

## architizer

special for the architizer

I have a broad range of interests.

Nowadays I spent pretty much time outside to improve our paradise habitat even more. The physical element, realizing new ideas, breathing good healthy air amidst running water, natural sounds and colors; what a blessing!

Books and my early morning dailies are another part of my life, as well as writing. Though many days I am too tired ~however satisfied!~ from outdoor challenges, I go on reading and writing for instance when it's really hot or raining. Though Writing is per definition an imperfect medium for relaying the human voice.

As a Dutch born, but permanent resident of Japan, I feel utterly committed to my fellow inhabitants. The result is, that I strongly react to the many dysfunctions of the mammon cliques: Japanese politicians and bureaucrats, who actually exploit the Japanese commoners, in the form of kind of political columns.

This month, August 9<sup>th</sup> (2011), I got space in the Japan Times to have my say. My wording is pretty sharp, so may be, not so convenient for this site. A year earlier I published 53 protest haiku in the same medium. I also wrote an essay as an open and personal letter to the Minister of Justice with copies to a number of relevant others. If we remain silent in the face of injustice or criminal negligence, if we allow unelected bureaucrats and business executives to ride roughshod over our personal welfare -as we are witnessing with regard to the ongoing nuclear disaster in Fukushima- the entire nation's future could be put at risk by recklessness and prevarication.

Roger Pulvers

Not astonishing is that I recently found the website 'save Japan', a charming

and somewhat romantic initiative. I proposed to change the title into 'shave Japan'. Another website is [www.nippon.com.es](http://www.nippon.com.es) which kindly hosts some of my writings.

I also write book reviews for a small number of personal contacts or react on specific articles in the newspapers.

For some time I feel a strong motivation to write a bundle of reflections, *casu quo* a book, about 'definitions', which dominates our social lives. Several heaps of fragmentized subtopics are [im] patiently waiting to be interwoven in an attractive reincarnation.

I am not a computer nerd; I use the computer mainly as a typewriter, but have to admit, that keeping 'documents' and having an opportunity to send E~mails is pretty convenient.

In 2005 I immigrated into Japan after having donated 99% of my books to Dutch students and Leiden University. Recently I started collecting quotes as a possible 'decoration' or reinforcement for one of my writings; I should have done that fifty years earlier. Let me share some of them for this site.

### **SOME food for architects:::::::::??**

A line is a dot that went for a walk. [Paul Klee]

Is not this *homo ludens'* view moving? And damn true?! A reminder for architects and a wise metaphoric image for life.

Was it Friedensreich Regentag Dunkelbunt Hundertwasser. 1928 ~ 2000, [Peace Kingdom / Rainy Day / Darkly multicolored H., born Stowasser] who stated that a straight line is the severest sin of mankind? Anyhow he said: an uneven floor is a melody to the feet.

One only has to see the straight borderlines of the United States of America and those of the African continent.

Another hero: painting poet Joan Miro, 1893 ~ 1983: Every shape, every color in my pictures is derived from a piece of reality. The concepts 'pure color' and 'pure form' mean absolutely nothing to me.

There is nothing abstract in my pictures.

And what about his title of a 1939 work, oil on canvas, 65 x 94 cm.?

*Une goutte rosee de tombant de l'aile d'un oiseau reveille Rosalie endormie.*

In English: A dew drop, falling from a bird's wing, wakes Rosalie, who has been asleep in the shadow of a spider's web.

The surrealists regarded the super-real as the extraordinary, as a phenomenon above and beyond the real.

Miro on the contrary, saw in the super-real a condensed reality to the level of existence to it, a reality that is full of magic and life.

His "Surrealism" was aimed at the kernel, at the marrow of the real.

What I happily enjoy any day and metropolis inhabitants unnecessarily are lacking also any day:

Once I [Walter Erben] was talking to Miro about the pollution of everyday life by the noises of the radio and the record player, he replied that people whose ears and senses had been drenched by these mechanically produced noises no longer heard the quieter music of existence: the breath of the wind, the rustle of leaves, the music of distant surf, the jubilation of birdsong or the sound of cart wheels on a sandy track, sound that had great significance for him and immediately transposed themselves into images of a plastic nature.