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by

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IMPERIAL REMAINS: MEMORIES OF THE UNITED STATES'
OCCUPATION IN THE PHILIPPINES

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**IMPERIAL REMAINS: MEMORIES OF THE UNITED STATES'
OCCUPATION IN THE PHILIPPINES**

by

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Dedication

For those who shall be destroyed shall speak unto them out of the ground, and their speech shall be low out of the dust, and their voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit . . . and their speech shall whisper out of the dust. 2 Nephi 26:16 from the Book of Mormon

This work is dedicated to my Filipino and Mormon ancestors on both shores. To my indigenous ancestors—the voices crying from the dust—, I hope my words honor and appease your memories.

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The history of the United States' occupation in the Philippines requires an alternative archive that includes family stories, museums sites, and other memories to articulate the nearly inexplicable legacy of imperial trauma. My project foregrounds the intangible effects of American imperialism, traced in generational memories of Filipinos and Filipino Americans and their descendants. Addressing three key moments defining the Filipino and Filipino American experience: the Philippine-American War, World War II, and 21st century global capitalism, I look at how the under-the-surface, banal nature of imperial trauma's legacy marks Filipino identity and creates blind spots in the Filipino imaginary. My dissertation examines sexual atrocities committed by American soldiers during the 1898-1902 Philippine-American War, revisits memories of World War II and the Japanese Occupation as represented in military museums in Fredericksburg, Texas and on Corregidor Island, Philippines, and concludes with the importance of the *babaylan* figure, from an ancient priestess tradition in the Philippines, for diasporic Filipinas to negotiate the contemporary challenges of everyday living. My dissertation examines the use of strategic storytelling to recover lost histories, heal from the past, and re-create the present.

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“A nation which loses awareness of its past gradually loses its self.”

Milan Kundera in *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*

“if loss is known only by what remains of it, then the politics and ethics of mourning lie in the interpretation of what remains—how remains are produced and animated, how they are read and sustained.”

David Eng and David Kazanjian in *Loss: the Politics of Mourning*

“The loss of stories sharpens the hunger for them. So it is tempting to fill in the gaps and to provide closure where there is none. To create a space for mourning where it is prohibited. To fabricate a witness to a death not much noticed.”

Saidiya Hartman in “Venus in Two Acts”

Chapter 1: Introduction

I. INTRODUCTION

My grandmother tells this story about her favorite *lola*.¹ Every night, Gregoria sipped homemade wine from a tiny glass to help her fall asleep. The alcohol caused a skin rash, attracting the attention of a U.S. Health Inspector during a routine visit through her Manila neighborhood. Thinking the red patches covering Gregoria's body looked like leprosy, the inspector ordered her to be quarantined in the leper unit of San Lazaro's Hospital. The exile marked Gregoria's decline, according to my grandmother. Even after she was permitted to leave the hospital several months later, she never cast off the stigma of a leper. She became an outcast in a home where she once enjoyed the respect owed to the matriarch. Fearing contagion, her daughter-in-law confined Gregoria to the basement and forbade the grandchildren to eat with her. As a teenager, my grandmother would visit Gregoria in Manila and sit with her in the basement to keep her company. "It was horrible how everyone treated her, especially her daughter-in-law," my *lola* exclaims. "Gregoria couldn't take it anymore. She took a butcher knife and thrust it into her stomach. She died of a broken heart."

Whenever my *lola* shared this tale, I never comprehended Gregoria's desperate act as suicide. I never considered how her violent death affected the family, including my *lola*, only 16-years-old at the time. I felt strangely disaffected from the gravity of this story; it was just one of those impenetrable tales about "back home." This troubling disconnection

motivates my project. Rather than pathologize my disaffection, I see it tied to more public history. My hunch was that my disaffection was somehow wedded to the history of U.S.-Philippines relations. That history included my family history and the story of how my Filipino Catholic mother fell in love with and later married a U.S. Naval Academy midshipman—a Mormon boy from Arizona. The melodrama of my *lola*'s narrative overwhelms feeling and leaves in its wake apathy. My grandmother's story reveals how U.S. public policy seeps into personal and familial histories. By tracing these connections and disconnections, my project places this familial memory within a landscape of United States' and Philippines' history. Using stories as an intervention, I map out an affective history of American empire to reveal the unacknowledged effects of U.S. colonialism.

My *lola* rarely discussed this family secret about Gregoria, except when I had an eye infection. Remembering folk remedies from “back home,” *Lola* shared tricks such as rubbing a metal key vigorously and placing the hot key on the eyelid to heal a sty, or bathing in the ocean to cure pink eye. After advising me about my ailment, she reminisced about her childhood. One morning, my *lola* woke up with pink eye. The nuns at the boarding school in Manila sent her to her uncle's house in Manila since her parent's home in Bataan was too far away. At her uncle's house she preferred to stay in the basement with her *lola*. To cure the infection, her *lola* Gregoria insisted Flossie pee in a cup, even though Flossie protested. After Flossie produced a urine specimen, *lola* Gregoria made Flossie dip her finger in urine and douse her infected eye. “It worked,” my grandmother insisted, “Oh, I cried and cried, but it worked.” After the anecdote

about pink eye, my grandmother tells me about her *lola*'s misdiagnosed leprosy and suicide. The story's association with pink eye suggests a theme of not seeing. I use the tales about my *lola*'s pink eye and *lola* Gregoria's suicide to stress the need for a different approach to U.S.-Philippines history, an approach that catches what might be missed by conventional historiography. Memories, feelings, and hunches become my signposts for an alternative cartography to chart the affective terrain of the history of American imperialism in the Philippines.

My project reads Filipino and Filipino American cultural productions to show how seemingly disparate narratives that tell the story of imperial trauma are interconnected. Through these narratives and my own storytelling strategies, my project presents a different history of the United States' occupation in the Philippines and its resonances today. Sifting through the remains of empire requires examining both official and unofficial archives and studying museums, military records, websites, novels, memoir, oral histories, myth, legend, art, and ghost stories that trace the story of U.S. imperialism as it begins in the Philippines. The archeological metaphor of sifting describes my archival approach, which consists of sorting through discarded strands of history. For me, sifting evokes feelings of rescuing precious belongings after a devastating fire, an apt metaphor for scholars of Filipino American historiography who handle the aftermath of imperial trauma.

The memories featured throughout this monograph are remains of American empire. My dissertation serves as an archive, a repository of artifacts that are not always associated with history. My dissertation, entitled "Imperial Remains," is comprised of these

alternative histories, cultural artifacts that serve as evidence of American imperialism's imprint. My dissertation's title draws upon David Eng and David Kanjanjian's evocation of the term "remains" in this essay's epigraph. I am interested in not only accounting for the remains of empire, but also locating the potential for these remains to transform the terms of living. I am interested in what gets included and excluded in the official archive. This archival work requires recovering from the archive artifacts otherwise ignored by mainstream historiography, as well as reclaiming what lies outside official archives.

To access this knowledge, my archival work includes intuitive scholarship. To paraphrase Albert Einstein, we cannot solve modernity's ills with the same thinking that helped us to get here.ⁱⁱ My methodology requires "*feeling into*" records and artifacts to nudge up against another kind of truth (Pierce xxviii-xxix). Penney Pierce, writer and self-proclaimed intuitive, describes this process of knowing:

energetic information then surfaces in me as though I am them, and all at once, I know a complex pattern . . . through my own body sensations and feelings. The challenge then is to articulate the body of information in a logical, sequential way that makes sense to another person The same process of *feeling into* can be used to deeply understand anything—a family dynamic, a sick houseplant, a corporation, a marketing trend, a country . . . it is our most normal way of knowing. (xxviii-xxix)

Pierce's description of knowing suggests another approach to the archives to glean knowledge not accessible through traditional means. I draw from Jacqui Alexander's groundbreaking work in *Pedagogies of Crossing* where she validates the existence of sacred knowledge that does not "neatly" fit "into those domains that have been imprisoned within modernity's secularized episteme" and yet are "constitutive of the lived experience of

millions of women and men in different parts of the world" (7). My dissertation demonstrates the importance of accessing all forms of knowledge, including both secular and what Alexander deems "the Sacred" and expanding our definition of the archive (7). This alternative way of knowing sharpens our understanding of history and of the present.

Where official archives falter, it means resorting to unconventional artifacts, such as supernatural tales and myth, to conjure an alternative history. My research wanders through different time periods—the Philippine-American War, the Japanese Occupation, and the 21st century present—to highlight the effects of and responses to imperial trauma, both at home in the Philippines and in the United States. "Wanders" conjures an image of how shell-shocked survivors might react in the aftermath of an attack. It is an apt metaphor for the scholarly impulse behind this work, which "wanders" around the remains of empire and pieces together fragments of history. The legacy of imperial trauma influences the archives and our relationship to the archives. Though I give a detailed explanation later in this chapter, here I define imperial trauma as the material, spiritual, and psychic repercussions of colonial history for those of Filipino descent, even long past the initial memory of violence. My methodology responds to imperial trauma to reveal the psychic and spiritual underpinnings of its legacy. The historical moments highlighted in this dissertation, the Philippine-American War, the Pacific War, and 21st century global capitalism, share resonances that call for a different kind of reading to reveal the intimate link between each history. American soldiers' rape of Filipina civilians during the Philippine-American War, the military museums' elision of Filipino soldiers' sacrifices

during the War in the Pacific, and the recuperation of a legendary warrior princess and indigenous shamanic tradition: each of these stories highlights the visible and invisible effects of the violence of U.S.-Philippines history. My project explores how memories and narratives enlarge upon our definition of the archive to intervene in history.

Gregoria's story calls for a reading of history that stretches the boundaries of the archive. Her rash and its intimate connection with U.S. "benevolent" colonialism is a signpost for what lies under the skin of Filipino memory. How might an alternative archive contest dominant versions of history? How do museums and historical sites, as institutions of memory, participate in history making? How does the memory of traumatic histories shape what stories get told or not told in these institutions of memory? My alternative archive of American empire is idiosyncratic and eclectic, shuttling back and forth between official and unofficial remains to reveal how individual, familial, and political histories are enmeshed. Drawing upon official archives such as the military records in the United States National Archive or the National Museum of Pacific War in Fredericksburg, Texas, as well as the tourist museum at Corregidor Island, I juxtapose family stories and other testimonies with official history to explore the richness and limits of official archives. I examine the absence and presence of the Filipino soldier in two military museums to analyze these institutions' participation in shaping historical memory. I identify stories about warrior princess Urduja in medieval legend and Pangasinan oral history and in cyberspace and art to consider how Filipinos employ her memory to address the legacy of

imperial trauma. I foreground how Filipinas recuperate Urduja as a babaylan to overcome the challenges of diasporic living.

As a *double entendre*, the term “imperial remains” highlights the long-lasting impact of American empire in the Philippines while also evoking a disturbing visual—the decomposing bodies of the dead. My project pauses over these remains because they provide fertile ground for a new story. What follows is a review of scholarship on three key topics—Filipino Studies, trauma, and archives—that influence my thinking about the promise of healing from imperial trauma’s legacy through alternative story-making.

II. FILIPINO STUDIES

A review of United States-Philippines relations reveals a story of betrayal. In 1896 the Philippines fought for independence from Spain and agreed to an alliance with the United States. The newfound Republic of the Philippines enjoyed a brief victory, only to have its sovereignty seized by the United States, who viewed a foothold in the Philippines a strategic advantage to expanding in the Pacific.ⁱⁱⁱ In the Treaty of Paris the United States purchased the Philippines, Puerto Rico, and Cuba for the sum of twenty million dollars. The Filipinos did not submit to American colonial rule without a fight, however, and the Philippine-American War lasted from 1898-1902, though pockets of resistance continued to defy the American military for a decade more.^{iv}

The story of imperial trauma does not start with the United States’ colonization of the Philippines, but rather, begins with Spanish contact five centuries earlier. The Spanish

colonized the Philippines after Magellan's encounter with the islands in 1521. He named the islands after King Felipe and initiated the conversion of the inhabitants to Roman Catholicism. Spain used the Catholic Church to wield colonial power. Friars seized land for the church and subjugated the people through Christianity.^v The Spanish colonizers destroyed their indigenous writings and relics and forbade their spiritual practices, as Carolyn Brewer describes in *Holy Confrontations* (296-299).^{vi} ^{vii} Prior to Spanish colonization, the inhabitants lived in tribal communities marked by "social mobility" and women's elevated status (Mananzan 1-6). For example, there is evidence of property and inheritance rights for women, the husband's adoption of the wife's name upon marriage, and the option of divorce without stigma (Mananzan 1-6). After Spanish contact, tribal society shifted to an oppressive feudal system under the dominion of the clergy and the Spanish and mestiza elite.

In response to colonialism's policing of the archive, the trend towards historical revision in Filipino studies opens up what counts as history and is included in the archive. As Brewer notes, the Spanish view [and the American view, I might add] of the newly colonized people was slanted (34-35).^{viii} Historian Reynaldo Ileto championed an interest in alternative historical methods in his 1979 groundbreaking work *Pasyon and Revolution: Popular Movements in the Philippines 1840-1910*. Ileto stresses a need for histories "from below" to understand the people's view of the world. He refutes previous scholars' assertion that the masses were blind followers (7). Instead, he argues that the people joined revolutionary movements that resonated deeply with their spirituality and values (24).

My dissertation builds upon a corpus of work in Filipino studies that challenges the United States' "imperial amnesia" about the history of its occupation of the Philippines.^{ix x} Even the label the Philippine-American War is a contested term. Both in U.S. history textbooks and the archives, the rubric of the Spanish-American War effaces the memory of the Philippine-American War through misnaming. In his oft-cited 1995 essay "The New Empire's Forgetful and Forgotten Citizens," Oscar Campomanes outlines the stakes of historical remembering: ". . .it calls up an unimaginable becoming (the Filipino *American*) and an unimagined community that represents the unrepresentable and critically recognizes the perils of forgetfulness" (Campomanes 165-166). What is striking about the conversation in Filipino studies is that questions about Filipino invisibility in U.S. history and culture remain remarkably relevant today. Luis Francis and Angel Shaw's landmark anthology *Vestiges of War: The Philippine-American War and the Aftermath of an Imperial Dream 1899-1999* offers a textbook-like alternative history of the Philippine-American War. Presenting Filipino and American archival materials, the collection of scholarly essays, art, photographs, and poems remembers a forgotten war and portrays the lingering effects of U.S. colonial history on the Filipino diaspora. In *The Decolonized Eye* Sarita See critically examines an archive of Filipino American artists whose work "counter[s] the invisibility surrounding Filipino America's history of racial subjugation and colonization" (xiii). According to See, Filipino American cultural works cause a "rethinking" of empire and nation because the "positioning of Filipino America as "foreign in a domestic sense"" challenges postcolonial studies' framework of analysis set up in terms of metropole and

colony (xv). My own work strongly resonates with Sarita See's attention to the psychic realm of Filipino American cultural productions that reveal a history of Filipino "dispossessed rage and grief" (9). Building upon her counter archival work that includes the performative, what does not so easily lend itself to recorded experience, I saw a need to examine not only how imperial amnesia underwrites U.S. historical process and formations, which is what See and others point out, but also how the energetic imprint of imperial violence permeates our work within Filipino studies (See xiv). My project closely aligns with Sarita See's work in *Decolonized Eye* that speaks to the blind spots in American culture on Filipino America (xxxii). What I hope to show, however, is that a close reading of the subtle effects of U.S. imperial history calls attention to our own blind spots in Filipino studies. Allen Isaac's recent work *American Tropics: Articulating Filipino America* begins to address this topic when he argues, "the archipelago and its inhabitants' global dispersal have an uncanny effect on the American psyche to which Filipinos have an intimate and uncomfortable linkage" (xxiv). A flurry of scholarship continues to critique "the presumed transparency" of official archives, yet sixteen years later from Campomanes' essay, these questions are not yet laid to rest (Bascara 1248). This trend led me to inquire: why is this so?

My dissertation begins to address this question as I examine how an alternative archive reveals the psychic and spiritual legacy of Spanish and American empire. Like See, I argue that a history of imperial violence and "imperial forgetting" requires innovative approaches to disrupt amnesic tendencies (See xvi). What I suggest, however, is that

imperial amnesia is not just an outside issue. It is difficult to be immune from the effects of imperial trauma when we are still immersed in what Dylan Rodriguez aptly describes “the historical present” of U.S. imperial violence (101). American empire is not merely a past concern, but rears its head in many present forms, including global capitalism. Bascara argues that the history of U.S. -Philippine relations calls for idiosyncratic methodologies “that disrupt and destabilize not only what we know but also, how we came to know it” (1247).^{xi} What I saw as a psychic impasse in Filipino cultural memory (and here, I bring to bear my training in energy healing) shaped my revisionist approach to existing archives and my search for a counter archive. My archival approach joins a methodological trend in Filipino studies that Victor Bascara praises as “innovatively framed histories” that do “not merely provide new information” but “generate new knowledge” (1248). What my project hopes to do is not only invoke the history of imperial violence, but dissipate its effects through shedding light on its pervasive, quotidian influence.

A key question in Filipino studies is what kind of archival work is necessary to recover a history misremembered and misnamed in official archives? My attention to micro-histories resonates with the work of Vicente Rafael and others, whose focus on “episodic histories” rather than epic accounts means paying attention to the details that “do not easily fit into a larger whole” (Rafael, *White Love* 4). Rafael explains the usefulness of this writing “lies in its ability to attend to the play of contradictions . . . thereby dwelling on the tenuous, or might we say ironic, constitution of Philippine history” (4). It is no coincidence that many Filipino scholars share an interest in counter archives and the

challenge of how to define Filipino America (See xvii, Isaac 128). What I suggest is that the crisis of trying to account for the legacy of imperial trauma requires an expansion of the archive, including less tangible materials such as ancestral memories and spiritual knowledge that are relevant to the indigenous mind but dismissed by the West.

My work converses with scholars in (and outside) Filipino studies whose works grapple with the history of U.S. imperial violence. I owe much to scholars such as Nerissa Balce, Kristen Hoganson, and Paul Kramer, who call attention to the gendered nature of imperial violence. In “The Filipina’s Breast: Savagery, Docility, and the Erotics of the American Empire,” Nerissa Balce argues that the turn-of-the-century popular representation of the naked or bare-breasted Filipina as savage justified imperial violence and governance. In *American Tropics: Articulating Filipino America* Allen Isaac proposes that the Philippines represent an aporia in the American imagination (3). Examining the tropics as a constitutive trope of America, he examines American fantasies of the Philippines and misremembering of its colonial policies. Similarly, my archival project foregrounds the texture and taste of imperial violence as everyday living.

By examining the everyday effects of American empire, my work joins a conversation in Filipino studies regarding the postcoloniality of U.S.-Philippines history, what Campomanes describes as “the categorical unrecognizability of U.S. imperialism” (148). Even though postcolonial theory offered a lens to view Philippines-United States’ history, the United States’ refusal to remember its imperial history presents a special dilemma. Oscar Campomanes questions how the category of postcoloniality can apply to

the Philippines when U.S. colonial history was barely even recognized or acknowledged (148). Due to the United States' disregard of its colonial history, Campomanes points out, the Filipino is an invisible category in United States' academic fields and state apparatuses (151). More recently, in Antonio Tiongson's anthology *Positively No Filipinos Allowed: Building Communities and Discourse*, Tiongson examines the effects of American imperialism on Filipino subjectivity and how to place the Filipino within social discourses and formations in the United States. What Campomanes and Tiongson suggest is the need to seek alliances outside of Asian American studies, which has a distinctly different history of race and immigration, and affiliate with other groups including Hawaiians, Puerto Ricans, and Chicanos for new paradigms to understand U.S. postcolonial history (Campomanes "Interview with Oscar V. Campomanes" 41). My work heeds Campomanes' call to consider work by other groups with similar colonial histories. My approach to indigenous spirituality is informed by work done by M. Jacqui Alexander on African spirituality and Gloria Anzaldua and Ana Castillo, among others, on Chicana spirituality.^{xii} They champion indigenous spirituality as a crucial tool of recovery because the spiritual and psychic realms are both sites of colonial violence and potential healing. Drawing upon important headway already laid out by our feminist sisters of color, my work examines strategic storytelling, including indigenous spiritual beliefs and practices, as a way to reconcile a fraught imperial history.

To understand the nuances of imperial violence, my project attends to an affective reading of the archive, including micro-histories and reading for the sentiments of empire

in official archives. An affective turn in history fills in the cracks of official history. My project follows in the footsteps of Reynaldo Ileto and his landmark *Pasyon and Revolution*, which analyzes the interiority of the Filipino lower classes to account for their participation in revolutionary movements. An affective history is a history of the everyday effects of empire. I want to call attention to what might normally get brushed aside as not “worthy” to be counted as history or archival material. A reading of U.S.-Philippines history shows the intangible violence of U.S. colonial policy. To portray the affective history of American imperialism, my methodology tunes into the feelings and experience of individuals living in the shadow of U.S. public history; it acknowledges spirituality as a valid form of knowledge; it handles artifacts and stories with sensitivity and deference for the dead.

My project intervenes in this discursive elision through an “affective turn,” deciphering the sentiments of the colonized, the experience of living both during the United States’ occupation and in the wake of American empire. Chapter 2 closely reads court-martial records from the Philippine-American War to “feel into,” to use intuitive Penney Pierce’s words, victims’ testimonies against accused rapists-soldiers and consider the Filipina’s experience of living in a newly occupied country. On military museums’ memories of the Pacific War, Chapter 3 “feels into” artifacts, images, and stories that represent (or fail to represent) Filipino soldiers’ and civilians’ sacrifices and explores how individual and family memories constitute mainstream history. Chapter 4 analyzes Filipina feminist artists’ interpretation of the Urduja legend and indigenous spirituality to confront everyday challenges. Rather than focusing on abstract categories, I heed the intimate effects

of empire through an affective reading of both official and unofficial archives. I am interested not only in mourning the past but transforming the future. Chapter 4 on Princess Urduja and the babaylans addresses the hopeful use of the memory of indigeneity to form a diasporic feminist community. My dissertation's focus on an affective history of empire highlights not only that United States' and Philippines' public histories are entangled, but also that these public histories are enmeshed with more personal histories. A different view of history—through alternative archives and stories—helps to mitigate the legacy of imperial trauma. An affective history not only highlights the intimate, unseen violence of U.S. colonialism, but also points to a theoretical framework to heal from this same trauma, which constitutes my contribution to Filipino studies.

A key concern among scholars in Filipino studies is how to articulate the Filipino condition in the wake of the United States' empire. For example, Rodriguez argues that the Filipino American subject's "very moment of articulation reinscribes the coercions and massive fatalities underlying the historical processes of Philippine nation making" (5). In other words, he cautions that a counter archive is a reactive perpetuation of the same history of imperial violence. He contends, "The historical undeniability of the U.S. white supremacist state's militarized detonation of Filipino life . . . , as well as its generative and socially formative domination over the Philippine nation-state and Filipino diaspora, is the past and present with which Filipinos cannot come to terms . . ." (11). Rodriguez's attention to the ever-present legacy of imperial violence forms the basis of my own work.

However, my project offers a point of departure as I emphasize alternative archives as a creative act, a mode of self-fashioning, not only as a Filipino reaction to the memory of imperial violence. My project speaks to Kimberly Alidio's proposal that Filipinos need a form of self-determination, "involving asserting expertise over one's condition and energy for popular mobilization, beyond the terms of coloniality (16). Through the process of making meaning, I suggest, storytelling can be a form of self-determination. Through defining the terms of what it means to be a Filipino(a)/American, storytelling can be a way to heal from imperial trauma's legacy. Although I analyze American forgetting of colonial history, I am most interested in how Filipino and Filipino Americans grapple with this memory. Chapter 2 recovers memories of rape committed by American soldiers during the Philippine-American war. I suggest that these glossed over histories continue to haunt Filipino memory. Chapter 4 examines how Filipina feminists appropriate memories of Urduja and indigenous priestess traditions to re-create what it means to be a Filipino living among the diaspora. Through strategic archives and story making, I propose, we reinvent ourselves.

Earlier, I used the metaphor of "sifting through the remains of empire" to describe the feelings fuelling my archival process. But this image also hints at the rich reward of archival work, juxtaposing seemingly disparate remains to create something anew. Leny Strobel describes this process as "culling" for truth "out of fragments . . . from sources outside of one's imaginings, borrowings here and there from other people's languages . . . to create a narrative consistent with [one's] intuition and experience" (Strobel 2). Strobel

responds to Vicente Rafael's use of the fishing metaphor—fishing for truth “out of a barrage of unreadable signs”—to describe how Filipinos constructed meaning out of the words of the Spanish priests, spinning “out discrete narratives that bear no relation to the logic and intent of the priest's discourse” (Rafael 11). My metaphor of sifting through remains is similar to Strobel and Rafael's metaphor of culling for truth. I argue that improvisatory methodologies are critical to understanding and mediating the effects of imperial trauma. I accentuate my role as storyteller in this archival project, picking up strands that weave the story of American empire. But this storytelling is strategic. I am interested not in random stories, but in tales that serve the present.

In my archival project I question: who gets to tell the stories, for whom and to what effect? As a 2nd generation Filipina American, born of a Filipina mother and Caucasian father, I find these questions strike near to the heart. Filipino studies associate home with the Philippine islands, even if, as Epifanio San Juan, Jr. suggests, the home in question is only a mythic idea (San Juan 63). A Filipino diaspora remembers the homeland to evoke feelings of belonging and characterizes what Oscar Campomanes calls a “literature of exile” (Campomanes 49). Even though I grew up with my grandparents' stories of “back home,” “back home” never included me. Even though I am not recognized as Filipino, this nostalgia for “back home”—the memory and yearning for home—was inscribed into my skin, while excluding me from that claim. Born in Manila, my Filipina mother immigrated to the United States at the age of two after her father joined the United States Navy. Raised in post-war United States, she spoke English without an accent, understood but

didn't speak Tagalog, and identified as American. Her *mestiza* looks aided her in "passing" as other than Filipino. People asked her, "Are you Hawaiian? Latina? African American?" but never Filipino. She was a woman of color—severed from her Filipina heritage and self-love by a broken fantasy of assimilation. In contrast, I hungered for Filipino identity and devoured Filipino culture, as if cooking chicken *adobo* or reading Filipino literature would identify me as Filipino and satiate a longing for what I could not yet name. My yearning led me on an intellectual and spiritual journey that would bring me back full circle to heal personal, family and colonial histories within my family line. What I found is that the traumatic histories that ruptured my identity also paved a way for healing. Rather than dismiss my personal stake as the "nostalgic investigation of the lost roots of my own identity," I foreground nostalgia's intimate link with Filipino American memory and the constructedness of history (Spivak 281). I propose that this link can be leveraged—through strategic storytelling—to mitigate past traumas.

To understand the legacy of imperial trauma, I turn to the transnational because it reveals the inextricable link between U.S. and Philippines' histories. Understanding the tangled web of U.S. colonial history requires a look beyond the borders of just one nation; otherwise, the view may be myopic. My attention to the spiritual and psychic legacy of American empire contributes to scholarship in Filipino studies on the effects of globalization on a Filipino diaspora. For example, in *Servants of Globalization* Rhacel Parreñas examines how Filipina domestic workers negotiate the "dislocations" caused by everyday effects of global restructuring (Parreñas 3). Likewise, Neferti Tadiar looks at how

the dreaming practices of nation-states and transnational capital delimit the exploited Filipina domestic worker first and foremost “as a corporeal body” (Tadiar 115). Situating my work within the field of feminist transnational scholarship, I examine archives in the Philippines and the United States, museums in the Philippines and the United States, and babaylan stories on both shores to reveal imperial trauma’s “diffuse” effects (Cvetkovich, *Archive of Feelings* 7). I am interested in not only how these episodic stories intervene in histories of Filipino and American nationalism, but also articulate a useful “imagined community” for a Filipino diaspora.^{xiii} Stories serve to forge a common identity, which helps individuals from discrete backgrounds come together. In *Global Divas*, Martin Manalansan offers a promising paradigm of diasporic identity in his analysis of the *bakla*, who crosses multiple borders of gayness, Filipino immigrant, homeland, and the United States. His argument that the *bakla* disturbs any simplistic claim to monolithic identity bolsters my interest in marginalized identities. I am especially intrigued by Manalansan’s reading of the *bakla* as queering our conceptions of globalization and modernity. His approach suggests a productive way to consider indigeneity, typically couched in fixed, pre-modern time and therefore labeled essentialist, as a more fluid paradigm that might serve a diasporic community, an imagined community that extends beyond the borders (geographical and otherwise) of the nation.^{xiv} My final chapter and epilogue illustrate this communion around memories of indigenous spirituality.

Imperial trauma can be read in the everyday experience of globalization. My work explores the less tangible effects of globalization. I identify a signpost of globalization as an

underlying unsettled feeling, an everyday angst tightening the heart and stifling the breath. The apprehension is a feeling of dis-ease, collectively lurking in the Filipino psyche. Distinct from a general postmodern malaise, imperial misgivings bear the burden of U.S.-Philippines' history. In *Vestiges of Empire* Shaw observes, what "haunted" her the most about writing a history of empire was "the effects on the psyche," "the aftermath of a bloody war," and its "subtle violence" (Shaw x). In *Colonial Cosmopolitanism* Alidio traces globalization's roots to the legacy of colonial history in her argument that "benevolent" colonialism becomes "a vehicle for political and subjective dispossessions that are part and parcel of globalization" (15). And while I cannot speak for Filipino Americans collectively, I witnessed this subtle unsettling in my own life and the lives of my extended family. The unsettling effects of imperial trauma can be observed in chronic depression, procrastination, spending excessively, hoarding clutter to fend off the specter of poverty, or refinancing the house to stage American success to other relatives. It can be heard in the toxic gossip, or *chismis*, the endless comparisons with other Filipino neighbors and relatives. I often felt a nagging uneasiness that below the surface of academic discourse there lingered something that history failed to address. While these symptoms may not be exclusive to Filipino Americans and might be seen as symptomatic of U.S. capitalism, I argue that the specific history of Philippine-United States relations inflects these signs differently. Like salt on an old festering wound, a wound so banal it is hardly recognizable, the volatility of the U.S. economy and current recession causes double injury, and serves as

a reminder of the broken promises of an American Dream. My project aims not only to trace these differences in this archive, but also to render them more legible.

In Filipino American literature, Bienvenidos Santos' short story, "The Day the Dancers Came," addresses the theme of alienation as a product of the history of colonialism. Tony suffers from a strange skin disease in which his skin peels off to reveal a layer of white skin underneath. "I am becoming a white man," he laments (Santos 114). The skin affliction accompanies the sharp scraping pain in his intestines, and he knows that he is dying. This story describes the loneliness of the Filipino exile in the United States, nostalgia for homeland, and desire to belong in the American narrative of inclusion. My great-great-grandmother Gregoria's story of alienation from her family, community, and self parallels the alienation in Santos' story and provides a counter-reading of the long-term effects of American interventionism. Immersing myself in Filipino studies, I started to connect my unsettled feeling with centuries of Spanish and American colonial history in the Philippines. My project foregrounds the intangible effects of American imperialism, traced in generational memories of Filipinos, Filipino Americans, and their descendants.

My quest to understand this troubled feeling led me to study the scholarship on indigenization, originally a nationalist movement within the Philippine-based academy to theorize the Filipino experience based on an indigenous worldview. Virgilio Enriquez and Zeus Salazar are described as champions of the indigenization movement, which returns to indigenous beliefs, values, and practices rather than adhering to Western beliefs.^{xv} Filipino

scholars refuted the storytelling of western anthropologists who previously identified the following qualities as basic Filipino traits: *utang na loob* (one's debt to others), *pakikisama* (getting along with others), and *hiya* (shame) (Strobel 58). Filipino scholars emphasized these traits were only "surface values," based on survival (58). Instead, indigenization scholars emphasize core Filipino characteristics such as *kapwa* (identity of self that automatically includes the other), *loob* (shared humanity), *damdam* (capacity for empathy), and *paninindigan* (strength of conviction) (58). Rather than use the terms of Western psychology (such as the individual and the ego) to describe Filipino personhood, indigenous psychology subscribes to a Filipino worldview, which conceives of the individual in relation to others. Virgilio Enriquez, dubbed by some the father of Filipino psychology, theorized *Sikolohiyang Pilipino*, translated as Filipino indigenous psychology (also known as liberation psychology). In *Between Homeland and the Diaspora: the Politics of Theorizing Filipino and Filipino American Identities*, Lily Mendoza provides an insightful analysis of the movement's strengths and weaknesses in the Philippines and in the United States. Enriquez brought the indigenization movement to the West where he gained a fervent following among Filipino American college students in the early 90s who found in its tenets and practices a decolonizing path. The rift between Salazar and Enriquez captures the conflict within the movement over Salazar's insistence that the theory should remain insular, a conversation within the Philippines academy, rather than be marketed to Western outsiders (118). Enriquez died shortly afterwards, so the movement lost critical momentum. According to Mendoza, established Filipino American scholars were not

receptive to indigenization theory, which was labeled “nativist” (16-17). She notes that younger scholars who were drawn to the movement chose to remain anonymous rather than risk their careers (161). More recently, Rodriguez criticizes the movement’s supporters, whose framing of “the abstracted indigenous” as a “project of cultural reification . . . postpones or erases the current life of actual indigenous peoples” (47). But Mendoza offers a convincing counterargument:

if a discourse were powerful enough to rouse, galvanize, and mobilize whole communities to new modes of consciousness, no matter its (alleged) tenuous theoretical underpinnings (or precisely because of them), should it not all the more merit critical consideration from serious scholars who are part of the community? (196)

In my dissertation I point to strategic storytelling as a way to navigate around the criticism of indigenization movement and perhaps bridge the divide between the postcolonial and indigenization scholars. I draw upon Alexander’s argument as an exploratory model for Filipino indigenous spirituality: sacred energy cannot be owned. It is not fixed and static, but dynamic and fluid (325-326). I am not proposing a blanket celebration of everything indigenous. The Center for Babaylan Studies is very careful to distinguish between babaylan-inspired and practicing babaylans in the homeland. For my part, I hope to clear a path to discuss indigeneity as one strategic narrative among many, as part of an alternative archive that transforms the terms of imperial trauma. The indigenization movement provides a concrete example of how stories can empower.

Studying the indigenization movement expanded my view of spirituality, feminism, and Filipino-ness, as I began to question my western assumptions. Leny Mendoza Strobel describes this process as decolonization. In *Coming Full Circle* she observes the process for the younger generation of Filipino Americans as a process of rethinking “colonial mentality,” of being conscious of how we are interpellated as consumerists and materialists. (Strobel 58).^{xvi} Drawing upon Filipino spirituality and psychology, Strobel explains that recovery from colonial trauma occurs in the following areas: through grieving, remembering, naming, and telling; through visioning and building community, and through valuing Filipino language, oral stories, history, knowledge, and practices (81).

Strobel writes:

The process of reclaiming Filipino history as a counter narrative to the history written by outsiders, becomes a process of reclaiming one’s memory: memories that were submerged because they were considered unimportant, inconsequential, and memories that were negated because of the internalized self-hatred of the colonial psyche.” (Strobel 98)

Strobel and other scholars in Filipino studies draw upon Freire’s concept of “colonial mentality” to name this psychic aftermath of centuries of Spanish and American colonialism. Like these scholars, I am interested in tracing the legacy of imperial trauma and the possibilities of healing.^{xvii} While Strobel and Mendoza analyze social movements, I examine an alternative archive with its idiosyncratic histories as a way to effect healing and to explore spirituality as a necessary avenue of recovery. As I explain in my epilogue, I found that the babaylan movement presents a holistic approach to healing, including the intellectual, physical, spiritual, and emotional realms.

My dissertation explores the effects of imperial memories on later generations of Filipino American, and the power of stories to create better lives, better communities, and even a better future. To trace an archive of memories from the Philippine-American War, World War II, and the more recent era of globalization, I search U.S. military records and museums, oral histories and memoir, art and cyberspace: these artifacts reveal imperial trauma's imprint on the Filipino imaginary. But my conclusion is the crux of my argument: that Filipina feminists' return to indigenous spirituality offers a model for recovering from trauma's legacy. Because the invisible effects of imperial violence include the spiritual, spirituality is a crucial category for healing from imperial trauma.

As often happens with academic work, my intellectual life and personal life are deeply enmeshed. Through the process of raising three children, moving repeatedly for my spouse's job, and writing a dissertation away from the university, I was stuck in dissertation limbo. Desperate, I put aside my skepticism and distaste for "New Age" remedies and accepted a friend's offer "to clear the blocks" getting in the way for my finishing.^{xviii} After experiencing a radical shift, I wanted to learn more about energy healing. Serendipitously, my academic research had already introduced me to an ancient tradition of energy healing in the Philippines as I studied the babaylan tradition, an indigenous practice that predated Spanish contact. I found an online community of Filipina women who were recuperating the babaylan figure in their own lives as cultural healers. Originally, my affinity with the babaylan was simply intellectual, as I argue in Chapter 4, that the babaylan construction helps diasporic Filipina feminists build community. But as I studied energy medicine, I

grew to understand a different kind of knowing, already familiar to the babaylans and the indigenous worldview, but this knowing has been disparaged in discourses of modernity. When I traveled to the Philippines, I met a Filipina feminist who discussed women's innate gifts. Her strand of feminism startled me because it would be labeled essentialist by post-structuralist feminism, but it also resonated with me. Filipina feminism did not alienate me from my own experiences and spiritual beliefs.^{xix} Among Filipino indigenization scholars Leny Strobel, Lily Mendoza, Katrin de Guia, and Grace Nono, conversations about ancestral spirits and intuitive knowledge are accepted as a legitimate realm of inquiry because there is not the same mind/ body/ spirit separation as in the West.^{xx} In the introduction to the *Babaylan* anthology Strobel proposes that indigenous knowledge found in babaylan-inspired work holds the potential for healing (Strobel 6). What started out as a focus on imperial trauma and the long-term effects of American imperialism metamorphosed into interest in the babaylan movement as a powerful paradigm for change. I found Marianne Hirsch's work on "postmemory" useful for thinking about how subsequent generations are removed from the original memory, and yet how these re-creations of memory can be powerful sites of "imaginative investment and creation" (22).

To scholars who may dismiss the indigenization movement and the babaylan movement as essentialist nostalgia of an "impossibly pure" past (and here, my literary training is useful), I argue that considering these narratives as powerful methods of storytelling offers a way to heal rifts within Filipino studies between adherents of western

theories and indigenization theory (See 21). I suggest that imperial trauma's legacy inspires the avant-garde in Filipino American scholarship which, may in turn, invigorate American Studies, postcolonial studies, and Asian American Studies through challenging the assumptions of each respective discipline, as my own project hopes to do. For example, in my epilogue I explore questions about the state of ethnic studies, American Studies, and postcolonial studies if cultural healing were truly possible. I explore how alternative histories allow access to empowering knowledge that helps us to move beyond the constraints of global capitalism.

My project highlights a common thread in Filipino American studies—that of imperial trauma's legacy. By combining psychoanalysis, literary analysis, archival work, indigenization theory, energy healing, and family stories, I hope to take into account the psychic and spiritual effects of imperial violence. I highlight how imperial trauma's legacy interpellates us as scholars, how it seeps into our histories, how it defines old and new archives, and how it underwrites our scholarship. But most importantly, I show how we can use imperial trauma's legacy strategically—through storytelling—to redefine our lives.

III. TRAUMA, MELANCHOLIA, AND MEMORY

The other day I walked through the airport checkpoint. Removing and placing jacket, shoes, and belongings in plastic bins, I passed through a scanner. As I watched my diaper bag with baby bottles subjected to additional testing, I identified this experience as

the daily taste, texture, and feeling of imperial violence. My infant daughter accompanying me would take this surveillance for granted. In the aftermath of 9/11, the barely perceptible fear characterizes the banal experience of imperial violence. Yet 21st century global capitalism is better understood within the context of U.S. Philippines history since the United States' initial involvement with the Philippines marks a watershed moment in U.S. global expansionism, which explains why understanding the earlier history of this under-the-surface violence makes an important contribution to American Studies. On the one hand, trauma theory, recontextualized within Filipino history, opens up a space for understanding private and familial traumas within the larger history of Philippine-United States relations and an earlier history of Spanish colonialism. On the other hand, the specificity of U.S. Philippine history calls for a reshaping of trauma theory to account for the intangible and discursive effects of violence, including its less obvious forms. My grandfather Amado Lopez's story about his immigration to America and his career as an enlisted man in the U.S. Navy illustrates this point.^{xxi} He came to the United States through joining the U.S. Navy shortly after World War II. With only a fourth-grade education, he struggled to pass the tests required for promotion. As a Filipino, he served as a steward, a racialized position designated for African Americans and Filipinos, and worked in the kitchen. He shares this story as a narrative of success, of overcoming the odds and racism to eventually become a Master Chief Petty Officer, the highest rank for an enlisted man, and chef of a mess hall serving ambassadors and admirals. In this putative success story, he tells how he dreaded the test. Although he studied, his lack of formal

education and lack of confidence in absorbing the material made passing the test an impossible feat. Every time, he chokes up in tears at this point in the narrative. To his grandchildren, the tears are inexplicable in this normally cheerful man, yet his affect marks a charged history beyond the individual and familial. Even though the rhetoric and structure of his narrative reveal that he subscribes to the myth of the American Dream, his tears tell another story. Beyond words, his affective expression points to a history of U.S. immigration policies, a country ravaged by war during the U.S. occupation, poverty that prompted my grandfather to join the U.S. military, and indentured military service in exchange for citizenship. Storytelling along with trauma theory helps elucidate the conundrum of Philippine history in compelling ways because alternative stories and trauma theory give us access to other kinds of knowledge, not easily accessible or even conscious, such as my grandfather's affective experience, growing up in the shadow of American empire. Strategic storytelling also honors private, individual memory as part of collective memory, while challenging dominant versions of U.S. history.

Trauma discourse gave me a critical framework to ask questions about my troubled feelings that were signposts of what lies below the surface of knowledge. Certainly, the beginnings of the American occupation in the Philippines constituted a form of trauma: the widespread violence during the Philippine-American War, the betrayal of an American promise, including the sexual atrocities committed by American soldiers to Filipina civilians that I write about in Chapter 2.^{xxii} Imperial trauma points to a generational pattern, a cluster of beliefs and affects that started even prior to the point of imperial

contact and continues to influence, even when the traumatic memory is forgotten. Ron Eyerman's defines cultural trauma as trauma that becomes part of collective memory and shapes a communal identity, even though the trauma is not experienced first-hand (Eyerman 15). My work focuses on the layered nature of trauma, its tangible and intangible effects, woven into transgenerational memories. I see imperial trauma as sedimentation of private struggles and public history. Imperial trauma includes private traumas, sometimes barely discernible, in the intimate spaces of our hearts, our kitchens and beds, and our minds, as well as more public trauma, such as national, war and colonial acts violence. Imperial trauma insists on acknowledging the violence of imperial contact, often physical, even sexual, as Chapter 2 discusses, but then delves into its less easily categorized forms of violence, such as the burden of everyday living.

