

SAN F

FRIDAY July 11, 1975 FAREWELL TO MANZANAR:

The approach. One first moves nearly all the way around mount Sahasta, across the foothills, a high flat plateau of about 4000' ? common to much of the wets, decorated with bits of grass, and sage?

Out of the hills and down across the valley one sees hay barns, and a large insect like rig extruding golden bricks of hay from the lush green and fragrant alfalfa. The towns are small population 125, Welcome to Butte Valley, the CC ~~and~~ sign says with an assortment of Rotary, Lion and other service club medalions hung along the bottom much like Boy Scout Badges. The houses are mostly small old, wood lframe type. the Tradithional wodden church ;with its clapboard siding and row of pointed gotheic windows make it impossible to tell whether this town is in California, Illinois, Nebraska, whatever.

One of the features of the landscape that is a bit more a reminder of city life ~~xxxxxxx~~ is the innumerable hamburger stands, placed so as to cater to locals and out of town yokels alike. But it seems that they have all failed for I cannot find even one theat seems to be opened. What do the local people do for hamburgers? People do come into town for a little fun, for there are no boarded over bars.

A wonderhl between towns sits on a pretty knoll over its surrounding fields. It is covered with rough calpboard, probably the original, carefully oiled but unpainted, A tidy wife's garden with roses and all surrounds the house. It must have always remained int family, Not all the wood frame houses have faired wos well--- there has been an attempt to modernize, to emulate the city, which ~~xxxxx~~ by the time it reached here, many times diluted, amounts to a fities aqua or pink paint job, perhaps with a base of fake falgstones.

A larger, town, (Dorris) right at the center of the area sports a population of 1000, complete with a theratere boasting in large letters on its side" The world's greatest Movies". A beautifudl hacut stone city hall doeinates a large lawn. Twoo lumber plants with there ~~xxxxxx~~ coniclal burners sit at the edge of town like gateposts.

After turning off to go to tulelake there is a vast plain with ~~no~~ little signe of human habitations. It is a national wildlife sanctuar A sign with the silhouettes of a duck family says, "Don't rund down your woldlife." The ares is made up of ponds, Ducks, egrets and numeourous songbirds dot the water and the shore. The road seems like an endless strip of balck electirc tape running right down the center of the area. The ponds dry up, and soda, or salt beds are all that remain, blinding white, with just few scruffy pieces of grass on the higher ground, it is much like the dunes of a snowy desert. I wonder if a fisherman like Ko had been sent here. The tducks would prpably not looks so bad, but this dry barren empty world would have been especially painful for a man of the sea.

1

FRIDAY JULY 11, 1975

SC 50: Calvin and Dori in bed the first morning after their arrival in camp. It is not only my first morning here but that of Gretchen Corbett who plays the "naker nurse"; she looks on patiently, a bit nervous, about her first scene which is coming up. ~~that evening?~~ or the following day? Bill Maley and Hiro decide to use gold Mylar bunched through a window to give the scene an early morning feeling. Vernon and Dori each lie on their respective beds as the crew prepares the scene. A blanket is changed from an older worn Japanese style quilt to a heavy brown Army wool blanket. over Calvin. He patiently lies under this load in the searing heat. As dust is spread over the room and especially over his bed with a dust-filled cheesecloth bag and syringes. His face and hair are also dusted by the make up man. Dori who ~~is~~ is not in the first shot, sits patiently on her adjoining bed, beating the dust out of her mattress in little puffs.

By now, it is early afternoon, and it is truly hot and dusty, although the wind is not heavy, it is gusty enough to blow the powdery dust around, and in the door when it is open. The cameras remain covered by plastic bags, the people just turn their backs. The barack's interior is oven-like. The unfinished lumber, covered on the exterior by black heat absorbent tarpaper exudes heat in every direction. The heat pours off not only the sides and roof, but even the floor. Vernon patiently bears up, hardly moving, for the camera is being lined up. John decides the dust on Vernon is not light enough in color to contrast properly with the blanket. Another cheesecloth bag and filled with lighter filler is applied to Vernon. John places his knee and tells Hiro to begin his short tracking shot focused on the knee so the image resembles a mountain. Several takes are made; in the last Vernon can no longer stand the itchy dust and inadvertently protrudes his lower lip and blows. ~~Dust~~ A little cloud of dust comes off his face and hair. "Cut." That was great." It is one of those happy accidents that are so often a daily part of filmmaking.

The same is done to Dori for the reverse shot, after which, her mother hustles her off for a complete scrub down and shampoo in preparation for her next scene.

The crew moves outside into the dust for the next scene. Zenihiro is carrying his contraband camera under ~~axxxxxx~~ scrap wood in a box. He trips and falls right on his face under flag pole, several times, each time seemingly without any concern for his safety. He clowns around a bit between takes. It is his nature, and he has used it to give his character a wry, satiric quality.

In the evening, the set has cooled down a bit. The scene takes place the first summer of the family's arrival. Ko is still absent, just the women and children of the family, are together.

FRIDAY JULY 11, 1975

Freshly scrubbed, Dori looks on as a confrontation between Misa and Alice is played out. The script supervisor notices Grandma, who is dressed in kimono and jacket, has gotten out of wardrobe in her navy blue tennis shoes. There is something comic about it, for Mitsu Yashima, an author, ~~xxx~~ looks the part, except for that one item. Her slippers are quickly brought and exchanged for the tennis shoes, even though her feet ~~xxxxxxx~~ are not likely to be in the shot. Before the shot Nobu and Momo paced through their pats furiously outside in the ~~xxxxx~~ hot dust, working themselves up to a state of argument for the scene.

himself a former internee, Ben Kuwata, and his wife are waiting for their scene. Employed by an advertising agency in New York, he has exchanged his usual sophisticated look and demeanor for a scruffy V-neck cardigan and baggy pants which don't really fit. He introduces me to his wife, who has a plain brown house dress on and a scarf tied backwards over her hair. He says, "~~XXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ It's a new stereotype. She looks like a Japanese Aunt Jemima." In the real sense, the image is no funnier than the original Aunt Jemima, but looking at his slim, pretty wife in that get up, one cannot suppress a smile. Someone else in the mess hall comments that the women took to covering their hair because there were so many people using ~~the~~ each bath house, keeping your hair clean just one more day was a big accomplishment.

It is the last scene of the day; Chiyoko and Teddy have just arrived at the camp. They are very tired, the crew is very tired too. Ben and his wife play another young married couple with whom Chiyoko and Teddy must share quarters. The scene is very short, but it is easy to be tired at the end of a shooting day. Chiyoko looks like a pretty young woman, who has yet to face some of the hardships of life. Suddenly, she is thrown into this terrible situation. It is easy to feel sympathetic.

Ben also : The Kuwatas were actually on vacation, and volunteered to work in the film. Ben had met John when he worked on a Kodak add, after Jane Pittman, that featured John. "I am continually amazed by how much he knows," he said. "and he goes about it ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ in such a cool, reserved, way."

At dinner between scenes, I met Bob Knoshita, the Production designer and a former resident of Poston. Older, hard working, and slightly balding, he is quiet by nature, but, as he pushes his food about his plate, he comments, "Here we are, eating in the Tule Lake mess hall. After twenty-five years it's hard to believe it actually happened."

Nobu, who was still in Japan in the forties, comments about post-war Japan. "We were so grateful when food began to come in. We were practically starving, but we didn't know what to do with Western food. One week, we'd get nothing but peanuts, or corn meal, or Crisco. People would just eat whatever it was as it came. Finally we had neighborhood meetings on how to prepare it."

FRIDAY JULY 11, 1975

.."People would just eat crisco right out the can. They couldn't figure out how anyone could like it." The war was not one-sided in its travesties.

At the end of the day, Dori was exhausted. Sitting on her mother's lap, she asked, "Can we have some Japapense food?" This is truly meat and potato country.

SATURDAY JULY 12, 1975

John checks Gretchen's hair. The up sweep she is wearing is too stylish for a Quaker girl. She goes off to get a more severe, plainer do, while the crew sets up. Dori and Vernon have been reddened, oiled, and spritzed with water to appear feverish, but it's not hard in this heat to look sweaty and uncomfortable. ~~Misa and~~ Alice, ~~who~~ who is also a little sick, and Misa apply wet compresses to the children's heads. They have taken sick from too strong a typhoid inoculation. Some of the crew have picked up a mild, local virus, and feel appropriately punk for the scene almost in sympathy with the script. Jeanne has gone so far as to start bringing bottled water for her Husband and children; she carries it everywhere with her as though she were on a desert outing. It is Gretchen's first appearance as Lois; she is a little nervous, sits on a cot in background with that almost catatonic stare that actors sometimes get as they search their insides for the right feelings for the scene. Finally, they rehearse. Mid way through the scene, Misa, who is so grateful for the nurse's attention, gives her a silk scarf in appreciation. She foists it on her. Nobu and Gretchen work it out, Nobu explaining that the older Japanese would be terribly insistent, no matter how much the recipient would refuse, they would persist, winning in the end, by simply thrusting the gift into the recipient's hands. Nobu explains to Gretchen that ~~xxxxxxx~~ image is what she will be using for that part of the scene.

Meanwhile, Dori has been prepared for the odori scene. She and the three other girls and women have been dressed in yukata. They make a startling contrast with the stark camp...like flowers in an unexpected place. Dori is a little nervous, ~~and~~ she has ~~begun to~~ never done the traditional odori dance; She has also begun to unconsciously do what the adult players do: start preparing for an upcoming scene. Of the four women and girls, she is removed in the midst of the surrounding set preparation, wiping her head with a handkerchief as she stares at the floor thinking. It is the first pretty scene shot, a scene late in camp life when some of the comforts have been restored by the persistent work of the camp's residents and the easing up of restrictions by the WRA. Everyone responds openly to the relief the scene presents ~~from~~ from some of the other heavier, and sadder, recreations of camp life.

SATURDAY JULY 12, 1975

Dori is very direct. She always gives her best efforts, does as she is asked. But she is not a docile child, she is very energetic, playing off moments with the other kids, and today, fighting with her brother, who has come up with their father to visit. She does the sleeve tossing movement demonstrated to her by a teen ager quite well, with just the right amount of hesitation, suitable to a beginner....a slight tightening of the lips, as she tries, a little nodding of the head, as she gets a little behind in her movements. The two girls sit down and bow formally to the teacher.

EXT: Misa and Jeannie bring a tray of food to Grandmother, Dori's father moves about in the background with his 8mm camera, trying to get a good shot of his daughter. He's very proud of her, but very discreet about making any display of it.

In the mess hall, some of the mothers, and other extras, bored by the lack of anything to do while waiting, help braid straps from old cloth for geta, the wooden Japanese clogs raised by little blocks of wood on the soles. Others, already dressed for a scene play cards, Kinsohita's assistants saw and sand the wooden soles and blocks at the end of the mess hall where the wood shop has been set up. In still another corner, Norma, the hairdresser, busily clips the men's hair, which lies in a pile around her feet, or gives upsweeps to the women. Over all this activity, someone has brought a tape recorder from which pours popular Japanese music.

Carolyn Abe, the companies, resident film student, is having coffee and going over some of the hundreds of releases necessary for every extra that has apart. She is young, round-faced, with a mouth full of braces that make her seem younger than her senior status at Stanford. "I wanted very much to work on this film," she says. "I really feel lucky, because there are so many better qualified people than me. My teacher, who knows and has worked with John, was a little surprised I think, when I told him." He said, "Don't blow it." "That made me kind of mad, but at the same time I know what he means." "I really don't want to blow this opportunity." She is enthusiastic, but not pushy about it, which is something that many students, unable to contain themselves, do. She worries a lot about doing everything well, about being on the spot when needed, but she doesn't run around like a puppy, here and there, getting in the way. Asked why she's into film, she doesn't really have a pat answer, she just likes it. Now, that she's had an opportunity to work on a set, she questions whether more schooling will be of any help to her. She's discovered that there are far more people in the business than there are jobs. "I've really enjoyed working with the extras. The other day some of them were finished, and had to leave and I felt like crying. I think I get too emotional, too attached.....Movie people are like gypsies, they come together, get very close and then separate.?"

SATURDAY JOY 12, 1975

A Saturday barbeque has been arranged; Bill Malley is the chief cook, as he carries a propane barbeque in his truck as a part of his equipment. It seems, one can always count on the grips and ~~fax~~ gaffers to quickly locate the best food and drink on location. A short drive, some ~~xxx~~ ten miles to Malin, just over the border, and we were in a beautiful grassy park with an Olympic swimming pool and playground equipment. It seems strangely placed for the ~~xxxxxxx~~ Town's business districts consists of about a dozen buildings along ~~xxxxxx~~ about a block of the road. Steak, hamburgers, hot dogs and salads are in the works, but a strong and stormy ~~wx~~ wind comes, up, and everything starts blowing around as the sky darkens. Sheets of rain can be seen a few miles off. Malley insists on optimism as a weapon against a close out. Still, the few people doing the preparations start thinking about how to cover everything up. There isn't even any shelter, for the few early arrivals have taken all the cars to go out and search for ice and garlic powder. Those remaining would be stuck under the trees, should ~~xxxxxx~~ the thunder shower ~~xxxx~~ pass over the park. No one new has arrived, things don't look so good, but after about a half an hour the storm turns and heads away from the park, only because of Bill's optimism, or so he claims. The danger passed, people begin to arrive and eat, and soon, a ~~xxx~~ pleasant gathering is in progress, people chatting in ways that are not possible in the midst of a work day. Earlier, the life guard from the pool came over and asked in the midst of the wind, whether anyone was going swimming. It was clear enough that no one would arrive in time. We told her to go home, and we would tell everyone that she closed the pool because of the lightning danger. Bill foisted a hamburger on her before she left.

SUNDAY JULY 13, 1975

Eating out" on your day off around here largely involves a choice between two restaurants, much the same in quality and menu range. The neat coffee shop, complete with revolving advertiser clock over the counter, is filled with two kinds of people:....neatly dressed older couples and young families having lunch after going to meeting and the film cast and crew.having breakfast after sleeping in.

The production assistants are having a quick lunch before getting the sixty or so extras for Mondays' shoot housed, and so forth. "It's amazing," said Carolyn,"how everybody immediately gets along, immediately seem to feel some kind of rapport." She is young and enthusiastic, but not in a naive way. Her feelings about film are more genuine. than that.

We take our coffee cups and go over to join several members of the cast who have just come in to lunch. Nobu shows up two recent purchases: a 1928 McCall's magazine and a Japanese salt shaker without its mate. She's very pleased with her finds. SteveMori, as always carrying his Nikon and tape recorder, ~~he~~ also has a cardboard carton full of wonderful family photographs---turn of the century bride and groom, in traditional Victorian pose, he standing beside his seated wife who wears a fluffy white blouse and long banded skirt. He sports a handsome handlebar mustache. Other pictures follow...the Japanese American flapper. vistis to Jpane, a group picture of the Oakland Buddhist Chure dated in beautiful ~~palmer~~ palmer, 1906. Finally, there is one album which as forties pictures taken at Topaz, four loveleies in white uniforms with Topaz beauty parlor scribbled across one corner, some high school girls leaning against a tree in a winsome pose., a traditional wedding and all the other shots of ~~the prison that eventually became a village.~~

The cast pores over them, picking up details which for some, are well before their time.

Nobu tells of her casting for the part. Her first reading was well -received by John, Jeanne and Jim, but they felt she was too young, too thin, and too pretty. John asked her to return again, at another time, if she thinks she cando something with herself. The scond reading was with Yuki Shimoda. She had boutght herself an old thriht shop special, and packing any proper padding, wrapped a beach towel around her middle to suggest t middle-aged portliness, ~~and~~ salt and pepered her hair, emphaisezed ~~her~~ facial lines to hide her ususal good looks. As she and Yuki began to walk around in preparation for ~~her~~ their reading, Jeanne innocently asked, " Yuki, are you looking for something?" Yuki responded by gruffly telling Nobu to get out. " I knew he was ready, when he did that, " she recalled.

JULY 13, 1975 continued.

John quickly shhh'd Jeanne telling her that he was preparing.

Nobut said, "I wasn't worried about Yuki hitting me or anything, I trust him completely and so, I was able to be really wholehearted." I had brought along the tray of food caloeed for in the scene, jsut carrot and clelery sticks, cause I knew he was going to just throw them all over the room."

When I came in, I even walked a little stooped. Jeanne looked at me and said, " Nobu?...Nobu, is that you. You really do look like my mother."

Yuki: "We really got into it, I really threw her on the bed, and we really went at it." John, Jeanne and Jime, wer e just completely silent for a moment after we finished...until I said, 'that's it'. They were really taken aback by our intensity."

All this ~~xxxxxx~~ recall of ~~xxxx~~ their mutual experience was flavored with that ~~xxxx~~ mixture of vanity and the need for reassurance that characterizes actors. They need to be reassured, to be supported, and yet, they are often very headstrong, seem to be completely sure of themselves.

 piped up,
Akemi ~~xxxx~~, " Joh is so good, he really knows haw to make you fell appreciated "

Yuki ~~xxxx~~ was in the Tule Lake camp...~~xxxxxxx~~ block 26. He is agreat storyteller relating several incidents from that itme when he was 18. Once, he went over to another block 52 to see a freind, and stopped off in the latrine. All the services in the camp, mess halls, laundreis and latrines were in approximately the dame place in each' block, except sometimes one side of the latrine would be womens' in one ~~xxxx~~ block while in another, that~~xx~~ side would be ~~xxxx~~ mens. It was a horrbles, dusty day, practically impossible to see. he ran into the latrine, and thought, ~~xxxxxxx~~ boy, they weally keep things up over here. t had little partitions and was very tidy. So he sat himself down, and the next thing he knew he heard women's voices. "Boy, you've never seen anyone pull up their pants and a run out of there so fast. I have never forgotten that, " he said.

Anther time, in wonter, he and his grilfriend were walking on an iced over sewage pond, he called it going iceskating, but I'm not clear on that. As he was guiding her along, sure enough, she fell in. He said it took a bit of ding to get her out as she was wearing a very heavy winter coat. He was laughing, but she was dripping wet from head to foot. "her mother wacribbed from top to boottom with lye soap." Iasked wheter she continaed to be heis gril, He said, " Oh, she was my dancing partner. Lucy. I'll never forget Lucy." We used to dance in a back room with a virecord player so much that ~~wxx~~ the bunch of us literlally wore out the linoleum."

JULY 13, 1975 continued.

Absorbed in the time of the event, his face changes, to a bit more melancholy look; he is for the moment, 18, and living in Tule Lake.

"I never expected to use that part of my life in my acting, but it seems everything has its time."...."I'm bvery excited about the part, I've been writing down everything I could rmemeber this morning. omorrow when I get on that bus and come into camp to do my first scene, I'm going to go over it, I'm going to be really arriving."

~~FROM ABOVE NARR~~xxx Q: have you met Doré and Calvin?
Oh yes. I knew Calvin's father, (and mother?0 in camp.

Nobu: "That's what so wonderful about John's shcedueling. I did soething about the latrine and then the arrival first."
Gretchen adds, *that her first scene was also the one she frist did."

The director's the thing (Yuki), and I think John is very sensitive to the material. I am really looking forward to this part.

YUKI: John told me I had to lose some weight. I'm trying, I'm trying, I said. someone comments that the location food will be of some help, for as usual it is ample, but mediocre fare. "I don't like to eat, I hate afternoons. You are so sleepy after the break. Mornings. that's my favorite time.

Akemi said she also felt up between 4 and 8 in the even9ng. "It's a physiologicla rythym," she adds.

Nobu has been talking about how it is important to be nice to the cameraman, bring him tea and all. "oh yes. Yuki adds with great emphasis. You must be nice to the cameraman. Someone lets on that Hiro's weakness is not tea or coffee but pickels;; Akemi questions him, Tsukemono? Tkauwan?" "Kim chee." he answers. Ahh, kim chee" she says, thinking about how nice it would be to have some. "There is one Jpanese restau uant bout thirty miles from here" "I don't want to be too comfortable fxxxxxxxxxx. I want to really do this part," reflects Yuki, unshaven and slightly grubbly looking for his first scene, his arrival at the camp. "It's better this way."

The cast continues to chatter about their profession:

~~xxxx~~ I knew I was going to be an actor when I was about seven, says Yuki. "Our Buddhist priest onced asked the childten what they were going to be when they grew up. Kids usualyy have no idea, but idid. I raised my hand and said, 'I'm going to be an actor.' Ithink he was a little surpised by how sure SI was. five or six years ago, ~~xxx~~ he was very old, jit was just before he ~~kd~~ died, I went to see heim. He took great relish in recalling that incident."

JULY 13, 1975

Yuki continued, "I was such a movie buff when I was a kid.." "me too, adds Akemi." "I used to just love to go to the movies, Carol Lombard, Gary Cooper, I thought they were just wonderful" (yuki) Akemi reminisces over Cary Grant.

YUKI: I was cautioned about my enthusiasms for acting. I never thought about how the way I looked might affect my career, I just knew what I felt....

There is an unspoken understanding of the situation. There has been little opportunity for the Asian actor. It is many times the struggle that Caucasian actors must go through.

Akemi felt her hair do and all was too old for her first scenes, She worries a bit, but almost everyone on the set loved her arrival outfit, a neat suit, a beautiful pompadour tucked under a yellow salad bowl type hat. She looked so fresh, young, beautiful...like a young woman who has not yet had to face anything terrible. Suddenly she is cast into camp, without privacy, without warning, she must endure not only her own hardship, but that ~~affliction~~ felt by the entire family..

JULY 13 cont'd

DAILIES:

Around five in the afternoon the company gathered in the heart of Tulalake before its one movie theatre, the Marcha; It is a forlorn thirties special with black and maroon tile front, stepped crenelations at the top of the facade, and those typical curved door pulls. One expects to pay a quarter to see an matinee with clark gable, or Betee Davis as the stars, but instead the no longer used Marcha is our screening room.

Inside, only the ~~xxxxxx~~ seats in the center section remain, and a the origianl screen is gone. the heating equipment, etc. can be seen behind our smaller screen. Stenciled Deco designs and fake painted marble panels ornament the interior walls. several aqua blue hexagonal chandleiers serve as house lights.

There is something awful about dailies. Everyone on the crew wants to know that their efforts have turned out OK; at the same time, sitting beside your peers and director and anticipating watching bloopers by your departemnt is painful. As one person put it, Of course, I'm going but I watch them by peeking through a crack in my hands which I put over my eyes.

The reels go by, an actor comments about how her hair had fallen down a bit in the bus scene. She woriies a bit, but then, decides that it will probably be abll rights sincex~~xxxx~~ that scene occrus at the end of a long bus trip, where it would be natural to be a bit messy.

Zenihiro's scen have the touch of the comic about them. It is clear that this character is dead serious about the camps, but he plays his part by going around the system to bring a cameria into camp, and get into other mischieg. The crowd alughs at couple of his lines, which have a devilish ring to them: to Calvin: Have you seen the Army stock room? HMm...

John comments about how Pat Morita continued to wear his tags throughout his part. The wardrobe and continuity people tried to get him to rmove it ~~xxx~~ for the scenes following his arrival but he insisted that Zenihiro would wear ~~xxxxx~~ it as a protest. John Agreed. At the end, where he is leaving, he comes out his barrack's door with his luggage, and tosses it into the room.

Bob comments to one of his neighbors, that the flag used in the picture belongs to the owner of the Flying Goose Lodges. It was, unfortuantely, the flag that came on his son's coffin during WWII.

Check with zjim Houston about Lillian Baker mentioned by Jo n as threatening to sue if they showed the plaque at Manzanar. Sue Emry also has had some run ins with her.

JULY 13, 1975

From the leftover fixings another barbeque was held at the park after the dailies. The crowd was not as large, just a few people from the crew and most of the principal cast. One of the drivers supervising the hamburgers commented about how cooking meat over a fire was supposed to be very basic, almost a primal meal. I asked Gretchen ~~what she felt~~ how she felt about being a Quaker nurse, for I have only seen her play parts ~~which~~ in which she looks very much as she does in real life. "I do feel it, being the only hakaui. And most of the actors have worked together a lot before. Everyone ~~is~~ is really nice, I'm not excluded or anything, I just feel a little behind." There was no time to follow that thread and everyone began to arrive and eat.

Dori's mother came with the piece de resistance, a pot of rice. All the Japanese Americans were thrilled, for the caterer's attempts at rice cooking resulted in a pasty concoction that would appeal to no one. Dori's father had brought up pickles, radishes, ~~which~~ chirimen..pickled fish, homemade smoked salmon, and other goodies. Akemi sat and taught Dick Nova how to handle chopsticks, while some teriyaki sauce was made for the leftover steaks. Everyone ate the rice quite discreetly, but with great relish. It was as though they had been ~~starved~~ starved for several days, which is far from the truth when one considers what local food is always like.

At one end of the table Dori's and Vernon's mother talked with some of the extras about their favorite Japanese movies, Yuki joined in, one person like Nakadai, another thought he was too pretty. The lady in twenty-four eyes was acclaimed by everyone.

The script supervisor talked with me briefly about the organizational aspects of production. She can do them, but sometimes, the wealth of detail is overwhelming and nearly impossible for one person to keep up with. I told her how some of the extras just thought she was taking a few notes, and were surprised to hear how much information she had to keep track of, and how much she had to do after hours to make sure it was in readable form for the editors. "he just laughed" "I'll try to look busier from now on."

Reg and his wife Rosemary stopped by. First thing he wanted to know was who was paying for the picnic,, joking in his accountant's way. Early in the day, he had come out to the lawn in front of the motel and passed out Heinekens, his favorite of many beers he drinks. "Don't worry, it's coming out of your pockets," he said. Excusing himself, he said, "I'll think I'll go in my room and count my money."

MONDAY, JULY 14, 1795

SC 121, 155, ~~42~~, 84, 152, 167, 168

Today is the day of Ko's arrival. It is a big scene, one that the entire "Wakatsuki family" has been building up to. In make up Nobu, Momo, and Akemi are getting ready. Nobu: Now, Alice, remember Papa doesn't like lipstick." ~~Akk~~ Momo seeing a blue ribbon on the counter, "Can I wear a ribbon in my hair?" Already, the group has started to become unit, the family roles overlapping with off camera ~~xxxx~~ life. Monica, the four year old daughter of the child players' teacher, sits at Nobu's feet, fascinated with Don lepages' transformation of her ~~xxxxxxx~~ model-like beauty into an aging middle aged woman. "Why are you painting ~~me~~ on her face?" Nobu! "Well, I have to look like Grandma, right?" Monica nods, although still a bit confused.

Yuki shuffles out of the dressing room, deep in concentration. Non one disturbs him, just nods. He is clearly already working himself up. Nobureally does not want to seem him before their scene together. He shuffles out into the space between the barracks, looks at the vegetables there. He had hoped to not come to the camp at all before the scene, but to dress and make up at the hotel. Practical considerations and a large cast call for the day, made that impossible. He asks "Do people live here? All this pine paneling etc." People do live here at Flying osse Lodges, many of them older couples, some farm workers and hungers in season. The owner has been gradually selling the bungalows off one at a time. It's easy to see how he might feel about the change, the idea of someone wanting to live in what, in actual fact, had been a prison for him as a young man. He knew yesterday, that it would be hard for him to see this place again, but he also knows that those feelings will help him in his role.

Jim Huston, is to double for the Holtzman character, the adminstrato fo the camp. Dressed in a Fedora and long overcaota he litterally towers over everyone on the set, for he is a big man to begin with. Asked if he ever acted, he said, "only in college, I was always more interested in writing....Acting is almost too immediate. There youare, out there, and what you do is what your do. With writing at least, you can do it over and over, before exposing it to anyone eles." *Same self-consciousness as an actor*

Ther first scene to be shot is the departure of Richard and Teddy for the Army. It is supposed to be December so everyone is wearing heavy wointer coats, scarves and hats in the noon sum. The cast throws them back over their shoulders ~~down~~ to hang behind their backs from their elbows, whe n they are not rehearsin. More dust is brought in and spread around in billowing clouds. Akemi, hikes up her pregnancy pillow from time to time, as Chiyoko, she is supposed to be four months prgenaat.

MONDAY JULY 14, 1975

Hiro is sitting on his dolly in the middle of a Japanese garden Bob Kinsohita has built for the picture. Behind the small curved bridge, beneath an umbrella, the camera crew looks comically out of place. The scene is complicated, the bus must arrive at a certain point, people must load in a ceratain ofder, camera angles must be cleared of extras fo show the principals, etc. A line of overdressed, wool swathed extras patiently wait as the ADs pick out and make up families. "Do you speak Japanese? And you? OK. you and you and you are one family. Stand over here. Durng the scene just talkin Japanese. I'll get back to you and tell you when to get on the bus." "You understand, your son is going off to the army." And so forth.

The scene is finally ready, and rehearsed. Calivn takes a picture of the family, they hugg and kiss A two year old, playing the part of Chiyoko's first child is very cooperative, "bye, bye, Dady, she says over and over, waving ~~texkhex~~ and pointing to the bus. The cameras are moved up for close-ups. Akemi and Clyde rehearse their good-bye kiss at the door of the bus for the cameraman. They clown it up, holding on to it beyond what is needed. Akemi brekas away, smotting her ~~kw~~ protruding tummy with "Teddy..Really" kind of style.

~~hex~~ Just as the bus is pulling away a car which has gotten through a sid street not policed, rolls into the shot, spoiling the end of it. It means one more take in the heat. A teenaged extra faints. the make-up man and a wiaingn extra take her into the mess hall to lie on a cot. ~~Texxxkxxxfxxjxx~~ Sitting on the row of jusgs, holding lemonagde, water and coffee is a bottle of salt tablets that were'nt there yesterday.

The crew moves to the gate where Kō ōs to arrive. A huge gray and ancient buss is waiting there, wired by jump cables to a pick up truck. t ~~xx~~ is so ancient, it no longer stars on its own. The driver, treats it like a baby to keep it going. Ko finally comes out. Everyone steers clear, Nobu walking off to not see him. but he comes up and asks, the make up man, "is maynose too red. he make up man obliges by softeneing the broken red veins he has put on his nose." Yuki shuffles around, and gets on the bus an quickly as he can. Jean and her husband, wait anxiously on the sidleines with lou Frizzel, who will be playing himself...i.e. the drama taecher at the camp. in one of tomorrow's scenes. It is the first time I have seen her pace around, with an anxious look on her face. She ususally is so sunny, the company diplomat who takes care of overeveryone, talks with all the extras, and checks out the set dression for accuracy.

MONDAY JULY 14, 1975

The bus chugs out, haltingly at first. The family is lined up in greeting by the gate. A large number of the extras have gathered in the background, sensing this is an important scene. The family is happily excited as the bus pulls into the shot.

The bus pulls up, and stops. A number of people, some Caucasians from the camp administration, other Japanese workers who may have been in the fields and few other arrivals transferred from other camps get out. There is a pause. Then, the tapping of Ko's cane. He shuffles down the steps and just stands there. The set is deadly quiet. Everyone is startled by his presence he has created during the drive out in the bus. Dori runs to him first, throwing her arms around him. Then Nobu, crying, slowly, ~~looking~~ approaches him, followed by other members of the family.

It has been overcast, but the sun pops out suddenly, a cameraman's nightmare. He closes down quickly, the grips handling reflectors feather off, but there is no way of knowing what kind of exposure and which sections of the shot may be thin on the negative. The cameraman uses his viewing class, looking up at the sun, to estimate how much time ~~is~~ they have either behind the clouds or clearly sunny. Akemi has moved back as the scene is set up again. The makeup man, ~~he~~ wipes the tears from the family's eyes and fixes their makeup. "That wasn't hard to respond to, she says, "I got goose pimples when I saw him. My feelings came on so fast, I had to pull them back a little." Everyone on set murmurs, a little relieved from the power of the scene in between takes. Nobu paces off her sad feelings to get ready to repeat the happy opening. Finally, the sun, the bus, and the actors are all in the right place. The scene is done again, several times, with close-ups. Once finished, Nobu and Yuki hug each other, crying and laughing at the same time, in a gushing release of the tensions and emotion. The crew and the watchers on also begin to move about freely. People seemed to have been glued to their places during the scene. Several of the on-lookers, many of them formerly in camps, blow their noses. Later, Maley, a 20 year veteran, said, "When I saw him come out. My stomach just tightened up, I could just feel it coming on.

Nobu goes off to the dressing room, but Yuki stops to say, "That was so awful, but it felt so good too. There were a lot of feelings there, that even I hadn't thought about. That came out during that moment. It was like therapy."

Jim Huston gets into one of the vintage cars for his drive in shot. The dust has really begun to blow around the set, making the scene look great, but making the crew and extras uncomfortable. Bracey the first assistant keeps working on deeping the camera clean, checking now and again under its plastic covering.

MONDAY JULY 14, 1975

Yuki also stopped to speak to one of the older extras that had been looking one. They had been both in camps. They chat freely in Japanese, the extra complimenting him, then going on to talk about their mutual experiences. Yuki is very pleased with how the scene came out for him, and now feels more relaxed.

Just after the drive by goes through a van, with Lou Frixzell arrives, Jeanne rushes over from her seat on the grass to greet him, says she'll join him momentarily at the production office. Coming back to get her things, she says to Sue Emery, ~~WM~~ of the Manazar committee, "he hasn't changed much has he? Sue agrees.

The wind is about as bad as it can get after lunch, during which Hiro has given Bob the working in characters for a sign Bob is making. Bob, a Nisei speaks Japanese fluently, but never had the opportunity to learn to read and write it. Hiro, a young issei, has checked around with some of the other older people to insure the characters, which have changed since the forties, are in period.

Still, the extras, patiently wait in the grass, some lying down to keep the ~~dust~~ stinging dust out of their eyes. Some sit in a bus which won't be used in the scene showing the men of the famed 442nd going off after visiting their families on leave. The Ads run around forming new families as before, placing them and telling them when they will walk to the bus. One boy in uniform introduced to his pretend parents, bows with a "hajimemashite" (how do you do). The bow in return before embarking on an active conversation in Japanese while waiting for the camera to be set up and the ancient bus to be started once again. The entire crew has put on safety goggles in their efforts to combat the dust. Barney hovers over the camera, Those wearing glasses under goggles are particularly comical, especially like Evie whose goggles are light blue, giving him a space man look. Art Rochester hovers over his custom sound equipment cart. the drawpull mechanism has got grit in it, causing a scratchy sound when he pulls it back and forth. He's trying to clean it out. Impossible. He's enveloped in another cloud of dust which he turns his back to.

MONDAY JULY 14, 1975

The families head for the bus waving a sad farewell as a cloud of dust rolls in once again. The bus pulls out slowly leaving the families waving at the gate.

One boy had a really short haircut, and looked like he had just gotten out of boot camp. Another was one young man who has been taking enormous number of pictures.

Dori, Vernon, their mothers and Momo are sitting watching and waiting on the steps of makeup. The women here have taken up making quilt squares in the very old American pattern called the cathedral window. Momo busily stitches one of her blue denim squares together as she talks. Asked how many of the cast come from the East West Players, she says. "Yuki, Nob, my mother and my brother, and Akemi. Q: How about Jim Saito, "I'm working on it, I'm working on it. Dori is obviously fascinated by the players' idea. Having been chosen from her work in a five minute educational film, she has not had any training, and now, is a bit curious as to how actors become actors. "Do they have any children" she asks "oh, yes. we just had a children's program." "They aren't mostly Jap. are they?" "yes, they are." Dori thinks and moment, then goes into the dressing room to get their quilt squares, which she has started only since her arrival here. D: "How old are the kids." "Well, I worked with the dance group...they ran from four to 15" "How many 15 year olds were there?" "Oh, About a third." Momo sensing Dori's curiosity is more serious than just an inquiry. goes on, "We did two programs one for the little kids and one for the older kids." "Dori's mother adds that she has found a program through the JACL, she thinks, in SF, that she is going to check out. The Asian Actors' Workshop is mentioned, as well as the Children's Workshop at ACT. Dori listens, but busies herself with untangling a knot in her handiwork.

Calvin is standing around, ~~xxxxx~~ wearing a short sleeved white shirt and tie, his hands in his pockets. He speaks with a certain matter of factness. "Well I saw an add in the Nichibei, ..yes, I think it was the Nichibei, and I wrote in. They sent me some forms. I filled them out and sent them back (forms were extra forms). Well, nothing happened, so my mother called Korty's studio, and it just happened that John Korty answered. He asked how old I was, and my mother said thirteen. He said he was looking for a 13 year old boy, and asked if I would be willing to read for him. I did, and that's how I got the job." He enjoys telling this story with a certain amount of understatement, as if it were not all that exciting to be in a movie, but just something he happened to ~~xx~~ do this summer instead of going camping. He's interested in cameras and gear, as are most of the boys on the set, who given a chance take a peek through the eyepiece. "I want to get a camera, a good camera. He peers into the lens of the one I am wearing around my neck." Obviously, the Instamatic I've seen him with is no longer of interest since he's seen so many people running around taking pictures with single reflex jobs, some of them very fancy.

MONDAY JULY 14, 1975

I take the camera off and let him look it over, look through the viewer. We sit on the grass and I show him how the smaller the f stop the larger the hole, and that means the depth of field is less. He palsy around looking at a couple of waiting extras down the way, to see the difference. He picks up my meter, and we sort of go through how that works, what the difference between an incident and reflective reading is. He's very bright, asks a few questions, but catches on almost immediately. I'm about to let him take a couple of pictures when the "Wkatsukis" are called to the gate for Momo's going away scene.

