

CICERO AND HOW ANCIENT ROME COLLIDES WITH TODAY

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This chapter is a channeled conversation with the spirit of
an Ancient Roman

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PREFACE

☞ I channel spirits, which means that I try to talk to spirits of the dead. I have always been aware of “ghosts” in that I can see them and hear them and talk to them in our thoughts, I accurately describe historical sites and events and secret information from passed family members.

When I was reading a random book which happened to be about the Ancient Romans, this brought the spirit of Pompeius Magnus, Pompey the Great, to visit me. Ever since then I have been curious at returning time and time again to conversate with spirits of the Ancient Romans, as I find their vastly different culture irresistible, enigmatic, puzzling, and frustrating at times.

Here is an intended channeled conversation with the spirit of Marcus Tullius Cicero. I do not write this book as fiction. I simply write down the things which I say to this spirit and the things what I hear him saying to me. The conversations are not edited in any way. The text was also not edited to enhance readability nor literature quality. It is given original and as is.

With kindness, appreciation, curiosity, and utmost respect, I reach through to the spirits of Ancient Romans. No disrespect was intended, although it may have been caused.

CICERO AND HOW ANCIENT ROME COLLIDES WITH TODAY

☞ December 6, 2015

2:16 PM

Channeling Ancient Roman Marcus Tullius Cicero. He was a Roman philosopher, orator, politician, consul, and lawyer in Rome. I choose not to read more about him than that, so that I will have some historical literature about him to check against my channeled material.

Author
Cicero?

CICERO

I would have thrown you to the lions!

☞ He has brought his red-brown toga to cover his mouth and half of his nose, as if to show that something smells or is vile, Caesar did this same gesture in my channeling of Caesar a few days ago. Not the comment I was expecting. Him being an orator and being appreciated even today for his writing, I would have expected someone of a scientific mind, and of science-minded people I would expect them to regard women somewhat as equals. But no. He now tells

me that he is going to go have a bath, and he thinks of undressing and standing in a lavish indoor bathhouse made entirely out of white marble. The water in the pool basin is steaming hot. He then thinks that someone would kneel behind his back and massage his shoulders.

Author

Sir? May I speak with you?

☞ Again, he lifts his toga to cover his mouth and nose. I seem to catch a hint that perhaps he is self-conscious about the state of his teeth, it seems that he has parts of teeth missing and rotting and discolored and with an odor from his mouth, which he covers. If I could bring some things back to Ancient Rome, one of them would be cars but a must would also be dentists. I would also bring them some bottles of wine and honey. For Sulla a whole bag of sugar.

Author

I wish not to disturb you, fine Sir.

CICERO

So, *elegant*, how you speak to me!

☞ Cicero pleased, aha, now he is paying attention to the manner of words, so it could be him.

☞ I try to let him see me first, though I am sure that he sees me in the context of his own time. They often see me dressed as a temple maiden or as a servant to put it mildly. He covers his mouth again with the red-brown toga, but he is smiling, and yes there are many teeth that are broken. I don't want to confuse or anger him with my speaking,

because whenever I speak to Roman men they get angered, so speaking and words is not the way to introduce myself or to say hello (interrupted from writing)

CICERO

Why did your mother send you to me? What did she mean by that? What, and was this a graceful gift?

☞ Cicero kindly speaks and is still hanging his toga over his mouth but this time, while he is speaking, he does not cover the mouth and nose but instead holds it in front like a curtain.

Author

You see, fine Sir Cicero, I have sent myself.

CICERO

No! Impossible! I will have the men remove you.

☞ I see his palm of the hand, the hand was facing forward with fingers pointing upward, and then he wave-flicked the hand once to show a gesture of dismissal.

Author

Why does this offend you, if I have sent myself?

CICERO

Hahah? Do donkeys they also send themselves? No, *go*, as surely you must belong to someone. Go, now?, before I do and get angry.

☞ He opens his mouth and inspects his teeth that are in really bad shape.

Author
I belong to no one.

CICERO
Then, has your head not been shaved yet?

☞ Cicero says and he crinkles his nose.

Author
I am not a slave.

CICERO
Hah, not yet.

☞ He literally has a mirror which has a frame around it and a handle-stick for holding with, it is of course not like mirrors of our time, but there is a reflection, a bad and muddy reflection, but he is inspecting his teeth.

☞ I was expecting him to be an exception, to be some kind of enlightened scientist who would have discovered innately the virtues of respecting women as equals, but no he is just as much trapped in the Roman culture of men as the other men were. Pompeius Magnus of course being an exception, as Pompeius grew up outside of Roman elite culture. Pompeius listens to women and he treats women as persons.

Author
Sir? Might I have some conversation with you Sir?

CICERO
Might I, have what now you say?

☞ Cicero very sweetly and kindly smiles, there was no anger in this.

CICERO

Might I, have what?

☞ Cicero smiles with all love and true kindness.

Author

I am a time traveller.

CICERO

No. [hand gesture] The gods decide on that. What then, with time? And, what of it, do you mean? What *carts*, have you come with? And why have they dropped you off? Huh?

