spiritual practices. This is no philosophy to me, this is something I have lived. However, like the majority of mortals, I have the tendency to forget and I had forgotten. But now I am able to remember, to experience this inner contentment, this joy, once again.

In a way I had been asleep, like Sleeping Beauty of the fairy tales. Yet Ellen Morgan is not the Prince who wakes me up. Neither are my new gay or gay-friendly colleagues and friends or the countless products of our modern culture, scholarly or otherwise, responsible for rousing Sleeping Beauty. Although they all play a role, it is the inner power of transformation that unfolds through spiritual practice *itself* that is ultimately the cause of the reawakening. It brings the issue of "the closet" (academic and every other kind) to a head, engaging me in contemplation about myself, my life, my spiritual growth. It exposes and dismantles misconceptions and makes room for the inner light to shine forth and the eyes to open.

This *is* a process of spiritual purification, but as I realize now, it does not demand nor is it its goal that I lead a life of self-denial. On the contrary, the awakened spiritual energy seems to use absolutely everything in my life (including misguided notions or what I think are my "shortcomings" or "mistakes") to bring attention to the inner work and the inner goodness. It takes me step by step to total self-acceptance and the highest experience of joy, of love, which is always *there*. I find this truly amazing. It literally dawns on me that to be "spiritual" is to live always, no matter what I *think* or *believe* "is going on," with the awareness, the remembrance, of this ever-present divine state.

I am still a Latina, a lesbian, a feminist, and to large extent still closeted at work because I have found no good reason to be "out" any more than I am. But in truth, academic politics (or any kind of power discourse or praxis, in fact) is not my main concern at this point in my life. I want to know all of who or what I am, to become established in the highest state a human being can experience, and to serve humanity in whatever way I can. I try to be kind to and respectful of others and to do "what is right" on a moment-to-moment basis.

Sometimes this means speaking out or doing whatever is necessary on behalf of people who are suffering—near and far. Sometimes it means listening with complete attention to a student or simply eating well and caring for my body. Often it means correcting what I may have done half-heartedly or with anger, with a sense of self-importance or with a little too much attachment to results. Most challenging and most rewarding, "doing what is right" is being open to, acknowledging, and fully welcoming the many blessings—in any form they may appear—that are always showering upon my life; being aware of and allowing myself to experience the immeasurable greatness of my inner world: what I already have, what I already *am*.

fifty-eight

The Cry-Smile Mask: A Korean-American Woman's System of Resistance

Jid Lee

"I wish they were all like him," Susan whispered, looking at the back of the black man who had just turned around after asking her for a dance. "He's so nice. No bitterness or anger. If all black people were like him, we'd be living in heaven." A friend and former student, Susan stung me with her rudeness; I had to bite my tongue, struggling to smile. What I'd emphasized for the whole semester had evaporated somewhere in the space between us. She was praising a black man with a cheerful Uncle Tom smile, wishing all black people to be rid of the righteous pain and anger we'd discussed in class. I felt awkward. I couldn't correct her because she was no longer my student. I couldn't frown at her, either, because she was an exceedingly loving and compassionate person, who brought me chicken soup when I was sick and lifted me up with encouraging words when I was down. Facing this forty-year-old lady—so mature and loving yet filled with hackneyed racist clichés— I had to think.

Fortunately, I didn't have to go far. I already possessed a coping mechanism: the mask I'd been wearing since I came to the United States in 1980. When I smiled, it puckered into the face of an ancient Korean painter, Cry-Smile, carved by a mask maker a millennium and a half ago. Cry-Smile swore to the gods that until he finished painting the Buddhist utopia he had repeatedly seen in his dreams, he would not engage in any worldly activities. A life deprived of painting would await him if he allowed impure thoughts and acts to enter his life. He obeyed the gods, secluded himself, and worked. Sadly, however, he violated his oath when a neighbor woman visited him one day. When he raised his face from the painting, she gave a shy smile and he found himself returning an equally shy smile. His painted utopia paled in the vernal glances between the youths. For the rest of his life, Cry-Smile wore a face manifesting his name. Forever disabled from painting, but enabled to mingle with human beings instead, he smiled and cried at once, his face fleeting into pain and joy alternately.

In Susan's presence, I strengthened this Cry-Smile mask, pushing it into my face, feeling it stick with the adhesive force of a viscous panel. Only one third of an inch thick, my face—my mask—was strong enough to beat off Susan's rudeness. This burden of smiling always fell upon me, not on Susan or countless others who echoed such tired clichés. I was exhausted, struggling to weave a smile into the cry. Ulcer and headache were my daily companions, insomnia and wakefulness my nightly friends.