~~xxxxxx~~ Alic has found a Quaker sponsor through Lois, so she may leave the camp and go to school. She is older, no longer wearing school girl girls and saddle shoes, but an Andrew sisters up sweep, and fashionabe pumps. Still, she clowns around with the younger kids. It is a summer scene, but it is windy and cooler, It seems the summer scenes, when the actors must go without jackets, are always played when it's a bit cool, and winter scenes ~~xxxx~~ when the playdrs myst wear heavy overcoats, and must stand in the mid day heat. Nobu goes over to one of the crew and says, "Give me a couple of dollars." "Sure, how much do you need?" Not understanding that she wants the money right then, she asks again, "I need it now." "Oh, I see, you want it for the scene." Shh shh. she says I don't giggling want her to know." ~~She~~ Nobu, playing the mother, goes over to Yuki and takes heim aside while the crew is finishing lining up the camera, she whispers in his ear as she presses the cash into his hadn, He nods. Momo watches, senses something is up, but has no idea what. The family is ahppy for Alice, happy that she has an oppurtunity to get away. For Yuki, it is a little sad, the boys are gone, and now Alice, Slowly his family is slipping away, but he plays the scene with a combination of melancholy and good cheer. Finally, yu,i springs the money on Alice, she takes the surprise very well "Oh,, Daddy..." she says. The two girls get on the bus, and just before it pulls away, she rmembers something she has forgotten. The family remains, samller again by another person ~~xxxxx~~ standing in the cloud of dust in the vening sun.

Jeanne tells me of how her nieces, amny of whom are on the set, get bored, ask what they can do, "Well, I con't know, let's ee. One says, :Well, what did you do when you were in camp? They are slipping into the false front reality that surrounds the movie. Finally, Jeanne found them something to do: help with the making of getas . She says, "It is a direct parallel, the boredome, the fining something do do, often manking something." So her nieces busily braid the straps for the getas as the wooden soles pour from the woodshop.

MONDAY JULY 14, 1975

Vernon's mother and father were at Tule Lake, and new Yuki Shimaoda, but she says, "that was so many years ago. We also knew Drew's mother from school. It's funny how many of us here have some connection to another."

Monica, who earlier was watching Nobu' make up, has been waiting anxiously for a week to be used. Finally, she gets her chance, to do a walk through in Holtzman's arrival scene. She is thrilled, getting dressed up and walking by the two takes, but she would have liked to keep doing it. "Is that all, she asks her mother on the sidelines after.

Calvin asked if he wants to be an actor, says, "no, I want to be a photographer.

TUESDAY JULY 15, 1975

Rain, and lots of it. It's going to muck up the talent show, but John says he must shoot it because the talent is here. The crew works to ~~xxxxx~~ tarp in the set, while kids who have gotten away from their mothers play in the mud, jumping puddles, and generally getting as dirty as possible.

John, meanwhile, is examining the main interior set which has been leaking; there are puddles all along one side of the building. He decides to do a scene of a PTA meeting held in the winter. "Put buckets under the leaks, and put the tea and cookies over here on this rough table. Better move those books out of the rain though."

Outside the camera crew prepares to shoot some muddy walking scenes. Inside the crowded mess hall, Drew Takahashi, the community liaison who has worked with various Japanese American groups to get extras, asks for volunteers to do walking in the rain scenes. A few girls get on some getas from the factory at one end of the room and practice walking in them.

Lou Frizzell, who actually plays himself in the film, recalls coming back: "Momo and I were practicing her number for the talent show over on the set where the piano is. The rain was dripping into a bucket and the piano was slightly out of tune. That's the way it really was, it was as if nothing had changed."

Jeanne had heard Momo practicing from the outside as I had. It was strange to hear someone singing through the tarpaper walls. They seem so dead, so wooden, ~~xxxxxx~~ when one passes them. She listens for a bit, and her eyes begin to fill. Her sister Lillian, ~~who~~ on whom Momo's character is based, has joined her. "Just seeing him there, changing the music, correcting a lyric, brings it all back," says Jeanne.

JULY 15, 1975

Lou goes on, "I was about 22 when I came here, just out of school, eager to teach. We had nothing to work with, but the people were so appreciative, it was really rewarding. If hadn't done all these musicals, and talent shows, I probably wouldn't have tried show business. But I thought: 'Why not? Who knows?' I probably would have just been teaching music in some ordinary high school.

"Recently, I went to one of the Manzanar class reunions. How old they've all become I thought. Some of them are grandparents now, but we still feel the same inside.

I was unable to serve in the Army because of sympathetic hypertension, so I was looking for a teaching job when... The Second AD comes to the dressing room to fetch Lou ~~for the talent show set~~ to check out the progress on the talent show set. Madame Butterfly's famous aria is now pouring out of one of the barracks over the ~~the~~ incredibly sticky mud the fine floury dust makes when wet.

Ginenger Tanaka, one of the extras, a slight pretty woman who speaks in a fast manner came up from San Francisco, after hearing about the movie from a friend in Sacramento. Born in 44 at the heart mountain camp, she ~~was~~ wanted to participate because she felt it was important show how an Executive Order can be used against people--not just us--but it could happen to any group. Asked ~~what~~ How her parents felt about her participations she said, "They were very glad, encouraged me to bring my children as a way of having them come into contact with their own history." My little girl (who stands beside her reading a book) read the book. Her response so far to making the movies has been "Is this where everyone really ate? It's so dusty, momma." In a week or so, her impressions will really come out. She's the kind who takes it all in and then comments on it later, when you least expect it. My boy, on the other hand is more fascinated with all the moviemaking equipment and technical stuff, than with the story."

The mess hall is filled to the brim with extras, playing cards and drinking coffee. The whole place smells of wet 1940s woolens pulled from storage for the costumes. Two neatly coiffed girls in ~~the~~ skirts and blouses and saddle shoes look out ~~at~~ through the window, "Was it really this muddy, then," says one to the other. "My mother says this is the way it really was but only worse. Several men across the way struggle to get a wall into place in the driving rain and wind.

Finally the set is ready. The extras are called out during a lull in the storm to sit on the blanket covered rows of ~~hay~~ baled hay

JULY 15, 1975

A couple of takes are made, but it begins to drizzle. The audience patiently sits waiting for the next set up. When one of the women in the audience come over the radio: " Cloudy today, some chance of showers, 10% chance tomorrow, clearing Thursday." Everyone laughs at the unexpected interruption and the familiar ~~XXXXX~~ manner in which she read the report. She sounded just like the weather report one dials for over the phone. She must have copied it down and read it verbatim.

Clyde studied at Northwestern and had been with the East West Players for several years. Although young, he often plays middle-aged men. Since he's from Hawaii no one in his family was sent to camp. But his grandfather was investigated by the FBI as he was a leader of the local community. "If it were the forties, I'd volunteer just like my Dad did. It's different today, but then, bearing up and proving you were strong was the way to go. Those were the days of John Wayne movies and going over the hill heroes....I can identify with Teddy having a lot of responsibility, I've had a lot with the East West Players: I've produced stage mangled, you've got to do your best and if you fail, you've got to own up to it. I've also read a lot and done a few plays based on the camps which has been a help to me."

Vicky, who sang the famous Madame Butterfly aria, has a bulb pop in her face just as she is about to sing. Fortunately she is not hurt. A single drop of water did it. She lives just over the border in Oregon where she teaches music. Asked by Yuki if there are a lot of Japanese Americans in her area she says, "no, just one other I know of. A library assistant," "And how do the people treat you there?" She smiles slyly, "Very carefully, very carefully." Yuki nods in understanding.

Yuki is approached by a pair of young men. One tells him is a student from Sacramento State, wants to know how ~~to~~ acts get started and all. "I came cause I really wanted to find out more about acting, filming. It's a whole new thing for me. Yuki advise him to get some credentials, to study. "it's a rough business it takes a while." "it is a little different than I imagined it, says the student, as the grips carry the women in the cast over the now enormous pools of water into the mess hall. The tarp covering the stage has become overburned by water, and even though the crew uses long poles to push up and cause the water to spill over the edges, it is filling up too fast and may break through at any moment. They hurry about with plastic wrapped camera gear, and lights, rushing them into the wardrobe area which has been hidden behind the set.

SC 141 and 135

JULY 15, 1975

The PtA scene is set up for the evening. The day has gone rather slowly because of the storm. Everything is soggy and all the rooms are clogged up with the mud, which doesn't scrape well off one's shoes, but eventually just comes off in doughy globs, someingxxx time after you've gone inside. One of the extras asks what the scene is. "It's a PTA meeting" answers one of the crew. "Oh, I can do that, I'm an expert." A young father, actually the father of the child who plays Chiyoko's two-year old, says, "Well, I'm on the Nursery school committee and that's enough for me." Someone comments on how much longer he has to go serving on parent committees. One extra tries to leave. He wants to see his daughter who seems to be somewhere outside. Aggie, the wardrobe mistress, searches about for someone who can speak Japanese. One of the other extras explains that his daughter and her husband know he is working and are waiting for him in the mess hall. He sits back down. Later, during the scene, his daughter and her husband come in to watch. "Why does he stand like that, he always stand like that...so straight and stiff." She worries that he isn't doing his part well. Actually, at that moment he is clearly not even in the shot.

A young teenage girl, in the mess hall says she glad to have the chance to see how a movie is made. , but more importantly, I'm glad to be here because we don't ever hear anything about this in school, just a few lines in our history books. "All the kids my age --not just the Japanese-Americans, but everyone hardly knows it happened. I'm getting some idea of what it was like." After she leaves to go to the set an older woman turns to her neighbor and says, "You have to have lived it, to know what it was really like. There is no way it will ever really be clear to anyone else."

WEDNESDAY JULY 16, 1975

jimmie Takashi Nakamura, a Kibei who was sent to Japan between the ages of 11 and 17 along with his three younger brothers. Many people were kibei because it was cheaper, not because of some loyalty to Jpane. My grandfather was alwful in Japan, he ahd fallen into drinking, so as the eldinst I would make lunch for the others. When I came back to the USA in July 41, I left the family, lived by myself, I didnt' want to have anything to do with my parents. The other three were still too young to leave home. All of us just happened to be sent to Manzanar. I was a no-no on the loyalty oath and got set to Tule Lake for participating in the riot. We wanted to get some of our friens out. When we were sentto Tule Lake we used to wear headbands with red hoshidan over our sahved heads. By coiling awire around a pencil, we were able to take a readio and make it short wave. We listened to the Jpanaese broadcasts and then rinted an underground news notice about how ten American Battleships ere sunk etd. EWe took special delight in putting them under the doors of loyal Americans.

When white Americans come to really know about the minorities, things will be better. We whould have more things like this.

If you didn't sign the loyalty oath yes-yes your weren't loyal to the US. Therefore, you were automatically loyal to Jpan. Everything was black and white there was no in between, but me and lots af other kibei didn't belong to anyone. The Japanese didn't want and neither did the AMericans. I got invovled in the e iot because ; wanted free some friends. He is of medium heighth, and hasn't shaved this morning. After his wardrobe change, he looks much older in the baggy pants.

I met John in April. I had helped to organize five buses to vislt Tul lake. The local papers daid, "Japs to invade Tulellake." We had to keep preetty tight security. No one got off the busses in Redding or anywhere on the way except unscheduled rest stops. At one gas station a reporter from uPI tried to join us, but I wouldn't let hij. We'd stayed in the fairgrounds and kept a pretty tight watch on things. When we came out to the main gate here, there was John. He started taking pictures. "Just one more snap," I thought, " and I'm going to break that camera over his head." The press here had been so bad you see. Then he showed me his card and explained to me what he was doing It was OK then.

OGATAS + 4 children living in Arcata and working at Humboldt I was about 11 when we were told to leave. We lived out beyiond 19th Ave in SF and we weren't allow to cross that line in the short five days they gave us to arrange our affairsWe were sent to Santa Anita where we stayed from About april to October.

WEDNESDAY JULY 16, 1975

It was awful, living in horse stalls. So unclean. even the showers were converted stalls, I never felt clean after taking a bath. It almost seemed I'd be better off without one. The mess halls were make shift affairs, huge lines and awful heat. The food wouldn't keep and there was a lot of dysentery. Later, we were sent to Topaz. When we came back to SF our things which someone was supposed to have kept for us had...wandered off. At first we stayed with various friends so I could go to school, but my Dad wasn't sure he wanted to try to open a business in SF up again. At first, he was at least able to get some work in someone else's business..

Mr. Ogata: At 18 my family had a nice farm in Mountain View, When the first restrictions came, we moved to California Hot Springs on the other side of Highway 99, which was the diving line for Californians. We were lucky enough to get some work at a resort cleaning the pool, etc, my sister was secretary. The whole family worked. Some of the other families who were also there weren't lucky enough to get work. It looked like California was going to be completely closed off, so we told our boss we were going to go, He understood. We had packed up the car and said goodbye to our friends in the area. Just as we were actually leaving, our boss told us they had closed off Calif. We thought about trying to go through, but he said he didn't think it would be safe to try, so we stayed. In a matter of days we were shipped off to Poston.

"There were actually three camps at Poston: One, Two and Three. We used to call them Poston, Tost'em and Roast'em. I worked in the kitchen for the six months I was there. I used to come out to cool off. It would be 110 out of doors, I have no idea what the temperature in the kitchen was. I had a brother in 41 who was already in the Army. He had two months to go when Pearl Harbor happened. He was so looking forward to getting out. In those days it was only for a year.

I got out by going to college. Actually, if the War and the camps hadn't come along, I probably would never have gone to college! I would have probably stayed with the family farm. Anyway, I had met some Seventh Day Adventists in Calif Hot springs and they told me about their college in Nebraska. So when things began to quiet down in the camps, I applied, It was simply a matter of paperwork as many Japanese Americans had already been cleared to go to school there. On the train, there was also a Japanese American woman with a baby. At the station stop, she went into the restaurant to have the baby's bottle warmed. The woman there wouldn't give her the time of day. She came back crying, looking at me. There wasn't a thing I could do for her. It probably would be worse if I tried. A Caucasian woman asked her what was wrong, and she was absolutely livid when she heard what had gone on. I told her that bottle she said, and I guess she gave the woman a piece of her mind. anyway, the baby got its milk warmed.

WEDNESDAY JULY .XXXXXXXXXX 16, 1975

Now, as well as the geta factory, there is a group making tissue paper flowers by the score. It reminds me of my high school days when ~~xxx~~ a bunch of girls would sit in a group and make flowers the same way to use in homecoming parades and at dances. ~~XXXX~~ But these flowers are for the funeral scene. Yesterday, ~~xxx~~ a half a dozen men, some of them extras helped to strip a coffin, of its felt covering, to make it plain and stark. A few girls go over and tie the flowers onto a cardboard donut to make a wreath.

I asked what all the geta were for. Originally they had made some for one of the scenes, but so many people in the cast, wanted a party to keep that the "geta committee" continues to make them. It is much like camp. Waiting is boring, and the people welcome something to do. They turn scraps of wood and cloth into geta which members of Jeanne's family and others circulate with and ask the cast and crew to autograph them.

Momo and Lou are once again at the piano, but this time it is in a classroom, Jan Ogata, ~~xxx~~ a teenager is an extra in about her fifth costume since she has been here. Someone says there is a certain inventiveness to solving the problems of movie making, on a day to day basis: JK Says yes it's day to day, it's called survival, taking a day at a time. That too parallels the situation in the camps. Each day, in the beginning was a challenge. One could not stop because of problems. The people just had to go on.

Lou: I had a Model A coupe and I had my dad drive me up here. There wasn't much of anywhere to go and with gas rationing it seemed silly for me to bring up my car. We did use to go to LA once in a while where we fill up someone's car and each of us would help pay the bill. I'd go to Southern California Music Company and get music and all; sometimes instruments. I'd buy a good used instrument and then the family would pay it off bit by bit as they could.

I didn't have anything to do after I wasn't accepted by the army. I wanted to teach so I applied through the UCLA placement bureau. I had put on my card under remarks: "I would be interested in something unusual." Well, the vice principal of the Manzanar High School came down to UCLA and interviewed a bunch of us. He made it sound really bleak, (how hard it would be to interest people, etc) but that made me mad. I ~~xxx~~ now think he did that to thin out the people who really wouldn't be able to take it, or like it. But I couldn't resist the challenge. When I arrived, I told the MP at the gate that I was a music teacher. He responded: "If you get these kids to sing a tune together in a year, it'll be a miracle."

I wrote my little memoirs about a year after I left. I missed camp, and it still was not empty. The schools had closed, but people had not all gone home.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ WEDNESDAY JULY 16, 1975

"In the beginning, when I went ~~home~~ to LA I would say, 'I'm going home, I'll be back Sunday night,' but as time went by, I would say, 'I'm going to LA, I'll be home Sunday night.'" After all, Manzanar was the biggest city between Reno and LA, When I used to come over those Arkanza? hills and see the place lit up in the vally, I really did feel I was coming home.

I come from a working class family, My dad was a landscaper and I was the only child. They were from Missouri and they dorve out here bwofer the thirties.

The teachers frist lived in the school block in a nearby barracks. When I first got there there was a blind teacher and his guide, and his dog. One of them had a box springs, the other a mattress. There was one more got, with a straw mattress, I gathered that was for me. Later specific housing was built for the teachers, complete with private baths and all, but I never moved. I don't think I was going ober board, well, anyway I got away with it. "I have friends over her," I said. "Here they can come and go as they please, I don't want them embarasses to come to my house." So I was really grandstanding.

After Manzanar I had good teaching offers, but they all sounded so dull, I just couldn't work up any enthusiasn. When you start with notheing and the people applaud the results, that's had to beat. If I kept teahcing I thought, 'by the time you're forty, you'll have a family, a mortgae, and all that --which is very nice-- but then I might say, 'I never gave show lbusiness a try' I'd be wondering the rest of my life if I shouldn't have.

So I went to Newy York and lucked out, I got a job in the chorus of Oklshoma and stayed with it for nine months, even had a small solo. Well, I thought I had done enough of that, was ready to move up, I was so naive because I had so much luck. I went off to visit my family in LA. When I came back it wasn't so easy, but I began to study acting and all, because I knew it was nescessary and I had also become very interested in dramtic parts.

A year ago, we had a June calss reunion, inside we were all the same, As we talked names I hadn't thought of for years came flocking in. Like Yoshimura Kami who after he graduated had become my teaching asst. At the reunion I ran into his cousin who said is at St Olaf's where he ~~hs~~ head of the departement and on the state juding for competititons, etc. etc. I immediatly got a letter and programs from him. He was head choral man. No more than a month later he died at only 48 years of age. There are tears in his eyes nad he is visibly controling himself. "His family sent me Xeroxes of reviews and awards and all kinds of things about what he had accomplished. IN the accompanying letter, they said, We are sending you these things because he always said, 'you were responsible.'"

WEDNESDAY JULY 16, 1975

Lou teels of how the m-nos were shipped out the first winter? If one in a family said no-no, everyone would. The forms were confusing as well and some mismarked them, nonetheless when the day came, they were all shipped out. People were standing or whatever in a huge line of trucks, and people were running about looking for a chance to say a last goodbye to their friends. An old lady whom I didn't even know reached out and clutched my hand. It was awful. Again he is visibly moved; being here has made his years at Manzanar as vivid as they were twenty-five years ago.

Lillian, Jeanne's sister got into farming, but now she's a nurse's aide. She had been one at Manzanar, but I think she lost interest when one of the supervisors became mean to the girls, going along and pulling the ribbons from ~~her~~ their hair. It's taken all this time for her to try it again."

Seeing the cotton hose on the women, the black slacks on the girls, all the saddle shoes, makes it all come back to me. Going over "I'll Remember April" with Momo, saying, "Let's try it from here.. In the middle of all this, I found myself thinking, 'You're still doing the same thing, banging an old out of tune piano, in a damp barracks as if it were a concert Steinway.'"

"Ideally, I'd like to continue working until the last day of my life. I love acting. My first job after leaving the camp was in the chorus of Oklahoma! I even got a tiny solo. Not knowing how lucky I had been to get any job, much less one with Richard, Rodgers, I left it after nine months to go to LA and visit my family: 'This is enough,' I said, 'I'll go home and when I come back I'll get a bigger job.' I really had to come down out of the clouds when I came back. I ~~was~~ had begun to study acting because I could see the necessity for it and I liked it as well.

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Lou then gave me a copy of his memoirs from camp, written only a year or so after he left. He says, there are lots I would change in this now, but at the time it seemed the thing to do.

Tim Houston comes up and adds that the interview with the vice-principal became Lou's arrival in the film.

At the rehearsal of Mom's song, Lillian and Jeanne stood to the side listening. Jeanne had tears in her eyes, and Lillian too, was very quiet. I left them to their reminiscences and walked out into the muddy fire break.

Bob Knoshita told a story of how people were afraid to stuff their mattresses because the local snakes, especially the rattlers were hidden in the straw. One had to poke around a bit in order to be sure of not getting bitten. There were a lot of snakes at Poston.

WEDNESDAY JULY 16, 1975

The kids one day found a baby rattler . At first they thought it was a stick in the road, but when they found out it was a snake, they put it in a can and brought it inside. the thing was rattling away, the kids parents were horrified. Baby rattlers are just about as poisonous as the adults, tyou know.

,THURSDAY JULY 17 1975

Jimmy ~~xxx~~ Saito, age twenty, None of my family was in camps, because we had a farm in Oklahoma. , But my mother and older sbrothers had read and known of it, Ithink they felt a little guildty because nothing much happened to them. I know I~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ she'd felt a little guilty about all that.

A niece of Jeanne's whom I knew at Sand Diego State, was up at San Jose one weekeend, I had been visiting some friends in Berkeley and stoppe dby to see her on my way back down. She took me over to Jeanne's in Santa Cruz and introduced me to Jeanne who said she mention me to JK as she thought the part of Richard was still open. She took my agents name. Three or four weeks went by. I workd on MIDWAY, and I was still waiting for some kind of reply., thinking about it. Finally I called Jeanne: I just wanted to know if the casting is over, I don't want to push you or anything, I just wanted to know so I could stop thingkinga about it. While I had been on Midway, many other people had read the script and said it was good. Well, JK called me the nnxt day, but he wasn't going to La andy more I said that I wouod fly up and read for him, which I did. It was only the week before shooting was to begin. That's how I got the part.

World W r II had been just another wa int he history books to me. had never had tofate much prejudice. The night before I went down to san Jose to see Jeanne's niece I had never thought about it, when the subject came up and , someone asked me if I had read Farewell To Manzanar, and also mentioned after hearing I was an actor that JK was foing to do it. For the very first time in my life I wealized that Mother and fathere were living in and through the time wehn JAP GO HOME was a common aemrican thing. I realized that as close as I am to my family, that this was a part of their experience and that of my older borthers, thatn wasn't a part f mine.

I feel funny acting with these people because they're so well-trained. The "family" got together the Satuffday before to readthe script. I was just awed by the way they went through it...but I decided that it menta I just had to work athat much harder to keep up with them. High School and College shows are just for amusement genreally, most of the people in them are goingon to be doctors or something eles.,, but this is professionaal, theis is wahta these people have decided to do with their lives.

~~XXXXXX~~ THURSDAY, JULY ~~XXXXXX~~ 17 , 1975

This next school year I'm transferring to UCLA. Unfortunately, I applied a little late so I couldn't get into the drama department, so I'll be in Psych. I'm also going to see if I can get involved with the East West Players. I like Psych, but I can't stay too long in both worlds, I am going to have to make a choice.

Mitsu said, "This is a strange business, We are very well taken care of, well paid, housed, first class airplane tickets, et. Others, come here, drive themselves, sit around and wait to be extras for very little pay. It certainly is a funny business."

I think inside everybody there's a little ham. When friends of mine are told that I do acting, they all say, I was on Bozo when I was ten. They never forget, he laughs.

There are so many ups and downs to Richard, He's angry, he falls in love, goes off to war. There's such a range for me to explore; I just hope I'm up to it. Someone comments that at twenty three in or out of camo is much like that.

He is teased about groupies, which he denies exists, but the day before, during all the rain many of the younger girls watched him in their school girl way. He claims that those who talked with him are all friends of his from SD state or their relatives. but then, he didn't notice all the rest.

Ogata has still another wife today. It has become his joke. On one day, he had four different wives. "I'm becoming a real Don Juan," he joked.

The crew moves over to the front of the family barracks to shoot the scene where Ko receives the telegram announcing Richard's death. Misa goes crazy, sliding down Ko's leg and screaming as he tries to contain her: Richard! Richard." No, no." The camera rolls as the crew and onlookers silently look on. Cut. is called just as she once again is screaming richard. Richard!and in the same tone and modulation...."you're choking me Yuki!" Everyone bursts into gales of laughter.

Bob Konshoita has spent much of the day clearing out the Japanese garden for the graduation scene. He had covered it with loose hay to keep it moist and protect it from the heat. but the rain has made it into a soggy mess, Ordinarily, the hay could be raked off, but now several men are on their hands and knees, picking the sticky bits of hay from the flowers and grass, while Bob carefully sweeps off the time pathway.

Close ups of the telegram scene are now in progress. the camera is on Alice and Lois as they too begin to cry. The sun is beginning to fade. After a moving rake, the camera turns around and in a matter of fact way says, "It's Okay, I think," a strange counterpoint to the scene.

THURSDAY ~~XXMX~~ JULY 17, 1975

Lunch time was an especially gay time today. Akemi begaint o sing Jpanese songs as she worked on her quilt. Nobu and YUKi had a great time translating them for her, for she down'st aknow what the words mena. Still, she sings them with such feeling and style, it is quite remarkable. Nobu begins to join in~~a~~ after saying she wish she had such a good voice. Yuki si studying singing and he, too joins in. Soon the whole hall is listeneing; a few others join in, including Jimmy Nakamura, whos sings with much gusto some of the more masculine sounding songs. The group goes into the Tanko bushi? a song about the coal mines of Ise and how the chimneys are sh high the moon must be smoky. t is a strange combination of metaphonrs, the more traditional ones of the moon and locations such as Ise, and the modern industrial images all wrapped up in a folk style. The group gets up and begins to dance in a circle around the mess hall, Perhaps 15 or twenty people gjoin in, with Jimmy leading the dance in a very free style way; Everyone laughs at the conclusion, It's time to go back to work, and when the actors go aback to the set, to do the telegram scene, they begin by singing a bit on the front steps where they have gathered in the eveining ari. Yuki changes a song a bit, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~hanaxfgaxxakanyxxkxxxxxxndxxvxxxxxxfxkxxxxxx~~ changing the sceond verse to the present tencse from hana ga saitta to hana ga saku, the flowers are blooloimg the flowers are blooiming ~~Everywherexxxxxxxkxxxxxxmonnkaixxxxxxxkxxxxxxpaxkxxxxxxkx~~. Where are they bollooming. They are blooiming on the mountains, blooming in the homeland, they are blooming inthe fields. They aill alugh before Calvin makes his entrance withe the fatal telegram.

Calvin, asked if he thinks he's going to be an actor, says no, I'mnmore interested in the cameras.

FRIDAY JULY 18, 1975

Dailies. The second batch has come in. While waiting, I chat with Lillian, Jeanne's sister upon whom the character of Alice is based:

"When I came into that backacksa you know, the place where Lou and Momo were rehearsing it was just the same I'll REMEMBER APRIL. He has hardly changed in nearly thirty years. I had started out being ~~xxx~~ a nurses' aide at camp. But after I left, I went into cosmetology, then married and had children and helped my husband run the farm. Now all my kids are on their own, I've been a nursing aide again. It's very rewarding work...I work mostly with cancer patients. If you can help people face death...it's hard, not easy, but it means a lot to me. Lou was so great he wrote an operetta we put on. He even wrote a song about how kids would roll up their jeans and all. He was just terrific. There are a lot of people who owe him a lot.

Lat Crowley, Carolyn Abe's teacher at Stanford, plops down next to me. He's stopped off for a day on his way elsewhere to go fishing.

One scene is too hot---too much exterior light pouring through the door, bleaching out the first part of the scene. Most of the stuff looks very good. John takes a moment to explain to the extras who have come to the dailies that the dark scenes will be lightened and vice versa, that dailies are just printed at with the same light. There is a need for rimming the dark hair of the cast against the dark backgrounds, and it seems everything is a bit to the left, but it is hard to say whether this is from the camera or the rickety projector which is being used for the screenings.

She Embury has brought a government film on the camps, JAPANESE RELOCATION, narrated by Milton Eisenhower, who was at the time ~~xxx~~ of the 'evacuation' the head of the WRA. :

"We couldn't be sure what would happen if the West Coast was attacked, he said. "Most were loyal Americans, ...The Japanese received help in storing and disposing of their property. ... They willingly went, feeling this was their sacrifice to the war effort....Overnight the Army transformed Santa Anita into a home for 17,000 people...As new homes in different parts of the country were ready, the people moved in....It was an untamed land, but fertile, which, with the work of adults on public and private lands would become productive..."

Over a picture of a nursery class with a woman pouring milk from a carton "These American children are getting the best of nutrition..." A youngster is pouring his through a knothole in the table. It looks a bit more like the powdered variety than the fresh.

FRIDAY JULY 18, 1975

Words like "Christian decency" pop up in the naration.

The last scenes area dead giveawawy. "We hope members of the AXis powers who see this, will remeber this when they capture Americans."

All the talk about these loyal americans goes down the drain with this one statemet. These people, many of them second and third generation Americans were still aliens. It is almost as if there was some secret hope they would stay there after the war was over raising vegetables and generaaly staying out of the way. The governemnt would like one to think that this was some kind of wonderful kibbutz project that everyone wanted to get in on.

There has been loght hissing and booing, and plenty of murmuring during the showing, bit it is kept down by the desire of the crew and cast to watch it for details which will help them in portraying the camps.

Afterwersds, in the mess hall, Mrs. Osugi 20195 Pierce Rod. Saratoga, gave me CITIZEN 13660, to look at. It is a combination sketch book and diary done aby a young woman during the inernement.

At the other end of the mess hall, Jeanne, Jim Lou and Sue Embury are going through some of oyo's photgraphs. +otoyo is the photgrapher on ~~xx~~ on whom Zenihirio is bases. When Jack Wright went down to visit him, he aksed if the character were wearing wa beretas he had, and broguht out his homemade camera. The one in the film is a du;icate of the actual camera.

The phots are very telling. There is one of a street which has lawns and trees along the street. "We called it Wilshire Blvd, says lou. "The Beverly Hills of Manzanar, "adds Jeanne. t does look very pleasant, comapared to earlier photographs of the place. Thre are school girls and baseball teams, etc. Oh, I remember him, what was his name. He lived over in block x and so it goes.

Getchen Corbett, the only Caucasian principal at Tullake, is a contract player for Universal. She plays regu.arly on the Raockford Files, plays his lawyer. It s not abad part, it was originally cnceived by a woamn writer and.the My background is actually quite different I was raised on a racnch in Camp Sherman Oregoa, I went to New York and spent eight years on the stage, doing classics and a lot of other things, but rarely ingenues.

I was so pleased bout this part. I think of gois as stocky, plain and homespun, but not a clod. It's really nice to look so natural. It's the first part I've ever played without makeyp. It's far away form the Hollywood concepet of what I sgould be doing.

FRIDAY JULY 18, 1975

The hollywood syndrome:....slick characters, slick plots, is not all that pleasant for me, After seven or eight summers doing Shakespeare and the playing the young woman in Forty Carats in New York. The studio has been pushing me for leads; naturally I am happy about it, but being here has also been good. I love being a part of a company, a group. There is no star trip here nor one who sets the tone except John. Often, on a TV set, the star sets the mood, there's an entourage, and a deference to that one person.

I was very nervous about this part. When I first arrived, everyone was working so I was alone at the hotel, I couldn't hear or anything. I burst into tears. When I hear Seth, Jimmy and Clyde coming up the stairs. I guess I was scared, because the part means a lot to me. I was feeling tied up in knots, questioned whether I should be here. When I went out on the set just to see what was going on, I thought, 'Maybe John has made a mistake, maybe I shouldn't be here. It took me a couple of days to feel accepted. I think that was just me, I felt I had to be careful not to say or do the wrong thing. In the beginning I did feel being the only Caucasian on the set, but only once in a while do I feel that anymore. The whole group here has a family feeling. All of them have talked about their experiences, in camp. I've done a lot of crying in the last week, not for myself or because I'm scared just because I've grown close to the cast. They speak Japanese, so I joke around and do my version. They don't all really speak Japanese well, so I don't feel exactly left out. Akemi sings her songs, without knowing the meanings. She's been teaching me one, but I'm having trouble learning the words..

After being signed for the part, I started reading about the internment. After a bit, I said to myself, Hey. this isn't your part in this thing and I switched to studying the Quakers. I went to some Quaker meetings and I spent a couple of days with a Unitarian minister whose church I attended in Oregon while growing up. His wife is a Quaker and they were a great help to me. I think the idea that is at the center of what my part represents is "concern" that's a word that the Quakers use a lot.

I have been involved in politics as has been most of my family. I was a delegate at the Chicago Demo. convention. I had a lot of friends on the outside demonstrating. sitting in the hall watching a little TV monitor next to Wayne Morse, began to get to me, driving through the demonstrators in a guarded bus and all. "what am I doing here? I began to think. At the people I really identified were outside, while I was on the inside watching them on a little box" I ~~was~~ ended up going to McCarthy headquarters and helping bandage up people and so forth. I guess that was 'Lois' although I have never quite made that connection until this moment. If it were the forties, I am sure that I would get involved in some way. It's just my nature.

FIRDAY JULY 18, 1975

My own background really isn't all that important to this picture, and I have been affeted by the Jpapanese-American environment here. I like Jpanese, food and ori's adn Vernon's mother are always bringing 7s goodies. I am now more aware of how I feel on the inside when relating to everyone rather than how I look on the outside.

(This is something Jimmy Saito said too, He has never identified his feelings with his background, especially since he comes from a family that originally lived in be midwest)

When I read for the part, I didn't wear any make up, I wore loafers and a white outfit. There was nothing Hollywood about it, it was very modest in tone. I guess it was scary, but I really liked it.

Young woman's parts, and I photograph very young, are not that great, you know. There are about two choices:... pretty and dumb, and ungly and dumb, and oh yes, rich or poor I guess I'm like everyone else, I 'm lookinf ro a apart that really has something for the younger woman.

I said, I could guess what her bio said, ...sophistaciate, blonde, deepp - voiced. She saide the first four words are: This husky-voiced blonde..." hat's what I'd like to get waya from. and it's one of the reasons I'm so proud to be involved with this film.

I went out and had a friend of mine do my comp photo for the studio. They had me do one of those really made up glamouros shots. I wanted something a little plainer, pretty, but more me. Well, they didn't like it at all said I couldn't possibly use that. I asked her to send me her current professional photos and bio.

These actors are weel trained, they're food and they have less opportunity than I do. I think this show is going to open things up for them. There isn't much I can do for them, excpet suggest them to people I know on the grapevine. One of my best friends is a black actress and she has had a horrible time. Things have opened up some, but it's mostly just comedy routines, and serisals. Still, there has been practically notheing ~~xx~~ really solid in spite of the huge gr owth in parts for blacks.

The crew has gone out to to do the funeral scene for Grnadma. On the adjoining gravestones the names of the Cameraman and Art Diector have been inscribed along with other belonging to people in the cast or extras. Momo began to feel very sad, she said, " here I was, it was really getting to me, and then, I felt Vernons hand slipping into mine, I had a snotty hankie, but that didn't seem to stop hom. .. He was taking care of me like a real brother would,"

FRIDAY JULY 18, 1975

Yuki is talking about the scene he has just done with Seth. It is the one where the two older men resolve their relationship and openly admit the situation is beyond their control. It is a difficult scene. "It's tricky, you want to let it all out, but you don't want to, ...you can't let everything pour out." The first take I really went all out. It really came out, I think it was a little too much. 'Bittersweet' was the word I think John used to describe the quality he felt the scene should have. I think that was a very good word.

One of the gripes later describes an incident another show: There was a driver on another show who was sent to pick up the greensman. When he saw a Japanese fellow get off the plane in this little town's airport, he assumed he was the greensman. So he put him in the limosine even though the man protested -- the man didn't speak English too well -- and took him to the hotel, and dropped him off. Then the crew and cast came back, there was the guy with millions of shoes spread all over the room. Hew was a salesman and not the greensman." Talk about stereotypes.

Dori is marching about practicing her baton routine with her mother. Bored and tired of the heat, she goes inside to play cards with Jimmy Saito and Jim Hachiya the resident schoolteacher.

Another time, Yuki played checkers against Vernon and Dori. Often all the women, including Dori sit outside the dressing room working on their cathedral window quilts. Extras mill around. Several, including the one who would later play the Buddhist priest, helped Bob Kinsoshita, along with several local cowboy hatted local helpers to strip a coffin of its felt covering for the funeral scene.

Aggie was upset because someone gave the priest a different rosary, one which is worn with high robes, and the priests were not wearing high robes. It was one of the scenes she spent some money on. "I didn't want anything to be wrong. She unplugged and rent several black suits, and dress, and borrowed the appropriate robes with instruction as to their care from a Buddhist priest in SF.

The stillman has come in and is working on a portrait of Nobu in the early evening light. Elsewhere, the crew is doing a tracking shot of Lois and Richard, talking in the evening about his leaving for the Army as they take a stroll. Dressed extras wander in and out of the mess hall, sit along the side of the building chatting. Others walk about carrying getas or clothes. A few people track back and forth between the mess hall and the production hall office. Bob's helpers roll wheel barrels here and there, he waters the Japanese garden he has built. It is not so terribly different than it might have been thirty years ago.

FRIDAY JULY 18, 1975

Many of the extras have simply come up on speculation. One an Issei came up on a bus from stockton after seeing the notice of the Pictrues in the Japanese American paper. He can hardly speak English yet he has said, with the help of other more bilingual extras, that he had been here, and he flet he should particpate if he could be of help. (RB Jeanne a mister Yareda?)

Just after dark, the crew moves over to the front of the mess hall to set up for the fight scene. Outer buidlings have been lightly lit to give the scene depth and set off the black gront tarpaper barracks.