To play, to make mockery of me? To *play*, and come and make mockery of me in my house? Of *my*, and *mine* name?

Huh? What *wives* have you been with, then?

☞ The hand gesture was the palm of one hand held firmly forward with the four fingers together in a row and pointing up, he speaks kindly and not angrily nor dangerously, the cart he thought of a very simple rickety wooden cart that would have slowly been driven along simple roads that connect far away towns and cities in his time, and he was inspecting his teeth.

Author

... You are famous in my town?

CICERO

Hahah! I will laugh all of your men right in the face!

☞ Cicero feeling pleased about himself, standing with hands on his hips and legs wide apart, it was his way of taking flattery, and I sense that he has the very exact same “nationalism” as the other Roman men had, to regard other settlements as nothings and to know that the gods are always on Rome’s side.

CICERO

What then, woman? What then. And do speak to me now quickly, as I am very busy.

Author

I speak on behalf of the people of the future.

☞ He grimaces. He thinks of written parchments in a marble hall in Rome, either a religious temple or a building serving a government purpose. He grimaces because I had said this about future. Of course, even though this gentleman is dead and should have some knowledge of being on the other side, he must have never had the experience in his lifetime of time travellers claiming to speak across time.

Author

In my time frame you are long since dead, Sir.

CICERO

Yes, I know, and the gods have not even poured me any wine. That is why I am waiting for them here.

Author

Where are you waiting for them?

CICERO

Here!, in the great hall, in their amphitheatre!

Author

What building is this?

CICERO

No, can you not see?

☞ Cicero shows me, that in this building are two lit torches of fire, I know these torches to burn an oil, sometimes the flames seem to have a special color, perhaps also a special fragrance, he is in a grand marble building, this is where he thought the parchments to also be.

Author

May I be with you for a moment?

CICERO

Yes, talk to me, about my mother, and my brothers. And where are they, in the next place?

☞ He said the next place or this next place or that he said both, he means in the afterlife, about his mother and brothers.

Author

I wish to not disturb you, fine Sir.

CICERO

Yes, you are very elegant when you speak to me. That must impress me, that means that your father he has raised you well.

☞ Cicero again impressed when I call him fine Sir.

CICERO

The Elegantum is nice. It is very dignified, of you to call me that. *I am grateful*, so tell your father thanks. For raising you so well. To treat men with kindness and respect. Even though they might kill you sooner or later, *as we Romans must do our deed!* We must, you see, as it is either they or us.

☞ And when he says they or us he thinks of the wondrous powers of fire and volcanoes of the gods, and they or us means it is either the Roman people or the other settlements people who will perish. “Even though they might kill you” he means to treat men with kindness and respect even though those same men, being the Romans, might kill me sooner or later.

Author

I feel entirely safe

☞ I am interrupted.

CICERO

Where is your mother then?

Author

Let us leave my mother out of this conversation.

☞ And I can feel that this bothered him and made him cringe a bit, as if a woman is meant to allow talk about her mother in these sort of situations. I find that also Caesar tends to ask about my mother, and with Caesar I felt that it was because Caesar was kindly dismissing me sexually so

that he was passing on any sexuality to my mother, because also my presence implies sex because I am a woman, but to ask about the woman's mother seems to be saying "well, you are a bit young for me and I am already rather dating women of the older generation so I would rather ask about your mother, and this is a kind way of dismissing you, out of kindness". When Caesar asks about my mother, it is as if Caesar is allowing me to be a girl and he is passing on the "mandatory implication of sex" to my mother so that I can be just a girl and so that I can be spared of the fact that my presence as a woman implies sex. Cicero is treating me the same, as Caesar has. Caesar by the way has, I recall, never shown sexual interest toward me, and Cicero seems to be another example of such exceptions, which I am grateful for because it might allow conversation. I must also say, that even though Cicero is speaking along the lines of language of the Roman men, his character and emotion *does not* express misogyny or disrespect toward me. He is a man who is good and kind, I am sure, and that is how I feel him, yet he speaks in the language of the Romans.

☞ There are more expressions in language than we ever realise. Even when we today (and sorry about this interlude) we greet each other and we say "The weather is nice today isn't it?", is an extreme culture. Because a different culture might think that it is a curse to even talk about the weather regardless of what the weather might be. Or, that today we know that talking about the weather must mean that the person who talks to us about it does not really know what better to say to us. Some other culture might think that talking about the weather means "blessings to your children

and future wedding day”, or, “curses to you and I hope you die!”, or any number of things. That is why, when I one time made the channeling bring me the actual untranslated words of an Ancient Greek, I could not understand a single thing that he was saying. Because *nobody* speaks literally. We have words, but words are *always* expressing more than *just the words*. We have no idea today how much this means. Just look at earlier and earlier translations of the Christian Bible, how hard it is to read the old text, yet remember that to people in the past that old text was commonsense the way that people might have talked and written.

