



研究奨励事業  
研究報告

# 「黒地の絵」英訳

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松本清張記念館

# *Tattoo on the Black Soldier's Breast*

“It's only me that remembers it.”

(English Translation of Matsumoto Seicho's *Kuroji no E*)

by Seicho Matsumoto

Translator: Takumi Kashima

In Commemoration of One-Hundredth Year since His Birth  
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## About the Author

Matsumoto Seicho (松本清張) -Novelist (1909-1992)- was born in 1909 in Kokura, Fukuoka Prefecture. Real name is Kiyoharu. He worked as a commercial artist for the newspaper *Asahi shimbun* from 1937 to 1956, after which he devoted himself to the writing from his early forties and he adopted the pseudonym Matsumoto Seicho. His first novel “*Saigo Satsu*” (『西郷札』) won the third prize of a contest in 1950 and it was nominated for the Naoki literary award. He won the coveted Akutagawa literary award in 1953 for “*Aru Kokura Nikki Den*,” (『或る「小倉日記」伝』) a short story about an amateur in Kokura who spent his life unsuccessfully trying to find the diary of Mori Ogai. (森鷗外) This novel was initially a candidate for the Naoki literary award. He was said to be the first novelist to establish the social-detective story genre in Japan. Among his vast volume of novels, *Ten to Sen* (『点と線』 (1957-1958) and *Suna no Utsuwa* (『砂の器』 (1960-1961) were his most successful mystery novels. Other works include *Showashi Hakkutsu* (『昭和史発掘』) (1964-1971), a 13-volume series on the affairs of the Showa period (1926-1989), works on ancient history and historical novels. He died of liver cancer in 1992. His last novels, *Kamigami no Ranshin* (『神々の乱心』) and *Edo Kidan-Koushu Reigoku To*, (『江戸綺談 甲州霊獄党』) remained unfinished. His novels have been made into movies or television dramas and some of them have been remade many times. *Kuroji no E* (『黒地の絵』) was planned to be made into a movie and its scenario was actually written for a film but it was unfulfilled.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> 井手雅人「黒地の絵」『月刊シナリオ 5月号』シナリオ作家協会 1985年 (Masato Ide: Screenplay of *Kuroji no E*, *Monthly Scenario*, 1985)  
西村雄一郎「幻の映画『黒地の絵』を夢みた男たち」『松本清張研究 5』pp. 56-79 砂書房 1998年 (Yuuichiro Nishimura: The men who tried to cinematize *Kuroji no E* in vol. 5 of *Matsumoto Seicho Kenkyu*, Suna-Shobo)

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Part 1

AP

Special Dispatch from Washington, D.C., June 28, 1950

The U.S. Department of Defense confirmed that Seoul, the capital of South Korea, fell on 28th.<sup>1</sup>

UP

Washington, D.C., June 30, 1950

Colonel Sydney Huff, the adjutant officer of General MacArthur, stated the following at the Pentagon on the 30th. “40,000 U.S. soldiers will be sent to the Korean peninsula. They are 10,000 soldiers of the 1st Cavalry Division stationed in Japan and 30,000 soldiers that are subject to general headquarters.”

UP

Special Dispatch from Daejeon, South Korea, July 1, 1950

The U.S. Forces arrived at Daejeon on July 1st. The succeeding military unit is likely in transit now.

General Headquarters Briefing, 8:50 p.m., July 2

Major General William Dean of the 24th Infantry Division was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Forces in Korea.

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<sup>1</sup> The Korean War broke out on June 25, 1950 by the sudden attack of the North Korean Army and the R.O.K. Army made continuous retreats, which lead to the inevitable movement of the nation's capital from Seoul to Busan.

There are various records of the Korean War and Soldiers displayed at The War Memorial of Korea in Yongsangu, Seoul.

c.f. 「休戦 50 周年 朝鮮戦争」(前篇) - 北朝鮮とプサン攻防戦 - NHK衛星第一 2003 年 7 月 20 日放送 (Battle for Korea -First Part- NHK Satellite 1)

c.f. 『ソウル奪還作戦 大反撃』(“Testimony”) イム・グォンテク監督 1973 年制作

c.f. 『ブラザーフッド』(“Tae Guk Gi, Brotherhood”) カン・ジェギョ監督 2004 年制作

c.f. 『ソウル 1945』KBS ドラマ 2006 年放送

『朝鮮戦争(上) ソウル奇襲と仁川上陸』歴史群像シリーズ 60 学習研究社 1999 年

AP

General Headquarters Briefing, July 4

The U.S. Forces engaged in combat against the North Korean Forces at the front for the first time on the night of July 3rd.<sup>2</sup>

UP

Military Base in Korea, July 11

The U.S. Ground Units were engaged in a fierce battle with the overwhelmingly superior North Korean army to the north of Daejeon on the morning of the 11th. The U.S. army suffered serious casualties and began retreating at noon of the same day.<sup>3</sup>

General Headquarters Briefing, July 12

The U.S. Forces retreated to the southern coast of Geumgang.

UP

July 15

The North Korean Forces occupied Gongju, which is located on the southern coast of Geumgang.

UP

Military Base in Korea, July 17

The U.S. Forces that were at the coast of Geumgang broke their way through the front but they were forced to retreat to a different place on the 16th. A North Korean battalion marched towards Daejeon under covering fire, which the U.S. Forces were unable to repel.

UP

July 17

The U.S. army abandoned Daejeon Airport on the 17th.

AP

Chief Correspondent in Tokyo

The U.S. Army sent two units of reinforcements to the front.

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<sup>2</sup> cf. *Nippon Times*, July 5, 1950

<sup>3</sup> cf. *Nippon Times*, July 12, 1950

AP Correspondent at the United States 8th Command Center, July 25

The North Korean Forces occupied Haenam, the south westernmost point of South Korea on the night of the 24th and then marched eastward and occupied Gugang. Such infiltration of the North Korean Forces in the south of Daejeon enabled them to launch an extensive attack against the district along the railroad, which runs between Daejeon and Busan from east to south. It threatens the supply route of the U.S. and South Korean Forces.

AP

Washington, D.C., July 24

President Truman submitted a bill to Congress on the 24th to increase U.S. troop levels to 600,000 and to provide a total of \$10,517,000,000 additional military aid to deal with whatever happens.<sup>4</sup>

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Drumbeats had been wafting all over Kokura city for a few days before the festival.<sup>5</sup> As Kokura Gion Festival never goes without drumbeats, people placed drums along the road and began to beat them. It is the custom of every town in Kokura. Children, who follow the float, learn drumming techniques. Drumbeats float through the city like a wave and create an atmosphere of excitement and anticipation in prelude to the festival. Kokura Gion Festival falls on July 12th and 13th.<sup>6</sup> It is unexceptionally hot and sultry every year.<sup>7</sup>

As the festival draws near, the drumsticks are taken away from children and given to young men to produce brilliant drumbeats. Two drummers, with towel tied around their heads and wearing yukata; an informal cotton kimono for summer wear, stripped to the waist, beat a drum on a stand. A drum-beating contest is held in each town on the day of the festival. Young men who are eager and proud to demonstrate their technique work up a sweat while drumming. There are a variety of ways to beat the drum. Sometimes they beat the drum like acrobatic feats but the sounds are a monotonous melody. "Tat-tat-tat, boom, boom. Rat-a-tat, boom, boom."

<sup>4</sup> Vining, Elizabeth Gray: *Windows for the Crown Prince*, (Hearing the outbreak of the Korean War, the author mentions her uneasiness, especially in chapters 35 and 37.) (『皇太子の窓』小泉一郎訳 文藝春秋社 1953年) 今上天皇の家庭教師を務めていたヴァイニング夫人の著書の35章と37章は朝鮮戦争勃発時の不安な様子が読み取れる。

<sup>5</sup> 「たいこ祇園近づく 坊やおけいこ」朝日新聞 昭和25年7月8日北九州版

<sup>6</sup> 「街中にヤッサ、ヤレヤレヤレ」朝日新聞 昭和25年7月12日北九州版

<sup>7</sup> 「小倉」と「祇園太鼓」についてはp.42のKokura and Kokura Gion Festivalを参照のこと。

The sounds are consistent and there is no other variation. But for the person who appreciates the drumbeat, the sound comes from various courses and an acoustic illusion is fostered in their mind.

Kokura city had been filled with drumbeats for several days before the festival. The drum gave a languid sound under the scorching sun. But at night, it was tinged with energy and suddenly became active. Drumbeats were not only heard in town but also in the country, which was eight kilometers away from the city. When we heard drumbeats off in the distance, the bustle of sounds were reduced and they became a unified dull, but dubious harmony. We could feel the atmosphere of the festival much clearer than those in town.

Camp Jono<sup>8</sup> was located four kilometers away from the town. During the Second World War, it was the supply depot of the Japanese Army and it had since been used as a depot by the U.S. Army stationed there. It was very large and the depot had been rebuilt extensively. The gray wooden buildings had been replaced by white concrete ones. Walls with barbed wire were set up around the buildings. There was a watch stand with a searchlight. Rumors had it that several hundred American soldiers were stationed inside and they repaired the military clothing and produced food. Trucks loaded with bottles of Coca-Cola often drove out of the arched front gate to the station.

However, the number of soldiers in this camp began to swell from the beginning of July. When the number of the U.S. soldiers swelled, it first decreased and then increased in number again. Soldiers had been transported by trains from somewhere and moved to somewhere else immediately. The soldiers had gone somewhere but about the same number of soldiers returned. The citizens of Kokura knew that the destination was Korea but they didn't know where they came from.

On the morning of July 10th, one military unit came into Jono Camp, which was one of the successive units. They were large in number and conveyed by five or six trains. They were all black soldiers. The trouble was that they stopped over at Kokura on their way to the Korean front lines and the military unit was composed of negroes. They reached Kokura at the time when the city was filled with drumbeats. It was a misfortune

Japanese people didn't know why it was troublesome or dangerous, but Colonel Morgan, the MP Commander at Kokura, had noticed the danger of the festival. He made a proposal to the municipal authorities not to beat drums during the festival.

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<sup>8</sup> 3-1-1, Katanoshinmachi, Kokurakita-ward, Kitakyushu-city, Fukuoka prefecture. Japan Ground Self-Defence Force Vice-Camp Jyono was closed on March 24, 2008.

City officials asked him for the reason. They said, "This festival has a long history and the beating of drums is indispensable for this festival." The Commander insisted with a frown, "The drum sounds are a nuisance." City officials asked again and again. "Is it because Major General Dean, Division Commander of Kokura<sup>9</sup> is in Korea and commanding the U.S. Forces there? Or is it because of the deteriorated war situation? Do you order us to voluntarily refrain from drumming?" Shaking his head, the Colonel said, "No." But he didn't give any clear reason. The Colonel was vague in his speech. City officials said, "The festival without drumbeats will become desolate and people will feel uneasy because of the current situation of the Korean War. To make people feel relieved and cheer them up, we want to hold the festival as usual." Raising his eyebrows, the Colonel became silent. He was not able to speak the truth, which would become known later.