Earlier an extra had seen the sign Latrines and the character for onana or women. Going inside she found the toilets in a bit of a disarray, for it was a set for the latrine scenes. She came out a bit confused, until someone who could speak Jpanese explained to her where the bathrooms were for the crew and extras.

The buga are awful, biting everyone, hundreds of them can been seen around each light. Reg and his wife are lookinon, along with some of the local neighbors. Nobu, in her dostume jumps rope with the kids. ori demonstrated jumping crossed ropes.

Vernon: What grad are you going into? Dori: Sixth, Vernon: Oh I bet you're not. Dori: Want to bet 15,000,000 dollars? Endo f conversation.

Vernon's mother says he's very mechanical, hāixed a broken tape recorder she couldn't get repaired because differendt repairmane didn't want to anadle a brand they weren't selling. Also fixed a lamp for her.

John works with Seth, who has padded his arms and legs, and Yuki on the fight sequence. The two men rush out of the doors in the midst of the talent show. roll on the ground. Preparing themselves they growl at each other before the cameras run. Someone says the men never wore hats a emmttings. m st of the extras have hats and coats on. Another person disagress. Finally, the y come out wearing their hats and coats. In between, the lights are turned off to discourage bugs. The noise of the crowd watching the talent show and men who follow Ko and takahashi from the hall is so deafening, non one hears the cameraman yell that his camera hasn't rolled. The sequence must be repeated. Richard and teddy pull Ko off of Takahashi, who remains in the end alone in the dust. The two men get up all smailes and laghter, joking about the scene, worrying about any bumps or bruises one or the other may have taken in the fig t.

Some of the crew goes to the local bar afterwards to have a drink. One, in particular, stays away from the group, talking with a local man. ater, he tells us the manis curious about what the

FRIDAY JULY 18, 1975

effect of the film may be. He knows that John's last film was JNAE PITTMAN, and ~~xx~~ feels this film may have political overtones, affecting the local farmers. The crew member, who is under no obligation to do so, acts as a PR man, to reassure the local man that this is a film of such a small budget that he shouldn't worry. That the film is really, after all, only the story of one family, how can that be political?

Another crew member has also had the same experience at another time. There is an economic undertone to it all. Many of the people here were allowed to homestead after the second World War. They are veterans, and they were taught to dislike the Japs. One ~~xx~~ was overheard to say upon hearing a film was coming into town. There will probably be a lot of good looking girls around then. Another man: Yeah, If you like slant eyes. This is not the kind of stuff one wants to hear or even think about and yet, it is very real, very threatening in a way. No one thinks of the Japanese-American crew, cast or extras that way, and no one who has heard this stuff wants them to have run into it.

One of the grips says he likes working on a film of this size. ~~xxx~~"A film is like a circle around the lens he says. The larger the budget, the larger this circle of concentration, the larger the number of people who have a direct input to what goes through the lens and the fewer the people who have full control. With a smaller film like this one, that circle is limited and the director has more control, more ability to lay down the feel and look of the picture. I like that and I like working harder, on that kind of picture, than simply doing one thing over and over again on a picture that has a 4,900,00 circle of concentration."

The grip is in a position to know a lot. Many of us are trained in the stage, and the stage tradition was with us long before the cameras began to roll in the early twentieth century. We have learned all kinds of tricks, and are able to reapply them to film. Many people in either New York or LA have never had the opportunity to work the stage, and have never learned anything but film methods. Certainly, we have studied those too, and they are different, but our backgrounds are more diverse, I think. The locals for stagehands, etc. are all low numbers because they followed the growth of the railroads and subsequent desire of local people for opera, theatre and vaudeville.

SATURDAY JULY 19, 1975

Edison Uno, professor at San Francisco State, formerly interned at Santa Anita and ~~MANZANAR~~ Ameche.

GUILTY BY REASON OF RACE, a tv documentary, ~~was~~ used the interview and flashback technique to reach the general public. Robert Northshield, who did the Sin Of Our Fathers, about Vietnamese war orphans, and the Children of Belfast specials used an archival approach for the program. The man's specialty is children,

I asked Robert Northshield when he contacted me what was his objective? He said, 'I want to prick the conscience of American' Q: Do you want to make them feel guilty, or make a psychological impact? Its like saying you have dirt on your face, wipe it off or saying I don't like you reckless, something which you might not be able to do anything about.

I think it was shown on or around Nov. 14, 1972. The producer told me he had 286 hate calls in NYC in the first hour of the program. Usually a station has 25-50 calls of complaint as an average. In this case 14 to 1 were against the program and used such adjectives as communists to remember Pearl Harbor, how the Japanese treated our prisoners, you subversives, etc. When I asked the producer if he felt he had pricked the conscience of American, he replied, 'No, I feel we did more' He gave me an 8" ~~xxxxxx~~ thick file of letters about the program in New York there were about 400-500 letters there that I have classified by response and level.

This film, I think will have a similar effect even though it is a dramatization. My fear is overkill syndrome. There is almost a danger of it being too powerful, as I am sometimes called a radical for my views about Japanese American s but I am also a realist.

Take Jimmy Nakamura, he came out of curiosity on the Tulare Lake pilgrimage which was organized by the Bay Area Asian American Students About 250 of us came out here and walked from the fairgrounds to the Newell entrance. His attitude was one of this is my turf. All these younger people annoyed him in a way. Someone was trying to explain the lake to the crowd, and then asked Jimmy to explain it to everyone. He took the bullhorn and halfway through, the words failed to come out of his mouth. He was crying. So were the many of the Nisei who were looking at the ground. He said, Here I was the toughie--but inside ~~me~~ I am really soft.

The Nisei conservatives are emulative of the white middle class There is a certain amount of self-denial in all this.

Just sitting in the mess hall, talking to participants, talking has for many rekindled a pride in their own heritage. once forgotten. "Its funny how sounds affect one. I haven't heard those door latches click for 30 years. but it only took one

SATUDYA JULY 19, 1975

to bring the whole sensation of the camp back to me.

"As I turned the corner to go to dinner, there was a stream of people heading for the double doors of the mess hall. I was back in camp.

Jimmy realized he was working and has come to some kind of self-recognition. He said, "I had five hours to myself on the way up here to the set. I had a list to read to John. These honkies, I thought, You know once I got here, and saw what they had done, I didn't feel I could impose MY opinions, after seeing a couple of scenes.

"I see this film as a very important vehicle for public education at least 14-20,000,000 people will be exposed to it, especially it is appropriate during our Bicentennial, We must not only wave the flag at this time, but be aware of our mistakes as well.

From a positive point of view this will probably do that. Without question, the script is far better than the book. If this is true, I think it is a reaffirmation of John Korty's integrity. ~~xxxx~~ I think it would be very difficult for another producer to take the chances he has. In spite of all the many Japanese American writers and other artists I can think of, I cannot, think of anyone who could match him. I say this, because he came to classes, sought different points of view etc., to get the right dimensions for the project.

The test of its success to me will be can it meet certain criteria? Can it be used again and again in the classroom. Other side effects it should have in my thinking, is will it get other stories and plays. Maybe studios and all won't spring for those things, but at least it might inspire others to write their experiences down honestly.

Today, when I saw Yuki come out of his barracks all dressed up to go to a meeting, it reminded me of Seshū Hayakawa in the Bridge on the River Kwai. that kind of pride in the face of it all.

I have some definite questions about the photographer in the story. I'm bothered by the fact that Pat Morita bills himself as the Hip Nip. It's not that I don't think we should laugh at ourselves, but at the same time one person cannot capitalize ~~on~~ at the expense of others.

Some time ago, I helped some people to protest the use by a Japanese wrestler of a Buddhist statuette in his routine.

FRIDAY 18
SATURDAY JULY 19, 1975

While he would turn his back, the other fellow would kick over the statuette. Through community press, ~~xxxxx~~ we were able to finally get him to discontinue this practice. His manager said, "You have no right to curtail our freedom of speech," That is true but you should also see how many feel that ~~wax~~ what you are doing is sacrilegious., I said.

His reply was, "What's happening if we can't laugh at ourselves? The danger in this, beyond the idea of mocking the symbol of someone's religious beliefs, and I am not a Buddhist myself, is where does ethnic humor begin and end? and Where do the seeds of bigotry and racism begin. Perhaps, one can argue, if the audience is sophisticated, its Okay, but what about the kids. When I grew up I thought nothing of saying "chin, chin, chinamane" or "catcha a nigger by the toe," children can become innocent instruments of bigotry.

As patronizing as it must sound, I think there are areas where caution, even caveats must be made to protect the young from getting and adopting negative images.

The opportunity today for the Asian American artist is not really much better than 25 years ago, may be some 25%. But the sad thing about this is ~~xxx~~ that it is not affirmative action, but a reaction to it. e.g. Let's hire an oriental instead of a black. The middle-class oriental is naturally preferred. This is highly divisive and it has rapidly led to pre-selection, there are times when I know an oriental woman could be practically guaranteed a job because she fulfills two minority quotas. This divides the third world, and society at large and many who are more qualified and not hired are resentful.

I would like to see more quiet people in the backgrounds, just standing around and all. I think the haircuts should really be shorter. and it would be nice to see someone just ~~we~~ wearing a towel around their neck and getting as though they were coming from the bath. After all, it would be a nice way to underscore the fact that bathrooms were not in the homes.

YUKI: is talking with a woman who he knew in High school and later worked with at camp in the drama programs. "Remember miss Jones, etc." He explains the method of acting he now uses as organic. "There is not joy like beginning to understand, beginning to know the need to know. His need cannot be artificial. Sometimes I think of something happy, it may be a small or something else, not even really related. It is not the lines but what what is beneath the author's lines that matters. I could be serving you tea in a scene after you just heard that someone died, Tea? One lump or ~~two~~ two, and the way you said No sugar, thank you, just a bit of lemon' would determine the whole character of the scene. You see what I mean?"

FRIDAY

18

~~SATURDAY~~ JULY 19, 1975

We did a program that was a Greek chorus type of play about a Japanese girl falling in love with an Indian boy. In doing it, I saw an alley way from my boyhood, I could smell the stables, an all and that gave me the kind of melancholic feeling I needed.

I had acted in high school and then continued in ¹ullleake. Emoting is like trying to show someone how to feel, The lines are superfluous, it is what is beneath, the essence of what the line is saying that is important.

Sometimes in film it is better to have nothing going. for what precedes is known to the audience. There is a kind of counterpoint involved in such cases (Division of Knowledge)' Yesterday when I did that scene with Seth, the resolution of their relationship, ¹ had too much anticipation at first.

there is a story about Greta Garbo as Queen Christina. There is a scene where she is looking out over the kingdom deciding whether or not to remain as queen. She couldn't seem to think of anything to think about during the scene that would be appropriate, so she thought about what to think about.

Everything is cause and effect. Sometimes I try to play against the flow of the writing in order to not rush ahead, and anticipate the outcome.

The woman listening says, when you came through that door last night you really did surprise those of us who were being extras watching the talent show. We wanted to do that. that was our intention. we ~~wanted~~ wanted a real response from the crowd to work with ourselves.

Yuki goes off to do the scene with Nobu about leaving camp. it is a warm scene touching and sad, filled with the kind of sweet squabbling that comes from living along time with one another. Dori twirls her baton in the foreground, then massages her mother's back. A couple of local reporters are watching. Earlier they had been interviewing Edison, the woman turns away after the scene to wipe her eyes. They speak a little more with Yuki and John to fill out their story, but even they, are silenced by the scene.

The car finally arrives for the next days. The grips climb in, Dick in his Panzer hat. photos are taken. The car is tested for mount size and dimensions. The radiator still leaks, but all will be fixed for the next day, the car aged, stuffing pulled out of the seat etc.

At the dailies, Nobu is worried about her sound for Ko's arrival. Yuki is disappointed that not all the takes have yet arrived. Shimpai shi naide kudaisai. Don't worry someone tells them.

SARYDAY JLUY 19 , 1975

Jeanne's sister, the one who is married to Kaz of Mike as he is known in business,, had her first child in camp. They were at Manzanar, but lived apart from the family as they were already married. Kaz was also a fisherman at that time. I got a hemorrhage and it took the nurse a long time to come to the barracks. by the time they got me to the hospital, I was delirious. Dad went off to find my husband and my brother gave me transfusions. I was sick for days. There was already in with me who had a kidney disorder. I cried for the nurse one night and she didn't seem to hear me. The woman went and got her. She caught cold and later died of pneumonia, I have always felt that her death was in some way my fault.

Kaz and I speak of the Russian American space project. No one has even mentioned the shot in the days here at camp. We are cut off and hemmed in as it were by the material. It turns out he works for North America and had a hand in the design of part of the docking mechanism. It is very strange how this environment has cut us all off from the other parts of our lives.

Outside, the crew works on the mount and John checks the car out. He tells a story of how one of his early film partners was a Kaiser-Frazer nut, even the President of the club. People all over would come to the convention, especially from Argentina where it seemed there were a lot of the cars. He even had one with a split bamboo interior, he said.

Finally, the car is ready and the cast piles. Ko first does his entrance scene, and Nobu and the rest of the pile in. The soundman notes after the scene: That's the first time, I've really thought of them as a family. There's something about that scene that rings a bell."

After the first dirvies with the cameraman sitting next to the hot engine and the soundman crouched down on a platform attached to the rear of the car, Nobu says: I feel like I'm in a horse and buggy. Dore says, she wished she had a car like this. The cast is given umbrellas to shade them from the sun in between takes. They really look like some strange family from the distant past out for a ride. The stillman stand on the bumper to get a good shot of the assembled family. This is the last shot in the camps of the family, I think there is a feeling of progress about doing this scene, even though the picture is not yet even half shot. Yuki comments after being introduced to yet another relative of Jeanne's this one the brother on whom Calvin is based. "It's become old home week. I have heard this often in the set week or so, Many have described the filming as a reunion of sorts, and as Edison has noted, there is some kind of new pride in their backgrounds, even though there are deep scars left by the years in camp and indignity of forced separation

SATURDAY JULY 19, 1975

from the mainstream of American life.

The brakes on the car are leaking Yuki has been whizzing around without, and had to roll to a stop on the last take. The car is jacked up for repair. The cast takes a welcome break inside, their backs sweat stained from the heat and dust.

Edison talks on : Now the Japanese Americans have been raised in an era of ethnic consciousness. Parents seem to be hypocrites to their children. c) 60% of today's sansai marry non Japanese Americans. The Nisei of the last generation married outside by less than 1%. No other group has assimilate ~~in~~ at that speed. In a short period, we have become adopted Americans. Children have both European and Japanese grandparents. There are about 850,000 Jap-Amer. including Hawaii. That is about 5% higher than the Chinese America. 4 x the Philippine pop. It is the largest Asian American group. Although the Chinese are now immigrating at a fast rate, and soon may pass the Jap. American who are coming in at a much slower rate.

Apple butter, huge cans of it were all we had to spread on bread.

The night before we saw Wataridori, Bird of Passage a film by the Visual Communications group in LA. It seems a though each screening is not only dailies but other materials that will help the cast and crew do their job. I found the film a bit arty, and loaded with too much Japanese Music, It was very good, but looked, as Edison said, like something put out by the Japanese Information Service.

Once fixed, the car is back in action. Obviously, in spite of the heat and effort involved the Wakatsukis are having a fine time. The crew moves out to do a scene in the fields. When it returns, long shots from fixed positions are setup. I climb one of the guard towers to find myself with Vernon's father. It is a bit strange to see Yuki now, The man went to high school with him and also to the lake camp. Asked whether he was any good in high school. His reply is not about the quality of his acting but his chances. Well....you know there wasn't much opportunity. I guess we thought he was embarking on a hopeless cause." How is it to now have him play with your son in a major TV movie. "There are so many things coming together at once, I have no words to describe it."

We clamber down. I go off with the crew to the fields where Yuki will knock down the sign marking the limits of the camp. They roar around the field in eights and wavy lines. Yuki waves his hat as the family roars with laughter. "I can't see the sign," he yells as he passes the camera. Finally he sees it, he had been looking too low for it. and he knocks it down. The family roars off into the distance, the sun fades, conveniently at just the right moment to make them seem to disappear into the brush. Just a faint sound of them can be heard. The car stalls and we can see the whole group pushing a truck goes out to help them get started and back to camp.

SATURDAY JULY 19, 1975

Later Nobu says she say the sign but thought it was a reflector as it was the same size and shape. Vernon and Dori had a good time, had an opportunity to steer the old car a 32 Chrysler roadster while on a dirt road.

The last scene is ~~map~~ shot at dusk, It is the scene where Nobu comes and announces the birth of Chiyoko's second child. The crew et down the wood of the platform and the adjoining ground to make theood look aged. he wetting of the short grass makes it deep and aricher looking. Little falt pools form on the platform reflecting the sky. A happy accident. Jenanie plays in thepuddles as she and her father wait. The old couple is overjoyed and wlak off together. Afinal shot of them walking along the fence, the sun behind them is done. Tehy chat in Jpanese, I beleieve about what they're going ot eat. On the second take, Nobu notices the soundman is recording and speaks English, ad libbing something appropriate to the scen.

Earlier in the day and on Friday, " caterpillar was brought in to spread more dust by themess ahll and the front gate. The towers were aged with water based paint and haoses.

Dir;'s mother invites a few people up to their hotel room for Jpanese food. Gohanis cooked in an automatic rice cooker, tea is boiled, Her sister cuts togu and sahsimi in the bathroom. It is a real feast. Yuki comes in wearing Yukata after taking his shower, Nobu in a pair of sleek white slacks withhalter, looking slightly strange as she is stillwearing her hair in her forties style. Everyone sits on the floor around one of the beds. happy as kids who have gotten free access to a forbidden cookie jar. Dori's mother tells of how her father used to make natto in one of the hall closets at home, how people used to come over to get it, for in those days, it could not be bought in stores. Nobu says when she first married her husaband, she used to always eat Jpaanese food out, One day they both went to a Jpanaese restaurant and she discovere he like Japanese food too. Since then she says, "we always have Jp. food at least once a week, on Tuesdays." Dori pipes usp, "We have Japanese food nearly every day, American food maybe once a week." Everyone laughs. dori has really missed the food at home as much as anything. So havemany of the other Jpanese Aemricans on the cast and crew.

Almost everyone goes to the bar that night, Nobu tells of how she took Monica, the schooteacher's daughter down to the store dressed in street clothers. Monica, wanting some candy, sayd, "Grandma, grandma, can I have somecandy." Thelocal ladies were a bit shcoked by the immodest dress of this grandmother. Nonica calls Yuki grandpa as well, She finds it difficult to separate the actors from their parts in themovie.

SATURDAY JULY 19, 1975

Don Le Page, the make up man, has been at it for some 22 years. Studied under someone called Westmore in LA. then came back and worked in the Opra house. "Make-up is more than what you do, it is often helping the actor transfer to his character in the psychological sense as well as the physical sense. I learned that working with the stars at the Opera House. They would come in in their furs and all. You'd take their coat and talk to them a bit, but not too much. By the time they left, you were speaking to them in character." Nobu's make-up came about as a cooperative effort between John, Nobu and myself. She was also tested by Rick Baker in LA. I think her look is working out very well and I also like the little red weinds I have added to Yuki as he gets drunker and more run down. We used the Ansel Adams book, for the hair and feeling. Theree is more to those pictures than. simply style/ Having once been an actor myself, helps.

Sunday The entire cast and crew has been invited to a swim and barbeque by the local theatrical group in Klamath Falls. The party is a welcome relief from the hotel and daily work schedule. The local people have brought homemade foods which are especially welcome. The party is queit and relaxed. The younger members of the cast and the children of the crew especially have a good dtime in the pool.

Edison is there, having stayed over just one move day. "For 3-4 days, I have been immersed in what happened 33 years ago. I usually read at least two nespapers a day and listen to the news as much as I can. It is the umbilical cord for me to the rest of the world. I have not been involved at all in any of that since I have been here." He is, in spite of his specialization in Asian American affairs, as personally touched by what the prodction represents as any of the other extras. The sounds, the falshes of thepast pour in on him too, even though this subject has been a part of his regular academic life for years.

John comes over and comments on how the set has had a ver y postive atmospher and how he hopes it will continue when the company moves to Santa Rita and Marin.

Dori's mother, and Veron's are now goin home, replaced by his father and Dori's aunt.

On the way back to the hotel, Yuki asks Akemi to sing hi a ,apanese song. It contrasts strangely with the grazing cattle and sheep. Everyone joins in other songs. An american song is sugn. Yuki sings. Akemi comments that many of her firends who are pros won't sing except when they are performing. Yuki says, he used to be afraid to sing, but now he downs care. He sings once in a lifetime., somehow this is very appropaitae to the twentyyears he has spent trying to get somewhere in the business.

SATURDAY JULY 19, 1975

Rick one of the drivers, broke his wrist cranking the old car. "It was so difficult to get the crank into the hole. Finally, when I had the handle was up instead of down. I just didn't want to change it, and just as I was winding it up, the car started. Someone says how many people have done that that, even were careless enough to bend so their heads were in way, which, in some cases killed people. He is very matter of fact about it. going over to one of the gaffers after hurting himself, and saying I think I sprained this. It was obvious to the gaffer that he had probably broken in, and had him report immediately to the hospital. That evening he came to the bar, asking people to sign his cast. He was very off hand about it, saying it didn't hurt and all and that the doctor said the break was in a good place to heal well. He had been very quiet about his injury so as not to upset the cast, or interrupt the playing of the scene.

Later Yuki drives by knocking down a garbage can only a few feet from the camera. the assistant and the Script supervisor scattered. Fortunately the can flew off to the side, just as if it had been choreographed. A cameraman looking down a lens, often cannot tell how close a moving vehicle or other hazard really is, this is one of the hazards of the business.

S. Nichibei July 12, 1975 article on Farewell to Anaant
An editor has been hired, Eric Albersson, who did Hospital.

Clyde has been continuously clowning around on the set. He is very good at imitations, Peter Lorre, Bogart and even John Wayne, which is a strange one for him as he is a bit smaller in stature than Wayne.

MONDAY JULY 21,

Bob KINOSHITA, graduated from SC in Arch. major in ceramics 1940. I came up on what was supposed to be a reconnaissance trip in late May, but I quickly got on it, after asking John to have the extra time that was really going to be needed to build all the sets, lay the dirt and all. I have kept a file of my own on the camps. Through the years, I had a feeling that someday, this story would be told. The tickets that everyone had to wear coming in were taken from my own which I had saved. I have huge files on just about everything at home, about ten legal size cases. I think there will be some lawsuits sooner or later against the govt. for reparations. No one got anything for the property that was seized. I was working at LA water and Power when relocation came. The first thing I did at Poston I, was head up an adobe project. We made all kinds of tests on the bricks which we were going to use to build schools etc. We used the native gravel added to the clay.

MONDAY JULY 21, 1975

WE found out that hay in adobe isn't really needed. Our stress tests showed that neither hay nor setting time made any appreciable difference in the bricks. Once in a while I would see the Indians in their own areas....One of the things that impressed everyone including the local people, was the Poston County Fair. Most of the people in Poston were farmers and they took to growing things in the firebreaks. You would see onions, and then an alkali spot, where nothing was doing well. Eventually the alkali would leach out as we were irrigating. Firebreak farmers.

I was married at the time we went to camp, but we certainly decided against having children at that time. We lived with some friends in the same barracks, a couple, her father, and a son by a previous marriage. It was just like the situation Chiyoko and Teddy were in in the story. Absolutely no privacy; we just used blankets on a wire for a little privacy.

I later had an idea. Each mess hall would break at least 10 plates a day. Multiple that by 36 blocks and you lose a lot of crockery. I ordered a kiln, glazes and all, the local clay was really quite good. It all came in but there wasn't any place to put it. By the time I left, about a year after the camps opened, it was still sitting in storage. I thought we could make crockery, and teach pottery at the same time. I went out to survey the clay. There was huge flood plain of it. Some was dark chocolate, green, red, arranged in strata some twelve feet or so deep. Some of it very good, with good plasticity. It was such a strange place, seemed to be nothing living there, not any bugs or snakes or anything. It was eerie.

There were rattlers in the street. (S above) and Scorpions which loved the latrines, because of the moisture and cool. We were able to get out on a work permit through a friend. So my wife and I went to South Milwaukee to work in some Belgina man's pottery plant, I got 75¢ an hour as a moldmaker and my wife got 50¢ as a kiln loader. Quarters were hard to get, but we finally got a room in a private home.

We got the tip from a Margaret Stanicci, who was going to come and get us at Poston. but things didn't seem to be moving fast enough. Finally we got there ourselves. We lived in Milwaukee for six years or so. I kept applying for jobs in Milwaukee, South Milwaukee was just a suburb, about thirteen miles out, an industrial town. a foreman tipped us off to a good boarding house so we began eating there. It was run by a German woman and all the working men from the local plants ate, there. There was huge plates of food, sometimes as many as nine dishes, I couldn't believe the way these people could eat, but I soon learned to keep up. After several months of looking we went to Milwaukee where I went into the R & D department of Cleaver Brooks.

MONDAY JULY 21, 1975

That couple we shared space with in camp were expecting a baby. She had gone to the hospital that afternoon in labor. That eve. a vehicle drives up and an intern gets out from the hospital across the way from us. During the afternoon the husband had been to the hospital, and it looked as if the baby would arrive that nite. He had come home to take care of the rest of the family for a bit. Rich. Umeda was his name. We could hear him through our blanket talking with the grandfather then leaving with the doctor. He came back some hours later, crying like a baby. It was so awful. After the birth, his wife had been put into another room and had begun to hemorrhage, the doctors and nurses had rushed her back to the operating room. They had no oxygen supplies and much of the medicine and sedatives they had were World War I issue. They gave her respiration, and even had him try after they were all exhausted, but it was no use, she was gone. It was a crime. A lot of the unrest at Manzanar started over this lack of proper medical facilities, I think, (Dr. Godo there, I believe had a lot to do with changing all that)

Everyone tried to stay in a block with people they knew from back home. Our block was an athletic group from LA called the Golden Bears. We had played basketball, football, track, just about everything. We also had some old Issei bachelors. This caused a lot of dissension. The old ones didn't much want to work and we younger people wanted to improve conditions. The baby belonging to our roommate was taken care of by one of the other women in the block while he worked. It was a night I have never forgotten.

That's one of the reasons I know quite a bit about the funerals at camp. They used a panel truck, lacking a hearse, and the cheapest casket. I can still remember that night. I was so mad. Such stupidity.

I largely stayed away from block politics. Naturally there were factions. The Golden Bears concurred generally on things, and usually had a majority, but there was a real effort to be democratic. We were among the first to open our mess hall. Cooked on old oil stoves. and had to use big wash pans to cook rice. Well, the stove had a couple of hot spots where the rice would puff up and then there would be valleys of cold, hard rice in another part of the pan. We learned to cook it in many smaller batches.

In approx. six months the people had cleared 10,00 acres for farming. It was not planted while I was there, but I left within the first year.

I had long tried to get into the movies. I had a small job in 1936, but when I got out of USC in 1940, I couldn't get into the union.

MONDAY JULY 21, 1975

BOB KINOSHITA

From Milwaukee, I kept writing the studios so I could leave Cleaver Brooks. I did survival suits for the men on convoy tankers. The water was so cold that the men couldn't survive more than about twenty minutes in the north atlantic. We had system where the water would activate the little heater in the feet of the suit. But in some models you couldn't get your hand in to activate the little heaters because of the water pressure. We had worked that out, but the Navy canceled the project. Then we did a missing machine for napalm, which is nothing but high quality aviation fuel and sodium palmitate, a by product of soap. Guys kept blowing selves up. That's how I got deferred, working on those kinds of projects.

Right after Pearl Harbor I had volunteered for the Naval Construction Battalion. A classmate at USC had volunteers and suggested I try. When I went down to the recruiting office, I could hardly get waited on, this sailor just stood there, reading his magazine. Finally, I forced him to wait on me, saying "I want to volunteer for the Naval Construction Battalion and that I was an architect." He hardly looked up, just said, "All Orientals can get is a steward's rating." Same old stereotypes.

When I first came out of high school, I was in love with airplanes and in 1932 I had no money so I went to LACC and helped my dad run his restaurant. A Korean kid and I used to sit together in engineering class. We were going to have a field trip to North American, and the teacher described the departments and all we were to see. I was quite interested, naturally, but at the end of his description, he wrote on the board: "NO ORIENTALS ALLOWED." He didn't say anything more just wrote it. Well, it became clear to me that I wouldn't be able to get a job. Chances would be 1 in a million. So I went into Architecture at SC. I remember the Dean giving us the pep talk: "...If it's big money you're looking for, this is not the profession for you, You must be dedicated to be an architect..." Anyway while I was a student I saw and exhibit in the school gallery of Jack Martin Smith's set sketches. He was already at the studios. I fell in love with it. and I got my first chance in 1936 to work in an Art Department.

I had a friend who was working and got me on 100 men and a girl with Deanna Durbin and Adolph Menjou. I worked on the staircase for one of the big production numbers. The whole orchestra, which was the 100 men, was supposed to be on it. I built a lot of models for the set, first it was a ~~spiral~~ spiral, then straight, then a different number of steps. It was just a summer job, and tried again, right after I got out of school.

MONDAY JULY 21,

BOB KINOSHITA

I had a minor in ceramics and while at school (college?) I acted as a teaching assistant in the ceramics lab. I didn't get a (job) rightaway after college---it was the Depression, you know-- so I got a job teaching ceramics to 18-25 year olds with the National Youth Administration. I still use the name Rokin on my pottery (Ro from Robert Kin from Kinoshita).

When we went to Milwaukee ~~waxhax~~ proper, my wife and I had a hard time renting. We'd go out to see an apartment and the man would take one look at us and say, "Oh, sorry, we just rented it." I'd make sure by phone right around the corner that the apartment was available, but what could you do. We just accepted it. We finally had a nice flat from which we were eventually evicted as the owner wanted to make our apartment into two units. Housing was very short in those days. We either had to buy a place or go through looking again for weeks. and I was fed up with snow. That's when we decided to take a chance.

My wife worked at the same place...the fellow who owned it, later opened up a washing machine company. you know the kind with the drum on its side that squeezes the laundry dry. It was a bit ahead of its time, the rubber lining also had some problems. Clothes used to get caught in a damaged during the squeezing process. A few years later, other came out with those kind of machines. It's too bad the fellow didn't wait to perfect his, before marketing it. We also made washers for the Army, the kind that could be dropped by parachute to the troops.. You could kick them out of an airplane for the paratroopers below. Also made larger ones, on wheels that fit into C-45s. The company also made ducks--amphibians--

Anyway, we loaded everything up, went to LA and stayed with my parents. My dad was working for Mike Lyman's dinner place.

The first job I got in LA was in a record pressing company at Macgregor's made LPs for the Armed Forces. First I was a trimmer, had cut off the spill over, then got into pressing itself.

Then I got a job specializing in distilling equipment company, Fluor corp., I had three different friends in the studios and I hounded them every week. Finally, one day, I got an in with a draftsman at MGM. (My father had died by then, and Fluor wanted me to head up the architectural section. I wanted to know how much pay I would get at MGM, if it were comparable, I thought I should stay at Fluor because the benefits at the distillation plants were good and I had my mother to take care as well as my family.) Someone said, It seems as though you really like pictures better, so why don't you go ahead and give it a try? I was only promised two months of work, but I went ahead and took the chance. In the next two years, I got ~~xxxx~~ lopped off seven times. My wife by then was urging to back to something more steady.

MONDAY JULY 21

BOB KNOSHITA

I worked at MGM on and off and then went on to Fox and Warners during the fifties. The first thing I worked on at MGM was PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE with Spencer Tracy doing set design. Advancement was up to your Supervising Draftsman. I had started as a senior because of my architectural degree. Went from senior to lead man, Asst Art Director then full Art Director. On Forbidden Planet (for which he designed Robbie the Robot) I should have been an assistant art director, but I think I didn't advance because I was an Oriental. If I had been caucasian, I think I would have. Anything you designed on paper had six different people commenting on it, so when I did Robbie the Robot and other things, I tended to make models right off. It's easier for directors to see how the idea might work that way. I used the idea of a computer for the head, use wire clips and all. Gabe it to the Art Director and he lied it so he sent it on

I got a job at ZIV during the early TV epoch. It was one of the earliest companies. When they first came to Hollywood to make half hour shows, everyone said each show would take three months. These guys must be amateurs, they said, if they think they can make shows in weeks. And it wasn't very long before shows were being made in a matter of days. The supervising Art Director trusted me, and brought me in as a ~~Supervising~~ Senior draftsman. He promised me some shows to do on my own, which I did as the set designer. We were on a hourly rate, so we made quite a bit of money. It still took quite a bit for me to get my Art directors standing. They didn't like to give them out because ~~xxx~~ it meant paying a lot more money. Finally I did advance and got into the guild, which was separate then, but is now 876. I handled enormous amounts of quick and dirty work, fast set changes, one show right after the other. This was good experience. Later I was to do a great deal of science fiction work which I liked, it was almost a kind of speciality. In college I had also taken quite a bit of industrial design which was to be a big help to me.

I'm not the kind of man who likes to become involved with any cliques on the set. I never get too chummy with the director or producer either. Right away, you start going to dinner a lot, etc. and before you know it, you're hearing all kinds of other ideas and being asked for free advice.

Freddy Ishimoto, my agent pulled me into this project, set the meetings and all. I flew up to meet John. I knew someday, this story would be done. I have kept a story file on it. I have huge files, that I've kept up through the years on everything from coal mines to space ships. In between art assignments I've written scripts under a pseudonym (Robert Underwood = Kinoshita in English) kept up with my pottery and all. He also has been involved with numerous other types of business

JULY 21, MONDAY

BOB KNOSHITA:

Aquaculture, inventions, etc .

I have to admit that I admire John Kory for attempting this kind of project on such a slender budget. While working on it, memories have flooded back to me. The signs, everything in a haze, in clouds of dust, I remember that. When we laid the dust down here at Tulee Lake, I recalled the water trucks that would sometimes come to spray the dust to keep the clouds of it from blowing. I remember even the pebbles in the road. The dust would wash about from the rain, leaving a kind of pebbly surface where the road was used a great deal. The asphalt around here with dust on it almost looks like that. Hearing the Japanese jabber here in the mess hall and extras talking while waiting around in front of the tar papered barracks, the sound of the geta going from the dirt to a harder surface. Just like the extras here, we used to make geta and wear them to the showers and in the showers.

We got most of our supplies from local lumber companies and all. Most of the vendors never confronted me or the project. Perhaps they would confront the Caucasians. My philosophy is quite different from many Caucasians, or Japanese. My first question is, when confronted: Would you, if born in Japan be a Japanese citizen? Most Caucasians and Japanese-Americans wouldn't want to, but if you're born here you want to be an American, You are an American citizen.

We never had a chance for a hearing when the war came. I started up a group of farmers who wanted to go to New Mexico. We had drawn the plans for a coop of 1000 people. We went to the local citizens and they were all for it. Army finally said no and after Pearl Harbor, it certainly became impossible. (Deming, NM)

This is a cause that Kory has taken quite a gamble on, and I want to help. It really is a slice of my life. I hear voices-- on the set, ~~xxxx~~ voices talking in Japanese and English, babies crying, the dreariness of it all. That's one reason I work hard against any deviation. It is a little more serious for me, Attention to detail is important, it could be insulting if not done correctly. Naturally, some are going to say their experience was bleaker, or not so bad, and so forth, but what we are attempting is the spirit of the thing. Stark is the key word.

Found many things used in local antique shops.

My father JIRO KATO

I went from Sacramento to camp, the hardest thing was the dissolutions of family life. The boys ran around together and were interested in sports. Yuki was a little different, I had known him and know about his being interested in theatre, but I thought he was barking up a dead end street. Later, I left, as soon as I could to go to Idaho on a work permit to work on Potato farms. After the War I went to Wahdinton to work on Railroad.

MONDAY JULY 21

BOB KNOSHITA

Special techniques for aging wood and all. We were going to put in a victory garden in between the barracks, but as it turned out, one of the families living here, had a garden in, which we were able to use. It took quite a bit of research even though I had been in camp, and sketching. I have also worked on Hawaii 5-0 Puerto Rican Bob Hope show etc. where we use locals.

SC120 Christmass

The barracks are boiling, a fan is run intermittently to cool the cast and crew slightly. Libby Page uses a damp chamois to make the cast more comfortable in their woolens. The crew is busily helping make origami birds and ornaments for the Christmass tree, from magazines and white bond. Everyone hums Christmass carols in the 100°+ heat.

YUKI:

Erica Sato was her maiden name. She was in a higher class than I was. I loved the drama group in camp and asked me to participate. I had done the senior play in high school; Most of the Sacramento people were in block 23 or 24 but we happened to be in 36-06.

I put on a musical review which we did for a month every night in a different block. We'd set up a makeshift stage in each mess hall, gather the tickets, then do our makeup. Once there was a power shortage. I remember one number...Chatanooga Choo Choo in which we had four girls dressed in flared white satin skirts with railroad tracks running all over the skirts. I taught tap dancing.

When I was smaller, in Sacramento, I would do Japanese plays. I would go to shibui and cry in the right places and all. Then I would go home and write stories, and organize the other kids to play supporting roles. I used to go the rooming house where the actors stayed? The kids and I used to use empty migratory workers' barracks for our theatres, and we'd go right up to bedtime. There were nine or ten of us, we'd collect bottle tops for tickets. Boy the years sure do go by. You begin to realize just how much has gone by.

I remember in Junior high school there was a sign in one classroom. What you are going to be, you are now becoming." I always remembered that and now so many people who thought it was crazy for a Japanese American to try to go into theatre or film, now say "you sure stuck with it."

NOBU:

When I came up on the plane it was the same one as many of the crew came up on. Barney and Stuck. I overheard them say, "Hey who is that lady?" But when I came to the set, after having my hair grayed, they didn't recognize me. Last Sat. Two weeks later, I dressed as myself and wore makeup and all. They were so shocked

MONDAY JULY 21

NOBU

I had introduced Yuki as my 'husband' Ko. When they asked me if he really was my husband. They just cracked up when they realized I was the same lady as in the plane ...they had to go outside.