☞ That is why, even when Cicero is asking me about my mother, it must mean something. To people of today it might mean “oh how nice, he is asking about my mother”, or to someone else from today, “oh no don’t insult me that is too personal”, but I suspect it to be a gentle dismissal of what in essence are my sexual advances to this man, my presence and approach to him are interpreted by Roman men as sexual advances, like today if a woman just approaches a man and begins to grope his privates and rip her clothes off and rub herself all over him and say “take me!”.

☞ I try to learn from the Ancient Romans I channel, and to understand their culture, to try to avoid misunderstandings, and to enable an actual conversation, it takes an openness, a tolerance, and patience. It is more than just listening to them, because just listening that would never be enough. I also have to feel them, when they speak, to read the images that they have in their mind, to read how their perceived body would react, to see if they

are feeling angered or sad or amused or how. Their world is a very alien foreign world. We think that the Ancient Romans were humans just like us, but we do not know today how much culture claims the human. They are not like us. And it would be very challenging to have one of them suddenly step into our time, or one of us into theirs. But let's continue with Cicero, where were we.

Author
Fine, and gracious Sir.

CICERO

Oh yes, how nice! And now, come on, in, I will pour you some wine! And you tell me, what you have come to tell me about!

☞ I knew he was going to like how I addressed him.

CICERO

And now first, do you have any sons with anyone? As, *this must be a great day* for you and your father both! *For him to, send you to me?* And? Your mother? What does she say about you visiting with me?

☞ He seems nervous, like if he had cold chills up his back and at the back of his neck, a cold sweat almost.

Author
No, Cicero. I am not here to “be your woman”.

CICERO

Get out. Get out of this house at once. And I will not pour you any wine anymore. **You have insulted me.** This will be

dealt with by the police. *As someone*, will come in here and drag you out! You have been impolite.

☞ And he held the palm of the hand forward on a rigid arm and looked away by noticeably turning his head.

☞ When I approach an Ancient Roman man, it immediately implies that I am requesting sexual contact, or that I am available for sexual contact. So when I say the wrong thing, like here when I was trying to explain the misunderstanding, he took it as an insult against his manhood and literally he thought of his manparts that I had offended his body specifically I had insulted his manhood his manparts. How do I get to talk to their mind, how do I visit an Ancient Roman man and (interrupted)

CICERO

I would still offer you some wine, if you would want to have me?

☞ Cicero smiles nervously.

CICERO

And, *it is not really* called as cheating! As, none of my wives they will have jealousy!

☞ Cicero holds the palm of his hand forward on a rigid arm, looking very frown on his forehead and eyebrows, he thinks that he has at least one adult-age son though who is perhaps 15 years or so didn't seem old.

☞ I forgot. That when a Roman offers wine, *it also means something*. Here, in my time, being offered wine can literally

just mean “hey let’s sit down and talk”, but to the Romans *it is a tremendous gesture*, it implies things, things which I am not entirely fully knowledgeable of yet. To pour someone wine means something tremendous, it is so much more than just pouring wine, and let us not forget about what it means when a Roman man visits some other man’s house and a woman in that house washes his feet with water... Heheh, maybe I should offer Cicero to wash his feet just to see what he says? Why not, *for me* it is a nice kind gesture meaning that I am just sweet and kind nothing sexual and I’ve *already* ruined this talk with Cicero so I might as well *ruin it more*.

Author

Cicero? May I wash your feet?

CICERO

Yes. You may.

☞ He felt good, he straightened his posture.

CICERO

And I will also take my robes off. *So that you can wash, and also see, the rest of me.* And then, carry on with it!

☞ “It” means for me to give him oral sex.

☞ I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU that washing feet means that there is the promise of much much more starting with oral sex! I told you that! It’s fun, one could write a dictionary of Ancient Rome. Oh, he is now again aware of how much of a bad smell and also bad taste there is in his mouth, it bothers him of course. A dictionary would say, “if

you want to say in Ancient Roman, I would like to offer myself to you sexually and give you oral sex – just say let me wash your feet!” It is *such* a different culture. And for me to enter into this culture as a woman, *to try to talk to them about politics and their life*, is quite a formidable task! It is difficult!

Author

Cicero? Is it in any ways possible for you to speak with me, even though I am a woman?

CICERO

What kind of a harbor are you from? And what do women “talk” about there, hahhah!

☞ He licked his lips when he said the first sentence about harbor.

Author

Well. In *my* harbor, fine Sir, women are allowed to talk.

☞ Now he is so amused and his whole face is smiling and amused. He is thinking about how women can flare up in a man the feelings of fondness and love and even sex, and he must be wondering, that *how* could women ever have been meant for anything else? Yet he thinks this not in misogyny or in disrespect, only that, a man can feel so much fondness and love toward a woman, that it would be taking away that love and affection if women were meant for anything else. There is no disrespect in him.

Author

I have thoughts. I have, writing. I am writing this down right now as we speak! Every word of it!

CICERO

Oh, you are courageous to talk to me this way?

☞ He gets concerned, he thinks that maybe I should go back to a slave house and be beaten.

CICERO

So, [hand on his chin] what are you writing about me?