It was on July 10th when a black military unit arrived at Kokura. They were the military units sent from Gifu Prefecture.<sup>10</sup> They were supposed to be sent to Korea to fight the North Korea's Red Forces. It was their destiny. It was easy to imagine that they knew their dark day of doom and they were trembling in despair. The North Korean Battalions were going south and the U.S. Forces could not stop them. The U.S. Forces abandoned Daejeon and retreated from Gwangju. They received pressure from the southwest region and were driven like rats into the northern district of Busan. The black corps were going to be sent there. They had to be sent to the battle front in five days. They themselves knew it better than anyone else. They knew they were going to be absorbed in the midst of Communist Red Army Forces like sand on the beach. They knew it was their destiny.

Drumbeats sounded throughout the town on July 10th when they arrived. Jono Camp was located four kilometers away from the town and its distance was close enough to still hear the sounds. Drumbeats harmonized on the way to the camp and the soldiers felt as if they were listening to dance music in the distance.

Black soldiers must have listened to the sounds with their chest trembling in uneasiness. "Tat-tat-tat, boom, boom. Rat-a-tat, boom, boom." The repetition of the

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<sup>9</sup> Present JGSDF Camp Kokura, 5-1-1, Kitakata, Kokuraminami-ward, Kitakyushu-city, Fukuoka Prefecture. During the Korean War, the headquarter of the 24<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division was located and the division commander was Major General William F. Dean (1899-1981), whom was captured by the R.O.K. on August 25, 1950 and remained a prisoner of war of the North Korea until his release on September 4, 1953.

<sup>10</sup> Gifu: Gifu is located almost exactly in the center of the Japanese archipelago, surrounded by 7 other prefectures, and one of few to border no coastline. The 24<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment stationed in Gifu Camp during the Korean War.



monotonous sound made the melody incantatory. With their eyes rolled over and with their thick lips half opened, they would have listened to the music. The sound resembled the tribal dance music of the savage people that inhabited the depths of a deep forest. The darkness spreading between the camp and Kokura city seemed like a forest. Hopeless fear and suppressed impulse reacted to drumbeats that stirred, then they fused together and caused a strange ferment. The sound had a stimulating effect on the black soldiers. The sound they heard from the distance was same as the sound their ancestors made by drumming cylindrical or conical drums in ecstasy at times of ceremony or hunting.

The soldiers were packed densely in their barracks and heard the unimpeded sound with unease for two days. On the second day, that was the first day of the Kokura Gion festival, the drumbeats were at their climax. Some kind of impulse was triggered among them. The melody which they heard mirrored or dictated their physical rhythm. Drumbeats recalled the trance-like dance instincts of the black people who moved their shoulders up and down and let their palms flutter.

Black soldiers listened to drumbeats ecstatically. Drumbeats began as monotonous primitive sounds but they mingled with each other and when they reached the camp, they became a unified dull music. Black soldiers inclined their necks and flared their nostrils and breathed hard.

(right: A drainpipe still remains.)

An embankment, on which a barbed-wire fence was set up, was built around Jono Camp. A searchlight cast light on the ground from a watch stand. But this did not always deter the soldiers from escaping because drainpipes were buried along there and they led to a ditch on the roadside. The drainpipe was wide enough



for a person to crawl up. Soldiers went out through these drainpipes in the evening and spent the night with women and then they would come back early in the morning. Fortunately, as the searchlight did not reach the opening of the drainpipe, they could freely go out of the camp. For the Japanese who had to obey the strict rules of the army during the war, it was not easy to understand such disobedience. Even the soldiers on patrol duty slung their rifles roughly on the shoulders and were just sitting with cigarettes in their mouths. For those who had watched such rudeness, escaping through a drainpipe was not so odd. Drainpipes were the gate to

the night.

The scalding sun of July went down but transparent blue rays remained wavily for some time. But once they disappeared, evening advanced rapidly. Drums in the distance were beaten heavily and the sound floated through the darkness. The melody appealed to the instincts of the black soldiers and they began to be upset by this sound, which the Japanese didn't understand. They had listened to drumbeats for two days and they felt themselves full of the black art.

It was about nine o'clock when the wind died down and hot, humid air spread. The shadows of soldiers gathered at the entrance to the drainpipe. They hunched up and wriggled around the embankment. They crawled to the drainpipe and groveled through it. Metallic sounds echoed through the drainpipe. They were not made by the clout nails of their shoes but by something heavier. These sounds were made by the butts of rifles or the guns and their belts when they scratched along the drainpipe. It wasn't the usual cheerful outing of white soldiers, who went out in groups of twos and threes.

Drumbeats could still be heard. Black soldiers, shaking their shoulders and stepping to the music, were waiting for their turn at the drainpipe. They had automatic rifles and hand grenades on their backs. They were well-armed. The fear of wanting to avoid their death was changed to the desire to satisfy their suppressed instinct. The searchlight on the watch stand hollowly lit up part of the grass on the embankment, gravel road and rice field, but black soldiers were increasing in number in the darkness. The dull beats had educed their instinct as hunters. In their hunting, there was a murky instinctive joy which had been sprouted by desperate hopelessness.

The position of the barracks veered away to the south from the center of Kokura city. To the east, there was a mountain range, which was about four hundred meters high and there was a lower hill to the west, with a large plain spread between it. The north side of the barracks was near the town and villages and fields lay scattered in the other three sides. There were some farmhouses and houses hugged the outskirts of the town. As it was a sultry and humid night, shutters were not shut. The twinkling lights became visible in the distance; some were so close together, others were apart.

The black soldiers aimed for the lights. They didn't know their way around. They didn't even know whether they would be alive or not in a few days time, either. Even if they were not informed of it, they were sensitive to the complexion of the war across the sea. They knew one retreat or defeat of the U.S. Forces directly related to

their lives. They were to be sent between retreating friends and attacking foes. They could easily conjure up images of themselves lying with their arms or feet torn off in the battlefield, where trees were burned and broken tanks were abandoned. Such images would come into their minds frequently but they felt there were still more than one hundred hours or a considerable distance to the battlefields. They tried to ignore the reality as long as they could. It was similar to a prayer.

Primitive people living in the heart of Africa originally offered prayers while beating drums. When their ancestors were taken as workers to the American colonies, they composed Negro spirituals influenced by gifts from God, which were taught by white men. But within these songs a peculiar rhythm that had something incantatory was included.

Drums were being beaten in the distance without rest. They were dull and incantatory sounds. The black soldiers didn't know whether they had prayed for their desperate hopelessness or not. They continued to walk without consideration of their course. They trod down the high grass and rice fields, and marched towards the lights of the houses. They inflamed their passions as hunters. The darkness was just the forest to which hunters went.

There was no unity amongst the fugitive soldiers. Five or six soldiers composed one group while another was made up of fifteen or sixteen soldiers. There were no white soldiers but some black officers had joined them. They melted away into the villages in the southwest region of the barracks. There was no knowing how many groups of soldiers with a full range of equipment scattered there were. Who instigated or whom was lured was not a problem. They moved in groups but there was no relation between the groups. There was no leader, either. They moved separately. There was no surety but what was said was as follows. Everyone had a fear of war, they were evoked into incantatory prayer by drumbeats, and the total number of fugitive soldiers was two hundred and fifty, each having played a leading figure.

The sky was clear and Scorpio above the mountain moved its position gradually.

Tomekichi Maeno was at home when he heard the uproarious voices in the distance. What was being said was unclear.

"Some neighbors have just returned from the festival, haven't they?" said Tomekichi trying to hear the voices as he got his nose out of a book reading under a mosquito net.

His wife, Yoshiko, was repairing Tomekichi's work clothes under the light of an

electric lamp. Tomekichi was a deskman at a small mine near his home. But the mine was so small that it was on the brink of going under.

The house was composed of a six tatami mat room and one four-and-a-half tatami room. The rent was cheap because the house was old and it was off the beaten path. There were five or six houses in the neighborhood but they were separated by fields. There was a road in front of his house and a field spread beyond the road.

Yoshiko stopped her needlework and was trying to hear the voices. The voices became quiet soon.

“Is that the Omura Family?” said Yoshiko in a chemise. Sweat came into the hairline of her face. A mosquito was fluttering around her ear and she waved her hand past her face and looked up at the clock on the pillar. It had already passed ten o’clock at night. Omura’s house was one of fifteen houses, which were one hundred meters away from Tomekichi’s house. They sold daily necessities, snacks, fruits, liquor and bus tickets, which went three times a week.

“They went to the festival till late.” “It’s about time for the festival to finish,” Tomekichi said, while turning up a page of a magazine.

“It seems so,” Yoshiko said. Drumbeats could not be heard anymore.

“Have you closed the front door?” asked Tomekichi.

“I’ll close it now,” replied Yoshiko.

“It will be hotter once we close the door. Let the wind in for some time but the wind isn’t blowing at all tonight,” complained Tomekichi.

Suddenly, the sound of two explosions could be heard far off in the distance. The sounds were low and very quick.

“Goddammit. Somebody puts up fireworks at this time,” said Tomekichi.

Before Tomekichi finished talking, another shot was heard. The sound was much lower and it seemed to reach through the bottom of the dark night.

“Hell-raisers!” Throwing a magazine, he ruffled his hair with his finger. He not only heard the sound of the fireworks but also the voices. The sound was nearer but he couldn’t understand who was talking.

Roosters in the neighboring birdhouse fluttered and a dog barked. They heard a series of scattering footsteps. A low whistle was sounded.

When they heard the knocking on the door, Tomekichi got out from a mosquito net and he went to the door on all fours, making sure of the sound. It was not a trifling matter. Yoshiko had already got up.

The din by the door stopped but a clear sound jumped into their ears.

“Good day! Madam!” The voice was strange as it had been pronounced from the

depth of the throat.

"Darling, they are the Allied Occupation soldiers," Yoshiko said to her husband. They were not in fear yet. U.S. soldiers with girls would sometimes pass around here and would pressure the Japanese into buying something.

"They come at this time of the day. There is no help for it," Tomekichi crawled out from a mosquito net. He wore only a tank top and underpants. He noticed that five or six big men were crowded in the darkness and they peeped into the room.

A dusky light behind Tomekichi was reflected in the eyes of the tall men. Their whole bodies were black like a shadow but their eyes were white as if white papers were stuck to them. All the eyes were peeled towards Tomekichi.

"Hello, daddy," one of them said in a deep but sober voice. A veritable mass of five or six tall men were packed in the narrow entrance without any motion.

Tomekichi nodded without a word.

"Beer!" ordered the tall man.

"No beer." Tomekichi waved his hand. Hearing this reply, their stillness collapsed for the first time as if they were upset.

"Liquor!" shouting one word, the tall man made loud stomping sounds and pushed out his face in front of Tomekichi. His white eyes shined in the light like the under side of a luster. His nose, cheeks, and chin were deep-black. Only his thick lips were pale pink. His breath that smelled of liquor hit the face of Tomekichi.

"No, sake. There is no liquor," Tomekichi said waving his head. At this moment he recognized something strange for the first time and became confused. He caught sight of the rifles they were carrying on their backs and uneasiness set in abruptly.

The man behind him said something rapidly. His voice was like a barking dog. His words were short but the words of the other three who responded to him were much shorter.

Tomekichi was pushed away by a strong power. The tall men stamped on a tatami mat with their shoes, opened the sliding door violently and went into the room.

Yoshiko ran behind a mosquito net and kept motionless. One black soldier pointed at her and laughed with great guffaws. She was shaking in a white chemise at the side of a blue mosquito net. The black soldiers let out a whistle.

