



I Appeared to the Madonna

CARMELO BENE

Carmelo Bene (1937–2002) was a notorious Italian actor, writer, and director who inaugurated his theater in 1959 with Camus' *Caligula* then exploded onto the artistic scene with his outré *Christ '63*. Later, he collaborated with Pasolini, Glauber Rocha, Bussotti and others as well as philosophers, like Gilles Deleuze.

In 1983, the fiercely polemical grand provocateur wrote *I Appeared to the Madonna*, a kind of *ars poetica* and chronicle of his life, self-described as very risky, imaginary, and at the same time real. The work is founded on Bene's concepts of non-being, abandonment, and lack. As Piergiorgio Giacchè noted, "the phrase 'I appeared to the Madonna' was never a saying but a doing of Bene's, an event that marked the body of his actor and the corpus of his works: appearing to Our Lady has become an addition to his grace and the accomplishment of his genius."

Less factual autobiography & more autobiographical poem, *I Appeared to the Madonna* tests the limits of lyric versification while its prose, just as Bene's films, is not writing alone but a form of music. This incendiary testament of Bene's life includes tales of his combative encounters with critics, the public, and his iconoclastic views on theater, cinema, poetry & more, including chapters on Salvador Dalí, Eduardo De Filippo, and Jules Laforgue as well as anecdotal elucidations of some of his plays and films. True to Bene's character, *I Appeared to the Madonna* is at once furious, incandescent, comic, and

brutally sarcastic; it resounds with beautifully fierce contempt for stupidity and a hallowed view of his own brilliance — finally, fulfilling Dalí's prediction, Bene overcame the suffering of the artist and became a genius.

Also included herein is Bene's "An Autographical Portrait" (the bios has been subtracted), which was conceived as an introduction to his complete works. In this portrait, Bene *rehearses* again his many lives, enumerating the uninterrupted series of illnesses & repeated surgical interventions that frequented his body from his childhood to his death. A body disintegrated becomes a disembodied voice, and all vulgar action (a theater "figure") is subtracted and the lives become works: "What has been disintegrated," Bene notes in his 'Portrait,' "is the concept of authorship exceeded by the deprogramming that occurs in the production and the constitution of ourselves as works of art, of which only the dregs are the object of the typographical body." In this miraculous aphasia-apraxia, Bene's de-mental disarticulation can only parody the unheard song. He listens. With closed mouth. *Sans* author. The inexpressible masterpiece that was, and is, Bene lives.

Translated by Carole Viers-Andronico, this is the first in a series of several volumes of Bene's writings that Contra Mundum will publish. As one of the only true 'spiritual' heirs of Artaud, Anglophones must at last reckon with Bene's genuinely radical transvaluation of every form of aesthetics.

Bène, CARMELO. – Attori
matografico (n. Lecce 1937)
me protagonista del *Caligola*
to una compagnia (primo c
che ha dato vita a spettacc
contro il teatro ufficiale si u
lo e uno stile carico di effe
Della sua vasta produzione
tra l'altro la manipolazione
ricordano: *Lo strano caso d*
1961; *Amleto* da Shakespe
stra Signora dei Turchi, 19
Marlowe, 1966; *Salomè* da
beffe da Benelli, 1974; *S.A*
Pinocchio, 1982; *Lorenzacc*
Adelchi da Manzoni, 1992.
dei Turchi, 1968; *Don Gio*

re e regista teatrale e cine-
). Ha esordito nel 1959 co-
a di Camus e ha poi forma-
aso in Italia di anti-teatro),
oli in cui alla provocazione
niva il gusto dello scanda-
tti istrioneschi e barocchi.
teatrale – in cui è costante
e integrale dei classici – si
del dr. Jekill e del sig. Hide,
are e Laforgue, 1964; *No-*
64; *Faust e Margherita* da
Wilde, 1967; *La cena delle*
L.D.E., 1974; *Otello*, 1978;
cio da De Musset, 1986;
Tra i film: *Nostra Signora*
vanni, 1970; *Salomè*, 1972.

I Appeared to the Madonna

CARMELO BENE

Translated & with a preface by

Carole Viers-Andronico



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Table of Contents

0-x	TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE
	Appearing to the Madonna & Disappearing From the Act
	A Brief Note on the Translation
0-45	AN AUTOGRAPHICAL PORTRAIT
46	I APPEARED TO THE MADONNA
50	End of the First Act
92	Actresses
100	Entracte
106	Francesco Siciliani & "The Idiots With Flashes of Imbecility"
114	Ophelia
116	Incomprehension (To Lydia)
124	A Prose Stage (Giuseppe Di Stefano)
128	Salvador Dali
134	I Appeared to the Madonna
148	"Those Who See, Don't See What They See..."
164	Eduardo
170	Parodies
174	"Eusebio"
180	From Poetry to Theater
184	"Romeo and Juliet" in Paris
198	Another One Hamlet Less
206	Oedipus the Actor
212	To Jules Laforgue
216	"Richard III" or on Worldly Crime
230	"Macbeth" or the Sunset of Solitude

Translator's Preface

In memory of Michael Henry Heim (1943–2012)
A brilliant translator & teacher, who taught me
everything I know about translation.

APPEARING TO THE MADONNA & DISAPPEARING FROM THE ACT

“What matters is that we liberate ourselves from language,
that we concentrate only on its black holes.”
— Carmelo Bene, “CB versus Cinema”

To say that Carmelo Bene defies classification would be an understatement. As an actor and author, he spent the better part of his life subtracting himself from the tenets and genres of Western representation (i.e., tyrannical, conformist power structures) that he unabashedly despised and ridiculed. Nevertheless, his rather unique approach to creative production, infused with an erudition as profound as it was original in its (re)elaboration, left an indelible scar on the multiple domains in which he (surgically) intervened during the course of his career: theater, film, radio, prose, & poetry — nothing survived his artistic fury.

His incursions into such disparate domains may seem peculiar, if not simply impossible (as he notes in his “An Autographical Portrait,” one life was not enough to accomplish all he attempted). The breadth of these endeavors, however, corresponds to a lucid and meticulously pursued path of research into the possibilities — and therefore the role — of every domain of art. Rather than dealing with representations and conveying messages — what Bene spitefully calls

the History of (the patronage of) Art — artists should relinquish the constraints of logic & the “tyranny of meaning,” offering to the witness-spectator only an incomprehensible and thus incommunicable sound-vision experience. According to Bene, the work of art loses its traditionally prominent role to become no more than an empty vessel through which the artist (the real masterpiece) pierces a hole into the fabric of meaning.

