(Not) White: The Autobiography of My Biracial Body

by

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Abstract

(Not) White: The Autobiography of my Biracial Body combines historical research with creative nonfiction and autobiography. I trace the history of scientific racism from the late 1800s to 1960s, from the American Emancipation to the Civil Rights Movement, from the era of my white great-great-grandmother's birth to the era of my Filipino mother's. Rather than arguing or defining races, I play with the structure of historical and scientific research to express and explore my life as a biracial woman in the cultural, political context that surrounds and influences this identity. My thesis aims to reveal scientific racism's ongoing influence in contrast to my maternal line and my personal experiences. It aims to leave the reader emotionally invested yet unsure of racial categories.

Biracial bodies may seem like valid proof against races as strict categories; however, biracial people do not control racial categories—even as it pertains to their privileged/unprivileged body. As with other people of colour, biracial women cannot easily locate their personal history or cultural views in the formation of their identity. Even when biracial people pass as white and receive white privileges, they never receive the privilege of defining themselves, especially contrary to racial profiling. Whiteness can only be bestowed or be withdrawn. Those with privilege over racial categories constantly categorize and re-categorize biracial bodies without considering nonphysical aspects, such as family relationships, community ties, and the biracial person's relationship to their body.

External, automatic racial categorization occurs because cultural ties are still seen as supposedly apparent from physical characteristics: as clear, real, and definitive as my "Asian nose." This supports the myth of biological race and dismisses a biracial person's complex relations to families, cultures, communities, and their body. The privilege to "objectively" categorize people of colour stems from the creation and solidification of race itself through the long history of scientific racism.

Objectifying the bodies of non-white and non-Western people, Western scholars created racial categories disguised as objective facts discovered and formulated by only them. When they labeled race as a scientific fact, they streamlined racial and cultural identification by dismissing other claims like a biracial person's right to self-definition and to theorize and self-examine their bodies and their ties to white and non-white communities. Today, this system of race gives others the primary authority to

question and decide my racial identity. As long as others see race as a purely biological and self-evident organization of humanity, my connections to my body, cultures, and families are meaningless. My autobiography would become a powerless attempt at self-interrogation and describing my Filipino ties beyond white-centred definitions.

Even as a biracial women connected to both white and Asian communities, self-proclaiming any identity does not guarantee me the identity I claim. My autobiography cannot simply follow a journey of insular introspection and self-discovery like many autobiographies. With each chapter focused on a racialized body part, my thesis neither traces an apolitical self nor traces a bloodline to an inherited race; rather, it traces oppressive racial definitions and ultimately revels their fiction so I may become the primary scholar of my identity, ties, and body, so I may juxtapose racist hegemony with the web of cultures, relationships, privileges, and disadvantages a part of biracial identities. Without usurping scientific racism, another's "analysis" of my skin whitewashes and over-simplifies the multicultural story of my grandmother, my mother—and me.

Acknowledgements

(Allies, community, support,

occupying common spaces,

occupying common ground,

a mass movement)

To create the following creative thesis, I researched the history of scientific racism and contrasted it with my experiences as a biracial woman. While researching the unfortunate topic, I confronted many unsettling truths. One was that dark moments in Western history occurred relatively recent. Another, that racist and sexist ideas affix to institutions and thus can become stronger and longer-lasting than any single body fighting them. Only joining together can we beat the fermented monstrosity—institutional prejudice. When writing about such political yet sensitive topics as sexism and racism, we need allies. My work exists because my department, mentors, fellow students, and loved ones valued equality and diversity, and thus invested time and resources into this creative thesis about biracial womanhood.

I thank the University of Alberta, especially the awards and funding that made my graduate studies financially possible. Likewise, I thank my department, the Department of English and Film Studies, for its additional funding. Most of all, I thank them for the invaluable opportunity to work in a department that champions both innovation and social equality. For such a graduate program, I give extra thanks to Dr. Julie Rak for her leadership.

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I thank my friends and loved-ones, especially the women of my family: my grandmother, my aunts, my sister, and above all, my mother. The older women began supporting me even before my birth. For decades, they struggled against barricades set against them as women and racial minorities. Thanks to them I can pass flattened walls. I hope this creative thesis broadcasts their battles and showcases their victories.

Just a couple of generations ago, fewer people listened to biracial women. Few listened to their indignation and fewer, to their personal stories as women and racial minorities. I was able to voice my indignation and tell my story within a supportive environment and community. However, during the final months I wrote my creative thesis, I also witnessed events like the Orlando shooting and the police brutality against African Americans. Such events prove that our society still devalues the lives of certain groups. If one day that is no longer true, we owe thanks to people like those who supported me. They valued my life story and cleared space for me to

speak as a woman and a biracial person. Although small, each person's support not only opens the conversation for me but also helps keep it open for other voices.

Thank you.

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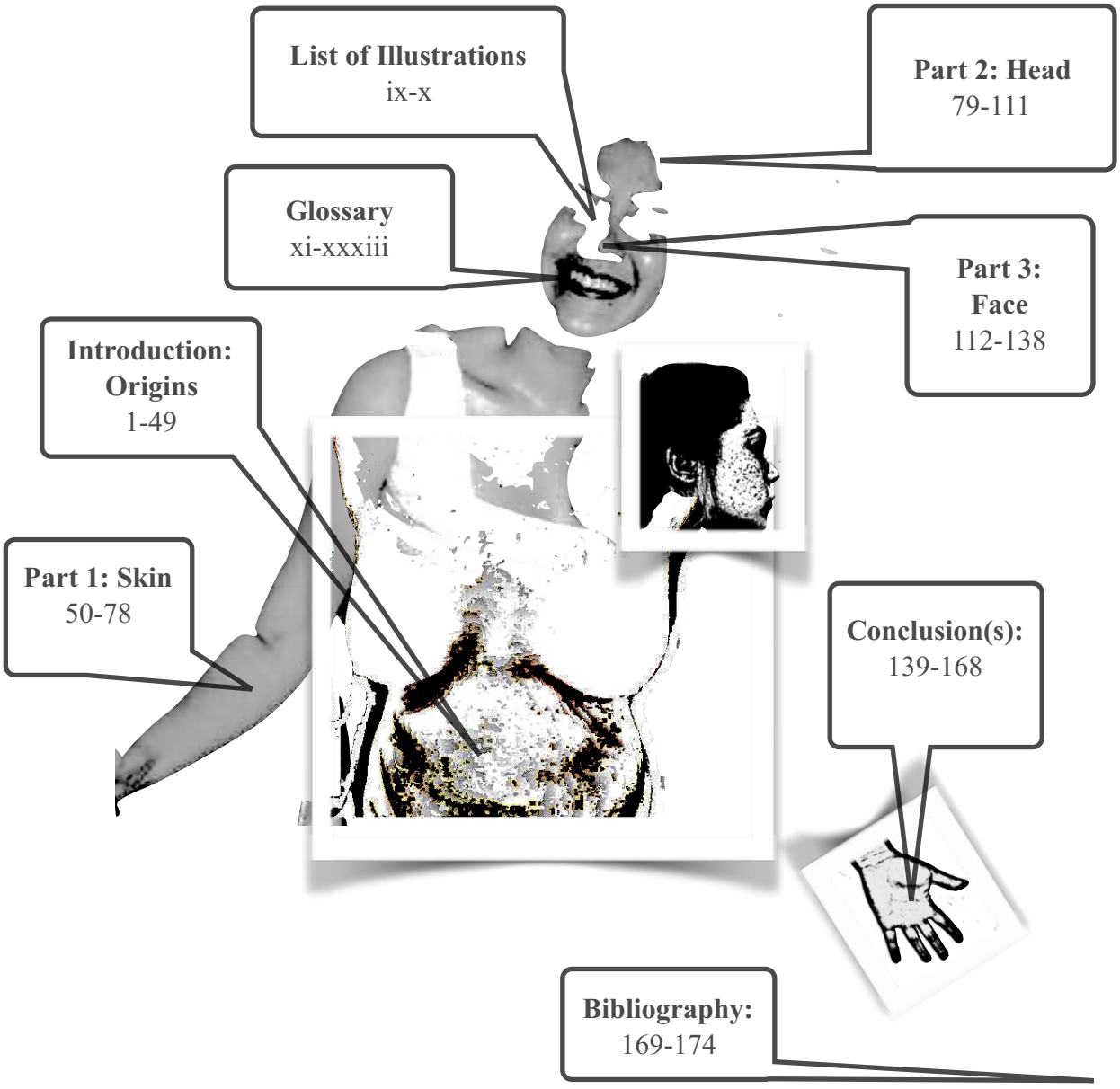


List of Illustrations

Glossary of Terms

(Define, alphabetize, language, lexicon, subject, words, the word, etymology, history, speak, what is in a name, corporeal narratives)

B_____

Biracial *(adj)***:** Let's not think in halves, fractures, splits, but as two wholes balancing on each side, as two syllables holding each other to keep upright.

bilateral, biarticular,

bicomponent, bifold,

bichromatic, bifactor,

bifunctional, bilinear,

bifolio, biracial.

2. A shinny new word. A sleek new invention. We assembled its parts, bi- and -racial, the same year as we assembled the word "robot" (*OED*).

1963, *Open Mind* broadcasts nation-wide, an interview with Malcolm X filmed hours after a white supremacist shot Medgar Evers. The host, Richard D. Heffner softly explains to America: "our program is being prerecorded on the morning of Wednesday June the 12th" because when it comes to race relations "what is thought and said today may easily be modified by the events of tomorrow" (*Open Mind*). Heffner stamps his words with an expiration date just as the bodies around him are stamped. Revolutionary language stays fresh as long as there are active bodies starving for it—fighting, hurting, sacrificing limbs for it. Linguistic flesh: it grows,

decays, can hold within itself hopes of peace. Whose skin lays underground so we can speak such new words in open air? How much blood was loss building "biracial" to replace "half-breed"?

2015: *The Oxford English Dictionary*'s online entry still contains the warning label. "This entry has not yet been fully updated. " Biracial first materialized in print in 1922 and *The Oxford English Dictionary* first published its entry in 1933, but "biracial" slips with sleekness (*OED*). The word shines us blind with perhaps too much hopefulness yet too much unfamiliarity.

Body *(n):* What is a body?

1. "the complete physical form…the assemblage of parts…" (*OED*).

2. The body is not only how we inhabit the world but also how we make sense of the world.

C_____

Colour *(n)*: A light trick.

1786: the first citation of "colour" published is published in *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* (*OED*). It discusses the building of a community of people based on colour. What does my skin colour fence within my body?

Gathered colour. Market valued.

Inside my mother was only darkness, but in the bright world, outside human bodies, on the other side of the skin barrier there is light thus colour. Objects absorb most lightwaves, then eyes use the leftover lightwaves to imagine a colour. A leaf is green because it absorbed every lightwave but green-causing lightwaves; my mother's skin is brown because it absorbed all the other lights.

"Pigmentation of the skin, typically as an indication of someone's race or ethnicity; spec. dark skin, as opposed to white or fair skin"(*OED*).

The Oxford English Dictionary cross references to the phrase "to see someone's true colours," "to see her true colours." Colour is a visual, psychological illusion. Skin colour adds to the illusionary display yet another plane—politics.

Cross reference— diamond-mining. When a diamond is "off-colour" it is "neither pure white nor any definite colour, and so of inferior value" (*OED*). White means purity—means value—means infinity—means love—means forever.

A quick glance at the history of the De Beers diamond advertisements, one can notice patterns. The advertisements almost always display a white women and usually one with fair hair and eyes. Beside her stands deflected language.

capitalist language: wages and investment.

and scientific language: prisms,

light refracting,

precise cuts, precise divisions of beauty, infinity, history, “forever.”

Beside her stands language to control and commodify a woman’s body and Nature’s elements.

From a De Beers diamond advertisement from *Time Magazine*, May 30th 1969.

2. What colour is purity?

Cross reference—"Of colour" means not of white ethnicity. The definition reads: "designating a person who is not white-skinned"(*OED*). Colour designates or labels bodies that deviate from the white norm.

F_____

Flesh *(n)***:** *The Oxford English Dictionary* defines it as, "The soft substance." Raw flesh, cooked flesh, scarred flesh, proud flesh, to make one's flesh creep. When proud flesh is dark flesh, it is the second definition *Oxford* lists: "overgrowth of the granulations which spring upon a wound" (*OED*). When a person of colour has proud flesh it is healing flesh; their proud flesh is the body restoring itself from constant historical wounds.

Family (*n)*: Charles Darwin's cousin Francis Galton founded eugenics. In fact, Galton coined the word.

When organizing the natural world, things are classified into species, groups —"families"—through similar traits.

Unlike Darwin's families, my second cousins come in two sets of secondary colours.

L_____

Language *(n)***:** An unnatural tool for describing the seemingly natural in the most seemingly natural way. The pucker of lips, moist vibrating membranes, tensing the muscular larynx, pushing airy noise into the atmosphere between beings.

When Columbus landed, he must have sounded like jumbled sounds, as if his teeth rattled in a sea soaked leather sack. Why did the colonists first name things, waste so much time when they could have done so much more with their mouths first? Could have tasted, kissed, licked, laughed, sucked, sung, chewed, breathed it all inside themselves. Just because they moved their mouths it never meant a conversation commenced.

A word is just one name for a thing—one story. My grandfather—my *lolo*—was named Jacob. Since I could speak, I always pushed it out of my mouth as "Jake-up." I imagine the moment I asked about his name. My hands still feeling numb from the Canadian cold. I am on the pink carpet in my grandparents apartment. I ask my mother his name and I imagine she says "Jake-up," like the biblical "Jake-up." He is Filipino. He spoke Tagalog, spoke Spanish, spoke some eddying mix of both before he spoke English, the language that names him "Jake-up." His name is "Ya-co-bo." He was a Filipino with a Spanish name, pronounced with Tagalong sounds, and renamed by his white, English speaking granddaughter.

Curling and unfurling the tongue.

When my mind chose a dominate language I occupied a political place that I will forever hold.

I speak with a women's voice. I say each thought but through the medium of a "high-pitched" female voice.

Lola *(n)***:** Tagalog for "grandmother**.**"

Lolo *(n)***:** Tagalog for "grandfather."

M_____

Mestizo *(n)***:** Once the name for children resulting from a Filipino and a white colonizer (a Spaniard), now used commonly as anyone from Filipino and white mixed parentage.

Troubled roots in Spanish birth. Leads back to some gurgle of Latin, *mixtus*, mixed, far removed from such European origins, like the odd resurfacing of physical traits, like blue eyes nestled in the brown skin of my great-grandma's face. Her body and her daughter's now lies an ocean away from their birth place. Female bodies decomposing under foreign soil. When my Lola died, old Filipina women held my pale hands and called me "beautiful metista.*"* Those were the only words they spoke that I understood. Their words echoed hollow amongst others grieving in another language.

Mullato: An adjective or a noun? Percentages and mixing pigmentation. A page from a storybook ripped out and pasted into Ephraim Chamber's *Cyclopedia.*

We can say it is someone with one black parent and one white parent but *The Oxford English Dictionary* defines mullato as, "more generally… a person of mixed race resembling a mulatto." There is a mullato look, assumptions on how such a body looks.

1591: First found citation of mullato. Job Horthop used it when describing the colour and shape of a sea monster. In his supposed autobiographical travel narrative, he meets a sea monster whose parts are "of the complexion of a mulliato, or twany Indian"(qtd. in *OED*). The monster has that look. It has a racialized body. Out from the water emerges the mythical biracial body. A white traveler's accounts contains more myth than truth about abroad places, the homes of people of colour from Africa to America. He titles his work "The Trauailes of an English Man;" therefore, he emphasizes his origins in contrast to such people and their lands. His voyage is "one of the great Elizathian Voyages of trade and plunder" lead by such infamous colonists as Francis Drake (Snader 13). A key goal: capture slaves, yet he becomes a captive himself.

His encounter shows the divide potentially dissolving between white slave owners and their black slaves. His voyage seems to scream, "I see himself as master but I am just as easily subjugated." Likewise, the monstrous biracial body blends the white and the black, the captive and the owner. In the possibility of the mullato, the slave-master power structure collapses into something uncontrollable, horrid, incompressible, and most of all threatening to Job.

Rivulets of body and ocean. Tawdry waters, imaginary things with firm flesh. Ingrained fears, chattering teeth. Skin shrivels when wet this long. To be a captive, to capture— the

only difference is the difference between noun and verb, between colour of limbs, between locked and unlocked shackles. Mulatto, the monstrous uncertainty in turning the of a key.

1591 to 1697: *The Oxford English Dictionary* states that for one century travel narratives predominantly use it: *Last Voyage Drake & Hawkins*, *Pilgrimage*, the *True History Barbados*, *New Voyage Around the World*. But as "mullato" is a travel curiosity, "mullato" as easily becomes a name for a commodity.

1752: the word is published in *Journal Slave-Dealer*: "there are several malatos,… tradeing men that lives upon low grounds"(*OED*). Commodified bodies. Mullato, where the language of bodies entwined with the language of capitalism.

O_____

Objectivity *(n)*: Objects, objectify, to produce information without the bias of personal feelings. Impartial. First cited in 1803 (*OED*).

Objective, adjective, *The Oxford English Dictionary*'s first definition is "senses relating to objects." Not until the 8th definition does it define it as "judgement" without personal feelings.

1838: John Stuart Mill first uses it alluding to judgment. "An essentially objective people, like those of Northern and Central Italy." John Stuart Mill launches"objective" into the printed world by classifying "objective people" through cultural stereotypes.

Published August 1838, 4 months after the trail of tears, 3 months after the Myall Creek massacre, 1 month before the Potawatomi Trail of Death, the year of the Second Seminole War, 1 month before Fredrick Douglass holds his tight identification papers and swiftly boards a train that leads him into the northern states.

Stephen Jay Gould unmasks Paul Broca and his school as "advocacy masquerading as objectivity" (159).

What does it mean to supposedly inherently lack objectivity—to be a woman, to be a minority, to be questioned before you even speak? Contrastingly, what does it mean to have others withhold respect for your intellect on account of how they "objectively" see your body? The question should be "how does it feel?" What does it mean to have authorial authority? What is your reaction to other's reactions?

In what ways does this keep us from collecting, from creating a movement, a large protest, a large opposing force, an army against the army?

S_____

Sexuality *(n)*: Sandra Harding tells the story of our intimate relationship with science. As women we are prevented from entering scientific fields yet as woman "we experience the consequences of developments in science and technology not only at work but also as pregnant

women and mothers, as sick or old, as pedestrians or drivers, and every time we eat and even breathe" (*Whose Science?* 8).

1900: June 16th, the American doctor Dr. David Doherty publishes this statement about the native people of the Philippines:

> "…the natives generally suffer from atrophy of the testicle and even of the penis, due to early use and subsequent abuse of the sexual relation. This condition they call *colo-colo*. The women are usually anemic and chlorotic. The genital functions develop early, and the duties of marriage are assumed before puberty is well established, and before the organs are ready for the task of maternity. The menses are more profuse and closer together than in colder climates. Women suffer all the ailments that their sisters elsewhere endure" (Doherty 36).

Doherty paints the Filipinos as inherently, sexually immoral. To him their sexual activities are "early" and abusive, thus, even young bodies are supposedly deformed. To him their bodies mirror sexual corruption. He generalizes all natives and gives an over-simplified reason—he reflexively sees the people as biologically fated by their climate and inherited disposition.

Doherty does not see a pattern of disease; he sees their genitalia and makes it a symbol for disease. Sexual immorality and disease equals Filipino genitalia.

According to Doherty the men immorally "use" their genitalia early but at least by choice, but Doherty suggests that Filipino girls are naturally sexual. He blames the women without giving them even agency in their corruption. According to him their "genital functions

develop early," thus, they are ready for "duties of marriage" (sex) even before "puberty" and before "organs are ready for the task of maternity" (before their menarche). He claims due to their nature, they are more sexual even at this early stage. Thus, Doherty normalizes and excuses sex with pubescent Filipino girls: Doherty's statements thinly veil his promotion for an extremely low age of consent for Filipino girls. Published in a medical text, Doherty uses science and an air of medical urgency to excuse denigration and domination. His work seems to beg for more need for doctors like Doherty. Behind his text hides horrific consequences: damaged young female bodies and the childhood memories of assaulted girls. Doherty's power over his patients is an example of a Western man in a position of power in the Philippines.

Labeling certain racialized, female bodes as sexually available, immoral, and promiscuous did not end within the borders of America. Doherty shows how it extends to other people of colonized lands. Claims about one minority group extended to all women from outside those Western, "colder climates." When Doherty says that Filipino women "suffer aliments as their sisters elsewhere," do not read his statement as he may have intended. Read: a society can dominate women—the entire, world-wide sisterhood of women—by sexualizing them, even while they are only children. That is the only true "ailment" of womanhood Doherty proves.

Spring 1961: My mother will soon celebrate her first birthday. Just a year ago, her mother, Soledad, gave birth to this darkest-skinned daughter. She named her after the American film-star, Vivienne Leigh, who Soledad sees as beautiful and glamorous. Some mix of these traits is why Soledad chose her name for her daughter. 40 years later this daughter will move to her namesake's home-country, United States. She will move there with a white husband.

But until then it is the spring of 1961. While the Filipina baby with a white woman's name sleeps in Manila, Philippines, American Students from Sycruse university protest after reports reveal that university administrators are hindering on-campus inter-racial dating. "The dean of women believed it was her responsibility to monitor the dating practices of coeds" (Faber 84). American society observes even woman with skin like Vivienne Leigh. American society seems obsessively invested in the purity of these white women—it is a "responsibility." Responsibility due to whom?

Scientific racism equated people of colour with corruption and argued against inter-racial relationships. This science considers neither the women of colour nor white women's desires. If science enters our most intimate moments, it can intimately control (or liberate) our female bodies.

Stigma *(n)*: Open a tattered book. White creases on the black cover. White creases branch out like white wrinkles. Black tape over the spin and most of the title except "IGM." Goffman's *Stigma: Notes on the Management of Spoiled Identity*, first edition copyrighted 1963.

1963: If I were there in 1963 I could be one of the first to read this book. I could create the first crease. I could begin reading:

> "Greeks, who were apparently strong on visual aids, originated the term Stigma to refer to bodily signs designed to expose something unusual and bad about the moral status of the signifier. Signs were cut or burnt into the body and advertised that the bearer was a slave, a criminal, or a traitor—a blemished person, ritually polluted, to be avoided, especially in public places" (1).

Someone has already highlighted this section and beside it wrote: “nose.” I touch my own nose; I feel the scars of healing self-hatred. Did another minority scholar write this? Minority scholar, what I sometimes called myself when I feel a shared distress, hesitation, a throat swelling, and unease in researching racial issues.

Three types of stigma: “abominations of the body,” “blemishes of individual character,” and “the tribal stigma of race, nation, and religion…transmitted through lineages and equally contaminate all members of a family” (4). From early October 2015 to early February 2016, I moved my body though the library; I consumed meals; I slept past dozens of mornings; I lost and regained weight. Yet, I cannot read four pages past this quote. Such stigmatized fingers fumble a little when lifting such pages; such stigmatized eyes feel a little more tired when reading such words. I accumulate immense library fines. Despite moving my body, I ossify on that page. I transform into an example of how minority students will fail, will continually disappoint in academic and professional settings.

T_____

Tita *(n)*: Tagalog for “aunt.”

Tito (*n*): Tagalog for “uncle.”

V_____

Violence *(n)*: Violence literally created and broke boundaries between bodies. Swift pulse in heavy limbs. Where does your body actually end? Does your arm end at the end of a gun shaft? When you smash your hand into another's rib does that other body temporary become yours like a prosthetic? Abstract ideas lodged inside organisms, exploding them from the inside out like grenades planted in communities, synchronized combustion like the climax of a symphony.

How have we coloured violence? How have we coloured indignation—justified rage.

2105: I watch *The Black Power Mixtape.* The documentary compiles archival footage of the Black Power Movement filmed by visiting Swedish filmmakers. There is a segment of Angela Davis's first interview while she was in prison. Her sweater is a tomato red against bright blue walls. The scene is as beautiful as a Rothko painting but such minimalist aesthetics only clears space for the word "violence" to echo in that small distance between a Black Panther and a white man.

1972: The imprisoned Angela Davis replies to the Swedish interviewer. "You ask me whether I approve of violence—" she shows symptoms of undergoing constant intellectual torture: her mouth and words tremble, her eyes go blank, she shakes her head, that feeling. What feeling surges through her body? It moves up her spine until she pushes out the rest of her words. "I just find it incredible because what it means is the person asking that question has absolutely

no idea what black people have gone through…" (*Black Power Mix Tape*). The feeling is indignation. An indignant woman is an ungrateful and disruptive woman. She is callous to a system that has been ungrateful, disruptive, and callous to her.

The university fired her—deemed her an unprofessional academic.

A Body Expressing Indignation

The body on the pervious page exemplifies the difference between indignation and ill temper, the difference between criminalized protest and racial violence. As she tries to make clear: there exists a wide divide between self-defence and the violent acts committed in slavery, colonialism, and contemporary racial oppression.

She is not peevish; she is indignant.

Fred Moten said to steal:

"In the face of these conditions one can only sneak into the university and steal what one can" (26).

Franz Fanon said to confront violence with violence:

"It [colonialism] is violence in it's natural state and it will only yield when confronted with greater violence" (84).

Tense muscles. How strong are bodies against metal? Metal that can enter so deep that it can enter your soul and come out on the other side. Metal strong enough to puncture with violent accuracy such a unique, lovely abstraction as a human soul— a clean hole. Strong enough to leave a hole so thorough. Leave you so open as grief itself.

Is violence still an exchange or a desperate attempt to exchange a violence already set in motion for equality. When is violence simply the shooting down of a torpedo before it lands? The violent attempt to end the violence that is colonialism?

To write this is to counteract the initial reversal—they reversed facts. They portrayed colonialism, racism, prejudice as self-defence, while they portrayed violent protest and political self-defence as criminal assault. That reversal became something supposedly logical, self-evident, objective.

Thinking, analyzing, retelling a story are violent attacks against canonized reality, the already established understandings of the world. To analyze is to organize reality, is to cut up and reshape reality by stringing it along logical components—sequence, consistency, cause and effect. Creating logic through laws, binaries, systems. But why obey rules not created by you but against you? “a good girl” “a kind woman” “troublemakers”

I committed a violence in cutting up other narratives and recreating another story. This work is violence against discourses, seemingly logical sequences, systems of thinking. Violence just as these racist discourses literally broke bodies by stripping them of a humanity. Biracial, body, race, mestizo, woman—people like me did not create these words but I steal the pages—those words I once obeyed— I will shred them as I please.

One word stories of race in a woman's body:

Biracial Body

Colour Flesh

Family Language

Lolo Lola

Mestizo Mullato

Objectivity Sexuality

Stigma Tita

Violence

One word stories branded on limbs.

Bodies collided then language spewed out.

May my definitions contain nothing definitive.

Origin(s)

(Primordial matter, evolution,

ancestry, bloodline, heredity,

genealogy, species, speciation,

gestation, parturition, birth,

creation, The Big Bang, the

snake eats its tail—DNA

materializes, rotating into the

mesmerizing double helix)

Instructions for Reader

1. What is your race?
2. Prove it.

The origin of an an idea, the origin of human life, the origin of a body: can all origins be the same? Can it all originate in the physical world? Can it originate in the human body— a woman giving birth to a human that must live within the physical limits of its body? Can an idea begin within the limits of where its creator's body exists and moves in time and space? What it senses, what it feels, what it craves, what it survives, and how it hopes to survive? Can we trace thoughts back to its thinker, back to another being breathing and crawling over the surface of Earth?