☞ I sense from him that writing is very serious, it is not taken as lightly as it is today. Perhaps in part since paper was more scarce then, and perhaps since the Romans – as especially Pompeius Magnus had taught me – even edited the truth to “write” a better version for the gods to read. They didn’t have films or photographs, so writing was far more serious for them.

Author

I *may* be a woman

☞ I am interrupted.

CICERO

Hahhah, of what you speak!

☞ He thought of parting a woman’s legs apart to reveal the naked bush, so when I said “I may be a woman” I was basically saying the same as “hey I have a vagina!”

☞ Another note into the Roman dictionary: If you want to say “I have a vagina”, just say “I am a woman”, it is sufficient and refers to the woman sexual parts. Which again reveals how the woman was a sexual thing in Rome, rather than today women are also thoughts and much more. But after meeting with Cicero, I’m not so sure if this was a *misogynist* thing. It seems to be love, not misogyny. They cherished the woman, yet in other ways they did not. I am still happier to live in *my* time, for sure! Phew, I am safer here in 2015!

CICERO

My mother would have been more gladder to speak with you. *Not I!*

☞ At the end with “not I” he raises the palm of his hand forward as the dismissal and looks away by turning his head to the side, maybe even he went as far as closing his eyes in the gesture, to not even look at me.

☞ He says this because his mother is a woman, and I am a woman.

Author

But, you are the great Cicero! And I am one of very few who can speak to you! And fine Sir. I am aware that you are bothered by your teeth.

☞ I am interrupted.

CICERO

Yes! The great god of Mercury has put it/them there!

☞ He said it and them both, and he means the disease in his mouth, I said that I am aware of his teeth condition since I sensed him again bothered by his teeth and mouth, and I was expecting my sympathies to anger him, because today a man might be expected to feel that I am offending by pointing out an embarrassing health condition, or that it is none of my business to ask, but I was completely surprised at how humbly he answered, and that he even explained this by telling me the source of his problem. Completely unexpected how he answered. So I know this is real. I was going to tell him that I don't mind, that he doesn't have to feel extra uncomfortable about his mouth around me.

☞ This is not the first time that an Ancient Roman has told us that the god Mercury gives diseases.

Author

I don't know what time is.

☞ Me interrupted from continuing.

CICERO

Look at this. This is it.

☞ Cicero shows me his hand, he has made his hand into a fist and shows me the top of his hand, perhaps he was showing me the pulsating veins on top of his hand, "this is it" meaning that this is time, there.

Author

What are you meaning, with time, there on your hand?

CICERO

Have you seen these gods that we have made? They are not,
affected or inflicted by time!

☞ Cicero shows me a white marble god statue in the temple or building, he means that the man's hand will age, yet the god statues though they are bodies like men those do not age.

CICERO

So, time makes us old. *That is all it ever does.* What does time do to you, my dear? Ohww.

☞ The ohww he then felt a tooth ache it was hurting and throbbing.

Author

I was going to tell you, that I do not know what time is, or how I can speak to you from across time.

CICERO

No,

☞ He said more too but I forgot what he said because I didn't write it down on time, but he said that no it does not do that, that time does not go backwards, he thought of a small cascade of water in a lush area in the city, that water *always* flows downwards and is known to never go back upwards again in that small waterfall cascade of thing. This is also not the first time when an Ancient Roman has explained that time was scientifically investigated by the flowing of water.

Author

My words speak to you from a year we call 2015.

CICERO

Oh, that means nothing to me. *No, not anymore!*

☞ Not angry at the last sentence, but mild and kind.

CICERO

The gods must be doing this. Oh yes, they must be!

☞ Cicero not angry.

Author

I am not with the Roman gods.

CICERO

Oh, **you!** You will bring pestilence and famine to us!

☞ Cicero to me, he covers his mouth again with his red-brown toga.

Author

There is no danger, *I promise you that*. Be calm.

☞ I catch a true whiff of the smell from inside his mouth. It smells like he has eaten meat and not brushed his teeth. It smells like meat stew from his mouth. Almost the smell of feces, a very strong smell. His smell is here now, the smell of meat stew and feces from his mouth which is in a very poor health condition.

Author

Did you ever try any medicines for your mouth?

CICERO

No, only to pray for the god.

☞ Cicero very calmly speaks, he means the god Mercury.

CICERO

He didn't want to take any of my sons. *For curing my poor ill!*

☞ Cicero, not angry but complaining.

CICERO

There. There he is! He sits there! And he surveys me all of the time! He sits there! And he thinks that he rules! Ohh...!!

☞ Cicero shows me his thought image of a picture of the sky lit in yellow and the planet Mercury in the sky but larger the way he thinks it, he thinks it as if he saw it from closer, the god Mercury up there in the sky, poor ill meant his poor health in the mouth his bad health there.

CICERO

Sometimes he brings fire and brimstones. And then we have to obey him. *Or he sends us pestilence*, like, what has stricken my mouth!

☞ Cicero about Mercury.

Author

... Has he told you

☞ Me interrupted from "why he did this to you?"

CICERO

No, only that he does not want to have any of my sons.

Author

How many sons do you have?

