12 IT'S MY REVOLUTION
Learning to See the Mixedblood

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It takes a long time to make an outfit, you know. You can go through life and keep adding on to that outfit. Because there are different circumstances that surround different items that you add to your outfit. When you're dancing, these things that are in the regalia, they bring out a shine. You actually shine out there, and you feel good about yourself. Everybody can do that. It's not just for Anishinabe people. It's for everyone.

—Ron Davis, Ojibwa Grass Dancer

Erase our bodies and we merely dance to music we cannot hear.

—Kristie Fleckenstein, "Writing Bodies"

Moments after dancing in my one and only powwow, I encountered something my mother, an Ojibwa Jingle Dancer (among other things), explains as commonplace.

Having just finished a pink shawl dance—a dance organized to raise breast cancer awareness in native communities—I stepped outside to get some air and reflect on my experience dancing in a space I felt was reserved for "real" Indians, not mixedbloods like me. As I tried to overcome an overwhelming sense that the "real Indians" were staring at me and gossiping about how I didn't belong, a woman and her two children approached me. The woman stared quizzically at my pink shawl, slowly extended her hand and said, "It's so beautiful, what does your costume mean?" In this moment, my emotions were terribly mixed. At first, I was surprised to have someone speak to me—a light-skinned, blue-eyed, more-Finnish-than-Ojibwa-girl—as though I actually knew something about being Indian. Surprise was slowly overtaken by my feelings of being an imposter: "Who am I to say anything about what my shawl means? I only know what my mother taught me!" (which, in retrospect, is a lot). Then it hit me: "Wait, did she just say 'costume'?"

In this moment of confusion, an internal debate waged in my brain between offering a detailed explanation of my pink shawl and making a hasty proclamation that my regalia is not a costume but is an embodied signifier of my past and present experiences as a mixedblood Indian. I set aside my own dilemmas and settled on a brief explanation of my mother's

clan and the four colors, yet in that moment I acknowledged firsthand what my mother has always professed to me: regalia, that is the dance outfit one wears during a powwow, is not costume but instead is identity.

In this paper, I use the concept of regalia as a lens for looking at the MySpace profiles of three mixedblood Native Americans. While MySpace profiles and powwow regalia may seem odd bedfellows (and in spite of Facebook's takeover of MySpace as the most popular social-networking site), I assert that the materiality inferred in concepts of regalia are important for understanding online representations of self, representations encouraged by the various social-networking platforms with which we engage. Regalia is not something one simply dons atop the self for the sake of play or trivial performance; instead, regalia is an intimate expression of self. Regalia is not bracketed off from "real" life but instead is part of an ongoing process. Seeing online identities not as bracketed costume but instead as material expression encourages an examination of online identities as part of the complex ecology of meaning and not merely as an isolated snapshot of performance. More specifically, to look at mixedbloods' online expressions through regalia is to examine the material complexities of identifying as mixedblood both on and offline.

THE POSSIBILITY AND VISIBILITY OF THE MIXEDBLOOD

To be an American Indian is complicated in today's American culture. On the one hand, there are real legal requirements for how much blood is required for the federal government to recognize someone as Indian (generally $^1/_4$, although individual tribal rules vary). On the other hand, to be recognized as Indian by a non-Indian generally requires physical attributes or adornment rendered recognizable by outsiders. Additionally, being recognized by other Indians as Indian also varies, and often depends on who you know, where you grew up, and whether or not you take part in the culture of the given tribe. While there was a time in our country's history when it was in many Indians' best interest to self-identify as *not Indian*, today's new-age mysticism attached to being Indian has many folks clamoring to find that 1/64 of Cherokee blood. Being seen as an Indian is messy, slippery, tricky, and political; being seen as a mixedblood Indian—that is, one whose parents are not both fullbloods—is often an even messier, if not impossible, endeavor. Many others before me have discussed these complications in detail (Clifton; P. Deloria; V. Deloria; Garroutte; Mihesuah) and my point here is not to rehash these discussions but instead to examine how self-representations in online spaces—specifically when viewed through the lens of regalia, which I'll discuss shortly—work to illuminate the complex materiality of being and representing the self as a mixedblood Indian. Briefly, though, I want to

describe what's at stake when considering how and if mixedblood Indians identify as Indian at all.

