

"poignant and powerful . . . a work of art that is both *timely* and *timeless*."

—john jennings, artist of *kindred: a graphic novel adaptation*

displacement

kiku hughes



An abstract illustration of a landscape with layered hills and mountains. The colors are various shades of brown, tan, and beige, creating a sense of depth and texture. The shapes are soft and rounded, with some areas appearing more prominent than others. The overall style is minimalist and artistic.

displacement



displacement

kiku hughes

:01

First Second
New York



IT WAS JUNE 2016 WHEN I FIRST TRAVELED THROUGH TIME.



NO...



NO, TIME TRAVEL ISN'T EXACTLY WHAT IT IS—

I'M TAKEN TO A DIFFERENT PLACE TOO.



BESIDES, "TIME TRAVEL" MAKES IT SOUND LIKE I HAVE A CHOICE IN THE MATTER, BUT I DON'T THINK I DO.

EVERY TIME IT'S HAPPENED, I'M TAKEN BY SURPRISE AND AGAINST MY WILL.



AND NOW I'VE BEEN TRAPPED IN THE PAST FOR OVER A YEAR.



I'M NOT SURE IF I'LL EVER BE ABLE TO GO HOME AGAIN.

BUT I'LL START FROM THE BEGINNING.

part I:
the west

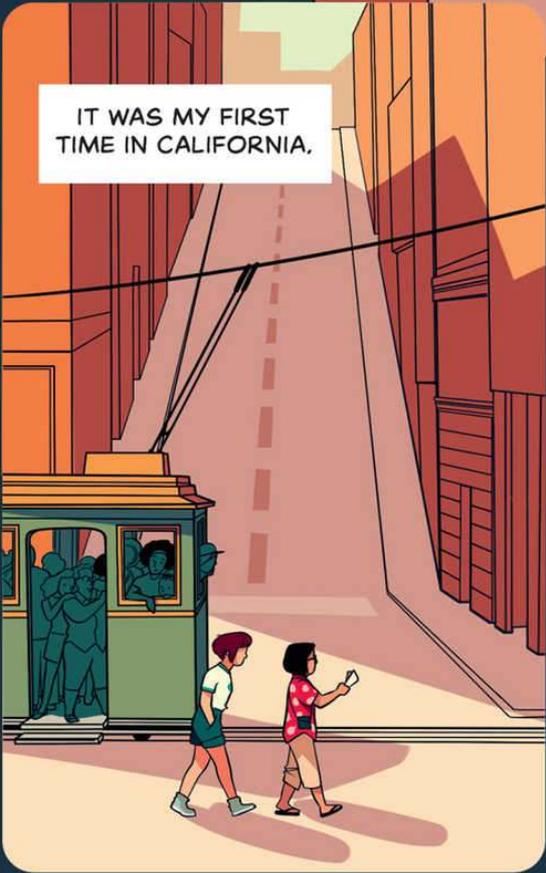


1

THE FIRST DISPLACEMENT TOOK ME WHILE MOM AND I WERE VISITING SAN FRANCISCO.



IT WAS MY FIRST TIME IN CALIFORNIA.



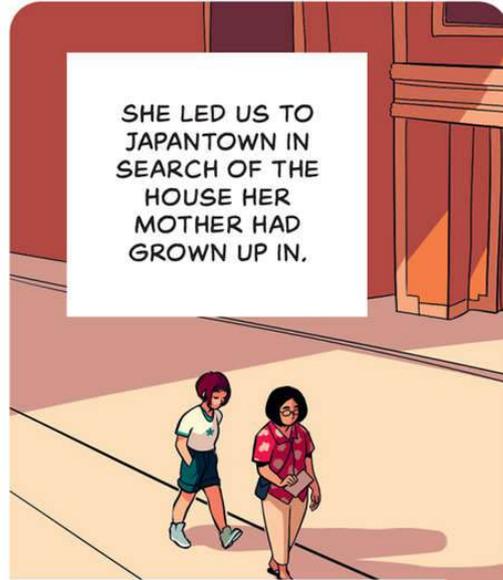
I WAS UNIMPRESSED.



BY THE LAST DAY OF OUR TRIP I WAS READY TO GET HOME TO SEATTLE, BUT MOM WANTED TO SEE ONE MORE THING.



SHE LED US TO JAPANTOWN IN SEARCH OF THE HOUSE HER MOTHER HAD GROWN UP IN.



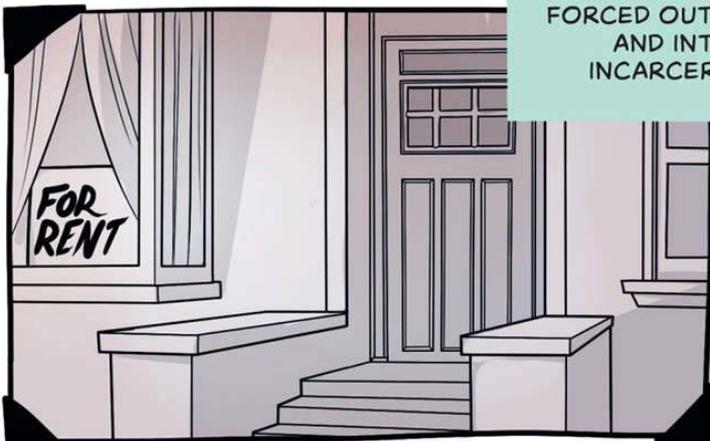
SHE'D NEVER SEEN IT IN PERSON, BUT SHE'D HEARD STORIES FROM HER MOTHER.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE CLASSIC SAN FRANCISCO ROW HOUSES, DIVIDED FOR SEVERAL FAMILIES TO LIVE IN.



MY GRANDMOTHER AND HER IMMIGRANT PARENTS LIVED THERE UNTIL 1942...

WHEN THEY, ALONG WITH 120,000 OTHER PEOPLE OF JAPANESE DESCENT UP AND DOWN THE WEST COAST, WERE FORCED OUT OF THEIR HOMES AND INTO AMERICAN INCARCERATION CAMPS.



THEY NEVER SAW SAN FRANCISCO AGAIN.



I THINK IT'S
DOWN THIS
NEXT BLOCK.



KIKU,
PLEASE STOP
SIGHING. WE'RE
ALMOST THERE.



MOM GOT THE ADDRESS FROM AN OLD LETTER SENT TO HER GRANDFATHER BACK IN 1935.

SAVE FOR THE ADDRESS, IT WAS WRITTEN ENTIRELY IN JAPANESE—A LANGUAGE NOBODY IN OUR FAMILY SPEAKS NOW.



701

622

WE COULDN'T FIND THE HOUSE ON ANY ONLINE MAPS, SO WE WANDERED AROUND BUSH STREET COUNTING NUMBERS DOWN.

409

386

I FELT OUT OF PLACE HERE, TAILING BEHIND MOM AS WE LOOKED FOR EVIDENCE OF ANY REAL CONNECTION TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.





WAIT—
I THINK WE
WENT TOO FAR.



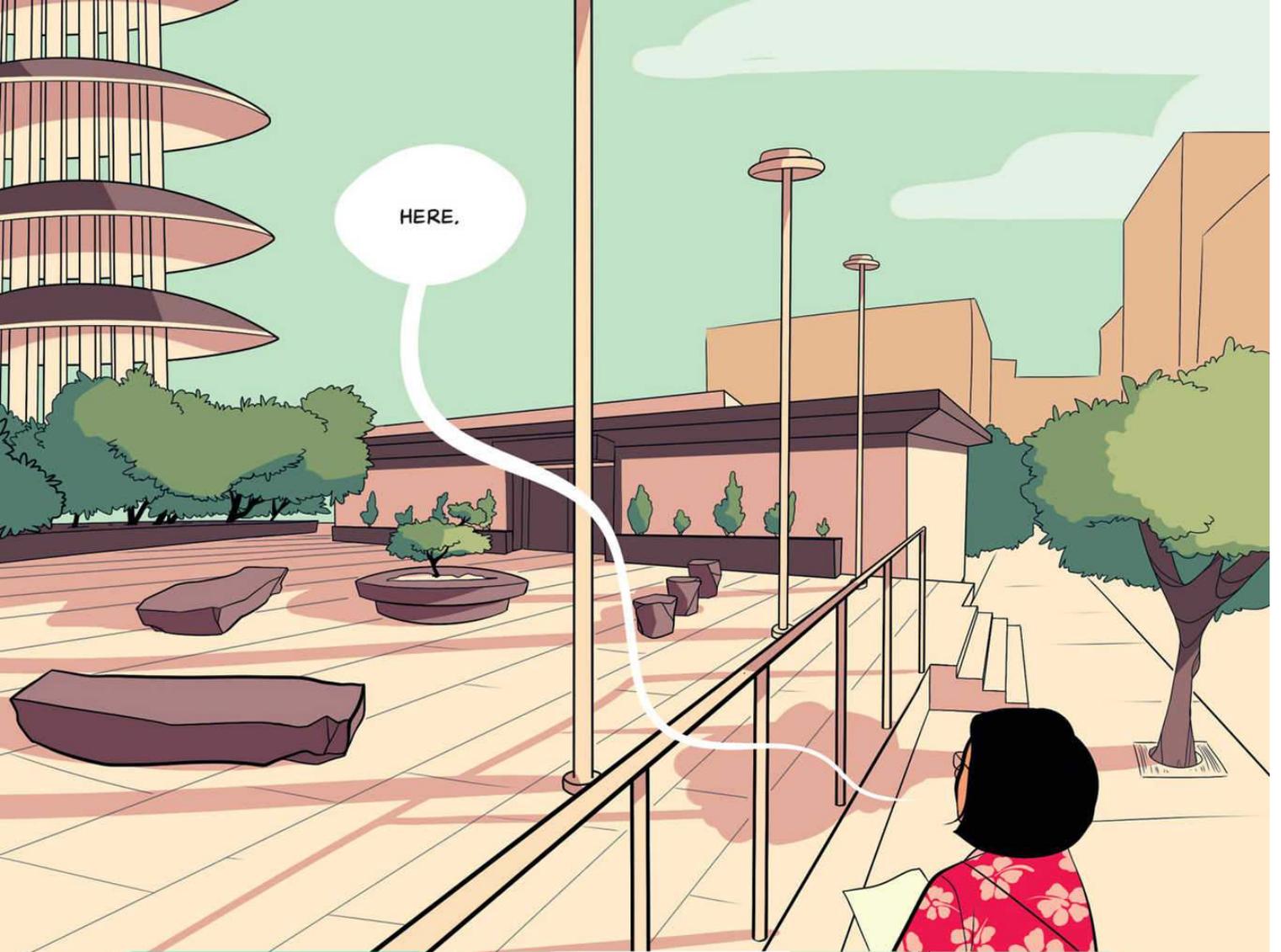
HMM...



OKAY, WE NEED TO
GET BACK ON
POST STREET.



HERE!
IT SHOULD BE
RIGHT—



HERE.



OH.



IT GOT TORN DOWN?

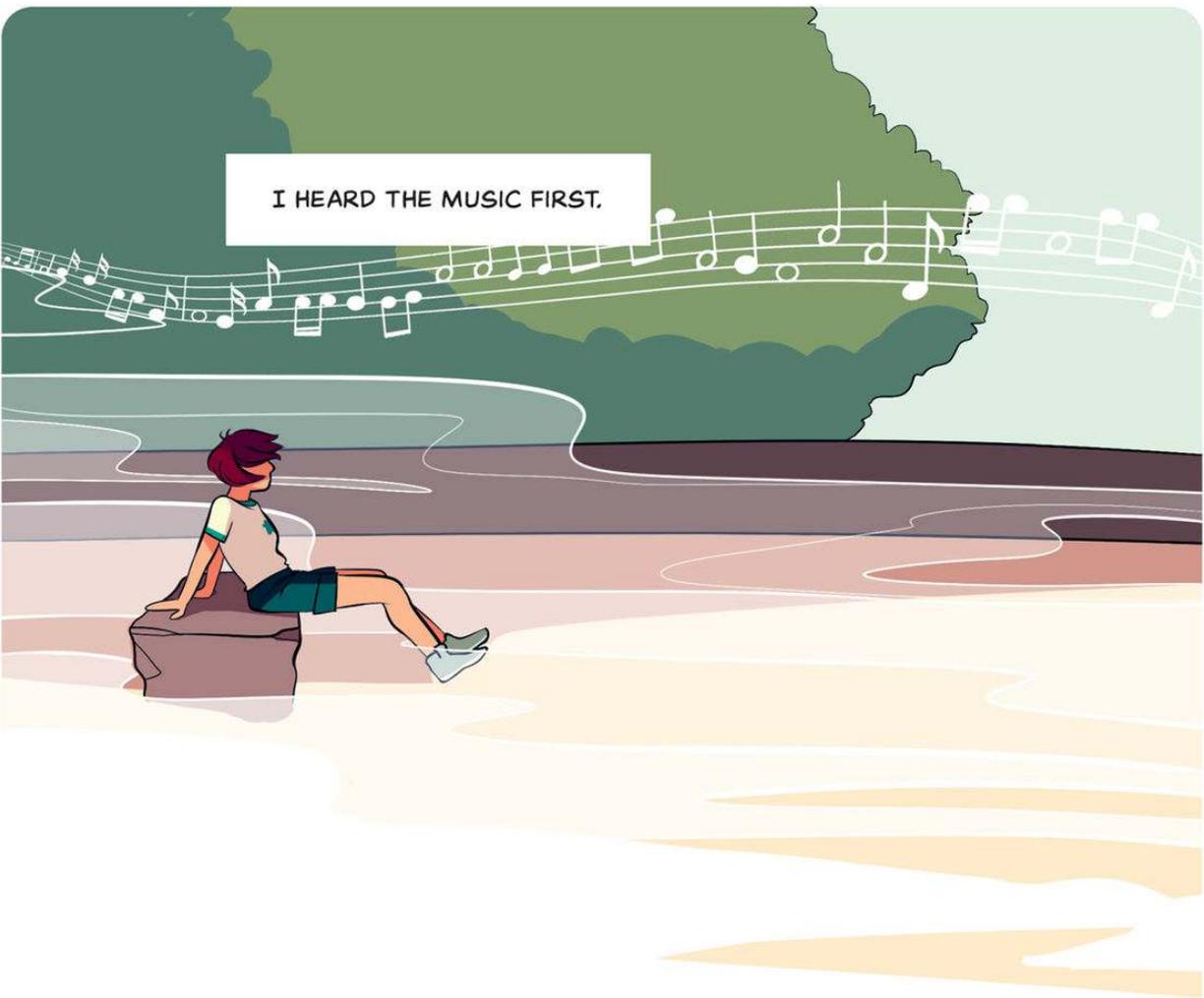
I GUESS SO.



WELL...





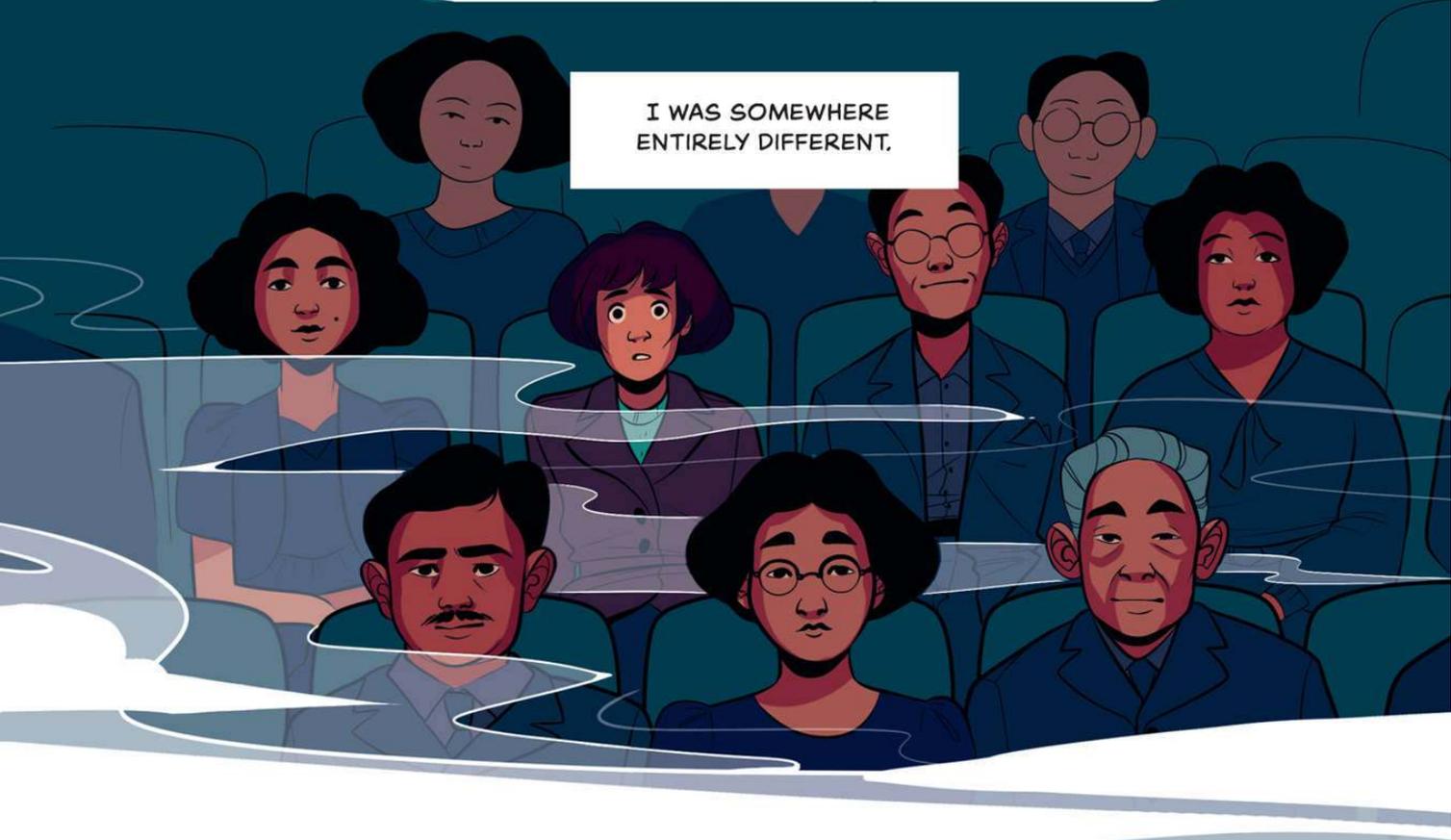




AND WHEN I OPENED MY EYES,
ALL I COULD SEE
WAS A THICK FOG.



BUT WHEN IT CLEARED AT LAST...



I WAS SOMEWHERE
ENTIRELY DIFFERENT.



I WAS IN SHOCK.

HOW HAD I BEEN
TRANSPORTED TO
THIS THEATER?
WHERE WAS
THE MALL,
WHERE WAS
MY MOM?



I TRIED TO FISH
OUT MY PHONE
TO TEXT HER,



IN FACT, THIS
WASN'T EVEN
MY POCKET.

BUT TO MY HORROR,
IT WAS NO LONGER
IN MY POCKET.

I WAS
WEARING
A NEW AND
UNFAMILIAR
OUTFIT.

I TRIED TO STAY CALM
DESPITE MY CONFUSION. I
HAD TO FIND A PHONE, MOM
WOULD BE WORRYING.



THANK YOU,
ERNESTINA TERANISHI!
WHAT A TALENT
SHE IS!



TERANISHI. I KNEW THAT NAME.
IT WAS ONE OF THE FEW THINGS I
KNEW ABOUT THE JAPANESE SIDE
OF MY FAMILY. MOM HAD TOLD ME
TERANISHI WAS A RARE LAST NAME.



ANOTHER THING I KNEW:
MY GRANDMOTHER HAD BEEN
A TALENTED VIOLINIST.





I FOLLOWED THE CROWD
OUT OF THE THEATER,
TRYING TO REMEMBER
WHAT MY GRANDMOTHER'S
FIRST NAME HAD BEEN.

IT SEEMED STRANGE
THAT I DIDN'T KNOW
THIS SIMPLE FACT.

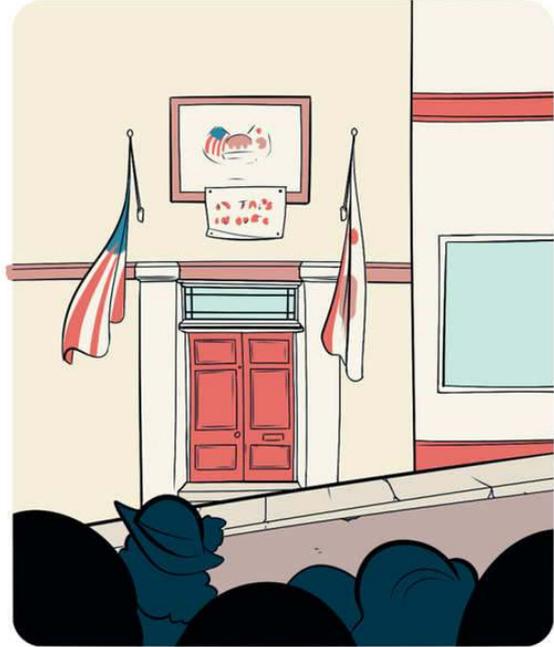


BUT AS I EMERGED
FROM THE THEATER,
MY THOUGHTS WERE
INTERRUPTED.



I WASN'T FAR FROM WHERE THE
MALL PLAZA SHOULD BE, BUT
SOMEHOW EVERYTHING HAD
CHANGED AS IF IT WERE AN
ENTIRELY DIFFERENT ERA.

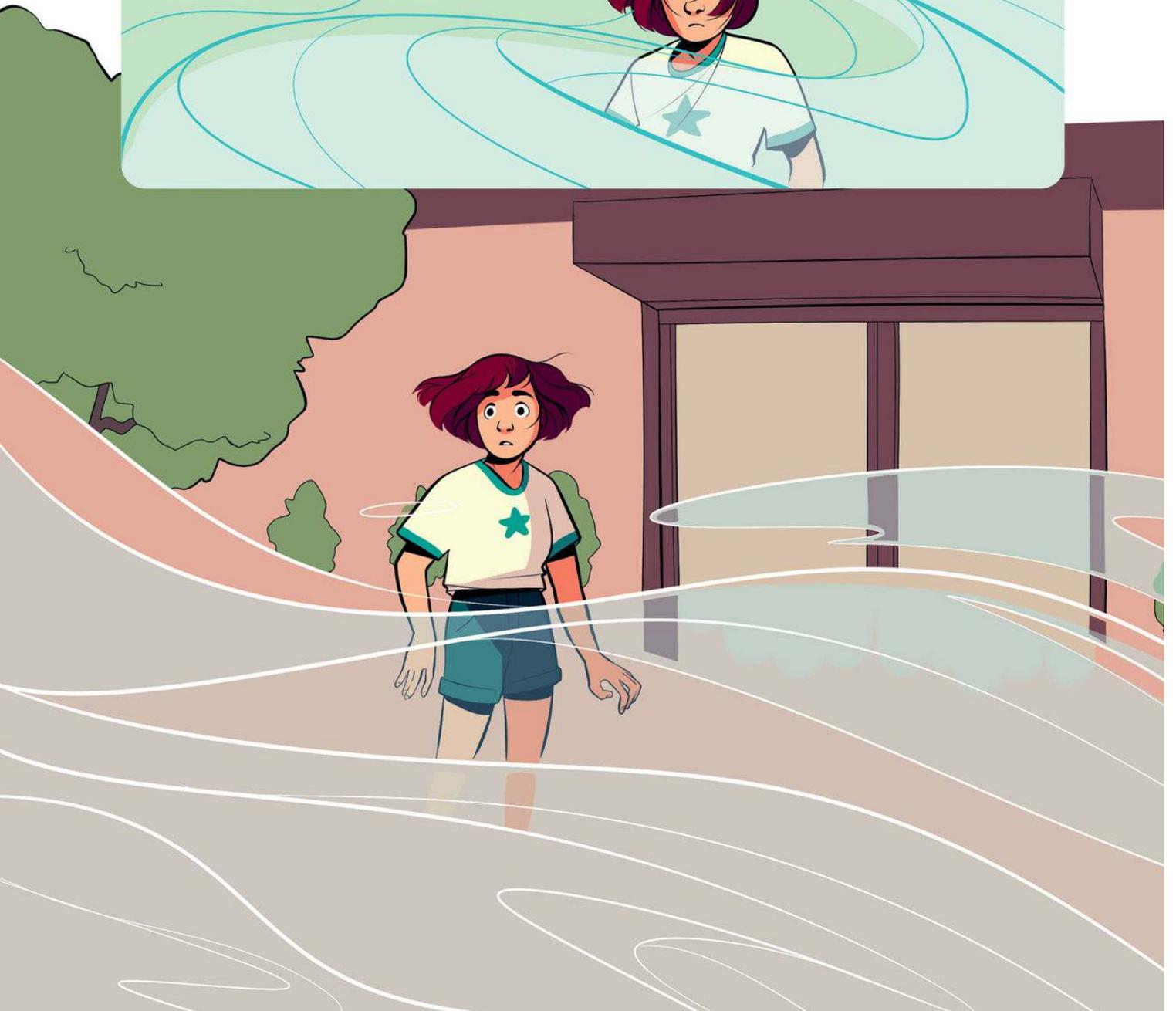
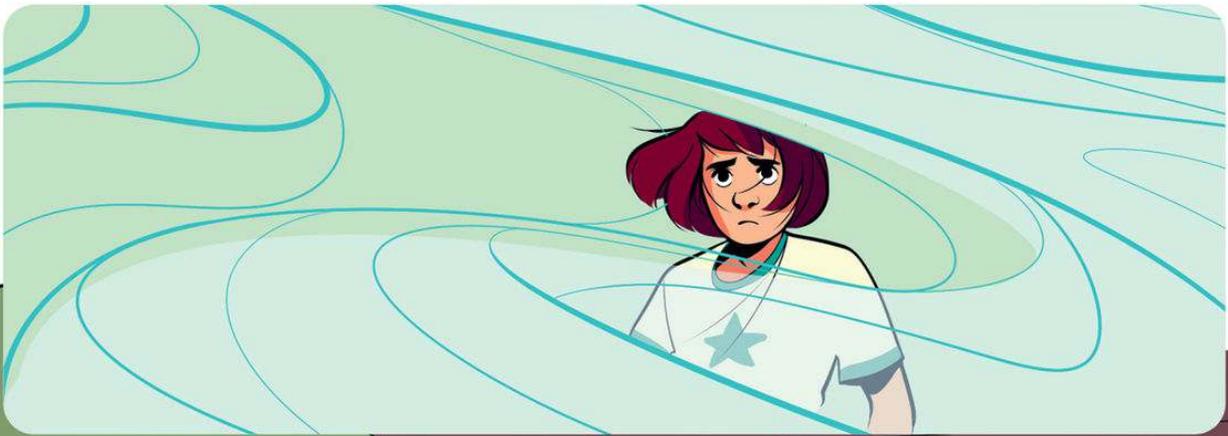
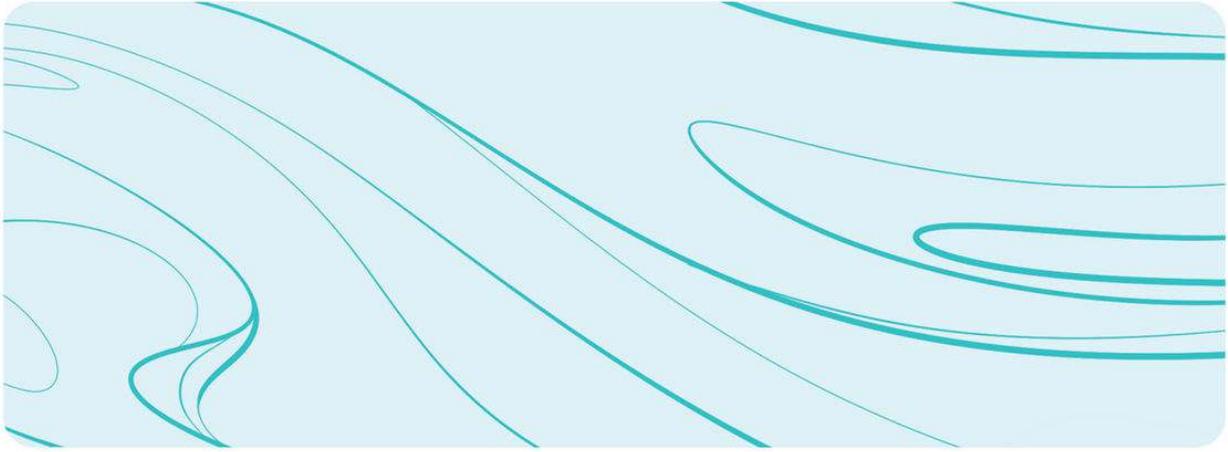


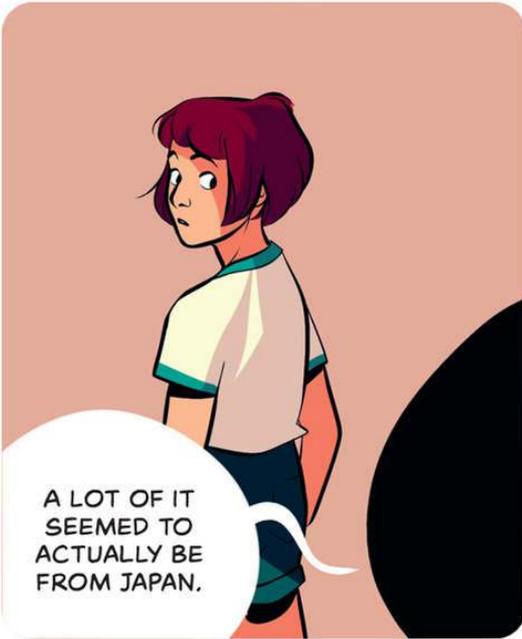


OF ALL THE SHOCKS TO MY SYSTEM THAT AFTERNOON, THAT SIGN WAS THE WORST.



IT WAS THE LAST THING I SAW BEFORE THE FOG CAME BACK AGAIN.





LET'S GET BACK TO THE HOTEL, MAYBE YOU STAYED OUT IN THE SUN TOO LONG.



I THOUGHT IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DREAM.

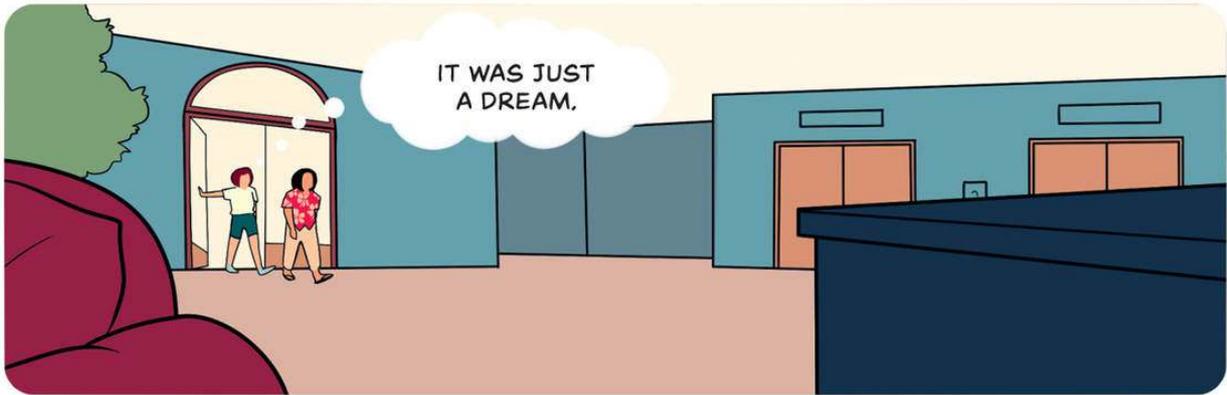
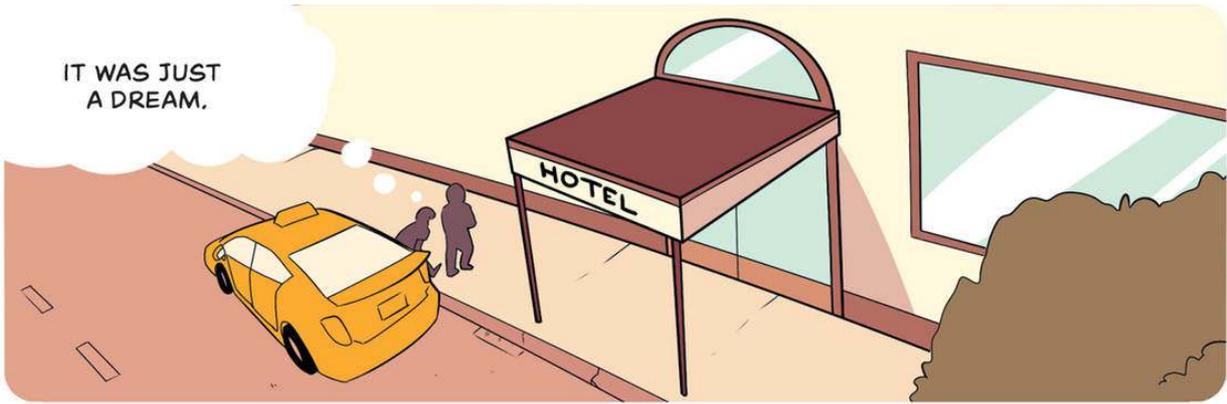
BUT IT HAD FELT SO REAL...