Psychoanalysis and its offshoot, trauma studies, allow me to theorize why stories might be crucial in not only highlighting but also recovering from what I call imperial trauma. Trauma studies' emphasis on testimony influences my work because the specificity of imperial trauma in Filipino culture necessitates looking to stories and testimonies for knowledge. Cathy Caruth's theory about the unrepresentability of the traumatic experience has shaped my own thinking about trauma. Cathy Caruth describes trauma as "the story of a wound that cries out, that addresses us in the attempt to tell us of a reality or truth that is not otherwise available" (Caruth, *Unclaimed Experience* 4). One cannot experience trauma at the moment of its occurrence. The shock of the trauma is so overwhelming that the survivor revisits the trauma repeatedly to witness the initial

experience. In effect, the elusive and disturbing memory of the trauma “haunts” the survivor. My grandfather’s narrative about his U.S. Navy career as well as my grandmother’s story about Gregoria’s death are examples of this repetition and need to revisit the past. Why does he feel the need to revisit this moment through storytelling? Why did this moment provoke an excess of tears on repeated occasions? And why did my grandmother only mention this story as an anecdote about how to treat pink eye? In Chapter 2, I observe that the memory of sexual atrocities committed by American soldiers during the Philippine-American War is suppressed in Filipino collective memory. Yet this troubling memory of rape haunts other rape narratives, such as the memory of crimes committed against Japanese comfort-women during the Japanese Occupation, the recent media circus over the Nicole-Smith Subic rape trial, or as a metaphor of the American military presence in the Philippines.^{xxiii} From Caruth, I imply that because the wound that cries out signals otherwise inaccessible truth, stories help us to understand another’s experience—even if its knowability is always removed from us. Caruth’s description of a crying wound lays the groundwork for the exigency of using stories to understand imperial trauma’s legacy. Yet I distance my work from Sigmund Freud and psychoanalysis’ micro reading of individual trauma. Instead, I prefer a bifocal approach, which includes reading private trauma in the context of the larger structural forces that caused the trauma.^{xxiv} I agree with Ann Cvetkovich, who in her work on lesbian trauma and alternative archives, rejects psychoanalysis’ insistence on individual recovery in a therapeutic setting and explores other avenues of recovery outside the patient-therapist model (Cvetkovich 3). My

project explores diasporic Filipinas' return to indigenous spirituality as a way to negotiate the legacy of colonial histories.

While mainstream psychoanalysis defines trauma as out-of-the-range-of-ordinary-human experience, my conception of imperial trauma borrows from Laura S. Brown's feminist reading of trauma as "insidious" everyday trauma to capture imperial trauma's permeating effects (Caruth, *Trauma* 107).^{xv} Brown takes into account "social contexts, and the individual's personal history within that social context," which can impart "traumatic meaning to events that might be only sad or troubling in another time and place" (Caruth *Explorations* 110). Imperial trauma is insidious because the accumulation of related events may begin with big 't' traumas such as war but exists on so many registers that it becomes a pervasive, banal force. Although Brown is referring to less obvious forms of sexual trauma, rather than rape and incest, insidious trauma also refers to the ordinary struggles that people face due to the material forces around them. My use of stories sheds light on how imperial trauma seeps into the texture of everyday living.

In the context of imperialism, trauma theory shifts from attending only to blatant experiences of trauma to barely recognizable feelings of apprehension. Yet imperial trauma is a critical category because this daily, generic trauma is predicated on earlier histories of more blatant acts of trauma resonating in Filipino collective memory. To American Studies, I stress the relevance of imperial trauma (and the United States' occupation of the Philippines) because it is a foundational story for the United States in the twentieth and twenty-first century. Described in my chapter's opening, my troubled feeling is identifiable

as transgenerational trauma, a *blah* feeling, built upon genealogies of colonialism and neocolonialism. My emphasis on strategic storytelling as a way to ameliorate trauma's effects constitutes my response to trauma studies.

Though trauma theory provides an initial framework for examining the long-term, under-the-surface effects of United States-Philippines history, work in critical race studies on melancholia and cultural trauma better describes the psychic effects of imperial violence. My conception of imperial trauma is deeply influenced by David Eng and Shinhee Han's work on racial melancholia, which they define as a fractured psyche from failing to be fully assimilated into "regimes of whiteness" (350). In "A Dialogue on Racial Melancholia" David Eng and Shinhee Han reported "disturbing patterns of depression" in Asian American students (344). Rather than pathologizing the students' experience as a psychiatric disorder treated by conventional methods as therapy and drugs, Eng and Han saw their malaise as melancholia, both longing and refusal to find closure, that was inextricably connected to racial and immigration history in the United States. Eng and Han describe melancholia as a longing for the unattainable whiteness that signifies assimilation, which is marked by "a type of national melancholia, a national haunting, with negative social effects" (347). A theory of racial melancholia began to account for my feeling that my family stories were linked to public history. When I tried to understand my *lolo's* conflicted story about his success, I found Anne Cheng's work useful because she highlights racial melancholia's sometimes contradictory affects. She explains, "narratives of joy and sorrow encode the yearning and mourning associated with histories of dispersal

and the remembrance of unspoken losses” (Cheng 23). As I wrote about mitigating the effects of imperial trauma, I was drawn to Eng, Han, and Cheng’s work because they emphasize the power of leveraging racial melancholia for political purposes.

However, racial melancholia fails to adequately account for the narrative of Filipino American experience. I propose that imperial melancholia best captures Filipino/American-inflected racial melancholia haunted by histories of Spanish and American imperialism. Imperial melancholia does not begin with the story of immigration to the United States, but nostalgia for America begins “back home” in the Philippines, even before setting foot in America (Campomanes 147). In the Philippine context, imperial melancholia starts much earlier than American contact and encompasses centuries of colonial history and longing for a lost past. Imperial melancholia is illustrated in Bienvenidos Santos’ story about the protagonist Tony’s physical disease of whiteness when he claims, “I am dying inside,” suggesting a bodily manifestation of a psychic injury. His psychic injury is the internal manifestation of material conditions—the Filipino immigrant’s systematic exclusion from achieving success, as defined by the myth of the American dream. Similarly, my grandfather’s anecdote illustrates imperial melancholia and the inadequacy of psychoanalysis to account for his tears. My interpretation of my grandfather’s tears recalls Eng and Han’s reading of Asian American college students’ depression not as individual pathology, but as a “depathologized structure of feeling” (344).

My own conception of imperial melancholia is similar to Sarita Echavez See’s work on colonial melancholia, what she describes as “rage and grief” “from the dispossession of

land, language, and autonomy at the core of the colonial enterprise” (See 379). In contrast to See, I emphasize the “imperial” aspects of this history because I am deeply influenced by Edward Said who writes that cultural imperialism begins with “an *idea* of empire” (11). I stress the idea of empire in this archival project on trauma’s legacy because I am interested in the psychic underpinnings of colonialism, that began first, with *the thought of empire*, and I want to foreground the “diffuse,” everyday effects of this trauma. Suggesting the long-reaching tentacles of imperialism that began with imperial events, the Spanish-American War and subsequent Philippine-American War, the term “imperial trauma” reckons with the ideological empire of U.S. capitalism, consumerism, and globalization. Though not seeking to diminish the real effects of U.S. colonial history, I explore how foregrounding the trauma of cultural imperialism reveals the continuities of the past and present, a strategic move that contests U.S. imperialism and its many forms today.

As Cheng points out, “If we are willing to listen, the history of disarticulated grief is still speaking through the living . . .” (29). Imperial melancholia fuels my project’s search for lost, forgotten, and even fabricated histories and hints at the title and scope of my project on imperial remains. Imperial melancholia informs my relationship to the archive, and questions I bring to my research, and strategic storytelling. When leveraged to create change, imperial melancholia becomes the foundational feeling for alternative storytelling. The traditional archival remains are simply touchstones for the more elusive, intangible remains that make up my archive: affective memories that span the generations and

continue to define the present. Imperial melancholia drives the excavations of these memories.

A study of affective remains reveals how transgenerational memory works. Sometimes, a memory is just a story passed down from one generation to the next, much like the story of my great-great grandmother's suicide. But other times, there is simply a feeling, belief, or energetic imprint, shared across generations, even when the actual memory is forgotten. Transgenerational memory is similar to Marianne Hirsch's work on postmemory, except that transgenerational memory can be a forgotten memory. Hirsch writes, "postmemory is distinguished from memory by generational distance and from history by deep personal connection" (22). But transgenerational memory can be part of collective memory, even when the actual memory of the event is lost. An example of this intergenerational memory is explained in Chapter 1, the energetic imprint of sexual trauma and feeling of outrage transmitted generationally, even though the family memory was never passed on. Or in Chapter 4, the legend of a warrior princess stands in for the memory of women's power predating colonialism, even if the historical figure never existed. The term "transgenerational memory" explains how imperial trauma affects later generations of Filipino/ Americans, but it also represents a way to mediate the effects of trauma.

IV. ALTERNATIVE HISTORIES AND THE ARCHIVE

If the process of memory is partly fictive, if a psyche has been deeply wounded and scarred, then surely a reconstruction (and not just repossession), guided as much by

the future as the past, was needed. A Pinoy could also be a conquistador, after all—a builder not of empires, but of memory. (Francia 120)

This story of American empire begins “over there,” shuttling across oceans and time, through generations, and through dispersed memories. It is a history that requires unorthodox measures to calculate, by looking in the gaps and silences, the cracks and fissures of official history. To capture this troubling under the skin of Filipino memory, it requires an unusual archive, not just collecting but also interpreting through unorthodox means, such as visiting cyberspace, recalling strained memory, revisiting official archives, or even acknowledging spirits. John Kuo Wei Tchen calls for the need for “secret archives,” what he describes as a “process of opening spaces for the voicing of the kinds of secreted experiences” (440). My compass was merely a feeling—what might miss the standard of empirical methods—that something was not quite right. For example, even though there was unpopular memory of rape during the Philippine-American War, where was the story represented in Filipino literature? Why are Filipino war veterans marginalized at museums memorializing veteran sacrifices during World War II in both Texas and Corregidor? What was the pull of a legendary warrior princess to stand in for Philippines’ medieval history? How do we make the illegible and invisible, the spiritual and psychic effects of trauma legible and visible? Aiming to make these stories explicit, my archival work is an affective history of American empire. I agree with Tchen who argues, “Archives-building embodies a people’s reflexive self-creation” (439). My work adds to a body of work in Filipino studies of Filipinos emerging from what Freire calls, a “culture of silence”(30). Strobel points out

the need for a re-telling of stories: “The re-telling is, therefore, a process of imagining and creating a new story, a useful fiction, so to speak, in order for the story to become a source of empowerment through a new way of looking at history” (Strobel 69). An affective history is unruly and messy because it is not easy to tame, categorize or define. To paraphrase Hartman’s words, it is a history “predicated on impossibility” (2). It requires paying attention to signs that would be easily dismissed by conventional methods, to feelings that might be deemed insignificant. In this chapter’s epigraph Eng and Kazanjian emphasize melancholic remains’ creative potential for community-building and political action. Likewise, my project focuses on imperial remains as fertile grounds for creating a transformative paradigm. My project begins with the difficult remembering of sexual atrocities during the Philippine-American War, but ends on a celebratory note examining the babaylan-figure as cultural healer and spiritual practice as a way to bridge difference, create community, and effect change.

As Luis Francia suggests, Filipinos construct memories of empire as a way to contest imperial trauma. A flurry of scholarship and literature in Filipino studies focuses on how cultural memory and alternative histories contest the hegemony of official history. As Marita Sturken puts it:

To define a memory as cultural is, in effect, to enter into a debate about what that memory means. This process does not efface the individual but rather involves the interaction of individuals in the creation of cultural meaning. Cultural memory is a field of cultural negotiation through which different stories vie for a place in history. (Sturken 1)

Cultural memory is an expressed memory, moving from the private to public realm. Unlike transgenerational memory, cultural memory is conscious. As public memory, it invokes a community. It can be manifested as a cultural production, or simply a conversation. My project includes public and private, conscious and unconscious memories. Campomanes points out that the American Empire was formed, in part, through a “massive political and cultural archive which de-nationalized Filipinos and deemed them as racialized subjects unfit for self-determination . . . this archive itself becomes a self-fulfilling phantasm”(Campomanes). His point explains my obsession with archival stories in a contest over self-determination. I share with other scholars of Filipino American historiography an interest in cultural memory, but I also urge the importance of expanding our definition of the archive by including affective remains of empire. Examining the energetic seeds of memories, not even public, grants us purview to the workings of empire. Through strategic storytelling, these not-quite-memories become cultural memories, thus entering the field of negotiating meaning.

My early training in postcolonial studies shaped my research into memories of the United States' occupation in the Philippines as I studied the similarities and differences between the Filipino experience and other postcolonial experiences. In *Culture and Imperialism* Edward Said observes, “stories are at the heart” of imperialism because they reveal the way in which “colonized people [. . .] assert their own identity and the existence of their own history” (xii). While his groundbreaking work emphasized the narratives of novels, I am interested in less canonical stories that reveal this complex history of United

States-Philippines relations. I want to call attention to the more subtle forms of violence, that get passed down for generations.

When people inquire about my research, I lament the lack of literary texts in my dissertation situated within the discipline of English literature. Initially, I looked to Filipino American literature to express the troubled history of American empire. But stories of rape during the Philippine-American War were not well represented in literature. While there was much literature about the Pacific War and the Japanese Occupation, I could not find a portrayal of the elision of Filipino soldiers' sacrifice on both shores. In contrast, Urduja's figure was found in Ibn Batuta's work, as well as in Filipino plays, operas, and full-length movies, but I found feminists' recuperation of her figure to effect change more illuminating than Urduja's commercial success. De Guia quotes poet Villaba as saying, "We Filipinos are freedom-people who stumbled into history and have not found our way out anymore," yet I argue, alternative histories and strategic storytelling provide a way out of this fraught colonial history (40).

"Imperial Remains" begins with the story of Gregoria's death to illuminate her intimate connection to U.S. colonial history. An American imperial regime of health entered the domestic space of Gregoria's family and branded her as diseased. Anne McClintock argues in *Imperial Leather* that imperialism is grounded on articulations of gender, race, and class. The tale of Gregoria recalls McClintock's work about the intimate nature of imperialism. Colonial rule not only penetrates the interior spaces of homes, but also the bodies of women. As Cathy Caruth points out, "History, like trauma, is never

simply one's own, that history is precisely the way we are implicated in each other's traumas" (Unclaimed Experience 24). Although Caruth is referring to the large-scale traumas of war and genocide, these more private traumas permeate the landscape of history. While any understanding of United States history is inextricably tangled with an understanding of the Philippine-American War and its aftermath and the Philippines' trajectory from a U.S. colony to neo-colony, this larger drama of history is written on the bodies of individuals such as my great-great grandmother Gregoria. Writing about the medical colonial project, Warwick Anderson argues that the colonial state took leprous individuals away from their families in the interests of hygiene and "in the interests of medical and civic reformation"(Stoler *Haunted by Empire* 94). Public health and education were the two tools of American colonialism, cast as benevolent assimilation. My family story contests the story of benevolent assimilation by telling an alternate history in which this woman's body was stigmatized, codified, and contained as a leper.

The task of recuperating alternative histories poses a challenge to archival work. The conflicted process can require summoning the dead, but as Gayatri Spivak points out, the voices of the silenced cannot speak. In Spivak's seminal essay "Can the Subaltern Speak?," she describes the importance of archival, interventionist work that measures silences, and yet the inherent conflict in recovering the silence (286). Pointing out the complicity of western intellectuals pretending to speak for the oppressed Third World subject, Spivak argues how this tension between absence and presence calls for another kind of history, one that does not merely voice the unvoiced, but rather reveals the

inherent power dynamics at work and contests dominant versions of history.^{xxvi} While I acknowledge my own privileged subject position and impossibility of knowing the Other, according to the terms of western discourse, my interest in spirituality and other forms of knowledge-making follows in the footsteps of Avery Gordon who argues for a methodology to get at what isn't so easily documented by the traditional methodology of her discipline. In *Ghostly Matters* she writes that when the "critical vocabularies" failed her, she looked to "ghostly matters" to understand "how social institutions and people are haunted" (8). She writes, "The ghost or the apparition is one form by which something lost, or barely visible, or seemingly not there to our supposedly well-trained eyes, makes itself known or apparent to us... The way of the ghost is haunting, and haunting is a very particular way of knowing what has happened or is happening" (8). In other words, haunting and ghosts convey knowledge in response to what Spivak refers to as the "epistemic violence" of academic discourse and other regimes of knowledge. Ann Laura Stoler writes about the epistemology of haunting when she describes "haunting" as occupying "the space between what we cannot see and what we know" (xiii). I, too, am working with this language of haunting and ghosts, but I seek to stretch the boundaries of epistemology—what we can claim to know. My work builds upon Alexander's work on sacred knowledge as a necessary reckoning with the history of imperial violence. She describes how the divide between the material and spiritual is a byproduct of modernity's colonization. She writes, "In the realm of the secular, the material is conceived of as tangible while the spiritual is either nonexistent or invisible. In the realm of the Sacred, however, the invisible constitutes its

presence by a provocation of sorts, by provoking our attention" (307). My archival work gestures to another kind of knowing—what lies beyond the boundaries of secularized knowledge—hinted at in the language of affect, intuition, ghosts, and haunting.

My own work seeks to carve out an “otherly” space of what constitutes knowledge, a realm of possibility, despite empiricist claims otherwise. Sometimes this recovery means reading in-between what is said and not said, as in the testimonies of rape victims during court-martial in Chapter 1. My work follows in the footsteps of Laura Ann Stoler, who in *Intimacies of Empire*, examines how the machinations of empire seep into the private, intimate spaces of colonial lives and how these intimate histories are not so easily catalogued or recognized but tell a compelling story about empire. She argues that attention to “the microphysics of daily lives” calls for a nuanced reading of the archive (7). My reading of the archive of empire lacks one homogenous methodology, reflecting the idiosyncratic nature of the archive itself. In *Along the Archival Grain*, Stoler takes an unexpected turn when she looks at the archive from the view of the colonizer rather than the colonized to reveal the uncertainties and instabilities in what made colonial rule (3). Similarly, my reading of military museums accounts for the ways in which the longing of American war veterans shapes what narratives unfold at the exhibit. To tell the story of American empire in the Philippines sometimes means reading along the grain—as Stoler does—to understand the everyday life of the American soldier and the Filipina civilian, as I propose in Chapter 2. But other times, in Chapter 3, my methodology adds personal and family histories and other narratives to read the artifacts in military museums

commemorating the Pacific War. Or in Chapter 4, it means tracing the phantasmic appearances of the legendary Urduja to understand how American empire continues to permeate the present and more importantly, how to articulate recovery from trauma's legacy. In the first chapter I follow the existing archive, but in the other two chapters I expand the archive to account for missing narratives of American empire.

Narrating these intimacies of violence requires strategic storytelling that calls attention to the ethics of its recovery as well as the boundaries of what makes good scholarship. In her work on slavery, Saidiya Hartman describes the tensions in archival work that recall histories predicated on violence. In *Lose Your Mother*, Hartman writes about the death of a slave girl by telling the story through the eyes of witnesses called to testify the captain's trial, charged for murder. In "Venus in Two Acts," Hartman revisits the history by describing the death of the other slave girl on the ship. She imagines what the friendship between the two girls aboard ship on the Middle Passage, even as she dismisses her attempts to recover their history. Her counter-history hovers at "the intersection of the fictive and the historical" (12). Similarly, my archive of empire challenges the boundaries of western scholarship by "performing the limits of writing history through the act of narration," as Hartman puts it (13). She writes, "How can narrative embody life in words and at the same time respect what we cannot know?" (3). Like Hartman, I wrestle with the use of narrative to approach a fraught epistemology. Where I differ, however, is in my assertion that this *otherly* knowledge exists and stories

help us to recover that knowledge, even if paradoxically that knowledge lies beyond the limits of western discourse.

My dissertation's expansion of the archive, including spirituality as a critical category of knowledge, builds upon the past twenty years of work by feminists of color who write about spiritual practices as inextricably linked to making meaning in the world. In African studies Alexander, mentioned previously, describes the mind/body split as part of Cartesian philosophy and the Enlightenment and the "disavowal" of spiritual practices "another form of oppression" (319-320). Decolonization and its corresponding archive, therefore, include spirituality. Likewise, Chicana feminists including Gloria Anzaldua, Ana Castillo, Cherrie Moraga, and others, explore and champion the importance of Latino/a spiritual and healing practices as a viable path to decolonization and creating community. These scholars argue that the personal is political is spiritual (and sexual). My dissertation builds upon work by feminists of color by examining Filipino indigenous beliefs and practices, which includes storytelling, acknowledging ancestral memories and spirits, dance, rituals, and healing work in a counter archive that might rewrite the legacy of imperial trauma.

The term "imperial trauma" is not intended to explain away every perceived injustice to Filipinos, Filipino Americans and their posterity, yet it serves as a marker to explain something just under the surface, interminably perplexing, that couldn't just be explained through psychoanalysis or economics: a pattern, a thought, a feeling perpetuated, a kind of psychic and spiritual bondage that outlasts the governmental structure of an

American empire or colony, that continues across generations and borders, across oceans and continents, and even across languages. What stories are necessary to convey this inexplicable, under-the-surface violence? More importantly, how might alternative histories transform the present? How do alternative stories create a different landscape of possibility? What fictions, histories, and stories do we tell to help us embody the present? What stories, thoughts, and affects serve us best? As an alternative history, my project works with the discarded strands of not-quite history and uses unconventional means and artifacts to get at truth. My archival project is a peculiar kind of alternative history turning to an affective history: feelings, the everyday, experience, and spirituality to not only recover histories but also to begin healing.

Starting out as a troubling hunch that this was bigger than my personal and family history, this unsettling feeling of imperial trauma requires a different kind of archive and storytelling that traces and interprets these affective remains. In her work on lesbian trauma and public culture, Cvetkovich calls this archival work “an archive of feelings:” “an exploration of cultural texts as repositories of feelings and emotions, which are encoded not only in the content of the texts themselves but in the practices that surround their production and reception” (7). My own archival work required paying attention to my own feelings as well as noticing a familial pattern of feelings among my kin. It might be revealed in never wanting to question a white-jacketed doctor; it might be revealed in self-sabotaging behavior, evidence of “blocks” that stymie the fulfillment of dreams and desires; or it might

be revealed as a benign addiction to television and movies to dull the daily pain of living. The pattern of feelings signaled to me the need for another kind of history.

Taking these feelings seriously, I gathered an archive of stories, including that of my great-great grandmother's suicide, my mom's and uncle's story of never really achieving the American Dream, or my grandfather's tears about his success. Through this journey, I began to make a connection between these private histories of never being enough and the history of the United States' occupation of the Philippines. My family tradition in the United States Navy that goes back four generations is intimately linked to United States colonial history. These personal and familial stories do not claim to be "the truth" about empire but they represent knots to untangle in the story of archive. In her work on *Ordinary Affects*, Kathleen Stewart points out the promise of tracing "ordinary affects": "the question they beg is not what they might mean in an overarching scheme of things, but where they might go and what potential modes of knowing, relating, and attending to things are already somehow present in them in a state of potentiality and resonance" (3). Stewart's use of the ordinary and everyday—what doesn't quite measure up to an event— informs my work. She writes: "To attend to ordinary affects is to trace how the potency of force lies in their immanence to things that are both flighty and hardwired, shifty and unsteady but palpable too" (3). Stewart's work helps to account for how transgenerational memory might translate into barely palpable sentiment, such as a feeling of not feeling worthy. Tracing this constellation of ordinary and out-of-the-ordinary affects maps out an affective history of American empire in the Philippines that informs the present.

The placement of my chapters reflects my intellectual and spiritual reckoning with the legacy of imperial trauma as I begin with the memories of sexual atrocities during the Philippine-American War and end with the memory of a warrior princess Urduja and her link to the babaylans. In response to trauma studies' emphasis on large-scale traumas, Cvetkovich suggests that a theory of "public feelings" might better account for less visible forms of trauma (464-465). However here, my project's focus on imperial trauma is a conscious reckoning with the specificity and accompanying elision of United States' colonial history. I stress imperial trauma because we cannot recover from this traumatic history of the United States' occupation in the Philippines if we never acknowledge it in the first place. In the Philippines' context, this trauma begins with war, but continues with the issues of globalization and neocolonialism. Though the placement of my chapters follows a linear progression, they trace a trajectory from despair to hope as Chapter 2 recovers the memory of war atrocities during the Philippine-American War; Chapter 3 examines the insidious trauma of marginalizing the Filipino's participation in the United States' military during World War II; and Chapter 3 traces how the memory of a legendary warrior princess and her affiliation with the babaylan movement, an ancient priestess tradition predating Spanish colonial contact, presents a paradigm for cultural healing that may be a productive theoretical direction in Filipino studies, ethnic studies, Asian American Studies, and postcolonial studies. My dissertation explores how affective histories represent fertile sites for healing.

Famously dubbed by President Taft as “a splendid little war,” the Philippine-American War inaugurates the fraught history of Philippine-United States relations. Thus, my dissertation begins by covering the initial moments of American imperialism. Following the footsteps of scholarship recovering the memories of the Philippine-American War, “Resisting the Footnote: Rape in the Philippine-American War” focuses on sexual violence committed by American soldiers, as evidenced in court-martial records in the United States National Archives.^{xviii} Other scholars, most notably Reynaldo Ileto, mention sexual atrocities, but this chapter offers an in-depth treatment of this history of rape by focusing on women’s’ testimonies about sexual violence committed during the establishing of an empire. My reading of these imperial remains gleans what it might have been like for a Filipino civilian during the American Occupation. Because my archival work is tasked with what Spivak has called “measuring silences,” my reading of the archive becomes a kind of strategic storytelling to recover inaccessible truth. Such alternative histories, I argue, is nevertheless a necessary juxtaposition to official history.

Like Chapter 2’s reading of women’s testimonies about war crimes, Chapter 3 intervenes in two military museums’ silences about Filipino participation in World War II. In Chapter 3 I argue that the occlusion of Filipino voices at the National Museum of the Pacific War in Fredericksburg, Texas and at Corregidor Island in the Philippines perpetuates imperial trauma and that imperial melancholia drives my weaving of stories into a counter archive. The museum in Fredericksburg narrates the story of the Pacific War and commemorates the sacrifices made by the World War II veterans. Although a section

of the museum is devoted to the Philippines, there are no stories about Filipino soldiers and civilians in the museum and in the museum's archive. This absence fails to recognize the thousands of Filipino soldiers who fought alongside the American soldiers, as well as the peculiar imperial relationship of these Filipino soldiers to the U.S. Many of them fought in the Philippine Scouts, a branch of the United States Army. The story of war told at the museum in Fredericksburg illustrates imperial trauma and calls for a conscious strategy, a melancholic rereading of the past.

Although such a gross oversight at a museum in the heart of the Texas might not elicit much surprise, the narrative of war told at Corregidor Island performs similar cultural work and negates Filipino sacrifices in disturbing ways. Corregidor Island was part of the U.S. military, and as such, it performs the ideological work of the government. But the U.S. is supposed to have left the Philippines. The United States' continuing influence on knowledge production at the war memorial on Corregidor Island reveals the entrenchment of imperial trauma at home in the Philippines and the United States.

Chapter 4 embarks on a quest to locate the legendary Princess Urduja's ties to the Philippines and arrives at an examination of the babaylans as an alternative model for negotiating the "isms" of the twenty-first century. In my search for stories and usages of the medieval warrior princess from Ibn Batuta's 14th century travel narrative, I gathered together disparate sources to create an archive of Urduja that traces Urduja's genealogy from a national heroine to a feminist icon. Although historians have dismissed Urduja as a mythic figure, she continues to appear in contemporary culture. I explore how Jose Rizal

and on his footsteps, the United States government used Urduja's legend to promote nationalism (and a U.S.-sanctioned form of nationalism). I closely read first-hand accounts of the 1931 Tayug Uprising against the United States to analyze how the Urduja trope is used to allay the memory of colonial trauma. Furthermore, I examine how Urduja is used in women's organizations such as GABRIELA and Women in Development to address the challenges of globalization. Lastly, I analyze how Urduja is interpreted by Filipina feminist artists Monica A. Bauer, Johanna Poethig, and Alma Quinto. This chapter not only uncovers the memories of Urduja, by revealing where she crops up in the Filipino imaginary, but also by decoding what she reveals about desire and loss. I am interested in how she is transformed from a ghostly legend to an accessible icon of everyday culture. While the first two chapters focus on speaking to the silences in the imperial archive, this chapter shows how Urduja in popular culture is already a response to imperial trauma. As an alternate archive of empire, this chapter traces Urduja's trajectory from fantasies of Filipino nationalism to the babaylan's embodied activism wedded to spirituality.

Chapter 2: Resisting the Footnote: Rape during the Philippine-American War

There is no document of civilization which is not at the same time a document of barbarism ~Walter Benjamin in "Theses on the Philosophy of History"

*The news is all over town that she's/always blank-eyed and hugging her knees.
-Joseph Lacaba in "Mariang Makiling"*

I. INTRODUCTION

I never understood this impulse under my skin. These rape stories stirred me, just as the image of the violated girl from Joseph Lacaba's poem haunted me. Her figure signals a hushed memory in the Filipino imaginary. The words from Walter Benjamin in the epigraph capture this contested history, disturbingly profound when working with archival documents from the Philippine-American War. I encountered documents of both a "civilizing mission" and "barbarism" (Benjamin 258). I knew this story needed to be told. Some people wonder, was I a victim of rape? As a teenager and young adult, I spent hours in front of psychiatrists, therapists, and counselors who all insisted: you have the classic symptoms of a sexual abuse victim. As much as I strained memory, I could never cough up an incident that amounted to sexual abuse, beyond the stepfather—high on cocaine—who tried to crawl into my bed when my mother worked a nightshift as a nurse. After my stepfather's attempt, my lolo installed a lock to my bedroom door. It was not until I started digging into rape stories that my grandmother revealed the story about her own mother's rape. It helped me understand a maternal pattern of withholding love. Did the memory of my great-grandmother's violation surge through my veins, written on my mestiza body and expressed in my own shame? As a young child, I put myself to sleep with childhood fantasies about an island of women conquered by men. I never located where I found this memory of Amazonian women and their subjugation, with the exception of my favorite 70's television show Wonder Woman. But now, awareness deepens. As a decolonized Filipina, I read centuries of colonialism and pre-colonialism etched in my DNA.^{xxviii} I start to piece this postcolonial puzzle together.

Recently, a ghost visited me. In my mind's eye, I see the apparition as a shadow hovering in the stairwell in my home, after the children had fallen asleep. I sense a presence and look up, but the image flees. Hair stands up on my skin. Before, I would dismiss this experience as insignificant, but as I acknowledge this other way of knowing, such encounters happen more often, especially as I come to understand my babaylan roots and my calling as an energy healer in my family. Through practicing an energy healing technique called *Simply Healed*, I have learned how to clear the energetic blocks in my family line, sometimes releasing patterns extending back forty-plus generations.^{xxix} The apparition was a girl, fourteen years old, perhaps a sister of my grandfather's grandmother Isabel, known only as a Delgado on the genealogy chart. She beckoned me with a message. I felt the urgency of an outrage, of something to clear from my generational line, which was separate from the family secret of rape that my grandmother had revealed about my great-grandmother Mamong. Brushing up against these effects of the dead has the texture of paper thrown on a fire, crinkly and hot, like dying embers; this time, it tastes of bile. As I released this hold on my family and me, I suddenly realized that my project had greater implications than I understood, my reckoning with the dead. This transmission of generational memory resonates with a passage in Ninotchka Rosca's *The State of War* when on the eve before her wedding, her mother's touch communicated the outrage of her deceased grandmother: "Through her mother's flesh, she had met her own grandmother who was still raving against what the Spaniards had done...[and how]...the Spaniards infected them with shame and made them hide their strength beneath layers of petticoats..." (191-192). And while spirits don't usually appear in western scholarly writing, except as abstract theoretical figures, her haunting gestures to the intergenerational memories running through the threads of this chapter and dissertation and through Filipino cultural

memory, sometimes as vestigial memories to challenge dominant memories, or as negative imprints that need to be cleared. These Filipinas' stories in this chapter are our stories, even if these women are not our direct ancestors. Their memories are our memories. It wasn't until my own ghostly encounter that I recognized the spiritual urgency to reckon with these histories driving this chapter.

When Filipino and American historiographies refer to rape committed by American soldiers during the Philippine-American War, the only fleshed-out story that emerges is Reynaldo Ileto's account of an incident that occurred in the small town of Calendaria, in a province south of Manila.^{xxx} Seventy locals complain to the prosecuting attorney about military abuses; most of them are women (Boughton 3). Most complaints center around sexual relations, from soldiers' cohabitation with local women to soldiers' blatant sexual abuse of civilians. In response, the provost marshal sends Captain Boughton to investigate these complaints and file a report (Boughton).

In this report thirteen-year-old Prudencia Sedeño testifies that three policemen came to her house and ordered her to go to the officer's quarters to make a statement (Sedeño). Her words are translated by a Spanish interpreter. Prudencia leaves immediately, accompanied by her mother. With her mother waiting outside, Prudencia is escorted into the lieutenant's quarters at the Presidencia. Lt. Charles Baker attempts to seduce the young girl, but she resists his advances. Finally, Lt. Baker leaves her. She remains crying in the room. Later, a Spanish woman finds Prudencia and her mother hiding under her house because they fear they will be forced to have sex with the officers (Boughton 7).

Lt. Baker writes in the report that while walking down the street that day, he noticed Prudencia and commented to Inspector Herrera that he found the young girl pretty and “should like to become better acquainted with her” (Baker 1). He insists he did not order for the girl to be brought to him. When she was delivered to his quarters, he tries to talk with her. When he tries to hold her, she looks so frightened that he realizes her dislike of him and lets her go (3). Despite Baker’s account of what happened, the commanding officer writes in the report that the girl’s account appears to be true (Boughton 7).

The Calendaria story points to the underbelly of United States’ colonial power, what Laura Ann Stoler calls “the tense and tender ties” of empire (Stoler, “Tense and Tender Ties”). Captain Boughton writes, “a rumor circulated through the town that if a scout presented himself at a house and the woman of his choice did not accede to his wishes the husband, father, or male member of the family would be imprisoned, deported, or shot” (3). This rumor probably incited fear in the hearts and minds of Filipino civilians and prompted compliance to colonial authority. When a Filipino official demands that Prudencia come to the military headquarters, it is inconceivable to deny “the request.” Regardless of Lt. Baker’s intentions, he flexes his military muscles to fuel sexual desire. This story shows how colonial and bodily desire is tightly wound around the knots of gender, race, and empire. Furthermore, this story highlights the underlying power dynamic centered on gender and race so imbricated in daily imperial governance.^{xxxii}

Prior to and alongside the “benevolent assimilation” project of public education and public health policy, the military served as the foundational backbone of an American empire.^{xxxii} Madeline Morris suggests how a military culture that centers on hypermasculinity for male bonding creates an objectification of women. She writes, “Norms conducive to rape include normative attitudes toward masculinity, toward sexuality, and toward women” (Morris 180). For example, United States military cadences historically contained verses that objectified and denigrated women (165-166).^{xxxiii} The story about Prudencia and Lt. Baker’s “close encounters” points to (attempted) rape acts as “proximities of power,” simply acting out an imperial logic (Stoler, *Haunted by Empire* 3). Rape becomes a natural appendage of empire, an “unfortunate” byproduct of what began, as Edward Said describes, as an “idea of having an empire” (Said 11).

This chapter questions why this Calendaria incident serves as the only story in Filipino and American historiography about American aggression towards Filipina civilians. I suggest that the story’s presence in historiography reveals American and Filipino ambivalence about United States’ colonial desire, so fueled by racialized, gendered bodies. More specifically, this story illustrates the ambivalent relationship Filipino and American historiography harbor toward the subject of rape as American war atrocities.

Although scholars Paul Kramer and Kristin Hoganson mention or footnote rape during the Philippine-American War, Iletto’s story about Calendaria is the only lengthy narrative on sexual violence. The Calendaria incident is an attempted overture by a military officer to an unwilling local girl.^{xxxiv} There is no in-depth treatment of the topic of

rape and how it relates to United States-Philippine history, so the memory of sexual atrocities during the Philippine-American War are rumored rather than fleshed-out fact. I find Stoler's work helpful for thinking about intimacy, ranging from willing desire to unwanted touching, as another form of violence in the building up of American empire. Sexual violence related to the U.S. presence in the Philippines is a fraught memory in the Filipino imaginary, sometimes passed off as common knowledge, such as when evoked by critics of the United States' continuing military presence in the Philippines, but other times dismissed as an exaggeration. This un-popular memory—American soldiers raping Filipinas during the war—haunts the present by invisibly occupying or taking on a changing form, to paraphrase Stoler's words (Stoler, *Haunted by Empire*, 1). The memory of rape is frequently invoked in Filipino culture to discuss current conflicts, such as the dispute over the Visiting Armed Forces Agreement or the Nicole-Smith rape trial in Subic Bay, yet it occupies a liminal space in historical memory, acknowledged and yet unacknowledged.^{xxxv}

In *War's Dirty Secret*, Anne Barstow points out that in histories of 20th century war, rape is either omitted or it becomes a “lesser crime, a footnote to what is traditionally seen as the more pressing problems of war” (Barstow 7-8). These memories of rape and not-quite rape lie under the skin of Filipino memory and thus require different archives and research strategies, which explains my interest in ghosts and other presences to document this elusive history. Despite the gravity of this topic, my own project attempts to resist the footnote of rape by fleshing out these stories, honoring these women's voices, and creating an alternative history that serves the present.

One obvious reading is that these stories of sexual violence are emblematic of United States-Filipino relations: the young colonial officer is likened to an up-and-coming United States yearning for a maiden Philippines.^{xxxvi} As an “American Philippine romance,” Neferti Tadiar describes the Philippines as an American mistress, not legitimately courted as other western powers in the political arena, but rather prostituted to satisfy First World fantasies (40). Hoganson describes how imperialists and anti-imperialists used the argument about rape to justify the United States’ imperial presence in the Philippines and conversely, to argue how their presence in the Philippines’ tropics would cause the denigration of their American “boys” (180-181). This reading is familiar because stories of violation haunt what Sharon Delmendo calls an “entangled” history of United States-Philippine relations (1).

Avoidance of this history of crimes against women is not exclusive to Filipino-American historiography. Barstow argues that war crimes against women during twentieth century wars have been systematically ignored. For example, after WWII, the United States knew about the Japanese war brothels that imprisoned women, but never pressed charges against the Japanese government. Seymour Hersh’s Pulitzer Prize winning account of U.S. war atrocities in My Lai, Vietnam also neglected to mention accounts of rape (Barstow 5). Barstow contends that this avoidance set a twentieth-century pattern for further sexual violence during war. As this systemic avoidance began even earlier than World War II or the Vietnam War, a study of the full spectrum of sexual violence—from intimacy to rape—during the Philippine-American War becomes a critical lens to understanding American

empire and U.S-Philippine relations. My own work writes against this “strange myopia” by looking to official U.S. archives, specifically military court-martial records housed at the United States National Archives. (Barstow 5). Like Stoler, who in her work on Dutch colonial rule, writes about the “inaccessibility” and lack of “transparency” of the archive, I encountered similar challenges when first attempting to mine this topic: stacks of shoeboxes, chock full of scribbled correspondence and records-keeping of a war long past (8). How does one look for sexual violence in an archive predicated on minimizing its memory? I started with the obvious: court-martial records that attracted the attention of the Senate when debating the United States’ imperialist role in the Philippines (United States Senate 57th Congress). Other instances of sexual violence that did not become part of political debate in the United States might still be located in the countless records of everyday life in U.S. military outposts across the archipelago.^{xxxvii} My intervention has been to work with readily available histories previously brushed aside by conventional historiography. By working with official archives, paying attention to affect and the everyday life of the Filipina civilian and inserting ourselves in this site of memory, my project reckons with the official archive to write an uncanny, critical history.

My methodology reveals my own disciplinary leanings and eye for a close reading. My attempt is not to glean from records a comparative cultural history of imperialism in the Philippines and the United States, though I am indebted to such notable projects as Kristin Hoganson and Paul Kramer. Instead, I tease out women’s voices in order to pay attention to what Lucien Febre calls “the emotional life of a [hu]man and its

manifestations” (Febre qtd. in Mojares 2). Mojares argues that this kind of affective history is “not an esoteric agenda” but critical: “‘emotions’ are not the froth of history, the surface ‘drama’ that writers use to color their narratives, but a structuring principle without which history cannot happen” (3). My strategy of storytelling includes listening to and feeling the testimonies of the Filipina civilian. It means inserting ourselves in the courtroom to glean an affective history. While I acknowledge the ethical dilemma of revisiting this scene of violence, what Hartman so eloquently addresses when she points out “the precariousness of empathy and the uncertain line between witness and spectator,” I stress the urgency of recovering this history, otherwise overlooked because it disturbs the romantic narrative of United States’ exceptionalism in the Philippines (4).

Reading these cases, we are removed from the actual context of the court-martial: facial expressions, body language, and tone convey the credibility of the witness. I am doing a specific reading, paying attention to the testimonies of these women because I have little else to go by. The stories have fallen by the wayside. What I am arguing for is a different kind of history, an empathetic reading, what shuttles from our own subjectivity to the person represented in the archival document and imagines what she must have felt like. An immersive reading of emotions is not as a voyeur, but as a witness to the scene. The rape victim’s experience negates the claim that the rape crime is just an anomaly. For her, that word is meaningless. Affective immersion is motivated by imperial melancholia. Anne Cheng writes, “Melancholia gets more potently at the notion of constitutive loss that expresses itself in both violent and muted ways, producing confirmation as well as crisis,

knowledge as well as aporia” (12). These stories jar the senses and disrupt mainstream versions of the Philippine-American war.

My reading of these court records creates an affective map critical to understanding United States-Philippines history. My analysis critiques the very notion of the military court, convened to redeem the United States’ imperial project and “civilizing mission” by casting crime as a deviation from military order. An affective history shows who gets to feel and who doesn’t; which codes of affect are displayed and which are not; which emotions are intelligible on racialized, gendered subjects. Stoler points out, “[T]reating governance through the microphysics of daily lives...has changed *how* we read—for discrepant tone, tacit knowledge, stray emotions, extravagant details, ‘minor’ events” (*Haunted by Empire* 7). An affective history disturbs the centripetal impulse of the military court to re-establish order (in the name of “justice”) to sweep the rape memory under the proverbial blanket of history, to be all but forgotten. The voices of Filipina women, the stories of their violations, have been ignored because of what Nerissa Balce calls “white America’s anxiety over the history of conquest” as well as Filipino and American anxiety about this history of gendered violence (98). My own reading of these court-martial records aims to honor these women as actors and to allow their stories to intervene in history. In short, I re-tell the story of the American “exceptional romance,” as Alidio puts it, in the Philippines from the perspective of these Filipino civilians as a story of violation, fear, and loss (“When I Get Home, I Want to Forget” 105).

II. AN “UNSUCCESSFUL” RAPE

On January 10th, 1901, Private William Victor and Private Jeff Grigsby, both African American soldiers from the 9th Calvary, entered the house of Romueldo Catolo. The small nipa hut was located two miles from Guinobatan, on the road to Ligao, Philippines, in Albay, a southern province in Luzon. In the company of three other women, Sebastiana Camacho was seized by Victor and Grigsby and forced into the hut. Victor threw the fourteen-year-old girl on the bed and raped her.

Sebastiana Camacho, testifies before the court:

I saw him at the house where I was in the hemp from where he took me and forced me in the house by pointing a gun at me and threatening me with a gun. When in the house he got a rug and forced me on it, and he got on top of me. After he finished he went away (Victor vs. United States 6-7).

This is the longest statement Sebastiana makes to the court, yet the words are also vague. We might read her ambiguity as self-preservation, resisting further violation by reliving the memory in front of a military audience. Mostly, she testifies in court in short sentences:

Q: Did he enter your person?

A: He did.

Q: Did you resist in any way?

A: I did.

Q: Did you cry for help or scream?

A: I did. I cried and I hollered for help. (Victor vs. U.S. 7)

An affective history of American imperialism might begin, not in descriptions of battles or journals of politicians, but rather, with Sebastiana Camacho’s testimony. At first, her words in court reveal little about her emotional life except her memory: she “cried and hollered

for help.” Romueldo Catolo recalls that she screamed “sister” during the assault, and Sebastiana was not alone during the time of the attack, no one assisted her “because they were afraid” (Victor vs. U.S. 10).