In "Blood and Scholarship," Malea Powell describes how "Un-seeing Indians gave (and still give) Euro-Americans a critical distance from materiality and responsibility, a displacement that is culturally valued and marked as 'objectivity'" (3). This "un-seeing" of Indians exists in part by the denial or brushing over of America's bloody past and also through the belief that "real" Indians only exist in the stereotypes of what an Indian should look like, act like, and believe in. This act of unseeing comes with a host of problems for full-blooded Indians, including an unseeing by those in power of the political, economic, and social issues relevant to today's Native American. If Western culture unsees the Indian, is there any possibility for seeing the mixedblood—an identity that thoroughly disrupts neatly and hegemonically constructed racial divides? Is the only way to see mixedbloods to see them as Indian, an already problematic site of visibility? Does seeing the mixedblood work to further erase the Indian?

When considering the case of the mixedblood's visibility, Resa Crane Bizarro describes how mixedbloods "are consistently excluded from being Indians in our country today by a variety of forces" (71). These forces include real legal forces concerning what it takes to be an Indian—for example, blood quantum and enrollment cards to mark who still counts as Indian—as well as our own *mythos* of what an Indian should be. While there might be a real political or personal impetus for mixedbloods to be included as Indian, as Bizarro contends, the fact remains that mixedbloods don't fall into a neatly decided racial category. For mixedbloods to be seen as Indian, an act I'm not entirely sure is always the best option, a host of requirements are necessary.

As Eva Maria Garroutte points out in *Real Indians*, "Indians are generally required—both by law and by popular opinion—to establish rather high blood quanta in order for their claims to racial identity to be accepted as meaningful, the individual's opinion notwithstanding" (47). The problem for mixedbloods when identifying as Indian isn't only an issue of recognition by non-Indians, it is also an issue of recognition by Indians themselves. Garroutte describes how, along with quantum, physical appearance plays a large part in who is recognized as Indian not only by outsiders but also by Indians themselves: "Many Indian people, both individually and collectively, continue to embrace the assumption that close biological connections to other Indian people—and the distinctive physical appearance that may accompany those connections—imply a stronger claim on identity than do more distant ones" (52).

This claim on identity, along with its ties to quantum and appearance, is also tied to stereotypes of the Indian. While Indians themselves

don't always buy into these stereotypes, non-Indians, when looking to see Indians, often fall into this visual trap—a trap that fetishizes what it means to be American Indian. This fethishization is manifested in popular visual representations of the Indian (think your typical mascot, or your cigar store Indian), thus providing a visual standard by which to measure the "real Indian." Native artist and scholar Erica Lord describes how common stereotypical visual representations—the noble savage, the wise medicine man, the Indian maiden—have not only remained the same for the past two hundred years, but also serve to distance, or in Powell's words "unsee," the contemporary Indian. These images, Lord describes, function as "an attempt (even if it is unconscious) to keep the Native in the past, easily recognizable, simple, and, essentially, separate and different from 'us'" (1). This separation and fetishizing of the Indian serves to deny "the identities of contemporary Natives who do not fulfill the traditional stereotypes" (4). Additionally, while many contemporary Natives are mixedblood, visual representations of mixedbloods are not common, or at least not commonly recognized, in the popular landscape. Lord describes this absence:

> A visual representation of a mixed-blood individual could mean several things: that the threatening idea of miscegenation exists, that the culture is diluting and dying through the 'breeding out' of the Native, or simply, these mixed blood images do not exist because they are not as visually interesting—they do not create a story to believe in. (4)

