

## **The person who lived every day to the fullest passed away in Madrid**

Not becoming a prominent name while alive, being forgotten with death it may be rather natural. In rare cases, the person's true value appears after death. He must have been a modest person who didn't want to sell himself or show off. As an old poet once said, "A person's worth is assessed only when their coffin is sealed". Evaluating living human beings is hard. There are many different people, some will lift themselves to the top, others do not have the interest to show their true value or there is no other option but to leave it as time passes. The words of the poet 2200 years ago are still the reality of humanity.

I did not think that close to the end of the year, I would witness the death of a person who is roughly the same age as me. Because he was the image of life himself. If you are a reader of this newspaper, then you may recall the name Chiaki Horikoshi a painter living in Spain. Over 30 years we have many times taken up and serialised his essays. His serialised essay in the cultural section, the illustrated Sunday version "Spanish red clay" was very popular with readers for the past two years. Even on the evening publication, he had essays serialised, the illustrated autobiography ran for 2 years, the paintings with letters has their theme ran for 5 years. For painting and writing, he was a man of outstanding talent and conduct. Was, it is with regret that I write in the past tense. On the 31st of October, he was hospitalised in Madrid, later passing away aged 68.

Chiaki Horikoshi made Japanese art interesting to the general public. Without joining any art movement we wandered around the world, a truly great man. Born in the middle of Tokyo, 3 years after losing the war. His dad a painter and returnee from Siberia, the grandfather a Japanese style painter. Surrounded by an environment where he was destined to paint, graduated from Tokyo University of the Arts and became a Spanish government sponsored student leaving Japan to go and live in Madrid. During his university time, he showed no interest in art movements or other people's work. He was strongly influenced by the lecturer of the art analyses class Miki Shigeo's ideology. The memory of three hundred million years of life in one human being, its rhythm and its loneliness. The feeling of wanting to search out for the "life morphology" given to him by Miki.

In a newspaper, he talked about when he in the first year of elementary school. During the summer holidays, his mother said "don't you want to go to the school's pool" when he went he was the only first year in there. Once he got home he was frustrated but his dad said "oh that is great! Because it's great to be the only one." "Only one. It was like the fog had lifted and the sun was shining through. Inside me flowed a single song, that still flows now."

Chiaki said. The only one in the universe. He felt that wholeheartedly, so he always smiled frankly to everyone and talked without discrimination.

Chiaki and I visited many onsens. While in the Tamagawa onsen in Akita, he pointed to his chest that had turned bright red and said “A painting is something that you paint in here, that is where the world exists. I’m here now. The mark of this encounter is what will appear on the paper. The things that appear and surprise me what makes my heart dance.” these words I will never forget.

During the year he returned many times to Japan, in an old house in the Saitama mountains, He painted and created pottery from a stove he built. Doing solo exhibitions, interacting with fans and receiving applause for his flamenco performances. Wherever he went people gathered, everything was a festival a party. Like Buson and Gyokudō wandering from place to place meeting the people involved with art, literature, calligraphy and music and from that new art is born. Chiaki Horikoshi’s existence washed away the darkness in society. Obviously, he did not do anything to assess his true value, most of his artwork is in a situation of being scattered around and lost.

His world embraces both figurative and abstract with a colour abundance, his foundation a throbbing line that is full of power. In the exhibition hall in Fukuoka, I have seen this man creating an ink line drawing in a large mural in only 9 minutes, a beautiful line that resembles a Chinese painting, delicate and sensual like a woman’s body. The speed in the natural representation appears, there was a freshness to seeing how “the man who paints” starts. One year ago, Chiaki told me that he was at the terminal stage of cancer and he might only live half a year. He refused treatment, ate natural foods and spent every day being his usual self.

Like a premonition, for several years, interest has been shown for creating a book with Chiaki’s paintings. This was entrusted to the editor chief Tetsuo Ohara (69), at the time the Shogakukan edition of Toru Takemitsu complete works was being illustrated. Production has now started, 70 works have already been found in Niigata prefecture and discoveries continue happening. Financial funding has been received through the internet. At this point the cause has been endorsed by over 200 people. “I was surprised by the reach. Tracking is tough, as he was a wandering master, a beautiful person. I want to make his footprint in this world clear.” said Ohara. “Instead of dying, he freely used his energy and exhausted it. He lived his life to the fullest, always smiling in front of us, with a sense of beauty and kindness.” said his oldest friend, poet Ogawa Hideharu (65). After the coffin was sealed, for sure something was settled.