The brevity of Sebastiana Camacho’s words also tells us something. There is a measured clip to her words, on a lower emotional register than might be expected from a sexual violation. There is no outrage or public display of spilled emotions. Yet even this reading is limited. There is no description of facial expressions: does she bite her lips? Do lips quiver? Are there tears? Or is she—as the court record seems to convey—simply void of affect, shut down and protected from the prying eyes and ears of the public, a room full of military men deciding the accused’s fate and prodding her with questions to determine her unwillingness and resistance to sexual violence? The very setup of the interrogation and military courtroom enacts more violence as she exposes private details to an inquiring military tribunal. Perhaps, she is shy, or still young, not yet developed the confidence to speak. Perhaps, the memory of her violation forecloses speech. Could her taciturnity be attributed to youth, a lack of confidence, the impact of trauma, or a combination of each? Any reading is always already removed from Sebastiana Camacho’s experience, but an empathetic attempt is a worthwhile gleaning for my historical project. Through a flurry of questions, the reader becomes a delayed witness, not only considering her plight, but also experiencing a sliver of her violation.

Sebastiana's testimony is more notable by what she does not say or reveal, particularly when compared to the lengthy narrative of witness Romueldo Catolo, in whose house the attack occurs:

In front of my house I saw him. Two soldiers came to my house; one pointed a carbine at me and ordered me to catch some chickens. One man, a native, was coming up from getting some water and the accused shot at him but did not hit him. After having fired he took the empty cartridge out and offered it to me. The soldier offered me the empty cartridge and I took it and said this is worth nothing. After getting some hemp and putting it around my neck and pointing at me with his six shooter, he left the rope tied around my neck, and the two soldiers went towards the hemp. They returned in a little while bringing with them the young girl—Sebastiana Camacho. When they came up the other soldier pointed his gun at me and the accused forced the girl in the house. After the accused came down stairs the other soldier offered me a dollar for the five chickens, and I did not want to take it saying that one chicken cost me that much, but being afraid I took the dollar. Afterwards, they went away with the five chickens. (Victor vs. U.S. 9)

In Sebastiana's testimony the first sentence implies her subject-hood: "I saw him at the house where I was in the hemp" but the rest of the narrative casts her as the recipient of the violence: "he took me/ forced me/ pointing a gun at me/ threatening me with a gun/ he got a rug and forced me/ he got on top of me" (Victor vs. U.S. 6-7). Her personhood seems diminished in her narrative as her description of self slips into objective case. In contrast, Catolo's testimony inserts his subjectivity, from the beginning to the end of his story. He expresses to the court his feelings and thoughts: "I did not want to take it/ being afraid I took the dollar." Catolo describes the soldiers' violations while still maintaining self in the narrative.

The court-martial record points to the dissonances between memory and history, recognition and not seeing. What registers as memory? What memories can make a claim

on history? When the prosecution asks the officer if he could identify the girl, he says, “I hardly believe I would; it is possible” (Victor vs. U.S. 6). A 14-year-old girl approaches him and testifies that she has been raped. Sebastiana Camacho’s companion shows Captain Fuller the mud on her dress and claims she saw semen on the girl’s dress (5). Catolo, the other witness, also testifies to the officer that he went into the house after the attack and “saw semen on the mat” (10). Captain Fuller recalls, “I asked Private Grigsby if the accused made any remark about this case on the way home, and he said the accused said the girl was too small” (5). If this were an extra-ordinary experience, the incident might impress upon his memory, but the officer expresses ambivalence about his ability to recognize the girl. I suggest that if he saw her as human, her face might mark his memory, yet her race and gender make her unintelligible, if not forgettable. Yet when he is shown the girl, he affirms that she made the complaint.^{xxxviii}

Why isn’t this story, rather than the incident in Calendaria, examined by other historians? My project borrows Sebastiana Camacho’s story to claim this micro-history as a foundational story of American imperialism. Sebastiana’s story might be what Chung Hyun-Kyung Kyung calls a “root story” among Filipinas (17). Writing about Soo-Bock, a Korean woman raped by the Japanese soldiers during World War II, she describes a “root story” as:

the kind of story that is both ancient and contemporary for any Korean woman. Women in Korea all know this story both strange and familiar. It haunts each of us every time we hear it because we are Korean women. We are still deep in the story even today. Every group of women must have a “root story” of what it means to be women in their own specific land. (17)

Hyun-Kyung's words about a root story resonate with this chapter because we are still deep in the story today. Some would argue that Sebastiana's story was an anomaly from otherwise orderly military practices. But what happens when we scrutinize this moment and read it as a seminal story of American imperialism? The perpetrator William Victor argues that for seventeen years of military service "he has always borne a good reputation as a soldier" (Victor vs. U.S. 12). For Sebastiana, her experience of American occupation is not benign. A foreign country enters her country and takes over. Like the semen staining her dress, the soldier is the (not accidental) byproduct of foreign occupation. She is working in the hemp when representatives of the foreign country seize her, and her life shifts in a different trajectory. Her memory of United States-Philippines relations is of a foreigner forcing himself upon her. She cries out for help, yelling "Sister, Sister." But no one comes. The man tries to enter and pry her open. It hurts. Moments later, he is finished. His semen is spilled on her dress and on the mat. Soldiers testified she cried and hollered afterwards, yet her racialized, gendered self makes this display of emotions unintelligible to the American soldiers. Sebastiana's affect fails to invoke in the soldiers a code of masculinity, even though this code was used to justify the imperial project (Hoganson 145-155). According to Hoganson, imperialists employed a popular belief that the Philippines would improve American masculinity, making men out of men. Here, I retell this story—perhaps at the risk of exposing my own outrage and reenacting the violence—to make intelligible the unintelligible to American and Filipino historiography.

The archival record does not reveal the forward trajectory of her life, whether she ever married or not, whether she bore children or not, what she chose to do with her life until it ended. Yet in Filipino and American avoidance of this history, her story inevitably becomes a Filipino and American story, not just an exception. Her memory becomes our memory. My historical project stakes a claim by defining Sebastiana's story, not simply an anomaly, but as a key story of Filipino and American history, a veritable entrance story to U.S.-Philippine relations and window to an understanding of empire in the twentieth century.^{xxxix} At the same time, my project tenderly treads in memory work by acknowledging the real effects of individual suffering, while tracing broader strokes of these alternative historical narratives.

III. A MODEL CITIZEN IN THE TROPICS

On a leisurely afternoon on April 21st, 1899, Aldiana Dionisia was visiting with her cousin Alonzo de la Cruz in her home on the island of Novotas, a suburb of Manila, when shots were fired and people scattered about the streets. Private William E. Scarborough, 3rd U.S. Infantry enters the house, forces cousin Alonzo to flee, and rapes middle-aged Aldiana Dionisia (Scarborough vs. United States). In court, Aldiana testifies about what happened that day, in response to the questioning:

Q: Do you know the accused; if so, who is he?

A: It is so long since I have seen him, I can't recognize his face but he is the same size man who committed the rape.

Q. Where do you live?

A. Novotas.

Q. Were you living there on April 21st, last?

A. Yes, I have been living there a long while.
Q. Did you see anybody shoot a rifle in Novotas on that day?
A. I did not see any one shoot.
Q. Did you hear any shooting?
A. Yes.
Q. What did you do when you first heard this shooting?
A. I was in my house when the firing took place and stayed there.
Q. Were you frightened?
A. Yes.
Q. Did you see soldiers about this time?
A. Yes. I saw two, one of whom assaulted me.
Q. Where did this assault take place?
A. In the house.
Q. What time of day was it?
A. Nearly four o'clock in the afternoon.
Q. What did the man say, who assaulted you?
A. He said, "Pickaninny mucho, mucho, Americano."
Q. Did you try to prevent him from committing the assault?
A. I tried to stop him and told him I was an old woman.
Q. Did he use force to accomplish his purpose?
A. The man threw me over and held my two hands.
Q. Was any one else in the house?
A. My cousin was in the house and the soldier threatened to shoot him if he didn't leave the house.
Q. Did your cousin leave before the soldier committed the assault?
A. My cousin jumped out at the window before the man committed the rape.
Q. How long was the soldier in the house?
A. Nearly half an hour.
Q. Was he drunk or sober?
A. He was drunk.
Q. Where did he go when he left the house?
A. I don't know; for when he left, I ran and hid myself in the bay.
Q. Where did the other soldier go when one came into the house?
A. He walked into the next turning [?] and went into a little shop.
Q. Did you see the soldier, who committed the assault, after you ran from the house?
A. The man who committed the assault turned to the left when he left the house and called to his companion, and I ran into the water. (Scarborough vs. U.S. 6-8)

At issue in the trial is the ability for Aldiana to identify her attacker by his voice. After the above examination, the judge-advocate asks the accused to repeat the words allegedly spoken by the woman's assailant. The judge-advocate asks Aldiana:

Q (to witness). Do you recognize the voice?

A. Yes, that is the voice of the man who assaulted me. (Scarborough vs. U.S. 8)

The assailant's image does not impress upon Aldiana's memory, but his voice does mark her memory. In this and subsequent cases both American soldiers and Filipina civilians show difficulty in recognizing each other, even though they were often intimately involved. In this case Aldiana hears the shot—it stands out in her memory and realm of experience. The shot disturbs her daily routine and elicits fear. Similarly, the soldier's words, "Pickaninny, mucho mucho, Americano" impress upon her memory so she not only remembers the words, but also recognizes the assailant's voice. She identifies the accused accordingly. How might these words be interpreted: "pickaninny, mucho mucho, Americano"? Pickaninny is an archaic derogatory term used in the United States to describe African Americans, yet here the racist term is employed to name Filipinos. Sarita Echavez See points out,

pickanniny stereotypes were a way for Americans to understand the colonization of Asians. The noun pickanniny comes from the Spanish *pequeño* . . . which means "little" or "tiny" and in infamous cartoons depicting U.S. president William McKinley and the new colonial subject, the dirty little Filipino must be scrubbed clean by the benevolent, slightly exasperated white father figure. (See 132-133)

The term evokes a history of racism and slavery in the United States and expresses what Richard Welch describes as a "savage contempt" for the Filipino body (241). He writes,

“they saw civilians as inferior and short, brown civilians . . . as less than human” (242).

Does “mucho, mucho” describe the assailant’s sexual desire?” The soldier’s words border on ridiculous. Is he performing a “rape myth” in which he fantasizes that his victim enjoys the rape (Morris 181)? Is Scarborough acting out a racist, imperial logic that casts brown-skinned woman as sexually promiscuous and willing recipients of the colonizer’s desire?

Nerissa Balce writes that prevalent images of the naked Filipina “disseminated at a time of empire and war” became part of public perception of the Filipina savage (93). The idea of the Filipina savage body might set the stage or create a logic for rape—the brown body as the “sexually perverse” object of colonial masculine desire (Balce 92). My affective reading is circumscribed by a native informant’s translation of Tagalog into English and the line of questioning from the prosecuting and defending attorney, yet the records still reveal the power dynamics, the mutual unintelligibility between occupied and occupier, and the prosaic fear that defined civilian life under the United States’ rule.

Aldiana’s testimony hints at her affective experience, as well as her personality. The following excerpt is from Aldiana’s cross-examination:

Q. How close to your house was the shooting you say you heard on April 21, 1899?

A. About one hundred feet?

Q. Did the accused come into your house immediately after you heard the shooting?

A. The firing occurred both before and after the assault took place?

Q. Did one or both of the soldiers come into your house?

A. The one who assaulted me came in by himself and after he left the other went in.

Q. How do you know the second man entered? You said you ran out of the house as soon as the assault was committed.

A. The man who raped me went down and motioned to the other to come up, and while he was doing that I ran out of the house toward the bay and got into it. The man who assaulted me caught my hand and pulled me into the house; the other man came in but left before the assault.

Q. Where you taken back into the house after the assault or was it when the men first came that they dragged you?

A. I was sitting in my house with my cousin when the soldiers came along and presented their rifles at my cousin and myself. I ran toward the staircase when I met the soldiers, and one of them took my hands and dragged me into the house. The other soldier followed behind me. This soldier left before the assault.

Q. Did the soldier rape you more than once? If so, state how many times.

A. Only once, one soldier.

Q. What did the soldier do during the rest of the half hour you said he stayed in your house?

A. The reason he was so long in the house, I struggled with him for some time. I said, "Don't do it, I'm an old woman."

Q. How long did you stay in the water and what happened while you were there?

A. I only stayed in the water a few minutes and came across to the quarters to give information. There was firing while I was in the water.

Q. Did you report the matter at once, and if so, to whom?

A. I came towards the quarters and stood there until the church bell rang at a quarter to seven. I told the sentry I wanted to see the captain. I reported it to the captain.

Q. You say there was firing while you were in the water; did you see any one firing then?

A. I only heard the shots; I didn't see any one firing.

Q. Did you see any other soldiers besides these two at the time?

A. No.

Q. Did penetration actually occur?

A. Yes, the thing was finished.

Q. Is the accused the man who did it?

A. That is the man, I believe, but he is whiter, paler than he was that day.

(Scarborough vs. U.S. 9-11)^{xi}

When asked if Aldiana resisted the rape, she responds that she told the perpetrator she was an old woman. Aldiana attempts to reason with the drunken soldier. Unlike Sebastiana's testimony, Aldiana's words reveal self-confidence. She refers to herself in the nominative

case throughout the questioning: “I believe/ I reported/ I came,” etc. An affective reading explores this elusive history, despite the artifice of court interrogation, the witnesses’ responses to manipulative questioning, and the barrier of misrecognition between colonizer and colonized. Translating an affective history might require deciphering the experience of this violation. She is in her home when she hears a shooting. Two soldiers enter the home and threaten her cousin. The cousin, protecting his own life, flees out the window and leaves her alone with the soldiers. After the rape, the soldier leaves. Her first impulse is to run into the bay, not to hide in her house or call to others, but to care for herself, to expunge the memory of his bodily contact and immerse herself in water. What emotions and thoughts flood her brain as she rushes into the water? Is she acting out of shame and a desire to hide herself? Is her motivation self-preservation or self-love—to protect herself from further violation, to cleanse herself from his violent contact, and/ or to find peace in the water? Do we honor the impulse to bury the memory? Are we merely disturbing the ghosts in the interest of troubling orthodox historiography? As Hartman points out in her recovery work on slavery, I fear handling this history might be another form of violation, but that is not my intent (“Venus in Two Acts” 2). The fraught history of American empire demands a retelling of this purported romance. How can we bury a memory if it hasn’t been properly mourned?

An affective reading is always removed from the actual event, yet these memories disturb the romanticization of American empire and military as “good American boys.”

At first glance, Private Scarborough's expedient court-martial and conviction might present a fine example of military justice, but an obscure note on these court-martial proceedings in the handwriting of Major General Arthur MacArthur, father of General Douglas MacArthur, reveals racist undertones. MacArthur comments:

The evidence in support of the 2' Charge and in Specification, was communicated by means of an interpreter, through the strange and *semibarbarous* tagalo[g] language, and as a consequence it is not as detailed and explicit as would undoubtedly have been the case if all the proceedings had been conducted in a language common to the court and the witnesses (my italics added). Scarborough vs. U.S.)

This handwritten note reveals the intertwining of private and public history, of family history and imperial history, and the violent underpinnings of American imperialism. Foreshadowing the next chapter on the Pacific War, the note haunts me because the scrawling script evokes its author, Arthur MacArthur. He is the father of Douglas MacArthur who leads the Pacific campaign during WWII as a famous general. As a boy, Douglas MacArthur grows up in the shadow of empire in the Philippines. An affective history of empire shows that this scribbled document from the Philippine-American War is intimately connected to the archival records of the Pacific War. In my reading of this archive, MacArthur's offhanded comment of the military proceedings seems ironic in the context of a crime committed by a military soldier: gunfire in the streets, people scattered, soldiers drunken and disorderly wielding guns, and a Filipina civilian violated. The indigenous language of Tagalog, rather than the soldier, is deemed "strange and barbarous."

Both the note and the prisoner record of William Scarborough reveal the racist assumptions behind the military court and U.S. imperial enterprise. Even though his actions result in a conviction, his crime is cast as an anomaly, rather than an inherent threat to society. In a War Department about Scarborough's request for clemency, Hon. E. S. Minor, M. C. calls his release "a wise use of the pardoning power" (Scarborough vs. U.S. Letter Requesting Clemency). Warden McClaughey describes Scarborough as

a good prisoner. He has been, for several years, acting as foreman of the printing office attached to this penitentiary, and his work therein is satisfactory. He is industrious and reliable. He is a young man with, probably, the major part of his life before him, and close observation of his conduct and disposition satisfies me that, beyond being rather high tempered, he is a young man of promise, and I have no doubt that he will make a good citizen if released. He is growing to curb his temper very successfully, and I do not think it will cause him any trouble should he be released.

Described as a model prisoner, Scarborough is granted freedom after five years in prison, yet the memory of rape remains buried deep in American and Filipino history. The argument for Scarborough's release appeals to a popular racist belief the tropics cause the white man's degeneration (Hoganson 181). War atrocities such as Scarborough's sexual assault of a Filipina fuelled the anti-imperialists' argument that the war was degenerating American manhood (Hoganson 180-181).

On one hand, this story remains incomprehensible: it is impossible to determine what would incite a soldier to sexual violence.^{xli} What possessed this young man: liquor, war violence, or perverted sexual desire, or as the warden suggests, an uncontrolled temper? Yet these reasons fall short of explaining the motivation behind the crime. On the other

hand, an affective history portrays the soldier-rapist acting out an imperial logic, rather than a deviation from military rule and the civilizing mission. An affective reading of the event, MacArthur's offhanded comment and the prisoner's plea for clemency reveals sexual violence as a natural offshoot of the imperial project and disrupts the foundation upon which military justice is based—for how can justice be served in a court operating on false biases?

MacArthur's assessment points to limits of the archival record of a military court conducted in English for a mixed audience of English and Tagalog speakers. The court proceedings must be translated for Filipinos, and their responses must be translated back to English for the court. The written record is not transparent. The witness's testimony is manipulated by the attorney's questions, designed to elicit a specific response. The layers of mediation between the witness's experience and the court transcription make the record more opaque, which explains my use of storytelling to re-create this history. I resort to conjuring, as I explain in Chapter 4, a *babaylan* scholar's act of re-creating an affective history in an effort to heal from this very history.

IV. MILLER: MILITARY JUSTICE ON THE ISLANDS

I imagine it was a sunny day at the small village of San Nicholas, on the island of Cebu on October 20, 1899. The American military outposts of the 23rd Infantry, Company I were situated near the beach. I have never visited Cebu, but the word evokes idyllic images of azure sea and sugar-white sand, unless I remember the stories of rebels

kidnapping rich Americans from swanky dive resorts. The violent memory disturbs my fantasy of Cebu as a scuba diving mecca. It would be too easy to brush it aside, yet the rumors of these violent outbreaks in Cebu strangely resonate with Francisca Cabasi's memory of a fateful day during the Philippine-American War:

I was in the house with three women when three soldiers came in. And this one asked the two soldiers to go down and leave him alone. The two old women ran away frightened. He asked me to come with him in the room. I said, 'I don't like to, for I am married.' Then this soldier threatened me with his gun, and then I was afraid, and went with him in the room. He caught me by the arm to take me in the room. Then he took me by the waist and threw me down. When we came out, he called to his companions, showing me to them. I thought he was telling the others to do the same thing to me. I cried. The two old women who went away had been asking for help at the neighboring houses. (Miller vs. United States 6-7)

My archival project privileges stories such as Francisca Cabasi's testimony in order to foreground the inherent violence of the colonial project. My storytelling opens with a description of the idyllic beaches of Cebu only to disrupt the fantasy by recalling this disturbing scene. Similarly, the United States' imperial fantasy imagined the Philippines as a virgin awaiting a manly suitor, what one publicity tract advertised as "a large and virgin territory awaiting the magic touch of American push and enterprise" (Hoganson 137). Yet Francisca Cabasi's account overturns this idyllic scene.

A lengthy replay of this court trial is important because the transcript allows us access to Francisca's testimony, but I remain concerned that accessing this memory might re-enact the violence. In *Lose Your Mother* Hartman faces a similar dilemma when she encounters her great-great-grandmother's silence about the memory of slavery in an official archive, and Hartman questions her motives to recover a history her own great-great-

grandmother elected not to share (Hartman *Lose Your Mother* 15). Yet, like Hartman, I persist in an archival recovery rather than capitulate to the official narrative, since silence also perpetuates colonial violence.

The questions of the court are constructed to determine whether or not a rape occurred. Given the physical evidence that a sexual act occurred, the rape is defined by the strength of her protest and resistance, and whether or not she gave consent. Addressing Francisca Cabasi, the prosecution continues the line of questioning:

“Q: Did he succeed in actually having carnal knowledge of you?

A: Yes.

Q: Did you use every possible effort to prevent him?

A: Yes; I was very weak and could do nothing, he was so strong. (Miller vs. U.S. 7)

Next, Francisca is cross-examined by the accused’s counsel:

Q: In what way did the accused use force?

A: He took me by the arm to drag me into the room, then took me by the waist and threw me down. (This was plainly illustrated by motions on the part of the witness and of the interpreter-court notes.)

Q: In what way did you make resistance?

A: I tried to get away from him, but could not, being so weak and he very strong.

Q: Did you make any outcry?

A: Yes

Q: How much of an outcry did you make?

A: I was calling loudly.

Q: Was there any one present at the time you claim this accused outraged you?

A: Yes.

Q: Who were they?

A: Benita Lauron.

Q: Did you call to her for help?

A: Yes, I asked her to help me, but she said, “I can’t do anything for you.”

Q: When the two women ran from the house, what did they do?

A: They were calling for help.

Q: Did they run out on the street and at once call for help?

A: Yes, immediately. (Miller vs. U.S. 7-8)

An affective immersion explores what it might feel like to sit in the courtroom after being sexually assaulted and to answer a barrage of questions constructed to qualify one's desire for rape. Any degree of willingness negates the claim of violation. What was it like to testify, to discuss the intimate details of desire? What was it like, to answer such questions as: Are you sure you resisted? How loudly did you scream? Stoler's work about the "intimacies of empire" is helpful for discussing intimate relations between colonizer and colonized since she contends that all forms of colonial intimacies are forms of sexual violence ("Tense and Tender Ties" 58). Revisiting the courtroom scene reveals that such questions are already biased, shaped by false assumptions about the Filipina body and her desire for the white male, informed by what Balce calls the "erotics of the American Empire . . . the discursive and material processes that created the sexual and racialized representations of the Filipina colonial subject in American popular culture" (Balce 92). Drawing upon Balce's work, I read the courtroom scene and the military tribunal, not as evidence of justice, but of violence, a discursive violence that frames Francisca Cabasi's testimony about her sexual assault and undermines any claim to justice. An affective history reconstructs what it must have been like for Filipinos living amid war and next to the new American occupiers. More specifically, I am trying to reconstruct what it must have been like for Filipina civilians. The archive of rape, mined from military records, translated by an interpreter, and mediated by the rape victim's answers to questions in which the burden of proof rests on the victim, is fraught with holes, and yet in the absence of other records, tells us something.

This alternative story of American empire uncovers the ordinary chaos of everyday military life in Cebu and the thick undercurrent of violence accompanying “benevolent” occupation. The transcript is confusing since the three soldier-witnesses contradict each other, but what emerges is a story about military life, leisure time, and civilian contact. If we regard this story as extraordinary, as anomalous to military order, then the subsequent trial and conviction of Private Miller recuperates any disturbance to benevolent colonial rule since justice is served. But instead, I propose reading this story as a predictable culmination of the thoughts and feelings that made the United States’ occupation possible. Indeed, while researching different archival documents from the military outpost at Masbate Island, home of my *lola*’s father Jose Relova, and Dinalupihan, the hometown of my *lola* in the province of Bataan, I found two entries, one described the inhabitants as peaceful and agreeable to American occupation, and the other included day passes stating, “They will not enter any native houses nor eat or drink anything while absent” (Letters Sent to Dinalupihan, Masbate Letters Sent). Together, these documents point to the less visible forms of violence enmeshed in the American colonial project. The day passes attempt to reign in these “intimacies” of violence—as Stoler argues—, ranging from romance, co-habitation, gambling, to other forms of fraternizing with the locals by delimiting the soldiers’ contact with the inhabitants (“Tense and Tender Ties” 58).

A scene of ordinary colonial violence serves as a backdrop to the more egregious violence in this history. The first witness is Private Crabtree, who claims that he

accompanied Private Frank Miller to the shack at about 2 pm where Francisca was with three other women. Crabtree testifies,

He taken this woman by the arm and said he was going to take her to the calaboose. He taken her in the corner and threwed her down. I seen him connect with this lady. The other three women ran out to outpost #2. They told the corporal about it, and pointed out Miller. (Miller vs. U.S. 4)

According to Crabtree, he was only ten feet from the accused. He was “standing outside the shack” but could see “through the door” (Miller vs. U.S. 4). When asked why he did not come to her rescue, he says, “He was on guard, and I didn’t have any side arms on, and I thought maybe he might shoot me if I resisted him” (5). Yet this testimony conflicts with the other witnesses’ claims. Francisca, in fact, remembers that there were three soldiers present, but when she attempts to identify the soldiers, she uncertainly chooses Miller after prolonged hesitation. The other three soldiers, Crabtree, Adelsperger, and Moyer are never in the line-up.

The transcript reveals a range of sentiments codified by American empire. In the transcripts the Filipina body elicits sexual desire, but not empathy, outrage, or concern. Despite the contradictory stories, what is striking about each soldier’s testimony is the indifference to Francisca’s plight. Two soldier-key witnesses Privates Moyer and Adelsperger of the crime claim they wanted to check out what Miller and Crabtree were doing with the women, yet both stories contradict the other. “When I got there—Pvt. Adelsperger and I—Pvt. Crabtree was standing on a box looking over. I asked Crabtree what they were doing, and he told me, “He’s f---g her” (Miller vs. U.S. 13). When asked

who came out first, he said, “Crabtree came out first” (13). When asked if he heard noise, he answered, “I heard the floor squeak” (13). He didn’t hear any crying, but witnessed the woman crying when she left the house. When Miller exited the house, Pvt. Moyer recalls that he said, “Come on Crabtree” (14). Miller “had his hand on her shoulder” as if “he wanted Crabtree to do the same” (140). When asked to describe the woman, he said, “I don’t believe I could describe her, because they all look alike to me” (14). What is striking about the court record is the soldiers’ casual indifference to Francisca Cabasi’s plight. They see a woman crying, but do nothing to assist her. The soldiers’ lack of concern suggests that Francisca, as a brown body rather than a civilized white feminine body does not provoke the same responses from men. A code of masculinity about helping women does not apply to Francisca Cabasi. The violent act and the Filipina body do not elicit human empathy or stand out to the soldier-witness. The soldier witnesses are voyeurs, complicit to her violation.

This affective history of empire examines the politics of amusement centered on the colonized body. While Pvt. Shephard’s testimony suggests that these soldiers might have been involved with the crime and running and hiding to escape accusation, what emerges from this story is the soldiers’ “bit of fun” juxtaposed to a women’s cry. Pvt. Shephard sees these two soldiers with Crabtree running on the beach at 3:15 pm after he hears a woman’s outcry:

I didn’t know, at the time, any of their names. I asked them what was the matter down the road. They said, ‘only a bit of fun amongst the niggers,’ and kept on running along. I know one man, that’s all—Crabtree. After I’d come up to the post,

and after the woman that Corporal Law had with him had went away, two men came back. I asked them where the other man was. They said 'they won't find Crabtree; he's underneath a pile of blankets.' They went into the quarters. That's how I know Crabtree's name, that other man by the name of Crabtree. (Miller vs. U.S. 24)

Whether these three soldiers were intimately involved or only watching the rape, their cavalier description of the sexual assault—"only a bit of fun amongst the n—s"—sharply contrasts with the physical, mental, and emotional trauma that Francisca describes. The image of Crabtree hiding under military-issued blankets—like a child afraid of getting caught—seems an absurdity in Cebu's tropical heat in October. The soldiers' response "only a bit of fun" points to imperial sentiments about what soldiers do in the tropics for amusement and what the Filipina body desires, that marks their response as an everyday kind of fun. An affective reading of empire underscores not only the soldiers' complicity in the crime, but also the complicity of a colonial project that makes a range of visible and invisible violence possible.

Miller's testimony points to the underbelly of military life—a soldier on a three-day drinking bender while on duty. The discrepancies in the three witnesses' stories used to convict Miller suggest the possibility that Miller was framed and Crabtree, Adelsperger, and Moyer were the culprits. Miller claims that his only crime was sleeping and drunkenness while on duty, yet Miller was convicted and served time until 1907. While a latent review of the court case, more than a century later, cannot reveal the truth or overturn a conviction, the case of Frank Miller calls into question the justice of the military tribunal. Not all the soldiers are presented at the lineup. Francisca identifies Miller as the man who

takes her and tells the other two soldiers to remain downstairs, but the other soldiers are never identified. As Corporal George A. Law testifies, “I took her to #1 outpost to see if she could pick out anyone. She said there were three soldiers and looked over the men at #1 outpost 3 or 4 times; and, undecidedly, she picked out Private Miller, and then said there was two more” (Miller vs. U.S. 18). But “she couldn’t see them or place them” (18). Adelsperger, Moyer, and Crabtree were absent from the line-up, even though they are affiliated with the crime. The eyewitness, hesitant about whom to choose, selects Miller.^{xlii} Francisca’s story corroborates Frank Miller’s version that there were three soldiers involved, Crabtree and accomplices Pvt. John Adelsperger and Pvt. Moyer, but Miller is the only soldier who is tried and convicted.

Typically, military history focuses on battles, killings of troops, movements of battalions, and encounters with the enemy, but an idiosyncratic history examines not only the life of the Filipina civilian, but also the everyday life an American soldier in the tropical Philippines. We can read, for instance, the soldier’s idle time: Pvt. Adelsperger and Pvt. Moyer are together, about halfway between Outpost #1 and Outpost #2, when they reflect on the actions of their buddies. According to Pvt. Adelsperger, Pvt. Moyer remarks, “Let’s go and see what these people are doing” (11). Pvt. Moyer explains, “I seen Pvt. Miller and Pvt. Crabtree go up the road. I seen some women up there” (15). Moyer claims he heard Miller say, “We’ll go up there and get something” (15). A vague comment about “getting something” combined with seeing women suggests the possibility of sexual relations between soldiers and Filipinas and the soldiers’ belief about the availability of civilian

women. An affective reading analyzes the tension between soldiers' and civilians' desire as a kind of invisible violence, even when contact does not result in rape.

As a snapshot of ordinary military life, the record reveals a lack of military discipline and order in Cebu, perhaps far from the thick of battle. When Francisca screams and runs to Outpost #2 to tell the corporal, Miller is reclining on the bench on Outpost #2, while on duty. Private Krank recalls what happened:

I went out into the road; I saw three men, soldiers, come out about where I heard the cry, and they ran down the road toward #1 outpost. Then I saw three women follow them out from where they came; and they, the women, came up the road towards #2 outpost (Miller vs. U.S. 22).

The witness Private Krank notices Miller on his post: "Because I was watching the men as they ran down the road, and they ran right past him, and I noticed him sitting there" (Miller vs. U.S. 23). Unfortunately for Miller, there are no witnesses seeing him sleeping on the bench when the crime occurs. The other guard Private Brown is lying on a bench and reading. When he hears the commotion, he looks up and sees Miller on the bench. In both Krank and Brown's opinion, it would not be possible for Miller to get to the bench from the hut in the short time after the rape occurs. In this portrayal soldiers sleep while on duty or drink excessively. The depiction of everyday military disorder and the inherent tension between occupier and occupied reveals the instability of the colonial enterprise.

The instability is recuperated through a military tribunal that seeks to establish justice and order, even if the concepts are fiction. The transcript is striking, not only for its

depiction of everyday military disorder, but also for the testimonies that contradict Miller's guilt. Despite the numerous contradictions, Miller's court-martial represents only a handful of cases that results in a conviction. Francisca Cabasi is accompanied to a lineup and must identify the accused, even if he is not present. Whether or not the actual culprit is present, a candidate is identified. Conventional historiography disregards the memory of sexual violence during the Philippine-American War because the court-martial records appear to be open-and-shut cases. Deviant military behavior is punished, and colonial order is re-established. The need for justice is temporarily satisfied through the disciplining of Frank Miller. Re-examining these records undermines the pretense of order and shows the flaws of the military tribunal, shaped by the erroneous assumptions of white colonial desire.

V. GANG RAPE: CONINE, DANPHOFFER, MCBENNETT

Many soldiers sent letters back home about lawlessness among soldiers. Newspapers published reports about soldiers' raping and looting. Eventually, these reports provoked the attention of Congress and incited debate over the United States' imperialist role. Filipino American historiographers, specifically Iletto, Miller, and Hoganson refer to the proliferation of this sexual violence.^{xliii} My storytelling strategy foregrounds these incidents of sexual violence, rumor made flesh, so that this sexual violence is recognized as the latent underside of American empire.^{xliiv} On the evening of the Fiesta of San Diego, after midnight on July 25th, 1899, three drunken soldiers Privates Conine, Danphoffer, and McBennett break into homes on Calle Cervantes in Manila and leave behind a trail of burglary and

looting. At the residence of Leon Leonarda, the soldiers' destructive interaction with civilians escalates beyond petty theft. Leon Leonarda was home with his wife, baby, and mother when three soldiers knocked on the door and interrupted their sleep.

Gabriella Marcelino, the wife of Leon Leonarda, testifies before the court:

Three American soldiers entered my house and approached me. I was intending to get up, but they forbade me to do so. They pushed me back, threatening me with pistols, they then raped me. Besides that, they were biting me in the face. After the first one had finished raping me, the other one approached me also, preventing me from getting up and raped me. Afterwards they opened my trunk and after throwing the clothes they went out. (Danphoffer vs. United States 63)

Q. What, if anything, did the third soldier do?

A. He took my mother-in-law into the mosquito netting and raped her.

Q. State whether or not the two soldiers succeeded in actually having sexual [sic] intercourse with you.

A. Yes, they succeeded in having sexual [sic] intercourse.

Q. Was this done against your will or consent?

A. They did that without my will, and I consented only because I was afraid.

Q. What caused you to give your consent?

A. They forbade me to resist by threatening me with their pistols.

Q. Can you recognize the soldiers that raped you that night?

A. I cannot recognize them.

Q. Why not?

A. I cannot recognize them because on that occasion I had my eyes closed by fear.

[...]

Q. If you had your eyes closed because you were afraid, how could you see the man that went into the mosquito netting?

A. At the first moment I had my eyes open, but when the two men began to point at me with their pistols I closed my eyes. (64-65)

The court transcript reveals the delicate tension between military enterprise and everyday civilian life. A man, his wife, mother, and child are sleeping in the middle of the night when soldiers barge into their home. The soldiers' looting rampage shifts to sexual violence when they arrive at this particular house, but what causes the shift? In *Ordinary Affects*

Kathleen Stewart describes how objects, people, and moments coalesce and cause "something to happen," registering on the affective level. These emotions register "a kind of contact zone where the overdeterminations of circulations, events, conditions, technologies, and flows of power literally take place" (Stewart 3). Stewart points to how "someone's ordinary" can shift simply by a knock at the door (4). Stewart approaches "ordinary affects" as "both the pressure points of events or banalities suffered and the trajectories that forces might take if left unchecked" (2). The rape scene, especially a gang rape, is marked in our imagination as an extra-ordinary event. We revisit the scene not only because of its paradoxical accessibility and inaccessibility in the official archive, but also because it represents the tip-of-the-iceberg of ordinary sexual violence. This scene highlights how imperial violence collides with the everyday life of the Filipino civilian.

The soldiers' collision with the family scene becomes more than the sum of individual affect. An affective history explores the violence as the natural outbreak of U.S. imperial thoughts and sentiments concerning the Filipina body. The soldiers' violence is a public expression of a collective fantasy of the Filipina as the *other*. The rape scene is the soft underbelly of American occupation that begins with unsolicited seizure of the Philippines. A sequence of moments acts out an imperial logic that objectifies the "natives" as savage and therefore not worthy of human compassion. A baby's presence does not elicit any tenderness or acts of mercy towards the child's mother or grandmother. The soldiers, wielding weapons and power, enter the home uninvited and take what they please. Possibly, the soldiers' experience of war violence precipitates increased sexual violence, yet

such causal explanations always fall short of comprehensibility. Biting their victim to induce further pain, the soldiers' gang rape of Gabriella suggests abject loathing of both victim and themselves. But suggesting that the soldiers follow imperial logic does not absolve soldier-rapists from responsibility for their crime. Rather, I foreground this story and its messy sphere of affects because when the rape story is a privileged memory of American imperialism rather than a buried memory, it shifts the possibility of how to revise the present.

Faustina and her daughter-in-law Gabriella do not see their perpetrators because their eyes are shut tight. Like other rape victims in this archive, these Filipina women encounter the American rapist-soldier and cannot recognize him by his appearance. In almost every instance, the victim says that her eyes were shut because she was afraid.

Faustina Leonarda, the mother of Leon Leonarda, gives her testimony:

A. . . . Three Americans entered my house. One of them entered my mosquito netting, and did with me something that is wrong.

Q. State what he did.

A. He forced me, and I said to him that I was an old woman, but he went on and raped me. (Danphoffer vs. U.S. 66)

When questioned about the use of force, she replied, "He seized me and put me down with force" (66). She stated that she "cannot recognize him. I had my eyes closed that night" (66). While the impulse to dissociate from the violent act is a survival instinct, the habit of not seeing persists in cultural memory and recalls my *lola's* anecdote for pink eye in the introduction. The story of Faustina and Gabriella highlights a theme of forgetting about the history of rape. The forgotten history of American occupation of the Philippines

(and its sexual violence) ushered in a new century of wars and occupations and thereby makes a critical alternative history for the twenty-first century.

An affective history of empire accounts for a range of affects precipitated by the colonial enterprise and its legacy today and sidesteps official history's prescription about what constitutes an "historical" event. For example, official history's counterpoint might be that the raping of Filipina civilians was not as prevalent as during the Japanese Occupation or the Red Army's invasion of Berlin, and therefore, not significant enough to be remembered. Whether there were twenty incidents of rape or 100,000 incidents, the atrocities struck fear in the hearts of civilians.^{xlv} Miller writes about how Filipina girls were afraid to walk out in the street for fear of being raped (200).^{xlvi} My project is more interested in the affect that rape elicits in Filipino civilians, regardless of the number of crimes. For instance, Leon Leonarda describes how he crouched before a gun and watched the rape of his wife. He recalls that his wife "was afraid and was weeping and did not resist at all. She was threatened by a pistol" (Danphoffer vs. U.S. 62). Such stories provoked fear among civilians, particularly because these stories disrupt the pretense of safety in the home. My project intervenes in this impasse of Filipino memory that easily remembers Japanese war atrocities and elides the memory of earlier war atrocities committed by American soldiers. As part of a legacy of imperial trauma, this family's fear and shame is what lies underneath the skin of Filipino memory, and only by recovering this history can healing begin.

VI. OTHER ENCOUNTERS

An alternative archive of empire traces the ways in which imperial trauma becomes deeply woven into Filipino memory. An archive of imperial trauma is defined by a history of sexual violence. Acts of rape, not-quite-rape, and other forms of intimacy represent a range of violence constituted by empire, but how can we account for those acts of violence that tend to elude the archive? An affective history allows us to explore what exactly constitutes rape. For example, the following account is not an example of rape, but a surge of affects that coalesce around rape or could-be-rape, even though the trajectory of rape is halted.

On the evening of April 29th, 1901, one white soldier and two black soldiers enter a home in Barrio Cata, in the puebla of Infanta, in the province of Zambales, Luzon.^{xlvii} A white soldier, Private William Higgins, Company F, Signal Corps, is accompanied by two black soldiers, Private Arthur B. Butler, Company A, and Private Thomas Welch, Company D, from the 25th Infantry, one of the United States African-American regiments. At the home of Pedro Mas, Pedro is present with his wife Liuciana [sp?] Maga, his brother Daniel Mas and Daniel's wife Ambrosia More. Ambrosia is convalescing at her sister-in-law's house because she is "confined" and "ill" (Higgins, Butler, and Welch vs. U.S. 8). Her child snuggles in her arms. An affective reading invites us to imagine what it would have been like to have three soldiers barge into the home. An unpleasant sensation of fear crops up and disturbs any pretense of safety. Pvt. Thomas Welch grabs the ill mother holding her child. Ambrosia testifies at the court-martial hearing: "They made an attempt

to assault me but were unsuccessful on account of the interference of my husband”

(Higgins, Butler, and Welch vs. U.S. 8)

Q: Did any of these lay hands on you?

A: “One of them seized me and tried to f~k me.” [She points to Private Welch].

Q: How did Private Welch take hold of you?

A: He seized me by the left arm, my child was in my right arm.

Q: What did your husband do to prevent Private Welch assaulting you?

A: When he saw the man seize [sp] me he grabbed the soldier and drove him out of the house.

Q: Did Private Welch drag you about or use force when he seized you.

A: He did not use any force on account of the presence of my husband. (Higgins, Butler, and Welch vs. U.S. 8)

Though Pvt. Welch brandishes a revolver, the husband Pedro defuses the soldier’s attack.

Motivated by a desire to protect his wife Ambrosia, he subscribes to a code of masculinity

to protect his family. Unlike the other rape story in which the husband pressed his face to

the floor and listened to the soldiers raping his wife, the Filipino man chooses to act. He

simply grabs the African American soldier who is holding a gun and "drives" him outside.

Was skin color a factor in the husband’s quickness to respond? Although we cannot access

the Filipino civilian’s thoughts, we can gauge the swiftness of his response and

determination to overpower the American soldier. Perhaps, the rules change when a

soldier with dark skin expresses colonial desire for a Filipina civilian. The story reveals a

racialized code between colonizer and colonized. Race’s intimate connection to imperial

violence cuts both ways.

An affective history allows us to trace violence in the archive, even accounting for the non-event, or the thing that never happened. The four people in the house claim that

the soldiers intended to rape the women, but how are we to read the intent of the soldiers? What is the difference between disorderly conduct and intent to rape? The soldiers enter the house with a purpose: searching for women. They express a desire, but the definition of that desire eludes us. The desire to rape is more transparent when there is evidence of the rape act: forced penetration, torn clothing, broken bodily tissue, traces of blood or semen. Can rape desire be measured on a continuum to register it as a crime of intended rape? Even if the soldier had a desire to rape, his desire was overpowered by the husband. If Private Welch possessed a greater desire to commit crime, such as assault, battery, and murder, the soldier could have continued. The soldiers express a desire, “Quiero puck-puck,” which may be simply an expression of sexual desire. A witness testifies that at another home the soldiers enter and simply ask for women—already transgressing the bounds of propriety when they intrude into the home. But for some reason, the wanting shifts into violent desire, when the soldiers seize the women in this home. Regardless of the outcome, the scene portrays the seeds of sexual violence as male desire cloaked in military power.

My archival project looks at the interstices of history and memory as an alternative history. It matters little whether the rape actually occurred, or which soldier committed the egregious act. The moment the soldiers enter the house with the intention to procure women, an affect of rape is evoked, layered with all the sedimentary memories of sexual trauma and imperial trauma that might have occurred through the ages. For the women and men in the home, the encounter is a form of sexual violence. Pedro, for instance,

claims the other two soldiers were “engaged in doing something to my sister-in-law, Liuciana [?] Maga” (Higgins, Butler, and Welch vs. U.S. 10). When questioned about what they were doing, he responds, “They were placing their hands on her and using force with her but my going out prevented my seeing the result” (10). Pedro reads these soldiers’ actions as rape. He insists, “They wanted to rape her” (10). When the defense questions how he knew the soldiers’ intent was to rape his sister-in-law, he answers, “Because they used the words ‘puck-puck’ to her” (10). When the soldiers enter the home and grab the women, the residents experience a range of feelings that anticipate violence, which includes the possibility of sexual violation.

