“Glamorous man passes away in Madrileño.”
Kiyoshi Akutagawa Yomiuri Shimbun editorial writer

Many people are not famous while they are alive, but are forgotten with death. In fact, that may be the norm. Chiaki Horikoshi was a modest person who was not interested in selling himself or making a big show of himself. The old poet said, “The coffin is the end of the matter. It is difficult to evaluate people in the flesh. There are people who lift their own worth. Others are not interested in their own evaluation. The words of the poet from 1200 years ago still ring true today.

Near the end of the year, I had no idea that the death of someone my own age would hit me so hard. He was a person who was like the very essence of “vibrant life. Readers of this newspaper may remember the name of Chiaki Horikoshi, a painter living in Spain. Over the past 30 years, I have featured his work many times in my columns and received articles from him in the Culture section, and his “Red Ochre Spain” series in the Sunday edition of the paper, in which he paints and writes, has enthralled readers for two years. The evening edition also serialized my autobiography with pictures and text for two years, and my paintings with text as the theme for five years. Both his drawings and writings were instantaneous. He was a man of extraordinary talent and energy. I regret that I have to write in the past tense, “He was a very talented and dynamic person. On October 31, he passed away in a hospital in Madrid at the age of 68, a few days later.

Chiaki Horikoshi is an outstanding figure in the lineage of non-settler (i.e., wandering) painters who have made Japanese art interesting from the bottom up. Born in the middle of Tokyo three years after the end of the war, his father was a painter who had returned from Siberia, and his grandfather was a Japanese-style painter. After graduating from the graduate school of Tokyo National University of Fine Arts and Music, he quickly left Japan and settled in Madrid as a scholarship student of the Spanish government.

During his time at art college, he was strongly influenced by the ideas of Shigeo Miki, who lectured on the anatomy of art without concern for trends in art or the works of others. Miki's “life morphology” gave him a sense of searching for the memory of three billion years of life, its rhythm, and its solitude within a single human being. He told this newspaper about a memory he had when he was in the first grade of elementary school. During summer vacation, my mother told me to go to the school pool, but I was the only first grader there. I went home and told him that I was so embarrassed. He said, “Well, that's great. It's great to be the only

one," his father said.
"Only one person. - As if the fog lifted, a piece of music began to flow through me. " It is still playing. Alone in the universe. Because he wanted to feel it with his whole body, he was always in contact with everyone without any separation, always smiling in a friendly and bold way.
I toured various hot springs with him. When we were soaking in Tamagawa Onsen in Akita, he pointed to his reddened chest and said, "A picture is painted here. The world is there. I am here. The mark of the collision appears on the paper. I will never forget the line, "I am surprised by what appears there, and I make my heart dance. He returns to Japan several times a year to paint in an old rented house in the mountains of Saitama, and builds a kiln to make pottery. He held solo exhibitions in various places, mingled with his fans, and received applause for his flamenco singing. Wherever he went, people gathered. Everything was a festival, a song. Both Buson and Gyokudo became places of art, literature, calligraphy, and music where acquaintances gathered wherever they went. The time of the human world was thick with life. This is the reason why Chiaki Horikoshi is Chiaki Horikoshi.

Naturally, he did nothing for his own reputation. His works are almost completely scattered. His world is rich in color, both figurative and abstract, but the basis of his work is the dynamic line, the line that is full of instantaneous energy. At an exhibition in Fukuoka, Japan, I once saw an ink line drawing on a huge wall painting in only nine minutes. The lines are vigorous, reminiscent of Chinese painting, and delicate, sensual lines depicting the female body. The speed at which he was able to express his innate power of expression. It was a fresh experience for me to see the beginning of "human painting.

Exactly one year ago, Mr. Horikoshi was diagnosed with terminal cancer and told he had only six months to live, but he refused treatment and spent his days on a natural diet and a normal mind. Perhaps on a hunch, he expressed enthusiasm for the idea of creating an art book several years ago, and entrusted it to Tetsuo Ohara, the chief editor of the Shogakukan edition of Toru Takemitsu's complete works, for which he drew the illustrations. Work has already begun, and discoveries continue to be made, including the discovery of 70 large works in Niigata Prefecture. The fundraising via the Internet has reached more than 200 supporters as of this writing. The spread of this project is astonishing. It's hard to track him down, but he was a master of the wandering school and a beautiful human being, so we want to find his footprints somehow," said Ohara. He was not an early death, but rather he used and used up all of his energy. He lived his life to the fullest. He was incredibly beaming in front of us. It's his sense of beauty. This is his grace," said Hideharu Ogawa, a poet who was

one of his oldest friends. There must be something that will become clear after the coffin is covered.