



## BACK AT THE MGM PILLARS...

By

*Anthony Acri*

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Fiction Editor JOEY CRUSE writes...*

*Anthony Acri's, "Back at the MGM Pillars," is kind of a culturefuck of claustrophobia, as if Burroughs and perhaps a little of Thompson had shifted their lives into the current century and spent all of their aging days talking about the failures of Reagan and the rise of fascism only to have spent another 50 years hearing people talk about the failures of Reagan and the rise of fascism. If you like the word association from stream of consciousness mixed in with a toe-touch*

*into the pool of political Americana and ad hoc Ars Poetica, then this is a story for you. There is a poetics here that represents the heart of writing, even though this is fiction. This story is a version of pure expression, some of it I may not get, feel the need to look into for further research (which is provided), or feel like creating a reason to explore why “i” isn’t capitalized or other meanders from standardization, and I can appreciate that – that need to express in straight signifier. This story will give as much back to you as the work that you put in it, as much as the author has put in it, and I think that you will feel a connection to the new Lost Generation, the listlessness at watching a concept of a Republic die under capitalism, that feeling that there is purpose (but why?).*

*Unpack or react however you would like, there is plenty to work with.*

*Enjoy.*

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

IF ONE MUST, YOU MAY CALL ME A Roman American. With aging old coot, Victor Scotti of the Pepsi generation, living death mask Di Nero, being tagged to make yet another of his late life, half life, wop and dago minstrel show, as Gene Siskle called his partner in grime Peschi, boy they really have gone to town with the wop shit, mafia donas, super Marios, bullshit as usual, but see, its different now...

...to think that this goon of empire thought that Father Cuomo was a pompous lecturer, as opposed to the black saints who revived him after the funerals, Mario actually between bows actually believed in something. I am told there is more an some talk as a Kennedy was running against Crater, when I was a boy, that the Democrats alas, will not for once, not fail to make the same mistake twice.

BACK AT THE MGM PILLARS...

25 MAY, 2023.

In 1991, after a decade of ill health, loneliness and being shuttered self more than any maliciousness on any parents parts, as has happened, I was told to by Italians who had to somehow navigate the malibolgia and the swamp waters of America, without either being a criminal, or taken as one, worse, as a famous, well not to the innocence project, Salvetti showed, as at one point , juts having the orange skin of the once great republic, or that first empire of Italy i wistfully and suspicious spoke of in my penguin classical distressful Ancient Romance. --we make a shit load of Money yous see Tony, selling that is left of the Roman experiments of fascism, so a book about the Etruscan, well, and on and on, ...

I DEIDED BACK THEN TO TAKE MY CHANES IN THE REAL WORLD AND RETURN AS IT WERE TO THE DAYS WHEN I WAS AMIDRED MORE THGAN NOT. Those days are effectively gone , though at items, when I am not blasted away at for seemingly having too much empathy for Sargent Shultz and his cartoon lovable Nazis, as when the curia has to dirty themselves with a segregationist,well there isn't enough lobster to pay off everyone who eat shit. I do feel a certain nostalgia, as don't we all, and it wont be for my Ma that the ballets will be and re-are being turned , will it...? All in all, as who would ever think that I, Roman Antony, who not only wont draw Blonds by adoration of my fathers Romans, that I could or would ever be on the side of those vainglorious Prussians, whose only connection to Rome were the skeletons left in that layer of Soot, that actually new old Rome was built upon, as Livy and others would tie up burnt tapestries, that should they have known of that grand future, the barbarians fathers would have saved and not arson-ed to a crisp, if their knowing then of Momas yet un-formed and the idea of selling tickets to left over Tuscan chariots that were merely in the way of a Holocaust that no Simon Helberg lookalike or his ghepetto would ever even darn to think about happening and thus somehow weaken and cut his own wine cellars collection of constant Trieste tears in bottles and carafes. With the pesky vowel at the end of her name, Funny Girl Kaely with Harlette Peg as mom in tow, must be snapped at somehow, as the days of Paula Prentiss have come and gone.

