

Pensieri romani. Per Pier Paolo Pasolini

BANI KHOSHNOUDI

*Mi sento strana... come se avessi una paura che non mi lascia.
Paura di che? Non lo so. Non posso spiegare.
Prima... non mi facevo tante domande.
Prima... stavo sola e trovavo il modo.
Poi oggi, cerco un altro camminare in questa città oscura.
Non sono piu sola. La testa mi racconta ogni giorno una cosa, il mio cuore,
un'altra.
Ti cerco in quelle strade, nelle notti romani, dietro l'oscurità e gli angoli misteriosi.
Le tue notti, la tua Roma, mi han dato tanti impulsi, tante immagini, che non
mi sento sola.
Ecco quello che volevo dirti, però non ti ho visto per fare. Spero che non ti dia
fastidio di leggere queste frasi, queste parole che invento, che dico in una lingua
che non è la mia, però una lingua che mi lascia libera di esprimermi oggi a te.*

Ever-present Pier Paolo,

I never thought to write to you like this, about something I feel lies deep inside, embedded somewhere with all the images and words, your voice, the poems, the dialects and the faces, those incredible faces that stay with me.

The first time I saw your face I was taken aback. Your eyes with that gaze that carried so much passion, urgency, and a need to speak, to scream, although you always seemed to be so in control of your passions. The first time I saw you was in your words. It must have been a text speaking about television, or some other part of our daily existence within this machine that we ourselves have created, and are sustaining. Then you remind us that after so much war, there is nothing to show for it, nothing to make us recall. I have to admit that it was your rage that got me. Your voice, and then your rage. Dissimulated, fragmented, your rage, *La Rabbia*, was a poem for me. You said it yourself, "un sentimento poetico", and you yelled "gridare, gridare", because there is nothing else left to do than to yell. Yes, I can admit it. I fell in love, instantly, madly, and then could only desperately seek your face, again.

Within those eyes, shaded by a furrowed brow, I read your poems. I sought to understand that decadence that you described... the darkness, the light... which later became images that I hunted in the streets of Rome. That melancholy, hidden of course, and never to be admitted. That solitude, your solitude, within the crowd. I glimpsed into your world, your language, and I needed to be close to you. I needed to understand why I loved so quickly, so intensely, while very much afraid of what I was ignoring, what I denied to see.

Was it in your texts, or in your films, that I realized that you were nothing less than perfect? Although completely taken, I needed to know why I fell so in love so quickly, so blind to any critique or any dismissal. And my passion for you only grew. You had no fear, you had nowhere you wanted to hide. At times I felt that you were an amateur, too innocent, too open, too transparent, and then I realized that there is no other way to be. At times I felt that your characters, fruits of your mind, spoke too much, and at times they awkwardly kept the silence. That rage that can only be heard through silence. Yelling, in silence, your deep animosity for the bourgeoisie. Your *Teorema* throbs of lust and love so blind, so amateur itself.

But is it innocence or is it ignorance that you write of? I am afraid to ask, afraid of the darkness sometimes, unlike you, who ventured there freely, full of curiosity, and dare I say faith, that innocence was all around.

The rage, against ignorance, against the lies, against the hate, continues inside, not only me, but many who you managed to seduce. Some say you were violent, but they don't understand what is *Una Vita Violenta*, and that the violence comes from elsewhere, is done to others; those whom you always loved more than yourself. Appearances are like language, manipulated for our consumption, as you so clearly stated once and again.

Saló, a violent cry while keeping the silence, or was it really too loud? They couldn't tolerate it; they didn't tolerate it.

And now, all that is left are the faces. All of those faces that you gave us. In the words, in the images... They are all there, like me, looking out into the darkness. Hoping that maybe you will appear.

And I remember those Roman nights, walking in the dark, waiting for you to appear, I thought and thought again that you would not arrive, that you would not yell out for me so that I could find you there. Your voice, your face, had slipped into the darkness, that violence that you so well described, with poetic sentiment, with rage, with fury, but that engulfed you in the end.

But you left me there, waiting, in the dark, walking along the wild banks of the Tevere, wondering how so much energy and conviction, your fearlessness, had somehow disappeared, devastatingly, leaving not just me, but all of those you seduced, alone, in love, rabbiosamente.

Ti voglio bene,
B.K.