The sundry conceptual devices that Bene utilizes in his unorthodox artistic practices originate predominately in his theater. The centerpiece of these devices is undoubtedly his concept of the *actorial machine* — what he defines as “shredding language-representation-subject-object-History.” It is Bene’s answer to the conventional figure of the actor: instead of performing a role by memorizing a text and parroting it on stage, the *actorial machine* is first and foremost an amplification of the voice, the aural blow-up, or enlargement, of its dynamics and modulations in an attempt to obliterate the image-representation and reinstitute a sort of natural order of things — as Bene reminds us in his “Portrait”: “In our physiological adventure [...] the aural precedes the visual.”

The *actorial machine* is also the singular instrument that allows Bene to short-circuit the mechanics of representation via the act. In Bene’s lexicon, actor originates from the Latin *agere* (imploring, longing

for) & therefore the act is antagonistic to the action (in Italian *agire*, or keeping busy): while the action is what belongs to History (i.e., a chronology of intentions, projects, and plans), the act is the eternal present in which the actor is able to lose his "self." In a trance-like state he sheds the burden of representation, of meaning, and ultimately of identity. The subject itself (as Bene emphasizes, the word "subject" comes from the Latin *subiectum*, or slave) consequently disappears. In his narrative version of *Lorenzaccio*, Bene writes: "History is numeration and nomination; it is the historiography of the dead that excludes me. Alive, I am incomprehensible to History; just as History does not concern me."

Since History and representation are deemed suspect, Bene's theater must become a "theater without performance," where all that matters is irremediably on the margins of the scene (what Bene would call, via a play on words, the "ob-scene"). Hence the importance he accords to "un-staging the play": Bene does not proceed by building or adding; his *modus operandi* is always that of a surgical subtraction. A case in point is his un-staging of Shakespeare's *Richard III*: as Gilles Deleuze points out in "Un manifeste de moins," what Carmelo Bene excises from this play are all the figures of power. Only Richard III and the women are left, so that the original tragedy, amputated of its fundamental political core, can become something

entirely other: an un-staging echoed in the continuous dismemberment and stripping away of clothing and prosthetic limbs.

The battlefield where Bene's iconoclastic furor is on full display is his filmography (& later in television): four short and five feature-length films directed between 1968 and 1973 made to "demolish the image" via schismatic editing, repetition, overexposed sequences, and hyper-saturated colors. An iconoclasm that also explains his interest in radio and live recitations: the written text was for him only a "deceased oral," and reading was to be intended as "non-memory." Forgetting the written text is the only way to resurrect the oral from the tomb to which writing had condemned it.

All the themes briefly touched upon above can be found in *I Appeared to the Madonna*, which Bene describes as his "both real & imaginary" autobiography. The work was first published in Italy in 1983, two years after he performed an unforgettable *Lectura Dantis* in Bologna on the occasion of the first anniversary of the Bologna massacre, when terrorists bombed the city's train station, killing 85 and wounding more than 200 people. Bene was perched atop the Asinelli Tower with a crowd of over 100,000 people below listening to his amplified voice. The book's titular chapter tells the story of that spectacular reading, as well as the events surrounding its mise-en-scène. But *I Appeared*

to the Madonna does much more than recount that story: it is a creative narrative that provides readers with the essential critical elements that comprise Bene's narrative, his cinematic & theatrical (un)thinking. It is a statement of method, of a philosophy of art and of being, or rather of *not being*, in the world. It also recounts some of his most outrageous escapades & happenings, as well as his encounters with the important thinkers and personalities of his generation. *I Appeared to the Madonna* is preceded by the introduction he wrote for his collected works published by Bompiani in 1995 and titled "An Autographical Portrait" (here, the bios has been excised).

Readers will also be blessed with forthcoming translations that will comprise, along with the present text, the prose works Bene included in his collected works.

One such volume will present readers with the novel *Our Lady of the Turks* (1966), which, as Bene notes, is "a perverse novel on the *idiolect*" that portrays a "merciless parody of 'interior life,' risibly entrusted to the third-person narrative form: a monody peopled by a thousand and one voices." The novel was (re)elaborated in images in an eponymous film, which Bene calls "a 1968 film, or better yet, the 'anti-1968 film' par excellence [that was] misunderstood to the bitter end."

Another volume will include a collection of Bene's shorter prose pieces & a work for the stage, his version

of De Musset's armchair play *Lorenzaccio* (1986), "a study [in the form of a story] on the impossible paternity and coherence of any *action* that in the *act* loses its very intent," which will be accompanied by Bene's short stage play *Lorenzaccio: An Italian Version and Adaptation-Reduction of Alfred de Musset; Italian Credit V.E.R.D.I.* (1965), an "orphaned work" that is "less and more than an *almost-story* of the street market of local devotion"; excerpts from *The Voice of Narcissus* (1982), a fascinating collection of reflections on theater that Bene chose to include in his collected works; and lastly, a piece entitled "Theatrical Research in the Representation of the State, or on the Ghost's Performance Before and After C. B." (1990), which excerpts sections of the book *La ricerca impossibile* [*Impossible Research*] that Bene published, alongside a second book, *Il teatro senza spettacolo* [*The Theater without Performance*], during his directorship of the 1989 "Venice Biennale" for theater.

An eventual volume comprising a selection of Bene's plays is envisioned, in the hopes that Bene's masterpieces can be not only read, but also resurrected on stages across the Anglosphere.

These book-length translations are meant to introduce Bene's *impossible research* to Anglophone readers, and the translation project as a whole seeks to incite the reader to follow Bene down his deep rabbit hole. A word of caution: there will be no consolation

at the end of the journey. Certainly not a happy ending. But instead of a descent or a fall, the reader can expect an ascent, hopefully a levitation. Like San Giuseppe Desa da Copertino, the idiot saint who “went around the world with his mouth hanging open” and who unknowingly flies, terminating his ascensions in the most improbable of places. These impossible and unrepresentable flights of the Saint are the prime example of what Bene calls “unthinking,” which, as Piergiorgio Giacché beautifully explains in his *Antropologia di una macchina attoriale*, is the abandonment that allows the actor to surrender the process of thinking and by extension to shed his identity. It is what will enable him to finally offer himself as a pure vision. To simply appear. Even to, or better yet as, the Madonna.

A BRIEF NOTE ON THE TRANSLATION

This translation is not a repeat performance; it is an “other” performance that attempts its own disappearance from the act. While not always successful in that disappearance, it endeavors to stare into an empty mirror identical to the one Bene embodied. To accomplish this translator’s task, the translation often employs unconventional syntax and jarring word choices to disrupt the English language and to work on its margins, or its black holes.