YOU MUST HAVE TOLD ME SOMETIME.

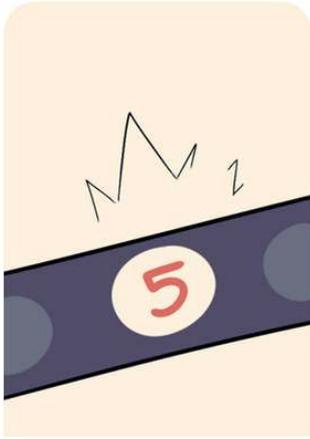




IT SEEMS ODD EVEN TO ME THAT I WOULDN'T REALLY KNOW MY OWN GRANDMOTHER'S NAME.



MOM DOESN'T TALK ABOUT HER OFTEN, AND WHEN SHE DOES, OF COURSE SHE JUST CALLS HER "MOM."



IT HADN'T REALLY OCCURRED TO ME UNTIL THEN HOW LITTLE I KNEW ABOUT MY FAMILY HISTORY.



I HAD A SMATTERING OF FACTS THAT FIT TOGETHER LIKE A PUZZLE THAT'S MISSING HALF ITS PIECES.



I KNEW MY GREAT-GRANDPARENTS HAD COME FROM JAPAN AND WORKED AS SERVANTS FOR WHITE HOUSEHOLDS.



I KNEW ERNESTINA WAS THEIR ONLY CHILD. THEY FOSTERED HER TALENT FOR VIOLIN, BUT WERE ALL TAKEN TO AN INCARCERATION CAMP DURING WORLD WAR II.



AFTER THE WAR, THEY MOVED TO NEW YORK CITY SO ERNESTINA COULD ATTEND JULLIARD.

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW THEY PAID FOR IT.



I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THEY WORKED IN NYC.

ALL I KNEW WAS THAT MY MOM WAS ONLY NINETEEN WHEN ERNESTINA DIED OF LEUKEMIA.



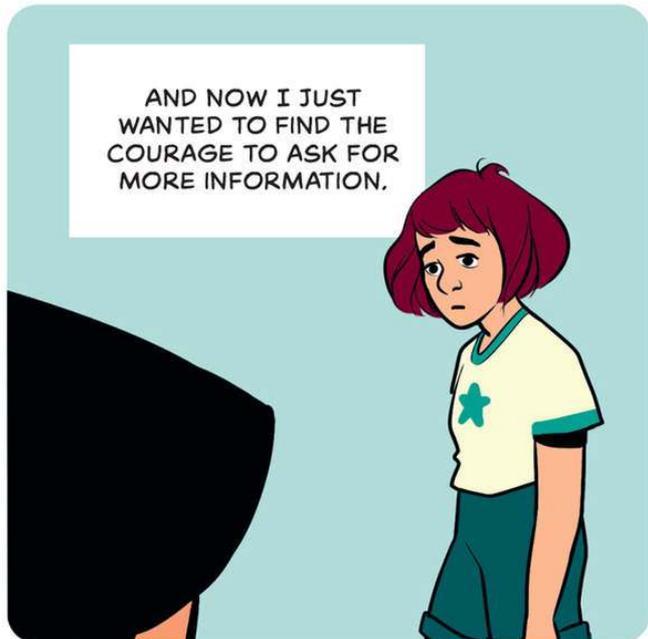
SOON AFTER, MOM LEFT THE EAST COAST BEHIND AND MADE A NEW HOME IN SEATTLE.

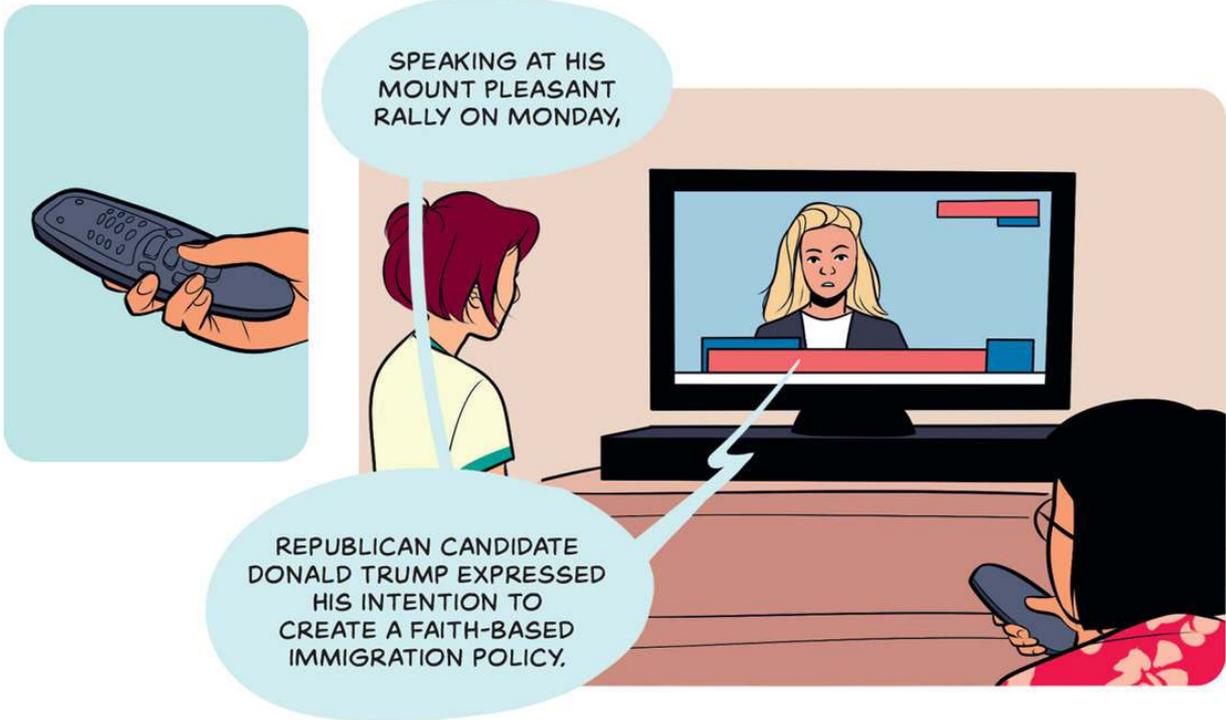


I HAD GROWN UP KNOWING THESE FACTS BUT HAD NEVER REALIZED HOW LITTLE IT REALLY TOLD ME ABOUT MY OWN FAMILY.



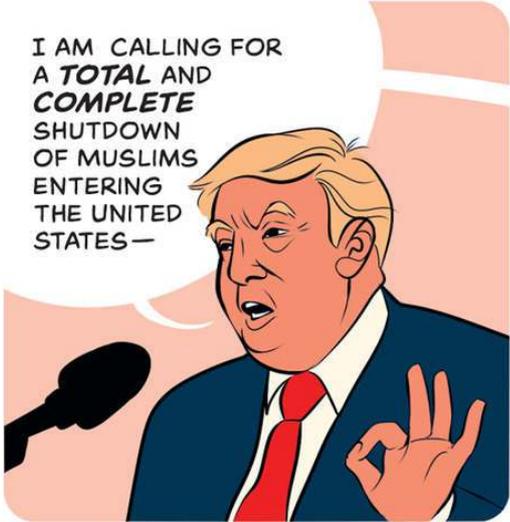
AND NOW I JUST WANTED TO FIND THE COURAGE TO ASK FOR MORE INFORMATION.





SPEAKING AT HIS MOUNT PLEASANT RALLY ON MONDAY,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE DONALD TRUMP EXPRESSED HIS INTENTION TO CREATE A FAITH-BASED IMMIGRATION POLICY.



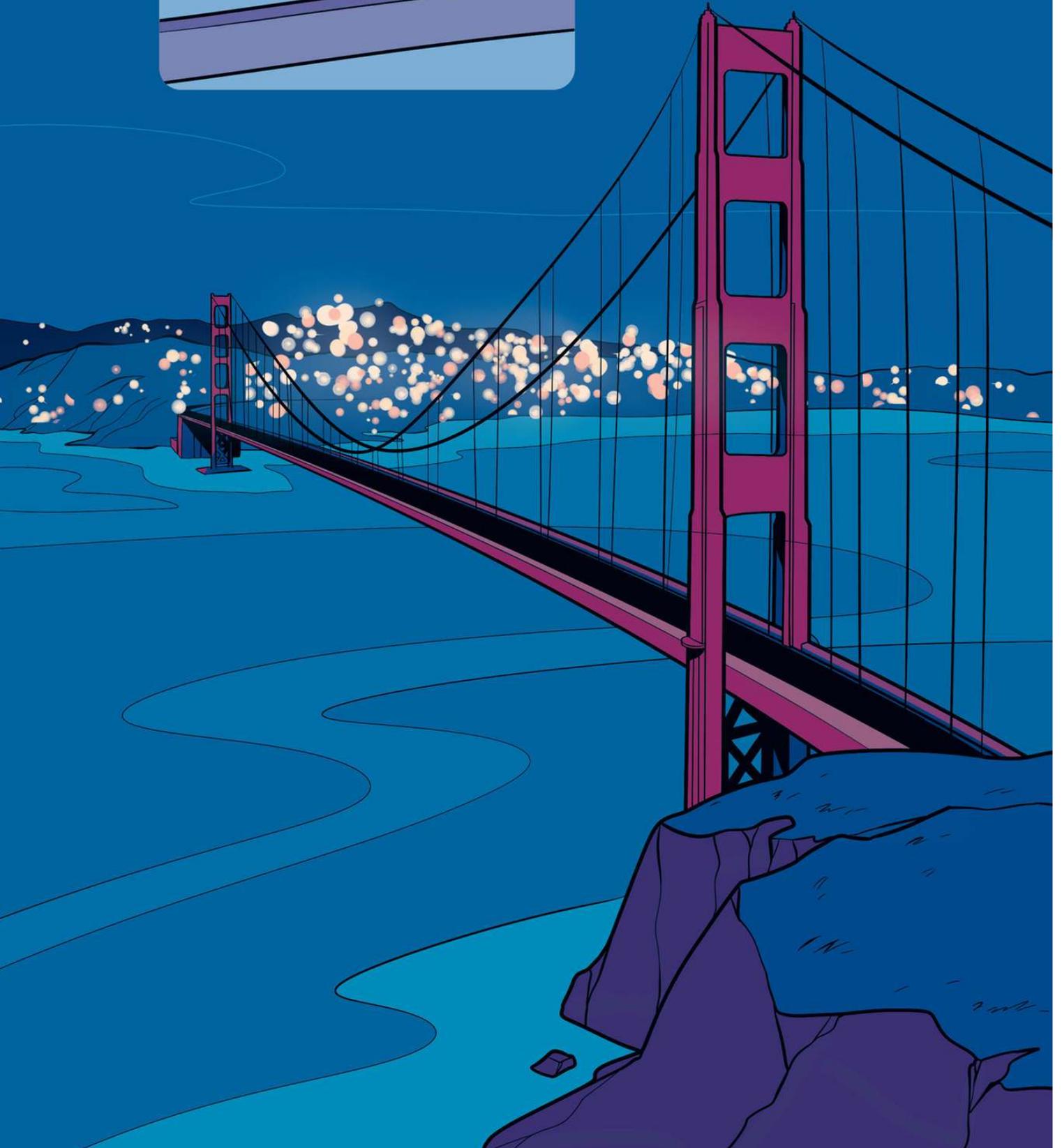
I AM CALLING FOR A **TOTAL AND COMPLETE** SHUTDOWN OF MUSLIMS ENTERING THE UNITED STATES —



UNTIL OUR COUNTRY'S REPRESENTATIVES CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!



BUT IT WASN'T A GOOD TIME TO TALK.





2

IT HAPPENED AGAIN THE
VERY NEXT MORNING.



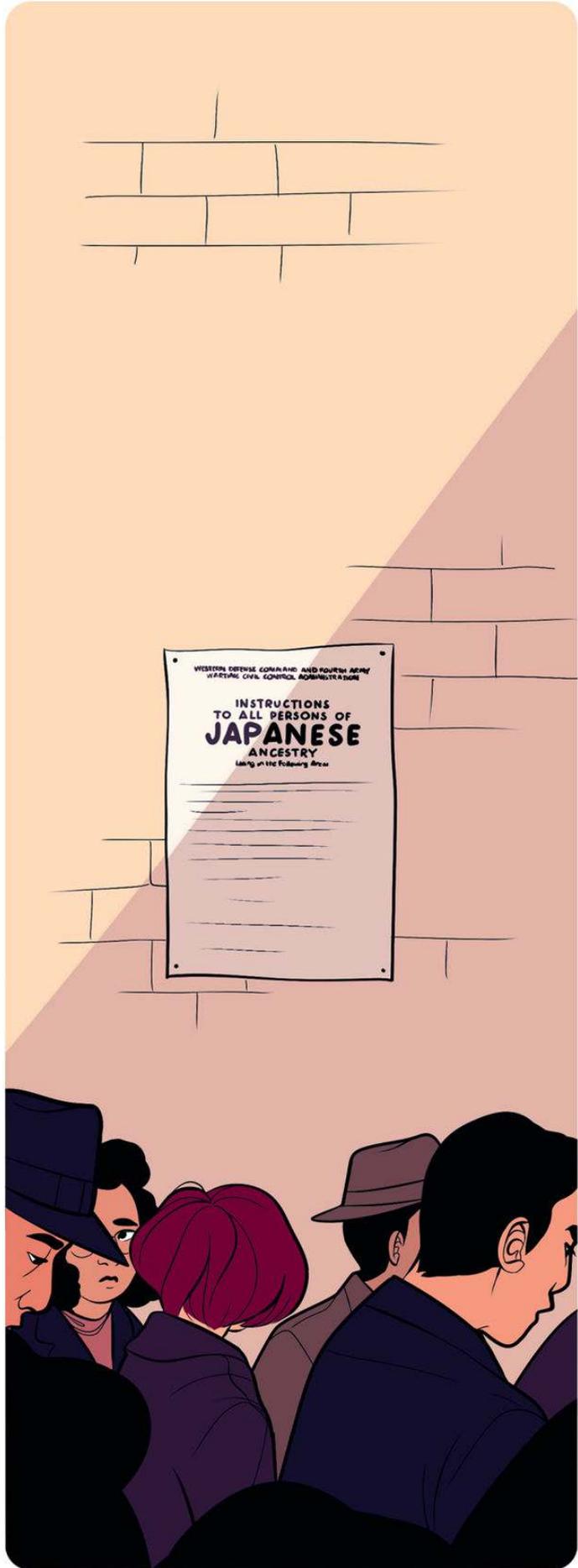
THERE WAS AN
ARCHWAY ACROSS
THE STREET FROM
OUR HOTEL.

IT LOOKED OUT OF
PLACE SOMEHOW—
OLDER THAN
THE BUILDINGS
AROUND IT.



THE FOG CAME
AND I WAS DISPLACED
AGAIN.













THE CUT FROM MY FALL WAS REAL.



THE DISPLACEMENTS
WERE REAL.



AND THEY COULD
HAPPEN AGAIN—
THEY COULD HAPPEN
ANYTIME.



MY ONLY WARNING
WAS THE FOG.



BUT IT'S
ALWAYS FOGGY
IN SAN FRANCISCO.





I'M SO
READY TO
GO HOME.

MHM.



THAT WAS AN
UNDERSTATEMENT.
I NEEDED TO GET BACK
TO SEATTLE, TO A
NORMAL LIFE.

THE DISPLACEMENTS HAD
BEGUN IN SAN FRANCISCO,
SO I CONVINCED MYSELF THEY
COULD ONLY HAPPEN THERE.



AT HOME,
I'D BE SAFE.



BUT I COULDN'T
GET THE QUESTION
OUT OF MY MIND.

ARE YOU SURE
YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE HERE?



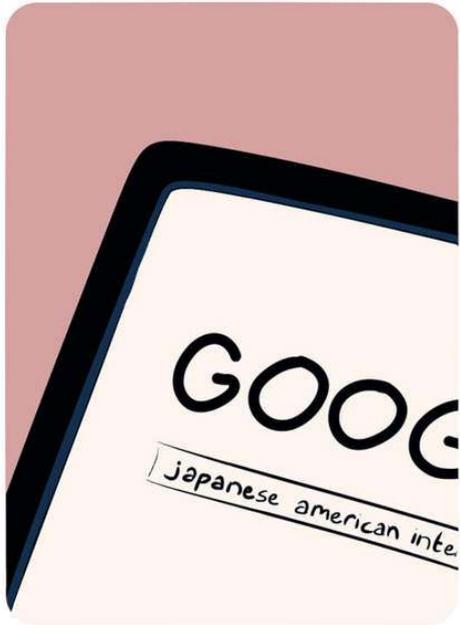
I NEVER FELT
PARTICULARLY
JAPANESE.



I WAS ONLY HALF, AND WE
RARELY TOOK PART IN ANY
JAPANESE CULTURE.



DID I BELONG IN THAT
LINE WITH THOSE
JAPANESE AMERICAN
FAMILIES?



I HAD NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT BEFORE. I HAD ONLY LEARNED A LITTLE ABOUT THE CAMPS WHEN I WAS IN SCHOOL, AND MOST OF THAT WAS FOR MY OWN BOOK REPORTS.



I NEVER KNEW, UNTIL THAT DAY IN SFO AIRPORT, THAT ANYONE WITH ONE-SIXTEENTH JAPANESE ANCESTRY OR MORE WAS INCARCERATED.



SO I WOULD HAVE BEEN STANDING IN THAT LINE WITH MY MOM AND SISTER, NO MATTER HOW WHITE-PASSING WE WERE.

BUT THAT CERTAINLY DIDN'T MEAN WE BELONGED THERE.

NOBODY DID.





I COULDN'T IMAGINE MY FAMILY BEING ARBITRARILY ROUNDED UP LIKE THAT.



BUT I TOLD MYSELF IT WAS ANCIENT HISTORY.

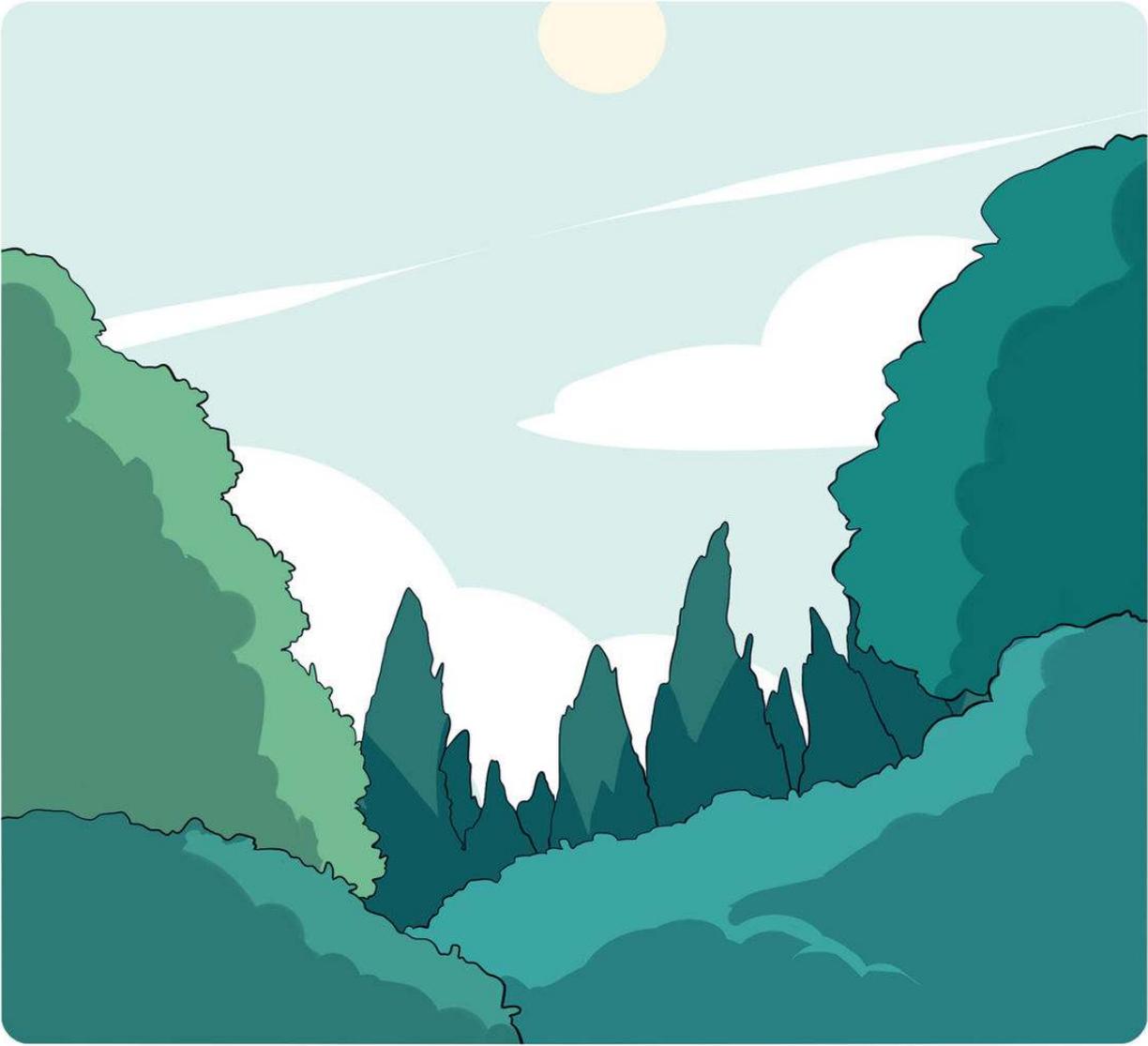


AND I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT SOON.

part II:
the wastes



3





BACK HOME I TRIED TO
PUT THE SAN FRANCISCO
TRIP BEHIND ME.

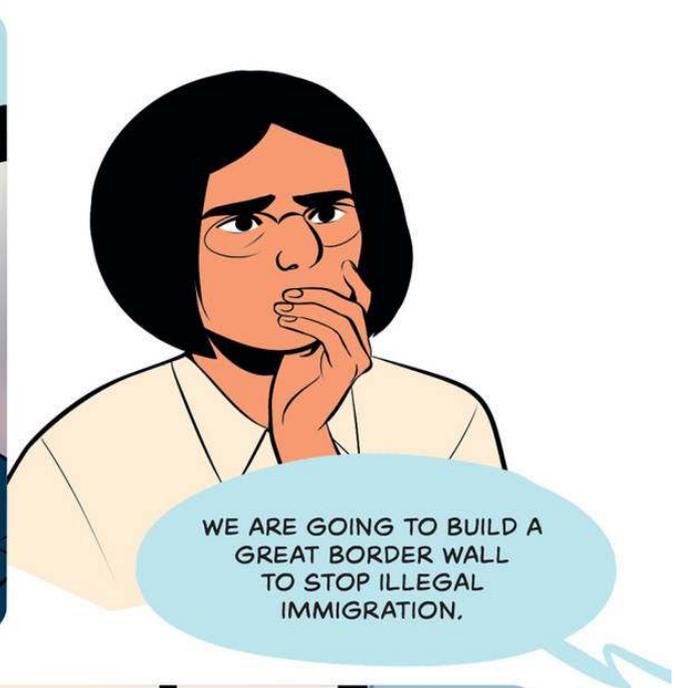


I THOUGHT I WOULD BE SAFE
FROM THE DISPLACEMENTS
HERE.



LIVE FROM THE REPUBLICAN
NATIONAL CONVENTION—

BUT SOME THINGS,
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE.





SOME THINGS HAPPEN WHETHER YOU'RE PAYING ATTENTION OR NOT.

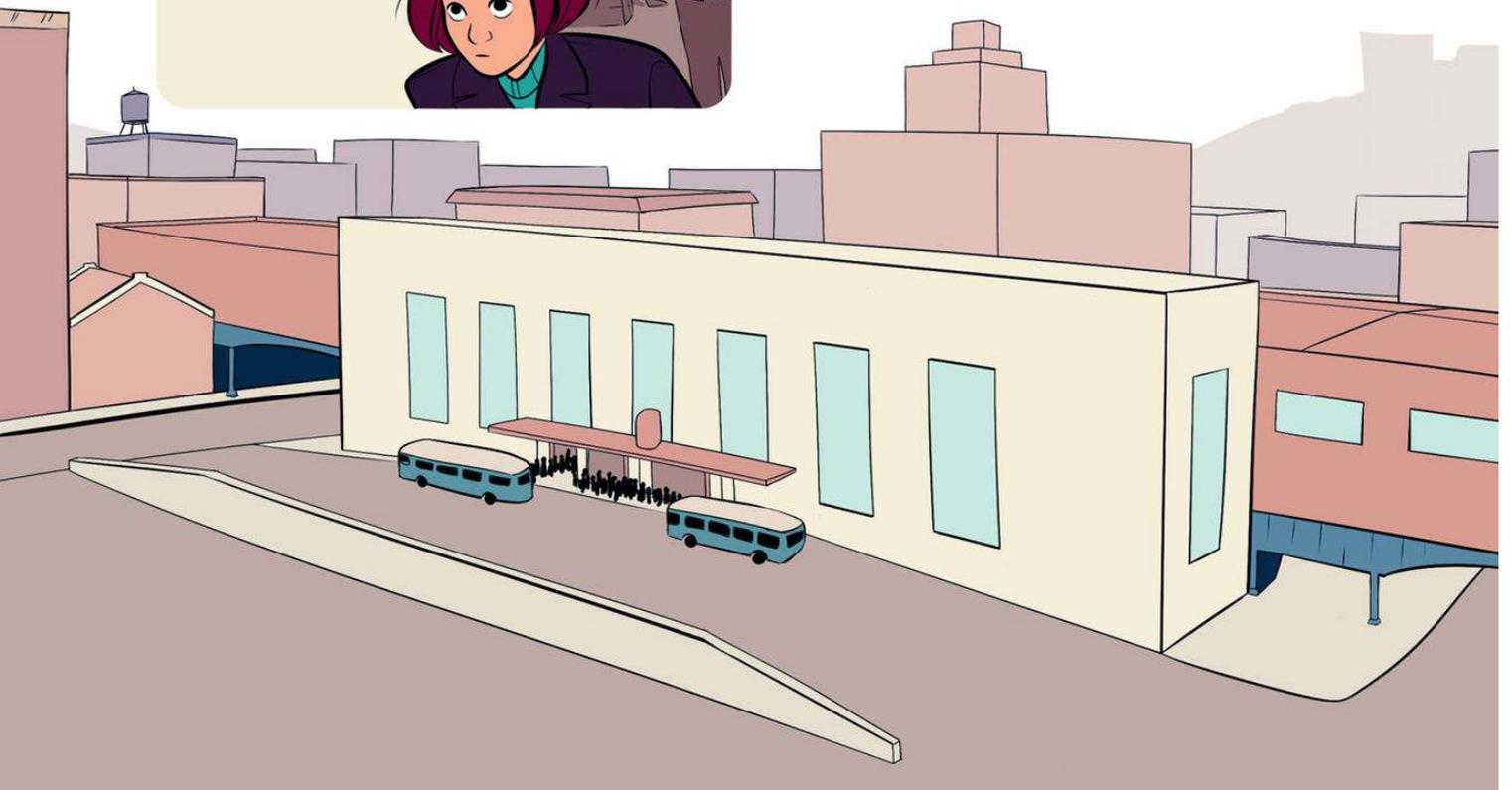


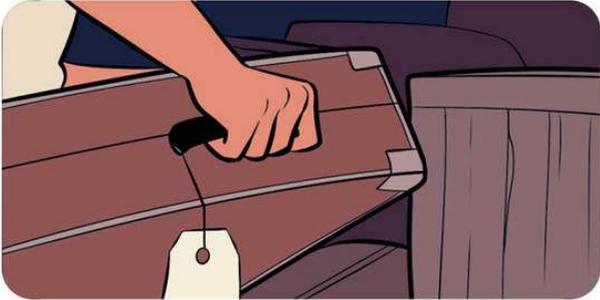
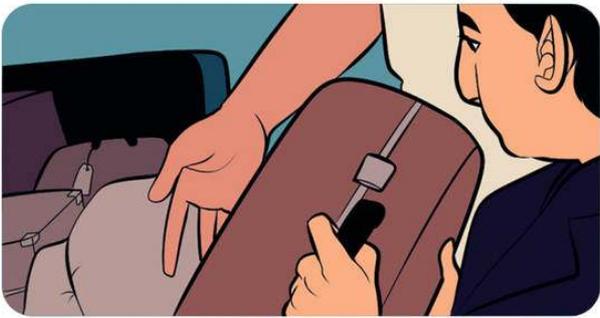
















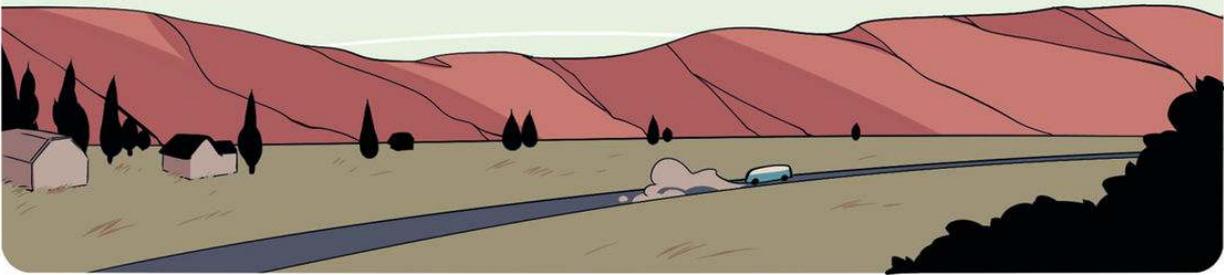
AS THE BUS STARTED UP,
ALL I COULD DO WAS REMIND MYSELF
THAT IT WOULD ALL BE OVER SOON.



ANY MINUTE NOW, I KNEW,
I WOULD BE TAKEN BACK TO
MY OWN TIME AND PLACE,
JUST LIKE BEFORE.



I WANTED TO TAKE COMFORT IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE DISPLACEMENTS WERE ONLY TEMPORARY.



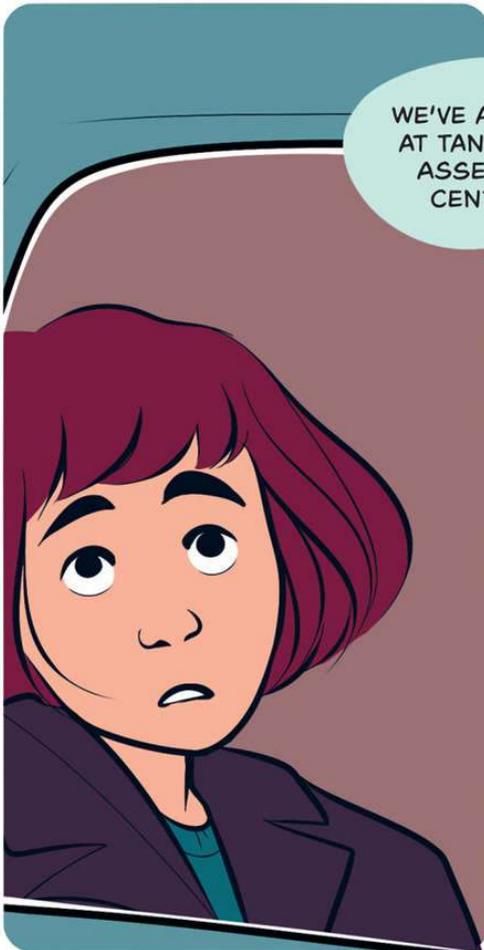
BUT I WAS TERRIFIED, THEY HAD FOLLOWED ME BACK TO SEATTLE.



WHAT IF THEY FOLLOWED ME FOREVER?







WE'VE ARRIVED AT TANFORAN ASSEMBLY CENTER!





AS SOON AS I
EXITED THE BUS I WAS
HIT WITH THE STENCH OF
HORSE MANURE.

FAMILIES CROWDED
AROUND THE ENTRANCE
TO THE REPURPOSED
RACETRACK, SURROUNDED
BY ARMED GUARDS.





