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The Closest Other

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Recently, I realised that my five-year-old son is the closest “other” in my life. As I began to feel that time spent playing with him could also be connected to my artistic practice, I found myself re-examining who I am through the life we share. That said, there are moments when I still feel irritated.

As I grow older, I find that while it may be possible to understand diversity, truly accepting it is often far more difficult.

In an age where differences in belief and wealth give rise to conflict, those in power tend to impose their own version of “peace” and to recognise only those who serve their interests. Who, I wonder, was their first closest other? Was there nothing essential to be discovered through that encounter?

The other is, in a sense, the world itself. Something felt within this world drives me toward expression. The peaceful world I imagined as a child is not the same as the world in which I now live.

Each person is born into circumstances they cannot choose. Even so, the necessity of recognising others and walking alongside them is something my time with my son gently teaches me.