

HORTENSIA

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

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HORTENSIA

☞ 12:05 midnight between September 22 and 23 2015.
I channel Hortensia, an Ancient Roman woman orator
who made a speech before the senate.

HORTENSIA

I was called crazy by them. I just wanted to tell you, that I
was not. *Because*, I had all of these crazy ideas, about
animals that lived in the trees. But I had seen some of
them! Some of them, that kidnap little children and raise
them up like wolves! *Like the old saying goes.*

☞ The first thing I sensed psychically from the painting
depicting her, and knowing just the name “Hortensia”
above the picture, before I read *anything* else, was “mental
illness”, that she would have had some mental illness in a
chaotic mind of hers. And now she talks about how she was
accused of being crazy by others.

Author

Tell me about your life, Hortensia.

HORTENSIA

I had a lot of mad plans. About what went on in this city.
And then! They made me an orator then! *But only, because I
knew how to talk in front of the boys.* And some of them, they

tried to show and take out their dicks for me. But I didn't listen to that! I just did my oratory! And then, a lot of them bowed, and they applauded for me. They didn't hiss. They didn't stomp their feet either. *And so*, they said that I was made like a boy. They called me a boy after that! But me, I didn't care. I was just their mad painter. I used to paint all kinds of crazy animals that lived up in the trees, animals, which I used to imagine!

☞ From her thought images, she had spoken before a congregation of old men in white togas, and some of them had meant to grab on their penises with their hand and take it out of the toga, reminds me of how the Roman men have responded to my female presence.

Author

Hortensia? Were you a painter or a writer?

HORTENSIA

I was a bit of both. I painted *real life* stories, of things I had seen going on there up in the trees!

☞ I see her paintings that she made in clear memory images, I could very nearly paint them myself copying hers, the paper is brown paper, there is a tree with a bushy leafy top, and there is the wolf with teats and milk in the teats and this wolf lives up in the tree.

HORTENSIA

I was told to be like men by my father. He advised me to do it. Or otherwise? I would have let my hair grow.

Author

Hortensia, tell me about your life? How did you become an orator before the senate?

HORTENSIA

I was good at writing, I had a skill. And I had demonstrated my skills. I also painted! And I drew all the birdies up in the trees!

☞ I see the image of yellow birds drawn in the crown of the tree.

Author

You liked to paint?

HORTENSIA

I liked to paint, more than I liked having children. I didn't want any. And that is why I didn't marry! Much to my father's great defeat!

☞ She definitely comes across as not a noble class woman. She is butch and energetic, outspoken and brave. Not at all the delicate flower that noble women seem to be in their youth, however the two noble Roman women I have talked to turned very confident, strong, wise and educated in their mature years. This woman seems a bit more unrefined, which I of course do not mean in any bad way.

HORTENSIA

I had a good way of speaking. They said I had gotten that gift from the gods. But from which god? They did not say to me. I was told to not be quiet. I was told to sing! Like the

birdies! Oh! They even drew a map for me, of where I need to go! And so I followed those trails.

Author

Hortensia? Tell me about the woman's position in your day of Rome?

HORTENSIA

It depends on where you are born. All of us, *who are grown up with parents who worked or lived in the mines*, we are given of a lower or an inferior status! We are *almost*, similar to the slaves. Because we work for others! We are workers! That is why we are lower! And the others, *all of the others*, they get to eat oysters. We just eat what is available here in the alleys. We sometimes find a dead rat in the alley and we eat it. We also bake pies. And we eat cakes, cakes that are sometimes dirty and gritty, and filled with dirt. But we eat them anyway! And then, when the fine folk come riding across in their chariots, we have to watch out! Or, that we might get stepped on by them! The common folk, we, are not allowed to get them close. The fine folk, like that man who rode a chariot dressed in a red cloak.

☞ The red cloak is a red toga that I see.