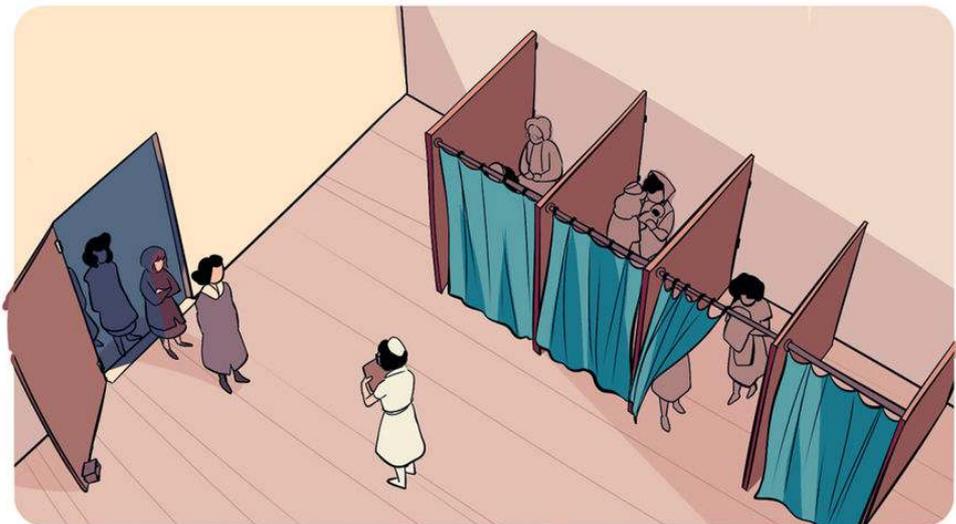
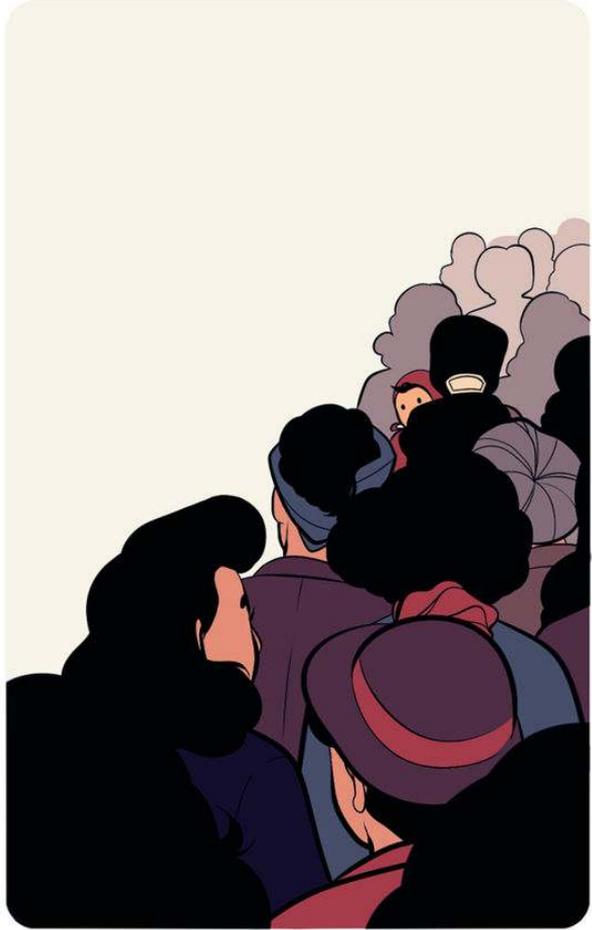
WELCOME TO TANFORAN!



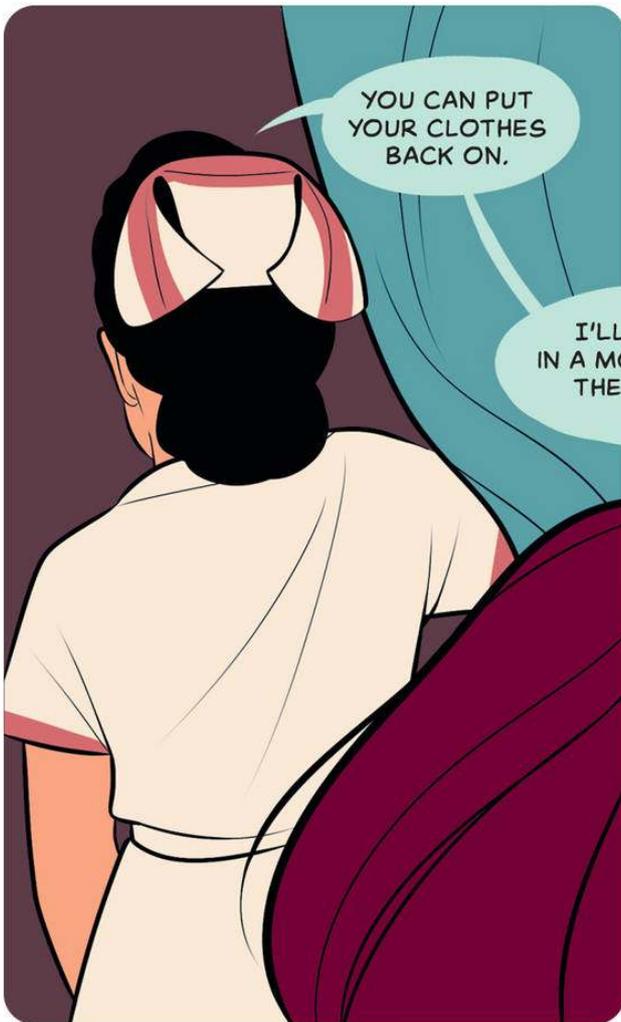
LADIES AND CHILDREN,
PLEASE FILE TO THE RIGHT.
MEN TO THE LEFT.

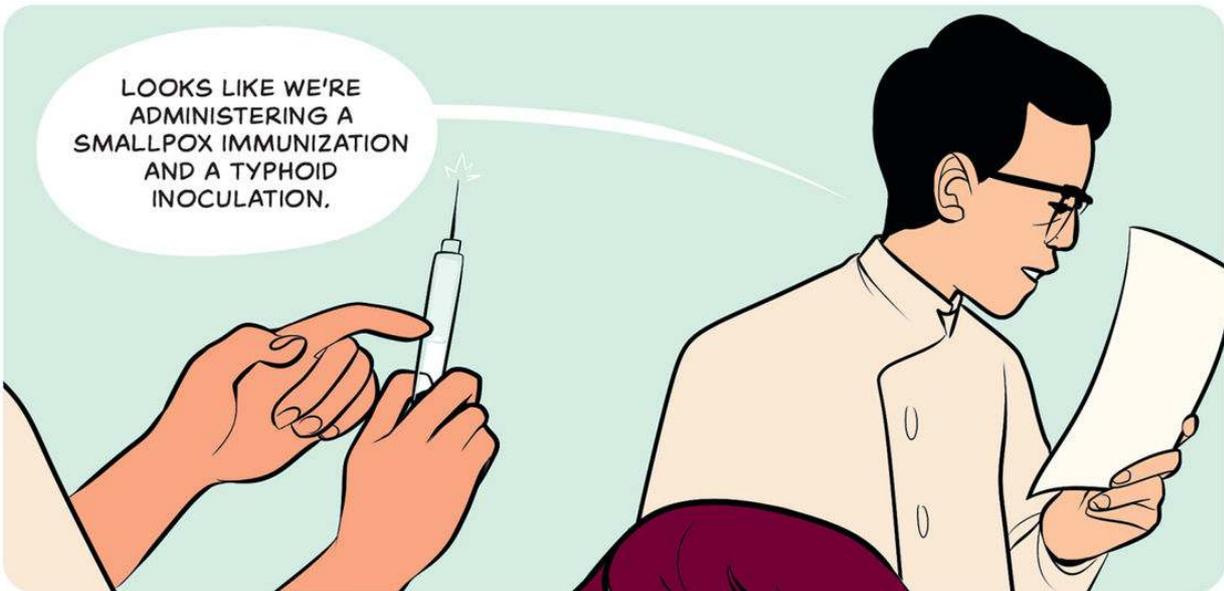


YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO RETRIEVE YOUR LUGGAGE AFTER YOUR INSPECTIONS.











THERE,
ALL DONE.



PLEASE TAKE THIS
SLIP TO THE TABLES
OUTSIDE.

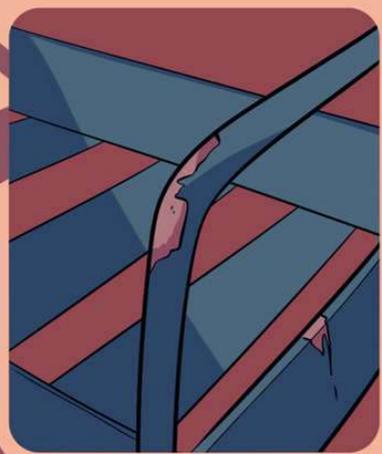
NEXT!













SHE WAS OLDER THAN THE FIRST TIME I'D SEEN HER, BUT SOMEHOW I RECOGNIZED HER. SHE WORE THE SAME BARRETTE.



I LISTENED TO HER SPEAKING TO HER PARENTS—MY GREAT-GRANDPARENTS—IN JAPANESE AS THEY MOVED INTO THE STALL NEXT TO MINE.

I COULD HEAR THEM THROUGH THE THIN WALLS.

馬小屋に泊まるのですか？夜寒くなりますよ。



I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THEM BUT I COULD TELL BY THEIR TONE THEY WERE STRESSED.

間に合わせるしかないな。



I KNEW NO JAPANESE, AND NEITHER DID MY MOM. BUT ERNESTINA SPOKE IT FLUENTLY. I WONDERED FOR THE FIRST TIME WHY SHE NEVER PASSED IT ON TO HER CHILDREN.







GOOD! NOW
LET'S GET
GOING.



THE SOONER WE GET
THAT HORSE CLOSET
CLEANED UP—



THE SOONER WE
CAN START FEELING
HUMAN AGAIN.



AIKO HELPED ME SURVIVE THOSE EARLY DAYS AT CAMP. THE UNCERTAINTY AND ENDLESS WAITING IN LINES.



SHE WAS NISEI, LIKE MY GRANDMOTHER, BUT SHE WAS SO DIFFERENT FROM EVERYTHING I KNEW ABOUT ERNESTINA.



SHE WAS REBELLIOUS AND VOCAL ABOUT HER OPPOSITION TO INCARCERATION. I HAD GROWN UP THINKING THAT NOBODY RESISTED THE CAMPS, THAT THE NIKKEI COOPERATED QUIETLY.



BUT AIKO WAS NEVER QUIET.



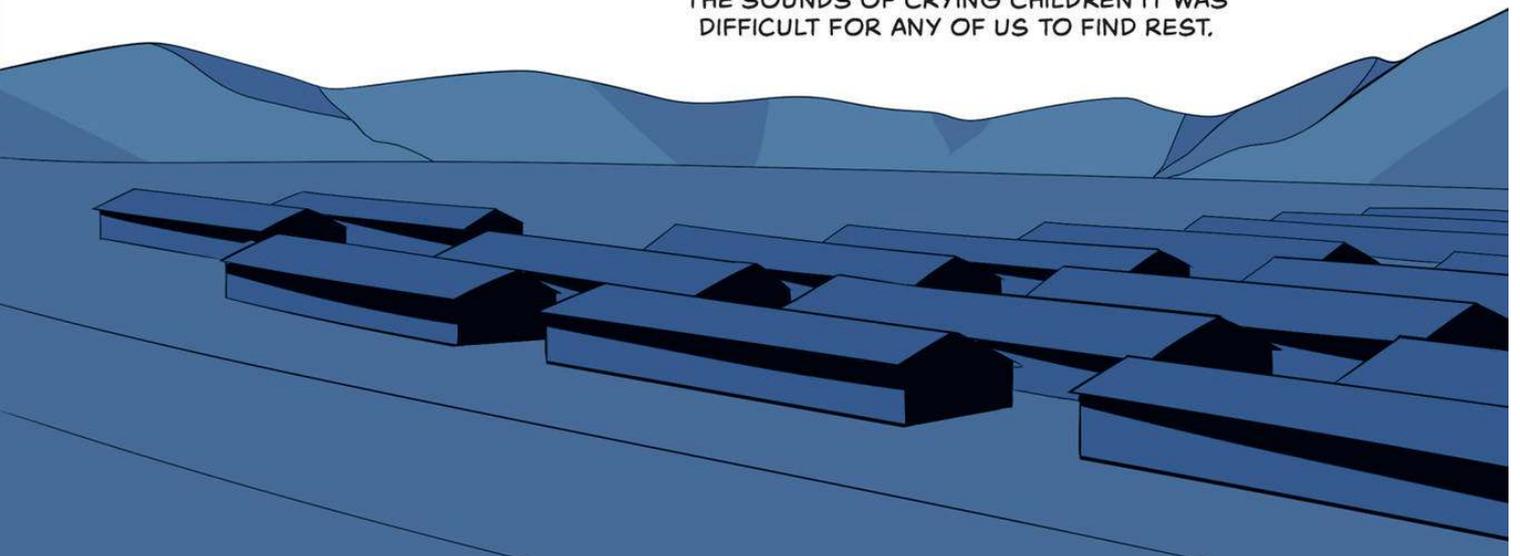








I COULD BARELY SLEEP. THE MESS HALL DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH FOOD FOR SO MANY PEOPLE, AND BETWEEN HUNGER PANGS AND THE SOUNDS OF CRYING CHILDREN IT WAS DIFFICULT FOR ANY OF US TO FIND REST.





4



WHEN I FOUND THAT I WAS STILL STUCK IN TANFORAN THE NEXT MORNING, I NEARLY SHUT DOWN COMPLETELY.



I WAS A ZOMBIE, UNABLE TO THINK AS THE SHOCK OF MY SITUATION OVERWHELMED ME.



ONLY AIKO GOT ME THROUGH.

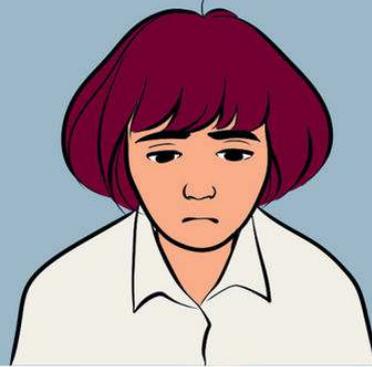


SHE LED ME THROUGH THE MUDDY WALKWAYS TO THE OVERCROWDED MESS AND MADE SURE I ATE SOME OF THE UNAPPETIZING FOOD.





I DIDN'T HAVE THE PRESENCE OF MIND THEN TO REALIZE SHE WAS FEELING EVERYTHING I WAS TOO.



I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO'D BEEN TAKEN FROM EVERYTHING I KNEW, WITH NO IDEA WHEN IT WOULD ALL END.







WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO TELL US WHERE WE'RE GOING ANYWAY? IF THIS IS JUST A "TEMPORARY ASSEMBLY CENTER."



THEY WON'T TELL US ANYTHING; IT KEEPS US AFRAID, WHICH KEEPS US IN LINE.

THAT AND THE MEN WITH GUNS EVERYWHERE.



WELL, THAT'S ENOUGH ANGST FOR THE DAY.



WE'VE GOT TO GO SNAG SOME WOOD TO FIX THE FLOOR IN OUR PLACE.



IN THOSE FIRST DAYS THE
BUSINESS OF FIXING UP OUR
LIVING QUARTERS KEPT ME
PREOCCUPIED.



THERE WAS PLENTY
TO GET DONE,



AND THE WORK EXHAUSTED
ME ENOUGH TO LET ME
SLEEP AT NIGHT.

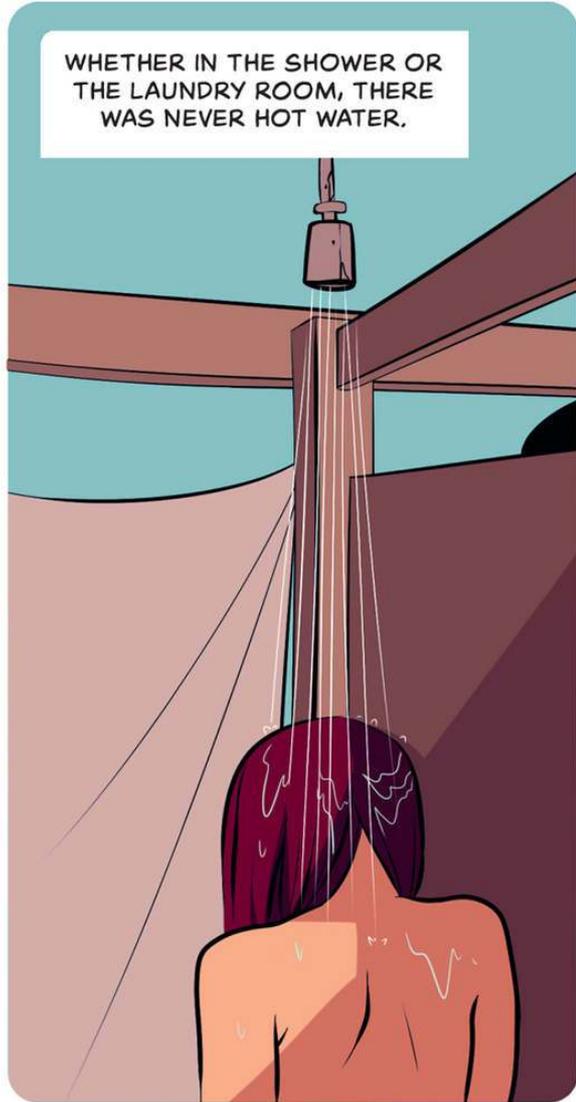


IT WAS OFTEN SIMPLE NECESSITIES THAT BROUGHT ME OUT OF ANY ILLUSION THAT THIS WAS NORMAL.



I HAD TO WORK UP THE MENTAL ENERGY JUST TO GO TO THE BATHROOM, WHERE THERE WAS NO PRIVACY. PEOPLE WERE OFTEN SICK FROM THE FOOD, WHICH ONLY MADE THINGS WORSE.

WHETHER IN THE SHOWER OR THE LAUNDRY ROOM, THERE WAS NEVER HOT WATER.

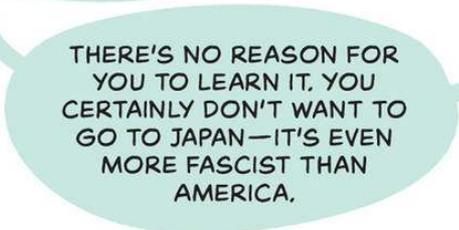
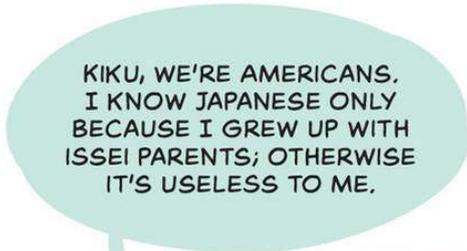


IT WAS ALWAYS FRUSTRATING, BUT I SURPRISED MYSELF WITH HOW QUICKLY I ADAPTED.







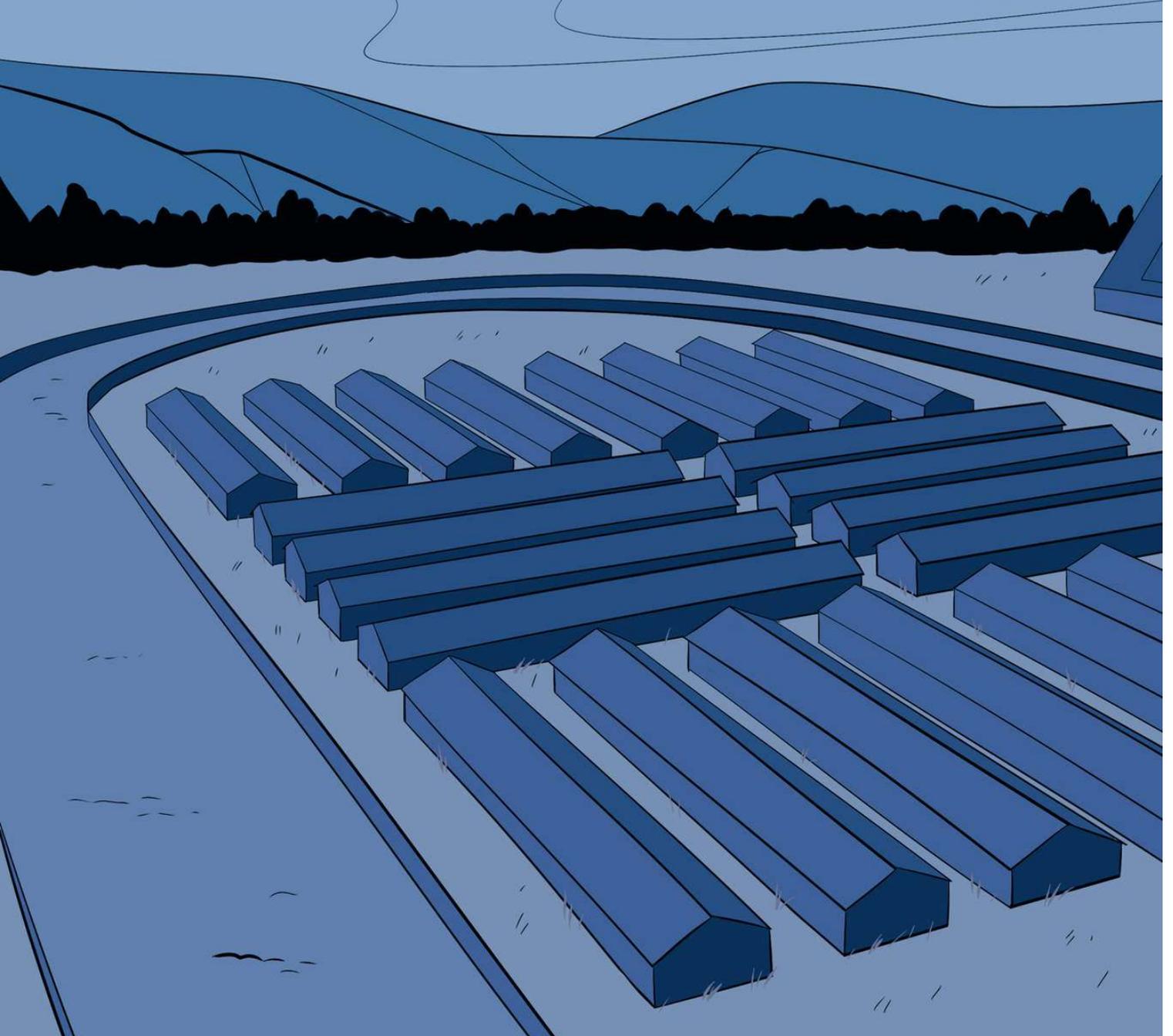


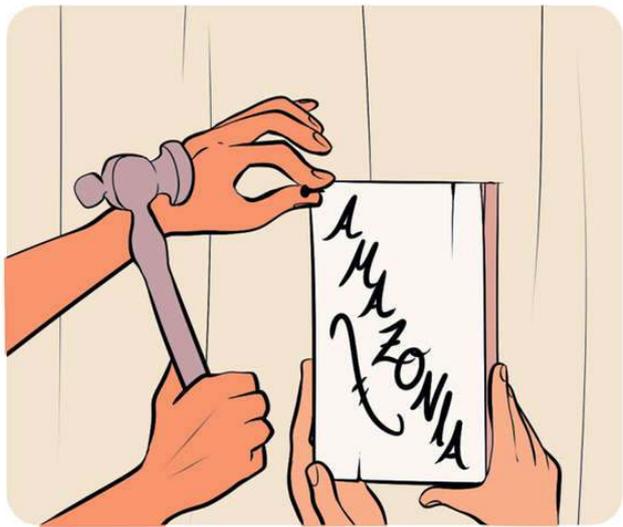


I HADN'T EXPECTED AIKO TO BE SO OPPOSED TO ALL THINGS JAPANESE. BECAUSE SHE WAS SO OUTSPOKEN AGAINST THE PREJUDICES WE WERE FACING FOR OUR HERITAGE, I EXPECTED HER TO BE MORE PASSIONATE ABOUT THAT HERITAGE.

BUT SEEING HOW SHE AND OTHER NISEI SHIED AWAY FROM THE ISSEI'S OUTDATED TRADITIONS MADE ME UNDERSTAND A LITTLE MORE JUST WHY THERE WAS ALMOST NO CONNECTION TO JAPAN LEFT BY THE TIME I WAS BORN.







BUT ALL OUR HARD WORK
COULDN'T COVER UP THE
UGLINESS OF OUR UNJUST
INCARCERATION.



THAT WAS MADE CLEAR
THE FIRST TIME I HAD TO
USE THE LATRINE IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.







BUT EVEN AS I FELT HELPLESS,
OTHERS IN CAMP WERE
FIGHTING FOR THEIR RIGHTS.

THE ADMINISTRATION GAVE US
ALMOST NO INFORMATION,
SO NIKKEI STARTED A
NEWSPAPER SO WE DIDN'T
HAVE TO RELY ON RUMORS.

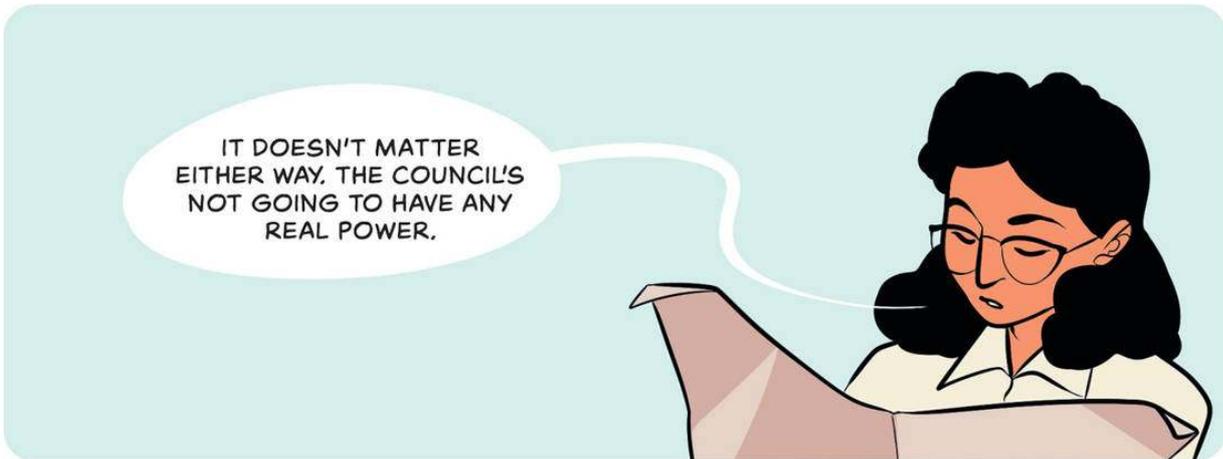


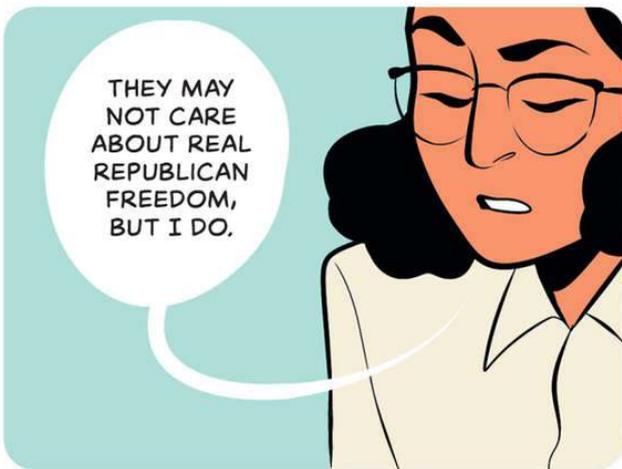
ALL THE ARTICLES HAD TO BE
APPROVED BY THE CAUCASIAN
ADMINISTRATION BEFORE IT
COULD BE PRINTED, BUT THE
ILLUSION OF FREE PRESS WAS
STILL HEARTENING.



THERE WAS EVEN A PUSH FOR CAMP-WIDE ELECTIONS SO NIKKEI COULD HAVE A SAY IN OUR CONDITIONS.

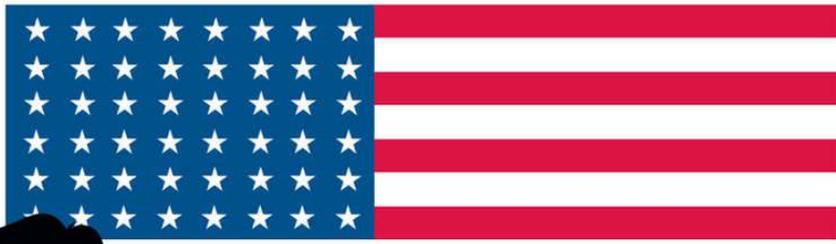
ALTHOUGH LIKE THE TOTALIZER, IT WASN'T WITHOUT ITS CENSORSHIP BY THE AUTHORITIES.



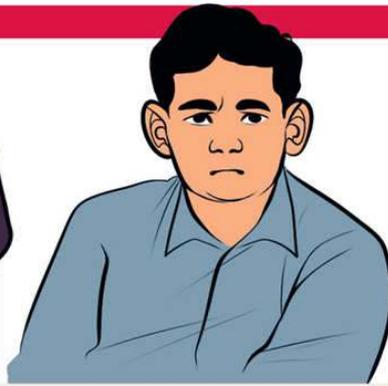


AIKO AND HER FRIENDS HELPED ME UNDERSTAND THE DIFFERENT FACTIONS VYING TO BE THE VOICE OF THE ENTIRE JAPANESE AMERICAN POPULATION.





THE JAPANESE AMERICAN CITIZENS LEAGUE (JAACL) CANDIDATE WHO WANTS TO REJECT ALL JAPANESE CULTURE AND MAINTAIN COOPERATION WITH THE CAMP ADMINISTRATION.



THE LEFTIST NISEI CANDIDATE WHO WANTS TO PROTEST FOR CIVIL RIGHTS AND AGAINST FASCISM ABROAD AND AT HOME.



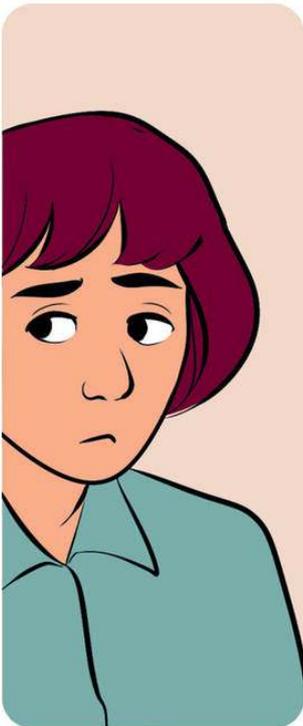
THE MODERATE NISEI CANDIDATE WHO EMPHASIZES THE NEED FOR ISSEI AND NISEI TO COME TOGETHER.

AND THEN THERE WERE THE ISSEI WHO DIDN'T FEEL LIKE ANY OF THESE CANDIDATES REPRESENTED THEM.

ISSEI WEREN'T ALLOWED TO RUN FOR OFFICE, BUT THEY WERE ALLOWED TO VOTE FOR THE FIRST TIME. THEY HAD BEEN DENIED U.S. CITIZENSHIP AND HAD NEVER BEEN ABLE TO PARTICIPATE IN ELECTIONS BEFORE.



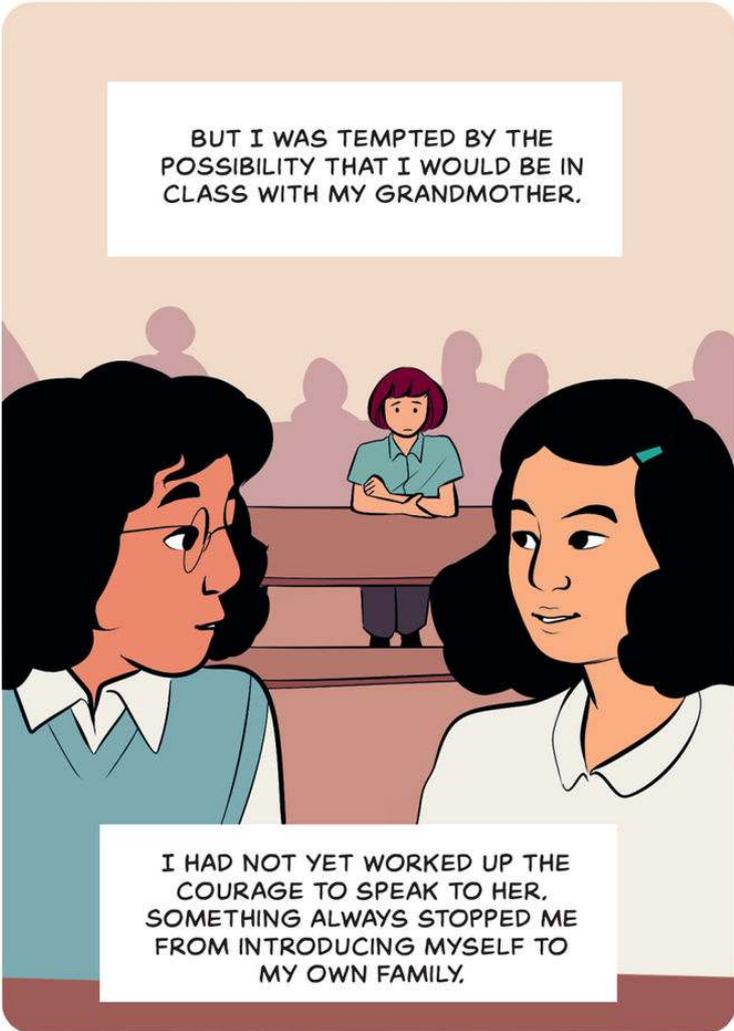








I WASN'T JUMPING FOR JOY AT THE PROSPECT OF GOING TO SCHOOL AGAIN.



