeueous eyes and pressed her gumby smile and nodded her dark brown banged head. I called him, he said, walking ays from the still janagling glass cabinate, and Tinkerbelle's of bikinied composure, anad he stood theer as a bigg a killetr as Puzo could ever have mdae, or even a schoolboy defender of the res publica in Sallsut, which I musts ay to the gal who asked, was , I read in his list of codexes, the peraoetrs fourth favorite book.

I called Kerry, trhat night, a nd assured him, for the Good of the party, heheh, that I, he said, Would indeed let by gioens be by goens, and work to help him as see whow as a bigger enemey of mine than a ANYBODY BUT CLINTON ABC-er, but of course, eh said, a Bush, epocaielly that momnkey acfed imsbciioien now fingerpainting somewhere and before all of thsiw as being begrudge dwtaching a Cowboy game, s epcoaillelyw hen they lost a winless team, and his reuote as a hex was all but assured. I was quiet as the teneor did his bearley aduable araiia, and all the Playboy after dark miniosn with whom he kept this Roman coloney against Salalm and its Jkewish in wlas who find more trouble in old jeoks than they did in the bombing of a Roman ruin by that hack. I called that Lutch, that prenenenial slooer, whose very Gaheadn Wislosn imagery botehd me...did yous ee, he said, that Poor man died the same year as Mad, I egiuss were atent kdis anymore. But I called him, ehs aid, And wished him well, and he thought eh ahd won, and deared sawy we

were equals now--[this as said to me by someone I ment who wrote for Clinton on my first ads made at face book cone, which seemd much too much after for or five eyars after Colbert lievd out his creed and used dathe etahetars to amek it all teh way to helmdingw aht was the Merv and Arthur Traceher show, buit he has no sidekick, I atke it as always seemd to eba mdeai who counst his liens.]And by eleven ocolck, he had lsot and I stayed there wtcahing CBS as I have scine Cricmite, but I am from the gdolen age, and I smield to myself when saw that more voets than they ahd switched Ohio for that imbecaicille, shwoiwng that a Roman never forgets...

Like an elepyahnt,...? The pother man, hwo as puny as hed ever been said. He knew now itw as indeed over, and he turedn away eralsiisng that boy Clinton would be his enemey to the end to whatever wall this was to that he had been pushed. Sword came to sheield now, as Caesr said, and thetre was onbly room on any opera company fpor one diva, one teneor, one machievllian, at a time, and tehe rst were comemdiad dell arte atrchetyeps, fillers, extras, but not stars, Clainton's erading of Plautus said that. And as he turedn t5o go, Biden saw knowing that the King of shady Grive would win as sucha s Italai Calvino would ahev demanded it, is books depsied by scribbeler and woman at the Tiems, who as my father said , felt umbriadge at anytialina who would are were shopes much less save a Dante they had bought when first ehar as taolsman against the stolen from nobels savges cesspool foerrst he said to me that this was. Biden turend and sudnnely on this self same wall where Wendy gleemed, sudnnely there was a muder of

crwos as if in a late Van Gogh, drak , balck , smaret as
[pretty mistresses magpies, all alined waiting for Ro9man
Bill to stomp his booted fpoot on tiels he never
miscalculated in theirs etting.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Anthony Acri is a Jesuit trained cartoonist from the golden age of america, who has lately taken upon himself being a Gore Vidal apprentice, against the cretins of empire. HE WAS INSPIRED TO WRITE THIS STORY in the ways of great talianate magic realists like Italo Calvino, and return an epidemiced and badly so, America to the works of Italianate brilliance such as Journal in a plague year, The Decameron and his mother beloved The Betrothed. He wanted to explore the eternal fight between those heist minded Jesuit school boys, who imbibed in Roman curriculum and an old coot who has floated through life watching the car crashes around him and who now wants us to forgive and forget his often utilised plagiarism. He is devoted to Roman farce and satire as others say they are, but never can be as they always end up as tragedies in the third act.*

AUTHOR'S BIO: Anthony Acri is a cartoonist and essayist who lives in the suburbs of Pittsburgh Pa. He is devoted to the ideas of the between who taught him well in Americans last, pre Reagan, Golden age. He is a cartoonist devoted to the idea of a Roman superman, and the playboy cartoon, both of which have at various times been censored in what his hero Poet laureate Gore Vidal calls the land of the sale and the home of the Bribed. He, early on in this epidemic, a word he perferes as Roman playgoer to the frenzy of Pan, to try to verre towards the yellowed books of his fathers patria and now, more than ever his own, from which came such giants as Petrinius, Juvenal, and Ovid, and Virgil. He was admired by Georgetown facility, as when he was a fifteen year old boy, for his now superseding and accepted view on such men, ecapielly Virgil, hated then and now seen as the greatest anti war poet , and Ovid now seen as a anti imperialist and iconoclast writer ever. This received accolades by men named Ogletree and Sacalia but alas, he didn't keep up. The writers he apes now, ecapielly Ovdís Festivals, always adored by similar amoral, jesuitical, machiavellian schoolboys with an eye out for any Lynda Carter or Wendy Fiore who flew into view. It is his hope in these passages to somehow controposto the times of veniality now, and as streaga, hags come out to tell handpicked candidates who called anti war protestors animals on the floor of the senate once, how to lose gracefully. The old books, utilized now, shows him, with every acceptance, that his tatase for gracious italian ladies, Giovanni' s brick of a masterpiece, Abraham Shylock, Fiametta, Amilia, and of course the Prince of Golden Bogues wasnt far off the mark. And like Poalo Milano, the italianate critic, he hopes he writes during this time with something other than cant and paternalism, and was not merely fulfilling filial piety to the italians who died while the doges wore masks, but out of whole moral imperative.

