

Gigolo MonLeone del Monte

**Dreaming of Italy and how to survive
there**

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and

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Tractor-sex-trip

Jessica and Gigolo, not his real name but I will explain that later, sometimes secretly sneak away. They mount our old tractor, drive over the hill, hide between the gorse and— well— there is no other way to say this: They have sex. Apparently great sex.

They do that despite the fact that they broke up ten years ago. Which was precisely six days before we all took a decision and left our homes.

We are a group of friends from Berlin, Amsterdam and Paris. It is not that we did not like our previous lives, we were just hoping to create even better lives. More relaxed, more nature, more artistic, new challenges. We sold everything, gave up our jobs and lives, took our dogs and cats, our hopes and dreams and bought five cheap airline tickets, flew to Italy, bought a cheap farmhouse, which was, and still is partly in ruins and we moved into the part that is in pretty good shape.

We started planting potatoes and cucumbers. And although we had neither luck nor talent and nothing came out of the seeds, we thought it was worth a try.

After all who says, living in nature means you have to know all about it?

We didn't mind that none of us spoke the language. Jessica and Gigolo are Dutch. Brenda is from Berlin, Joseph from Dortmund in Germany. And I was born and raised in Iran and have lived in Paris in the end. When we talk to each other, it is a mishmash of all the languages we speak, mixed into English, which none of us is perfect in either. Which I am sure those of you who are, by now have discovered without having been told. And let me share with you it was not an easy decision to write our story in a foreign language, which English is for me. But then I thought: Better I write it despite the imperfect language, then not telling it at all. And I hope you will agree.

So here we were, young, happy and full of hope. And we were lucky. We found this old farmhouse in the beautiful hills at the foot of the impressive Apennine Mountains in the Italian province, called the Marche.

A few weeks after we moved in, we had a heavy rainfall and the water was dripping into the house in various places through various holes in the very old roof. Joseph

saw the buckets and pots and said: "Removing all the tiles, repairing the holes, putting the tiles back in place, 60.000 Euro."

Our mouths gaped open and we all looked at each other worried, we knew we could not and should not spend our money on things like that, if we wanted to realize our dream of a nice and relaxed life. When Gigolo's and my eyes met, we both kind of had the same thought. We waited for the rain to stop and the tiles to dry and went on the roof. The places where the rain came in were places where the tiles were broken or missing. It was a bit scary to be up there and actually some more tiles cracked under our feet. But we managed and replaced all broken and missing pieces and the next rain proved that it would have been a total waste to spend 60.000 Euro on a job that cost us nothing. Plus we had so much fun, repairing our roof, that we decided, we are going to do as much of the needed renovation ourselves. After all, we are all creative, enthusiastic, artists. Well, all except Joseph.

So we replaced some windows, even knocked down a few walls and plastered and painted others.

Jessica's room is blue. Not just one type but at least four types of blue. Gigolo painted his room brown and white. Brenda and Joseph have each painted half their room. Her part is red and the other part, his, in grey. And myself I like it white. Really white, so that my mind can stay focused on writing and being creative and is not being distracted by colors.

By the way I am Lilli. Writer and filmmaker. In Iran and Paris I have had some successes. Ever since I moved to Italy, I do nothing most of the time, but: dolce far niente, sweet doing nothing. Every now and then I give it another try and plant tomatoes or try to raise chicken, otherwise I am reading, talking and making plans for big and nice projects, of which so far none have been realized.

Only a short while ago I realized I am missing something: Writing. And I sat down and just began and voila: Here I am, writing the story of my friends. Actually the initiation to getting back to writing was Gigolo. Oh, and that reminds me I wanted to tell you about him and his ex-girlfriend still having sex. And that they go outside to do it. We have lots of extra rooms and stables and

space in the house and Jessica and Gigolo could have sex here. None of us would even notice, let alone mind. But Jessica has discovered that it is much more fun for her to have sex in the great outdoors.