BUT I WAS TEMPTED BY THE POSSIBILITY THAT I WOULD BE IN CLASS WITH MY GRANDMOTHER.

I HAD NOT YET WORKED UP THE COURAGE TO SPEAK TO HER. SOMETHING ALWAYS STOPPED ME FROM INTRODUCING MYSELF TO MY OWN FAMILY.



AS IF THEY WOULD RECOGNIZE ME SOMEHOW, OR SENSE MY ANXIETY. ALL I WANTED WAS TO MEET MY GRANDMOTHER AT LAST.

PERHAPS I HAD BEEN
PULLED BACK IN TIME TO
HELP HER IN SOME WAY.

BUT HOW COULD I HELP
HER WHEN I WAS JUST AS
TRAPPED AS SHE WAS?



I THOUGHT IF I COULD
JUST TALK WITH HER IT
WOULD BECOME CLEAR.



THERE HAD TO BE
SOME PURPOSE TO
MY DISPLACEMENT.

IT COULDN'T ALL
BE AS SENSELESS
AS IT SEEMED.





I DECIDED TO GO TO CLASS, WHICH WAS TO TAKE PLACE IN THE EVENTS HALL.



EVERY GRADE WAS CRAMMED INTO ONE LARGE ROOM.



IT WAS NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO HEAR THE TEACHER, AND THE STUDENTS PASSING THROUGH TO THEIR OWN AREAS WERE A CONSTANT DISTRACTION.

THERE WERE NO BOOKS
OR PROPER DESKS, NO
SCHOOL SUPPLIES
WHATSOEVER.



AND ERNESTINA
WASN'T IN THE
TENTH-GRADE
CLASS WITH ME.
I SAW HER LATER
WITH THE SENIORS.



PST!



I HAVE SOME
EXTRA PAPER IF
YOU NEED IT!

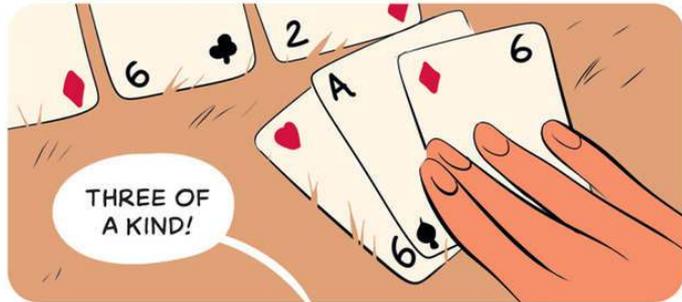


THANKS.

I PROBABLY WOULDN'T
HAVE GOING IF IT
WEREN'T FOR MAY IDE.



OTHER THAN AIKO, SHE WAS MY FIRST REAL FRIEND AT CAMP.



NO, DON'T FEEL BAD— I'VE BEEN PLAYING POKER WITH MY UNCLE SINCE I WAS A KID.



BUT DO PAY UP, THOUGH.



OF COURSE GAMBLING IS NOT ALLOWED, SO I WOULD NEVER.



I CERTAINLY DIDN'T WIN A BUCK FIFTY OFF JIMMY HASEGAWA LAST SATURDAY.

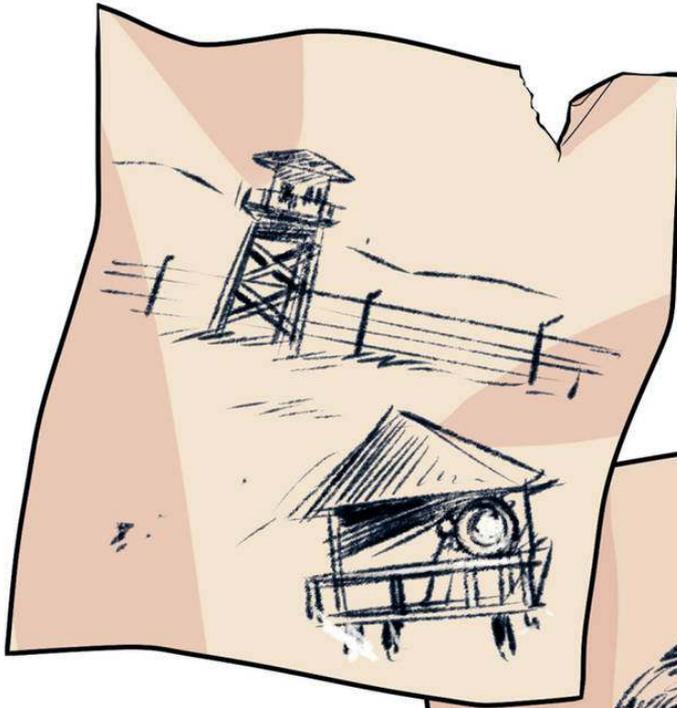
I'D STARTED TAKING
ART CLASSES AS WELL.
MY INSTRUCTOR, MINÉ
OKUBO, ENCOURAGED US
TO SKETCH WHAT WE SAW
AROUND CAMP.



NOBODY WAS ALLOWED TO
HAVE CAMERAS, SO THE
SKETCHES WERE MORE
IMPORTANT THAN JUST
PRACTICE. THEY WERE THE
ONLY RECORDS OF LIFE HERE.



MOSTLY I JUST
DREW MAY,
THOUGH.



WITH CLASSES AND FRIENDS, I FINALLY FELLED INTO A ROUTINE.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, I WASN'T LYING IN BED EACH NIGHT HOPING TO BE BACK IN MY OWN HOME WHEN I WOKE UP.



I HADN'T GIVEN UP ON THE DREAM OF RETURNING, BUT I WAS FRESHLY DETERMINED TO MAKE SOMETHING OF LIFE HERE.

PEOPLE IN CAMP CAME TOGETHER TO MAKE INCARCERATION MORE BEARABLE.

THERE WERE EVEN DANCES FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS.



I'D NEVER BEEN TOO INTERESTED IN DANCES BACK AT MY OWN SCHOOL, BUT HERE EVERY LITTLE BIT OF CELEBRATION WAS WELCOME.





EACH OF US FOUGHT A DAILY
BATTLE TO HOLD CLOSE ALL
THAT WAS DEAR TO US.

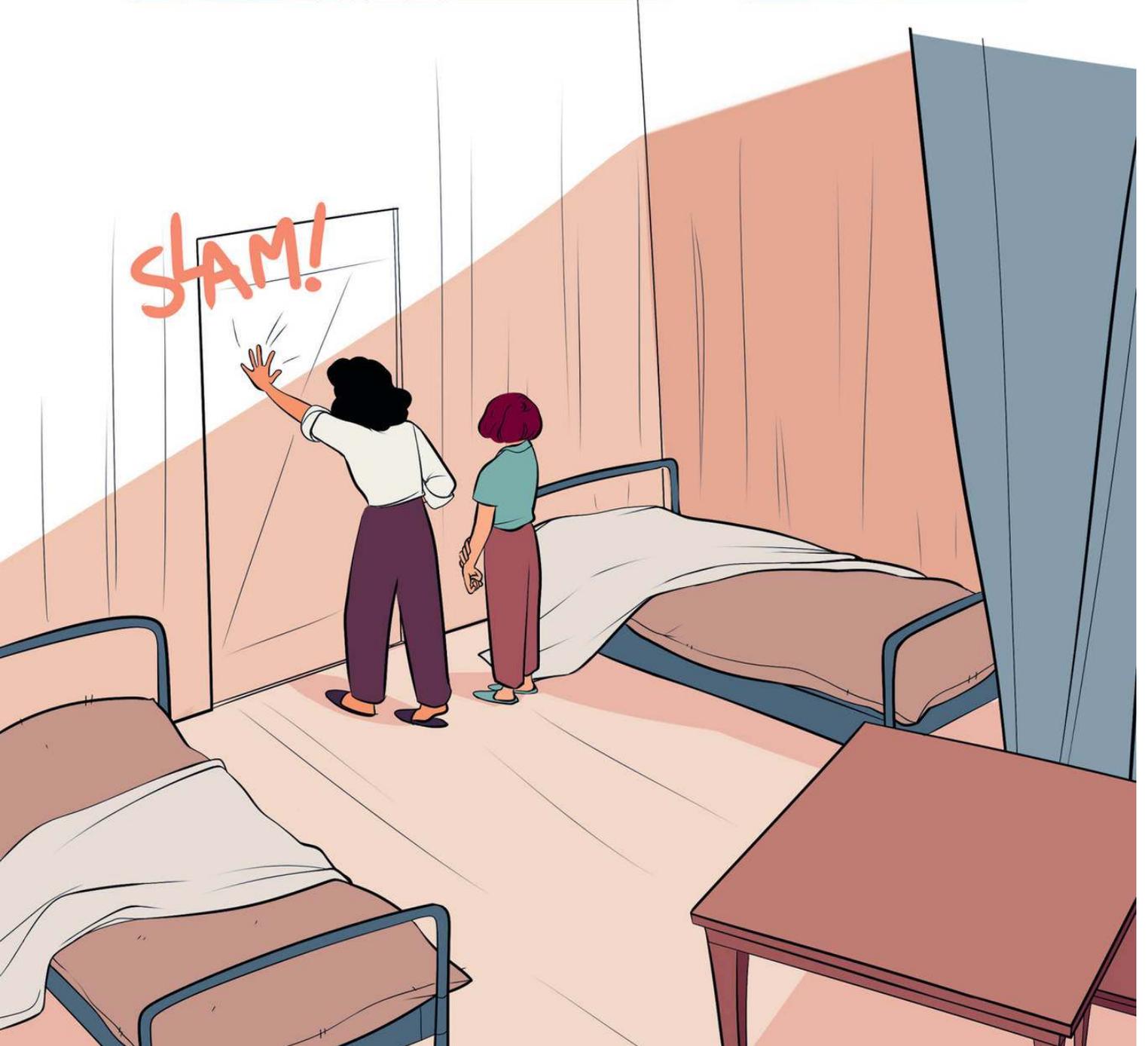




5









I FELT LIKE I'D BEEN AT TANFORAN FOR YEARS ALREADY, BUT IT HAD ONLY BEEN SIX MONTHS IN REALITY. I COULDN'T IMAGINE HOW IT FELT FOR THE PEOPLE WHO WOULD BE INCARCERATED FOR THREE OR FOUR YEARS MORE.

RUMORS FLEW AFTER THE LATE-NIGHT INSPECTIONS. PEOPLE HAD HEARD ALL KINDS OF THINGS ABOUT THE VARIOUS CAMPS THAT WERE BEING HASTILY BUILT THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.



THERE'S ONE IN COLORADO, THAT'LL BE FREEZING!



I HEARD THERE'S ONE ALL THE WAY IN ARKANSAS. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE ARKANSAS IS!



THEY SAY THAT THE ONE IN UTAH ISN'T EVEN FINISHED. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE AWFUL THERE.



IT WAS ONE OF THE FEW TIMES I COULD PREDICT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN. I KNEW WE WOULD BE TAKEN TO UTAH, TO TOPAZ. I'D GROWN UP HEARING THAT NAME.



THE RUMORS INTENSIFIED AND EVERYONE BEGAN PACKING, THOUGH THE ADMINISTRATION HAD YET TO MAKE ANY ANNOUNCEMENTS.



EVERY STEP OF THE INCARCERATION HAD BEEN RUSHED.



PEOPLE SEEMED TO BE USED TO HAVING THEIR LIVES UPROOTED WITHOUT MUCH NOTICE.









ブロックのみんなの
ために一つづつ彫ったからね。



ARIGATOU
GOZAIMASU.

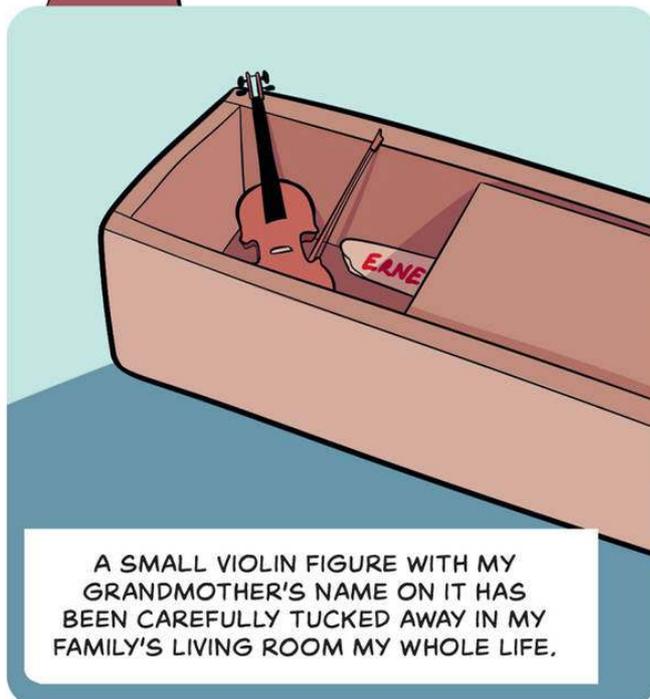
I WAS DEEPLY MOVED BY MR. MATSUZAWA'S GIFT. HE WAS A NEIGHBOR WHO WE HAD NEVER SPOKEN MUCH TO, SO I HAD NEVER EXPECTED IT.



BUT IT MEANT EVEN MORE TO ME SINCE I'D SEEN ONE OF THE CARVINGS IN HIS BOX BEFORE.



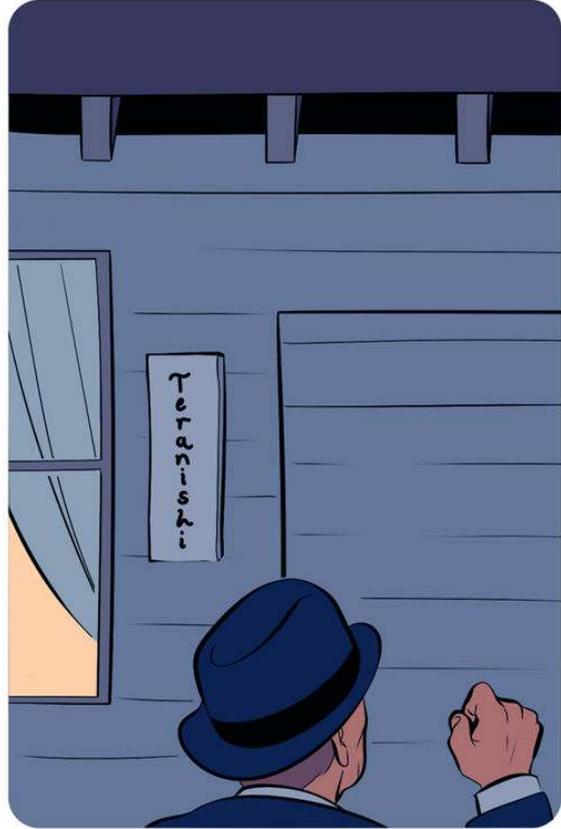
おやすみなさい!



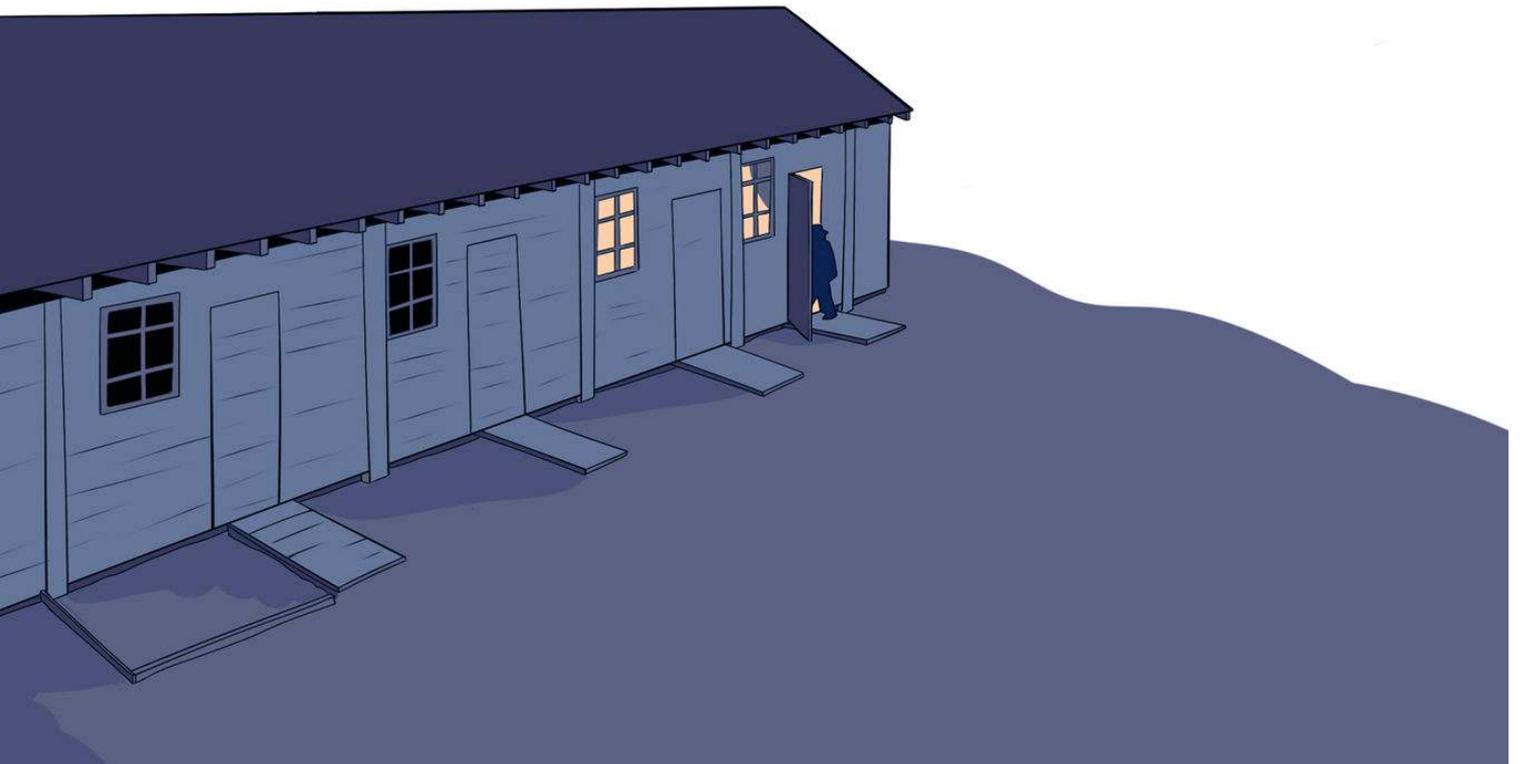
A SMALL VIOLIN FIGURE WITH MY GRANDMOTHER'S NAME ON IT HAS BEEN CAREFULLY TUCKED AWAY IN MY FAMILY'S LIVING ROOM MY WHOLE LIFE.

I FELT AN INTENSE CONNECTION TO MY GRANDMOTHER IN THAT MOMENT. WE WERE LINKED THROUGH THIS COMMUNITY, AND I HELD THE PROOF IN MY HAND.



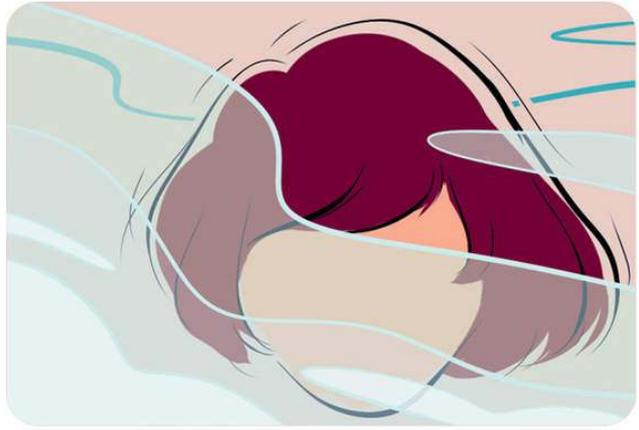


IT WAS A CLOSENESS I HAD NEVER FELT BEFORE. SO MUCH OF OUR HISTORY HAD BEEN OBSCURED BY SILENCE.





6



WE WERE ONLY GIVEN A COUPLE DAYS'
NOTICE BEFORE WE WERE TAKEN TO THE
PERMANENT CAMP IN UTAH.





I SAID GOODBYE
TO AIKO THE NIGHT
BEFORE I WAS SET TO
LEAVE. I ASKED IF SHE
THOUGHT WE COULD
BE HOUSED TOGETHER
AGAIN AT TOPAZ.



SHE SAID WE COULD
CERTAINLY TRY, BUT WE
BOTH KNEW IT WOULD
BE USELESS.



I WAS ALONE AGAIN.





BUT LIKE WITH EVERYTHING ELSE

I FELT HELPLESS TO RESIST IT.







IT TOOK TWO NIGHTS AND A DAY TO GET FROM CALIFORNIA TO DELTA, UTAH.



THERE WAS MOTION SICKNESS, RESTLESSNESS, CLAUSTROPHOBIA.



CHILDREN CRIED AND ADULTS COMPLAINED, OR ELSE STAYED EERILY QUIET.



WHEN WE FINALLY REACHED
OUR DESTINATION,



WE EMERGED INTO A LANDSCAPE
LIKE NOTHING WE'D EVER SEEN.



IT WAS WIDE, FLAT, AND BARREN. THE DUST COVERED US IMMEDIATELY AND MADE IT DIFFICULT TO BREATHE.



THE FEW TIMES MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER HAD SPOKEN OF CAMP TO MY MOM, SHE HAD APPARENTLY ALWAYS MENTIONED THE DUST.



SO I IGNORED THE FAINT FLICKER OF HOPE AS A CLOUD OF IT WAS BLOWN OVER US.

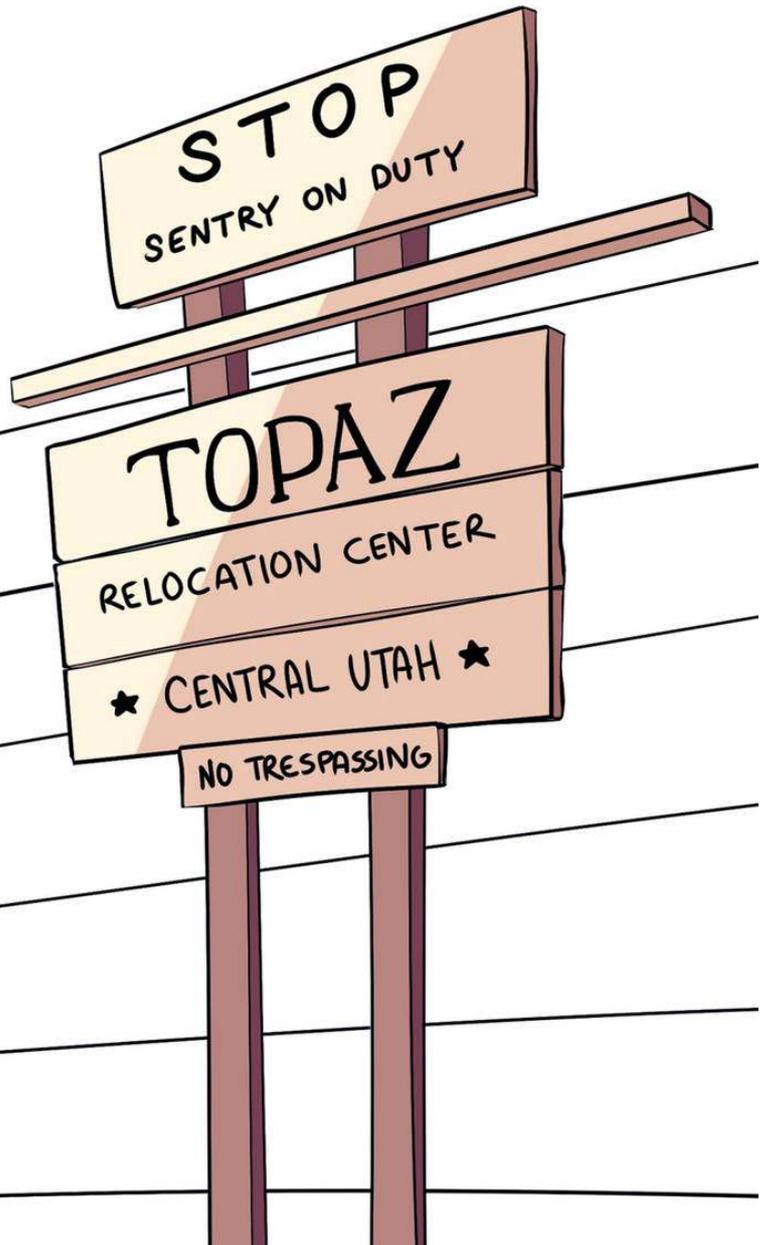


I KNEW I WASN'T GOING HOME.



THIS WAS MY ONLY HOME NOW.







MORE STANDING
IN LINES.



MORE LISTENING FOR
MY NUMBER INSTEAD
OF MY NAME.



I WASN'T ALLOWED
TO REQUEST A ROOM
WITH AIKO.

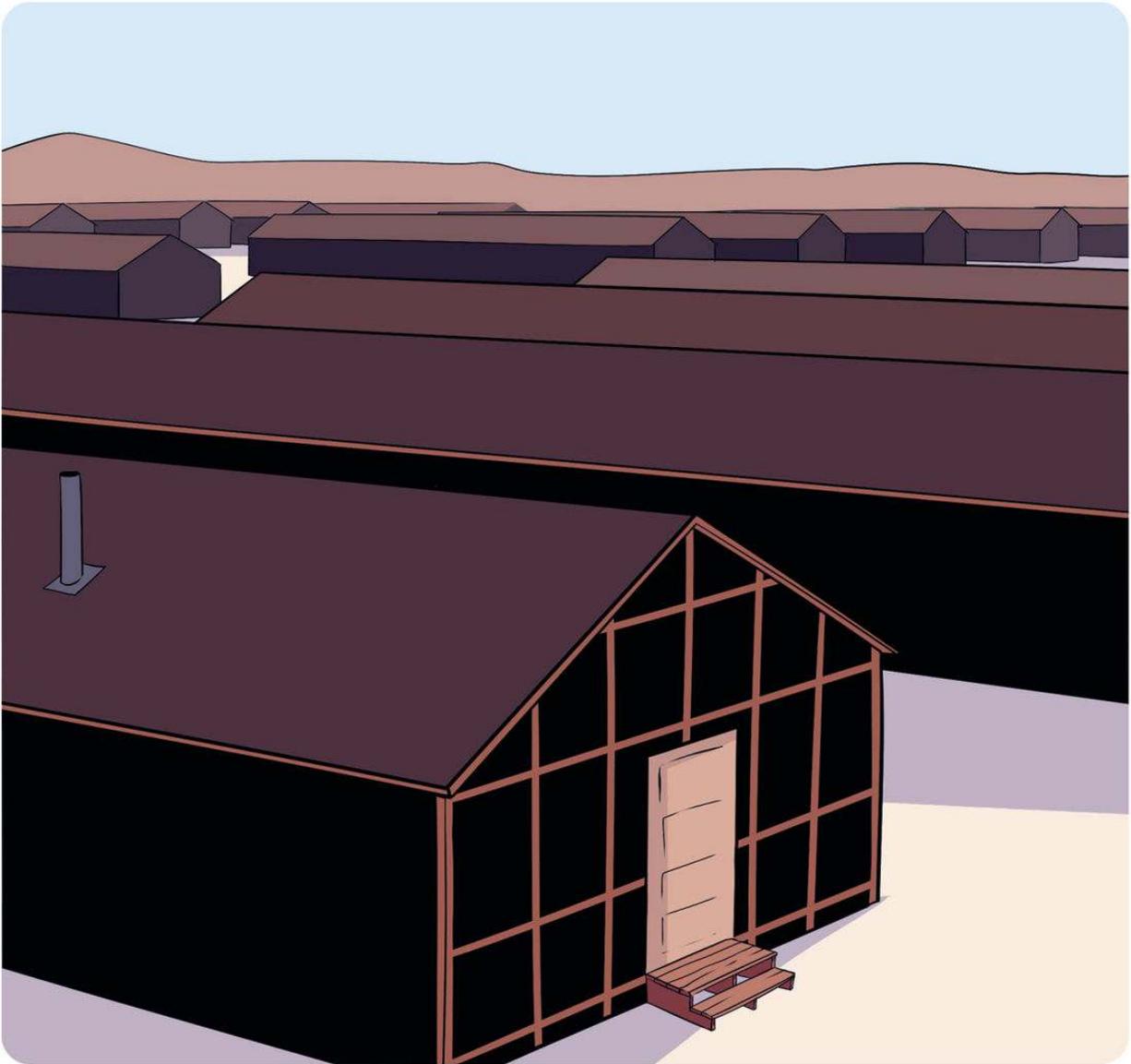




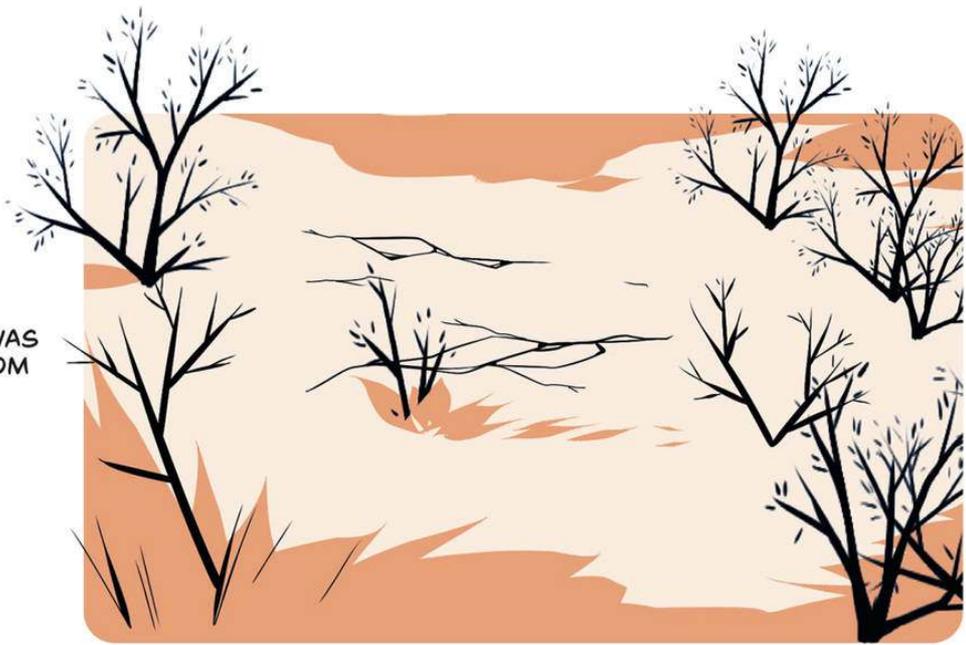
HARUKO'S HUSBAND HAD BEEN A JAPANESE LANGUAGE TEACHER IN SAN FRANCISCO. HE WAS ARRESTED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BOMBING OF PEARL HARBOR.

THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHERE HE WAS NOW, OR IF THEY'D SEE HIM AGAIN.





SO MUCH
ABOUT TOPAZ WAS
DIFFERENT FROM
TANFORAN.

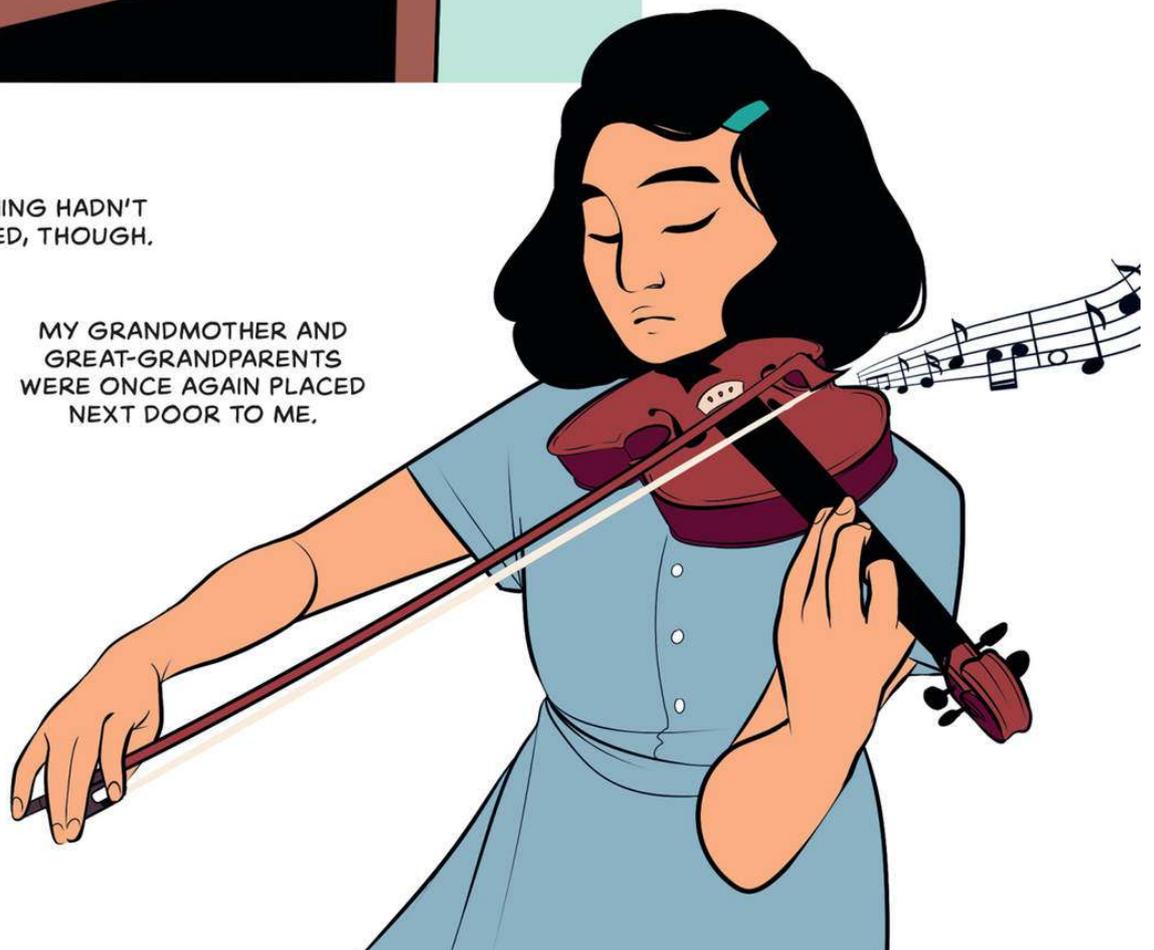


THERE WAS NOTHING
GREEN IN THE UTAH
DESERT, AND WHEN
WE ARRIVED IN FALL
IT WAS ALREADY
FREEZING AT NIGHT.