"Come on! Madam," one of the American soldiers beckoned Yoshiko nearer. They wore dark green military uniforms. They were so fat and stout that their uniforms stuck to their bodies and there seemed to be no creases. The skin of their breast at the widened neckline gleamed black. They were looking at Yoshiko and one of them

stamped his feet on the tatami mat. His dance shook doors, windows and screens.

Tomekichi stood in front of the black soldiers. He was only as high as their chests. "No sake. Go home!" shouted Tomekichi, feeling pressure from above.

The black soldiers turned their eyes to Tomekichi. They touched the belts of their automatic rifles and pulled them up. They took off their helmets and threw them down. Their hair was curled as if it had been burnt. Tomekichi became deathly pale. Five or six soldiers sent forth a strong smell of liquor and rotten animal.

Two of them bent down and went to the narrow kitchen. Tomekichi could see their flashlight moving. A cupboard fell apart and some vessels were broken. Their demolition lasted about ten minutes.

Eventually the two black soldiers came back and one of them was hanging onto a one liter sake bottle. They raised it high to their companions. Black fingers were coiled around the upper neck of the transparent blue bottle. There was some liquid in the bottle and black soldiers were excited to see that.

Tomekichi remembered that he had left some liquor unfinished. It was completely out of his mind rather than forgetting it. He had only thought that soldiers only liked beer. He was somewhat relieved to see that they had found some liquor because he had satisfied the desire of the black soldiers. But five or six soldiers would drink up a bottle in an instant. Tomekichi tried to judge their feelings with his heart thumping.

They pulled down the rifles from their shoulders, threw them onto the tatami mat and sat cross-legged. They then undid their belts, to which holsters were attached, as if they were nuisances. Their postures were relaxed and their bellies were bulgy. Tomekichi thoughtfully brought six cups from the kitchen. He wanted to drive them away after feeding them.

One of the black soldiers undid his dark green uniform and took it off. He wore a shirt of the same color and his bulging muscles, which had a black luster, contrasted with the color of his shirt. Other soldiers soon followed him. They were six huge chunks of black meat.

The small amount of unfinished liquor was distributed into six cups. They gulped it down through their red lips in an instant. Drippings from the edge of their thick lips went down their chins and shone. As they talked fast, their white teeth flashed. Some had bulky voices, some moderate and others were nasal. Among the clamor, Tomekichi caught the slight sound of sliding a screen behind the mosquito net with his sharp ears.

The black soldiers were already drunk. When they came into the house, it was noticeable that they had been drinking somewhere else. Seen from the front, they had a widened their flat noses and breathed heavily.

One of them held up an empty bottle and said something to Tomekichi, who was standing nearby. Tomekichi shook his head. He laughed self-deprecatingly in response. The black soldier abruptly threw the bottle, which hit the drawer beside Tomekichi and broke into pieces. Tomekichi turned pale.

"Madam!" one soldier rose to his knees. He cast an eye towards the mosquito net, his large body swinging. He grew tipsy when he was sitting and now he was wobbling about.

"Madam, no," said Tomekichi. He understood from the sound of sliding door that Yoshiko had crept into the closet. He wanted to say that there was no madam by saying no.

"No?" the negro soldier repeated like a parrot, puffed his chest up and raised both shoulders up as if taking a deep breath. He fixed his glaring eyes on Tomekichi. Hostile emotions were clear on his black flabby oval face, as if they were both Japanese. He understood that Tomekichi's reply was a refusal. Suddenly one of the fellows on the tatami mat let out a laugh and another gave his vocal support by calling his name.

Tomekichi sensed that the man in front of him had taken off his green shirt. Being terrified, Tomekichi wanted to escape. As Yoshiko was hiding in the closet, he swallowed his saliva and remained where he was.

The man who was taking off his shirt was now topless. His bulging black muscles were like that of a rhino. When he moved, his muscles would make a crack of a whip sound as if they were tanned black leather. Tomekichi looked at a pink falcon expanding its wings on the black skin of the soldier in front of him. The falcon raised its beak on the pit of his stomach and spread its wings to his breasts.

The black soldier proudly showed his tattoo, then he put his hand into his pocket and he pulled out something in his palm. He raised one of his shoulders to Tomekichi, bent a little, and snapped something. With a metallic sound, a bright knife-edge jumped out.

Tomekichi stood still on the spot. Blood began to flow. His knees gave way. His mind was filled with the intention to shout for help. He felt himself breaking into a sweat.

The five soldiers who were sitting stood up uproariously. They talked with each other and walked in long strides into the next room where a mosquito net was

hanging. The blue mosquito net was pulled down and a thin futon mattress was kicked around by the military shoes. Tomekichi was going to move instinctively but the black soldier in front of him threatened him with his knife by raising his elbow.

When the sliding door collapsed and Yoshiko's cry was heard, the black soldiers shouted out loud in excitement. They howled cries like wild birds and whistled sharp whistles.

"Hey, darling! Help me!" cried Yoshiko. From his position Tomekichi couldn't see how Yoshiko was going. Gulping, Tomekichi said, "Run! Yoshiko, run!" But he knew well that Yoshiko had been captured by the black soldiers. It was a useless attempt. The house was trembling. Yoshiko kept crying out for help. High pitched laughter from the black soldiers rose and they conversed in fragmented conversation.

Suddenly Tomekichi cried, "Here comes an MP!" He thought up the story about the MP instantly. His words had a surprising effect on the black soldiers. The black soldier who was standing firm with his feet a little apart and glaring down at Tomekichi uneasily turned his eyes towards outside.

The four other black soldiers came out of the room together. They looked into the darkness outside. Judging from the number, it was certain that one soldier still remained and was holding Yoshiko firmly.

They lowered their voices. The soldier who guarded Tomekichi joined them, still watching Tomekichi carefully. They spluttered words with worried appearances. The falcon on the breast spread its pink wings and they reared up clearly against the black skin in the light.

One of the soldiers ran out of the house. They heard his footsteps moving around in the darkness. The other soldiers in the house were close together in stony silence.

Tomekichi thought in his fuzzy mind that he and his wife might be narrowly saved from danger. The black soldiers might leave his house. He found himself in faint hope. Yoshiko's mouth was covered with a soldier's hands because she was groaning. It was the only thing that produced an intensive noise. Tomekichi refrained from calling out to Yoshiko. Trying to say something now would only incite the black soldiers' anger. It was his only fear.

The scout came back. The scout was the tallest and had big shoulders. He began to talk to the five fellows in a hoarse voice, sometimes waving his hands. The five fellows listened to the scout's report, with their white eyes wide open. The scout must have said that darkness had covered the whole area and that there was no MP jeep. In fact, a quiet calmness spread outside as if they could hear a buzzing in their ears.



The scout got more excited than anyone else. He thought he had been fooled. He looked angrily at Tomekichi, spat on him and began to shout frantically. Tomekichi could understand that the soldier had denounced him as a liar. It was such a shock that Tomekichi's legs gave way and he was going to sit down on the spot. But before he was about to sit, he was hit on the jaw and fell down dizzily.

The five black soldiers rushed into the next room. Yoshiko's cry was heard. The black soldiers cried out, whistled and were stamping their feet with excitement. Tomekichi became dim. He didn't know how long he was in a state of unconsciousness, but when he came to, he was tied up with a rope.

His hands were pulled around behind him and he was bound from his shoulders to his elbow with rope. A switchblade knife was stuck in the tatami mat only thirty centimeters away from his face. Sweat was running into his eyes and noses. Thirst made his throat burn.

The five black soldiers took off their trousers before Tomekichi knew it. They wore only their underpants. Their black hunks of meat were shining under the light. They were completely focused and were ready for the intoxication of the feast. One of the six soldiers had to hold Yoshiko. Yoshiko produced a gasping sound and the strangely tender and soothing voice of the soldier clung to it.

The five black soldiers grinned toothily at Tomekichi. They were standing restlessly at the door to the next four-and-a-half tatami mat room as if they were a fence. They were standing restlessly. They were always waving their bodies and feet. They were irritated. All of them were waiting for their turn. They were stamping and tapping on each other's shoulder. Their stamping seemed melodious.

They never stopped talking. Their horseplay never stopped, either. There was an artificial excitement in their guffaw. Their voices were tripping and their black faces glistened with sweat as if they were covered with lacquer.

When they became naked, their bodies swelled, became paunchy and in cylindrical form like a monkey. The tallest soldier stood in front of Tomekichi and moved his shoulders up and down rhythmically. All the soldiers beat time with their feet and jumped. One black soldier emitted a moan. Other soldiers jeered at him, called his name out, whistled and clamored about.

The tall soldier couldn't put up with it any more and began to dance by himself. He had a part of a woman tattooed in red on his black breast. The red tattoo looked three-dimensional because his breasts were muscular. He danced by shortening and extending his body. Every time he danced like this, his tattoo of female genitalia moved. He was good at this movement. The other black soldiers moved their waists

and feet. They showed their teeth and looked at his mighty chest. The tattoo of female genitalia stood out in pink against the black tanned hide and moved as if it were alive.

A black soldier called out a name from the adjoining room. One of the five soldiers rushed in there. He was the smallest among them. The other four cheered him on from behind. The small soldier in turn responded to them by waving his hand.

The four soldiers became five again because the soldier who had finished his turn rejoined them. The soldier who joined apparently had some white blood. Only he had a high-bridged nose and gray skin. He looked handsome. Swelling his chest with pride, he lowered his underpants and grinned. Then looking at Tomekichi, he showed his guilty feelings for some time. On the back of his hand, there was a reddish-pink heart-shaped tattoo. Also, the letters, UMEKO, a Japanese woman's name, was tattooed aslant.

Yoshiko's groaning had stopped. The black soldiers gasped. Gasping voices were heard in intervals among the noisy voices of the five soldiers. Tomekichi felt something burning in his body.

The storm of violence lasted for an hour. All the tatami mats were covered with mud and many dishes and things were scattered after the flood had subsided. Sliding doors and screens had fallen.

Tomekichi untied the rope by himself. As the black soldiers had gone, he could move freely and boldly. Once he became free, he went to the door and locked it instinctively. This action of his was not caused by the fear that the black soldiers would come back again but by the fear that some neighbors would come to peep into the room. He then drank some water. His whole body was drenched with sweat. Heart palpitations came on. His leg withered and he could not stand.

Tomekichi crawled on the tatami mat and came into the next room. Yoshiko did not manage to utter a word for a long time. Looking at her, she was just a white body lying on the blue mosquito net.

Yoshiko was lying like a rag cloth. Her hair was rough like a flame-like shape, her head tilted, she had distorted features and her mouth was open, which showed her white teeth. She was unconscious. Her chemise was pulled up to her neck and it was held in a hoop. Her breast and abdomen were exposed and her legs were open. There was a strain of blood in her abdomen and her thighs

Tomekichi could not make sense of what had happened. His surroundings looked

tilted and his sense of perspective was missing. He stooped over his wife and clasped her cheek with both his hands. Freckles stood out ghastly on Yoshiko's pale face.

"Yoshiko! Wake up!" Tomekichi kept calling out his wife's name. As he couldn't say what he wanted, his voice became hoarse.