My body is defined as biracial but when others see it as white every aspect of my life is usually easier: my personal life more effortless, my professional life more attainable, and my safety and health more maintainable. At these moments, my life does not just happen to be easier. Rather, at these moments, my life *is* easier and my survival, more likely because another white American happened to attribute my physical features to a white, European ancestry similar to their own.

Certain body features—or rather other's interpretations of these features—can sometimes allow me to pass as white or cause others to forget about my Asian identity and associate me with a white(ish) identity. A stranger looks me over—my skin tone, my nose width, the creases

on my eyelids—and sometimes this stranger decides these features merit a certain way of interacting with me. I inhabit the race borderlands and cross the racial line daily; therefore, I know this "merit," this "way of interacting with me" is simply them bestowing me white privileges.

In America, when someone categorizes you racially, they not only assign you an identity but they also give you the privileges that accompany that identity. When you racially categorize someone you assign them a familial and cultural past and a present life full of privileges or disadvantages in disregard of the analyzed individual's opinion or their personal and social history within their families and communities. The very possibility that one can assign racial identities proves that these categories are arbitrary, unnatural, yet socially ingrained.

Others often cannot confidently pinpoint my "white" features because other's interpretations of these features constantly change. These changes can be due to slight differences in appearance I show day to day as most people do. For example, perhaps today I am more tan, wearing a different eyeshadow, or even just under different lighting. But above all, the conditions of white or whitish identity depends on the onlookers view of race, which never stems from an apolitical perspective or as they say, their "own opinion." Others assign me into racial categories according to ingrained, centuries-old beliefs described in science, upheld in law, and enacted in institutions.

We assign people racial identities according to physical appearance then, despite that fact *we* assigned them this racial identity, we believe this racial identity is biological fact, beyond human interference or fallacy. We believe we see the physical evidence, then like pseudo-scientists, we use this evidence as proof to categorize the person and to argue that their category

exists in nature. According to this view, my race—my Asianess or my whiteness— is as natural and as apparent as my skin, nose, and eyes.

Nature may create the physical evidence, but we forget that humans created these categories. They decided the criteria, or what evidence to consider, for each category; they considered the non-physical characteristics associated with each category; most of all, they decided the value of each category. Nature may create my skin tone, my nose width, the creases on my eyelids, but humans created my race. They decide the criteria when placing me in a racial category; they decide the non-physical characteristics to associate with my race; most of all, they decided the value of my race. Using a socially constructed criteria, they decide my race and subsequently how to interact with me and what privileges I do or do not "merit."

From the scientific history of race, we inherit our concepts of race, our reflex to racially profile others, and our belief that this racial profile is a biological fact. This legacy and its social effects are more inheritable and traceable than any racial identity. Not biological race—but only racist ideas pass through history and generations.

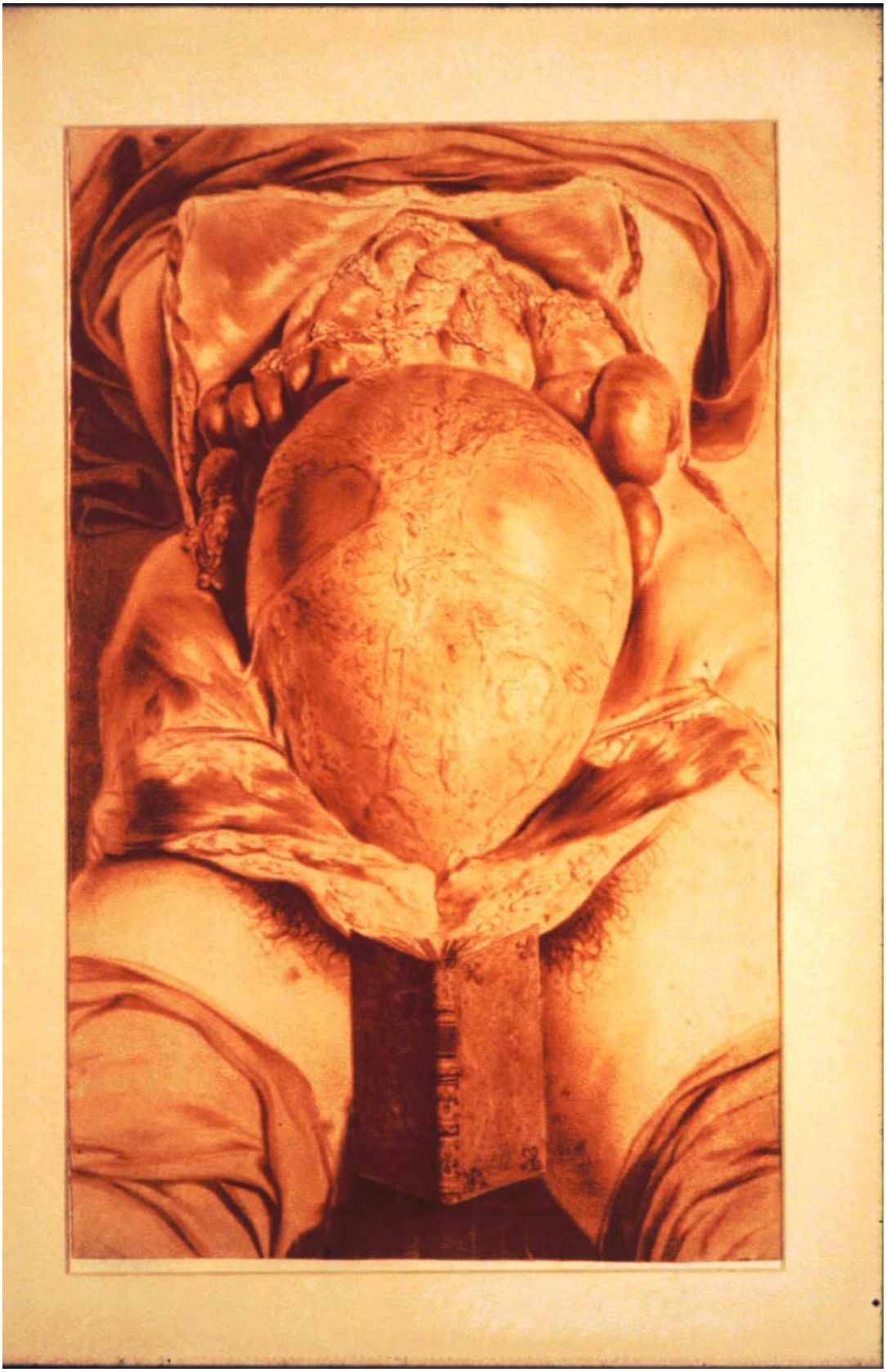
The only biological fact about race is the bodily pain caused by oppression—a tragedy with real and enormous consequences.

In my autobiography, I combine historical research with autobiography to trace the history of scientific racism while clearing space for myself as a biracial woman to be the primary scholar of my body. Through historical and theoretical research, I create a platform to view and analyze my experiences as a biracial woman. Placing history alongside my personal experiences,

I emphasize how this history affects contemporary racial issues and the lives of North American women even today.

As a hybrid and polyvocal work, my work resists any single conclusion about racial experiences and instead plays with a discourse's ability to construct race. By alternating between literary genres and artistic mediums, the text juxtaposes racial debates and theories against my experience as a biracial woman trying to understand and live within my biracial body. Analyzing scientific texts gives historical context, while each narrative exhibits the consequences of racial categorizes created within those texts. I interweave my personal experience as a biracial woman and researcher, exposing my biases and privileges as someone who is still half white. My work resists authoritative definitions for an exploration and expression. In doing so, it aims to disrupt racial hegemony and discourse's hold on constructing identities. It embraces the ambiguities, subtleties, and varieties of biracial female identities and experiences. Through creative research and a nonfiction form, I articulate a more complex understanding of biracial identities and female racialized bodies.

The Birth of a Modern Science



J. van Rymsdyk's anatomy drawing done for William Hunter, a Scottish anatomist. The engraved version was published in 1774 in *Anatomy of the Human Gravid Uterus.* (University of Glasgow's Special Collections).

Note the book covering her vulva.

Just as we birth people, we birth ideas. Most of us have heard the origin story of rational thought and modern science. Modern science's origin myth—many of us have heard it almost as often as the story of our own birth. The birth of this science was a revolution like most births. A human created something; the world shifted.

1543: Copernicus dies and the rest of the humanity continues to revolve around the sun whether they accept it or not.

1600: Rene Descartes severs the mind from the body, the thought from the thinking body.

1687: In *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy,* Newton claims he does not make hypotheses in his book (qtd. in *Whose Science?* 64-65).

1763: Carl Linnaeus organizes life on Earth like one organizes books on a shelf.

1859: Charles Darwin proves that time and environment alters not only individual bodies but also groups of bodies.

1866: Gregor Mendel crosses invisible lines of time and blood in the twisting of pea plants.

1905: Albert Einstein reaches out and bends the ungraspable: speed and light.

1962: Thomas Kuhn retraces

scientific progress as paradigm shifts, thus he shakes—perhaps even slightly cracks— the discipline's foundations.

J. van Rymsdyk lives on in history as a man who specialized in drawing women after they died in late-pregnancy, such as the woman in the drawing.

Open *Anatomy of the Human Gravid Uterus* to the beginning. “The pregnant uterus undergoes such gradual changes from the time of conception…” (Hunter 1). Not the woman but the uterus is the subject. The uterus changes; the uterus creates the baby. The woman is nonexistent. As Emily Martin argues that medical science can treat the body like a machine and thus fragment the self, severing our connection to ourselves and others. Medical science “assumes the body can be fixed by mechanical manipulations, it ignores, and it encourages us to ignore…our emotions or our relations with other people” (Martin 19-20). Hunter does not study the woman; he studies her body. More specifically, its ability to produce something. I see in many of the anatomy illustrations of pregnant woman that product is a male child.

In *Sciences from Below,* Sandra Harding states that most misunderstand the story of science and this misunderstanding creates a misunderstanding of contemporary science. Many see the history of science as showing only progress, as a linear narrative dotted with brilliant successes. Thus, many then see science today as the best way to understand the world and discover truths. Harding calls these two common misunderstandings of science: “triumphalism” and “exceptionalism.” Through triumphalism, we see history of science as a past of only achievements and moments of enlightenment in an otherwise dark world; through exceptionalism, we see contemporary science as the best way for humanity to achieve enlightenment in this same dark world (*Sciences from Below*).

When Thomas Kuhn traced the history of science along paradigm shifts he proved that scientific discoveries depended

I skim science's history. Most anatomy drawings I find depict men. The few female bodies are white, pregnant, and dissected. Not only does the scientist or doctor dissect these women but the artist also does. The woman's face usually is not represented. She lays flat on the page as a faceless, anonymous vessel. The artist focuses on the fetus, and many times, draws the fetus with a face and male anatomy.

The book covers her vulva. He peeled back her skin, displayed her intestines, then covered her vulva with a book.

on the political environment that surrounded the scientist; likewise, Sandra Harding uses epistemology and feminist theory to lower science from its pedestal and re-situate it in culture, politics, and history. In *Whose Science? Whose Knowledge?,* Harding describes science as a knowledge system situated in a social, cultural, and political context like all knowledge systems. Although science has an almost mythical origin story—lined with the heroic deeds of great men—Harding questions the validity of this narrative.

Politics and society influences scientific discovery; likewise scientific discovery influences politics and society. For example, as referred to in Harding, when Copernicus's claimed that Earth revolved around the sun, he not only repositioned the universe but also conceptualized positions of power. When Western society no longer conceptualized Earth in the centre of the universe, they had difficultly maintaining an androcentric view of the world. They began struggling to maintain their conception of political power where the most powerful humans, like the kings, were the most powerful humans in the universe. As science

evolved, it also brought along certain political views. It never just described the world. For better or worse—science also described how the world should be.

Hardening argues that science grips society so tightly that society is "permeated by forms of scientific rationality." Because of this grip, society also resists thinking of science as an institutional practice that can direct "the activities and consciousness of scientists as well as the rest of us" (78). According to myths about science, science is pure truth thus a way to clarify the ambiguities of the world; however, science has never been the "*arbiter* of conflicting agendas." Rather it is another "contested terrain." People in power have always attempted to used it to advance social agendas in the war for resources and power (10).

Harding never advocates that we dismiss science. The premise of *Whose Science?* is that "modern Western science contains both progressive and regressive tendencies" (3-4). While it is false to think of science as unbiased and its history as always progressive, it is also destructive to consider it incapable of adding to our understanding of the world. She states, "certain social conditions make it possible for humans to produce reliable explanations of patterns in nature, just as other social conditions make it difficult to do so" (*Whose Science?* 83). Just because social beliefs create something does not mean that this something does not fit reality well or satisfy our needs.

Objectivity

We are uncomfortable with accepting knowledge that is not "objective," knowledge supposedly tainted with the author's personal views and experiences. Another reason many misunderstand science as the supreme field of knowledge is because many hold this flawed

definition of objectivity. While there are philosophers and feminists who would argue against the very possibility of objectivity, Sandra Harding proposes a practical approach in hopes of salvaging science's progressive possibilities. She claims we must redefine objectivity in order to perform better science and foster science's progressive possibilities. To produce less biased and regressive work, one must rethink how our current concept of objectivity may not be actually objective.

The first step in rethinking objectivity is to re-locate our concept of rationality within a social, historical context. What we consider rational is culturally relative. We must understand that culture affects what we consider bias and what we consider truth. Our Western definition of objectivity and rationality is only that —the Western definition. Harding creates two types of objectivity: the "objectivism," "semi-science," or regressive science and the "strong objectivity" we should aim for.

One way objectivism creates poor research is because it restricts the conversation about personal biases. Objectivism aims to purge all personal, cultural, and social values. As discussed above, the cultural context also penetrates science, thus this purge is impossible. Ultimately, when a science performs objectivism, they purge only viewpoints that differ from their own and believe they purged their work of all bias. Assuming they performed research devoid of cultural and social influences, objectivism ignores how "broad, historical social desires, interests, and values" may have shaped their "agendas, contents, and results." Throughout science's history, those with the greatest power were Western white males who shaped the "interest and values" of the field along their "distinctly Western, bourgeois, and patriarchal" perspectives (*Whose Science?* 143). Instead of accepting that culture can shape one's work at every step or identifying

cultural and social background within a work, objectivism limits scientists' introspection. By criminalizing personal and cultural influences, objectivism limits the conversation and inhibits a scientist's ability to be critical of their conclusions and method. Rather than locating their standpoint, they label their standpoint as the standard and disqualify all other views, including those that offer constructive criticism.

Objectivism proposes that biases only occur in the precision of the data; it presupposes that as long as the measurements are exact and precise, there should be no bias. But even nature "as-the-object-of-human-knowledge" comes to us only after filtering though the cultural, historical perspectives (147). Inevitably a person or a group of people tend to think from a particular cultural perspective, thus design experiments, interpret the data, draw conclusions, and form theories from this perspective. At each of these levels, cultural perspectives can enter. The scientist's unchecked biases can potentially skew the "scientific truth" or "discovery" towards something that benefits certain social groups, which is most likely that of the scientist and those in power. As objectivism demands a "value-neutrality" that is too broad; objectivism narrows its critical focus too much (149).

If science only houses the perspective of white Western males who dominate the field it becomes a disadvantage to others, particularly those excluded from scientific institutions. Western culture even created our idolization of objectivity, and thus can prevent us from seeing the difference between strong objectivity and objectivism. Harding believes that even our faith in this "scientific rationality is at least partly responsible for many Western beliefs and behaviours that appear most irrational to people whose life patterns and projects do not so easily fit those of the modern West." The perspective of woman and others who fall outside the

institution often see even scientific rationality as irrational (*Whose Science?* 3). Rationality is not only vague and complex like all abstract thoughts, rationality is also relative. The onlooker defines it. Rationally is never a universally understood concept. Contrary to how objectivism portrays objectivity, rationality, and progress, one must locate the researcher within their cultural, social, historic context to achieve strong objectivity thus better scientific research.

In the canonical story of modern science, scientists perform "objectivity," when really they may have only supported the viewpoint of those in power. In such cases, "progress" can only advance white masculist agendas. But, if we define progress as Harding does— advancing the needs of all people— science is more than just progressive and regressive. As Harding states, science also contains the potential to be not only "oppressive" but also "liberatory" (*Whose Science?* 97). If we redefine progress as bettering the lives of all people, then science's progressive possibility becomes the possibility to liberate. Harding never argues against science rather she argues for a revaluation of our current conceptions of science in favour of a more democratic, less biased, truly progressive science. The first step is to redefine science as a human product thus shaped by and reflective of our political and historical environment.

First Words: The Language of a Science

Sandra Harding reframes science as human-constructed but not something to dismiss. While she criticizes certain aspects of modern science, she never dismisses the field. Contrary to triumphalism and exceptionalism, Harding shows how other fields, such as feminist theory, can spark scientific inquiry. One way feminist theorist critiques science is to use "literary criticism, historical interpretations, and psychoanalysis" to analyze scientific texts as if they were literary

texts (*Whose Science?* 43). Re-situated in its cultural context, science becomes a knowledge like any other, as ideas not only conceived by humans but also ideas that must be translated into language. Theorists Emily Martin and Nancy Stephan detail how metaphors, allegories, and images in scientific texts not only represent certain political views but also shape how their readers see the world.

The author's use of literary language can link their subject to certain cultural views. Sandra Harding uses as an example Frances Bacon's use of rape metaphors to explain the experimental method. Although Bacon seems to speak about the experimental method, a subject far from women's rights and violence, he still portrays his views on violence against woman. The scientific method aims to minimize all bias thus is the apex of objectivity; however, when discussing it, Bacon still communicates certain political views that could cause serious social consequences (43). Harding describes Bacon's metaphors as "not merely heuristic devices or literary embellishments." The metaphors are never simply accidentally "miscommunications that can be replaced by value-neutral referential terms." Rather they are a key aspect of science because these metaphors "show how to extend the domains of their theories, what regularities of nature they should expect to find, what questions about nature to ask" (*Whose Science?* 44-45). The literary language used in scientific texts are not just a way for the scientist to better exemplify his findings; rather, the language is part of the message. It extends his subject and findings to a general understanding of humanity and the world.

Literary language paints the scientist's personal views for the reader to digest alongside facts. In scientific texts, racist and sexist analogies and metaphors never simply embellish the text; rather, they tangle facts with racist and sexist beliefs. Nancy Stephan shows how the

literary language in scientific texts shaped gender roles and racist perceptions. Like Harding, she claims that the use of literary language is not simply "arbitrary, nor merely personal" (362). The scientist's use of literary language indoctrinates certain world views. In response, the scientist's literary language can shape society. When used in something as highly regarded as scientific texts, literary language can shift our rationality. For Stephan literary language "functioned as science itself" (364). Thus, she suggests a study of scientific metaphors:

> in order to expose the metaphors by which we learn to view the world scientifically, not because these metaphors are 'wrong,' but because they are so powerful ("Objectivity, Method, and Nature" 374).

For Stephan it is not a question of their validity but their power. Because society enthrones scientific language with much authority, it recasts the scientific arguments—even its little metaphors—as natural facts.

Less precise scientific texts from the past are not the only scientific texts that uses literary language. Today, the metaphors in scientific texts can also teach the scientist's personal, political views, and even sometimes at the expense of the actual data. In *The Women in the Body*, Emily Martin posits the same view of scientific language as Stephan's; however, within the span of a book she uses her sociological research and scientific knowledge to focus on specific aspects of women's lives today. She shows how scientific texts can portray sexist views at the expense of accurate inquiries.

Texts can warp fact and even ignore certain facts. Scientific language can produce a partial, slanted, or biased image of the actual processes they are describing. Martin discusses how scientific texts often cast menstruation as negative through images of deterioration and

disuse. She compares similar bodily processes where there is a normal shedding or release of something disused, such as the shedding of stomach lining. While these texts never use negative terms when describing bodily processes that occur in the male bodies, menstruation still continues to be compared to disuse and deterioration. Martin claims this analogy communicates an underlining objectification of female bodies. The female body is described as a machine used only for production: menstruation is always a waste without considering if a woman wants to get pregnant. Martin's analysis is scientifically informed. In fact, her points like this one show how other texts warp and sometimes even ignore certain facts.

Martin further proves Hardings previous point: current ideas of objectivity cloak the scientist's biases. Subtly entwined in the literary language of the text, these biases can actually create poor science. Therefore, science cannot claim to produce apolitical truths. A scientist cannot make a claim and remain indifferent to its political consequences. They cannot conduct research without considering how it may affect oppressed and excluded groups. As Martin shows, prejudice—like sexism—actually inhibits accurate research.

When Copernicus changed the West's image of the world—he redrew the mental diagram society used to organize their complicated existence. Altering this mental diagram, he shattered the other systems it represented. Nancy Stephan shows how science is part literary language. Along the same lines, I claim that we think in languages, images, metaphors, and allegories—even in science when understanding theories and complex concepts. At first glance, it may seem illogical for me to use creative nonfiction to explore race and the history of scientific racism; however, literary language plays a similar role in science and creative writing. Literary language is just as powerful in those texts as it is in creative works.

Strong objectivity and rationality do not necessarily oppose the personal and political. That is a false dichotomy. Likewise, scientific writing is not juxtaposed to creative writing's imaginative character; both are situated within social, cultural contexts. Understanding this as a false dichotomy, one should not envision truth as the purge of everything personal. Rather, science should aim to merely locate the author's personal standpoint then use it to spark new inquiries and create work that benefits and liberates all. Understanding one's social position helps one to be self-critical. Tracing my biography shows my mental diagrams, my metaphors, my literary language—the aspects of me that sparked my research questions that drew me to my conclusions.

The Birth of a Race

In tracing the history of medical science in *Blood and Guts*, Roy Porter points out a key factor about how science studies the world. ”It was easier to make anatomical finds than to grasp their physiological function” (Porter 57). Science aims to find the how—to record patterns and processes— but may struggle with explaining why a phenomena may occur. A scientist must still interpret measurements and statistics. Scientific observations, even if cleansed of obvious personal biases, still must form a connection between findings. As Porter explains,“medical beliefs are always underpinned by cultural attitudes and values about the flesh” (Porter 53). While we must still pay homage to medical science, our understanding of the body, even in medical science, rests upon our personal beliefs about humanity.

The timeline, the birth of a race—we stacked these milestones and formed a wall. We stacked these moments to build homes, schools, banks, hospitals, communities, nations.

In the beginning some people moved slowly. They moved within their homes and all the space around it. The differences between them and us, there and here existed only as far as they could walk in a lifetime.

1492: Christopher Columbus sails across the ocean and lands in the wrong country.

1735: Carl Linnaeus publishes *Systema Nature* where he divides humanity into 4 races.

1775: Johann Blumenbach publishes *On the Natural Varieties of Mankind.*

He redivides humanity into 5 races therefore along a system less dependent on geographic location. He divides humanity along what he considers are distinct physical attributes then ranks each group according to his value of each attribute.

1776: White slave owners use the words “all men are created equal” to establish a new country on lands stolen from another nations. They utilize colonization and slavery to milk others dry and nurse their fledgling economy.

1839: Samuel Morton publishes *Crania Americana*.

He bases his findings on his collection of skulls. Skull collecting will grow in popularity and eventually will be professionalized. Skull collections will soon occupy permanent spaces in the archives of museums. Then these skull collections will occupy a permanent space in American pop culture and the American imagination. In *Bone Rooms,* Samuel J. Redman affirms that these exhibitions and studies dramatically altered how “audiences came to see race as the central lens for understanding humanity.” These displays came to “reinforce race as a classifiable and seemingly static feature of humanity” (45).

1854: Josiah Nott and George Gliddon publish *Types of Mankind.*

1856: Paul Broca publishes *Human Hybridity.*

He will also measure skulls but with greater and greater precision. He will admirably dedicate much time and effort to bettering his procedures. Thus he will see his work as improving and his incorrect conclusions as exposing the truth of Nature.

1859: Charles Darwin publishes *On the Origin of Species*.

In the following centuries, he will be a hero of science, including for those who only misshape his words to support their comfortable places in the world.

1865: The American government abolishes slavery.

"The Land of the Free" ceases its civil war and its long tradition of human enslavement. Immediately afterwards it publishes "an untold number of wide-ranging racial classification schemes." Many supported their schemes "purely on speculation." Others used human remains, such as skulls, as support. Meaning, they stole and measured human corpses to avoid "debates entirely." They were satisfied just creating "charts and graphs without fully extrapolating their data into narrative theories about race" (Redman 57). As for the rest of humanity, those who did not categorize or were not categorized? Many regarded this research as revelations.

1869: Francis Galton publishes *Hereditary Genius*.

Francis Galton, Charles Darwin's cousin, will later coin the word "eugenics" in 1883. He fuses some of Darwin's concepts with Greek words meaning "well-born" to conceive the word (49). Like physical traits within a family, Darwin's ideas are passed on and blend with other concepts. However, his evolved ideas also supports elitism, prejudice, and each unique political, self-serving agenda (48). Interpretations and various applications of Darwin's work allowed those in power to champion "self-improvement" and blame disadvantaged people for their unfortunate situations (Sussman 48).

1871: Charles Darwin publishes *On the Descent of Man.*

1882: America passes the Chinese Exclusion Act.

U.S. immigration laws lock in place like iron bars, blocking "undesirables."

1896: The U.S. Supreme Court establishes that "separate but equal" is constitutional.

1903: Charles Davenport creates the Station for Experimental Evolution.

1905: Germany creates Society for Racial Hygiene.

1906: American Breeder's Association, the first national US eugenics organization, is founded.

1907: Indiana passes the first compulsory eugenic human sterilization law.

1908: At its state fair, Louisiana hosts the 1st Better Babies Contest.

1910: Through Charles Davenport and Harry H. Laughlin's relentless efforts, the Eugenic Records Office (ERO) opens in Cold Spring, Harbor.

Eugenics occupies more and more space in the American imagination: "eugenics was one of the topics most frequently referenced in the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature" (Sussman 58).

Henry H. Goddard works on intelligence tests and coins the term "moron."

1911: Davenport publishes *Heredity in Relation to Eugenics.* For many years it will function as a textbook and thus advance eugenics "as a scientific program in America" (Sussman 58).

1912: Henry H. Goddard publishes *The Kallikak Family,* where he traces the genealogy of a fictional family and uses them to prove the inheritability of feeble-mindedness.

By this point, former Presidents William Howard Taft and future president Theodore Roosevelt support eugenics (Sussman 60).

1916: Madison Grant is a wealthy man without any formal science education; nevertheless, he publishes the first edition of *The Passing of the Great Race,* a book on race that compiles scientific writings as its support. His book serves eugenics and white supremacy in an easy, bitesize format to the average reader.

1918: Madison Grant publishes an expanded second edition of his book.

1917: The US government permits Henry H. Goddard, Robert Yerkes, Lewis Terman, and Carl Brighman to test the IQ of men in the US Army.

1922: Henry Laughlin publishes *Eugenical Sterilization in the US.*

1922: Madison Grant founds the Eugenics Committee of the United States of America.

1924: Virginia passes its Racial Integrity Act.

The US congress passes the Immigration Restriction Act.

From 1920 to the mid-1920s, the KKK memberships grows rapidly to consist of 6 million members.

A man, referred to in most sources as simply John Dobbs's nephew, rapes his uncle's foster-child/maid. She a poor teenage girl named Carrie Buck. On March 28, Carrie gives birth to a daughter. Doctors deem Carrie mentally deficient and seize her baby girl.

1927: Buck vs. Bell court case reaches its verdict.

