Radical Love: A Transatlantic Dialogue about Race and Mixed Race

Daniel McNeil, Carleton University
Leanne Taylor, Brock University

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Radical Love?

A Transatlantic Dialogue about Race and Mixed Race

November 5th 2010.

First Biennial Critical Mixed Race Studies Conference, DePaul University, Chicago.

Boy meets girl. Boy makes the girl laugh with some playful jibes about his English accent and her “cynical Canadian” response to a talk about radical love in America. Girl gives boy a lingering, flirtatious handshake. Boy resists the urge to say, “this could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship.”

This is a transatlantic love story informed by the neurotic heroes of the Facebook era as much as the stoic men of 1940s Hollywood or the stubborn women of Jane Austen’s Pride and Prejudice. The boy displays similar levels of social awkwardness and ambition to the character of Marc Zuckerberg, one of the founders of Facebook, in The Social Network. Yet he has a modicum of charm and is able to craft some touching emails to the girl when he returns to England. The girl is far more interesting than any of the female characters in The Social Network and sparks back some funny Facebook messages from Canada. After reconnecting in Toronto in January 2011, they start to communicate via Blackberry instant messenger and send each other letters, books and poetry.

Blessed with full-time academic jobs – the boy is a cultural historian, the girl is a Professor of Education – they are able to meet in New York in the spring of 2011 and embark on a long-distance relationship that takes them back and forth between Europe and North America. Meeting up in Toronto and New York, Rotterdam and Amsterdam, Edinburgh and London they attend various musical, artistic and theatrical shows that speak to the contradictions and creativity of multiculturalism in the overdeveloped world. In early 2013 they reflected on their understanding of mixing and mixture as they awaited the birth of their first (re-mixed) child. Their conversations provide a revealing glimpse into the politics and poetics of mixed race relationships. For whereas the transracial, transdisciplinary and transnational field of mixed race studies tends to focus on the love between “interracial couples” and their children, their romantic back and forth offers a revealing glimpse into the love between two people defined as mixed race.
Love in the age of digital reproduction

Daniel McNeil: The first Critical Mixed Race Studies conference expanded my horizons. I was introduced to the exciting work of young intellectuals who were studying the ethics and aesthetics of mixing and mixture. I had a chance to explore DePaul University and the city of Chicago. And I made a life-altering connection with you.

When I returned home after the conference I searched out new articles, monographs, and dissertations to read. I investigated job opportunities at DePaul. And I thought about the best way to explore our relationship while I taught in England and you taught in Canada.

Ironically enough, my attempts to explore new possibilities meant that I ended up revisiting my days as a graduate student at the University of Toronto in the early 2000s. I kept remembering my days and nights posting on mixed race message boards, reading Mavin magazine and researching mixed race identities in Canada. I thought about the time I picked up Wayde Compton’s “Declaration of the Halfrican Nation” in a book sale in Queen’s Park.¹ I saw myself in Robarts library smiling at Danzy Senna’s satirical comments about a “standard mulatto”.² Above all, I recalled the cumbersome computers in the History Common Room that brought me access to Armond White’s contention that mixed race kids don’t fall into a cultureless limbo – they fall into pop culture.³

So, when I did end up sending you emails and Facebook messages, I’m not surprised that they involved copious allusions to my time researching mixed race identities in Toronto and the soulful music that I associated with the city, as well as popular films like Mr and Mrs Smith and television shows like Flight of the Conchords. I think I even asked you to co-write a paper about the representations of academics in popular culture (“Not all Professors wear chord jackets”). What do you remember about the conference and our early online communication? Do you think that we fell into pop culture like Armond White suggests? If so, how has a mixed race identity and some of our other identities – national, generational, etc. – informed our immersion in pop matters?

Leanne Taylor: The conference was an important moment – and beginning – for me as well. It re-ignited the curiosity I had felt in some of my early explorations of mixed race websites, books, and forums during graduate school. However, I found our cyber, digital, email, Facebook, and Blackberry exchanges and conversations a much more critical and stimulating experience than any forum from those days.

I think our exchanges helped me differently appreciate how a multiracial lens, among other locations, has shaped my critique and view of the world. They have also helped me reflect on our process of connecting across local and global spaces. For example, I recall exchanging intrigued glances with you “across the room” at DePaul when a panellist used the word “mulatto” with no discernible trace of irony. And I started to think about how we began communicating “across the Atlantic” after I returned to Canada and you returned to Newcastle. Those knowing looks in Chicago evolved into a whole new set of mixed race allusions infused by references to film, literature, and politics.