Despite the jokes I make about myself as something of a gigolo, I have and do jeep and eye out for lonely and scarred once married girls, or caught in the cocoons of loveless American womanhood, girls, hoping to ave them from the pit and the pendulum of draped and dreadful marriage, as I fear even the faggots have been so hypnotized to like war, fascism and Barbie and a dire mean queer batman to enjoy and adore. I take it upon myself to forearm and post warn these enslaved-girls, more than than now, girls, when not taking my sensual or monitory cut, to make them freed of this horseshit convention, sorry as not being a Clinton, I don't have to wax poetical about the love of a good woman, I liked the fallen covens more, more than the ones pretending to be the other, or witch or strega or Livia that is, and so I take every chance I can to when presented with a lovely gal at wits end from some blond loving goon who has treated her ilk and meanly to allow myself to be sensual for their assent past Mount purgatory and get them back in to the less sulpherous straits of a less than inguinal stranglehold, as I did then with a pretty Blond, not my usual cup of tea, a cute Blythe spirit named Peggy.

We became friends when as I being reconstructed without the genes that gave me Caesar's disease, principally enough, and she was let in pieces by a oafish, goon of a husband who duckweedily screwed her bets friend, a brunette no less, the Beatrice strain will not alas, die easily, and we became fast friends, and no more was asked in payment but the slighted girl's accompaniment, friendships, car rides, and of course, be not being the saint that somehow all actors and aritsis must be, and somehow lifer politicians from Hot Springs need not be questioned, a groping went on than the high school car antifascist antcis. And, heavy petting and KISSING that we both missed as I and she were both victims to national honors society grooming, not that that word can be sued as Disney now, where alas, the fist fights have been over taken by actual corpses and dead bodies washing up from the pirates of the Caribbean dark waters, quite terse Alan Moore than Times 100 most important bishops Ovbitz or Eisner or what ever Mike is at the MATTED helm would actually like.

At one of the sorties we went to, between mere heavy petting's, as a short blond she did incite me more than her ilk might and does, and she was a natural at oral sex, soon enough not to count, remember that farce...?, which the first time in my life she did with her Gloria Vanderbilt, pink, glasses on, which is something I'm sure ANDERSON HAS predicted and prefecture on that Greek freighter that is all the prep schools he had to attend to be a good pervert Kuralt, now as unheard and unsolicited as anyone who ever picked up a Suza phone and danced about the Tivere, in middle English, Tyber's shore. We went to the local SOI, and there we saw a Young buck with ahead full of delusions, a pocket full of drams and acmes and a copy of Livy was in his pocket and he was indeed always glad to see you. I was sure as he gathered as many wop votes as others stained them, us , as even then, that this was more than mere electioneering, or vote harvesting as they do to the blacks, queers, and Jews even then, and now which has become a repugnant swamp without a Pogo anywhere to be seen. But, the moral is the same. At least for some.

This fat man, I said aloud, perhaps too loud, but not as diminishing as it might sound, to my curly sued, pink on pink, shirt scarf, glasses and Genoa blue jeans pants, I said to her who handy seemed to catch his eye, as much as did the cute daughters of Italia, who were waitresses here and hostesses who got his blue eyed barbarian smile, as I thought of Tacitus, saying nothing bothered him more than the remnants of Germania, not yet made the first noble savage, but then senators don't ever Oracle what they said yesterday, who came to his beloved Rome, he was after all a senator from a good family, Italians don't like liars and chats amazingly enough, the Jews never get that. I spoke not that quietly, I think in the Alleghenies mists, a frozen moment of realization as I'd tell then Jewish confessor nun Audrey, that This guy, though he had my taste in a lot of things, He doesn't have a Virgil's Ghost of a chance. I think, as have reported before, he heard me in his mid rant, the stump speech he gave, Italian version, as took the side of the Orcs, it was that night I heard him say what a pig and what a con artist Tolkien was, no fooling, he was always attuned to the room, and I liked him much better before he sold out to Truce cutting Dickey Morris, who taught him to walk like John Wayne, but needed ending up Sterling king Hayden. Crime wave. He looked at me, while smiling and working the crowd, with a wry Milken grin, the Cheshire alley-cat, worthy La Gianconda. I had met Jimmy Carter twenty years or so before, when he too was a nobody, before, the only praetors of this last half century this patricidal Ovid wanted meet at all, And Mario, the saint, of course, whom my father loved, I never had. And who this despicable dis-respectable , fraudulent, fake ass, little Syracuse Orange man, he railed against his alumni newsletter being so woke cone, look that up, girls, Orange man called Mario UN-eletabile, for which I am certain he will pay. Call it smiles of a summers night, as it was earliest summer then, or seemed it, and shall become again, once old man river and Vulcan gets their true pound of cancerous flesh.