To remain faithful to the author’s work, and to present Anglophone readers with a similar literary experience to the readers of the original Italian, the translation includes neither footnotes, nor endnotes. There are no explanations given, nor any elucidation provided with respect to the myriad literary, operatic, painterly, and philosophical references from the language traditions of Italy, France, Germany, Spain, and others, except in those rare cases where Bene himself included them in his works. The pleasure of unearthing those references is part of this reading experience.

Bene riddles his texts with foreign words and phrases, which the translation respects, whereas citations that he translated from other literary traditions are rendered in English. Titles of Italian and other foreign works appear in English if an extant

translation exists, except in cases where the English title loses a sense that is important to Bene's text. For example, in *I Appeared to the Madonna*, Bene notes the importance of the title of Gabriele Baldini's *Abitare la battaglia*, which was translated by Roger Parker as *The Story of Giuseppe Verdi*. Since the sense of the original title matters to Bene's text, the original Italian is left as is with the English title in brackets.

This translation follows the editorial convention of using brackets to call attention to interventions in the text, which, in Bene's original Italian works, have been rendered as parentheses. Italics, on the other hand, are used for emphasis by the author or to signal a title.

An Autographical Portrait

Talent does what it likes, genius does what it can.

When it comes to genius, I have always been lacking in talent.

Ever since our flowering-fading at the blindness of the light, *the oral has taken precedence over the written*: the written understood as the deceased oral.

The written is the oral's funeral; it is the continuous removal of *the internal*.

From the very moment of our waning birth a destiny begins.

Merciless, for the majority of human beings: if you are not born a millionaire, then you are doomed for life. You must submit to daily life, obtain the incentives for your plan; instead of un-planning, you are damned to the design.

It started when it had ended, like in all "Lorenzaccian" misadventures. Had I been the millionaire Schopenhauer, I most certainly would not have written *The World as Will and Representation*. I would have been very careful not to do so: we are not born to work, to explain ourselves, to think; we are not even born to un-think, because this, too, is to occupy ourselves with thought. We are not born to manage, to acting-suffering: it is all inflicted on us by circumstance.

Just as we passively endure every one of our prenatal perceptions, we will also endure the signifier thereafter. In life's recidivism, the discourse will never belong to the person who is speaking.

The civil registry and the pursuit of our survival condemn us to in-form ourselves, in order to *form ourselves*, to deform ourselves, to become hunchbacks in the manner of Leopardi, in order to play a *part*, when we would like nothing more than to *put art aside*, just like life in general. A real disaster.

Birth is a premature debut, like *Caligula* at the *Teatro delle Arti* in October of '59 in Rome. I had to make my *debut*: it was inevitable from the start.

You are compelled to the breathless *being there*: this obeisance to representation, to books, to this *nourriture* that I could have done entirely without. You cannot escape from the vulgarity of the plot, from the dramatic fart of the State's representation. You are forced to be scandalous, as if it were your "first communion" with an *indifferent* neighbor, with the abhorred condo owner that you will never hate as much you hate yourself.

Being born too early shortens every memory; it is a premature oblivion. *From childhood to the debut*. Since every one of our aspirations blossoms from its ending,

we debut badly, whatever the critics may have thought of “*A Star is Born*” in its time. A little like Scott Fitzgerald’s most devastating stories, when it seems as though the party, the school dance, was more tolerable, and youth more carefree... That’s wrong. Youth never existed, nothing ever existed. Not even childhood, if you remember the endless bleakness in Fitzgerald.

In my first years of Verdian *prison*, the State-*spectacle-of-its-ministry* ignored me and limited itself to arresting me (sic) and not (wait and see) to *neglect* me with lashes from the whip of welfare culture. I would not have become a doubter with so much pensiveness to discard, at the mercy of self-criticism. I would have remained a turd, no longer *disqualified* by the subject’s hallucinations, indifferent, safe from *cazzeggio* [dicking around] (an ineffable journalistic neologism, paradoxically approved by those in charge of our news media).

I was not born to be born. Born to work, to be a neighbor, to be a good citizen, having been born without a conscience: having not even been born to conscience. I began to act, but not on the plan, on the *act*, yearning for the act... These were things that would come later, after 20 years had passed. We are catapulted into the *darkness* a second time. We are at the mercy of socialites and... we need money. We cannot but find

ourselves in *bad faith*. If I had been forced to become a slave trader, I would not have written *A Season in Hell*; I would have gone straight to writing *Trifles for a Massacre*, but not to the (un)pacifying detriment of intrusive popularity.

A good reactionary needs money to defend himself.

It started when it had ended. So, the reactionary looks for the oasis of his very own concentration camp in the “German super-mark”: his *buen retiro*. He is not vulgar like the revolutionary; he has no intention of taking anyone’s place, especially not of taking power. He does not want to be a *creator*, an authority, an elite. But he also does not want to be a servant, because “every form of consciousness is servile.” If anything, he is tempted by the inorganic. *He wants to be the nothingness that he is.*

Our republic’s constitutional foundation is *work*, in any event, preferable to the dreariness of the *job* and *after-work* activities. Therefore, the self-destructive option to make-unmake becomes clear. An inventive plot, this *bitch of a life*.

Once and for all, discarded the dilemma — Moravia was right — of acting younger, intended as *desperation* of non-desperation, every vocation to prostitute ourselves is equally utopian, if not as an *unlived* profes-

sionalism. The enjoyment is the *Other's* privilege (the capital, God. The protagonist is money) as proof of the ontological flatulence between the paying client and the paid whore — *Living Currency* is a great lesson in economics. If being born is *cause for mourning*, being born poor is cause for infamy.

You must work, obligated to churn out one little work after another, and one day you discover that *even* you are an artist, a “maker of farces,” a consoler.

Life's indecency tirelessly pursued me from my earliest years. Illnesses of all sorts & hospital rooms, continual convalescences; diagnostic clinics: coronary angiographies, biopsies, gastroendoscopies, Gamma scans, MRIs; hospital emergency rooms and operating rooms, bronchial pneumonias, periodontology, dentures, hepatopathies, heart attacks, horrible back pain, discopathies, gastrointestinal dysfunctions, cocktails of anesthetics, fatiguing surgical interventions, ocular dysfunctions, intolerable migraines, irreducible insomnia, urinary tract complications. Not a single shred of flesh escaped Asclepius.

