

## WHY I AM THE AUTHOR OF SOUND POETRY AND FREE POETRY

by Henri Chopin

It is impossible, one cannot continue with the all powerful Word, the Word that reigns over all. One cannot continue to admit it to every house, and listen to it everywhere describe us and describe events, tell us how to vote, and whom we should obey.

I, personally, would prefer the chaos and disorder which each of us would strive to master, in terms of his own ingenuousness, to the order imposed by the Word which everybody uses indiscriminately, always for the benefit of a capitol, of a church, of a socialism, etc... No one has ever tried to establish chaos as a system, or to let it come. Perhaps there would be more dead among the weak constitutions, but certainly there could be fewer than there are in that order which defends the Word, from the-socialisms to the capitalisms. Undoubtedly there would be more alive beings and fewer dead beings, such as employees, bureaucrats, business and government executives, who are all dead and who forget the essential thing: to be alive.

The Word has created profit, it has justified work, it has made obligatory the confusion of occupation (to be doing something), it has permitted life to lie. The Word has become incarnate in the Vatican, on the rostrums of Peking, at the Elysee, and even if, often, it creates the inaccurate SIGNIFICATION, which signifies differently for each of us unless one accepts and obeys, if, often, it imposes multiple points of view which never adhere to the life of a single person and which one accepts by default, in what way can it be useful to us? I answer: in no way.

Because it is not useful that anyone should understand me, it is not useful that anyone should be able to order me to do this or that thing. It is not useful to have a cult that all can understand and that is there for all, it is not necessary that I should know myself to be imposed upon in my life by an all-powerful Word which was created for past epochs that will never entire body breathes and that it is a wholeness, without the vanity of a Word that can reduce us.

I prefer the sun, I'm fond of the night, I'm fond of my noises and of my sounds, I admire the immense complex factory of a body, I'm fond of my glances that touch, of my ears that see, of my eyes that receive.... But I do not have to have the benediction of the written idea. I do not have to have my life derived from the intelligible. I do not want to be subject to the true word which is forever misleading or lying, I can stand no longer to be destroyed by the Word, that lie that abolishes itself on paper.

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The show continues upstairs. Somewhere else. A space where different expressive dimensions of the artist are often about man's condition and the creation of multiple personalities that imply a certain corruption of the human mind. The crowding is continuous, obscure, impenetrable to the artist himself. The show continues upstairs, in between the rational and the irrational, finite and infinite, hope and disappointment. It's not just an attempt of disorientation but it is also about the necessity to warp, to consider the possibility of strabismus as a way to understand better what is going on around you. numbers, lights, experiments, colours, faces, sounds, signs, stories, words. WITH THE PRECIOUS SUPPORT OF ALESSANDRO DE MARCH. SUPPORTICO LOPEZ WOULD LIKE TO THANK PAUL LESLIE GRIFFITHS AND PEPPE MORRA, MARTIN KLOSTERFELDE, FEDERICO MADDALOZZO, PALLINA, ELEONORA MEONI, EDOARDO BONASPETTI, MOUSSE MAGAZINE, CIRO PALUMBO, SIMONA BUONDONNO, TERESA

GUADAGNO, MARIA ADELE DEL VECCHIO, FLORIAN ZEYFANG, SIMEONE CRISPINO, SAVERIO TONOLI ADAMO, LOREDANA DI LILLO, ADRIAN PIPER RESEARCH ARCHIVE, ALESSIO DELLI CASTELLI, GALLERIA EMI FONTANA, MILAN; STUDIO GUENZANI, MILAN; GALERIE MEYER – RIEGGER, KARLSRUHE/BERLIN; GALERIE MICKY SCHUBERT, BERLIN; HERALD ST, LONDON; CROY NIELSEN, BERLIN; DAVID KORDANSKI, LA; MARTIN VAN ZOMEREN, AMSTERDAM; GIMPEL FILS, LONDON; ERIC WESLEY.