IF ONE MUST, YOU MAY CALL ME A Roman American. With aging old coot, Victor Scotti of the Pepsi generation, living death mask Di Nero, being tagged to make yet another of his late life, half life, wop and dago minstrel show, as Gene Siskle called his partner in grime Peschi, boy they really have gone to town with the wop shit, mafia donas, super Marios, bullshit as usual, but see, its different now. Now, a whole lot of people, building to the lesbians of Hillary's coven may have lost a whole lot of grandmas who weren't tiger mothers and whereto pushing wasp paper hives at them, and so now it may be different, as even the infernal combo of Stan Lee's anagrams and Kirby plagiarism meets the frozen cryogenic chambers of Uncle Walt the Neo Nazi, is

perhaps seen its salad days come to an end. Even the once American adored, irrevocably fun, Capt Marvel cant get an audience anymore, amid the bat farts and the dark brooding transvestites in cape. Also i am more than willing to tell the people of Biden's filthy little triumph and his army of derelicts and drag queens that anyone, like Andre Cuomo, who carried water for a goon who said his own father was unelecateble, and gee i wonder why that would be, i wonder why this dying corpse segregationist, who voted against health care once, showing how devoted he can be to a bribe, ask the Romanian secret police, grassroots bigot thought Mario Cuomo was unacceptable and before he was the captain of the anybody but Clinton brigade as late as 1995,.

Like an Asian girl showed in a first video received from her about that toxic spill called The big bang theory, which gave that nacne an award too good for Italo Calvino, we don't remember when the New Yorker was screwing him and Orson and then told us who to vote for, she asked why is it the Indian, dark skinned furriner was the one not gifted a blond on that direful parade. i wonder why that would have been, she asked. Any one who said Mario Cuomo was beneath them and then killed Italian grandmothers to be able to bumble away and say we must reelect Donald Trump as the Praetorian's FACES BECOME WHITER AND MORE BLOODLESS THAN USUAL, WILL INDEED REAP ALL THEY SOWED, AND WILL BE STRANGLED BY THEIR OWN MAGICAL WEEDS, THAT, as in Basile I read out of on he roadside, LEAD TO HELL. I think someone ought to remember that old coot Biden signed off on the twenty fifth anniversary of the Southern manifesto by his mentor and Virgil Strom Thurmond, and too to recall that his better, the one he couldn't in good conscious interrogate because it was above his pay grade that Oliver north did in fact write, or scrawl up a white paper saying of the Reagan endless funeral ended ever in jeopardy. A plan to make sure that Americans were Segregated, Encamped, sequestered, perchance Quarantines ...?

Ah but that bad check Biden is just keeps bumbling along and boon to the darkies already in the Byzantium of the Potomac, puts one Hannibal with Gold braid after another, lest anyone recall that he once called the students at Kent state as terrorists, showing where we were heading. And no amber of Jesuit student with a schoolboys love of Ovid would keep him from his genius third act, and the pratfalls to would ensue. But as no one from Iran Contra, unmentioned as heresy and even treason --FOR YOU, ET tu...? now, ya might get that a night in jail much less four bursts at the Q as giggling jag Camilla, sorry my hand is Antony Roman trained, has done to various darkie smokers of weed now a panacea as Coke adds life was to her in Contracts class, which no less a fraud as term paper Burden was sure hard for Irish he, the darkies couldn't get into. So marines can tear up the constitution all they want, at Lt. Col amazingly for someone didn't read Caesar or Livy, was above a rank of mere senator who was always doomed to get to that lying in state Gore Vidal said was his only overarching creed, all said and done. Been reading a lot of Last Empire by our American Zoe-trope fresh always from a crowd at a crows nest dinner and recall slot of this as am dumbfounded to think this old coot dates call anyone a traitor, but then as Caesar mute to him his griper family and more dead children than Constantine, I love treason, but I hate a traitor, and this old codger let a lot go free for worse than just scuffing the desk of that old strega whose husband as a good monsignor, never had to hear the bars close, for something as meaningless as drunk driving, mothers alas not as angry as they used to be. Your apples, alas are filthy with vermin.