If visual representations of mixedbloods don't create a story to believe in, what do they create? Garroutte notes that "for centuries, mixed bloods have bridged the chasms between cultures—bridged it with their bodies, bridged it with their spirits, bridged it with their consciousnesses, bridged it often whether they were willing or unwilling" (57). Mixedbloods occupy that chasm in between, representing to both Indian and non-Indian cultures the shifting and permeable boundaries of race and identification. As Ojibwa Grassdancer Ron Davis said in the opening quote, "It takes a long time to make an outfit, you know. You can go through life and keep adding on to that outfit. Because there are different circumstances that surround different items that you add to your outfit." Mixedblood's outfits are constantly made and remade, sometimes in ways in which Indians and non-Indians acknowledge them as Indian, and other times in ways in which the category of Indian begins to slip and fall away. Again, Garroutte's words seem relevant: "Though one's actual blood quantum obviously cannot change, the definition of identity that depends upon it can and does. Biological Indianness, just as much as legal Indianness, can wink in and out of existence, sometimes with remarkable rapidity" (53).

I feel there is value in learning how to see not only the Indian—be she traditional or modern, powwow or hiphop, rez or urban, dark or light skinned—but also the mixedblood. To unsee the mixedblood, or to only see her in terms of Indian or non-Indian, is to view *Indian* itself as a static category trapped in stereotypes and outsider expectations. This narrow way of seeing, particularly if it only sees Indian as one thing, facilitates a worldview in which Indian culture is so fixed and tied to traditional ways that it risks being seen as dying. Additionally, to see the mixedblood would mean grappling with slippery categories of race and acknowledging the various reasons someone may want to be seen as Indian or non-Indian. I do believe there is something to be said for those, such as Vine Deloria, who question and challenge mixedbloods' desire to be Indian, and I am not asking you to see mixedbloods necessarily as Indian, but instead as what they are: mixed. As a mixedblood myself, I ask others to see me as mixed, as a blending of cultures, as one whose sweatlodge is the Finnish sauna. I propose that a starting place for reseeing the mixedblood in contemporary terms is to look online—to the spaces where users are asserting their identities in ways that illustrate not only the existence and persistence of the mixedblood, but whose visual, aural, and textual choices illustrate the complexities of this category and the embodied nature of the online self.

SEEING THE MIXEDBLOOD THROUGH REGALIA

In order to resee (or perhaps fully see for the first time) the mixedblood in online spaces, I caution against theorizing online identities as bracketed performances separated from the material realities of the body.

In the article "Beyond Anonymity, or Future Directions for internet Identity Research," Helen Kennedy argues that online selves are inextricably linked with offline selves, and for this reason "it is necessary to go beyond internet identities, to look at offline contexts of online selves, in order to comprehend virtual life fully" (861). Kennedy encourages us not to "lose sight of identity as embodied experience" or "as identity-as-practice" (873). She argues against Sherry Turkle's sometimes lauded and sometimes contested assertion in *Life on the Screen* that anonymity online can equal power—at least in the sense that it can free one from raced, classed, and gendered bodies that may otherwise be discriminated against. In her own study of the homepages of minority working-class women in the UK, Kennedy discovered that "students showed no sign of wanting to hide their gender and ethnicity and so 'benefit' from the possibility of anonymity that cyberspace offered them" (867). In this way, identity online is, for many users, a continuum of their offline selves and a place where they can represent various pieces and connections that make them who they are. As Kennedy describes, "Online lives are lived and produced in the context of

life offline" and I would argue that the reverse can be true as well. Online and offline life functions in a feedback loop where materiality matters.