“It is the half-in-public aspect of it that excites me like nothing else”, she says- rather breathes her words. The danger of getting caught in the middle of doing ‘it’, just adds to the fun. And she says she loves to imagine hunters hiding and watching her with their binoculars from afar. In her mind she sees the men with their loaded rifles and in their green army-like-hunting-outfits, getting excited in the outdoors and she and Gigolo being the reason for the men’s excitement.

“Picturing them”, she says, “gives me the final impulse to have great and incomparable orgasms.”

Jessica has also discovered that she likes to scream, make noises and moan loudly, “a bit like a wild cat or other wild animal”, she says.

Just this morning Jessica and Gigolo went out with the tractor and when they came back Jessica was glowing and smiling, she could not wait to tell Brenda and me what had happened. And Brenda and I could not wait to

hear what makes our friend so happy and look so young and - oh, just so sexy.

But Jessica challenges our patience and first wants us to make a pot of tea. Then she ushers us out to our big fig tree to pick some figs. Only when the basket is filled with the juicy fruit, she directs us to her favorite place in the cosy and shady corner of the garden, next to the lawn. And finally she is willing to entrust Brenda and me with the story of her latest escapade.

“Gigolo got really wild”, Jessica says with a big smile, as she swallows a mouthful of juicy fig, savoring the taste in her mouth, before she goes on to tell us what happened on her latest “tractor-sex-trip”, as she calls it.

“He wanted me to sit behind the steering wheel, and...”, Jessica knows how to make it exciting, she looks up in the blue sky, closes her eyes and puts another fig in her mouth.

“Come on!” Brenda cries out. “Stop torturing us. So he wanted you to sit behind the steering wheel and.....?”

“Did I say behind the steering wheel? Oh what I meant, was on his lap, while HE was driving the tractor.”

“What?” Now it is me crying out.

“You mean while he was driving the tractor you sat on his lap and...?”

Jessica’s smile gets even bigger, she looks at us both and just nods her head slowly until she bursts out into loud and dirty laughter.

“And then....?”, Brenda asks, with a red face, so caught up in the excitement of the story that she can hardly breathe anymore.

“Nothing ‘then’”, Jessica says and licks her sticky fingers. “It was the best sex I have ever had.” With a happy smile on her face Jessica imitates the steady and rhythmic up and down movements of the tractor with her hips. “And it was the most effortless sex I have ever had too”, she concludes her description of her tractor-sex-trip.

I look at Jessica and can’t avoid seeing her sitting on Gigolo’s lap, while he is driving the tractor and them having sex and I can also not avoid a certain feeling of jealousy.

Brenda seems to be having similar feelings and says: “Good for you. Oh boy, I think I would pay money for a chance to try that too.”

She has barely finished her sentence, when we realize that Gigolo is standing right behind us.

“You’d pay money for a chance to try what?”, he asks and we all start laughing.

Gigolo shrugs his shoulders, fishes a ripe fig from our basket and says: “Well whatever it was, you know me, if we can make any money out of what ever, count me in.”

Jessica just goes on giggling and Brenda and I look at him and try our best not to imagine him sitting on the tractor anymore. Of course he senses that we are laughing and talking about something that has to do with him. But at least for now he doesn’t care, because he seems to have something more important on his mind.

I don’t want to stare at him but can’t take my eyes off him. And I am thinking to myself, that I must be acting ridiculous looking at my friend as if he was a sex object. And then an idea comes to my mind. I remember having seen a calendar once with portraits of sexy fire fighters from New York, another one with sexy soldiers and even a calendar with sexy young Italian priests. I think, if Gigolo would lose a few kilo and built a few

muscles, his body would be good material for a calendar of sexy farmers.

And I remember the story of how he got his name. When he was a little boy sitting in class, one day a teacher asked his students what they want to be when they grow up. While the other boys said, they want to be a pilot, Superman, car-racer and such things, Gigolo responded, he wants to be a gigolo.

“What?”

“Yes’, he said, “when I am a man I want to please all women in the neighborhood and in the entire world.”

And since then everybody calls him Gigolo and he likes it and has kept the name.