It is from here that a *physiological* intransigence characterized the operative phases of my anti-humanistic research on the dysfunctions and malfunctions in language, annihilating every connivance between the *idea-spirit* and the body that (would) blindly ask to be

disindividualized, because it does not belong to itself, excused from every motor function inflicted on it by the caprices of the “I,” restored to its *inorganic* stillness, vivisectioned once & for all, without any Heliogabalian nostalgia for the “original” unity; gone the body’s interior guts bloated to resolve the *discourse’s* rotten meatball — gulped down the indigestible *breaths’* stench — and to chew-disarticulate-expel it in the “expressive” statement of feces and vomit.

Everything is agraphia-aphasia. *Writing* is childish bad faith. The oral is a gurgling cesspit: not at the table where it is in disguise. We disguise ourselves (in jet black, “formal”) to “sit at the table.” If the discourse does not belong to the person who is speaking, then we are spoken *physiologically*, and the word is an emission of air and the oral lets itself go between two orifices: *mouth-anus*. But when we sit at the table, farting perhaps discreetly, we read the newspaper; we position ourselves with affectation “on the edge of our seats.” Reading books is meant for the toilet, without the comfort of guardian angels. The table, on the other hand, affords us the solace of “eloquence”; ornamental art on the walls, tapestries, embroidered table cloths and mirrors, console tables, plasterwork, and “good china”; whereas, in the bathroom, there’s always the same toilet paper, which at this point only serves to get your hands dirty (the page doesn’t smell as bad as the breath), unless you use a sheet of bible paper

(or a piece of newspaper) to polish your butt — whence the universal lapsus of the *Pleiade* in Count Alfieri's bathroom of *stinking Italian mores*.

Physiology is excluded from the novel, from theater, from cinema. There's never been a scene in which the action is interrupted because "She" has to suddenly take a dump... We proscribe anality, the *anal stage*, whereas there is nothing more interesting. On the contrary, we exclude it from our explicit studies to the point that *pensive* defecation, as proud and authoritative as motherhood, preens as aesthetic creation. No musical performance has ever been interrupted because someone, on stage or in the orchestra, was struck uncontrollably by the most natural of needs. An invocation to the *cut*...: "so then, after he had raised his knife to murder her, disarmed by the sudden onset of diarrhea, he fled"; he is no longer a *criminal*, simply because he's about to *shit his pants*.

A plot halted in the aborted act is how I chose to define the *suspension of the tragic*. And like that, thanks to the interference of an unfortunate mishap, the *comic's* frozen blade turns while piercing the imaginary wound between the risible-shrouded folds of representation in the *theater without performance*. An erotic annihilation.

Eros is the “I”’s raving antagonism. *Porno*, on the other hand, is the *nonreciprocal objectivity of bodies not disqualified by any subject*; objectivity that *exceeds desire, unrepresentable ob-scenity. Flesh without concept.*

The *pathological imaginary’s non-History* (*criminality, transsexuality, fetishism, necrophilia, transvestism* and everything else that is the object of clinical studies in legal medicine) is a much more interesting implication than that of the squalid nature of *everyday life* and of the disheartening grimace of the *symbolic*.

We no longer have time for the pleasantries surrounding existential recreation: for Parmenides, Heidegger, Levinas..., for the *eternal return*, much less for the *return of the eternal*; for the paternal and revolutionary *erections*.

Disindividualizing the body is something entirely different. The therapy for certain diseases starts from the lower of the two orifices. Far from creativity. Disease is a continual variation that doesn’t ennoble anything at all. *Pour ne pas s’emmerder.*

The bathroom is the private, the internal. It is the mortification of the written. Expression is the end of the internal, in the arrogance of producing ourselves (*me, the author*), thus every success eventually coincides with the vanity of the debut. There is nothing to

sublimate. Nothing. The sublime is not something that hovers above us, like Pascoli's "The Kite."

In any case, *he who does not work does not exist*. Here, it is not a matter of a continuous commitment to eliminate the emptiness of *an existence without purpose*, on which the *world of human work* is based, but rather, it is a matter of being bewitched by that *inhuman automatism* that we call *work without world*.

In this "premature burial," the mass of my atoms deserved, by an unrepeatable spontaneous combustion, an explosion that disintegrated those Scapigliatura *fart-sniffers* of tradition, and those *gentlemen kiss-asses* of the neo-avant-garde who took their early retirement. Even if they fatally keep on re-producing themselves, visibly deafened by the roar.

What has been disintegrated is the *concept of authorship exceeded* by the deprogramming that occurs in the production and the constitution of ourselves as *works of art*, of which only the dregs are the object of the typographical body to follow.

What has been disintegrated is the entirety of the 20th century: the anti-neo-tradition's [and Gadda's] "awful mess" which was intended as a funeral service to embellish the eternal sleep of the classics, & — in this macabre-cosmetic role — torture-ruin, "unscrupulous," posturing and manners, by tangling up its

sense, and by taking scissors to it, pocketing a lock of hair in the “diligent” discord, envious, never tempted to *renounce the sense*; like an avant-gardists’ outing in the countryside, far from *ruining the ruins*, at the most riotous hour of recess, cavorting and defacing headstones, inverting flowers, candles, and will-o’-the-wisps, and finally going crazy in that graveyard’s mortuary, invoking the *non-sense* and its opposite. Nothing more.

Each day does not contain enough of its own suffering. What did I do, in my many lives? Here is a summary, amply illustrated in my collected works and in the critical anthology that accompanies them:

quartering of language & of sense in un-writing the stage (paper-oral-musical de-composition of the text)

disarticulation of the discourse, succubus of the signifier

un-staging the play (in opposition to the cultish gift-wrapping of “staging the play...”)

demolition of the scenic fiction = from the identity identified with the character or from the epic “estranged” denunciation of the re-citing *simil-actor*, who, in the obtuseness of the *role*, disallows himself the infinity of *doubles*, to the furnishing of the *critical staging* like the annoyance of a perm

SALVADOR DALÌ

*We're tired
of this feeling of guilt...*

Who are we? Those three or four people who don't belong in this world. Oh wretchedness! Where are you Saint Genet? Where are you, transgressor of transgression? You knew how to adore a policeman and not give a damn about the antimony from your country's *comédie*. A thief and squanderer of liberty.

I like to imagine our life in the role of that character in uniform, who in your "screens" dies, struck by an enemy bullet at the very moment he settles in to take a crap.

David Harali, the photographer-sorcerer of comatose war victims, really missed an opportunity there. What an invented reality *this* life is!

How grotesque the elegance of the exquisite archer in the act of releasing his arrow seems in relation to he who is struck by that very same arrow.

It's simple: you need only grip the bow the wrong way around, pull it toward your chest & not take aim. Then the arrow pierces you, without further ado, there where the arrogance of common sense doesn't expect it.

It's a purposeful way of making-unmaking, invoking the obscene. A way of closing our mouths in order to scream.