HORTENSIA

They would spit at us otherwise. If we do not learn to watch out! And, I had to cut my long hair off like a boy, so that I would not draw too much attention to myself at the senate, or be told that I look like I had come from the whore house. I also said to them that I did not have any boys yet, so that they would leave me alone! And, that my

father he was not a rich man, so that they would not want to marry me! And so, ahem, I could start. I had already prepared for a long time, all evening and into the sunrise.

So I knew what I had wanted to say. They told me, that when I die, my gravestone would say that I was a boy, but I doubted that, and, that I had once been a boy and that my penis had been cut off. But my father refuted all those facts, he said, that I could grow tits like any other woman. So, he was grumpy about that fact for a long time, but you see, that my father he did not have any sons, so he wanted to raise me properly, *so that my sons* would bear his name. It was a great shame for him, to be left fatherless, without a name. So, he needed me to bear the name, *but only until I could have sons of my own*. So I tried it, I made love to many other different men, but nothing worked yet – until one day! That day that I had a child! It was not a boy however, it was a daughter. And for that, my father was even more grumpy, so we drowned it in the bath. I didn't give it a proper burial though, because otherwise, it would have been known by our name. And, my father said, that we had to save our name for the boys. So! I got to take many other men into my bedchambers too, *all in the hopes of getting a son, for my father, and that was not for me*. So! Then! I managed to get myself pregnant again, but then I lost the child. And so, I thought and I figured that I could have none more. So, my father's name it got passed over to me.

And so, *that is the long story of how, I got to go talk to the senate*. Because, most of my friends too, they thought that I was a boy! But! I was never run down over by the chariot! I was never a hired mercenary either! Sometimes, we put poisons into these clay pots, so that other men they would

drink it. But then, if they do that, then we are called a witch for all eternity. I never did that, not even to my father, who once wanted it for him to be done. I never washed his feet either, not even when he was angry. And so, when before I got married, I was living with my father, in my father's house. And, he treated me like his son, and not like one of his slaves. But, the wife that he had married, *who was not my mother*, she was no longer here. So I got to do all of the household chores too. All the while he waited for a son! Which I could not bore! So, I was therefore deemed not important. My father, he always played envy toward the others who were richer, those, who lived over there on those higher hills! For those who lived up, were more important, for they were closer to the god Mercury!

Mercurious, yes!

☞ Seems that Mercury had been spotted in the sky once as a burning flaming with hissing flames meteorite, I mean these flames were really sparking and hissing off of it not like a usual meteor. This is the first ever mention any of my Romans channeled have made of the god Mercury that I can remember.

Author

Hortensia? What can you tell me about the god Mercury?

HORTENSIA

He gives poison, and to others, a medicine. He is the medicine-giver, and the gift-seeker. He gives poisons, that makes some men's eyes die out.

☞ Eyes die out to be blind.

HORTENSIA

And he makes other women, like me, unable to have a child. *And so*, my father thought that because he had felt scorn toward those men, that their god Mercury had cursed me. And, that is why my father was really unable to have a boy, even by me. Even by those men, that he had sent to me, to get me pregnant. Because, he had said to them, that the man who could get me pregnant, would marry me. But, none of them did real well. Because, no boy was given! So! It was a miracle then, when it happened! But, only, that it was a girl child. So, the god Mercury it had poisoned our family. *All because of my father's scorn, to those people who lived up on his hill.* My father blamed himself for a very long time.

❧ Wow. So Hortensia's father had no son, and wanted a son who would carry his name and carry on the family legacy. Her father only had her, a daughter, and so during the time until when hopefully in the future Hortensia would have a son of her own who could take the father's name onward, she was the one to carry his name, to be the son in the family, temporarily in the meantime. The father sent many different men suitors to their house to try to make Hortensia pregnant to make a boy child, and the man who would succeed in getting her pregnant, could then marry her.

❧ Her father had felt jealous of the wealthy families who were living up on the hill. Above this hill there had been once seen a comet or a meteor that they knew to be Mercury. This meteor had made bright long crackling sparks, it was the god Mercury over that hill. The families living on that hill belonged to the god Mercury, or had his

patronage. The god Mercury could cast illness or health, and, since Hortensia's father had felt such envy and scorn against those wealthy families living on Mercury's hill, he knew that god Mercury had punished him by making Hortensia unable to have a child, or unable to have a son. Amazing story, I am sure you agree.