Gigolo is our darling, we all love him, he is always pleasant to be with, he is prepared to jump in and help and he always seems to have a smile on his face. Gigolo is not what you would call a classic beauty, but he is tall and handsome with blue eyes and as mentioned earlier, all together he has an appearance and a body to work with. Oh and not to forget, unlike Joseph, Gigolo showers every day, sometimes even twice or thrice.

Gigolo sees me staring at him, just smiles, looks at Jessica and reaches for her: "Jess", he says with a warm voice and all three of us melt a bit.

"I urgently have to make another round to the fields behind the hill. Would you like to join me?"

"On your tractor?" Jessica grabs his hand and jumps to her feet.

Gigolo just nods his head and puts his free hand gently on her bottom and off they go leaving Brenda and I and the basket with the sticky figs behind.

Sighing loudly Brenda and I follow them with our eyes until we can't see them anymore and we hear the tractor roaring off. I look at Brenda and she looks at me and we both have the feeling that none of us would mind being in Jessica's place right now.

An hour or so later I am in the kitchen cooking our last spelt, together with some herbs and some figs for dinner and I think we should go shopping, as there is nothing else left to eat. But then suddenly I hear screaming and shouting from outside and I drop everything and rush out.

The first thing I see in the distance are Jessica and Gigolo, coming back on the tractor, probably just having had another fantastic round of sex. But the screaming is not coming from their direction. So I go around the corner and see a bit further away by the stables Brenda and her husband Joseph in the middle of a fight. A big fight. They are too far away and the tractor is too close and makes too much noise for me to hear what their fight is about. But I see Joseph with an axe in his hand screaming and gesticulating wildly at Brenda and rushing towards her.

Our last chicken & a kill

My first impulse is to run and help my friend Brenda. But on second thought I stop myself. Just in case our friend Joseph has completely lost his mind and not only wants to kill his wife but all of us. You hear and read the most bizarre things. In America or Germany for example, young boys go to school, like they do on any ordinary day, but then on one day they take their father's rifle to school, with the idea that it is the right day to kill their fellow students and teachers.

It is scary to realize that you never know what people have on their minds when they get up in the morning. Having pictured all of this I decide it would probably not be the best idea to run into the arms of a potentially mad man with homicidal tendencies. Instead I turn around and run towards Jessica and Gigolo and the tractor.

By now they have seen Joseph and Brenda too and they too realize something is seriously wrong. Gigolo throttles up the tractor and increases speed to get to them as quickly as possible. Jessica and Gigolo are both

shouting and waving their arms, desperately making wild gestures, trying to stop Joseph from doing whatever it is he wants to do with his axe, while at the same time Brenda is running away from him, also waving her arms and screaming.

But Joseph doesn't seem to hear or see any of this. With blind determination he holds the heavy axe high up above his head and keeps sprinting towards Brenda, who seeing this over her shoulder, tries to run even faster, screaming even louder. She screams so loud that she scares one of our dogs and the only chicken we have left. It seems that everybody is running and waving their arms, tails or wings and screaming, barking or cackling. Everyone is contributing to the crazy noise and chaos. The dog is running and barking, running back and forth, chasing and barking at everyone and everything and our poor little chicken is flapping its wings, desperately trying to get away from all the crazy creatures and the noise.

From all directions we are all moving closer and closer towards each other. Then something happens that shocks me even more. Brenda lets out a powerful scream

and throws herself towards the chicken, catches it in her arms, then swiftly gets back on her feet. She stands still for a brief moment, trying to hold on to the flapping and cackling chicken. But before any of us can even begin to understand why she does that, the chicken frees itself from Brenda's grip, fluttering awkwardly. As it reaches the ground it continues to run so fast that it actually almost does take off of the ground and looks like it is flying. As Gigolo and Jessica close the gap between themselves and Joseph, Gigolo calls out: "Stop Joseph! Have you gone mad?!"

Suddenly the frustrated chicken changes direction in panic and runs at full speed, unwittingly, right in front of the tractor.