Soon with a frown, Yoshiko gave a groan from the back of her throat. Her chin moved. She tried to lean back as if she wanted to brush aside the weight upon her body.

"Yoshiko! It's me. Yoshiko!" Tomekichi kept on crying. Yoshiko opened her bruised eyelids a little. Her white eyes were blunt. She seemed to identify Tomekichi but did not answer. She whispered in a low voice.

Tomekichi left his wife and walked on the tatami mats. He was not able to walk properly because his legs were wobbly. He went to the kitchen and filled a small bucket with water. He was not able to do this easily, either. He came back to his wife spilling water on the tatami mats.

He soaked three towels in water and wrung them out, but he was unable to grip them properly. He crouched down and wiped Yoshiko's abdomen and crotch with the towels from which drops of water were dripping. The towels turned crimson with blood. He repeatedly exchanged the towels and wiped her. Yoshiko leaked groans between her teeth, straightened her legs but she was at the mercy of Tomekichi. The smell of an animal filled his nose.

Tomekichi was doing as mothers did when their babies wet themselves. Or his behavior conjured images of washing a dead body before placing it in a coffin. Wiping and cleaning her body, Tomekichi was not able to accept this present moment as a fact of life. At least he couldn't think of himself being a part of this reality. He was at a loss about what he was doing, why he was in this place, or what his goal was. That is to say, suddenly his awareness of himself grew dim and the relationship between himself and his wife receded. There was a whirlpool of madness in his mind and the centrifugal force of it made his thoughts turn a different direction, making him calm down. Human beings would not be aware of the extreme humiliation nor ugliness and bizarreness as if they didn't care about the stillness.

Tomekichi pulled down her chemise which had been pulled up to her neck. Her lingerie was torn up. He took her yukata, an informal cotton kimono for summer wear, and laid it over her. As mosquitoes swarmed, he hung up the mosquito net which had fallen down and was twisted on the tatami mat. Mud fell down from the net suddenly, and its sound returned him to reality for the first time since the black soldiers had come into his house. The mud on the mosquito net, which was from the

soldiers' boots, was proof of the incident. Strange as it was to say, the circumstantial evidence showed the accident more vividly than Yoshiko, the victim, who was lying like a ceramic doll.

When Tomekichi ran out, the forest and fields were covered with darkness as usual. The sky was faintly bright in the direction of the town. He began to run towards that direction. He lost his breath and his knees gave way.

The sound of a firework was heard from somewhere. He didn't expect fireworks at this time of night. It was the same sound he heard before black soldiers intruded into his house.

All of the houses had their shutters closed tightly and no light escaped. There was a pond to the right. It appeared blue-white in the dark. There were some thick black woods and a faintly white road ran among them.

All of a sudden, shadows of a few people sprang out. Tomekichi was stunned.

"Where are you heading for?" He was questioned, apparently in Japanese. They wore helmets and carried pistols. A flashlight was turned to his face from his front. Tomekichi was dazzled by the light. His heart beat with a racing pulse.

"Are you police officers?" Tomekichi asked out of breath.

"Yes, we are. What happened to you?" the three policemen approached him from three sides. They asked as if they were anticipating the expectant reply.

"Black soldiers came to my home. I am about to report to the police booth," Tomekichi was still gasping.

"Are they still in your home?" they asked at once. According to their manner of speaking, they seemed to have already known about black soldiers.

"They've gone," replied Tomekichi.

"When?"

"About twenty minutes ago."

"How many soldiers?" another policeman asked.

"Six, sir."

"Wh-huh." one policeman took out a police handbook. Another policeman shone his flashlight on the handbook.

"Your name?"

Tomekichi didn't answer immediately. There was something in his mind which made him hesitate to answer. He felt it was unexpected question.

"What's your name?" the policeman urged him to answer.

"My name is Tomekich Maeno," said Tomekichi gulping.

The policeman asked him his address and his name twice and wrote them down.

“What kind of damage did you suffer?” looking into Tomokichi’s face, the policeman said. His tone seemed to have a prurient interest about it.

“They ...,” he said with a frown in order to avoid the policeman’s bad breath. “They made themselves at home, drank liquor and went out.” Then he thought to himself that he wouldn’t go to the police booth to report such a thing. His state of mind seemed like a bathtub full of hot water, where a stream of cold water was flowing in and suddenly much colder water poured into it from the crack in the bottom. He was completely confused. His confusion led him into holding back his true feelings.

“Didn’t you suffer any other damage?” A policeman turned his flashlight to Tomokichi’s face again and looked at him. His tone implied that there must have been other damage.

“No, that’ all. They just drank some liquor,” Tomokichi said sadly. He said it as mournfully as possible because he didn’t want them to notice his other damage, so he emphasized the theft of the liquor. Common sense emerged and it instinctively made him answer.

“Do you have any family?”

“My wife and I,” he said, feeling as if he wanted to scream.

“Mm,” nodding in assent, the policeman rubbed his nose.

“Didn’t they do anything to your wife?”

“No,” Tomokichi responded quickly. “When the soldiers were drinking, she went out from the back door.”

The policeman became silent with a dissatisfied look and looked at his name written in his handbook. The policemen were apparently doubtful. The three policemen didn’t talk with each other.

“Well, we’ll go investigate your house tomorrow,” said the highest ranked officer in a high-pitched voice. “You had better go home tonight. It’s dangerous. Shut your doors securely. All the traffic in the city is blocked now.”

Tomokichi understood the reason why the policemen in helmets were standing in this place at last.

“What did the black soldiers do?” having known that he was not the only victim, a strange sense of security occurred in his mind.

“Only five or six black soldiers intruded into your house, but three hundred black soldiers in all escaped,” a policeman said.

“Haven’t they been caught yet?” Tomokichi asked.

“Not yet. They have automatic rifles and hand grenades. They are out of our

control.”

A light shone in the dark sky then the sound of a firework rang out. Turning his face to that direction, a policeman said, “I wonder who shot that off.”

“The MPs have already gone into action, haven’t they?” Tomekichi felt the strain.

“One unit of MPs is not enough. Two companies have been called out. They are in the jeeps with a machine guns attached to them,” a policeman said with enjoyment. “The escape of the U.S. soldiers is big entertainment for the night of the Gion festival.”

“It’s a kind of insurrection,” another policeman said with apparent enjoyment. “The MP Commander said they would annihilate them unless the fugitive soldiers surrendered. White soldiers and black soldiers hate each other.”

There appeared a glow in the northern heavens. “It’s a flare,” a policeman cried.

“Ah! They are firing. Go on! I remember the days when I was in the battle field.”

There were sporadic gunshots from different directions. Tomekichi knew the real source of the sounds of fireworks at last. He was going to leave the policemen without saying anything. His feet were shaking a little.

“Hey, you,” a policeman said to his back. “The negro soldiers are hiding in the mountain nearby. You go home carefully.” Jeeps were running around making roaring sounds in the distance. Beams of light were moving among the dark trees.

When Tomekichi got back to his house, Yoshiko was still lying in the mosquito net. She didn’t groan or move. Yoshiko’s body looked a voluptuous figure for Tomekichi when he saw her on the futon, a blanket, through the blue mosquito net.

There was a stale air, which was same as when he left the house, and he inhaled it into his lungs like a goldfish returning to a tank with stagnant water.

Tomekichi lifted up the net and entered. Yoshiko pulled up her yukata to her ears and twisted it to her body. Her indigo blue hydrangea patterned yukata was full of wrinkles and twisted. Her curled hair stood tangled. She seemed inaccessible.

Tomekichi stood still for a few minutes. Yoshiko seemed to have been dead but Tomekichi knew she had come to her senses. A mosquito buzzed around his ear. He felt chilly. He was sitting down and was not able to move. If he moved, the tense air surrounding him would move and it would pierce his skin. Movement wasn’t the only thing that would change the situation. After a while, Yoshiko let sobbing out from her mouth. Her sobbing became deeper and she lamented out aloud like a man who was crying and writhing.

"Yoshiko!" Tomekichi touched his wife's body. His hand was led by her crying. Yoshiko, who was crying face-down, was stiff and his hands were likely to be rejected.

He called wife's name twice. Rather he could not help doing so because he felt himself drawn by some strange power. He thought he had to be beside his wife because there was a sense of discomfort between them. To put it plainly, his wife was a direct object of humiliation and he was involved in the humiliating incident. Now the relationship was that of the subject and the surrounding rather than the relationship between wife and husband, which created a sense of inequality.

Yoshiko turned her body as if she were about to jump and she seized Tomekichi's belt with her both her hands. She grabbed him so strongly that he almost fell down.

"I'll die! I'll kill myself!" Yoshiko cried with her face covered in tears and sweat. An electric lamp shone light to her bridge of her nose and forehead and she looked like a vengeful ghost. Judging from the tone of her voice and manner of breathing, she was different from what he knew.

"You must not die," Tomekichi shouted. "It's me that is to blame. I was a coward." Satisfied with these remarks, he fell to his wife and embraced her. In his arms, his wife struggled like a small animal and he could feel her body heat.

"I'll die. I'll kill myself tomorrow."

"Don't say such a thing. You are not bad. I was timid. Forgive me," he drew back his wife's chin. She turned away from him but immediately kept a close eye on him. Her eyes shined in the darkness. She stared into his eyes to see if he was sincere or not. He was taken aback and bewildered. But in the next breath, she clung to him frantically and burst into tears.

Tomekichi took off the yukata which covered her body. Her feet were trying to refuse him so he held her with his feet.

By doing this he was trying to adapt himself to her humiliation. Although he was excited, he felt that he had to make an effort to take his wife. Sweat streamed down his breast. There was a gratification of the flesh but there was a sense of inequality that remained unsettled.

It is difficult for us to know the details of the mass breakout and violence committed by the black soldiers that happened at Kokura Camp on the night of July 11, 1950. Most of the records were destroyed.<sup>11</sup>

However, it is certain that the fugitive soldiers were the black soldiers of 24th regiments of the 25th division. Two hundred and fifty was an approximate figure.

They scattered in darkness from their barracks at about eight o'clock at night. They had rifles and hand grenades. They were well-armed. They attacked private

houses. As it was a summer evening, there were many houses which did not have locked doors. Their intrusions were easily carried out. Pillage and violence was carried out without any strong resistance.

It was by about nine o'clock that the Japanese police knew about it. But they were feeble towards the foreign soldiers. The chief of police summoned all the policemen and ordered them to prevent damage among the citizens.

All the roads from downtown to Jono district were closed. The information cars of *The A Newspaper* ran round and sounded a danger call to the citizens. They were told to lock their doors. It was the only thing that the Japanese people could do.

Information cars ran sounding warnings throughout the dark night. But there were many restrictions. They could not report the mass escape of the Occupation Forces that had happened on that day. Their expressions had to be ambiguous and unclear. On the contrary, their ambiguousness gave the citizens a sense of urgency. "Lock the door! Don't go out!" repeated the information cars.

As night went on, offense reports were delivered from houses in Jono district one after another. There were seventy five offense reports that were filed out at the Kokura Police Station. Every report showed that there were acts of violence, cases of burglary and threats, but the number of sexual assaults, which were concealed, was unknown.