As I said in a Facebook message in early 2011, “I’d love to make use of this technology until we can arrange to meet here or there or someplace (or places) in between.” Although I think we both wanted our dependence on this technology to be temporary, I came to value our long-distance conversations for their ability to illuminate our particular understandings and ways of being in the world. Looking back, I can see how even in our early days of polite “back and forth” our exchanges swiftly moved between jocular references to the times we are mistaken for Thierry Henry and Zadie Smith to complex connections to Deleuze and Guattari’s rhizomatic tendencies. So, whether it was a reference to Albie the racist dragon in Flight of the Conchords, our first mention of Sade as a potentially ideal multiracial interlocutor, or our different affinities to Gilroy and Glissant, our conversations got me thinking differently about the significance of being “beige” across transnational spaces. As we prepared for our encounter in New York, I wondered how interesting it would be to strategically observe whether we got taken up either as “mulatto devils” or “multiracial messiahs.” And I am fascinated by how seamlessly we adopted this language of “beigeness” into our “back and forth” in a way that became our own language, often indecipherable to

others. Was this our “code”? What are your thoughts on this language we were creating together? What does it suggest to you about our attempts to connect and process our identities?

Shades of Beige? From online questions to the declarations of a Nuyorican nation

DM: I don’t know if I “seamlessly” adopted the language of “beigeness,” and I think your use of scare quotes signals a little bit of apprehension about our beige talk! Before I met you, I recoiled from the use of beige as a metaphor for mixed race identities. I found the term a little bit grating because it evoked comfort and consumerism like a couch from IKEA\(^5\) – beigeness evoked images of insufferable middle-class folks trotting out ironic phrases for our multicultural world, or well-meaning folks trying to find a way to avoid using racially charged terms like black and white. When you used beigeness as shorthand for a mixed race language on Facebook, I often thought about middlebrow writers who straddle the fence between black and white with liberal pieties about individual choice and diversity. I couldn’t disentangle a language of beigeness from my work critiquing the likes of Cyril Bibby, a UNESCO educator who called on British schools to diffuse racial tension by replacing the term white with pink-skinned in the 1950s and 60s,\(^6\) and Lawrence Hill, a Canadian writer who pontificates about mixed race “zebras”.\(^7\) Nor could I hide the sneers that accompanied my condescending jokes about your consumption of beige, middle of the road liberalism in radio and television shows from the BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation) and CBC (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation).

My attempts to associate beige talk with careerism, consumerism, and compromise reflected my desire to hold onto a working-class identity as I navigated the middle-class environment of higher education. It reflected my unease with the direction of mixed race studies in the academy, as I felt that the field focused on the rather self-absorbed concerns of middle-class folks in North America and Europe who desire commercial endorsements and carefully

constructed civility. Yet after talking with you – and reading your dissertation\textsuperscript{8} – I’ve come to see how the term informs your vocation as an educator who connects with students who may not have had much access to media productions outside of state broadcasters and big budget Hollywood films. There was even a tongue-in-cheek section called “beige points” in the nerdy, hyperlinked itinerary I devised for our New York trip

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# Our New York Itinerary

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<tr>
<th>April 15</th>
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<td><strong>Soundtrack</strong></td>
<td><strong>Screening:</strong></td>
<td><strong>Options:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Allure ft. Nas, Head over Heels (is she Puerto Rican or half-black?)</td>
<td>In America</td>
<td>Harlem lakes</td>
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<td>The Roots, What they do</td>
<td>The Landlord</td>
<td>Sazon</td>
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<td><strong>Base:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Harlem YMCA</td>
<td>ALOFT Harlem</td>
<td>ALOFT</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Beige points:</strong></td>
<td><strong>Unfinished Symphony</strong></td>
<td><strong>Sweded copy of Blade or Elf.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Passing as Luiz Guzman’s cousins in How to make it in America</td>
<td>Aly Us, Follow Me</td>
<td>Do an angry dance like Brett, Kevin, Jennifer, Ricky or Rosie.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Screening:</strong></td>
<td>Looking for Eric</td>
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April

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**Soundtrack**

*Ben Watt ft. Sananda Maytrey, A Stronger Man*
*Black Coffee, Superman*

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*Noel Harrison, Windmills of your mind*
*Vusi Mahlasela, When you come back*