HORTENSIA

So, I had painted all of these trees, to perhaps make the god Mercury happier with me. And, I had even painted our creation story on them. With that mother wolf, that gave birth to the twins. The boys, Remulus and Roma, who lived here once, who were *also* living up on that hill of Mercury, of the gods! I never did any envy or scorn toward them! [toward gods] They were never evil to me, the boys that I painted there. I painted the trees, and I painted the hills, all to make the gods show favor to me. But nothing helped, but nothing worked! And so, I lived with that scorn for a very long time. Until my body grew weary, and old.

And then, I died, or at least I think I died! And so, the gods' scorn and envy followed through me until the end. And I never did have any boys for them. I never did have any boys, for Remulus or Roma. *Not like them*, not like the boys, that I had ever heard of. *And so it goes*, that I was once set out to live my life like a boy would. And that is why my father thought, that I should be a great orator, or a singer!

Well, because I couldn't dance. I couldn't do it. I could also not play the flute, or the keyharp. I could also not fish, as fishing it was a dangerous work for a woman. A woman could get caught and pulled under, by the envious sea gods that were lurking there, and yes, they were always looking

for good or old woman to pull down under. I never did have any sons, like Remulus and Roma. I never did have any. *And, that was the great envy of my father, that had did it.*

I never had any. And so! I started to sing! And I sung, about great songs about our heroes, about the sun that sets, and that brings home the men from our war. The songs, about men who come home to their mothers, *because that is always what mothers sing to their sons before they set out to war.* And so! I was set out, deemed out, to be like a man! And so I sang some songs! And somebody, they had thought that they looked great [the songs]! And so!, I sang even to the gods, that were up on that hill! I thought, that if only they [gods] would like me, then perhaps I could achieve greatness again for my family? So that my father would have a son, and restore his great name? I never had another mother again, who could have fulfilled our family destiny for him, *so it was all resting on me*, to have a son, to restore the family name.

Author

Hortensia? Did you have to live, as if you were a boy, until the time that you could have perhaps had a son for your father?

HORTENSIA

Yes! I had to carry the father's family name! So I was the Hortensia then! I was with my father, all throughout my life, until when he died. And then, the family legacy died with him, and the sun would never set on us again. My father felt great shame, over there in his grave.

☞ I know that Romans supposedly cremated their dead, but the grave is really a stone placard with Roman letters engraved on it, that rested against the ground in a pretty grassy area.

Author

And then how did you feel, did you finally feel free from it?

HORTENSIA

How dare you. I felt defeated, I felt betrayed. *And I knew*, that all of it, had been because of the god Mercury's fault. It was he, who had defeated me, and my father. And we knew, that we could never be un-betrayed. Me and my mother, should have had better luck in fostering sons. But neither of us had any! And so! I had to sing! To restore my family honor, *I had to sing for him!*

☞ To sing for the god Mercury, that is the "him" she means here.

HORTENSIA

My mother should have done better, to foster another son for me. So that I would not have had to do it. And, *I needed to marry* real fast, but there was no real good suitor for me! As, none of them could get their dicks up for me! So, *they were not able to*, there was no way for them to foster for me a son! No! And I sang once, all night all through until sunrise, to the god!

☞ She had sang to god Mercury all night until sunrise.

Author

Does the song have lyrics, texts, words?

HORTENSIA

Oh yes, of course that it does! And it goes like this: “Please, believe me. I meant you no harm. I can always come to you, to do good things. // Please, believe me. I want more sons.

Believe me and disband remove this curse. // Please, believe me. And the little girls will place flower/plant rings in their hair. We will dance for you, oh god old mighty.

Please believe me, as your rings shine bright.”