One of the reports said as follows. At a company employee's house, during dinner with his twenty five-year-old wife, four or five black soldiers suddenly kicked down a door and intruded, requesting some liquor or beer. When the husband offered a bottle of liquor, they threw down their rifles and began to drink intently. While they were drinking, the husband let his wife escape from a window to the back shed. After they drank up the bottle, they began to look for the wife. As she was not in the house, one of the soldiers hit the husband with the butt of his rifle and caused him an injury that would take two weeks to heal. At a different house, black soldiers broke in, where a wife was at home with her baby. After messing up the house with their muddy boots on, they glared at the wife and one of the soldiers touched her

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<sup>11</sup> c.f. 松本清張『半生の記』河出書房 1966年（特に最終章「絵具」）新潮文庫 1970年  
「黒人兵暴動」（『福岡県警察史』 pp. 848-857 福岡県警察史編纂委員会編 福岡県警察本部 1978年）  
「朝鮮戦争動乱物語」（『激動二十年 福岡県の戦後史』 pp. 158-175 毎日新聞社 昭和40年）  
「朝鮮戦争と講和①～⑧」『検証 昭和報道』朝日新聞 2009年10月15日～24日  
児島 襄『朝鮮戦争 I・II・III』文春文庫（特に第I巻 pp. 167-179では「黒人兵の暴動事件」「脱走兵と憲兵」の章で小倉での集団脱走事件を記述している。



breast over her chemise. But hearing the sound of an MP jeep, they broke the window and ran away.<sup>12</sup>

But there was something concealed in those reports. The arrival of the MP jeep was reported but they were slow to act. In addition, no reports that showed anything more serious than just touching breasts were delivered. The statement that the black soldiers only touched the breast over the lady's chemise led them to believe that there was something serious being hidden. The arrival of the MP jeep was too lucky to be accidental.

The movement of the MP was slow paced. Tens of MPs came to the spot but they didn't know what to do. Their actions were natural because they couldn't do anything at all against the two hundred and fifty well-armed fugitive soldiers. The fugitive soldiers shot and the MP shot back. The MPs knew that they couldn't suppress the fugitive soldiers by themselves.

Two companies were called out to put down the riot. They drove armed trucks and jeeps with twenty millimeters heavy machine gun. The flares which were launched by the military units lit up the sky and the tracer bullets shot by both sides left red traces and their gunshots were heard faintly as far as six kilometers away.

The Brigadier General of the 25th division, feeling responsibility for the accident, got in a jeep at a little after eleven o'clock at night in order to coerce the rebel troops. There were fields in the northern districts of Jono and black soldiers were wandering about in the dark. Dozens of jeeps surrounded the fields and turned on the headlights. In their headlights, which made crossed stripe pattern, some black soldiers stood up from the bushes or rice fields. Grass shone white in the light but black soldiers concealed their figures like rats because they were covered in mud. The brigadier general told them to give up by loudspeaker.

Raising both hands, most of the fugitive black soldiers were driven into the camp hours later. The machine guns on the jeeps were pointed at them and the jeeps drove as slowly as they walked to the gate of the barracks.

Nobody knew what punishment they received the next day. Maybe they were not punished. It may not have been necessary. They vanished from Camp Jono in two days. Large trucks of the U.S. Forces would speed heavily along the eighty-foot wide paved road, leading from Kokura to the port, late at night. These were familiar

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<sup>12</sup> 「証言 黒人兵脱走」(上) 朝日新聞 昭和50年7月9日 福岡版  
「証言 黒人兵脱走」(中) 朝日新聞 昭和50年7月12日 福岡版  
「証言 黒人兵脱走」(下) 朝日新聞 昭和50年7月16日 福岡版  
「証言 黒人兵脱走」(補) 朝日新聞 昭和50年7月23日 福岡版

sights in Kokura, so nobody knew or was interested in when and how black soldiers were being conveyed.

A short message from the Commander of Camp Kokura appeared in the local edition of each newspaper. It said that they wanted to build up friendly relationship despite the accident.<sup>13</sup>

One or two days after the accident, the MP and the policemen at the Kokura Police Station arrested some black soldiers straying in the nearby mountain or forest. They carried bottles of liquor or beer and they were walking unsteadily. Their exhausted white eyes appealed for help and they were obedient like babies.<sup>14</sup>

The festival had already finished. Drumbeats could not be heard any more.

## Part 2

AP

Inchon, September 15, 1950

The U.S. Marine Corps and the Infantry Forces landed in great number at Inchon, on the west coast of South Korea, and they were attacking the North Korean Forces. MacArthur, the commander in chief of the U.N. Forces, has been leading this operation from early on.<sup>15</sup>

U.S. Headquarters Briefing, September 16

The 10th Army Corps recaptured Seoul for the first time in three months since the North Korean Forces made a surprise attack on the south at the 38th parallel.

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<sup>13</sup> 「米軍が遺憾の意を表明」朝日新聞 昭和25年7月18日北九州版

<sup>14</sup> 「帰らぬ米兵 見つけたらすぐ報告」西日本新聞 昭和25年7月15日 北九州版

「"逃亡兵は報告を"小倉憲兵隊から」朝日新聞 昭和25年7月15日 北九州版

<sup>15</sup> On September 15, 1950, the joint Task Forces of the 7th fleet launched the landing with 261 warships. Warships were dispatched from 8 nations (225 from America, 12 from England, 3 from Canada, 2 from Australia, 2 from New Zealand, 1 from France, 1 from Netherlands, and 15 from South Korea). This operation was code-named as "Operation Chromite."

There are various records of the Incheon Landing Operation displayed at The Memorial Hall for Incheon Landing Operation in Yeonsu-gu, Incheon.

c.f. 「休戦50周年 朝鮮戦争」(後篇)－中国軍の介入 そして休戦－ NHK衛星第一 2003年7月20日放送(Battle for Korea -Second Part- NHK Satellite 1)

c.f. 『太白山脈』(The Taebake Mountain) イム・グォンテク監督 1994年制作

AP

8th Headquarters Briefing, October 9

One regiment of the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division crossed the 38th parallel to the north of Kaesong.

UP

Junggodong, November 1

A regiment of the 24th Division, which started an operation northwestward from Sonchon, marched twenty two kilometers over the border between Manchuria and North Korea.

8th Headquarters Briefing, November 4

The authorities of the 8th Division confirmed that two Divisions of the Chinese Communist Forces were engaged in battle at the western front in North Korea.<sup>16</sup>

AP

Washington, D.C., November 30

U.S. President Truman stated in a regular interview on 30th that the U.S. government was considering the use of atomic bombs to the Chinese Communist Forces when absolutely necessary to stave off the new crisis on the Korean peninsula.<sup>17</sup>

AP

Pyongyang, December 1

The U.N. Forces stationed at Pyongyang began retreating southward from Pyongyang on the night of the 2nd.

AP

Tokyo

The 8th U.S. Army Corps abandoned Pyongyang and retreated southward on the 5th but the eastern side was exposed to the threat of one million advanced guards of the Chinese Communist Forces.

AP

Hungnam, December 13

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<sup>16</sup> 『朝鮮戦争（下）中国軍参戦と不毛の対峙戦』歴史群像シリーズ 61 学習研究社 1999年

<sup>17</sup> cf. *Nippon Times*, December 2, 1950

The U.N. Forces stationed in a small position on the northeastern front began retreating from Hungnam port on the 13th. There was no time to lose because the Chinese Communist Forces, who had pushed back the U.N. Forces from Jangjinho District, were reported to have assembled in order to launch a final attack on the U.N. Forces. The problem was whether or not the U.N. Forces could retreat safely before the Chinese Communist Forces began attacking from the snow capped mountains overlooking Hungnam port. The total force of arms of the 10th Army Corps was estimated to be 60,000 soldiers. According to the report from the front, the 10th Army Corps broke out of the encirclement and reached the eastern beaches. The U.S. 17th Regiment of the 7th Division, who had advanced to the border between Manchuria and North Korea, was among them.

#### 8th Division Briefing at the Battle Front, December 29

Judging from the war situation in the last few days, the intelligence officers of the 8th Division presumed that a part of the Chinese Communist Forces had already broken through the 38th parallel and had advanced into Kaesong and Gorangpo districts.

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On New Year's Day of 1951, every Japanese newspaper carried a message on the front page from General MacArthur to Japanese citizens.<sup>18</sup> In his message, General MacArthur referred to the current war situation on the Korean peninsula and said that the United States of America would defeat any intruders who threatened the peace of the world. But four days later, an article stating that the U.S. Forces had abandoned Seoul again, and retreated to Suwon and Wonju because the Chinese Communist Forces crossed the 38th parallel, was printed in the same newspapers.

A rumor that a large number of corpses of American soldiers had been transported to Kitakyushu City was circulating around here. The rumor didn't cover the whole story but it was somewhat concrete. Rumors had been spreading since last autumn. For example; disposal of the war dead was being done in the submarines anchored off Hikoshima,<sup>19</sup> or as ordinary people didn't want to engage in this job, workers from

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<sup>18</sup> cf. January 1, 1951 Issue of *Nippon Times or The Asahi Shimibun*. In his message to Japanese citizens, Gen. MacArthur mentioned that self preservation might require Japan to rearm.

<sup>19</sup> Hikoshima: island located at the south end of Shimonoseki City, Yamaguchi Prefecture.

crematories in Moji, Kokura or Yahata<sup>20</sup> were called up.

The first rumor was unrealistic. But thinking about what the business at a crematory would be going on if workers there had been taken away, they thought the second rumor must be real. Being top secret information of the U.S. Forces, everything seemed mysterious but possible.

Day by day, the rumor took on an air of feasibility like the one as follows. A lot of the war dead were unloaded from submarines moored at the quay in Moji. The disposal was done late at night and the war dead were refrigerated in the hull and they were solid objects. As the war dead resembled dried fish, unloaders called them "dried codfish."

They said that the number of "dried codfish" was large. Several dark gray colored military trucks came and the war dead were loaded. They were not put into a coffin but just covered with coats and piled onto the truck. Military trucks were covered by external coverings to avoid the contents being seen and they ran along the road towards Kokura Camp at full speed late at night.

A rumor that the disposal of the war dead took place in the Camp buildings followed. Workers from the crematories in the previous rumor disappeared and specialized workers who engaged in the job came up in this rumor. People were attracted by the outrageously high daily allowance paid for the special work. They were not paid by the day but paid per dead body.

Eight hundred yen a dead body. If they disposed of three bodies a day, they could get two thousand and four hundred yen. The rumor was surprising enough for the people who heard it. It was indeed a great deal of money. That large amount of money made people imagine the dreadful nature of the work; treating dismembered corpses and disposing of decomposing corpses by hand. This made people's imagination sensual. The graveness and burden of the work significantly equal to the high salary.

Most people would say in front of others that no matter how much they got, they were not willing to do such a job. But over the course of time, interest in getting a high salary was transformed into envious desire as if blood separated and coagulated into a red and white cells. They thought that it was natural that the U.S. Army, who engaged in warfare, should pay such a high salary. Nobody doubted that they were paid eight hundred yen a dead body.

Some said that the workers who disposed of the dead bodies were easy to

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<sup>20</sup> Moji, Kokura or Yahata: Three wards comprising Kitakyushu City.

distinguish. They emitted a bad smell from their bodies. When they got on a street car, they were distinguished as workers who engaged in disposal of the dead bodies by their foul smell. The smell was very bad. It was not a stench of dead bodies, but a strong smell of medical supplies. Anyone who listened to the stories could imagine the pale face of the workers who were sitting and looking down at the seat between the passengers. In his imagination, he could not help thinking about eight hundred yen a dead body.

