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Constricted Landscapes: The Japanese-American Concentration Camps, A Photographic Essay

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The American government's 1942 decision to intern over 110,000 people of Japanese descent (the majority United States citizens) has been generally recognized as the nation's most egregious error of the World War II years. Although it had no proven evidence of disloyalty, either at the time or subsequently, the federal government ordered all persons of Japanese ancestry living on the West Coast into a "protective custody" that lasted over three years.

Forced to sell or store their property on short notice, the internees suffered economic losses estimated in the 400 million dollar range. The psychological consequences of the guilt–by–association internment defy calculation. In the words of writer John Hersey, this evacuation of virtually an entire people—the first since the Indian Removal of the mid–nineteenth century—was "a mistake of terrifically horrible proportions."[1]

Although it took over a generation, the United States government eventually acknowledged its error. In the wake of the bicentennial of the American Revolution, President Gerald Ford signed a 1976 proclamation that declared the evacuation "wrong." Responding to pressure from the Japanese American Citizens League (JACL), Congress in 1980 inaugurated a special Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians. After conducting over 750 interviews—many of them very emotional—the commission released its report, *Personal Justice Denied,* in 1983. The report declared that the historical causes of the evacuation did not lie with the officially stated reasons of "mutual

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self–protection" and "military necessity," but in "race prejudice, war hysteria and a failure of political leadership."[2] Four years later, the National Museum of American History in Washington, D.C. opened a semi-permanent exhibit, entitled "A More Perfect Union," that tried to place the Japanese–American experience in the context of the bicentennial of the Constitution.[3] In August of 1988, President Ronald Reagan signed the Civil Liberties Act that implemented the recommendations of the commission, and the tax–free awards of $20,000 to each of the estimated 70,000 survivors began under the George Bush administration.[4]

Few doubt that this "great uprooting" of the war years lies at the very heart of the Japanese–American historical experience.[5] The contrasts between the pre– and post–war eras are startling. Pre–war Japanese- American communities, almost all in Pacific Rim states, lived as a world unto themselves as they regularly confronted social, economic, and legal discrimination from the white majority. Many university graduates could find work only with the state government, Japanese–owned businesses, or in family agricultural enterprises. After the war, however, Japanese–Americans spread all across the country to succeed in every endeavor. Much to their dismay they have been given the sobriquet of the nation's "model minority."[6] The cost of internment, however, remains incalculable.

In the years immediately after the war, the majority of internees downplayed the experience. Consequently, many post–war children grew to maturity hearing virtually nothing of their parents' incarceration. But the rise of social activism in the late 1960s created a different mood in the Japanese–American community. Led by the JACL, numerous people worked with historical societies to erect official plaques or monuments at the major relocation centers. The majority of the leaders of this crusade had been interred as young people, but the impact did not cease there. As Phillip Marumoto observed in 1981, although he, himself, had never been incarcerated, the relocation camp experience had left "an indelible stamp" upon his life.[7]

The first organized pilgrimage to the relocation camp at Manzanar, California, in 1969 inaugurated a movement that has continued for over a quarter of a century. All the other major camps have seen similar "reunion pilgrimages" and/or ceremonies on a more–or–less regular basis. In 1990, for example, state officials and ex–internees erected several plaques at the former camp site in Minidoka, Idaho. The latest official monument to be dedicated was at Gila River, Arizona, in March of 1995. This renewed interest shows little sign of declining.[8]

The concentration camp experience began on 19 February 1942, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066 to remove all persons of Japanese ancestry from the coastal areas because of an anticipated invasion by the Japanese military. The prevailing assumption was that Japanese–Americans would act as a fifth column to aid the invading forces. A later Supreme Court decision upheld the legality of the action.[9]

Within weeks the entire community was sent to scattered assembly centers and from there they were moved to ten more permanent relocation camps. With few exceptions, these relocation camps lay in isolated and desolate regions of the interior West. As historian Roger Daniels observed, in most cases, no one had lived there before, and no one has lived there since.[10] The most notorious of these sites were Manzanar, located in the Owens Valley of northern California, which once housed 10,000 people; Heart Mountain, Wyoming; Minidoka, Idaho; and Amache (also called Granada) in eastern Colorado, which experienced the fiercest winter weather.

The Southwest also housed a variety of internment camps. Japanese–Americans were held at smaller installations in both Santa Fe and Lordsburg, New Mexico, as well as the relocation centers in Topaz, Utah, and Gila River, Arizona.[11] The largest southwestern camp lay at Poston, Arizona, on the lower Colorado River between the towns of Parker and Yuma. At its height, Poston consisted of three camps housing over 17,000 people, at that time the third largest city in Arizona.[12]

Considering the generally bleak terrain, the agricultural production that the internees coaxed from these lands proved astounding. Many Japanese–Americans had extensive agricultural training and in Manzanar, Poston, Minidoka, and Jerome, Arkansas, especially, they raised enormous crops of vegetables. So successful were they that some camps not only became self–sufficient in food, they also supplied other governmental installations as well. Equally remarkable were the internees' efforts to beautify their barren environments by constructing graceful Japanese rock gardens, adorned by waterfalls and flower borders.

Any situation involving 110,000 people over a three–year period must encompass the totality of life. Hundreds of elderly men and women died in those hostile surroundings, while over 6,000 babies were born in camp hospitals. The War Relocation Authority (WRA), which managed the relocation centers, quickly established schools at all levels, which provided at least a partial substitute for the collapse of the tight–knit patriarchial family structure brought about by camp life. In addition to the fully accredited curriculum, the schools featured yearbooks, song fests, dramatic performances and athletic contests. Hundreds of seniors who graduated from relocation camp high schools moved to war–related

jobs in the interior of the country. In addition, sociologists have tabulated 115 camp riots or disturbances, incidents that often resulted in injury or death or both. The riots of Manzanar, Tule Lake, and Poston remain the most famous.[13]

Young men could leave the camps by joining the United States military, and hundreds chose this route. Those who served in the Pacific Theater usually worked in Intelligence or as translators. (Many had some Japanese language skills from home, but a few learned the language from scratch.) Those who fought in Europe—the famed100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat team—moved into military legend as the most decorated units of all time. By 1946, all the internment camps had closed.

How does one comprehend this experience? With rage? Through bitter irony? Through the concept of *shikataganai*: "it can't be helped"? With shame? With long suppressed memories? Through memoirs, speeches, poetry, art, or photography? The answers are as varied as the questions.

The memoirs written by internees have been of exceptionally high quality. Estelle Ishigo, *Lone Heart Mountain*; Mary Tsukamoto, *We the People*; Sue Kunitomi, *The Lost Years, 1942–1946;* and Yoshiko Uchida, *Desert Exile* are classic examples.[14] The autobiography with the greatest impact is probably *Farewell to Manzanar* (1973) by Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James D. Houston. Not only did it go through fifteen printings in ten years, *Farewell to Manzanar* became required reading for a generation of high school students.[15]

In a similar fashion, scores of ex–internees have carried their message to their local communities via public speeches. Virtually every western city of any size boasts a former internee who has spent countless hours addressing classrooms or service clubs.