☞ I did not hear flower or plant but it was one or the other, made out of plants, and she also did not say rings in their hair, but she meant those rings that are made by braiding plants into a ring that is placed on the head, similar to what the great Romans wore on their head although that one was open at the front, and the rings that shine bright on god Mercury are the sparks coming out of the comet Mercury as it rides across the skies, and those were thought to be the discus that the god has in its hand, that is how the Greeks had explained it long ago anyway, the discus are those rings that the god holds.

Author

Can you tell me a Roman song in Roman words?

HORTENSIA

Cae_stulos.

☞ The underline means that “e” is a long and emphasized one, “Caestulos”.

Author

What does Caestulos mean?

HORTENSIA

It means hope. And that is what those rings bring, the ones that are up there that burn in the sky.

Author

Are they the discus of god Mercury?

HORTENSIA

Yes, and he holds them in his hand.

Author

What are they meant for?

HORTENSIA

Don't you know nothing?

Author

Can you still tell me? Or, can we talk about the discus of god Mercury? What do those do, what does he use them for?

HORTENSIA

Why are you believing me, not? I used to say to him. About, *why he did not believe me*, and un-vengeance me and my mother. So that we could have had a son with him!

☞ “With him” meaning to have a son even though in his presence, in the presence of god Mercury.

Author

What does god Mercury do for humans?

HORTENSIA

Oh, he brings the plagues down. He brings great destruction. *And that is why*, it is always best to do as he commands. Or otherwise there is great fury! Like, *when he took our family name away*, all because of the scorn of my father! But! At least he didn't make my father blind! So that we could still tend to our crops! And take care of our farm! And still, milk the cows that we had here!

☞ The Romans did not drink milk, I learned from Sulla.

Author

Hortensia? Romans do not drink milk?

HORTENSIA

No, but it was used for medicine.

Author

What kind of medicine is cow's milk used for?

HORTENSIA

It calms and soothes the mind. In old people.

☞ Seems it was given to demented or just old people with some mental distress and mental agony and worry.

Author

You had cows?

HORTENSIA

I used to place a lot of flowers, out there for the god Mercury.

☞ Over there on that hill where the sparking comet had once flown by claiming the hill.

☞ I know that this is all true, since she first talked about being a painter and painting those trees with the many animals, and how she then next talks the story about god Mercury, *and then* she tells that those paintings were for god Mercury to appease him with the drawings, I mean, I do not have it in me to write such intricate stories that tie in together and confirm the context in this way. Especially, if you saw how fast I am typing this text I do not even have time to think, I just type as it comes to me. Today has been an exceptionally good day, because these two ladies that I have talked to, these channelings have been exceptionally good, I have produced such long paragraphs where they just talk freely and it flows really fast. I don't think my channelings were ever this good, meaning such amazing detail-rich information and that flows so fast as it was today. It has been marvellous.

Author
Hortensia?

HORTENSIA

I was not a boy! But, my mother didn't have any sons for me... So I had to be the one, to take the family name. And then! They gave me scorn, and they whistled after me! So, they threw cow piles at me too. For being the Hortensia.

☞ Again she says "the Hortensia", that must mean something to do with that she takes up position as a boy,

and the whistling was to mock someone, the scorn in this context was also to mock her, rather than anger.

Author

So you sang, and you wrote, and you had painted for the
god Mercury.

HORTENSIA

Yes! Blessed be his name! Blessed, for what he had taken away, and what he could have given back to me and my mother! Blessed, for what he does to our womb! Blessed, for the wounds and cuts that he could have given! *Blessed*, be he! Blessed, for scorned are ye, who take the eyes out and make men blind! Blessed! Oh, holy sing thee! Holy, sing thee! And those trees that I had painted for him! Oh, holy! Sing me, to give the birds to you [yellow birds that she had painted in the tree painting]!

☞ The “wounds and cuts” looked in her thought image to be boils from an infectious disease, pus filled pustules from a disease that we do not have to suffer from today, and from her thoughts, the sparks around the comet that was god Mercury, those sparks were bright and so those sparks could take someone’s eyesight away, it came from that.

Author

Hortensia? Tell me about when you made a speech in the senate? How was that like for you?

HORTENSIA

Like I said, they didn’t stomp their feet. And, not only *some* but almost all of them offered me their penis.