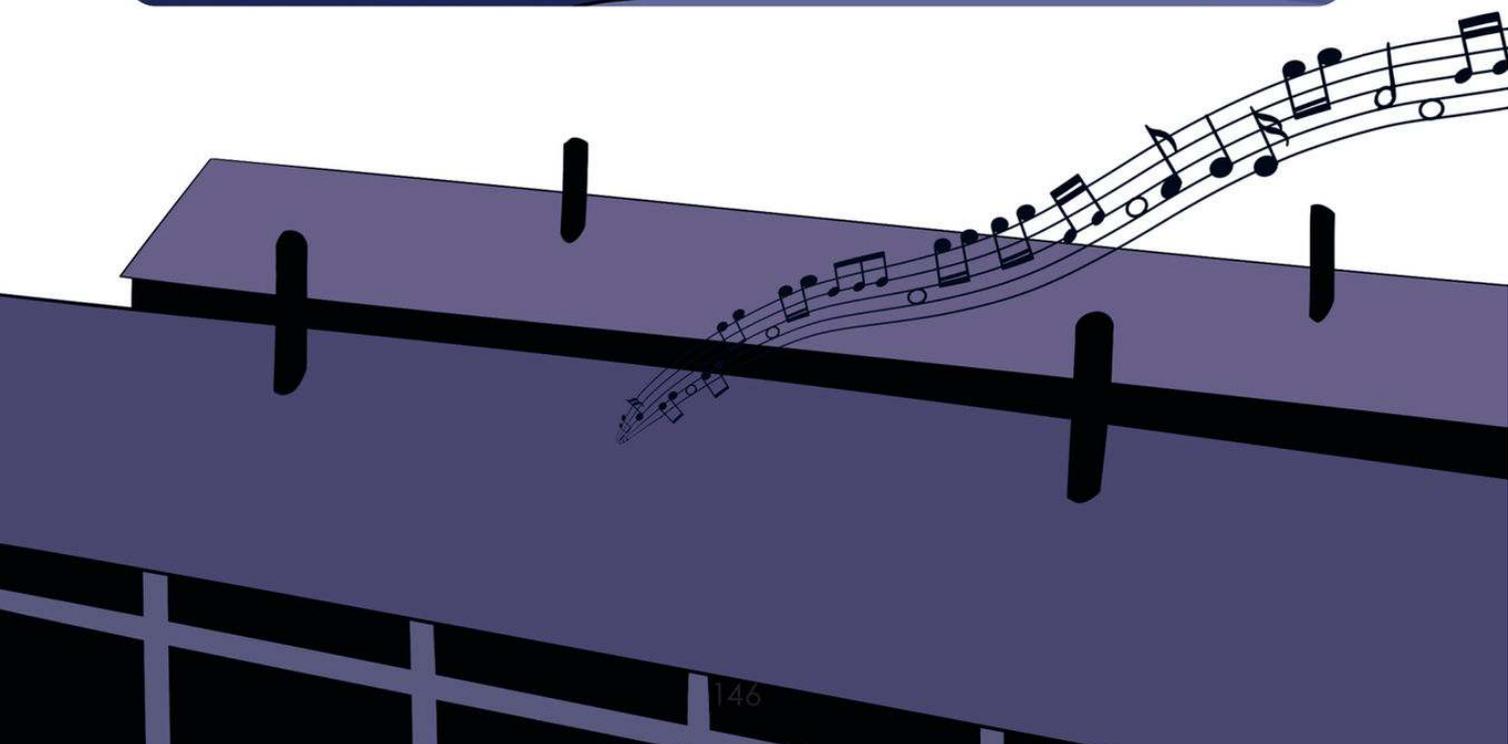
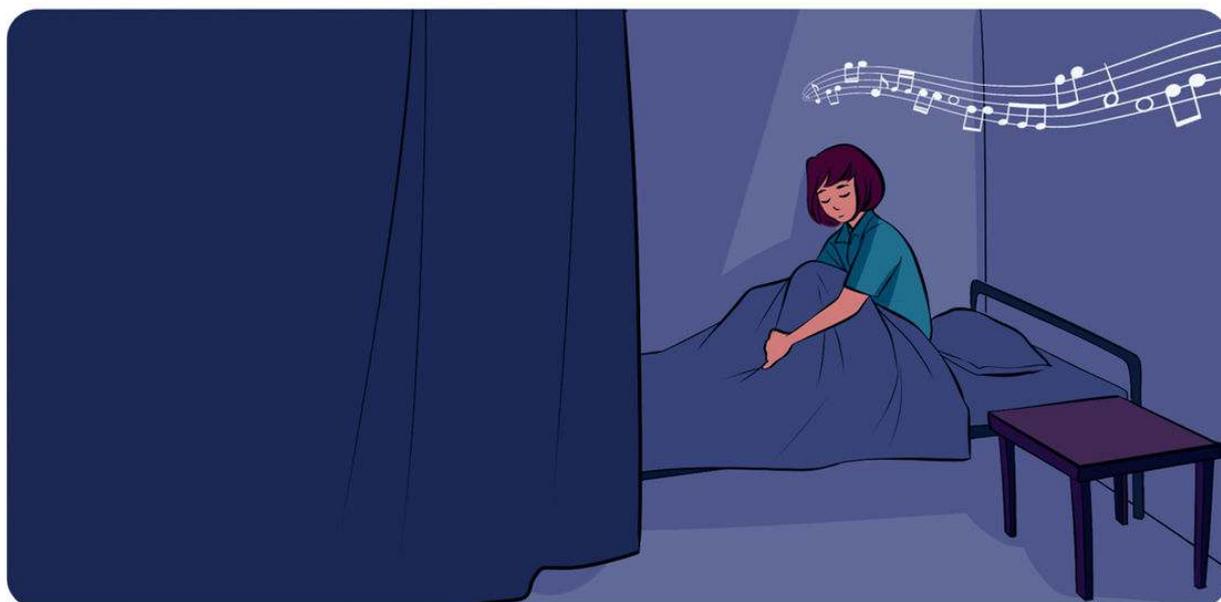


ONE THING HADN'T
CHANGED, THOUGH.

MY GRANDMOTHER AND
GREAT-GRANDPARENTS
WERE ONCE AGAIN PLACED
NEXT DOOR TO ME.

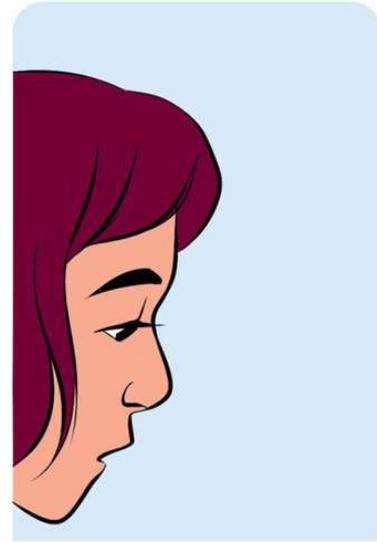


I HEARD ERNESTINA'S DAILY
VIOLIN PRACTICE THROUGH
THE THIN WALLS.





THE FOOD WAS STILL BAD, AND THE WATER, TAKEN FROM WELLS DUG INTO THE ALKALINE SOIL, WAS SALTY AND NEARLY UNDRINKABLE AT FIRST.



THE BUILDINGS HAD NO INSULATION AND IT WAS OBVIOUS THE CAMP WAS HASTILY BUILT, EVEN INCOMPLETE.



THE MILITARY-STYLE BARRACKS WERE IDENTICAL AND SET UP IN NEAT ROWS.



THE HARD-WON PEACE I'D
CARVED OUT AT TANFORAN
WAS GONE COMPLETELY.



NO MORE LATE-NIGHT
CHATS WITH AIKO, AND
NO CLASSES UNTIL THE
ROOMS COULD BE
INSULATED.



I SPENT MY DAYS WITH
MAY AT OUR BARRACKS
OR OCCASIONALLY
BRAVING THE COLD TO
EXPLORE THE STRANGE
LANDSCAPE OUTSIDE.



BUT MY OLD
ANXIETIES
PLAGUED ME.



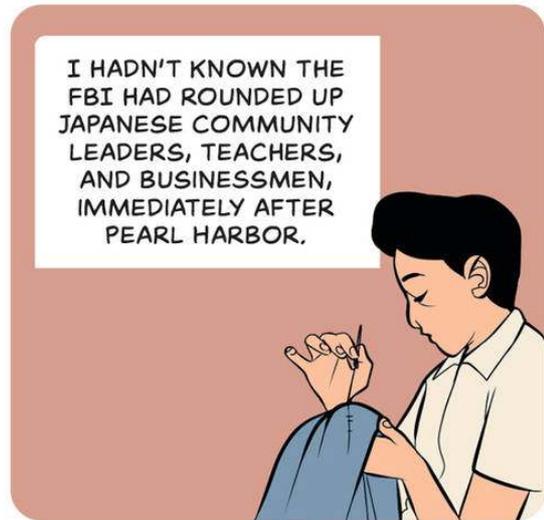
THERE WAS TOO
MUCH UNCERTAINTY
AND FEAR IN THE AIR.











I HAD NO IDEA WHAT HAD BEEN DONE TO THOSE PRISONERS OR WHETHER SACHIKO'S DAD WOULD BE OKAY.

BEING FROM THE FUTURE MEANT
VERY LITTLE WHEN MY EDUCATION
ON THE PAST WAS SO LIMITED.





ONCE THE BUILDINGS HAD BEEN DECENTLY WINTERIZED, SCHOOL STARTED UP AGAIN.



SACHIKO AND I WERE IN THE SAME GRADE, ALONG WITH MAY.



WE WERE ALL GLAD TO HAVE OUR OWN CLASSROOM THIS TIME, EVEN IF IT WAS SPARSE AND STILL PRETTY COLD.

WE MADE FRIENDS WITH
GEORGE KIMURA AND
SEIJI SATO AS WELL.



I HAD A GROUP, ALMOST
LIKE I'D HAD BACK HOME.



THE DIFFERENCE WAS THAT OUR
CONVERSATIONS TURNED FROM
HIGH SCHOOL GOSSIP TO
CAMP-WIDE RUMORS ABOUT
OUR UNCERTAIN FUTURES.



ALL RIGHT,
EVERYBODY,
QUIET DOWN
PLEASE.



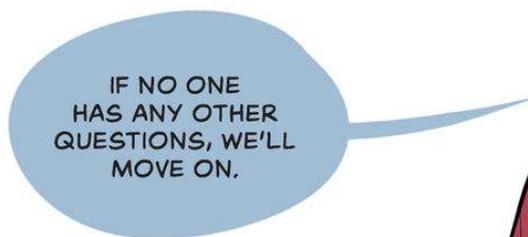
OUR U.S. HISTORY CLASS WAS TAUGHT BY MRS. YAMADA.

SHE WAS A NISEI FROM BERKELEY AND WAS ONE OF THE FEW NIKKEI INSTRUCTORS WITH ACTUAL TEACHING EXPERIENCE.

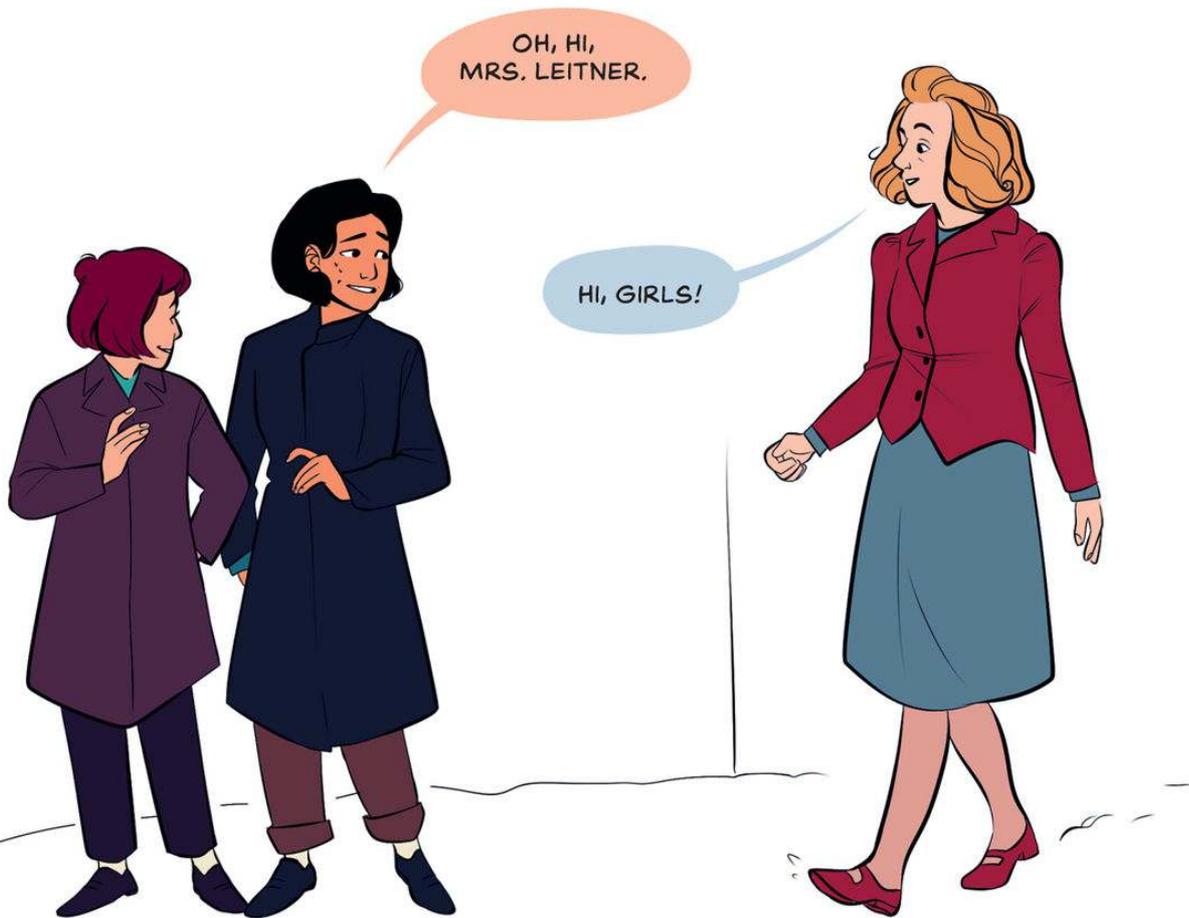
DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT OUR LECTURE ON CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS FROM LAST WEEK?

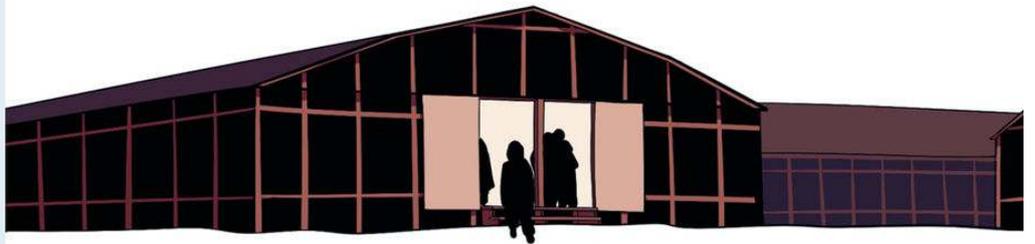
YES, MARY?

I WAS WONDERING IF WE COULD DISCUSS THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF EXECUTIVE ORDER 9066.

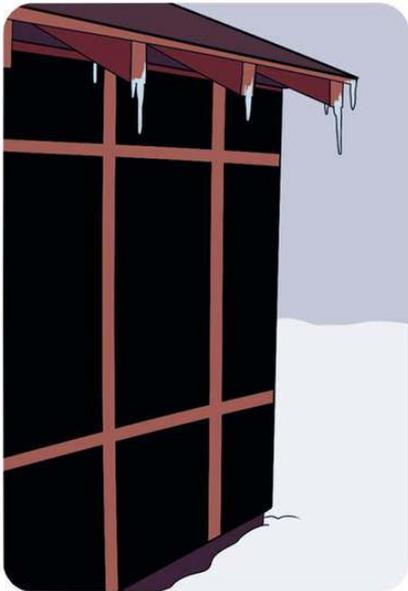












AS CHRISTMAS APPROACHED, WE FINALLY GOT SUPPLIES TO WINTERIZE OUR HOMES.



THE SMALL STOVES EACH BARRACK WAS GIVEN WERE NOT ENOUGH TO COMBAT THE HARSH UTAH WINTER, THE LIKES OF WHICH NONE OF US WEST COASTERS HAD EXPERIENCED BEFORE.



THOUGH MANY NIKKEI DID CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS, THE YOSHIMOTOS WEREN'T PARTICULARLY INCLINED TO.

THEY WERE BUDDHISTS, AND BESIDES, THEY WEREN'T IN A CELEBRATORY MOOD.



I COULDN'T BLAME THEM.



THE FIRST CLUE I HAD THAT THE HOLIDAY WAS NEAR WAS THE VISIT FROM THE QUAKERS.



THEY WERE ALLOWED TO COME AND BRING GIFTS TO PEOPLE THEY'D CONNECTED WITH THROUGH THEIR CHURCH.



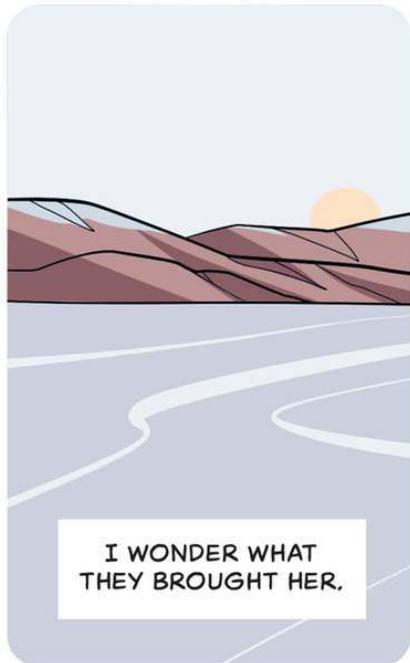
MY GRANDMOTHER WAS ONE OF THE BENEFICIARIES.



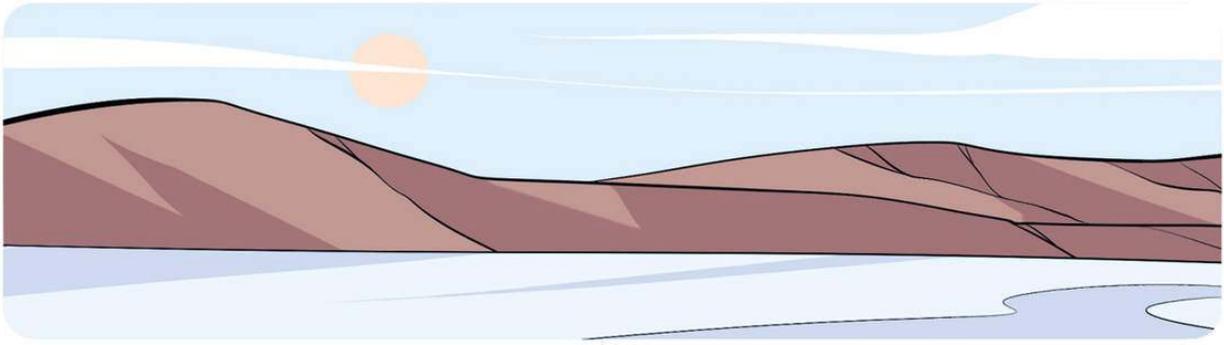
I REMEMBER MY MOM SAYING ERNESTINA HAD ALWAYS SPOKEN VERY FONDLY OF THE QUAKERS' GENEROSITY.



IT WAS GOOD TO SEE HER SMILE. I WASN'T SURE I HAD SEEN THAT BEFORE.



I WONDER WHAT THEY BROUGHT HER.



CHRISTMAS PASSED BY WITHOUT MUCH
ACKNOWLEDGMENT, BUT NEW YEAR'S
WAS CELEBRATED BY EVERYONE.



WE MADE MOCHI AND
PLAYED GAMES WITH
FAMILY AND FRIENDS.



IT WAS WONDERFUL, BUT IT
ALSO MADE ME HOMESICK.





BACK HOME, WE ALWAYS HAD
A BIG FAMILY PARTY ON
NEW YEAR'S DAY.

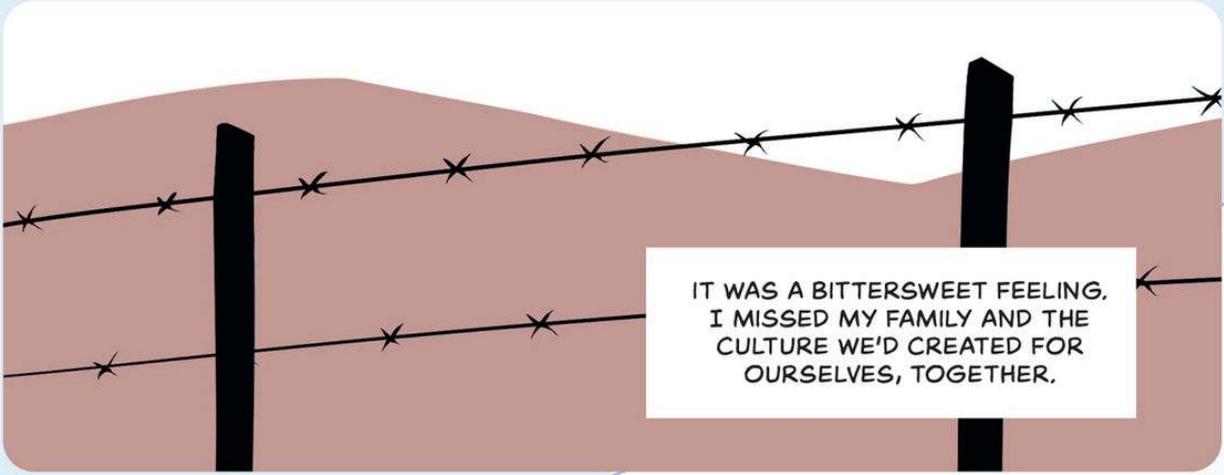
WE MADE TEMPURA, SUKIYAKI,
GYOZA, AND ALL KINDS OF
OTHER JAPANESE FOODS.

WE DIDN'T DO
TRADITIONAL JAPANESE
NEW YEAR'S THINGS,
BUT WE CELEBRATED A
VARIATION OF IT THAT
WAS MORE MEANINGFUL
TO ME NOW THAN EVER.



THOUGH WE FELT SO FAR FROM JAPANESE CULTURE,
THERE WERE SOME THINGS WE HAD LEFT. THEY
WERE ALTERED, BUT THEY WERE OURS, AND
INCARCERATION COULDN'T TAKE THEM AWAY.





IT WAS A BITTERSWEET FEELING.
I MISSED MY FAMILY AND THE
CULTURE WE'D CREATED FOR
OURSELVES, TOGETHER.



"A GENERAL REGISTRATION AT RELOCATION CENTERS OF ALL EVACUEES WHO ARE SEVENTEEN OR MORE YEARS OF AGE WILL START NEXT WEEK,

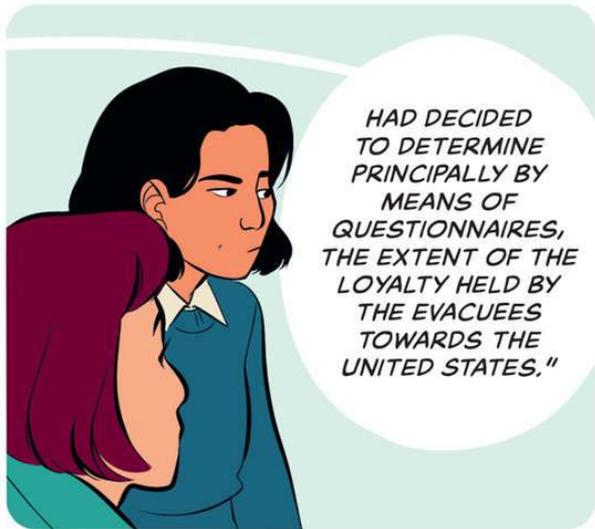
FOLLOWING THE ANNOUNCEMENT LAST THURSDAY THAT A COMBAT UNIT OF AMERICAN CITIZENS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY WILL BE FORMED FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.



IT WAS REVEALED THAT THE GOVERNMENT, SEEKING A FEASIBLE SOLUTION TO THE ACUTE WARTIME PROBLEM OF THE JAPANESE AMERICAN PEOPLE,



HAD DECIDED TO DETERMINE PRINCIPALLY BY MEANS OF QUESTIONNAIRES, THE EXTENT OF THE LOYALTY HELD BY THE EVACUEES TOWARDS THE UNITED STATES."



SO THEY LOCK US UP, AND NOW THEY EXPECT US TO VOLUNTEER TO GET SHOT IN THE PACIFIC?



ONLY IF YOU CAN PROVE YOU'RE LOYAL ENOUGH TO GET SHOT.







THE LOYALTY QUESTIONNAIRES DIDN'T END WITH NISEI MEN ABLE TO ENLIST. SOON THEY WERE BEING ADMINISTERED TO EVERYONE AT CAMP WHO WAS SEVENTEEN OR OLDER.



THE CONCEPT OF A LOYALTY QUESTIONNAIRE WAS CONTROVERSIAL ENOUGH AROUND CAMP, BUT THE BIGGEST PROBLEM WAS WITH QUESTIONS 27 AND 28.

THESE TWO WERE THE SUBJECT OF COUNTLESS DEBATES, ARGUMENTS, AND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS AT TOPAZ.



27. Are you willing to serve in the armed forces of the United States on combat duty, wherever ordered?



MANY NISEI READING QUESTION 27 FELT THE SAME AS GEORGE AND MAY. THEY WERE UNWILLING TO ENLIST TO THE ARMY OF A GOVERNMENT THAT HAD UNJUSTLY IMPRISONED THEM.



28. Will you swear unqualified allegiance to the United States of America and faithfully defend the United States from any and all attacks by foreign and domestic forces, and forswear any form of allegiance or obedience to the Japanese emperor, or any other foreign government, power, or organization?



QUESTION 28 CAUSED DIFFERENT ANXIETIES. THE WORDING WAS SUCH THAT IT SEEMED TO IMPLY THAT NISEI HAD EVER HAD LOYALTY TO THE JAPANESE EMPIRE, WHICH THEY HAD NOT. MANY FEARED IT WAS A TRICK TO GET THEM TO ADMIT THEY HAD ONCE BEEN DISLOYAL.



FOR ISSEI, WHO HAD BEEN DENIED CITIZENSHIP BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT, THEY WORRIED THEY WOULD BECOME STATELESS IF THEY RENOUNCED THEIR JAPANESE CITIZENSHIP. THEY WOULD HAVE NO LEGAL STATUS IN THE WORLD.



THE QUESTIONNAIRE CAUSED A DEEP RIFT IN CAMP. GOSSIP SPREAD ABOUT THE MEN WHO HAD ALREADY ANSWERED NO TO BOTH QUESTIONS.



I HAD HEARD ABOUT THESE "NO-NO BOYS" FROM MY MOM, BUT I'D NEVER KNOWN THE FULL CONTEXT OF THEIR DECISION. I'M NOT SURE MOM HAD EITHER.



I'D GROWN UP WITH THE IDEA THAT THE NO-NO BOYS WERE ALL TROUBLEMAKERS, YOUNG AND REBELLIOUS, IRRESPONSIBLE.



BUT THAT JUST WASN'T TRUE.



I CAME TO DEEPLY RESPECT THEIR RESISTANCE AND REFUSAL TO JUMP THROUGH THE HOOPS THEIR COUNTRY WAS DEMANDING OF THEM.

BUT I ALSO UNDERSTOOD THE REASON PEOPLE RESPONDED YES TO QUESTIONS 27 AND 28.

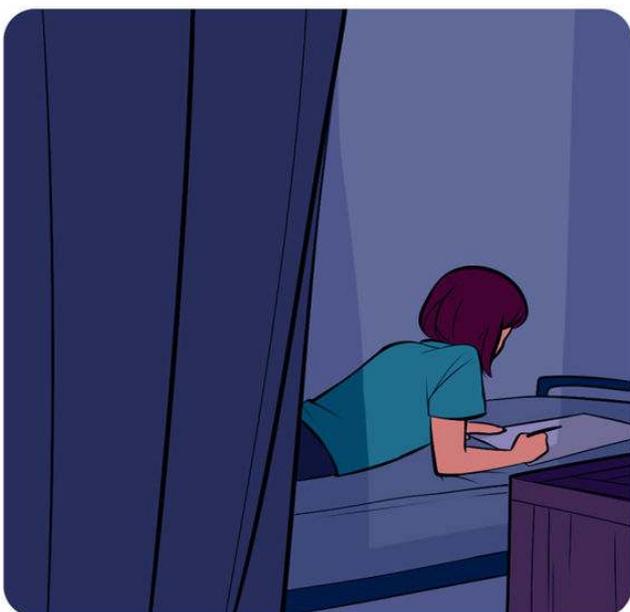


NOBODY KNEW THEN WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES OF RESISTANCE COULD BE. THERE WAS FEAR AND AN EVER-PRESENT DANGER.

AND I STILL DIDN'T KNOW HOW I WOULD RESPOND. I HAD TURNED SEVENTEEN JUST AS THE QUESTIONNAIRE WAS BEING ROLLED OUT, SO I WAS PRESENTED WITH A CHOICE AS WELL.

I KNEW THE NO-NO BOYS WOULD BE TAKEN TO A HIGH-SECURITY CAMP, AND THE FEAR OF THAT WRESTLED WITH MY DESIRE TO RESIST OUR INJUSTICE.

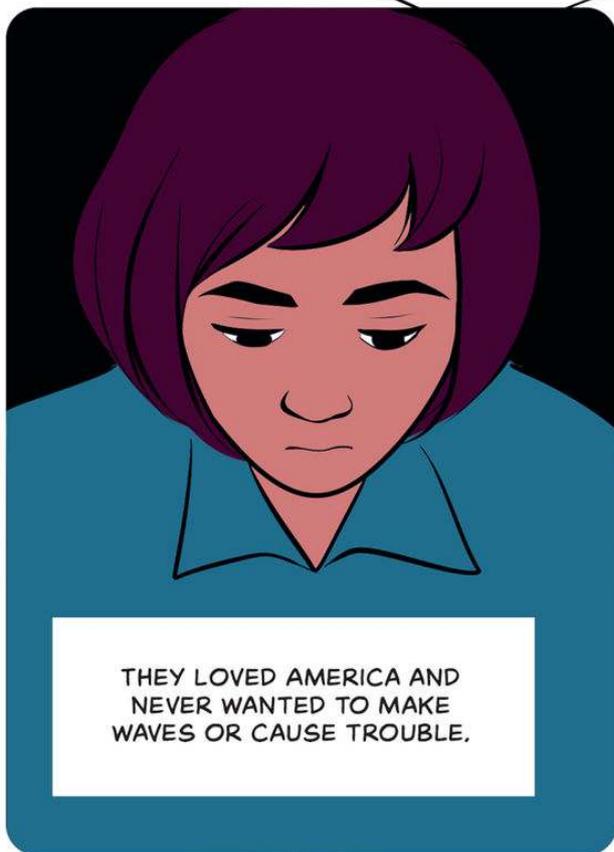




I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE WORDS, BUT THE TONE WAS HEATED.



I CAN'T KNOW WHAT MY GREAT-GRANDPARENTS RESPONDED, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE THEY WOULD HAVE ANSWERED YES.