The theoretical belief that users online can easily create and embody any online identity is particularly problematic when it comes to issues of race. This belief that users will strive for anonymity when beneficial, or that they even can achieve some level of anonymity, imagines online identity as costume where any and all identifying marks are made available to individuals who can unproblematically try on different masks as their mood, need, or desire suits them. For example, were one able to merely don an identity costume online, then the mixedblood could play white/black/Asian/Hispanic, or Indian instead of being materially enmeshed with a body that is, in daily life, read in particular ways. Thinking of online representations as costume implies a separation of offline life from online life. This division erodes the possibility of seeing how one is not separate from the other, and how both are material spaces.

To bracket materiality is to deny the complex ecology that goes into identity. Kristie Fleckenstein, when speaking about the concept of embodied literacy, says,

> Meaning is always about an identity that has no existence outside that system. . . . Identity for any single aspect of meaning is embedded within the dynamic of the jointly crafted context. We cannot excise one element and attempt to define it outside its immersion within a system of relationships. Nor can we point to a single site within the system and say that identity starts or stops here. It is dispersed throughout the entire system. (*Embodied Literacies* 166–67)

This dispersal of relationships transcends the off/online barrier and acknowledges that meaning, identity, and in this case race, are all dependent on an ecology of relationships. So as to acknowledge the social and cultural meaning of production—whether it be the production of the self online, or the production of an idea through writing—we cannot view identity online as a separate, immaterial costume. Instead, I propose that identity in online space can be seen as regalia.

To understand online identity as regalia is to understand it as an embodied visible act that evolves and changes, and that represents one's history, one's community, and one's self within that particular moment. Regalia, in the sense I'm using it, refers to the outfits worn by powwow dancers. In a powwow, the regalia functions as an expression of dancers' lives and represents a range of the dancer's experiences: families, hobbies, dreams, and religious beliefs. Most dancers make clear that regalia should never be referred to as costume, as "the term costume denotes artificiality and wear that is donned for an event that is not part of one's ongoing life" ("The Regalia"). Just as thinking of online representations as costume negates the

ecology of meaning tied up in any representation, calling a powwow dancer's regalia a "costume" denies how regalia is "part of one's ongoing life."

Regalia firmly positions one within a shifting continuum of embodied identities. The act of identification continues to change, just as some powwow dancers change their regalia from year to year, powwow to powwow. I know one woman who, on the first day of a two-day powwow, wears a jingle dress. After a day of jingle dancing, she changes and performs in a traditional dress on day two. She makes this change in regalia in part because her feet hurt after a day of jingle dancing, and in part because she feels the need to engage in both dances. Change in regalia also happens based on gifts a dancer has received, things a dancer has learned, dreams a dancer has had, and any meaningful encounter the dancer feels is important to represent. For example, throughout the years, dancers may add ribbons, feathers, beadwork, or other appliqués to their regalia. While the representation may change, it remains a material act enmeshed with the everyday.

Similarly, for powwow dancers there is no contradiction in blending historic elements with modern (or, perhaps, seemingly "untraditional") elements. For example, at a recent powwow I saw a young girl with beaded unicorns on the skirt of her regalia and a number of young men using bright neon colored ribbons: neither unicorns nor neon green have any cultural significance for the Ojibwa people of the Upper Great Lakes. Additionally, a colleague recently told of an amusing discovery: she found her uncle's regalia from the mid-1980s donned with elaborate beadwork representing the popular Atari game *Space Invaders*.

Before moving on, I want to make clear that I am not trying to negate the spiritual element of powwow regalia, nor am I trying to equate that spiritual element with any element found on a MySpace profile. Caveats aside, I believe that thinking through online identities through the lens of regalia as it is understood in powwow culture opens up possibilities for reseeing identity and can provide a framework outside the familiar with which to investigate identity not as merely a costume worn in online spaces in order to shun bodily binds such as race, class, and gender, but instead as a continuum of the offline self which mixes and remixes components of the past and present in order to arrive at an unfixed identity. Regalia acknowledges the shifting self, and can help us see the mixedblood outside the traditional lenses afforded.