The Cry-Smile mask was effective, but its use came with collective as well as personal harm; it condoned my audiences' self-righteousness.

But the mask alleviated my students' resentment, opening a door; I could walk into their mind-set and modify it from within. I could "seduce" them into listening to my words, looking at the cry behind my smile. I couldn't persuade them to free themselves entirely from their preference for Uncle Tom's cheerful smile, but I could help them recognize the fallacy in this preference, acknowledge the legitimate anger, and participate in the fights to eliminate the root reasons for this anger. They could learn how to *perceive* and *love,* realizing that love alone may not change the world. Their love came with a smug, self-righteous ignorance about racism's power. Expecting everybody—regardless of race and gender—to be free of pain and anger, they could love only those just as cheerful and blissfully ignorant as they were. They loved without perceiving, happily oblivious to the mental violence experienced by those whom they shunned. I wanted to encourage them to perceive this violence, to extend their love for those shaped by this violence. I wanted to help them to love and perceive at once.

As a doctoral student at a midwestern university, I first realized that most students expected me to reinforce their stereotypes: as an Asian woman, I was to tell them how grateful Asian immigrants were for the opportunity to live in a free country far superior to our own oppressive native lands. Because I didn't accommodate this expectation, I became unpopular until I adopted my Cry-Smile mask. But when I moved to a southern regional university as a tenure-track assistant professor, I needed a much thicker mask, capable of withstanding the omnipresent, violent statements of racism and prejudice.

Two experiences during a 1995 course on autobiography illustrate this refashioning process. The first occurred during discussion of Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*. After praising Franklin's contributions, I described his overt contempt for Native Americans. One student, Richard, suddenly raised his hand and yelled at me, "You're being unfair, imposing today's liberalism on people who lived in the eighteenth century!" Although I explained that I simply wanted students to stop deifying Franklin and view him as a human being with merits and faults, Richard rejected my explanation, abruptly left class, and stormed into my department chair's office, where he accused me of suppressing his opinion. Because he needed my course to graduate, he refused to drop it. He remained through the end of the semester, constantly disturbing the class by verbally bashing my "radicalism." He did not again stand up in the middle of the class, but his persistent heckling served as a strong demoralizing force.

Although my mask was strong enough to withstand this first encounter, my interactions later that semester with Carla compelled me to measure the thickness of my mask and reinforce it. This new layer, I meditated, would be much more concealing and suggestive, softer in appearance but harder in reality. Carla's racism, emotionally and verbally violent, was even worse than Richard's open assault. Her attack occurred during class discussion of Anne Moody's *Coming of Age in Mississippi,* a book about the secret conspiracy between the local police in a rural southern town and the FBI agents who condoned and even protected the police's cooperation with the local Ku Klux Klan. Carla felt I was criticizing her country, became angry, and blocked me out by reading *Farewell to Manzanar,* Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston's autobiography about the Japanese-American internment. A book without an indictment of southern racism, *Farewell* was safe because it promoted an assimilationist image, without the anger of a Civil Rights activist. For Carla, *Farewell* was about a harmless Asian-American woman, a member of the model minority who did not threaten the hegemony of the majority. Carla's rejection of Moody's text in favor of Houston's reflects a position shared by many whites: "We don't like blacks, but we like Asians." When I asked Carla to put *Farewell* away she resisted, stating, "If you were teaching, I would." Her accusation annihilated my authority as a professor and exposed her belief that I had no right to discuss African-American experiences. She knew the history of U.S. slavery but was convinced that Asian Americans were treated exceptionally well. According to her, I owed compliments to this country.

Richard and Carla would not have reacted in this accusatory fashion had I been black or white. Had I been black, they would have expected and been prepared for the same materials and perspectives I introduced to them. They knew that if they assaulted a black faculty in the same crass manner, they would be instantly branded as racists. Had I been white and endowed with the privilege of being "radical," I would have been much less "guilty" of the fanaticism they and other students read into me.