**Screening:**

*Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*
*Eagle vs. Shark*

**Options:**

*Conchords tour*
*Chinese tea/General Taos/duck sauce*
*Go to a taping of the Colbert Report*
*Go to the Empire State Building at night*
*Check out from ALOFT*
*Central park/zoo*
*Circle Line Cruise of NY*

**Beige points:**

*Convince Lenny Kravitz & Lisa Bonet to get back together ... just so we can beat them in a walk off.*

*Share great expectations about future connections.*
After our time in New York, it was clear that we’d turned beige talk into a synonym for communication that was informed by pop culture and critical theory. This sometimes involved a glance of incredulity when someone dropped an m-bomb like mulatto, but it also involved a shared understanding about what it means to be phenoperceived. When you joined me on my research trip in New York I had just posted the following Family Feud-style entry on Facebook:

Been in Harlem for a few days now. Great music, art, libraries, food and banter. Definitely one of the friendliest places I’ve been. But it’s time to take stock after the 10th time I’ve been asked “where are you from?” Survey says?
“England. Wow!” (10);
“I could have sworn you were Dominican” (6);
“You look Puerto Rican” (2);
“I thought you were that Brazilian UFC guy” (1);
“Oh, do you play soccer for the red bulls?” (1)

We have reflected about such questions in other venues, and it seems de rigueur for any commentary on mixed race identities to offer a little space – or joke – about people asking ambiguous bodies “where are you from?” However, when we were surrounded by creative artists like the MC of the Nuyorican poets café – who announced “lightskinnedness is not a word” and then proceeded to inspire a room to transcend race in politically infused acts of pleasure – it seemed like we needed to do more than just point out tired clichés about mixed race angst. We had to forge an imaginative language that honored the types of work that smuggled moments of honesty into popular culture. To go back to Armond White’s comment about mixed race kids falling into pop culture, we started to think a bit more deeply about the ways we had constructed an imagined New York when we trekked to diners that are such a staple of the American films we love and went on a pilgrimage to locations used in Flight of the Conchords. How would you say that our trip to New York helped us to think a bit more deeply about the power of class, race, and nation? And what types of language and creative artistry did you find particularly helpful or memorable as you prepared for our subsequent meeting in Europe?

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LT: I agree that it is difficult to consider beigeness as revolutionary. And I resist any discourse that proselytizes racial in-between spaces as transgressive or the way out of the “race problem.” Too much beige and one can find themselves dangerously evading blackness. So, while I see your point and appreciate how the idea of beige can signify liberal, middle-class ideals, I’ve spoken of beigeness elsewhere as a point of identification and connection that helped me as a child understand my personal difference.\(^{10}\) Over the years, I have also come to see such metaphors as useful entry points – transitions into discussions that might help my students (well-meaning, liberal minded teachers and teacher candidates) grapple with complex ideas of race, racism, binaries, and privilege alongside the neoliberal turn in education.

I still believe there are beautiful and positive elements to the language we have co-constructed. Your ambivalence with beige-talk highlights important differences in how we have come to move through the world. I think our exploration of ideas of beigeness has opened up interesting possibilities for us to discuss Wayde Compton’s notions of pheneticism, reflect on his views of a “Halfrican Nation,” and consider shifting needs and expressions of belonging and identity between predominantly middle class contexts in Canada and predominantly working class contexts in the UK. As you wrote in a Blackberry message soon after we left New York, no doubt with a healthy dose of irony: “We may also have founded a beige posse or mocha movement, or just found a way to express the souls of mixed folk for the twenty-first century.” I would add that Glissant’s ideas of creolization may be useful for thinking about your insightful comment and what mixed race has come to mean for you, me, and for us – particularly as we move between media and geographic spaces. I think this movement illuminates a process – an invention of the self – that, as Glissant might say, is not a celebratory “new” location or “third space”\(^{11}\) liminal position but a way of coming to terms with different aspects of our communities, histories, family experiences, and multiple points of identification.\(^{12}\)

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\(^{11}\) H. Bhabha, *The Location of Culture* (London: Routledge, 1994).