As days passed by, the daily wages changed little by little. They said that the salary was not so high and it would be six hundred yen a day at most. It meant that the corpses transferred from Korea were high in number and the number of workers who wanted to dispose of the dead bodies had also increased. Rumors gradually turned into reality.

After the nine o'clock evening news on the radio, an additional broadcast was sometimes transmitted.

“Good evening, registered workers. Today we have temporary work concerning the Occupied Forces. Anyone who wants to engage in this work is supposed to meet in front of the Kokura Employment Service Agency at eleven o'clock tonight.”<sup>21</sup>

They wondered what kind of work that started after eleven o'clock at night would be. Most of the citizens who listened to the radio didn't know about it. Some of them knew they would transport or dispose of the war dead. Very few of the citizens knew the nature of the work.

The radio broadcast didn't last long. The U.S. Forces, pushed back by the Chinese Communist Forces, continued retreating in the Korean front. The number of corpses which needed workers was not decreasing. The reason why the radiobroadcast to gather temporary workers had stopped was the permanent facilities to dispose of the corpses had been completed.

In fact, disposal of the war dead was conducted in a building in the huge Camp Jono. It was the supply depot of the Japanese Army during the Second World War, it had three two-story buildings and thirty old warehouses that were used for disposal of the war dead.

There was a signboard which read “Army Grave Registration Service” at the

<sup>21</sup> 藤井久「朝鮮戦争で湧いた後方基地『日本』狂騒録」(特集 ロジスティックス考 戦略補給戦 『丸』56(7)号 pp. 98-101 2003年)

石丸 安蔵「朝鮮戦争と日本の関わり—忘れ去られた海上輸送—」『波濤』197号 pp. 58-83 2008年

石丸 安蔵「朝鮮戦争と日本の港湾—国連軍への支援とその影響—」『防衛研究所紀要第9巻第3号』 pp.91-105 2007年

entrance of the building. The Japanese workers knew it by its initials A.G.R.S. but they pronounced it ASIALESS.<sup>22</sup>

Empty coffins which had carried the dead bodies were piled in many heaps in the empty space around the buildings. When the wind blew, the smell floated to private houses surrounding the camp and in case of rain, it crept on the ground like dregs of stale wine.

A.G.R.S. was guarded twice as well as usual. Security guards were standing between the houses of the depot and the buildings for disposal of the war dead. Sentry guards were walking inside the A.G.R.S. area. The guards wore thick gauze masks but they didn't prevent the smell from entering. They tried to breathe with their back to the building of the dead and chewed gum with the strong fragrance of peppermint.

The buildings of A.G.R.S. were divided into three parts according to their operations. One was the place where they treated the appearance of the dead bodies. One was the room for dissection of the dead bodies. The other was a storehouse for the dead. The last one was, of course, the biggest.

An irritating odor filled the morgue. The dense gaseous formalin pervaded the room to deodorize the stench of dead bodies and to apply antiseptic treatment. The gas irritated the eyes and stimulated the nose. White hospital frocks were given to the Japanese workers, as well as masks and gloves. What was more, underpants were supplied, three times a day. They were not able to escape from the intrusion of bad smell unless they changed their underpants three times a day.

Pairs of thin rubber gloves were a nuisance for the Japanese workers not to mention their masks. Customs reconciled them to everything. Experienced workers could inure themselves both to the dead bodies and to the smell. They grumbled to themselves that they could not do the work properly when they were doing it in a refined way.

To carry a corpse on their backs from the freezer in the warehouse was one of their jobs. The dead bodies were stored in a chest methodically and there were hundreds of corpses in the drawers and they inhaled frozen air.

The first job for a worker was to carry a corpse to the treatment room and place it on a bench. Twelve benches were set in two rows. Doctors gave directions as to where they should place the corpses by pointing with their pointed chins or their long

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<sup>22</sup> 埴原 和郎『骨を読む ある人類学者の体験』中公新書79 中央公論社 1965年  
『黒地の絵展 刻まれた記憶』ふるさと小倉シリーズ⑥ 北九州市立松本清張記念館 2005年

fingers. The corpses still wore their military uniforms but there was no such thing as a perfect corpse. An army surgeon gave a salute to the newly laid corpse on the bench and workers followed suit.

The workers' job in this section was taking off the coats and peeling off the underwear from the corpses. It was the doctors of the United States Forces who bent over the corpses and gave medical examinations. Workers packed the clothes into a box and left the room. The clothes stiffened up by blood were supposed to be brought to a place in the mountains that used to be a firing range of the former Japanese Army and burnt. It was twenty kilometers away from the camp.

There were some thirty Japanese workers in the treatment room. After inspection by the doctors, they had to bring the corpses to the autopsy rooms. Doctors' inspections were precise and took a long time. Doctors inspected and noncommissioned officers recorded. Every corpse had a brass-made ID tag on the chest without exception. Even if a face was destroyed, the necklace-like tag was placed on the chest as if he was performing a ceremony. Numbers were engraved on the plate. The ID tag was nicknamed a "dog tag." The number had several digits, numbering up to tens of millions.

There were of course some unfortunate corpses without the ID tags. Such corpses had no trace of their original forms. Height and tooth marks were recorded and X-ray examinations were done painstakingly. Noncommissioned officers checked records with the entry in a ledger which had been recorded before they had served in the war. It was very precise identification. The number in the ledger was a trace of when the person concerned was alive, whereas the body lying on the bench was the article left behind.

When the painstaking task of identifying a corpse was over, noncommissioned officer ordered the Japanese workers to move the corpse to the autopsy room. Two or three workers placed the naked corpse on the pushcart and brought it to the next room.

There were nearly thirty benches in two rows in this room, too. This autopsy room was very complicated. But what was being done here was not autopsy but assembling.

The corpses varied in shapes. Bullets tore a person into pieces and decomposition advanced its destruction. Making it a living person by fixing the body or the four limbs, which were too terrible to look at, was the beautiful work done in this room. The army doctor cut the body with a scalpel and took out the internal organs, which hastened decomposition. Water was running on the bench and making babbles.



Babbling water made puddles and then they became a stream, flowing into the drain. Internal organs became tangled in the puddles as if they were playing.

It was very difficult to match limbs. Experience and skill were necessary. Civilian engineers in the military service collected components and archeologists created a man as if they were restoring a pot with fragments of pottery.

A peaceful sleep was necessary for a dead person. It was courtesy to let the dead body meet with his family in his own country. The dead body had to have an expression which showed that he was called to heaven peacefully. It was the right of the dead. The dead were not “nothing” but had to display their “existence.”

The preservative powder was packed into the cavity from where internal organs were removed to prevent further decomposition. Then the crotch was spread and a solution of corrosive sublimate mixed with formalin was injected into an artery. Transparent crimson liquid was filled in an irrigator that hung above the body and it was fed beneath the skin through a tube. Presently the pale face of the dead person had a beautiful red complexion. As the liquid diminished, the irrigator lost its color as if light pink stained glass had slipped down gradually. One knew that much more life had been injected into the dead person. Pink cream was spread over the reddish cheeks and according to the face, he looked lively and seemed to be breathing deep and evenly in his sleep.

The autopsy room was said to be a room where the dead came back to life. Ugly scars were sutured. Scars were hidden. Agonized looks were not to be seen any more. The dead body was lying on bed just after saying good night. The makeup of the dead was finished in this way.

Then they were laid in the coffins. There was a bed at the bottom of the box. Copper plates were put up on the wall inside the coffins. The dead body was covered with two soft blankets. Some gauze, absorbent cotton and blocks of dry ice were stuffed into a recess. Fragrant preservative powder was scattered around and his face could be seen through the windowpane. Three hundred dollars was the price of this luxurious coffin. Satisfied, the dead returned to their home by military airplanes.<sup>23</sup>

After the orthopedic surgery and injection of medicine, other restoration processes were done by some sixty civilians in the military service. As the war expanded and the mass number of the war dead piled up in the base in Kitakyushu, civilian

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<sup>23</sup> 『激動二十年 福岡県の戦後史』（毎日新聞社 昭和40年）の口絵には「朝鮮動乱で戦死した国連軍将校の遺体は、小倉で処理後、門司港から故国に送られた」と解説のついた写真が掲載されている。

contractors were dispatched from Tokyo. They were under direct control of the Far East Forces. But they, including army doctors, noncommissioned officers and the Japanese workers, were all called "undertakers" behind their backs.

The number of "undertakers" increased, but the number of war dead collected at A.G.R.S. was much larger. When the U.S. Forces pushed back the Communist Party Forces, they dug up the war dead who had been buried in taking to flight and sent them back to Japan. Most of them were wrapped only with rubber bags or tents, so they turned into skeletal remains. Some gigantic dead bodies were included, whose bellies had swollen like casks. These were the new ones that had died at the time when the U.S. Forces went over the 38th parallel and then they were pushed back again by the Chinese Communist Forces.

The warehouse could take in three hundred dead bodies at most. Their disposal capacity was eighty bodies a day, so army doctors were irritated all day.

But the most irritated ones might be the dead bodies waiting for their turn. Some of the war dead piled outside the building wanted to be put in the drawer and be frozen by the cold air. They insisted that they should be got out of here and be made up. The war dead seemed to be murmuring and complaining.

Nevertheless the army planes and ships conveyed the war dead one after another.

Dr. Jiro Kousaka, dentist, began to pay attention to a worker, whom he sometimes saw in a street car in mornings or evenings.

The streetcar was a small one running through the suburbs of Kokura city. These street cars were crowded with commuters and students who went downtown in the morning and evening. But the worker leaned against the conductor's platform even though the street car was not crowded and he exposed himself to the cold wind. He wore a short green coat, and tucked his trouser bottoms into his army boots. Due to his appearance, Dr. Kousaka noticed that he was working at the camp. Besides, the dentist knew he was employed by A.G.R.S. The dentist was working as a Japanese doctor at the disposal section, too. The dentist knew about him not by sight but because of another reason.

That man looked in his mid thirties and a dirty tangle hair grew under his flattened cap. The brightness had vanished from his complexion and he had porous skin. He never smiled. Seeming to have no one to laugh with, he always stood alone. He looked out with his blurred eyes in an absent way.

Dr. Kousaka wanted to speak to him someday. One day he got off the streetcar at the terminal and caught up with him.

"Is your home in that direction?" Dr. Kousaka addressed him as the people around became less.

"Yes, indeed," the man replied without changing his pace. The fields along the road were frozen and the cold wind was blowing.

"You are working at A.G.R.S., aren't you?" the dentist asked again.

"Yes. I know you, doctor. But you know I am working there?" the man glanced at the dentist. There were some wrinkles and freckles about his eyes.

"I know you but not by sight," Dr. Kousaka replied.

"How do you know me?"

"By the stench of death."

"I tried to change my underwear everyday and not to take off my mask or gloves."

"It doesn't work. The foul smell sneaks into through your nails and hair." the dentist said. "How long have you been working there?"

"Three months."

"What compelled you to begin such work?"

"I lost my job. The mine I had worked before went bankrupt. I was a deskman and deskmen are poorly paid even though I change jobs."