Albuquerque's Ruth S. Y. Hashimoto is probably New Mexico's most prominent spokesperson in this regard. Interned along with her husband and two little girls in 1942, Hashimoto later relocated to Michigan where she taught Japanese to potential members of the United States Army of Occupation. In 1947, she moved to Albuquerque to begin almost a quarter of a century of work at the Kirtland Air Force Base. During her years in New Mexico, Hashimoto has given hundreds of talks, to all ages, about her experiences during World War II. "I have no bitterness," she once said, "but never again."[16]

Since traditional Japanese culture harbors a rich poetic tradition, many internees drew upon poetry as a means of expressing their feelings. Perceptive relocation camp teachers encouraged their students to write such poems, as Poston ninth grader Rosa Komatsuka's "Our House" shows:

Our houses are only barracks—
Walled with black tar–paper,
So the big and little knot–holes
Won't show from the outer road.
Outside there are no drifts of
wholesome snow
But the dust piling up in dirty heaps
Against the smeared black tar–paper
of our walls.[17]

An anonymous bit of doggerel, "That Damned Fence" also appeared on Poston bulletin boards to be freely read at various gatherings. The last verse reads:

We all love life, and our country best
Our misfortune to be here in the West,
To keep us penned behind that
DAMNED FENCE
Is someone's notion of
NATIONAL DEFENSE[18]

Toyo Suyemoto Kawakami also recalled her Topaz, Utah stay in verse:

Camp Memories
I have dredged up
Hard fragments lost
I thought, in years
Of whirlwind dust.

Exposed to light,
Silently rough
And broken shards
Confront belief.[19]

In a similar fashion, internees drew on the equally rich Japanese artistic tradition to convey their reactions. University of California art instructor Chiura Obeta was interned at the Tanforan, California, assembly center and later at Topaz, where he used his university connections to supply students with a variety of art supplies. At each location he taught popular painting classes. Similarly, Gene Sogioka, who had worked at the Disney Studios before the war, depicted life at Poston through sketches. In Santa Fe, Kango Takamura sketched a picture virtually every day of his internment. After the war, Henry Sugimoto donated most of his paintings to a museum in his hometown of Wakayama, Japan.[20]

Miné Okubo has emerged as probably the most recognized of the relocation camp artists. A young art student interned in Tanforan and Topaz, she published her line drawings in *Citizen 13660* (1946). Both poignant and whimsical, these first–hand sketches have lost little of their power over the years.[21]

One might expect that the internees would also have utilized photography to document their reactions, but government regulations prohibited the use of this medium. All cameras were confiscated, and many families dutifully turned in their Kodak Brownies to local officials before departing. Professional photographer Tokie Slocum reluctantly stored all his equipment with a neighbor, but professional Toyo Miyatake smuggled a lens and film holder into Manzanar. With the help of a carpenter, he constructed a camera body from scrap wood, fitting his four –by–five–inch sheet film holder to the back and the lens to a threaded drain pipe in the front. Since the camera resembled a lunch pail, Miyatake secretly photographed for nine months before camp police finally apprehended him. Manzanar's director fortunately relaxed the restrictions, and by 1943 Miyatake had become the unofficial Manzanar photographer. Later his images received a public showing. A number of other people took private photos of camp life. In 1942 and 1944, *Life* magazine sent photographers to document the camp environment.[22]

In addition to individual photographers, from the onset the WRA assigned several people to photograph the concentration camp experience. Although the various camp newspapers relied solely on sketches, the high school yearbooks usually contained photos. Scholars Maisie Conrat and Richard Conrat have estimated that the photographic record of the camps extends to about 25,000 images.[23]

The most famous images of the Japanese–American Concentration Camps, however, came not from internees, private individuals, or WRA photographers. Rather, they were produced by two foremost photographers of the day, Ansel Adams and Dorothea Lange.

In his *Autobiography*, Adams related how in late summer 1943, his Sierra Club friend, Ralph Merritt, recently appointed director of Manzanar, asked him to document internee life and the people's relationship to the environment. Harry Oye, Adams's former housekeeper, was also interned there. Deeply moved by both the natural surroundings of the Owens Valley and the dignity of the internees, Adams produced an extensive documentary of what he termed a "nightmare situation."[24] Nancy Newhall, acting curator of the Photography Department of New York's Museum of Modern Art, arranged for an exhibit of these images, and late in 1944 they appeared in book form, with text by Adams, entitled *Born Free and Equal: Photographs of the Loyal Japanese–Americans at Manzanar Relocation Center, Inyo County, California.*[25]

The contrast between text and images makes *Born Free and Equal* a curious work. Both the subtitle and Adams's text strongly argue the position that people should be judged as individuals, not groups, and that the loyalty of American citizens should be determined by their actions, not their race.

The photographs, however, concentrate either on full–face portraits of seemingly contented people or on the spectacular mountains nearby. Indeed, Adams's emphasis on the Owens Valley scenery has caused critics to accuse him of over stressing the natural environment at the expense of the social situation.[26] In truth, two of Adams's most widely reprinted mountain images derive from this experience. But neither "Mount Williamson, Sierra Nevada, from Manzanar, California" nor "Winter Sunrise, the Sierra Nevada, from Lone Pine, California," has any obvious links with the nearby Manzanar Internment Camp.

Born Free and Equal never received much publicity—some copies were even publicly burned—and the book quickly went out of print. Eventually, Adams donated the negatives and prints to the Library of Congress. Consequently, until the 1988 publication of *Manzanar*, the American public was not well acquainted with Adams's images.[27] Afterwards they received new life.

Lange's photographs fall into a very different category. Fresh from her work documenting ordinary people's lives for the Farm Security Administration, Lange photographed the process of removal, life at Tanforan, and, during one hectic week, the world of Manzanar. Her images of hostile newspaper headlines, woeful, ticketed chidren, and anguished faces provide a sharp contrast to those produced by Adams.

Despite their power, Lange's photographs also received little publicity at the time. Eventually, both her prints and negatives ended up in the National Archives. With the exhibit and book compiled by the Conrats, *Executive Order 9066: The Internment of 110,000 Japanese –Americans* (1972), Lange's photographs received new life. Indeed, from then on they became much a part of the public realm. Virtually every book on the Japanese–American internment includes one or more of her images.[28]

The photographs of the Japanese–American Concentration Camps by Patrick Nagatani reflect both the renewed national interest in the internment experience and the photographic tradition blazed by Miyatake, Adams, and Lange. Born in Chicago in 1945, Nagatani grew up in a household where internment was not much discussed, even though his mother had spent time in Manzanar and his father in Jerome.

After moving to California as a young man, Nagatani earned an MFA from UCLA and began a career in art. Since 1987, he has taught in the Department of Art and Art History at the University of New Mexico, where he has achieved an international reputation. A member of the elite Atomic Photographers Guild, his best known work is probably *Nuclear Enchantment* (1991).[29]

Early in his career, Nagatani helped coordinate an exhibition of the Manzanar photographs taken by Adams and Miyatake. The current images of the concentration camp sites, however, derive from a commission from the Community Redevelopment Agency of the City of Los Angeles.[30] Nagatani's assignment was to create a work to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the internment experience. Accordingly, he spent almost two years visiting all the relocation centers and most of the smaller camps. He is one of the first professional photographers since Adams and Lange to document these sites. Although most of them are completely deserted, "Each place has its own kind of archaeology and identity within the landscape," Nagatani recently remarked. "I have a belief that landscape retains memory."[31]

Nagatani's images were initially displayed at the Japanese–American Cultural and Community Center in Los Angeles 8–31 July 1995. Following the exhibit, he donated the prints to the Japanese–American National Museum in Los Angeles. With this issue of the *New Mexico Historical Review*, Nagatani's powerful photographs appear for the first time in print.