MYSPACE MIXEDBLOODS

In order to explore how regalia can help us see online representations, I explore the MySpace profiles of three mixedblood American Indians. These profiles were chosen based on my personal knowledge of these three individuals; that is, I knew they were mixedblood and was curious to see how

they negotiated race in the template-driven parameters of a MySpace template. Each profile, as seen through the lens of regalia, opens up possible ways of questioning and reseeing the mixedblood through the permeable boundary of offline and online lives. Additionally, these profiles indicate how "mixedblood" isn't an available category for some users, both within the confines of MySpace as well as within their daily lives. Some of my analysis might seem arguably problematic in that I'm looking for identifiable traits that users enact to represent themselves as Indian, as mixed, or as Other. This looking for what is or is not Indian easily can slip into stereotyping, but I hope this analysis illuminates how the category of "mixed" is difficult to see and represent within the confines of a social-networking template.

For those who skipped over MySpace for the world of Facebook, let me offer a brief reminder of how the space itself worked (and still does, to varying degrees). Much like Facebook, users can sign up for free, and in doing so create a profile. This profile is represented through a webpage that can include the user's photos, interests, blog, general stats (height, weight, race, birthplace, etc.), and comments from and links to other friends within MySpace. Figure 1 shows a screenshot of Adam's MySpace profile. Adam is a mixedblood of Ojibwa and European descent. While MySpace includes an option for indicating one's ethnicity (and note that MySpace uses the term *ethnicity* and not *race*), users can only select from the following categories: Asian, Black/African decent, East Indian, Latino/Hispanic, Middle Eastern, Native American, Pacific Islander, or White/Caucasian. There is no option for checking more than one race, and Adam's profile indicates no ethnicity. Along with not self-identifying as white or Native, Adam doesn't include any identifiably Indian traits on his MySpace page—that is, no powwow pictures, medicine wheels, AIM logos, comments about his race, or anything else one might look for when trying visually seek out the image of an Indian. When asked why this absence in his profile, he said, "I have great hesitancy about self-identifying as either native or mixed race when I don't have an opportunity to explain in full what that means to me." Similarly, Adam rarely identifies as native or as mixed in his daily life except in academic circles where he engages directly with native philosophy—a space in which he has the room to define and describe his own positioning. For Adam, online space, similar to most of his offline space, does not allow enough room for the explanation he feels is required to identify as mixedblood.

In looking at mixedblood profiles, Adam represents one end of the spectrum—no visible acknowledgment of his mixedbloodedness. For all intents and purposes, looking at his pictures we might simply assume he's a white man, given his light skin and that "white" is often a cultural default race for anyone not qualifying themselves as, or appearing as, "other." If we look through the lens of regalia, considering how his representation

Figure 1

reflects his life experiences, we can see a pastiche of music, friends, and stories—yet none of these in any way explicitly refers to being mixed. Just as regalia represents one's history, one's community, and one's self within that moment, Adam's profile represents his material discomfort with identifying as mixed.

On the other end of the spectrum lies Jamie (fig 2), an artist and traveler of Ojibwa and European decent. When I first encountered Jamie's profile, there was no listed ethnicity, yet his profile at the time included a powwow song from the Bear Creek Singers, numerous photos of native art, multiple references to powwows, and an image of him playing with the Redstone Ojibwa drummers. At the time, when asked about the absence of a labeled ethnicity, Jamie said, "I dunno really why I didn't check the ethnicity box, I guess I did in the beginning but y'know we all change our songs, and our images." Days later I noticed Jamie had checked the box, and now quantifiably identifies as Native American on his space. Additionally, a photograph of Jamie in his powwow regalia now serves as his profile picture.

Jamie's profile, as seen through regalia, clearly represents his connections to a native community, acknowledgements of his history, and indicators of his self within the moment. Through his images, words, and musical choices he makes numerous references to powwow culture—thus visibly positioning himself within a native community. This community is also represented through the acknowledgement of his history, in that he includes an old photo of his native relatives (fig 3) looking very colonized.