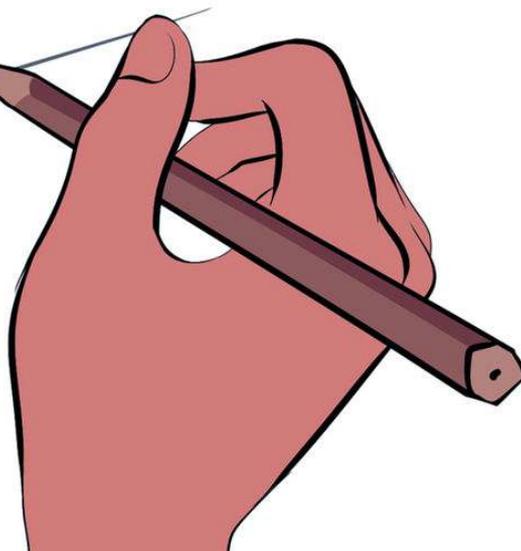


THEY LOVED AMERICA AND NEVER WANTED TO MAKE WAVES OR CAUSE TROUBLE.

AND I'M SURE, LIKE ME, THEY WERE SCARED.

27. Are you willing to serve in the armed forces of the United States on combat duty, wherever ordered?

yes



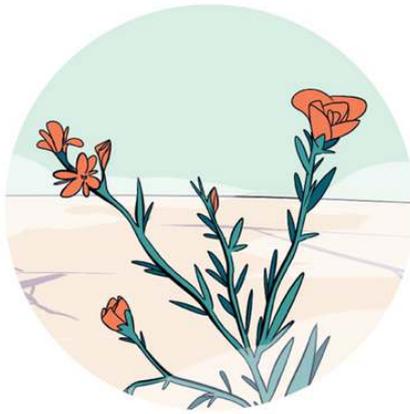


I DON'T BLAME THEM.



SO WHY DO I STILL FEEL GUILTY?





7





WHAT?
YOU'RE
GETTING
OUT?



NO, JUST
TRANSFERING.

I ANSWERED NO
TO 27 AND 28.



THEY'RE SENDING ME TO
TULE LAKE WITH THE
OTHER NO-NO'S.



I WAS SCARED,
I DON'T KNOW, BUT
I SHOULD HAVE—



NO, YOU DIDN'T
DO ANYTHING
WRONG.



OF COURSE
YOU WERE
SCARED, IT'S
SCARY!



THE QUESTIONNAIRE,
THE CAMP, THE GUARDS,
THE GUNS—IT'S ALL
SCARY.



THERE ARE LOTS OF
PEOPLE TO BLAME—
THE GOVERNMENT, THE
STOOGES WHO RAT ON
THE REST OF US—BUT
DON'T BLAME
YOURSELF.

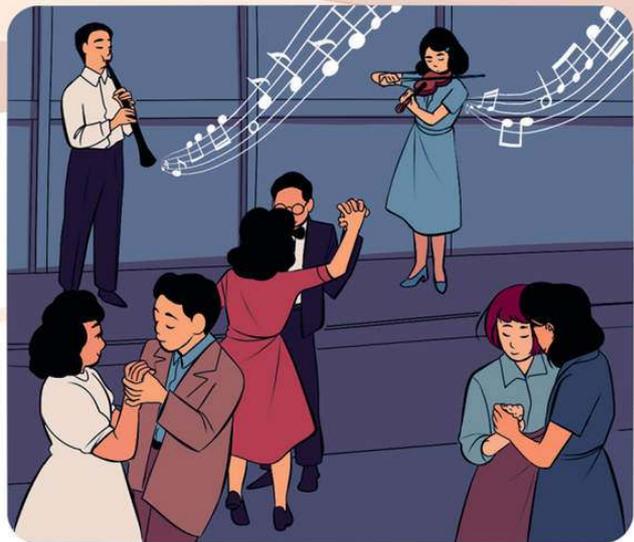
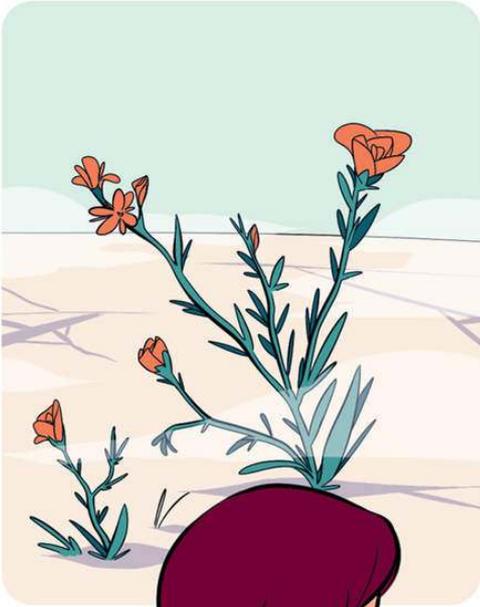
MOST OF US ARE JUST
TRYING TO SURVIVE AND
STAY SAFE HERE. THAT'S
ALL YOU CAN DO.











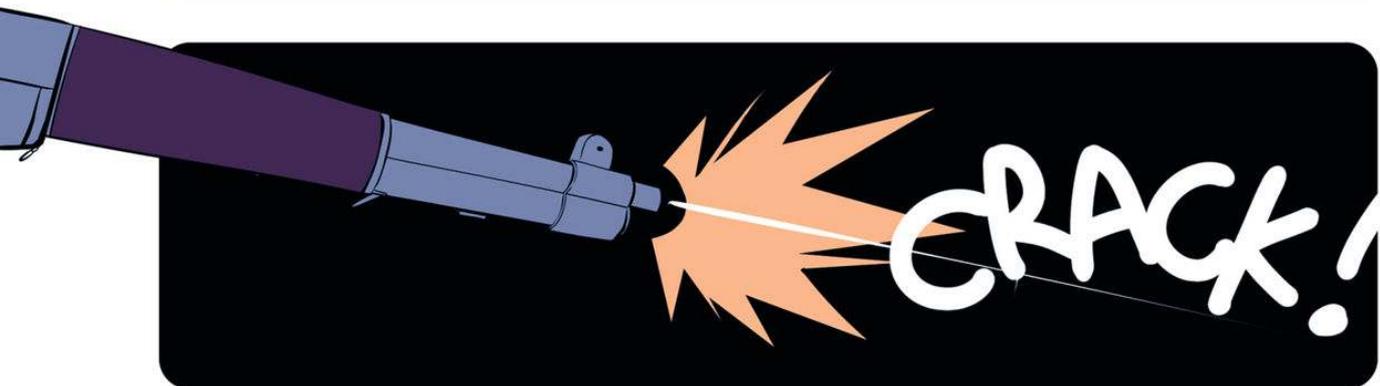
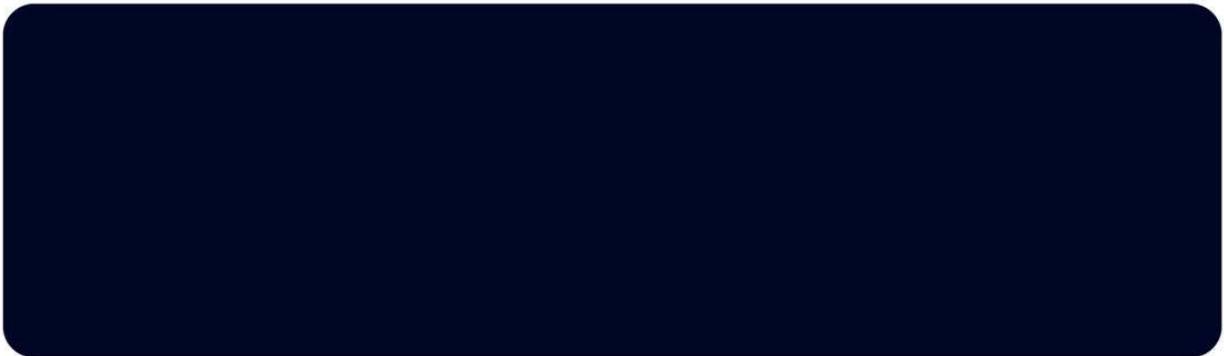
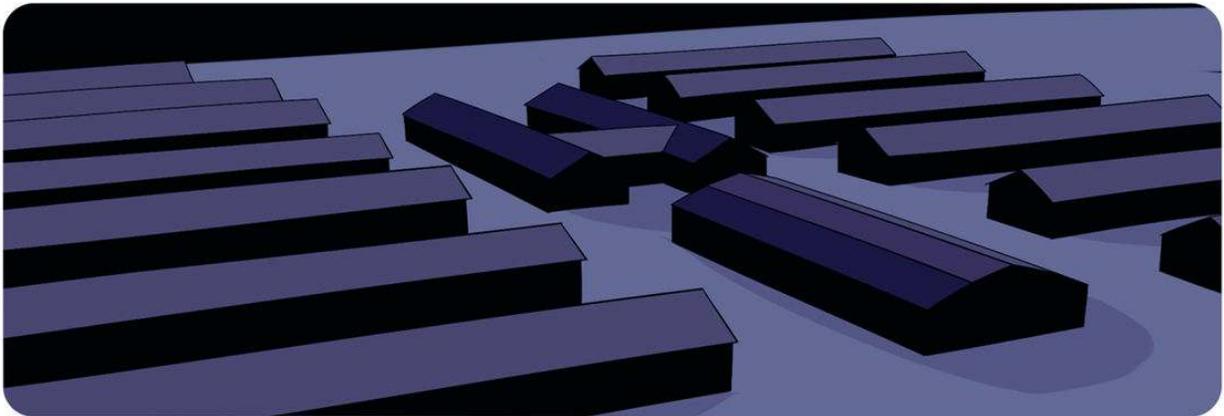


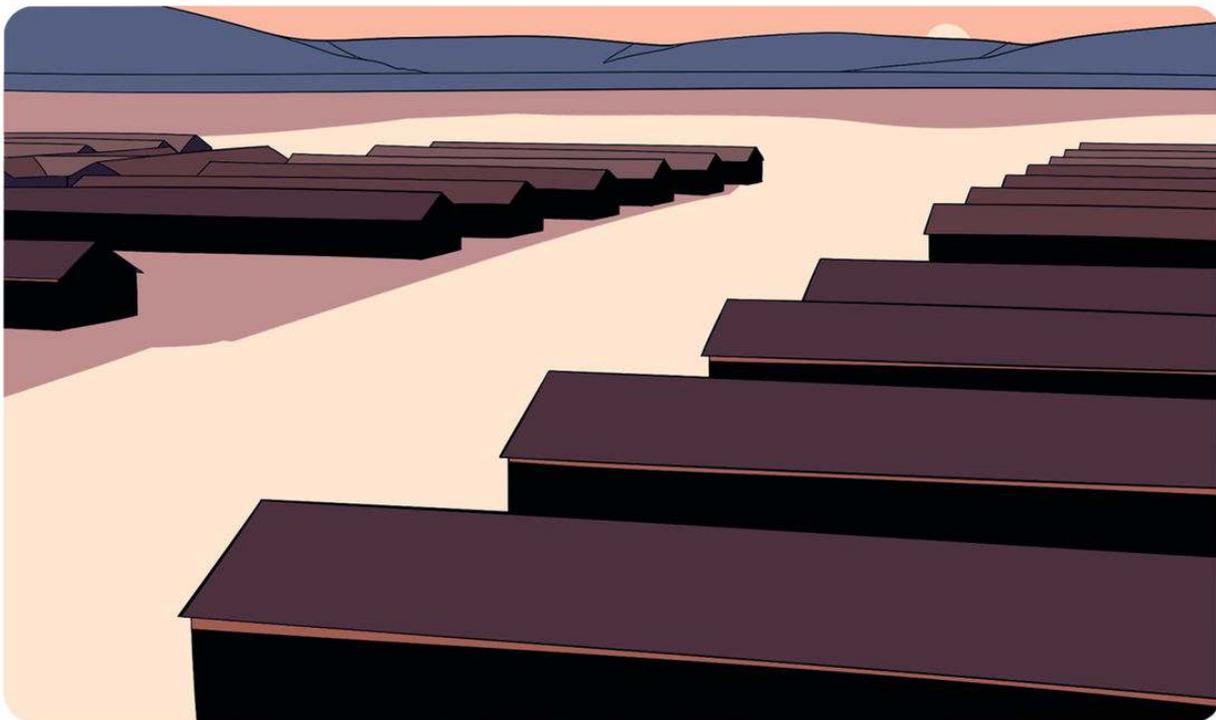
ALL RIGHT, LADIES AND GENTS, IT'S NINE P.M., SO TIME TO GET HOME!

THANKS FOR COMING OUT, AND REMEMBER NEXT WEEK IS THE ART AUCTION FOR THE TROOPS!



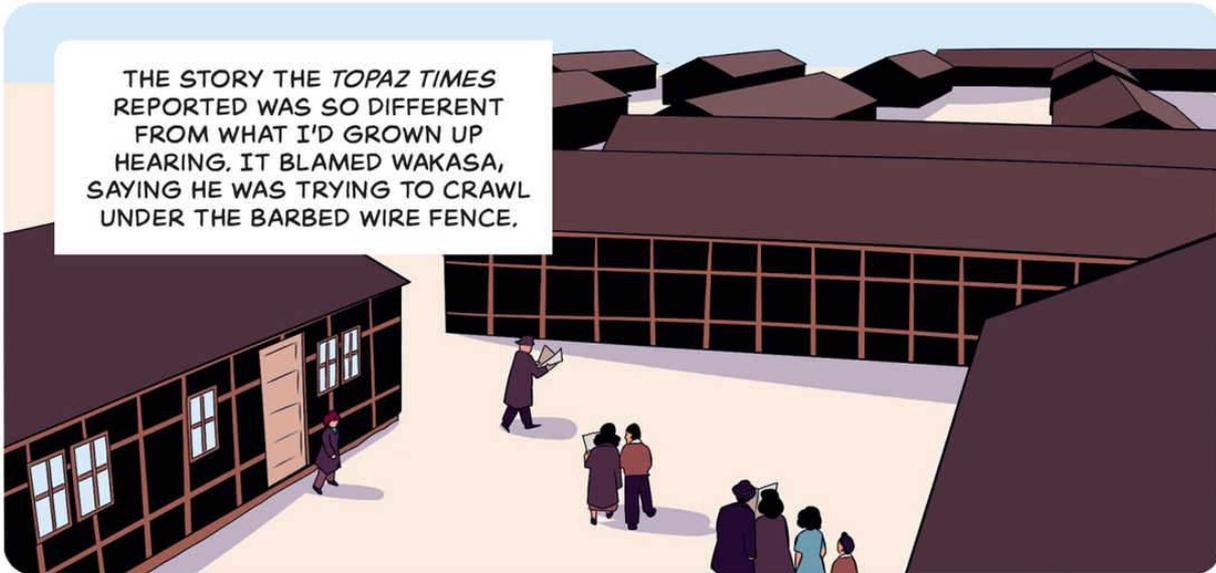








THE STORY THE *TOPAZ TIMES* REPORTED WAS SO DIFFERENT FROM WHAT I'D GROWN UP HEARING. IT BLAMED WAKASA, SAYING HE WAS TRYING TO CRAWL UNDER THE BARBED WIRE FENCE.



BUT I HEARD DOZENS OF RUMORS ABOUT WHAT HAD REALLY HAPPENED. NOBODY SEEMED TO BELIEVE THE *TIMES* OR THE ADMINISTRATION'S VERSION OF EVENTS. I QUESTIONED MY OWN FAMILY'S VERSION OF EVENTS IN LIGHT OF ALL THESE CONFLICTING STORIES.



I HEARD HE WAS JUST WALKING HIS DOG WHEN THEY SHOT HIM FROM BEHIND.

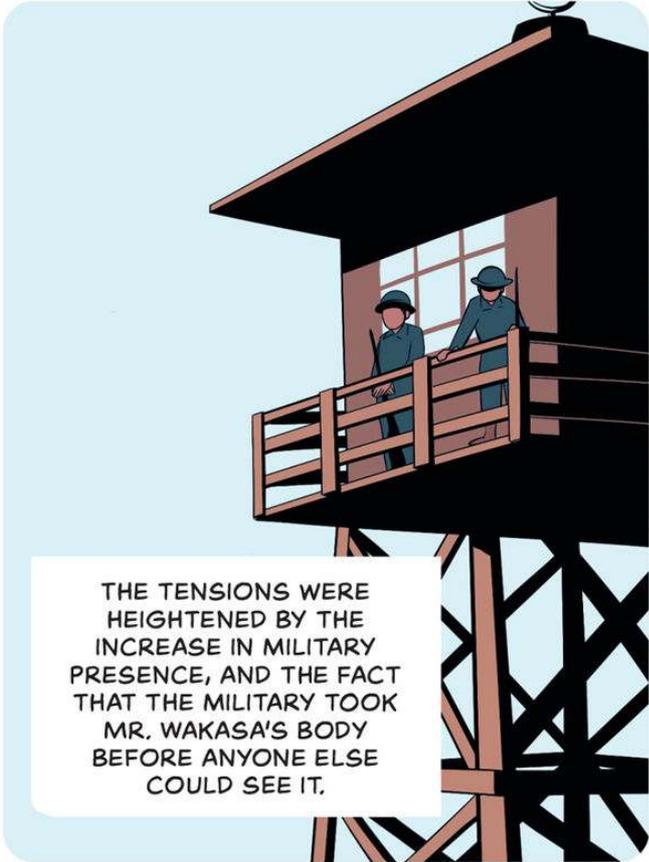


I HEARD HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A DOG, THOUGH. HE WAS ISSEI—MAYBE HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE GUARDS—



SO WHAT IF HE DIDN'T HAVE A DOG...MAYBE HE WAS COLLECTING ARROWHEADS! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN TRYING TO ESCAPE. HE KNEW AS WELL AS ANY OF US THAT THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO OUT THERE.





THE TENSIONS WERE HEIGHTENED BY THE INCREASE IN MILITARY PRESENCE, AND THE FACT THAT THE MILITARY TOOK MR. WAKASA'S BODY BEFORE ANYONE ELSE COULD SEE IT.

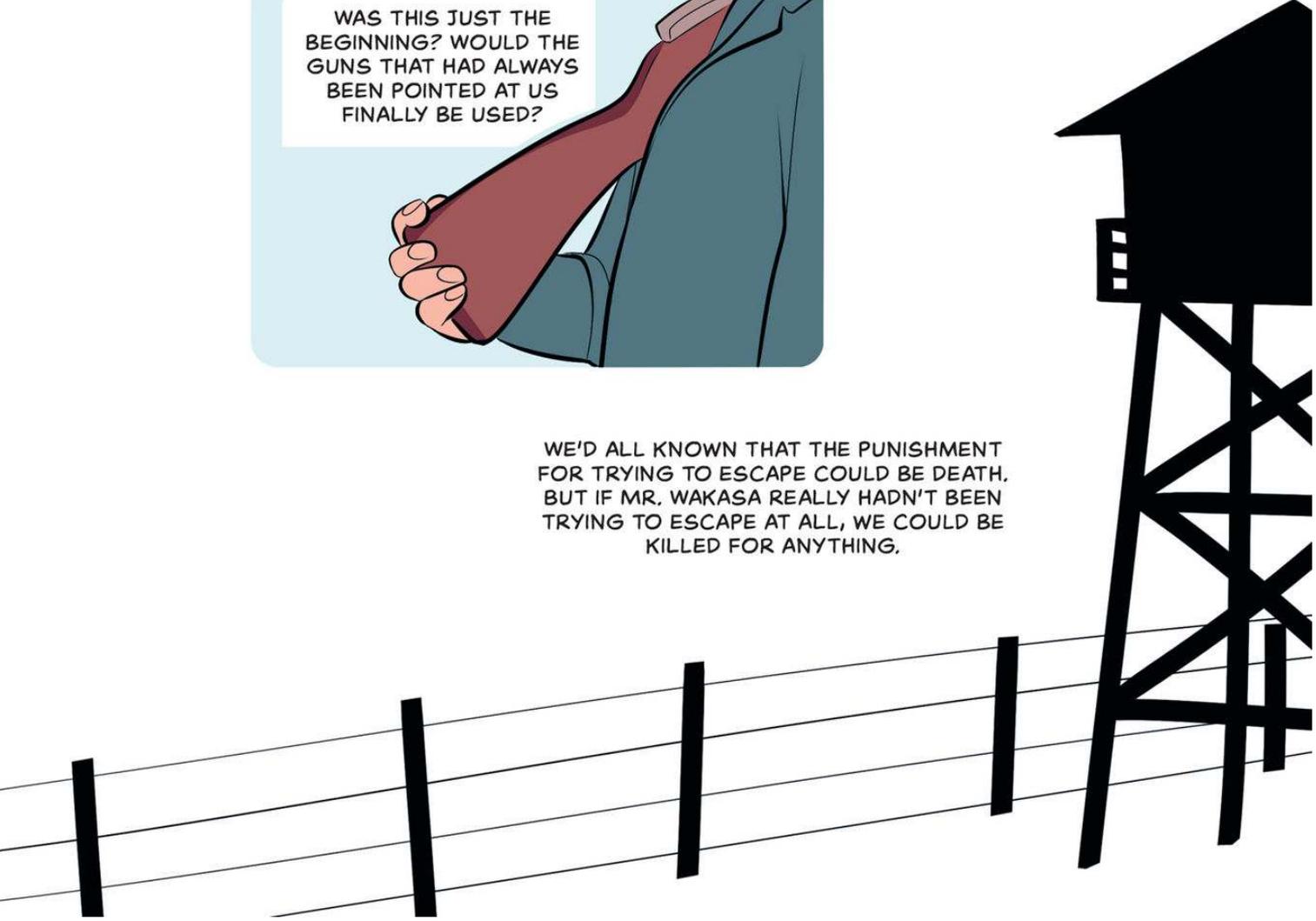


THE SUBJECT OF THE RUMOR MILL CHANGED FROM WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO MR. WAKASA TO WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO SOMEONE ELSE NEXT.



WAS THIS JUST THE BEGINNING? WOULD THE GUNS THAT HAD ALWAYS BEEN POINTED AT US FINALLY BE USED?

WE'D ALL KNOWN THAT THE PUNISHMENT FOR TRYING TO ESCAPE COULD BE DEATH. BUT IF MR. WAKASA REALLY HADN'T BEEN TRYING TO ESCAPE AT ALL, WE COULD BE KILLED FOR ANYTHING.



NOTHING WAS HELPED BY THE ADMINISTRATION'S ATTEMPTS TO COVER UP THE SITUATION.

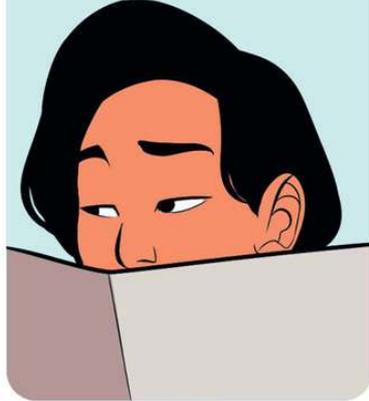


"THE ADMINISTRATION JOINS WITH THE COMMUNITY IN THE FEELING OF GENUINE SADNESS AS A RESULT OF THIS TRAGIC INCIDENT."

YEAH, RIGHT.



JUST READ IT.



"IT IS OUR SINCERE HOPE THAT EVENTS SUCH AS THIS WILL NOT OCCUR AGAIN HERE AT TOPAZ."



TO THIS END, WE URGE EVERY RESIDENT TO FAMILIARIZE HIMSELF WITH THE RULES AND REGULATIONS. SINCERELY, LORNE W. BELL, CHIEF COMMUNITY SERVICES DIRECTOR."



SO IT'S WAKASA'S FAULT THAT HE GOT SHOT! WHAT A BUNCH OF CRAP.









HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE DOING THIS, EMI?



ALMOST ALL THE SECRETARIES AT MY ADMIN OFFICE.

AND DANNY TAKEMURA SAID NONE OF THE FARM AIDS ARE GOING IN TO DELTA.

NOT UNTIL THEY LET US HAVE THE FUNERAL.



THE NEXT DAY THE
WORK STOPPAGE BEGAN.



WE DIDN'T GO TO CLASS.
EMIKO DIDN'T GO TO WORK.



I'D HEARD OF THE SHOOTING, BUT I NEVER
KNEW THERE HAD BEEN PROTESTS AFTERWARD.
I WAS A PART OF A RESISTANCE THAT HAD
NEVER BEEN TAUGHT TO ME.

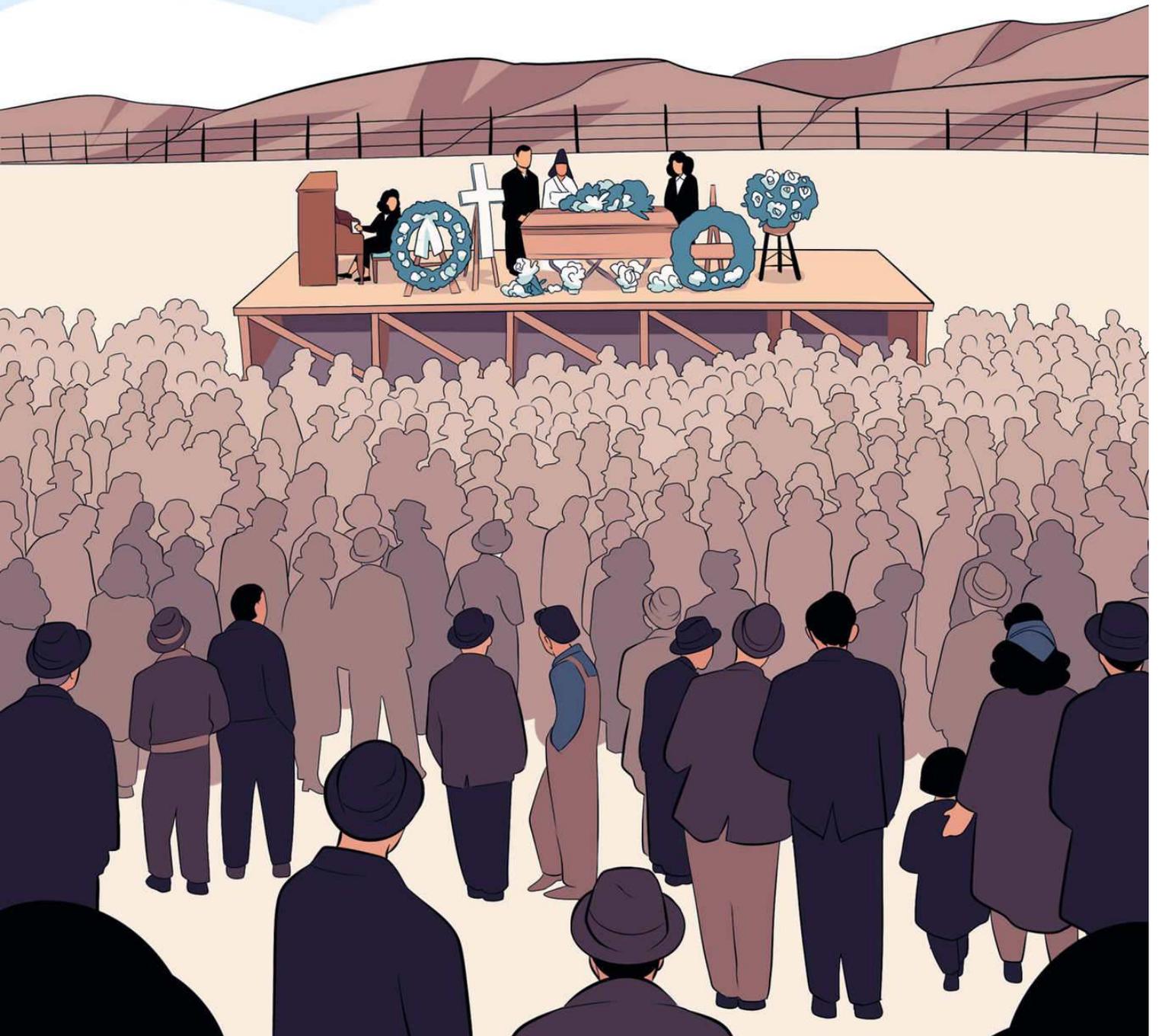
WAS ERNESTINA
STAYING
HOME TOO?
WERE MY GREAT-
GRANDPARENTS
PROTESTING? DID
THEY NEVER TELL
MY MOM THIS
STORY? DID THEY
THINK IT WAS
UNIMPORTANT?



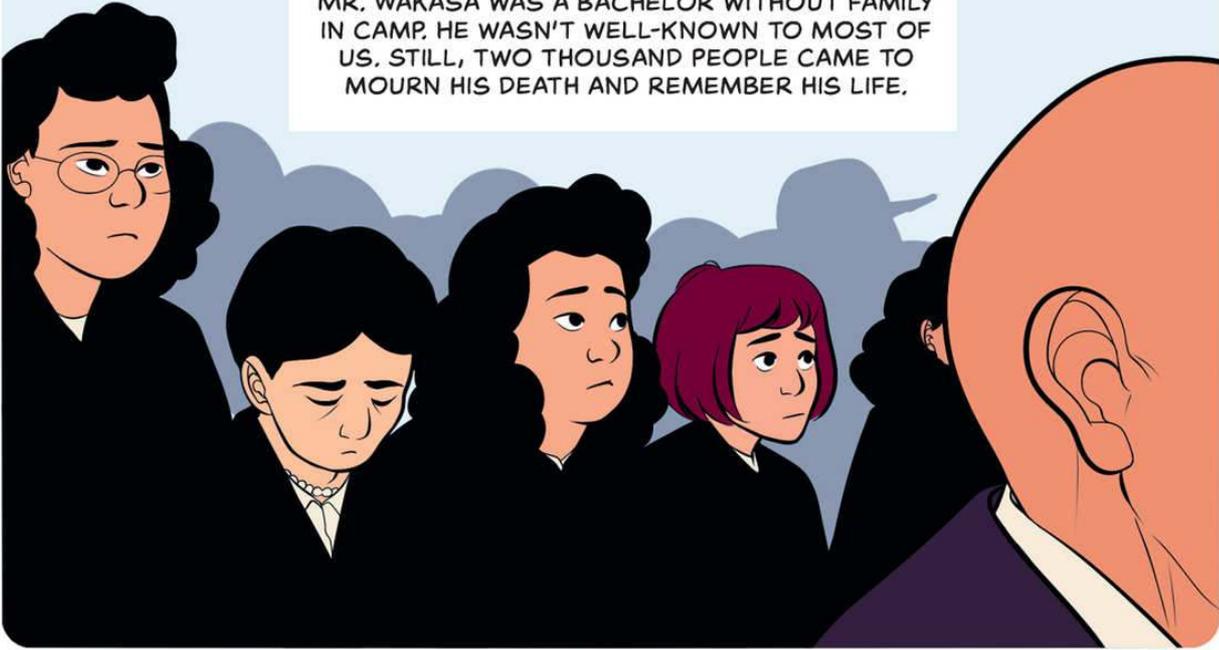
IT FELT IMMENSELY IMPORTANT TO
ME. NOW I KNEW THAT ALMOST
EVERY PERSON AT TOPAZ RESISTED
THEIR OPPRESSION IN SOME WAY.
EVEN THE YOSHIMOTOS, WHO WERE
RIGHTFULLY WORRIED ABOUT THE
SAFETY OF THEIR FAMILY.

EVEN ME.

THE FUNERAL FOR JAMES HATSUAKI WAKASA WAS HELD ON APRIL 20, NINE DAYS AFTER HE WAS KILLED. IT WAS NOT PERMITTED TO BE IN THE EXACT SPOT OF HIS DEATH, BUT IT WAS NEARBY. WE COULD SEE THE BARBED WIRE FENCE HE WAS SUPPOSEDLY CLIMBING UNDER.



MR. WAKASA WAS A BACHELOR WITHOUT FAMILY IN CAMP. HE WASN'T WELL-KNOWN TO MOST OF US. STILL, TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE CAME TO MOURN HIS DEATH AND REMEMBER HIS LIFE.



THE TENSION THAT HAD DIVIDED CAMP SINCE THE BEGINNING, HEIGHTENED BY THE LOYALTY QUESTIONNAIRE MORE RECENTLY, SEEMED TO HAVE DISSIPATED FOR THE FUNERAL. WE WERE A COMMUNITY JOINED TOGETHER TO EXPRESS OUR LOSS AND OUR FRUSTRATION.



I'M NOT SURE WHY I CRIED,
I DIDN'T KNOW HIM.



BUT, I SUPPOSE, I NEVER KNEW MY
GRANDMOTHER, EITHER. I NEVER
KNEW MY GREAT-GRANDPARENTS,
OR ANY OF THE PEOPLE FROM CAMP
UNTIL THE DISPLACEMENT.



BUT THEIR EXPERIENCES, THEIR TRAUMAS,
STILL SHAPED ME IN WAYS I WAS ONLY JUST
BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND. THE MURDER OF
JAMES WAKASA HAD SUCH AN IMPACT ON MY
GRANDMOTHER THAT TWO GENERATIONS
LATER, IT WAS STILL HAUNTING OUR FAMILY,
OUR WHOLE NIKKEI COMMUNITY.