Then we reopen our wide-open lips anew after a forced yawn had contorted them into a spasm, and we remain like that, without emitting a sound, until we become our very own constant grimace.

Eroticism is worthless, prenatal language. To go beyond it is to venture into the stillness that resembles that other kind of rest, the stillness of the dead.

However, it is not enough to simply step off the path. We are not satisfied with planting the plan's seed. Straying from the path to find shelter in the desert, far from desires and urges, gone with the wind at first and then without wind, the chest's sails deflated, arms lifeless-shrouds, truncated by the damage of being carefree. In a state of agitation, the *obscene* smiles on us; it does not smile at us, to avoid an unpleasant loss of teeth falling on the floor due to pyorrhea, to not move the suspension of the journey.

The time for racking our brains is past, whether it was men who invented the "rules of courtship" for the French ladies from Provence, or if it was precisely the ladies themselves who contrived those necessities.

Ah! Don Jose, ah(y) Gasset, ah Ortega!

It is no longer a question of women and men. In the end, it is *pornography*. Yes, the very same pornography as in Franz Kafka's trials; that fear of the law thus dispossessed from consciousness in stupor (not eroticism as Bataille intended it: the supreme component of the game that was Franz Kappa's nothingness).

That way of wasting our life, our day in the sun, by standing in an open doorway and posing questions that have already been answered, to the irony of (simulated) desire, to make a big spectacle at the hour (and the hour is always) of closing time.

O impeded questions, unspeakable truth.

"... I was covered in spit. It could have been roses. It wouldn't cost any more if it were happiness..."

A scene that *suspends* the nauseating quarrel of the "tragic" is above all *absurd*, an unthinking oblivion of Eros. It is *obscene* in its exceeded Eros. It is obscene in its *pornography*: "Look, my dear Carmelo" (Dalì, who was pointing his finger at the figure of a lively orgy at our feet), "our indifference in watching is divine. When it comes to producing it for ourselves, we only need to cast a few humans."

I was staring at that scene of nothingness with love and heard the painter, Salvador's *aceitunada voz*.

Salvador who read to me — improvised the affront of a thought: "Lorca... No! *Il voulait seulement m'inculer!...*"

Then what can be staged? Well this morbid curiosity, if you want, if you can, about things that we know. This pathetic, uninspired, consideration. This making of discourse without reply. ("Even laughter wants to

be heroic"). This oblivious moving away amplified in the saying. Deafening and dispassionate, like the poor wildflowers of drowned Ophelia depicted floating on the water's surface. Awash with madness if, indeed, "Pray you, love, remember."

Indeed, let's drown her once and for all, this painted Ophelia, on stage, one image too many, from the moment that my vocation is and always will be to *unstage the play*.

I don't know how to "stage a play." Someone asks the "property master," usually from the dressing room: "Did you "set the stage?" That's what it is, a job truly meant for a property master and today assigned to people with talented hair, like Strehler, Squarzina, etc., in other words, to the director. Perhaps they do it in the Stabili theaters to save on the cost of hiring a "property master," a profession which is becoming more & more rare, as opposed to the plethora of directors.

Let's return to "unstaging the play." An "inspired idea"? I would say, rather, a "lost idea." Not to be confused with the "traviata," that fallen woman, because I was once a "traviata" in the wretchedness of my list.

"*Il faut toujours avoir une seule idée, cher Carmelo,*" he felt compelled to say to me 10 years ago in another of our stupendous meeting-matches at the Hôtel Meurice in Paris. Dalì again, with whom, at the time, I was meant to collaborate on a *Don Quixote* with Eduardo that RAI then found — they said — "unpopular" (*sic*).

Dalì had just seen a private screening, dedicated to him, of *Our Lady of the Turks*, a 1968 film, or better yet, the “anti-1968 film” par excellence, misunderstood to the bitter end.

At the end of the screening, Dalì was enthusiastic: “*Fort bien, fort bien, c’est Dalinien!*”

Da-lì [from there] we went on to talk about genius and the artist. We started to argue endlessly. Between one knee-bending and another. Someone kept rapping on the door, enter Captain Moore, a former officer whom Dalì had taken out of retirement and engaged as his servant-secretary, with the understanding that he retain his Irish uniform. In fact, he served him in his old captain’s uniform, without his stripes, which he could no longer display.

Between raps on the door, Dalì was waiting for who knows which of his mistresses, perhaps the “lost one.” First, he got down on his knees: “*Excuse-moi, Carmelo*”; they were still rapping on the door: “*Entrez,*” and Captain Moore appeared in the doorway; he was holding a large bouquet of red roses that the *concierge* must have just delivered, who knows who they were from.

So, between a bunch of red roses and a “lost” love, Dalì left me with this bit of wisdom, “No, you cannot be a genius yet, I understood that from your film... There is still too much suffering... You’re still an artist, but I’m a genius.”

Today, I understand how right Dali was to predict and to teach me, at the height of the 70's, how "genius" goes beyond "suffering." Here, we return to the concept of "hero," but even greater in his *loss*, because "abandoned," because more crippled and weaker.

FROM POETRY TO THEATER

“The poet of the stage,” that’s what they call me. And yet, mean-spirited, lurking there a hint of the pejorative, a little like in the games played on stage, “poet” might sound diminutive next to the actor’s *grandeur*. So, is it a backhanded compliment? It would seem so; but let’s have a little fun & follow this gluttonous byzantinism for a while. Always on stage:

Is the actor-poet, therefore, a thespian who is less talented than the thespian; and is the latter less a poet than the former?

Is poetry a dramatic deficiency and vice-versa? Let’s take this slowly. So: theatricality at its apex is unpoetic; it is not by chance that it is insulted as condescending prose and is happy for it. The “poetical,” for its part, is unworthy, unsuitable for theater. Ah, ah, ah, let’s turn this argument around and change direction to start with another point of departure, from the moment that so-called actors take the stage and dare to perform in verse their fettered and unfettered *Œdipuses*, *Electras*, *Antigones* & *Prometheuses*. Here, too, the actor-poet scale weighs none of it with any accuracy.

Let’s stick to poetry so we will understand each other.

Contemporary “Imagisms” aside, the cynic Zeno says in a fragment, “*The voice is the dialectic of thought.*”

You see, what a Macedonian coup. I have no interest in descriptive verse, little exercises in landscapes, verse, in short, as composition, seeing as how it is the equivalent of the unfortunate parroting of every single actor I know of on stage. And in that sense, the universal “classical” tradition is an infinite cemetery of actor-poets and poet-actors. But if poeticizing beyond “emotions” is the *exercise* in an *entirely different* language that rigorously prevents every *extra-textual* temptation, then here we find the sound’s supreme game (abandonment) inasmuch as it is a text of saying that the voice *writes* in the middle of the exchanges on stage.