To eugenic supporters like Dr. John Bell, Carrie Buck and the women in her family differ greatly from the families who win The Fitter Family Contests, the predecessor to The Better Baby Contests. Carrie is underprivileged and delivered a baby out of wedlock. She cries that she was raped. Officials ignore her. They institutionalized her and deem her unfit. Those at the institute use her to advance the eugenics movement; they use her case to legalize involuntary sterilization of those they deem mentally unfit. Many of those involved in the court, like Carrie's lawyer, are Dr. John Bell's close friends and fellow eugenics supporters. Long before the case, Goddard retracts his previous statements. He no longer advocates that intelligence tests can identify the "feeble-minded," but a women's body can break faster than ideology can die. Harry Laughlin uses an intelligence test as evidence against her. He draws circles, squares, and dotted lines to prove the degeneracy of Carrie, her mother, and even her infant daughter. Those against Carrie describe her as inherently promiscuous, weak-minded, and ultimately detrimental to

society. As one of the most respected and honoured judges in America, the chief justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. heroically declares that he will do what is "better for all the world" (qtd in Sussman 81)—he rules against Carrie. They sterilize her and her mother (Sussman 78-81; 98-99).

1929: Davenport publishes *Race Crossing in Jamaica*.

Davenport's work descended from Nott and Gobineau's work created 75 years before his own. The racist science of Nathaniel S. Shaler follows Nott and Gobieneau's lead 54 years after the publication of *Types of Mankind.* Davenport then almost copies Shaler's work in his and Morris Steggerda's *Race Crossing in Jamaica."* Davenport will then pass his racism on and on, and eventually to Hitler's Germany (Sussman 47).

Like a family tree, like a blood line, like a passing of physical traits, ideas move through time, through generations, through human minds and lives.

By this point the goals of the eugenic movement is clear: to promote the breeding of those deemed desirable and limit the breeding of those considered undesirable. This would be accomplished by using IQ tests to label people as mentally efficient or deficient, sterilizing those the movement identified as unfit, and limiting the immigration of the unfit and certain racial and ethnic groups.

1935: Germany passes The Nuremberg Race Laws.

1939-1945: German government uses scientific racism to justify the murder of millions of people.

1950: UNESCO declares that biological race does exist.

From this point in time, just after at the end of the WWII, begins the decline of scientific racism. But Sandra Harding still sees science in general as a tool to gain power and control: “at least since World War II, doing science has been part of the apparatus of ruling” (*Whose Science?* 94-95).

One wonders how the monster has shape-shifted, how it has transformed its body.

1**967:** U.S. Supreme Court decrees that laws against interracial marriage are unconstitutional in the Loving vs. Virginia case.

As Paul Lawrence Faber explains, couples may not have researched biology books before marrying, but science could influence their decision, their family’s opinions, and their lives as a married couple because in “many subtle and some not so subtle ways, scientific judgments influenced individual choices, social acceptance, and legal constraints.” After all, racial science was key in affirming anti-miscegenation laws (25).

1981: Stephen Jay Gould Publishes first edition of *The Mismeasure of Man.*

1994: Richard J. Herrnstein and Charles Murray publish *The Bell Curve,* a best-selling book that connects mental capability and incapability to race.

The same year Herrnstien and Murry publish *The Bell Curve*, I create my first memory: I sit on the couch and look at the Barbie on my new casket player. I imagine my potential future through her. I attempt to relocate to another time, to another space, and into another body. Like a tangled cassette tape, my narrative stutters when envisioning the last part.

Racism in science, law, institutions, and personal beliefs perpetuate a cycle that enlarges and upholds itself via its momentum.The history of scientific racism in the United States and the West directly links to the racial divisions and the colonization of countless countries like my mother's motherland, the Philippines. Past and contemporary scientific racism continue to affect racial minorities and people from ex-colonies through its effects on immigration laws, foreign policy, and the treatment of immigrants and their descendants living in America. Scientific racism continues today, birthing new decedents.

Its bloodline drips through time to the decade where a little Filipina, my young self, stares at her cassette player and defines the possibilities for her future.

First words: A Language of Race

A body part, like one's skin, is not just a trait passed through one's biological family. Racialized body parts can place one in a certain social and historical category called race. More so, one's body can function as a living historical document of a family— its racial identities and place in society. The connection between society, race, and family symbolically resonate in a racialized body part. Using literary language, science managed to shrink complex racial prejudices into physical attributes.

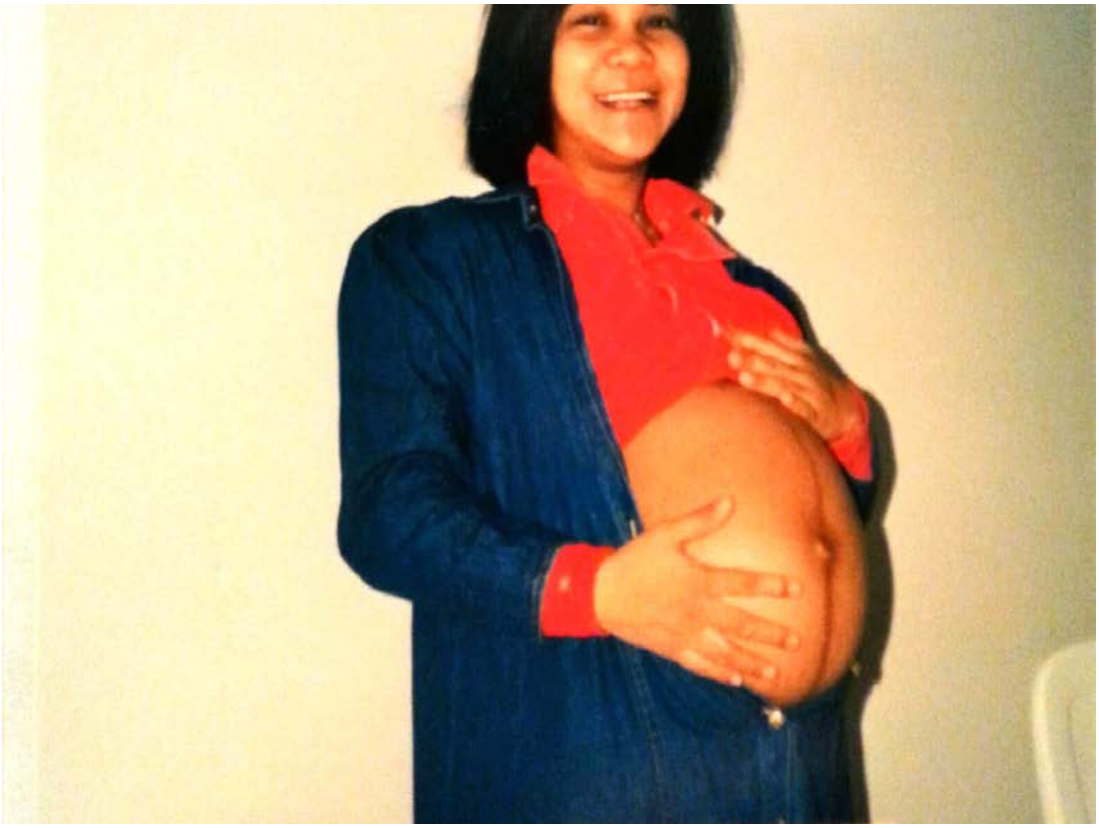
In their simplicity, symbols allow the onlooker to readily remember beliefs about the world and humanity. In *Dictionary of Symbols*, Jack Tresidder begins with describing symbols as "a shorthand for ideas" more so these shorthands allow one "to embody and reinforce deep

thoughts and beliefs about human life in single, immediate, and powerful images." Symbols shift meaning to convey a complex idea with a simple image or object. Using the object's materiality, symbols solidify "ideas without confirming" the beliefs they portray. When humans simplify and organize the world as such, they can "feel in harmony with themselves" and "give order and significance to human life" (6). In an otherwise frightening and chaotic world, human construct categories to create a sense of unity and control. One such system of categories was race.

Race was especially symbolic cause it cemented particular views using body parts. Scientific racism helped racialize body parts—-attributing a particular trait and part of the body to a particular population. More so, scientific racism also critiqued those body parts and thus placed a value on each race's body. For example, scientific racism did not just depict African Americans unfairly. They claimed certain body parts of their African American subjects proved the subjects' primitiveness. They used the bodies of minorities to materialize all the negative traits and feelings they had towards them.

Symbols can be arbitrary, socially constructed, yet memorable, social, and emotionally powerful. Likewise, the negative ideas and values placed on racialized body parts were arbitrary but nevertheless powerful. The symbolic, political meaning of certain body parts subtly occupied the American imagination and warp its view of reality. Symbol are memorable; likewise racial prejudices gained swift and staying-power through its use of symbolism. As most symbols pass from one generation to the next, understandings of racialized body parts passed on beyond eras and beyond their original scientific texts. Like symbols, race visually ordered and simplified the world and thus gave assurance to many.

The Birth of an Autobiography



The Birth of an "I"

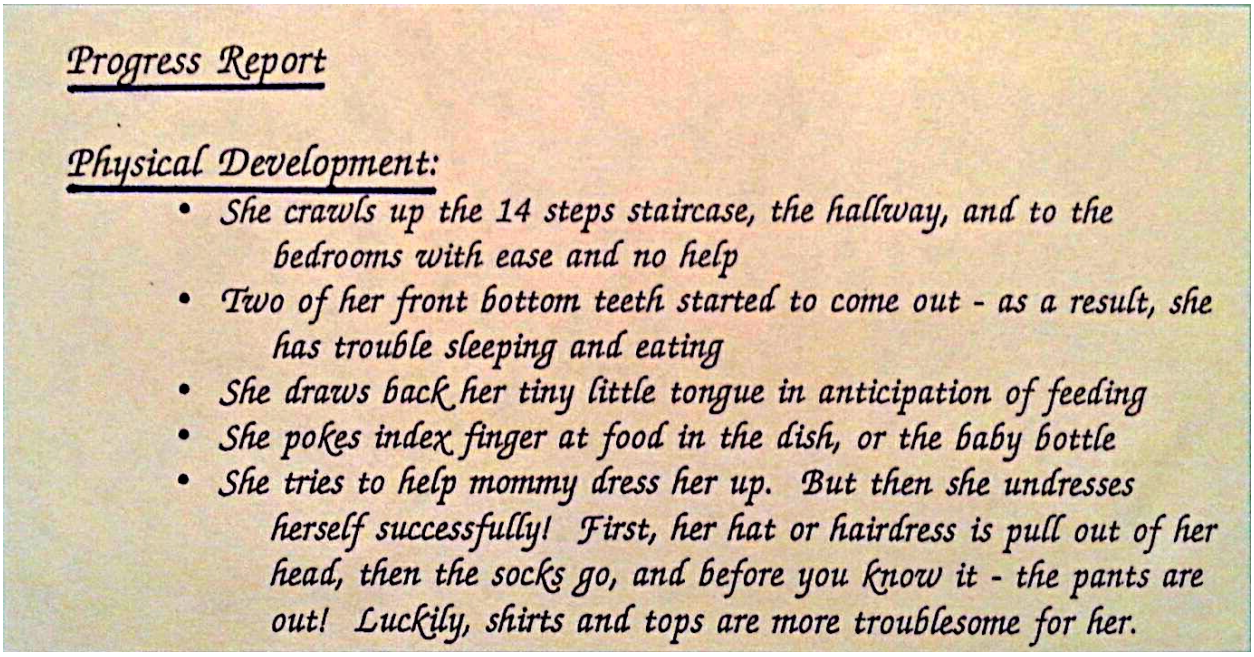
Whether we type "I" or not, an "I" still forms the ideas.

This fact never needs to scare us—for example, when the "I" is a marginalized voice—this "I," this personal, unique perspective can spark novel research.

I created photo collage on the chapter's title page from the previous picture of my mother taken shortly after her water broke while she was pregnant with me. When it broke in the middle of the night, my mother only had my godmother, who ran around the house furiously preparing to take my mother to the hospital. But my mother stayed calm, and before they exited the house, my mother suddenly stopped and asked my godmother to take that photograph of her.

My mother is an archivist. To a meticulous and almost professional degree, my mother archived her and my domestic sphere. She filled shelves, crates, and cabinets of pictures and her notes on how I developed. I am using her work and putting it through an "official" process for academic purposes; however, in many ways my mother functions as a resource if not a source for this thesis. For some of the information, I am not taking raw material but work that she has already processed and filed. Like a scholar working with archival work housed in a university library, I am re-processing her archive through my own views and through my artistic expressions. In many ways my mother co-authors my biography like she co-authored my body and my identity.

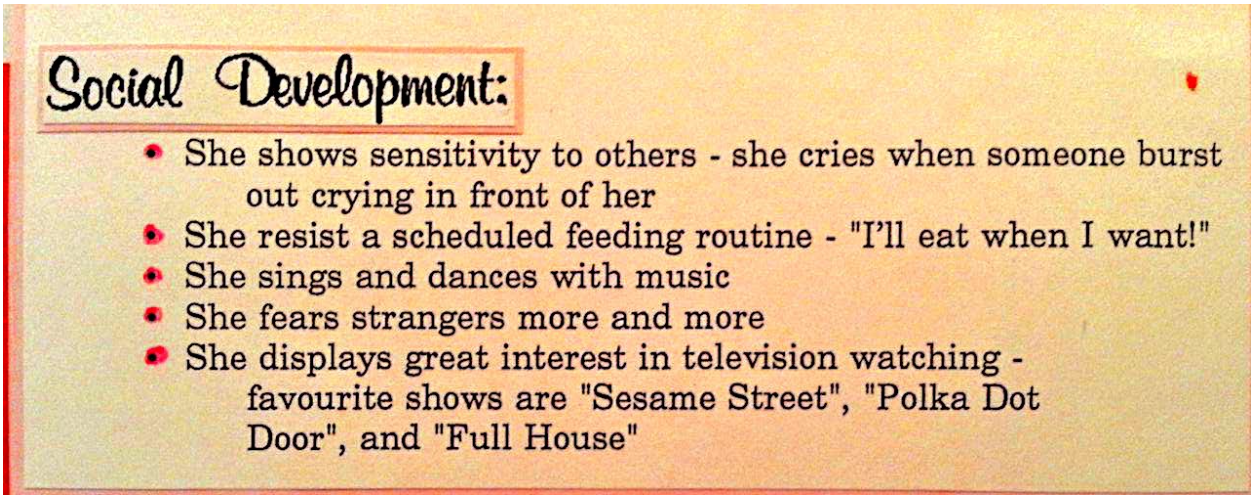
Taken from her archived compilations, my mother's notes on my early development.



Progress Report

Physical Development:

- *She crawls up the 14 steps staircase, the hallway, and to the bedrooms with ease and no help*
- *Two of her front bottom teeth started to come out - as a result, she has trouble sleeping and eating*
- *She draws back her tiny little tongue in anticipation of feeding*
- *She pokes index finger at food in the dish, or the baby bottle*
- *She tries to help mommy dress her up. But then she undresses herself successfully! First, her hat or hairdress is pull out of her head, then the socks go, and before you know it - the pants are out! Luckily, shirts and tops are more troublesome for her.*



Social Development:

- She shows sensitivity to others - she cries when someone burst out crying in front of her
- She resist a scheduled feeding routine - "I'll eat when I want!"
- She sings and dances with music
- She fears strangers more and more
- She displays great interest in television watching - favourite shows are "Sesame Street", "Polka Dot Door", and "Full House"

Within the home my mother has observed, processed, then articulated her findings of my emotional and physical development. She observes life outside an official research topic and in an unofficial format; nevertheless, her work reveals a deliberate method. Her personal observations present indispensable clues on how the bodies around her function emotionally and physically. In fact, her meticulous notes are only possible because of her position as my mother ever present in the domestic sphere of our home.

While women may be excluded from science studies, women were assigned the domestic sphere, meaning they must care for and thus understand the emotions and bodies of even the men. To do so, they must develop and implement specific methods to study and understand those bodies, their human subjects. Sandra Harding explains that men ruled logic and powerful institutions like science, while women were bestowed the domestic sphere. But there one must still understand the body and emotions.

> One argument is that men in the dominant groups assign to women (and other marginalized peoples) certain kinds of human activity that they do not want to do themselves. They assign women the care of all bodies, including men's, and the local places where bodies exist (houses, offices, and so on), the care of young children, and 'emotional work'—the processing of men's and everyone else's feelings (*Whose Science?* 47).

In this domestic sphere, women still needed knowledge, method, and expertise. Here women coupled the body with emotions and conceptualized the world through their close, social, visceral tasks in the space of the home. However, scientific institutions maintain power and

exclude woman, the divide between the logical external, male-dominated world and the domestic, bodily, emotional world of the female complicates feminist epistemologies: the "'woman the knower' (like 'woman scientist') appears to be a contradiction of terms." Women seem not to be "agents of knowledge" (47). However, Harding demands a resistance to this binary. She asks women to look at their personal experiences to inspire their research and inquiries (48). Although one must support their claims with evidence for to evolve those claims beyond opinion, Harding explains that a female, personal perspective can provide a fresh view and critical analysis.

My creative thesis mixes discourses that provide factual and emotional contexts. My position as researcher—my re-evaluation of my personal experiences as they pertain to my topic —cannot only flag biases but also ignite novel research questions. Additionally, the personal may be the only appropriate approach to something as tragic as racism. Harding claims that a "value-free" stance is impossible when discussing "social events such as poverty, misery, torture, or cruelty." In fact, using "objective language to describe such events results in a kind of pornography" (*Whose Science?*89). Talking about racial injustices and oppression will always be personal. Overusing objective language can actually undermine the seriousness and falsely minimize the oppression's violent impact on an individual's life.

A powerful institution never housed my mother's archival work. Her files remain in the domestic sphere. My mother's archival work exemplifies that women can process knowledge about bodies and emotions of everyone in their domestic sphere, thus this knowledge offers an invaluable start to approaching the world. Not only does it expose the emotional, social environment of her community but the details how the bodies around her functioned. While men

cloaked their ideas as scientific text, we cannot dismiss personal experiences, especially those of disempowered groups such as women.

To prioritize certain personal experiences as completely useless to also devalue certain lives. As discussed earlier, the personal is always present. Thus perhaps the goal of research is not to hunt and purge the personal. Research can utilize the personal to produce novel inquires and present overlooked views and critiques.

Autobiography, especially as I present it alongside auto-ethnography, provides an alternative to the traditional process of scientific research. Placing my contemporary personal experiences alongside historic scientific texts, I fold time to emphasize the lasting impact of previous scientific beliefs on lives of biracial women today. I re-mix my research with my personal experiences to offer an alternative to the linear argument of scientific texts and to rebel against the false, linear narrative of modernization and scientific progress. Alongside the scientific texts, the personal exposes the hidden biases of the texts. Alongside, the personal begs the reader to question the different ways the body can be observed, conceptualized, and presented.

The Birth of an "Us"

The body moves in a world—exists in a social context.

The "I" also exists in an "us," and that "us" can own privileged or oppressed bodies, speak through privileged or oppressed voices.

Like my own body, biracial bodies can seem racially ambiguous, thus present valid proof against any claim that race is an innate, biological fact. However, biracial people do not control racial categories—even as it pertains to our privileged/unprivileged body. As a mixed-raced woman, Janice Gould explains her feelings after a white woman mislabeled Gould's race then dismissed Gould's correction:

> I was rendered invisible not only because of this women's misconception of me (which, given my complexion, hair color, and physical stature, but more essentially given the fact of racism, was an undeniable misperception), but also through the forced disappearance to my claim to Indianness, which is a quintessentially Indian experience (84).

As with other people of colour, biracial women cannot easily input their personal history or cultural views in the formation of their identity. Even when biracial people pass as white and receive white privileges, they never receive the privilege of defining themselves, especially contrary to racial profiling. Whiteness can only be bestowed or be withdrawn; it is conditional. Those with control over racial categories constantly categorize and re-categorize biracial bodies without considering nonphysical aspects, however, while considering traditional racial categories that have built and upheld white privilege itself.

As seen in the colonial history of the Philippines, reforming the bodies of racial minorities was inextricably tied to American modernization and scientific progress. To modernize the Filipino was to reform the Filipino body according to Western views that idealized the white body. Tracing the history of scientific racism alongside the lives of women from my

maternal, Filipino linage, I show how Americans brought the scientific constructions of race to the Philippines, made the Philippines into a testing ground for further development of this concepts, and brought that back brought back to America.

Although mostly outside of the United States, America's scientific racism still controlled and oppressed nonwhite bodies. As scientists did with minorities within the United States, they colonized Filipino bodies. In *Colonial Pathologies*, Warwick Anderson states, "Filipinos, even more than white Americans, would have to submit to reformation of personal conduct and social mores" (103). In spite of the fact that white American soldiers were entering the Philippines as outnumbered foreigners, they believed it was not their bodies or health habits that must adapt to what they perceived as a disease-ridden land but the Filipino bodies. They were more ill than the native population, yet they believed that their bodies and health habits did not need to change. They believed their bodies and most of their practices were still most appropriate despite the change of environment. The officials' white male bodies became the universal ideal.

To reform the Philippines was to change Filipino bodies, thus to essentially control all the most intimate aspect of the native population. With evidence mostly founded on racist believes, they demanded the right to reform schools, hospitals, and century-old cultural customs. They demanded even the right to inspect any Filipino body randomly. To exert control over native land and native bodies is to colonize bodies. It is a spoke in the wheel of scientific racism, to oppress bodies of all racial minorities .

I bring all three histories of my identity as a white American, a descendent of these colonized Filipinos, and a modern biracial American woman alongside the history of race in America. Emily Martin rightfully questions whether one can "speak of one homogenous view of

the world" (Martin 15). Juxtaposed and opposed to the scientific texts that aimed to categorize and define populations, my biography does not aim to represent. My biography aims to provide one example of biracial identity and the social, political, and cultural context that shaped it. Using my life story as a frame, I show these histories' effects on the lives of Americans today. Using my body and life as an example, I argue against the biological basis of race while claiming that this concept is still powerfully detrimental to the lives of modern biracial women.

First Words: The Language of an Autobiography

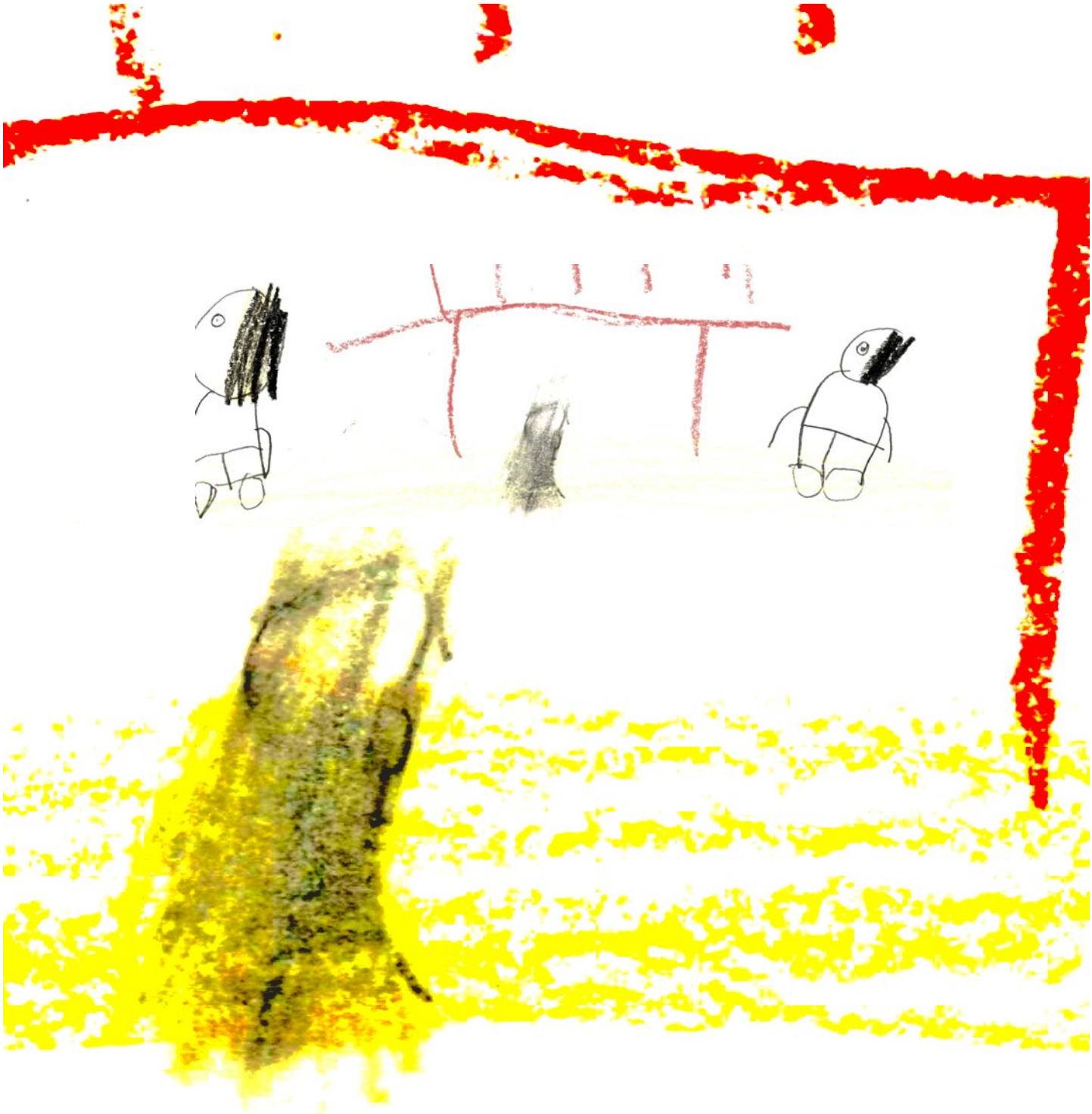
Some strangers automatically racially categorize me because much of society still sees cultural ties as "apparent" from physical characteristics: supposedly as clear, real, and definitive as my "Asian nose." The myth of biological race is still powerful thus many dismiss a biracial person's complex relations to families, cultures, communities, and their body when considering a biracial person's identity.

The privilege to "objectively" categorize people of colour stems from the creation and solidification of race itself through the long history of scientific racism. Objectifying the bodies of non-white and non-Western people, Western scholars created racial categories disguised as objective facts discovered and formulated by only them. Labeling race as a scientific fact streamlined racial and cultural identification by dismissing other claims like a biracial person's right to theorize and self-examine their bodies and their ties to white and non-white communities.

More privileged others question and decide my racial identity as long as they see race as purely biological and self-evident as a way to organize humanity. My connections to my body, cultures, and families become meaningless to them. Thus, my autobiography might appear as a fruitless attempt at self-interrogation.

My autobiography cannot simply follow a journey of insular introspection and self-discovery like many autobiographies. I can neither trace an apolitical self nor a bloodline to a race; rather, I trace oppressive racial definitions to revel their construction and tragic effects. I must do so to become the primary scholar of my identity, ties, and body. I place racist hegemony within the web of cultures, relationships, privileges, and disadvantages in biracial identities.

The Birth of a Biracial Woman



Seeing colour is my favourite visual sensation. Visual hedonism, delicious. But skin colour is a language spoken best with eyes closed, arbitrary yet logical like a linguistic code. Choosing a crayon meant tagging loved ones with values; crayons, social codes now filed, colour-coordinated in a portable box smelling of wax. I remember colouring my best friend purple because I thought it would be prettier than brown. After I transferred Tamara onto paper her natural colour no longer matched my idolized view of her. She entered the 2D realm and brown was not the colour of its prettiest inhabitants, those on tv, movies, advertisements, and storybooks.

I formed this collage from some of my earliest attempts at self-representation. They are from a book I created in kindergarten titled, "A Book About Me." The three figures in a row are my attempts to draw myself: a black haired girl, a blonde girl with hair recoloured black, and a sketch erased and abandoned in its early stage of creation. I remember a tiny fist grasping a crayon, hovering over a premature sketch of a child. Crayon is not erasable. Frustration felt in the fist, like an electrical malfunction, a spark in a synapse that runs along wiry nerves down the arm. The first stages of creation blazed until it inflamed a child with a singed grey face and scratches of black ink for bones. The mistake, simultaneously a grey cloud and yellow canary, crawls through a red frame and towards me as I look down at this long forgotten self-portrait.