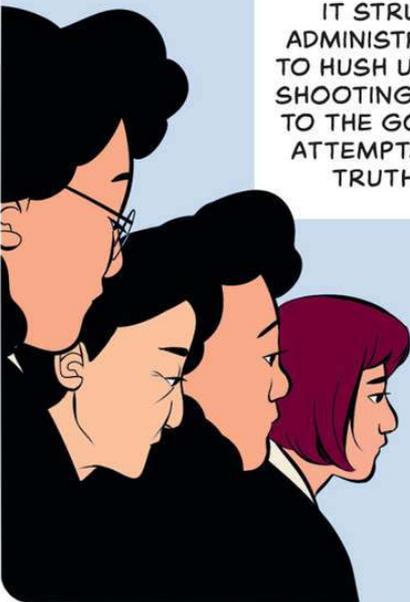
WE WERE STILL MOURNING HIM.



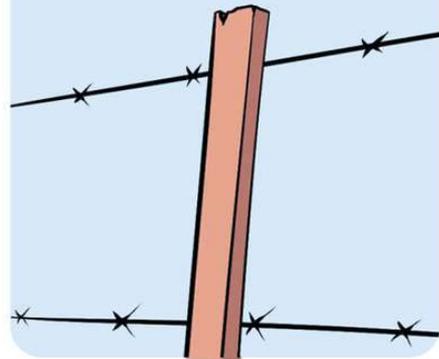
THE TRAUMA LASTED, BUT THIS
COMING TOGETHER, THIS FUNERAL,
HEALED SOME PART OF US.



IT STRUCK ME THAT THE
ADMINISTRATION'S ATTEMPTS
TO HUSH UP THE TRUTH OF THE
SHOOTING WAS EERILY SIMILAR
TO THE GOVERNMENT'S LATER
ATTEMPTS TO COVER UP THE
TRUTH OF THE CAMPS.



THEY CAN'T DENY IT
HAPPENED, BUT THEY
CAN HIDE THE FACTS AND
CLAIM THEY WERE ONLY
ACTING OUT OF DUTY.

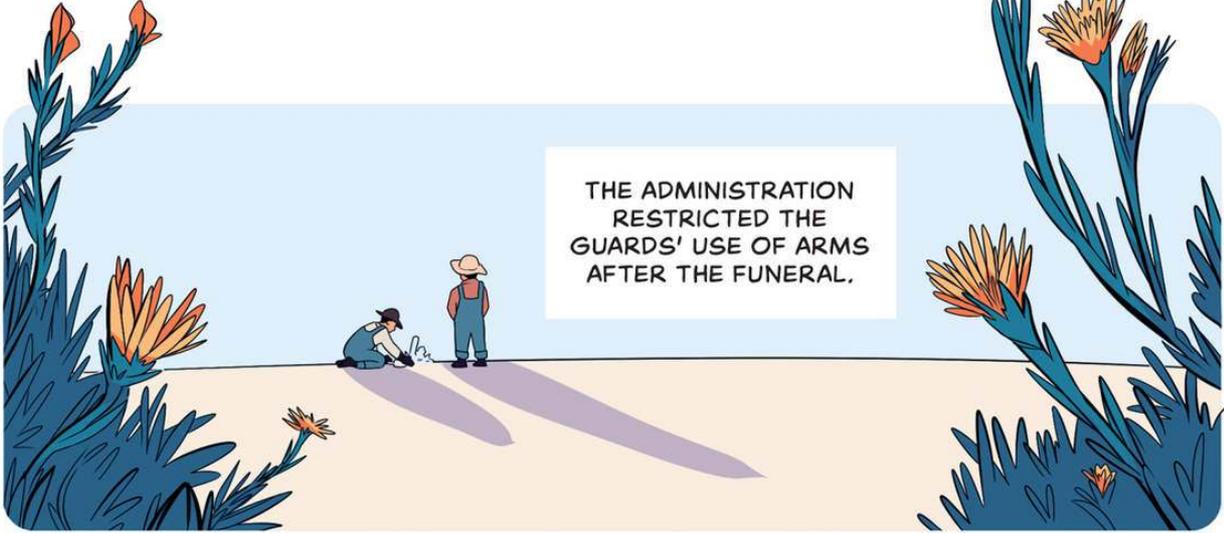


BUT WHEN A COMMUNITY COMES
TOGETHER TO DEMAND MORE,
WHEN WE DO NOT LET TRAUMA STAY
OBSCURED BUT BRING IT UP TO THE
SURFACE AND REMEMBER IT
TOGETHER—



WE CAN MAKE SURE
IT IS NOT REPEATED.





THE ADMINISTRATION
RESTRICTED THE
GUARDS' USE OF ARMS
AFTER THE FUNERAL.



IT WAS A VICTORY,
THOUGH WE WOULD NOT
WIN EVERY BATTLE.



A MEMORIAL DEDICATED
TO MR. WAKASA, ERECTED
BY A GROUP OF NIKKEI
LANDSCAPERS

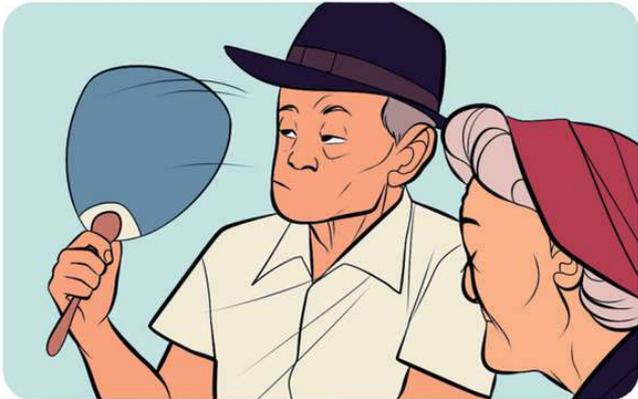
WAS QUICKLY
REMOVED BY THE
CAMP DIRECTOR.



A MEMORY IS TOO
POWERFUL A WEAPON.



8

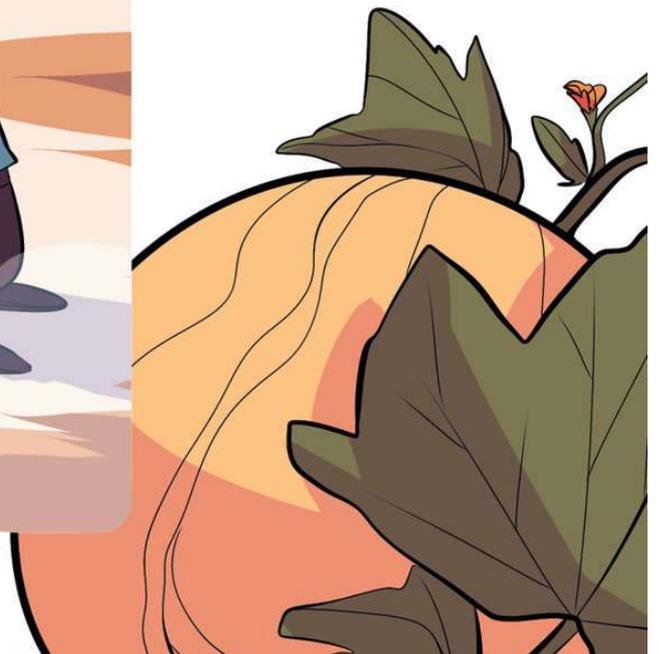


LIKE AT TANFORAN, THE NIKKEI AT TOPAZ WORKED HARD TO TRANSFORM THE BARREN LANDSCAPE INTO SOMETHING MORE LIVABLE.

THE SOIL WAS BAD AND THE WEATHER WAS HARSH, BUT THERE WERE MANY SKILLED AND PASSIONATE GARDENERS AT CAMP.

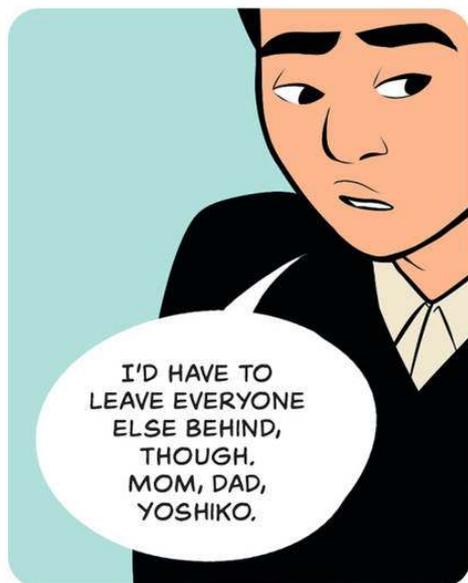


THE ONCOMING SUMMER BROUGHT THE FRUITS OF THEIR LABOR.











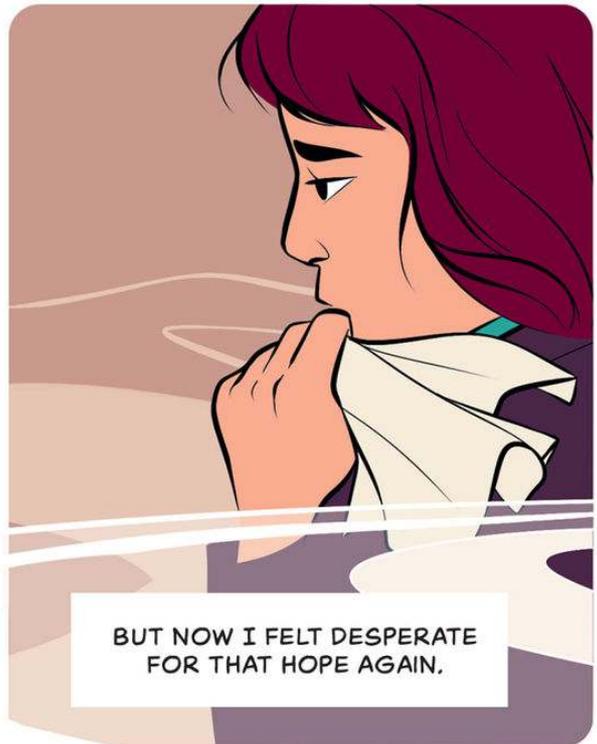
I HADN'T THOUGHT AT ALL ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF LEAVING CAMP, AND STILL BEING STUCK IN THE YEAR 1943. AS SCARY AS IT HAD BEEN WHEN THE DISPLACEMENT FIRST TOOK ME, IT WAS ALMOST AS SCARY TO THINK OF FACING THE UNFAMILIAR WORLD OUTSIDE.



I HAD LONG SINCE GIVEN UP HOPE
THAT ONE OF THE MANY DUST
STORMS HERE WOULD TAKE ME
BACK TO MY TIME, TO MY HOME.



BUT NOW I FELT DESPERATE
FOR THAT HOPE AGAIN.





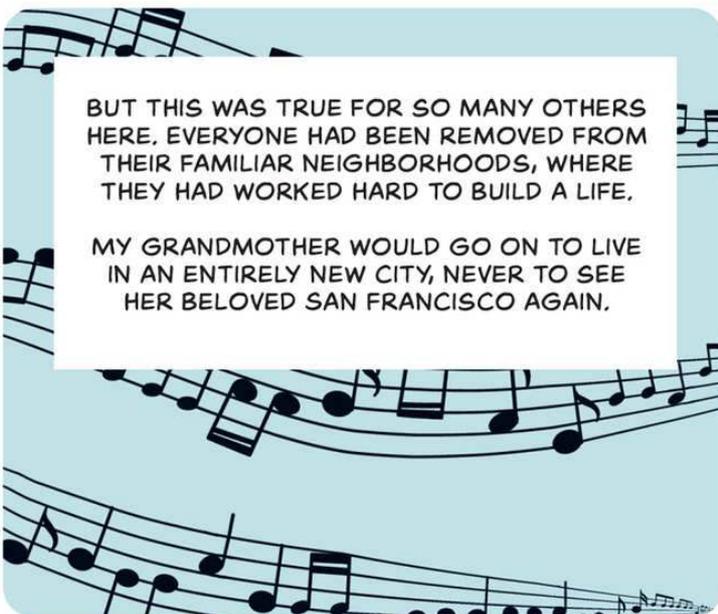
CAMP WAS DIFFICULT, DEGRADING, TERRIFYING.



BUT THE PEOPLE HERE MADE IT LIVABLE.



THROUGH COMMUNITY AND HARD WORK WE ENDURED AND SURVIVED. I HAD NOWHERE TO GO AND NO ONE TO GO TO OUTSIDE OF CAMP.

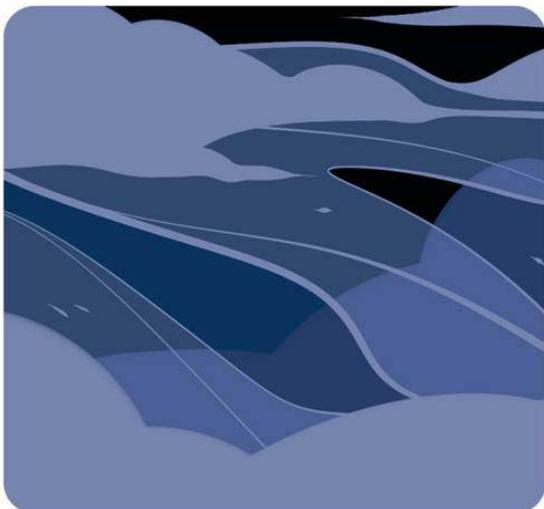


BUT THIS WAS TRUE FOR SO MANY OTHERS HERE. EVERYONE HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM THEIR FAMILIAR NEIGHBORHOODS, WHERE THEY HAD WORKED HARD TO BUILD A LIFE.

MY GRANDMOTHER WOULD GO ON TO LIVE IN AN ENTIRELY NEW CITY, NEVER TO SEE HER BELOVED SAN FRANCISCO AGAIN.



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO US ALL?



I'VE WRITTEN IT ALL DOWN,
THE FIRST DISPLACEMENT,
THE SECOND, AND THIS ONE,
WHICH MAY BE THE LAST.

MAYBE I'LL NEVER SEE
MY REAL HOME AGAIN.

MY FRIENDS ARE GOING
THEIR SEPARATE WAYS,
AIKO LEFT LONG AGO.

AND ERNESTINA, THE
GRANDMOTHER AND
NEIGHBOR I NEVER
SPOKE TO—



IS GRADUATING
FROM HIGH SCHOOL
TOMORROW.

THE PAPER SAYS SHE
WILL BE ATTENDING
JULLIARD THANKS TO
THE AMERICAN FRIENDS
SCHOLARSHIP.



I DIDN'T KNOW SHE'D
BE LEAVING ALREADY.



I HESITATED FOR SO LONG. I'VE NEVER HAD THE COURAGE TO MEET HER. IF SHE LEAVES CAMP BEFORE I FIND A WAY TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, I'LL LIKELY NEVER HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE.



THANK YOU AGAIN TO DELTA HIGH SCHOOL FOR DONATING THEIR ROBES TO US.



WE ARE PROUD TO BE STANDING HERE TODAY AND READY TO SERVE OUR COUNTRY AS GRADUATES!

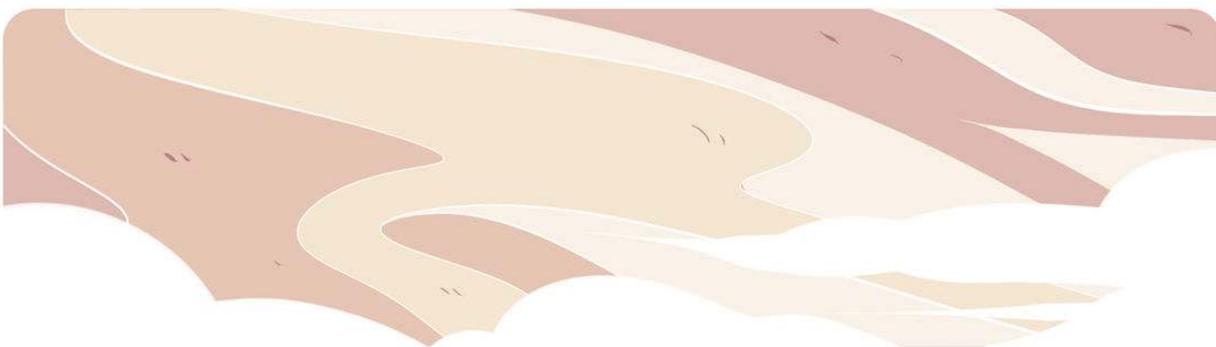


AND NOW, GRADUATE ERNESTINA TERANISHI PERFORMING "NOCTURNE," ACCOMPANIED BY EMIKO KOMIYA.









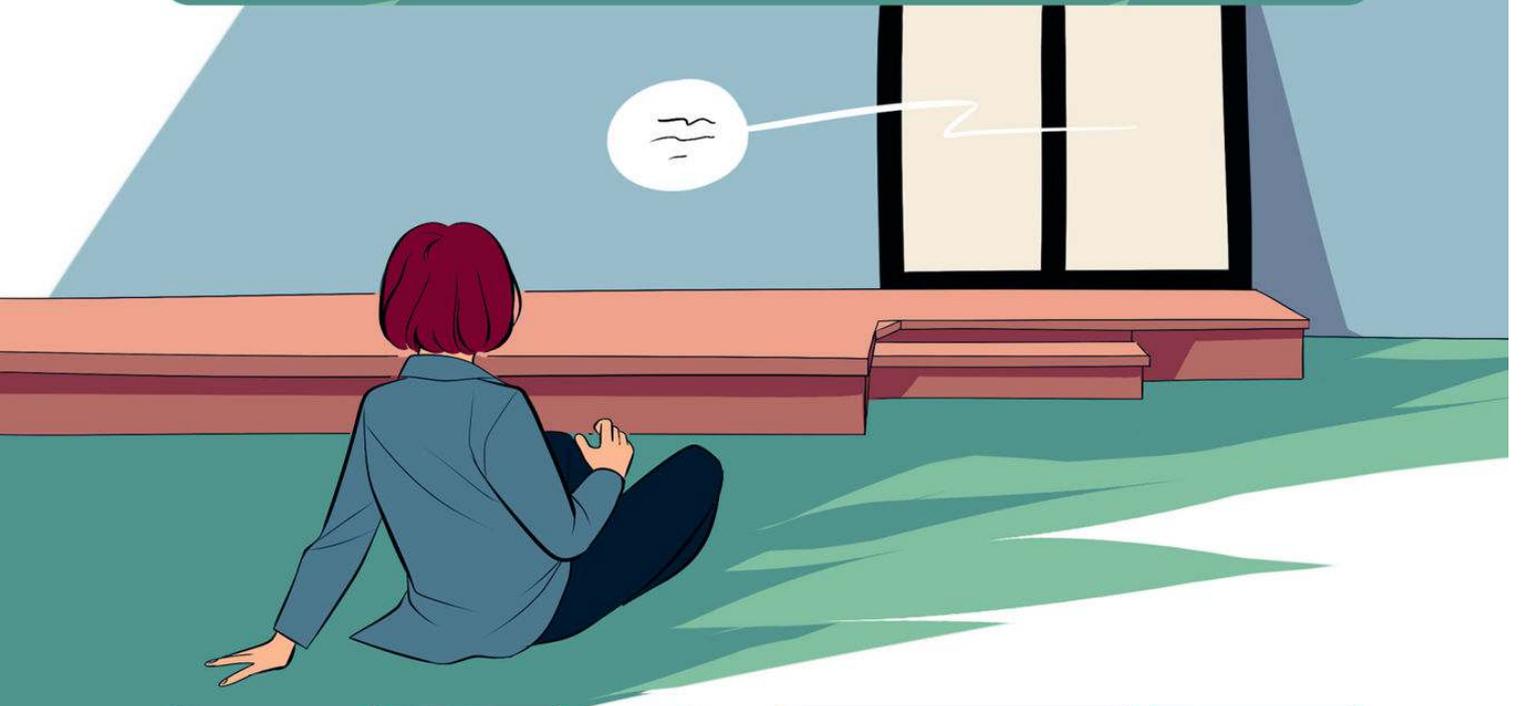




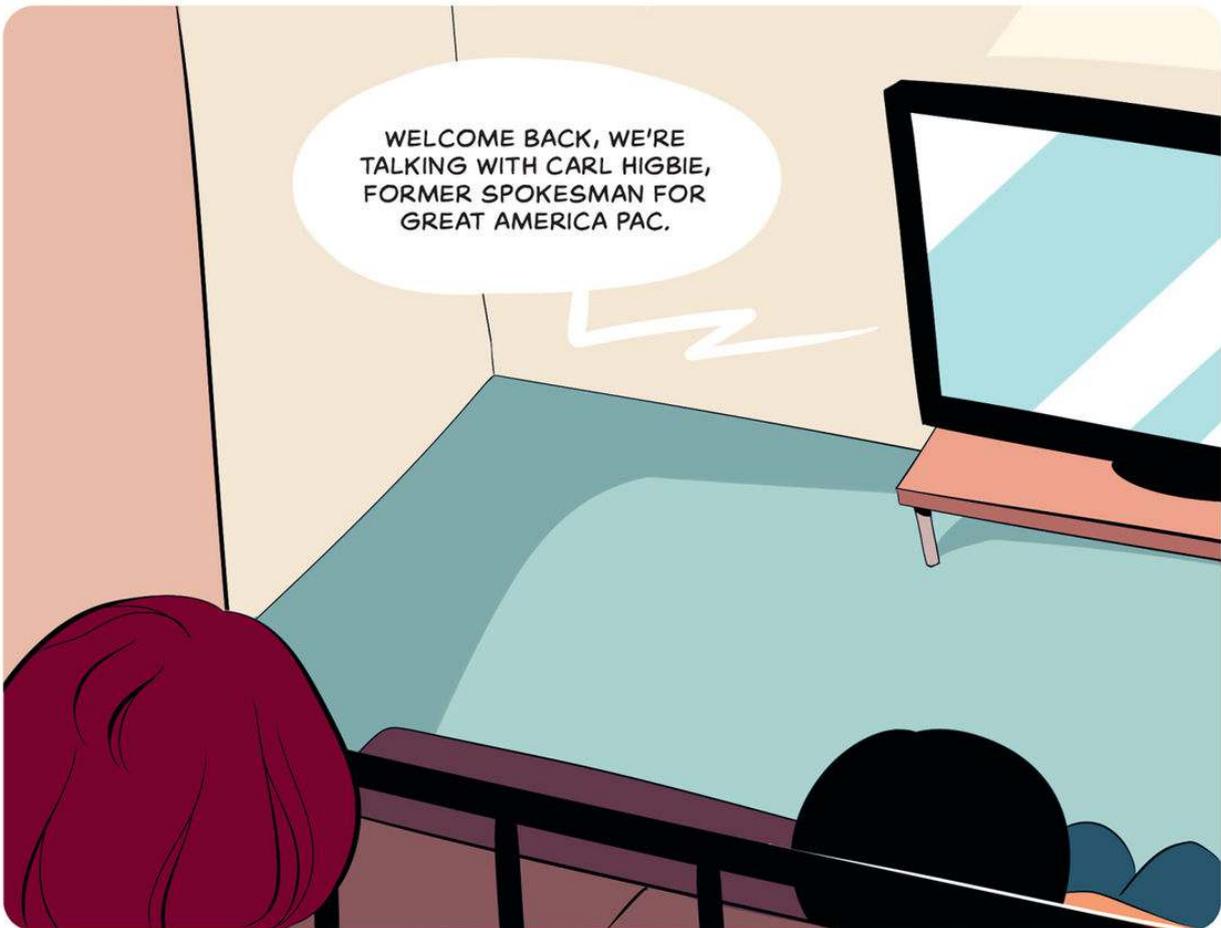
part III:
the east



9







TRUMP'S POLICY ADVISORS ARE DISCUSSING DRAFTING A PROPOSAL TO REINSTATE A REGISTRY FOR IMMIGRANTS FROM MUSLIM COUNTRIES.



YEAH, AND TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST IT IS LEGAL.

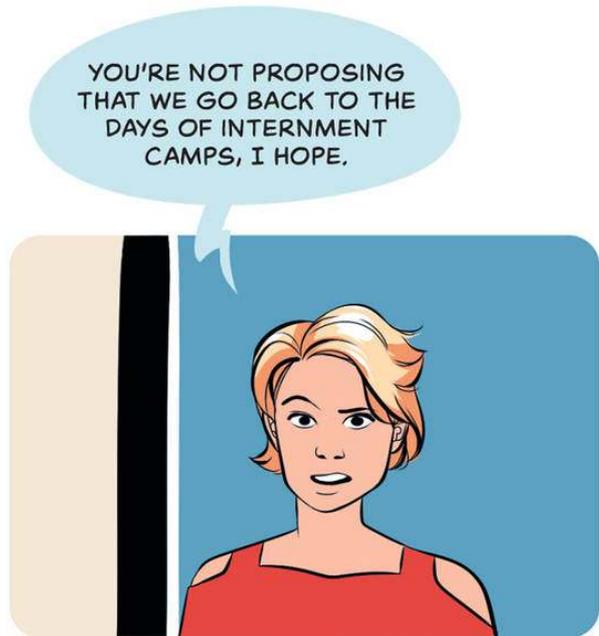


THEY SAY IT'LL HOLD CONSTITUTIONAL MUSTER.



I KNOW THE ACLU IS GONNA CHALLENGE IT, BUT I THINK IT'LL PASS.





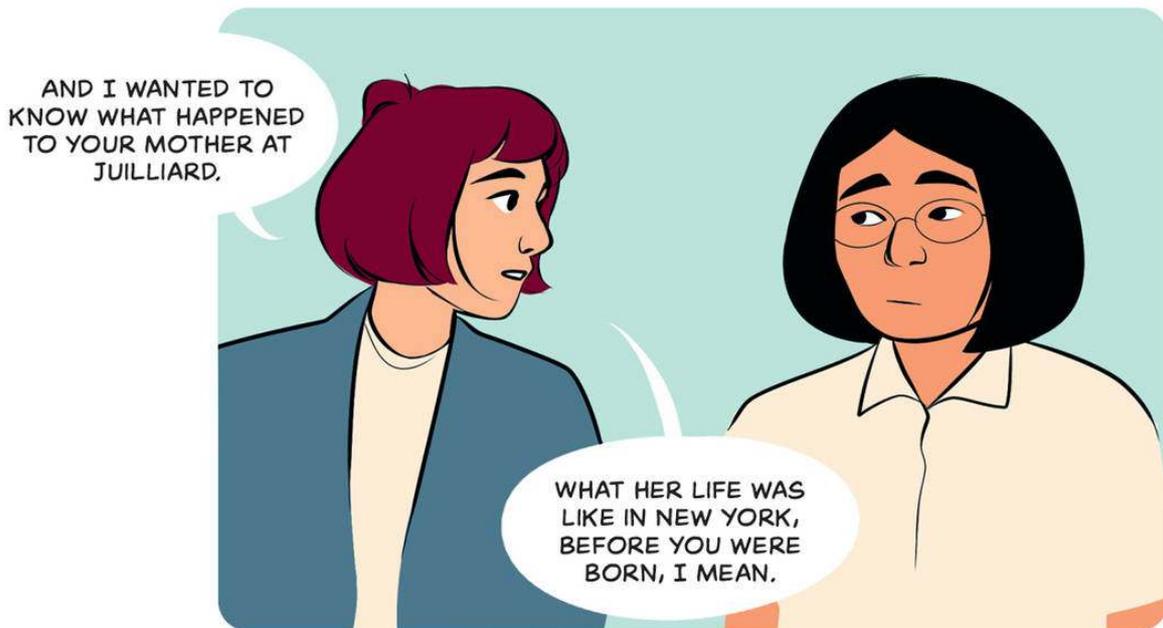










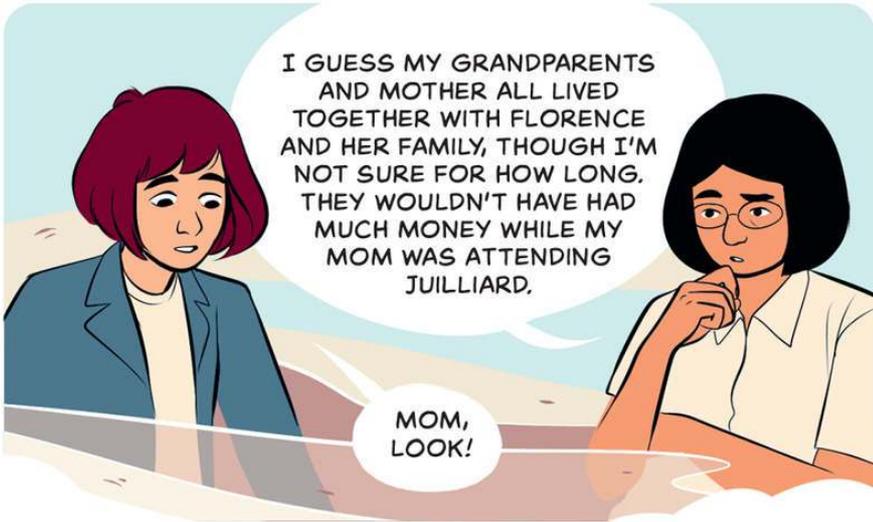




WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE OTHERS YOU MET AT CAMP. BUT I CAN TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW ABOUT MY MOTHER'S LIFE AFTER TOPAZ.



I KNOW SHE LIVED WITH A FAMILY FRIEND IN NEW YORK AT FIRST—FLORENCE, THE WOMAN WHO SPONSORED HER SO SHE COULD LEAVE CAMP EARLY.



I GUESS MY GRANDPARENTS AND MOTHER ALL LIVED TOGETHER WITH FLORENCE AND HER FAMILY, THOUGH I'M NOT SURE FOR HOW LONG. THEY WOULDN'T HAVE HAD MUCH MONEY WHILE MY MOM WAS ATTENDING JULLIARD.

MOM, LOOK!



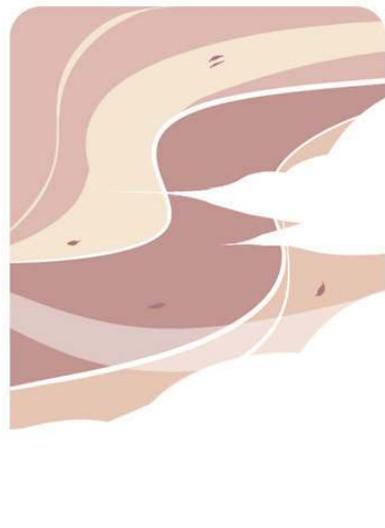
KEEP GOING!



SHE STARTED JULLIARD WHEN SHE WAS SEVENTEEN.



SHE'D SKIPPED TWO GRADES IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.





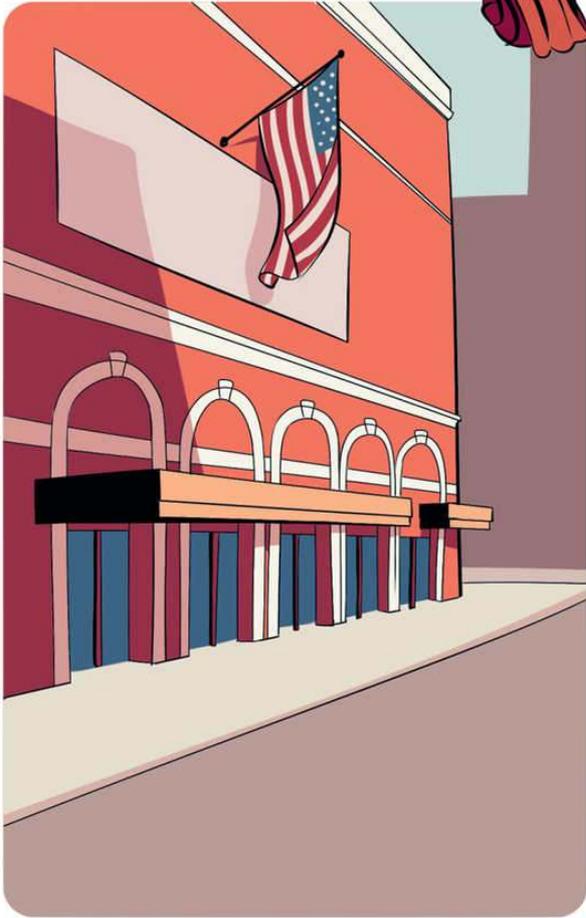


WOW,
THAT'S HER.

THAT'S MY
MOTHER.