We do not call anyone an actor who does not go beyond recounting another saying that he writes. He un-writes.

So, *actor* and *poet* are *one and the same*.

In composite “poetry,” a “poet” may not be an actor, just like in a composite theater, an “actor” may not be a poet.

But we have acknowledged the “composition” as entirely foreign to the poetry of saying. So, the *poet* is necessarily an *actor*, like Jekyll is Hyde (his hiding from himself) and not one or the other disguised in turns. *He who is not a poet is not an actor on stage*.

If the contentious and nonsensical guerilla warfare between the poets and the “poets” who lack voice continues, then all the bickering in the theater dissipates.

It is not by chance that, among the many misunderstandings there are in theater, poetry (representation) is considered an (in)considerate maidservant to “prose” on stage.

Someone will remind me that there is an *essence* of the poet in each and every one of us on earth; very well, but a “poet” of the image made plain. A poet of writing as saying, no, not that one. Not unless we consider mundane rumors poetry as well.

We need urgency — to not be in the sounds to give voice to forgotten thought.

We need a somewhat unhappy apprenticeship, & then a *beyond* happy unhappiness.

“ROMEO AND JULIET” IN PARIS

Under the star of Maria Callas, my performances at the Opéra Comique received enthusiastic acclaim. Bel Canto, the café-bar neighboring the artists' entrance. Here, in the early evening, while waiting to conquer those refined Gauls, Saint-Pierre Klossowski the polytheist and I were celebrating. A religious concoction of vodka and kir.

“You do realize, Pierre, that I have to perform in about an hour.” But that didn't bother that Knight Templar of transgression's unwavering, steadfast, intoxicated faith. Between one offertory and another, in a mere “breath,” he was polishing off his duties for the Holy See without a care, so as to happily return to my voice in terrible French. You see, we were talking idly about the recent news regarding the old God's dead body that was never found; about His anything but divine incomprehension of the celestial others, from the moment that he got the truly terrible idea in his head to consider himself the “one & only.”

Knight Templar-Saint Pierre, in his impeccable Ecclesiastical Latin, always thirsty for the in no way Christian-blood-kir, poorly concealed with an angelic smile a certain vague misgiving of his with respect to the current & future fates of the Antichrist.

“*Vous comprenez, cher Carmelo,*” and he pulled me aside, wine glass in hand, in an anachronistic search for a little corner as if at the Council of Trent; and then briefly, innocent and circumspect, in his academic Latin, inspired, he lamented the, at this point, shameless absence of the Crucified Christ in laic scholars’ works on the eternal return.

“How is it possible?” He was mortified for these scholars. “There cannot be an Antichrist if there is no Christ.” Nietzschean heresy persisted, in other words, in an inadmissible dogma not only in the eyes of His Holiness the Pope, but also in the eyes of any discerning, wandering cleric.

A theater apprentice cut through the crowd of devotees in the Bel Canto sacristy to remind me that my turn to preach to the laypeople was coming up within the next half hour. I was forced to leave the *Gran Maestro*, however, well before he arrived at the *Agnus Dei* in the mass he was saying. We were to meet the next day, at the same time, in that secret audience; but there was a hiccup, so he planned to put off one of his intrigues with the Holy See so we could meet.

The velvet curtain opened, and I found myself once again being poured from a gigantic crystalline chalice onto the wine-colored carpet on stage, sheltered by a sky clothed in enormous, purple silk roses.

"Have no faith in me, workers. Having no faith consoles, guides, and heals. Do not pray for me, I command you. I ask only for your lack of faith, so that I can die happy."

The usual half hour of "triumph," & then, in the dressing room, the unusual visitation from Jacques Lacan.

"Bonsoir, maître."

"Jacques Lacan, pas maître."

The maestro was dressed in midnight blue, and he was accompanied by Madame Nobecourt. A crowd of solicitous souls had been kept from entering the *loge*. And what did those photojournalists have their minds set on? Documenting the Parisian elite comprised of the two of us, ectoplasms of nomination?

"O how mundane it all is." The futility of meeting in the imaginary of the eyes. David Harali's comatose photos — where the dead-not dead were still agitated and focused on their attempt to remain immobile in the carefully prepared trench graves — were peeking at me from the make-up table.

Had Lacan not heard the Klossowskian breaths from that *Romeo and Juliet*? Had the overplayed representation of bodies "separated" from their "souls" extraordinarily escaped his notice?

Dripping with sweat, facing him, statuesque, I closed my eyes & I heard his voice, "I want to reread all of Shakespeare." Once again, a prophet, I turned

my back to him so that I might see him facing me in the mirror. His hair was silver.

At that moment, I did not realize that this reciprocal silence in behavioral suspicion was a respite from acting-suffering. I thought back on my eternally-returning Saint-Pierre and how infantile he is, like me; to the rhizomatic energy, yes, the agile super-intelligence of Gilles Deleuze, to our — *coup de foudre* — solidified friendship, to that generosity of thought that we don't give each other, how we fall in love, when necessary. Whereas he, the blue-silvered Jacques Lacan, whom I resembled by innate destiny, he remained silent. I remained silent. It's true that in theology we are meant to listen; replies are not permitted. But two people who are both listening? Yes, ok, but what then? Was it listening that was listening? Absolutely.

Were we avoiding mundane small talk, little courtesies? Of course, we were; there was nothing else. The idiotic followers of "Lacanianism," who had been refused entry here, were spying on us through closed windows over there at the neighboring Bel Canto café. The pathetic, arrogant, voiceless paper hereditariness. You can be poor, and, oh well, you deal with it. But to be poor and "Lacanian" is a catastrophe: this same fairy tale rewritten by several idiots, what "does it mean," it doesn't mean a damn thing.

There in the mirror, I glimpsed the unwieldy emptiness vainly filling the seminars in the disciple Lacan's eyes. Faith's foolishness in finding "its own" language among the countless student-teachers; those curious students that only Paris knows how "to educate" early in things that are inasmuch as they are not.

At this point, my tired gaze doubled, and I saw two Saint Therasas of the orgasm. One, who had been raved about at the castle of the Knights Templar, was equipped with a phallus and breasts heavy with milk. The other was unaware of her Lacanian-God-*Jouissance*. Androgynous knowledge of milk and sperm, and the abandonment of Berninian ecstasy, her unhappy ignorant absence.

Then, yet another, a third Theresa who kept watch over the silence of C. B. & J. L., and who may have been reading the initial "T" that starts her name among the stars in the sky.