CICERO

I do not count all of them.

☞ He first got angered that I would ask such a thing, that I would ask him to count all of his sons that he has, so obviously he has illegitimate sons with women who are not of good families, he then thought after he said this, that the sons that he has from good families, it is as if he *entirely* skips past any importance of the boy's mother but instead looks to the importance of that woman's father, the woman is just a stepping stone that connects one man to another man, as if so that two men do not have to have sex and conceive with each other, there is a woman in between, but it is just to make a son with the woman's father. From Cicero I now learn that Roman men did not have sons with women, no they had sons with the woman's fathers. It was a way to bring the importance and influence of a powerful Roman man closer to this man who conceived the grandchild of that man. The woman who bore the son was almost not there at all. No wonder I am having a hard time speaking to these Roman men. Not even the mothers of their children counted for anything at all even when these women had sons for these men. So who am I, I am less than nothing to them, if the mothers of their sons were nothing, I am less than nothing. And I am trying to get a conversation out of him.

Author

Sir?

CICERO

Signum? Yes, you have called me Signum. *And yes, therefore that you may continue.*

☞ He likes it when I address him nicely, and with continue he means that I may speak now. He notices carefully how I speak to him, yet, as we saw earlier, how I address him purely and only tells him something of my father who raised me and who he assumes brought me to speak with him, how I address him purely tells him something about my father, and he listens to me as if he were listening to my father, whom he has not even met, and again I see that I am completely disregarded, the women are skipping stones in between two men, the women are not even there. I am non-existent to a man like Cicero, I am not even here. It is my father he is listening to, if I am so daring and bold to even speak to a man like Cicero.

☞ I had never studied Ancient Rome when I begun to channel the Romans. Yet, I remain calm and respectful, neutral and tolerant, I listen carefully and I try to understand his culture, rather than to judge his culture. I try to see how he is thinking, and how best I can find ways to reach through to him.

☞ It is not time or space that separates us two apart, me and Cicero, but it is merely our cultural differences. I have him at my fingertips, yet we are still unable to have a meaningful conversation, because our cultures are worlds apart. I once asked one of the Romans, was it Caesar, to pretend that I am a man, but he only got angry when I suggested that, so I won't say that to Cicero.

Author
Cicero? *Fine Sir?*

CICERO

Hahah, ah yes. Tell your father that he may dine with me.
And tell him to bring all of his men. And we will bathe
together.

☞ Cicero smiling, because I called him fine sir, he interprets it to mean that *my father* is sending him flattery. It is as if I had not even spoken. And with bathe he means that my father and all the men in my father's family or other important associates (men) of my father could all bathe naked with Cicero in a Roman bath with steaming water. It is as if I am not speaking here at all. I am starting to feel neglected, and, it is starting to hurt my feelings a little bit. Almost like I want to whimper and do something to him. Because I was raised a Swedish woman in the 1990's, I would not be afraid to *interact with my culture* right now.

☞ Me, I would already feel that me and Cicero are acquainted, as we have been chatting for what, one and a half hour now (3:29 PM), so I would now react *in my way*, in *my culture* and I would right now pout and whimper like a little girl and say something like, "But, I feel like you are not even listening to me! I am trying to talk to you!". I would also put my hand on his shoulder when I say it, or make a loose pretend slap at his arm to accentuate the pout. He would of course then totally misunderstand my gestures. We are worlds apart, in body language, speech, culture, gender roles, everything.

☞ I don't want him to think about sex or about my father or mother when I speak to him. I want to have deep and meaningful conversations with him about life, politics, and Rome. But how? I now sense how when he swallows he is aware of the smell and taste of feces in his mouth from the bad condition of his mouth. I am surprised that the Romans would not use mint or some oils and medical or herbal treatments for this kind of condition. The discomfort of the taste and smell can surely be masqued with herbal tinctures, so why has he not used any?

Author

Are there medicines

☞ I am interrupted.

CICERO

No! As he is the one who gives us all of our medicines! And when he gives us a sickness, we are not allowed to leave it! We must live through it all, and think about what it means? So that he can tell us something?

CICERO

Why, you stupid woman, do you not know of that fact?!

☞ Just as I was expecting. They would be defying the god Mercury by using his own medicines against an illness given by him. The illness is a message and the man has to listen respectfully to the god who had caused it. The gods in Rome were fathers to the Romans, the Romans respected their fathers the gods just like they had to respect their own human fathers. It is the same culture as among the living humans, as they projected to the gods. Romans were trying

to interpret nature and outer space, diseases and the body, and events in the world, all as if made by the will of human-like gods. Romans were trying to “scientifically” understand the natural world but as if it were the result of the wills of humans who were gods, as if “men” were the thinkers behind nature. This reminds me of early man, this I want to say is a primitive religious behavior, reminds me of the Viking religion which has similar superstition of human gods and men and great men. If you read my channeling with the Vikings, you will learn to understand a lot of how the Ancient Romans thought about gods. Of how the importance for a man to provide for the survival of his people, this importance projected into a religion where the importance of a man to have the qualities which ensured survival, was religion also, in which these men-gods were watching and judging the human men to see if the human men were successful in doing what a man must do.