As Frank Chin observes, white Americans' positive attitude toward Asian Americans is thinly disguised racism stemming from preference for a group that seems to follow whites' norms and accept their racism cheerfully (xxv). They do not realize that the model minority role is a survival tactic. Keenly aware of the brutal fact that minorities succeed only when they work twice as hard as the majority culture, Asian Americans swallow their anger and struggle to excel, exercising the only available alternative: wearing the cheerful mask of a subservient, diligent Asian who doesn't complain about discrimination. Whites' praise of Asian Americans, therefore, is "racist love," not "racist hate."[1] By showing racist love toward Asian Americans and racist hate toward other minorities, they shift racism's burden from the majority-centered system onto the minority groups themselves; and by emphasizing Asian Americans' relatively higher success

rates (especially in business and education) against other minorities' lower success rates, they smugly promote the fallacious idea that the United States is full of opportunities even for minorities. To whites, Asian Americans are buffers justifying their racism.

Had it not been for *This Bridge Called My Back*, the loneliness that assaulted me after my interactions with these students would have lasted much longer. Rereading *Bridge* reaffirmed my belief that Asian-American and African-American women must establish a community. Praised as a happy, diligent model minority with no anger, Asian-American women have smothered their cries under a manufactured smile. United with the cries of African-American women, our cries could be heard more fully and we could find more support. As Toni Cade Bambara asserts, our wrath must be united ("Foreword"). Rereading *Bridge* reinforced my desire to move beyond the simplistic identity categories dividing us from each other. If I surrendered to the illusion that I, as an Asian-American woman, was shielded from the racism facing African-American women, I would be surrendering to the racist system's "divide and conquer" technique. I could not let this happen.

This sense of unity has been influenced by my deep commitment to African-American literature. Although black women's literature has been at the center of my work, I found myself dedicated to the whole African-American experience because I could identify with African Americans as a whole race, because I could feel what they felt, and because I had to wear a mask—much like their own—to survive. I was zealous for their literature not only intellectually but also emotionally. Paul Lawrence Dunbar was singing about my mask as he described his own: "We wear the mask that grins and lies, / It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,— / This debt we pay to human guile; / With torn and bleeding hearts we smile, / And mouth with myriad subtleties." W. E. B. Du Bois was writing about my "double face"—my mask and my true face—when writing about his "double consciousness." Du Bois wore the mask of a mild, affectionate gentleman expressing his pain and grief in a non-threatening manner, the mask that put his white audiences at ease and moved them to appreciate his cries. His "double consciousness" was a smile that portrayed pain. It was a Cry-Smile mask.

Because I could identify with African-American writers emotionally, they became the core of my professional life in the United States. As traditional American literature came to me when I was growing up in Korea, African-American literature came to me when I was maturing in the United States. In Korea, learning about the United States and its culture and literature was one of the most important parts of education. Since Korean children begin learning English at the age of twelve, most Koreans are as familiar with English as they are with Korean. By the time I graduated from high school, I read Hemingway and Faulkner just as

habitually as I read Korean authors. Going to a U.S. university for a Ph.D. in English and teaching English at an American university was a natural progression. I wished to continue learning American literature. This love of my major, so simple and so strong, sustained me against all the subtle and overt prejudices I suffered from my students. My commitment to people like myself—not only African Americans but all men and women of color—supported me during the violent backlash I faced in my classes.

With this sense of union, I continue my journey toward the making of a utopia, thickening my Cry-Smile mask whenever necessary. Each semester, I am faced with a new group of students repeating the same stereotypes: "I didn't know there was racism against Asians. Most Americans envy Asians because they perceive them as rich and well-educated. The internment of Japanese Americans during World War II shocks me." "Frankly, it's a little hard for me to believe what you say about Asians being discriminated against. They're white." "Those concentration camp days are over. We don't want to bring them up again." "Immigrants like you work so hard. They rise so fast. Look at how Asians make it in twenty, thirty years and how blacks who've been here for hundreds of years still live in the same old rot."

I can't count the times I have declared to my students, "The name of a model minority is bogus. Asians have suffered as much." "If we are white, why are we called a model *minority*? If we are white, why aren't we treated as whites?" "Those concentration camp days aren't over. When we entered a war with Iraq, the FBI agents made phone calls to innocent Arab Americans to find out if they had connections with Sadam Hussein or if they could in any way aid Iraq's war efforts. Our government was suspicious of an entire group of people, the Japanese Americans of 1991."[2] "Immigrants from Asia are a carefully screened group. Since World War II, this country did not accept Asians who weren't well-educated and financially capable. It's unrealistic to compare a carefully selected immigrant group to the masses of black people whose drive has been affected by violence and deprivation. We don't even ask middle-class whites to be exceptional. Why do we ask all blacks to be? Do we recognize our double standard in such a request?"