Whether then or now, I've struggled representing my body.

1917: The eugenicist, Charles Davenport finishes his presentation on "Race intermingling, " in which he claims biracial people are naturally mentally inferior. He calls his opinion a universal biological fact: a fact about all biracial people, about all such bodies, all biracial bodies, alive or dead, all the lines of bodies expanding from the past to the infinite future. And thus jumping eras, folding time, he questions my authorial authority even before my mother even develops an amniotic sac. His script of progress skips like a record, a CD, a digital file. Resurrected in bibliographies, policies, conservative news— it's just the same sound bite on repeat. His voice can play on and on because he, the man, lives on not like a ghost but like a virus, occupying host bodies in hopes of staying alive long enough to eat bodies like mine.

1925: Soledad Pestano, my maternal grandmother, slides from her mother's womb in Manila, Philippines. In the next decades, scientists will write and soldiers will roam while many bodies will slip from between Soledad's legs and pause in her arms.

1960: Vivian Pestano Bustos, my mother, slides from her mother's womb in Manila, Philippines. Since then, she was a female body that moved. If a potential to react to stimuli proves life, this ever-moving body contained an abnormal amount. If she just kept slithering, how could they soak her in ethyl acetate and rename her a latin name?

1991: I slide from my mother's womb in St. Catherine's, Canada.

On Science shows, the photographs of an embryo looks luminescent, but it is dark in here. Outside words like "enlightenment" and "illumination" burn as if Truth was white, blinding light. Here, life morphs and softens, blindly feeling itself.

Step 1: Come close and observe.

See only a knotted ball of cell, knitted flesh. An amoebae. Political spit, blood, and wet skin. Not quite limbs, but carefully observe how inside this woman her flesh clumps. Observe where lumps stick or don't. Will the nose flatten? Will the eyelids crinkle? This palpitating sponge grows with each absorption. When I was only an appendage of another person colour didn't exist. See, colour is a light trick.[1] I was first formed in this neutral colourless zone: no light, no colour, no eyes to absorb it. Before I was an "I" there was only my mother's flesh stretching. Where there is no light, this knotted ball absorbs everything else. Here everything is the mother: juices of her anatomy, her genes for flesh and hair, her mother's cooking, her shivers, her overtime exhaustion, her illness, her heartbeat, her race, her history. Remember a time when the female body was my nutrition, not shame.

Step 3:

Step 4:

Step 5: Hypothesize.

Here I coil up millenniums of DNA in the shape of a body. My story perhaps starts here or somewhere between the big bang, conquistadors, and a pregnant Filipino women with ice crystallizing on her wet hair while she waits for a bus in Toronto. Or perhaps my story starts nowhere, the expansive yet simple nowhere of this darkness. Here, I am inside my mother, like she was inside her mother, like she was inside hers: females emerging from females like nesting-dolls. Her body, simultaneously hers and mine.

Here, is where you inherited your privileged or stigmatized body.

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[1] **Colour**: (n) a light trick. (See *colour* in glossary)

First Words: The Language of a Biracial Woman

1998: “Oh, head, shoulders, knees, and toes—knees and toes.

Head, shoulders, knees, and toes—knees and toes.

Eyes, ears, mouth, and nose….”

I touch each body part as I sing along with the teacher.

2008: June, at 17 years old I read from Virginia Woolf’s *To the Lighthouse*, "With her little Chinese eyes and her puckered-up face, she would never marry; one could not take her painting very seriously; she was an independent little creature…” (Woolf). I read of this Asian-like face looking towards the East as the sun rises and the narrative narrows to a close. I finally read about a body that sounds like my own. Asian-white face in a western world, speaking only a western language. I become obsessed with the character and its creator.

2013: June, a tour guide tells me that Virginia Woolf composed much of her work while walking around Tavistock Square, so I walk around and around, moving my body like she moved hers over the same block of soil.

2013: September, I begin my admission statement to University of Alberta by recounting how I read the above lines from *To the Lighthouse* at 17 years old. I type that Lily Briscoe’s Asian features are a metaphor. Amongst Woolf’s words, Woolf interweaves symbolism into each of cell of these Asian-like features. A symbolic currency: portable, compressed, and perhaps as simply decipherable as the value of a dime. I avoid typing that I do not know what they

symbolize. Whether Woolf combats or utilizes the objectification of Asian bodies, I am already unnerved that non-white, female features—including my own— can be transferred, even stuck to white bodies and used to materialize emotional and existential crises in white, Western minds.

2015: March, I fold the paper so people won't see the title contains the word "white." My proposal is titled "(Not) White Enough." From second the printer in Ruthford North Library released the crisp sheets to the second I handed them to the woman behind the desk in the office, my sweaty thump and index keep the centre of the papers slightly curved, keep the left margin tight against the right. Despite the time and work I spent writing the proposal, I make the pages in my hand appear blank. Like in the blurred self-portrait I drew at 6, nonexistence seems easier and more socially acceptable than self-proclaiming an identity. Saying, "I am," seems too loud, too demanding, too untrustworthy for me. Simply terrifying, risky: for me to say I am one thing then for another to look at me and disagree. For much of my life I simply waited to see what the other person saw me as.

Did my physical appearance seem "white enough" or was I "not white enough" ? Did my appearance underscore my right to speak as a biracial person? I was writing about the racial issues in my life, but did my "white" features underscore any authority to voice indignation.

Contrastingly, when I thought about the possibility that would see me as "not white enough," I deep down worried about no longer being treated as white. Would I now learn that I did not actually pass as "whitewashed" or white? If I had, would the staff and students of the department no longer see me as white? In my academic career, I never had to speak as a biracial woman. Depending on how well I passed as white, I never drew much attention to my Filipino identity or introduced myself as Filipino. In university, I always wrote as a white woman—that

was already difficult. Writing this creative thesis is an process, exploration, experimentation of my racial identity and my own racial assumptions, including dissecting internalized racism.

1998: Since my father returned home after signing me up for my first day at school, my family and I would sometimes consciously and always unconsciously make me appear more white than Filipino while in school and other professional settings. Writing this thesis is not only an unmasking but also a reversal of that pivotal event. To have my thesis proposal accepted, to begin writing with the support of my supervisor, I feel unregistered. The box, unchecked. The form asks for my race, but the answer is erased.

2015: September 8th,12:22:35pm in Ruthford Library you can observe my body as

Gender:	Female[2]
Height:	Short[3]
Skin Colour:	White[4]
Hair Colour:	Black[5]
Hair Texture:	Curly[6]

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[2] Most people assume my gender from my clothes and hair. I assume their assumptions like I assume their assumptions about my race. The label woman is a sisterhood, a family formed through intertwined womanhoods, moments of oppression and resistance. Under the name Pestano, there were women destitute, others uneducated, and others abused. It's not a curse but a pulsating body: skin-wrapped vulva and breasts. It's perhaps why my mother couldn't stomach weakness. With all the viral misery attacking her otherwise healthy body, there seem to be little room for anything else like fear, sadness, or sometimes even soft love.

[3] According to published statistics on the average American. When I was 9 years old, my paediatrician leaned over her wheelchair and show my mother the red lines on the graph. "This is average" then pointed lower to the grey marked off area, "but this is your daughter."

[4]Compared to my mother's skin: her's against mine, constantly comparing the divide through the cycle of seasons, winter pale to summer tans.

[5] A little German girl once hid her hands in the dark strands and asked me why I was born like this.

[6] My mother smiled at how well the curling iron took to my hair. Facing the mirror reflects me and mother's words, "Shirley Temple" and "pretty." While my mother's hair hangs sleek black, I live with my new ringlets for hours. Beauty smelled of hairspray and burning hair.

Eye Colour:	Dark Brown[7]
Facial Features:	Freckled[8]
Eye Shape:	Almond[9]
Hips:	Wide[10]

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[7] *Mental Floss*, July 2011: "In a 2007 British study, researchers found that blue eyed people were better at strategic thinking and generally performed better in tasks that required long-term thought…." (Clarkin) This is the top Google result when an insecure chid types, "Why do people like blue eyes better?" (see glossary).

[8] Speckled dark brown, my mother's skin seeping through, a leak in the white mask inherited from my dad. Samuel Stanhope Smith claimed that dark skin was just a giant freckle.

[9] I see an image: scabby stitches across swollen lids. The words on the paper include "the Epicanthic fold." I read in another book that it is the newest, most popular procedure for Asian Americans. Supposedly my two creases saved me thousands on medical bills.

[10] In ratio to my waist: the mathematics of female desirability. Sexual attraction moulded into a heterosexual male and memorialized. A law of mating, evolution. One glorified view of sexuality silenced female sexuality, queer sexuality, cultural and historical differences in attraction. They look up at this statue honouring universal man and his habits of matting. They look up and are told to thank him for the continuation of our species, for their existence. Society overlooks their passions. The monument casts a shadow over their love. In some place, during some time in history, we saw women's hips and said this is for sex with our universal man and the birthing of his offsprings. We saw women's hips and said this is for the universal man. We said, here is universal man, the universalized story of sex, of each love, of each lust, of each pulsating heart, and of each rubbing limb—in every place and always. Sex, women, bodies—we said this is for him.

This is a work of (self-)analysis, a dissection of my body and the world around it. Roy Porter describes early public dissections as simultaneously "spectacle, instruction and edification…intended as a final symbolic punishment" (Porter 55). Likewise, I cut open history and scientific texts; I expose the hidden innards and search for diseased parts. However, unlike past men of science, I do not claim my ideas originate from an ephemeral truth floating above the earth. My ideas come from a body, my body. My body writes the words, flips the pages, moves within the world. As researcher, I must situate myself because my story is where I begin my questions of research yet from where my biases may thrive.

In this work, the opposite of scientific method occurs: this specimen will not just speak but define herself. Analytical yet introspective, I am to explore rather than define any racial identity. I do not aim to be a prime example of even biracial women, but I hope to represent one way we do exist. I hope to demonstrate a piece of that identity—to represent the segments of history, science, and language my body incorporates into itself.

Despite appearing Caucasian, on these pages I expose myself as a biracial woman, as one of Davenport's objects of scrutiny. Unlike the scientific texts I study, I can only succeed by making myself vulnerable, by laying my biracial body bare and subjecting it to rigorous analysis until these seemingly sound racial classifications crack and overflow. I aim for self-exploration/ exploitation for the hyper-meticulous and hyper-objective, as disturbingly intimate as a naked cadaver.

Skin

(Integument, skin pigmentation, melanin, Fitzpatrick scale, von Luschan scale, biological shield, site of contact, slapping skin, sucking skin, stroking skin, touching skin, poking skin, pricking skin, stabbing skin, scaring skin, scratching skin, wrinkling skin, stretching skin, squeezing skin, pinching skin, flaying skin, burning skin, tickling skin, fingering skin, itching skin, to skin something alive)

1. Look down at your hands.
2. With your eyes, follow up the skin to your arms.
3. What colour is it?
4. Is your skin more than one colour in any place?
5. Look closer. Follow it as it expands to across other body parts.
6. Look for places where your skin lightens or darkens.

Skin expands, bends, wraps our core like plastic. Skin, a sophisticated, organic, defence mechanism yet when exposed, we call it profane. Skin walls off our internal organs yet is our site of contact with other people. Touch means the rubbing of skin. When we love something, we want to touch it; when we want to be loved, we want it to touch us. Skin's existence always promotes intimacy and separation. Perhaps it was a small jump to use the colour of skin to create whole political systems, communities, and cultures. Our skin, a contact zone, a site of violence and love.

1998: My first memory where I am conscious of my race is my first memory where I am conscious of my skin. It's a memory of touch. My first vivid, sensory memory. I am in bed with my mother, amongst the pale blue walls, bed frame, and bed sheets, at home. On one side of me is my mother and on the other my, sister. Under the blanket, I feel my mother's leg, warm and smooth, against mine, while my fingers wrap around my doll's slick, dark, plastic legs. I had rubbed my mother's coconut oil on my doll and thus they smell the same. This is my first

memory of skin. Brown, white, black; black, white, brown. The clash of colour disorientates me. The smell of coconut spreads and clings to everything that come in contact with me.

Because the doll is in a bathing suit and because of her skin colour, I decide my Barbie is from an island like my mother. She is a Barbie but not actual Barbie, not "real Barbie." On the box it said she was Barbie's friend, one of the dolls with darker hair and skin than the actual Barbie's. Because she is in a bikini, her skin is exposed for me to examine and perfume with my mother's scent.

I pick up the doll with both hands and compare its skin to mine and then my mother's, then mine to my mother's to mine, then mine to my doll's. Both have darker skin than me. My skin clashes in between them.

Earlier that day I refused to play with the actual Barbie. Impatient for a turn with the doll, my younger sister fought me, but she lost. My sister got a tan Barbie with hair so blonde it seemed white. I have yet not seen many people up close who look like that tan, blonde doll. At that time, I did not know anyone with hair so light.

In *The Bluest Eye*, Toni Morrison describes two little African American girls who receive white dolls. They know they are supposed to cherish these dolls as beautiful and special things. When the girls looked at the dolls' perfect beauty they react violently.

I remember looking at that blonde Barbie, actual Barbie, and scrunching my face. She upset me.

2001: In "Skin Memories," Jay Prosser claims that we can create memories through skin, and in fact record life and universal histories. "Skin remembers, both literally in its material

surface and metaphorically in re-signifying on this surface, not only race, sex and age, but the quite detailed specificities of life histories" (52). However, he argues that this skin-memory is not always correct. "As the vicissitudes of the inheritance of race in skin colour show, skin's memory is as much a fabrication of what didn't happen as a record of what did, as much fiction as fact" (Posser 52). My first vivid memory of race is also a memory of skin, of touch, and of mother's skin and touch, and of my reaction to all as her daughter.

1910: Charles Davenport uses a colour top, a children's toy, to record the skin tones of his multiracial subjects. Michael Keevak argues that one reason many scientist used the toy was because the colours were not arranged from dark to light, thus, the subject felt more comfortable and less insulted when a light skinned scientist analyzed their skin (44-43).

1999: My cousin and I play together. He teaches me how to "give some skin." He performs a handshake where he rubs his dark hand across my pale hand.

How to “give skin” (circa 1998):

1. As a sign of companionship, a friend says, “give me some skin.”

2. Slide your palm across your companion’s palm.

3. Rub slow, touch slow.

4. Parallel hands like parallel opposites.

5. See a minimum of four shade of skin.

Top of your hand	top of their hand
your palm	their palm.
their skin	your skin
your colour	their colour

Touching.

One of the first lessons a child learns is their colours. Of course the child will then become confused and frustrated when an adult calls a person white when a white person is not the colour of the white crayon. You learn there exists a black, a not black but “black” skin. A yellow yellow and a that is not yellow. A red and a not red. A white and a not white.

2013: Yale University Press uploads on Youtube this video entitled, “Shaping Humanity: How Science, Art, and Imagination Help Us Understand Our Origins [Book Teaser].” The video shows a face slowly evolving from a prehistoric human to a modern man. They attempt to show the story of humanity in one face. Most Americans have seen similar iconic images depicting human evolution. Here are the screenshots from the video:





Screen shot at:				
0:37	**0:50**	**0:54**	**0:59**	**1:07**

In *Skin: A Natural History*, anthropologist Nina G. Jablonski tells a more complicated story of human evolution and skin colour’s role in it. She traces one of our earliest ancestors as a creature with light skin under a pelt of dark hair. Only after the hair disappears does the environment affect skin colour. When it does, it creates numerous shades.

She continues to complicate the story. Despite the above pictures, there are more stories of evolution than the evolution of white European bodies. The diversity of stories manifest in the diversity of skin tones found across the globe. In fact, in modern man, evolution produced not just one but "two opposing gradients, or clines, of skin pigmentation." One gradient protects against UVR light. It creates a spectrum of skin tones from the darkest shade near the equator to the lightest at the poles. The second gradients also affects skin pigmentation but for the absorption of vitamin D. To complicate things, between the poles of these two spectrums lies people who tan easily, thus have skin tones that can dramatically change (80).

Now for many of us, another iconic image may also appear in our minds: a map of the globe shaded according to the multitude of skin tones of the native inhabitants. Jablonski uses Renato Biasutti's 1959 map as an example of this iconic image; however, Jablonski complicates this as well. She claims this is an "idealized" depiction because "the world's indigenous people haven't all been in their home countries for the same length of time" (Jablonski 88). Just as one cannot assume the story of a universal man, one cannot assume a universal evolution of skin. In fact, one cannot even assume a direct link between skin tones, environment, and the popular, oversimplified understanding of human migration.

My body proves that not every evolved human has light hair, light eyes, and a narrow nose like the man in the last frame of Yale's video.

My mother's skin proves that not every evolved human has light skin.

My entire maternal family proves that not every evolved human has a narrow nose or small nostrils.

A dramatic lightening of skin was not a necessary, universal, or even widespread step in human evolution.

A dramatic lightening of skin was a varying and limited step in the evolution of only certain populations.

Whether or not the artwork corresponds with the scientist's intention, when we read a scientific text we receive this visual story of our humanity—or lack of humanity.

Perhaps Yale Press aimed to simply show one man's evolutionary linage. Thus, they simply made a Eurocentric mistake in choosing a white man. However, they dramatically lighten the skin when depicting evolution. In fact, since Darwin, most scientific texts typically comprehend race and evolution exactly like this. To depict evolution as the dramatic lightening of skin builds on a history of scientific racism and builds on America's legacy of using skin colour to classify certain people as inferior.

1915: For the American Museum of Natural History, J.H. McGregor creates busts to support the eugenic beliefs of the museum's director, Henry Fairfield Osborn.

After centuries of scientists describing racial minorities as primitive, racism eventually ripened in the theories of eugenics. Darker shades of skin soon marked deviance from the idealized norm of "white" skin. White skin is not any pale skin but also pale skin that coats other traits that mark a European bloodline.

1963: June 12th, broadcasted on national television is a table discussion between Malcom X, James Farmer, and interviewer Richard D. Heffner. James Farmer subtly addresses the numerous violence and deaths of civil right leaders: “we’re not going to stop until a black skin is no longer considered a badge of deformity by the American people” (*Open Mind*).

On June 12th, 1963, the Supreme Court has yet to make a decision on interracial marriages. With skin tones from light to dark, Filipino skin poses a problem to America’s conception which revolve around colour, such as the “one drop rule” or the “paper-bag test.”

2 months from June 12th, 1963: my mother will be 3 years old and would have failed “the paperbag test.”

13 months from June 12, 1963: my father will be born and would have passed the test.

305 months from June 12, 1963: my mother and father will have me, who might pass as white but might also fail the one drop test.

2014: My paternal uncle insists I look exactly like my paternal grandmother in the photo he holds for me to see. He puts it aside and insists I keep it. He picks up the next photo: my grandmother around the age of 12.

Around 1955: My grandmother laughs, poses in her halloween costume, as she stands in front of her house, a farm house in Washington.

She is dressed as a maid.

Her hair sticks in every direction.

Her clothes are torn,

and her face is painted black.

(After I study the inscription's curves and dips on the back of the photo,

I conclude that

my great-grandmother took the photo after painting her daughter's face black.)

In less than 10 years from the date of the photo, she will give birth to my father. In less than 37 years, she will be the grandmother to a biracial granddaughter. In less than 37 years, she will begin a long but playful debate about whether her grandchild looks like the child's Asian family or like herself and her mother. Did she look at me and think, "Is the baby's pale skin the white skin of my mother and myself or the pale Asian skin her mother's sister?"

2005: My paternal grandmother clarifies for me that my aunt does not really look "that Asian." She is so pale, my grandmother quickly says amidst gurgles of other observations. My grandmother says she thinks she is very pretty. She says that I look like her as a way to compliment me.

1500s: Asian skin is not directly linked to the colour yellow. To introduce his book *Becoming Yellow*, Michael Keevak asks why Asian skin is called yellow when in fact it is not. He explains how many of the first Europeans to encounter the ancestors of modern day light-skinned Asians did not describe them as yellow or yellow-skinned. In fact, their skin was described as white. Contrastingly, writers also used yellow to describe the skins of other groups such as Jewish people and north Africans (26). Yellow as the skin colour for Asian people needed to be created to mark the habitants of a region as other than Europeans so Europeans could legitimize their domination.

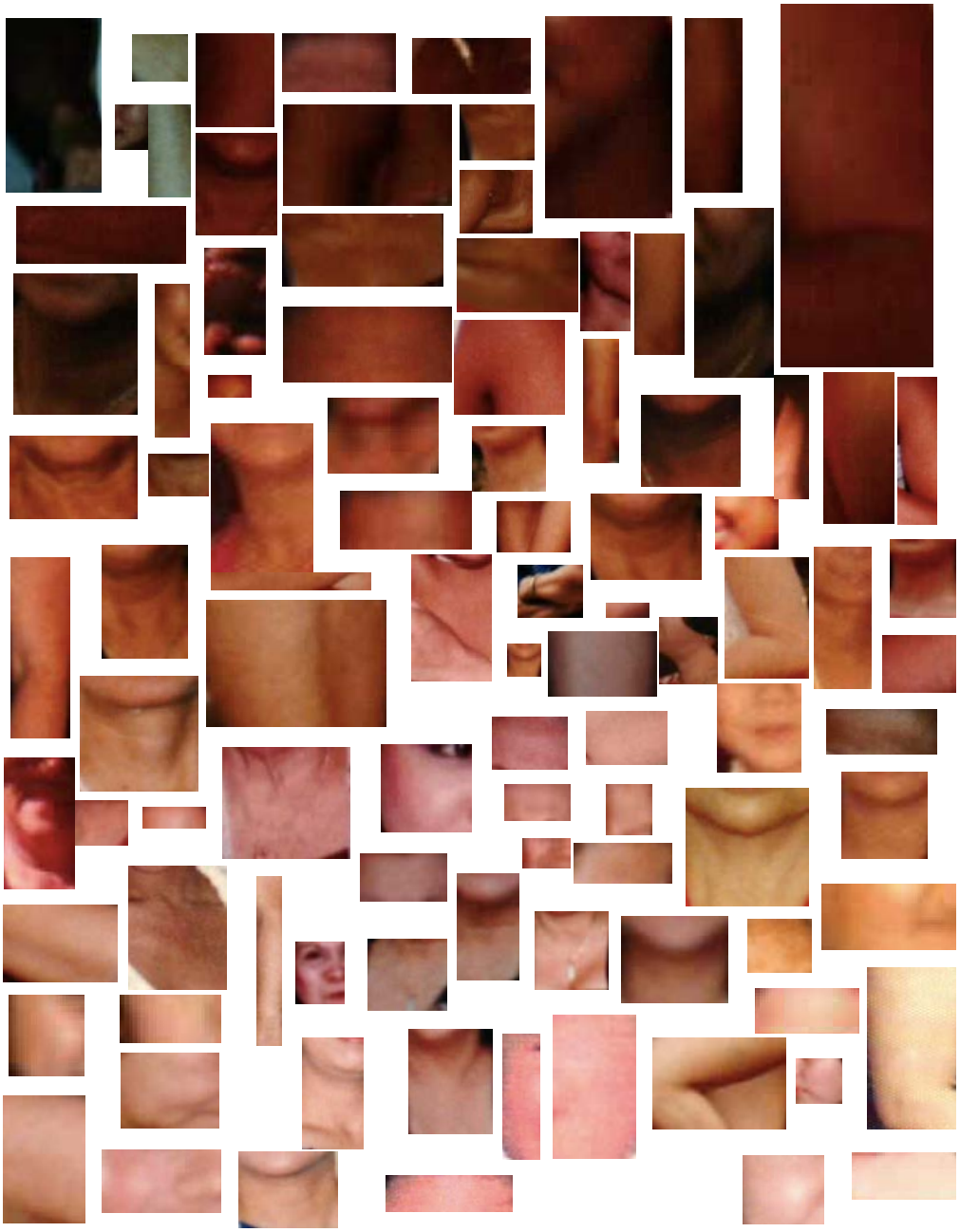
Of course, Asia does not just contain countries with people with paler skin tones. Even within countries there is a range of skin tones, including people whose skin can dramatically change depending on their age or their exposure to sunlight.

1856: Science officially codes the Asian population as "not white." *Becoming Yellow* continues with many examples from throughout history of people struggling to label or understand Asian skin tones. Keevak asserts that of course scientists had issues recording Asian skin tones since it is based primarily in fiction: like "red" skin tones, yellow "had been so arbitrary from the start" (41). However, science solved the matter, decreed that "intermediate races that were neither white nor black," in 1856 when Josiah Nott and George Gliddon published *Types of Mankind*. The book contains a diagram of four people. Three were shaded in and each was labelled as either red, black, or yellow. This publication determined the standard. As Keevak explains, after this publication it no longer mattered if the scientist struggled with matching colour palettes to skin tones or matching the skin tones and the colour pallets to their concepts of race.

People mistakingly saw Asian people as literally yellow rather than yellow as a generalized way of the colour coding a population. Like colour coding file folders, science categorized people by labeling them a colour—however arbitrarily. To have pale skin did not make your skin "white." To have the shade of skin as a white man did not make your skin white.

In the collage below are pictures of skin from my maternal family line. Almost all the women are biologically related to each other and all women are biologically related to me—except one. It is a photo of my uncle's ex-girlfriend, an Italian woman. Can you find her skin?

A Family Portrait:
A Collage of Familial Skin Swatches



I created the collage by first digitalizing—scanning then uploading—around 400 family photos. From these photos I clipped snippets and ultimately took over 100 photo-clips of skin from the women in my family and myself. This collection became a digital archive of the skin colours of the women of my family across generations, decades, continents, and—one may argue—racial backgrounds.

I then arranged the skin swabs loosely by shade and tone. I say loosely because as I began to arrange the swabs, "shades" became increasingly difficult to define. For example, I had to consideration how light and shadows made skin look darker or lighter than other spots of the person's body. Ultimately, I organized the photos by shade without taking artificial colour changes into consideration. I organized the photos even if colour changed due to lighting, shadow, makeup, or even the resolution of the camera, because such factors still contribute to how others view this racialized body part in photos and even sometimes in the flesh.

When trying to arrange the swabs by shade, I also had to deal with several shades within even the smallest clips; shades did not just vary from white to black, but intermixed with other colours. For example, there was a palish white shade that was pinky, a brown shade that was yellowish caramel, and even pale skin that seemed dark with its greyish and greenish undertones.

After hours of arranging and rearranging the skin swabs, I did not form the collage I anticipated. I wanted to show where my family's skin mixed into mine but after the hours of rigorous arrangement I could not distinguish whose skin belonged to whom. In fact, I could not tell whose skin was, for example, naturally pale white and whose skin was pale white from makeup or lighting.

The colour divide between race blurred; the natural and unnatural skin tones blurred together as well. The performed skin tone and the "real" skin tone chaotically mirrored each other. In the end, every aspect of skin tone was extremely variable, flexible, and transitory— thus was as vague as race itself. I carved these pages from a family tree. Skin on skin about skin.

Amidst chaos, a camera captured those tricoloured decades

A flash in a dark room,

flexes shadows into artificial shades.

That birthday, christmas, summer night—

A gesture. A word.

& its undertones within a racial family.

Primary colours and secondary cousins,

photos sniped along the colour divide.

The old sisters gathered as loosely as

the skin hanging from their mother's neck.

Skin: a dress made of yourself. pimpled, dimpled,

tan, tense, teasing, sagging,

sincere intimacy, insecure lumps,

that mobile, heaving block of flesh

where the surface paint runs & bleeds deep.