Almost four hundred pages into *The Last Empire\**, Goers presumably last collection as the Roman historian that I saw him as and Perry White on TV Superman lookalike David McCullough said he was not one of them, right up until his death, and post Mortum, as the paper that lopsidedly loved him and hated Petronius Gore, would be as usual with them, be the first among many to dismiss his tome and hagiography about Truman, a President my father disposed of, for his love of lecturing the blue eyed barbaric, about his beloved Roman lives, the only history book that the men's wear shortie ever read. And alas in a time of awokedness or just the twilight time of either Rod Sterling and or Harold Arlen, or the queens of the rose-land ball rooms, that rag, which Gore and I both have called a bunco of boilerplate caught between Gucci and or Bulgari ads of a Capote era long dissipated, like the jet stream sky ice, they were one of the first in that cold gray year of lecturing us all while one time Trump commedia dell arte clown was rec-tangling us about how that gun had a mind of its own, no fooling, as cops who dared get scared that some crazy pimp was going native on them, did indeed go to jail for less. The new York rags and the fish wraps and Thurber's pulp, they ere quick , though condemned Gore for it the first time I read *THE UNITED STATES* in arts school, now amazingly Truman had indeed lost his imperial magistrate, the first sign of an imperium, not a dirty word to me, going off its marble railings. Sorry, Simon, really he is the best actor on that dreadful show and should have been allowed to play out his Neil Simony creed as a woman's man always on the make and not have been taken and dominatrices as I am sure Chuckles had been, or at easy that was what was alluded to on a Tom Snyder CBS *TOMMOROW SHOW*, back when he had on the air a guttural hillbilly comic hags who was just fine, w hen like him, he was still making commemoration about ethic girls and their vestal mustaches.

But there, in this sad , almost wistful, recollection of the age to me of Leslie and my own mourning past Mount Purgatory, as it now seems to have been decapitated by the chancres needed to make this nothing praetor man, by page 354, and the Union of the state, Gore speaks of Jerry Brown so eagerly and willingly humiliated and demeaned by the good wholesome bacon and pork belly newspaper , low ebb Studs, of that toddling town and its beer drinking, bald headed, liberals, within reason, there magically in this sad panoply of those days now so distant and forgotten, and all seen as a mistake by me, as even Ma thought I was stupid for wanting a Beatrice more than I ever wanted a gummad, there amazingly and so shockingly, was the moment that was worth the money of cartoons sued in buying it at all.

There in mid thick paragraphs of his proto- Roman work, not the clear and conciseness of Misser McCullough and his Teletype of americium history, there was the line that said it all. As a great vouching for Jerry Brown, he says one of the only times I think Goer or his friend, master of television, Johnny ever mentioned the two bit, save the tiger, bumbling sugar baby, that was Biden, always in the wings, in the la Scala steps, classy brooding, always needing, always wanting, as he still is all I said heed be back at the Roman arch of Bill's back in Basile's Shady Groves, with the hillbilly Darling sister singing out her Dixie creeds showing an American long forgotten and misused anyway, that solid south that no Democrat, my father noticed, had a single Democrats seemed to care about a single n\*88er dangling off a single line like something out of Charles Portis, until alack, an always scheming, always needing, but with portfolio and a thousandth time betters and smarter, a Caro Hero, Lucifer himself Lyndon would be a original cast album of Gypsy, while Biden is little more than Oh, Calcutta going always dark.