Nothing remained speechless between the mirrors in that dressing room.

Romeo was still lamenting his death, shipwrecked between Gustav Mahler's notes. And the incantation of saying was still suspended between the "breaths," comforted by our polite refusal of having anything to add.

In my lucid exhaustion, Lacan's superintelligence deserved this unforgotten, empty encounter, conceding nothing at all in terms of a phrastic occasion for

those courtesies that human beings steal from one another *daily* in misunderstandings disguised as “relationships.”

Lacan, or the suspension of dialogue. This, my friends, is what “reciprocal” esteem means; far from false and true modesty.

Yes, this is what it means to *miss*. In this sense, certain of Aleksandr Blok’s verses, which would otherwise be obscure, sound evangelical to me:

Since what is better in this world
if not to lose best friends.

Oh, if only we encountered our “true love” at one time or another, we would know in that moment how much *we were* missing. But to meet real absence is an extraordinary, horrible consolation. It makes us masterpieces of anxiety beyond ourselves. And masterpieces don’t give a damn about art.

Lacan discreetly disappeared in the midst of the photographers’ flashes. I’m aware that, prompted by profane gossip surrounding the event, he dealt with the frivolous snooping of the reporters, who had been condemned to exact a quote from him on my theatrical being, “*Dans tous les cas il sait ce qu’il fait,*” he said and thundered off, like a receding storm.

Gilles Deleuze. What a nice surprise, in the cellar bar of the cloister hotel after the performance. Deleuze

is a self-destroyer. He, this human *computer*, smokes too much, and he ought not to in his condition. He reads as much as he writes, and vice-versa. Gilles is *the* surprise. In most people, and in the best of cases, somewhat talented work comes from eclectic learning, whereas in him, it comes from extraordinary unlearning. With Gilles it is never the occasion for a fixed meeting. It is the becoming in its occasions. It could seem like outdated bickering to whoever may have pigeonholed (and harm was done, if that someone actually did it) Deleuze into libertine thought, etc. He is not that at all. Why should I even care about proving it to you? Am I backing Deleuze? I'm saying this to myself, letting myself say it. Dammit, dammit to the bookshelves! To the devil (if he's available) with the obese fear of a specialism in wavering doubt; of this or that "excess." Well, yes, we are asphyxiated from thoughtless, antiheroic, poetic and unpoetic "pondering," and therefore malodorous, up to our ears in the beggarly exclusivism of author's rights; asphyxiated from the ostentatious superiority deceived in "the same" of the work displayed once and for all; from the lyricism of life-long senators. Let's end this once and for all, with this constipation of the *de-generate* (genre), with this uncivilized absconding. Political poetry no longer exists; and whereas Alberto Savinio longed for it (a luxury of livable small cities and towns), it is futile at this point to grieve for it.

Gilles is unavailable. He's everywhere. I believe him to be the greatest thinking machine in the drought of our times. He is all-absorbed, and, if he falls in love with a *quid*, it's said, it's written, and it costs him nothing. He is the *excess*. And the "excess" "is in between, or it's the middle (*milieu*)."

Yes, indeed, the philosopher, the author of *Difference and Repetition* is *naturaliter* the lucid connoisseur (Deleuze, that is) of theater, of music, of any & every kind of sport, of cinema, flamenco, tap dance, of the anachronistic *fado*, of the *phoné*, of drops in the sea.

And when the adorable Jean-Paul Manganaro made it known that *Le Monde* wanted him to write a full-page portrait of Carmelo Bene (toasting to the emptiness of happiness, I had gotten myself all worked up to tell him about a project of mine on *Richard III*, where the actor would be the sum of deformed artificial limbs against obscene history), he said, "I'll write a book! Who cares about newspapers!"

Gilles never ceases to amaze me. And write it he did, without even seeing the play. He wrote *me*. Then I wrote the text that he would see in my last Roman play at the Teatro Quirino four months after the publication of his book. And at the end of the play, in the dressing room, he embraced me and sat down wearily in the chair, with eyes full of enthusiasm, as expected:

"*Oui, oui, c'est la rigueur.*"

That's it. You think it's not enough? After this swift little story, do you feel like revisiting the "methodology" of our experts in critical literary, theatrical, and musical studies and so on & so forth? No, that would be ungrateful. If anything, it's upsetting that these bewildered scribes, that these far too many distractions from "God's handiwork" inhabit our world and, what is worse, that they are convinced of being there, miserable wretches abandoned for good from abandonment; in this respect, similar to the squalid circumstances of "happy" poets.

Oh, here's a good one, & I nearly forgot to tell it. At my Parisian "premieres" the indignance of the critics from the special drama gazettes spread openly when spotting some "intruders" in the theater (Deleuze, Lacan, Klossowski, Foucault, and others "like them").

"Time is out of joint, now even thinkers go to the theater!"

Then two years later, on the occasion of my "premiere" of the *Manfred*-Byron-Schumann at the Scala, where, while the audience was revering, the theater and music critics were babbling, disoriented between the grade-scale of the "singing recitation" and other stupidities; here you are again, Deleuze, come to the rescue to enthusiastically explain C.B.'s proposition, not as a phenomenon of "greatness," but rather as a confrontation and subsequent victory of "the mode" (and,

well, it just so happens that in the old days people used to call “affects” musical “modes”) precisely where “*the affects become modes.*”

Repetition is difference without a concept. He who is absorbed in this does not know what to do with paltry conflictual theater.

But those many who are invested with the “charge of...,” to whom vertigo is precluded, delude themselves in recounting theatrical stories to their neighbor, the painless misdeeds of mnemonic simulation of the “scripts” from the gallows-amateur actor boards of the “I” who, with a text written beforehand, informed them in turn of what they already “knew.” (“What matters — is the routine actress following her method — is that they (don’t) know that we know that they know.”)

Would you like an example of an irreversible opposite? Of course:

I (the C. B. of the theater) *am what I lack.* It is a non-existent theater that is tired of the being there. It is eternal de-dramatization as dismantling.

This I of mine is both Cleopatra and Anthony together.

Getting back to the daily press, how, for God’s sake, can they report this lack? They can’t, so what are the poor things after? It’s blatantly obvious:

C. B. is something entirely other. *From the remainder and not himself.*

The alienation-*quotidie* grocery shopping-home-paycheck-rent slips and falls on its ever "decorous" ass; and it is from such great heights that we arrive at deranged enunciations: "Hamlet-Shakespeare, the integral edition" (disintegrated in Italian, just like how Dante's "*Au milieu du chemin de la vie*" sounds in French and so on in silence). The "development of the character," deplorable "interpretation" is everywhere (how lucky they are with their stable identities to dress themselves in "other's clothes").