It takes Gigolo a moment to slow down the heavy machine. When the tractor finally grinds to a halt and as he jumps down he screams: "Joseph, are you insane?" But then he suddenly realizes something that shocks him even more: The poor little chicken has ended up under the chain of the tractor!

Gigolo swears he tried to stop the engine but he can not continue speaking. His strong and manly facade

implodes and it seems he would start crying any moment.

Brenda is the next one not able to control herself and seeing the poor bird flat under the chain she instantly starts sobbing. Jessica jumps off the tractor, turns to Joseph, screaming and shouting at him.

“Have you lost your mind?”

But Joseph is still gasping for air and holding his chest out of breath from the rare physical effort, and he can't respond. We are all running around, shouting, angrily we are waiting for him to explain what the devil has gotten into him. But then we hear a strange noise from under the tractor.

It is Brenda who screams: “Its still alive!”

We all look at the chicken and see a sad flap-flap of its wings.

“Maybe it can be saved. Maybe it can be taken to the vet”, Gigolo cries out and jumps back on his tractor to release the poor bird. The rest of us go quiet, and just look at the chicken and we hear and see a last “flap, flap” and another even sadder and more exhausted single

“flap” from the chicken. And then there is nothing but silence.

“Of course it is not alive anymore. What do you think? This chicken is dead as dead can be”, says Joseph, but immediately realizes that at this point he should have kept his mouth shut, as he knows that Gigolo doesn’t take well to cruelty against animals.

I don’t really know, why in a moment like that something, that Gigolo has once told us, comes to my mind. He said, how much he hates tattoos, but that if he would be forced to have one it would definitely say something like: ‘Vegetarians live longer!’ Or more direct: ‘Meat is murder!’

So now the chicken being dead, and him realizing, that it is HE who has killed it, as it was HIS tractor that ran over it, Gigolo sinks to his knees in front of the crushed chicken and finally cannot hold back anymore and actually does start sobbing. Quietly and very manly. All we can see is his back shaking and moving up and down violently. Gradually though, his sobbing stops as if seeing the whole picture and understanding what has happened. It was not his fault. He did not purposefully

drive over the chicken. The chicken had been driven under his tractor. By whom? By Joseph!

Gigolo darts up, takes a leap, throws himself at Joseph and plunges his fists into Joseph's slightly overweight body, punching him relentlessly. Joseph is so surprised he does not hit back or even protect himself, just goes to the ground.

When Gigolo gets tired from all the punching and we get tired from all the yelling, screaming and excitement, everyone calms down a bit. Finally we get a chance to ask Joseph why he went mad and why he was chasing Brenda with his axe.

"Brenda? You think I wanted to kill Brenda?", he gasps. "For heaven's sake no. I love that woman. Why would I want to kill her? The chicken. I wanted to kill the chicken. And I had sent Brenda to catch it for me, but then you all came and my wonderful plan..."

"You wanted to kill the chicken?!", Gigolo shouts.

"Our last chicken", Jessica shouts in turn and she has to stop herself from jumping onto Joseph continuing the punching that Gigolo had begun. Instead she shouts:

“But why? It was giving us eggs every now and then and...it...was...so...cute”, she mutters.

Without saying anything more, Joseph flinches, holding his hurting stomach, and he bends in terrible pain and rushes into the house.

The rest of us stay behind to gather what is left of the chicken. We comfort each other and discuss Joseph’s behavior. Joseph is – besides being Brenda’s husband – our friend, but admittedly, he sometimes drives us mad and his behavior often puzzles us. He is, in many ways, the ‘odd one out’ in our group.

At times he is a kind father figure to our group of friends. Organizing a lot for us, finding solutions, when none of us have a clue what to do anymore. He is the businessman and his businesses in Berlin and Hamburg – what kind of business exactly, we don’t know – contribute to our finances. And although we love him as a friend and for everything he does for us, we sometimes don’t understand him at all. The rest of us are sensitive and emotional people, but Joseph? We sometimes wonder if he has any feelings at all. Except