Gary, Akemi's boyfriend visits, and borrows a bicycle to go to place where he was born on the grounds.

Everyone whistles, the Bridge on the River Kwai duaring the car scene, ousa for Jeanniies batons twirling.

John tells at lunch of a commercial he once made for the Ralston corp. It was to be a long, complicated dolly shot into his office right into a close up of him at his desk, where he would issue christmas greetings on behalf of the comapny. After much rehearsal, everything was set. They dollied in, and just at the crucial poing, he sniffs, sniffs again and lets go with an enormous sneeze instead of his seech.

TUESDAY JULY 22

AKEMI

28 years old. I've been with the East West Players for about two to three years now. My parents were in Rohwer Arkansas, but I grew up in LA. At fourteen I did my first movei and went to professional school for a year. (Youngest of ten children)k That's when I really became interested in acting. Right after high school, I went on the road with Flower Drum Song, and floolowing that a group of us formed the Flower Drum song revue, living and studying in New York. We were the opening act for the Edidie Fisher show, that's how long ago that was. After all this traveling around the country, I got a job as a dancer in Las Vegas, and married there. My husband, who was a club owner, wanted me to quit the business, which I did. It was a nice change from running all over the country. I deicded to go back to school and wnet to outhern Nevada University where I majored in Anthropology. As a traveling performer, I had been more or less, actually more, unaware of what was happening in the world. After marrying, my husband set all the opinions in our home, but when I started going to school, and forming my own opinions, we began to have trouble. So I wnet back to Los Anglees, and continued studying Anthro at UCLA. In the interim, I joined the East West Players. Jobs were comeing in. I did South Pacific and decided to get back into the business full time. Now I belong to the Ensemble at the East West Players. I go at least three times a week and all day on Saturday. In the beginning, even when I was little, the youngest of eleven kids, I was the only wone in the family to get accordion lessons. I guess because I was the younges t and the financial pressure was off. Even today, I'm the only one with a college education.

TUESDAY JULY 22

College was easy for me and I graduated Phi Beta Kappa, Magna Cum Laude. I had a grant from the Ford Foundation on interracial marriage and did one of the early empirical studies on out marriage by Japanese Americans. The write up of the study was published in an anthology ed. by Chas. Mindel. I've published three articles the one in the Mindel book by Holt Rinehart & Winston. one in J. of Social Res. and another in the AmerAsia Journ. The project started with one class in methodology research design and steleted on the acculturation of JAs.

I was still under twenty when I went to college. We would talk politics at home,...my husband and his friends. I would never say anything, but when I went to school I began to have my own opinions. My husband began to make cracks that were clearly prejudiced, for him there was the Jews and the goys, As a began to read, began to have contact with people my own age, I began to think of myself differently. I guess you could say I got caught up in yellow consciousness. I was very radical for a while, but am now more reserved although just as serious about it. I had been hung up on material things So I took my daughter and left. Came back to L.A. and life began to make sense. What school did was make me aware of myself. First I hated whites, now I am at another level, I love America, I really love my country. Hating is just another form of racism. I feel I must be aware without hating.

Studying Japanese parents, my own Issei father, helped me to understand, and appreciate the subtleties of their behaviour. It's difficult for a woman with a child to go into the field. Asian American actresses. is the proposed subject for my PHD in cult. Anthro. I spent about a year looking through stuff at the MPAA and catching up on film history and the image of the Asian and Asian American in media.

50% of the marriages out of JA
athe marriages are about 50-50 and 60-40 female to male in LA and SF respectively study for 71 and 72.

Attitudinal study of the history of asian stereotypes, movies of the past have never told the true asian american story. Took 30 people to see the play Yellow is My Favorite Color about Asian identity and Coda about a homosexual. Notne had ever seen a play with an Asian American cast. Before, most generally thought of the females as quiet, serving and all and of the males as small, and quiet, but domineering and aggressive in business, One woman said I have knew there were Asian homosexuals before. The stereotypes are so set, it is nearly impossible to break them)

The story goes that Marlon Brando did not want to play in Sayonara unless it had a happy ending, It's said that in the original both couples die, or are separated. He refused to do that, and the ending was changed. Many intermarried couples felt that that was a break though. Even in this script the mixed couple is thwarted from ever really getting together by Richard's Death in the War.

WEDNESDAY JULY 23, 1975

BOB KINOSHITA

As for TV, I couldn't even estimate how many, probably over a thousand. SEA HUNT, MEN INTO SPACE LOST IN SPACE HAWAII FIVE_0 At ZIV we once did 10 shows in one week. It was really quick and dirty, but good organizationally triaing. You couldn't waste any time or make any excess moves. We had it set up so we could revamp a set quickly. We'd try to build everything to match the parallels. Nothings elaborate like a major picture, but it did the job.

Kazuo and Martha Takade. one of Jenannes sisters and husband

Jim Saito finished for the day decides to walk up to the cross on the nearby hill, that had been put up by Christian internees for the Easter of 43' it is his own kind of private pilgrimage.

Vernon, off for the day, went fishing with his father Jiro.

JIM HACHIYA

In april, I bourhgt Monica, my six year old to the Tulelake Pilgrimage, I drove, rather than walked to the camp, because I knew I'd have to carry her. We were waiting for the rest of the group to arrive and saw John and hiro waiting so I aksed them if they had any workd on the marchers. We fell ito conversation and I asked them why they were here. "We're making a moviec, " they replied. "Oh," I said, " Farewell to Manzanar." They were surprised I knew about it. it just happened that another teacher had given me the bookk.

I didn't have any summer job this year, and they had taken my name as someone interested in being an extra. month later Skloot and Drew talked about the need for Jpanese American families, and also the fact that they needed someone on the set for the child actors.

I teach high school, speical education, in Alturas. I had one student who had been conidered a mentally retarded kid since the second grade when he was put into special ed. Actually, I think he was just a behaviour problem. Anywasy I worked on having him transfered over and eventually he did leave the special ed. program.

special ed. can be a problem. Vista worekrs have discovered that Spanish speaking parents think they are signing papers for a baseball prgram in some places only to find that theyr child has been placed in special education programs.

My family was in Jerome Arkansas they Heart Mountain. After the war, my father gon the bus, ended up in Long Beach. When we first

WEDNESDAY JULY 23, 1975

Hachiya

came back we lived in a trailer camp area. Housing was short and we had no money.

I've had problems with the administration of the special ed. program, they want to have a certain quota in the class to keep the program. It seems that they are going to completely discontinue it now, so I've been looking for a new job. My boss was a little unhappy with me so he hasn't been giving me good recommendations until they recently decided to drop the program. Now he's changed his tune, so that I'll get a job and leave.

Someone said in the dressing room, "I am furious yellow."

Momo YASHIMA

I went into theatre right after high school. I was a drama minor at college and my sister in law was teaching dance at USC at the time. He suggested I take some extra classes at the East West Players. So I did then I began to get bit parts here and there. Worked at the Music Center Improvisation company and did TV shows the first job I played the first Japanese American girl in the US (was this on Dath Valley Days or what? did Odd couple Mash Beverly Hillbillies Ironsides etc.

The advantage of working with the East West players is that it players are all Asian people. we have some of the same feelings and problems. By being together we can ~~actively~~ actively study and do shows. A lot of performing opportunities that would never occur if we waited around in the white world.

Hobbyists, part-time actors bug me. You have to have the drive to express yourself. It makes acting less than it is---as fully-time pursuit. they blab about acting" and people get the wrong ideas. Worked in a dinner theatre in North Carolina, studied in NY

Once I had a coach who said, "Oh, your english is so good." Why shouldn't be I'm an American. I felt like saying, "yours is pretty good too for someone from an ,talin background.

Dance teacher too: "Oh, the lovely tea ceremonies, you move that way. What was she talking about. I used to argue vehemently with some people and I loved it.

Ethnic jokes. The Polish jokes, I have them, I hate racist jokes Some people say I'm too sensitive, but these things stick with people and come back to haunt us all.

WEDNESDAY, JULY @#, 23, 1975

There is such a thing as ethnic humor, but there's a special knack, you have to make a poing and one that is more poignant and more clear for using the form. Like the two guys from South Africa that won the tony.

When we get back we'll have one, Asian American Extravaganza, whic we be similar to this in tone. *I hope*

It great to be the majority for a change, not just numerically. It is the whole concept, and spirt of the thing. The atmosphere on this show has been so good. JK is so quiet and unassuming, but storg. He just knocks me out.

One of his strongest qualities is that he trust people. When you think about it, ~~xxxx~~ he picks people carefully and builds his material on the trust he has in those people. I was very honest about casting. I decided I had nothing to lose. I said how much I rspiced the project and whether or not I gor the part. I just sang for him and we talked for quite a while. We didn't read or anything that formal. There wasn't I felt on meeting him, anything one dould "do" to get cast. He had a lot of instinct.

Working with JK has given me a greater trust in myslef. It;s an elusive thing but one of the most important. Youre in one emvironment, at home, secure,txx at a friend/s house, and everything is OK, then you go away to an unknown element with people you may not know at all but must relate to very intensely.

I think I still have a preference for the stage, Film is less for mee. 30 plays or so I've done, and I've done everything from sweeping up, making costuems. I;m used to doing everything for myself, costumes, makeup and all. I feel most comfortable when I'm responsible for me. In feilm I don't feel that kind of control. One must trust and it's hard to get used to.

DORI said on whay jome to aunt: "I can see how aeople could get spoiled doing this all the time.

MOMO: I went to the mUuseum and bought three Indain dolls and when Monica came in, she said, "Who is that doll for?" Dori said, after she ~~fx~~ left: " She really wanted thant."

Monica came in with the dolls out. My suitaase was open. asked the question. Dori and I looked at each aother. I had purposely gotten Dori in the room alone because I didn't want to hurt Monica's feelings. Then she went over ot the suitcase and saw the others. I couldn't just run over there and slam it shut. Those are for my nieces back home I said. She just kept hanging around the suitcase, . I could have bought one for her too,, but Dori, who knows the ricks kids play kept looking at me as if to say, "Dont fall for it."

WEDNESDAY JULY 23, 1975

Isn't it hard to work all the time. "No auntie , It's fun, They treat you really good. well, it is a little hard to play winter in the middle of summer." DORI

MOM: Theing on Mahs show the kid was just imposisble. One look at Dori and we struck up a friendship.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

JEANNE AND JIM HOUSTON WITH SOME FROM JK

How was it to come back and see the reconstructed camp?

JE: Very weird to see setslike being thrust back in time, bing thrown back to where you grew up. Senusal things, like the heat, smells, also made me begin to remeber how it fel. At Manzanar, there is absolutely nothing, the ruins are emotional, more devastating in a way. The physical sense of camp. And the first day seemed right, everyone running around carpeneters busy. the first scene which was, appropriately enough the carpeneters raising one of the walls for a barracks. Chaos, confusion"what are we doing? where do we go? the bathroom? etc. all the extras looking for the eating place.

It's a set all right, but it is also not a set for everyone.

JI: I just can't imagine the kind of pressure that is involved with handling a production like this I did a conatract book in four months and it was nothing compared to this.

Screenplay writing was completely different for me. Having published eight books. The book writer is in complete control of the material. sequences, shape of the images, he can have thousands of extras at the stroke of a pen. I had to adjust to givne that up, sharing the control, of making it a community effort, Everyone has had there part to do and each is equilly signifigang contiributor.

Driving up and seeing a set exactly like we envisioned it, in accord with a vision was mind boggling. ,t's as though everyone is just on the same wave length. ,t's really quite amazaing to me. Scenes too take place as we built them, as Jeanne told of them. The average novelist just takes his money and does something else. Working with JK spoiled is. Never had any real disagreement with hime. When we came to a halt working on the screenplay, was when we had to dtermine which means to use to express the essence. We never diagreed about the essence.

JE: I really enjoyed the difference between writing a book and a script. I really overtalk, but tend to underwarte, (In a screenlply you indicate sometime rather than fully go into it). I never believed it was going to happen. I just made the best of ait, goin' along. Never even told anyone in case it didn't happened.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

JK: who has sat down with us, and is now munching his dried up fried chicken, listening to the production manager with one ear and our conversation with the other:

I kept cautioning them about how things go along and then never happen in their business.

I remember his Fifth of July problems when we were both at Zoetrope.

JE: I had the first inkling of the physical task when he showed some of the period pix of the barracks. I kept thinking how are they going to do it.

JI: It was a formidable task, a great amount of sheer physical work. I didn't believe it could be organized. Writers of books just fantasize about movies being done of their books. They don't believe it will happen. In books you can have 5000 people, roaring air battles etc. Movies are such a physical reality by comparison.

JE: The other day we were talking about the movie "family". You go to the cast room, and even there the characters come out. They're livings as the characters. All this that began as a few tears at a family group and a tape recorder. It's going on here, the same vision. No one could have been more bizarre. ...Clyde really reminds me of my father, resembles him. Yuki on the inside is my father. I have to hold myself back when I see some of the scenes.

JI: I never met Jeanne's father for he died in 1957, but Yuki comes so close to the way I envisioned him from Jeanne's descriptions. Watching him on the screen is truly eerie. It's as though he has absorbed Ko's spirit/

Scene after scene was high drama a catharsis on the set and on the screen. The first time you see him, the getting off of the bus, I really couldn't move.When we went through the story on the tape recorder, after her family who gets together once or twice a year had left, it just came out, she would cry, then I would cry. I remember typing and breaking down. Then to watch Nobu and Yuki crying after doing that arrival scene. Our own getting it out came back.

JE: In answer to criticism that this is not the whole story, from the very beginning we have made it clear that we are not talking for everyone or the total experience. This is the story of my family, and how we dealt with our loss of ~~civil~~ rights and imprisonment.

JI: Every experience is different. It would be a great mistake to operate in terms of "figures", or representatives. When we get flack is when people ask us to make this representative of all. It's just not humanly possible.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

JEANNE & JIM

When we get a lot of flack is when people want us to represent it all.

JE: I understand what's going on, the only thing I feel badly about is having so much poential going into criticism. It should go to work in an outward way, a postive way, to create more stories, more opportunities.

There;s an old Jpanese saying: If one nail sticks up, it must be hammered down. Myabe there's a little of that too.

Commonly, feel each is the only one. It's a victim mentality, One writes about it, and the reader says, "I feel that way too," Maybe, in the case of others, thney came here sans saw there is nothing to be afraid of.

Q: Why the change of attitude in the extras, complete reversal of feelings, particaption in getas, other building projects?)

S

Its' someones recognition finally of what happened, of the scrifice. It's a tribute to the triumph of the will, not a putting down of what and how those imprisoned dealt with the sitatuion. Sanseis, you know, often put their parents down for taking being put in camp.

During a break JK tells of being offered a theatrical feature a few years ago. ~~Thxxxx~~ When he discovered the picture was to be ~~xxxxxx~~ involve vampire bats, John said, "Well, Ahh..." Filling the gap, the offering party said, "Now, the first thing you ;have to do, is get your rabies shots.." so much for that offer.

Check on what was shot this day. Mosquitoes biting cast during scene. Calvin looks for Dori and returns home INT. bugs are so bad. Monica takes a bottle of concentrated bug repellent for her father and smears it so generously on herslef that half the room smells. Her father has to wipi it off and spread it around ~~xx~~ to others via Kleenex.

CLYDE

Clyde went from Honolulu to Norwestern wher he joined a faraternity but quit after a couple of years. "Being in theatre, I really didn't need it, and bwsides, when the black brothers were out, I ~~was~~ used to hear jok about the jungle bunnies and that sort of thing. One can't help wondering what was said when I was out. There was a lot of bigotry-- and we had to wear suits on Monday nites, sports jackets on Tues, etc. The food was bad and the whole scene terribly rah rah. Let's hear it for George who go a three point. We're going to serenade the sorrorities on Thursdayetc.

After school, I went to Aspen for the summer then back to Honolulu for a visit. Returned to Aspen to particpate in a winter revue, then on th LA where I met Make. Did Goldwatch as son? and have stayed with E-W since 1972.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

CLYDE

East West Players is an attempt to form the first Asian American Repertory Theatre. We go to acting classes, movement classes and work ---sometimes amounting to a total of sixteen hours a day. There are several ways to go---You can go on a star trip, hang out at the right places and talk about how many parts and commercials you've turned down, or become an actor---study movement, acting and work, etc. An actor must use his whole body, not just his head. His body is like a musical instrument.

You get a thick skin as an Asian American actor. I did Crown Prince in King and I once, and the next show was to be Bye Bye Birdie. The producer like me, but he said, "Hey, we have to have more haoli in this one." I stayed on anyway and worked with the production. Once I went to the Music Center for a call and just walked in, when the guy said, "Sorry." before I even got halfway through the door.

The East West Players is home for me. It gives me a place to work. We put on plays for Asian writers. They're not all great, but they need to be shown; these works about Asian American identity. We don't do Japanese traditional styles, Kabuki or Noh--we are Asian American. and much of what we do is aimed at expressing that, not the old world traditions.

Some actors have avoided involvement with us because they feel they want to be accepted as actors, not Asian American actors. There are differences among the Asian American actors too. "Troubel at East West Players etc." backbiting. All you have to do is look in the mirror to find out if you're an Asian American actor. Film work is beginning to open up for me.

Goldwatch is being made in the American Theatre? no must be VISION check. series on KCET. Nobu originally did mother, Mako the father and I the friend.

In big companies you get into a theatre mentality. Seek explanation unclear idea.

KO after doing scene with Teddy about the Army Loyalty Oath, :... I'm so happy about this part, I just had to tell John, It has really made a difference to me. For scene L36 Bashing scene, I am going to take a fall I think after Calvin hits me, then turn away Kuyashi is the feeling, In English, hmm not really translatable regret, humiliation, I don't have the right word, but it's so degrading, so really degrading, realizing what he's doing what he's done. That last scene we did it two ways, each slightly different, different pacing and movement. We'll see which works best.

MARTHA TAKADE, JEANNE'S SISTER: I had a nightmare, that was so bad, I felt so guilty about it for years. Imagine dreaming my brother was burning the hospital down and killing all the people in it. We lived with Kazuo's father, two brothers, a cousin and a sister with 2 kids when we were in camp. I remember his father going to complain about me about how I visited too much my own family, "your stupid daughter, this and this, and my father said, " well, if she's so stupid, your son must have been a fool to marry her, etc. etc. they really went around.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

I can laugh at it now, but it wasn't so funny then. Several people at work have read the book, and heard about the movie being made. Once, a lady said "Those orientals will work for a dollar an hour if you let them." Boy, did I jump on her. One girl at work asked another what the book and film was about. "Oh, she said," how they had to put the Japanese in camps to protect them. "Baloney! I said.

MOM AND MIKE came early to record music for a song and practice. When they arrived, a pick up was slowly pulling out with the piano on the back. They chased after it "Wait. Wait": Max and the truck stopped. Couldn't decide what to do but finally decided to tape the music right there so Momo could practice later. So they climbed up on the back of the truck, set up the recorder and then her tape would work because the batteries had run down.

At the dailies there were gales of laughter watching the reel where Ko drives madly around the field trying to find the sign which was in the foreground of the picture so he could knock it down.

Mid-day, right during a very difficult scene, one of the drunken encounters between Nobu and Ko she received a letter from her nine year old girl, carefully addressed with the use of a ruler to insure even and straight lines on the envelope. Inside there was a single piece of gum, a gift. She was very moved, very sad. The blood put into Yuki's nose for the bashing scene kept running out before he was ready so Calvin had to keep bashing him. In the first run, he really bopped him, we could all hear it. Yuki once again showed him how to come at him and assured him that he wouldn't be hurt although that first one must have been painful. He didn't make poor nervous Vernon feel badly.

DORI: Want to be an actor? Well I don't know.. What do you think of camp? Well, it wouldn't be so bad to stay one night, but if you couldn't go home it probably would be awful. What did your mother tell you about ~~xx~~ her years in camp? About the geta, you know the geta scene, how you had to wear higher and higher ones each time it rained cause it got so muddy.. Dori really doesn't want to commit herself although she has taken serious interest in discussions of the childrens group at the East West Players. He simply wipes away the beads of perspiration in the 100 degree heat, and watches the next take, has a can of juice.

YUKI: I used to go to shibai when I was eight or nine, I loved it, I would cry and people ask me why, I would ask mother isn't this where I'm supposed to cry. After, I would always go backstage. I was like a mascot after a while at the boxing hall? ~~xxxxxx~~ where they were ~~xxxx~~ held. One time I stayed out till two or three. Boy did I get hell.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

BOB
~~BOB~~ JONES

The whole Rittq or Rhitt lake area was changed to tulelake in the 20s. Another Lake over the mountains north of here. The lost river wound around into Oregon and comes back. Bureau of Reclamation under the Recalvation Act, in the early 20s diked out and built a dam to control the water into the basin for irrigation.

The first homesteads here were 80 acres given to world war I vets. 1928 drawing had about ____ 1932 and 1938 was the last drawing which covered most of the land up to Newell where the camp is now. My father came here ~~xxxxxx~~ when? In 1936 the town was incorp. and the RR was in. Then War came. Prior to the war, the Newell area was farmed by lease from the governemnt. Known as Copic Bay would flood to one or two feet in the winter. Eventually control the water at the south end of the basin. Dug a tynnel that drains into the south Klamath thru a tunnel 60' high. goes around and eventually enters from the north as irrigation, goes into Klamath.

After the War, opened the land to WWII vets and had three drawings averagin 80 acres 200 or so homesteads. Farmers lease parts of the refuge, but some grain is lost to the birds, which is a part of the deal i guess. The birds need food.

Specifically, camp for Japanese-Americans it. Where Newell used to be was a bull pasture. Liske's bull pasture, The locals responded to the news of the camps as an opportunity to work, they wanted to get on to build. Local plumber became hed pulmbing contractor,

We lived next to the camp. we were not all anti-Japanese, I can't say I was completely. Read ideas from the papaers, but grew up in Livingston with a good sized JA population. They farmed across from us sometimes 200, 300, even 5 or 6,000 out in the fields. One thing local people, had very rich and productive soil, high altitude and frost are just about the only things you have to worry about. All the famrers were aware of the superior truck farming abilities of the JAs. They were a little afrails, at least some that the JAs would see how good the soil was here and there was an apprehension they would stay. Not one returned here. At that time we though we had the richest soil in the world but it is only the 2nd richest, there's a place on the Nile that is a bit richer.

The farm land is after all, tule roots and goose manure. In spring and fall normal field has 70 birds on it,? field after field white and dark geese. Go out at sudown and measure a square foot ... 1/2 oz per a dropping and 6 to 7 to the foot, the Tonnage is incredible.

Inidans used grooved rocks on stones.

I will admit I've had a coupld of complaints, a couple of pople who felt it shouldn't be done, but lots of folks wanted the pix here. I wanted it here for economic reasons. If they come here, they'd gone somewhere else. The chamber of commerce invited Korty,

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

BOB JONES

I've started a little museum of my own, artifacts of the camp years, I felt these things should be preserved and adv.

For thirty years there has been notheing, occasionally. I have a warehouse ~~there~~ there in Newell, , and people would stop near the camp and look. Guessed they must have been in camp. Supervisor who represent d Newell seemed to think the film would make poor public realtions but we got that stratitened out. heck with skloot. or JK

We can all look back now and say this should not have been done. Alwl a been an "nti- Asian movement on the Pac. oast. I feel myslef, having gone to school with Jpanese Americans that you can't just blame the West Coast for the Executive Order. The 3rd and 4th generation groups are militant, they are insisting on continuully bringing up how injust it was and that it was a fomm of concentration camp that should never have existed. Want to make it a big issue. Ther whichare doing so were even born then. Even though, Itwas not necessarily a concentration camp, but a relocation camp. JAs became belligerent, naturally about the loyalty oath.

I knew in the thirties there would be war, We did know. The JAs withdrew to an extent then. They had their own schools and all, it seemed secretive, it certainly didn't help. poeple wondered what they were being taught there. I think that many JAS were torn between two countries at least the older ones.

Gen DeWitt, "ew was the West Coast hed commander . This was a popular idea a popular thing to do. "ssei Nisei, wirtten by Japan. s.

Here was a nimister ~~protestingxaxyearxandxhalfxheforxexxhexxwaxx~~ a protestand who came here only a year and half before the war. One thing impressed me when he was brought to tul lake, "e could easily have been a community leader disguised as a minister and actually have been a spy, but he was given special attention and free run of the camp. "e made a very obvious suspect, At one time, I beleive the camp's population was up to 18,000 and we had two towers there .. for their protection. We all carry guns, predatory control, injured animals and all. once I went by the camp and the MP stopped me. We're going to put a seal on your gun, I said what do you mean, I live right next to the camp and I have hafl a dozen more guns in my house. he workers used to walk to the fields by my house everyday. If I was mean, Iwad every opportunity.. They worked all around the valley, I would sometimes see them 7 or 8 miles from camp. i think you might call the camps interment camps instead of ooncentr. camps which calls up an image of what happened in Germany.

Somc tje war. 245 homesteads/ I attendded a fareweel dinner for one of the coupdles here who were retiring. people came here as nelwly weds, got homestead sahred machinery, and lived close bec. they were all getting started. lmost all those WWII vets were at the party and only a month and a half ago I didn't hear onemention of the film or the camps being a problem..

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

BOB JONES

For thirty years notheing then, yess, there's been a little beitt of apprehension. A year and a half ago some people came, "We'd liek to see your pix." There were two young people and two older men as I recall. One of theolder men said, We'd like to come and celbrate, have a pilgrimage. I asaid, "I'll help you," not knowing what some of the vets would say. Showed them the pictures and drove them down to Newell to show them what I knew about the area. Dr. Hawasaka out of San jose. Roseville man, Ono, Omo JACL. We made arrangements for the grade school grounds there, PA system etc. My wife and son and I got an the bus and went with them. The mayor gave a welcoing speech (in Klamath?) Well we got there, and I never saw so many newsmen, Newsweek, etc, Made a big thing about the Klamath Falls cemetery whidh has eight or nine graves mostly babies, the local people had fixed them up before as the families seemed to have been lost and they were in disrepari. There was Christian and Buddhist ceremoneis and five buses, but very publicity oriented. So they came down here, after 30 years, Jas and news media and all. I didn't know what was going to happen. 4th generation, Mr. Doi. eight some years old, and seich Ono Jacl Roseville? Nisei. The last generation gave false info, gloried in the face and all that was published in Newsweek. As they went through Tullake paeople jeered them this was false.

First nite in K Falls one bunch of young indians, on group men made fun and jeered them. then the next day they told of it at the cerem. four th generation guy. a couple of local people wrotenewsweek to comp complain. lot of local people went out two.

My daughter once called a nine paned window whichis unusual a Jap window. It wasn't amatter ofprejudice, it was what they had always been called around here, bec. the old windows were used later by people in their out buildings. and thus became Jap windows.

The JA put the cross up. for 30 yres it was there a symbol carried the cross up for some easter services in 43. Just prior to the 1st pilgrim local citizesn, some young people 3 WWII vets, theu made it out of steel for the wood had deterioriated, They spent a whole weekedn gettin it up there for permanence steel was used. Ruth King K Falles corres. pondent s articles. I don't think it should be called a concentration camp on the plaque they're proposing. That would cause quite a bit of ill will if that's the wording.

Secon I was quite concerned, for the literature talked of declaring injustices, that may not be the workingb, but it was the tone. Two or three wanted to know about facilities, a hinese fellow, why chinese?, called me from Berkeley. Any rate, I decided to help them and suggested the fairgrounds for minimal facilities where theyd have bathrooms, eatig space and all cause they were students and didn't have a lot of money.

The fair manager immediately said it was possible. A young guy, from berkeley, Berkekely is in my mind a bit milliant in association--

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

BOB JONES

he was chinese which also puzzled me. Theyd made arrangements when I spoke to fair manager, he told me not arrangements had been made. There wasn't the same kind of communication and organization as the first one. The were coming. and no one knew what was up. There was a form of secrecy it seemed. "Waht is this? " ~~xxxx~~ I said whetn a freidn sent me some leaflets from the bay area. t was Asian United? ...for past injustif es, picturesof towers; for 15.00 you can get on a burs and go to tullelake. so I was, quite frankly, alarmend, notified our chief officer here just to let hime know. Hew wans't on duty or anything nor were any extra police or anything on. I just let hime know these people were coming. At any rate, the day came, and I was busy that day, couldn go over to the grounds to greet them....guess I was really glad in a way, At any rate, the emergency phone rings and its the manager calling the police to come down. Now the media got into this again, printed a picture of the officer pointing a finger at a young couple. What the problem was was this: Someone on the citizens' band were talking about all those JAs at the fairgrounds and in a very derogatory manner thought not threatening as I understand it. That officer went out and got those people to stop , He was explaining what he would tell these local people.

He also told them not to be too alarmed by everyone carrying guns as this is a farm community, where everyone has gund. some marched to tullake camp others, took the bus for the ceremoney.

Here's an example of how stories get started and hurt people. My daughter works at the Jolly Cone here in town and another young woman her age tells how an old lady, walking in the pilgrimage ca came to the door and asked for a glass of water,. and to use the bath. Her mother let her in got her the water and had her rest a bit even. The minute the JA lady left, she was going to go in and disinfect the bathroom. Her husband got a bit peeved and said what a re you doing, she's just another humn being like us. At any rate, the girl ha a bit story that during the war the Japs had been running all over the place . something her nother had said, and she comes from a family with definite anti'jap. feelings. remembers now only what she was told. Well, my daughter said that's a lie. The house you're living in was my fathers then, and those people farmed across the way. They weren'r "running all over the place."

I used to seel them chickens for parties. They'd sometimes aske me to buy them up as many as I could get for a seddingor whaterver and I would do so. Occasionally, they'd come asnd ask for water, two othe of my neighbors wouldn't give them any or(talk to them) with the chick we even et up a make shift sacalding place, where they dould pick em and take them home. I hauled all my drinking water in those days, so it meant somethig to give it away. I let those who asked have it, but I didn't reallly invite everyone in the field over.

There were no incidents at the 2nd pilgrim. the fair manager saide they were very courteous and I'd invite them all back again.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

One of the grips or gaffers:

The tone of a set starts at the top and percolates down. Everyone has to do their bit, and do it fully. Without rapport, a set can be deadly. It's alpha. If a guy is working with you, isn't involved, he's working against you. You got to have rapport from top to bottom. If a guy has a good idea, something to really contribute, that should be taken into consideration, amplified by the director, that's alpha, a kind of more than each of you are alone, a kind of operating on high level, high energy pitch. If I'm feeling good on a set, and the cameraman says just before shooting, gosh I need a flag here. I'll run and get and hold it by hand for several minutes without getting tired...almost seem to have endless energy. but if the set is or has a down tone, my harm will tire and I'll feel it. You know what I mean?

Another guy: that's what's great about John; he has a kind of respect.-I guess he picks his people carefully --for everyone. He came out the other day from the barracks and asked if we had any water right there on the truck. I said sure, we also have some beer, would you like one? Now sometimes on the set, the director can get up tight about guys having a little beer on a horribly hot afternoon but he said sure thanks a lot. and that made me feel good---like he knew I wanted to do my job well, and therefore wouldn't think of drinking too much beer.

Because he trusts me I can do better than I think I can. I can go further and accomplish new and better ways of doing my part.

BM: As for the actors JK will not try to embellish a scene. If it's good he won't sacrifice what's there for some funny little twist.

Alpha equals communion, community, a single direction and mind and purpose.

Actor pipes in: We don't do it alone, we are just fortunate to be up front when it's going well. AND WHAT ABOUT WHEN IT'S BAD? Everyone just smiles and laughs.

Grip: first thing the public asks when they watch a movie being made is: How come it takes so many people? and the second thing is: How come you do it so many times? Just to cover a normal conversation? Ha! That's what's really difficult making something look normal, real and artistic at the same time.

In the scene where Teddy convinces Richard that joining up is a good idea, he asks for a second take. JK seems to feel he has what is needed, but being on schedule and under his shooting allowance he readily agrees to CLYDE'S request.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

YUKI: JK knows how to pick his people. There's the trick.

I learned a lot in MAJORITY OF ONE w/ Alex Guinness, Not such a great movie but a great actor. (CHECK QUOTE) How to pace off distances perfectly for that cane breaking scene. He must have worked on one scene about fifty times in advance until he was completely comfortable.

ALPHA

When you're alpha you can hold a scrim or screen up for 8 minutes After three it starts to get heavy, but you've decided it can be done and you're going to do so you do.

If every industry, not just film, had people solving problems right now the way we do in this one, there's no telling what might happen. If people didn't let things go, but really put out in concert, just think what could be accomplished

We can solve things in 10 minutes if we really want to.

Hunie Crew has to work on an equal basis, feel respect for each other. One person can start a chain of alienation. that is disinterest Every body must feel important, feel their worth and well- used in their role, in terms of their talent and skill. It's hard also when people demand something in tone, even if they are appreciative on the surface . There must be not only appreciation, but respect.

Sure there's a hierarchy here, but I haven't seen any limosine pull up, nor where is MY this and MY that. Everyone's a regular guy. Once I didn't have a car for John on the set when he was through, something had gotten fouled up and it wasn't back yet. I was so upset, running around trying to find one and all, JK wasn't upset at all, he just said, Oh, I'll go back to the hotel with Richard, and he meant it. I feel I can talk to John if I need to. Some guys don't talk to everyone, you have to go to this one or that one, but not directly, even when the situation warrants it.

When one's devotion is acknowledged then that person in his own way will attempt perfection. That's when a new kind of energy comes out, even for the simple tasks, there is a kind of pride, craft that's alpha.

May 24, 74 Herald News for Kalamath Falls May 20 approx. see also Sac. Bell and Newsweek, Time etc. for that time period relating to pilgrimage.

As for the crew and actors work off each other, I don't think I've ever seen that before.

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1975

The day has been one of finishing up, It has the quality of a wtap. A huge truck has arrived, and ~~xxx~~ one of the towers dismantled, eindows pulled down doors and latches, a fht or two ehimney pipes aigns and other parts of the sets packed in for the move to Santa Rita. Wradrobe has been rolling out the racks, the bins and boxes of endless pairs of saddle shoes. The women emerge from the windowless room with little actully almost no room to work with ~~xxxxxxx~~ about which they have not complained into the sun like subterreneans. Props, etquipemnt, office supplies, make up trunks, all are in a half state of preparation fro the move. Scrap must be hauled away. Bob Knoshita has his men out cleaning up and straighteneir out.

The evening meal is marked by mixed feelings. Everyone is glad to go home, those who are from the Bay Area will be able to see their familes, and those from elsewhere, will at least be able to go to the city on their days off. Still, the crew and cast will be separated in SF. The cast and others from LA living in hotels and the local people in their ususal surroudings. It won't be quite the same, and everyone knows it. There isn't any reall partying, a few goodbyes to local people on the show, that's all, for everyone is tired. A few scenes to be shot the next morning and the move really begins.

For me, It will begin tomorrow morning, moving out in my old car.

FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1975

I move out, back through the farm communities noting some of the old landmarks that I now have heard about or Bob Jones had mentioned to me. bacl over the sage plateau and along the side of Mt. Sahsata where a plaque marks the Emigrant Trail, a cut off really leading to the northernmost of the spots where gold was siad to be, over a hundred years ago. A smmal piece of that trail really many roads that brought some 22, 500 or so people overland to easy wealth green fields and all the other promises that ~~xxxxxxx~~ appanned out for very few. Yet these were the people who determineed in the largest sense what 19th centrury califonrnia life would be like. I am also reminded that somewhere south on the famous hwy 49, the gold route, there is a marker for the late 1960s ~~familyxxxxxxx~~ group. O.e ~~xxx~~ a girl of 19 buried atop Gold Hill, another at Coloma, and yet another known to have lived hter in Sacramento at olusa. But it is the site of the Okei grave bears the stae plaque telling the soty of that Wakamatstu colony, It was a short lived, farm colony not so different from those coming from other lands early during the gold rush, perhaps for other reason, but still to fulfill some dream. or scheme.

FRIDAY JULY 25, 1975

Tulelake was the center where those who signed no-no to the loyalty oath for whatever reason had been segregated; some asked to be sent back to their old lives or out to resettle elsewhere but some 4, 724 left the United states. Most of these were issei parents and their minor children, but some 1100 or so were between twenty and thirty-five, they left, for a better life, perhaps passing over this very road, ~~xx~~ so aptly named the Emigrant Trail. Now the crew and cast are leaving tullelake, not in the same way or for the same reason, although some, like Yuki lived her for a while. Did he pass this way on his way out? RR?

By the time I reached Redding it was well over a hundred and far from noon, the trip across the broad valley, Sacramento and finally past Yacaville over the rim around the bay was made in 112 degree heat, it was so hot cars and campers full of sightseers dotted the edge of the road, one side or the other, every fifteen minutes or so. The rest spots were crowded with people drinking water and filling their raidators. The car wouldn't cool off after a while. it just got hotter and hotter. coming into the Vallejo area across the top of the bay toward SR was pleasant, a 95 degree atmosphere seemed a relief by comparison.

SANTA RITA

The crew will not be working in the prison proper but in a building off a way. It will serve as hospital, administration building and also hold several interiors that were not completed in Tulllake. It is the strangest building sagging terribly. There seems to be not one true 90 degree angle in the place. There is a little rodeo ring to one side and one of the entrances sports a sheriff's mounted posse sign. Upstairs, people busy themselves with final organizational details of resettling. Prying a jammed window open. putting up hooks, setting up wardrobe racks, make up chairs, preparing equipment in rooms that line a long and very narrow l shaped hall, each door sporting a number over it. The crew is placing their departments, each in one or two of the rooms, which are, in the movie to be the hospital interiors. Other rooms are already dressed as a morgue, a hospital room, etc. By simply closing a door, the crew disappears and the reality becomes that of a hospital corridor though some more contemporary and activity is really going on.