1918: Madison Grant explains the result of mixing light and dark features: "…the more deeply rooted and ancient dark traits are prepotent or dominant" (18). Like many during his time, he understands the blending of genes as a process similar to blending paints. From his text emerges an image of dark colours seeping through light colours. Dark blood seeping through light blood. The dark colours are "dominate," as Grant says, thus the light colours now seem at risk—just as one drop of non-white blood can contaminate an entire white ancestry.

1937: "In Mulattoes these is only one extra pair of genes and so they attain only a half colour" Davenport writes in *How We Came by Our Bodies* (343). For him, light skin was not necessarily white skin. Multiracial people with light skin were not white, but still "hybrids."

Throughout his studies of multiracial people, Charles Davenport never felt the need to test the race of "pure" white subjects. He often gave these subjects a simple questionnaire. For the white subjects, "it seemed enough to ask school children to fill out cards on their family history." When it came to his white subject, he allowed even the children to define themselves. Contrastingly, he often felt the need to do a detailed colour match and analysis on multiracial subjects (Keevak 44-46).

There is no single gene for skin colour (Jablonski 93).

The words "black," "white," "red," and "yellow" never directly link to actual skin.

Populations are never simply black, white, red, or yellow.

The mixing of family lines is never the simple mixing of two genes,

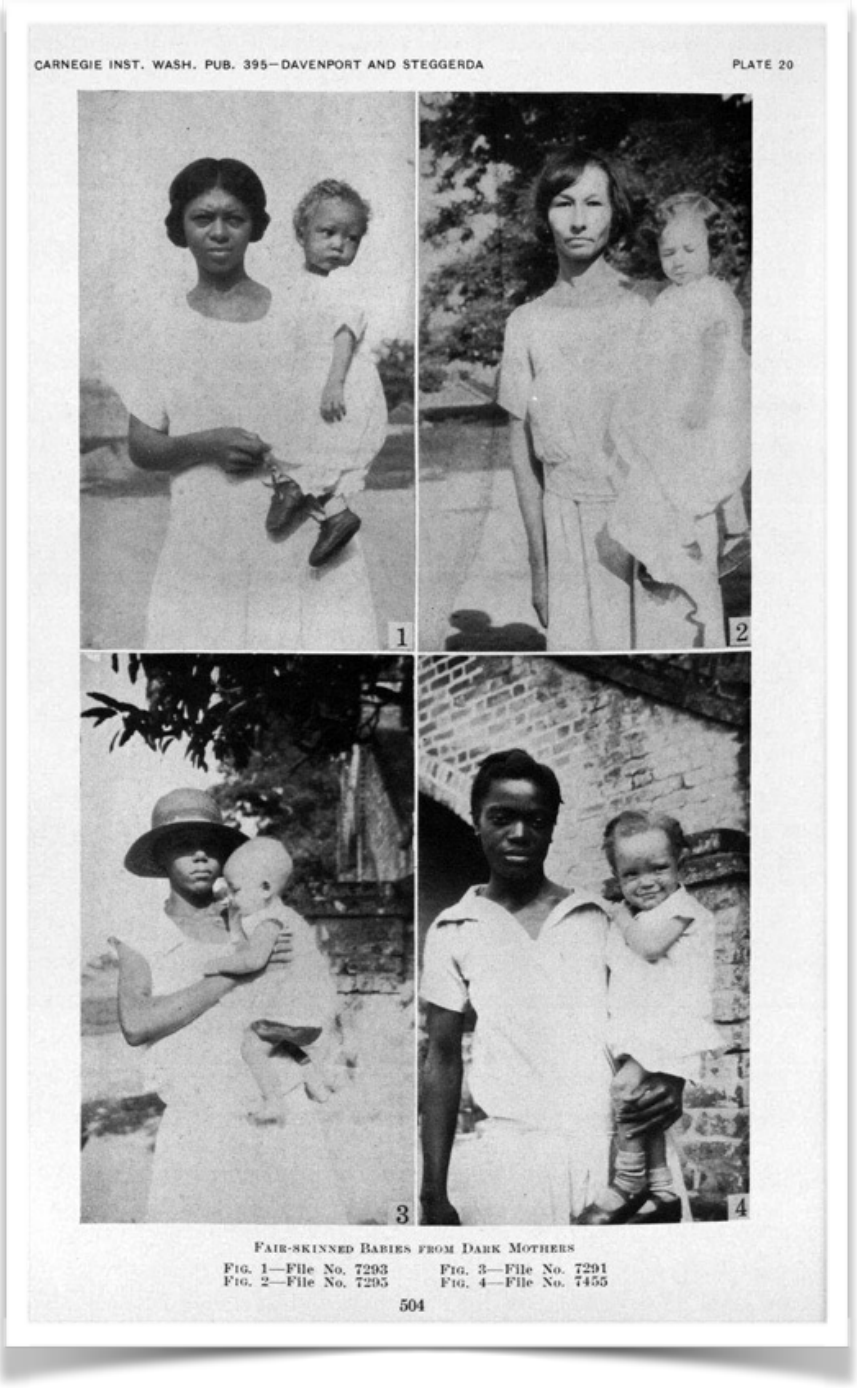
is never the simple mixing of skin tones,

is never the simple mixing of colours like one mixes paints.

Blood is only red.

Blood does not mix like paint.

2012: Buluga? Like the whale? I ask my father. He whispers that the word was something like that. He says when he first met my mother some in my mother's family would call her that because she had the darkest skin.



CARNEGIE INST. WASH. PUB. 395—DAVENPORT AND STEGGERDA PLATE 20

FAIR-SKINNED BABIES FROM DARK MOTHERS

FIG. 1—File No. 7293
FIG. 2—File No. 7295
FIG. 3—File No. 7291
FIG. 4—File No. 7455

504

1929: In the back of Davenport's book *Race Crossing in Jamaica* are pictures of Davenport's specimens. Davenport titles the above photos of infants and their mothers as "Fair-Skinned Babies from Dark Mothers" (504).

2015: Oh thats your daughter, the Filipino hostess exclaims. She calls over a group of waitress in the nearby kitchen to meet us.

Eventually we are seated beside a filipino man with perfectly combed white hair and wearing nice pressed shirt. He speaks Tagalog to his wife and adult children, but between bites, he watches me. Half-way through the meal, he speaks above me and asks the waiter and my mother if I am my mother's daughter.

He asks next, and her father?

2013: My mother tells me: you know your child might look just like me. She could have dark hair and dark skin and look 100% Filipino. I've seen it before.

She uses percentages. The spectrum of colours is a gradient to how biologically close I am and my children will be to my mother. Somehow this hypothetical, dark grandchild sits closer to my mother on the family tree than even me.

My mother says: I hope your future husband realizes that. She says it with defensive pride but also as if warning me.

1999: My mother tells me a story:

My step-grandmother tells my mother she has beautiful children. She sits with my mother, watching us play, and says its a good thing that we look more like our father.

I know this story because I watched my mom tell this story more than once to her closest white friend. She will explain, moving her hands, motioning to her self, saying over and over

again: because you know my skin is dark and the children are all so pale. She will say this in a huff but at this point of the story, she will break eye contact with her friend.

2016: I feel like I cannot enter the conversation about racial identity, and honestly, I cannot enter through the same door. I do not know how to enter the conversation. I show a picture of my mother to my friend in an attempt to explain myself, explain what I cannot articulate. After he initial surprise, she tells her own story about being judged for her skin. She says my mother should be proud of all she achieved, including snagging such a light skinned husband.

2015: I finally make a friend at my new university. She is a white girl who spends hours talking to me while she lays on my floor. She asks about my family. One story is about my little brother: he looks a bit like me, studies at university, and is dating a girl. I show her a picture of my brother and his girlfriend. She stops talking.

Since he began university, my brother has called me and told me other students in passing cars scream at him when he walks home after class.

2013: I say, Lolo chose Lola because obviously Lola was prettier than the other woman. My mother says, no she wasn't— the other woman was metista like you.

2005: Margret L. Hunter predicts that lighter-skinned women will have greater advantages in choosing a partner because lighter skin has more social capital in the standard of beauty. Her hypothesis is confirmed. As well as in income and education, lighter skin was a privilege in dating—something supposedly apolitical and private.

2007: Through puberty I desperately wished to look like white girls who wished to look like Barbie: tan and bleached blonde. I spend a summer doing nothing but tanning under the humid Kentucky sun, bearing heat that melted my nail polish while I accumulated sweat in every crease of my body. But I avoid tanning oil and avoid the sun when my mother tells me that I "don't look tan" but only "dirty." I replied that I want to look like her, perhaps as an attempt get her to lower her voice at the grocery store, but this only annoys her more.

1918: While filling his book with qualifiers, idealizing light Nordic traits on each page, Grant makes it seem as if women of colour naturally desire lighter skin.

> Women, however, of fair skin have always been the objects of keen envy by those of the sex whose skins are black, yellow or red (Grant 28).

When we learn colours, we also learn their symbolic meaning. We learn the symbolic value of our skin, our bodies, our racial identities. Like our ancestors pass skin onto us, they also pass on pride or hatred of that skin.

Do not be mistaken, my mother is a proud and strong woman. But racism is also strong.

1905: Charles E. Woodruff publishes "The Neurasthenic States Caused by Excessive Light." America sent him to help occupy the Philippines. While there he accumulates a paranoia of white skin breaking down in the tropical sun. In the essay he explains that those with the lightest traits are most vulnerable (qtd. in Anderson). I read this and imagine a man who has mistaken colour for race, a man who saw the tanning of white bodies and feared it would deteriorate the white race. I imagine a man so terrified by darker skin tones that he goes insane at the potential of what was commonly called, race suicide, the disappearance of the white race through interactions with nonwhite populations. He is part of the American white ruling class that still influenced the Philippines when my grandmother was born there 20 years later, in 1925.

2005: My mother buys me my first skin lotion that contains a skin bleaching agent. When I ask her about it, she claims that the lotion is to erase my freckles and to prevent me from burning and tanning.

I am still unsure if I believe her.

2016: In my bathroom rests several bottles of face soap bought for me. It contains words such as "brightens" and phrases such as "evens out skin tone."

2006: During our visit to Texas, my mother gets more tanned than usual. We are staying at a fancier hotel than usual. Here we can get up from the pool and enter the club house for

drinks and hourly fresh baked snacks. My mother and I exit the pool, wrap the towel around us and enter the glass double doors. We swam here several days and have eaten inside the club house each of those days. My mother drips water and sighs from relief from the heat. With the towel wrapped only around her waist you can see most of her one-piece bathing suit. A blonde women approaches my mother and asks in a harsh voice where the food is. My mom says she does not work here. The woman pauses, squints, and studies my mother's face for 3 seconds without speaking. She briskly walks up to a waiter, dressed in black, wearing a name tag, and holding a large tray of food.

A similar instance happens two weeks later at a department store in Kentucky.

My mother is a strong and proud woman, but now she must fumble for words to save that pride after multiple strangers shame and embarrass her in front of her daughter.

1619-1865: More than a commodity, skin was a currency in the United States. Its colour marked a value—and not just that white skin meant power and privilege. Dark skin became a symbol like a coin. In *Face Value*, Michael O'Malley calls this "the black flesh coin." Dark skin translated into manual labor which translated into monetary value. This connection between money and skin helped Americans shift to thinking of money symbolically rather than as a direct, natural exchange of goods (11). Thus, O'Malley later explains that the inherence of race and bloodlines "echoed the language of value" (78). Like the mixing of gold with lesser materials.

Being multiracial could mean you were debased gold or slightly elevated (79). However, O'Malley also acknowledges that slave owners decided to dismiss skin colour when it benefited them to do so. After all, slave owning "anchored the sense of white superiority" (80).

For me, O'Malley's parallel account of the history of American markets and the history of racial oppression show the American tradition of linking dark skin with manual labor. More so, such Americans objectified dark skinned bodies, seeing them as property created for the use of white Americans. They collected darker skinned bodies like coins.

1997: In *White*, Richard Dryer boils down white privilege to the privilege of being the basis of comparison. Society understood white as the absence of colour and white bodies as the unspoken norm. "There is no more powerful position than that of being 'just'; human. The claim to power is the claim to speak for the commonality of humanity" (Dryer 2).

Unlike my mother, I can often inhabit this vacant space. Those who insulted my mother first walked past me and straight to her.

2015: May 9th, as I begin work on my thesis, I often look down at my hands. Sometimes the colour is disorientating. As I write my thesis it fascinates me. I obsess over my skin as soon as I begin.

September 10, I will read Sara Ahmed question, “does it all just come down to colour?” and automatically look down at my pale hands (“Some Striking Feature”).

October 15th, I once again get distracted by the colour of my hands as I yet again fail to make progress on my thesis. I wonder how thick the skin goes. On my arms it seems thicker than the rest of my body. I mostly concentrate on the skin on my hands and feet as it freckles or tans. The skin on my arm is also the darkest patch of skin thus perhaps most important. If someone strikes me it is the skin I would use to protect the skin on my face; however, I can’t see the skin on my face without a camera or mirror. My arm skin is the skin I use most to evaluate myself. The skin I place next to my siblings skin to see who is darker or “more Filipino,” and “more my mother.” My arms are two tubes of skin stretching out into the world.

2016: May 28th, I look down at my hands. I realize that I do not just write as if I am a woman who is only white but also from this view I look like it too with my pale fingers jumping across the keys. My hands could even perhaps pass as a white male’s. Perhaps this is why I can easily put on a “white” writing voice, because from this view it seems I inhabit that white body. I feel dislocated from my hands. They aren’t the same colour as the hands of the women who bathed me, carried me, fed me, stroked my hair until I fell asleep. As my academic career has progressed I have spent less and less time in the sun, thus have remained my palest for all seasons. I no longer spend most of my summer reflecting jokes about my burn skin with my mother’s family or correcting random white strangers when they assume I speak Spanish. I spent the two summers while writing this in libraries and offices. More than ever I match the shade of the historical figures and scientists I write about rather than the racial minorities that propel me

to write this. Brown birthed me, fed me, taught me to speak white. White got me to college. White let me pass college. White let me have white college friends. White now hides the child who grew up with a brown mother.

1959: Renato Biasutti's created the first "comprehensive map showing the distribution of skin colour among indigenous peoples" (Jablonski 200). Just like we drew lines and shaded countries on a map we coloured in bodies. We drew lines between populations and marked each with a colour. We soaked each person in a dye.

2007: Jablonski once again makes clear that skin tone is not synonymous with race: "Dark skin or light skin, therefore, tells us about the nature of the past environments in which people lived, but skin colour itself is useless as a marker of racial identity" (95). Skin may create memories, mark histories, build social categories that scarred some bodies.

The idea of distinct racial groups only started to sprout in relatively recent history. Anthropologist Jonathan Masks argues that one factor may be swifter travel. When people could only travel slowly or had to remain locally, they could see and appreciate the more gradual variations of human beings. With faster travel —such as the history of exploration—people more rapidly jumped from different environments and different populations. Thus, differences seemed more distinct than they really are (2).

1763: When Carl Linnaeus divides the world into races, he uses stark colours to create even clearer lines between categories. He uses colour to more clearly communicate categories as distinct, to create a more vivid image in the readers' minds.

Today: Your skin marks where your body has been and where your body is going. Skin remembers and skin creates futures weaved into hidden cells we cannot see and imaginary colours we claim to see. Layers of skin, layers of time. Our bodies can represent and extend beliefs across time like skin stretching on a growing body.

Head

(Cranium, caput, cephalon, cerebrum, cerebral cortex, frontal lobe, intelligence quotient, infinity within a nutshell)

1. Touch your temple.
2. Tap your forehead.
3. Place each palm on each side of your head.
4. Hold it.
5. Invest faith in your mental abilities: concentrate.
6. Remember the last time you held someone's head in your hands. Perhaps it was when you hung your head in defeat.
7. Remember that moment; remember how failure felt. Hold on to that feeling.
8. Press your palms harder until you feel the hardness of your skull.
9. This is what they took. They took all that softness between your palm and skull. They boiled it in hot water, melted it, and stole the hard core below.
10. Do you feel failure. Do you feel your head?
11. Morton filled heads with white mustard seeds.
12. The number of mustard seeds, the width of the skull, and the IQ.
13. Feel your skull crushed into those units of measurement.
14. Those numbers equalled your value.

March 2013: For Smithsonian Magazine's March issue, Ron Rosenbaum describes history like collective memories, America struggles to recount accurately.

> It's a bit of a blur isn't? The little-remembered century—1600 to 1700—that began with the founding fathers (and foundering) of the first permanent English settlement in America, the one called Jamestown, whose endemic perils portended failure for the dream of a New World. The Century that saw the diseased-ridden, barley civilized successors to Jamestown slaughtering and getting slaughtered by the Original Inhabitants, hanging on by their fingernails to some fetid coastal swampland until Pocahontas saved Thanksgiving. No, that's not right, is it? I said it was a blur… (27).

History uncoils like memories, events that can be warped when recalled, a past leaving blurry traces, a past nevertheless felt in the bodies of our present selves. Here I work with the smudged words from history—words of texts, paper blowing along our streets, filed away in our minds, and others' memories parasitically replacing our own reality.

April 1521: Filipinos behead Ferdinand Magellan. When I read this in my textbook, I will read this act as unfortunate and imagine a headless hero on a beach. I will read about Spanish colonialism and the Spanish-American War. I will read about American "occupation." I will read about different bodies in shared spaces. I will try to figure out which historical character's body is most like mine.

I was not the 8-year-old black girl bullied for the dark shade of her skin. I was not the Hispanic teenager who the teachers never called. I was never one of the students the principle randomly questioned in the hall or followed into the bathroom. I was only the child whose desk was beside theirs. I was never my mother, the woman others spoke slowly to even when they knew that she spoke English. I was only her daughter. Then, why does a classroom still have the power to make my muscles tense?

March 1998: Peeling, sunflower-print wallpaper. A child's scribbles on the wall, a dish with a crack, a round white IKEA table with unequal legs. It wobbles every time one of the four children hit their fist on its surface. Here at family dinner my mother tells our family memories, those memories that I was too young to record. Nevertheless, they feel I needed to know. Perhaps it was my parents' own system of education, their training for a future place in society that would

mirror their own.This education that prepared me for the emotional and psychological heritage—pains inside chipped people of a nevertheless unified family.

Spring 1989 : My mother tells a story:

My mother spends the night counting the number of drinks consumed by her potential father-in-law and his newly wedded wife. Just months after my father met my mother—in a spastic fit of love and some emotional clouding of the mind, he brought her for a weekend in California to introduced her to a his father and step-mother. His step mother was a large boned, white woman. My father found her impressive. Since he had recently graduated with an undergraduate degree, she promised a meeting with him and her contacts at Stanford University. After an awkward but not disastrous first night, my father leaves earlier than my mother, leaving her with his father and step-mother. He drove home feeling relieved and blessed: it's the 80s; its the modern world; he's a modern man. They met at the Olympics, for God's sake! It's the 80s, no one cares about interracial couples.

As I child I imagined it as a night of crystal glasses filled with ice and bronze liquids followed by a morning of fresh orange juice in a conservatory. A night and a morning much different then our dinners: Filipino food on a wobbly IKEA table framed by four loud Asian children. Dinner in a kitchen framed by four walls of peeling wallpaper and naughty children's scribbles and food splatters.

At this point of the story, my mother would twist her lips until she begins raising her voice to speak to my father from across the table:

His step-mother refused to speak to her after he left. How did he not see how horrible his step-mother was?

After that weekend my father learned that his step-mother strongly disapproved of Asians, especially Asian immigrants like my mother. My father did not learn that from my mother, who was too embarrassed to say anything at the time. When my father married my mother, his step-mother likewise disapproved. Her interest in his future melted away. At my birth, she sent a card and onesie and then cut communication.

January 1995: My mother tells another story:

Against the same peeling sunflower wallpaper, my mother waited for my father to return from registering me for school. I was already asleep, but my mother has recounted this story many times at family dinners.

That night my mother arrived home earlier than my father from work and without taking off her dress shoes, excitedly goes straight to the school to sign her first child for her first day of school. Other neighbourhood parents, immigrants primarily from Asia and Africa, crowd the gymnasium. My mother joins a line for registration, but when she reaches the front, the

administrator tells her that registration is full. She could either try to register me for another school or wait until the next year.

When my father arrives home, she immediately confronts him and instructs him to keep his suit on and go alone to speak to the principal. My father talked to the principle and succeeded in registering his daughter, “Brittney Blystone.” But he noticed that the principle was one of the only white men in the room besides himself. The principle looks at the room, back at my father, and said, “We need more people like you and me at the school.” Thus, I attended school under the condition that was my father’s child, and only my father’s child—my white father’s white child. This was the first time of many times my mother sent only my father to school with hopes that the school staff would treat us better. My mother developed a life-long fear that she inhibited the success of those she loved.

1997: My school progress report states that I listen well and answer when called upon, but the school hopes I will gain enough confidence to share my ideas. Since the first day of school, I am quiet, sometimes even lethargic. My first memories of recesses are me alone on the playground. I stare at my home across the street and long to be with my lola and mother— the smell of them and their cooking and the white noise of them speaking in their native tongues.

2001: My teacher requires me to sit on my hands every time I speak to stop me from covering my mouth when replying.

Don't ask for too much. Maybe I was given less than some students, maybe things were more difficult for me, but I have more than my mother. Be quiet. Blend in. No need to comment on a teacher's racially insensitive comment.

2008: I answered my high school teacher that I am half Asian. She said, "Oh, a bad mix," as if her opinion was also a part of her lesson plan. It was the first and only time I brought my background to the foreground. She still keeps in contact with me.

2009: During my first semester as an undergrad, I presented a speech about contemporary racism. I stuttered and kept itching my eyes and nose. I argued for required university courses on diversity. I tried to explain that if our university is a centre of education and social and personal betterment it should train us to be critical readers and openminded citizens. I try to explain that popular perceptions on race are as scientifically invalid as the belief that the world is flat.

The professor tells me, "Don't worry: you don't look Asian."

For the presentation I received a slightly lower grade than usual, but overall, a perfect score in the class.

Segment genealogy, timelines severed. Re-paste the self into a collage from the paper shreds, the fragmented sentences of history and family stories. Vomited, my body and nausea moving between times, bodies, spaces.

Why does the classroom still make my muscles tense?

1820: George Morton begins collecting skulls (*Eugenics Archive*). In 29 years, he collected 800 human skulls, some bleached from the sun, others dark from their beds in the earth where they assumed they could rest for eternity. In *Bone Rooms*, Samuel J. Redman argues that Morton's skulls offered evidence "that the measurement of cranial capacities helped identify particular races," thus further sparking the study of skulls (23). Morton measured skulls and concluded that Native Americans were distinct from Mongolians; however, he did not see such grey areas amongst racial categories as evidence that these categories were constructed. He believed his finding about intelligence proved any of his claims were natural and unquestionable. In contrast to the hard bones around him, he kept stretching his hypothesis until he argued that different races were different species (24).

From the late nineteenth century to the middle of the twentieth century, museums collected bones to define races with the assumption that there were distinct natural lines between races (Redman 147). This connected intelligence not only with race but also with numbers. Scientists began associating intelligence with something that can be measured and ranked.

These original studies of the skull are now considered pseudoscience and a majority of the American public and modern scientists do not seriously consider such works. However, one must acknowledge that these original studies not only revolutionized their fields but also transformed the beliefs of scientific community and thus the general public's as well.

1930s: Aleš Hrdlička's head has occupied this world 61 years. It is bulbous with a pronounced forehead, which the thinning hair exaggerates. The facial hair marks the beginning of the bottom half. His jaw lines the head's borders, points down to the bottom, and eventually punctuates his head with a sharp chin. This is the head—that right temple, that sharp chin, that scalp thinly covered—that he would probably absent-mindedly scratch while contemplating another person's. Perhaps he would pause, resting his hand on that chin, before picking at a head resting on his table. He spent the majority of his waking life moving his hands from one head to another, replacing that other's head for his own.

Hrdlička's goes to fairs that exhibit humans because he knows there is a good chance of many people dying due to the poor living conditions. He does not go to stop the injustice; he goes to collect the bodies—brains and skeletons of indigenous people. He collects over 200 bodies (Redman 65).

Among the collection, there are small bones of children. In fact, scientists see the infant's skull as precious. They seek it out as a representation of early development, a jewel, fragile and hard to find (Redman 30).

They hunt. They want the prize in their hands.

2016: I touch my own skin and feel sick. I keep thinking, I don't understand. How? I touch my own skin and feel sick. I keep reading trying to understand how a dead body can be turned into a skull—clean, white, objective, and no longer soft, flexible, and fleshy. I touch my own skin and feel sick. I read all the text between the covers. It doesn't say. I don't get it. I touch my own skin and feel sick. Weeks later, I read that they boiled the bodies: a footnote in another

“a human specimen”

“a human

human

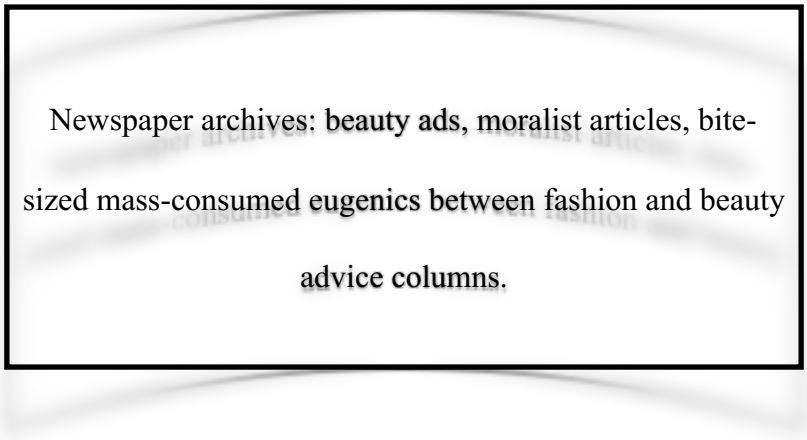
book. I touch my own skin and feel sick. How can we be “objective” when recounting mass murder? I touch my own skin and feel sick. I touch my own skin and feel sick. I touch my own skin and feel sick. I touch my own skin and feel sick. I touch my own skin.

1879: The AMM receives a skull and letter from G.P. Hachenberg, a general surgeon. In the letter, he describes how he obsessively stared at the skull enclosed in the package, especially her “beautiful” teeth. He ceremoniously put it on a scaffold on the hill overlooking the village he most likely stole her from.

One cannot deny the man's response shows a belief in a mysticism surrounding the skull and an emotional response to that mysticism. Before science prized skulls as key evidence the skull carried much symbolic weight already. This affected how the skulls were collected and seen, at least by the general public. Culturally the head already captured and encased the white American imagination.

The head was already a powerful symbol, and this cultural status deeply influenced the scientists’ ideas about the body. Even someone outside the field, like ethnomusicologist Frances Desmore, “was aware of the prevalent idea that skulls possessed the most important clues about

the deceased" (Redman 70). Thus, she also collected skulls when given the opportunity. The skull was not just important to science because it encased the human brain, the skull stirred the emotions as well. After all, the skull was not an object that existed only within the laboratory or archive. The skull did not just exist as a human specimen. The skull also existed as human remains, as a piece of another's body.



We cannot dismiss these works as simply the result of poorly conducted methods; rather, they are symptoms of logical fallacies. As Stephen Jay Gould adamantly argues in his seminal work, *The Mismeasure of Man*: these studies committed many logical fallacies; therefore, one cannot simply dismiss the work as miscalculations. In fact Paul Broca measured with increasingly precision and recorded his observations with increasing particularity.

Gould considers science a "social phenomenon" (53), thus society influenced data no matter how precise the measurements. Ideally the scientist minimizes destructive social influence, because culture will encase science regardless. "When the ration of data to social

impact is so low, a history of scientific attitudes may be little more than an oblique record of social change" (S. Gould 54). If culture shapes the conclusion more than the data then the experiment reflects political beliefs—not the specimen.

