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Welcome to Silicon Valley! You must be a teacher...no? A...a salesman? Then what...oh! An engineer? I'm *so* sorry, sir. It's just that you're, well...white.

Welcome to Silicon Valley, indeed. 48% of the population speak a different language at home, and 35% are foreign-born. We've been blamed for the "white flight" and accused of messing with the SAT curve...there's no wonder so many white people resent us and the other minorities that live in the U.S. We've taken American jobs; white people don't want us taking their culture, too. Unfortunately, even though many of us foreigners *try* to fit in, the colors of our skins prevent us from really truly becoming "Americans". Those of us who *did* succeed in adapting American culture are being called...well, baked goods.

I guess racists are really in touch with their deeper, more philosophical sides: Twinkies and Oreos? Not only are they colored on the outside and white on the inside, but they're *all-American* as well. It's amazing how being called such a sweet treat can hurt as much as it does. I'm such a successful Twinkie that I've even been advised to be more Asian! "Keep it real", one blond girl said to me once. "You don't have to try to be white...let the Asian in you out a bit."

Thanks, Yoda. I'll keep that in mind.

What makes up a person's cultural identity? Do Asians need to wear suspenders and pocket protectors to "keep it real"? Do black people need to wear their pants around their knees and do Jews need to wear yarmulkes to "keep it real"? Maybe it's different in Silicon Valley, but I didn't grow up in an Asian community. I attended St. Gabriel as an elementary schooler in San Francisco and watched longingly, estranged because of my black hair and tiny eyes, as my white classmates combed their blond locks and in turn watched me suspiciously through astonishingly blue ones. It was extraordinarily painful to be racially separated from one's peers, so I did what I had to do to survive: I adapted. Gone were the bowl haircut and Mary-Janes with white socks that my classmates had so made fun of; in were shoulder-length hair and Sketchers with striped socks.

Was that when I turned into a Twinkie? No. I still spoke Korean at home and ate ethnic food and dressed up in cultural clothing on special occasions. But who hasn't? I "kept it real" despite my situation...yet the situation itself was a paradox. I was yellow on the outside and white on the inside, but every now and then I lost my vanilla center.

Even now. I still wonder what white people want from me. As long as I'm the person I want to be and don't lose my sense of identity as an Asian American, I'm fine with my whiteness. Hey, Yoda! Stop by Trader Joe's and pick up a bag of Jet Puffs, you

racist.

Me? I'd rather have a Twinkie.