Just through the windows, one can see the prions inmates working at the chores some distance away, behind the fence at which we have been warned not to point long lenses.

FRIDAY July 11, 1975 FAREWELL TO MANZANAR:

The approach. One first moves nearly all the way around mount Sahasta, across the foothills, a high flat plateau of about 4000' ? common to much of the west, decorated with bits of grass, and sage?

Out of the hills and down across the valley one sees hay barns, and a large insect like rig extruding golden bricks of hay from the lush green and fragrant alfalfa. The towns are small population 125, Welcome to Butte Valley, the CC ~~and~~ sign says with an assortment of Rotary, Lion and other service club medalions hung along the bottom much like Boy Scout Badges. The houses are mostly small old, wood frame type. the Traditional wooden church ;with its clapboard siding and row of pointed gothic windows make it impossible to tell whether this town is in California, Illinois, Nebraska, whatever.

One of the features of the landscape that is a bit more a reminder of city life ~~xxxxxxx~~ is the innumerable hamburger stands, placed so as to cater to locals and out of town yokels alike. But it seems that they have all failed for I cannot find even one that seems to be opened. What do the local people do for hamburgers? People do come into town for a little fun, for there are no boarded over bars.

A wonderl between towns sits on a pretty knoll over its surrounding fields. It is covered with rough clapboard, probably the original, carefully oiled but unpainted, A tidy wife's garden with roses and all surrounds the house. It must have always remained in family, Not all the wood frame houses have fared so well--- there has been an attempt to modernize, to emulate the city, which ~~xxxxx~~ by the time it reached here, many times diluted, amounts to a fifties aqua or pink paint job, perhaps with a base of fake flagstones.

A larger, town, (Dorris) right at the center of the area sports a population of 1000, complete with a theater boasting in large letters on its side "The world's greatest Movies". A beautiful hewn stone city hall dominates a large lawn. Two lumber plants with their ~~xxxxxx~~ conical burners sit at the edge of town like gateposts.

After turning off to go to tulelake there is a vast plain with ~~no~~ little signs of human habitations. It is a national wildlife sanctuary. A sign with the silhouettes of a duck family says, "Don't run down your wildlife." The area is made up of ponds, Ducks, egrets and numerous songbirds dot the water and the shore. The road seems like an endless strip of black electric tape running right down the center of the area. The ponds dry up, and soda, or salt beds are all that remain, blinding white, with just few scruffy pieces of grass on the higher ground, it is much like the dunes of a snowy desert. I wonder if a fisherman like Ko had been sent here. The ducks would probably not look so bad, but this dry barren empty world would have been especially painful for a man of the sea.

FRIDAY JULY 11, 1975

SC 50: Calvin and Dori in bed the first morning after their arrival in camp. It is not only my first morning here but that of Gretchen Corbett who plays the uaker nurse,; she looks on patiently, a bit nervous, about her first scene which is coming up. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~? or the following day? Bill Maley and Hiro decide to use gold Mylar bounced through a window to give the scene an early morning feeling. Vernon and Dori each lie on their respective beds as the crew prepares the scene. A blanket is changed from an older worn Japanese style quilt to a heavy brown Army wool blanket. over Calvin. He patiently lies under this load in the searing heat. As dust is spread over the room and especially over his bed with a dust-filled cheesecloth bag and syringes. His face and hair are also dusted by the make up man. Dori who ~~is~~ is not in the first shot, sits patiently on her adjoining bed, beating the dust out of her mattress in little puffs.

By now, it is early afternoon, and it is truly hot and dusty, although the wind is not heavy, it is gusty enough to blow the powdery dust around, and in the door when it is open. The cameras remain covered by plastic bags, the people just turn their backs. The barack's interior is oven-like, The unfinished lumber, covered on the exterior by black heat absorbent tarpaper exudes heat in every direction. The heat pours off not only the sides and roof, but even the floor. Vernon patiently bears up, hardly moving, for the camera is being lined up. John decides the dust on Vernon is not light enough in color to contrast properly with the blanket. Another cheesecloth bag ~~and~~ filled with lighter filler is applied to Vernon. John places his knee and tells Hiro to begin his short tracking shot focused on the knee so the image resembles a mountain. Several takes are made; in the last Vernon can no longer stand the itchy dust and inadvertently protrudes his lower lip and blows. ~~xxxx~~ A little cloud of dust comes off his face and hair. "Cut." That was great." It is one of those happy accidents that are so often a daily part of filmmaking.

The same is done to Dori for the reverse shot, after which, her mother hustles her off for a complete scrub down and shampoo in preparation for her next scene.

The crew moves outside into the dust for the next scene. Zenihiro is carrying his contraband camera under ~~xxxxxx~~ scrap wood in a box. He trips and falls right on his face under flag pole, several times, each time seemingly without any concern for his safety. He clowns around a bit between takes. It is his nature, and he has used it to give his character a wry, satiric quality.

In the evening, the set has cooled down a bit. The scene takes place the first summer of the family's arrival. Ko is still absent, just the women and children of the family, are together.

FRIDAY JULY 11, 1975

Freshly scrubbed, Dori looks on as a confrontation between Misa and Alice is played out. The script supervisor notices Grandma, who is dressed in kimono and jacket, has gotten out of wardrobe in her navy blue tennis shoes. There is something comic about it, for Mitsu Yashima, an author, ~~xxx~~ looks the part, except for that one item. Her slippers are quickly brought and exchanged for the tennis shoes, even though her feet ~~wkwxwxwx~~ are not likely to be in the shot. Before the shot Nobu and Momo paced through their pats furiously outside in the ~~wkwxwx~~ hot dust, working themselves up to a state of argument for the scene.

himself a former internee,
Ben Kuwata, and his wife are waiting for their scene. Employed by an advertising agency in New York, he has exchanged his usual sophisticated look and demeanor for a scruffy V-neck cardigan and baggy pants which don't really fit. He introduces me to his wife, who has a plain brown house dress on and a scarf tied backwards over her hair. He says, "~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ It's a new stereotype. She looks like a Japanese Aunt Jemima." In the real sense, the image is no funnier than the original Aunt Jemima, but looking at his slim, pretty wife in that get up, one cannot suppress a smile. Someone else in the mess hall comments that the women took to covering their hair because there were so many people using ~~the~~ each bath house, keeping your hair clean just one more day was a big accomplishment.

It is the last scene of the day; Chiyoko and Teddy have just arrived at the camp. They are very tired, the crew is very tired too. Ben and his wife play another young married couple with whom Chiyoko and Teddy must share quarters. The scene is very short, but it is easy to be tired at the end of a shooting day. Chiyoko looks like a pretty young woman, who has yet to face some of the hardships of life. Suddenly, she is thrown into this terrible situation. It is easy to feel sympathetic.

Ben also : The Kuwatas were actually on vacation, and volunteered to work in the film. Ben had met John when he worked on a Kodak add, after Jane Pittman, that featured John. "I am continually amazed by how much he knows," he said. "and he goes about it ~~wkwxwxwxwxwxwx~~ in such a cool, reserved, way."

At dinner between scenes, I met Bob Knoshita, the Production designer and a former resident of Poston. Older, hard working, and slightly balding, he is quiet by nature, but, as he pushes his food about his plate, he comments, "Here we are, eating in the Tule Lake mess hall. After twenty-five years it's hard to believe it actually happened."

Nobu, who was still in Japan in the forties, comments about post-war Japan. "We were so grateful when food began to come in. We were practically starving, but we didn't know what to do with Western food. One week, we'd get nothing but peanuts, or corn meal, or Crisco. People would just eat whatever it was as it came. Finally we had neighborhood meetings on how to prepare it.

FRIDAY JULY 11, 1975

*arrived it
on Friday*

.."People would just eat crisco right out the can. They couldn't figure out how anyone could like it." The war was not one-sided in its travesties.

At the end of the day, Dori was exhausted. Sitting on her mother's lap, she asked, "Can we have some Japense food?" This is truly meat and potato country.

SATURDAY JULY 12, 1975

John checks Gretchen's hair. The up sweep she is wearing is too stylish for a Quaker girl. She goes off to get a more severe, plainer do, while the crew sets up. Dori and Vernon have been reddened, oiled, and spritzed with water to appear feverish, but it's not hard in this heat to look sweaty and uncomfortable. ~~Mix and~~ Alice, ~~who~~ who is also a little sick, and Misa apply wet compresses to the children's heads. They have taken sick from too strong a typhoid inoculation. Some of the crew have picked up a mild, local virus, and feel appropriately punk for the scene almost in sympathy with the script. Jeanne has gone so far as to start bringing bottled water for her Husband and children; she carries it everywhere with her as though she were on a desert outing. It is Gretchen's first appearance as Lois; she is a little nervous, sits on a cot in background with that almost catatonic stare that actors sometimes get as they search their insides for the right feelings for the scene. Finally, they rehearse. Mid way through the scene, Misa, who is so grateful for the nurse's attention, gives her a silk scarf in appreciation. She foists it on her. Nobu and Gretchen work it out, Nobu explaining that the older Japanese would be terribly insistent, no matter how much the recipient would refuse, they would persist, winning in the end, by simply thrusting the gift into the recipient's hands. Nobu explains to Gretchen that ~~xxxxxxx~~ image is what she will be using for that part of the scene.

Meanwhile, Dori has been prepared for the odori scene. She and the three other girls and women have been dressed in yukata. They make a startling contrast with the stark camp...like flowers in an unexpected place. Dori is a little nervous, ~~and~~ she has ~~begun to~~ never done the traditional odori dance; She has also begun to unconsciously do what the adult players do: start preparing for an upcoming scene. Of the four women and girls, she is removed in the midst of the surrounding set preparation, wiping her head with a handkerchief as she stares at the floor thinking. It is the first pretty scene shot, a scene late in camp life when some of the comforts have been restored by the persistent work of the camp's residents and the easing up of restrictions by the WRA. Everyone responds openly to the relief the scene presents ~~from~~ from some of the other heavier, and sadder, recreations of camp life.

SATURDAY JULY 12, 1975

Dori is very direct. She always gives her best efforts; does as she is asked. But she is not a docile child, she is very energetic, playing off moments with the other kids, and today, fighting with her brother, who has come up with their father to visit. She does the sleeve tossing movement demonstrated to her by a teen ager quite well, with just the right amount of hesitation, suitable to a beginner.....a slight tightening of the lips, as she tries, a little nodding of the head, as she gets a little behind in her movements. The two girls sit down and bow formally to the teacher.

EXT: Misa and Jeannie bring a tray of food to Grandmother, Dori's father moves about in the background with his 8mm camera, trying to get a good shot of his daughter. He's very proud of her, but very discreet about making any display of it.

In the mess hall, some of the mothers, and other extras, bored by the lack of anything to do while waiting, help braid straps from old cloth for geta, the wooden Japanese clogs raised by little blocks of wood on the soles. Others, already dressed for a scene play cards, Kinsohita's assistants saw and sand the wooden soles and blocks at the end of the mess hall where the wood shop has been set up. In still another corner, Norma, the hairdresser, busily clips the men's hair, which lies in a pile around her feet, or gives upsweeps to the women. Over all this activity, someone has brought a tape recorder from which pours popular Japanese music.

Carolyn Abe, the companies, resident film student, is having coffee and going over some of the hundreds of releases necessary for every extra that has apart. She is young, round-faced, with a mouth full of braces that make her seem younger than her senior status at Stanford. "I wanted very much to work on this film," she says. I really feel lucky, because there are so many better qualified people than me. My teacher, who knows and has worked with John, was a little surprised I think, when I told him." He said, "Don't blow it." "That made me kind of mad, but at the same time I know what he means." I really don't want to blow this opportunity." She is enthusiastic, but not pushy about it, which is something that many students, unable to contain themselves, do. She worries a lot about doing everything well, about being on the spot when needed, but she doesn't run around like a puppy, here and there, getting in the way. Asked why she's into film, she doesn't really have a pat answer, she just likes it. Now, that she's had an opportunity to work on a set, she questions whether more schooling will be of any help to her. She's discovered that there are far more people in the business than there are jobs. "I've really enjoyed working with the extras. The other day some of them were finished, and had to leave and I felt like crying. I think I get too emotional, too attached.....Movie people are like gypsies, they come together, get very close and then separate.?"

SATURDAY JOY 12, 1975

A Saturday barbeque has been arranged; Bill Malley is the chief cook, as he carries a propane barbeque in his truck as a part of his equipment. It seems, one can always count on the grips and ~~fax~~ gaffers to quickly locate the best food and drink on location. A short drive, some ~~xix~~ ten miles to Malin, just over the border, and we were in a beautiful grassy park with an Olympic swimming pool and playground equipment. It seems strangely placed for the ~~XXXXXX~~ Town's business districts consists of a bout a dozen buildings along ~~XXXXXX~~ about a block of the road. Steak, hamburger, hot dogs and salad are in the works., but a strong and stormy ~~wix~~ wind comes, up, and everything starts blowing around as the sky darkens. Sheets of rain can be seen a few miles off. Malley insists on optimism as a weapon against a close out. Still, the few people doing the preparations start thinking about how to cover everything up. There isn't even any shelter, for the few early arrivals have taken all the cars to go out and search for ice and garlic powder. Those remaining would be stuck under the trees, should ~~xxxxxx~~ the thunder shower ~~xxxx~~ pass over the park. No one new has arrived, things don't look so good, but after about a half an hour the storm turns and heads away from the park, only because of Bill's optimism, or so he claims. The danger passed, people begin to arrive and eat, and soon, a ~~xxx~~ pleasant gathering is in progress, people chatting in ways that are not possible in the midst of a work day. Earlier, the life guard from the pool came over and asked in the midst of the wind, whether anyone was going swimming. It was clear enough that no one would arrive in time. We told her to go home, and we would tell everyone that she closed the pool because of the lightning danger. Bill foisted a hamburger on her before she left.

SUNDAY JULY 13, 1975

Eating out" on your day off around here largely involves a choice between two restaurants, much the same in quality and menu range. The neat coffee shop, complete with revolving advertiser clock over the counter, is filled with two kinds of people:....neatly dressed older couples and young families having lunch after going to meeting and the film cast and crew.having breakfast after sleeping in.

The production assistants are having a quick lunch before getting the sixty or so extras for Mondays' shoot housed, and so forth. "It's amazing," said Carolyn, "how everybody immediately gets along, immediately seem to feel some kind of rapport." She is young and enthusiastic, but not in a naive way. Her feelings about film are more genuine. than that.

We take our coffee cups and go over to join several members of the cast who have just come in to lunch. Nobu shows up two recent purchases: a 1928 McCall's magazine and a Japanese salt shaker without its mate. She's very pleased with her finds. Steve Mori, as always carrying his Nikon and tape recorder, ~~has~~ also has a cardboard carton full of wonderful family photographs---turn of the century bride and groom, in traditional Victorian pose, he standing beside his seated wife who wears a fluffy white blouse and long banded skirt. He sports a handsome handlebar mustache. Other pictures follow...the Japanese American flapper. vistis to Jpane, a group picture of the Oakland Buddhist Chure dated in beautiful ~~palmer~~ palmer, 1906. Finally, there is one album which as forties pictures taken at Topaz, four loveleies in white uniforms with Topaz beauty parlor scribbled across one corner, some high school girls leaning against a tree in a winsome pose., a traditional wedding and all the other shots of ~~whakexxxxxxxkixxxxxxx~~ the prison that eventually became a village.

The cast pores over them, picking up details which for some, are well before their time.

Nobu tells of her casting for the part. Her first reading was well-received by John, Jeanne and Jim, but they felt she was too young, too thin, and too pretty. John asked her to return again, at another time, if she thinks she can do something with herself. The second reading was with Yuki Shimoda. She had bought herself an old thrift shop special, and packing any proper padding, wrapped a beach towel around her middle to suggest middle-aged portliness, and salt and peppered her hair, emphasized ~~xxxxxx~~ facial lines to hide her usual good looks. As she and Yuki began to walk around in preparation for ~~her~~ their reading, Jeanne innocently asked, "Yuki, are you looking for something?" Yuki responded by gruffly telling Nobu to get out. "I knew he was ready, when he did that," she recalled.

JULY 13, 1975 continued.

John quickly shhh'd Jeanne telling her that he was preparing.

Nobut said, "I wasn't worried about Yuki hitting me or anything, I trust him completely and so, I was able to be really wholehearted." I had brought along the tray of food caloes for in the scene, jsut carrot and clelery sticks, cause I knew he was going to just throw them all over the room."

When I came in, I even walked a little stooped. Jeanne looked at me and said, 'Nobu?..Nobu, is that you. You really do look like my mother."

Yuki: "We really got into it, I really threw her on the bed, and we really went at it." John, Jeanne and Jime, wer e just completely silent for a moment after we finished...until I said, 'that's it'. they were really taken aback by our intensity."

All this ~~xxxxxx~~ recall of ~~xxxx~~ their mutual experience was flavored with that ~~xxxx~~ mixture of vanity and the need for reassurance that characterizes actors. They need to be reassured, to be supported, and yet, they are often very headstrong, seem to be completely sure of themselves.

 piped up,
Akemi ~~added~~, "Joh is so good, he really knows how to make you fell appreciated "

Yuki ~~says~~ was in the Tule Lake camp...~~xxxxxxx~~ block 26. He is a great storyteller relating several incidents from that itme when he was 18. Once, he went over to another block 52 to see a freind, and stopped off in the latrine. All the services in the camp, mess halls, laundreis and latrines were in approximately the same place in each' block, except sometimes one side of the latrine would be womens' in one ~~xxxx~~ block while in another, that~~xx~~ side would be ~~xxxx~~ mens. It was a horrble, dusty day, practically impossible to see. he ran into the latrine, and thought, ~~xxxxxxx~~ boy, they weally keep things up over here. t had little partitions and was very tidy. So he sat himself down, and the next thing he knew he heard women's voices. "Boy, you've never seen anyone pull up their pants and a run out of there so fast. I have never forgotten that, " he said.

Anther time, in wonter, he and his grilfriend were walking on an iced over sewage pond, he called it going iceskating, but I'm not clear on that. As he was guiding her along, sure enough, she feell in. He said it took a bit of ding to get her out as she was wearing a very heavy winter coat. He was laughing, but she was dripping wet from head to foot. "her mother wacribbed from top to boottom with lye soap." Iasked wheter she continued to be heis gril, He said, " Oh, she was my dancing partner. Lucy. I'll never forget Lucy." We used to dance in a back room with a virecord player so much that ~~wxx~~ the bunch of us literlally wore out the linoleum."

JULY 13, 1975 continued.

Absorbed in the time of the event, his face changes, to a bit more melancholy look; he is for the moment, 18, and living in Tule Lake.

"I never expected to use that part of my life in my acting, but it seems everything has its time."....."i'm bvery excited about the part, I've been writing down everything I could rmemeber this morning. omorrow when I get on that bus and come into camp to do my first scene, I'm going to go over it, I'm going to be really arriving."

~~FROM ABOVE NUBU~~xxx Q: have you met Doré and Calvin?
Oh yes. I knew Calvin's father, (and mother?0 in camp.

Nobu: "That's what so wonderful about John's shcedueling. I did soething about the latrine and then the arrival first."
Gretchen adds, "that her first scene was also the one she frist did."

The director's the thing (Yuki), and I think John is very sensitive to the material. I am really looking forward to this part.

YUKI: John told me I had to lose some weight. I'm trying, I'm trying, I said. someone comments that the location food will be of some help, for as usual it is ample, but mediocre fare. "I don't like to eat, I hate afternoons. You are so sleepy after the break. Mornings. that's my favorite time."

Akemi said she also felt up between 4 and 8 in the even9ng. "It's a physiologicla rythm," she adds.

Nobu has been talking about how it is important to be nice to the cameraman, bring him tea and all. "oh yes. Yuki adds with great emphasis. You must be nice to the cameraman. Someone lets on that Hiro's weakness is not tea or coffee but pickels,; Akemi questions him, Tsukemono? Tkauwan?" "Kim chee." he answers. Ahh, kim chee" she says, thinking about how nice it would be to have some. "There is one Jpanese restau uant bout thirty miles from here" "I don't want to be too comfortable fxxxxxxxx. I want to really do this part," reflects Yuki, unshaven and slightly grubbly looking for his first scene, his arrival at the camp. "It's better this way."

The cast continues to chatter about their profession:

"~~uhx~~ I knew I was going to be an actor when I was about seven, says Yuki. "Our Buddhist priest onced asked the childten what they were going to be when they grew up. Kids uualyy have no idea, but idid. I raised my hand and said, 'I'm going to be an actor.' Ithink he was a little surpised by how sure SI was. five or six years ago, ~~just~~ he was very old, jit was just before he kd died, I went to see heim. He took great relish in recalling that incident."

JULY 13, 1975

Yuki continued, "I was such a movie buff when I was a kid.." "me too, adds Akemi." "I used to just love to go to the movies, Carol Lombard, Gary Cooper, I thought they were just wonderful" (yuki) Akemi reminisces over Cary Grant.

YUKI: I was cautioned about my enthusiasms for acting. I never thought about how the way I looked might affect my career, I just knew what I felt....

There is an unspoken understanding of the situation. There has been little opportunity for the Asian actor. It is many times the struggle that Caucasian actors must go through.

Akemi felt her hair do and all was too old for her first scenes. She worries a bit, but almost everyone on the set loved her arrival outfit, a neat suit, a beautiful ~~hair~~ pompadour tucked under a yellow salad bowl type hat. She looked so fresh, young, beautiful...like a young woman who has not yet had to face anything terrible. Suddenly she is cast into camp, without privacy, without warning, she must endure not only her own hardship, but that ~~affliction~~ felt by the entire family..

JULY 13 cont'd

DAILIES:

Around five in the afternoon the company gathered in the heart of Tulalake before its one movie theatre, the Marcha. It is a forlorn thirties special with black and maroon tile front, stepped crenelations at the top of the facade, and those typical curved door pulls. One expects to pay a quarter to see an matinee with clark gable, or Betee Davis as the stars, but instead the no longer used Marcha is our screening room.

Inside, only the ~~xxxxxx~~ seats in the center section remain, and a the origianl screen is gone. the heating equipment, etc. can be seen behind our smaller screen. Stenciled Deco designs and fake painted marble panels ornament the interior walls. several aqua blue hexagonal chandleiers serve as house lights.

There is something awful about dailies. Everyone on the crew wants to know that their efforts have turned out OK; at the same time, sitting beside your peers and director and anticipating watching bloopers by your departemnt is painful. As one person put it, Of course, I'm going but I watch them by peeking through a crack in my hands which I put aver my eyes.

The reels go by, an actor comments about how her hair had fallen down a bit in the bus scene. She woriies a bit, but then, decides that it will probably be abll rights sincexxxxx that scene occrus at the end of a long bus trip, where it would be natural to be a bit messy.

Zenihiro's scen have the touch of the comic about them. It is clear that this character is dead serious about the camps, but he plays his part by going around the system to bring a camera into camp, and get into other mischief. The crowd alughs at couple of his lines, which have a devilish ring to them: to Calvin: Have you seen the Army stock room? HMm...

John comments about how Pat Morita continued to wear his tags throughout his part. The wardrobe and continuity people tried to get him to rmove it ~~xxx~~ for the scenes following his arrival

but he insisted that Zenihiro would wear ~~xxxxx~~ it as a protest. John Agreed. At the end, where he is leaving, he comes out his barack's door with his luggage, and tosses it into the room.

Bob comments to one of his neighbors, that the flag used in the picture belongs to the owner of the Flying Goose Lodges. It was, unfortunately, the flag that came on his son's coffin during WWII.

Check with zjim Houston about Lillian Baker mentioned by John as threatening to sue if they showed the plaque at Manzanar. Sue Emry also has had some run ins with her.

JULY 13, 1975

From the leftover fixings another barbeque was held at the park after the dailies. The crowd was not as large, just a few people from the crew and most of the principal cast. One of the drivers supervising the hamburgers commented about how cooking meat over a fire was supposed to be very basic, almost a primal meal. I asked Gretchen ~~whether or not~~ how she felt about being a Quaker nurse, for I have only seen her play parts ~~where~~ in which she looks very much as she does in real life. "I do feel it, being the only haka. And most of the actors have worked together a lot before. Everyone ~~is~~ is really nice, I'm not excluded or anything, I just feel a little behind." There was no time to follow that thread and everyone began to arrive and eat.

Dori's mother came with the piece de resistance, a pot of rice. All the Japanese Americans were thrilled, for the caterer's attempts at rice cooking resulted in a pasty concoction that would appeal to no one. Dori's father had brought up pickles, radishes, ~~some~~ chirimen, pickled fish, homemade smoked salmon, and other goodies. Akemi sat and taught Dick Nova how to handle chopsticks, while some teriyaki sauce was made for the leftover steaks. Everyone ate the rice quite discreetly, but with great relish. It was as though they had been ~~starved~~ starved for several days, which is far from the truth when one considers what local food is always like.

At one end of the table Dori's and Vernon's mother talked with some of the extras about their favorite Japanese movies, Yuki joined in. One person like Nakadai, another thought he was too pretty. The lady in twenty-four eyes was acclaimed by everyone.

The script supervisor talked with me briefly about the organizational aspects of production. She can do them, but sometimes, the wealth of detail is overwhelming and nearly impossible for one person to keep up with. I told her how some of the extras just thought she was taking a few notes, and were surprised to hear how much information she had to keep track of, and how much she had to do after hours to make sure it was in readable form for the editors. "He just laughed" I'll try to look busier from now on."

Reg and his wife Rosemary stopped by. First thing he wanted to know was who was paying for the picnic, joking in his accountant's way. Early in the day, he had come out to the lawn in front of the motel and passed out Heinekens, his favorite of many beers he drinks. "Don't worry, it's coming out of your pockets," he said. Excusing himself, he said, "I'll think I'll go in my room and count my money."

MONDAY, JULY 14, 1795

SC 121, 155, ~~42~~, 84, 152, 167, 168

Today is the day of Ko's arrival. It is a big scene, one that the entire "Wakatsuki family" has been building up to. In make up Nobu, Momo, and Akemi are getting ready. Nobu: Now, Alice, remeber Papa doesn't like lipstick." ~~xxx~~ Momo seeing a blue ribbon on the counter, "Can I wear a ribbon in my hair?" Already, the group has started to become unit, the family roles overlapping with off camera ~~xxxx~~ life. Monica, the four year old daughter of the child players' teacher, sits at Nobu's feet, fascinated with Don lepages' transformation of her ~~xxxxxxx~~ model-like beauty into an aging middle aged woman. "Why are you painting ~~me~~ on her face?" Nobu! "Well, I have to look like Grandma, right?" Monica nods, although still a bit confused.

Yuki shuffe~~s~~ out of the dressing room, deep in concentration. Non one disturbs him, just nods. He is clearly already working himself up. Nobureally ~~does~~ not want to seem him before their scene toagether. He suhuffles out into the space between the barracks, looks at the ~~vegetables~~ there. He had hoped to not come to the camp at all before the scene, but to dress and make up at the hotel. Practical considereations and a large cast call for the day, made that impossible. He asks "Do people live here? All this pine paneling etc." People do live here at Flying osse Lodges, many of them older coupldes, some farm workders and hungers in season. The owner has been gradually selling the bungalows off one at a time. It's easy to see how he might feel about the change, the idea of someone wanting to live in what, in actual fact, had been a prison for hime as a young man. He knew yesterday, that it would be hard for him to see this place again, but he also knows that those feelings will help him in his role.

Jim Huston, is to double for the Holtzman character, the adminstrato fo the camp. Dressed in a Fedora and long overcaota he litterally towers over everyone on the set, for he is a big man to begin with. Asked if he ever acted, he said, "only in college, I was always more interested in writing....Acting is almost too immediate. There youare, out there, and what you do is what your do. With writing at least, you can do it over and over, before exposing it to anyone eles."

Ther first scene to be shot is the departure of Richard and Teddy for the Army. It is supposed to be December so everyone is wearing heavy wointer coats, scarves and hats in the noon sum. The cast throws them back over their shoulders ~~down~~ to hang behind their backs from their elbows, whe n they are not rehearsin. More dust is brought in and spread around in billowing clouds. Akemi, hikes up her pregnancy pillow from time to time, as Chiyoko, she is supposed to be four months prgenaat.

MONDAY JULY 14, 1975

Hiro is sitting on his dolly in the middle of a Japanese garden Bob Kinoshita has built for the picture. Behind the small curved bridge, beneath an umbrella, the camera crew looks comically out of place. The scene is complicated, the bus must arrive at a certain point, people must load in a certain order, camera angles must be cleared of extras to show the principals, etc. A line of overdressed, wool swathed extras patiently wait as the ADs pick out and make up families. "Do you speak Japanese? And you? OK. you and you and you are one family. Stand over here. During the scene just talking Japanese. I'll get back to you and tell you when to get on the bus." "You understand, your son is going off to the army." And so forth.

The scene is finally ready, and rehearsed. Calvin takes a picture of the family, they hug and kiss. A two year old, playing the part of Chiyoko's first child is very cooperative, "bye, bye, Dady, she says over and over, waving ~~taxkhex~~ and pointing to the bus. The cameras are moved up for close-ups. Akemi and Clyde rehearse their good-bye kiss at the door of the bus for the cameraman. They clown it up, holding on to it beyond what is needed. Akemi breaks away, smothering her ~~xx~~ protruding tummy with "Teddy..Really" kind of style.

~~hex~~ Just as the bus is pulling away a car which has gotten through a side street not policed, rolls into the shot, spoiling the end of it. It means one more take in the heat. A teenaged extra faints. The make-up man and a wingman extra take her into the mess hall to lie on a cot. ~~Therexroksxfxjugs~~ Sitting on the row of jugs, holding lemonade, water and coffee is a bottle of salt tablets that weren't there yesterday.

The crew moves to the gate where Kô is to arrive. A huge gray and ancient bus is waiting there, wired by jump cables to a pickup truck. It ~~xx~~ is so ancient, it no longer starts on its own. The driver, treats it like a baby to keep it going. Ko finally comes out. Everyone steers clear, Nobu walking off to not see him, but he comes up and asks, the make up man, "is my nose too red. The make up man obliges by softening the broken red veins he has put on his nose." Yuki shuffles around, and gets on the bus as quickly as he can. Jean and her husband, wait anxiously on the sidelines with Lou Frizzel, who will be playing himself...i.e. the drama teacher at the camp. In one of tomorrow's scenes. It is the first time I have seen her pace around, with an anxious look on her face. She usually is so sunny, the company diplomat who takes care of everyone, talks with all the extras, and checks out the set dressing for accuracy.

MONDAY JULY 14, 1975

The bus chugs out, haltingly at first. The family is lined up in greeting by the gate. A large number of the extras have gathered in the background, sensing this is an important scene. The family is happily excited as the bus pulls into the shot.

The bus pulls up, and stops. A number of people, some Caucasians from the camp administration, other Japanese workers who may have been in the fields and few other arrivals transferred from other camps get out. There is a pause. Then, the tapping of Ko's cane. He shuffles down the steps and just stands there. The set is deadly quiet. Everyone is startled by his presence he has created during the drive out in the bus. Dori runs to him first, throwing her arms around him. Then Nobu, crying, slowly, ~~leaving~~ approaches him, followed by other members of the family.

It has been overcast, but the sun pops out suddenly, a cameraman's nightmare. He closes down quickly, the grips handling reflectors feather off, but there is no way of knowing what kind of exposure and which sections of the shot may be thin on the negative. The cameraman uses his viewing class, looking up at the sun, to estimate how much time ~~is~~ they have either behind the clouds or clearly sunny. Akemi has moved back as the scene is set up again. The makeup man, ~~he~~ wipes the tears from the family's eyes and fixes their makeup. "That wasn't hard to respond to, she says, "I got goose pimples when I saw him. My feelings came on so fast, I had to pull them back a little." Everyone on set murmurs, a little relieved from the power of the scene in between takes. Nobu paces off her sad feelings to get ready to repeat the happy opening. Finally, the sun, the bus, and the actors are all in the right place. The scene is done again, several times, with close-ups. Once finished, Nobu and Yuki hug each other, crying and laughing at the same time, in a gushing release of the tensions and emotion. The crew and the watchers on also begin to move about freely. People seemed to have been glued to their places during the scene. Several of the on-lookers, many of them formerly in camps, blow their noses. Later, Maley, a 20 year veteran, said, "When I saw him come out. My stomach just tightened up, I could just feel it coming on.

Nobu goes off to the dressing room, but Yuki stops to say, "That was so awful, but it felt so good too. There were a lot of feelings there, that even I hadn't thought about, that came out during that moment. It was like therapy."

Jim Huston gets into one of the vintage cars for his drive in shot. The dust has really begun to blow around the set, making the scene look great, but making the crew and extras uncomfortable. Braney the first assistant keeps working on deeping the camera clean, checking now and again under its plastic covering.

MONDAY JULY 14, 1975

Yuki also stopped to speak to one of the older extras that had been looking one. They had been both in camps. They chat freely in Japanese, the extra complimenting him, then going on to talk about their mutual experiences. Yuki is very pleased with how the scene came out for him, and now feels more relaxed.

Just after the drive by goes through a van, with Lou Frixzell arrives, Jeanne rushes over from her seat on the grass to greet him, says she'll join him momentarily at the production office. Coming back to get her things, she says to Sue Emery, who of the Manazar committee, "he hasn't changed much has he? Sue agrees.

The wind is about as bad as it can get after lunch, during which Hiro has given Bob the working in characters for a sign Bob is making. Bob, a Nisei speaks Japanese fluently, but never had the opportunity to learn to read and write it. Hiro, a young issei, has checked around with some of the other older people to insure the characters, which have changed since the forties, are in period.

Still, the extras, patiently wait in the grass, some lying down to keep the ~~dust~~ stinging dust out of their eyes. Some sit in a bus which won't be used in the scene showing the men of the famed 442nd going off after visiting their families on leave. The Ads run around forming new families as before, placing them and telling them when they will walk to the bus. One boy in uniform introduced to his pretend parents, bows with a "hajimemashite" (how do you do). The boy in return before embarking on an active conversation in Japanese while waiting for the camera to be set up and the ancient bus to be started once again. The entire crew has put on safety goggles in their efforts to combat the dust. Barney hovers over the camera, those wearing glasses under goggles are particularly comical, especially Mike Evie whose goggles are light blue, giving him a space man look. Art Rochester hovers over his custom sound equipment cart. the drawpull mechanism has got grit in it, causing a scratchy sound when he pulls it back and forth. He's trying to clean it out. Impossible. He's enveloped in another cloud of dust which he turns his back to.

MONDAY JULY 14, 1975

The families head for the bus waving a sad farewell as a cloud of dust rolls in once again. The bus pulls out slowly leaving the families waving at the gate.

One boy had a really short haircut, and looked like he had just gotten out of boot camp. Another was one young man who has been taking enormous number of pictures.

Dori, Vernon, their mothers and Momo are sitting watching and waiting on the steps of makeup. The women here have taken up making quilt squares in the very old American pattern called the cathedral window. Momo busily stitches one of her blue denim squares together as she talks. Asked how many of the cast come from the East West Players, she says. "Yuki, Nob, my mother, my brother, and Akemi. Q: How about Jim Saito, "I'm working on it, I'm working on it. Dori is obviously fascinated by the players' idea. Having been chosen from her work in a five minute educational film, she has not had any training, and now, is a bit curious as to how actors become actors. "Do they have any children?" she asks "oh, yes. we just had a children's program." "They aren't mostly Jap. are they?" "yes, they are." Dori thinks a moment, then goes into the dressing room to get her quilt squares, which she has started only since her arrival here. D: "How old are the kids." "Well, I worked with the dance group...they ran from four to 15" "How many 15 year olds were there?" "Oh, About a third." Momo sensing Dori's curiosity is more serious than just an inquiry. goes on, "We did two programs one for the little kids and one for the older kids." "Dori's mother adds that she has found a program through the JACL, she thinks, in SF, that she is going to check out. The Asian Actors' Workshop is mentioned, as well as the Children's Workshop at ACT. Dori listens, but busies herself with untangling a knot in her handiwork.

Calvin is standing around, ~~wkwx~~ wearing a short sleeved white shirt and tie, his hands in his pockets. He speaks with a certain matter of factness. "Well I saw an add in the Nichibei, ..yes, I think it was the Nichibei, and I wrote in. They sent me some forms. I filled them out and sent them back (forms were extra forms). Well, nothing happened, so my mother called Korty's studio, and it just happened that John Korty answered. He asked how old I was, and my mother said thirteen. He said he was looking for a 13 year old boy, and asked if I would be willing to read for him. I did, and that's how I got the job." He enjoys telling this story with a certain amount of understatement, as if it were not all that exciting to be in a movie, but just something he happened to ~~kw~~ do this summer instead of going camping. He's interested in cameras and gear, as are most of the boys on the set, who given a chance take a peek through the eyepiece. "I want to get a camera, a good camera. He peers into the lens of the one I am wearing around my neck." Obviously, the Instamatic I've seen him with is no longer of interest since he's seen so many people running around taking pictures with single reflex jobs, some of them very fancy.

MONDAY JULY 14, 1975

I take the camera off and let him look it over, look through the viewer. We sit on the grass and I show him how the smaller the f stop the larger the hole, and that means the depth of field is less. He palsy around looking at a couple of waiting extras down the way, to see the difference. He picks up my meter, and we sort of go through how that works, what the difference between an incident and reflective reading is. He's very bright, asks a few questions, but catches on almost immediately. I'm about to let him take a couple of pictures when the "Wkatsukis" are called to the gate for Momo's going away scene.