According to Stephen Jay Gould, the ratio is

Data : Social Impact

Measurements : Racist Society

The Ideal is

Data > Social Impact

The Situation was

Data < Social Impact

Data/ Measurements = any prime number

Social Impact of a Racist Society ≠ a prime number

Social impact is difficult to translate into a number;

It fell outside of the science, outside the number line.

One may not see that Data < Social Impact

if one cannot even calculate the value of one variable

Like Stephen Jay Gould, Redman notes that these scientists produced at the time the most precise scientific observations, and they were becoming increasingly precise. They supported "ideas with detailed measurements of all aspects of the human skull" and seemed to discuss race in "an increasingly complex and sophisticated manner" (Redman 23). With new technological tools and the power of numbers. This new scientific work seemed more objective than before. However, that only meant they used this sharper objectivity to further support old views about women and racial minorities.

The issue did not necessarily lay in the measurements but in their actual logic. Stephen Jay Gould claims that the scientists would begin their arguments with the fallacy of "reification," "our tendency to convert abstract thoughts into entities" (S. Gould 56). In the case of these early scientific studies on intelligence, the head or skull was used to represent the human mind, leading the way to reducing intelligence to a limiting single unit: IQ.

Hamlet was correct:

Dispute the expanse of his mind,

he and all infinity could fit into a walnut shell.

They began their research on faulty logic of "reification" only to conclude with another logical fallacy, "ranking," the tendency to see random variation in a spectrum or hierarchy that values one end of this scale more than another. Scientists measured skulls and then compared racial minorities and women to children, less advanced versions of the white male scientists, then in turn, to early stages of evolution and less than human forms. The second fallacy Stephan Jay

Gould identifies is “ranking,” which he defines as “our propensity for ordering complex variation as a gradual ascending scale” (S. Gould 56). Ranked as less than white people and reduced to a mere symbols, the bodies of people of colour were debased to early stages of evolution.

Thus white male scientists did not simply test intelligence. They looked for evidence to support their world views and ultimately legitimize their superior role in society. Although Redman claims that skulls and other bones were used “in large part collected out of convenience and assumed stability in form” (59), I claim the lifelessness of the bones also helped the scientists make their claims. Remains, such as the skull, allowed scientists to more easily strip the person of their humanity and minimize them into a specimen. After stripping the remains of flesh and personhood, the scientist could manipulate the skull to support his claims and create a trophy of the white man’s scientific progress.

2016: Halfway through *Bone Rooms*, this idea slaps me. I shut the book. I write it down and end my note with, “It wasn’t just that they didn’t care. Death benefited them. The death of racial minorities was an investment. To them, deteriorating bodies was their growth. Cannibalism.” Without this I misunderstood everything. I misunderstood a nation as populations, as isolated events. I misunderstood the trajectory of history as a linear, progressive timeline. I miss seeing how history can be bodies beside bodies above an infinite layer of bodies. Latex gloves never kept hands clean. Secrets exposed. Housed in an archive. I turned off the light and can finally see the darkness, the truth. In the absence of artificial light, without the florescent lights of a lab or a classroom, I concentrate on feeling the truth, running my fingers across its

rough surface and sharp edges. I am reaching out to feel the truth and my hands quiver just from imagining the potential pain within truth's spikes.

April 1917: C.B. Davenport's hands are old, white, holding the below statements that he reads aloud to the pale faces of the American Society of Philosophy:

> "One often sees in mulattos an ambition and push combined with intellectual inadequacy which makes the unhappy hybrid dissatisfied with his lot and a nuisance to others" ("The Effects of Race Intermingling" 791) .

The essay and his work in general shows how these early studies of the skull evolved into studies of intelligence, which equipped eugenicists with scientific proof against those they considered inferior. In "The Effects of Race Intermingling," he does not argue against the mixing of populations; however, he argues for what he considers the ideal combinations, which disfavours mixing of racial minorities with people of European decent. Drawing on his own scientific work and common conceptions of animal breeding, Davenport advocates eugenic policies in America. Contrary to some work in eugenics, here Davenport especially focuses on American race relations rather than other forms of supposed inferiority such as criminality, "feeble-mindedness," or class.

Davenport begins "The Effect of Race Intermingling" with translating America into numbers: listing populations of various European ethnicities in suspiciously well-rounded numbers (364). His issue is "it is doubtful if 2 percent of the population are of pure Anglo-Saxon stock" (Davenport 364). He ends with calling on America—restrict immigration based on

eugenic ideals or face destruction! For Davenport, the great heroic feat set before eugenics and modern science was “diminishing the evil” (Davenport 367).

2015: I read Davenport and realize that I am his evil. I am the combination of people of different cultures and racial backgrounds. I am an unfavourable combination.

1917: Just as scientists in the past used skulls to represent more complex traits, Davenport uses intelligence and physical attributes to represent complex characteristics and ultimately the value of a person. He claims that “in the intellectual and emotional spheres the traits are no less ‘inherited’ than in the physical sphere” (365). He concludes that interracial persons are “badly put together people.” They not only have a mix-match of physical traits but are also “dissatisfied, restless, ineffective” (367). In fact he links numerous societal problems to the cause of bad mixtures of people. He asks the audience to meditate on how much “crime and insanity is due to mental and temperamental friction” (“Effects of Intermingling” 367).

He shrinks all societal problems to the measurement of a couples’ bodies and ultimately to the unfavourable measurements of biracial bodies.

2016: I mix Davenport’s words with my own. His America and my America; two Americans fighting for the right to claim what an American body looks like.

1917: He describes his ideal civilization when he describes his own view of Egyptian history. To him Egyptian history is “a period of prolonged inbreeding lead[ing] to social

stratification. In such a period a social harmony is developed," and although this ironically leads to "the spread of feeble-mindedness" it is when "Foreign hordes weep in" and "miscegenation takes place" that "disharmonies appear" and "the arts and sciences languish" (Davenport 367). Playing with history and sciences he creates a utopia where bodies are added to bodies. He mixes humanity into a blend of his liking.

He ends with a passionate response. Before the audience's eyes, he lifts eugenics and immigration restriction to the status of America's saviours:

> "…if immigration is restricted, if selective elimination is permitted, if the principle of inequality of generated strains be accepted and if eugenically ideals prevail in mating, then strains with new and better combinations of traits may raise and our nation take front rank in culture among the nations of ancient and modern times" (Davenport 368).

In a land under God, Davenport resurrects a new purified God. He promises to wash American clean, and in doing so, defy natural time, accomplish eternity by replicating the past into the present and future.

After the applause, he could have felt the utmost pride and self-worth, because he achieved good, truthful academic work. To him, his science proved sound—objective, insightful, meticulous—thus he potentially saved America from "race intermingling" or, as he called it, "the

evil." The silence that followed his publications proved that most of his esteemed peers across American and European universities not only agreed but also saw his conclusions as common sense. In contrast to his human specimens, Davenport was deemed intellectually adequate.

2016: But I am hybrid. I live in a body shaped like theirs, those bodies calculated and scrutinized, not the bodies in that lecture room, the bodies standing on the other side of his notebook.

1917: After setting his pen down for the night, Davenport could laugh to himself about mixing Dachshunds and Great Danes. He wrote about fantastical creatures, these mix breed dogs with giant chests running on tiny limbs.

2016: While walking home, crossing University Drive, going from spotlight to spotlight, stoping then thinking then stoping, forcing myself from place to place, concentrating on my body isolated in the night, sometimes I couldn't resist questioning myself. Not my ideas, myself.

1917: He could turn to his wife, sitting across the table editing his manuscripts. He could reiterate that such animals exemplify why races should not intermarry.
"Gertrude, image their children," he could say.

Whether Davenport discussed mix-bred dogs or biracial Jamaicans, he had the privilege of not speaking about himself. Davenport never had to classify himself or his latent beliefs. The

exact day a year before, Maurice Bloomfield presented “On the Art of Entering Another’s Body,” but such concepts of universal humanity remained trivial hypotheticals, something for the mind to chew over as one existed the lecture room for lunch. Davenport and any scholar who agreed with even his research methods had the privilege of the objective onlookers: the raceless man, or rather, the white man. His race was the standard for comparison, thus he could name, classify, describe others while remaining detached.

March 1918: Printing presses vomit a “New Edition, Revised and Amplified” version of Madison Grant’s *The Passing of a Great Race.* He republishes the following words for mass-consumption: “human life is valuable only when it is of use to the community or race” (Grant 49). human life is only valuable when it is of use

human life is only valuable when….

There are conditions to your value. These are the stipulations to your claim to life.

Like Davenport, Madison Grant's *The Passing of a Great Race* is also written as a warning against immigration. Grant does not have the same scientific credentials as Davenport; nevertheless, he still uses the same evidence, scientific findings on race, and focuses on proving white superiority. When you open *The Passing of a Great Race* to the title page, you can see Madison Grant’s name followed by “chairman, New York Zoological Society; Trustee, American Museum of Natural History; Councilor *[sic]*, American Geographical Society” (Grant). The overcrowding of title distracts readers from what it lacks, any kind of training in the field he discusses in the proceeding pages. Instead readers are presented with a series positions that

represent his wealth and social power as if that could replace such any scientific education even when writing a book about racial science.

1918: Mass sales shows it does. Madison Grant was what Sussman calls, a "gentleman scholar." Grant exemplifies how scientific ideas about race and intelligence seeped out of the university and into the public. As it spread, its audience multiplied and its scientific foundations became more distant thus harder to for readers to question.

Ironically Grant blames historians and philologists for "burdening" us with "mythical races" (3). He states this not to show the social construction of race but to refute the rising trend of cultural relativism, championed by anthropologists such as Franz Boas. "As a result the influence of environment is often overestimated and overstated at the expense of heredity" (3-4). If environment and culture play so little roles in race then the best way to define race is not by communicating with other groups. Like a scientist who studies the skull, he opts for studying the body as if it was a lifeless object. He does emphasize that the skull is only a "single trait"; however, he still suggest it be combined with other physical traits, and he still claims that "use of this test, the cephalic index, enables us to divide the bulk of the European populations" (19). In the following pages, he extends "this test" to divide people to racial minorities. He sees these body parts as symbols of greater truths about mankind, as "dim inheritances from the past" (Grant 35). The skulls is Grant's peephole into a primitive humanity.

1952: Like the science of the day, Grant's work takes on major social implications. Along with Harry Laughlin, Grant helped get the Johnson-Lodge Act passed, which limited immigrants from numerous Asian countries. The act was in effect until 1952 (Sussman 104).

1970: In fact, the publication I used is apart of the "American Immigration Collection" and thus shows his work's lasting influence. More so, Grant befriended Wickliffe Draper, who created the Pioneer Fund, an organization still funding dubious pursuits.

2015: What results can you yield? On the first page of Davenport's "The Effects of Race Intermingling," I read, "What are the results of race intermingling, or miscegenation?" (364). I ask a similar question. I ask what are the results of "race" and "miscegenation": how were these fictions created and what value systems did they impose on the lives of biracial women? Scientific texts claimed women and racial minorities were mentally inferior. This inferiority led eugenics, a branch of science, to claim racial minorities were less valuable and even detrimental for America.

Biracial children, like myself, were a strike against natural laws and perfection. The racism and sexism I experienced during my education is not just symptomatic of modern racism or a small groups of individuals' beliefs; rather, it descends from science racism's old claims about intelligence. The language in Madison Grant's *The Passing of the Great Race* and Charles Davenport's "The Effects of Race Intermingling" compared to with the history of skull collecting, one can see that certain quires minimize the complexity and individuality of racial minorities and women. This simplification then helped warp them into easily assessable tools for white male intellectuals. Scientist could use other people's bodies to understand themselves and articulate their conception of humanity without damaging or exerting their own.

These beliefs about race and the mental capacities of people of colour does not remain within the science departments of universities; rather they trace a larger story of systematic racism in America. Gould calls the IQ scale, "an American product" (S. Gould 57). His use of

"product" is key because America's history does not just include the development of capitalism but also the commodification of human bodies through our legacy of slavery. As "an American product," IQ ought to be seen within this history of powerful Americans stealing others' freedoms for their financial gains.

> From it's beginnings, eugenics in the United States was an elitist movement and was supported and funded by a number of very rich individuals, institutions, and corporations (Sussman 137).

Social policy makers could use research that decreed women as intellectual inferiority to uphold sexism and to even bar certain ethnicities from immigrating to America. During this time many modern Americans' ancestors immigrated to America; thus for eugenics to help decide who was allowed to immigrate at this time was to help decide the image of America. This research, and subsequently the polices it inspired, help form contemporary American bodies.

As the top scholars, they defined the field thus truth. More so, they were a part of a greater network of powerful people. Scholars networked with each other, teaching and passing on early ideas of race. For example, Josiah Nott and Arthur de Gobieau influenced Nathaniel Shaler in 1892 which Davenport regurgitates more than a quarter century later. As Sussman point out, they "were still spewing the same centuries-old views" (47). Davenport did not just extend old, outdated views, he collaborated with current scientist with similar views on race. Collaborating, they cemented each other's view.

1909: Charles Davenport starts writing to and visiting Henry H. Goddard. After Davenport's first visit to his see Goddard, Davenport no longer thinks of intelligence as a trait

that appears on bell curve. He reframes intelligence as a trait one either had or did not (Sussman 53).

People from Charles Darwin to Thomas Jefferson joined the crazed search for human skulls. Jefferson even "collected and wrote about the skeletons of Native Americans in Virginia" and was apart of "opening new possibilities for the intersection of studying race and collecting human skeletons" (Redman 26). Eugenics was also supported by major figures.

Early Supporters of Eugenics

or

Historical Icons and Intellectuals who shaped the Western World:

George Bernard Shaw,

H.G. Wells,

Émile Zola,

John Mynard Keynes,

William Keith Kellogg.

Charles W, the President of Harvard University,

world leaders and ambassadors of Norway, Greece, and France,

Gifford Pincot, governor of Pennsylvania (59),

Arthur Balfour,

Sidney Webb,

William Beveridge,

Winston Churchill (51),

William Howard Taft,

Theodore Roosevelt,

Woodrow Wilson (Sussman 60).

Some of those people also shined from the posters in my classrooms as I grew up. Authors worshiped them in the history textbook. They upheld a particular stand for which humans were valuable. They had their own view of what kind of bodies should sit at the desks. I am unsure if they would have approved of my body siting at a desk.

With such a powerful backing eugenics could easily enter the education system and indoctrinate generations. Steven Selden's study of high school textbooks shows that until 1940 schools used textbooks that taught eugenics (Selden). These textbooks promoted eugenics long after its heyday. More so, stopping the use of these textbook did not make the knowledge vanish. The students grew to be a generation of adults who taught, raised children, voted, held government offices, and ran businesses. These students grew to be the major portion of the adult population of America.

1866-1918: Contrary to the title page, Grant's the dedication page is simple. "For my father" (Grant).

New York Charles Scribler's Sons published *The Passing of Great Race* . Madison Grant dedicates it to his father. Davenport throws himself into work prove himself to a masculine God and his father. He names his son after himself. Father and sons, father's and sons, this is a family affair. Fathers imprinting their lives onto their sons, onto their sons, onto their sons.

1900: An American Doctor writes about the natives from the newly acquired American colony, Philippines:

> "Some foolish Padre — quoted by Worcester — said: 'The Filipinos are big children who must be treated as little children.' It would be unwise to accept a hon-mot as a philosophic aphorism or a political rule. The father who constantly threatens and beats his child to make it be 'good' brutalizes both himself and his child, and since in the name of humanity we fought Spain, let us take care lest by being selfish and unjust we invite Nemesis and become as inconsiderate and cruel as the Spaniard is alleged to have been. It will require deep study, much self-control, great unselfishness and prayer to keep us as a nation pure-minded and honourable. In this spirit I submit this paper as my contribution in the work of learning the needs, and relieving the necessities of our new-found, dark-skinned brothers. 143 North Avenue" (Doherty 19-20).

To him the Filipinos are children, and America has assumed "duty" as kind parents. He signs the book from 143 North Avenue, far from those intellectual inferiors he pities and resents.

This is the Philippines my grandmother was born into. The rule she lived under. I read this and understand my maternal linage traces back to those "big children."

1920s-1930s: Langston Hughes asks, “What happens to a dream deferred?”
He tries to explain that it can be as painful as a pustulant sore (Hughes).

2012: Some of the last words my lola told me was about my education. She wanted me to seize it above all else with everything I had. She wasn’t an old woman who looked around the room at the children and grandchildren then said it turned out perfect.

That day she had hallucinated that it was the 1940s and she was among the palm trees as the Japanese attacked.

She had survived to have grandchildren around her. She looked around the room at them, including me. She repeated that she had no choice. For having no choice, it was enough. But “enough” is never enough. She turned to her side and imagined a little girl standing to her left. Told me she was sad for her.

A girl stuck in a historical period, in a memory where power meant more than the imagination and ambition of a little brown girl. We cannot forget all the dreams that died in the hearts of old women. History had kept them in a chokehold, stopped circulation to that dream, until it needed to be amputated.
Pain of a girl.

2016: During my second year of my masters program, I read from Gould: “Few tragedies can be more extensive than the stunting of life”(60). Amidst the history of slavery, colonialism,

and racial violence, the little pains can prink just as sharp. Never underestimate the evil in crushing a mind's beauty.

March 2013: Smithsonian magazine publishes its March issue.

April 1521: Magellan dies.

March 1918: Madison Grant publishes a new edition of *The Passing of a Great Race*.

April 1917: Davenport presents "The Effects of Race Intermingling."

March, April, March, April: each spring blooms. So many eugenists and their supporters were enthusiastic breeders, and it is the season for breeding and birthing farms animals. A season of first lessons as these animals wobble forward.

March 1998: I listen to my mother's story.

March 2016: I find inside a library book a long strand of hair dropped from the last reader's head. It is wavy and black, stuck in the spine, and waiting on the yellowed pages. How long has it been in there? Where is the reader is now?

These scientist not only objectified bodies but also did so for their own benefit. They used others to understand themselves, for their own self-introspection, their own psychological,

intellectual, and emotional development. The scientists looked at people of colour's skulls to understand "humanity" or the universal man. The use of these human remains proved that this kind of science never aimed to benefit racial minorities. Women and racial minorities fell outside this universality. Rather science worked for the universal. Scientific racism worked for the privileged white male.

Today scientist may not study skulls in the same way, but these beliefs about racial intelligence still influence who can pursue and bestow knowledge. Racial privilege can still decide who stands in the front of the lecture room and who must beg to enter. "In the Self-portrait of the Artist as Ungrateful Black Writer," Saeed Jones describes spotting the African American musician, producer, and actor Questlove at an award ceremony. He describes the talented man's body as stooped, symbolizing his physiological exhaustion: "Questlove walked with his head down, slightly stooped, the posture one adopts after years of being greeted with wide eyes and nervous smiles" (Jones). Questlove adopts a posture of passivity and weariness. It is an unconscious body posture Jones claims is a symptom from years of fighting to gain success, even if only as a token minority. Questlove's body posture exemplifies one subtle but physical consequence of the institutional racism that barricades racial minorities from intellectual pursuits and success. As Jones explains, even as an accomplished poet, Jones never feels proud of his success because he is a minority. Rather he always feels only "grateful—intensely, almost exhaustingly grateful just to be there" because there is always a sense that as a minority he does not deserve to be there (Jones). Thus, his success is something graciously bestowed rather than something he earned and deserves. Decades after Davenport's presentation on miscegenation, his and other scientific studies of intelligence still influence which bodies attends award ceremonies,

which bodies are behind the podium, which bodies find truth and which bodies are only the tools for that intellectual mission.

Writing about the head is difficult. I have only viewed mine through photographs and reflections, through an archive of external images rather than memories. Physical anthropology, anthropometry, craniometry, anthropological typologies: the latin roots seems to hide the violence. Words uniformly numbered and stacked like books in a library. Pull one and it may opens a secret collection of dead bodies, stacked, numbered. Heads rolling down pages and flattening the paper to a clean, white, crisp.

Although I am lucky enough to encounter more support than racism or sexism in my academic career, researching about racialized bodies and anti-miscegenation is a different experience for a biracial woman than those whose identity is not as intertwined with such issues. Racial prejudice affected each ethnicity differently, and biracial people must acknowledge their privileges. These racist scientific findings link together, fuelling each other, ultimately creating a greater the narrative of racism. This greater narrative of racism still more directly affected my life than those one who only has a white racial identity.

I was not the black girl bullied her for her skin. I was not ignored the Hispanic teenager. I was not a students constantly interrogated or followed. I was a students that looked just enough like my teachers to make them feel comfortable. My biraciality allowed/forced me to live a dual life between life at home as mother's filipino daughter and life at school as a white(ish) student, sometimes even one teachers felt comfortable enough around to speak freely about race. My

biraciality taught me a fact science only started to comprehend after World War II: they cannot measure the invisible parts with pure validity. Every time they looked at me and saw a white student, I knew they were blind to my insides—not just my brain but also my capabilities, my heritage, my cultural allegiances. We cannot measure a mind: we can measure only skulls, quotients, and trends we hope signal correlations. They cannot calculate a race like an equation, only stare at a body then decide what race it is and what is its limitations.

When I read statements such as Davenport's about biracial people, I never read about specimens, conclusions, or theories; I read about the supposed inferiority of my existence and anyone like myself. Davenport predicted that his work would reverberate great social implications; it did, but for me, these statements reverberated racism across systems and institutions, ultimately shaking and splintering lives from my grandmother's generation to mine. I imagined those made like me and read about how they were once unwanted. Our bodies, "disharmonies" clogging a universe, perfect and whole in its logical segregation of elements.

Our dis-harmonic limbs, slipping off proximity,

our coughs like the mangled dog's barks.

His dad was an abolitionist
raised Charlie on
Anglo-Saxon genealogy
& the endless supply of morality,
known as God.
This is a family affair.

Come April &

human limitations bloomed in such a brilliant mind

Savage symmetry of his eyes& his wife's,

the mr. & the mrs. measuring mating, and the

percussions in the chest, noted,

punctuated observations.

proving himself to his father

& "Our Father."

This is a family affair.

Charles was born on an

American farm.

a place of animals and hay,

American breeders ,

a place like where the saviour was born,

a place where the hen lays her eggs.

He observed the

ledgehorn hen. the brahmas hen

a throat of feathers leghorn& brahmas mix

the hen watched her eggs break,

babies dip on wet hay.

He crack open heads,

and America, he said,

disinfect such blood,

because this is a family affair.

Face

(Facial, nasalis, dorsum of nose, nasal bone, iris, labium superius oris, labium inferius oris, zygomatic bone, epicanthic fold, facing the facts, to be taken at face value)

1. Stroke your hand over your face.
2. Trace your features with your fingers. Trace your eye sockets, your cheekbones, your lips' curves.
3. Trace where your face begins and ends. Trace where your face folds in and out.
4. Read your face like braille.
5. How does this reading differ from how you read features in a mirror?

1865: Johann Friedrich Blumenbach's *Anthropological Treatises* is published. Inside, he lists his 5 categories of humanity: the Caucasian race, the Mongolian race, the Ethiopian race, the American race, and the Malay race. While he meticulously details other races's physical features and creates almost a caricature of them, he describes the Caucasian race as simply the ideal beauty: "the most handsome of men" (303-305). In *The Mismeasure of Man*, Stephen Jay Gould argues that Blumenbach's work forever transformed racial categories. He transformed the categories into an obvious hierarchy. His criteria? Beauty. He ranks each race as he describes their particular facial features, thus he not only associates certain facial features with certain races but also labels certain facial features as more or less beautiful and thus superior or inferior humans. He births a hierarchy with definitive categories. As he describes with precision the features of each race, he cuts and sharpens the divide between populations and between beauty and ugliness.

2007: In *Identities and Inequalities*, David M. Newman observes that African American consume the most beauty products. Additionally, if they have plastic surgery, they are more likely to choose "lip or nasal reduction." Likewise, most Asian American women who undergo plastic surgery choose procedures that "make their eyes wider" (203-204). Both African American women and Asian American women usually choose procedures that minimize or alter features that characterize them as racial minorities, as people not inhabiting white bodies.

2015: 3am at Tim Horton's I confide to my friend my insecurities. I say beauty does not oppress all women in the same way. Sometimes, beauty does not press down equally. Just as women are more vulnerable to self-hate than men, woman of colour are even more so. I tell her, "if Barbie is the ideal, imagine how far I am from that." I motion to myself, my face, my body.

Whether women choose "ethnic" plastic surgeries out of shame or self-defence, its popularity within contemporary culture descends from a long history of using science to devalue nonwhite facial features. These procedures are simply the newest upgrade of the same racist messages. Scientific texts, such as the work of Blumenbach, linked white facial features with beauty. Meanwhile, such texts also focused on any minute physical difference between white and nonwhite women. What features the scientists used to mark women of colour as different, these scientists also associated with illness and deformity. As time passed, this standard added to the oppression of all woman. For example, all women learn to favour light hair, light eyes, and slender noses. Western society devalued nonwhite features so much that anyone with these features—whatever their race—could develop self-hate and even self-destructive behaviours.

1775-1840: Blumenbach develops then presents his concept of races.

Stephen Jay Gould argues that Blumenbach loosely claimed that all races had equal moral and mental capabilities; however this only forced him to seek a different but equally immoral criteria in which to rank people. He chose his aesthetic tastes as the criteria.

> He [Blumenbach] therefore could not use these conventional standards of racist ranking to establish degrees of relative departure from the Caucasian ideal. Instead, and however subjective (and even risible) we view the criterion today, Blumenbach chose physical beauty as his guide to ranking (410).

Blumenbach uses a trivial matter—beauty—to create the racist hierarchy still in use to divide people today.

According to Gould, Blumenbach then divides Carl Linnaeus's four race system into five races purely to create a more symmetrical, and thus a more memorable, diagram. He wanted to show the Caucasian race as superior and therefore needed an odd number to form a pyramid, a visual hierarchy. He set the Caucasian race at the peak of his pyramid. Then he subdivided four races to depict gradual denigration: Caucasian to American Indian and Malay, then American Indian to Oriental and Malay to African (S. Gould 410). With five races, no longer divided geographically as Linnaeus primarily did, Blumenbach leans more on his new criteria, beauty.

2010: From Toni Morrison's *Sula*, I read:

> When Mrs. Wright reminded Nel to pull her nose, she would do it enthusiastically but without the least hope in the world.

> “‘It hurts, Mamma.”
>
> “Don’t you want a nice nose when you grow up?”
>
> After she met Sula, Nel slid the clothespin under the blanket as soon as she got into bed (55).

My nose in a book. My nose pinched between pages, squeezed in the spine just as my nose lays flat on my face as a central metaphor. Turn a page, turn of the century. Characters loom, building images. The images within my mind compile to form their racial profile. Genetic make up. The reader cannot even see Nel but still she must pinch her nose. A pinch, a prick, just a tiny price, just a tiny pain. Red nose for all to see. Better be in pain than with a flat nose. Make it narrower and narrower. I am told that even Marilyn Monroe felt that her nose was too wide.

Contouring her nose with layers of makeup even after the snips and the stitches of cosmetic surgery. The photographs, the fans, and supposed love a new nose promised, still she needed camouflage. Her hair was blonde and her skin white and her eyes, light, and her step, light, and her voice, light, and her being, light until she faded out of existence. Slender and slender. Make it disappear. Such a central place on your face. You know, it can really define you. That’s the reason it’s so important how it looks. But then shouldn’t we exaggerate it if it defines me? I can use it to make me unique—no.

I am not alone. For a woman, self-love is a battle. For a woman to love her body, she accomplishes a great revolt.