After being e-wooed through our online dialogues – and wowed by your cards and gifts of Milan Kundera novels like *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* – our experience in New York allowed us to cement a relationship and imagine ourselves together. Not only because we were finally able to be in the same city for an extended time, but because it was in New York that we spoke more complexly about challenging old clichés of mixed race and resisted visions of relationships that seek only to find ways to “pass the time.” I don’t think it’s surprising that one of the films we associate with our time in New York, one I watched on the plane on my return to Toronto, is *Me and You and Everyone We Know* – a beautifully surreal film about connecting with others in our contemporary world. You may recall me telling you (in a Blackberry message the day after we left Manhattan) that I felt the movie made brilliant observations about the human desire to bond while capturing the importance of maintaining an innocent playfulness in our relationships – something that often gets lost as people grow more comfortable with each other. *Me and You and Everyone We Know* helped us think about relationships and connect across divides. It is perhaps unsurprising how affected we were by the 6-year old multiracial character Robby and his innocent and playful online “romance” with a lonely adult stranger. The film as a whole reflects much of what I have come to value in my relationship with you and helps me see how our evolving code or language may be an attempt to hold on to or recapture some of this playfulness. This playfulness also helps us draw attention to serious issues while remembering who we are and what continues to define us.

And so our time in New York became a defining moment. Words like lightskinnedness were added to what has become a long list of codes that shape our communication, including our joking calls for an “interpreter” who might help decipher your English working-class phraseology and my Canadian middle-class affectations. But I agree that we have found ways to think about ourselves and our jokes around race and class that move beyond those often associated with the question of “where are you from?” Several years ago, in an interview with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation that you love to hate, I spoke about the role of humor in mixed race narratives and suggested that it might help turn some stereotypes on their head and expose both the limits and silliness of language, actions, and questions. 13 And while I am always cautious about how much humor can really be subversive, I do think it can help

people to connect with others as we strive to address painful histories and experiences. It is also through humor that some communities and individuals seek to heal and mend.

I believe the brand of humor and language we built and shared in New York challenged us to see the world in new ways together and helped prepare us for the next time that we could physically inhabit the same space in the Netherlands (after I attended an education conference in Norway). For example, I have fond memories of our pre-Amsterdam “together-apart” shared-viewing of the Scandinavian series *The Killing* and our conversations about moving from Harlem, New York to Haarlem, Netherlands. Whether travelling between Schiphol Airport and Amsterdam city center, or between Schiphol and Rotterdam, our language and discussions evolved once again to draw on and reflect our encounters with history and post-impressionism (at the Van Gogh museum in Amsterdam), and popular culture and contemporary art (at the Kunsthal museum in Rotterdam). But it was at a Sade concert at the Ahoy Centre in Rotterdam that I think we discovered the strongest metaphor for our relationship – Quiet Storm.

There’s a quiet storm
And it never felt this hot before
Giving me something that’s taboo.¹⁴

The metaphor of quiet storm represents how we keep “bringing out the best” in each other. But I also wonder what you think about the idea of taboo relationships, particularly in the context of our discussions of crossing racial, class, and national boundaries? Was there something mysterious about our international rendezvous, or were our decisions to meet in such multicultural and multiracial cities merely natural choices for two transnational and transracial souls?

**The Unbearable Lightness of Quiet Storm**

**DM:** I like the way you position quiet storm as a powerful metaphor for our evolving relationship – rather than a couple of people who indulged in beige talk online, we became a couple that jokingly talked about themselves as a quiet storm tag team. It’s difficult to claim

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a quiet storm moniker as revolutionary when Sade’s music is marketed heavily to the exotic fantasies of yuppies. Yet it seems to avoid the beige and bloody trappings of American Psycho satire about Wall Street types who use the easy listening standards of Phil Collins and Whitney Houston to unwind after work. To go further, quiet storm seems a fitting metaphor for our love of free, outdoor events – like the open air film screenings at Toronto’s harbourfront, the Ziggy Marley concert in Buffalo’s Artpark, and the assorted summer festivals we went to – that brought diverse groups of people together and took them to a place that they may not have previously considered.

Our use of quiet storm after our Eurotrip may even have extended our initial beige talk and opened up space for more playful, theoretically informed commentary on pop culture. I would argue that it has allowed us to talk a bit more deeply about polemical, imaginative, and explorative studies of hybrid characters in science fiction texts such as Blade, Planet of the Apes, Robocop, and Star Trek. We have also increasingly incorporated the intellectual work of comedians such as Dave Chappelle and Key and Peele into our critique of corporate forms of multiculturalism that exclusively treat mixed race bodies as a problem or privilege.