~~Momoxam~~ Alic has found a Quaker sponsor through Lois, so she may leave the camp and go to school. She is older, no longer wearing school girl girls and saddle shoes, but an Andrew sisters up sweep, and fashionabe pumps. Still, she clowns around with the younger kids. It is a summer scene, but it is windy and cooler, It seems the summer scenes, when the actors must go without jackets, are always played when it's a bit cool, and winter scenes ~~kxxm~~ when the playdrs must wear heavy overcoats, and must stand in the mid day heat. Nobu goes over to one of the crew and says, "Give me a couple of dollars." "Sure, how much do you need?" Not understanding that she wants the money right then, she asks again, "I need it now." "Oh, I see, you want it for the scene." Shh shh. she says I don't giggling want her to know." ~~She~~ Nobu, playing the mother, goes over to Yuki and takes heim aside while the crew is finishing lining up the camera, she whispers in his ear as she presses the cash into his hadn. He nods. Momo watches, senses something is up, but has no idea what. The family is ahppy for Alice, happy that she has an opportunity to get away. For Yuki, it is a little sad, the boys are gone, and now Alice. Slowly his family is slipping away, but he plays the scene with a combination of melancholy and good cheer. Finally, yu,i springs the money on Alice, she takes the surprise very well "Oh,, Daddy..." she says. The two girls get on the bus, and just before it pulls away, she remembers something she has forgotten. The family remains, samller again by another person ~~hxxk~~ standing in the cloud of dust in the vening sun.

Jeanne tells me of how her nieces, amny of whom are on the set, get bored, ask what they can do, "Well, I can't know, let's ee. One says, :Well, what did you do when you were in camp? They are slipping into the false front reality that surrounds the movie. Finally, Jeanne found them something to do: help with the making of getas . She says, "It is a direct parallel, the boredom, the fining something to do, often manking something." So her nieces busily braid the straps for the getas as the wooden soles pour from the woodshop.

MONDAY JULY 14, 1975

Vernon's mother and father were at Tule Lake, and new Yuki Shimaoda, but she says, "that was so many years ago. We also knew Drew's mother from school. It's funny how many of us here have some connection to another."

Monica, who earlier was watching Nobu make up, has been waiting anxiously for a week to be used. Finally, she gets her chance, to do a walk through in Holtzman's arrival scene. She is thrilled, getting dressed up and walking by the two takes, but she would have liked to keep doing it. "Is that all, she asks her mother on the sidelines after."

Calvin asked if he wants to be an actor, says, "no, I want to be a photographer."

TUESDAY JULY 15, 1975

Rain, and lots of it. It's going to muck up the talent show, but John says he must shoot it because the talent is here. The crew works to ~~xxxxx~~ tarp in the set, while kids who have gotten away from their mothers play in the mud, jumping puddles, and generally getting as dirty as possible.

John, meanwhile, is examining the main interior set which has been leaking; there are puddles all along one side of the building. He decides to do a scene of a PTA meeting held in the winter. "Put buckets under the leaks, and put the tea and cookies over here on this rough table. Better move those books out of the rain though." Outside the camera crew prepares to shoot some muddy walking scenes. Inside the crowded mess hall, Drew Takahashi, the community liaison who has worked with various Japanese American groups to get extras, asks for volunteers to do walking in the rain scenes. A few girls get on some getas from the factory at one end of the room and practice walking in them.

Lou Frizzell, who actually plays himself in the film, recalls coming back: "Momo and I were practicing her number for the talent show over on the set where the piano is. The rain was dripping into a bucket and the piano was slightly out of tune. That's the way it really was, it was as if nothing had changed."

Jeanne had heard Momo practicing from the outside as I had. It was strange to hear someone singing through the tarpaper walls. They seem so dead, so wooden, ~~xxxxxx~~ when one passes them. She listens for a bit, and her eyes begin to fill. Her sister Lillian, ~~was~~ on whom Momo's character is based, has joined her. "Just seeing him there, changing the music, correcting a lyric, brings it all back," says Jeanne.

JULY 15, 1975

Lou goes on, "I was about 22 when I came here, just out of school, eager to teach. We had nothing to work with, but the people were so appreciative, it was really rewarding. If hadn't done all these musicals, and talent shows, I probably wouldn't have tried show business. But I thought: 'Why not? Who knows?' I probably would have just been teaching music in some ordinary high school.

"Recently, I went to one of the Manzanar class reunions. How old they've all become I thought. Some of them are grandparents now, but we still feel the same inside.

I was unable to serve in the Army because of sympathetic hypertension, so I was looking for a teaching job when... The Second AD comes to the dressing room to fetch Lou ~~for the talent show set~~ to check out the progress on the talent show set. Madame Butterfly's famous aria is now pouring out of one of the barracks over the ~~the~~ incredibly sticky mud the fine floury dust makes when wet.

Ginenger Tanaka, one of the extras, a slight pretty woman who speaks in a fast manner came up from San Francisco, after hearing about the movie from a friend in Sacramento. Born in 44 at the heart mountain camp, she ~~was~~ wanted to participate because she felt it was important show how an Executive Order can be used against people--not just us--but it could happen to any group. Asked ~~what~~ How her parents felt about her participations she said, "They were very glad, encouraged me to bring my children as a way of having them come into contact with their own history." My little girl (who stands beside her reading a book) read the book. Her response so far to making the movies has been 'Is this where everyone really ate? It's so dusty, momma.' In a week or so, her impressions will really come out. She's the kind who takes it all in and then comments on it later, when you least expect it. My boy, on the other hand is more fascinated with all the moviemaking equipment and technical stuff, than with the story."

The mess hall is filled to the brim with extras, playing cards and drinking coffee. The whole place smells of wet 1940s woolens pulled from storage for the costumes. Two neatly coiffed girls in ~~the~~ skirts and blouses and saddle shoes look out ~~at~~ through the window. "Was it really this muddy, then," says one to the other. "My mother says this is the way it really was but only worse. Several men across the way struggle to get a wall into place in the driving rain and wind.

Finally the set is ready. The extras are called out during a lull in the storm to sit on the blanket covered rows of ~~hay~~ baled hay

JULY 15, 1975

A couple of takes are made, but it begins to drizzle. The audience patiently sits waiting for the next set up. When one of the women in the audience come over the radio: "Cloudy today, some chance of showers, 10% chance tomorrow, clearing Thursday." Everyone laughs at the unexpected interruption and the familiar manner in which she read the report. She sounded just like the weather report one dials for over the phone. She must have copied it down and read it verbatim.

Clyde studied at Northwestern and had been with the East West Players for several years. Although young, he often plays middle-aged men. Since he's from Hawaii no one in his family was sent to camp. But his grandfather was investigated by the FBI as he was a leader of the local community. "If it were the forties, I'd volunteerr just like my Dad did. It's diff. today, but then, bearing up and proving you were strong was the way to go. Those were the days of John Wayne movies and going over the hill heroes....I can identify with Teddy having a lot of responsibility, I've had a lot with the East West Players: I've produced stage manged, you've got to do your best and if you fail, you've got to own up to it. I've also read a lot and done a few plays based on the camps which has been a help to me."

Vicky, who sang the famous Madame Butterfly aria, has a bulb pop in her face just as she is about to sing. Fortunately she is not hurt. A single drop of water did it. She lives just over the border in Oregon where she teaches music. Asked by Yuki if there are a lot of Japanese Americans in her area she says, "no, just one other I know of. A library assistant." "And how do the people treat you there?" She smiles slyly, "Very carefully, very carefully." Yuki nods in understanding.

Yuki is approached by a pair of young men. One tells him is a student from Sacramento State, wants to know how to actos get started and all. "I came cause I really wanted to find out more about acting, filming. It's a whole new thing for me. Yuki advise him to get some credentials, to study. "it's a rough business it takes a while." "it is a little different than I imagined it, says the student, as the grips carry the women in the cast over the now enormous pools of water into the mess hall. The tarp covering the stage has become overburned by water, and even though the crew uses long poles to push up and cause the water to spill over the edges, it is filling up too fast and may break through at any moment. They hurry about with plastic wrapped camera gear, and lights, rushing them into the wardrobe area which has been hidden behind the set.

SC 141 and 135

JULY 15, 1975

The PTA scene is set up for the evening. The day has gone rather slowly because of the storm. Everything is soggy and all the rooms are clogged up with the mud, which doesn't scrape well off one's shoes, but eventually just comes off in doughy globs, someingxx time after you've gone inside. One of the extras asks what the scene is. "It's a PTA meeting answers one of the crew." "Oh, I can do that, I'm an expert." A young father, actually the father of the child who plays Chiyoko's two-year old, says, "Well, I'm on the Nursery school committee and that's enough for me." someone comments on how much longer he has to go serving on parent committees. One extra tries to leave. He wants to see his daughter who seems to be somewhere outside. Aggie, the wardrobe mistress, searches about for someone who can speak Japanese. One of the other extras explains that his daughter and her husband knows he is working and are waiting for him in the mess hall. He sits back down. Later, during the scene, his daughter and her husband come in to watch. "Why does he stand like that, he always stand like that...so straight and stiff." She worries that he isn't doing his part well. Actually, at that moment he is clearly not even in the shot.

A young teenage girl, in the mess hall says she glad to have the chance to see how a movie is made. , but more importantly, I'm glad to be here because we don't ever hear anything about this in school, just a few lines in our history books. "All the kids my age --not just the Japanese-Americans, but everyone hardly knows it happened. I'm getting some idea of what it was like." After she leaves to go to the set an older woman turns to her neighbor and says, " You have to have lived it, to know what it was really like. There is no way it will ever really be clear to anyone else."

WEDNESDAY JULY 17, 1975

jimmie Takashi Nakamura, a Kibei who was sent to Japan between the ages of 11 and 17 along with his three younger brothers. Many people were kibei because it was cheaper, not because of some loyalty to Jpane. My grandfather was alwful in Japan, he ahd fallen into drinking, so as the eldinst I would make lunch for the others. When I came back to the USA in July 41, I left the family, lived by myself, I didnt' want to have anything to do with my parents. The other three were still too young to leave home. All of us just happened to be sent to Manzanar. I was a no-no on the loyalty oath and got set to Tule Lake for particpating in the riot. We wanted to get some of our friens out. When we were sentto Tule Lake we used to wear headbands with red hoshidan over our sahved heads. By coiling awire around a pencil, we were able to take a readio and make it short wave. We listened to the Jpanaese broadcasts and then rinted an underground news notice about how ten American Battleships ere sunk etd. EWe dook special delight in putting them under the doors of loyal Americans.

When white Americans come to really know about the minorities, things will be better. We whould have more things like this.

If you didn't sign the loyalty oath yes-yes your weren't loyal to the US. Therefore, you were automatically loyal to Jpan. Everything was black and white there was no in between, but me and lots af other kibei didn't belong to anyone. The Japanese didn't want and neither did the AMericans. I got invovled in the e iot because , wanted free some friends. He is of medium heighth, and hasn't shaved this morning. After his wardrobe change, he looks much older in the baggy pants.

I met John in April. I had helped to organize five buses to vislt Tulelake. The local papers said, "Japs to invade Tulellake." We had to keep preetty tight security. No one got off the busses in Redding or anywhere on the way except unscheduled rest stops. At one gas station a reporter from uPI tried to join us, but I wouldn't let hij. We'd stayed in the fairgrounds and kept a pretty tight watch on things. When we came out to the main gate here, there was John. He started taking pictures. "Just one more snap," I thought, " and I'm going to break that camera over his head." The press here had been so bad you see. Then he showed me his card and explained to me what he was doing It was OK then.

OGATAS + 4 children living in Arcata and working at Humboldt I was about 11 when we were told to leave. We lived out beyond 19th Ave in SF and we weren't allow to cross that line in the short five days they gave us to arrange our affairsWe were sent to Santa Anita where we stayed from About april to October.

WEDNESDAY JULY 15, 1975

It was awful, living in horse stalls. So unclean. even the showers were converted stalls, I never felt clean after taking a bath. It almost seemed I'd be better off without one. The mess halls were make shift affairs, huge lines and awful heat. The food wouldn't keep and there was a lot of dysentery. Later, we were sent to Topaz. When we came back to SF our things which someone was supposed to have kept for us had...wandered off. At first we stayed with various friends so I could go to school. but my Dad wasn't sure he wanted to try to open a business in SF up again. At first, he was at least able to get some work in someone else's business..

Mr. Ogata: At 18 my family had a nice farm in Mountain View, When the first restrictions came, we moved to California Hot Springs on the other side of Highway 99, which was the diving line for Californians. We were lucky enough to get some work at a resort cleaning the pool, etc, my sister was secretary. The whole family worked. Some of the other families who were also there weren't lucky enough to get work. It looked like California was going to be completely closed off, so we told our boss we were going to go, He understood. We had packed up the car and said goodbye to our friends in the area. Just as we were actually leaving, our boss told us they had closed off Calif. We thought about trying to go through, but he said he didn't think it would be safe to try, so we stayed. In a matter of days we were shipped off to Poston.

"There were actually three camps at Poston: One, Two and Three. We used to call them Poston, Toast'em and Roast'em. I worked in the kitchen for the six months I was there. I used to come out to cool off. It would be 110 out of doors, I have no idea what the temperature in the kitchen was. I had a brother in 41 who was already in the Army. He had two months to go when Pearl Harbor happened. He was so looking forward to getting out. In those days it was only for a year.

I got out by going to college. Actually, if the War and the camps hadn't come along, I probably would never have gone to college! I would have probably stayed with the family farm. Anyway, I had met some Seventh Day Adventists in Calif Hot springs and they told me about their college in Nebraska. So when things began to quiet down in the camps, I applied, It was simply a matter of paperwork as many Japanese Americans had already been cleared to go to school there. On the train, there was also a Japanese American woman with a baby. At the station stop, she went into the restaurant to have the baby's bottle warmed. The woman there wouldn't give her the time of day. She came back crying, looking at me. There wasn't a thing I could do for her. It probably would be worse if I tried. A Caucasian woman asked her what was wrong, and she was absolutely livid when she heard what had gone on. I told her that bottle she said, and I guess she gave the woman a piece of her mind. anyway, the baby got its milk warmed.

WEDNESDAY JULY .XXXXXXX 16, 1975

Now, as well as the geta factory, there is a group making tissue paper flowers by the score. it reminds me of my high school days when ~~wax~~ a bunch of girls would sit in a group and make flowers the same way to use in homecoming parades and at dances. ~~XX~~But these flowers are for the funeral scene. Yesterday, ~~was~~ a half a dozen men, some of them extras helped to strip a coffin, of its felt covering, to make in plain and stark. A few girls go over and tie the flowers onto a cardboard donut to make a wreath.

I asked what all the geta were for. Originally they had made some for one of the scenes, but so many people in the cast, wanted a prop to keep that the "geta committee" continues to make them. It is much like camp..waiting is boring, and the people welcome something to do. They turn scraps of wood and cloth into geta which members of Jeanne's family and others circulate with and ask the cast and crew to autograph them.

Momo and Lou are once again at the piano, but this time it is in a classroom. Jan Ogata, ~~was~~ a teenager is an extra in about her fifth costume since she has been here. Someone says there is a certain inventiveness to solving the problems of movie making, on a day to day basis: JK Says yes it's day to day, it's called survival, taking a day at a time. That too parallels the situation in the camps. Each day, in the beginning was a challenge. One could not stop because of problems. The people just had to go on.

Lou: I had a Model A coupe and I had my dad drive me up here. There wasn't much of anywhere to go and with gas rationing it seemed silly for me to bring up my car. We did use to go to LA once in a while where we fill up someone's car and each of us would help pay the bill. I'd go to Southern California Music Company and get music and all; sometimes instruments. I'd buy a good used instrument and then the family would pay it off bit by bit as they could.

I didn't have anything to do after I wasn't accepted by the army. I wanted to teach so I applied through the UCLA placement bureau. I had put on my card under remarks: 'I would be interested in something unusual.' Well, the viceprincipal of the Manzanar Hi School came down to UCLA and interviewed a bunch of us. He made it sound really bleak, (how hard it would be to interest people, etc) but that made me mad. I ~~now~~ now think he did that to thin out the people who really wouldn't be able to take it, or like it. But I couldn't resist the challenge. When I arrived, I told the MP at the gate that I was a music teacher. He responded: 'If you get this kids to sing a tune together in a year, it'll be a miracle.'

I wrote my little memoirs about a year after I left. I missed camp, and it still was not empty. The schools had closed, but people had not all gone home.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ WEDNESDAY JULY 16, 1975

"In the beginning, when I went ~~home~~ to LA I would say, 'I'm going home, I'll be back Sunday night,' but as time went by, I would say, 'I'm going to LA, I'll be home Sunday night.'" After all, Manzanar was the biggest city between Reno and LA. When I used to come over those Arkanza? hills and see the place lit up in the valley, I really did feel I was coming home.

I come from a working class family, My dad was a landscaper and I was the only child. They were from Missouri and they drove out here before the thirties.

The teachers first lived in the school block in a nearby barracks. When I first got there there was a blind teacher and his guide, and his dog. One of them had a box springs, the other a mattress. There was one more got, with a straw mattress, I gathered that was for me. Later specific housing was built for the teachers, complete with private baths and all, but I never moved. I don't think I was going over board, well, anyway I got away with it. "I have friends over here," I said. "Here they can come and go as they please, I don't want them embarrassed to come to my house." So I was really grandstanding.

After Manzanar I had good teaching offers, but they all sounded so dull, I just couldn't work up any enthusiasm. When you start with nothing and the people applaud the results, that's hard to beat. If I kept teaching I thought, 'by the time you're forty, you'll have a family, a mortgage, and all that --which is very nice-- but then I might say, 'I never gave show business a try' I'd be wondering the rest of my life if I shouldn't have.

So I went to New York and lucked out, I got a job in the chorus of Oklahoma and stayed with it for nine months, even had a small solo. Well, I thought I had done enough of that, was ready to move up, I was so naive because I had so much luck. I went off to visit my family in LA. When I came back it wasn't so easy, but I began to study acting and all, because I knew it was necessary and I had also become very interested in dramatic parts.

A year ago, we had a June class reunion, inside we were all the same. As we talked names I hadn't thought of for years came flooding in. Like Yoshimura Kami who after he graduated had become my teaching asst. At the reunion I ran into his cousin who said is at St Olaf's where he is head of the department and on the state judging for competitions, etc. etc. I immediately got a letter and programs from him. He was head choral man. No more than a month later he died at only 48 years of age. There are tears in his eyes now he is visibly controlling himself. "His family sent me Xeroxes of reviews and awards and all kinds of things about what he had accomplished. In the accompanying letter, they said, We are sending you these things because he always said, 'you were responsible.'"

WEDNESDAY JULY 16, 1975

Lou teels of how them-nos were shipped out the first winter? If one in a family said no-no, everyone would. The forms were confusing as well ans some mismarked them, nonethe less when the day came, they were all shipped out. People were standing or whatever in a huge line of trucks, and people were running about lokking for a chance to say a last goodbye to their grieds. An old lady whom I didn't even know reached out and clutched my hadn. It was awful. Agian he is visibly moved; beeing here has made his years at Manzanar as vivid as they were twenty- five years agoa.

Lillian, Jeanne's sister got into farming, but now she's a nurse;s aide. She had been one at manz. , but I think she lost interest when one of the supervisors became mean to the girsl, going along and pulling the riboons from ~~haxxhaxx~~ their hair. Its taken all this time for her to try it agian."

Seeing the cotton hose on the women, the black slacks on the girls, all the saddel shoes, makes it all come back to me. Going over "I'll Remember April" with Momo, saying, "Let's try it from here.. In the middle of all this, I found myself thinking, 'You're still doing the same thing, bangnb aon an old out of tune piano, in a damp barracks as if it were a concert Steinway."

"Ideally, I'd like to continue working until the last day of my life. I love acting. My first job after leaving the camp eas in the chorus of Okalahoma' I even gt a tiny solo. Not knowing how lucky I had been to gt any job m, much less one with Richard, Rodgers, I left it after nine months to go to LA and vist my family: 'This is enough,' I Said, "I'll go hone and whn I come back I'll get a bigger job." I really had to come down out of the clouds when I came back. I ~~haxx~~ had begun to study acting because I could see the necessity for it and I liked it as well.

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Lou then gave me a copy of his memoirs from camp, wrtitenonly a yaera or so after he fleft, He says, there are losts I would change in this now, but at the time it seemed the thing to do.

Jim houston comes up and adds tat the interview with he vice-pricnipal becmae Lou's arrival in the film.

At the rehearsal of Mom's song, Liillian and Jeanne sttod to the side listening. Jeanne had tears in her eyes, and Lillian too, was very quiet. I left them to their reminiscenes and waled out into the muddy fire break.

Bob Knoshita told a story of how people were afraid to stuff their matt⁴ esses because the local snakes, especiallay the rattlers were hide int the straw. One had to poke around a bit in order to be sure of not getting bitten. There were a lot of snakes at Poston.

WEDNESDAY JULY 16, 1975

The kids one day found a baby rattle . At first they thought it was a stick in the road, but when they found out it was a snake, they put it in a can and brought it inside. the thing was rattling away, the kids parents were horrified. Baby rattlers are just about as poisonous as the adults, tyou know.

,THURSDAY JULY 17 1975

Jimmy ~~Axx~~ Saito, age twenty, None of my family was in camps, because we had a farm in Oklahoma. , But my mother and older sbrothers had read and known of it, Ithink they felt a little guildty because nothing much happened to them. I know ~~Ixfkxxax~~ ~~xxxxxxgukxxshkx~~ she'd felt a little guilty about all that.

A niece of Jeanne's whom I knew at Sand Diego State, was up at San Jose one weekeend, I had been visiting some friends in Berkekey and stoppe dby to see her on my way back down. She took me over to Jeanne's in Santa Cruz and introduced me to Jeanne who said she mention me to JK as she thought the part of Richard was still open. She took my agents name. Three or four weeks went by. I workd on MIDWAY, and I was still waiting for some kind of reply., thinking about it. Finally I called Jeanne: I just wanted to know if the casting is over, I don't want to push you or anythang, I just wanted to know so I could stop thingkinga about it. While I had been on Midway, many other people had read the script and said it was good. Well, JK called me the nnxt day, but he wasn't going to La andy more I said that I wouod fly up and read for him, which I did. It was only the week before shooting was to begin. That's how I got the part.

World W r II had been just another wa int he history books to me. had never had tofate much prejudice. The night before I went down to san Jose to see Jeanne's niece I had never thought about it, when the subject came up and , someone asked me if I had read Farewell To Manzanar, and also mentioned after hearing I was an actor that JK was foing to do it. For the very first time in my life I wealized that Mother and fathere were living in and through the time wehn JAP GO HOME was a common aemrican thing. I realized that as close as I am to my family, that this was a part of their experience and that of my older borthers, thatn wasn't a part f mine.

I feel funny acting with these people because they're so well-trained. The "family" got together the Satufday before to readthe script. I was just awed by the way they went through it...but I decided that it menta I just had to work athat much harder to keep up with them. High School and College shows are just for amusement genreally, most of the people in them are going n to be doctors or something eles,,, but this is professioaal, theis is wahta these people have decided to do with their lives.

XXXXXXXX THURSDAY, JULY XXXXXXXX 17, 1975

This next school year I'm transferring to UCLA. Unfortunately, I applied a little late so I couldn't get into the drama department, so I'll be in Psych. I'm also going to see if I can get involved with the East West Players. I like Psych, but I can't stay too long in both worlds, I am going to have to make a choice.

Mitsu said, "This is a strange business. We are very well taken care of, well paid, housed, first class airplane tickets, etc. Others, come here, drive themselves, sit around and wait to be extras for very little pay. It certainly is a funny business."

I think inside everybody there's a little ham. When friends of mine are told that I do acting, they all say, I was on Bozo when I was ten. They never forget, he laughs.

There are so many ups and downs to Richard. He's angry, he falls in love, goes off to war. There's such a range for me to explore; I just hope I'm up to it. Someone comments that at twenty-five in or out of camo is much like that.

He is teased about groupies, which he denies exists, but the day before, during all the rain many of the younger girls watched him in their school girl way. He claims that those who talked with him are all friends of his from SD state or their relatives. But then, he didn't notice all the rest.

Ogata has still another wife today. It has become his joke. On one day, he had four different wives. "I'm becoming a real Don Juan," he joked.

The crew moves over to the front of the family barracks to shoot the scene where Ko receives the telegram announcing Richard's death. Misa goes crazy, sliding down Ko's leg and screaming as he tries to contain her: Richard! Richard." No, no." The camera rolls as the crew and onlookers silently look on. Cut. is called just as she once again is screaming richard. Richard!and in the same tone and modulation...."you're choking me Yuki!" Everyone bursts into gales of laughter.

Bob Konshoita has spent much of the day clearing out the Japanese garden for the graduation scene. He had covered it with loose hay to keep it moist and protect it from the heat. But the rain has made it into a soggy mess. Ordinarily, the hay could be raked off, but now several men are on their hands and knees, picking the sticky bits of hay from the flowers and grass, while Bob carefully sweeps off the tiny pathway.

Close ups of the telegram scene are now in progress. The camera is on Alice and Lois as they too begin to cry. The sun is beginning to fade. After a moving rake, the camera turns around and in a matter of fact way says, "It's Okay, I think," a strange counterpoint to the scene.

THURSDAY JKM JULY 17, 1975

Lunch time was an especially gay time today. Akemi begaint o sing Jpanese songs as she worked on her quilt. Nobu and YUKi had a great time translating them for her, for she doesn't aknow what the words mena. Still, she sings them with such feeling and style, it is quite remarkable. Nobu begins to join in after saying she wish she had such a good voice. Yuki si studying singing and he, too joins in. Soon the whole hall is listeneing; a few others join in, including Jimmy Nakamura, whos sings with much gusto some of the more masculine sounding songs. The group goes into the Tanko bushi? a song about the coal mines of Ise and how the chimneys are sh high the moon must be smoky. t is a strange combination of metaphonrs, the more traditional ones of the moon and locations such as Ise, and the modern industrial images all wrapped up in a folk style. The group gets up and begins to dance in a circle around the mess hall. Perhaps 15 or twenty people gjoin in, with Jimmy leading the dance in a very free style way; Everyone laughs at the conclusion. It's time to go back to work, and when the actors go aback to the set, to do the telegram scene, they begin by singing a bit on the front steps where they have gathered in the eveining ari. Yuki changes a song a bit, ~~substituting~~ changing the sceond verse to the present tencse from hana ga saitta to hana ga saku, the flowers are blooloing the flowers are blooiming. ~~Everywhere on the mountains, they are blooming in the fields.~~ Where are they bollooming. They are blooiming on the mountains, blooming in the homeland, they are blooming inthe fields. They aill alugh before Calvin makes his entrance withe the fatal telegram.

Calvin, asked if he thinks he's going to be an actor, says no, I'mnmore interested in the cameras.

FRIDAY JULY 18, 1975

Dailies. The second batch has come in. While waiting, I chat with Lillian, Jeanne's sister upon whom the character of Alice is based:

"When I came into that backacksa you know, the place where Lou and Momo were rehearsing it was just the same I'LL REMEMBER APRIL. He has hardly changed in nearly thirty years. I had started out being ~~xxx~~ a nurses' aide at camp. But after I left, I went into cosmetology, then married had children and helped my husband run the farm. Now all my kids are on their own, I've been a nursing aide again. It's very rewarding work....I work mostly with cancer patients. If you can help people face death...it's hard, not easy, but it means a lot to me. Lou was so great he wrote an operetta we put on. He even wrote a song about how kids would roll up their jeans and all. He was just terrific. There are a lot of people who owe him a lot.

at cRowley, Carolyn Abe's teacher at Stanford, plops down next to me. He's stopped off for a day on his way elsewhere to go fishing.

One scene is too hot---too much exterior light pouring through the door, bleaching out the first part of the scene. Most of the stuff looks very good. John takes a moment to explain to the extras who have come to the dailies that the dark scenes will be lightened and vice versa, that dailies are just printed at with the same light. There is a need for rimming the dark hair of the cast against the dark backgrounds, and it seems everything is a bit to the left, but it is hard to say whether this is from the camera or the rickety projector which is being used for the screenings.

She Embury has brought a government film on the camps, JAPANESE RELOCATION, narrated by Milton Eisenhower, who was at the time ~~then~~ of the 'evacuation' the head of the WRA. :

"We couldn't be sure what would happen if the West Coast was attacked, he said. "Most were loyal Americans, ...The Japanese received help in storing and disposing of their property. ... They willingly went, feeling this was their sacrifice to the war effort....Overnight the Army transformed Santa Anita into a home for 17,000 people...As new homes in different parts of the country were ready, the people moved in....It was an untamed land, but fertile, which, with the work of adults on public and private lands would become productive..."

Over a picture of a nursery class with a woman pouring milk from a carton "These American children are getting the best of nutrition..." A youngster is pouring his through a knothole in the table. It looks a bit more like the powdered variety than the fresh.

FRIDAY JULY 18, 1975

Words like "Christian decency" pop up in the narration.

The last scenes area dead givenwawy. "We hope members of the AXis powers who see this, will remeber this when they capture Americans."

All the talk about these loyal americans goes down the drain with this one statemet. These people, many of them second and third generation Americans were still aliens. It is almost as if there was some secret hope they would stay there after the war was over raising vegetables and generaaly staying out of the way. The governemnt would like one to think that this was some kind of wonderful kibbutz project that everyone wanted to get in on.

There has been loght hissing and booing, and plenty of murmuring during the showing, bit it is kept down by the desire of the crew and cast to watch it for details which will help them in portraying the camps.

Afterwersds, in the mess hall, Mrs. Osugi 20195 Pierce Rod. Saratoga, gave me CITIZEN 13660, to look at. It is a combination sketch book and diary done aby a young woman during the inernement.

At the other end of the mess hall, Jeanne, Jim Lou and Sue Embury are going through some of oyo's photographs. otyo is the photographer on ~~kw~~ on whom Zenihirio is bases. When Jack Wright went down to visit him, he aksed if the character were wearing wa beretas he had, and broguht out his homemade camera. The one in the film is a duplicate of the actual camera.

The phots are very telling. There is one of a street which has lawns and trees along the street. "We called it Wilshire Blvd, says lou. "The Beverly Hills of Manzanar," adds Jeanne. t does look very pleasant, comapared to earlier photographs of the place. Thre are school girls and baseball teams, etc. Oh, I remember him, what was his name. He lived over in block x and so it goes.

Getchen Corbett, the only Caucasian principal at Tullake, is a contract player for Universal. She plays regu,arly on the Raockford Files, plays his lawyer. It s not abad part, it was originally cnceived by a woamn writer and the My background is actually quite different I was raised on a racnch in Camp Sherman Oregon. I went to New York and spent eight years on the stage, doing classics and a lot of other things, but rarely ingenues.

I was so pleased bout this part. I think of Lois as stocky, playn and homespun, but not a clod. It's really nice to look so natural. It's the first part I've ever played without makeyp. It's far away form the Hollywood concpet of what I sgould be doing.

FRIDAY JULY 18, 1975

The hollywood syndrome:....slick characters, slick plots, is not all that pleasant for me, After seven or eight summers doing Shakespeare and the playing the young woman in Forty Carats in New York. The studio has been pushing me for leads; naturally I am happy about it, but being here has also been good. I love being a part of a company, a group. There is no star trip here nor one who sets the tone except John. Often, on a TV set, the star sets the mood, there's an entourage, and a deference to that one person.

I was very nervous about this part. When I first arrived, everyone was working so I was alone at the hotel, I couldn't hear or anything. I burst into tears. When I hear Seth, Jimmy and Clyde coming up the stairs. I guess I was scared, because the part means a lot to me. I was feeling tied up in knots, questioned whether I should be here. When I went out on the set just to see what was going on, I thought, 'Maybe John has made a mistake, maybe I shouldn't be here. It took me a couple of days to feel accepted. I think that was just me, I felt I had to be careful not to say or do the wrong thing. In the beginning I did feel being the only Caucasian on the set, but only once in a while do I feel that anymore. The whole group here has a family feeling. All of them have talked about their experiences, in camp. I've done a lot of crying in the last week, not for myself or because I'm scared just because I've grown close to the cast. They speak Japanese, so I joke around and do my version. They don't all really speak Japanese well, so I don't feel exactly left out. Akemi sings her songs, without knowing the meanings. She's been teaching me one, but I'm having trouble learning the words..

After being signed for the part, I started reading about the internment. After a bit, I said to myself, Hey, this isn't your part in this thing and I switched to studying the Quakers. I went to some Quaker meetings and I spent a couple of days with a Unitarian minister whose church I attended in Oregon while growing up. His wife is a Quaker and they were a great help to me. I think the idea that is at the center of what my part represents is "concern" that's a word that the Quakers use a lot.

I have been involved in politics as has been most of my family. I was a delegate at the Chicago Demo. convention. I had a lot of friends on the outside demonstrating. Sitting in the hall watching a little TV monitor next to Wayne Morse, began to get to me, driving through the demonstrators in a guarded bus and all. "What am I doing here? I began to think. At the people I really identified were outside, while I was on the inside watching them on a little box" I ended up going to McCarthy headquarters and helping bandage up people and so forth. I guess that was 'Lois' although I have never quite made that connection until this moment. If it were the forties, I am sure that I would get involved in some way. It's just my nature.

FIRDAY JULY 18, 1975

My own background really isn't all that important to this picture, and I have been affeted by the Jpapanese-American environment here. I like Jpanese, food and ori's adn Vernon's mother are always bringing 7s goodies. I am now more aware of how I feel on the inside when relating to everyone rather than how I look on the outside.

(This is something Jimmy Saito said too, He has never identified his feelings with his background, especially since he comes from a family that originally lived in he midwest)

When I read for the part, I didn't wear any make up, I wore loafers and a white outfit. There was nothing Hollywood about it, it was very modest in tone. I guess it was scary, but I really liked it.

Young woman's parts, and I photograph very young, are not that great, you know. There are about two choices:.... pretty and dumb, and ungly and dumb, and oh yes, rich or poor I guess I'm like everyone else, I 'm lookinf ro a apart that really has something for the younger woman.

I said, I could guess what her bio said, ...sophistaciate, blonde, deepp - voiced. She saide the first four words are: This husky-voiced blonde..." hat's what I'd like to get waya from, and it's one of the reasons I'm so proud to be involved with this film.

I went out and had a friend of mine do my comp photo for the studio. They had me do one of those really made up glamouros shots. Wnated something a little plainer, pretty, but more me. Well, they didn't like it at all said I couldn't possibly use that. I asked her to send me her current professional photos and bio.

These actors are weel trained, they're food and they have less opportunity than I do. I think this show is going to open things up for them. There isn't much I can do for them, excpet suggest them to people I know on the grapevine. One of my best friends is a black actress and she has had a horrible time. hings have opened up some, but it's mostly just comedy routines, and serisals. Still, there has been practically notheing ~~we~~ really solid in spite of the huge gr owth in parts for blacks.

The crew has gone out to to do the funeral scene for Grnadma. On the adjoining gravestones the names of the Cameraman and Art Diector have been inscribed along with other belonging to people in the cast or extras. Momo began to feel very sad, she said, " here I was, it was really getting to me, and then, I felt Vernons hand slipping into mine, I had a snotty hankie, but that didn't seem to stop hom. .. He was taking care of me like a real brother would,"

FRIDAY JULY 18, 1975

Yuki is talking about the scene he has just done with Eeth. It is the one where the two older men resolve their relationship and openly admit the situation is beyond their control. It is a difficult scene. "It's tricky, you want to let it all out, but you don't want to, ...you can't let everything pour out." The first take I really went all out, it really came out, I think it was a little too much. 'Bittersweet' was the word I think John used to describe the quality he felt the scene should have. I think that was a very good word.

One of the gripes later describes an incident another show: There was a driver on another show who was sent to pick up the greensman. When he saw a Japanese fellow get off the plane in this little town's airport, he assumed he was the greensman. So he put him in the limosine even though the man protested -- the man didn't speak English too well -- and took him to the hotel, and dropped him off. When the crew and cast came back, there was the guy with millions of shoes spread all over the room. He was a salesman and not the greensman." Talk about stereotypes.

Dori is marching about practicing her baton routine with her mother. Bored and tired of the heat, she goes inside to play cards with Jimmy Saito and Jim Hachiya the resident schoolteacher.

Another time, Yuki played checkers against Vernon and Dori. Often all the women, including Dori sit outside the dressing room working on their cathedral window quilts. Extras mill around. Several, including the one who would later play the Buddhist priest, helped Bob Kinsoshita, along with several local cowboys and local helpers to strip a coffin of its felt covering for the funeral scene.

Aggie was upset because someone gave the priest a different rosary, one which is worn with high robes, and the priests were not wearing high robes. It was one of the scenes she spent some money on. "I didn't want anything to be wrong. She splurged and rent several black suits, and dress, and borrowed the appropriate robes with instruction as to their care from a Buddhist priest in SF.

The stillman has come in and is working on a portrait of Nobu in the early evening light. Elsewhere, the crew is doing a tracking shot of Lois and Richard, talking in the evening about his leaving for the Army as they take a stroll. Dressed extras wander in and out of the mess hall, sit along the side of the building chatting. Others walk about carrying getas or clothes. A few people track back and forth between the mess hall and the production hall office. Bob's helpers roll wheel barrels here and there, he waters the Japanese garden he has built. It is not so terribly different than it might have been thirty years ago.

FRIDAY JULY 18, 1975

Many of the extras have simply come up on speculation. One an Issei came up on a bus from Stockton after seeing the notice of the Pictures in the Japanese American paper. He can hardly speak English yet he has said, with the help of other more bilingual extras, that he had been here, and he felt he should participate if he could be of help. (RB Jeanne a mister Yareda?)

Just after dark, the crew moves over to the front of the mess hall to set up for the fight scene. Outer buildings have been lightly lit to give the scene depth and set off the black front tarpaper barracks.

Earlier an extra had seen the sign "latrines" and the character for onana or women. Going inside she found the toilets in a bit of a disarray, for it was a set for the latrine scenes. She came out a bit confused, until someone who could speak Japanese explained to her where the bathrooms were for the crew and extras.