Figure 2

By including pictures of himself and his girlfriend, images of his paintings, powwow references, and poetry he has written we also get a glimpse of Jamie as he is positioned within the moment. Given the available ethnicities within MySpace, and given that Western culture doesn't have a way of acknowledging or seeing the mixedblood, Jamie might be read within this context as native—particularly because of his self-identification as such.

As opposed to Adam, Jamie has more "authentic" markers of what some of us might recognize as being Indian, and in this way we might even see Jamie as Indian, and perhaps not necessarily as mixedblood. When asked if he felt any of his design choices represented who he was as a mixedblood, Jamie explained that "there is a struggle to define what is and what isn't Indian, . . . being caught in the illusion of separation is detrimental to the progression and growth of our human family, of which none are excluded." And perhaps this is exactly what I'm doing here—looking for qualifiers of what is and isn't Indian—yet I do so in the spirit of finding the mixedblood so that the mixedblood can become part of our racial landscape, not an either/or but just as is. Interestingly, though, while Jamie cautions me on doing this sort of analysis, he himself acknowledges at one point a small sense of what he feels it is not to be mixed but to be Indian.

Most of Jamie's blog postings on MySpace include his poetry, yet in one particular entry Jamie speaks about the first time he met his father when they were both locked up in county jail. He describes their initial encounter and then goes on to describe the final day they were locked up together:

Figure 3

> The last day we talked a lot. He told me stories of his own wild youth, the trouble he caused, the hearts he broke. Bands and music that he had played, he was a local guitar legend. His scrapes in the cities. The hard life of booze, basically. He told me to stay away from the stuff. I have mostly. A strange thing happened on that last day while we were in that cell, strange to me anyway. Just like anything I suppose, as strange as meeting your father, who you never knew, at seventeen, in jail. The strange thing was that while we were in there on the TV comes this movie called *Lakota Woman*, it was about the American Indian Movement, and the siege at Wounded Knee in the seventies. We stood there watching that movie. Father and son. Two orphans of their tribe, arms resting on cold, gray, jail cell bars. Fuck, how much more Indian could you get than that?

While eschewing a separation of what is and isn't Indian, he does have a sense, if even a sort of sarcastic sense, of what is Indian to him, or at least what others might acknowledge as Indian, for better or worse. While Adam felt it was too complicated to identify as Indian or mixed, Jamie seems to feel a connection to his sense of Indian and represents it through images of his past and present and tales of his life—some of which conjure up what Indian, but not necessarily mixedblood, means to him.

Unlike Adam, who feels he cannot identify as mixedblood or Indian, or Jamie, who feels comfortable identifying not as mixed but as Indian, Erica's profile (fig 4) represents the only profile of a mixedblood I have come across that offers some possibilities for identifying not as Indian, or as other-than (be it black, white, Hispanic, or Asian), but as mixed. Erica, a self-proclaimed Finndian—mixed Finnish, Athabaskan, and Inupiaq—is an

Figure 4

artist whose work questions issues of her own identity, which she describes as "a shifting self whose qualities seem to surface and diminish, depending on her context or present environment" (Erica Lord). Within the online space of MySpace, Erica lists her ethnicity as Native American, but upon closer inspection one sees that her identity is not this simple. Erica makes a nod to her mixedblood heritage by listing the hometowns of her Indian and Finnish families: Nenana, Alaska, and Chassell, Michigan. Additionally, she often makes references to being "Finndian," and includes some of her artwork that directly confronts issues of being mixedblood, for example a self-portrait (fig 5) in which she has self-tanned the phrase "I tan to look more Native" onto her back.