There in this collection I bought instead of buying the one with Out “Ollie” in it, At Home, there was the line that said it all. Oh, Jerry Brown he said, unlike Biden , he is an honest man\*. Ouch. A Roman figure, an Antony, as Orson in modern dress Pea-coat, as stand in for European classism, sorry Fascism, as sopped to the corn flakes American suffragettes ate up, there was our Gore, trashed lately in the dared cherry neofacist newsletter as he called it that for some reasons, my brother reads, Hitler Loved Julian too, don't forget, as if that German stooge loved any Roman, no the Greeks, like you were his faves, this is the paper of money, and not mere sanctimony he says with a sharpen I do not own, and so, the truth will get in here, he taps the cheap paper, lest the wrong dollar be put on the wrong Bun-cone, as MA SAID. And, it is that idea that the Jewish in laws in STILL segregated, Engels agreement New York, will not throw that much good money after bad.

THE BUNCUNE, IS THE IDEAL. THAT LONG WOODEN BENCH, WHERE PAPER MONETA WAS INVNTED, OR LIKE THE TELSCOPE, MERELY SUED BY AN ITALIAN IN A WAY NO ONE EVER THOUGHT REMRAKBALE BEFORE, Here again, the pine table, the magic wood out of which mister Cherry will hand over to woodcarver Gheppeto, opt is it the tree upon which the sign will be pasted by the sheriff, THIS MARRAGE SHALL NOT BE PERFORMED, AS THE BLACK WEARING Praetorian guard, always put their hooked Italianate noses in the lives of all the undesirables, a Moment when I think, Hiawatha burial ground, Chickasaw America slud off the magic hill, and like Remus would be reprimanded for it, as not that husband dearies, or maybe merely was the wooden sign that said here lies the most noble of the Romans, a humble sign not for coin making Brutus the king, but in fact in Plutarch, once devoted too, now a Greek propagandist, said, in his longest saddest life, uhummmmmmm, said was a INRI stolen like so much by those born again Jews, really Jewish cartoonists and neurologists used to bond with me over my hatred for the leg of lamb dinner that was Sonny Christ, so don't fuck with me, girls, ...Here was a sign that was placed on the ad hoc tomb of mediolanium Mud, that held the ruins of Pompey to Antony's first dismay. It would, as usual, get worse.

As I write this, I receive an email that someone was interested in Roman Superman Rock comics of my earliest youth, drawn when a play of mine was written, called Brutussimus Rex, Brutus the King, impressed and caused me to be armored by the society of Jesus, long ago, them while dying of aids when I was a younger than you'd think I was, as I recall ingrained hearing about dying priests and brethren, in their 40's ancient to ten year old me, as early as the dollar comics implosion of DC, back when Rachel dear, and so, told that whoever this was they wouldn't be at the Pittsburgh Comic con anyway for any portfolio reveries anyway. Telling my always sharp brother, he smells, as usual, a con, and my lawyers eagle eyed brother, who felt badly for those killed by the Jaundarm, until in fact they seemed to go a bit too Jewish funeral for George Floyd, for whom he doesn't weep on command, a sharpie's creed saying anyone willing to inject that much of his own pious poison , like Stan lee, maybe got what he deserved. He don't feel that much care, or sadness, as it seems to him, the martyr was a needed corpse, speaking of Pompeii, who was thrown around like a Roman turtle by a segregationist goon who once was open to letting God sort out the n\*ggers we and he'd happily electric chair off in a crime bill services that Richard Nixon, who appears almost like a wayward Virgil in this book, said was Draconian, as true to his own Machiavellian genius, would Veto. Goer says, To be fair and bless his heart, Dick never much believed in a word of any of this shit. As Opposed to Biden who only knows which

way the wind is blowing at any particular money-shot in time, and is now as much as anything is caught in the draft. Heh.

I am altered by kind and somehow on my side lesbians, as opposed to whitey girls who always saw my hatred of Marriage, even its commedia dell arte aspects and its pretenses which is all they ever have wanted anyway until the shtick of Brett Summers getting Oscars jokey and at wits end alimony, beating that dead nag, as it were, I am told by some well wishers, I have caused them to really look into the Sicily out of which President Manderino, another low end family eradicator, as Ma said, has come, but then they are sometimes shocked to think that this goon of empire thought that Father Cuomo was a pompous lecturer, as opposed to the black saints who revived him after the funerals, Mario actually between bows actually believed in something. I am told there is more an some talk as a Kennedy was running against Crater, when I was a boy, that the Democrats alas, will not for once, not fail to make the same mistake twice.