HAVE YOU A MOVIE FACE?
GET OUT YOUR RULER!

TESTING AN APPLICANT FOR THE MOVIES. UPPER VIEWS SHOWS CHIN BEING MEASURED. BELOW, RIGHT TO LEFT, MEASURING THE DISTANCE BETWEEN EYES, MEASURING LENGTH OF NOSE.

Advertisement from *The Bisbee Daily Review*. Sunday Morning issue, January 15, 1922. For the nose, the ad gives precise measurements in inches and then demands the reader to "Measure yours!" (6). It suggests one can approach beauty objectively if one is simply precise with calculations and measurements. It suggests one is objective, thus universally correct, once one simply adds numbers to a subjective view. Validity seems housed in the curve and points of numbers just as beauty, character, and evolutionary stages seem housed in the nose, eyes, and lips.

2001: When visiting my mother's family, my lola tells me to pinch my nose to train my nose bridge to grow steeper rather than wider. To demonstrate she pinches her nose. Then she pinches mine. I stare closely at her nose. I remember thinking, yes I can see a little bridge. Later I learn she has a slight bridge because she underwent a nose job in the Philippines years before I was born. I still remember her joy but sternness as she watched me mimic her. With a smile she promised that if I do this everyday my nose will grow beautiful. She says my nose will be just like my sister's. Until then, I did not realize I inherited the wrong nose.

2003: In "Surgical Passing," Kathy Davis claims that cosmetic surgery is often not simply a beauty practice; rather, it is also a woman's confrontation with her identity (74). When a surgeon eliminates racialized traits such as nose and eye shape, the surgeon directly interacts with a woman's racial identity whether this was her intention or not. We inherited a history of devaluing certain facial features. To alter such features does not simply depend on personal taste. Nor is it apolitical. Whether folding the eyelids, narrowing the nose, shortening the nose bridge, or thinning the lips: one eliminates or minimizes features associated with people of colour.

1999: My mother tells me that Tita went to the Philippines and got a blotched nose job. I spend days studying the dimples on the sides of my aunt's nose. For the first time, I understand the definition of "a nose job." Now, I not only know the name for this form of body modification but I also know it is possible and desirable.

The nose job restricts her breathing, my mother says. A “botched” job. “Botched,” my new word. What does a botched body mean? I am told that she had to go back the doctors once already. She told the doctor to fix it she said. I imagine the doctor said, fix it again you mean?

I stare at the centre of her face. I look for traces of the old nose the doctor carved out of existence before my nose even entered this world.

Incision, cartilage, blockage, nasal. Breathe through your nose, smell the roses, inhale and exhale, huff and puff and blow your house down, snout, sniffs and tears, tissues, sneeze, bumps of flesh. Build up the nose high like a mound of sand.

At 8 years old, I just want to know if her old nose looked like my nose. My mother’s family gets nose jobs like some families get braces. My tita’s new nose better matched her mother’s.

2001: My mother tells me a story:

When she was my age a little girl asked if she had been punched in the face. The little girl asked my mother why her nose looked like it did. The girl’s mother just stood there silent.

1918: Madison Grant describes high nose bridges as if they were the newest scientific technology. “The high nose bridge and long, narrow nose, the so-called Roman, Norman or aquiline nose, is characteristic of the most highly specialized races of mankind” (31).

Likewise he describes blue, green, and grey eyes not as inherited but evolving through “specialization” of a Nordic source (Grant 24).

2001: My mother tells my sister no: she cannot buy the blonde doll with blue eyes. After our first year in the United States, we visit the American Girl store. In one room the dolls are displayed in a dark room. Each doll stands in a glass case under a spotlight. My sister approaches the blonde doll. From the opposite, unlit side of the glass, my sister watches the doll under the spotlight.

My mom says that she does not want us to think that only the girls that look like that doll are pretty. She says, she doesn't want to buy a doll that looks like our classmates. There is not a doll that looks like me. I buy a doll with dark hair and blue eyes.

1908: The first scientific baby contest occurs.

1913: The *Women's Home Companion* magazine calls it the Better Babies Contests.

1920: Charles Davenport gives judges "new evaluation forms." He develops the competition into the first Fitter Families for Future Firesides Competition (Eugenics Archive). In *The Myth of Race* Robert Wald Sussman states "a historian, a paediatrician, a psychiatrist, a psychologist, a dentist, a clinical pathologist, and an ear, nose, and throat specialist" judged each child, and subsequently their family. Although these contests did not explicitly discuss race, the eugenics movement aimed to identify the unfit, which included "any children produced by a mixture of races with the superior race" (71). Even infants lived under racialized beauty standards. From the beginning of their lives, women of colour could swallow along with their mother's milk beliefs about the inferiority of their looks.

The first image is of the evaluation of a baby for the Fitter Family Contest from the Eugenics Archive. The second is my baby photo in the opposite camera angle of the first photograph. In the second, the baby looks at the viewer and studies the viewer back.

2003: When I was 13 years old, I lost over 10 pounds after being hospitalized for almost two weeks. I spend most of stay without access to a mirror and without consciousness. When I gain a better grip on reality during the 2nd week, my mothers says that I lost weight. I was in so much pain that I never cared if my ass showed as I walked down the hall, but I care when my mother discusses my thinner face and my thinner nose. She confesses that she always thought I had a wider nose than my sister, but since I lost weight my nose is now "perfect." I remember she used the word "perfect."

I quickly gain the weight back. I ease my shame by promising myself a nose job as soon as I turn 18.

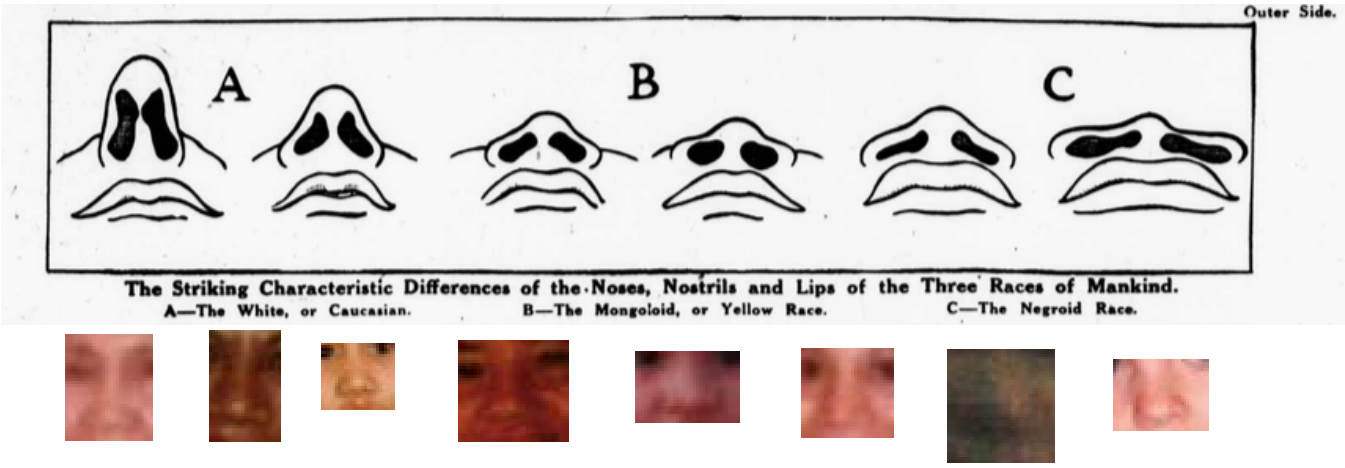
2004: Before I even enter high school I find unbearable the little ball of flesh I call a nose. It stirs countless fights with my mother who had to confront my insecurity simultaneously as she confronted hers. My nose forced my mother to confront my insecurity simultaneously as she confronts hers.

I remember one specific fight that took place late at night in the parking lot of our town's mall.

Metallic cars and night and headlights reflecting from windshields and side mirrors and the slick metal bodies. Aerodynamic and modern design. The department store looms bright in the background. It looks powerful yet more hospitable than the wet darkness around us. Asphalt versus vinyl floors and mannequins. My mother taught me the mathematic design of beauty like a mother teaches their child the Pythagorean theorem. My mom never taught me the Pythagorean theorem, yet how many times did she show me the same picture? Lines, beautiful in its

intersections and symmetry over the face of a female celebrity. Nichole Kidman's face on the television. My mother watching. She says "perfection," a common word spoken when she spots her favourite celebrity. She mentions specific parts—cheekbones, her nose. But she concentrates on the nose. Circling and circling the face obsessively, narrowing, narrowing to the centre, the nose. I know the word for it, "aquiline." The word for it is NOT "perfect" but"aquiline." Slender. Narrower. Slender & narrow compared to what? Delicate and pale; Kidman's whole body is pale and slender and narrow and glowing in this word, "perfection." Hot flashes from cameras. Next appears Brad Pitt: he's in a tuxedo. His hair, blond. Mom says he is what is handsome. The memory plays, projected onto the back of my skull.

1875: In one scene of *Travels in the Philippines*, ethnologist Fedor Jagor describes a group of Filipinos as "repulsive to Europeans." He describes them as "perspiring at every pour" and their "countenances" as the "imprint of the ugliest passions" (28). To him, their faces are nature's symbols of their immoral and primitive characters.



Photographs of noses in my family compared to a diagram of different nose of various races in "Why a Jap Can Never be a 'White Man,'" an article from *The Washington Times* published December 3rd, 1922 (65).

1918: Grant associates flatter nose bridges with infants and a primitive stage of human evolutionary development.

> The nose is an exceedingly important character. The original human was, of course, broad and bridgeless. This trait is shown clearly in new-born infant who recapitulate in their development the various stages of the evolution of the human genius (30).

Grant continues. He associates primitiveness and underdevelopment with racial minorities.

> A bridgeless nose with wide, flaring nostrils is a very primitive character and is still retained by some of the larger divisions of mankind throughout the world (Grant 30).

To those like Grant, noses flatter than his is enough evidence against others. To Grant, their noses alone prove that such people are underdeveloped, child-like, and primitive. Their noses alone symbolize their inferiority to adult white males like Grant.

1993: In "Medicalization of Racial Features: Asian American Women and Cosmetic Surgery," Eugenia Kaw interviews Asian women who underwent cosmetic surgeries to alter their nose or eyes. One woman was only 15 years old at the time of her operation (76). The most popular surgery is the double eyelid surgery, a procedure in which the doctor slices the woman's eyelid and removes tissue to create or exaggerate a crease on her eyelid. The next most popular is

the nose job in which the doctor exaggerates a woman's nose bridge by cutting and resewing the tip of the woman's nose or by implanting cartilage or silicon.

In response to Kaw's shock, the women defend themselves. They say that they had to do it as soon as possible so they could enter their careers on the right foot, or rather nose. They claim they needed a different face for the professional world. A woman, who altered her nose and eyes at only 16 and 17 years old, explains that she needed to do it at such a young age as preparation for life as "a college student" and for "careers ahead" (78). Kaw concludes that these women alter their faces in the hope of gaining social capital.

These women associate white features with attaining careers and other life goals because they associate their Asian features with abnormality and Asian stereotypes. Kaw describes medicine as "a producer of norms" that can use "subtle and often unconscious manipulation of racial and gender ideologies" to convince Asian American women to alter their features (75).

From the 1950s to the 1990s, medical texts used "metaphors of abnormality" or "inadequacy" when describing features associated with Asian people (82). The most popular plastic surgeries for Asian American women change physical features that mark them as Asian, features associated with Asian stereotypes (75).

Asians may be called the "model race," and we may excuse "positive" stereotypes; however, Kaw also identified positive stereotypes as one of the causes some of the women underwent surgery. For example, the seemingly positive stereotype that Asians excel in school twisted into a stereotype of Asians as dull nerds. The women associated their mono-lid eyes with the Asian serotype of the robotic, lifeless, studious student. Some of the women said they underwent surgery on their mono-lid eyelids to look less dull. Thus Kaw easily traced their

rejection of their racialized body part to the negative feelings the women had towards positive and negative stereotypes (79-80). She argues that internalized racism motivates the women to undergo these painful and body-altering surgeries. Medical texts tend to feed upon these women's internalized racism. Surgical "corrections" pathologize the racial trait.

Doctors and medical and scientific texts describe the medical procedure as if Asian stereotypes were aliments and their noses as an ailments. They describe excising the Asian nose as if that would cure these women of stereotypes—or even an Asian identity. Kaw's investigation proves that ethnic cosmetic surgeries enhance a scientific rhetoric that associates nonwhite bodies with deformity. Some scientific texts conflate certain physical traits so much with racial and negative stereotypes that people remove that feature in an attempt to distance or cure themselves from the stereotypes associated with their race and symbolized by their nose, eyes, or lips.

2016: For many women of colour, one's nose, eyes, or lips materialized racial stereotypes. In misplaced fury we attacked our own faces.

Writing this chapter I
Fold time in the
crease of an eyelid,
in paper ripped from
history textbooks,
from medical archives.

Folding paper into

halves, quarters,

the paper compresses

into itself,

its own self.

A folded paper

takes less

space.

Its

easily filed,

organized,

convenient.

1918: When Grant describes the bridgeless nose as a sign of primitiveness and childlike underdevelopment, he quickly notes that such a nose "appears occasionally in white populations," and when it occurs it is "generalized and low character" (Grant 30).

1866: Dr. John Langdon Haydon Down associates the facial features of some of his mentally disabled patients with Asian facial features. He coins the disability, "monogolism,"

which we now call Down syndrome in honour of him. “Down argued that many congenital ‘idiots’…exhibited anatomical features absent in their parents but present as defining features of lower races” (S. Gould 164). These “lower races” where particularly Asian people. While certain physical features may suggest an individual has Down syndrome, these features do not cause their mental disability; however, scientific texts, like the work of Down, devalued Asian features and conflated them with negative attributes. Society’s ablism and racism combined, forming enough potent oppression for both groups.

Eugenics files categorize several groups of people, including racial minorities and disabled people, under the all-encompassing umbrella of the “undesirable” or “unfit.” They gave racial stereotypes form by associating those stereotypes with certain physical traits. Eugenics helped label the bodies of disabled people and racial minorities as unfit, which are “still seen as essentially subhuman, as diseased in some way” (51). Eugenics followed an idea of natural selection that idealizes the “strong at the expense of the weak.” Thus, to eradicate the “unfit” was simply “survival of the fittest,” morally correct and simply following the laws of nature (Sussman 48). In the case of Asian Americans and people with Down syndrome, certain facial features marked them as different. Although these traits did not hamper their health these features were nonetheless seen as a deformity or abnormality. Asian people and people with Down Syndrome could either “correct” these traits or accept them as signs of their inferiority.

Like those in Kaw’s study, doctors began describing the physical “Asian-like” features of people with Down syndrome as a deformity, as if eradicating these physical signifiers eliminated the negative associations. According to Sara Goering, society created an idealized body, and in doing so, created a norm for beauty and health. Plastic surgeons created “maps” of their ideal

body then claimed to be objective because of the precision. By using “measurement charts that purportedly describe the best body ratios,” plastic surgeons made their ideal seem objective rather than opinion (174-175). Like racial minorities, disabled people diverged from the idealized body and people with Down syndrome were encouraged to undergo the surgeries in order help them blend into society (179). In both cases, science unnecessarily pathologized certain features and advocated for minorities to eradicate these features in order for minorities to move closer to what science constructed as a normal body.

2003: Sara Goering traces general beauty standards and the historical denigration of physical traits associated with racial minorities. Due to this history, “many individuals (both white and nonwhite) come to view racialized features as signs of ugliness” (176).

2005: I ask my father to pay the extra money for blue coloured contacts.

White coats of optometrists. Coloured plastic coats pupils. Moist on wet eyes, spherical, like a glass globe. Light enters and is refracted. I remember the image in my high school science textbook. Light funnelled in like the projector screen at the front of the classroom. The image we perceive is projected upside down to the back of our skull. The brain automatically, unconsciously reverses the image. Places it upright. How many images have I distorted? Glass, plastic, and light, illumination and clarity, projection, enlarging images, refractory, distortion, spatial reasoning, visual reality distorted by plastic and light. Seeing is believing.

He buys me the cheaper clear ones. He tries again to explain to me that he thinks I am being silly. I just envision how many more people would like me at my new high school if I had

pretty eyes. This was not expensive vanity, as I try to explain. I want the other students to talk to me, and even more, I want to feel like I deserve to be spoken to.

1918: According to Grant, brown eyes are primitive while the light eyes prove evolutionary development, "specialization." Like the low bridged nose, dark eyes are "all but universal among wild animals…" (Grant 24).

2015: I search "Why do people like blue eyes better?" on Google. The first result is a 2011 article from *Mental Floss* that states:

> In a 2007 British study, researchers found that blue eyed people were better at strategic thinking and generally performed better in tasks that required long-term thought… (Plautz).

The article is titled "Reasons to Feel Good About Having Blue Eyes." It links to a 2007 article from the *Daily Mail* titled, "Why Blue-eyed Boys (and Girls) are So Brilliant." It shows Stephen Hawking as an example (Clerkin).

2015, 2011, 2005, 1918, rewind, fast forward time, the ideas repeat like an ominous beat.

2004: My father stands confused, perhaps even uncomfortable. He caught me editing my photo on the computer. I was colouring my brown eyes, blue. I had uploaded a picture of myself and was painstakingly changing the colour of my eyes. This took me hours. I explain to my father that I am just curious.

Meticulous obsession. New generation of people and technology. Savvy millenniums with the same bodies, the same beliefs. Twenty-first century technology upgrade; eighteenth-century racial values. Words like “beautiful” and “good” and “love” come in colours and shapes of other people and I want them. I want my body as it changes to change shapes and colours and stop at a form that will give me love. Is that too much to ask? To ask for the promise of love in my future? Preparation for adulthood. The potential for social mobility. Success. Love. Family. Husband. Friends. Career. A person liked, love, respected. A good fit for the neighbourhood, office, family.

Diagram from "Why a Jap Can Never be a 'White Man.'"

Beside the article's title and this photo, these words sit bold on the page: "Remarkable peculiarities of the face…which nature has woven into the body of the Japanese which cannot be hidden from the eyes of science" (65).

2003: Kathy Davis explains that many individuals choose plastic surgery as a defence mechanism. The degree you "stick out" in white Western society determines how much you must alter your body to function in white Western society. Davis claims that women do not have cosmetic surgery to minimize their racial traits for only financial mobility but also for assimilation (77). Davis notes that throughout history, the description of these nondominant features were "typically mixed with descriptions of character" (77).

She claims that in these instances minorities are "forced to find ways to disguise their 'otherness'—that is to become invisible—in order to improve their life chances" (87). Among many reasons, these surgeries may function like racial passing, where the individual feels so oppressed that they tamper with their identity in hopes of escaping the misery of daily subordination and oppression (77). Cutting up their face is less painful than continuing life in their natural bodies.

They cut up their faces not simply "to look better," not simply to look special, but to move though life with just a little less effort. To blend in.

2005: I've seen my father's mother only a handful of times. During one of her visits, my parents left us with her. She sits in the bathroom for about an hour, several times a day.

I approached the door and hear her moaning.

2011: As doctors predicted, my Grandmother's kidneys begin to fail. At this point, I read my high school health textbook; I now understand that compulsively taking laxatives to lose

weight is a form of bulimia. I now understand that she has battled bulimia for almost all her adult life. I now understand why doctors told her to say goodbye to her children since her children were five years old.

2014: My Grandmother dies. Out of everyone in my family, she was the closest to Barbie. She was the only woman biologically close to me yet physically close to idealized white beauty standards. When I first saw her, I thought she looked beautiful like the women on TV. After her death, we clear her home and rip down her kitchen cupboards.

"Beauty" will vacate your body.

It will clear you out, rip you down, hollow your body. It will shrink you until you cease to exist. Shape your body as you wish, but as soon you give beauty complete control, it will slice your nose in half at the nostril; it will make you shit blood; it will bury your dead body. Self-love is a battle. You must fight for it. You must.

1865: Blumenbach choses his personal view of beauty as his criteria of ranking humanity "however subjective (and even risible)" (S. Gould 410).

2016: From Toni Morrison's *Sula*, I learn that I am not alone.

That fact once gave me comfort, now it only saddens me to think that there are generations of women of many colours who would feel the same amount of self hatred as I once did when I looked into the mirror.

Contouring the nose. Dabs of dark eye shadow to each side. Youtube videos on repeat. minute 4:33—rewind—minute 4:25. A light-skinned women in blush and black eyeliner shows how to minimize her nose, which she feels is still not small enough. Traits associated with racial minorities are disparaged even when possessed by white people.

In "I Feel Bad About My Nose: For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Getting a Nose Job When Contouring Isn't Enough," Gabby Bess recounts that already at age 11 or 12 she would look at her nose and think that it "ruined the rest of me." Other popular media outlets such as *The Huffington Post* mistakingly see the history of nose "correcting" devices as simply a quirk in history, but she argues that they forget about the legacy of oppressive beauty standards. She points out that overall, fewer women now undergo nose jobs, however more and more women of colour in particular undergo nose jobs and the numbers seems to continue to rise (Bess).

Is my nose Asian or white? When I ask others I receive a mix of answers. Perhaps because a nose bridge is not the wall between races. You cannot use a nose to mark the exact spot a race begins and the other ends.

My face is a patchwork of traits.

Folds and mountain of flesh and creases and indentions context and concave and stretched.

A racial marker raised high in the centre of my face. It marks a territory like a flag.

The story I tell myself:

Everyone assumes you will undergo a nose job.

Another time when I just wasn't white enough. My nose was just a little too wide. Another time when a female body took just too much space. Too much space on the face. Another time I didn't conform to the approved measurements. Sharp bridges, sharp boundaries splitting a spectrum of people.

By idealizing white bodies, nonwhite bodies become deviations from the norm—nonwhite bodies become deformities.

Today, my lips are a canopy of skin-overgrowth, like a curtain they hide the teeth and the cave of the mouth. A tongue textured and soften like the bottom of the sea. My family drove south for hours in a car smelling of vomit and oranges. With his head still sparsely populated with hair strands, my baby brother would trickle spit from his mouth like a dying waterfall until he vomited down his stomach and legs. When other mouths ejected complaints, my mother squeezed orange peels between her nut-brown fingers that grew darker each day under the July sun. We would transport our bodies directly to the beach, tumble these limbs out of the car. We dragged them across hot sands, then paused them at the edge of the water. Although our bodies were a meter or less long, they were already 90% water.

Foot by foot we would enter the water; foot by foot, we would sink into the silky sand hidden under grey saltwater.

Years later, when my bones elongated and my torso expanded, I learn that water molecules fracture when you tell them "you are unlovable."

These memories are what my tongue feels like today.

My tongue now lays wide and flat, filling the gully of the lower jaw, enclosing the bottom fence of teeth. Until my mom was 13 years old, her tongue slid differently than it does now. Tagalog is a dance of hard sounds, so her tongue often tensed and clapped the insides of her cavernous mouth. Her lips fold inside then pucker out, softening in and blooming out to erupt noises like rocks falling on rocks.

Moisture now collects inside my mouth like rain in a bucket. The wet walls drip smooth like the insides of a freshly caught fish. Teeth, white like bones and hard like a steel hook. My mother's family owned money in a land that had more water than soil.

My father's family in Seattle dwelled where there was more soil than water. There they fished. I saw my father's land in old films made of foggy but saturated colours. In films of blond boys in flannel jackets standing by water as blue as blue jays, as blue as the American flag, as blue as their eyes as blue as blue jays, as blue as the American flag, as blue as water, as blue as the eyes behind a plastic TV screen looking at my eyes as dark as soil.

My brown eyes live atop my thick nose and my thick lips.

I grew up in Kentucky. There it is all soil, dirt on dirt beside dirt, but in the summer it rains until the ground can't absorb anymore water. Small seas form atop the Kentuckian bluegrass.

My teeth are crooked like trees that grow from the side of steep Kentucky hills, like the teeth on the Asian man in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. I sat with my sister watching the movie.

We

fell through decades—

vertigo—

like falling in a dream,

like falling through each league in the sea—

suffocating from the panic

thinking, “I am drowning.”

Conclusion(s)

(Results, theories, the end, the

opportunity to achieve finitude)

1. Look away from this page and at your body.
2. What is it?
3. Not who but— *what* are you?
4. What place does this pile of flesh occupy in the space beyond it?
5. How does it interact with the space and lives outside itself?
6. How does that space and lives interact with it?

Conclusion #1

- I am a body.

Like children hopping around shards of a broken mirror, we played with and potentially risked our identities on pieces of discourse. My stories sometimes played, sometimes splintered into pain. For many of us, order can restore comfort. My body is not only racialized. My body always exists within a social and historical context but it also exists beyond that. It confronts pain, desire, loss, love in situations that involve more than politics. My body lives in a world already so complex with or without the presence of my body. The infinity of space surrounds all human bodies. Thus, we all may feel a comfort in exerting order onto this world and then rooting that order in nature. Even my identity seems more sturdy and more apt to confront danger if it's rooted in nature, numbers, and claims of truth.

To accept race as a social construction means confronting humanity's variability and losing the comfort of a consist unalterable world. It means releasing one's original hypothesis and one's confidence in a long-held theory. Perhaps even saying, "I do not know."

Acknowledging the limitlessness of human capacity and variability may mean acknowledging the limits of one's present knowledge and experiences.

I respect the comfort we feel in exerting order and building systems. We need order to function daily. As I did in the previous pages, we must even organize our emotions and memories at times. But that comfort can prevent us from rejecting destructive systems. Science can liberate and when it does, deserves praise; however, this praise may also prevent us from shattering oppressive scientific claims.

Conclusion #2

- I am a body in time and space.

With the human body's immense variability and capacities, the human body is limitless yet still restricted to a specific time and place.

2015: When debating with my peer about racism and sexual harassment he starts his argument with, "I searched on google and found…"

I want to interrupt him to say, "but see—you've already established your platform as shaky. You're approaching this argument with less experience and a resource that archives everything."