This self-portrait isn't existing merely online for Erica or as some part of a separable online identity, nor is it used as a mask to hide from her white or her Indian blood; instead this photo addresses mixedbloodedness and visual expectations of the Indian straight on, while also representing a continuum of her off- and online self, and of her questioning, resisting, complicit, and contradictory body. This profile is her regalia, not a costume but an embodied visible act that evolves and changes, and that represents her history, her community, and her self within this moment.

When asked if she used her MySpace profile to identify as mixedblood, Erica said, "Well, I think, I can't remember which box I checked for ethnicity. But as for the pictures and all, I think I try to be ambiguous. In a

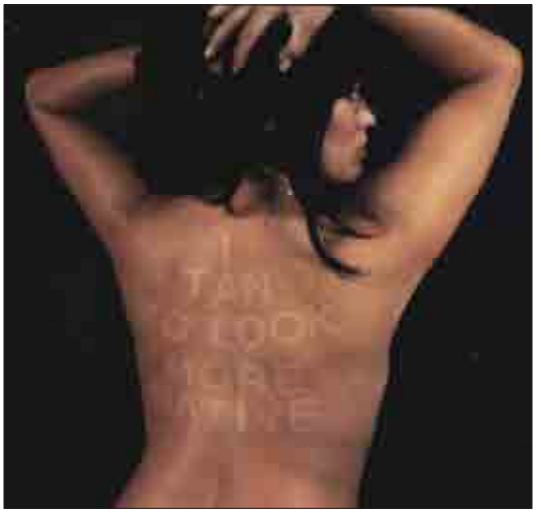

Figure 5

lot of my representations, I think I try to be a little mysterious, or ambiguous, to allow for those slippages, with maybe small clues as to my background." Perhaps these clues are more visible to me than they would be to others, in part because I have spoken with Erica about her background and her choices. Yet, unlike Adam, who "seems" white, and unlike Jamie, who "seems" Indian, Erica's profile provides contradictions and slippages that indicate an identity that is unfixed, continuing, and appropriately mixed.

I don't mean to suggest that Adam or Jamie is being inauthentic when identifying as white and Indian respectively. They both, for various reasons, feel the need to do so in both their online and their offline life. Within the continuum of Indian identity (which itself is by no means fixed), both of these options are entirely reasonable personal choices. Yet I believe it is important to find the middle ground, a space where the mixedblood can identify as such without pressures to conform to one identity or the other. Erica's profile illuminates this possibility, one where mixedblood identity embraces slippages and acknowledges the messiness of being situated in the middle.

SEEING THE MIXEDBLOOD

Understanding the online mixedblood identity as regalia—that is, as in constant conversation with offline identities, as an act that evolves and changes, an act that represents one's history, one's community, and one's self within that moment in a continuum of embodied identities—provides visibility to mixedbloods. Were online personas merely costumes, Adam, Jamie, and Erica wouldn't have their choices so enmeshed with their own

Figure 6

material ecologies. For example, Adam is fairly light skinned and doesn't identify as mixed or Indian in most offline settings—the same holds true for his online self. Jamie doesn't get too hung up on what is or isn't Indian, and in his offline life participates actively with a native community and identifies as such—the same goes for his online profile. Erica provides an interesting twist in that when she is at her mother's home, where most people and relatives are white, she very much stands out as Indian. Yet, when Erica is at her father's home, where most people and relatives are Indian, she again stands out, but this time as white. For Erica, identifying as mixed illuminates these contradictions, and so she does so—both off- and online. Seeing online identity as regalia offers a means of generating and exploring a rhetoric of mixedblood identity—an identity, as one of Erica's pictures and captions suggests, might just be a revolution (fig 6).

In an arguably post-MySpace era, we continue to represent ourselves online through various social-networking platforms. The more we engage in these spaces, the more we may see our online and offline lives as woven together more tightly than we once did. Yet, if we want our online spaces to encourage mindful representations, be it mixedblood or otherwise, it is worth paying close attention to how we understand identity and representation to function in a highly templated online world. Regalia might just help us resee ourselves and each other.