☞ For Vikings this was more obvious. The Vikings worshipped tools and might, things that ensured survival. The Viking men had to be a certain way to let their people survive, and the gods were great men who watched and judged and who might let a great Viking man who succeeded to win this religiously great seal of approval, which was all that life really was about. The Romans have something very similar, although the Romans are involving other things into it, since Romans had more than just the basics, there was also politics, laws, and other more intricate things that governed the Roman society to make it successful, and so then their gods were also more complex and intricate, but they were still men-gods, watching, and

judging, and a man had to earn the seal of approval, and that was all what life was about.

☞ I forget that we are actually talking to Cicero.

Author
Cicero?

☞ Wow, he just smiles to me so greatly with so much love, he thinks about me being a woman who can give birth to sons. But he smiles to me lovingly, as if I am just a girl. It is as if when me a woman approaches him a man, all of my ability of making sons is obvious and is also at stake. We must not forget that in Ancient Rome they probably did not have proper contraceptives. And that a woman must probably guard her womb a bit better than we must do today. So obviously, when I am visiting Cicero my father would be worried that what if I get pregnant with some random man. So, Cicero is smiling at me, because he knows how important it is what I have. At the same time what a great gift to give to someone, if indeed I - or more likely my father - had sent myself to visit Cicero, because it is all to do with my ability to have sons. How important that is. Yet, for me to visit him, I had thought *nothing* about having sons or even sex with him. I just wanted to talk. In fact in my daily life I always forget that I have a womb. I know that I can visit any kinds of men in my time and society without getting pregnant. I could go to any government office I want in my time and society and chat with men about their work in politics or whatever that I might find curious. Without it ever involving my womb.

Unless we both see that we like each other and start flirting. Times are so different, between me and Cicero.

☞ I wish he could show just a bit of curiosity toward my culture, to be at least a bit flexible, meanwhile I am the one who has to adapt and change. I wish he could be an objective scientist and realize that we could *both* set our own cultures aside, to embrace (in a hug, that's all) and celebrate that we are two Homo sapiens from two different times. To cherish humanity and the mystery of time and civilization and culture together. I wish I could tell him these things, and in fact I will.

Author

Dear Cicero? Listen to me?

CICERO

No, I will only listen to your mother. Because she is the one who bore you.

☞ His face shows concern, he grimaces his mouth and his eyebrows and eyes show concern.

☞ I will read to him what I wrote before, because it is beautiful:

Author

I wish you could show just a bit of curiosity toward my culture

☞ I am interrupted.

CICERO

And, what culture is that? What one, I may wonder? And
what of it, to ours and us?

☞ Cicero smiles kindly.

Author

Sweden. In the far north.

CICERO OR SVLLA

We will rape your boys.

☞ Said Cicero or Sulla. [Comment: I had only thought it could be Sulla who said this, because it sounded so unexpectedly brutal like only something that Lucius Cornelius Sulla might say, yet in the next line below, I find out that indeed it was Cicero who said this. Sulla was not speaking.]

CICERO

I am saying that that might happen.

☞ Said Cicero, ok so Cicero previously too.

CICERO

If we come there. *And, not saying* that we do not.

☞ When he says “that we do not”, he means “that we do not come there”.

Author

We have a strong military that would stop the Romans
immediately.

CICERO

We have the gods!

☞ He puts his hand to his mouth as a wall on the side of the mouth to whisper “gods” to me.

Author

We have machineguns.

CICERO

We have brimstone and fire.

☞ Cicero with much love and confidence, almost as if he thought of his beloved brothers but even more love than to his brothers, he thought of up on the mountaintop the lightningstorms that have been seen there, that gods have with their weapons there in those storms lighting up in the sky.

☞ I give up. I should just tell him that yeah my father sent me and I am now going to have sex with him and then I am going to pour him some wine and go back to the whorehouse at the harbor and have my head shaved.

Author

Would it interest you to speak to a woman from the future?

On behalf to all of humanity?

CICERO

What? Are they all listening? My, my, my!, what a great oratory you have become! To be speaking to *all* of humanity! On behalf of us? My, my, my, what would the

gods say, and that includes the wine god, he who makes
men speak.

☞ He means I am a great oratory if I am speaking to all of
humanity. He took it literally, I was meaning that I am
writing it down. I could also make a video or an audio of
this message here. He does not know that. I would have
said that I am writing, but I did say “speak to” and he took
it literally.

Author

Yes. All sorts of men are listening, and they love you and

CICERO

! Well, tell them to bring them over to my house!

☞ He nearly had to grab his heart because he felt the
strongest nudge as his heart filled with this man-love in his
heart from when I used such a strong word as “love” about
the men from my time who appreciate Cicero from history.
I forget that Cicero had no cellphone or internet and so of
course to interact with someone they would have to come
over to his house.

Author

I am from the future and you are written about fondly in
our history books.

CICERO

I am, bothered for you.

☞ He thinks of sons or of a boy, bothered means “worried
about you”, “concerned for you”.