This project includes examples of attempted rape with more blatant crimes because these cases of not-quite-rape may have been more prevalent than actual rape during the Philippine-American War.^{xlviii} Though Private Thomas Welch is tried for intent and battery, with intent to commit rape in violation of the 58th Article of War, he is convicted only for disorderly conduct.^{xlix} In this example the soldiers were never prosecuted for rape, but only for the attempt. Several instances of war atrocities attracted the attention of the Senate and therefore provide accessible records of crimes for my alternative archive, but these examples merely flag our attention to a range of intimate violence, which is intrinsic to American imperialism.

This un-rape story shows a visceral reaction to American military authority and the United States’ civilizing mission. Another witness Telesforo Aquino testified about the soldiers entering his home prior to entering the home of Pedro Mas. When asked what the

soldiers did, he replied, “They did nothing. They had hardly entered the home before the women fled and the soldiers then left” (Higgins, Butler, and Welch vs. U.S. 14). His response to why the women ran is revealing, “Because they were afraid” (14). The reading of attempted rape occurs in a larger cultural context in which American soldiers breaking into a civilian home and demanding sexual access to women is not an isolated incident. The intrusion of Higgins, Butler, and Welch occurred in the spring of 1901, so Filipinos had already experienced three years of American occupation with its stories and rumors of war atrocities, including rape. The soldiers arrive; the women flee. It is this story I posit as a foundational story about the everyday life of Filipina civilians at the start of American colonialism.

Furthermore, the court martial of Pvt. William Clay (in a crime committed June 9, 1901 in Lupao) provides an example of not-quite-rape that portrays life during the American occupation. Private Clay is convicted of assault and battery.¹ Maria Minano’s wrist was seized, and the upper part of her dress was torn. When she resisted his advances, Clay struck her face with his fist so that it swelled up. Maria held tightly to her mother, bit the assailant’s hand, and screamed. The attack occurred at noon on the street. Maria was in the company of three other women. Captain H. C. Keene, counsel for the defense, argues for the soldier’s defense:

The accused did not indecently expose his person, he did not raise the dress of Maria Minano, and did not attempt to throw her to the ground. The tearing of her waist was merely an incident of the slight struggle between them. He was guilty of nothing more than improper familiarity and rough horse-play. This offense falls far short of an attempt to commit rape upon the person of an able-bodied woman, at

noon, on a well-travelled road close to a military post, and in the presence of three other able-bodied women, is on the face of it, absurd. Had he intended to commit rape, he would have waited until his victim was alone, would have followed her, or enticed her into a house, or to some secluded spot, and thus would have made his attempt. (Clay vs. United States 9).

This soldier's "rough horseplay," resulting in a torn dress, swollen face, and victim's scream, does not register as rape in the official archive, yet signals the less visible forms of violence that make up this archive of empire. I am interested in how both stories register an affect of rape and unconscious fear that becomes part of everyday living for a civilian during the time of the American occupation.

VII. CONCLUSION: LEONARA, THE WARRIOR WOMAN

This chapter concludes with the story of Leonara, not because she falls into the category of rape victim during the Philippine-American War but rather because she presents the counter-figure of the woman warrior. Even as we acknowledge the atrocities and injustices, it is just as important to privilege the warrior figure as the final note in a fraught history of imperial trauma in the chapter on the Philippine-American War. If words, thoughts, and memories are powerful shapers of the present, then as cultural critics and healers, it behooves us to emphasize empowering memories while recovering more painful moments of our past. The final chapter on Princess Urduja develops further this memory of the woman warrior and healer as a model for change.

On the afternoon of Jan. 15, 1900, the 25th Infantry was preparing to depart, and march from Magalang to Angeles. A few soldiers had been "playing" with Leonara Salas by

making teasing remarks to her “about being married and . . . she got tired of it and took that knife and ran after one fellow and he ran out laughing and went up to the barracks” (Arnold vs. United States 22-23). Each time a soldier teased her, she chased them away with her *bolo*. The soldiers would run to their barracks. Leonara’s hut was situated about 75 feet behind Company M’s barracks. Reportedly friendly with the troops, Leonara earned money by washing their laundry. Leonara was a wife and mother of two children, and she cared for her sister’s child. Lieutenant Charles Bates describes her as a “rather large sized Filipino woman. She was strong, athletic, and vigorous” (13). One soldier claims, “She had done a good deal of washing. She seemed to have a good muscle for washing and everything of that kind” (23).

Julius Arnold, Trumpeter of Company M, stood outside the yard of the Leonara’s shack and watched Leonara fraternize with the other soldiers. He decided to participate. He approached Leonara and made “improper proposals to her,” reports the commanding officer Charles Bates (Bates 3). When the Lieutenant later asks him what he said, he answers, “I asked her for a f—k, Lieutenant” (Arnold vs. United States 8). As usual, Leonara brandishes her *bolo*, but the moment precipitates into something else. As one soldier Paschal recalls, she “did not seem any angrier than usual; she went up on the porch and did not have any words” (23). Her brother-in-law Leoncia Herrera testifies she said, “I don’t want to have anything to do with you; I am a married woman” (39). He claims that Arnold “tried to embrace” Leonara (38).^{li} Julius Arnold remembers that she grabbed her *bolo*, a small blade of about 10 inches long, lying against the post of the shack, and lunges

at him while saying, “Este. Este” (40). As she thrusts the *bolo* toward him, Arnold deflects the *bolo* with a gunshot from a revolver. The *bolo* merely slaps him against the leg; she is undeterred. According to Arnold, she whirls away from him and forward with the *bolo* raised in the air with “her hair blowing in her face” (43). Before she can make contact, he fires his revolver. The bullet enters the nose and under the left eye.

Prior to the assault, affable relations exist between Leonara and the soldiers (if we are to rely upon the soldiers’ testimonies). Leonara performs washing duties for the men in exchange for payment. But she also teaches them her language and jokes with them. For the soldiers and Leonara, the banter breaks the monotony of the afternoon. Ironically, the very *bolo* that prompts Arnold to use his gun represents civil relations between the Filipina and the troops. She lends the *bolo* to the company to open cans of salmon, beans, and other imported goods. Her frequent *bolo*-play and boldness in front of the soldiers suggests adept skill. Perhaps, she practices *arnis*, a Filipino martial art.

Yet as latent observers and readers of a court case, we are removed from her internal life. We cannot read her face. Private Elmore Vaughn of the 25th Infantry testifies, “She never seemed angry to me sir . . . because she always looked the same” (Arnold vs. United States 36). Several witnesses claim she was sociable and not troubled by the teasing about her marriage status. We know she is a woman who cares for three children and works for a living. Perhaps, she chooses not to reveal her irritation with the soldiers’ banter. Arnold escalates the interplay by using insulting words. Leonara whirls forward and slaps him on the leg with the flat part of the blade. The shot deflects the attack. But she is

not deterred. Her actions and intent shift into defense, into physical contact, to hurt the insulting soldier. She whirls around again. But before she can strike, his bullet enters her head. This bullet terminates any further probing into Leonara Salas' interiority and leaves us only with questions. What were her experiences of war? Did she experience loss? Where was her husband? He never testifies in court. Was he a guerilla resisting the American occupation and hiding up in the mountains?^{lii} The violent exchange occurred in the afternoon, yet the usual parley of words and *bolo* reaches a breaking point and erupts into violence.

Leonara's character and the character of all Filipinas come under scrutiny in the trial. Leonara is described as being on good terms with the soldiers. She is friendly with them and often jokes with them, yet several sources testify that she never has sexual relations with the soldiers. She is a married woman "entirely faithful to her husband" (Arnold vs. U.S. 9). Neighbors testify to her "virtuous" character. Even though her character is established as "blameless" by the commanding officer, the court questions her character to determine whether Arnold's question was improper (Bates 3). In other words, if she had improper relations with the soldiers or outside marriage, then Arnold's impudent question would be considered reasonable and Leonara's attack with the *bolo* uninvited. For example, the defense questions witness Sergeant Mills: "Sergeant, how do you find these Filipino women; are they rather free with their virtue as a rule or not?" (Arnold vs. U.S. 16) The prosecution objects, but the objection is overruled when the defense points out:

The evident drift of the prosecution is to make capital out of the fact that this man approached a Filipino woman asking her an improper question. If it is a matter of fact, easily proved, that these women are of easy virtue, the heinousness of the offense committed by the accused would seem to be considerably diminished. . . . I think it not out of place to establish the general character of Filipino women. (Arnold vs. U.S. 16-17)

Sergeant Mills responds,

Well I have not been round a great many of them. What I can find out about them is that I don't find any over-dissipation, any more than among other races in that respect, among the lower classes. I will say that they are not dissipated as some of the races. I mean with regard to morality. . . . I don't find them any more so than any other nationality, i.e. any other class of people. I think they are a class that seem to behave themselves and are virtuous and moral. (Arnold vs. U.S. 17)

Even though Sergeant Mills' response disarms the line of questioning, the questions reveal underlying perceptions about the Filipina body that the story shares with other stories in my archive. Mill's reference to class also sheds light on how class figures into a power dynamic around sexual violence in an archive of rape. Mostly working-class, the women do not belong to the *principalia* (or upper) class, but live in nipa huts without the aid of servants.

The story of Leonara does not constitute rape, but belongs here in the archive both as a counter-figure to rape victims as well as a depiction of underlying everyday hostility between military and civilians. Ten days prior to Leonara's death, there was an incident on Mount Arayat that soldiers mention in court. Five American prisoners-of-war are murdered by Filipino insurgents. In fact, when Charles Bates speaks before the town of Magalang about Leonara's death, he brings up the Mount Arayat incident:

. . .such unfortunate things as the killing of this woman sometimes happens in wartime but we would see that the man was punished. I said we had not held them responsible for the terrible barbarity on Arayat Mountain when five helpless prisoners were shot and that they must regard this sad affair in the same way so far as holding us personally responsible was concerned. (Bates 4-5)

The Mount Arayat incident provides an affective backdrop to the murder of Leonara. Bates is quick to note the difference between the United States military and the insurgents since Arnold would be punished for his crime. In a letter back to headquarters Bates explains that the townspeople “deplore the terrible tragedy but do not seem to hold the Americans responsible in such sense as to interfere with the unusually promising civil government there established” (Bates 5).

What precipitates an ordinary exchange between soldier and civilian into violence and murder? The scene between Leonora and Arnold shows how ordinary banter between soldiers and a washerwomen serves as entertainment for soldiers. Described as “an obedient soldier,” Arnold was not under the influence of liquor. His commanding officer Bates describes Arnold after killing Leonara,

He seemed to me to be very cool. [. . .] I could not say that there was anything in his manner that impressed me one way or the other. My inference was that as he was a very young boy he did not like to run away from a woman; but that was only an inference; he was not excited. (Arnold vs. U.S. 10)

As Bates suggests, Arnold could have easily retreated to his company quarters, a short distance away, as the other soldiers had done to escape harm.

I reserve Leonara Salas’ whirling figure to conclude this archive on rape because she resists the victim archetype. I posit her decisive courage, not ruled by fear, and undeterred

by the soldier's weapon. For every actual rape—though this is only a surmise—there are other encounters with American soldiers that do not conclude in rape. Whether or not Julius Arnold intended to rape the Filipina civilian, his remark provoked a flood of affects surrounding what it means to be a woman in an occupied country. The confluence of affects erupted in a different reaction from the norm. Leonara doesn't play with her weapon. She means to use it. When the soldier deflects her first attack, she doesn't react in fear. Perhaps a normal reaction would be to rethink her attempt. He fires a gun, but she does not shrink. She has crossed the line of intent. She strikes again, already negotiating her death.

Whether or not the history of rape during the Philippine-American War is explicitly acknowledged, rape becomes a key story of imperial trauma, which explains my interest in these stories in an alternative archive of empire. Eyerman's work on cultural trauma and how the legacy of a traumatic history impacts future generations is helpful for considering how imperial trauma influences Filipino and Filipino American identity (15). Eyerman describes how the history of slavery shaped African-American identity, even if not directly experienced or witnessed. Unlike Filipino literature, African American literature reckons with a traumatic history and transgenerational memory. For example, Toni Morrison's *Beloved* portrays how a slave memory haunts later generations. A mother who was a former slave kills her own children to protect them from the cruelty of slavery, yet she and her family must reckon with the ghost of this memory. Filipino literature in English has yet to reckon with the traumatic memory of rape and its interrogation of

United States' history. Award-winning novelist Sionil Jose writes *Po-On*, or *Dusk* about the Philippine-American War in which a girl is raped by an American soldier, but she is a stock figure, whom the protagonist sees dying (Jose 281).^{liii} Literally left on the side of the road, she is nameless and silent. My archival project is motivated by a belief that critically examining this history of rape lessens its power. Because what is no longer hidden cannot haunt us, an alternative archive of empire is one way to begin healing.

Revisiting this history of rape, symptomatic of empire, is reckoning with these ghosts of empire. I concentrated on court records to foreground women's testimonies, rather than soldiers' accounts. Ideally, I would have found women's memoirs, journals, and letters, and my hope is that this work encourages more research of Philippine archives, not easily accessible to U.S.-based scholars. Even though these eyewitness accounts may be flawed and unreliable, I rely on these women's stories. But my reading of these court-martial records raise questions about very notion of justice in a court engaged in the colonial project. My project is an idiosyncratic use of court records to shape an alternate history of the American military in the Philippines and the business of empire building. This version of history is necessarily flawed, privileging some voices over others, yet this history juxtaposed to other versions of this war, not only fills in the gaps, but critiques the entire civilizing mission and presence of the U.S. military in the Philippines, an ongoing issue today. By raising this specter from the dead, rape no longer haunts the margins of Filipino and American cultural memory, a mere whisper or rumor, but becomes an explicit part of the story of American imperialism.^{liv}

Chapter 3: Reconciling Empire: Memories of War at the National Museum of the Pacific War and Corregidor

I. INTRODUCTION

During the week my brother graduated from the United States Naval Academy, our family spent a day at the Smithsonian Museum of American History. As we explored an exhibit about the advancement of modern medicine, we encountered a disturbing artifact. The corpse of a dark-haired infant with its brain partially exposed floated in a jar of formaldehyde. The inscription read, "Encephalitis caused by quinine administered during pregnancy. Location: Philippines." My grandmother stopped. Her words fell around us before their meaning could even register: "That looks like the baby I lost after the war."

Toward the end of the Pacific War, my *lola* was pregnant. Suffering from malaria, she was given quinine. Her baby was born with encephalitis; the skull only partially covered the brain. Immediately after the war, my *lolo* enlisted in the U.S. Navy. He recalls staying with his infant son until he died a few hours after birth and the priest's last rites were performed. The U.S. Naval hospital requested that they be able to retain the remains for medical research, but my grandfather rejected that idea. About to be deployed and overwhelmed with grief, he allowed the hospital to dispose of the body. My grandparents assumed that the hospital buried the body, yet they never inquired. At this point in the narrative, the story falters when I press them further: a shrug of the shoulders, a blank stare, or resignation, "that's just the way it was." Yet fifty years later, this artifact not only

reminded them of their loss, but also articulated a reproach for what they could never express.

While the previous chapter examines sexual violence during the Philippine-American War, this chapter looks at the role of military museums in constituting imperial trauma. In both chapters I am interested in how we can glean an affective history of American empire through strategic storytelling to redefine the legacy of imperial trauma. I use my family story about a display of bodily remains in a flagship American museum to segue to an analysis of two spaces—The National Museum of the Pacific War, in Fredericksburg, Texas, and Corregidor Island, Philippines—memorializing World War II in the Pacific and the Philippines, respectively. The memory of my uncle's bodily remains frames this discussion on imperial remains and how each are constituted in the museum and the archive. This artifact and my grandparents' tale express an uncanny story of war and the United States' colonial presence in the Philippines, different from the dominant narrative at the military museums explored in this chapter. Yet affective readings of both museums reveal alternative histories that negotiate the legacy of imperial trauma. Such stories gesture to ineffable loss, a common denominator of imperial trauma that includes individual and familial loss that spans generations (such as never knowing my uncle). The impenetrability of my grandparents' answer left a residue of familiar frustration. The emotional residue of internalized anger describes imperial trauma more effectively than do the more obvious, large-scale traumas of war and genocide. My grandparents could not express rage at this perceived violation, at seeing their private loss displayed as a spectacle

in a public museum. More than indulgent mourning, my tale gestures to a subtler form of imperial trauma, its everyday effects on the psyche, evidenced, for example by their reticence to question authority. I suggest that the infant's remains are paradigmatic of imperial remains, a literal and metaphorical byproduct of United States-Philippines relations. By displaying an archive for public consumption that includes some artifacts while excluding others and privileges some memories while ignoring others, both museums reveal a mutually constitutive relationship with imperial trauma. Because of the museum's influence in narrating history, these two museums are a fitting site of inquiry for an alternative archive of empire. This chapter calls attention to the urgency in creating an archive that critiques the American imperial project, as well as its resonance today. Both museums unwittingly document the invisible effects of imperial trauma, which this chapter delineates through strategic storytelling to reveal an affective history.

Several years after witnessing the jar of the human remains at the Smithsonian Museum, I visited the National Museum of the Pacific War in Fredericksburg, Texas. I juxtapose these two museum visits to foreground the intimate link between historical and familial memory, the cultural work of these military museums, and imperial trauma. While stationed in Puerto Rico, my brother, a Navy helicopter pilot, died during a bicycle accident while training for an Ironman triathlon. A few weeks later, as a distraction from grief, my husband and I visited the quaint town of Fredericksburg, Texas, settled by Germans in the 19th century, and toured a museum dedicated to the late Admiral Chester Nimitz, who was born in Fredericksburg. Shaped like a ship, his father's hotel was

converted into the Nimitz Museum to commemorate the life of the admiral. Nimitz agreed to the museum, but only if the museum would be dedicated to “telling the story of the men and women who served under me” (Lebens). Shortly after his death, the Nimitz Foundation expanded the museum to include the National Museum of the Pacific War, which serves the purpose of honoring the servicemen and women who fought in the Pacific during World War II. Shaped by my grandparents’ memories of war and my own familial link with the U.S. military, I stumbled into the National Museum of Pacific War with the expectation of seeing some portrayal of the sacrifices of Filipino servicemen during World War II, particularly since the Philippines was central in the United States’ campaign against the Japanese. Although there were several displays that featured the fall of Corregidor, the Bataan Death March, and the liberation of the Philippines, I was disappointed by the lack of representation of Filipinos who served in the military, as well as Filipino civilians. I found a troubling disconnection between memory and history as I walked through the exhibit and researched the Pacific War museum’s archive.^{lv}

Using a transnational approach, my interest in the museum’s role in constituting imperial trauma precipitated a visit to Corregidor Island in the Philippines. Guarding the entrance to Manila Bay, “The Rock,” as this tourist destination and historical site is nicknamed, commemorates MacArthur’s last stand against the Japanese before surrender and the eventual return of the Americans. I begin my analysis with a museum in Texas and conclude with museums and memorial sites in the Philippines to emphasize a rather surprising discovery. I anticipated a Filipino version of war on Philippine soil; instead,

Corregidor merely echoed the narrative of American redemption told at the museum in Texas.

My personal and family history shapes my longing for an experience of inclusion in this official history of war, as told at the Nimitz museum and on Corregidor. My family's service in the United States Navy is a tradition spanning four generations on my Filipino side: a brother and Caucasian father, both Annapolis graduates and pilots, a Filipino uncle, a pilot who flew bombers in Vietnam and was one of the first Filipinos with United States' citizenship to graduate from the United States Naval Academy, a Filipino grandfather, one of the first Filipinos to earn the highest rank of Master-chief Petty Officer for a Navy enlisted man, and a great-grandfather, who gained American citizenship by enlisting in the Navy in the 1930s and who served during World War II.^{lvi} My personal story highlights a cultural legacy of imperial trauma that extends beyond a personal grievance. My unrequited search for a narrative honoring Filipino veterans at both museums spilled into anger. This emotion—from seeing and not seeing—signals the complexity of imperial trauma and the imbricate layers of personal, intergenerational, and cultural trauma. I trace this anger as stemming from imperial melancholia, a transnational melancholia that extends beyond the national border and begins at the point of departure (in the Philippines) rather than “the point of arrival on American soil” (Campomanes “The New Empire's Forgetful and Forgotten Citizens” 147). Eng and Han recognize racial melancholia's potential because of its refusal to find closure. Likewise, imperial

melancholia and my refusal to find closure fuel my reading of these museums and recovery of unofficial histories.

Several years later during a research trip, I revisited the Smithsonian museum to locate the exhibit with my uncle's remains. I spoke to several curators who insisted that it was impossible that an artifact of human remains would be displayed at the Smithsonian. The curator suggested that I might find such an artifact at the National Museum of Health and Medicine at the Walter Reed Army Medical campus, a long drive from the National Mall, but I had never visited this museum before. I started to doubt my memory, yet my grandmother remembers. My family recalls discussing it the same night of the museum visit over dinner at my aunt's house in Virginia. This memory of my uncle's remains haunts me and tells a counter story to benevolent colonialism: for how did this corpse of a Filipino infant become a specimen in an American exhibit? Did my family and I simply imagine it? Was our unconscious need to make apparent our familial connection to United States' national history so desperate that we made up this group memory? Or years later, could our doubts about what we had seen, despite several witnesses, be shaped by intergenerational trauma? In a similar experience, Saidiya Hartman discovers her great-great-grandmother's testimony in the slavery archive at Yale, but when she returns years later, she could no longer find a trace of her great-great-grandmother's name or testimony in the archive. She wonders if she too imagined it: "Was my hunger for the past so great that I was now encountering ghosts? Had my need for an entrance into history played tricks on me [. . .]?" (16-17). Hartman's story and the story of my uncle's remains are eerily uncanny entrances

to historiography. Hartman points out that this incident “served as my introduction to the slipperiness and elusiveness” of the archive (17). Both Hartman and my family’s stories suggest a need for affective histories to account for crumbs that get lost in the cracks of history. By looking at how intimate loss is inextricably linked to national and transnational traumas, we might complicate our understanding of large-scale histories of trauma such as war and the United State’s colonization of the Philippines. I use the memory of bodily remains to create an affective history that negotiates silence, and to serve as a paradoxical touchstone for imperial melancholia to ask the pertinent questions that might initiate healing.

A recent story about a Long Beach artist’s discovery of Filipino memorabilia further illustrates the urgency behind my archival project. While scouting out materials to repurpose for his work, artist Fred Faith came across discarded boxes of old photographs and 8mm films, left on the curb as trash. Just as the trash collector rolled into view, Faith rescued the boxes from destruction. The old photographs were memorabilia of United States military officers and Filipino civilians during the Pacific War, stamped as U.S. Army Signal Corps, indicating official government documents. Faith contacted the local FilAm community who were thrilled to find these artifacts and sponsored an exhibit commemorating Filipino history during World War II at the Long Beach Public Library (Dablo). This anecdote begins to explain my archival project’s concern with the discarded strands of history. In this chapter on the Pacific War museums my archival work aims to analyze these Filipino silences in the exhibit and the archive—to address what Gayatri

Spivak calls in “Can the Subaltern Speak?” “a task of ‘measuring silences’”—and to explore why these stories matter in the national landscape (286).

An affective history of empire starts with personal and family stories as a point of entrance to reading museum narratives. My reading explores how the elision of Filipino sacrifices at the Pacific War Museum and the privileging of American sacrifices at Corregidor Island perpetuates imperial trauma. I want to disturb the seemingly homogenous story of the Americans’ participation in the Philippines—a story of temporary defeat followed by redemptive victory in a celebration of American prowess—and show these museums’ and military historiography’s complicity with imperial trauma. I analyze how ongoing ripples of imperial trauma shape the narrative of war told on Philippine soil, so that Corregidor, as the last bastion of MacArthur’s defense, becomes a bastion of imperial nostalgia. Both museums reveal an imperial legacy at work: the American narrative marginalizes Filipino sacrifices, while Corregidor shows the entrenchment of American influence, which privileges the American story.

This chapter troubles the official archive through an alternative archive of empire that includes interpolating Filipino voices from oral histories, memoirs, and a Filipino American novel into the gaps of both museums’ narratives of World War II. Because the Nimitz archive has only one oral history of a Filipino, named Don Soriano, I refer to his story, as well as the stories passed down by my grandparents’ Floserfina and Amado Lopez. My grandparents’ tales have influenced my reading of the museums. From Cecilia Brainard’s *When the Rainbow Goddess Wept* I interpose novelistic accounts of World War II

into the museums' narrative of war. Brainard's novel describes the experiences of Yvonne, a nine-year-old growing up during the Japanese occupation. I juxtapose Don Soriano and my *lolos'* narratives with a fictional representation of the war, not because these narratives pretend to be the representative experience of the war for Filipinos, but because in the absence of any Filipino story in the museum, these Filipino voices begin to penetrate the silence. My methodology begins with the material object and works backwards, analyzing the artifact's relationship to the archive and the museum, as well as the relationship between the archive and the museum. I examine the artifact in its rhetorical context, including the museum's concerns about audience, narrative, and what Luke calls "its rhetoric(s) of instruction and memorialization" (Luke xxiii). An affective reading of Filipino absence and presence in the museum and its corresponding archive begins to address this troubling under the skin of Filipino memory.

II. TRAUMA, MEMORY, AND THE MILITARY MUSEUM

Just as the previous chapter focused on reading official archives of the Philippine-American War, this chapter shows how an alternative archive of empire might start by closely reading the existing official archive and museum about World War II in the Philippines. The National Museum of the Pacific War in Texas portrays the story of World War II in the Pacific and the United States' war with Japan. According to museum director Dick Cavanaugh, the museum emphasizes the United States' ultimate superiority in weapons and tactics that led to their victory in the war (Perry 64). The museum commemorates the sacrifices of the war veterans and the hardships endured by American

civilians, but the museum also conveys an underlying message. As the museum visitor enters, he or she learns about the strategic importance of the Philippines in the United States' aspirations to be a world power. By placing the Philippines next to a display about Japan in the entrance, the museum



Figure 1 Entrance Exhibit

Features the Philippines, Japan, and the Spanish-American War

stages the Philippines as pivotal to the narrative, yet never develops that point (Figure 1). The remaining exhibits display the Philippines as a geographic location rather than an actor in the story. The Philippines is portrayed as a site of trauma for American soldiers and civilians, while the Filipino soldier and civilian are side notes to the drama. Even though the museum exhibits sketches of the Philippine-American War, the text subscribes to a dominant version of American history. The narrative omits the story about the United States' betrayal of a promise to help the Philippines gain independence in return for their assistance in the Spanish-American War. Colonization is portrayed as beneficial to the Philippines with the introduction of hospitals and public schools.

Imperial Remains includes military museums because American imperialism underwrites these institutions of memory. Indeed, blood was spilt over the sentiments of empire. In narrating the trauma of war and memorializing the experiences of veterans, the military museum serves an ideological function that sanctions the military's purpose and the government's imperialist aims. As most military museums, the Museum of the Pacific War commemorates military prowess and service, yet the museum also narrates the darker side of war to reflect the veterans' experience. Recuperating the story of the United States as "the winner" requires a reckoning with the traumatic aspects of war in the Pacific, including the Japanese' brutal treatment and temporary defeat of American soldiers and civilians by the Japanese. Elaine Gurian's classification of museums clarifies the purpose of a military museum and the story it tells. She points out that there are three kinds of museums: "museums that aspire to be establishment organizations, self-consciously liberal museums, and counterculture museums" (178). By definition, the military museum is an establishment museum, as long as the establishment or government sanctions the service and sacrifice of the military.^{lvii} The military museum's sacralizing purpose, to represent the military service men and women and their families, does not follow the current trend in museums to create "places where community identities are debated and forged" (Galloway 3). My affective reading of the military museum includes acknowledging how war veterans and their families want their sacrifices remembered, not just how one particular group might experience the museum. Trauma theory complicates my reading of Filipino absence in the museum because it examines all the players in this joust over historical memory,

including the artifact, the intended museum visitor, memorialized war veterans, and dominant cultural memory, as well as Filipino and Filipino American war veterans, their families, and their cultural memory (and patriotism) not included in mainstream American history. An affective reading of these military museums and archives demonstrates how alternative stories are critical to the history of the Pacific War as well as to American history.

For veterans who experienced the trauma of war, the military museum serves as a safe space to address the memory of the past. The military museum's role as a place of healing sheds light on the military museum's investment in only telling one version of war.

Posttraumatic stress disorder is defined as

exposure to a traumatic stressor directly involving personal experience, witnessing of, and learning about events and situations involving actual or threatened death, serious injury, a threat to one's personal integrity, and/or learning about unexpected or violent death, serious harm, or threat of death or injury experienced by a family member or other close associate. (DSM IV 331).^{lviii}

Cathy Caruth characterizes trauma as the experience that cannot be known at the moment of occurrence, but is revisited belatedly (Caruth 4). The experience of war forces the veteran to confront the meaning of life and death. Many war veterans witnessed their comrades killed, killed other human beings, or seen and participated in the atrocities of war. As Caruth notes, "The traumatized . . . carry an impossible history within them, or they become themselves the symptom of a history that they cannot entirely possess (5).

While not all war veterans are trauma victims, for those who have experienced trauma in combat—or, as was the case for many soldiers in the Pacific War, suffered as prisoners-of-

war—this military museum becomes a tender space for remembering and witnessing. Such affective investment may influence the museum stakeholders' decisions about what stories to privilege over others.

At the National Museum of the Pacific War the war veterans' oral histories and the stories linked to the exhibit's artifacts bear witness to the war veterans' suffering. Former POWs recall the horrors of the Bataan Death March, Japanese concentration camps, and "Hell Ships." During the Bataan Death March the starving prisoners were denied food or water, even though there was water available throughout the forced march, which spanned several days. Any sick stragglers were killed and left on the side of the road. Filipinos who gave the prisoners food were killed on sight. In the Hell Ships prisoners were placed in holding tanks below deck for several days while being shipped to Japan; the stench was awful. With no toilets, men defecated on themselves, especially those suffering from dysentery. The war veterans who survived were left with the burden of memories, including those of their comrades who did not survive. War stories help them reckon with these traumatic memories. Dori Laub explains the importance of testimony for trauma victims:

The survivors did not only need to survive so that they could tell their stories; they also need to tell their stories in order to survive. There is, in each survivor, an imperative need to tell and thus to come to know one's story, unimpeded by ghosts from the past against which one has to protect oneself. One has to know one's buried truth in order to be able to live one's life. (Laub 63)

Though Laub writes about Holocaust survivors, the need to use stories to heal past trauma applies to war veterans as well. Testimony sharing or witnessing helps the war veteran to survive. As Mike Lebens, associate curator of the National Museum of Pacific War points

out, “Veterans want to be remembered for their sacrifices” (Lebens). For war veterans with traumatic memories, remembering means more than simply acknowledging their service; it means validating that the psychic cost was worth it.

An analysis of the military museum and its archive foregrounds the different uses and values of the archive and shows how an alternative archive enhances official archives. The mission of the military museum—to remember the sacrifices of war veterans— serves to circumscribe what gets admitted into the archive and displayed as artifact.^{lix} However, an affective reading of the archive reveals how war veterans’ and civilians’ private trauma linked with national memory—*anxiety about an enemy attack on the homeland and relinquishing the Philippines to the enemy—determines what stories and memories of the war are privileged over others.* For example, in the Nimitz archive, several oral histories of American civilians and soldiers mention the humane acts of the Japanese, yet these stories are not portrayed at the museum. American nurse Ethel “Sally” Blaine Millet recalls a Japanese medic’s kindness to a crying baby. The medic kissed the crying baby “maybe 75 times. . . .He kissed it constantly as he walked back and forth with it” (Millet 10). He showed Millet a photo of his own child back home whom he had not seen since he left eight years before. Nurse Millet also recalls a time when she suffered from malaria on a boat transporting the POWs to Santo Tomas, and a Japanese medic provided ice and malaria pills for her (9). Filipino civilian Soriano recounts the kindness of a Japanese military doctor who hated the injustices of the Japanese and distributed medicine to those in need whenever he could (Soriano). While there were instances of humane acts from the

Japanese, the memory of Japanese war atrocities is privileged in the exhibit. Lebens insists that the museum is not trying to “take a cheap shot” at the Japanese, yet the portrayal of the Japanese criminalizes them. In an oral interview war veteran J.S. Gray describes his strong antipathy for the Japanese as he recalls killing them: “When I used to shoot squirrel with a twenty-two rifle, I would shoot him in the head. I wanted to shoot those Japanese the same way. When I got one I wanted to mangle their heads. I still don’t like them, I don’t have any use for them” (Gray 7). The museum’s display on the Japanese American internment camp shows American complicity in racism and injustice. Nevertheless, the dominant narrative dehumanizes the Japanese soldiers and serves to justify the racism of war veterans such as JS Gray. The emphasis on Japanese criminal acts appeases WWII war veterans, many of them POWs who suffered under the cruelty of Japanese soldiers and might be outraged at a more balanced narrative.

Lebens stresses that the main goal of the museum is to “tell the whole story of the war,” but this assertion assumes an objective position, an underlying claim to absolute truth. Randal Johnson, interpreting Bourdieu’s theory, describes the museum as a political act in which “multiple mediators . . . contribute to the works’ meaning and sustain the universe of belief which is the cultural field” (Johnson 20). As a cultural production, the museum is a site of mediation among curator, collection, exhibit, archive, and museum visitor. Since the majority of visitors of a military museum are war veterans, retired and active military and their families, it makes sense that the exhibitors would want to create a

display that speaks to these visitors. The curators' cultural and social capital risks diminishment if the museum includes narratives that critique the military.

As part of an alternative archive of empire, my reading of the Museum of the Pacific War analyzes the intimate linking of Philippine-United States history and the impulse to forget this history. As a contested site of memory, this museum unwittingly reenacts imperial trauma for the Filipino American community. An affective reading of the museum reveals the invisible effects of that violence on the Filipino American visitor. Filipino troops fought alongside American troops, not as separate groups, but as members of the United States military or in an offshoot of the United States military, the Philippine Scouts. The representation of Filipinos—both veterans and civilians—is a critical thread in the story of the United States' involvement in the Pacific, not just because the United States forged—through colonialism—a “special” relationship with the Philippines, but also because over 200, 000 Filipinos fought in World War II, not simply as allies, but as servicemen in the United States military. This history of forgetting and betrayal continued until 1946, when Congress passed the Rescission Act that rescinded full benefits from Filipino veterans. Sociologists coined the term “second class veterans” to describe Filipino veterans because the Philippines was the only country out of sixty-six allied countries in which her veterans were denied benefits. Because of the United States- Philippines' unique relationship and colonial legacy, the United States actively recruited thousands of Filipinos a year, prior to World War II until the repeal of the Military Bases Agreement in 1991. A visit to the naval base in San Diego shows a predominance of Filipino Americans and their

families who served in the military. Yen Espiritu attributes San Diego's roots as a Navy town to its thriving Filipino population (24). According to a 1977 study, Filipinos were the second largest minority in the Navy (Szalay and Bryson). According to the 1990 Census, twenty-three thousand Filipinos served in the Armed Forces with an increase of seven thousand per decade, and that figure does not include retired Filipinos or Filipinos of mixed ethnicity (Table 4, 128). Beginning with the Spanish-American War, the history of Filipino military service is a formative part of United States military history, inseparably linked to the United States' colonial legacy. As Quinsaas argues, the "brown-skinned servant force" serves as the behind-the-scenes, yet no less essential story of military operations (108).^{lx}

Yet the National Museum of the Pacific War's lack of representation of Filipinos disregards their service and contribution to the United States military. This neglect is particularly ironic, considering much of the narrative is staged on Philippine soil. As Gurian contends, "Regardless of exhibition content, producers can choose strategies that can make some portion of the public feel either empowered or isolated. If the audience, or some segment thereof, feels alienated, unworthy, or out of place, I contend it is because we want them to feel that way" (177). The elision of the Filipino experience creates this effect for the Filipino American visitor. Gurian writes how the staff, in excluding minority voices, operates in collusion with:

a segment of our audience that wants exhibition presentation to reinforce the aspirations and expectations they have for themselves. This audience of traditional museum consumers does not wish to have others join their company, as that would

disrupt their notion of their own superiority and their right to exclusive domain.
(177)

The Anglo-American war veterans, in desiring to hear their stories told, and the staff, in producing exclusively their stories, occlude the narratives of Filipino soldiers and civilians that would enliven the overarching narrative of the museum and acknowledge the contributions of a vital force in the U.S. military. Yet by eliding stories about Filipino war veterans, the museum inadvertently participates in an historical forgetting that enacts invisible violence, less obvious than the war trauma that the museum attempts to address. The museum's narrative hails a group inextricably linked to the history of the United States' military and, in effect, dismisses them, a dismissal systemic to racial formation within the United States' institutions and practices. Pointing out this pattern of exclusion in the military, Yen Espiritu analyzes three Navy recruit memory books which render the Filipino recruit "invisible and irrelevant" in narratives about the Navy recruit, even though Filipinos comprised 20 percent of each new recruit company (Espiritu 102). The museum's exclusion reflects practices in the United States military.

After entering the museum and viewing the first exhibit about Spanish-American War, I turned the corner to see a mannequin of a military officer, dressed in whites. The life-like figure triggered the too recent memory of my brother's body in his military coffin, and I froze, laden with grief. The mannequin display of a military officer dressed in whites invited me to identify with the museum's story. Raised on stories about the Japanese Occupation and my family's military service, I expected to see a portrayal of Filipino service

in the military; instead the memory of my private loss was doubly injured, layered with inarticulate trauma. A family tradition of military pride, patriotism, and love of the United States seemed deluded. In *America is in the Heart* Carlos Bulosan describes a similar betrayal when he discovered his childhood adoration for the United States and American culture to be blatantly one-sided when he finally arrived in the United States. His fantasy of the United States was blighted when he realized how little his race was regarded here. “The mockery of it all is that Filipinos are taught to regard Americans as our equals. . . . The terrible truth in America shatters the Filipinos’ dream of fraternity (qtd. in Bulosan xiii). My personal anecdote points to how personal loss and generational trauma are intimately linked to the national fabric of history. In other words, by invoking the story of the Philippines in this narrative of the Pacific War, the museum story constitutes and is constituted by an under-the-surface, everyday trauma of American empire.

III. ARCHIVAL VIOLENCE: ARTIFACT, ARCHIVE, MEMORY

An analysis of artifact, archive, and historical memory reveals how the hidden story of imperial trauma drives the museum’s narrative, which explains the need for alternative archives and alternative histories of American empire. The layout of the museum and arrangement of the artifacts tell a story of defeat and redemption: the rise, fall, and recuperation of United States’ power. Lebens stresses the neutrality of the museum’s narrative, that it is simply organized around the artifacts: “The artifacts are chosen to display, and we allow the story to unfold from the object” (Lebens). Typically, a museum displays only five percent of the objects in their collection at any given time. Lebens’

remark suggests impartiality, but the choice of object and narrative indicates a particular bias or viewpoint. If, as Pierre Bourdieu suggests, museums are a site of cultural production, then the question arises, what cultural product or ideology is being produced?^{7ki} In some respects, if the story of the exhibit is determined by the objects in the collection, the museum is limited by what objects are acquired in the collection. But as Lebens also suggests, the stories that develop from the artifacts are linked to the museum's archive.

The Nimitz Foundation has established the Center for Pacific Studies, an archive of oral histories, books, and documents about the Pacific War that informs the narrative surrounding the object. To my dismay, the absence of Filipino oral histories mirrored the silence in the corresponding exhibit. Out of two entire filing cabinet drawers devoted to testimonies about the Philippines during WWII, only one oral history recorded the experience of a Filipino civilian, Don Soriano, who was a boy during the war. In contrast, the remaining oral histories were filled with stories about American POWs and American civilians sent to internment camp during the Japanese occupation. For example, POWs such as Carl Ruse remember the sadistic cruelty of the Japanese, "When a man on this (death) march fell out, they didn't fool with him, they just shot him or bayoneted him" (3). Yet even these oral histories describe the part Filipinos played in the war. Ruse remembers, "There were Filipino people standing beside a road and one Filipino lady had a little baby in her arms, and one of the Japs took the baby out of her arms and threw it up there and caught it on his bayonet" (Ruse 4). The oral histories of the American POWs mention the

suffering of Filipino civilians or the help Filipino civilians offered to the Americans, yet these specific stories are missing from the museum's narrative. Although only six years old during the Japanese occupation, Filipino civilian Don Soriano remembers how "the entrances to the churches were always full of the dead or the dying" (4-5). When the Japanese were approaching defeat, Don Soriano recalls, "The Japanese gathered up people into churches, mounted machine guns outside every entrance and commenced setting the buildings on fire. . . . We all came to the sobering realization that everyone of us was in imminent danger of getting killed" (7).^{lxiii} An affective reading of empire focuses on this story's absence in the museum's narrative, not to simply air a grievance, not even to mourn Filipinos' invisibility in United States' history, but to alter the direction of the mainstream narrative. I emphasize strategic storytelling in this alterative archive of empire because I am fascinated with stories' healing power, a theme I explore in the next chapter on warrior princess Urduja and the babaylan movement.

In the first three displays on the fall of the Philippines, the artifacts remind the visitor about the Bataan Death March and the fall of Corregidor, yet marginalize the role of Filipinos in a war waged on Philippine soil. On April 9, 1942 General Wainwright and MacArthur surrendered Bataan to the Japanese. The American POWs marched for several days to prisoner camps, over 55 miles away, without food or water. On the march seven to ten thousand troops died from starvation, disease or Japanese brutality. After the fall of Bataan, Corregidor surrendered 27 days later. In a display case, Major General Edward P. King's diary is open-faced to the date February 14th, 1943. The text describes the Major

General, who, under the command of Lt. General Wainwright, directs his troops to surrender to the Japanese. As a prisoner of war, King meets up with Wainwright in the POW camp. Wainwright hand sews this journal for King so that King can record his experiences as a POW. The label above the journal reminds the visitor of the actors in the story: “80,000 Americans and *Filipinos* surrendered” (National Museum of the Pacific War, my italics). The museum visitor pushes a button to hear a recording of Wainwright’s voice ordering his troops to surrender to the Japanese from a radio circa 1940. The auditory and visual experience eerily evokes the fateful day of Corregidor Island’s surrender on May 6th 1942. The museum

objects invoke a different temporality, elusive but seductive, as if touching the object conveys the essence of that past memory.

Above the journal, the Major General Edward P. King’s



Figure 2 General Wainwright's Diary and Insignia

collar insignia of four stars is displayed with the label informing the visitor that Major General King commandeered the troops after General MacArthur retreated to Australia

(Figure 2). In addition, a United States Rifle M17 is displayed with the following inscription: “15,000 U.S. and 65,000 *Filipino* soldiers on Bataan armed with these rifles” (National Museum of the Pacific War, my italics). The materiality of the artifacts evokes a physical connection to the past—that the act of touching and looking closely at this object might reveal its secrets—yet, artifacts rely upon oral histories and other accounts to flesh out the story and give the object meaning in the context of the museum display.^{lxiii} For example, the journal acquires more significance when paired with the story about General Wainwright’s efforts to hand sew the book, or the stories about the horrors of the Death March and prisoner camps. Here, both labels describing the journal and the rifle mention the Filipino soldier who served along with the American soldier. Both the diary of Major General King and the rifle elicit reminders of the men who fought in the Battle of Bataan, yet in the objects displayed and the stories told, the Filipinos only play a peripheral role. The museum labels invoke and effectively dismiss the Filipino as insignificant to the narrative. The Filipino haunts the museum narrative as a spectral presence with no fleshed-out story of Filipino soldiers who participated in war.