The bugs are awful, biting everyone, hundreds of them can be seen around each light. Reg and his wife are looking on, along with some of the local neighbors. Nobu, in her costume jumps rope with the kids. Ori demonstrated jumping crossed ropes.

Vernon: What grade are you going into? Dori: Sixth, Vernon: Oh I bet you're not. Dori: Want to bet 15,000,000 dollars? End of conversation.

Bernon's mother says he's very mechanical, fixed a broken tape recorder she couldn't get repaired because different repairman didn't want to handle a brand they weren't selling. Also fixed a lamp for her.

John works with Seth, who has padded his arms and legs, and Yuki on the fight sequence. The two men rush out of the doors in the midst of the talent show, roll on the ground. Preparing themselves they growl at each other before the cameras run. Someone says the men never wore hats or emmittings. Most of the extras have hats and coats on. Another person disagrees. Finally, they come out wearing their hats and coats. In between, the lights are turned off to discourage bugs. The noise of the crowd watching the talent show and men who follow Ko and Takahashi from the hall is so deafening, no one hears the cameraman yell that his camera hasn't rolled. The sequence must be repeated. Richard and Teddy pull Ko off of Takahashi, who remains in the end alone in the dust. The two men get up all smiles and laughter, joking about the scene, worrying about any bumps or bruises one or the other may have taken in the fight.

Some of the crew goes to the local bar afterwards to have a drink. One, in particular, stays away from the group, talking with a local man. Later, he tells us the man is curious about what the

FRIDAY JULY 18, 1975

effect of the film may be. He knows that John's last film was JNAE PITTMAN, and ~~he~~ feels this film may have political overtones, affecting the local farmers. The crew member, who is under no obligation to do so, acts as a PR man, to reassure the local man that this is a film of such a small budget that he shouldn't worry. That the film is really, after all, only the story of one family, how can that be political?

Another crew member has also had the same experience at another time. There is an economic undertone to it all. Many of the people here were allowed to homestead after the second World War. They are veterans, and they were taught to dislike the Japs. One ~~he~~ was overheard to say upon hearing a film was coming into town. There will probably be a lot of good looking girls around then. Another man: Yeah, If you like slant eyes. This is not the kind of stuff one wants to hear or even think about and yet, it is very real, very threatening in a way. No one thinks of the Japanese-American crew, cast or extras that way, and none one who has heard this stuff wants them to have run into it.

One of the grips says he likes working on a film of this size. ~~He~~ "A film is like a circle around the lens he says. The larger the budget, the larger this circle of concentration, the larger the number of people who have a direct input to what goes through the lens and the fewer the people who have full control. With a smaller film like this one, that circle is limited and the director has more control, more ability to lay down the feel and look of the picture. I like that and I like working harder, on that kind of picture, than simply doing one thing over and over again on a picture that has a 4,000,00 circle of concentration."

The grip is in a position to know a lot. Many of us are trained in the stage, and the stage tradition was with us long before the cameras began to roll in the early twentieth century. We have learned all kinds of tricks, and are able to reapply them to film. Many people in either New York or LA have never had the opportunity to work the stage, and have never learned anything but film methods. Certainly, we have studied those too, and they are different, but our backgrounds are more diverse, I think. The locals for stagehands, etc. are all low numbers because they followed the growth of the railroads and subsequent desire of local people for opera, theatre and vaudeville.

SATURDAY JULY 19, 1975

Edison Uno, professor at San Francisco State, formerly interned at Santa Anita and ~~MANZANER~~ Ameche.

GUILTY BY REASON OF RACE, a tv documentary, ~~we~~ used the interview and flashback technique to reach the general public. Robert Northshield, who did the Sin Of Our Fathers, about Vietnamese war orphans, and the Children of Belfast specials used an archival approach for the program. The man's specialty is children,

I asked Robert Northshield when he contacted me what was his objective? He said, 'I want to prick the conscience of American' Q: Do you want to make them feel guilty, or make a psychological impact? Its like saying you have dirt on your face, wipe it off or saying I don't like you reckless, something which you might not be able to do anything about.

I think it was shown on or around Nov. 14, 1972. The producer told me he had 286 hate calls in NYC in the first hour of the program. Usually a station has 25-50 calls of complaint as an average. In this case 14 to 1 were against the program and used such adjectives as communists to remember Pearl Harbor, how the Japanese treated our prisoners, you subversives, etc. When I asked the producer if he felt he had pricked the conscience of American, he replied, 'No, I feel we did more' He gave me an 8" ~~xxxxxx~~ thick file of letters about the program in New York there were about 400-500 letters there that I have classified by response and level.

This film, I think will have a similar effect even though it is a dramatization. My fear is overkill syndrome. There is almost a danger of it being too powerful, as I am sometimes called a radical for my views about Japanese Americans but I am also a realist.

Take Jimmy Nakamura, he came out of curiosity on the Tulare Lake Pilgrimage which was organized by the Bay Area Asian American Students About 250 of us came out here and walked from the fairgrounds to the Newell entrance. His attitude was one of this is my turf. All these younger people annoyed him in a way. Someone was trying to explain the lake to the crowd, and then asked Jimmy to explain it to everyone. He took the bullhorn and halfway through, the words failed to come out of his mouth. He was crying. So were the many of the Nisei who were looking at the ground. He said, Here I was the toughie--but inside ~~he~~ I am really soft.

The Nisei conservatives are emulative of the white middle class There is a certain amount of self-denial in all this.

Just sitting in the mess hall, talking to participants, talking has for many rekindled a pride in their own heritage, once forgotten. "It's funny how sounds affect one. I haven't heard those door latches click for 30 years. but it only took one

FRIDAY

18

~~SATURDAY~~ JULY 19, 1975

We did a program that was a Greek chorus type of play about a Japanese girl falling in love with an Indian boy. In doing it, I saw an alley way from my boyhood, I could smell the stables, an all and that gave me the kind of melancholic feeling I needed.

I had acted in high school and then continued in ⁺ullleake. Emoting is like trying to show someone how to feel, The lines are superfluous, it is what is beneath, the essence of what the line is saying that is important.

Sometimes in film it is better to have nothing going, for what precedes is known to the audience. There is a kind of counterpoint involved in such cases (Division of Knowledge). Yesterday when I did that scene with Seth, the resolution of their relationship, ⁺ had too much anticipation at first.

there is a story about Greta Garbo as Queen Christina. There is a scene where she is looking out over the kingdom deciding whether or not to remain as queen. She couldn't seem to think of anything to think about during the scene that would be appropriate, so she thought about what to think about.

Everything is cause and effect. Sometimes I try to play against the flow of the writing in order to not rush ahead, and anticipate the outcome.

The woman listening says, when you came through that door last night you really did surprise those of us who were being extras watching the talent show. We wanted to do that, that was our intention. we ~~ammm~~ wanted a real response from the crowd to work with ourselves.

Yuki goes off to do the scene with Nobu about leaving camp. it is a warm scene touching and sad, filled with the kind of sweet squabbling that comes from living along time with one another. Dori twirls her baton in the foreground, then massages her mother's back. A couple of local reporters are watching. Earlier they had been interviewing Edison, the woman turns away after the scene to wipe her eyes. They speak a little more with Yuki and John to fill out their story, but even they, are silenced by the scene.

The car finally arrives for the next days. The grips climb in, Dick in his Panzer hat, photos are taken. The car is tested for mount size and dimensions. The radiator still leaks, but all will be fixed for the next day, the car aged, stuffing pulled out of the seat etc.

At the dailies, Nobu is worried about her sound for Ko's arrival. Yuki is disappointed that not all the takes have yet arrived. Shimpai shi naide kudaisai. Don't worry someone tells them.

SATUDYA JULY 19, 1975

to bring the whole sensation of the camp back to me.

"As I turned the corner to go to dinner, there was a stream of people heading for the double doors of the mess hall. I was back in camp.

Jimmy realized he was working and has come to some kind of self-recognition. He said, "I had five hours to myself on the way up here to the set. I had a list to read to John. These honkies, I thought, You know one I got here, and saw what they had done, I didn't feel I could impose MY opinions, after seeing a couple of scenes.

"I see this film as a very important vehicle for public education at least 14-20,000,000 people will be exposed to it, especially it is appropriate during our Bicentennial. We must not only wave the flag at this time, but be aware of our mistakes as well.

From a positive point of view this will probably do that. Without question, the script is far better than the book. If this is true, I think it is a reaffirmation of John Korty's integrity. ~~xxxx~~ I think it would be very difficult for another producer to take the chances he has. In spite of all the many Japanese American writers and other artists I can think of, I cannot, think of anyone who could match him. I say this, because he came to classes, sought different points of view etc., to get the right dimensions for the project.

The test of its success to me will be can it meet certain criteria? Can it be used again and again in the classroom. Other side effects it should have in my thinking, is will it get other stories and plays. Maybe studios and all won't spring for those things, but at least it might inspire others to write their experiences down honestly.

Today, when I saw Yuki come out of his barracks all dressed up to go to a meeting, it reminded me of Seshu Hayakawa in the Bridge on the River Kwai. that kind of pride in the face of it all.

I have some definite questions about the photographer in the story. I'm bothered by the fact that Pat Morita bills himself as the Hip Nip. It's not that I don't think we should laugh at ourselves, but at the same time one person cannot capitalize on at the expense of others.

Some time ago, I helped some people to protest the use by a Japanese wrestler of a Buddhist statuette in his routine.

SATURDAY JULY 19, 1975

While he would turn his back, the other fellow would kick over the statuette. Through community press, ~~we~~ we were able to finally get him to discontinue this practice. His manager said, "You have no right to curtail our freedom of speech," That is true but you should also see how many feel that way what you are doing is sacrilegious., I said.

His reply was, "What's happening if we can't laugh at ourselves? The danger in this, beyond the idea of mocking the symbol of someone's religious beliefs, and I am not a Buddhist myself, is where does ethnic humor begin and end? and Where do the seeds of bigotry and racism begin. Perhaps, one can argue, if the audience is sophisticated, its Okay, but what about the kids. When I grew up I thought nothing of saying "chin, chin, chinaman" or "catcha a nigger by the toe," children can become innocent instruments of bigotry.

As patronizing as it must sound, I think there are areas where caution, even caveats must be made to protect the young from getting and adopting negative images.

The opportunity today for the Asian American artist is not really much better than 25 years ago, may be some 25%. But the sad thing about this is ~~not~~ that it is not affirmative action, but a reaction to it. e.g. Let's hire an oriental instead of a black. The middle-class oriental is naturally preferred. This is highly divisive and it has rapidly led to pre-selection, there are times when I know an oriental woman could be practically guaranteed a job because she fulfills two minority quotas. This divides the third world, and society at large and many who are more qualified and not hired are resentful.

I would like to see more quiet people in the backgrounds, just standing around and all. I think the haircuts should really be shorter. and it would be nice to see someone just ~~we~~ wearing a towel around their neck and getting as though they were coming from the bath. After all, it would be a nice way to underscore the fact that bathrooms were not in the homes.

YUKI: is talking with a woman who he knew in High school and later worked with at camp in the drama programs. "Remember miss Jones, etc." He explains the method of acting he now uses as organic. "There is not joy like beginning to understand, beginning to know the need to know. His need cannot be artificial. Sometimes I think of something happy, it may be a small or something else, not even really related. It is not the lines but what is beneath the author's lines that matters. I could be serving you tea in a scene after you just heard that someone died, Tea? One lump or ~~two~~ two, and the way you said No sugar, thank you, just a bit of lemon' would determine the whole character of the scene. You see what I mean?"

SARYDAY JULY 19 , 1975

Jeanne's sister, the one who is married to Kaz or Mike as he is known in business, had her first child in camp. They were at Manzanar, but lived apart from the family as they were already married. Kaz was also a fisherman at that time. I got a hemorrhage and it took the nurse a long time to come to the barracks, but the time they got me to the hospital, I was delirious. Dad went off to find my husband and my brother gave me transfusions. I was sick for days. There was already in with me who had a kidney disorder. I cried for the nurse one night and she didn't seem to hear me. The woman went and got her. She caught cold and later died of pneumonia. I have always felt that her death was in some way my fault.

Kaz and I speak of the Russian American space project. No one has even mentioned the shot in the days here at camp. We are cut off and hemmed in as it were by the material. It turns out he works for North America and had a hand in the design of part of the docking mechanism. It is very strange how this environment has cut us all off from the other parts of our lives.

Outside, the crew works on the mount and John checks the car out. He tells a story of how one of his early film partners was a Kaiser-Frazer nut, even the President of the club. People all over would come to the convention, especially from Argentina where it seemed there were a lot of the cars. He even had one with a split bamboo interior, he said.

Finally, the car is ready and the cast piles. Ko first does his entrance scene, and Nobu and the rest of the pile in. The soundman notes after the scene: That's the first time, I've really thought of them as a family. There's something about that scene that rings a bell."

After the first dirties with the cameraman sitting next to the hot engine and the soundman crouched down on a platform attached to the rear of the car, Nobu says: I feel like I'm in a horse and buggy. Dore says, she wished she had a car like this. The cast is given umbrellas to shade them from the sun in between takes. They really look like some strange family from the distant past out for a ride. The stillman stands on the bumper to get a good shot of the assembled family. This is the last shot in the camps of the family. I think there is a feeling of progress about doing this scene, even though the picture is not yet even half shot. Yuki comments after being introduced to yet another relative of Jeanne's this one the brother on whom Calvin is based. "It's become old home week. I have heard this often in the set week or so. Many have described the filming as a reunion of sorts, and as Edison has noted, there is some kind of new pride in their backgrounds, even though there are deep scars left by the years in camp and indignity of forced separation

SATURDAY JULY 19, 1975

from the mainstream of American life.

The brakes on the car are leaking Yuki has been whizzing around without, and had to roll to a stop on the last take. The car is jacked up for repair. The cast takes a welcome break inside, their backs sweat stained from the heat and dust.

Edison talks on : Now the Japanese Americans have been raised in an era of ethnic consciousness. Parents seem to be hypocrites to their children. c) 60% of today's sansei marry non Japanese Americans. The Nisei of the last generation married outside by less than 1%. No other group has assimilated at that speed. In a short period, we have become adopted Americans. Children have both European and Japanese grandparents. There are about 850,000 Jap-Amer. including Hawaii. That is about 5% higher than the Chinese America. 4 x the Philippine pop. It is the largest Asian American group. Although the Chinese are now immigrating at a fast rate, and soon may pass the Jap. American, who are coming in at a much slower rate.

Apple butter, huge cans of it were all we had to spread on bread.

The night before we saw Wataridori, Bird of Passage a film by the Visual Communications group in LA. It seems as though each screening is not only dailies but other materials that will help the cast and crew do their job. I found the film a bit arty, and loaded with too much Japanese Music. It was very good, but looked, as Edison said, like something put out by the Japanese Information Service.

Once fixed, the car is back in action. Obviously, in spite of the heat and effort involved the Wakatsukis are having a fine time. The crew moves out to do a scene in the fields. When it returns, long shots from fixed positions are setup. I climb one of the guard towers to find myself with Vernon's father. It is a bit strange to see Yuki now, The man went to high school with him and also Tule Lake camp. Asked whether he was any good in high school. His reply is not about the quality of his acting but his chances. Well....you know there wasn't much opportunity. I guess we thought he was embarking on a hopeless cause." How is it to now have him play with your son in a major TV movie. "There are so many things coming together at once, I have no words to describe it."

We clamber down, go off with the crew to the fields where Yuki will knock down the sign marking the limits of the camp. They roar around the field in eights and wavy lines. Yuki waves his hat as the family roars with laughter. "I can't see the sign," he yells as he passes the camera. Finally he sees it, he had been looking too low for it. and he knocks it down. The family roars off into the distance, the sun fades, conveniently at just the right moment to make them seem to disappear into the brush. Just a faint sound of them can be heard. The car stalls and we can see the whole group pushing a truck goes out to help them get started and back to camp.

SATURDAY JULY 19, 1975

Rick one of the drivers, broke his wrist cranking the old car. "It was so difficult to get the crank into the hole. Finally, when I had the handle was up instead of down. I just didn't want to change it, and just as I was winding it up, the car started. Someone says how many people have done that that, even were careless enough to bend down so their heads were in way, which, in some cases killed people. He is very matter of fact about it. going over to one of the gaffers after hurting himself, and saying I think I sprained this. It was obvious to the gaffer that he had probably broken in, and had him report immediately to the hospital. That evening he came to the bar, asking people to sign his cast. He was very off hand about it, saying it didn't hurt and all and that the doctor said the break was in a good place to heal well. He had been very quiet about his injury so as not to upset the cast, or interrupt the playing of the scene.

Later Yuki drives by knocking down a garbage can only a few feet from the camera. the assistant and the Script supervisor scattered. Fortunately the can flew off to the side, just as if it had been choreographed. A cameraman looking down a lens, often cannot tell how close a moving vehicle or other hazard really is, this is one of the hazards of the business.

S. Nichibei July 12, 1975 article on Farewell to "Anaant
An editor has been hired, Eric "lbersson, who did Hospital.

Clyde has been continuously clowning around on the set. He is very good at imitations, Peter Lorre, Bogart and even John Wayne, which is a strange one for him as he is quite a bit smaller in stature than Wayne.

MONDAY JULY 21,

Bob KINOSHITA, graduated from SC in Arch. minor in ceramics 1940. I came up on what was supposed to be a reconnaissance trip in late May, but I quickly got on it, after asking John to have the extra time that was really going to be needed to build all the sets, lay the dirt and all. I have kept a file of my own on the camps. Through the years, I had a feeling that someday, this story would be told. The tickets that everyone had to wear coming in were taken from my own which I had saved. I have huge files on just about everything at home, about ten legal size cases. I think there will be some lawsuits sooner or later against the govt. for reparations. No one got anything for the property that was seized. I was working at LA water and Power when relocation came. The first thing I did at Poston I, was head up an adobe project. We made all kinds of tests on the bricks which we were going to use to build schools etc. We used the native gravel added to the clay.

SATURDAY JULY 19, 1975

Later Nobu says she say the sign but thought it was a reflector as it was the same size and shape. Vernon and Dori had a good time, had an opportunity to steer the old car a _____, while on a dirt road.

The last scene is ~~map~~ shot at dusk, It is the scene where Nobu comes and announces the birth of Chiyoko's second child. The crew et down the wood of the platform and the adjoining ground to make theood look aged. he wetting of the short grass makes it deep and aricher looking. Little falt pools form on the platform reflecting the sky. A happy accident. Jenanie plays in thepuddles as she and her father wait. The old couple is overjoyed and wlak off together. A final shot of them walking along the fence, the sun behind them is done. Tehy chat in Jpapanese, I beleieve about what they're going ot eat. On the second take, Nobu notices the soundman is recording and speaks English, ad libbing something appropriate to the scen.

Earlier in the day and on Friday, " caterpillar was brought in to spread more dust by themess ahll and the front gate. The towers were aged with water based paint and haoses.

Dir;'s mother invites a few people up to their hotel room for Jpanese food. Gohanis cooked in an automatic rice cooker, tea is boiled, Her sister cuts togu and sahsimi in the bathroom. It is a real feast. Yuki comes in wearing Yukata after taking his shower, Nobu in a pair of sleek white slacks withhalter, looking slightly strange as she is stillwearing her hair in her forties style. Everyone sits on the floor around one of the bees. happy as kids who have gotten free access to a forbidden cookie jar. Dori's mother tells of how her father used to make natto in one of the hall closets at home, how people used to come over to get it, for in those days, it could not be bought in stores. Nobu says when she first married her husaband, she used to always eat Jpaanese food out, One day they both went to a Jpanaese restaurant and she discovere he like Japanese food too. Since then she says, "we always have Jp. food at least once a week, on Tuesdays." Dori pipes usp, "We have Japanese food nearly every day, American food maybe once a week."Everyone laughs. dori has really missed the food at home as much as anything. So havemany of the other Jpanese Aemricans on the cast and crew.

Almost everyone goes to the bar that night, Nobu tells of how she took Monica, the schooteacher's daughter down to the store dressed in street clothers. Monica, wanting some candy, sayd, "Grandma, grandma, can I have somecandy." Thelocal ladies were a bit shcoked by the immodest dress of this grandmother. Nonica calls Yuki grandpa as well, She finds it difficult to separate the actors from their parts in themovie.

JULY 21, MONDAY

BOB KNOSHITA:

Aquaculture, inventions, etc .

I have to admit that I admire John Korty for attempting this kind of project on such a slender budget. While working on it, memories have flooded back to me. The signs, everything in a haze, in clouds of dust, I remember that. When we laid the dust down here at Tulee Lake, I recalled the water trucks that would sometimes come to spray the dust to keep the clouds of it from blowing. I remember even the pebbles in the road. The dust would wash about from the rain, leaving a kind of pebbly surface where the road were used a great deal. The asphalt around here with dust on it almost looks like that. Hearing the Japanese jabber here in the mess hall and extras talking while waiting around in front of the tar papered barracks, the sound of the geta going from the dirt to a harder surface. Just like the extras here, we used to make geta and wear them to the showers and in the showers.

We got most of our supplies from local lumber companies and all. Most of the vendors never confronted me or the project. Perhaps they would confront the Caucasians. My philosophy is quite different from many Caucasians, or Japanese. My first question is, when confronted: Would you, if born in Japan be a Japanese citizen? Most Caucasians and Japanese-Americans wouldn't want to, but if you're born here you want to be an American, You are an American citizen.

We never had a chance for a hearing when the war came. I started up a group of farmers who wanted to go to New Mexico. We had drawn the plans for a coop of 1000 people. We went to the local citizens and they were all for it. Army finally said no and after Pearl Harbor, it certainly became impossible. (Deming, NM)

This is a cause that Korty has taken quite a gamble on, and I want to help. It really is a slice of my life. I hear voices-- on the set, ~~xxxx~~ voices talking in Japanese and English, babies crying, the dreariness of it all. That's one reason I work hard against any deviation. It is a little more serious for me, Attention to detail is important, it could be insulting if not done correctly. Naturally, some care going to say their experience was bleaker, or not so bad, and so forth, but what we are attempting is the spirit of the thing. Stark is the key word.

Found many things used in local antique shops.

Vernon's father JIRO KATO

I went from Sacramento to camp, the hardest thing was the dissolutions of family life. The boys ran around together and were interested in sports. Yuji was a little different, I had known him and know about his being interested in theatre, but I thought he was barking up a dead end street. Later, I left, as soon as I could to go to Idaho on a work permit to work on Potato farms. After the War I went to Wahdinton to work on Railroad.

MONDAY JULY 21

BOB KNOSHITA

Special techniques for aging wood and all. We were going to put in a victory garden in between the barracks, but as it turned out, one of the families living here, had a garden in, which we were able to use. It took quite a bit of research even though I had been in camp, and sketching. I have also worked on Hawaii 5-0 Puerto Rican Bob Hope show etc. where we use locals.

SC120 Christmass

The barracks are boiling, a fan is run intermittently to cool the cast and crew slightly. Noble Page uses a damp chamois to make the cast more comfortable in their woolens. The crew is busily helping make origami birds and ornaments for the Christmass tree, from magazines and white bond. Everyone hums Christmass carols in the 100°+ heat.

YUKI:

Erica Sato was her maiden name. She was in a higher class than I was. loved the drama group in camp and asked me to participate. I had done the senior play in high school; Most of the Sacramento people were in block 23 or 24 but we happened to be in 36-06.

I put on a musical revue which we did for a month every night in a different block. We'd set up a makeshift stage in each mess hall, gather the tickets, then do our makeup. Once there was a power shortage. I remember one number...Chatanooga Choo Choo in which we had four girls dressed in flared white satin skirts with railroad tracks running all over the skirts. I taught tap dancing.

When I was smaller, in Sacramento, I would do Japanese plays. I would go to shibui and cry in the right places and all. Then I would go home and write stories, and organize the other kids to play supporting roles. I used to go the rooming house where the actors stayed? The kids and I used to use empty migratory workers' barracks for our theatres, and we'd go right up to bedtime. There were nine or ten of us, we'd collect bottle tops for tickets. Boy the years sure do go by. You begin to realize just how much has gone by.

I remember in Junior high school there was a sign in one classroom. What you are going to be, you are now becoming." I always remembered that and now so many people who thought it was crazy for a Japanese American to try to go into theatre or film, now say "you sure stuck with it."

NOBU:

When I came up on the plane it was the same one as many of the crew came up on. Barney and Stux. I overheard them say, "Hey who is that lady?" But when I came to the set, after having my hair grayed, they didn't recognize me. Last Sat. Two weeks later, I dressed as myself and wore makeup and all. They were so shocked

MONDAY JULY 21

NOBU

I had introduced Yuki as my 'husband' Ko. When they asked me if he really was my husband. They just cracked up when they realized I was the same lady as in the plane ...they had to go outside.

Gary, Akemi's boyfriend visits, and borrows a bicycle to go to place where he was born on the grounds.

Everyone whistles, the Bridge on the River Kwai during the car scene, Ousa for Jeannie's batons twirling.

John tells at lunch of a commercial he once made for the Ralston corp. It was to be a gong, complicated dolly shot into his office right into a close up of him at his desk, where he would issue Christmas greetings on behalf of the company. After much rehearsal, everything was set. They dollied in, and just at the crucial point, he sniffs, sniffs again and lets go with an enormous sneeze instead of his speech.

TUESDAY JULY 22

AKEMI

28 years old. I've been with the East West Players for about two to three years now. My parents were in Rohwer Arkansas, but I grew up in LA. At fourteen I did my first movie and went to professional school for a year. (Youngest of ten children)k That's when I really became interested in acting. Right after high school, I went on the road with Flower Drum Song, and following that a group of us formed the Flower Drum song revue, living and studying in New York. We were the opening act for the Edie Fisher show, that's how long ago that was. After all this traveling around the country, I got a job as a dancer in Las Vegas, and married there. My husband, who was a club owner, wanted me to quit the business, which I did. It was a nice change from running all over the country. I decided to go back to school and went to Southern Nevada University where I majored in Anthropology. As a traveling performer, I had been more or less, actually more, unaware of what was happening in the world. After marrying, my husband set all the opinions in our home, but when I started going to school, and forming my own opinions, we began to have trouble. So I went back to Los Angeles, and continued studying Anthro at UCLA. In the interim, I joined the East West Players. Jobs were coming in. I did South Pacific and decided to get back into the business full time. Now I belong to the Ensemble at the East West Players. I go at least three times a week and all day on Saturday. In the beginning, even when I was little, the youngest of eleven kids, I was the only one in the family to get accordion lessons. I guess because I was the youngest and the financial pressure was off. Even today, I'm the only one with a college education.

TUESDAY JULY 22

College was easy for me and I graduated Phi Beta Kappa, Magna Cum Laude. I had a grant from the Ford Foundation on interracial marriage and did one of the early empirical studies on out marriage by Japanese Americans. The write up of the study was published in an anthology ed. by Chas. Mindel. I've published three articles: the one in the Mindel book by Holt Rinehart & Winston, one in J. of Social Res., and another in the AmerAsia Journ. The project started with one class in methodology research design and steered on the acculturation of JAs.

I was still under twenty when I went to college. We would talk politics at home, ...my husband and his friends. I would never say anything, but when I went to school I began to have my own opinions. My husband began to make cracks that were clearly prejudiced, for him there was the Jews and the goys. As I began to read, began to have contact with people my own age, I began to think of myself differently. I guess you could say I got caught up in yellow consciousness. I was very radical for a while, but am now more reserved although just as serious about it. I had been hung up on material things so I took my daughter and left. Came back to L.A. and life began to make sense. What school did was make me aware of myself. First I hated whites, now I am at another level, I love America, I really love my country. Hating is just another form of racism. I feel I must be aware without hating.

Studying Japanese parents, my own Issei father, helped me to understand, and appreciate the subtleties of their behaviour. It's difficult for a woman with a child to go into the field. Asian American actresses is the proposed subject for my PHD in cult. Anthro. I spent about a year looking through stuff at the MPAA and catching up on film history and the image of the Asian and Asian American in media.

50% of the marriages out of JA
athe marriages are about 50-50 and 60-40 female to male in LA and SF respectively study for 71 and 72.

Attitudinal study of the history of Asian stereotypes, movies of the past have never told the true Asian American story. Took 30 people to see the play Yellow is My Favorite Color about Asian identity and Coda about a homosexual. Notne had ever seen a play with an Asian American cast. Before, most generally thought of the females as quiet, serving and all and of the males as small, and quiet, but domineering and aggressive in business. One woman said I have never known there were Asian homosexuals before. (The stereotypes are so set, it is nearly impossible to break them)

The story goes that Marlon Brando did not want to play in Sayonara unless it had a happy ending. It's said that in the original both couples die, or are separated. He refused to do that, and the ending was changed. Many intermarried couples felt that that was a break though. Even in this script the mixed couple is thwarted from ever really getting together by Richard's Death in the War.

MONDAY JULY 21, 1975

BOB KINOSHITA

From Milwaukee, I kept writing the studios so I could leave Cleaver Brooks. I did survival suits for the men on convoy tankers. The water was so cold that the men couldn't survive more than about twenty minutes in the North Atlantic. We had a system where the water would activate the little heater in the feet of the suit. But in some models you couldn't get your hand in to activate the little heaters because of the water pressure. We had worked that out, but the Navy canceled the project. Then we did a missing machine for napalm, which is nothing but high quality aviation fuel and sodium palmitate, a by product of soap. Guys kept blowing selves up. That's how I got deferred, working on those kinds of projects.

Right after Pearl Harbor I had volunteered for the Naval Construction Battalion. A classmate at USC had volunteers and suggested I try. When I went down to the recruiting office, I could hardly get waited on. This sailor just stood there, reading his magazine. Finally, I forced him to wait on me, saying "I want to volunteer for the Naval Construction Battalion and that I was an architect." He hardly looked up, just said, "All Orientals can get is a steward's rating." Same old stereotypes.

When I first came out of high school, I was in love with airplanes and in 1932 I had no money so I went to LACC and helped my dad run his restaurant. A Korean kid and I used to sit together in engineering class. We were going to have a field trip to North American, and the teacher described the departments and all we were to see. I was quite interested, naturally, but at the end of his description, he wrote on the board: "NO ORIENTALS ALLOWED." He didn't say anything, just wrote it. Well, it became clear to me that I wouldn't be able to get a job. Chances would be 1 in a million. So I went into Architecture at SC. I remember the Dean giving us the pep talk: "...If it's big money you're looking for, this is not the profession for you. You must be dedicated to be an architect..." Anyway, while I was a student I saw and exhibit in the school gallery of Jack Martin Smith's set sketches. He was already at the studios. I fell in love with it, and I got my first chance in 1936 to work in an Art Department.

I had a friend who was working and got me on 100 men and a girl with Deanna Durbin and Adolph Menjou. I worked on the staircase for one of the big production numbers. The whole orchestra, which was the 100 men, was supposed to be on it. I built a lot of models for the set, first it was a ~~spiral~~ spiral, then straight, then a different number of steps. It was just a summer job, and tried again, right after I got out of school.

MONDAY JULY 21,

BOB KINOSHITA

I had a minor in ceramics and while at school (college?) I acted as a teaching assistant in the ceramics lab. I didn't get a (job) rightaway after college---it was the Depression, you know--so I got a job teaching ceramics to 18-25 year olds with the National youth Administration. I still use the name Rokin on my pottery (Ro from Robert Kin from Kinoshita).

When we went to Milwaukee ~~waxhax~~ proper, my wife and I had a hard time renting. We'd go out to see an apartment and the man would take one look at us and say, "Oh, sorry, we just rented it." I'd make sure by phone right around the corner that the apartment was available, but what could you do. We just accepted it. We finally had a nice flat from which we were eventually evicted as the owner wanted to make our apartment into two units. Housing was very short in those days. We either had to buy a place or go through looking again for weeks. and I was fed up with snow. That's when we decided to take a chance.

My wife worked at the same place...the fellow who owned it, later opened up a washing machine company. you know the kind with the drum on its side that squeezes the laundry dry. It was a bit ahead of its time, the rubber lining also had some problems. Clothes used to get caught in and damaged during the squeezing process. A few years later, other came out with those kind of machines. It's too bad the fellow didn't wait to perfect his, before marketing it. We also made washers for the Army, the kind that could be dropped by parachute to the troops. You could kick them out of an airplane for the paratroopers below. Also made larger ones, on wheels that fit into C-45s. The company also made ducks--amphibians--

Anyway, we loaded everything up, went to LA and stayed with my parents. My dad was working for Mike Lyman's dinner place.

The first job I got in LA was in a record pressing company at Macgregor's made LPs for the Armed Forces. First I was a trimmer, had cut off the spill over, then got into pressing itself.

Then I got a job specializing in distilling equipment company, Fluor corp., I had three different friends in the studios and I hounded them every week. Finally, one day, I got an in with a draftsman at MGM. (My father had died by then, and Fluor wanted me to head up the architectural section. I wanted to know how much pay I would get at MGM, if it were comparable, I thought I should stay at Fluor because the benefits at the distillation plants were good and I had my mother to take care of as well as my family.) Someone said, It seems as though you really like pictures better, so why don't you go ahead and give it a try? I was only promised two months of work, but I went ahead and took the chance. In the next two years, I got ~~xxxx~~ lopped off seven times. My wife by then was urging to back to something more steady.

MONDAY JULY 21

BOB KNOSHITA

I worked at MGM on and off and then went on to Fox and Warners during the fifties. The first thing I worked on at MGM was PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE with Spencer Tracy doing set design. Advancement was up to your Supervising Draftsman. I had started as a senior because of my architectural degree. Went from senior to lead man, Asst Art Director then full Art Director. On Forbidden Planet (for which he designed Robbie the Robot) I should have been an assistant art director, but I think I didn't advance because I was an Oriental. If I had been caucasian, I think I would have. Anything you designed on paper had six different people commenting on it, so when I did Robbie the Robot and other things, I tended to make models right off. It's easier for directors to see how the idea might work that way. I used the idea of a computer for the head, use wire clips and all. Gabe it to the Art Director and he lied it so he sent it on

I got a job at ZIV during the early TV epoch. It was one of the earliest companies. When they first came to Hollywood to make half hour shows, everyone said each show would take three months. These guys must be amateurs, they said, if they think they can make shows in weeks. And it wasn't very long before shows were being made in a matter of days. The supervising Art Director trusted me, and brought me in as a ~~Supervising~~ Senior draftsman. He promised me some shows to do on my own, which I did as the set designer. We were on a hourly rate, so we made quite a bit of money. It still took quite a bit for me to get my Art directors standing. They didn't like to give them out because ~~that~~ it meant paying a lot more money. Finally I did advance and got into the guild, which was separate then, but is now 876. I handled enormous amounts of quick and dirty work, fast set changes, one show right after the other. This was good experience. Later I was to do a great deal of science fiction work which I liked, it was almost a kind of speciality. In college I had also taken quite a bit of industrial design which was to be a big help to me.

I'm not the kind of man who likes to become involved with any cliques on the set. I never get too chummy with the director or producer either. Right away, you start going to dinner a lot, etc. and before you know it, you're hearing all kinds of other ideas and being asked for free advice.

Freddy Ishimoto, my agent pulled me into this project, set the meetings and all. I flew up to meet John. I knew someday, this story would be done. I have kept a story file on it. I have huge files, that I've kept up through the years on everything from coal mines to space ships. In between art assignments I've written scripts under a pseudonym (Robert Underwood = Kinoshita in English) kept up with my pottery and all. He also has been involved with numerous other types of business

TUESDAY JULY 22, 1975

KKEMI

The image of the asian American woman is far better than that of the male,

In the rain for the talent show, John runs round in circles spalashing in the mud for rainy day cutawayx and inserts. he splashes about like many of the small boys who earlyer got awayy from their mothers to play in the muck.

Carokyn Abe is presented with a pair of super elevated geta, which in fact, are really a pair of stilts. he wanders about, barely abt t to walsk supported by Drew and another of the extras, all three giggling uproariously.

Clyde turns to imitations, eter Lorre, Humphrey bogart, and even John Wayne as he waits on the set, James Cagney.

Bob Jones, 667-2619 off 667-2600 res

The men in the bar at night discuss the joke they played on seth. They ~~xxxx~~ borrowed one of the stuffed ducks from the lounge. Then Clyde climbed through the transom into Seth's toom, and put the duck under the covers. Later, after drinking and telling stories inthe bar, Seth came up, took off his clothes, turned off the light and got into bed. olling over, he let out a yelp as he came into contact with the duck. he next day, the men on the set had a card for him: "Mllard"female" which had been posted under the bird in the lounge. Leople have continued to tease Seth" a girl was here looking for you, she walked kind of funny, but she wasn't bad looking. said she' d meet you over at the lake later." ...etc.

People have settled into a comfrotable bilingualism, the constant mixture of languages seems natural now. Occasionally a totally Jpanese speaking person is working as an extra; someone simply grabs another person who they know is bilinguall to assist. Et all seems very everyday now, and the ring of Jpanese is less alien to those who do not speak it at all.

~~BOBxKINOSHITAxx~~ WEDNESDAY July 23, 1975

BOB Kinoshita

I designed a special barn for them to dehydrate alfalfa. They, Cleaver Brooks were genetlemen farmers. Cows had heated flors with cord conveyor belt along the stal for wsasts. They were carried out and would og onto spreader. Tile walls all the way to the cieling. Worked on method for dehydrate alfalfa on this cork belt quickly.

I've worked on about 17 features I think. forbidden Plantet

WEDNESDAY JULY 23, 1975

BOB KINOSHITA

As for TV, I couldn't even estimate how many, probably over a thousand. SEA HUNT, MEN INTO SPACE LOST IN SPACE HAWAII FIVE_0 At ZIV we once did 10 shows in one week. It was really quick and dirty, but good organizationally training. You couldn't waste any time or make any excess moves. We had it set up so we could revamp a set quickly. We'd try to build everything to match the parallels. Nothing elaborate like a major picture, but it did the job.

