

It is said that Kyushu-Ha practically started in the fall of 1956, when it held a "street exhibition" (called the "Persona Exhibition") on the 300 meter wall of the main street on the west side of the Fukuoka Prefectural Office. Local poets contributed poems to the large works by Yasuyuki Ishibashi, Yohji Kuroki, Osamu Ochi, and Takami Sakurai. In 1957, these members participated in the ninth Yomiuri An Abundance exhibition, and at the same time held a series of group exhibitions, gradually increasing the number of members to include Osamu Ochi, Kikuhata Mokuma, Jutarou Yamauchi, Ishibashi (Tabé) Mitsuko, and Cho Yoriko. In 1958, Kyushu-Ha took the opportunity of a group exhibition at the Ginza Gallery to start its own Kyushu Independents Exhibition. Yusuke Nakahara paid attention to this anti-modern art characteristic from early on. Kikuhata Mokuma, Osamu Ochi, Sakurai Takami, and Cho Yoriko were recommended by young critics and had solo exhibitions at Minami Gallery and other venues. A dizzying array of exchanges with Neo-Dada Groove and Jikan-Ha began. At the same time, the more their awareness of Tokyo became apparent, the more likely it was to cause emotional friction. There were frequent fights and brawls, reflecting the small size of the area, and as soon as there was a split, there was another one, and so on, creating factors that made the situation even warmer. This created a vicious cycle of expansion, which in turn created more cracks. In 1961, Kikuhata exhibited his magnificent earthly totem, "Slave Genealogy," at the "Experiments in Contemporary Art" exhibition at the National Museum of Modern Art. This flamboyant and scandalous debut seems to have created a larger crack in the fabric of Kyushu-Ha.

Kikuhata's attempt to leave the group for the second time was decisive. In the 6th issue of the Kyushu-ha newspaper, Kikuhata wrote a criticism to Sakurai, who had understood his pleasure: "In every way, you are a person of interest to me, whether you win or lose. You asked me to agree to the upcoming meeting, and I said it would depend on the conditions. You thought that I had fallen out or was on the verge of falling out of the avant-garde battlefield. If I'm right, then you're the one who's in the vanguard. I don't have the energy to go through your contradictions one by one here.

1. Every human being is as diverse as the way he or she holds a cup of tea, walks, and wears shoes.
2. this meeting is not the only weapon in the struggle.
3. In every action, every noble action, there is always a calculation to justify oneself. The difference in calculation between you and me is obvious from one day to the next. All the contradictions in you are in that relationship. We have both suffered the hardships of being separated from each other in a small area as artists, and it is unbearable for me to think that we are allowed to have such an unreasonable relationship after having come this far.

At the beginning of this same newspaper, Sakurai wrote, "We had a kind of review meeting for the 1961 group exhibition at Ginza Gallery. At that time, there was no announcement of tomorrow's date, and each group member was held accountable. The situation became more and more violent, and in October 1961, at the year-end party of Kyushu-Ha, the group was finally dissolved for the third time. In March 1962, the Kyushu-Ha secretariat gathered together in a fierce private struggle, eliminated the trivial people, and came to this day. The fact that the same newspaper carried Kikuhata's criticism was very Sakurai-like. In any case, it seems that there was a family disturbance in the background of our going to the meeting.

I left Hakata alone and headed for Omuta to meet with Kikuhata, Taniguchi Toshio, Katae Masashi, and others who had left the Kyushu Faction. It may have been an act of betrayal to Sakurai and the others who had invited me, but I dared to do it. We met on the 11th floor of Katsumugi-ya in Omuta. I don't remember what we talked about that night, but I have a vague idea that Kyushu-Ha is at a turning point. They will soon have to move beyond their anti-Tokyo image. I don't know what form this will take, but it is certain to be dangerous.

While we were drinking sake and talking at the Soba Restaurant, suddenly a chorus of intercoms erupted, drowning out our voices. We stopped talking, stood on the railing, and looked out. We stopped talking, waited by the railing, and looked out. A huge number of torches, many of which seemed to be of no particular size, were dotting the darkness, flickering like huge waves as they approached. It was a torchlight demonstration. Taniguchi shouted. It was a demonstration at the Mitsui Miike coal mine. The line of fire was burning so brightly that it seemed to be consuming the world, and it was getting closer and closer.