Photographer Patrick Nagatani's Personal Statement

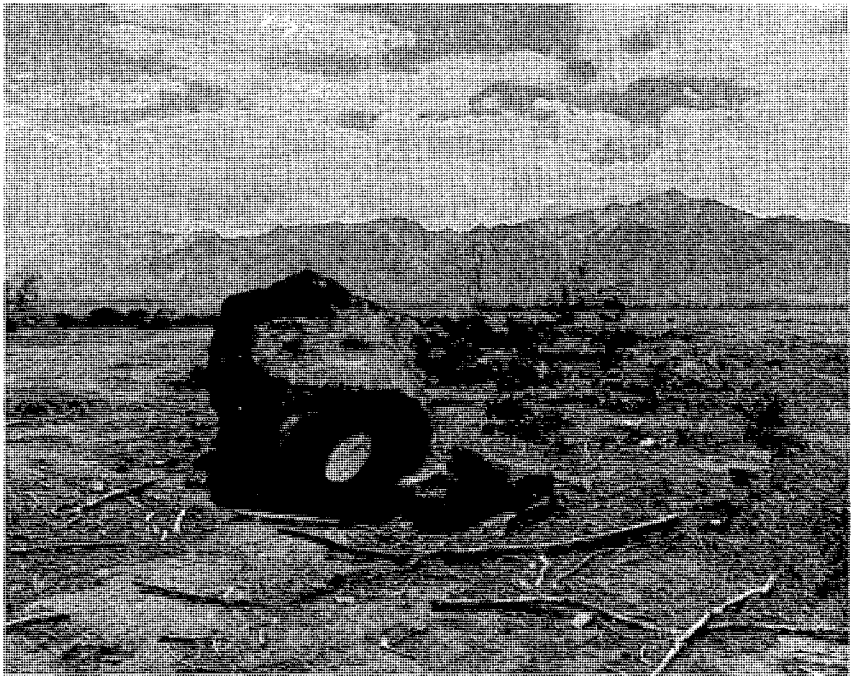
The removal and internment of 120,000 persons of Japanese ancestry, two–thirds of whom were American citizens happened in 1942. My parents, John Nagatani and Diane (Yoshimura) Nagatani were interned at Jerome and Manzanar. The ten concentration camps scattered throughout the United States in which the Japanese–Americans were interned retain memorials to those tragic years. To fully understand this black episode in American history, I needed to personally experience the sites where 7,000 to 10,000 internees were concentrated for more than three years. On these desolate places an entire city was created out of tar paper, green lumber, and army camp style facilities for young and old families, aged bachelors, the rich and poor. Mess halls, community toilets, baths, and laundries with paper–thin walls between units in the long barracks, was how these American citizens lived. They were thrown together in a random fashion to create a temporary community out of a most hostile and foreign environment.

My approach to this work allowed me to be part historian, archaeologist, geologist, cartographer, photographer, and Japanese–American Sansei investigating what has long been a part of my cultural identity. What I discovered was personally twofold. It was an experience of the present, what exists now in the landscape of the camps. The old foundations, decaying structures, rusting nails, concrete fish ponds, rock gardens, farmed fields, dirty–dry desert, unused concrete water tanks, cemeteries, recently erected monuments and plaques, the surrounding mountains, the weather, and the silence. In all of my visits, much of the later part of the working process (after having made pictures) meant just looking at the ground or sitting. At Topaz, I found among the thousands of rusting nails a flattened and rusted child's tin truck. Close by, a fully intact trilobite (from the Paleozoic period) was discovered. The present and the past linked. I could not experience, observe, and record without linking the past with the work. I am intrigued with how things must have been and what informed the landscape and experience for those Japanese–Americans, victims of wartime hysteria and racism.

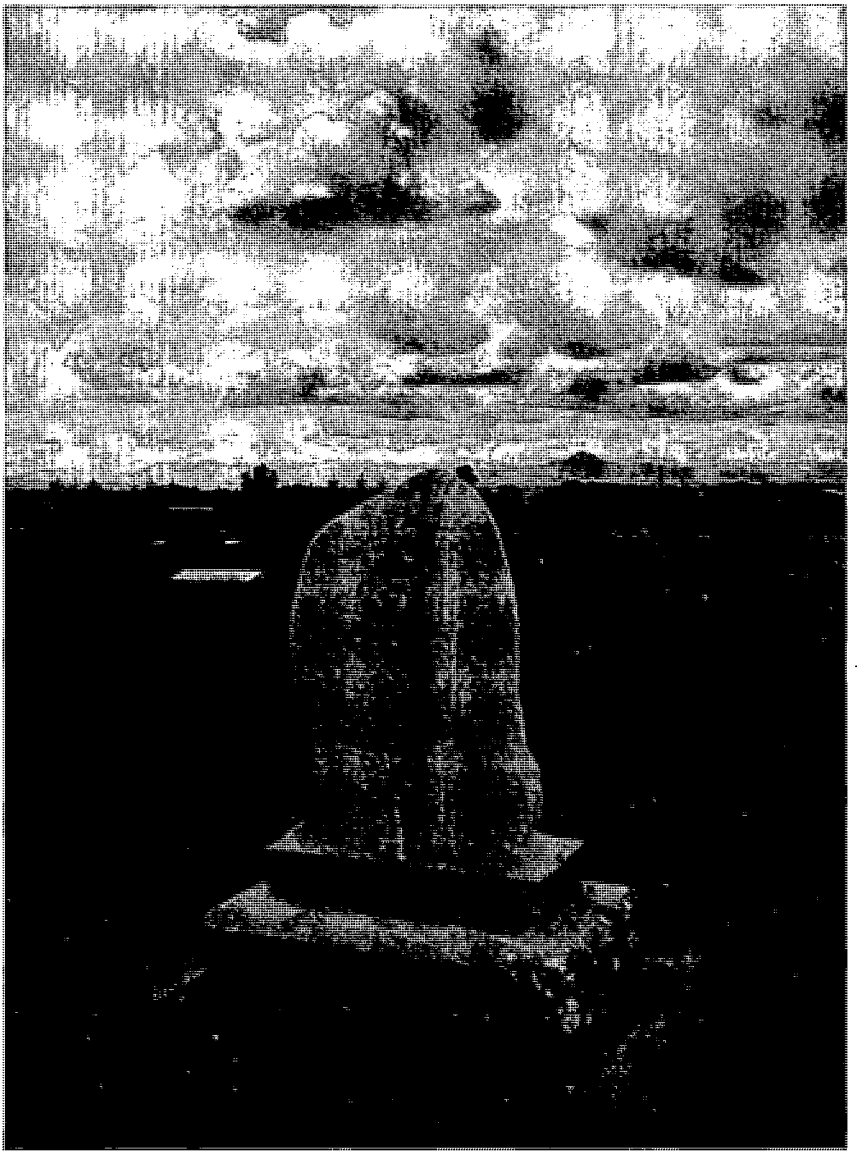
Landscape retains memory. I felt the individual and collective memories that were inherent to all the camps in one way or another. Every camp is vividly etched in my mind and the images that I have selected for this essay are in a very small manner a way to share this personal experience. This work has been for me experiential and sentimental. I realize now, after having been to the ten camps, that the experience has been very important for me in further developing an understanding of my own cultural background. This work is dedicated to my parents and to the other 120,000 inmates, many of whom are still living, all having had to live at these places and whose memories I encountered.