Although the museum narrative refrains from stories portraying the Filipino as an actor, an alternative archive of empire includes stories from my grandparents’ experience of the war. Gray’s narrative is corroborated by my *lola*’s memories of the Bataan Death March. Her father, a Filipino commissary man in the United States Navy, was among the soldiers who fought on Corregidor and surrendered to the Japanese. Worried about the plight of her father, Flossie stood by the road everyday to spot her father among the stream of

POWs marching past. Feeling pity for the starving soldiers, she gave food and water to a POW. A Japanese soldier struck her left ear with the butt of his rifle and knocked her down. “That ear still troubles me today,” she tells me. Just as he was about to stab her with his bayonet, a POW escaped from the line. He left her on the ground to kill another prisoner, and her life was spared. My grandmother’s story fills in the impersonal depiction of the Filipino. She speaks of her own father, a Filipino U.S. Navy sailor who fought for the Americans. Without her testimony or similar testimonies, the Filipino soldier is marked by silence, yet through storytelling, the Filipino’s liminal presence is beckoned. I use my *lola’s* narrative because family tales of the Japanese Occupation shaped my own visit and reading of the museum, yet this story stands in for numerous stories about the Japanese Occupation from Filipino soldiers, women, and children who endured the war. Strategic storytelling traces an affective history of empire so that the Filipino soldier no longer haunts the margin as an ephemeral presence, but rather, is acknowledged in the national narrative. Reckoning with these ghosts of empire is critical, not just to address the politics of representation, but rather, because it reveals the enmeshment of Philippine-United States history and begins to account for its invisible violence.

By including Filipino stories in the museum’s narrative about Pacific War, my storytelling intervention begins to reconcile a history of imperial trauma. The story of the United States as a fledgling empire is an awkward story in American history, one that is characterized by the United States’ imperial amnesia. As long as cultural amnesia persists, we unwittingly return to the point of origin to reenact the initial violence. Starting with the

Philippine-American War, the placement of my chapters reveals a rippling pattern of traumatic histories that repeat with a difference. The museum unwittingly reenacts imperial trauma in the story it tells, yet an affective reading of the museum begins to address this trauma. There is more at stake than appeasing a minority group of war veterans and their families. The story told at the museum shapes present history since historical memory influences public discourse about foreign policy and the United States' role with other countries.^{lxiv}



Figure 3 Suitcase from Santo Tomas

An affective history of empire helps to account for the exclusion of Filipino stories and inclusion of American civilian stories. The museum features several displays describing stories of American civilians exiled in internment camps during the Japanese occupation. John and Louis Brush's suitcase tells the story of their internment at Santo Tomas and Los Banos. Normally an object connoting travel for leisure or business, the suitcase signifies

captivity during war. It mixes the banality of the everyday with war. A display of the suitcase of Margaret Sam includes a narrative about giving birth while in captivity at Santo Tomas (Figure 3). A pink sweater, a boy's knitted vest, and infant clothing sewn from Kotex material are linked to the Sams' family story and their discomfort during captivity. In the same display a bra and panties, knitted from coarse string, calls attention to the lack of supplies for civilians and women's resourcefulness in procuring underwear. The label informs the visitor that the women experienced the panties as "very uncomfortable, but utilitarian" (National Museum of the Pacific War). These rich and interesting stories about everyday life for the American civilian during war are, not surprisingly, gendered. The focus on women's intimate garments and reproduction—the striking contrast of new life amidst destruction—creates a foil for war that makes the redemption of American sovereignty all the more compelling. The story of the internment of American civilians wrestles with our national anxiety about American sovereignty and our "freedom" to do business abroad. After all, with a globalized economy and the threat of war in diverse places, the threat of safety for our citizens abroad—or at home—strikes fear in our collective consciousness. After all, Pearl Harbor is an earlier 9/11, an infringement on our national security. The museum translates American anxiety into national pride as the Americans recapture the Philippines and emerge victorious. The museum's focus on the domestic life of American civilian during captivity portrays the tale of American perseverance in the face of defeat.^{bxv}



Figure 4 Return to the Philippines with Leaflet to Filipino People

In contrast to a gendered depiction of everyday life for the American civilian, the missing stories about Filipino civilians or Filipino soldiers underscores imperial trauma as a dominant, but invisible narrative in this museum. The privileging of American civilians' experiences over Filipino war veterans' experiences is another betrayal in a legacy of empire, invoking memories of betrayal during the Philippine-American War. In the panels covering the liberation of the Philippines, a display features a leaflet air-dropped to Filipino civilians, titled in large letters, "A Message to Every Filipino," from President Osmena, former president of the Philippines before the Japanese occupation (Figure 4). The leaflet promises Filipinos of Osmena's return with General MacArthur and the support of the United States. The leaflet invokes the presence of the Filipino civilian, but their stories are

conspicuously absent. When I see the leaflet, I remember my *lolo's* story: the American planes dumped leaflets from the sky that promised MacArthur's return. If you were caught with one, the Japanese would kill you. Filipinos possessing this piece of paper were labeled collaborators, and civilians knew the risk. My grandmother's grandfather Augustin Legaspi died while assisting his American son-in-law in hiding from the Japanese. Married to Patrocinia Legaspi, Eddie Hart owned a nightclub that catered to American servicemen in Cavite. My grandmother insists it was a respectable place. Upstairs, there was a dance hall where men paid to dance with waiting Filipinas, and downstairs was a regular nightclub. Daily, Augustin hiked up the mountain to bring food and supplies to his son-in-law. After an informant tip-off, a Japanese soldier killed Augustin with a bayonet and staked out a trap for the American expat. Eventually, Eddie came down from his hiding place in the mountains to look for his father-in-law. Japanese soldiers captured him and executed him by hanging. Such stories convey the perilous properties of the artifact--possession could mean death. My *lola's* story of her aunt's intermarriage to an American expatriate link the private to the public. My grandmother's encounter with American military leisure at her uncle's nightclub highlights the everyday "intimacies of empire." Such familial stories do not just critique the simplistic lines of demarcation between American and Filipino sacrifices during the war, but rather gesture to the entanglement of U.S. colonial history.



Figure 5 Photo of Filipino Mother with Child

Alternative

histories begin to mediate the absence at the museum. Although the museum displays a *Life Magazine* photograph of a Filipina civilian and her child, no story is tied to the image (Figure 5). A generic description of the civilian suggests she is just a literary stock figure in this narrative of war, yet the story of loss is a common denominator among Filipinos who lived through the Japanese Occupation. Brainard's novel *When the Rainbow Goddess Wept* is a fictional portrayal of girl who grows up during the war. 9-year-old Yvonne recalls how her pregnant mother must hike with the family to a new home on another island so that her engineer husband might be safe from the Japanese. Due to malnutrition, she gives birth to a stillborn and faces the grief of losing a child. Doc Meñez also confronts unspeakable loss. Renown for helping the poor, Doc Meñez returns home after assisting in a birth to find his

family butchered by the Japanese: “Doc was confused; his mind could not comprehend what the limbs and blood were all about. As the truth sifted into his brain, he grew frantic and ran about collecting body parts and trying to piece them together” (Brainard 62-63). Such stories of Filipino loss are missing from the museum’s narrative. The silent presence of the Filipina civilian points to unresolved imperial trauma in a museum narrative that invokes the Philippines in a story about the United States’ rise to power. The memory of empire inscribes not only the colonized but also the colonizer and points to the costs of forgetting this history.

Similarly, the Filipinos who fought in the guerilla troops during the Japanese occupation play only peripheral role in this museum’s narrative. However, a counter-reading of the archive might not only show the Filipino guerrilla fighter’s relevance to the war, but also negotiate the effects of imperial trauma. The exhibit, entitled “Liberation of the Philippines,” focuses on the United States’ ultimate defeat of the Japanese. Two memoirs by Filipino war veterans emphasize the Filipino guerrilla movements’ critical role in defeating the Japanese. Pat Domantay, a radio operator who served in the Philippine Scouts 91st Coast Artillery, describes his experiences on Corregidor, life as a POW, and his escape to fight in the guerilla movement. His group of men set out to kill Japanese soldiers in their town in the province of Pangasinan. According to Domantay, they had killed most of the Japanese before the Americans even arrived on January 10, 1945. He writes, “The liberating forces were surprised that they did not encounter any resistance at all. All the landing barges landed safely in Lingayen Gulf. It was miraculous, some said. The Filipino

guerillas took care of the Japanese, and that was why” (Domantay 72). Filipino war hero and fighter pilot Jesus Villamor corroborates this story in his published memoir *They Never Surrendered: to Retell the Story of the Guerilla Movement*. Villamor was the only Filipino awarded a congressional medal of honor for his daring flight into Japanese-infested skies above Manila. Because such stories are missing from the museum’s archive, I look to published memoirs as well as family stories for this alternative archival project. The American version suggests that liberation occurs when the Americans finally return, but Villamor contends that Filipinos massively participated in the guerilla movement because they drew upon a long history of resistance toward invaders. According to Villamor, the narrative about American guerilla activity “diminished the actual role of Filipinos” (Villamor xiii). Such alternative histories disrupt mainstream history’s portrayal of the United States as savior of the Philippines.

By invoking the Philippines at the entrance and exit of the exhibit, the museum uses the Philippines to frame its narrative. The s-shaped layout of the museum corrals the visitor from room to room through a chronological representation of war beginning with the Philippine-American War at the turn-of-the-century and ending with the liberation of the Philippines during World War II. One display shows the Japanese canteen, bag, as well as a signature chop, which were picked up by 1st Lieutenant Donald Wills while “settling a few scores” in 1944 and 1945 (National Museum of the Pacific War). Wills was a member of the 26th cavalry in the Philippine Scouts. The label informs the visitor that he was taken prisoner and boarded on a Japanese ship enroute to Japan, but while passing the island of

Mindanao in southern Philippines, he jumped ship and swam to shore. There in Mindanao, he joined guerrilla forces, commandeered a guerilla unit, and “coordinated efforts of his Filipino soldiers with American troops until June 1945” (National Museum of the Pacific War). This object elicits the presence of the Filipino, both Filipinos serving in the Philippine Scouts and Filipino guerrilla fighters who served under Wills, yet the objects merely touch upon the presence of the Filipino without giving their stories a primary place in the narrative.

An alternative archive of empire means includes closely reading the existing archive for disregarded strands of history. Despite the dearth of Filipino oral histories in the archive, some American oral histories acknowledge Filipinos’ participation in the war. The oral history of American POW J.S. Gray describes Filipino POWs in his group on the Bataan Death March and their escape into the mountains to fight as guerrillas:

Yes some of them were mixed in with us. At night you would have Filipinos in the crowd around you and in the morning half of them would be gone They would take off most of their clothing allowing them to look like native civilians and slip off during darkness. It got down to where you would only have two or three in the line with you. We had very few Filipinos that got to camp with us. They were Filipino Scouts and they had uniforms just like we did. They were part of the U.S. Army. (Gray 11)

Gray’s depiction of Filipino soldiers who became guerrillas is absent at the museum, but present in the museum’s archive. My grandmother’s account of her father supports Gray’s testimony. Rather than remaining a prisoner after being captured on Bataan, he escaped and swam to Corregidor to continue fighting the Japanese. Strategic storytelling complicates a monolithic reading of war and a sanctioning of American imperialism.

Filipino soldiers who escaped every night are portrayed as clever survivors. As the Filipino soldiers undressed, their brown bodies allowed them to pass as locals so that they didn't suffer as the fate of many POWs. Their knowledge of the land aided their flight. Yet for Filipinos serving in the Philippine Scouts, as Gray's account illustrates, their U.S. Army uniforms betrayed their racialized ability to blend in with the civilians. This narrative reveals the entanglement of private and public history: the Philippine Scout dressed in United States' uniform could not so easily extricate himself from the fate of his American comrades due to United States' colonial history. The ironic twist is that the Philippine Scout suffers the same fate as his American comrades, only to be forgotten in a museum narrative of war intent on "remembering the sacrifices of the men and women who fought in the war."

Villamor's insistence on Filipinos' "long history of resistance against invaders" foregrounds Filipino civilians' participation in the guerilla movement as homespun liberation rather than reliance upon American deliverance. My *lola* reminisces about working in the underground movement to assist the guerrillas. Pretending to be selling goods at the market, she ran food and supplies to the mountains. She participated in the movement until the Japanese placed a bounty on her head, dead or alive. After seeing posters of her name pinned up all over town, she was forced to go into hiding. For a time she stayed in the mountains at an amour's vacation home that had a swimming pool. Swimming in an American bikini, she shocked the other guests. "It was quite scandalous at the time. I was more familiar with American ways because my aunt and her American

husband owned a nightclub in Cavite. I spent a lot of time with my aunt, and many American servicemen visited their home.” My grandmother’s account of her escape in the mountains highlights the ordinariness of a teenager’s experience of war. She partied, flirted, and pushed the boundaries of propriety, all while hiding from the Japanese. My *lola’s* memories of her involvement in the war foreground Filipino agency and critique the museum’s privileging of American war veterans’ sacrifices and American civilians’ captivity.

Brainard’s novel *When the Rainbow Goddess Wept* adds to an affective history of empire by depicting the complexity of wartime. Sometimes, civilians’ experience of war resists war’s dichotomies. For instance, helping Yvonne and her mother escape the Japanese soldier’s search, Nita distracts the soldier through flirting and sleeps with him. As a result, Nita gives birth to a half-Japanese baby. Since she and her husband Max had been childless, the half-Japanese child is a blessing to their marriage and love. Although a byproduct of war’s evils, the child brings the couple joy. Brainard’s novel challenges the American version of war that demonizes the Japanese.

Recalling the traumatic memory of the Philippine-American war, Brainard’s novel complicates the museum’s seamless narrative of United States’ occupation and liberation of the Philippines. Just before the Americans surrendered to the Japanese, Douglas MacArthur retreats to Australia and promises the Filipino people, “I shall return...” Yet in the novel, Yvonne’s aging grandfather *Lolo* Peping questions the Americans’ trustworthiness. He still remembers the Americans’ betrayal and massacre of Filipinos in the Philippine-American War:

“War? War? Damned Americans. Kill every Cano. Butchers . . . War is a pit toilet . . . I saw the Pasig River turn red from blood; I saw the damned Canos slaughter Filipinos like pigs—

“Pa, that was forty years ago. It’s 1941, the Americans are our friends now,” Mama said.

“Don’t be foolish, child. Americans are tricky people. That Cano Dewey told Aguinaldo they’d help him fight the Spaniards, and what happened? They betrayed him, that’s what happened. (Brainard 9)

Brainard’s novel illustrates the layering of traumatic memories. For *Lolo Peping*, the Americans’ slaughtering Filipinos is a memory fresh in his mind, recalling the graphic war images of hundreds of Filipino bodies (“rebels”) unceremoniously dumped in trenches. *Lolo Peping*’s tirade reveals 40 years of unresolved anger. Whereas *Lolo Peping*’s narrative portrays American betrayal, the military museum glosses over the costs of American imperialism—in Filipino lives, racism towards Filipinos, and economic hardships prescribed by First World policies in the Philippines that still have repercussions today. *Lolo*’s rant unsettles the museum’s dominant narrative steeped in imperial amnesia.

Because the museum must depend upon donors and funding to purchase artifacts for the collection, the artifacts in the collection influence the topics of the museum exhibit; yet the archive’s oral histories are only dependent upon the interest and resources to collect these testimonies. The Nimitz Foundation has established an oral history program with the purpose of collecting these testimonies. In the visitor guest book and the website, visitors can put down their contact information if they have a story to share. The Foundation has volunteers all over the country who will visit and interview the “witness” in person or by phone. Despite the mention of the Filipinos who served in the war, the archive does not

house a single testimony by a Filipino soldier, and contains only one oral history of a Filipino civilian. After pouring over oral histories about the Philippines and noticing the lack of Filipino testimonies, I pointed out to the associate curator that I knew many Filipino civilians who might share their memories of the Japanese, but my suggestion fell flat. I see this indifference as linked to U.S. imperial history. Both archive and history are mutually constitutive in this imperial drama. Sandhya Shetty and Elizabeth Bellamy point out Derrida's definition of archive involves actual archons who "exercise social order" not discursively but hermeneutically through the interpretation of texts as law" (Shetty and Bellamy 25). Guardians, the Greek word for archons, highlight their role as gatekeepers, determining what gets constituted as part of the archive and what gets excluded. Beyond making policy and committing imperial acts, the official archive and history act as henchmen of U.S. imperialism and foster a culture in which imperial trauma repeats itself. Yet one purpose of my chapter is to call attention to the museum's gatekeeping and encourage an inclusion of more Filipino stories in the archive. While gatekeeping at a United States' military museum might be expected, the dominant narrative at a military museum on Philippine soil is more surprising.

IV. THE RUINS OF CORREGIDOR

Corregidor Island is a tadpole-shaped island guarding the entrance to Manila. Nicknamed the Rock, this island, with its labyrinth of manmade tunnels built to withstand heavy bombing and artillery fire, allowed MacArthur to delay surrender to the Japanese for several more months after declaring Manila an open city in December 1941. General

MacArthur set up his military operations in Corregidor, which resisted the Japanese until surrender in May 6, 1942. Now a tourist destination with two museums, memorials, and ruins, Corregidor commemorates the history of the war fought on this island. But another



story is also delivered.

Corregidor

Figure 6 Middleside Barracks on Corregidor

memorializes United States' imperialism and its military presence, from its inception during the Spanish-American War.

Memories of war haunt the once decimated island. But more strikingly, the ruins of Corregidor mourn the loss of American colonial power.^{lxvi} In the previous section I examined not only how memories of war trauma shaped the Pacific War military museum's narrative, but also how unacknowledged memories of empire determined the museum's story and what was included in the museum exhibit and corresponding archive. Similarly, traumatic memories of war influence the stories told at the museum on Corregidor Island and the ruins of this island fortress. What is surprising, however, is the rather blatant

tribute to imperial nostalgia on Philippine soil. As an American tourist on a daytrip to this island, I gaze at the crumbling barracks and imagine the movie theatre with young men in attendance (Figure 6). Across from the movie theatre are trimmed grassy fields where men participated in sports and paraded in uniform. Concrete bones testify of the heyday of American empire. I imagine the barracks bustling with activity: soldiers writing letters to loved ones back home, listening to the radio, or playing cards. I imagine this base, once a coveted military assignment for a soldier in times of peace, as a vision of military harmony and order. Via this fantasy of the past, the ruins are a testament of loss. The ruins mourn not only the Americans' surrender to the Japanese and eventual victory, but also the pinnacle of the American military presence in the Philippines. Because the Americans relinquished the Philippines to the Japanese, Corregidor and Bataan strike an uneasy chord in American memory, which explains why Corregidor offers a redemptive narrative that echoes the museum in Fredericksburg, Texas.

An open-air bus with an English-speaking guide conveys tourists past the remains of the military barracks, the officers' club, the cinema, and the parade ground, which all portray a leisurely military life prior to the outbreak of the Pacific War. The bus stops occasionally for photographing as the guide narrates the story of Corregidor, but tourists only disembark at the two museums, restaurant, or rest stop. For a moment, I feel a stab of regret that the military base is no longer thriving; the base reminds me of my youth. My feelings betray me. I feel guilty for a sentiment that marks my complicity as the white colonizer even as I critique the military presence in the Philippines. I suggest, however, that

these concrete remains evoke colonial nostalgia that goes beyond my own nostalgia of a military childhood. The guide's narrative about Corregidor laments the loss of Corregidor's former glory. These remains and the tour narrative mourn the history of United States' imperialism and militarism on Philippine soil, even while ironically, it may be a forgotten history on American soil. From all over the world, tourists flock to this island to consume this morsel of Filipino and American history.

Corregidor features two museums, the Pacific War Memorial Museum and the Filipino Heroes Memorial. A comparison of both museums hints at the complex web of economic, political, and cultural forces shaping both institutions of memory. The Filipino Heroes Museum is a bunker dedicated to honoring Filipino war heroes.^{lxvii} A bronze sculpture of a Filipino guerilla fighter stands nobly on the earth-covered roof of the building (Figure 7). More reminiscent of a sepulcher than a museum, the dark, musty room circulates the air with a single fan. In contrast, the Pacific War Museum resides in a climate-controlled, well-lit facility.



**Figure 7 Filipino War Heroes Memorial
Artist Manuel Casal, Bottomside**

Photographs of Filipino heroes with their names adorn the walls, but no narratives give context to the pictures. Even the spatial arrangement of both buildings invites speculation. The Pacific War Memorial Museum resides on “Topside,” the name designated for this part of the island, where the main headquarters, officers’ barracks, and officers’ clubs were located, whereas the Filipino Heroes Memorial resides on Bottomside, where Filipino enlisted men and their families once lived (Figure 7).

The ruins and underlying narrative of mourning on Corregidor contrast with the allure of this island. Compared to the thick Manila heat, the island climate is surprisingly cool. Lined with Eucalyptus trees, the island rises sharply out of the sea and affords the visitor many vantage points to view the distant shores of Bataan, the imposing Mariveles Mountains, and the sapphire China Sea. Sun Cruises operates a ferry to this island, which is a respite from the polluted waters and congested city of Manila, only twenty-six miles away. Tourists, students, war veterans, and war aficionados flock here to visit the ruins, the museums, and memorials. With the exception of reunion participants or diehard Corregidor enthusiasts, most visitors forego overnight accommodations at the island hotel and return before evening. The Corregidor Foundation advertises Corregidor as a tourist destination and plan to develop the island as a resort with water sports, spa, and beach (Aluit 87). But the island is dedicated to another purpose, memorializing the devastation of the Pacific War for Filipinos and WWII veterans. In contrast to Olongapo, a former base now being revitalized for tourism, Corregidor stands lonely and barren, no longer inhabited by people. The memory of war and United States' imperialism are forever inscribed on this Rock.

A reading of Corregidor's Pacific War Museum highlights how the mourning for the loss of American military power on Philippine soil overshadows any other narrative. The Pacific War Museum displays artifacts and photographs that commemorate the American's participation in the Pacific War. Unlike the current trend in museums to tie narratives to artifacts to engage the visitor, the museum does not have many stories or

lengthy text to explain the displays.^{lxviii} The only extensive story describes the life of F. Arthur Eddy (1879-1976) who fought during the Spanish-American war. The display features a United States signal flag, a green leather souvenir book of the 1899 Philippine expedition, a ribbon from Eddy's sailor hat, and an embroidered tapestry. The accompanying narrative, written by Eddy's nephew, is a one-page biography about Eddy's life. The display and narrative seems out-of-place in a museum devoted to the Pacific War, yet this inclusion hints at the museum's underlying impulse: to tell the story of American imperialism. Presumably, the artifacts are on display because they are part of the museum's collection, but the text—with no counter-narrative—suggests approval of the American occupation. While this message might resonate with American veterans, the remembrance of an American enlisted man, alongside silence about Filipino servicemen, reinforces a colonial mentality that esteems American over Filipino culture.

In addition to colonial nostalgia, a redemptive narrative shapes the story told on Corregidor because Corregidor marks a disturbing moment in American history. Like the memory of Vietnam, this island reminds us of defeat and threatens American hubris. Aluit points out, the significance of Corregidor was “not strategic, but psychological. . . . To the Japanese, Corregidor proved the vincibility of the United States even more than Pearl Harbor did. To a nation to whom ‘face’ is all-important, the conquest of Corregidor was an imperative which had to settled regardless of cost” (Aluit 107). The Pacific War Memorial Museum does not highlight the hundreds of lives lost on Corregidor and the surrender to the Japanese, but showcases the recapture of Corregidor three years later. In his memoirs

MacArthur writes, “Bataan and Corregidor became a universal symbol of resistance against the Japanese and an inspiration to carry on the struggle” (Aluit 106-07). This need to tell a redemptive story subsumes any other story at the museum. And yet in the absence of stories honoring Filipino heroes, I interject President Manuel Quezon’s words before the impending defeat of Corregidor, a narrative conspicuously absent from this museum:

For thirty years I have worked and hoped for my people... Now they burn and die for a flag that could not protect them... I cannot stand this constant reference to England, to Europe. I am here and my people are here under the heels of a conqueror. Where are the planes this sinvergüenza is boasting of? How American to writhe in anguish at the fate of a distant cousin while a daughter is being raped in the back room. (Villamor 56)

Quezon’s words calls attention to the intimate linking of U.S.-Philippine history and the forgetting of an earlier trauma that I explored in Chapter 2. While criticizing the Americans, Quezon casts the United States and the Philippines as family. The metaphor of rape is used, but here, the Japanese is the rapist and the Philippines the victim.

Unlike the other museum sections, the displays about the “retaking of Corregidor” are striking in their narrative detail. This emphasis suggests anxiety about American defeat. This museum display is a pictorial history with descriptive texts beneath the photographs that highlight the heroism of American paratroopers who land on Corregidor. Next to a photograph of Lt. Albert Baldwin and his paratroopers, the text describes how the plane burned before they were able to jump. Beneath the photo of Lt. Colonel John L. Erickson and company, an inscription explains how “he made his first parachute jump when he jumped on Corregidor on February 16, 1945 as he led a detachment of photographers to

record the operation to liberate the island.” The text below the photograph of Capt. Emmet Spicer invokes heroic drama: “Mortally wounded and isolated, parachute doctor Capt. Emmet Spicer calmly filled out his own death certificate” (Logan W. Hovis, M.D.). The texts in both instances underscore the subject’s agency: “he made his first parachute jump” and “Spicer calmly filled out his own death certificate.” The caption beneath the photograph of Lt. William E. Blake narrates how he “sealed hundreds of Japanese into, or drove them out of Corregidor caves.” The text beneath the photograph of Major Robert H. Woods reads: “youthful commander of the 1st Battalion, 503rd Parachute Regimental Combat Team. He was killed February 24th, 1945, along with several members of his staff, during the final phase of ground fighting.” The adjective “youthful” associates romanticism with this death. Often, the museum narrative is designed around the artifacts, but in this exhibit there are no artifacts. The exhibit reveals a deliberate emphasis on the recapture of Corregidor. By privileging the sacrifices of American soldiers over Filipino sacrifices in the narratives, the museum constitutes imperial trauma. A deconstructive reading of the museum’s gaps and silences critiques mainstream history’s imperial forgetting.

In contrast to the heroic stories about American paratroopers, the narratives about Filipino servicemen are minimal at best. The museum story privileging Americans on Corregidor is odd, especially considering that Filipinos once comprised the majority living on Fort Mills, Corregidor, according to Philippine Scout Pat Domantay (13). One display case features a motley assortment of United States military insignia, including insignia for the Philippine Scouts. Though marked by anonymity, each insignia represents a soldier. In

the absence of stories about Philippine Scouts, I read the specific insignia as a synecdoche for a Philippine Scout. Whether this badge literally belonged to a Filipino or to an American officer overseeing the Filipino, the object invokes the Filipino. The material emblem is a tangible representation of a soldier who once breathed. An alternative archive of empire fills in the silence including memoirs and stories about Filipino soldiers. For example, John M. Wright writes in his memoir *Captured on Corregidor*:

The Philippine Scouts, who were corralled in the other half of the area from ours, were as loyal as prisoners as they had been as soldiers. They sought out their American officers and helped them in any way they could. Many of the Scouts who had been in my battery brought me cans of food, water, money—saying they could get along without it better than could an American. I had been with the Philippine Scouts in peace and in war, and I was more convinced than before that those American trained Filipinos who were a part of the U.S. Army were among the finest troops in the world. They had begged to be allowed to be killed rather than surrender. Now they promised to continue to fight in the future just as soon as they could break away from their captors. (Wright 9)

A counter-reading links published stories about Filipino valor—easily accessible in public culture—to the artifact representing the Philippine Scouts at the museum.

In the entire museum only one photograph and corresponding story acknowledges the Filipinos who served on Corregidor. A *Life Magazine* photograph features two Filipinos, Jose Estrella and Fidel Subia, observing General MacArthur and General Sutherland exit the Malinta Tunnel.^{lxix} The caption reads: “Mr. Estrella and Mr. Subia were greatly credited for digging a well where fresh water miraculously sprung near the bottomside seashore, which the prisoners of war used as their drinking water.” On the one hand, this narrative describes Filipino ingenuity and includes Filipinos in the museum narrative. But on the

other hand, this token story is reined in by the passive tense “were greatly credited.” The language is restrained, especially compared to the heroic language used to describe American servicemen.

As a counter-reading of the museum story, I interpose Domantay’s recollection of his valiant mission. As part of the 91st Coast Artillery, he was transferred to neighboring Fort Frank to set up radio communications with Fort Mills on Corregidor. When the Japanese cut off their water supply for almost 3 weeks, they were forced to distill salt water. On Feb. 19, 1942, Domantay and 19 other enlisted men volunteered to traverse six miles across the water to enemy-occupied Ternate, where 600 Japanese were guarding the water dam. The odds were overwhelmingly against them. The men were instructed to divide into 4 groups and alternate fire to conserve their ammunition and distract the Japanese (Domantay 23-25). He writes,

There were a great number of enemy troops against only twenty enlisted men, and we were in grave danger. Our chances of survival were dim, but we had voluntarily committed ourselves to fight as much as we could. We had all dedicated ourselves to do our job regardless of death. (25)

Despite these odds, their mission was successful. After killing “hundreds of Japanese soldiers,” they were able to repair the water dam (26).” Only two Filipinos were injured. As I gaze at these artifacts, I wonder, could touching the artifact somehow transmit the story that the object represents? Would handling the insignia of the soldier grant access the memory of the Filipino soldier? I think about *Papong*, my *lola*’s father Jose Relova who served here on Corregidor during this infamous siege, yet I feel disconnected from any

memory. I rarely hungered to know him or his stories; he was a womanizer who beat *Mamong*, my great-grandmother. As my *lola* approaches the end of her life, she tells me the family secrets: *Papong* was tender with his wife until she was raped by her aunt's husband. *Papong* abandoned *Mamong* and their several children to start another family on Masbate, a neighboring island and place of his birth. His Navy life and fathering illegitimate children seemed to go hand in hand. Although antithetical to the war stories of courage found here, my family memory interrupts the museum narrative that, at least, makes it accessible for me. My grandmother's story is palpable—I can taste her bitterness—that endows the artifact with meaning. My family tale links family drama and a man's cowardice to his military service. The story's ambivalence disrupts the museum's uncritical remembering of American imperialism, which is a central theme in my alternative archive of empire.



Figure 8 Pacific War Memorial Museum

The Pacific War Memorial Museum showcases the war between the United States and Japan, and minimizes the role of the Philippines. Across the room the visitor notices two mannequins of officers, American Brigadier General George Jones and Japanese

Lieutenant Kubota, facing each other in opposition (Figure 8). The uniformed mannequins are housed in glass cases with a mosaic of a world map illustrating World War II in the background. There is no replica of a Filipino officer in the museum. The map and exhibit portray the Philippines as a pawn in a war between two major players. While this message may be an accurate representation of the world political arena, uncritical remembering of this history constitutes imperial trauma.

The dominant narrative at the museum underscores the importance of Corregidor's haunting presence in American history. The museum highlights the eventual return and triumph of the Americans, and yet Corregidor will also always memorialize a grave defeat. This unsettling memory has an important role to play. The island itself is a grave to many Filipino and American soldiers who died in its defense. It is not so surprising that the story of Filipino soldiers and their sacrifice is subsumed by the greater need to salvage the myth of American victory and recuperate a myth of continuous American triumph. The memory of war, as well as the national trauma of defeat, fosters the history-making and memorializing of Corregidor that marginalizes the other because the Filipino presence might disrupt the



Figure 9 Schoolhouse for Barrio San Jose
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United States' seamless national narrative.

American nostalgia for imperial power is further evident in the museum's only depiction of Filipino civilian life, a photograph of a schoolhouse where Filipino children attended classes. A guidebook mentions that both Filipino and American children attended school, but this photo features a large group of Filipino children. Do these children learn together or are they segregated? The dark-haired children are lined up in front of the school building. A flag of the United States waves high above their heads. They look civilized, a far cry from the turn of the century photographs of the indigenous Igorot. Clean and orderly, these children are a testament to the disciplinary successes of the American colonial machine and public education (Figure 9).^{bx} There are no visible remains of the actual village, Barrio San Jose, where Filipino civilians once lived, but the Department of Tourism plans to restore this village with its shops, restaurants, and schoolhouse to give visitors a sense of civilian life (Aluit 86). Civilians enjoyed the convenience of a trolley, a movie house, and an ice plant (52). One guidebook describes Corregidor as a "happy island" and Barrio San Jose, a "bucolic community" by the sea (Aluit 51). The dominant narrative of colonial nostalgia silences other stories about Filipino civilians.

While the Texas museum's narrative privileging Americans might be expected, this hegemony persisting on Corregidor is more difficult to comprehend. Similar to the military museum in Texas, the Pacific War Memorial Museum on Philippine soil is an establishment museum, reflecting the values of the United States' government that

sanctions imperialist aims. When I interviewed Corregidor Foundation employees, all Filipino, they claimed that the main reason for privileging American heroes is a lack of funding. The property officer Vicky Gatchalian, says: “Most of our sponsors are American. . . .Filipino war veterans have no money” (Gatchalian). Since most donors are American, the dominant narrative privileges the American story. According to Ronilo Benadero, “Filipinos sometimes keep [historic mementos] for their own souvenirs.” As a result, many artifacts linked to Filipino history are missing in the collection. Gatchalian also points out, “We don’t have a researcher.” Although Sun Cruises charges a hefty fee to tour the island, only 10% goes to the maintenance of the island, due to the cost of diesel fuel, which is 110 pesos per head. Economics influences the absence of Filipino stories at the museum.

Yet perhaps the privileging of American heroism runs deeper than daily economics and stems from the vestiges of imperial trauma. In the next chapter, I examine how this trauma helps recuperate a legend to redefine Filipino identity. In Corregidor, the narrative is circumscribed by colonial mentality and accompanying inertia. Filipino war hero Jesus describes this colonial mentality: “There was in most Filipinos an almost fanatical devotion to things American. Love of country, faith in American, a deeply rooted esteem of all things American” (Villamor 108).^{lxxi} Although some Filipinos share an anti-American, anti-imperialism sentiment, I suggest that the familiar narrative of American redemption creates a blindspot in the Filipino imaginary and allows it to slip past critique. The narrative of the Japanese Occupation and the Americans’ return hits such a tender cord in the Filipino imaginary that it is almost taboo to question. In the colonial narrative in which the United

States is the doting colonial father or uncle, it is unthinkable to suggest that the adolescent Philippines is being violated, which explains why in the previous chapter it is disturbing to consider the history of sexual atrocities committed by American soldiers. As a result, a narrative of imperial trauma persists on Philippine soil. Because this metaphor of the family resonates deeply in descriptions of United States-Philippines' relations, I interject my own familial and private narratives in this landscape of transnational trauma to not only critique imperial trauma, but also demonstrate the inextricable link between these private and more public histories. At the same time as I identify with the memory of Filipino trauma, I am conscious of my own American-ness and complicity. When I visited Corregidor and shared with my Filipino aunt in the Philippines that I wanted to change the narrative told on Corregidor, she reminded me that I am an American, and that Filipinos may be wary of having an American tell them what is wrong with their country and their museum.

V. CONCLUSION

What memories lay claim to an archive of empire? I juxtapose family memories to the dominant narrative to unsettle the story of American imperialism. My *lola* transmits to me another secret. At age 18, she married an American sailor; my *lolo* never knew. Crazy in love, she and Frank Tafuro of Nassau County, New York eloped to Manila in October 1941, but kept it a secret from the rest of the family. Only her aunt, who was married to the American Eddie Hart, knew and encouraged the marriage. My grandmother dreamt about accompanying her new husband to the states and studying journalism. She never saw

Frank again after his ship left the port of Cavite in December 1941. The USS Langley was attacked by the Japanese on February 27, 1942. The surviving sailors were picked up by the USS Edsall and transferred to USS Pecos, which suffered an attack on March 1, 1942. He died at sea. My grandmother never came forward after her husband's death. According to my grandmother, they never consummated their relationship because she was afraid of getting pregnant. This memory I find harder to believe, yet I accept it since it is my *lola's* story. I ask her, "Did you receive a pension after he died?" She answers, "No, I didn't feel I had a right. I let his family receive the benefits." What remained were his car and a secret memory of love. She never even contacted Tafuro's family. I believe they never knew of their son's new bride. This tale is a metaphor for the impulse driving my archival project, which mines stories that lay claim on the official archive that dismiss the Filipino subject. I suggest that my grandmother's reticence to claim Tafuro as her deceased husband parallels my own reluctance to question further the whereabouts of the infant's remains at the Smithsonian Museum of American History. The story of my *lola's* first marriage and the story of the remains of her first child frame this chapter on imperial remains and suggest a reoccurring concern among scholars in Filipino American historiography—staking a claim in American history.

The dominant American narrative of World War II perpetuates imperial trauma in that the "forgetting" of imperial trauma sets up a societal framework that permits and sanctions a policy of imperialism in the Philippines, as well as in other parts of the world. To paraphrase a truism: if we don't learn from our mistakes, we repeat them. In effect, this

chapter is an interrogation of the cultural politics of U. S. imperialism, a battle over historical memory as played out at these two museums. In both museums, the inclusion of Filipino stories would make the museum more relevant to the American and Filipino communities. The relegation of the Filipino presence to the narrative's margin participates in another kind of violence, a forgetting of the sacrifices of Filipino soldiers, civilians, and guerrillas. Troubling this archive causes a rupture to the official archive and to what gets constituted as knowledge. My family's stories, Soriano's story, and Brainard's narrative haunt the silences of both museums. It is this haunting that yearns and demands to be given voice. As the narrator Yvonne notes at the end of the Brainard's novel, "I could feel a similar stirring inside me. I know that someday I would have to tell still another story We had all experienced a story that needed to be told, that needed never to be forgotten" (216).

Chapter 4: Urduja through the Looking Glass: Beyond Imperial Trauma

The story is older than my body, my mother's, my grandmother's. For years we have been passing it on so that it may live, shift, and circulate. So that it may become larger than its proper measure, always larger than its own in-significance.

Trinh T. Minh-ha in *Women/Native/Other*

Following the ghosts . . . is about putting life back in where only a vague memory or a bare trace was visible to those who bothered to look. It is sometimes about writing ghost stories, stories that not only repair representational mistakes, but also strive to understand the conditions under which a memory was produced in the first place, toward a counter-memory, for the future.

Avery Gordon in *Ghostly Matters*

I. INTRODUCTION

Trinh T. Min-ha writes about the multiplicity of stories, which re-circulate to reflect the desires of each subsequent generation. Her words capture the gist of my archival project, that an affective history of empire might be traced through stories. This chapter follows the medieval legend of warrior princess Urduja who once ruled the South China Seas. The story of Urduja and her presence in Filipino popular culture speaks to the gendered nature of American empire (McClintock 74). For Filipinos, the memory of an Amazonian princess marks a truth that counters colonial mentality, even though recent scholars insist this tale is the stuff of legends.^{lxxii} Although my emphasis on the last century limits my scope to American imperialism, colonial mentality includes an earlier history of Spanish colonialism. The previous two chapters' attention to official and unofficial archives excavate imperial silences about sexual atrocities and Filipino involvement with

U.S. military history. In contrast, this chapter follows Urduja's story as discarded threads of history in order to trace how a people haunted by imperialist histories overturn the terms of that very history.

The first written record of Princess Urduja appears in Muslim explorer Ibn Batuta's account of his world travels from 1325 to 1354. En route to China, Batuta encounters the lovely princess while visiting the island of Tawalisi, an egalitarian kingdom where the "women ride horses, understand archery, and fight just like the men" (Batuta and Mackintosh-Smith 258). Impressed by Urduja's courtly grace and intelligence, Batuta notes that she speaks Arabic and Turkish, reads from the Qur'an, leads an army of men and women soldiers, and controls the South China Sea with her pirate ships. The warrior princess is skilled in archery and hand-to-hand combat. In one fierce battle Urduja breaks through enemy lines, kills the enemy king, and brings back his head on a spear (Batuta and Mackintosh-Smith 259). As a reward for her bravery, her father King Dalisay appoints her governor of the port of Kailukari. Urduja, like many other legendary heroines, vows only to marry the man who can beat her in single combat. No suitors dare to challenge her.^{lxiii}

The story of an Amazonian warrior princess suggests an enlightened kingdom in 14th-century Southeast Asia before the advent of European colonization. Urduja's figure marks medieval time, so that her figure contests the modern/ medieval dichotomy that privileges modernity. Despite Urduja's exile from history, Filipinos claim Urduja as their own because she evokes a past blotted out by Spanish conquistadors, a history of a civilized, egalitarian society predating Spanish conquest. This precolonial fantasy narrative negotiates

five centuries of occupation in which Spanish conquistadors forced conversion by the sword and Spanish friars wielded Christianity to claim indigenous land and dominate the minds and hearts of the people. Urduja constitutes a melancholic object, marking lost histories as well as histories of loss (Eng and Kazanjian 1). David Eng and David Kazanjian describe melancholia as active mourning for a past that “remains steadfastly alive in the present (Eng and Kazanjian 4). Melancholia fuels the fantasy of Urduja, as a way to remember the past and reinvent the present. Tadiar proposes that fantasy and dreaming practices of nation-states are limited for Third-World subjects. The West controls or owns “the codes of fantasy” and the Philippines as a nation-state internalizes these codes of desires (12). If, as Tadiar argues, fantasy “shapes and regulates our desires, our modes of acting ‘in reality,’” then melancholia and the story of Urduja illustrate the importance of fantasy in countering colonial histories and carving out an alternative present (9).

Urduja’s contested, but fervent presence in Filipino culture points to a history of imperial trauma. Her figure taps into “lost” truth, suppressed beneath colonial consciousness that venerates the West while devaluing Filipino-ness. Colonization depends upon subverting knowledge that empowers a people. A theory of imperial trauma acknowledges economic hegemony through the International Monetary Fund, corporations, and advertising that extend beyond the purview of an official empire. Indeed, my project traces the invisible effects of American imperialism. By tracing an affective history of American imperialism, my project begins to account for this under-the-surface

violence, so prosaic it barely registers as violence, as well as ways of healing from trauma's legacy.

Refusing to be defined by the legacy of imperial trauma, Filipina feminists redefine Filipina identity by linking Urduja with the babaylans, which invokes indigenous spirituality. The *babaylan* was essential to the spiritual, emotional, and physical wellbeing of the indigenous community. Most often female, but sometimes male, she treated the ill and served the community by making important life events meaningful, including births, deaths, weddings, and other festivities, through her herbal knowledge, use of *anitos* (everyday objects used for worship), and ritual practices. In fact, her leadership role was equal in importance to the role of the *datu* or chief, and her advice was often consulted in practical affairs. Filipina feminists' reinterpretation of Urduja as a babaylan becomes a different way of not only narrating history and negotiating trauma, but also envisioning the future. Because of her role as healer, storyteller, and mediator, the babaylan becomes central to an alternative archive of empire.

In tracing Urduja's genealogy from national heroine to diasporic feminist icon, I argue that feminists' recuperation of Urduja as a babaylan presents a response to current economic woes. First, I examine Urduja as a fraught figure for fantasies of nationalism, which began with Jose Rizal's desire to establish Urduja's authenticity and her induction into Filipino history as part of the American public school curriculum. Next, I analyze how a regional memory of Urduja shapes the realm of agency for women—whether it be oral histories about women's participation in the 1931 Tayug uprising, a local NGO's use of

Urduja in training prospective Overseas Contract Workers how to protect themselves abroad, or women's rights organization GABRIELA's use of Urduja to articulate activism. Urduja's memory not only shapes the retelling of traumatic events, such as the Tayug Uprising, but also points to a tradition of woman warriors and an indigenous model for negotiating oppression. The last section examines Urduja's shift from princess to priestess in Filipino/Filipino American popular culture and from indigenous to diasporic feminist icon: in Philippine-based artist Alma Quinto's use of babaylan Urduja and indigenous motifs in therapeutic art for victims of sexual abuse and incest; in Johanna Poethig's diasporic re-interpretation of the American Barbie doll as Urduja-babaylan that critiques American capitalism in the Philippines and disrupts the facile stereotyping of Filipina identity; and in Mary Ubaldo's commodification of Urduja in a website that weaves together spirituality and nostalgia for home to market her indigenous jewelry designs to a Filipino diaspora audience. By following manifestations of Urduja, my archival quest arrives at babaylan Urduja, which opens a critical space for babaylan feminism, a distinctively Filipina feminism that is inclusive, open-ended, and visionary, with transformative power for healing individuals and communities.