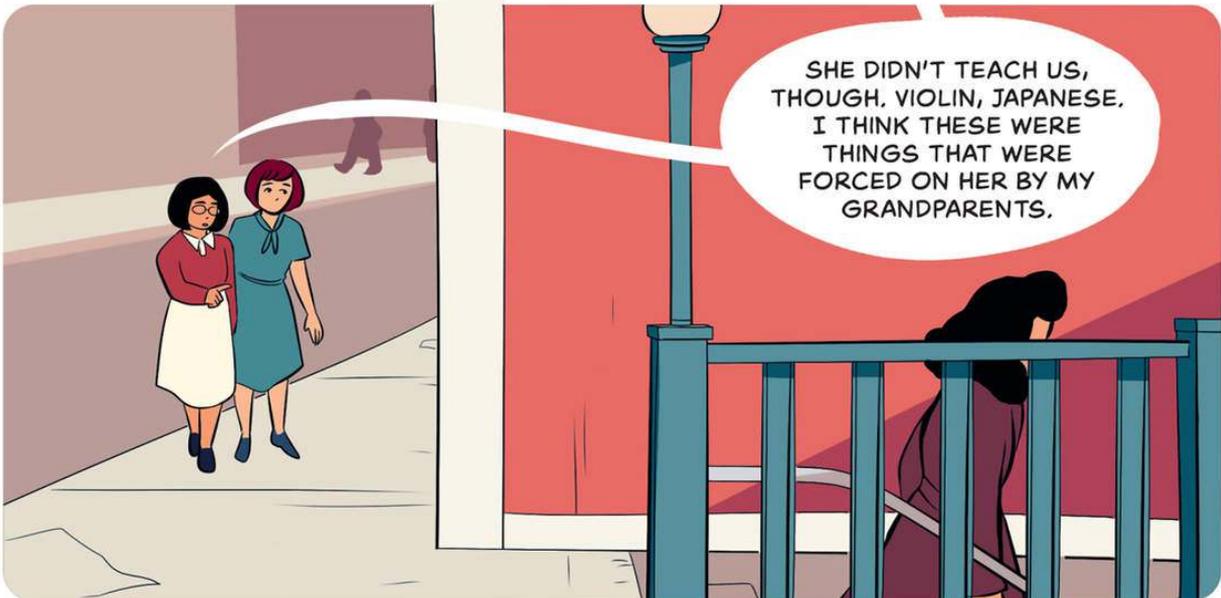
SHE STUDIED
UNDER ONE OF THE
BEST VIOLINISTS
AT JULLIARD.







SHE TAUGHT KINDERGARTNERS
AND SHE LOVED IT. SHE TAUGHT
VIOLIN LESSONS, TOO.



SHE DIDN'T TEACH US,
THOUGH. VIOLIN, JAPANESE.
I THINK THESE WERE
THINGS THAT WERE
FORCED ON HER BY MY
GRANDPARENTS.



OF COURSE THERE WERE FOUR OF US AND ONLY ONE PARENT. SHE HAD TO WORK A LOT JUST TO PAY RENT, SO SHE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TIME TO TEACH US ALL EVEN IF SHE WANTED TO.



THERE WEREN'T MANY RESOURCES FOR A SINGLE JAPANESE AMERICAN MOTHER BACK THEN.

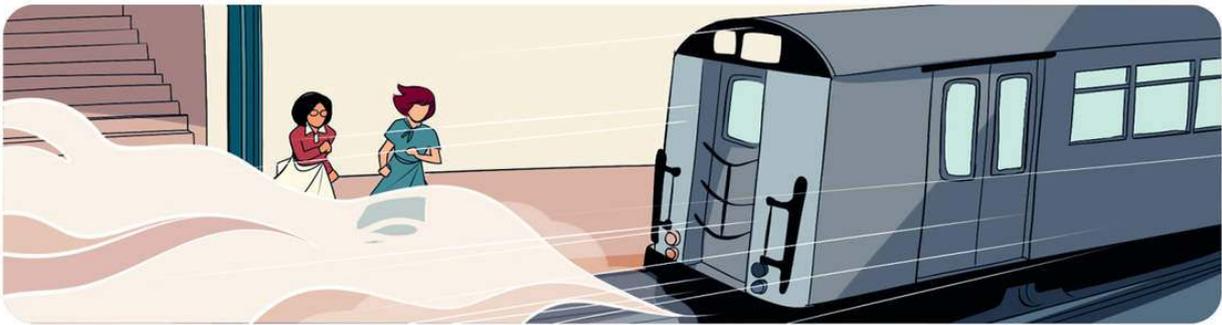


I DON'T SEE HER ANYMORE...

ME NEITHER.

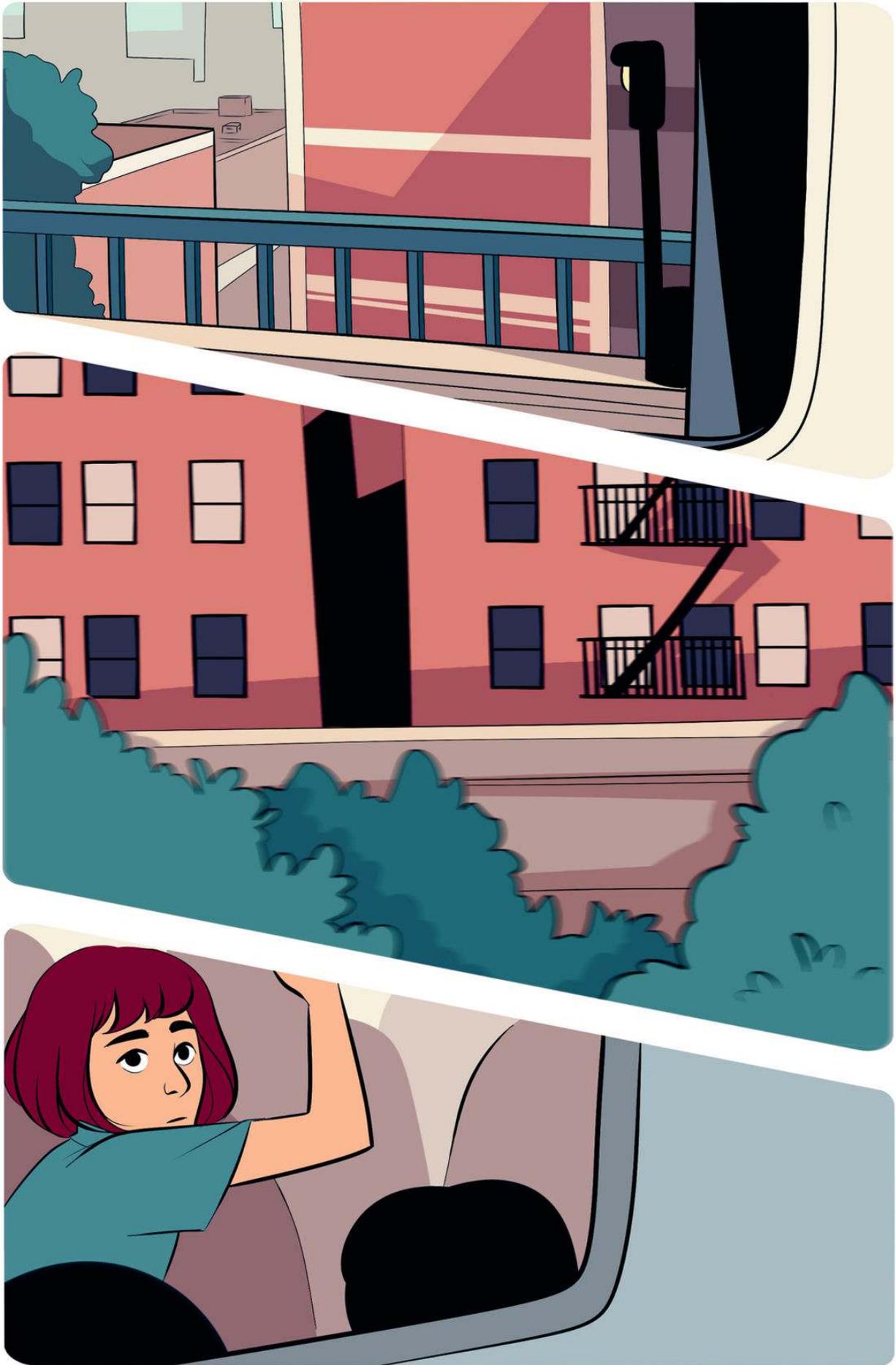


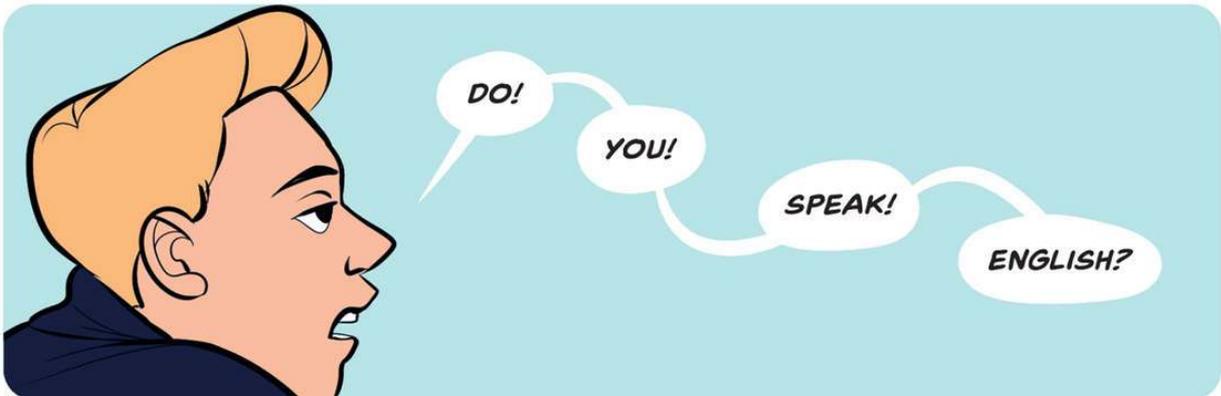
BUT SHE'D BE TAKING THE IND UP TO DYCKMAN STREET STATION IF SHE'S GOING TO OUR APARTMENT.







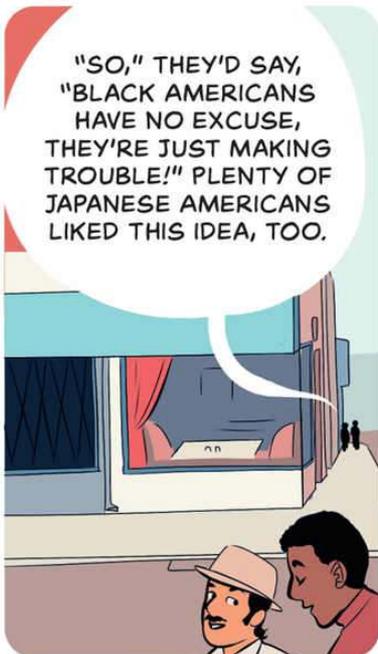




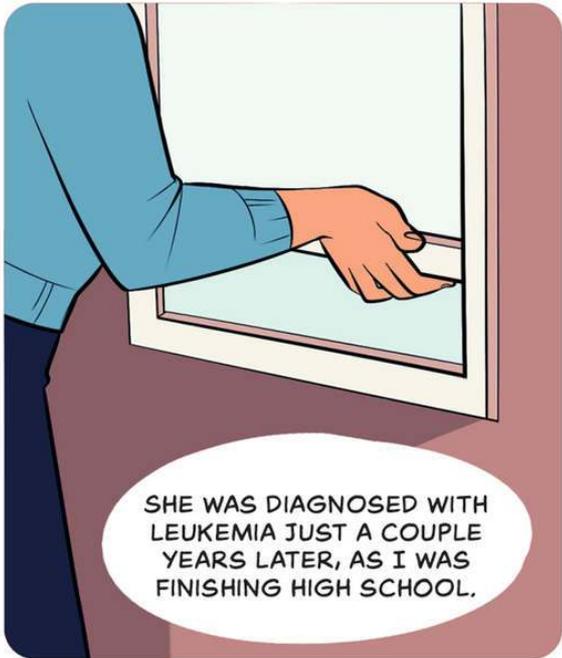












A woman with short red hair and a woman with black hair and glasses are shown from the chest up. The woman with red hair is on the left, looking towards the woman with black hair on the right. They appear to be in a conversation.

IT DID SEEM
LIKE AN UNUSUAL
NUMBER OF NISEI
DIED OF CANCER.

A stylized illustration of a park or plaza. A path winds through a green lawn. In the background, there are red buildings. A person is walking on the path. Musical notes are floating in the air, with a white line connecting them to a speech bubble.

MAYBE THAT'S
JUST RUMOR,
THOUGH. IT'S NOT
AS THOUGH IT
WAS STUDIED.

A close-up of the woman with short red hair. She has a serious, thoughtful expression and is looking slightly downwards and to the left.

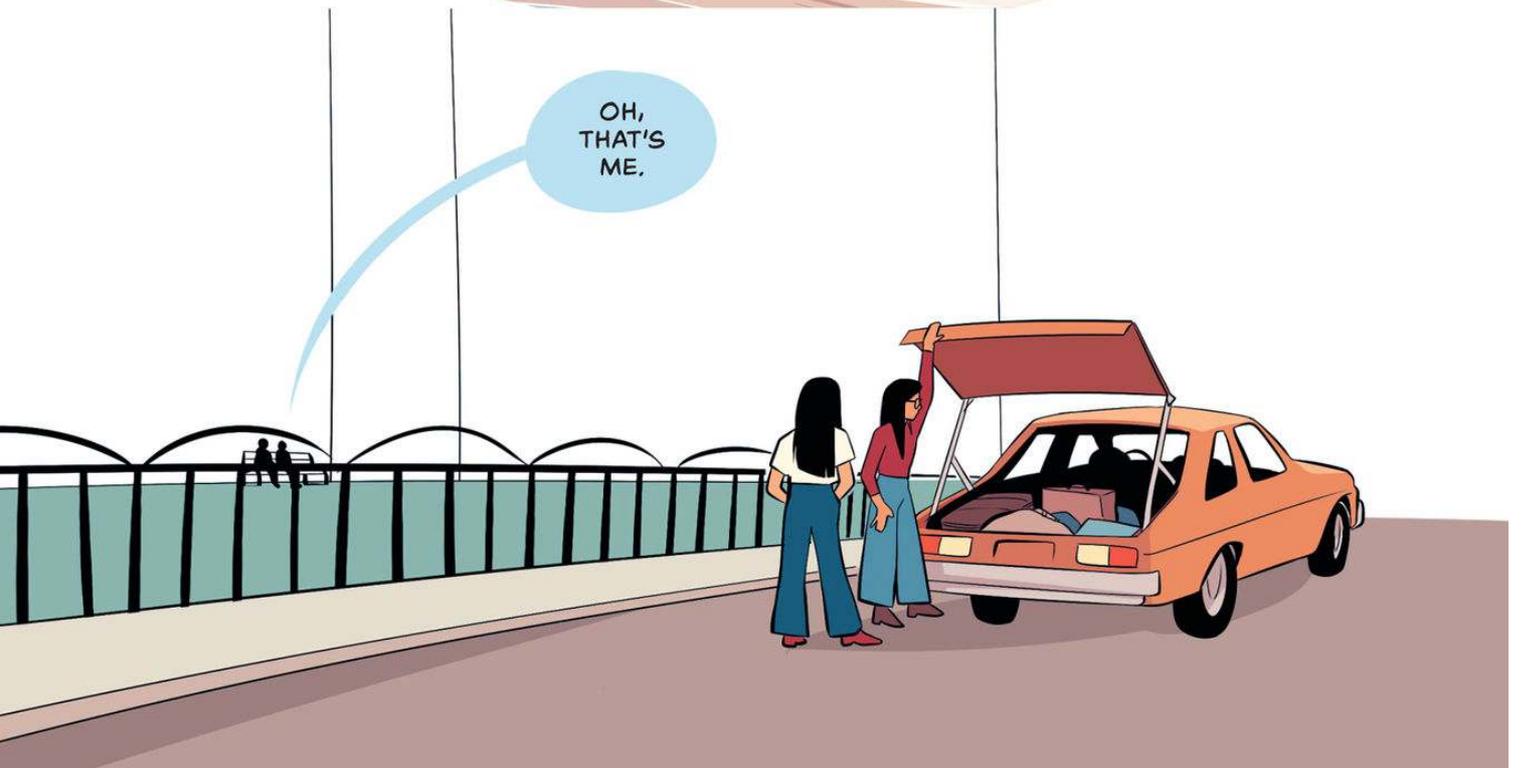
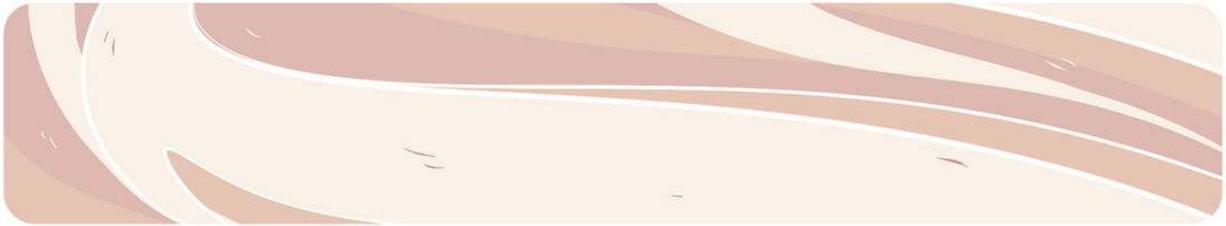
EVEN IF IT IS JUST A
RUMOR, THE FACT THAT IT
EVEN BECAME A RUMOR IS
PRETTY TELLING.

A stylized illustration of a red brick building with several windows. A person is visible in one of the windows, playing a violin. Musical notes are floating in the air, with a white line connecting them to a speech bubble.

RUMORS START
WHEN THERE'S FEAR
AND A LACK OF
INFORMATION.

AND THEY STICK
AROUND AND
INFLUENCE OUR
MEMORIES
FOREVER.





THIS IS THE
DAY WE LEFT
NEW YORK CITY.



AFTER MOM AND
GRANDMA DIED, I DROPPED
OUT OF SCHOOL AND
WE LEFT THE CITY.



I NEVER FELT LIKE I BELONGED IN
NEW YORK, AND DEFINITELY NOT IN
NEW JERSEY. AND WE DIDN'T HAVE
ANYTHING TO KEEP US THERE
ANYMORE.



WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE
WE WERE GOING. WE HADN'T DECIDED
BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO WHERE MOM
WAS BORN, OR SEATTLE WHERE WE
KNEW SOME PEOPLE ALREADY.



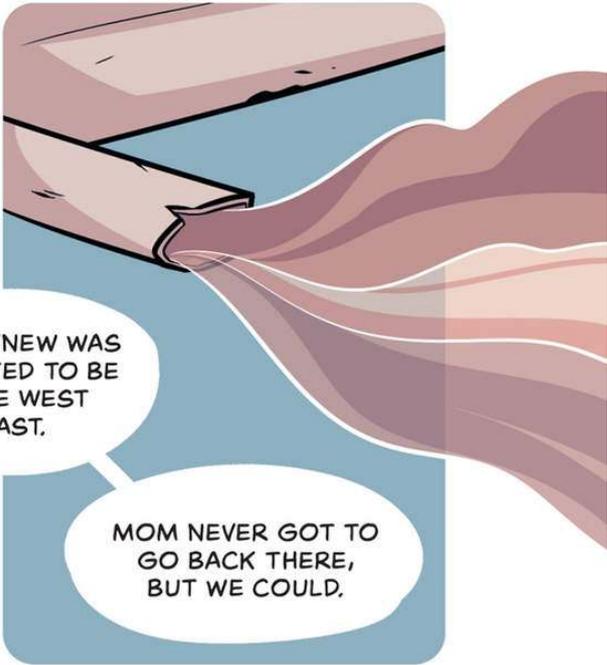


WE ENDED UP FLIPPING A COIN HALFWAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY, IT CAME UP SEATTLE.

THAT'S BIZARRE.

HA, WELL.

ALL WE KNEW WAS WE WANTED TO BE ON THE WEST COAST.



MOM NEVER GOT TO GO BACK THERE, BUT WE COULD.



WE COULD GO ANYWHERE.



WE CAN GO ANYWHERE, TOO.



AND I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO HOME NOW.



YEAH, LET'S GO HOME.



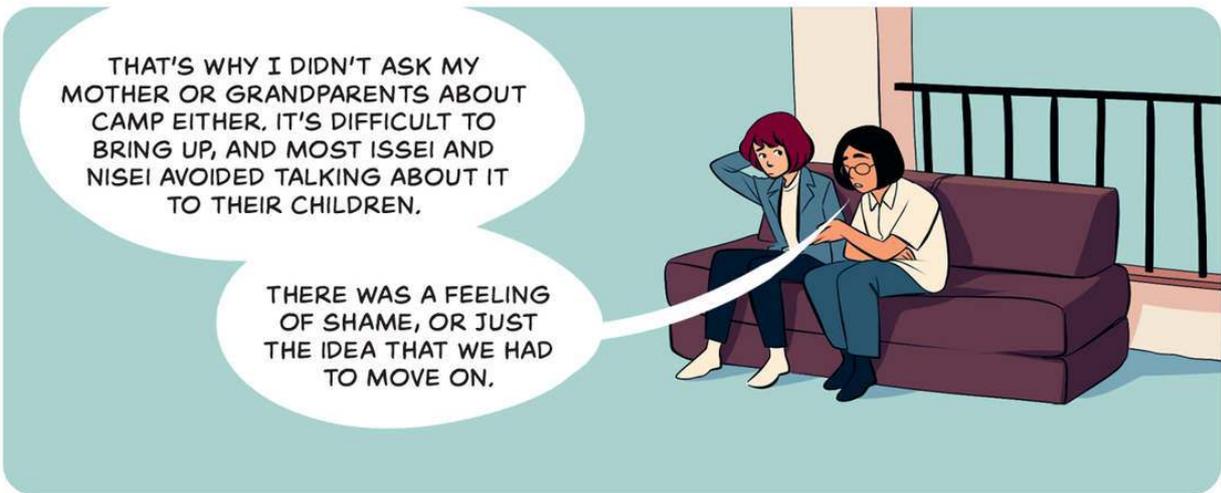
part IV:
home



10











MOM AND I STARTED DOING OUR OWN RESEARCH ON THE CAMPS. WE WENT TO LIBRARIES, GENEALOGY SITES, NEWSPAPER ARCHIVES.



WE FOUND MY GRANDMA'S YEARBOOK FROM TOPAZ HIGH SCHOOL. WE FOUND GOVERNMENT RECORDS OF WHEN SHE AND HER PARENTS ENTERED AND LEFT CAMP.

MOM BROUGHT OUT OLD FAMILY MEMENTOS THAT MY SISTER, MARIKO, AND I HAD NEVER SEEN. PHOTOS AND KNICKKNACKS.



INCLUDING...



A VERY FAMILIAR CARVING.



MR. MATSUZAWA HAD GIVEN A BEAUTIFUL CARVING TO MY GRANDMOTHER OF SOMETHING SHE WAS PASSIONATE ABOUT.

THE DISPLACEMENT HAD TRANSFERRED THE FEELING OF GRATITUDE AND CONNECTION SHE MUST HAVE FELT AT THAT MOMENT TO ME.



SHE KEPT IT HER WHOLE LIFE, AND NOW IT WAS SAFE WITH US.



THERE ARE A LOT OF LETTERS HERE, TOO, BUT SOME OF THEM ARE IN JAPANESE SO I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THEY SAY.

AMAZING HOW I CAN ONLY READ, LIKE, THREE WORDS ON HERE AFTER TWO YEARS OF HIGH SCHOOL JAPANESE.



WE'D HAVE TO GET A TRANSLATOR. NOBODY IN THE FAMILY SPEAKS IT.

DID YOUR MOM SPEAK IT AROUND THE HOUSE AT ALL?



ONLY TO MY GRANDPARENTS, SINCE THEY WEREN'T VERY COMFORTABLE WITH ENGLISH. BUT SHE DIDN'T REALLY WANT US TO SPEAK IT.



IT WAS DANGEROUS TO SPEAK IT IN THE CAMPS; IT MAKES SENSE SHE'D WORRY.



SHE WAS TRYING TO PROTECT HER KIDS.







IT WASN'T JUST FAMILY HISTORY WE LEARNED ABOUT.



WE DOVE DEEP INTO RESEARCH ON THE CAMPS IN GENERAL, INCLUDING A GREAT DEAL OF DOCUMENTATION THAT HAD ONLY RECENTLY BEEN DECLASSIFIED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

I BECAME PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN THE STORIES OF JAPANESE AMERICANS WHO ACTIVELY OPPOSED THE CAMPS, WHO FOUGHT THEIR INCARCERATION IN THE COURTS, AND WHO STOOD UP AGAINST BIGOTRY THROUGHOUT THEIR LIVES.



PEOPLE LIKE...



MINÉ OKUBO



GORDON HIRABAYASHI



AIKO HERZIG-YOSHINAGA



INA SUGIHARA



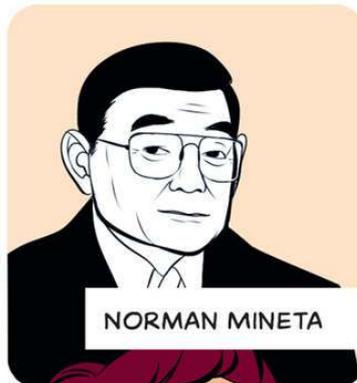
FRED KOREMATSU



YURI KOCHIYAMA



MITSUYE ENDO



NORMAN MINETA



AKI KUROSE

I WAS INSPIRED BY THEIR BRAVERY AND THE DETERMINATION THEY HAD NOT TO LET HISTORY BE REPEATED. IT WAS A FIGHT I WANTED TO BE A PART OF, TOO.



I HAD FELT HELPLESS DURING THE DISPLACEMENT, BUT NOW I KNEW I HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING ABLE TO PROTEST WITHOUT FEAR FOR MY LIFE. THAT WAS NOT TRUE FOR EVERYONE, SO I HAD A DUTY.



AND IT WAS A FIGHT THAT SEEMED MORE AND MORE NECESSARY EACH DAY.



IN AN EXECUTIVE ORDER THAT HE SAID WAS PART OF AN EXTREME VETTING PLAN TO KEEP OUT "RADICAL ISLAMIC TERRORISTS," MR. TRUMP ALSO ESTABLISHED A RELIGIOUS TEST FOR REFUGEES FROM MUSLIM NATIONS.

HE ORDERED THAT CHRISTIANS AND OTHERS FROM MINORITY RELIGIONS BE GRANTED PRIORITY OVER MUSLIMS.



WE DON'T WANT THEM HERE.

(STEPHEN MILLER, SENIOR ADVISOR TO TRUMP.)



OUR OPPONENTS, THE MEDIA, AND THE WHOLE WORLD WILL SOON SEE AS WE BEGIN TO TAKE FURTHER ACTIONS, THAT THE POWERS OF THE PRESIDENT TO PROTECT OUR COUNTRY ARE VERY SUBSTANTIAL AND WILL NOT BE QUESTIONED.

NONPROFIT NEWSROOM PROPUBLICA HAS RELEASED HEARTBREAKING AUDIO OF CHILDREN BEING HELD AT THE MEXICO-US BORDER, CRYING FOR THEIR PARENTS AS FAMILIES ARE TORN APART BY PRESIDENT TRUMP'S ZERO-TOLERANCE POLICY.



CHILDREN ARE BEING HELD IN DETENTION CENTERS WITH NO CLEAR TIME LINE FOR THEIR RELEASE OR REUNION WITH FAMILY.



I WAS PROUD TO SEE FELLOW NIKKEI STANDING TOGETHER AND SAYING "NEVER AGAIN."

(TSURU FOR SOLIDARITY AND DENSHO PROTESTING CAMPS AT FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA.)

AND I WAS SURPRISED WHEN MOM TOLD ME A STORY OF HER MOTHER SAYING THOSE SAME WORDS.



BACK IN THE '70S, EVEN PEOPLE AT OUR JAPANESE AMERICAN CHURCH WERE CALLING FOR ANTI-WAR PROTESTERS TO BE PUT INTO CAMPS.



WHAT, SERIOUSLY?

WELL, THESE WERE EAST COAST NIKKEI— THEY NEVER WENT TO CAMP THEMSELVES.





OUR CONNECTION TO THE PAST IS NOT LOST,
EVEN IF WE DON'T HAVE ALL THE DOCUMENTS,
EVEN IF WE NEVER LEARN THE DETAILS. THE
MEMORIES OF COMMUNITY EXPERIENCES STAY
WITH US AND CONTINUE TO AFFECT OUR LIVES.



An illustration of a protest scene. In the foreground, three women are visible. The woman on the left has dark curly hair and glasses, wearing a brown top. The woman in the middle has black hair and glasses, wearing a red top. The woman on the right has red hair and is wearing a blue top, holding a wooden signpost. They are holding signs that say 'ABOLISH ICE' and 'THE COMMUNITIES'. In the background, a crowd of people is silhouetted against a sky with light blue and white wavy patterns. A white text box is overlaid on the scene.

THE PERSECUTION OF A MARGINALIZED GROUP OF PEOPLE IS NEVER JUST ONE ACT OF VIOLENCE—IT'S A CONDEMNATION OF GENERATIONS TO COME WHO LIVE WITH THE ONGOING CONSEQUENCES. WE MAY SUFFER FROM THESE TRAUMAS, BUT WE CAN ALSO USE THEM TO HELP OTHERS AND FIGHT FOR JUSTICE IN OUR OWN TIME.

MEMORIES ARE POWERFUL THINGS.



author's note

The events in this book are a mix of fact and fiction, history and memory. I knew early on that I could never tell this story in its entirety—there were too many missing pieces of information. I was never able to meet my grandmother and ask her about her time spent in Topaz, and like many survivors of camp she died having left many parts of her life unspoken. But it wasn't until I began researching in earnest that I realized how much I never knew about the camps. The more I learned, the more I understood that my grandmother's story never ended with her. The camps left scars on our whole community, that were passed down through the Nikkei community and broke up their neighborhoods, and the lingering fear of appearing too Japanese discouraged the passing on of language and culture. This loss left me confused and unsure of my footing in Japanese American spaces, but researching for this book helped me understand and reclaim my place in it. History and memory have tremendous power to heal us and give us the tools we need to know ourselves and navigate the world.

As history repeats itself, as racist hysteria is used to carry out human rights atrocities once again, those tools must be used to help the victims of our own government's actions. These stories are vital, but only if you use them to take action. I hope this one can demonstrate how long-lasting and wide-reaching the damage of community trauma can be, and how vital it is that we fight against those who would inflict it on our most vulnerable neighbors.



acknowledgments

Special thanks to my family for their tireless support—Mom, Dad, Mariko—and to my grandmother Ernestina and great-grandmother Chiyo, strong women without whom I would not be able to tell this story. Thanks to First Second for taking a chance on my first book, and especially to Whit Taylor, editor extraordinaire, and Kiara Valdez and Molly Johanson for their help and encouragement. To all the incredible people at Densho, whose tireless work preserving our history was essential to my research, and who are fighting every day against racist injustice and modern concentration camps. To the Topaz Museum, Wing Luke Museum, and the National Parks Service for aiding my research. To Miya for the translations and emotional support. To all my friends who have cheered me on and helped me through burnout and emotional ruin. To my amazing girlfriend, Cy, who not only supported me throughout this process but used her librarian skills to help me with research. And finally to Octavia Butler, whose work inspired this book and who will always be a hero.

glossary of terms

Incarceration camp: The term you are probably most familiar with in regard to Japanese American history is “internment camp,” and while that is still a common way of referring to them, there is debate about its accuracy. The reality is that “internment camp” is used by the government to pacify the real history of the camps. Some people prefer the more accurate term “American concentration camp,” but that can draw very inaccurate comparisons to the Nazi death camps in Europe. Therefore “incarceration camp,” while not a perfect description, is the term I’ve used in this book.

Generational terms:

Issei: first generation, people who emigrated from Japan

Nisei: second generation, the first generation born in the USA

Sansei: third generation

Yonsei: fourth generation

Nikkei: a general term for people of the Japanese diaspora

further reading

Okubo, Miné. *Citizen 13660*. University of Washington Press, 1946.

Taylor, Sandra C. *Jewel of the Desert: Japanese American Internment at Topaz*. University of California Press, 1993.

Tunnell, Michael O. *The Children of Topaz: The Story of a Japanese-American Internment Camp Based on a Classroom Diary*. CreateSpace, 2011.

Cahan, Richard and Michael Williams. *Un-American: The Army Recruiting Team Coming. Topaz Times, April 2, 1943. Incarceration of Japanese Americans During World War II. Utah CityFiles Press, 2016. Utah Digital Newspapers, <https://newspapers.lib.utah.edu>.*

Inouye, Karen M. *The Long Afterlife of Nikkei Wartime Bell, Lorne W. "Administration Statement." Topaz Times, April 12, 1943. Stanford University Press, 2016. Utah Digital Newspapers, <https://newspapers.lib.utah.edu>.*

Tani, Henry. "The Tanforan High School." Japanese American Evacuation and Resettlement Records, BANC MSS 67/14 c, the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

Najima, Haruo. "The First Month at Tanforan: A Preliminary Report." Japanese American Evacuation and Resettlement Records BANC



Copyright © 2020 Kiku Hughes

Published by First Second

First Second is an imprint of Roaring Brook Press,
a division of Holtzbrinck Publishing Holdings Limited Partnership
120 Broadway, New York, NY 10271

Don't miss your next favorite book from First Second!
For the latest updates, go to firstsecondnewsletter.com and sign up for our
newsletter.

All rights reserved

Our eBooks may be purchased in bulk for promotional, educational, or
business use.

Please contact the Macmillan Corporate and Premium Sales Department at
1-800-221-7945, ext. 5442, or by e-mail at
MacmillanSpecialMarkets@macmillan.com.

Library of Congress Control Number: 2019938064

First edition, 2020

eISBN: 978-1-250-80162-3

Edited by Calista Brill and Whit Taylor

Cover design by Molly Johanson

Interior design by Molly Johanson