I have particularly fond memories of the ways we put our playful and critical language to use during your trip to the UK in the summer of 2012, when we attended a thrilling all-black production of Julius Caesar in Newcastle, cutting edge comedy at the Edinburgh fringe, and the London Olympics. I remember how much we were inspired by the joy and beauty of the world at the 2012 Olympics, and how much we were bemused by the jingoism that shaped so many people’s experience of the events. We just couldn’t understand why the spectators at the volleyball arenas preferred to read about British athletes on their smartphones rather than watch the Chinese, Brazilian, Japanese, and Russian athletes in front of their eyes. Nor could we accept the propaganda that emerged following that extraordinary Saturday when Mo Farah, Jess Ennis, and Greg Rutherford won gold medals for Britain and the British media harped on about the Somali-born athlete with “African genes” who did well in the long

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distance events, the mixed race woman who was able to draw on her European, African and Caribbean ancestry to excel at numerous events in the heptathlon, and the white guy who won the long jump with hard work and pluck.

![Image of Mo Farah, Jessica Ennis, and Greg Rutherford, August 2012.](image-url)

Mo Farah, Jessica Ennis, and Greg Rutherford, August 2012. Photograph: Tom Jenkins

Which events and personalities had the biggest impact on your understanding of race, nation, and culture in 2012?

**LT:** I think you have nicely captured many highlights of our time together in 2012 and you beautifully illustrate the ways in which our cultural critiques, interests, and sources of amusement have aligned. I would suggest that the time we spent at the Frida Kahlo-Diego Rivera exhibit at the Art Gallery of Ontario has also helped us think about our synergy. I think we were each drawn to the “Passion, Politics, and Painting” of these two prolific artists for numerous reasons, not only our desire to put to good use our new AGO joint membership cards. This exhibit stood out for me more than many of the others we have seen together because we were able to make surprising links between our own relationship and that of the two Mexican artists. While I don’t believe we share the same volatility as Frida and Diego, Rivera’s exploration of historical contexts juxtaposed with Kahlo’s emphasis on the more intimate experiences of her life, helped us find another useful entry point to reflect on our various conversations about race, nation, and language. For one, it helped me differently value how your focus on historical racial contexts and my work toward critical and anti-racist
praxis are different, yet complementary, elements of our “Quiet Storm.” And so at the AGO restaurant, *Frank*, where we enjoyed a Mexican dinner and Frida-themed cocktails after the exhibit, we were able to share our unique observations of how the revolutionary politics of these iconic artists were downplayed by the curator’s liberal focus on their “exotic passion” for each other.

Unlike Frida and Diego, I think we have done a good job balancing the lightness and heaviness of our long distance relationship. London 2012 nicely illustrates this balancing act. I remember how between Olympic events we stopped to take in the Cultural Olympiad wherever we could, and between cultural events we engaged in intense work, writing, and thinking. At the Newcastle Public Library, I drafted an article exploring the discursive terrain of diversity in Canada with an emphasis on mixed race and education. I read about Britain’s athletes in newspapers and magazines while observing the larger than life images of Jess Ennis – the “face of London 2012” and Britain’s multicultural future – plastered on bus shelters and in shopping malls. And throughout I found I was able to experience the similar and divergent ways that race and mixed race carry meaning in Canadian and UK contexts. During this time, I came to think about my work amidst the colliding cultures of the Olympics, especially as we found opportunities to comment on the ways in which we continued to be read outside of our British and Canadian nationalities. For example, I wondered how our “beigeness” was perceived when we found ourselves sharing space with the Brazilian soccer team at the Hilton gym and you were mistaken for one of the players. Similarly, we were intrigued by a Cuban-Brazilian mash-up performance in Edinburgh, especially when I was mistaken for one of the band. Who knows? Maybe we’ll have a chance to see how we are phenoperceived on a family holiday to Brazil for the World Cup in 2014?

November 1st 2012.

Second Biennial Critical Mixed Race Studies Conference, DePaul University, Chicago.

*Boy delivers a talk on what he considers the liberal sentimentality and neoliberal posturing of prominent writers who grew up in Canada. Girl follows with a talk about creolization and the poetics of relation.*

*Much had changed since 2010. The boy had taken up a Professorship at DePaul, the girl had joined a new faculty of education. The boy had come to understand that he needed to put*
restaurants on the itineraries he planned – rather than just rush from cultural event to cultural event and stop for a quick bite to eat at a diner. But, most importantly, they had begun to prepare for life as co-parents and a new member of Quiet Storm.

![Quiet Storm](image)