It is a privilege to learn about racism and sexism from a website, a class, or a book. Everyone else must experience it first, then try to painfully digest it, to make sense of it,

make sense of it to endure memories,

make sense of it to harmonize a self that is fractured,

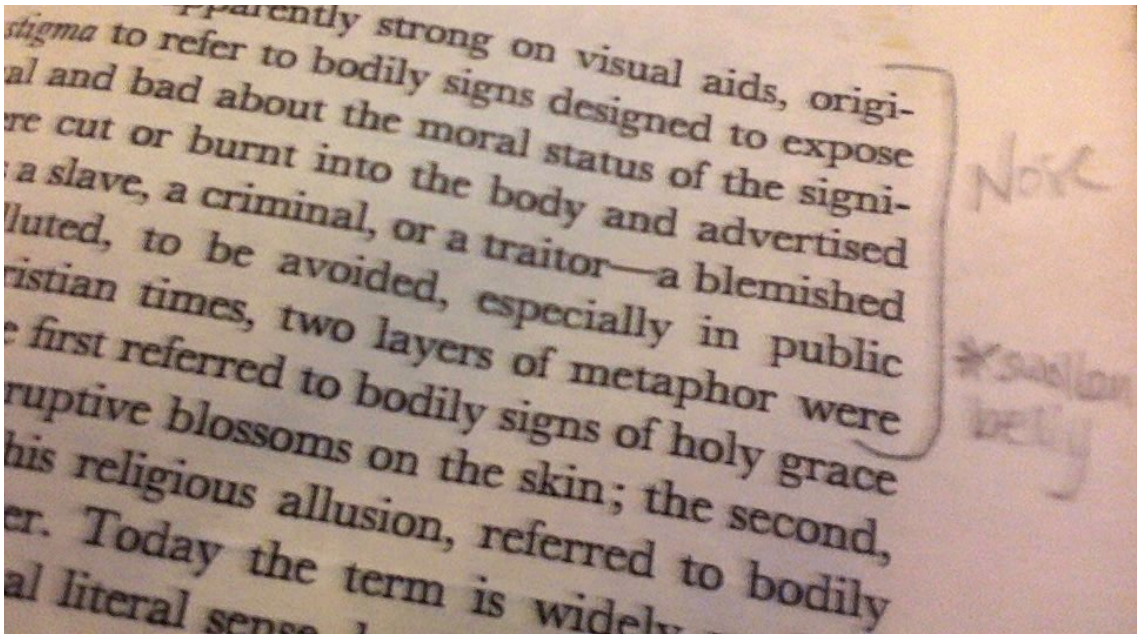
make sense of it to see the wall between their self-worth and their price tag,

make sense of it so they never make others uncomfortable with their anger,

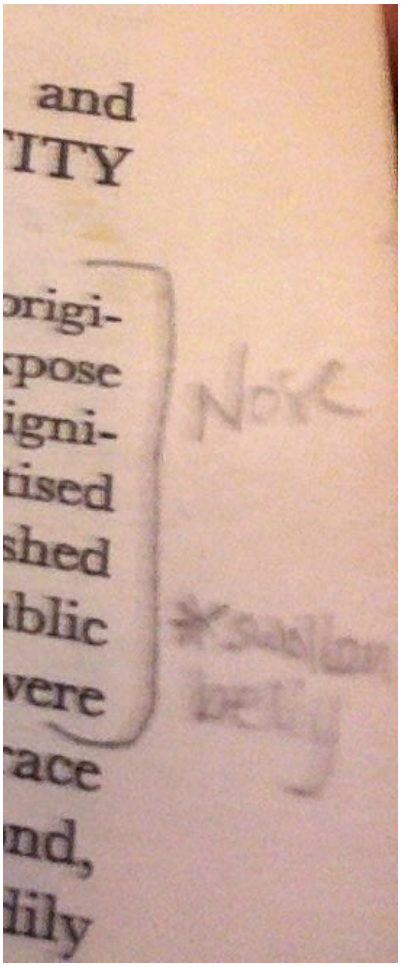
make sense of it so those who never experience racism or sexism can learn how they have historically treated others.

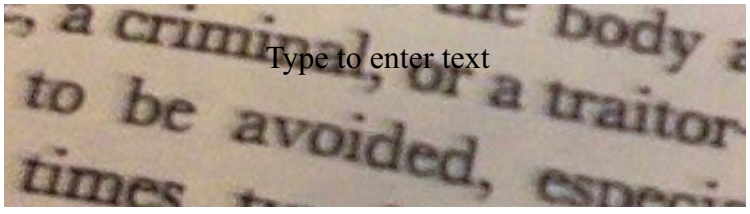
It is a privilege to learn about history and not see faces like your family's in pictures of those enslaved, massacred, or colonized.

Our physical and mental perspective of our bodies and the world depends on where we stand.



Researching
from the Margins





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The preceding page is discussed in the glossary under, “Stigma.”

I am liberating the form of the academic paper to defy scientific racism, which misused this trusted form to hide the falsity of their claims. Even their footnotes debased non-white, non-Western people while prohibiting them from entering the argument. Scribbles in the margins: here I enter. Here I can join other deviant readers.

Such deviance: the other reader entered the university’s library and wrote their words alongside the acclaimed author’s. Without approval, they wrote on official documents in a respected place.

Marginalized people.

Marginalized readers.

Someone already occupies the page.

Pushed to the margins.

When we cannot enter the conversation, look to the margins for space. In this work, I rigidly analyze but never at the risk of writing over the horrific personal and social effects; here I unravel the authority of such texts.

The page can be contested space

or the page can be shared space.

The handwritten word “nose,” the fingerprint from smudged ink, the bends in the paper and spines, all remind me that reading is communal and that often knowledge does not simply appear. Rather knowledge is a relationship, a network of people working alongside.

The other reader’s marks remind me that we conduct our research as a body amongst other bodies.

Thinking is always a physical, social act.

Conclusion #3

- Our social identities frame our perspectives on the world. Culture can warp even the most seemingly objective points of view.

When scientists define objectivism as the opposite of the cultural and the personal, they define scientific excellence as the purging of all personal bias. However, this mentality ironically inhibits the researcher from detecting their personal bias. If science opposes the personal and the cultural, then the personal and cultural are no longer legitimate topics in the field. Thus, there lacks a language and space to explore how cultural and personal biases enter into one's work.

Purging all personal and cultural influences inhibits the researcher from detecting destructive biases. Biases do not just go unchecked; rather, such a scientist who purges all personal and cultural influences can only see the most obvious points of views—those that differ from theirs. They eradicate only "those social values and interests that differ among researchers and critics," while believing they eradicated all social biases (*Whose Science?* 143).

Contrastingly, here is where Harding believes our research stands: "the place in race, gender, and class relations." Cultural influence can be where our idea "originates" and "receives its empirical support—as part of the implicit or explicit evidence for our best claims" but also "our worst ones" (*Whose Science?* 12). Sandra Harding bases her premise on showing science's ability to be progressive or regressive.

Culture stirs scientific beliefs and likewise, science can stir political movements. Science and culture are inextricably tied for better or worse. For example, Emily Martin explains how in the 17th century, the French revolution and the "new liberal claims of Hobbes and Locke" caused a new "loss of certainty that the social order could be grounded in the natural order." This dismissal of the natural order should have allowed women to also leave their supposed natural place; however, by the next century, "the social and biological sciences were brought to the rescue of male superiority" (Martin 32). As science progressed, it replaced the idea of two separate gender spheres—the male sphere of objectivity and work versus the female sphere of emotions and domestic life—with a theory of body heat. This ultimately evolved into furthering the idea that men and women had dramatically different bodies even to "the level of the cell" (Martin 34). In response to social changes, the sciences reinstated male superiority as natural. The above example shows the intricate dance between culture and science—both of which contain repressive and progressive possibilities. In the above case, culture promoted equality, but in response, science reinstated its power structures.

We cheer, "Scientific progress that can expand in all directions. Science is the universe revealed in all its glory!" Infinity is a scientific concept, but the female body is restricted. We politely ask the female body to shrink, to take up less space. "Please," we say, "soak up your fluids, thin down your fat flesh." Seems there is no room in the idea of infinity for female bodies.

Rather than seeing objectivity and science as the opposite of one's cultural and personal beliefs; I argue this is a false dichotomy with detrimental consequences. Culture can grip tight on science, and if science does not face this, science can transform into pure propaganda aimed at

controlling or annihilating. Likewise, science seeps into even the most private aspects of our lives—such as our relationship to our bodies. If one remains ignorant of science's influence on our culture and personal beliefs, we become susceptible to indoctrination.

Conclusion #4

- Entwined with culture, science did not simply organize the animals and natural world. It also organized humanity. One of its most lasting organizational systems is race. In fact, scientific race theories came with so much power they seemed natural. The history of scientific racism lists endless stories of racism altering one's sense of reality.

We may find scientific racism so racist as to be almost laughable. However, as Stephen Jay Gould and Samuel J. Redman continually remind their readers, these scientific works revolutionized their fields if not their culture. The texts performed some of the most advanced and precise science of their time.

Paul Broca's increasingly precise methodology exemplifies how he upheld accuracy and adhered to the rigours of a method. Paul Broca's method and data only grew more and more precise. In fact, Broca eventually became eternalized through the Broca area of the frontal lobe associated with speech. This proves that he performed research well enough. Likewise, Henry H. Goddard believed he undeniably saw the physical signs of feeblemindedness. Nevertheless, Goddard and Broca's conclusions about human capability were incorrect and detrimental to the future of mankind.

Modern scientists performed methods based on the precise observation of nature—but racism undermined even something as undeniable as mathematics and eyesight. They say, "seeing is believing," but racism disturbed even the most basic of truths.

Racism could warp even the era's most brilliant of minds. Race is a concept and thus lacks a body for you to attack. Biological race does not exist anywhere but in our minds as a social construction yet as the real pains of oppression.

Conclusion #5

- Although racial categories are social constructions, race becomes real and present in the body when manifested in oppressive acts. In the bodies of racial minorities, disadvantage manifests physically. It is an understatement to say—racism is lethal.

"There is nothing natural about systematically collecting and studying the dead" (Redman 277).

As seen in the fervent hunt for skulls, scientific racism not only excluded women and racial minorities from knowledge. Such a science grew into a discipline where racial minorities were more valuable dead than alive.

The body shows race only through presence or absence of physical or psychological suffering.

When you allow another person to treat another inhumanly
you are not just permitting that inhumane act.
You are not just permitting the inhuman treatment of one group.
You are permitting inhumanity.

Conclusion #6

- After naturalizing race, Westerners used race to comprehend the world, to organize it around themselves.

Scientists needed to reduce racial minorities to mere bodies, because the complexity of individuals would unravel their over-simplistic race constructions.

Connecting Stephen Jay Gould's argument with Nancy Stepan's, I argue that racialization itself is comparable to a literary technique. One way of understanding racialization is to imagine it as the rhetorical figure synecdoche, a literary device where one uses a part to represent a whole. For example, to say, "all hands on deck," is to use the sailors' hands to represent them as

workers. By using the bodies of racial minorities to symbolize such things as the primitive or barbaric science reduced racialized bodies into symbols.

Like Gould's "reification" and the literary device synecdoche, science minimized more complex ideas into a simple physical object. Gould claims and Redman notes, several scientific disciples, from medicine to anthropology, directly reduced their subjects' personalities by directly linking their behaviours to their physical features.

> Medical doctors, anthropologists, and other scientists in the United States and Europe came to believe that perceived behavioural attributes of different peoples—such as intelligence and industriousness—could be directly correlated with physical characteristics, such as size and shape of the skull (Redman 5).

In this case, science shrunk people—their spirit, abilities, life— into a collection of racialized body parts. Because scientists could measure body parts and code the person as numbers, science continued to shrink and rank humans as simply objects of study. By shrinking the person and their value into one simple physical attribute, science could use the authority of their measurements to back their subjective claims.

1928: In the museum exhibition, if one racialized person's bone was lost they simply replaced it with another person's bone: "bones were presumed to be similar enough to be simply interchangeable within racial categories" (5). Racial minorities were interchangeable; individuality did not exist, and beyond the skeletons, certainly individual talents and each person's unique value did not either. Scientific texts objectified their subjects, reducing them to specimens and then simple concepts. Backed by the authority of science, the scientists reduced

them into mere objects. The scientific texts failed to mention or properly disclose that studied it studied human bodies—human remains—and immense ethical implications of conducting such studies.

> Throughout all of these debates, collections of skeletal remains were conceptualized as scientific objects, rather than bodies of the dead, a fact that seemed to barely referenced at all (206).

After the body became only an object it could be simply "a tool in scientific study and display" (Redman 13). Racial minorities could not enter the scientific field thus they could not argue against claims made about them. Reduced to simply skulls racial minorities were not just objectified; reduced to simply skulls they could not argue against claims made about them. Once a scientist supposedly proved the intellectually inferiority of racial minorities, the scientist could claim there was no reason to gain the point of view of living racial minorities.

Scientific texts could easily shape racial minorities into anything that could bolster their arguments. Their lives and their bodies became objects and then these objects became symbols that could be used to represent anything. White male scientist claimed to be understanding humanity, but only they had full membership to this so called "humanity."

The objectified, lifeless form of the bones also made it easier for white male scientist to use racial minorities as conceptual tools, symbols available for the scientist to understand himself. If their bodies were figuratively or literally silent and lifeless, a scientist could transformed those bodies into tools for discovery and self-reflection, a tool to enter the white psyche and its understanding of the world and humanity. Racial minorities were shrunk to their

bodies and their bodies shrunk into bones and numbers. Reduced, they were confined, accessible, transferable. They became easy logical tools, metaphors easily understood, evidence easily listed.

2008: I read from Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*, "With her little Chinese eyes and her puckered-up face, she would never marry; one could not take her painting very seriously; she was an independent little creature…" (Woolf). I return to this memory.

Conclusion #7

- Since the conception of racial categories, white Americans shaped these categories to their benefit. Race benefits those who control the categories.

Because politics and culture always affects scientific discoveries, those in power have gained the most influence in the field and can use science to advance their agendas. To see this regressive science as simply the actions of individual scientists ignores the greater issues within science and our culture. As Harding explains, the problem "is not how one scientist or another used or abused social power" rather the problem is "where the sciences and their agendas, concepts, and consequences have been located within particular currents of politics" (*Whose Science?* 81) Science entwines with culture, thus we must see science as a cultural phenomena and like all cultural phenomena, manmade and reflecting aspects of our society.

As when people off-handedly classify people racially, this science used evidence that was metaphorical, politically significant, and most of all, convenient for them. More convenient for them than learning about another culture, more convenient than talking to another group of people. More convenient for the classifier (the white individual) and not necessarily the subject.

Conclusion #8

- Ignoring personal aspects of racial identity, such as unique familial and community ties, has results in not considering important aspects of minority communities—not legitimizing domestic ties that may offer psychological or emotional stable centres for women of colour. Sometimes, the nuclear family is just a white family.

For a long time my mother was the only woman I ever saw naked. For most of my childhood I expected to grow a body similar to hers.

The women of my family are a sisterhood that not only crosses “races” and generations but also crosses sexualities, sexual behaviour, understandings of what it means to be sexual, understandings of what it is to be “good” or “proper,” understandings of what is the “good” or “proper” use of our female body parts.

Conclusion #9

- Biracial women must navigate a network of privileges and disadvantages.

In almost every memory where my mother faces racism, the abuser walks past me to her.

Biracial women sometimes receive certain privileges that our parent will never receive and sometimes, receives disadvantages the other parent will never receive. While we must learn to voice our indignation, we must also learn to acknowledge our privileges.

For much of my life, I've learned to accept racism; I've learned to be accommodating. Along with one's first word or one's memory of the first day of school, biracial children have other firsts: the first time they understood someone was racist towards their parent, the first time they understood someone was racist towards themselves, the first time they look down at their body and tried to negotiate what they saw with what they understood their race as. One time, my mother taught me the symbols of the KKK incase I accidentally saw a member. One time, my favourite teacher walked me home, and I saw her discomfort when she saw the peeling, sunflower wallpaper. Many biracial children learn these lessons before they learn the basics of biology. Before they learn about gravity, Earth's rotation, or even their location on a map—they learn that some people will hate them. They learn that some people will never truly like them; they learn that some people may hate them because of their bodies.

Biracial children have their own education and observations too. We have our own foundations for our logic, mental schemes, and perspectives on the world. Our lives, how we move our bodies through the world in relation to other bodies— is our own raw experiment. We note patterns in hopes of understanding the world and predicting future possible outcomes, but in our case, it is a necessary means for survival.

As someone who is biracial, I am still half white. I still have privileges. One privilege is to place blame elsewhere. It is easy to label one individual as the racist villain just as it is easy to make false claims about another's race. Just because it is easy to label something does not mean that represents the full or accurate story. Systematic racism needs the participation of many of us. Sometimes, I can pass as white or can cash in my white privilege. At young age I learned to do so. I was taught that it was an unfair system but my hands were tied. I should be grateful for whatever I got, for whatever I got away with.

Originally I wrote my thesis as an argument claiming how we have misunderstood the literary language of scientific works. However, I digressed from this goal because I did not feel it would be most impactful. It would frame me too much as an expert and victim of racism, when in fact, as a biracial woman I have received a share of privileges. These are "passing privileges," privileges others mediate and decide and subject to change beyond my control; however, these are privileges nevertheless.

One privilege most eugenicists had was to write about race without having to write about painful aspects of their lives. Their findings could be seen as unemotional and impersonal; more so, they had the even greater privilege of actually remaining impersonal and unemotional while addressing race issues. They could still be the objective scientists— unemotional, detached,

separated from the data—because they exhibited the universal man. White, male—their identities were the standard from which they could compare other races. Without drawing attention to their intelligence or race, they could question another's intelligence and benefit from the findings. While white privilege hid behind their biases, their research benefited them in bolstering their beliefs and white supremacy—their supremacy.

For any person from a historically oppressed group, researching prejudice and identity leads to confronting a dark history. It means to dwell on prejudice they experience in their personal lives. My study on scientific racism as a biracial woman led to sadness, frustration, anger. I confronted history, the root of some of my painful memories.

Many Americans today may not hold the same blatant racism as Charles Davenport, but many American still have the privilege of first learning about racism through research rather than experience. As someone Davenport would have labelled as a "hybrid," I have no such privilege. The initial stage of my research was not a quest for new ideas but for a more articulate, theoretical explanation for the racism and sexism I experienced or witnessed. As I continued, these personal experiences ignited my pursuit for understanding the history and finding a framework to articulate these findings. Davenport work is still relevant because scientists and medical professionals like him extended a method of approaching the body based on a legacy of racism and sexism. Work like his still effects how marginalized bodies like my body are viewed —how my biracial body can pass as a privileged white body while other times be stigmatized as a body of colour.

Conclusion #10

- There is nothing inherently revolutionary about a biracial body. The history of scientific racism is as long as the history of self-hatred driving multiracial people to pass as white and uphold white superiority. But a biracial person's demand for more can also be channeled into personal revolt. Like white privileges, biracial privileges can be used to show the injustice of racial discrimination.

2002: In rural Kentucky, at my school desk sits my biracial, female body. "Biracial," "female," "body"— those words alone narrate a story. My body is entering puberty—thus I am trying to re-conceptualize my body as a woman and as Asian/white, coloured/but not really coloured.

My teacher tells the class a story:

In the wealthy neighbourhood surrounding our school, a child was waiting for the bus. Now the child is in the hospital. She says a wild dog attacked the child.

In Kentucky we learn to love our dogs, admire the coyotes, but fear the mix breed of them both. The dogs usually loved us back and the coyotes usually feared us, but the mutts were different. The mutts were born without the fear of humans. The mutts were born with the entitlement to walk amongst our homes like our dogs. Thus, the mutts would pass as dogs then

attack the children of the town. Unable to respect the natural divisions, the mutts replaced a dog's obedience and a coyote's survival instincts for vicious ambition and self-centredness.

Conclusion #11

- I am an Asian woman with a white body. Since I can wear this body and play a white identity I know there is nothing intrinsically more valuable about a white body, white identity, and white experiences than any other race's.

A natural fact like gravity: race is unnatural. My body experiences this fact everyday like one experiences the Earth's rotation around the sun: the fact that a body is naturally raceless is true even if we did not always believe it, even if we initially struggle to prove it, and even if it ruins our perception of the world and its existing power structures.

The photograph of my grandmother in black face to the photograph of her and me, to the photograph of my grandmother, to her comment, to her photograph of me.

Racism does not live only within the bones of institutions and systems.

It also lives in the bones of people.

Even as an idea, racism still lives within humanity and that complicates racism because humans are always complicated.

Conclusion #12

- Like the biracial body, science houses the potential to uphold racism or dismantle it.

Out of every institution that has promoted racism, science stands as an apt example because of what Sandra Harding calls its “progressive” or “liberatory,” and its “regressive” or “oppressive” potential.

Like the space on the body, the space on page is contested space, a space that can be colonized. Atomized, segregated, and barricaded. The blank page was once not free space but a space for only approved knowledge, a space for only privileged voices from privileged bodies. But my page is space for resistance. Every page has space for language and views that overflow from desired focus or extend beyond dominate knowledge. The personal, the poetic, the stories and facts that digress: here they lay. The things that lay outside the focus also contextualizes it. Things that lay beyond focus also situates the subject on a wider plane of information and expressions. Figuratively and literally, the margins—the peripheral, the lattice of excluded voices—highlight the text’s boundaries while proving there exists possibilities beyond its core.

Here from the margins I use literary language to create my own counter mythology. Science aims only to communicate thus opts for overused images and supposedly readily understandable metaphors. However, writers opt for unique images. Something new. Not dead like bones. They look for something with the stinking sticky parts of life, the flesh. I am the perfect example of imperfect, complex humanity. I am a woman writing something she carved out of her flesh. I made something of the body—fragmented, complex, and intermixed with

personality, feelings, and emotions. My experiences overflows from the page—splashing, messy, stinking, sticky onto the floor. It smells of sticky sweet sweat, sticky sweet saliva, the bodies living in the margins. Marginalized but alive nonetheless. The specimen peers over the observer's notepad and imagines another story, her story about her world hidden by the scientist's page.

Final Conclusion:

- I leave my body and work unfinished.

Research about race meant confronting race as a social construction. More so, it meant confronting the human body as limitless in its variability and my understanding of even my own body as limited. My fractured autobiography articulates a fractured self and narrative. My research smashes my pervious beliefs—even about myself— into smaller and smaller pieces. When I wrote I had to piece together all those tiny splinters. To write such a biography required translating my fractured memories and emotions into letters ordered into words, words ordered into sentences, and sentences ordered into a collection of writing that represented a history.

Rather than advocating a simple linear historical account, Sara Ahmed speaks of multitudes when describing the history of race. Within the first two pages of "Racalized Bodies" Ahmed admits that one cannot simply trace the process in which people racialized the body.

> Thinking of racialization as a process whereby bodies come to be seen, known, and lived as "having" a racial identity means attending to the multiple histories of the *production* of

racialized bodies (47).

One cannot easily trace the process because it is not a linear line. “Thinking of racalization as a process,” or confronting race as a social construction explodes seemingly solid things—time and our bodies. The “multiple histories” Ahmed describes seem to tangle. She begins her chapter by admitting that she cannot even being to untangle those knots within the small space she has.

The false origin story of science is linear and simple. In glory, science’s story moves only one way— consistently towards progress. The story of race does not. Histories and limbs tangle; however, the tangles can benefit us. According to Harding, one cannot use “a simplistic and satisfying Aristotelian plot.” Rather, when dealing with feminist science one “must follow a more disorienting Brechtian storyline” (*Whose Science?* xi). This tangle of time, theories, and different identities can house novel combinations and novel ideas.

Ideology, political beliefs, memories, our sense of self—all reside in the body, and the body grows and reacts to the world around it.

May-July 2016: It is the final 3 months before I turn in this creative thesis. During these 3 months of summer, America witnesses several pivotal events that vividly broadcasts the extreme oppression of women and minority groups. In each event, oppressed bodies were violently battered or violently destroyed. When I rise from my chair and walk away from my books and writing, this world confronts me:

June 3rd, a letter written by a female suvivor of rape goes viral after her rapist receives minimal charges. Her lawyer and the police presented hard evidence against the rapist, including two witnesses that consistently and adamantly spoke against him in court, in interviews, and in police questionings. Despite this and the woman's unwavering strength and courage, the rapist receives minimal charges.

Across the United States, women voice outrage. They sign petitions; they voice indignation; they ask for justice. One woman is Congresswoman Ann McLane Kuster. After hearing about the "Standford Rapist" she grew so indignant that she took the House Floor and spoke on national television about her experience with sexual assault, which she kept secret until this speech. She bravely recounts that when she was 18 years old, a young man on campus also sexually assaulted her. At age 23 she was assulted by another man—a distinguished guest of the U.S. Congress. She republished her speech on her Youtube channel and titled it "We are all Emily Doe" (Kuster).

Emily Doe's rapist, Brock Turner, continues to serve minimal charges.

Too many women I befriended or loved have been raped. Too many times I've listened to their horrific accounts and cried. Every time someone discusses this news story I feel so nauseated I must immediately leave to lay down. After months of therapy this has restarted my nightmares. I return to my childhood home where I should feel safe. One night while there, I dream of a man trying to hurt me. My screams wake me. Even as I child, I never had a dream that scared me enough to cause me to scream. I call and check up on the important women in my

life. Some nights I panic—I profusely sweat and struggle to breathe. On those nights I cannot even sleep in my bed. I sleep on the couch in the lounge of our student residence, closer to my friends' rooms and where others could hear me.

June 12th, Omar Mateen enters a gay nightclub and commits the largest mass shooting in American history.

Powerful people in the media, such as Republican candidate Donald Trump, continue to spit homophobia or completely disregard the grief within the LGBTQ community.

Following the attack, *Sky News* interviews the journalist and political activist Owen Jones. The interviewers describe the attack as only a terrorist attack. Owen tries to explain that this minimizes the role homophobia played and ignores that the shooting was also a hate-crime. The TV hosts loudly disagree and repeatedly interrupt him until they are shouting over him.

In frustration Jones tries to speak. "I'm sorry but can we just explain—you don't understand this because you're *not gay, okay*—so just listen…just listen." They continue to speak over him (O. Jones).

My friend describes feeling dizzy when he initially read the headlines. His eyes glanced across two phrases: "gay night club" and "the largest mass shooting in American history." After, the rest of words only slam into each other. The page blurred. His mind and body struggled to process it.

From behind the news hosts, the viewer can see people gathering outside the bar. Many cross their arms, place their hands over their mouth, and twitch their limbs as they watch the shut doors of the bar. Many also simply stand there, holding each other as if their bodies might collapse if they did not.

July 6th: A police officer shoots Philando Castile without legitimate reason. His girlfriend sits beside him terrified. She films the situation including her boyfriend as he bleeds to death (Russell).

In response to the attack, his girlfriend speaks on national television demanding for social justice. While others form her family and community gather closer to her, her misery seems to make her body twitch, to make her body malfunction.

Many in the African American community come together to form the Black Lives Matter Movement; however, others create All Lives Matter. It attracts more than just blatant racists. Numerous videos, articles, tweets, and posts spread through the media and web. People claim to sympathize with both side and to simply want peace; however, this “peace” is only silence when faced with injustice. After great tragedy, still African Americans could not say that their lives mattered without someone interrupting them.

When confronted with another’s tragedy—the breaking of innocent people—many failed empathize with minority groups. They failed at simply listening so they could feel along with the other person.

Bodies Expressing Indignation: 2016

Let me repeat:

In every case, someone with more privilege violently assaulted or violently murdered the body of someone from a discriminated group.

In every case, that person committed the violence because they did not value that other's body.

In every case, they did not respect that body because they did not value the life that existed in that body.

In every case, many Americans continue to devalue the victim's community even after the community confronts them with indignation and courage.

In every case, others from the community feel a sharp psychological pain. Thy feel this pain also in their bodies. This pain spreads through their communities like a disease.

In every case, America's response seems to whisper to them, "Fear for your vulnerable, targeted body—fear for your life."

We feel tragic events like racial oppression not only as violence against our beliefs but also violence against our bodies, against our mental and physical well being—against our lives.

Privilege means always having the right to speak. And with the right to speak you can tell others how to feel. In all the above cases, others spoke over minorities to re-explain to the minorities their own experiences as minorities—what they should or not grieve or get angry about. Oppression is lacking the right to speak for yourself even when you face potential bodily harm. Scientific racism analyzed racialized bodies rather than attempting to understand them. Racial minorities became objects of study, things talked about, but never people who talked about themselves and their experiences.

When others are faced with my ambiguous biracial body, some aggressively guess my race, some use racist stereotypes to discover the mystery, and some even correct me after I correct them. They feel they have a right to study and categorize my body. They make racial assumptions according to what is most comfortable for them. This occurs because many still believe their interpretation of my body out weights cultural and family ties, community boundaries, or even my view of myself.

Future: In one possible future, I click the mouse pad to electronically submit my creative thesis and official forms to University of Alberta's Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research. I will stop hoovering my wrists above the keyboard and I will finally be aware of my body again. I will notice the tips of my fingers slightly numb from taping them across the keys and from sliding them over the computer's metal surface.

After I walk away from my computer, I will still inhabit this biracial female body and I will until I die. As an autobiography of my body, this thesis grows with my body. All the memories I recounted I archived not just within this manuscript. I filed those memories not just on the paper or in computer documents. I filed those memories not just in my mind. Those memories attach to my living body and continue to live within me. I will carry them under my skin for the rest of my life.

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