C. B. is *different* only in the *same*. The Will he's left with is the ruin of the nothingness in which he consists. His plan to un-memorize is the impossible vacation in Colonus. Because C. B. can only do what he cannot. He can only do the impossible.

And you architects of dreams (satisfied desires), to hear you half-wits talk about it, you who are proud of being there; to hear you talk about it, C. B. is a separate chapter on how to make theater. But you should know that C. B. is prepared to definitively defile the borrowed brain you praise by annihilating himself in *Macbeth* '82-83. You'll go home after the show of restless nothingness, rubbing yourselves against your lady repression; you'll scribble *more solito* your "piece," about the unusual nature of the unspeakable event. C. B. will be a poet, but interdicted from your abandoned railroad. C. B. is the process of his own regression. Until lifeless.

Life, however ugly or beautiful you like, is yours; a rag that's not half bad from your local flea market whose tickle makes you feel alive. Nothingness rejects you.

C.B. looks into the void. And, in him, "Bibi" Shakespeare is a certain smile belonging to things that are not.

Foucault (another Simonist "intruder," who, like a thief, penetrated the mysteries of the Opéra Comique to the indignation of the priesthood's "expert") understands — he is another one who is absorbed — without having to rack his brains, the blinding, derisory servant-master parody staged by C.B. to the sacrosanct detriment of the Marxist "Hommelette," which was greeted by a thunderous ovation at its "premiere" in French, as it is spoken in Marseille. But this so-called broken language of ours was a choice of language, not of "understanding." It's possible to perform at least 25 languages on stage, and still not be able to express and subvert a language. I am immediately skeptical — and, unfortunately, always later proven right — of that actor who, instead of misplacing his own predictable language, is tempted to mislead others and himself, by overacting the nothingness that should be left unspoken (or spoken, which is the same thing).

Thank God, the 11th performance was "eventful" with the help of women from the gallery, who, crazed housewives lacking in Islamic manners, were scrambling eggs & chalk on the proscenium, with the other

people in the audience hurling insults at them. The curtain fell. Delirium. But beware, this gallery of women’s “revolt” is amusing, ah, ah, Simone (Beauvoir, of course, that great bungler from Camus to Sartre). It’s amusing, since however you look at it, it’s the removal of culinary assiduousness. What were they throwing from the gallery (the bass tuba swallowed two egg yolks)? Eggs and flour, ingredients, food and so on, overcooking. These women are bored with the kitchen. Cooking is the artist’s diversion. It’s a matter of measuring ingredients, it’s well-known feminine unthinking, inaccessible to whoever is (not) only a woman.

These ladies use their pots and pans as mirrors, all the while meditating on their unintentional liberation; and if the dinner gets ruined? What do you want from them?

What I wouldn’t give to just stay at home, away from the dull and grey din, the one wearing the pants. I can’t count the number of times I cooked on stage. Courthouses, castles, stressful and desolate Americas, Kafka relived them all in the domestic sphere: obscene, and not common, tolerating the revival of servitude in the kitchen that male political intolerance had filled the women’s ears with on the eve of every plebscite... Parody & Greek stature, and not the warmed up, squawking male voices that our actresses, careless cooks, use to torment a pleasant summer’s eardrums.

Woman (the feminine refusal to regress) is the infinite culinary carelessness of the universe.

Woman attempts to find the male in herself, the *ad hoc* cook, gone with the wind that emancipates, that emancipates.

Womanly is the neglected kitchen that, alas, *così fan tutte*, they serve you overcooked and cold in the proverbial predictable bed.

So, Michel Foucault invites me to dinner, *chez lui*, and he's doing the cooking. He's proud of it. And what a great cook he is!

After dinner, relaxing on the sofa, what do we do now, what do we do now? Do we ponder pensive speech? Do we dredge up the extraordinary "universal history of madness"? Not at all. Every conversation is a conversation for women. We sip our drinks without a care in the world, and that's all. Foucault compliments my splendid women's fishnet stockings that have red roses above the garters, my stage undergarments that I wore under the rancid green of the austere policeman's costume spotted with traces of Vaseline as if from a lordly orgasm. We move around a little, just enough to chase away the sight of the surprisingly few books; to pour ourselves another drink, a natural further confirmation that, simulated movements aside, "stability — everyone knows it — your name is woman!"

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It is rare for translations to have soloists-sorcerers singing their wordy ways across languages. Translations require a chorus of voices from both source and target languages if they hope to render compositions that carry the music of the original and the tenor of the target language text. In the present case of translating Carmelo Bene, it required an orchestra.

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Josef Winkler, *When the Time Comes*
- 2014** William Wordsworth, *Fragments*
Josef Winkler, *Natura Morta*
Fernando Pessoa, *The Transformation Book*
Emilio Villa, *The Selected Poetry of Emilio Villa*
Robert Kelly, *A Voice Full of Cities*
Pier Paolo Pasolini, *The Divine Mimesis*
Miklós Szentkuthy, *Prae, Vol. 1*
- 2015** Federico Fellini, *Making a Film*
Robert Musil, *Thought Flights*
Sándor Tar, *Our Street*
Lorand Gaspar, *Earth Absolute*
Josef Winkler, *The Graveyard of Bitter Oranges*
Ferit Edgü, *Noone*
Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Narcissus*
Ahmad Shamlu, *Born Upon the Dark Spear*

- 2016 Jean-Luc Godard, *Phrases*
Otto Dix, *Letters, Vol. 1*
Maura Del Serra, *Ladder of Oaths*
Pierre Senges, *The Major Refutation*
Charles Baudelaire, *My Heart Laid Bare & Other Texts*
- 2017 Joseph Kessel, *Army of Shadows*
Rainer J. Hanshe & Federico Gori, *Shattering the Muses*
Gérard Depardieu, *Innocent*
Claude Mouchard, *Entangled — Papers! — Notes*
- 2018 Miklós Szentkuthy, *Black Renaissance*
Adonis & Pierre Joris, *Conversations in the Pyrenees*
- 2019 Charles Baudelaire, *Belgium Stripped Bare*
Robert Musil, *Unions*
Iceberg Slim, *Night Train to Sugar Hill*
Marquis de Sade, *Aline & Valcour*
- 2020 Rédoine Faïd, *Outlaw*
A City Full of Voices: Essays on the Work of Robert Kelly
Paul Celan, *Microliths*

SOME FORTHCOMING TITLES

- Zsuzsa Selyem, *It's Raining in Moscow*
Oğuz Atay, *While Waiting for Fear*

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