☞ The image is that those men tugged upward on their togas, though not exposing anything, but the gesture that Julius Caesar did to me only very recently is to tug upward on the toga on the area that sits at the upper part of one thigh, though not directly above the privates. And it seems, that Roman men could quite unashamedly tug at their togas to show to a woman that they were offering or interested, even if those men were among other people who might see that gesture being done. It was something not done between two people in the private. It was, still at this stage of just tugging, considered still as something entirely decent and inconspicuous.

Author
Hortensia?

HORTENSIA
I liked to sing to him too.

☞ To god Mercury.

☞ I now read what this speech was about. Some had decided to impose a tax on Roman wealthy women, and the women were unhappy. Women had no say in politics, but the women made Hortensia the spokesperson to object to the taxing of women.

Author
Hortensia? What was your speech about? That you gave to the senate?

HORTENSIA

My father sent me there. To, try to gain more influence. Because, in our society we were very poor. We had no affluence. And so, we meant to give and do well. We went to speak before the brothers, of the senate. To see, if we could perhaps get more riches that were sent to our family. *And so, we did.* But we were not made rich then. We were only made poorer, because some of them they scorned us then.

Author

Were women about to get taxed by the government?

HORTENSIA

Oh yes! And they always were! We *also*, wanted to wear fine clothing.

Author

You talk as if your family was not a wealthy one?

HORTENSIA

We just didn't live on the Mercury hills, *but my father wanted to.* So, he wanted to gain more affluence, in our society. And so he sent me, up to that hill! To be a great oratory! To try to speak on their behalf! To see, if the god of Mercury could be nicer to us, if we had spoken to his people! *We tried to.* But we were not successful. They just scorned at us, and hissed. And then, we were told to climb down, *as we were not one of Mercury's people.* Many men, they laughed at me. For trying to speak to their women. About the womb! About, what had happened to us! So, we climbed back down again. And my father, told me to put all of our great gifts, in a basket, and to sink it down to the

sea, in case that the sea gods might do us one good favor. But, *he did not sink that into the sea*, he then decided against it. Because he thought, that by no means would the god of Neptune grant us any great son. It would have to come from above, from the god of Mercury! And so, we made it back up on that hill, where the tree was found, that still hold bare resemblance to the god!

☞ The god being Mercury that holds resemblance, this is the tree on the hill of Mercury that Hortensia had painted by the way.

Author

Hortensia? Did women want to speak to the senate about taxing of women? Is that what you came to talk about?

HORTENSIA

Only, because my father wanted affluence. That is why they chose me. Because! No one else who had already had a son, would have dared to do it! *Because they had their sons to do that part*. Only we, who were sonless, were meant to do it. Because, both me and my mother had failed at bearing the right fruit of our womb. So, we had to do it, because we could hold the most resemblance to our father, so, that is why, me as a woman, could be most as a man, or so we thought at least.

☞ This is starting to make sense now. If women had to speak to the senate, then how are they going to do it? Here was this woman, who was already having to represent the masculine lineage of her family, since there were no sons in the family. So send her.

Author

Do you remember your speech to the senate? Can you cite it for me, or read it to me?

HORTENSIA

It wasn't about Mercury, that one. *As, the men wouldn't have listened to me anyway, if I were talking about the gods.* The men didn't listen to women anyway!

Author

Can you read your entire speech to me, that you presented for the senate?

HORTENSIA

Oh yes. And they didn't even hiss. They were *all* really polite. And well-behaved, because they already all had mistresses, so none of them really did want me. They didn't even invite me to the bathhouse to wash their back! *As, some of the other slave women had to go in there with them.* To do unmentionable and unthinkable things! But I didn't have to do there. And so! They didn't even hiss at me! And, none of them they even stomped their feet! It was all calm and quiet. And I delivered the speech. And then I got back to painting my trees for the god of the hill.

☞ I will leave Hortensia now. I have read the citation from her speech, which is about taxing women. One more Roman woman, then I will have to end channeling for today.

ABOUT MY WORK

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

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