Manzanar, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, California, 15 June 1994 / MA-1-20-51. Having passed by the entrance to the camp in my many years of living in California, knowing that my mother was interned at this camp, and knowing the pictures of this scene from the works of Toyo Miyatake, Ansel Adams, and Dorothea Lange, I felt compelled to make a similar image and add to the photographic legacy of Manzanar. Detail of original image. All photographs and captions are by Patrick Nagatani. All photographs are originally in color.

Manzanar, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, California, 13 August 1994 / MA-10-20-60. My mother once shared a picture with me of her "sisters" at Manzanar. This was a picture of a girl's group of teenagers standing around this meditation pond. As I walked the camp on one of my visits, I came across this pond and remembered the image of my mother and her "sisters." As I made my picture of the site, as corny as this may sound, I seemed to hear the young voices and feel their energy. If any sentimentality ever did seep into my investigation and photography, it was at this moment and in the making of this picture.

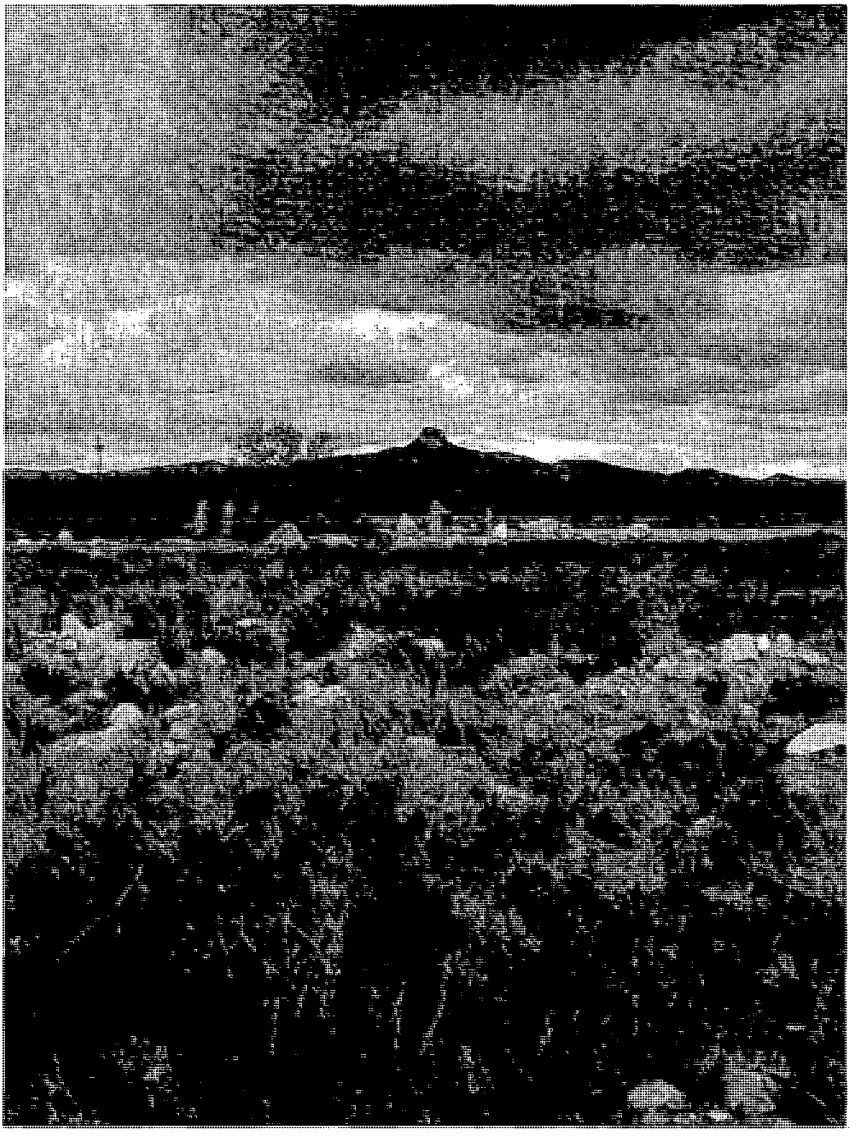


Manzanar, Japanese–American Concentration Camp, California, 13 August 1994 / MA–14–20–64. This odd form, probably from the earth as part of the sewage system of the camp, was such a beautiful textural and sculptural form set in the landscape that it beckoned to be photographed. At Manzanar, the landscape seemed to whisper secrets, the archaeology was succinct, and the mountains were spectacular. As both document, with contextual strength, and as an image, I think that this picture is especially strong.

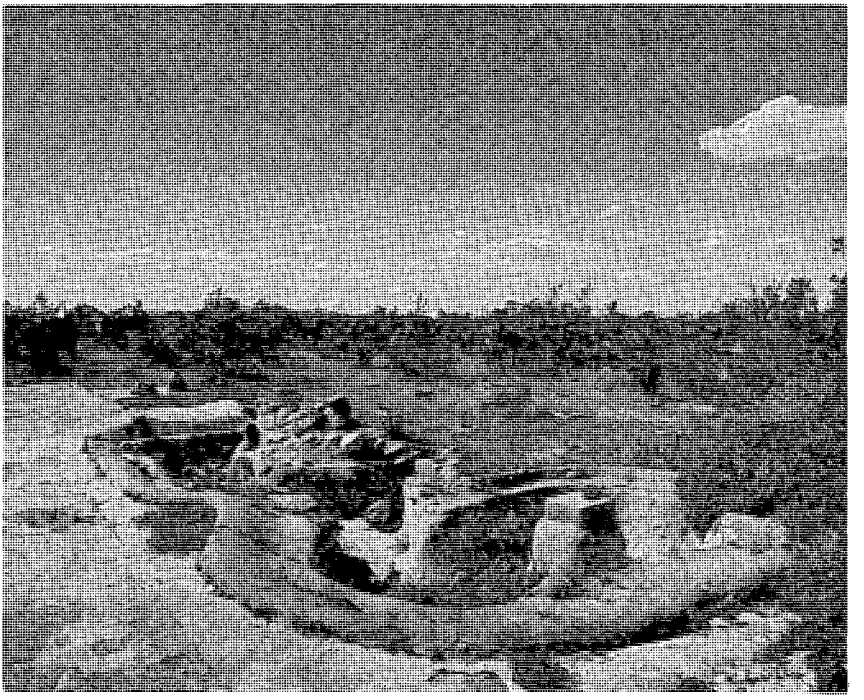


Powell Cemetery, Heart Mountain, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Wyoming, 3 June 1994 / HM-16-16-44. In a small town a few miles from the camp there is a cemetery that has three river rock markers. Carved in Japanese on one side and English on the other are the names of three inmates who died while in the camp. The cemetery was quite large, and I had no idea where the gravestones might be. Joan Myers had written about them, and I felt compelled to find them and document them. My son and I drove up and down the road past countless markers, and he spotted the three very different gravestones. They were set off by themselves and oddly glowed, even though the day was very overcast. Moments like this difficult discovery made the pilgrimage special and synchronistic. Detail of original image.