Kazuo and Martha Takade, one of Jenannes sisters and husband

Jim Saito finished for the day decides to walk up to the cross on the nearby hill, that had been put up by Christian internees for the Easter of 43' it is his own kind of private pilgrimage.

Vernon, off for the day, went fishing with his father Jiro.

JIM HACHIYA

In april, I bought Monica, my six year old to the Tulalake Pilgrimage, I drove, rather than walked to the camp, because I knew I'd have to carry her. We were waiting for the rest of the group to arrive and saw John and Hiro waiting so I asked them if they had any work on the marchers. We fell into conversation and I asked them why they were here. "We're making a moviec," they replied. "Oh," I said, "Farewell to Manzanar." They were surprised I knew about it. It just happened that another teacher had given me the bookk.

I didn't have any summer job this year, and they had taken my name as someone interested in being an extra. Month later Skloot and Drew talked about the need for Japanese American families, and also the fact that they needed someone on the set for the child actors.

I teach high school, special education, in Alturas. I had one student who had been considered a mentally retarded kid since the second grade when he was put into special ed. Actually, I think he was just a behaviour problem. Anyways I worked on having him transferred over and eventually he did leave the special ed. program.

special ed. can be a problem. Vista workers have discovered that Spanish speaking parents think they are signing papers for a baseball program in some places only to find that their child has been placed in special education programs.

My family was in Jerome Arkansas they Heart Mountain. After the war, my father got the bus, ended up in Long Beach. When we first

WEDNESDAY JULY 23, 1975

Hachiya

came back we lived in a trailer camp area. Housing was short and we had no money.

I've had problems with the administration of the special ed. program, they want to have a certain quota in the class to keep the program. It seems that they are going to completely discontinue it now, so I've been looking for a new job. My boss was a little unhappy with me so he hasn't been giving me good recommendations until they recently decided to drop the program. Now he's changed his tune, so that I'll get a job and leave.

Someone said in the dressing room, "I am furious yellow."

Momo YASHIMA

I went into theatre right after high school. I was a drama minor at college and my sister in law was teaching dance at USC at the time. He suggested I take some extra classes at the East West Players. So I did then I began to get bit parts here and there. Worked at the Music Center Improvisation company and did TV shows the first job I played the first Japanese American girl in the US (was this on Dath Valley Days or what? did Odd couple Mash Beverly Hillbillies Ironsides etc.

The advantage of working with the East West players is that it players are all Asian people. we have some of the same feelings and problems. By being together we can ~~xxxxx~~ actively study and do shows. A lot of performing opportunities that would never occur if we waited around in the white world.

Hobbyists, part-time actors bug me. You have to have the drive to express yourself. It makes acting less than it is---as fully-time pursuit. they blab about acting" and people get the wrong ideas. Worked in a dinner theatre in North Carolina, studied in NY

Once I had a coach who said, "Oh, your english is so good." "Why shouldn't be I'm an American. I felt like saying, "yours is pretty good too for someone from an ,talin background.

Dance teacher too: "Oh, the lovely tea ceremonies, you move that way. What was she talking about. I used to argue vehemently with some people and I loved it.

Ethnic jokes. The Polish jokes, I hate them, I hate racist jokes Some people say I'm too sensitive, but these things stick with people and come back to haunt us all.

WEDNESDAY, JULY @#, 23, 1975

There is such a thing as ethnic humor, but there's a special knack, you have to make a poing and one that is more poignant and more clear for using the form. Like the two guys from South Africa that won the tony.

When we get back we'll have one, Asian American Extravaganza, whic we be similar to this in tone.

It great to be the majority for a change, not just numerically. It is the whole concept, and spirt of the thing. The atmosphere on this show has been so good. JK is so quiet and unassuming, but storg. He just knocks me out.

One of his strongest qualities is that he trust people. When you think about it, ~~skxxx~~ he picks people carefully and builds his material on the trust he has in those people. I was very honest about casting. I decided I had nothing to lose. I said how much I rspected the project and whether or not not I gor the part. I just sang for him and we talked for quite a while. We didn't read or anything that formal. There wasn't I felt on meeting him, anything one could "do" to get cast. He had a lot of instinct.

Working with JK has given me a greater trust in myslef. It;s an elusive thing but one of the most important. Youre in one environment, at home, secure,txx at a friend/s house, and everything is OK, then you go away to an unknown element with people you may not know at all but must relate to very inteesely.

I think I still have a preference for the stage, Film is less for mee. 30 plays or so I've done, and I've done everything from sweeping up, making costuems. I;m used to doing everything for myself, costumes, makeup and all. I feel most comfortable when I'm responsible for me. In feilm I don't feel that kind of control. One must trust and it's hard to get used to.

DORI said on whay jome to aunt: "I can see how apeople could get spoiled doing this all the time.

MOMO: I went to the mUseum and bought three Indain dolls and when Monica came in, she said, "Who is that doll for?" Dori said, after she fx left: " She really wanted thant."

Monica came in with the dolls out. My suitaase was open. asked the question. Dori and I looked at each aother. I had purposely gotten Dori in the room alone because I didn't want to hurt Monica's feelings. Then she went over ot the suitcase and saw the others. I couldn't just run over there and slam it shut. Those are for my nieces back home I said. She just kept hanging around the suitcase, . I could have bought one for her too,, but Dori, who knows the ricks kids play kept looking at me as if to say, "Dont fall for it."

WEDNESDAY JULY 23, 1975

Isn't it hard to work all the time. "No auntie , It's fun, They treat you really good. well, it is a little hard to play winter in the middle of summer." DORI

MOM: Theing on Mahs show the kid was just imposisble. One look at Dori and we struck up a friendship.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

JEANNE AND JIM HOUSTON WITH SOME FROM JK

How was it to come back and see the reconstructed camp?

JE: Very weird to see setslike being thrust back in time, bing thrown back to where you grew up. Senusal things, like the heat, smells, also made me begin to remeber how it fel. At Manzanar, there is absolutely nothing, the ruins are emotional, more devastating in a way. The physical sense of camp. And the first day seemed right, everyone running around carpeneters busy. the first scene which was, appropriately enough the carpeneters raising one of the walls for a barracks. Chaos, confusion"what are we doing? where do we go? the bathroom? etc. all the extras looking for the eating place.

It's a set all right, but it is also not a set for everyone.

JI: I just can't imagine the kind of pressure that is involved with handling a production like this I did a conatract book in four months and it was nothing compared to this.

Screenplay writing was completely different for me. Having published eight books. The book writer is in complete control of the material. sequences, shape of the images, he can have thousands of extras at the stroke of a pen. I had to adjust to givne that up, sharing the control, of making it a community effort, Everyone has had there part to do and each is equilly signifigang contiributor.

Driving up and seeing a set exactly like we envisioned it, in accord with a vision was mind boggling. ,t's as though everyone is just on the same wave length. ,t's really quite amazaing to me. Scenes too take place as we built them, as Jeanne told of them. The average novelist just takes his money and does something else. Working with JK spoiled is. Never had any real disagreement with him. When we came to a halt working on the screenplay, was when we had to dtermine which means to use to express the essence. We never disagreed about the essence.

JE: I really enjoyed the difference between writing a book and a script. I really overtalk, but tend to underwirte, (In a screenply you indicate sometime rather than fully go into it). I never believed it was going to happen. I just made the best of ait, goin' along. Never even told anyone in case it didn't happened.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

JK: who has sat down with us, and is now munching his dried up fried chicken, listening to the production manager with one ear and our conversation with the other:

I kept cautioning them about how things go along and then never happen in their business.

I remember his Fifth of July problems when we were both at Zoetrope.

JE: I had the first inkling of the physical task when he showed some of the period pix of the barracks. I kept thinking how are they going to do it.

JL: It was a formidable task, a great amount of sheer physical work. I didn't believe it could be organized. Writers of books just fantasize about movies being done of their books. They don't believe it will happen. In books you can have 5000 people, roaring air battles etc. Movies are such a physical reality by comparison.

JE: The other day we were talking about the movie "family". You go to the cast room, and even there the characters come out. They're living as the characters. All this that began as a few tears at a family group and a tape recorder. It's going on here, the same vision. No one could have been more bizarre. ...Clyde really reminds me of my bother, resembles him. Yuki on the inside is my father. I have to hold myself back when I see some of the scenes.

JL: I never met Jeanne's father for he died in 1957, but Yuki comes so close to the way I envisioned him from Jeanne's descriptions. Watching him on the screen is truly eerie. It's as though he has absorbed Ko's spirit/

Scene after scene was high drama a catharsis on the set and on the screen. The first time you see him, the getting off of the bus, I really couldn't move.When we went through the story on the tape recorder, after her family who gets together once or twice a year had left, it just came out, she would cry, then I would cry. I remember typing and breaking down. Then to watch nobu and Yuki crying after doing that arrival scene. Our own getting it out came back.

JE: In answer to criticism that this is not the whole story, from the very beginning we have made it clear that we are not talking for everyone or the total experience. This is the story of my family, and how we dealt with our loss of ~~rights~~ rights and imprisonment.

JL: Every experience is different. It would be a great mistake to operate in terms of "figures", or representatives. When we get flack is when people ask us to make this representative of all. It's just not humanly possible.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

JEANNE & JIM

When we get a lot of flack is when people want us to represent it all.

JE: I understand what's going on, the only thing I feel badly about is having so much poetential going into criticism. It should go to work in an outward way, a postive way, to create more stories, more opportunities.

There;s an old Jpanese saying: If one nail sticks up, it must be hammered down. Myabe there's a little of that too.

Commonly, feel each is the only one. It's a victim mentality, One writes about it, and the reader says, "I feel that way too," Maybe, in the case of others, thney came here sans saw there is nothing to be afraid of.

Q: Why the change of attitude in the extras, complete reversal of feelings, particaption in getas, other building projects?)

S
Its' someones recognition finally of what happened, of the scrifice. It's a tribute to the triumph of the will, not a putting down of what and how those imprisoned dealt with the sitatuion. Sanseis, you know, often put their parents down for taking being put in camp.

During a break JK tells of being offered a theatrical feature a few years ago. ~~Thxxxx~~ When he discovered the picture was to be ~~ahxxxx~~ involve vampire bats, John said, "Well, Ahh..." Filling the gap, the offering party said, "Now, the first thing you have to do, is get your rabies shots.." so much for that offer.

Check on what was shot this day. Mosquitoes biting cast during scene. Calvin looks for Dori and returns home INT. bugs are so bad. Monica takes a bottle of concentrated bug repellent for her father and smears it so generously on herself that half the room smells. Her father has to wipe it off and spread it around ~~SM~~ to others via Kleenex.

CLYDE

Clyde went from Honolulu to Norwestern wher he joined a faraternity but quit after a couple of years. "Being in theatre, I really didn't need it, and bwsides, when the black brothers were out, I ~~was~~ used to hear jokes about the jungle bunnies and that sort of thing. One can't help wondering what was said when I was out. There was a lot of bigotry-- and we had to wear suits on Monday nites, sports jackets on Tues, etc. The food was bad and the whole scene terribly rah rah. Let's hear it for George who go a three point. We're going to serenade the sorrorities on Thursdayetc.

After school, I went to Aspen for the summer then back to Honolulu for a visit. Returned to Aspen to participate in a winter revue, then on th LA where I met Make. Did Goldwatch as son? and have stayed with E-W since 1972.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

CLYDE

East West Players is an attempt to form the first Asian American Repertory Theatre. We go to acting classes, movement classes and work ----sometimes amounting to a total of sixteen hours a day. There are several ways to go---You can go on a star trip, hang out at the right places and talk about how many parts and commercials you've turned down, or become an actor---study movement, acting and work, etc. An actor must use his whole body, not just his head. His body is like a musical instrument.

You get a thick skin as an AsianAmerican actor. I did Crown Prince in King and I once, and the next show was to be Bye Bye Birdie. The producer like me, but he said, "Hey, we have to have more haoli in this one." I stayed on anyway and worked with the production. Once I went to the Music Center for a call and just walked in, when the guy said, "Sorry." before I even got halfway through the door.

The East West Players is home for me. It gives me a place to work. We put on plays for Asian writers. They're not all great, but they need to be shown; these works about Asian American identity. We don't do Japanese traditional styles, Kabuki or Noh--we are Asian Amer. and much of what we do is aimed at expressing that, not the old world traditions.

Some actors have avoided involvement with us because they feel they want to be accepted as actors, not Asian American actors. There are differences among the Asian American actors too. "Troubel at East West Players etc." backbiting. All you have to do is look in the mirror to find out if you're an Asian American actor. Film work is beginning to open up for me.

Goldwatch is being made in American Theatre? no must be VISION check. series on KCET. Nobu originally did mother, Mako the father and I the friend.

In big companies you get into a theatre mentality. Seek explanation unclear idea.

KO after doing scene with Teddy about the Army Loyalty Oath, :... I'm so happy about this part, I just had to tell John, it has really made a difference to me. For the L36 Bashing scene, I am going to take a fall I think after Calvin hits me, then turn away Kuyashi is the feeling, In English, hmm not really translatable regret, humiliation, I don't have the right word, but it's so degrading, so really degrading, realizing what he's doing what he's done. That last scene we did it two ways, each slightly different, different pacing and movement. We'll see which works best.

MARTHA TAKADE, JEANNE'S SISTER: I had a nightmare, that was so bad, I felt so guilty about it for years. Imagine dreaming my brother was burning the hospital down and killing all the people in it. We lived with Kazuo's father, two brothers, a cousin and a sister with 2 kids when we were in camp. I remember his father going to complain about me about how I visited too much my own family, "your stupid daughter, this and this, and my father said, " well, if she's so stupid, your son must have been a fool to marry her, etc. etc. they really went around.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

I can laugh at it now, but it wasn't so funny then. Several people at work have read the book, and heard about the movie being made. Once, a lady said "Those orientals will work for a dollar an hour if you let them." Boy, did I jump on her. One girl at work asked another what the book and film was about. "Oh, she said," how they had to put the Japanese in camps to protect them. "Baloney!" I said.

MOM AND MIKE came early to record music for a song and practice. When they arrived, a pickup was slowly pulling out with the piano on the back. They chased after it "Wait. Wait!" Max and the truck stopped. Couldn't decide what to do but finally decided to tape the music right there so Momo could practice later. So they climbed up on the back of the truck, set up the recorder and then her tape would work because the batteries had run down.

At the dailies there were gales of laughter watching the reel where Ko drives madly around the field trying to find the sign which was in the foreground of the picture so he could knock it down.

Mid-day, right during a very difficult scene, one of the drunken encounters between Nobu and Ko she received a letter from her nine year old girl, carefully addressed with the use of a ruler to insure even and straight lines on the envelope. Inside there was a single piece of gum, a gift. She was very moved, very sad. The blood put into Yuki's nose for the bashing scene kept running out before he was ready so Calvin had to keep bashing him. On the first run, he really bopped him, we could all hear it. Yuki once again showed him how to come at him and assured him that he wouldn't be hurt although that first one must have been painful. He didn't make poor nervous Vernon feel badly.

DORI: Want to be an actor? Well I don't know.. What do you think of camp? Well, it wouldn't be so bad to stay one night, but if you couldn't go home it probably would be awful. What did your mother tell you about your years in camp? About the geta, you know the geta scene, how you had to wear higher and higher ones each time it rained cause it got so muddy.. Dori really doesn't want to commit herself although she has taken serious interest in discussions of the children's group at the East West Players. He simply wipes away the beads of perspiration in the 100 degree heat, and watches the next take, has a can of juice.

YUKI: I used to go to shibui when I was eight or nine, I loved it, I would cry and people ask me why, I would ask mother isn't this where I'm supposed to cry. After, I would always go backstage. I was like a mascot after a while at the boxing hall? ~~where~~ where they were ~~held~~ held. One time I stayed out till two or three. Boy did I get hell.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

BOB
BOB JONES

The whole Rittq or Rhitt lake area was changed to tulelake in the 20s. Another Lake over the mountains north of here. The lost river wound around into Oregon and comes back. Bureau of Reclamation under the Recalvation Act, in the early 20s diked out and built a dam to control the water into the basin for irrigation.

The first homesteads here were 80 acres given to world war I vets. 1928 drawing had about ____ 1932 and 1938 was the last drawing which covered most of the land up to Newell where the camp is now. My father came here ~~xxxxxxx~~ when? In 1936 the town was incorp. and the RR was in. Then War came. Prior to the war, the Newell area was farmed by lease from the governemnt. Known as Copic Bay would flood to one or two feet in the winter. Eventually control the water at the southwe end of the basin. Dug a tynnel that drains into the south Klamath thru a tunnel 60' high. goes around and eventually enters from the north as irrigation, goies into Klamath.

After the War, opened the land to WWII vets and had three drawings averagin 80 acres 200 or so homesteads. Farmers lease parts of the refuge, but some grain is lost to the birds, which is a part of the deal i guess. The birds need food.

Specifically, camp for Japanese-Americans it. Where Newell used to be was a bull pasture. Liske's bull pasture, The locals responded to the news of the camps as an opportunity to work, they wanted to get on t build. Local plumber became hed pulmbing contractor,

We lived next to the camp. we were not all anti-Japanese, I can't say I completely. Read ideas from the papaers, but grew up in Livingston with a good sized JA population. They farmed across from us sometimes 200, 300, even 5 or 6,000 out in the fields. One thing local people, had very righ and productive soil, high altitude and frost are just about the only things you have to worry about. All the famrers were aware of the superior truck farming abilities of the JAs. They were a little afraids, at least some that the JAs would see how good the soil was here and there was an apprehension they would stay. Not one returned here. At that time we though we had the wichest soil in the world but it is only the 2nd richest, there's a place on the Nile that is a bit richer.

The farm land is after all, tule roots and goose manure. In spring and fall normal field has 70 birds on it,? field after field white and dark geese. Go out at sudown and measure a square foot ... $\frac{1}{2}$ oz per a dropping and 6 to 7 to the foot, the Tonnage is incredible.

Inidans used grooved rocks on stones.

I will admit I've had a coupld of complaints, a couple of pople who felt it shouldn't be done, but lots of folks wanted the pix here. I wanted it here for economic reasons. If they come here, they'd gone somewhere else. The chamber of commerce invited Korty,

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

BOB JONES

I've started a little museum of my own, artifacts of the camp years, I felt these things should be preserved and adv.

For thirty years there has been nothing, occasionally. I have a warehouse ~~xxxxx~~ there in Newell, , and people would stop near the camp and look. Guessed they must have been in camp. Supervisor who represent d Newell seemed to think the film would make poor public realtions but we got that stratitened out. heck with skloot. or JK

We can all look back now and say this should not have been done. Alw¹ & been an "Anti-Asian movement on the Pac. Coast. I feel myslef, having gone to school with Jpanese Americans that you can't just blame the West Coast for the Executive Order. The 3rd and 4th generation groups are militant, they are insisting on continuullly bringing up how injust it was and that it was a fomm of concentration camp that should never have existed. Want to make it a big issue. Ther whichare doing so were even born then. Even though, Itwas not necessarily a concentration camp, but a relocation camp. JAS became belligerent, naturally about the loyalty oath.

I knew in the thirties there would be war. We did know. The JAs withdrew to an extent then. They had their own schools and all, it seemed secretive, it certainly didn't help. people wondered what they were being taught there. I think that many JAs were torn between two countries at least the older ones.

Gen DeWitt, "ew was the West Coast hed commander . This was a popular
idea a popular thing to do. "ssei Nisei, wirtten by Japan. s.

Here was a minister protesting against the war, a protestant who came here only a year and half before the war. One thing impressed me when he was brought to Tulare, he could easily have been a community leader disguised as a minister and actually have been a spy, but he was given special attention and free run of the camp. He made a very obvious suspect. At one time, I believe the camp's population was up to 18,000 and we had two towers there for their protection. We all carry guns, predatory control, injured animals and all. Once I went by the camp and the MP stopped me. We're going to put a seal on your gun, I said what do you mean, I live right next to the camp and I have half a dozen more guns in my house. The workers used to walk to the fields by my house everyday. If I was mean, I had every opportunity. They worked all around the valley, I would sometimes see them 7 or 8 miles from camp. I think you might call the camps internment camps instead of concentration camps which calls up an image of what happened in Germany.

Some tje war. 245 homesteads/ I attendded a fareweel dinner for one of the coupdles here who were retiring. people came here as nelwly weds, got homsestead sahred machinery, and lived close bec. they were all getting started. lmost all those WWII vets were at the party and only a month and a half ago I didn't hear onemention of the film or the camps being a problem..

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

BOB JONES

For thirty years notheing then, yess, there's been a little beitt of apprehension. A year and a half ago some people came, "We'd liek to see your pix." There were two young people and two older men as I recall. One of the older men said, We'd like to come and celbrate, have a pilgrimage. I asaid, "I'll help you," not knowing what some of the vets would say. Showed them the pictures and drove them down to Newell to show them what I knew about the area. Dr. Hawasaka out of San Jose. Roseville man, Ono, Omo JACL. We made arrangements for the grade school grounds there, PA system etc. My wife and son and I got on the bus and went with them. The mayor gave a welcoing speech (in Klamath?) Well we got there, and I never saw so many newsmen, Newsweek, etc, Made a big thing about the Klamath Falls cemetery whidh has eight or nine graves mostly babies, the local people had fixed them up before as the families seemed to have been lost and they were in disrepari. There was Christian and Buddhist ceremoneis and five buses, but very publicity oriented. So they came down here, after 30 years, Jas and news media and all. I didn't know what was going to happen. 4th generation, Mr. Doi. eight some years old, and seich Ono Jaci Roseville? Nisei. The last generation gave false info, gloried in the face and all that was published in Newsweek. As they went through Tullake paeople jeered them this was false.

First nite in K Falls one bunch of young indians, on group men made fun and jeered them, then the next day they told of it at the cerem. four th generation guy. a couple of local people wrotenewsweek to com complain. lot of local people went out two.

My daughter once called a nine paned window whichis unusual a Jap window. It wasn't amatter ofprejudice, it was what they had always been called around here, bec. the old windows were used later by people in their out buildings. and thus became Jap windows.

The JA put the cross up. for 30 yres it was there a symbol carried the cross up for some easter services in 43. Just prior to the 1st pilgri local citizesn, some young people 3 WWII vets, theu made it out of steel for the wood had deterioriated, They spent a whole weekedn getti it up there for permanence steel was used. Ruth King K Falles corres. pondent s articles. I don't think it should be called a concentratio camp on the plaque they're proposing. That would cause quite a bit of ill will if that's the wording.

Secon I was quite concerned, for the literature talked of declaring injustices, that may not be the workingb, but it was the tone. Two or three wanted to know about facilities, a hinese fellow, why chinese?, called me from Berkeley. Any rate, I decided to help them and suggested the fairgrounds for minimal facilities where theyd have bathrooms, eatig space and all cause they were students and didn't have a lot of money.

The fair manager immediately said it was possible. A young guy, from berkeley, Berkekely is in my mind a bit milliant in association--

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

BOB JONES

he was chinese which also puzzled me. Theyd made arrangements when I spoke to fair manager, he told me not arrangements had been made. There wasn't the same kind of communication and organization as the first one. The were coming, and no one knew what was up. There was a form of secrecy it seemed. "Waht is this? " ~~xxxx~~ I said whetn a freidn sent me some leaflets from the bay area. t was Asian United? ...for past injustif es, picturesof towers, for 15.00 you can get on a burs and go to tullelake. so I was, quite frankly, alarmend, notified our chief officer here just to let hime know. Hew wans't on duty or anything nor were any extra police or anything on. I just let hime know these people were coming. At any rate, the day came, and I was busy that day, couldn go over to the grounds to greet them....guess I was really glad in a way, At any rate, the emergency phone rings and its the manager calling the police to come down. Now the media got into this again, printed a picture of the officer pointing a finger at a young couple. What the problem was was this: Someone on the citizens' band were talking about all those JAs at the fairgrounds and in a very derogatory manner thought not threatening as I understand it. That officer went out and got those people to stop , He was explaining what he would tell these local people.

He also told them not to be too alarmed by everyone carrying guns as this is a farm community, where everyone has gund. some marched to tullake camp others, took the bus for the ceremoney.

Here's an example of how stories get started and hurt people. My daughter works at the Jolly Cone here in town and another young woman her age tells how an old lady, walking in the pilgrimage ca came to the door and asked for a glass of water,, and to use the bath. Her mother let her in got her the water and had her rest a bit even. The minute the JA lady left, she was going to go in and disinfect the bathroom. er husband got a bit peeved and said what a re you doing, she's just another humn being like us. At any rate, the girl ha a bitt story that during the war the Japs had been running all over the place . something her nother had said, and she comes from a family with definite anti'jap. feelings. remembers now only what she was told. Well, my daughter said that's a lie. The house you're living in was my fathers then, and those people farmed across the way. They weren'r "running all over the place."

I used to seel them chickens for parties. They'd sometimes aske me to buy them up as many as I could get for a seddingor whatever and I would do so. Occasionally, they'd come asnd ask for water, two othe of my neighbors wouldn't give them any or(talk to them) with the chic we even et up a make shift sacalding place, where they could pick em and take them home. I hauled all my drinking water in those days, so it meant somethig to give it away. I let those who asked have it, but I didn't reallyly invite everyone in the field over.

There were no incidents at the 2nd pilgrim. the fair manager saide they were very courteous and I'd invite them all back again.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

One of the grips or gaffers:

The tone of a set starts at the top and percolates down. Everyone has to do their bit, and do it fully. Without rapport, a set can be deadly. It's alpha, If a guy is working with you, isn't involved, he's working against you. You got to have rapport from top to bottom. If a guy has a good idea, something to really contribute, that should be taken into consideration, amplified by the director, that's alpha, a kind of more than each of you are alone, a kind of operating on high level, high energy pitch. If I'm feeling good on a set, and the cameraman says just before shooting, gosh I need a flag here. I'll run and get and hold it by hand for several minutes without getting tired...almost seem to have endless energy. but if the set is or has a down tone, my harm will tire and I'll feel it. You know what I mean?

Another guy: that's what's great about John; he has a kind of respect.-I guess he picks his people carefully --for everyone. He came out the other day from the barracks and asked if we had any water right there on the truck. I said sure, we also have some beer, would you like one? Now sometimes on the set, the director can get up tight about guys having a little beer on a horribly hot afternoon but he said sure thanks a lot. and that made me feel good---like he knew I wanted to do my job well, and therefore wouldn't think of drinking too much beer.

Because he trusts me I can do better than I think I can. I can go further and accomplish new and better ways of doing my part.

BM: As for the actors JK will not try to embellish a scene. If it's good he won't sacrifice what's there for some funny little twist.

Alpha equals communion, community, a single direction and mind and purpose.

Actor pipes in: We don't do it alone, we are just fortunate to be up front when it's going well. AND WHAT ABOUT WHEN IT'S BAD? Everyone just smiles and laughs.

Grip: first thing the public asks when they watch a movie being made is: How come it takes so many people? and the second thing is: How come you do it so many times? Just to cover a normal conversation? Ha! That's what's really difficult making something look normal, real and artistic at the same time.

In the scene where Teddy convinces Richard that joining up is a good idea, he asks for a second take. JK seems to feel he has what is needed, but being on schedule and under his shooting allowance he readily agrees to CLYDE'S request.

THURSDAY JULY 24, 1975

YUKI: JK knows how to pick his people. There's the trick.

I learned a lot in MAJORITY OF ONE w/ Alex Guinness, Not such a great movie but a great actor. (CHECK QUOTE) How to pace off distances perfectly for that cane breaking scene. He must have worked on one scene about fifty times in advance until he was completely comfortable.

ALPHA

When you're alpha you can hold a scrim or screen up for 8 minutes After three it starts to get heavy, but you've decided it can be done and you're going to do so you do.

If every industry, not just film, had people solving problems right now the way we do in this one, there's no telling what might happen. If people didn't let things go, but really put out in concert, just think what could be accomplished

We can solve things in 10 minutes if we really want to.

Hunie Crew has to work on an equal basis, feel respect for each other. One person can start a chain of alienation. that is disinterest Every body must feel important, feel their worth and well-used in their role, in terms of their talent and skill. It's hard also when people demand something in tone, even if they are appreciative on the surface. There must be not only appreciation, but respect.

Sure there's a hierarchy here, but I haven't seen any limosine pull up, nor where is MY this and MY that. Everyone's a regular guy. Once I didn't have a car for John on the set when he was through, something had gotten fouled up and it wasn't back yet. I was so upset, running around trying to find one and all, JK wasn't upset at all, he just said, Oh, I'll go back to the hotel with Richard, and he meant it. I feel I can talk to John if I need to. Some guys don't talk to everyone, you have to go to this one or that one, but not directly, even when the situation warrants it.

When one's devotion is acknowledged then that person in his own way will attempt perfection. That's when a new kind of energy comes out, even for the simple tasks, there is a kind of pride, craftsmanship that's alpha.

May 24, 74 Herald News for Kalamath Falls May 20 approx. see also Sac. Bell and Newsweek, Time etc. for that time period relating to pilgrimage.

As for the crew and actors work off each other, I don't think I've ever seen that before.

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1975

The day has been one of finishing up. It has the quality of a wtap. A huge truck has arrived, and ~~the~~ one of the towers dismantled, windows pulled down doors and latches, a flat or two chimney pipes signs and other parts of the sets packed in for the move to Santa Rita. Wardrobe has been rolling out the racks, the bins and boxes of endless pairs of saddle shoes. The women emerge from the windowless room with little actually almost no room to work with ~~maximum~~ about which they have not complained into the sun like subterraneans. Props, equipment, office supplies, make up trunks, all are in a half state of preparation for the move. Scrap must be hauled away. Bob Knoshita has his men out cleaning up and straightening out.

The evening meal is marked by mixed feelings. Everyone is glad to go home, those who are from the Bay Area will be able to see their families, and those from elsewhere, will at least be able to go to the city on their days off. Still, the crew and cast will be separated in SF. The cast and others from LA living in hotels and the local people in their usual surroundings. It won't be quite the same, and everyone knows it. There isn't any real partying, a few goodbyes to local people on the show, that's all, for everyone is tired. A few scenes to be shot the next morning and the move really begins.

For me, it will begin tomorrow morning, moving out in my old car.

FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1975

I move out, back through the farm communities noting some of the old landmarks that I now have heard about or Bob Jones had mentioned to me. Back over the sage plateau and along the side of Mt. Sahsata where a plaque marks the Emigrant Trail, a cut off really leading to the northernmost of the spots where gold was said to be, over a hundred years ago. A small piece of that trail really many roads that brought some 22, 500 or so people overland to easy wealth green fields and all the other promises that ~~spanned~~ spanned out for very few. Yet these were the people who determined in the largest sense what 19th century California life would be like. I am also reminded that somewhere south on the famous hwy 49, the gold route, there is a marker for the late 1840s ~~family~~ group. One ~~the~~ a girl of 19 buried atop Gold Hill, another at Coloma, and yet another known to have lived later in Sacramento at Colusa. But it is the site of the Okei grave bears the state plaque telling the story of that Wakamatstu colony. It was a short lived, farm colony not so different from those coming from other lands early during the gold rush, perhaps for other reason, but still to fulfill some dream, or scheme.

FRIDAY JULY 25, 1975

Tulelake was the center where those who signed no-no to the loyalty oath for whatever reason had been segregated; some asked to be sent back to their old lives or out to resettle elsewhere but some 4,724 left the United States. Most of these were issei parents and their minor children, but some 1100 or so were between twenty and thirty-five, they left, for a better life, perhaps passing over this very road, ~~xx~~ so aptly named the Emigrant Trail. Now the crew and cast are leaving Tulelake, not in the same way or for the same reason, although some, like Yuki lived here for a while. "Did he pass this way on his way out? RR?

By the time I reached Redding it was well over a hundred and far from noon, the trip across the broad valley, Sacramento and finally past Yacaville over the rim around the bay was made in 112 degree heat, it was so hot cars and campers full of sightseers dotted the edge of the road, one side or the other, every fifteen minutes or so. The rest spots were crowded with people drinking water and filling their raidators. The car wouldn't cool off after a while. It just got hotter and hotter. Coming into the Vallejo area across the top of the bay toward SR was pleasant, a 95 degree atmosphere seemed a relief by comparison.

SATURDAY JULY 19, 1975

Don Le Page, the make up man, has been at it for some 22 years. Studied under someone called Westmore in LA. then came back and worked in the Opra house. "Make-up is more than what you do, it is often helping the actor transfer to his character in the psychological sense as well as the physical sense. I learned that working with the stars at the Opera House. They would come in in their furs and all. You'd take their coat and talk to them a bit, but not too much. By the time they left, you were speaking to them in character." Nobu's make-up came about as a cooperative effort between John, Nobu and myself. She was also tested by Rick Baker in LA. I think her look is working out very well and I also like the little red weinds I have added to Yuki as he gets drunker and more run down. We used the Ansel Adams book, for the hair and feeling. Theree is more to those pictures than. simply style/ Having once been an actor myself, helps.

The entire cast and crew has been invited to a swim and barbeque by the local theatrical group in Klamath Falls. The party is a welcome relief from the hotel and daily work schedule. The local people have brought homemade foods which are especially welcome. The party is quiet and relaxed. The younger members of the cast and the children of the crew especially have a good dtime in the pool.

Edison is there, having stayed over just one move day. "For 3-4 days, I have been immersed in what happened 33 years ago. I usually read at least two nespapers a day and listen to the news as much as I can. It is the umbilical cord for me to the rest of the world. I have not been involved at all in any of that since I have been here." He is, in spite of his specialization in Asian American affairs, as personally touched by what the prodction represents as any of the other extras. The sounds, the falshes of the past pour in on him too, even though this subject has been a part of his regular academic life for years.

John comes over and comments on how the set has had a ver y postive atmospher and how he hopes it will continue when the company moves to Santa Rita and Marin.

Dori's mother, and Veron's are now goin home, replaced by his father and Dori's aunt.

On the way back to the hotel, Yuki asks Akemi to sing hi a ,apanese song. It contrasts strangely with the grazing cattle and sheep. Everyone joins in other songs. An american song is sugn. Yuki sings. Akemi comments that many of her firends who are pros won't sing except when they are performing. Yuki says, he used to be afraid to sing, but now he downs care. He sings once in a lifetime., somehow this is very appropripaitae to the twentyyears he has spent trying to get somewhere in the business.

MONDAY JULY 28, 1975

SANTA RITA

It's not the kind of place you think of shooting a movie, the association ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ one has with this old Naval Hospital are more likely to be with the incarceration of students demonstrating for Free speech, against the war, civil rights marches and all. This small county prison was thrust unexpectedly and as I remember somewhat resentfully into the national news. Even now, I am told that there are news groups suing because the authorities will not allow the press to photograph or cover the inside of the prison. KQED among them.

The crew will not be working in the prison proper but in a building off a way. It will serve as hospital, administration building and also hold several interiors that were not completed in Tulllake. It is the strangest building sagging terribly. There seems to be not one true 90 degree angle in the place. There is a little rodeo ring to one side and one of the entrances sports a sheriff's mounted posse sign. Upstairs, people busy themselves with final organizational details of resettling. Prying a jammed window open. putting up hooks, setting up wardrobe racks, make up chairs, preparing equipment in rooms that line a long and very narrow l shaped hall, each door sporting a number over it. The crew is placing their departments, each in one or two of the rooms, which are, in the movie to be the hospital interiors. Other rooms are already dressed as a morgue, a hospital room, etc. By simply closing a door, the crew disappears and the reality becomes that of a hospital corridor though some more contemporary ~~and~~ activity is really going on.

Just through the windows, one can see the prison inmates working at the chores some distance away, behind the fence at which we have been warned not to point long lenses.

MONDAY JULY 21, 1975

That couple we shared space with in camp were expecting a baby. She had gone to the hospital that afternoon in labor. That eve. a vehicle drives up and an intern gets out from the hospital across the way from us. During the afternoon the husband had been to the hospital, and it looked as if the baby would arrive that nite. He had come home to take care of the rest of the family for a bit. Rich. Umeda was his name. We could hear him through our blanket talking with the grandfather then leaving with the doctor. He came back some hours later, crying like a baby. It was so awful. After the birth, his wife had been put into another room and had begun to hemorrhage, the doctors and nurses had rushed her back to the operating room. They had no oxygen supplies and much of the medicine and sedatives they had were World War I issue. They gave her respiration, and even had him try after they were all exhausted, but it was no use, she was gone. It was a crime. A lot of the unrest at Manzanar started over this lack of proper medical facilities, I think, (Dr. Godo where, I believe had a lot to do with changing all that)

Everyone tried to stay in a block with people they knew from back home. Our block was an athletic group from LA called the Olden Bears. We had played basketball, football, track, just about everything. We also had some old Issei bachelors. This caused a lot of dissension, the old ones didn't much want to work and we younger people wanted to improve conditions. The baby belonging to our roommate was taken care of by one of the other women in the block while he worked. It was a night I have never forgotten.

That's one of the reasons I know quite a bit about the funerals at camp. They used a panel truck, lacking a hearse, and the cheapest casket. I can still remember that night. I was so mad. Such stupidity.

I largely stayed away from block politics. Naturally there were factions, the Olden Bears concurred generally on things, and usually had a majority, but there was a real effort to be democratic. We were among the first to open our mess hall. Cooked on old oil stoves. and had to use big wash pans to cook rice. Well, the stove had a couple of hot spots where the rice would puff up and then there would be valleys of cold, hard rice in another part of the pan. We learned to cook it in many smaller batches.

In approx. six months the people had cleared 10,00 acres for farming. It was not planted while I was there, but I left within the first year.

I had long tried to get into the movies. I had a small job in 1936, but when I got out of USC in 1940, I couldn't get into the union.