Maybe the next time the acceptable and decent to Jewish interests ethnics are given a month of whitewash, maybe the ruins of HollyRock shouldn't kick it off with Super Mario Movies and a dreary Capt Marvel, who looks nothing like the smiling killer with a knife from Double indemnity, and for sure, don't give that dying old crone, that corpse as we are as stuffed with them as the river at Cumae, Robert Di Nero another wop movie, where he is alas a clown, as per-usual. And on cue, it is such a Roman lives isn't it through, despite we careening towards a daring default, what else would Biden beget,...?, the assembly of Queens is true to its venality and is headed home for the upcoming holiday, one of many that those who hate Roman priest Valentine feast day, can always get behind, as it is about the death of the empires perpetual and unflagging wars. But as my father said when I was a boy, and he read the Corrier della Serra, a Roman newspaper as old as the Globe, when the CIA placed that Pollock as pope, he knew all about Italy '48 and the OSS, and made anti Communism a canonical law of the ancientest church, the Romans who lived long enough to be alive to see a non Italian as the vicar of Romae, could say aloud, their heart wasn't quite in it, at all.

\*The last empire, by Gore Vidal. Page 354. UNION OF THE STATE.

[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1kbBI42\\_n\\_KXBqh9BaSD218c9zAS8Mbya/edit?usp=drivesdk&oid=113504988067580565249&rtpof=true&sd=true](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1kbBI42_n_KXBqh9BaSD218c9zAS8Mbya/edit?usp=drivesdk&oid=113504988067580565249&rtpof=true&sd=true)

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** *I have done well this year, and made an entire page often resume which i have been keeping tack of triumphs for a while. Last year was exceedingly bad for all, but i had a feeling that a nation in which we were being pummeled with decency that only those who vote for a segregationist can manage to with shamelessness effortlessly evoke, well, i said that they'd all get what they'd deserve from carrying water for this cretin, and in fact they have. The Romans and The Etruscans especially, somewhere were fiction now, but not somehow Middle earth was not and true, which I took as a new low, even what my immigrant Italian father called this cesspool. And seeing that the overfed vestals of the middlebrow hogwaorts have brought back their beloved slumming Junkmen and lovable bigots at the summit of mount purgatory, CBS at its low ebb, I said, that that couldn't last. The Romans ethics haven't been papered over all,*



*and when a goon is at the cesarean heights of 32 erect approval well, as the Romans said, what goes up...etc. I hope this paragraph does much to explain the work, as I am glad it has gotten somewhere other than just a brothers telling me to hurl it at all sites i am at and on, and wish you all well and again thank you for being open to the work. I spent all of May, rereading Gore Vidal's The last empire. The month was named for as i was pilloried for recalling in the land where they recall their noble savage dead so incessantly, named for the Italic Goddess of the earth, Maggia, than it was for any ancient, dark skinned, people who alas showed the south of all continents had a real marble fetish, as opposed to Apache and germans in the north and their rags amid the slush. And utilizing his snide and brilliant classicism, which a nun told me I had a real knack for casuing me to erad new journalism to hoen that, i dec neid to make sure I palced it out there amid their clown show of a dying empire that as a Boy, my family all sat and wtched the Tony s once, and there was Zero as Plautus, and i knew i had caught something from that, as all i needed to know what read in those old pages of farce, and if he didn't know where he was heading, when then sorry Freddy Decordova as CNN pontiff,-- next! -- news maven, you must be as deaf to the Romans and Italians as are the decent white women among us. I saw where an over the air channel has brought back Italian girls shows like That Girl, Rhoda and Lavern and Shirley and that makes me sad thinking of how we have been reduced to all of this.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Anthony Acri is a cartoonist, illustrator and a social critic, in the terms of Croce or Vidal, who lives in the suburbia of Pittsburgh Pa, with his sister and brother and are all that is left of a family of Italians who had coddled and both warned him of the quagmire that he was going to be dealing in and with as a boy.

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