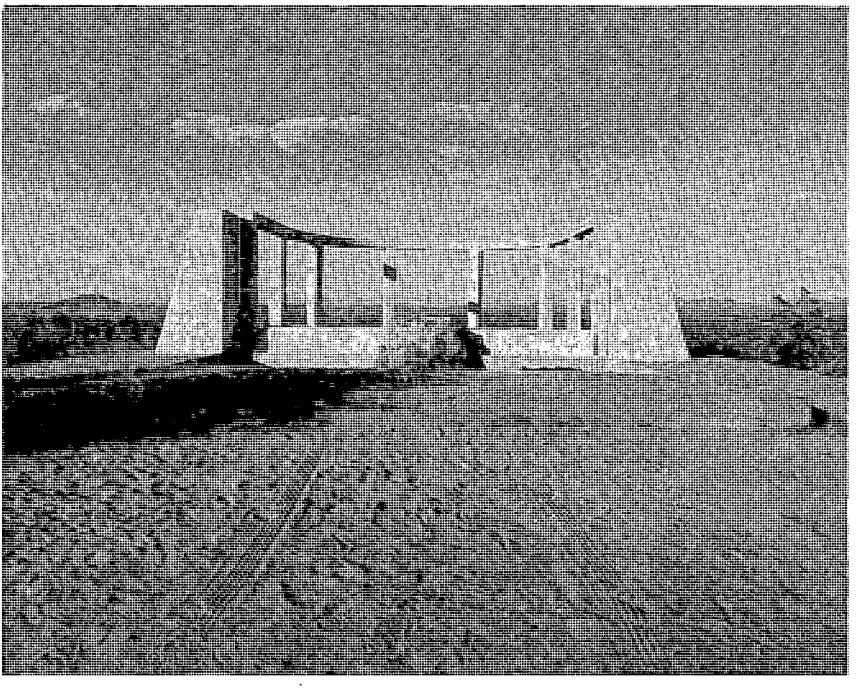
Heart Mountain, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Wyoming 4 June 1994 / HM-5-16-33. Most of the Heart Mountain camp is now farmed. A friend and a well-known photographer, Joan Myers, had shared much of her information on the camps with me. She had photographed Heart Mountain before, and she told me about the "vault" which was the only remaining part of the old high school. It wasn't hard to find. In the middle of this working farm, once a school surrounded by barracks, it still stood. My son, Methuen, who accompanied me on this trip, asked me what the vault was used for; we both had the same question. Detail of original image.



Heart Mountain, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Wyoming, 3 June 1995 / MA-14-16-42. When I could make a layered image, layered with information and visual potency, I was thrilled. The old foundations with the memorial site and the mountain in the background form this image. Heart Mountain was one of the coldest camps to live in and the dramatic sky and incoming storm helped make this image. Detail of original image.

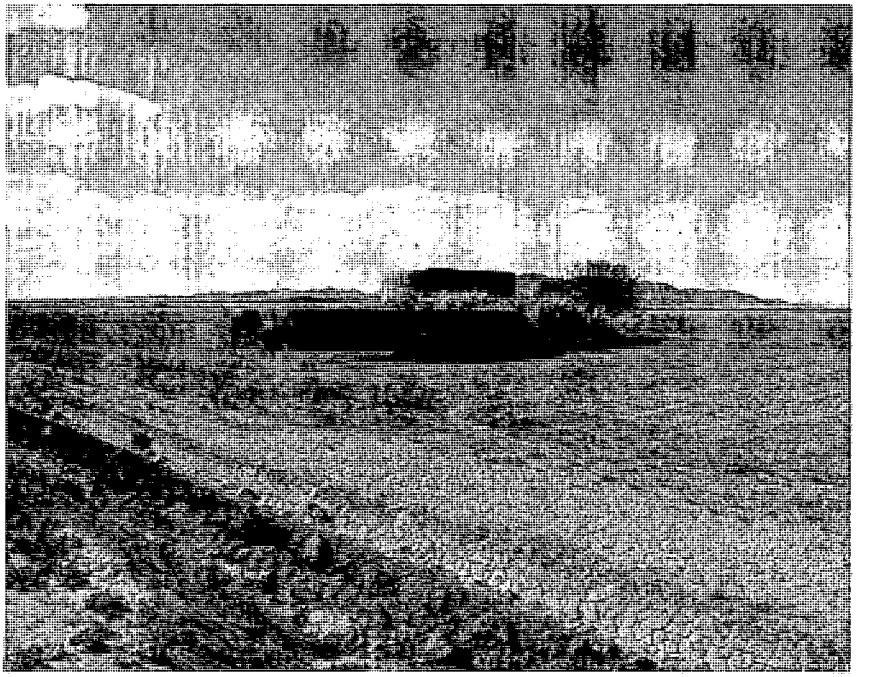


Gila River, Canal Camp, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Arizona, 25 March 1995 / GRC-14-18-24. My memories of each camp are unique. Every camp had a personality of its own. At the Canal Camp of Gila I found many remains of ponds. Probably fish ponds designed and constructed in individual ways to function as places of meditation and a reminder of the sea. In this desert environment the inmates of Canal Camp built complex and sometimes beautiful ponds. The archaeological experience was a big part of walking and working in this camp.