Author

Why is that, dear Cicero? Why are you bothered for me?

CICERO

Because, you are a woman, saying all this.

☞ Cicero concerned, now he cries real tears, he thought of the boy again, this boy who would have gone up to a hill to be closer to the gods. I made him cry.

Author

Do the gods never show favor to women?

☞ He thinks the answer to my question, that when ships at sea go down, also women are taken down into the seas, just the same as how men are, and that no, that is the reason why scientifically logically they know that the gods show no favor or distinction or more mercy toward women, but he does not dress that in words to tell me, he just thought about it. Now he grabs at his heart, but for a different reason, because his heart is weighed and pained, because I am saying these immensely blasphemous things.

Author

I must leave you, Cicero. This conversation did not work out well.

CICERO

I have not even poured you wine? And, you come to tell me, that you are leaving me already? Why, why have you come to give me a sponge bath and massage at the bath?

Did you come, to do that with me?

☞ “To do that” he thinks about me doing oral sex to him while he is in the bath water, and he asked that completely unashamed as if he would have asked “were you going to remember to lock the door on your way out” or anything completely mundane at all, I was so surprised at how he said that without any issue whatsoever. [Comment: “Why, why have you come to give me a sponge bath” he said it as a question, as in, “Did you come here to give me a sponge bath?”. It is a question. He is not saying, “Why did you come here to give me a sponge bath?”]

Author

But I wanted to talk to you about your life and about your work Cicero!

CICERO

No, hahhah, not with any women!

☞ Cicero puts his palm of the hand forward and swipe-flicks the hand once in air to show dismissal.

Author

There is not a single man who can talk to you from the year 2015.

CICERO

What year, do you say? And why have you come to bother me with that right now?

☞ He now thinks of water flowing from a god’s fountain, the fountain has the face and mouth of a god and a basin underneath that god’s head, so this water is water from the god, very meaningful and important holy water in a sense,

and I think the water flows from the god's mouth but I was not sure.

Author

I have a special gift that I can talk to men across time.

CICERO

Yes, you have said that to me.

☞ Cicero stern.

CICERO

And, they did not send young boys to there this time.

☞ Cicero again thinks of the boy with curled locks of blonde hair who had gone up to the hill to be closer to the gods, Cicero is concerned and serious, this is offending his religion because I am a woman claiming things that only gods could do or allow.

Author

Can you be objective for a little while, and think outside of the box?

☞ Using a very modern expression that I am *sure* he will not understand, the box expression.

Author

I live in a time perhaps 3000 years into your future. I am also from the far north in a land that has lots of snow and ice most of the year. We, our people, do not listen to, or have, the Roman gods. And we seem to be fine. Our people are very healthy and happy and safe. We are not a warring

nation. And, our women are rather equal to men. That is why, I am able to talk to you although I am a woman.

☞ He holds one palm of the hand forward but not so rigidly, only as a steady dismissal saying with the hand like “no, stop”, and he is aware of his penis and he wears a white toga and is in a white marble hall, he does not have an erection or anything like that but he is aware of his manparts, and his eyes he is crying tears. What I am speaking there was too much and he could not bear to listen to it. He was crying, because I was making him sad talking like this. Perhaps in essence I was insulting the whole sanctity of womanhood and life itself, by claiming to be some kind of woman who does this and that and is so and so.

☞ Again, some might be tempted to think of the Romans as some very “manly” culture, and in our culture today men are not supposed to cry ever in public, to cry is an unmanly thing in our culture. So one would expect that the Roman men did not cry, because their civilization is so male-oriented and male-defined. But the Roman men could cry whenever it was appropriate to them. They cry with real tears to show grief, to show deep disappointment, and it seems to always relate to the sanctity of family. A Roman man can cry if I have done something that would bring shame to my father, because then he cries out of pity for my father, with sympathy and compassion for my father, since this Roman man has just witnessed my father’s life toils been wasted and my father failing at life before the great gods.

Author

I was hoping that you could tell us more about your life.

☞ He looks at me and smiles with so much love, like a loving father. He is in that marble temple building, and he is wearing a white toga, which has a light blue border. Same kind of border as Aulus Vitellius whose border was a gorgeous crimson red. This border is about one centimeter wide and runs about one centimeter away from the very border of the fabric, it goes horizontally along the bottom hem of the toga and then makes a 90 degree angle and runs vertically up at the front. The Romans who wear these togas are very proud of them. This blue is gorgeous, it shimmers like silver, even for today's standards these types of togas, Cicero's with blue and Aulus Vitellius' with crimson red, are very nice.

CICERO

I would sacrifice a cow for you. If you would tell us where we could place the bovine.

☞ Cicero smiling, he speaks this to gods, he thinks of a young cow or bull that is dead and being roasted on a fire bale, it has been tied down by all four ankles its legs are slightly wide apart but it would appear to have been standing. Its skin has turned leathery and brown like roasted pork.

☞ I must have frightened Cicero by now. He is now offering gifts to the gods, I seem to interpret his behavior now with fear which he tries to correct with the gods. Our conversations are perhaps unethical.