"Disposing of the dead pays good wages?"

"Sixteen thousand yen a month. Because of these wages, workers at the Camp want to work at A.G.R.S."

"I suppose that true. And I was told that on hearing this story, some unemployed people came all the way from Tokyo to Kokura city. In fact, they heard they would be paid six or seven thousand yen a day. Have you got used to the job?"

"I manage to do it. I often suffered from nausea in the beginning and I was scolded hard by a noncommissioned officer when I spat."

"You are a clever worker," said the dentist. "Some workers were fired for insulting the dead bodies." They stopped at a forked road. "Oh, you go that way?" The man nodded in approval.

"I haven't seen you around here before, have I?"

"I moved in one month ago."

"Where did you live before?"

"I lived in Mihagino,<sup>24</sup> near the Camp."

"I am surprised to hear that you found a house to rent."

"I am taking a room with a famer's family."

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<sup>24</sup> Mihagino: a town adjoining Jono Camp.

"Do you have a small family?"

"Myself."

The dentist looked at his face to ascertain his age.

"Aren't you married?"

"We divorced one month ago."

The worker had already exposed the back of his green jacket towards the dentist and began to walk away. The icy clouds were melting into the evening twilight. He walked with a slouch towards the clouds. Feeling cold, he shrugged his shoulders.

The next day, Dr. Kousaka tried to find the worker. But he had to be engaged in his work, and it was not easy to spare time. His job was to take a dental impression of the dead and compare them with the original register to identify the dead. There were countless jaws in front of him. He was dripping with sweat.

As he had reached a good place to leave off, he wanted to do the thing which weighed upon his mind. Another doctor beside him, whose work was just that of "an archeologist," whistled a low tune. He had just measured a skeleton and said, "This can't be an American. A skeleton of a Korean again."

Paying no attention to it, Dr. Kousaka stood up. The worker was not in this room. He walked to the next autopsy room.

Some thirty Japanese workers were engaged in work. It was easy to find him among them. He had to select among the workers who wore both a mask and gloves.

The man was taking down a black body and bringing it to an undertaker. When the dentist touched his shoulder with his fingers, he only turned his eyes to the dentist. There were familiar wrinkles about his eyes.

"You are a skillful worker, aren't you?" the dentist said to him quietly. "Aren't you afraid of the dead bodies?"

"No. Because there were more black soldiers' corpses than those of white soldiers," replied the worker, which astonished the dentist a little. Usually gray black skins were weirder.

"Indeed, there are more black corpses than white ones," said the dentist as he glanced around so as not to offend anybody.

"What are you looking at?"

"A tattoo, sir."

The blackness of the skin had faded a little but on the contrary, the red dots of the tattoo were much clearer. The tattoos varied, for example, people, parts of the human body, birds or combinations of letters. The places where the tattoo marks were made were mostly on the swelled bellies or on the wrists.

"The tattoos of the foreigners are not as artistic as those of the Japanese," said the dentist while noticing Tomekichi looking at the tattoos.

"Are you interested in the tattoos?"

"Interesting," said the worker without laughing.

"Interesting but crude. Oh, it's a dancing girl." The dentist looked at the autopsy bench by the worker. The corpse on the bench had its head torn but had a hula dancer tattooed on the chest. The body was being injected formalin from the crotch.

"Doctor," said the worker. "I can not distinguish the negro soldiers by facial features. But it's easy to make a distinction by their tattoos."

"That's right. We have made a distinction by tattoos in addition to the comparison of tooth, height and x-ray."

"Does the ledger listing the tattoos exist?"

"Yes," the dentist said and he noticed the worker glancing at him. But the worker began to bring the next body, so the dentist turned his back.

When he was returning home that day, the dentist met the worker who was letting the wind blow right over him on the conductor's platform.

The dentist overtook Tomekichi on the way.

"I don't know your name yet. May I ask your name?"

"My name's Tomekichi Maeno," said the worker with his hands in his baggy coat.

"You seem to be interested in the tattoos on black soldiers. Am I right?"

"I am searching for a tattoo."

"Searching for a tattoo?" the dentist was amused by his answer. "It may be on the ledger. What's the tattoo like?"

"Oh, no. There's no need," the worker said rudely at the forked road. "It's only me that remembers it."

Dr. Kousaka, the dentist, gradually looked forward to going home with Tomekichi Maeno. Tomekichi was in a silent mood and unfriendly. He looked as pale as death and had dry skin. There was nothing lively in him. The dentist had already read that his lifeless appearance had not come from the exhaustion of daily life. It was his unexplained physical weariness that made the dentist go home with him.

The dentist put his desire into practice. A few blocks of the country road after getting off the street car was the only distance that they could share. Sometimes they walked along against the gray sky and sometimes there was the Great Hunter at the edge of a mountain.

"Why did you break up with your wife?" the dentist asked him one day. "You don't

get along with her?"

"Neither I nor my wife wanted to divorce," said Tomekichi.

"But why?"

"That's all we could do."

"There must be a serious reason. It's hard to divorce, isn't it?"

"Nay, we wanted to become separated as soon as possible. What has become of her?" Tomekichi murmured then became silent. The dentist thought the real reason for their divorce emerged from the relationship between wife and husband.

"Fifteen or sixteen thousand yen a month is enough for one person, isn't it?" the dentist asked a meddlesome question to him again on another day.

"Yea, it's true," said Tomekichi walking with a stoop.

"What do you spend your money on?"

"I have nothing to pay for in particular. As I lodge in a room at a farmer's house, I loaf around as soon as I get home."

"Don't you do anything in particular?"

"No. Just go to bed."

The dentist showed a little surprised look at Tomekichi. He still had blurred eyes and a lifeless face.

"You save up quite a bit, don't you?"

The worker didn't reply but told the dentist a different thing.

"The labor union plans to dispute a campaign for an improvement of conditions."

"I know," said the dentist. "But it's a useless attempt."

"There are two bad noncommissioned officers who ill-treat the Japanese employees. The Union leaders want the Commander to have them redeployed. They are persuading the workers into going on a strike unless the Commander accepts their request."

"Are they so bad those noncommissioned officers?"

"Many workers have been beaten. Workers, once they are not fond of by the officers, are dismissed quickly."

"Noncommissioned officers don't have a right to dismiss the workers," said the dentist doubtfully.

"They do it legally."

"How?"

"They give them some goods from GIs, for example, a packet of cigarettes or a blanket. As the officers put their signatures on the permit cards to take things out, everybody is willing to take them. Those bad guys call the MP later saying that some

Japanese have taken out an article issued by the government. The MP then calls the Japanese police station and the Japanese detectives will come and arrest the Japanese workers on suspicion of being in illegal possession of the goods of the Occupied Forces. The Japanese workers will be fired for this reason.”

“It is no good even though they have the permit card with a signature. It’s a fine trap. They use Paragraph 389 of the Imperial Ordinance,” said the dentist. “The white men look down on colored races. Whistling, they will be pleased to see that a Japanese worker is caught in a trap like a rabbit. It is no use to talk to the Commander. Just going on strike doesn’t work, either. They make fools of the Japanese,” continued the dentist. “I am discriminated against, too, in my salary because of my nationality. It is not so low but the Australians and the Hungarians are extraordinarily paid if they have American citizenship. I have superior skills to them, I believe. The problem is not nationality but their contempt towards the colored races.” The dentist lowered his voice and continued. “Well, you have already noticed that the war dead comprise of more black soldiers than white ones.”

Tomekichi raised his eyes as a token of agreement.

“In my estimation, two thirds of all dead bodies were black soldiers and one third were white soldiers. The number of black soldiers’ corpses was overwhelmingly larger, that is to say, the black soldiers were sent to the forefront of the battle.”

They came to the forked road as usual. Tomekichi wanted to say something but he closed his mouth and walked alone. When he went away, a faint rotten smell came floating to the dentist’s nose.

Dr. Kousaka was struggling with the war dead, rather with their jaws, the next day. Dozens of jaws, on which teeth were planted like decorations, were scattered. He measured them and had to identify the soldiers from their teeth. The army trucks carried in the war dead one after another. Both the living and the dead were irritated.

“Doctor, the number of dead black soldiers is much higher, as you mentioned before,” Tomekichi said to the weary dentist on their way home. “Does it mean that the black soldiers are at the forefront of the battle, as you once said?”

The dentist looked at Tomekichi’s face with curiosity. There was something lively in the worker’s face, who always looked weary and dull.

“Yes, I think so. The ratio of the war dead is an evidence,” being tired, the dentist gave a dry answer. “The white soldiers serving in the Korean War are overwhelmingly larger in number than black soldiers. But the number of the war dead is reversed, which is affected by the place where they are sent. Don’t you agree

with me?"

Tomekichi neither said yes nor no. He was trudging along without saying anything. As he bent forward, the dentist couldn't know what he was thinking about by looking at his face.

"Did the black soldiers know the way they were being treated?"

As he was asked that after a pause, the dentist asked the meaning of the question.

"You mean they knew if they were to be sent to the front or not?"

"Did they know that they were doomed to be killed?"

Tomekichi's remark became more radical, so the dentist became displeased and made a contradictory and vague statement on purpose.

"They thought they were unlucky because white soldiers were killed, too."

"But...", the worker was stubborn and unyielding. "They knew they were going to die because they were sent to Korea, and they were fighting a losing battle."

"I don't know," his displeasure helped the dentist to increase his stubbornness.

"They believed the U.S. Forces were superior in battle, so they went to the battlefield in Korea without thinking of their deaths."

They reached the forked road and the worker no longer insisted on his opinion.

"The negroes are poor. I feel sorry for them but ...," he murmured and turned his back to the dentist. The dentist smelled the stench of death from the shoulder of the worker.

Douglas MacArthur was dismissed and General Matthew Bunker Ridgway took his post of command in the Far East Military Forces. Since that time, the war against the Communist Forces reached a deadlock at the 38th parallel. In February rumors that they were going to conduct cease-fire negotiations circulated intermittently.

The fact was that it was the busiest period for A.G.R.S. The collection of the war dead, which had been interrupted and incomplete because of the battle, started slowly but eventually the number of the dead bodies being conveyed across the ocean increased. There were facilities at Busan but they were basic. So, the war dead had to be sent to A.G.R.S. in Kokura, to show respect both to the dead and their families in America, by restoring the dead bodies to as beautiful as possible. "The undertakers" who were paid as good as doctors were proud of their surgical knowledge, which was no worse than doctors, and they had acquired skills as doll makers.

At this time the dead bodies were not only wrapped by tents, but also placed into



plain coffins. Empty coffins were piled in many heaps in the empty space around the buildings as if they were the boxes from which fish were overturned at the fish market.

Some seventy or eighty Americans continued to struggle with the throng of the war dead with about the same number of Japanese workers. A living person is a singular form but a dead person was composed of innumerable plural forms. A torn head, the body and limbs insisted on their own lives like parts of a reptile which were cut off.

Ten heads needed ten bodies, twenty feet and hands. One hundred fingers were necessary to make ten people.

The dead body that Dr. Kousaka disposed of on that day had been dead for some time. It spent more than one hundred days after its death. The doctor didn't know in which battle the soldier died but it was dug up and suffered a serious damage. The number of the black soldiers was larger than ever. Decomposition made their black skins undergo a strange color change.