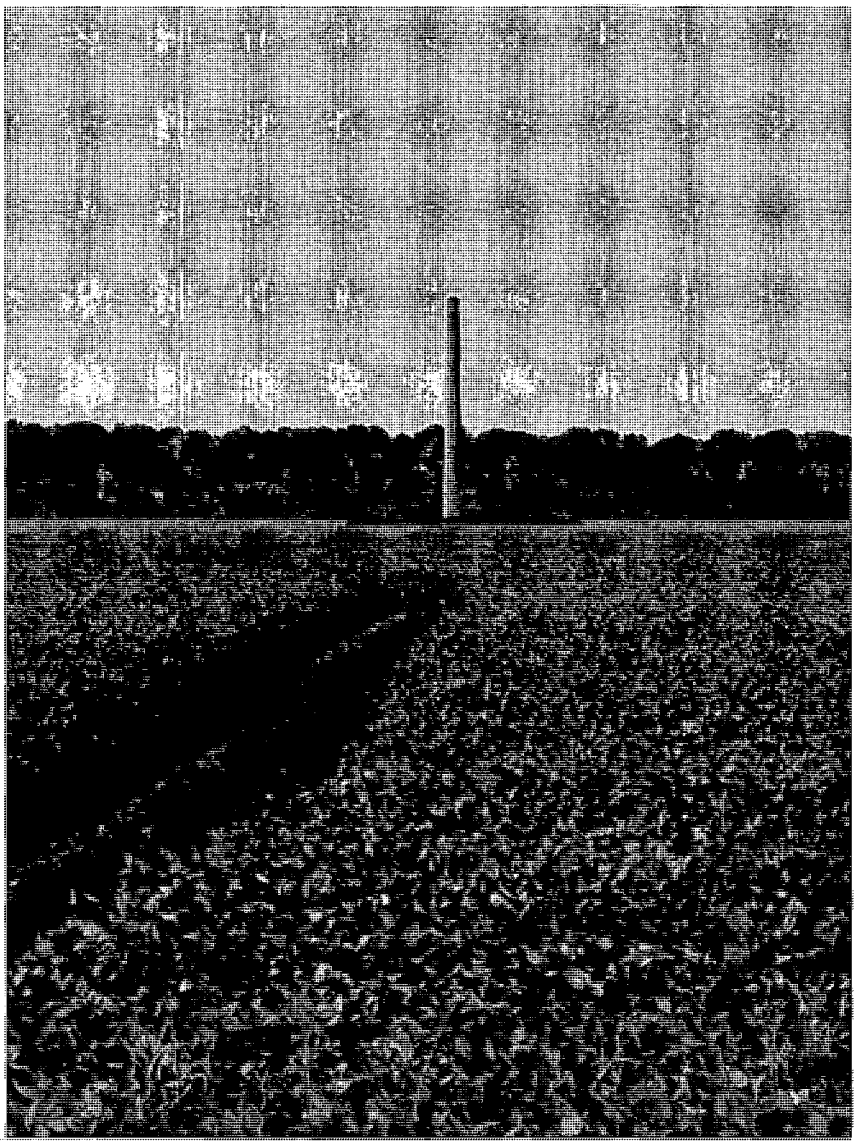


Gila River, Butte Camp, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Arizona, 25 March 1995 / GRB-1-18-11. Only one week before my visit to Gila River the former inmates of this camp erected what was to be the last memorial plaque of the ten camps. They cleaned up the former amphitheater and held a memorial ceremony. The view was remarkable from the hill.

Poston 1, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Arizona, 24 March 1995 / P-4-11-85. Some of the old structures, like the school and the recreation center, are standing at Poston Camp 1. Native Americans currently live on the site in a small village. I thought the site was an "oasis of history," a history layered with different cultures and context. Detail of original image.

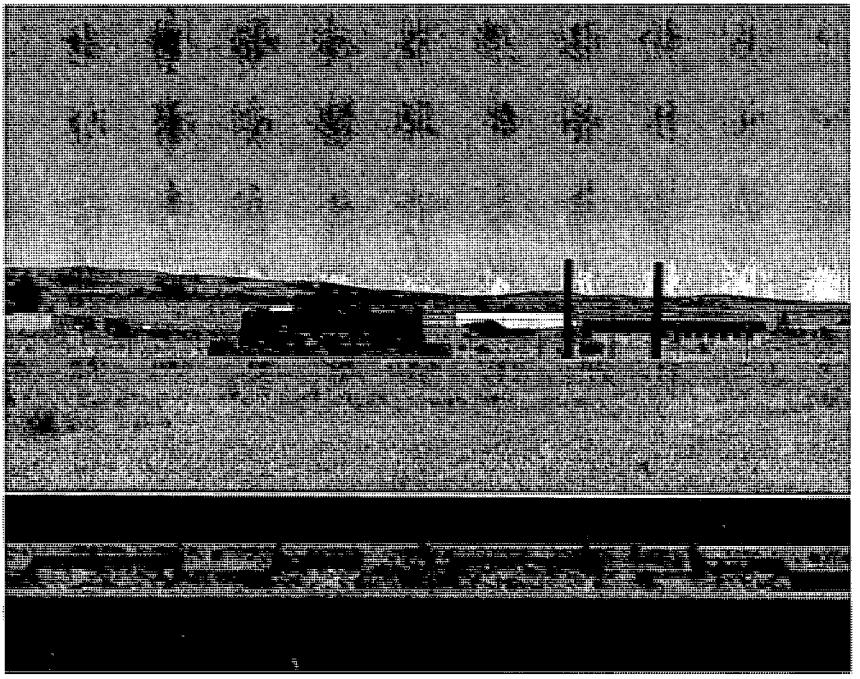


Poston 2, Japanese–American Concentration Camp, Arizona, 24 March 1995 / P–5–11–86. Poston was comprised of three camps a couple of miles apart. As with a few of the camps, contemporary farms now use the land. The old water tanks were too hard to remove, much like the concrete bunkers that cover the European landscape from World War II. The water tanks mark the sites of many of the camps.



Jerome, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Arkansas, 28 August 1994 / J-6-6-50. When I saw the smoke stack in the middle of this Arkansas field, I was reminded of a poem by Lawson Inada. Both Inada's writing and the visual image of the stack were moving. This camp had memories that included people. My father was at this camp for a short time. The farmers who live on this land have lived there for many years. In fact, the grandfather of the family helped build the camp in the early part of the war. The family was gracious in letting me drive through their property and they directed me to what landmarks remain today. Detail of original image.

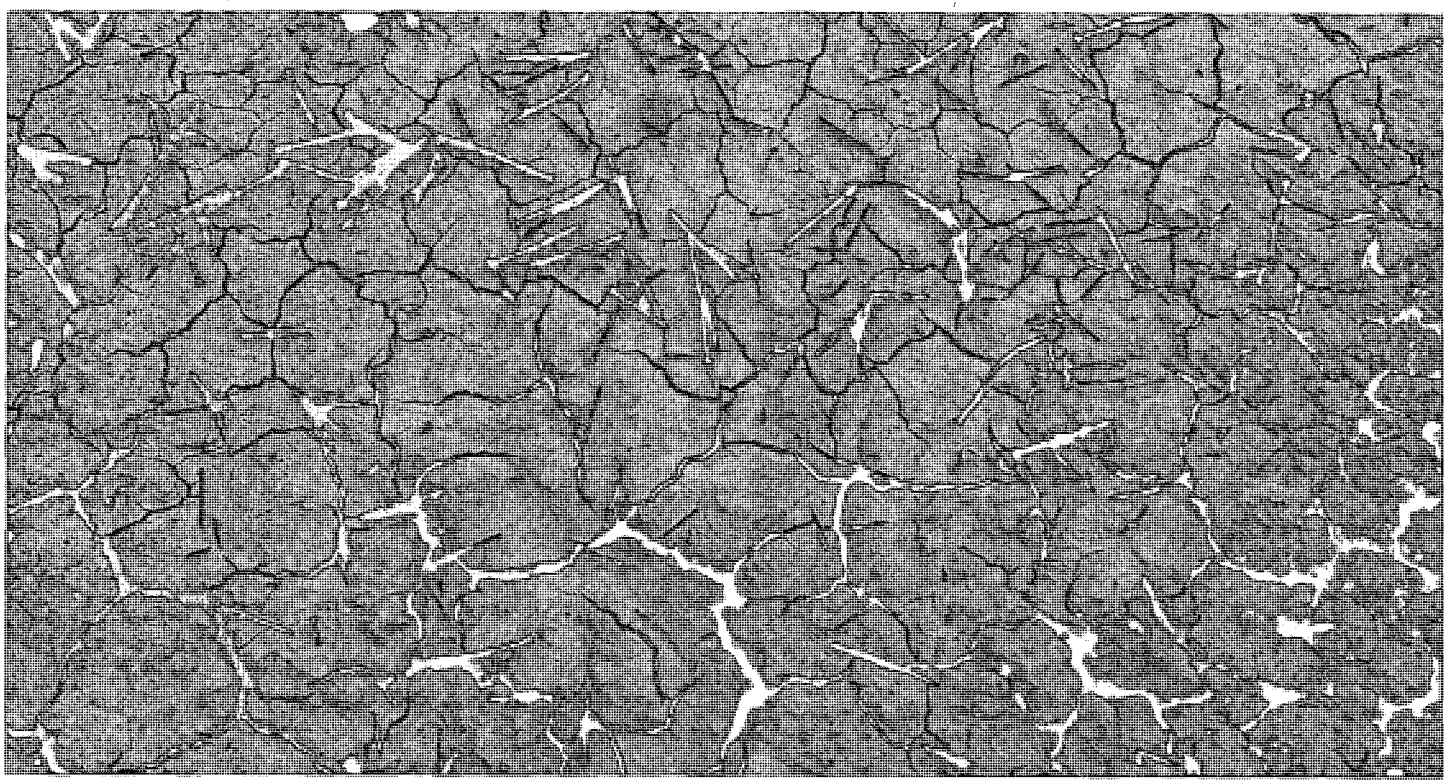
Rohwer, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Arkansas, 28 August 1993 / R-2-6-94. Rohwer was the first camp where I made pictures. Except for the memorial cemetery and the old water tank, the camp was nonexistent physically. Farm fields and some roads are what remain today; nevertheless, I sensed a presence of collective memory that the landscape will probably forever retain. Detail of original image.