CICERO

Because, there are enemies in our city. *And I have told them about our brimstones, my great gods!* Their harbors will be made into toast. I will see sure to it. We will bring them down. We will, I am sure of it. We will give you this roast, so that you may eat with us. *Just tell us where to place the bovine.*

☞ Cicero talking to the gods about me and my people. The roast is the bovine he plans to offer.

Author

Cicero? I am leaving you now. I came in peace and brotherhood and kindness.

CICERO

Peace, there is no peace when with us are involved.. We will take the all, and burn down your cities. And, what you have written down about me is also not even accurate.

☞ And when he says the last sentence about writing he cries tears, as he thinks that I have written texts about him. I sense from him the meaning of Roman writing, that it was almost like writing spells. To write that a man was great, then he was. To write bad things about a man, then he was that. To not write about a man at all, then he did not even exist. And to write about a man, then he had lived. He worries *how* I have written about him, because he had not been given the chance to craft to edit his speech about himself that I would write down. So he felt as if I had by writing all purely as it was said, as if I had done witchcraft against him, and he cried over that. For me to

write down this conversation as it happened, was for him as if I would have been evil to him and I have written witchcraft about him. Because he would only have let me write a carefully thought-through text about himself. Not all kinds of random stuff. I sensed from him also that text “makes it so”. That the Romans would write texts on paper for the gods, and in so doing make spells asking for things to happen. I also know from many examples before when speaking to the Romans, that men who did something unforgivable would be deleted from history, their written names wiped out. Text was what makes facts, which is why Romans edited facts and history, by omission of unwanted bits, or by editing the way it was said. Such as we found out about Nero, he was no madman, he was only misrepresented in writing. Or how Pompeius himself had paid the government workers to edit the way that his father was written about in history. Writing was what made acts and men eternal, it made acts and people a fact. Writing about something, made it more real than if it just happened. And so Cicero would not have wanted to be written about word by word as we spoke, that fact made him cry and think of witchcraft.

✎ In my time and in my society, we don't mind writing down things word by word. In my time we could cherish a man like Cicero regardless of anything he says or does, because he is history. We would love to know any bits of Ancient Roman life, even things that might not be as flattering or nice. And truthfully we have revealed painfully much of private material in these Roman channelings, privacies that not even - or especially - people from *our*

time would want anyone to write publicly about. But the fact that it teaches us something about humanity, seems to outweigh the fact that this is invasion of privacy. Because we see what the Romans were, and what they were not, and only then can we understand *what we are*. Or otherwise we in our time 2015 are just floating on an island in time and space that was let loose from a chain of past and future.

☞ The more I speak to Romans the more I understand that our concept of what makes sense today is not so basic or true as we want to think. Even to say to each other today “The weather is nice today” means so much that it would never mean to any humans in other times and places. Even our own modern time 2015 is something abstract, and is not the real human way of thinking, acting, or living. We think that humans evolve gradually and that we are always getting better, and that our culture now is the best one we ever had. But our culture and time is just as weird as any other ever was. We don’t have today “the best” way of being, speaking, or acting. Today we say, “Hey, come on in, let me take your coat”, and it means kindness when we do it to a guest in our home. And the Romans would say “let me wash your feet” and of course that also means the possibility of sexual favors. It’s all different, but we are doing strange gestures too. Every piece of body language, every word, everything we do, is arbitrary, and is not some real human culture today nor is it the best culture that we humans ever had. It just changes.

☞ And so to see how these Romans behaved and how they spoke, it teaches us volumes about what a human is. And, for Cicero to want to edit that pure and honest version of

him that I have written down with all the facts of how he has behaved, spoken, responded, felt, or how he has cried or how he puts his palm of the hand forward, to omit any piece of that would be robbing us of so much more of our identity as humans than we already have lost in time.

☞ To the Romans their image was everything. They might not want to write that they were given a bad health in their mouth from the god Mercury that made their mouth smell like feces or that he cries when I talk to him about the women in my country and my time. He would have written a different book about himself. But then we don't know Cicero, and then we don't know Romans, and then we don't know humans.

☞ He takes it for granted, I am sure, just the same as we take it for granted today, that humans are arbitrary in how we think and communicate and behave. It is precious to know every bit of his thoughts and life, because we are so different.

☞ It has been difficult. I have offended his religion, his gods, his culture, his intentions, but he has also insulted my integrity, my private space, my self-worth, and my purpose. I did not get the conversation out of him that I wanted. We did not talk about politics. But if we read that a man was a politician, we like me expect to only hear about politics from him. But he was a Roman man, and like the other Romans I have channeled, they talk about so many other things, and the reason for that is, because the books that they wrote about themselves were not giving the

full picture of them, just like Cicero did not want me to write down everything we were saying.

☞ I will leave him now, without even saying goodbye. Because he does not know who I am. I was not able to tell him. But I have learned a lot.

4:27 PM, December 6, 2015

ABOUT MY WORK

I channel Ancient Roman spirits to talk to them about their life and about Ancient Rome.

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