This chapter deciphers memories of Urduja, by marking where she crops up in the Filipino imaginary and decoding what her figure reveals about desire and loss. Thus, Princess Urduja is a figure seen "through the looking glass" of Filipino desire.^{lxxiv} Unlike the ancestral spirits that unexpectedly surface in previous chapters, Urduja is a metaphorical ghost because, although dismissed by historians, she continues to haunt the

Filipino imagination. Urduja represents the desires of a haunted people as they seek to allay the memories of a traumatic past. In this chapter's epigraph Gordon describes the methodological task of "following ghosts." She writes, "[I] strive to understand the conditions under which a memory was produced in the first place" (Gordon 22). Drawing upon Gordon's words, I seek to understand how memories of Urduja cropped up in the first place (22). Urduja is an apparition, not because she fails to be represented, but because she represents what is almost impossible to acknowledge, a trauma so clichéd that it remains incomprehensible. Gordon remarks that ghosts are "a symptom of what is missing." They represent: "a loss, sometimes of life, sometimes of a path not taken," but also "a future possibility, a hope" (Gordon 63-64). Ghost stories occur in the violent gap between hope and reality. My chapter thus aims not only to excavate an archive of memories of Urduja, but also to speak to how Urduja marks an alternative way of telling history. By recovering an archive of memories, my reading exemplifies what David Eng and David Kazanjian call "a politics of mourning" (Eng and Kazanjian 2). Eng and Kazanjian note "the ability of the melancholic object to express multiple losses at once . . . endowing it with not only a multifaceted but also a certain palimpsest-like quality" (5). Thus, the recovery of Urduja re-presents a narratological map, tracing a trajectory from nationalist dreams to concrete articulations of feminist activism. Urduja's figure leads us to the babaylan movement and a resurgent interest in indigenous spirituality. Concepts such as *kapwa*, the idea of the self in the other, eschew modernity's privileging of the individual ego and pave the way for a different paradigm of spirituality and even citizenship. Her

recuperation signals not merely a response to centuries of oppression—from colonial regimes to its contemporary face, globalization—but an articulation of spiritual empowerment that is inextricably linked with activism.^{lxxv}

II. IN SEARCH OF URDUJA

Urduja and the Birth of Filipino Identity

The narrative of Urduja—from medieval legend to Filipino pop icon— represents a sweeping history spanning the emergence of print capitalism, colonial expansion and the West’s hunger for tales of the exotic, and twentieth century decolonization followed by the rise of transnational capital and globalization. Ironically, Urduja’s figure is marshaled to refuse the very forces that nourished her popularity. Henry Yule’s 1866 English translation of Ibn Batuta’s travels in *Cathay and the Way Thither* promotes Urduja’s popularity by launching an arcane medieval text into circulation in the modern, industrial West. Jose Rizal, however, who transforms Urduja from a local legend to a cultural icon of Filipino identity when he tries to establish the location of Tawalisi as northern Luzon (Figure 12). Rizal is considered one of the founding fathers of the Philippines and is dubbed “the First Filipino” because he was the first “to define Filipinos as a politico-ethnic people” (Delmendo 22). In reaction to Spanish imperialism, Rizal aimed to foster a cultural nationalism. Sharon Delmendo describes how Rizal, while visiting Buffalo Bill’s show in Paris, was fascinated with the romantic portrayal of Indians as Los Indios Bravos. Previously, the term Filipinos referred exclusively to those of Spanish blood born in the Philippines (Delmendo 2004, 26). Members of this privileged class were also known as

insulares or *creoles*. In the Philippines the term *indios*, meaning the indigenous inhabitants of the Philippines, was a derogatory term. In contradistinction to the racist meaning of *indio*, Rizal decided to form an association called Los Indios Bravos in what Delmendo calls a “critical moment in the early stages of nationalism” (Delmendo 26). Although he was a Spanish-speaking *ilustrado*, Rizal called himself an *indio* to recuperate the term Filipino and use it to designate all indigenous peoples of the Philippine islands.

Rizal’s interest in Tawalisi performs similar cultural work to his articulation of Filipino identity. He recovers a pre-colonial history to give Filipinos pride in their indigenous heritage. By insisting on the historicity of the kingdom of Tawalisi, he invokes the Philippines’ ancient history. Disagreeing with Yule’s dismissal of Batuta’s travelogue as fiction, in 1888 Rizal writes in a private letter to Adolf B. Meyer of the Dresden Museum: “While I have doubts regarding the accuracy of Ibn Batuta’s details, still I believe in the voyage to Tawalisi. . . . Besides, what possible interest could Ibn Batuta have had in falsifying?”(Rizal)



Figure 10 Map of Southeast Asia

Rizal establishes the location of Tawalisi as a region in northern Luzon, Philippines, by taking into account Batuta's geographical description of his voyage and ancient trade routes and calculating the coordinates of Batuta's journey according to the days or distance sailed. Proving the existence of the kingdom of Tawalisi and Urduja furthers Rizal's nationalist project, which links Urduja with the birth of Filipino identity (Figure 10). By trying to prove Batuta's account as historical, he takes Urduja, a literary stock figure in Arabic popular romance, and links her to indigeneity.^{lxxvi} His interest in Urduja's kingdom and in establishing its legitimacy bespeaks his own desire for recovery, mitigating the loss of cultural heritage.

Most scholars writing about Urduja link Rizal's interest with Batuta's account, but local lore traces Rizal's interest to his Pangasinan heritage.^{lxxvii} Emmanuel Sison, a businessman and writer interested in Urduja, shared with me this story: Rizal's grandfather Quintos, was "a Chinese native born and raised in Lingayen," Pangasinan, where Rizal would visit as a youth (Sison). In Pangasinan he would have been exposed to oral history about an Urduja-like figure. This source would be independent of Batuta's written account, which suggests Rizal's ability to access other forms of knowledge such as oral history. Sison points out that Urduja, a strong, decisive, and independent woman who feigned marriage, contrasts greatly with Rizal's sweetheart, Leonor Rivera, who succumbed to her parents' wishes, broke it off with Rizal, and married another man. Familial heritage, as well as thwarted love, Sison suggests, fueled Rizal's interest in Urduja so that she becomes a figure of romantic desire, as well as nationalist desire. As discarded strands of history, anecdotes

such as Rizal's enchantment with Urduja belong to this alternative archive because they reveal an affective history of empire, foregrounding how private desires (and alternative knowledges) are inseparably linked with more public histories, even though conventional historiography might pretend otherwise.

Rizal's endorsement launches Urduja into Filipino culture when his private letter enters public circulation. Austin Craig's publication of Jose Rizal's letter in his 1916 pamphlet "Particulars of the Philippines Pre-Spanish Past" first brings the public's attention to Rizal's letter (Zafra 1977). Later, Craig publishes *Gems of Philippine Oratory*, a collection of short excerpts of the speeches of famous personages throughout Philippine history, in which one section, entitled "Ancient Filipino Culture and Prominence of Women," features Ibn Batuta's account of Princess Urduja (Craig 1924, 11). This book was written as a textbook for readers of English. According to Nicolas Zafra, Craig's suggestion that the kingdom of Tawalisi was in the northern Philippines went "unchallenged" for decades (Zafra 1977, 152). Zafra explains that Urduja's historicity received "general acceptance and approbation" due to "the fact that Prof. Craig's assumption had for its basis the opinion of a man of the standing, integrity and reputation of Dr. Rizal" (Zafra 1977). Jose Rizal's status as national hero lends Urduja legitimacy as a cultural icon.^{lxviii}

Next, Urduja's status in public consciousness is solidified when she is absorbed into the public school curriculum in the two decades preceding the Pacific War. According to Rosa Maria Magno, Francisco and Conrado Benitez's *Stories of Great Filipinos*, published in 1923, served as the impetus for disseminating Urduja in Filipino popular culture

(Magno 1992). Benitez's textbook offers "examples of worthy lives among the pupils' own countrymen who rendered valuable service to the community in some line of national activity" (Magno 1992). After Benitez's textbook, a flurry of other books: Zoilo M. Galang's entry on Urduja in the *Encyclopedia of the Philippines* (1935); Gregorio Zaide's entry on Urduja in *The Philippines Since Pre-Spanish*; and Pedrito Reyes and Jose Karasig's *Brief Biographies* (1940) further solidify Urduja's standing in public consciousness (Magno 1992). Magno argues that Urduja becomes popularized in the Filipino consciousness through American public school education, which inculcates a belief in Urduja even as more contemporary historians refute her existence (Magno 1992, 48). While it may seem ironic that the American colonial machine fostered this interest in Urduja as a national heroine, Urduja served American interests because she represents a casualty of Spanish imperialism. Marking a lost history, the figure of Urduja performs the ideological work of casting American occupation as benign, democratic, and magnanimous, a far cry from the tyranny of the Spaniards. As part of the American colonial project, Filipina girls now had widespread access to public education, unlike previous reforms under the Spanish regime that were largely ineffective. Prior to Spanish conquest, women exercised sexual freedom, possessed the freedom to divorce, owned property and inheritance rights, and enjoyed literacy.^{lxxix} Urduja represents medieval time in a narrative of the progress of Philippine history according to which the avuncular United States brings the adolescent Philippines up to speed with the modern state (Ileto 7). In the American narrative of progress Urduja suggests a promise of egalitarian society if liberated by American ideals of democracy. Thus,

the Americans champion Urduja as a kind of mascot, representing American public schools and newfound opportunities for Filipina schoolgirls.^{lxxx} Through the public school curriculum and Rizal's endorsement, Princess Urduja achieves the status of national heroine, tied to a specific kind of nationalism compatible with United States' imperialism.

The eagerness with which Rizal and later scholars embrace her as one of their own suggests their anxiety about their history, a past occluded by Spanish imperialism. Until the 1970s, scholars classified the period before the Spanish conquest as "prehistory," and books abound with that classification in their title. Such a rubric suggests that history started with Spanish contact, and elides a long history of civilization in the Philippines. I see the passion with which scholars justify or dismiss Urduja's existence as a reaction to the legacy of imperial trauma. For example, Antonio del Castillo devotes an entire book to Princess Urduja in 1988 to support Rizal's claim. He collects evidence to "unearth and bring to light the real historical truth" about the warrior princess (Castillo y Tuazon 6). Castillo is writing against scholars such as well-regarded William Henry Scott, who dismisses Ibn Batuta's account of Urduja as "a colorful account enlivened by dry personal touches that would not be out of place in a Halliburton travelogue" (William Henry Scott 82). Scott insists that it is nearly impossible to locate the kingdom of Tawalisi according to Ibn Batuta's description.^{lxxxii} Similarly, John Burton argues that "there is no record other than folklore to affirm this assumption" that Lingayen was the fabled kingdom of Tawalisi (36).^{lxxxiii} Marisa Crisanta Nelmidia Flores carefully weighs the possibility of an Urduja-like ruler and concludes, "the myth of Princess Urduja is the raw articulation of a collective

experience against the excesses of patriarchal culture” (Flores 91). In 1990, scholars gathered to refute Castillo’s book at a conference on Urduja in Lingayen, Pangasinan (Flores 78-84). Rather than settle the debate, I read Urduja’s elusive figure as a signpost of Filipino desire. Whether fervent insistence on the standards of western scholarship or the claim to Urduja as a bona fide historical figure, the ardor with which scholars insist on or reject Urduja’s existence suggests she is a meaningful artifact for an alternative archive of American empire. Rather than reading Rizal’s appropriation of Urduja’s kingdom as wistful or fabricated scholarship, one might interpret Rizal’s “rememory” as a conscious choice, a resistance narrative negotiating the trauma of colonization. While this section examines how Urduja serves nationalist dreams, the following sections explore her recuperation for regional and transnational resistance narratives.



Figure 11 Urduja Mansion in Pangasinan

Governor’s Office and Residence,
named in 1957 after Urduja

III. URDUJA AND RESISTANCE NARRATIVES

While Rizal employs Urduja for a nationalist project, Urduja remains a regional figure in Pangasinan, a province in northern Luzon, Philippines where locals claim lineage with an Urduja-like ancestor. Urduja's local genealogy in Pangasinan, rather than Rizal's endorsement, lends legitimacy to Urduja's Filipino-ness and serves as the source for other Urduja narratives. Although scholars disagree about the exact location of Tawalisi and suggest places such as Champa, Borneo, Sumatra, Sulu, as well as Formosa, Pangasinanese insist that the kingdom of Tawalisi is their own Pangasinan. The port of Kailukari, which Urduja ruled, is now called Lingayen, the capital of their province (Figure 11).

In contrast to the West's courting of Urduja as history and her subsequent dismissal, Pangasinan's rich oral history claims Urduja as ancestor and privileges familial memory over the historical document as artifact. The Benguets in the Cordillera region, adjacent to Pangasinan, trace their genealogy as far back as the thirteenth century (Figure 12). In A



Figure 12 Map of the Philippines

People's History of the Benguet Province, Anavic

Bagamaspad and Zenaida Hamada-Pawid write, "The extent of inter-settlement alliances is climaxed in the memory of Tublay informants with the reign of Deboxah, Princess Urduja, in Pangasinan. She is acknowledged as the granddaughter of Udayan, an outstanding warrior of Darew. Her death signaled a continuous decline of kinship and alliance between highland and lowland settlements" (45). The authors note that Benguet does not adhere to

the boundaries on the map, but rather “perceived boundaries are those which delimit areas of alliances or warfare that in turn are contracted or expanded over time by the state of relations between individuals and settlements and serve as hunting grounds, forest lands, offense-defense areas and migration points” (21). In other words, Benguet would have covered what is now present-day Pangasinan. This geographical kingdom corresponds to Princess Urduja’s kingdom of Tawalisi, which extended from the eastern to the western sea. According to Morr Tadeo Pungayan, an esteemed Ibaloi scholar at the St. Louis University in Baguio City, “Linguistically, Urduja is Deboxah (pronounced Debuca) in Ibaloi. We’ve always had a woman named Deboxah from time immemorial among generations of Ibaloi. The name usually describes a woman of strong quality and character who’s nobly descended. That name is an Ibaloi name. That’s why Ibaloi trace their ancestry from Urduja” (qtd. in Guitierrez 1). Chit Guitierrez points out how the Cordillera tribes preserved their oral history by bestowing on newborns the names of their ancestors “to help keep their memory alive” (1). “No Ibaloi will bear the name of an ancestor unless she’s related,” Pungayan stresses. The Ibaloi tribe gives the namesake to the great-grandchild (1). After Urduja’s death, Benguet’s claim, the unification of the highlanders and lowlanders begins to disintegrate. Urduja may have ruled the kingdom that extended from the western to the eastern part of the island. Pangasinan’s oral history lends currency to Urduja’s power. The local lore strengthens Filipino ties to Urduja, as a national or a feminist heroine, not because it is more reliable, but because it privileges a non-western, Filipino authority. This Ur-Urduja fantasy creates an imaginary space to birth other dreams that

might render powerless the imperial dreams of the West. It is not just that the Urduja legend persists, but that it persists in framing how we remember other narratives.

A 1931 revolt in Pangasinan reveals the strength of the Urduja legend in popular memory and suggests how loss and collective memory shape how we remember and narrate other events. On the Philippine Culture and Arts website, Fe A. Andico, professor of Pangasinan State University, writes, “The legendary Princess Urduja was renowned for her intelligence and her enlightened rule. Significantly, the women of the province figured prominently in the agrarian Colorum movement of the 1930s and in the women’s suffrage movement” (Andico “The Lowland Cultural Community of Pangasinan” 3). Juxtaposing a sentence about Urduja next to a statement on Pangasinan women’s participation in revolt suggests that there is a connection between Pangasinans’ claimed lineage with Urduja and Pangasinan women’s participation in the women’s suffrage movement and the 1931 Colorum Uprising in Tayug. Although Andico admits that Urduja may be just a legend, Andico’s own invocation of Urduja summons ethnic pride and casts Pangasinan’s history of resistance as a familiar memory. In this imperial archive, Urduja becomes the model for this movement from ghostly legend into everyday culture, from suppressed memory to accessible language.

Urduja and this 1931 uprising mark a tale haunted by empire. Unfair land distribution (and the Roman Catholic Church’s ownership of land) was one key issue prompting the struggle for independence from Spain, and though the Americans purchased and redistributed the friars’ land, the elite class benefited from their newest

rulers while the poor continued to experience the same conditions as before. In her paper on the Tayug uprising, Andico interviews several informants who participated in or were witnesses to the 1931 uprising to reconstruct what transpired during this revolt. In response to American colonialism, the Colorum Society, a secret society founded by a former migrant worker, Pedro Calosa, who was exiled from Hawaii, opposed the American government, and sought to reform unfair land distribution, exorbitant interest on land leases, and rampant poverty among peasants. The society “stormed the soldier’s quarters in Brgy. Carreido, burned the municipio, [and] then fled to the church which they forcibly opened,” recalls informant Jose Cruz (Andico 162). Initially stunned, the soldiers received reinforcement from Lingayen and retaliated against the rebels. Many members of the society were arrested, and a few were shot. Andico’s research recovers women’s involvement in the revolt. The narratives of several informants coalesce around a girl named Laura Cruz, who was a key actor in the revolt. The historical accounts romanticize the memory of Laura Cruz’s involvement in a manner that echoes the Urduja legend. An affective history of empire allows us to access alternative kinds of truth, by illuminating private feelings and individual experiences of American occupation. Recalling Walter Benjamin’s words, these accounts flash before our eyes as a fleeting image of the past. Therefore, I am less concerned with the truthfulness of the accounts than with how these stories illuminate truths that lie beyond language and that are socially meaningful. Excerpts from Andico’s interviews are presented here:

Informant Jose Cruz:

She was the society's "Princesa Laura." . . . Laura was shot dead, her body was tied to a vehicle and was pulled, "paranggoyod iti kotse ti soldado" all over the town. Her body was not claimed by relatives for they were all afraid to do so. No one knows where she was buried and who buried her. Probably, the soldiers did. (Andico 162-163)

Informant Mrs. Visitacion Briz:

Laura was said to be a good and industrious girl who learned judo from her father. Her suitors had much reservation regarding their intentions because she seemed to be better than any of them in many ways. Three of the members were women from San Manuel, two of whom were teachers . . . They convinced Laura to surrender that night during the siege in the church, but she decided to fight to the end, more so when she saw her father killed. (Andico 163-164)

Informant Ms. Filomeno Avelino:

Laura Cruz was a pretty girl . . . She was one of the beautiful girls in this place. There was a day when she went to the field where we were planting and she invited us to their place for a compleano. She asked my mother's permission to allow us to attend that night. I remember my mother telling her that we, her daughters, did not know how to dance and so told her that there was no sense going therefore. Laura just answered back with a request to permit us. (Andico 164-165)

Informant Fausto Fernandez:

The night of the siege, the members of the group retreated into the church...one of the women members [Laura Cruz] inside came out with a white flag in her hand. Her coming out was to probably encourage her companions to come out and fight, but she was felled by a shot . . . The body of Laura Cruz was just left in front of the church although there was a rumor that it was eaten by pigs. (Andico 165-166)

Informant Mrs. Angelina Abad.

Laura did not surrender even if her companions that night persuaded her to do so, especially upon knowing that her father had been killed during the siege. So when the officer came to arrest her (as the others did after the surrender), she hacked him with a bolo instead, (and thus, she was shot to death) (Andico 166)

In this tragic tale, informants employ tropes describing Laura's and the other women's participation in the uprising that resonate with the Urduja legend. In narrating the 1931 Tayug uprising, the woman-warrior tropes are used to explain and make sense of what turned out to be a failure. These narratives describe traumatic events: a violent battle scene,

an unsettling death, which resists the closure of a dignified burial, the shame of defeat, and the return to the same circumstances as before. Indeed, Laura's female body embodies the shame of the event—her dead body dragged through the town, or worse, eaten by pigs—while her bodily deeds stage a possible recovery. Interestingly, the tale of Laura's death parallels stories of the Spaniards' treatment of the babaylans who refused conversion: their bodies were cut up and fed to the crocodiles.^{lxxxiii} In both tales, Laura's and the babaylans' bodies witness the oppressors' barbarity. Ironically, in the absence of evidence—the bodies cannot be recovered—and in their silence, the bodies of the dead express outrage. Even if not literally true, these tales express sentiments provoked by the events. The story of feeding a human body to pigs or crocodiles serves as an accusation of the colonizers.

The unbearability of loss requires that history be told through legend and an iconic female figure. As one daughter of an officer in the attack writes, “When it was over, many things were gone. Not just relatives dead, and houses burned and important papers missing from the municipio, but something else again: a certain innocence, a graciousness, gone from the town” (Cortes 76).^{lxxxiv} This testimony touches upon irrevocable loss and how innocence is stolen from the community, yet the informants' description of Laura as an Urduja-like figure also suggests how loss might be re-envisioned. The woman-warrior trope frames colonial violence and Filipinas' history of resistance as a long durée alternative history in which women fight against oppressors, from the time of Spanish contact through the American occupation and current land-based indigenous resistance to a corrupt government.^{lxxxv}

The story foregrounds colonial trauma, and more specifically, how these locals never accepted American occupation (or the tyranny of the Spanish). Andico writes, “The ideal for political independence... never waned in the revolutionaries’ consciousness” (161). In fact, the Colorum Society, a political religious organization with messianic undertones, took its name from earlier Colorum sects that participated in the Philippine revolution. The memory of the Tayug Uprising reveals how American colonialism failed to correct what Andico describes as “the seemingly unending cycle of poverty and toil brought about by the prevalent and pernicious tenancy system and practices” (162). The retelling of this trauma evokes an earlier trauma of Spanish imperialism. This imperial trauma is alluded to in the story of how Laura’s father Amado was forced to change his name and move to escape the Spanish authorities in the period before the American occupation. This forced displacement due to Spanish tyranny was a common occurrence. The 1931 Colorum uprising reenacts an earlier trauma, the brutal annihilation of the villagers on Mactan Island, Philippines, who upon encountering Magellan in 1521, refused to accept Christianity or submit to the Spanish king. These layers of painfully buried collective memory are revisited when precipitated by the slaughter of the Tayug rebels. The informants resort to the Urduja archetype to process the inexplicable violence and to communicate the traumatic history. This archive of empire consists of these alternative histories because they representing layers of violence, as well as as that which doesn’t even register as violence. The story of Laura’s body being tied to a truck and dragged throughout the town or possibly left to be eaten by pigs recalls the atrocities committed by Japanese

occupiers during the Pacific War, and yet in this tale, the perpetrators are American soldiers. Like the story of babaylans fed to the crocodiles, these narratives reveal how multiple histories of imperial trauma continue to pervade the present. Although hyperbole, these stories stand in for and flag a history of violence, including the psychic and spiritual vestiges of colonial history that are passed down generationally and often escape the name of violence.

In addition, as a narrative structure Urduja points to the trauma of erasure, in the violent blotting of the memory of an Urduja-like figure from history, as well as resistance to that erasure. As Flores argues, “The myth of kingdoms and princesses are defensive responses to the onslaught of Hispanization (later Americanization and/ Saxonization)” (91). Here, trauma operates on multiple levels, from the original act of physical violence to the psychic act of violence waged in the realm of discourse, dictating what dreams or desires are possible for a people. The figurative device rises to the surface because the legend of Urduja frames how the informants remember the 1931 revolt. The memory of Urduja shapes the informants’ memories of Laura Cruz, in part, because Urduja provides a vocabulary and framework to make sense of women’s participation in the revolt.^{lxxxvi} As the beautiful “Princesa,” Laura performs the role of flag keeper in the group. Just as Princess Urduja is skilled in martial arts, Princesa Laura learns judo from her father. Just as Urduja intimidates suitors from courting her because they fear defeat in combat, Laura intimidates potential suitors who “[have] much reservation... because she [seems] to be better than any of them in many ways” (Andico). Just as Urduja, with her woman warriors, assists her

father King Dalisay in governing his kingdom, Laura stands out as a leader among the women in the Colorum society and helps her father Amado in the revolt. She persuades the women in her community to join the Colorum group. Furthermore, the women rebels are given *bolos*, which suggests that the men “deemed their women-members capable of engaging in physical battle” (Andico 166). This constructed image of Laura’s women rebels recalls Urduja and her women warriors. Laura leads her group of women in the fight and even sacrifices the safety of her retreat in order to inspire the others to follow. There are two versions of how Laura was shot. In one account, she was shot when she left the church in an effort to lead the others; in the other account, she was shot after she “hacked” a soldier with a *bolo* (166). This depiction of Laura as a woman warrior resonates with the Chapter 2’s tale of Leonara, the washerwoman who fearlessly attacks a soldier with a *bolo* before being shot to death. An affective reading draws parallels between these stories, searching for patterns that reveal what lies beneath the surface of popular memory. Each account evokes a fearless warrior who leads her troops to battle or who confronts her adversary. These woman warrior stories also serve to reject stereotypes about the docile Filipina who caters to the whims of the West.

Interestingly, Andico explicitly uses the Urduja legend to frame the Colorum uprising. Andico both resists the dominant narrative of a unified people enchanted with their American occupiers and Rizal’s construction of Urduja as a nationalist icon. While Rizal and later scholars used Urduja to create a unified ethnic identity that elides regional

and ethnic differences, Andico refers to Urduja to highlight a land-based peasant revolt. As

Lisa Lowe writes,

Radical historians of India and the Philippines have argued that official colonialist histories, as well as the elite nationalist histories they have informed and engendered, have favored the narrative structure of progressive, stage-bound development of a unified subject and people, a structure that has subjugated the fragmented, decentralized activities of mass uprisings, peasant revolts, and laborer rebellions. (104).^{lxxxvii}

Alternative histories and archives decenter the supposedly seamless narrative of history and illuminate those truths not recognized by history. Interestingly, pairing the revolt with Urduja's trope places the revolt in a tradition of land-based indigenous resistance against the colonizers. Unlike a call for a unified nationalism, Andico's invocation of Urduja privileges a localized, peasant revolt, one that strategically overlooks Urduja's royalty and noble class and recasts her as a feminist and a fighter. Yet, this interpretation of Urduja reflects multiple layers of violence, including the provincial government's appropriation of indigenous culture and accompanying economic exploitation of indigenous lands to serve First World interests. Consequently, Urduja represents an ongoing saga of land-based resistance against the government and of the current conditions of indigenous women, who suffer from poverty, unemployment, militarization, estrangement from families, and displacement from homes.^{lxxxviii}

As a woman warrior archetype, Urduja's figure not only helps to shape how narratives are told, but also to represent the possibilities of defying prescriptive norms. Similar to La Malinche, La Llorona, and the Virgin of Guadalupe in Chicana literature,

Urduja's palimpsest figure is a contested sign, marking melancholia for lost histories, while rewriting history.^{lxxxix} Urduja shares affinity with other woman warrior traditions, such as Joan of Arc in France and Mai-Mulan in China. In Filipino culture, Urduja is often mentioned alongside woman warriors, such as Gabriela Silang, who resisted the Spanish or Trinidad Tecson, who fought against the Americans. Trinidad Tecson was skilled in martial arts and known for defending her family. When a man entered her house, she attacked the intruder with her *bolo*. Everyone praised her for her bravery (Alzona 50). On another occasion a band of civil guards tried to enter her house by force, and she defended herself with a *bolo* and wounded three guards. Even her nickname *babaing lalaki* (mannish woman) resonates with the Amazonian woman warrior archetype (Alzona 51). The stories of Laura in the Tayug Uprising, Trinidad Tecson, and Leonora all suggest the existence of a woman warrior tradition in Filipino culture—with Urduja as the forerunner. The woman warrior tradition in Filipino culture performs the cultural work of embodying the forgotten history of an egalitarian society. Urduja and the babaylan tradition have affinities with the matriarchal society of the Amazons. Urduja and these woman warrior stories evoke not an anomaly in a history of patriarchal oppression, but rather an ancient truth about what it means to be Filipina and a powerful and necessary fiction for rewriting colonial history.

The Pangasinan legend of Urduja shapes other memories of resistance and, in the Tayug case, points to Filipino desire, hope, and resiliency. Counter archival work and memory making transform the anomalous and uncanny into a tale that is empowering,

familiar, and enduring. Urduja is a powerful figure because she marks a different temporality, a mythic time, just as the Benguets recall an Urduja-like figure “since time immemorial”. This pre-colonial time challenges how official colonial histories define Filipino identity.

The Urduja story is a counter-narrative to a monolithic story of American imperialism and articulates an undercurrent of defiance and strength in response to loss. As part of this alternative archive, the Urduja narrative, the Tayug oral histories, and my affective readings of official archives from the Philippine American War and military museums are fueled by the longing for lost histories and the urgent need to rewrite history. David Eng and David Kazanjian propose that melancholia, due to its “ongoing and open relationship with the past—bring(s) its ghosts and specters, its flaring and fleeting images, into the present” (Eng and Kazanjian 4). They emphasize the creative potential of melancholia for transformation. Similarly, the Tayug uprising and the locals’ memory of this uprising reveal the power of imperial melancholia to engage the present and create a catalyst for change. The regional tale casts the story of land-based resistance against the government in mythic time by invoking a history of colonial resistance.

Unlike the mainstream historiography of Urduja that plots her rise and fall as a historical figure, this idiosyncratic and fractured account of the Tayug uprising and its resonance with the memory of Urduja presents an alternate truth. I borrow from Urduja a babaylan sensibility that informs my scholarship, mediating between multiple realms and temporalities, both secular and spiritual, both Western and Eastern, and both pre-colonial

and contemporary. Situating myself as a Third World feminist, Fil-Am mestiza scholar and descendent of this colonial history, I make no pretense to speak for indigenous cultures in the Philippines. Yet as a babaylan-inspired theorist, I gesture toward alternative truths that acknowledge the limitations of western boundaries. In suggesting an alternative history, these Urduja threads undermine the unspoken seamlessness of the dominant narrative and carve out a space to “imagine otherwise” (Chuh 2003, x). More interested in carving out a space than prescribing what that space may be, I leave spirituality an open category in this alternative archive.

IV. REINVENTING HISTORY

By imagining otherwise, this Urduja archive suggests an alternate to what might be perceived as an inevitable future. For example, Women in Development Foundation, a local NGO in Pangasinan leverages Urduja in its programs aimed at educating and empowering women.^{xc} Virginia Pasalo, executive director of Women in Development, observes that women from Pangasinan are often familiar with the legend of Urduja because this legend has been passed on through songs from “the old ones” (Pasalo). When Women in Development first co-sponsored the Women’s Provincial Summit in 1995, forty-three Pangasinan women attended a workshop held in Luzon Colleges at Dagupan City, Philippines. Pasalo reports that the women were invited to describe “their notions of Urduja,” and the following chart illustrates their impressions:

Table 1 Notions of Urduja, Women's Provincial Summit

Brave, fearless, and courageous ruler	12
Great ruler, powerful leader in Pangasinan who led a group of people to flight for freedom from foreign domination	9
Model and symbol of inspiration for women	8
A strong woman	8
A beautiful woman	5
Belongs to a royal family	3
Good ruler	3
Powerful ruler	3
A warrior woman with a loving heart	2
A warrior	2
Intelligent woman	2
Active/ dynamic	2
Wild and strong-willed woman who fought for her father's kingdom	2
A heroine who, a real person who struggled against exploitation	2
A female warrior who fought for what she believed in	2
A historical figure worth remembering	2
A fairy tale/ legend of a brave woman	2
Just heard about her, but I don't know her	2
Virtuous woman	1
Sensuous woman	1
Woman for all seasons	1
A woman for all seasons	1
A woman ahead of her time	1
Defied conventions to fight for a worthy cause	1
Mystic woman	1
A symbol of stability	1
First woman who fought for woman's rights in Pangasinan	1
Independent woman	1
Prof. Craig and Rizal think her kingdom in Lingayen	1
Prof. Cortes insists she never existed in Pangasinan	1
A woman in love with a secret lover	1
Romantic woman	1
A principled woman who worked for the good of her fellowmen	1
The woman in whose name the Provincial Capital of Pangasinan was named	1
Pangasinan's Joan of Arc	1
She is Gabriela Silang	1
(Pasalo 4-5, my ranking).	

The above report gives a snapshot of how these Pangasinan women perceived Urduja. The open-ended workshop format invited each woman's participation and feedback. Urduja is most noted as a strong leader, a savior from oppression, a powerful ruler, a strong woman, a source of inspiration, and a beautiful woman. These women mentioned Urduja's beauty, sexuality, and romantic life very little, though romantic qualities are often sensationalized in articles about her. Pasalo explains how Women in Development use the image of Urduja in such focus groups comprised of local Pangasinan women: "we try to give the background of Urduja as a leader. And then we ask what they want as women. What is their notion of power and spirituality? They decide among themselves." Here, the coupling of spirituality and empowerment suggests that they are mutually constitutive.

The Overseas Workers Program employs Urduja in what Pasalo characterizes as a "subtle way" because the program is a one-day workshop to teach protection and safety to OCWs before they go abroad to work. In the Micro Enterprise Development Program the moderators ask the participants which qualities of Urduja they think women should possess. The women are invited to connect with images of Urduja to develop "confidence" as women and to teach them autonomy (Pasalo). The moderators invite the participants to draw on the strength of their ancestors and leaders. The women elect to drop the "princess" title and retain Urduja's name because they decide that they do not identify with the tradition of princesses. In choosing their own name for Urduja, they embrace her leadership qualities while eliding the negative associations (and history) of upper class nobility who gains wealth and power through oppressing others. These future overseas

contract workers' use of Urduja to define their lives is hopeful, particularly in light of the Philippine government's promotion of OCWs as national heroines, reflecting the state's economic dependency on their remittances. As a fitting artifact for an archive of everyday culture, Urduja is called upon by these women to articulate their diasporic lives.

These examples of a local NGO's use of Urduja's memory redefines the archive. According to Pasalo, these Pangasinan women are "the living Urduja," making legend a reality. The archive of Urduja is not limited to historical documents, records, journals, museum artifacts, oral history, and other cultural productions, but extends to each Pangasinan woman who embraces her memory and aims to create an Urduja-inspired life, whatever that might mean for her. Pasalo notes that Urduja is "not a separate concept from our identity" and this use of Urduja names what is already present within Filipinas. Feminist scholar and nun Mary John Mananzan recalls that the Filipina's "valuable heritage" is "the memory of her egalitarian status in pre-colonial Philippines" (Mananzan 1). Regardless of whether Urduja's existence can be proven in canonical ways, she serves as a metonym for this pre-colonial past and as a memory of women's power. During this pre-colonial time, Mananzan suggests, girls were as welcome as boys, and virginity was not valued. Women in Development Foundation, as well as other women's organizations in the Philippines, consciously invoke the memory of Urduja to re-inscribe women's power and effect change, thus making Urduja a living archive.

V. URDUJA, A MAP FOR HUMAN RIGHTS ADVOCACY

The invocation of Urduja's memory signals a conflict between competing discourses: the celebration of a global free market clashing with a developing country's economic dependence on the forced migration of predominantly college-educated, middle-class Filipinas, who leave home to improve the family's standard of living in the Philippines (Parreñas 13). GABRIELA, a network of Philippines and United States based organizations advocating women's rights, features an article about Princess Urduja in its spring 2003 edition of *kaWOMENan*. The story about Urduja is juxtaposed next to articles about the exploitation of Filipinas, such as the plight of mail-order brides or the outrage of domestic workers being auctioned online. The archetype of Urduja is used to negotiate the failure of language to represent "insidious" everyday trauma (Caruth 107). As a redeeming figure, Urduja corrects the stereotype of the docile, subservient Filipina. Dorotea Mendoza, president of GABRIELA and author of the Urduja article, writes: "In times when the Filipina is stereotyped as submissive, shy, and always service-oriented, women of Philippine ancestry cling to figures like Urduja to help them break out of that mold . . . Urduja, fact or fiction, gives women of Philippine ancestry a much needed sense of hope and self-worth" (2003, 10). Mendoza uses Urduja to highlight victory over trauma. As Marisa Crisanta Flores points out, Urduja is an ideological construct that reveals the people's resistance or response to the patriarchal order (Flores 1-2). Feminists transform these nationalist and provincial readings of Urduja into an archetype for activism, thereby invoking a community of feminists who transcend national and ethnic boundaries and

who might identify with this woman warrior archetype and participate in GABRIELA's cause.

When Ibn Batuta tells Urduja that he has visited India, she says, "Tell me about the Pepper Country. . . .I should like to conquer it someday" (Ibn and Mackintosh-Smith 2002, 259). Because Urduja is subject to multiple constructions, feminists foreground characteristics such as her independent spirit, while eliding others, such as her association with territorial domination and conquest. Mendoza's article invokes Urduja's militancy in a way that serves to sanction Filipina activism. In the process, however, Urduja's penchant for war and piracy, her act of bringing the enemy king's head home on a spear, is conveniently elided in this newsletter that is adamant in its critique of the war in Iraq. Trinh describes storytelling as a politically conscious act (Trinh 148-149). Mendoza's article retells the Urduja legend to sanction activism that resists U.S. imperialism and the exploitation of Filipinos as a result of globalization.

Furthermore, the newsletter's illustration of the warrior princess symbolizes an activist, feminist ethos rooted in Filipino identity. Artist Monica A. Bauer portrays Urduja as an embodiment of the homeland (Figure 13). In a sleeveless dress the woman warrior wields a *bolo* or sword. Behind her, her shadow or abstract rendering of Urduja represents a map of the Philippine Islands. Palawan is Urduja's sword. Luzon is her head crowned with a headdress. Urduja literally becomes the Philippine Islands and embodies the homeland. Both painting and GABRIELA newsletter suggest that a useful articulation of Filipina identity should be grounded in activism.

Furthermore, GABRIELA's inclusion of artist Monica A. Bauer in their newsletter opens up claims to Filipina identity as established by one's thoughts and actions rather than blood. Monica A. Bauer might be described as an unusual Filipina. As a 6-foot-tall, blonde, white, self-described transvestite, she found herself ostracized at the school for nursing whereas, in contrast, she found love, acceptance and companionship among her Filipina nursing students (Pastor 1). After travelling to the Philippines and witnessing extreme poverty,

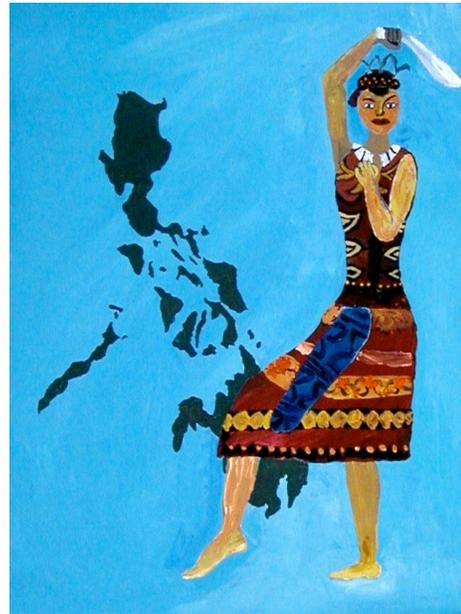


Figure 13: Princess Urduja

Artist Monica A. Bauer,
Image, courtesy of artist

she befriended the Montoya family and volunteered to help support their child financially. She proudly calls herself “Ninang,” or godmother, to her namesake Monica Montoya and Monica’s cousin Aillene (Pastor 1). Bauer’s own negotiated identity reinforces the emphasis on activism as a way to claim Filipina affiliation. By tapping into a narrative that already resonates in the Filipino imaginary and by retelling the story to fit a feminist, anti-imperialist cause, GABRIELA lays claim to the Urduja story and demonstrates the power of the story.

VI. FROM PRINCESS TO PRIESTESS

Mapping Urduja and the Babaylan

The last four hundred years carved into my skin has changed my appearance. My pageant of desire, a showcase of perversions and thrilling fantasies, was shut down by a decrepit network of the Father and his colonial cohorts. . .

by Michella Rivera-Gravage, "I am Now the Chaste Specter" in *Babaylan: an Anthology of Filipina*

While the previous section has traced the many faces of Urduja, from Rizal's nationalist reading, to local and provincial recovery of her memory, to feminists' appropriation of her memory as a transnational heroine, this next section analyzes how Urduja is cast, not simply as a legendary princess, but also as a priestess. For my archive of empire, I am interested in alternative histories that not only reveal the silent story of American imperialism, but also offer a different future. Even when fiction, this alternative history presents an empowering story about what it means to be a Filipina to challenge the history of colonial violence. Writer Nick Carbo describes an indigenous priestess tradition in which babaylans (in Bisayan) or catalonans (in Tagalog) were "priestess-poets" who "held sway in the spiritual and ritualistic lives of the people. The women provided healing, wisdom, and direction for the inhabitants of their barangays (towns) with morality stories, myths, poems, prayers, and chants" (Carbo and Tabios vii). They worshipped God as *Bathala*, a union of female and male energy joined by the breath, and their rituals reinforced their connection to the earth.

Even though *The Travels of Ibn Batuta* never describes Urduja as a babaylan, Filipina feminist scholars link her with this priestess tradition because they look beyond official

history.^{xci} I first learned about babaylan Urduja while on a research trip to the Philippines. As an American graduate student working on Princess Urduja, I was graciously invited to a Pangasinan cultural night at an outdoor café near the University of the Philippines Diliman campus. Scholars Marisa Flores and Fe Mangahas and artist Alma Quinto were all present. On another balmy night in Manila, I sat outside to interview Fe Mangahas, feminist professor at St. Scholastica College and babaylan theorist about her thoughts on Urduja. She informed me, “You cannot speak of Urduja without speaking of the babaylan, for Urduja was a babaylan” (Mangahas). Although Mangahas’ assertion ran counter to previous research, I simply listened, feeling like an initiate receiving babaylan instruction, and intuitively, it made sense. I could not locate this truth in any historical document, yet here I was entertaining this story as knowledge. This anecdote provides another example of why I rely upon alternative historical epistemologies to acquire truth. Even if Urduja were truly a babaylan, these records would have been destroyed by the Spanish. Urduja points to a pre-colonial time, before Spanish colonization and later forms of (American) imperialism, when the babaylan tradition thrived, as novelist Ninotchka Rosca describes in *State of War*:

a time when the world was young, the sea was simply the sea . . . when women walked these seven thousand one hundred islands with a power in them, walking in single file ten paces ahead of the men, their gold bracelets and anklets tinkling . . . for women then were in communion with the gods, praying to the river, the forest spirits, the ancient stones, pouring out blood libations in evening rituals, healing the sick, foretelling the results of war, quarrels, couplings, and the seasons. (Rosca 192)

As metonymy, Urduja represents pre-colonial time, the babaylan tradition, and women’s empowerment. As Marisa Nelmidia-Flores sums up, “the myth of Princess Urduja is the raw

articulation of a collective experience against the excesses of patriarchal culture” (91).

Unlike Batuta’s account and oral history, both of which are deemed unreliable, primary records written by Spanish chroniclers authenticate the babaylan. Pigafetta wrote of the babaylans in his account of Magellan’s contact with the islands now called the Philippines. He describes a ritual performed by two *baylans* in the killing of a hog. The two old women pay homage to the sun, blow their trumpets, strike the hog several times with a lance, and dance:

The other one, after dipping the end of her trumpet in the blood of the hog, goes around marking with her finger with blood the foreheads of the husbands, and then the others; but they never came to us. Then they undress and go to eat the contents of those dishes, and they invite only women (to eat with them). The hair is removed from the hog by means of fire. Thus, no one but the old women consecrate the flesh of the hog, and they do not eat it unless it is killed in this way. (Pigafetta 54)

The babaylan acts as a comprador, as it were, admitting the Urduja, exiled from history, and welcoming her into the Filipino imaginary. The babaylan serves as a passport to legitimacy for Urduja among Filipina feminists, though she is an illegal alien in the discipline of history proscribed by knowledge-brokers of the West.

