

Tokyo, June 26, 2001

Hello Pierre,

Here are some words.

You had told me that Japan "doesn't please" you.

I must acknowledge that it pleases me more and more.

The light of the streets in evening is quite particular, the materials used here, which proceed until the infinity of the banal, reflected in a strange manner, soft, absent, almost incredible.

The form of the streets "make" sculpture.

Something proportional.

To what . . . I don't know exactly.

There are a lot of earthquakes here, as you know.

That has consequences for urbanism: houses don't touch each other, they skirt each other.

It is without a doubt a precaution; if a house falls apart, its neighbor inevitably does not. Moreover, movement is possible when separated.

This forms some very beautiful places: Slits between houses, interstice, houses like spread legs.

These spaces are truly sculptural.

Too narrow for one to pass through, too wide for one to forget, too practical for one to discard.

Some bitter herbs, doubtless respected in this Asian country like in many others, end up growing there, inaccessibly.

Most astonishing or logical (maybe it's the same), is that it appears to me that it goes with Japanese people as with their houses: a space is to be found in between them that makes one guess, a rumbling.

In friendship,

Eric Van Hove