Tule Lake, Japanese–American Concentration Camp, California, 3 July 1994 / TL–1–12–114. Every camp had nearby railroad tracks. This was how the government brought the Japanese–Americans to the camps, by railroad and under armed guard. The administration building is to the right and the Tule Lake plaque is to the left. Today, all the camps have plaques. This California state plaque had contemporary racist graffiti scratched into its face. It read, "Fuck Japs."

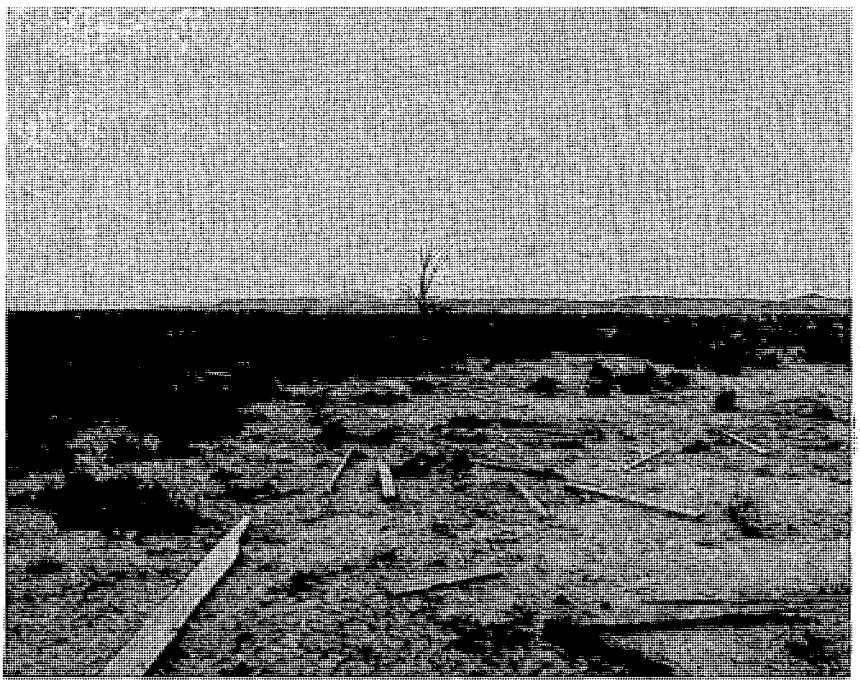
Minidoka, Japanese–American Concentration Camp, Idaho, 15 October 1994 / MI–9–11–79. The concrete remains at Minidoka were scattered, mostly because the land is now farmed and whatever could be moved was taken away. These pier foundations were in the back yard of a farm family's trailer home. The juxtaposition of the physical elements in this landscape was poignant. The people who live here today were aware of the history of their land. They were understanding and kind to me. I made images on this very cold and overcast day practically from their back porch.

Minidoka, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Idaho, 15 October 1994 / M1-3-11-73. Finding an intact building was a rarity at any of the camps. At Minidoka, this old firehouse was situated on a farmer's plot of land and it was being used as a storage unit by the farmer. Detail of original image.



Topaz, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Utah, 14 October 1994 / T-6-15-104. As the camps were dismantled after the war, the lumber was hauled off or burnt. What often remained were the nails taken out of the wood. At Topaz there was a sea of rusted nails everywhere. For me, every nail seemed to have its own "memory" and marking. Detail of original image.

Topaz, Japanese–American Concentration Camp, Utah, 14 October 1994 / T–7–15–105. After almost fifty years, I found very little personal remains at any of the camps. At Topaz, however, I found this rusted child's toy truck. After I took this picture, I picked up the truck and took it with me as a momento. As I ventured further from the site where I had found the truck, I felt that the "magic" inherent to the object was fading away. I took the truck back to its original spot and put it back. I covered it with a bit of dirt. Its place was at the camp and not on my bookshelf. Within a few feet of the truck a perfectly intact trilobite from the Paleozoic age was found. Time seemed at once to overlap and to collapse with these synchronistic finds.



Topaz, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Utah, 14 October 1994 / T-13-15-111. At most of the camps I felt that the horizon was always visually predominant. Every once in a while I found a vertical anomaly in the landscape. They all seemed like markers.

Amache, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Colorado, 29 July 1994 / A-1-10-1. Twice I visited and worked at Amache. Both times I felt jinxed. On my first visit, my camera broke. This was a first for me, and I was not prepared for technical problems. I spent most of this first trip walking the camp and visually exploring. At the end of the second visit, I had worked into the evening, and when I was ready to leave I found that the main gate had been locked. I was suddenly and ironically a prisoner behind the barbed wire fence in this camp. It was a strange feeling, and I had moments of panic. When I came to my senses, I took a few tools and dismantled a portion of the barbed wire fence. I drove my pickup truck out and over a ditch and reassembled the fence. I was glad to have my freedom.

Amache, Japanese-American Concentration Camp, Colorado, 11 June 1994 / A-10-1-10. This poignant grave marker seemed to epitomize all of the unmarked and marked graves that I found at some of the camps. My memory of Amache includes harsh winds, slab foundations, dirt roads, the cemetery, and the dead trees. The collective voices were still inherent and speaking to me in this eerie landscape. Detail of original image.