To claim Urduja as a babaylan is not to insist upon the role she held in her community, since her existence is in doubt, but rather to evoke a babaylan sisterhood. Claiming affinity with the babaylan is not necessarily subscribing to the babaylan practice of animism, a pagan worship of the earth, skies, and all creations, but rather a set of beliefs about woman’s spirituality and autonomy. Spirituality is an important category in this archive of empire because it has been a grim casualty of colonial histories, as people’s

spiritual practices and ways of making life meaningful were outlawed and also because it provides a way to recover from this same legacy. An affective history of empire opens up a discussion about spirituality, even if it is necessary to leave the definition open-ended.

Animism, also called shamanism, is a religious practice shared by many indigenous people. For some, indigenous beliefs represent a way of healing the personal, cultural, and global crises that we have come to associate with modernity.

The Urduja-babaylan construct has multiple meanings among both regional and diasporic groups, but the common denominator is the empowerment of Filipina women. Urduja-babaylan falls within the realm of what Neferti Tadiar calls “dreaming practices” that escape the fantasy-production of the state “for the writing and making of other histories” (Tadiar 23). Tadiar argues that the First World and the state often dictate the realm of dreams, of that which is possible for Third World subjects, yet alternative knowledge-making eschews First World circumscription by creating other possibilities. The evidence collected in this archive of empire does not just document the past but charts a different future.

This section maps out the similarities and differences that lead to the conflation of Urduja and the babaylan. A following table summarizes Filipino cultural production and gestures to cultural wounds or sites of traumatic loss (See Table 2).

Table 2 Urduja and the Babaylan	
Similarities	Differences
Represent sexual freedom	Approaches to marriage: Urduja resists marriage Babaylan typically married
Respected leaders in their communities	Class differences: Urduja belongs to chieftain/ noble class Babaylan priestess belongs to priestess class
Represent female agency and autonomy	Urduja: military power Babaylan: mystic power
Urduja and her women soldiers Represent female friendship and community Babaylan represents a spiritual community of women Passed on secret knowledge to select women	Religion Urduja: Islam Babaylan: animism

Feminists' recovery of Urduja and the babaylan reveal a desire to celebrate female sexuality, unfettered by patriarchal codes, as well as female agency. Both figures invoke a range of memories, from joy and ecstasy before colonialism, to grief and shame linked to the subjugation of women through Christianity. In other words, Urduja and the babaylan serve to recover celebratory affect, and by the same token, elicit mourning for what has been suppressed.

By invoking sexual autonomy and female agency, Urduja and the babaylan each flag a history lost from mainstream history. The babaylan emerges out of a cultural milieu of sexual autonomy in pre-colonial Philippines, a knowledge suppressed by the Spanish

who destroyed indigenous records and religious relics.^{xcii} In *Holy Confrontations*, Carolyn Brewer recuperates portions of this lost history in her reading of Spanish colonial records (376). References to the babaylan and indigenous woman's status in the community before the Spanish conquest were sanitized in later translations. For example, Brewer shows how Blair and Robertson's 1903 *History of the Philippine Islands* leaves out references to indigenous women's sexuality, in which women were not stigmatized for sexual activity outside of marriage (Brewer 37).^{xciii} A woman who had a child before she was married was well regarded for her ability to produce children (Infante 6). If a woman engaged in adultery, her lover was fined, yet the law stipulated that she could continue the relation for one year after the fine was paid. The Spanish chroniclers interpreted this fine as a punishment, but according to Brewer, it was simply monetary compensation for the woman and her husband to signal responsibility for potential offspring from the extramarital union (Brewer 40). While the babaylan invokes this prior history, the Urduja legend reenacts it in a romantic performance of pre-colonial culture. Living in the same medieval period as the babaylan, her legend recalls a time when the babaylans exercised power in their communities. Due to her compelling ideological presence as a kind of superheroine, she embodies this "lost" history, even if she was never actually a babaylan.

Both Urduja and the babaylan served as leaders in their community, and each gestures to the importance of a community of women. Curiously, although Urduja's status as an Amazonian princess surrounded by her band of woman warriors is often highlighted, this female comradeship is not mentioned in Batuta's account or Pangasinan folklore. In

this re-creation of babaylan Urduja, this Amazonian archetype reveals a desire for solidarity among women.

The elisions in the Urduja-babaylan conflation also suggest the urgency of rewriting imperial trauma. Princess Urduja would have belonged to the chieftain class, while the babaylan belonged to the priestess class (Mananzan 9). While there was intermarriage between the two classes, there is no indication that Urduja was a babaylan. In fact, according to Ibn Batuta, she read from the Qur'an and spoke Turkish, which suggests she practiced Islam rather than animism. In fact, upon learning of Batuta's refusal to dine with her because his religion prevented "dining with infidels," she orders him to come eat with her because she is not an infidel, or non-Muslim. (258).^{xciv} Urduja stood for militant power while the babaylan employed mystic powers. When Batuta mentioned he had visited India, she expressed her interest, "I must invade it and take possession of it. Its wealth and its soldiers please me" (Mackintosh-Smith 259). While Urduja eschewed marriage, the babaylan was married (Brewer 326). Babaylans valued the institution of marriage in that their spiritual knowledge and practice was only passed on to married women who showed promise as healers.

The similarities between Urduja and the babaylans are perhaps obvious, but I highlight the differences between the two to emphasize that aligning the palimpsest Urduja with the babaylan carves out a theoretical space, a distinctively Filipina babaylan feminism, a form of what Teresa de Lauretis refers to as a "feminist elsewhere" (De Lauretis 25). She writes, "the critique of all discourses concerning gender, including those promoted as

feminist, continues to be a vital part of feminism as the ongoing effort to create new spaces of discourse, to rewrite cultural narratives, and to define the terms of another perspective—a view from “elsewhere.” (De Lauretis 25). The Urduja-babaylan linkage creates an open-ended babaylan feminism that can inform other feminisms, including western feminisms that may find Third-World “essentializing” feminisms problematic, as mentioned earlier in this chapter.

The differences between Urduja and babaylan reveal a tactical slippage between the two figures that is a sign of both loss and efforts to mediate loss. The composite figure represents forgotten memories of history, autonomy, sexual freedom, and former knowledge. This slippage indicates the power of harnessing a story, of defining a group identity, and of articulating what it means to be a babaylan feminist. As a Filipina cultural production evoking an anti-colonial, anti-imperial, feminist rhetoric, Urduja and the babaylan are mutually constitutive. The babaylan tradition refashions Urduja by linking her with an ancient tradition that is distinctively indigenous and located on the Philippine Islands. The linkage casts Urduja as distinctively Filipina, feminist archetype. Urduja babaylan gives face and flesh to a long-standing tradition of priestesses and lends legitimacy to this legendary heroine. Urduja is the Ur-babaylan, the Eve, or mother babaylan, who stands in for historical memory, as one of the first mentioned women-figures in both oral history and Batuta’s account of the Philippines before pre-Spanish contact. The Urduja-babaylan construct points to my archival project’s two-fold objective: accounting for the less visible effects of imperialist histories as well as examining how affect might serve as an

antidote to that history. Urduja serves the babaylan movement because powerful causes are often fuelled by their stories, myths, and legends. Fictions and alternative histories make a cause, as Trinh writes in my epigraph, “larger than its own in-significance” by stirring emotion and inviting action (Trinh 137). The following sections explore the affective potency of this Urduja-babaylan conflation.

Urduja, the Babaylan Personified

Alma Urduja Quinto is an activist and artist who uses art as a medium to advocate social causes. As an art educator and president of the Philippine Art Educators Association, Quinto and other artists use art therapy at New Beginnings, a shelter for sexually abused children, to help girls build self-esteem and begin recovery. Quinto uses textiles, foam, and indigenous motifs to

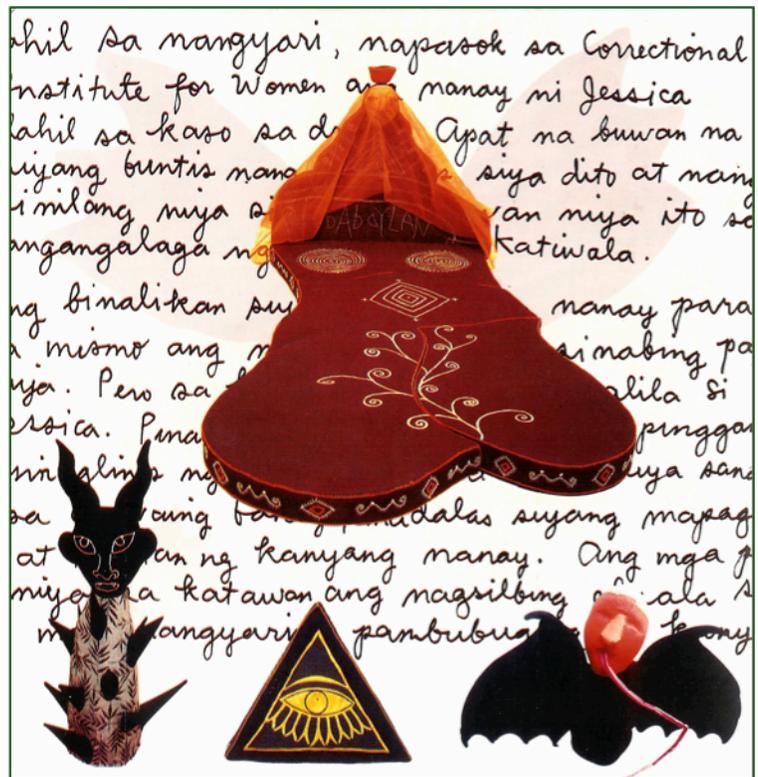


Figure 14 Alma Quinto's "Soft Dreams and Bed Stories,"

Image, Courtesy of Artist

create large soft sculpture installations with others who are “co-creators” in her work (Datuin “trauma-interrupted”). Hailing from Pangasinan, the same province as Urduja, Quinto turns to her indigenous ancestry, including the legend of

Urduja, for inspiration in her art, which she uses “to educate others” (Quinto “Personal Interview”). Like other Filipina feminists, she looks to the babaylans' powerful imagery of community healing and feminism to define her own feminist becoming. Quinto first learned about Urduja from her mother and grandmother, but in college she “embraced her and all her attributes” (Quinto, Email). She writes, “I see myself as a contemporary babaylan just like all other women who recognize their power to transform and exercise this power to create a peaceful and nurturing environment” (Quinto). By calling herself a “contemporary babaylan,” Quinto draws upon the past to transform the present. Her appropriation of the name “Urduja” reveals a kind of born-again commitment to Urduja’s legacy. As Quinto recalls, she adopted Urduja’s name “to disseminate information” about the pre-colonial ruler (Quinto "Personal Interview"). Semantically, Urduja serves as a flag in Quinto’s name, evoking babaylan activism and artistic practice. Quinto describes the babaylan tradition as a way to “reclaim my feminine power” through “an embodied spirituality” (Quinto, Email Correspondence, October 10, 2008).

Alma Quinto’s work highlights Urduja’s potential as a healer in trauma recovery, Healing becomes possible when traumatic memories, including unconscious transgenerational memories, no longer define a people’s thoughts, words, and actions. Through alternative histories, a people haunted by imperialist histories determine their own destiny. “Self-determination” as Alidio argues, “involves asserting expertise over one’s condition and energy for popular mobilization beyond the terms of coloniality” (Alidio

Colonial Cosmopolitanism 16). Urduja provides an example of how alternative histories can be used for “self-determination,” to redefine the terms of a colonial past.

Urduja serves as a muse for Quinto’s art and community service. At New Beginnings, Quinto employs a process called “creative visual autobiography” in which participants use art to work through their pain, reclaim their bodies, and heal within a community of survivors (Datuin). In a large installation in which Quinto works collaboratively with six girls from New Beginnings, she creates “Soft Dreams and Bed Stories” featuring a bed in the shape of a Babaylan priestess (Figure 14). The bed represents domestic space, not typically a safe place for sexually abused children, but surrounded by soft sculpture toys inspired by Filipino indigenous icons, the space is reclaimed as a safe haven to play and rest. Urduja and the babaylan tradition help the girls to create new memories for themselves, not only as a form of catharsis, but also as a way to address the pain and to “rejoin the public sphere of community and communion” (Datuin). As a babaylan, Urduja becomes a touchstone for recovery from the psychic wounds of sexual trauma.

Just as Quinto’s artistic practice redefines the babaylan tradition, her representation of an Urduja-inflected babaylan redefines her artistic practice and the aesthetics of this practice. Flaudette Datuin analyzes what she calls a “feminine and feminist aesthetic” in Quinto’s work (Datuin 183). She uses the metaphor of *usapang babae*, or “women talk,” as Patajo-Legasto puts it, to describe Quinto’s aesthetic, defined as “a form of communication which takes place in the spirit of communion, and community, not on

grounds of false harmony, but on encounter, negotiation, and perpetual auto-critique” (Datuin 179). Similarly, Quinto’s *usapang babae* aesthetic is reflected in her involvement with Kabisulan, an activist women’s group who meet to share needlework and politics. Datuin likens *usapang babae* to the quilting circle in which disparate pieces are sewn together, and she emphasizes that this feminine aesthetic is “grounded on matrixial space,” specifically “the babaylan’s life-giving, maternal, and primeval body” (Datuin 203). The feminist work is collaborative, eschewing individual claims of authorship that privilege the genius of the artist. The origins are more ambiguous with Quinto making borrowed ideas and materials into art. The exhibit subverts the typical experience in which visitors passively view the art object. The installation includes soft sculpture toys from indigenous animal motifs that the audience can touch. Invited to interact with the art installation, the visitor can “lie down or tell their



Figure 15 Alma Quinto's "Dait Tan Buknol"

stories” on the bed (Quinto “Artist Statement”). The artist Quinto is the babaylan; her artworks serve as spiritual relics, highlighting the body as site of the sacred and profane.

Quinto’s work entitled “Dait tan Buknol” (Sew and Tie) illustrates how the Urduja-babaylan conflation literally embodies the collaborative principle of *usapang babae*, while communicating an aesthetic that weaves indigeneity, nature, and feminine power with spirituality (Figure 15). The blue rays emanating from Urduja’s head as well as the red, black, and gold crowning her face suggests her aura, indicating spiritual qualities that lie beyond average human discernment. Even her body, cut out of a plastic sheet, suggests Urduja is more apparition than human flesh. Quinto describes this work as “small estampita-like paintings – mostly attributed to the legend of Urduja – attached to the bigger painting of a babaylan (priestess) and a powerful woman or Urduja” (Quinto, "Email Correspondence"). The background is comprised of pieces of fabric stitched together to create an organic whole. Quinto says that she uses this technique of stitching to blend low and high art. The translated title of this piece, “Sew and Tie,” suggests a model for stitching together disparate histories to create an empowering, self-determining history. Using visual art to create an alternative history, Quinto creates against the tradition that esteems high art (historically created by men) over “women’s work” such as quilting (Quinto, "Email Correspondence"). As a suitable artifact for an affective history of empire, visual art such as Quinto’s work communicates story while transcending language, a kind of babaylan practice that invites onlookers to construct meaning.

Furthermore, the five plastic “estampitas” or “retazos” that dangle beneath the larger Urduja privilege not only collaboration but also the regional use of Urduja. These smaller pieces were used in the 1999 group exhibition on Urduja by eight women artists from Pangasinan.^{xcv} In the earlier work, Quinto collaborated with clay artist Baidy Mendoza and Pangasinan-based artist Laddie Sotelo to create various images of Urduja on estampitas, which they “then planted . . . in coconut shells full of sand as a symbolic act of finding one’s roots or of going back to one’s origin to rediscover oneself” (Quinto, "Artist Statement"). Unlike the nationalist fantasies of Urduja, Quinto claims Urduja as a regional figure. By constructing this fantasy of grains of sand, these artists acknowledge their Pangasinan heritage and honor the Pangasinans’ reliance upon the sea for sustenance. As Quinto points out:

Woven into these images of folklore/legend are the memories of my childhood in a not-so-remote barangay [or village] in Urdaneta and in Manaoag, Pangasinan and the experiences I went through, most often chaotic and experimental, as I pursued my dreams. I chose clay to record these Images in order to show how strongly connected I am to anything natural and indigenous. Moreover, clay, like bamboos, coconuts and salt, is abundant and a source of livelihood in Pangasinan. (Quinto, "Artist Statement").

Depicted in coconut shells, Urduja is literally planted in constructs of indigeneity. Similar to the Pangasinan overseas contract workers who dismiss Urduja’s princess title, Quinto

disregards her nobility so that she becomes “one of us,” an empowering fiction that reaches a Filipino audience.

Furthermore, this work presents a fruitful model for an archive of imperial remains by suggesting the power of constructing memories. Quinto points out that she uses the Urduja or Babaylan archetype, not in its original form, but as a new memory that serves the present. Filipinas create a “re-memory,” to use Toni Morrison’s words, of this priestess tradition, as well as the warrior princess tradition, by strategically conflating these two traditions. Quinto’s Baybaylan Urduja confronts a range of losses and corresponding visions of freedom: the loss of innocence, childhood, and sexual intimacy free from traumatic memory, freedom from psychic trauma as a result of skin color, gender, and socio-economic circumstances, freedom from poverty, or on a national level, self-government free from the whims of First World’s desires. In the wake of this loss, the babaylan Urduja negotiates desires: for joy and pleasure, for women’s empowerment, and for individual and national autonomy. The veracity of this babaylan Urduja conflation doesn’t matter because it serves as a powerful memory to combat loss and, more importantly, to engender change.

By invoking the babaylan in her art and tapping into art’s recuperative power, Quinto redefines the babaylan tradition. Traditionally, babaylans used household objects for religious ceremonies, and Quinto uses everyday objects such as coconut shells as artist’s tools. Quinto is a cultural babaylan in her efforts as artist, activist, and teacher to aid the young girls who participate in New Beginnings in healing from sexual trauma. What does it

mean to name this babaylan inspiration, Urduja? Or to use both terms interchangeably? The babaylan figure points to a distinctively feminist spiritual practice as a source of power. . But Urduja as proper noun is both personage and archetype; she is the face linked to the impulse. As Quinto puts it, “As is always the case, when you join things, ideas and experiences with stitches or when you tie them together, you strengthen them.” (Quinto 1999). Although I acknowledge that this celebratory fiction could be potentially problematic, the invocation of the spiritual through the babaylan Urduja allows us to slip into a realm not defined by our material present. If perception and belief dictate reality, Quinto’s conflation of Urduja-babaylan suggests an inspiring fiction to transform the present.

Johanna Poethig’s Urduja Barbies

Although artist Johanna Poethig shares affinities with Quinto in conflating Urduja and the babaylan, her identity challenges notions of babaylan feminism and the politics of inclusion. The 1998 San Francisco State University art exhibition entitled *Sino Ka? Ano Ka?* (Who are you? What are you?) featured the work of eight Filipina American artists, including the work of Johanna Poethig, whom Victoria Alba calls an “unlikely Filipina American: she’s white, blond, and nearly six feet tall” (De Jesús 297). Although known for her public large-scale sculptures, Poethig created a series of smaller sculptures called “Babaylan Barbies” for this exhibition. In this series she appropriates the Barbie doll, the quintessential icon of American consumerism and beauty, and reinscribes her as a Filipina beauty. As Erica Rand points out, “Common knowledge makes Barbie a great vehicle for

social criticism . . . Barbie is user-friendly for the critic-producer, who can begin on covered ground and move on from there” (Rand 153). Poethig individually manipulates, fires, and glazes each figure cast from the same mold (De Jesús 297). Her work raises the questions: Who can claim the babaylan tradition, or call herself a babaylan? Who is excluded from this identity? What are the ethics of appropriating an indigenous tradition of Filipina identity to reinscribe the American Barbie doll?

Artist Poethig calls herself a white person, yet she expresses an affiliation with Filipinos. Although born in the United States, she moved to the Philippines with her parents, whom Victoria Alba describes as “socially conscious American missionaries,” when Poethig was 3 months old (De Jesús 297). Unlike most other children of expatriates who attended American private schools, she attended public school and learned, as Alba puts it, to see “the world through Filipino eyes” (De Jesús 297). As a youth, she “strongly identified with her Filipino friends” who criticized the United States as an imperialist, colonialist power, and she attended anti-American demonstrations (297). Now Poethig is a faculty member at Cal State Monterrey and artistic director of the Inner City Public Arts Projects for Youth (298). Her work is included among Filipino cultural productions that negotiate Filipino identity in the wake of imperial trauma. Her participation in the *Sino Ka? Sino Ako?* (Who are you? What are you?) exhibit, as well as Victoria Alba’s discussion of Poethig’s work in Melinda Jesus’s anthology *Pinay Power*, bespeaks this inclusion. I include her in this analysis of Urduja-babaylan cultural productions because her presence disturbs homogenous notions of babaylan identity and claims of authenticity, a disturbance that is

healthy in articulating and theorizing a babaylan “elsewhere,” as well as an archive of American empire.

Moreover, her work deserves a place among other Filipino cultural representations of Urduja-babaylan because Poethig draws upon the babaylan aesthetic that Datuin calls “usapang babae.”

Poethig explains, “In both the studio art and collaborative work I do, I’m motivated by examining culture and how cultures intersect” (De Jesús 297). From recycled scraps of Filipino and American pop culture, Poethig reveals U.S. pop culture’s inextricable link to Filipino pop culture. Her stitching together Filipino with American culture results in this

“feminist and feminine aesthetic”—to use Datuin’s words—that suggests a sisterly camaraderie with Quinto’s

work. However, whereas Quinto looks to Filipina indigeneity to articulate babaylan



**Figure 16 Kayumanggi,
Image, Courtesy of Artist**

feminism, Poethig disrupts essentialist notions of purity. Poethig juxtaposes Filipino memories of Filipino loss and desire with a corresponding white desire and loss to reveal their complicity. Her work suggests that the story of American pop culture and capitalism would be incomplete without understanding the oft-forgotten story of United States' relationship in the Philippines.

The first figurine re-presenting the Princess Urduja-babaylan conflation and U.S./Philippines “entanglement” is entitled *Kayumanggi*, meaning “natural beauty” or “brown beauty”(Delmendo) (Figure 16). The female figure is clothed in a traditional ethnic costume for a traditional folk dance in which the woman dances with coconuts. She wears a traditional wraparound skirt called *patadjong*. Her skin color is a shiny tobacco that celebrates her brown beauty. On the one hand, Poethig reclaims *kayumanggi* as a response to a Filipino colonial mentality that idolizes white beauty and results in the racial-self-loathing that Anne Cheng describes as a “web of self-affirmation, self-denigration, projection, desire, identification, and hostility” (19). Cheng points out how “the racialized minority is as bound to racial melancholia as the dominant subject” (19). Poethig describes conflicting standards of beauty when she recalls her childhood, “I grew up with classically beautiful, graceful Filipinas—the ideal of beauty was not me, yet at the same time, advertising elevated the white girl” (De Jesús 297). Against the elevation of white beauty, the *Kayumanggi* figure celebrates Filipina beauty. The muted quality of the face suggests pensiveness, a reflective exuberance, and the joy of being in the body. Her eyes are closed; the lips are turned slightly upward to denote a smile. The posture of her legs, which extend

into the pedestal, suggests strength and energy, and her arms are posed in the upside down v-shape of a dancer's pose that suggests a readiness to take action. Her striped wrap-around skirt suggests contemporary time. Urduja is not just a medieval warrior princess, but also a modern interpretation of the Amazonian princess. This re-interpretation suggests the promise of agency in the here and now. Poethig's affirmation of brown beauty inadvertently reveals white desire, replicating the colonial gaze with its nostalgia for the exotic and primitive. Similarly, the white-splotchy face reveals an anxiety about dark skin by subscribing to a prescribed code of beauty. Although Poethig claims that the seashell color of the figure's face is "the light hitting her face," the white face and dark body suggests a dualism and melancholia that complicates any simple reading (Poethig).

In addition, the regal figure standing on a dome-like urn suggests Islamic ties and evokes Urduja's Muslim identity, which is frequently elided in representations of her. Although one reading might be that the pedestal is simply a jar or urn, the possibility of the dome's presence evokes Filipino identity outside the influence of Spanish and American colonization and offers a commentary on the interconnectedness of disparate cultural influences: capitalism, Islamic history, and Filipino and American pop culture. A headdress crowns Urduja to signify her royal origins, and her pedestal resembles an Islamic dome, suggesting Urduja's Muslim-ness, which coincides with Batuta's description of Urduja.^{xvii} Islam was introduced in southern Philippines before the Spanish conquest, and the Muslims proved to be resistant to Spanish colonization and conversion to Christianity.

Poethig employs both the sacred and the profane to disrupt uncritical memory of the past. Princess Urduja evokes royalty, independence, and a rootedness in a nature so that the whole ensemble could suggest a nostalgic return to mythic origins in a pre-colonial past to assuage the trauma of colonization and decolonization, but Poethig resists that impulse by placing her Urduja fantasy next to a discarded coke bottle. While Poethig and Quinto both advocate activism through their art, Poethig's irreverence contrasts with Quinto's unapologetic essentializing of Filipina womanhood and indigenous roots. Her babaylan aesthetic invokes the sacred while ironically mocking our postmodern predicament.

Similar to the babaylan practice of using *anitos*, or everyday objects to heal, this babaylan aesthetic is defined by Poethig's feminist, anti-capitalist ethos. In her art she uses everyday objects, such as the ubiquitous Coke bottle, as a critique of U.S. capitalism, or what Poethig describes as a "comment on colonization" (Poethig). Just as the babaylan would take domestic objects such as cooking ware and endow it with religious significance, artists such as Poethig rework Barbie dolls and coke bottles to create another transformation. The Coke bottle is full of beetles, suspended in an amber murky substance. The dead insects line the bottom of the bottle. Urduja's placement next to this Coke bottle is significant, juxtaposing a pre-colonial past when women held power with the deleterious effects of capitalism. Consumption of U.S. imports creates waste as evidenced by the used coke bottle. Poethig explains, "I'm also interested in looking at history and in creating works that are antithetical to the advertised life; that is, billboards, the

marketplace, the commercial use of urban landscape” (De Jesús 297). In this artwork Urduja, standing on a pedestal, towers over the American coke bottle, suggesting the possibility of overcoming the negative effects of globalization. The infested coke bottle comments on Philippine-United States relations and the continuing plunder of Philippines’ resources to serve the appetites of the developed world, as well as a Filipino elite. By invoking Urduja, the figure suggests Filipino unity and a mythic origin, as well as the transformative potential of modernization and globalization that truly can serve the country, not foreign investors and the privileged few.



**Figure 17 Princess Urduja,
Image Courtesy of Artist**

The second figurine called “Princess Urduja” re-presents the legendary Urduja as a Filipina socialite with jarring irony that reveals this Urduja-babaylan conflation as a site of traumatic memory (Figure 17). The female figure, particularly in contrast to the “Natural Beauty” Urduja figure, provides a stark contrast to the natural joy exuded by the

Kayumanggi figure. Poethig discusses the inspiration for this whimsical piece: “Princess Urduja represents a Filipina socialite beauty in her polka dot dress. During the New Year’s festivities polka dots signify good luck and fortune” (Poethig). This Urduja is clothed in a simple shift that is feminine and elegant. The shift falls above her knees and forms around her body to reveal her thighs. She too is thin like the Kayumanggi, but her shape seems diminutive. Her legs pressed together express tension or fear. Her lips pursed together in the shape of an O convey anxiety or boredom. Her skin is lighter than the Kayumanggi figure, and she is posed in a performance of beauty. She is an upper class automaton with her immobile and passive face, but her stance suggests apprehension. Her hands are pressed against her thighs in a V-shape that points to her sexuality, while her ankles and wrists are literally shackled with gold bangles that suggest a colonial subjugation that circumscribes women’s agency.

Using satire, Poethig reinvents Princess Urduja, the Amazonian warrior princess who ruled the seas South of China and considered conquering India, as a passive Filipina materialistic princess, a socialite belonging to the Filipino elite. This Urduja is also on a pedestal, shaped like a *chinela* or “fancy flip flop” but in this case, the figure seems imprisoned on this pedestal that suggests the domestic space in which women wear slippers indoors. Poethig uses the feminine iconography of the fancy slipper to suggest how the “trappings” of an upper class woman, who is stifled by “the good life,” with its focus on leisure and consumption. In blending Urduja and American Barbie, Poethig critiques the cultural symbols in the context of globalization. In *Barbie’s Queer Accessories*, Erica Rand

writes, “cultural products need political attention. Political battles are fought over and through the manipulation of cultural symbols. People use them to signal political identities, to effect political coalition, to disrupt and challenge beliefs and connections that have come to seem natural” (Rand 5). Poethig blends important bi-cultural symbols of feminine identity—Urduja, Babaylan, and Barbie—to critique the links between identity and consumerism and commodification: I shop, therefore, I am; and more specifically: I shop, therefore I am woman.

Furthermore, linking identity to consumerism and capitalism across the East/West political landscape, the pedestal surrounded by a sea of satin polka dots signifies what Poethig describes as the “wealth of the nation” (Poethig). Perhaps it is the wealth of the nation gone awry. Many Filipinos encounter daily poverty or forced migration, while the government’s misappropriation of funds serve the very rich. The image of the parasitic rich recalls the insects feeding off the residue in the Coke bottle in the *Kayumanggi* piece.^{xcvii} Despite continuing strength in the Philippines’ economic performance, poverty increased to 32 percent in 2007 (World Bank Update 2008). In light of such dismal statistics, the chinela is a flimsy pedestal revealing the weakness of a social and economic system that channels its wealth to support the whimsical desires of a few. This Urduja should be happy in her festive attire, but instead, she seems doomed, isolated and alienated, even from her self.

Poethig’s Urduja Babaylan suggests how Urduja’s figure resists reification. Her instability performs a similar function as babaylan feminism because both emphasize

multiplicitous, open-ended meaning. Like a figure in the looking glass, Urduja reflects a range of Filipino desire. While some may say that Poethig's work is a replication of the white colonizer's desire for the exoticized brown body, babaylan creates a theoretical space for Poethig's work because babaylan feminism nurtures inclusiveness, a critical starting point for actualization.^{xcviii} Babaylan feminism invites Filipino/as to begin the process of decolonization, come together, and determine individually the babaylan's meaning. Although Filipinos claim lineage with Urduja, Batuta's account of Urduja suggests that she was not even an indigenous person. Her father and his family came from Sumatra and settled on the island of Tawalisi. Her palimpsest subjectivity disrupts any essentialist claims to authenticity or ownership and reminds us that Filipino identity is a fiction, a useful one, but a fiction nonetheless.

The palimpsest fantasy figure of Urduja opens up spaces for feminist dialogue, despite racial, gendered, class, and geographic differences, and nourishes a Filipina feminist diaspora. Both Urduja and babaylan summon a pre-colonial past. Urduja becomes the babaylan made flesh, embodying the babaylan as a quasi-historical figure. Just as the babaylan was exiled into the mountains after the Spanish conquest, Urduja occupies this exiled territory, as historical memory that marks loss and nostalgia. But Urduja is tied to a story. This narrative link stirs our imagination—one can imagine Urduja sailing the seas and pirating with her woman friends—and signals our desire as well as loss. To call oneself a cultural babaylan is to claim membership within a community of Filipina women that share a feminist vision: unifying, anti-hierarchical, and celebratory of living.

VII. URDUJA, CYBERSPACE, AND COMMERCIALISM

Urduja's iconic status lends itself to commodification, much like the proliferated image of the Virgin of Guadalupe, linking spirituality, indigeneity, and fantasies of national belonging. Urduja Designs—www.

urduja.com—, a website selling Filipino

jewelry inscribed with the ancient

Tagalog script *Baybayin* draws upon

Urduja's memory to remind a cyberspace

audience, presumably Filipinos, to

reclaim their roots. Princess Urduja, she

claims, is the “first Filipina feminist and

a symbol of Filipina strength and

wisdom.” This constructed fantasy of “roots” and an Urduja-Eve transcends ethnicity, class,

and citizenship to create a diasporic community of Filipinos. Ubaldo writes, “I am an artist

that deeply relates to our Filipino culture. It is a decolonization process (*pagbabalik loob*) of

reconnecting with the past to get a better understanding of the past and envision a better

future” (Ubaldo). Ubaldo, who lives in New York, believes this “rediscovery of her ethnic

roots... would have been unheard of had she stayed in Manila” (1). Ubaldo's location

outside of the Philippines allows her to see the homeland. The loss of homeland and the

accompanying longing for home fuels her desire for rootedness and the rediscovery of her

indigeneity. Ubaldo uses the Urduja fantasy and Ur-narrative of indigeneity before Spanish



Figure 18 Kalikisan meaning Nature,

Image, Courtesy of Artist

conquest to invoke a diasporic identity tied to the idea of a nation-state but distinctly separate from nationalism. Although many would be critical of Urduja's commodification, I stress the spirit and intention motivating her work. Both her jewelry and her website aim to inculcate decolonization and activism rather than consumerist complacency.

Like her babaylan sisters, Ubaldo credits Urduja's influence for her spiritual awakening as a babaylan. As part of her spiritual journey, she learned *reiki*, a form of energy healing originating from Japan. When not working her day job or creating jewelry, she is a practitioner and master teacher of *reiki*. As a spiritual healer and teacher, Ubaldo uses *reiki* as a tool to assist others in their own healing. As an artist, Ubaldo is a contemporary babaylan who carefully crafts materials into symbols of Filipino indigeneity. Her jewelry pieces serve as talismans, relics inscribed with the power of an ancient Filipino script (Figure 18). As an activist, Ubaldo has been a member of GABRIELA where she learned that spiritual power and world transformation is possible with only a small group of women who share that common vision (Ubaldo "Personal Interview").

Ubaldo's website reveals the mutually constitutive relationship between history-making and online community. Cyberspace levels the playing field in archive-making since anyone with Internet access can elect to build a website and create a digital archive. In turn, cyberspace allows like-minded users to connect and build online communities. The blossoming of a diasporic babaylan community, in which Ubaldo participates, coincides with this Internet phenomenon. When I first began researching Urduja in 2004, Ubaldo's website dominated as a site of information about Urduja because her website is one of the

first links or hits in a Google search of Urduja. Now trailing after Wikipedia and a recent Tagalog animated film on Urduja, Internet users still can click on www.urduja.com as one of the top five hits on Google. Interested viewers arrive at a page on Ubaldo's website featuring Guitierrez's article alongside her jewelry designs. A Filipino interested in *Baybayin* or Ubaldo's designs might encounter the legend of Urduja here for the first time. Ubaldo markets her jewelry by appealing to Filipino identity. Her audience is Filipinos across the diaspora, presumably mostly American Filipinos, who long for the lost homeland. The website offers links to the Filipino American National Historical Society, information on Tagalog, as well as links to Filipino American photographer Norman Montifar who aims to document the Filipino American experience. One might learn about www.NewFilipina.com and the Babaylan movement of Filipina feminists interested in recovering ancient Filipina spirituality. Wandering through Ubaldo's website, the Internet user encounters an online Filipino community. Urduja represents this online community as a link through which users might have access and as a mediator in making history. The loss of history due to the destruction of indigenous records and the skewed perspective of Spanish conquistadors and friars, the wounds of colonial trauma on Filipino psyche, and the dislocation from home for diasporic Filipinos create a desire for history, however fictive that history may be. E. San Juan, Jr. writes about how the homeland looms in the imagination of the Filipino diaspora,

Of all the Asian American groups, the Filipino community is perhaps the only one obsessed with the impossible desire of returning to the homeland, whether in reality or fantasy. It is impossible because, given the break in our history... the

authentic homeland doesn't exist except as a simulacrum of Hollywood. (San Juan 123-4)

Despite that impossibility, the homeland, however fictive, and the search for origins create a Filipino diaspora community. Ubaldo's website not only speaks to this loss of an irrecoverable past and a desire for rootedness, but also invites the viewer to participate in an activist community that seeks to rewrite history.



Figure 19 Princess Urduja,
Artist unknown

posture does not suggest subservience designed for a male gaze. She holds up a column, as if the weight of the world—or possibly the exigency of rewriting history?~ is literally on her shoulders and head.

While cyberspace creates a space for an archive that counters colonial trauma, it can also perpetuate that trauma. Many have celebrated the web as a kind of

One might read the design of Urduja shown here as illustrating the urgency of this cause. Urduja is placed on the top left-hand corner of the webpage, which features a reprint of Chit Gutierrez's article on Princess Urduja (Figure 19). Princess Urduja is highly stylized, in a print reminiscent of a tattoo. Her body is elongated and masculinized, like that of a youthful adolescent boy, but her garment accentuates the curve of her breast and also emphasizes her femininity. She is wearing a headdress and wields a *bolo* in her right hand. Although she is kneeling, her

“cyberdemocracy,” which levels the playing field for the production and acquisition of knowledge. For example, anyone with access to the Internet can publish or acquire information about Urduja. But Urduja’s figure also reflects the contradictory forces of the Internet. A Google search for Urduja reveals not only the articles and websites to which I have referred in this chapter, but also accesses Filipina “pen pals” and Filipina mail-order brides who use the pseudonym Urduja. Vernadette V. Gonzalez and Robyn Magalit Rodriquez argue that Filipina bodies continue to be exoticized on the Internet. They write,

. . . the bodies of Filipinas haunt this dawning Asian “cyberdemocracy” in a historically specific way Trafficking in women has intensified globally with the advent of telecommunications technology, and while Filipinas are not the sole commodity in this traffic, they represent unique sites where histories of U.S. and Asian imperialisms, militarisms, and capitalisms coalesce. (Lee and Wong 216-17)

The specific websites I have analyzed—Urduja Designs, GABRIELA’s website and newsletter, or Pangasinan’s and Philippine Culture and Arts’ websites—engage with the Urduja legend to allay the trauma of a colonial past. Urduja is like the phoenix rising up out the ashes of loss. She haunts us because, though well-represented, she is shifting, multiplicitous, and impossible to be pinned down. Her popular icon is represented as vixen and warrior, princess and priestess, tribal memory and commercial success, nationalist icon and diasporic figure. An apt artifact for an archive of empire, Urduja calls our attention to how archives have different uses and values, sometimes productive, other times dangerous. She is always a ghost because we will never know Urduja—if she even existed—except as a sociological phantasm. Defying her dismissal by mainstream history, she persistently haunts us by pointing to a history of traumas that continues to the present

day. Urduja persists as a vibrant presence marked by absence. We know very little of the historical figure whom Urduja represents, yet she continues to haunt the margins of Filipino collective imagination and refuses to be erased. In the many faces of Urduja, there is the repetition of a signifier, each time with a difference, so that the meaning of what constitutes Urduja proliferates. We see so many images and stories of Urduja that it no longer matters if the original referent does not exist. Gordon writes that “perceiving the lost subjects of history—the missing and lost ones and the blind fields they inhabit—makes all the difference to any project trying to find the address of the present” (195). In tracing an alternative history, the search for Urduja reveals the present.

VII. CONCLUSION

Serendipitously, I stumbled upon Urduja while researching the medieval Philippines for a graduate seminar. During my initial research into the Philippines’ pre-modern history, I was struck by the Internet’s lack of information about this period and by how Urduja’s name nonetheless surfaces repeatedly to fill in the gaps of this historical aporia in cyberspace.^{xcix} Urduja is linked to the medieval Philippines on the World Wide Web in part because she stands for an absence of Filipino history, not because it did not exist, but because it was erased. Urduja’s presence provokes the postmodern question of what we count as history and truth. As scholars have asked: do we merely deem credible the western tradition of history and discount oral history? In the case of the Philippines, the records that have been considered reliable are written records by Spanish conquistadors. Before the Spanish conquest, the ancestors of the Filipinos used a written script, but it was recorded

on bamboo or leaves, rather than permanent material. Colonialism occludes a whole body of earlier history, a history that the body of Urduja—gendered and regendered anew—animates. Princess Urduja gives Filipinos something to cling to, a way of perceiving identity that rebukes the colonialist sense of inferiority.

Similar to the way Urduja stands in for the medieval Philippines in cyberspace, the babaylan and Urduja are metonymically linked. This appropriation of Urduja as a babaylan combats a colonial mentality and participates in the negotiation of power and knowledge. According to Rosa Maria Magno, Urduja is “beleaguered,” no longer a part of the people’s consciousness in Pangasinan (48). Prof. Jerome Bailen conducted a survey to test the pervasiveness of Urduja in the Pangasinian consciousness. He discovered that “just a little over 50% of the respondents” knew of Princess Urduja and that most of this group was “old people... who have had education.” Magno concludes, “The younger generation, reading textbooks of Philippine history which have already scrapped Urduja from their pages... no longer has any acquaintance with the warrior princess” (48). But there is a revival, in cyberspace, among Filipino and Filipino American feminists that has made Urduja babaylan a figure for pinay feminists across the diaspora. For this new generation of feminists, construing Urduja as a babaylan becomes one way to imagine and identify a community. An imaginary construct such as Urduja babaylan mediates the challenges of diasporic living. For the Filipina feminist community babaylan, Urduja offers a hopeful paradigm for healing and empowerment.

Urduja has become much more than the warrior princess that Ibn Batuta might have encountered in his travels. She is a cultural healer and powerful leader, but most importantly, a paradigm for spiritual transformation that redefines political agency. Calling Urduja a babaylan redefines what it means to be a powerful woman. It privileges the necessity of honoring our spiritual selves and realizing who we really are as women and men, and as individual spirits, to precipitate a positive transformation on this planet.

Babaylan Urduja suggests a feminist theory and praxis that does not claim ethnicity as a right to the babaylan figure, who is a free-floating signifier for a feminist becoming. In some cases, the babaylan did not simply pass on the tradition to her daughter, as if it were her birthright by blood. Rather, the babaylan passed on this knowledge to younger women who expressed or demonstrated interest. The Center for Babaylan Studies makes the distinction between babaylan-inspired Filipinas and babaylans to respect indigenous babaylans. While I defer to that distinction, I also stress the open-ended and non-hierarchical aspects of the babaylan tradition. Indeed, linking Urduja to the babaylan is a conjuring trick in the realm of babaylan practice. Urduja opens up a space for non-Filipinos, half-Filipinos, Filipinos outside the Philippines, as well as Philippine-born Filipinos to enter the discussion. This contrived conflation is useful and productive, not only for its critically productive possibilities, challenging the boundaries of what constitutes the babaylan and rights of appropriation and ownership, but also for its interrogation into what makes historical memory and history. The slippage between memory and history

reveals history's inability to tell the whole story, as well as the possibility of rewriting history.

My research has itself been an act of recuperation, gathering Urduja from disparate sources, recalling her from the margins she haunts, to create a montage, if fragmentary, of her many faces. Historians have dismissed Princess Urduja. Thus, I see my work as counter historical, literary archeology, excavating Urduja from cultural sediment to amass a body of evidence that speaks to Urduja's existence in the postcolonial present, and in the colonial past. My research is a form of babaylan practice; the act of gathering all these materials about Urduja conjures an archive of memories and creates a space for healing.

Militant Urduja, aristocratic Urduja, Muslim Urduja: these identities are all elided in order to focus on her independence, strength, leadership, bravery, and solidarity with other women, a solidarity embodied by her babaylan transformation. Even the pronunciation of her name reveals the influence of the Spanish (urdu-Ha rather than urdu-Ja. Although Urduja is not essential to the success of the babaylan movement, her many interpretations speak to how Filipinas have resisted history's erasure of their pre-colonial past, how Filipina women, in response to not only colonial trauma but also the ever-present challenges of globalization, continue to sustain Urduja so that she has a life (and practice) of her own. Her figure marks the most hopeful materials located in this archive of empire due to her potential to assuage multiple histories of trauma. My archival project concludes with this alternative history of babaylan Urduja because she embodies a spiritual paradigm, literally a blueprint for transforming the world.