Yet in an age of educated ignorance, I maintain a mask thickened by similar double standards. If I lost control even for a short time, the class could be contaminated by students ready to express their clichés and erroneous preconceptions. Although I could not entirely eliminate students' resistance, I could at least keep them from disrupting the class. My southern mask became much more methodical and sophisticated than that worn in the Midwest. Crudely speaking, this mask had to be trickier and more mendacious, concealing my true thoughts while acknowledging a student's fallacious position. Only then could I assist them in unlearning their prejudiced views.

I no longer talk to my colleagues about my frustration and difficulties.

Those without my experiences would simply assume I was making excuses. As the only Asian faculty in my department, I had to establish a precedent not only for myself but also for other Asian female faculty who may find themselves at southern regional universities. I had to deal with people's preconceptions about Asian women and wear a smiling mask to avoid threatening them, but I had to stand my ground to keep myself against all odds. "What is a woman if she loses herself?" I asked myself every morning.

Repeatedly, I reminded myself that my Cry-Smile mask had nothing to do with the stereotypes of the nice, soft Asian female. I was myself: neither a submissive, giving Asian woman nor an aggressive, westernized woman manufactured as a rebellion against the stereotype. Certainly, I was aware of the "damned if you do and damned if you don't" situation. If I fit into the stereotype, some students and peers would take advantage of me; I would also be invisible, viewed as a second-class citizen. If I didn't fit into the stereotype, they would get mad at me because I broke the mold and I would get mad at them, too.

But still I smile. By smiling, I invite my students to enter a world foreign to them; I encourage them to change their attitudes. Changes are possible—and even powerful—when we aim for a long-term impact, when we give up the temptation to wish for an immediate outcome. With the smile in my Cry-Smile mask, I can give myself the patience to wait, to help my students change gradually from within themselves.

Recently, I witnessed the power of this patient waiting. I was teaching a class in autobiography again, four years since being challenged by Richard and Carla. "Seduced" by the abundant smile exuding from my mask, my students gently engaged themselves in the discussion of Franklin's hatred of Native Americans. Because I spoke with a smile enabling me to mingle with their self-righteous ethnocentricism, they could acknowledge the pains of Native Americans. They were prepared for Russell Means's *Where White Men Fear to Tread,* a Native-American political activist's autobiography about his war with the federal government. This book would have been called "fanatically radical" by students like Richard and Carla, but because I taught it with a thicker, more supple mask, it didn't invite violent verbal opposition. It was accepted, at least without overt resistance, as a record of a legitimate American experience. In four years, I had accomplished a major task for myself and my students: I had earned the ability to plant seeds for changes. I saw the smile of my Cry-Smile mask at work, envisioning the seeds blooming five years from now. I could see them taking the words from our class into their environment.

Notes

1. *Racist love* and *racist hate* are Chin's terms.
2. See Raskin.

fifty-nine

Andrea's Third Shift: The Invisible Work of African-American Women in Higher Education

Toni C. King, Lenora Barnes-Wright, Nancy E. Gibson, Lakesia D. Johnson, Valerie Lee, Betty M. Lovelace, Sonya Turner, and Durene I. Wheeler

I had to write so that somebody would realize what my life is like.
—Ntozake Shange[1]

We are African-American Women in Higher Education who hold a range of faculty, administrative, and clinical counseling positions.[2] We have gathered to tell our story, to speak from the particulars of our experiences. In coming together we engage in a collective process of "transforming silence(s) into action" (Lorde, *Sister,* 40). One common quality we bring to our view of work in the academy is our willingness to create humanizing change and the additional level of service this often entails. This commitment is integral to our work, yet it complicates both our lives and our professional experiences within the academy (Rains). It is this story we choose to tell.

A Metaphor to Begin the Story

As black women we came together to talk about what we do in our respective roles in academe. As we talked about the level of service infusing our work, we began to view the accompanying responsibilities as a kind of "third shift." Here we build on the main premise of Arlie Hochschild's *Second Shift*: after fulfilling job responsibilities in the paid labor force, working women return home to fulfill a majority of the household duties and family responsibilities. Society's support of this traditional division of labor renders women's "double shift" invisible. Our metaphor of the third shift builds upon Hochschild's idea, but articulates yet another level of unseen work and invisible contribution we make within the "white academy." We want you to witness our experiences, so we will describe the work that constitutes this "shift" within predominately white academic institutions. Our story, however, is primarily a story of the change processes we create to deepen the institution's humanist capacities. We share this process of change and transformation with you so that you can compare, draw from, alter, and use it in your own revolutionary work.

The metaphor of third shift is tied to the working-class labor of employees who work the third organizational shift. Third shifts generally