NOTES

1. From commentary by John Hersey in John Armor and Peter Wright, *Manzanar*. Photographs by Ansel Adams (New York: Times Books, 1988). See also, Eugene V. Rostow, "Our Worst Wartime Mistake," *Harper's* 191 (September 1945), 193–201. The literature on the Japanese–American internment has been growing rapidly. See especially, Roger Daniels, *The Politics of Prejudice: The Anti–Japanese Movement in California and the Struggle for Japanese Exclusion* (New York: Atheneum, 1968); Michi Weglyn, *Years of Infamy: The Untold Story of America's Concentration Camps* (New York: William Morrow & Company, 1976); Peter Irons, *Justice at War* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1983); Allan R. Bosworth, *America's Concentration Camps* (New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1967); and John Tateishi, ed., *And Justice for All: An Oral History of the Japanese–American Detention Camps* (New York: Random House, 1984).

2. As quoted in Roger Daniels, Sandra C. Taylor, and Harry H. L. Kitano, eds., *Japanese–Americans: From Relocation to Redress* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1986), 5.

3. Tom Crouch was head curator of this exhibit with assistance from Edward Szell. Museum Specialist Jennifer Locke was primary researcher for the project. An abbreviated version is scheduled to travel to several cities across the nation through 1998.

4. Leslie T. Hatamiya, *Righting a Wrong: Japanese Americans and the Passage of the Civil Liberties Act of 1988* (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1988).

5. The phrase comes from Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes in the foreword to Ansel Adams, *Born Free and Equal: Photographs of the Loyal Japanese–Americans at Manzanar Relocation Center, Inyo County, California* (New York: United States Camera, 1944), 7. Ickes and Attorney General Francis Biddle were the only cabinet members to oppose the move. See also Roger Daniels's comments in Daniels, Taylor, and Kitano, eds., *Japanese–Americans*, 4.

6. Arthur Zich, "Japanese–Americans: Home at Last," *National Geographic* 169 (April 1986), 512–39.

7. Phillip Marumoto in *The Oregonian*, 12 September 1981, as cited in Sandra C. Taylor, "Evacuation and Economic Loss: Questions and Perspectives," in Daniels, Taylor and Kitano, eds., *Japanese–Americans*, 166.

8. Frank Iritani and Joanne Iritani, *Ten Visits: Accounts of Visits to all the Japanese–American Relocation Centers* (San Mateo, California: Japanese American Curriculum Project, Inc., 1995).

9. The reasons for this decision are conveniently summarized in Gerald Stanley, "Justice Deferred: A Fifty–Year Perspective on Japanese–Internment Historiography," *Southern California Quarterly* 74 (Summer 1992), 181–206.

10. Roger Daniels, *Concentration Camps, USA: Japanese Americans and World War II* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1972), 78ff.

11. For the New Mexico connection, see Richard Melzer, "Casualties of Caution and Fear: Life in Santa Fe's Japanese Internment Camp, 1942–1946," in *Essays in Twentieth–Century New Mexico*, ed. Judith Boyce DeMark (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1994), 213–40; John J. Culley, "World War II and a Western Town: The Internment of the Japanese Railroad Workers of Clovis, New Mexico," *Western Historical Quarterly* 13 (January 1982), 43–61; Culley, "The Santa Fe Internment Camp and the Justice Department Program for Enemy Aliens," in *Japanese Americans*, eds. Daniels, Taylor and Kitano, 57–68; and Toby Smith, "Barbed Wire and Kabuki: The Story of an Internment Camp," *Impact: Albuquerque Journal Magazine* 4 (31 March 1981), 4–8.

12. On Poston, see Paul Bailey, *City in the Sun: The Japanese Concentration Camp at Poston, Arizona* (Los Angeles, California: Westernlore Press, 1971).

13. Norman R. Jackman, "Collective Protest in Relocation Centers," *American Journal of Sociology* 43 (November 1957), 264–72.

14. Estelle Ishigo, *Lone Heart Mountain* (Santa Clara, California: Communicart, 1972); Mary Tsukamoto and Elizabeth Pinkerton, *We the People: A Story of Internment in America* (Elk Grove, California: Laguna Publishers, 1987); Sue Kunitomi, *The Lost Years, 1942–1946* (Los Angeles, California: Moonlight Publications, 1982); and Yoshiko Uchida, *Desert Exile: The Uprooting of a Japanese-American Family* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1982). See also the biography of Shi Nomura: Jerry Stanley, *I Am an American: A True Story of Japanese Internment* (New York: Crown Publishers, 1994).

15. Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James D. Houston, *Farewell to Manzanar: A True Story of Japanese American Experience During and After the World War II Internment* (Boston, Massachusetts: Houghton Mifflin, 1973).

16. *Albuquerque Tribune*, 14 September 1994, D–1,D–3; Ferenc Szasz interviews with Ruth Hashimoto, 1993, 1994.

17. From Vincent Tajiri, ed., *Through Innocent Eyes: Writings and Art from the Japanese-American Internment by Poston I Schoolchildren* (Los Angeles, California: Keiko Services Press, 1990), as quoted in the brochure, "Poston Memorial Monument," available at the Parker, Arizona, Information Center.

18. From the Special Collections Division at the University of Arizona Library. As quoted in Bailey, *City in the Sun*, 113–14.

19. Toyo Suyemoto Kawakami in Arthur A. Hansen, ed., *Japanese-American World War II Evacuation Oral History Project.* Part I, *Internees* (Westport, Connecticut: Meckler, 1991), 30.

20. Deborah Gesensway and Mindy Roseman, *Beyond Words: Images from America's Concentration Camps* (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1987), 30, 163, 170.

21. Miné Okubo, *Citizen 13660* (1946; Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1983).

22. "Coast Japs Are Interned in Mountain Camp," *Life* 12 (6 April 1942), 15–19; "Tule Lake," *Life* 16 (20 March 1944), 25–35, photographs by Carl Mydans.

23. Maisie Conrat and Richard Conrat, *Executive Order 9066: The Internment of 110,000 Japanese-Americans* (Los Angeles: California Historical Society, 1972); John D. Stevens, "From Behind Barbed Wire: Freedom of the Press in World War II Japanese Centers," *Journalism Quarterly* 48 (Summer 1971), 279–87.

24. Ansel Adams and Mary Street Alinder, *Ansel Adams: An Autobiography* (Boston, Massachusetts: Little, Brown and Company, 1985), 258, 260.

25. Adams, *Born Free and Equal.*

26. Adams and Alinder, *Autobiography*, 260; Karin Becker Ohm, "What You See Is What You Get: Dorothea Lange and Ansel Adams at Manzanar," *Journalism History* 4 (Spring 1977), 14–22, 32.

27. Armour and Wright, *Manzanar.*

28. Ohm, *Dorothea Lange and the Documentary Tradition* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1980), 114–57.

29. Photographs by Patrick Nagatani, essay by Eugenia Parry Janis, *Nuclear Enchantment* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1991).

30. Patrick Nagatani in the *Los Angeles Times*, 16 July 1995.

31. Graham Howe, Jacqueline Markham, Patrick Nagatani, and Scott Rankin, eds., *Two Views of Manzanar: An exhibition of photographs by Ansel Adams/Toyo Miyatake* (Los Angeles, California: Frederick S. Wright Art Gallery, UCLA, 1978). Shown at the Frederick S. Wright Art Gallery, UCLA, 21 November 1978 to 14 January 1979. *Los Angeles Times*, 16 July 1995. A Nagatani photograph appeared on the dust jacket of Richard S. Nishimoto, *Inside an American Concentration Camp* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1995).

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