Epilogue

In my family, suicide loomed as a consideration when life proved tough. As a child, I often heard my mother threaten to kill herself saying, “If it wasn't for you kids.” During my teens and twenties I flirted with death and repeated suicide attempts until one overdose landed me in the Intensive Care Unit with fifty percent chance of survival. My near success frightened me, but that never stopped me from entertaining dark thoughts. Years later, when I discipline my five-year-old daughter, she blurts out, “I want to die!” My heart shrinks. Is this melodrama normal or a perpetuation of a family curse?

Not long ago, I dedicated an energy healing session to my mother in California. Through intuition and muscle testing, I can ask permission to connect with another's spirit and allow that person's spirit to guide me. Depression has afflicted my mother, particularly since the death of her son, and she has sometimes contemplated ending her life. As I attempted to locate the heavy energy and clear it, I encountered resistance, an ancestral block that would not easily dissipate. I felt an ancestral presence, a female spirit on my mother's maternal family line. The spirit wanted to release the negative energy linked to a death. At first, I thought this ghost might still be grieving a loss from when she was alive. As an empath, I experienced this spirit's anguish. I continued to ask questions to determine what happened. My puzzlement turned to recognition: she was Gregoria, my mother's grandmother (whose story I relate in the introduction), and the death she was grieving was the violent termination of her own life. Tears welled up, as I learned that this affinity for death—a tendency that seemed to run in my family—was a generational pattern.

I acknowledged Gregoria's presence and felt the burden lift as I cleared the hold on my mother. Even though my mother did not know about this remote healing, she noticed a change. Her thoughts no longer linger on suicide. In a few energy sessions the psychic bondage of "suicidal tendencies" that years of traditional talk-therapy could never really cure was released in our family. The story of my great-great grandmother Gregoria comes full circle as she assists me in healing our family line. I tasted the salty bitterness of her regret, but now we are able to bury the past.

My archive of empire begins and ends with the story of Gregoria and my family's healing because it reveals two central themes in my archival project: how to trace the intangible effects of imperial trauma in Filipino American culture and how to mitigate this vestigial violence. My interest in imperial trauma, a trouble under the skin of Filipino memory, has driven my archival project because I intuitively knew that this disturbing feeling extended beyond personal grievance. Using a term from Filipino indigenous psychology, De Guia describes this "tacit" way of knowing as *pakiramdam*, a Filipino trait of "heightened sensitivity," an ability to pick up on non-verbal cues and access knowledge through feelings (29). After my introduction to the babaylan movement and energy work, I learned that my empathic ability was a spiritual gift to hone, rather than a psychological defect to medicate.

My discovery of the babaylans paralleled a personal crisis, as I sought to negotiate multiple, often conflicting affiliations, as an academic, spiritual person, Mormon, energy healer, mother, and wife. It wasn't until reading Alexander's chapter on "Sacred

Pedagogies” that I realized my crisis while in the throes of dissertation hell was an invitation from the Divine. Alexander describes a similar experience while she was researching a troubling archive. Trying to recover the history of the crossroads of Mojuba and the life of a plantation woman named Thisbe, Alexander had theorized a set of epistemological questions about the slave’s body as a “locus of an epistemic struggle” (293). She wanted to study African spiritual practices as an epistemological site of historical memory. She theorized that “such memory was necessary to distill the psychic traumas produced” under slavery (293). But the history of Thisbe eluded her, and she encountered a writer's block. After seeking a spiritual solution within her spiritual Vodou community, she learned that the name of the slave was not Thisbe but Kitsimba. The spirit spoke to her. These are Kitsimba’s words:

I wanted her to feel the textured tapestry of my life in the soft markings of her flesh and through this feeling come to know it intimately, feel it as if she were the one who had lived it. She could no longer rely on what was written in books to convey or even arrive at Truth. What was written in those books was not even a faint shadow of me; it had nothing to do with me. (315)

Through the process, Alexander acquired sacred knowledge, not accessible in official archives, about the life of a slave.

Reading about Alexander's experience affirmed that I was treading in similar archival waters in my research of a Filipino counter memory. The truth is that in the process of writing I fell into depression. I felt disenchanting with academic discourse as a

kind of performance, not moored to truth or my life purpose. I had spent years honing my ability to master the language of poststructuralist academic discourse at the expense of dismissing my intuition, an alienation that had rendered me speechless. Alexander describes the stakes of this alienation: "there is a cost associated with taking refuge in the borrowed gifts of alienation that cultivate the practice of forgetting, the refusal to pull on the ancestral cord, denying ourselves life source" (319). And thus, I encountered a writer's block and experienced a mental paralysis that is sometimes called anxiety. Mentioned earlier, I did a web search for alternative treatments for depression and downloaded a manual on how to apply Emotional Freedom Technique (EFT), a simple method using acupuncture points to release negative beliefs and feelings and plug in powerful affirmations to one's subconscious. After experiencing an immediate shift, I was drawn to visit a psychotherapist who specialized in EFT. I discovered that in the process of pursuing the academic life I had ignored my authentic self.

After my epiphany with energetics, I was invited to take a second look at Urduja and her connection to the babaylans. Since my initial intrigue, Urduja's gallant figure has seen me through three pregnancies, a miscarriage, my spouse's five corporate relocations, and chronic illness, all while trying to balance personal life with the dissertation. But the babaylans' recuperation of Urduja endowed her with personal meaning for me. As I identified with the babaylan figure, I began to see my work as a storyteller, an academic version of the shaman, working at the construction of truth to make meaning for self, family, and community. Whereas I began this project with a need to intellectualize my

affinity with a pagan tradition, babaylan Urduja marks an opening up of my divine self, my own babaylan becoming as I have worked within the field of energy medicine to release old patterns, negative thoughts, and beliefs and precipitate healing that extends to my family. While standing firmly in my Mormon faith, I welcome the truth of my grandmothers, truths that we may have sidestepped in the name of progress, industrialization, and even, Christianity.

Though I recognized that my personal crisis was a spiritual gift, not until reading about Alexander's ghostly encounter did I realize that my writer's block represented ancestral spirits seeking my attention. For how could I write an accurate account of imperial memories without acknowledging their stories? The personal and family stories that I include in this project began as a transgressive act. In the process of writing a counter history, family stories and encounters with spirits presented themselves to me. I thought, "You can't write this. It's just an anecdote. How can a ghostly visit count as evidence?" Such stories defied my postmodernist training. But I included the stories anyway with the thought I could always edit later. But the stories grew to become central to my alternative archive of American empire, as Trinh writes, "larger than their own in-significance" (1). I set the intention to write a dissertation that honored my divine self that bridged the secular and spiritual by presenting a counter archive of American empire. Alexander points out how radical a holistic archive might be:

The alignment of mind, body, and Spirit could be expected to assault the social practices of alienation wherever they may be practiced, whether within dominant religion, in the enclosure of the academy with its requirements of corporate time,

or in day-to-day cultural prescriptions of disablement that call these Sacred practices into question and challenge their value. (320)

By expanding the archive to include spirituality, a decolonizing archive responds to centuries of alienation prescribed by modernity.

A central question underlying my dissertation is how we account for those people, events, things, experiences, and sentiments disregarded by conventional history. As I revise my dissertation into a book, I continue to search for those missing narratives critical to telling the story of American empire. In my chapter on the Philippine-American War, I intend to do more research on the archive in the Philippines. What Filipino conversations emerged around sexual atrocities during the United States' Occupation? The United States' archives house many soldiers' accounts of the war. What do the Philippines' archives reveal about Filipina civilians' experiences of imperial violence? I am interested in following the stories in the Philippines and tracing how these histories were remembered, forgotten, or reconciled in later generations. I intend to pick up the threads of testimonies in Chapter 2 and return to the places where violence initially occurred. I would like to recover oral histories from the descendants of the women quoted in Chapter 2. Much in the spirit of Hartman's *Lose Your Mother*, I plan to return to the site of violence and reconstruct life during the American Occupation. I see this journey as a companion chapter to Chapter 2.

Although my last chapter concerns Urduja, I envision the babaylan figure, rather than Urduja, as central to my work. My alternative archive of empire concludes with the babaylan because her figure invokes a different kind of scholarship and intervention in the

west. As I work to transform my dissertation into a book, I will continue to develop what it means to be a babaylan scholar. My dissertation examines how Filipina feminists and artists interpret the babaylan tradition in the United States, but as I revise this dissertation, I want to examine the translation of the babaylan tradition for diasporic Filipinas. What gets lost and retained in the translation? This project will require more research in the Philippines. What does this recovery reveal about the diasporic condition? I see a chapter on the babaylan as a companion chapter to Urduja as I study how the babaylan model is employed in the United States.

The Filipino indigenization movement bridges the psychic and spiritual impasse created by western discourse. As an intellectual and neophyte to indigenization, I offer a rudimentary sketch of what indigenous spirituality looks like. As I conclude this monograph, I learn more. On the last evening of the Babaylan Retreat 2011, we gathered at nearby Lake Ralphine in Santa Rosa, California to make an offering to our ancestors. The twilight sun softly dipped below the trees to the west. A swollen moon awaited evening in the east. This land held the painful memories of my adolescence, but sharp regret troubled me no more. *Balikbayan* describes diasporic Filipinos who return to the homeland. It literally means returning to settlement. *Balik* means return; *bayan* means settlement (Rafael 2006). It is a feeling of coming home. Yet here, in Sonoma County, California, I experienced *balikbayan* at this working retreat for the Center for Babaylan Studies (CFBS).

The retreat's intention was to brainstorm upcoming plans for the Center for

Babaylan Studies, whose main purpose is to educate about indigenous knowledges and practices. The babaylan figure is but one entry point into the processes of decolonization and indigenization. The first night we feasted together. Mila Anguluan Coger led the opening ritual. The first ritual was called "The Gathering." Liza Reyes stood with a bag of scarves tied to her hip. She called to the first person in the circle "Intan, Tera" meaning "Come here from wherever you are. Put your feet on the earth." Each person tied her scarf to the last person on the scarf chain, like a winding snake of scarves and bodies. After every person in the group was welcomed into the chain, the ritual shifted. An outer circle and inner circle formed. Every individual in the inner circle spoke to each member of the outer circle: "I honor you" and shared something unique about that person. Everyone took turns.

Among the group were Filipino artists, writers, musicians, academics, and healers. Virgil Apostol taught us about *Ablon*, the Filipino art of healing. Lily Mendoza lectured on the indigenization movement in the Philippines. Perla Daly presented on the babaylan's many symbols. Lane Wilcken talked about the Filipino art of tattooing as a commitment to one's ancestral family. Leny Strobel discussed the Center's purpose and welcomed us into her home. Titania Bucholdt shared her bamboo percussive instruments, and we danced in a tribal circle. We nourished our bodies with good food. We laughed. We played.

Before the closing ritual of the weekend, we sat on a sharp outcropping of rocks above the lake and recalled our experiences at the retreat. I expressed gratitude to each participant for the gift of acceptance. As a second-generation mestiza Filipino American, it

was the first time I felt I belonged as a Filipina. The retreat ended with a ritual offering called *Atang* in Ilokono. *Atang* is showing respect for our ancestors on the other side of the veil. In Filipino indigenous traditions we honor our ancestors by acknowledging their presence and assistance in our mortal affairs. As my gift, I wrote a note expressing my gratitude to my ancestors for their help in writing my dissertation and overcoming other life challenges. Because of my western biases, I came to the ritual expecting simply a beautiful ceremony, but not necessarily a sacred act.

I was wrong.

Lane Wilcken placed the offering of food and letters on *taltalabong*, a spiritual raft, and uttered a chant of respect to the ancestors. The *taltalabong* drifted out on the lake. Seven geese circled overhead twice from left to right, a Filipino omen that the ancestors were pleased with our offering. To my surprise, I felt my heart surge with joy. I felt the joyful embrace of my ancestors; their strong presence surrounded me. This spiritual experience was more profound than words can convey, but I knew that this indigenous ritual was important. As I honored my indigenous ancestors in a ritual they recognized, I received the impression: "We are always with you."

Once upon a time, I thought language about effecting change was just hopeful rhetoric. It sounded good, but I only half-believed it. What I have come to know through energy healing is the power of words to shift energy, and literally, to shift reality. We are the stories that we tell and the memories that we allow to define us, so why not choose empowering stories? It is not what happens to us that matters, but the stories we tell about

our past and the actions that emanate from our thoughts. The significance of storytelling in directing our reality does not mean that we ignore the past or suppress painful memories. Just as my archival project addresses disturbing memories, previously unacknowledged, and evokes the ghosts of the past, these ghosts no longer need to haunt us once we reckon with their memories. My family ghost stories have appeared throughout *Imperial Remains*, and I have wondered how my readers will react to supernatural tales. But whether readers accept these stories as literal or metaphorical, the conclusion is the same: the ghosts of our past no longer need to haunt us. Walter Benjamin writes, “To articulate the past does not mean to recognize it “the way it really was” (Ranke). It means to seize hold of a memory as it flashes up at a moment of danger” (257). The ghost stories alert us to how the indigenous worldview offers solutions to our postmodern condition.

If the stories we tell define us, then what stories will we tell? If it is true that we can manifest our thoughts, what should be our focus in postcolonial and ethnic studies? If healing from trauma is possible, what new directions would that mean for trauma studies? It may be too soon, but I imagine a time when colonial histories lose their painful sting. I imagine a time when we shrug off old paradigms that no longer serve. My alternative archive of empire is an offering of relics from the past that humbly points us toward how we might use these remains to re-create the present.

ⁱ *Lola* means grandmother.

ⁱⁱ Einstein remarks, “A new type of thinking is essential if mankind to survive and move toward higher levels.” “Atomic Education Urged by Einstein” *New York Times* (25 May 1946).

ⁱⁱⁱ In her forthcoming book *Colonial Cosmopolitanism: American Empire and Filipino American Identity, 1898-1946*, Kimberly Alidio argues that the United States seized Filipinos’ sovereignty through the guise of the Benevolent Assimilation Proclamation informed by “globalized humanism [;] . . . McKinley implicitly stripped Filipinos of political freedom and will” (1-2).

^{iv} The United States inherited Spain’s “problem” of integrating the Muslim-population in the southern islands into the Filipino nation. They viewed the Muslims as “wild” “savages.” Read Donna J. Amoroso’s “Inheriting the “Moro Problem”: Muslim Authority and Colonial Rule in British Malaya and the Philippines” in Go and Foster 118-147.

^v Jose Rizal’s classic novel *Noli Me Tangere* (“touch me not”) describes the abuses of the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines and the need for political reform. See Rizal, Jose. *Noli Me Tangere*. 1887. Trans. [María Soledad Lacson-Loecin](#), Raul L. Loecin. University of Hawaii P, 1997.

^{vi} Brewer’s work studies the Spanish colonial archive to trace the activities of the babaylans, who resisted Spanish colonization and preserved their ways of knowledge despite persecution. Brewer argues that indigenous religious knowledge was “banished beyond the margins” and that passing on esoteric knowledge “became a secretive process, hidden away from inquisitorial prying eyes” (327).

^{vii} Brewer describes a rich account from the Bolinao Manuscript in which the priests cajoled local boys to inform on their own people, destroy the catalonans’ instruments, and defecate on them. On the one hand, she argues that the document reveals the local people’s secrecy and resistance to the Spanish colonizers, but on the other hand, the record describes what must have been a devastating blow to the babaylans, to be betrayed by their youth (296-299).

^{viii} Spanish chroniclers wrote, for instance, that if a married woman committed adultery, the lover was forced to pay a fine to the husband as a penalty. In actuality, the fine was compensation for financial responsibility for any child born of that union. There was no

stigma associated with adultery, a point that Spanish historians failed to point out. Polyandry, or women with plural husbands, was also practiced in the Philippines. See Carolyn Brewer 34-45.

^{ix} Julian Go argues that American exceptionalism constituted this imperial amnesia. See “The Provinciality of American Empire: ‘Liberal Exceptionalism’ and U.S. Colonial Rule, 1898–1912” *Comparative Studies in Society and History* (2007) 49: 74-108.

^x I am indebted to Philippine-based scholars Oscar Campomanes, Reynaldo Ileto, and Resil Mojares, and U.S.-based scholars such as Kimberly Alidio, Nerissa Balce, Rick Bonus, Allen Isaac, Vicente Rafael, Dylan Rodriguez, Sarita See, and Neferti Tadiar (this list is not exhaustive), whose work addresses the violent legacy of Spanish and American colonialism.

^{xi} While Kramer’s method is more conventional, his encyclopedic archive shows how the insular nationalist histories of both the Philippines and the United States are “intertwined” (1248).

^{xii} See Jacqui Alexander’s *Pedagogies of Crossing*. For a review of Chicana spirituality, see Gloria Anzaldúa’s *Borderland/La Frontera*. San Francisco, Aunt Lute 1983; Ana Castillo’s *Massacre of the Dreamers: Essays on Xicanism* Albuquerque: University of New Mexico, 1994; *Latina/o Healing Practices: Mestizo and Indigenous Perspectives*, ed. Brian W. McNeill and Joseph M. Cervantes. New York: Routledge, 2008; and *Mexican American Religions: Spirituality, Activism, and Culture*. Gaston Espinosa and Mario T. Garcia, eds. Durham: Duke UP, 2008.

^{xiii} Benedict Anderson defines a nation as “an imagined political community—and imagined as both inherently limited and sovereign” (6). See Benedict Anderson *Imagined Communities* (London: Verso, 1938).

^{xiv} Read David McCrone’s *The Sociology of Nationalism* for an entry into the debates on formations on nationalism. McCrone, David. *The Sociology of Nationalism: Tomorrow’s Ancestors*. London: Routledge, 1998.

^{xv} For a thoughtful analysis of the indigenization movement, read Lily Mendoza’s *Between Homeland and the Diaspora*. She critiques the hegemony of poststructuralism and postcolonial theories that tend to belittle those theories that do not adhere to its tenets.

^{xvi} Western scholars had observed that there were basic traits of the Filipino such as utang na loob (inner debt), pakikisama (to get along with everyone), and hiya (shame). Filipino

scholars contradicted this assessment by saying that these were only “surface values” rather than core traits (Mendoza 57).

^{xvii} See Strobel’s more recent works on the babaylan: *A Book of Her Own: Words and Images to Honor the Babaylan* and the anthology she edited: *Babaylan: Filipinos and the Call of the Indigenous*.

^{xviii} My initial introduction to energy healing was through Emotional Freedom Technique (EFT), in which the client taps various acupressure points while stating a release statement and affirmations to “reprogram” the mind. This technique is becoming more widely accepted. It has been tested in double-blind studies and used by licensed mental health professionals and at medical establishments such as Kaiser Permanente due to documented success. EFT has been used by volunteers in war-torn countries to help heal victims of PTSD and sexual abuse, as well as U.S. soldiers with PTSD. On a scale of 0-10 (10 being most painful), a traumatic memory may initially register a ‘10’ to a trauma victim, but after using EFT, registers a ‘0’ or a ‘1’. The possibility of healing fascinates me since potentially, it could reshape trauma studies if a trauma memory no longer had power to afflict the trauma victim. To read more about EFT, see Jemmer, Patrick. "Self-Talk: The Spells of Psycho-chaotic Sorcery." *European Journal of Clinical Hypnosis* 9.1 (2009): 51-58. Williams, Carl, Diane Dutton, and Chris Burgess. "Communicating the Intangible: A Phenomenological Exploration of Energy Healing." *Qualitative Research in Psychology* 7.1 (2010): 45-56. Flint, Garry A., Willem Lammers, and Deborah G. Mitnick. "Emotional Freedom Techniques: A Safe Treatment Intervention for Many Trauma Based Issues." *Journal of Aggression, Maltreatment & Trauma* 12.1/2 (2006): 125-150. The Effects of EFT on Long-Term Psychological Symptoms. Rowe, Jack E.. *Counseling & Clinical Psychology Journal*, Sep2005, 2.3:104-111.

^{xix} Feminism from the Philippines did not emerge out of the same history of patriarchal oppression in Europe. Before Spanish colonization, women exercised more freedom. Though they experienced oppression under Spanish rule, vestiges of matriarchal power remained. See Carolyn Brewer’s *Holy Confrontations*.

^{xx} Scholars among the indigenization movement include Leny Strobel, Leny Mendoza, Lily Mendoza, Katrin de Guia, and Grace Nono, though this list is not exhaustive.

^{xxi} I refer to my *lolo*’s birth name Amado Natividad Lopez, rather than his naturalized name Al Lopez. When my grandparents emigrated to the U.S., they changed their names to more “American-sounding names,” from Amado (meaning *beloved* in Spanish) and Floserfina to

Al and Flo, respectively. This naturalization of names always struck me as a kind of violence.

^{xxii} For photographs of this violence displaying Filipino dead bodies heaped in trenches see Paul Kramer's "Race-Making and Colonial Violence in the U.S. Empire: the Philippine-American War as Race War" in *Diplomatic History* 30.2 April 2006: 191.

^{xxiii} Even though the sexual atrocities committed by Japanese and Korean soldiers during the Pacific War remain public memory in the Philippines, the crimes committed against these *lolas* were not acknowledged by the Americans after their victory against the Japanese, and the Japanese government still refuses to admit wrong-doing (Barstow 11-12). See Barstow's *War's Dirty Secret: Rape, Prostitution, and other Crimes against Women*. Cleveland: Pilgrim Press, 2000.

^{xxiv} See Judith Herman *Trauma and Recovery*.

^{xxv} Laura Brown borrows from Maria Root's definition of "insidious trauma" (Maria Root. "Reconstructing the Impact of Trauma on Personality").

^{xxvi} For an insightful historiography of subaltern studies developed in response to mainstream historiography, read Gyan Prakash's "Subaltern Studies as Postcolonial Criticism" in *The American Historical Review* 99.5 (Dec. 1994): 1475-1490. At issue was the agency of the subaltern, the dominance of western knowledge, and intellectuals' elite role in knowledge production.

^{xxvii} To read about the cultural history of American imperialism, gender politics, and the Philippine-American War, read Kristin Hoganson and Paul Kramer.

^{xxviii} For more on the process of decolonization for Filipino Americans, read Leny Strobel's *Coming Full Circle* and Lily Mendoza *Between Homeland and the Diaspora*.

^{xxix} Carolyn Cooper developed the technique called Simply Healed. She is a gifted intuitive, practitioner, and teacher living in St. George, Utah. See www.carolyncooper.com.

^{xxx} I am indebted to Reynaldo Ileto for his attention to this topic. Read "The Philippine-American War: Friendship and Forgetting" in Shaw and Francia 3-21.

^{xxxi} See Christine Chia's "Scenes from a Forgotten War." *Southern Exposure*. XXXIII. 1-2. 2005. The essay includes an intimate photograph of a Filipina dancing. Her performance

becomes captured for Lt. William Winston's private photo album. Chia points out that these soft erotic images of Filipinas were ubiquitous in private and public mediums and side-by-side with photos of dead insurgents or posing indigenous people in ethnic apparel.

^{xxxii} To read more about how public health and education became the vehicle for the U.S. colonial machine, read Reynaldo Ileto's "Cholera and the Origins of the American Sanitary Order in the Philippines," 51-81; Warwick Anderson's "Where Every Prospect Pleases and Only Man is Vile": Laboratory Medicine as Colonial Discourse" in *Discrepant Histories*, ed. Vicente Rafael (Philadelphia: Temple UP, 1995) 83-103; Vicente Rafael's *White Love and other events in Filipino History* (Durham: Duke UP, 2000); and Kimberly Alidio's "When I Get Home I Want to Forget": Memory and Amnesia in the Occupied Philippines" in *Social Text* 59: 17.2 (Summer 1999): 105-122.

^{xxxiii} Originally from Carol Burke's "Marching to Vietnam" *Journal of American Folklore* 102 (October/ December 1989): 424-40.

^{xxxiv} The actual record of this investigation is in "Investigation of alleged abuses by U.S. personnel at Candelaria," 13 April 1902, USNA RG2354 Box 4 OF 367. See also Reynaldo Ileto "The Philippine-American War: Friendship and Forgetting" in Shaw and Francia. Kristin Hoganson mentions the gang-rape at Malabon: "At Malabon three women were raped by the soldiers. . . .Morals became awfully bad." Hoganson makes the following footnote: For an account of gang rape see "Statement of Fred F. Newell," folder Philippines, 1899, box 1892-1902, Herbert Welsh Collection, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. While Hoganson does not give full accounts of rape, *Fighting American Manhood* examines how the metaphor of rape is used by imperialists and anti-imperialists over debates about whether the United States should stay in the Philippines. See also Richard E. Welch, Jr.'s "American Atrocities in the Philippines: The Indictment and the Response in *Pacific Historical Review* 43.2 (May, 1974), pp. 233-253. Welch points out the records of rape charges were all linked to enlisted men, rather than officers, which suggests more leniency to officers who were regarded as gentlemen "who deserved the benefit of the doubt" (240). See Stuart Creighton Miller Miller, Stuart Creighton. *Benevolent Assimilation: The American Conquest of the Philippines, 1899-1903*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1982. Miller mentions that in the Balangiga incident women were supposedly raped by American soldiers, but during the investigation, because the woman was over 60, her testimony wasn't heard. After that, three younger girls lifted up their skirts to show the commanding officer their bruises, but the officer was offended by this display of immodesty.

^{xxxv} Ninotchka Rosca mentions rape during the Philippine-American War in *State of War*. When I spoke to one author has written a story about rape in the Philippines, she told she was unaware of an earlier history of rape during the Philippine-American War. The rape memory of American atrocities is not common knowledge, yet the forgotten memory surfaces in another form.

^{xxxvi} Of course, as in any analogy, a closer reading reveals the discontinuities, where comparisons disintegrate. Prudencia Sedeño resists his advances and is able to fend off full-blown rape. Lt. Baker recognizes that the meeting is not one of mutual attraction, and allows her to leave.

^{xxxvii} I began my research by looking at records from the hometowns of Filipino kin—Dinalupihan, Bataan, and Baleno, Masbate. I hoped to find details about my family and life with the new occupiers. I found the following story: a soldier goes AWOL and assaults two civilian women. The Filipino men in the family defend them. The soldier's two military companions attempt to return to camp, and the diversion saves the women from further violence. This story never attracts the attention of Congress, yet I suggest is representative of invisible stories of sexual violence in the imperial archive. Masbate, Letters Sent. RG 395 E 4432, 19, August 1, 1900.

^{xxxviii} When Sebastiana and two other witnesses make their complaint to the commanding officer on duty, Captain A. M. Fuller, 9th Calvary, they identify Pvt. Grigsby by his gold teeth in the ranks. Pvt. Grigsby informs the captain that his companion Pvt. Victor, who also possesses gold teeth, is the perpetrator.

^{xxxix} One of the arguments presented at the trial was a question of whether or not the crime should be tried under the 58th article of war rather than the 62nd article of war: “the crime of rape, under the Spanish law, is not and has not been a capital offense in these Islands.”

^{xl} This testimony is from a group of statements Aldiana made while at court to the counsel, prosecution, and Judge-Advocate. I combined them to give a snapshot of her story.

^{xli} Lisa Price argues that a “potent tripartite combination of imperialist thought, racial inequality, and sexual inequality. . . perpetuate(s) violence against Asian women by White men” (287).

^{xlii} See www.theinnocenceproject.org for a history of eyewitness error in selecting the perpetrator in the line-up. Faultiness of memory, the eyewitness is led to believe that the perpetrator must be in the line-up. There's the example of Jennifer Thompson who falsely

identified Ronald Cotton as her rapist. He served 11 years in prison. Even in a second court trial, Jennifer Thompson believed Ronald Cotton was the rapist, even when the actual rapist was in court.

^{xliii} See Reynaldo Ileto's "The Philippine-American War: Friendship and Forgetting" in Francia and Shaw. Kristin Hoganson's *Fighting for American Manhood*, and Stuart Creighton Miller's "*Benevolent Assimilation*."

^{xliv} I believe that this incident is referred to by Miller and Hoganson as the Malabon gang rape. According to the list of convicted court-martials, there is no other gang rape than the one above. But Newell mentions in his letter: "At Malabon three women were raped by the soldiersMorals became awfully bad." For an account of gang rape see "Statement of Fred F. Newell," folder Philippines, 1899, box 1892-1902, Herbert Welsh Collection, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. Found in Hoganson.

^{xlv} The soldier-perpetrators were all convicted: Pvt. Otto Conine, 16 US Infantry, found guilty of rape of mother and wife; Corporal George Danphoffer, 16th US Infantry, guilty of rape of wife in front of husband, and Pvt. Peter McBennett, found guilty of rape of mother.

^{xlvi} "Mass Meetings of Protest Against the Suppression of Truth about the Philippines"

^{xlvii} In his court martial Pvt. Welch is tried and convicted for a crime that occurred on March 29-30th, but all the witnesses testify that the disturbance occurred near the end of April 1901. The Judge Advocate records show the arrest and correspondence begin on April 7th. The discrepancy of dates may have discredited the witnesses' testimonies to result in a stronger conviction. Nevertheless, Pvt. Welch is convicted for the lesser charge of disorderly conduct.

^{xlviii} See also the court martial of Albert Edward Coleridge, convicted for assault and battery of a Filipina civilian Regina Calderon.

^{xlix} Similar to an earlier case in this chapter, there is a difficulty reading and recognizing the other. When Daniel Mas, brother of Pedro, is asked if he had ever seen the accused he says, "The white man (Private Higgins) is the only one I am acquainted with. I may have seen the others before but I couldn't distinguish them from the other negro soldiers." The witnesses claim they cannot distinguish the black soldiers from other soldiers. This story shows how racial prejudice hinders the witnesses' ability to identify the assailant.

^l The former Private Clay writes a letter requesting clemency in which he claims that he was framed because the wife of the Lieutenant did not like him and paid a Filipina woman thirty dollars to claim he raped her. He claims that the Lieutenant's wife singled him out to dislike because he did not raise his hat to her on the street. Whether the framing claim is false, his description of his interactions with the Lieutenant's wife provokes curiosity about race relations in the Philippines.

^{li} Leoncia Herrera is the only witness who claims Leonara was resisting unwanted sexual advances. He was standing three yards away.

^{lii} The incident at Mount Arayat between the American soldiers and the "insurgents" looms in the background of this story. One soldier witness testifies that they had been in Mount Arayat only ten days prior (Arnold vs. United States 9). In Reynaldo Ileto's *Pasyon and the Revolution*, he describes the importance of Mount Arayat as a hotbed of guerrilla activity. My hunch is that Leonara's death is intimately linked to the story of Mount Arayat. More research is needed to develop this point.

^{liii} In contrast, Filipino literature in English represents memories of Japanese sexual atrocities committed against Filipino civilians. See novels by Cecilia Brainard, Teresa Holthe, and Peter Bacho, to name a few.

^{liv} This chapter focuses on rape stories by American soldiers, but there were also American civilians detained by the U.S. Army who were convicted of raping Filipina civilians. See the court-martials of William Harvey and Robert Porter.

^{lv} The museum's adjacent archive, the Nimitz Education and Research Center, houses over 48,000 photographs, books, private papers, oral histories, and other manuscripts in its collection, which includes over 8200 recorded interviews of WWII veterans.

^{lvi} Lt. Jared R. Allen, Capt. Terry J. Allen, Lt. Al Lopez, Jr., Master-Chief Petty Officer Al Lopez, and Jose Relova, respectively. The claim about my uncle Al Lopez, Jr. being the first Filipino American to graduate from the Naval Academy is according to family lore. Several of my grandmother's siblings served in the United States Navy or married a spouse who served in the military, which includes two sisters who were nurses. My cousin Jeremy Lopez also served in the United States Marines. For us, the United States Navy is a family affair, underwritten by United States' colonial history.

^{lvii} At times, the establishment may be at odds with the actions of the military. For example, after the Vietnam War, public sentiment was not supportive of the military actions. A

museum dedicated to a heavily contested war might require a more nuanced view of war, such as the National Museum of Vietnam War in Mineral Wells, Texas. We have yet to see how Guantanamo Bay will be remembered in history, especially now that the White House has expressed disapproval of its military interrogation tactics.

^{lviii} The DSM's new definition of PTSD includes trauma that is not experienced directly, which contrasts with a previous definition: "characterized by the re-experiencing of an extremely traumatic event accompanied by the symptoms of increased arousal and by avoidance of stimuli associated with trauma" (*Dictionary of Statistics and Manual*. American Psychiatric Publishing, 2000).

^{lix} For example, another military museum is the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum. Luke points out that the Air and Space Museum "has always served explicitly on many levels as a high-visibility memorial to the fight that was World War II" (Luke 21). He analyzes how the museum becomes the site of a cultural war between aged veterans and political conservatives who want to preserve the memories of the sacrifice of WWII veterans and the post-WWII generation, growing up during the Cold War, who question the validity of the Cold War and nuclear armament. The controversy reflects ". . . the need felt by World War II veterans to memorialize America's once-vaunted military prowess taps into deep-seated fears about collective identity and purpose for the United States in the future" (Luke 33).

^{lx} Originally found in *Espiritu* 107.

^{lxi} See Pierre Bourdieu. *The Field of Cultural Production*. Randal Johnson, ed. Columbia UP, 1993.

^{lxii} In contrast, nurse and POW "Sally" Millet talks about the efficient organization of the Americans at Santo Tomas and how "we had a lot of entertainment" at the internment camp (16).

^{lxiii} The oral histories of the American POWs shape the narratives surrounding the artifacts in the museum. For example, J.S. Gray describes the grueling Death March in which soldiers marched seven to ten days without any food or water. The Japanese would not allow their captives to drink water. If a soldier was sick, he recalls, the Japanese "would reach over grab him by the neck and put a bayonet through his temple. He would kill him right there. If he wiggled after that, they would shoot him in the head. . . . They didn't want us. They tried to starve us to death. You have no idea how it is to be desperate for a drink of water" (Gray 10). When asked about receiving assistance from Filipino civilians,

Gray replies, “Yes, many lined the narrow roads holding food and water, but the Japs wouldn’t let them give us any of it. If [sic] they tried too, they were killed on the spot” (11).

^{lxiv} For example, former President George W. Bush touted the Philippines as a shining example of democracy to support his policy in Iraq in a 2003 visit to the Philippines. David Sanger’s article “Bush Cites Philippines as Model in Rebuilding Iraq” *New York Times* Oct. 19, 2003.

^{lxv} Neferti Tadiar puts it this way: “Perpetually striving and failing to realize the ideals of freedom, equality, sovereignty, and progress defined by and as the US, the Philippines is the embodiment of the blocked fulfillment of these ideals within the prevailing, global fantasy. In this way the Philippines has served as an intractable object of US (as well as Philippine) desire—the object of countless projects of aid, development, modernization and structural readjustment . . . (28).

^{lxvi} The photo, taken Feb. 2005, depicts the gnarled roots of a banyan tree taking over the decimated barracks, but the photo is now outdated. Since a “restoration” in which the trees have been removed, the barracks now look more barren. The clash between American tourists and the National Historical Society’s modernization efforts could be a seed for another article.

^{lxvii} The museum is part of the Filipino Heroes Memorial, designed by artist Manuel Casal in 1987, which showcases 14 large-scale bronze relief murals depicting Filipino heroes from the Battle of Mactan (1521) to more recent heroes during the People Power Revolution (1986).

^{lxviii} See Leslie Bedford (2001). “Storytelling: The Real Work of Museums.” *Curator* 44(1) 27-34.

^{lxix} Photo. “Four-Starred General MacArthur and Two-starred Chief of Staff, General Sutherland, Step Briefly out of the Main Entrance to the Corregidor Tunnels.” *Life Magazine*. 12:13 (April 13, 1942):25.

^{lxx} In *The Miseducation of the Filipino*, Renato Constantino argues, “The molding of men’s minds is the best means of conquest. Education, therefore, serves as a weapon in wars of colonial conquest” (Constantino and Constantino 2).

^{lxxi} Carlos Bulosan echoes this sentiment in *America is in the Heart*.

^{lxxii} John Burton suggests that Ibn Batuta may have pieced together elements of Urduja's story from the legend of the daughter of Kaidu (d.1301). Marco Polo wrote about a Tartan princess who refused to marry any suitor unless he could vanquish her (35). Like Urduja, she was an accomplished warrior. Burton notes that Urduja's southeast asian counterpart is Princess Sadong of Lankasula: "This beautiful but headstrong young lady rules over a race of dwarfs and refused all suitors who offered to marry her. She was wild in her ways and preferred the goats of the mountains and the fresh open air to any human companionship" (38). When one suitor deeply offended her, she stabbed him and ordered her guards to kill him upon his return to the palace.

^{lxxiii} The Amazonian woman warrior originates from Greek legend of a nation of women warriors, but many cultures offer their own versions of woman warriors, such as Hua Mulan in China, the Trung sisters in Vietnam, and Joan of Arc in France. The trope of a beautiful warrior princess who intimidates potential suitors by challenging them to combat is familiar in Arabic folklore. For an overview of woman warriors in Arabic tales, see E.J. Brill's "Warrior Women in Arabic Popular Romance" in *Journal of Arabic Literature*, XXIV (1993): 213-230.

^{lxxiv} I am indebted to Geraldine Heng's reading of an earlier version of this chapter, as well as her team-taught seminar, Global Interconnections in the Medieval World, for prompting my interest in the medieval Philippines and by association, Urduja.

^{lxxv} Philippine indigenous spirituality perceives the self already in relation to others, as defined by the idea of *kapwa*. Spirituality is not an individual quest for enlightenment, as perceived in the West, but spirituality is defined in relation to one's community, extending from one's family to the global community. Spiritual empowerment entails bettering one's community.

^{lxxvi} See E.J. Brill's "Warrior woman in Arabic popular romance" for an overview of the woman warrior figure in Arabic literature.

^{lxxvii} See John Burton, Rosario Cortes, Marisa Nelmda Flores, Rosa Maria Magno, and Nicolas Zafra.

^{lxxviii} Delmendo points out that Rizal's status as national hero is in debate, particularly because he did not advocate independence from Spain. The United States' endorsement of Jose Rizal problematizes Rizal as a national hero because he embodied a nationalism that furthered their colonial project (Delmendo 24-25). I find this debate about Rizal's place in history parallels Urduja's place. Both icons are troubled by nationalist dreams.

^{lxxxix} In fact, Mary John Mananzan writes that if a woman was “especially distinguished due to family connections or personal merits, her husband . . . took her name” (1). Mananzan, Mary John. “The Precolonial Filipina.”

^{lxxx} For example, Maximo Kalaw’s *The Filipino Rebel* promotes the benefits of the American occupation. A peasant woman and revolutionary, Josepha, benefits from American generosity and public education. In an effort to become worthy of the man she loves, she moves to the city and attends school. Her American associations and education allows her to become more refined, and she uses her knowledge and grace to further the Filipino cause. Here, Josepha represents one version of the modern Urduja, resurrected in western garb, an ideal symbol of Filipina womanhood wedded to American imperialism. Read Kalaw, Maximo M. *The Filipino Rebel; a Romance of American Occupation in the Philippines*. Manila: The Educational Supply, 1930.

^{lxxx} He says Urduja seems more “like a fairytale princess” (Scott, *Prehispanic Source Materials for the Study of Philippine History* 83).

^{lxxxii} Burton reviews the archeological and linguistic evidence to conclude that the kingdom of Tawalisi would be present day Formosa. But he suggests that due to cultural contact and migration between the Philippines and Formosa, “the Philippine ethnicity of Urduja, if indeed she existed, is in no way discredited, for she was at least of Visayan if not Pangasinan descent” (38).

^{lxxxiii} See Karen Pennrich’s video on the Babaylan conference April 2010. Interview of Strobel. Accessed November 2010.

^{lxxxiv} Originally located in Andico’s article “The Involvement of Women in the 1931 Tayug Uprising.

^{lxxxv} Read Vina A. Lanzona’s *Amazons of the Huk Rebellion*. Madison: U of Wisconsin P, 2009.

^{lxxxvi} Also see Reynaldo Ileto’s *Pasyon and Revolution* for his analysis of what inspired the masses to participate in the Colorum movement and other revolts.

^{lxxxvii} Gyanendra Pandey, “Peasant Revolt and Indian Nationalism,” In *Selected Subaltern Studies*, ed. Ranajit Guha and Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1988); Reynaldo Ileto, “Outlines of a Nonlinear Emplotment of Philippine History,” in

Reflections on Development in Southeast Asia, ed. Lim Teck Ghee (Singapore: ASEAN Economic Research Unit, Institute of Southeast Asian Studies, 1988).

^{lxxxviii} Castro-Palaganas, Erlinda. "Onward with the Cordillera Indigenous Women's Struggle for Liberation, Democracy, and Self-Determination." *Signs: Journal of Women in Culture & Society* 35.3 (2010): 550-558. Academic Search Complete. EBSCO. Web. 3 Dec. 2010.

^{lxxxix} See Sandra Messenger Cypress' *La Malinche in Mexican Literature: from History to Myth* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1991) for an analysis of La Malinche's palimpsest figure in Mexican history. Also see Gloria Anzaldúa's *Borderlands/ La Frontera*, and Ana Castillo's *Goddesses de las Americas* New York, Riverhead Books, 1996. The dissertation's revision into a book publication explores in detail the comparisons between Chicana and Filipina indigenous spirituality.

^{xc} For a macro-analysis of women's work in the Philippines, see Elizabeth Uy Eviota's *The Political Economy of Gender: Women and the Sexual Division of Labour in the Philippines*. She explains how the United Nations created Women in Development as a vehicle to empower women in developing countries so that they may integrate in the market (154).

^{xc1} In other Philippine dialects various terms describe the shaman, including *catalonan*, *baylan*, and *maganito*. Babaylan is a feminist appropriation of the Visayan word with *babae*, the Tagalog word for woman, because it links "femaleness with the priestly function" (Brewer 157).

^{xcii} See Elizabeth Uy Eviota's *The Political Economy of Gender: Women and the Sexual Division of Labour in the Philippines* (Manila: Zed Books, 1992).

^{xciii} Blair, Emma Helen, et al. *The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803: Explorations by Early Navigators, Descriptions of the Islands and Their Peoples, Their History and Records of the Catholic Missions, as Related in Contemporaneous Books and Manuscripts, Showing the Political, Economic, Commercial and Religious Conditions of Those Islands from Their Earliest Relations with European Nations to the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century*. 55 vols. Cleveland, Ohio: A.H. Clark Co., 1903.

^{xciv} Her Muslim identity and subsequent elision of that identity tell another story about imperial trauma against the backdrop of Muslim separatist groups in Southern Philippines who continue to resist Philippine state and American efforts to pacify them.

^{xcv} The group exhibition, entitled “*Walong Filipina*,” featured the works of eight Pangasinan women artists. Liongoren Gallery and Tawir Pangasinan Heritage Foundation organized the exhibition that was installed in Dagupan City, Pangasinan.

^{xcvi} Interestingly, Poethig’s Urduja is the only Urduja representation in my research that suggests Muslim ties. The anomaly flags my attention. Perhaps, the exclusion suggests an anxiety about the “right” fantasy for negotiating memories of American imperialism. Some fantasies might be coded better than others for negotiating cultural trauma, particularly in a political climate that demonizes martial Muslims, such as our warrior-pirate Urduja might represent.

^{xcvii} Furthermore, the strength of the economy relies greatly upon remittances, totally 14.7 billion in 2007 (Asia Focus). Although the Philippines have a substantial college-educated middle class, high unemployment and underemployment causes them to seek work abroad.

^{xcviii} Geraldine Heng made this comment in reading of an early draft of this chapter.

^{xcix} My initial research on the medieval Philippines began in 2004. Over four years later, I tried a similar Google search and discovered that Urduja’s standing in for medieval Philippines no longer holds true.

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