Dentists had nothing to do with the bodies or limbs. But they were able to be onlookers who cast a glimpse at other parts during their work. There was a tattoo marked clearly on the breast of a body without a head. The falcon spread its wings to his breasts. The falcon raised its beak on the pit of his stomach. The red paint didn't fade but it was a clear color.

The dentist thought the tattoo of the falcon was not rare. Foreigners chose birds as the patterns for tattoos. He wondered if it was because of their infant-like mind or the effect of the black arts. The sketch itself was childish and the workmanship was poor but he felt its primitive atmosphere strongly because the canvas of the tattoo was not white skin but black.

The figure of the dancing girl twisting her waist and dancing with both her hands raised was common and familiar. The dentist thought about how the owner of this tattoo appreciated his own picture. Looking at the tattoo from above, the man viewed his own tattoo from its head to its tail. It seemed inconvenient but it was the only way to look at it. He had to accept that fate for ever. He didn't want to look at it by himself but to show it to others. Pictures were pictures and they were the objects appreciated by others, the dentist thought.

Low but brief whistle was heard and some noises occurred. The dentist stopped investigating incisors or molar teeth which were planted like teeth of a comb and looked aside. Noncommissioned officers surrounded an autopsy bench. "Archeologists" had left their skeleton and already joined them. The dentist wanted the jaws to wait

and walked to the bench.

A tall black soldier lay on the autopsy bench. His body was not so destroyed. There was a red picture on his black canvas, too. A part of female genitalia was painted poorly on the portion from the pit of his stomach to his navel. It attracted everyone's gaze.

The dentist didn't understand what made this black soldier paint such doodling on his own body. Was his intelligence lower than average? He must have been a worker, who had had little education and had worked on a lonely farm in the West. Otherwise he would not have been tattooed such an unsavory picture. The dentist could imagine the scene, in which he boasted about his tattoo to his fellow soldiers. The hot sun was shining and there was parching heat on the battlefield. Looking from outside the trench, any black dot could not be seen to the horizon and flames went up on white dried land. The soldiers with their backs against the wall of the dark trench, isolated from the physical pleasures, panted and were exhausted. Then the sensual tattoo of this black soldier would be popular among his peers in the trench. The popularity among the soldiers might or might not have encouraged him, but he got elated and struck various poses.

"Anyway," the dentist thought as he was coming back to his position. The soldier could not show that tattoo in front of others when he went home. He had that tattoo marked when he was on duty at a base in Japan. He would not have been clever enough to regret it when he came home.

But in an instant, the dentist noticed his own complexion had changed. "I've got it. That black soldier thought he would not return home alive. Anticipating his death, he had his tattoo marked in a hurry. If it had been true, he would not have been stupid. In fact, his despair led him to the autopsy bench as a decomposed corpse."

But a few hours later, something that the dentist didn't know about happened in a different room.

The doctors were exhausted from disposing of the corpses coming in one after another. They kept extra supplies of surgical knives by the autopsy beds and opened up the abdomens as if they were cutting paper. They did the same thing on all twenty four benches. Others were injecting the transparent crimson liquid from an irrigator hung above the corpses without a break. "The undertakers" were spreading pink cream. It was a factory filled with the stench of death and the mists of formalin gas.

"Surgical knife," said one of the doctors working in the middle. He pulled out the

dull knife and demanded the backup to cut the periosteum. The army doctors preferred these larger knives to smaller surgical knives. A noncommissioned officer wanted to deliver the alternative but the knife wasn't in the place where it should be.

"I said the knife," the army doctor said with bloodshot eyes. The noncommissioned officer became confused. He searched for the knife which he had just sharpened.

A Japanese worker was bending over in the corner of the room and doing something. The noncommissioned officer sneaked up on him from behind and exclaimed in a strange voice. Hearing his voice, everybody approached him.

Tomekichi Maeno was in a crouching position with the large surgical knife in his hand. There was a bloated black torso lying in front of him. Red lines were drawn on the canvas of the black skin. A tattoo of a falcon spreading its wings wide was cut in three and a part of female genitalia was cut aslant. These tattoos were reflected in Tomekichi's eyes like a phantom. The people who gathered behind Tomekichi didn't immediately notice his extraordinary look.

Tomekichi didn't look back as if he didn't hear the sound behind him.<sup>25</sup>

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<sup>25</sup> 佐藤 泉「松本清張の占領期—『黒地の絵』『日本の黒い霧』『季刊前夜』 pp. 127-130



(left)

United Nations Memorial Cross, built in 1952, on the midslope of Mt. Adachi, Kokura-kita ward, Kitakyushu,

「国際連合軍記念十字架」1952年設置

(right)

The Memorial Hall for Incheon Landing Operation, founded 1984  
525 Okryeon-dong, Yeonsu-gu, Incheon,  
Korea

「仁川上陸作戦記念館」1984年開館

仁川広域市延寿区玉蓮洞 525



## Kokura and Kokura Gion Festival

Kokura is an ancient castle town dating back to 1602, when Tadaoki Hosokawa (1563-1646) began to build the Kokura Castle and became the first domain head. It is a city located in the northeastern of Fukuoka Prefecture, facing Shimonoseki City, the westernmost city of Honshu District, across the Kanmon Strait. Both cities are now connected by three tunnels and one bridge. In 1618, Kokura Gion Festival started and it has nearly a 400 year history. Originally, it was similar to Kyoto Gion Festival in its parading of floats because it was the birthplace of the Lord. Since the Meiji Period (1868-1912), the festival was transformed into the present form, and drums began to be used. In 1958, when Matsumoto Seicho wrote this novel, this festival was coincidentally designated an intangible cultural asset by Fukuoka Prefecture. Kokura Gion Festival is said to be one of the three Gion Festivals in Fukuoka together with Hakata Gion Yamagasa and Tobata Gion Yamagasa.



Two different musical instruments are used to produce the music. The drum sounds are produced by drumming the both sides of a stationary drum, of which there are two kinds of drumbeats. One is called “Kan,” a loud hubbub and the other is “Doro,” which produces a basic drumbeat. A gong called “Zyangara” made by cymbals keeps the rhythm and accompanies the drumbeats. The drumbeats of the Kokura Gion Festival are composed of these three different kinds of sounds.

(above: statue of children hitting a drum and a gong in front of Kokura Station)

Kokura was the primary target of the nuclear weapon “Fat Man” on August 9, 1945, but due to the bad weather on that day, the target was changed to Nagasaki. The city of Kitakyushu was established in February 1963 by the equal-basis amalgamation of five cities: Moji, Kokura, Tobata, Yahata, and Wakamatsu.

Iwashita Shunsaku (1906-1980), Kokura-born novelist, wrote a novel titled *MuhomatsunoIssho* (The Life of Muhomatsu) in 1939 and it was made into a movie twice, which made this festival in Kokura famous all over Japan. The second movie was awarded the Golden Lion Award at the Venice International Film Festival in 1958, which was coincidentally the same year when Matsumoto Seicho published *Kuroji no E*.

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#### TV Programs テレビ番組

##### NHK 衛星第一

2003 年 7 月 20 日(日) 午後 10:00 ~12:00 BS プライムタイム

「休戦 50 周年 朝鮮戦争」(前編) – 北朝鮮軍とプサン攻防戦 –

「休戦 50 周年 朝鮮戦争」(後編) – 中国軍の介入 そして休戦 –

2001 年イギリス マリンフィルム&TV プロダクション/クレイモスプロダクション制作

NHK 教育テレビ「知る楽 こだわり人物伝 孤高の国民作家 松本清張」

2009 年 11 月 4・11・18・25 日放送

NHK BS2 「高村薫・佐木隆三 往復書簡『清張を巡る対話』」

2009 年 12 月 7 日(月) 午後 9:00~10:30

##### KBS ドラマ

『ソウル 1945』全 7 1 話 2006 年放送

#### Movies on Korean War(chronological order) 映画関係(制作年代順)

『鬼軍曹ザック』(The Steel Helmet) (1950) 84 分 Samuel Fuller(dr.)



『トコリの橋』(The Bridge at Toko-Ri) (1955) 102分 Mark Robson (dr.)  
『サヨナラ』(Sayonara)(1957) 147分 Joshua Logan (dr.)  
『勝利なき戦い』(Pork Chop Hill)(1959) 97分 Lewis Milestone (dr.)  
『マッシュ』(M★A★S★H) (1970) 116分 Robert Altman (dr.)  
『ソウル奪還大作戦 大反撃』(Testimony) (1973) 120分 Im Kwon Taek (dr.)  
『史上最大の戦場 洛東江大決戦』(Does the Nak-Don River Flow? The Battle Field)  
(1976) 107分 Im Kwon Taek (dr.)  
『マッカーサー』(MacArthur, The Rebel General)(1977) 129分 Joseph Sargent (dr.)  
『アベンコ特殊空挺部隊 奇襲大作戦』(Air Combat Abenko Green Berets) (1982) 136分  
Im Kwon Taek (dr.)  
『銀馬將軍は来なかった』(Silver Stallion)(1991) 123分 Jan Kil-su (dr.)  
『太白山脈』(The Taebake Mountain) (1994) 151分 Im Kwon Taek (dr.)  
『スプリング・イン・ホームタウン』(Spring in Hometown) (1999) 121分 Lee Kwangmo  
(dr.)  
『J S A』(JSA: Joint Security Area) (2000) 110分 Park Chan-wook (dr.)  
『コースト・ガード』(Coast Guard) (2001) 94分 Kim Ki-duk (dr.)  
『ブラザーフッド』(Tae Guk Gi, Brotherhood) (2004) 148分 Kang Je-gyu (dr.)  
『トンマッコルへようこそ』(Welcome to Dongmakgol) (2005) 132分 Kwang-Hyun Park  
(dr.)

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# 松本清張研究奨励事業

第14回

## 募 集 要 項

- 一、趣 旨  
時代を見つめ続けた松本清張の文学を研究することは、今後の時代の進むべき方向性と私たちの生きていく指針を見出すことにもつながります。このような視点から、清張の作品や人物像についての研究活動を推進し、歴史や社会の深層を追求する精神を継承していくため、松本清張夫人ナヲ様のご厚意により創設しました。
- 二、対 象  
ジャンルを問わず、松本清張の作品や人物像を研究する活動や、松本清張の精神を継承する創造的かつ斬新な活動（調査、研究等）で、これから行おうとするもの。年齢、性別、国籍は問いません。ただし、未発表に限ります。個人または団体も可。
- 三、内 容  
入選者（団体）に二〇〇万円を上限とする研究奨励金を支給します。金額は企画内容を検討して決定します。
- 四、応募規定  
今後取り組みたい調査・研究テーマ等の内容が具体的にわかる企画書、予算書、参考資料など（様式は自由、ただし日本語）を、平成二十四年三月三十一日までに応募してください。
- 五、選 考  
松本清張記念館内の選考委員会により選考します。
- 六、発 表  
審査終了後、審査結果を直接通知します（六月末頃）。なお、入選者には開館記念日（八月四日）に、北九州市で贈呈式を行います。
- 七、その他  
採用された企画は翌年の六月末日までに実施成果を報告していただきます。また、成果品である研究論文、報告書等は記念館が刊行予定の研究誌に掲載することがあります。成果品にかかる著作権等諸権利は、北九州市に帰属します。
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