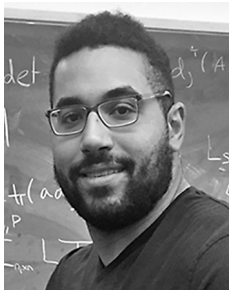
mathematician, the color of my skin means both nothing and all too much.



John Urschel

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Author photo is courtesy of John Urschel.

Othering and Such Climatic Joy Killers[2]

Arlie O. Petters

I remember being giddy with excitement to attend the welcoming reception for my entering class of math graduate students. I walked into the room and heads turned towards me. Feeling out of place, I walked over to two student-looking faces. One happened to be a fourth-year graduate math student and the other was a first-year like me. I introduced myself and, because I wanted a quick exit, I asked the more senior student how to get to the main math office. He told me that when I walked out the door, I should make a left, walk down the hallway, make another left, and it would be on my right. "Or, you could tie a rope to the ceiling and swing over to the other side," he said with a mischievous grin. The first-year student turned red with embarrassment. It did not matter whether the senior student thought of me as a monkey in a tree, Tarzan, or something else; his decision to engage in an unnecessary framing that could provoke a negative stereotype was telling. I quickly responded, "I see that you're going to be an asshole," and I walked out of the room. Here I was, looking forward to being part of a new community of mathematicians and then being made to feel unwelcome at the onset.

I went directly to my apartment and started packing. My mind was racing and I was angry: "To hell with them. They turned around looking at me because I am a person of color. I am leaving this place. To hell with these people." As I started calming down, a counterintuitive thought occurred to me: "What if the others in the room weren't like him? What if they turned around and looked at me because they don't often see someone like me in an entering class and were curious to get to know me? … If I leave, this guy will win. I refuse to let him win." My psychological bounce back was that he had brought the fight to me, and I refused to cower in fear or run away in anger. I had briefly allowed him to hijack and taint my perspective. And, even worse, by allowing him to make me angry, I had given him power over me in that moment. Never again. The emotional-intelligence battle was on. Would I have had such a fight-back spirit in the academic sphere if from pre-kindergarten my sense of self had been chipped away, bit by bit, by individual and institutional racism? I doubt it. Fortunately, I was raised until the age of 15 in Belize by a loving and resilient grandmother who strengthened me internally, fortifying my identity and allowing me to maintain its structural integrity in the face of undermining forces.

I was not naive about the epiphany that caused me to stay. My hypothesis that most people in the room were not like him needed to be tested. But I had enough internal energy and grit to hold on to it by blind faith in the short term. The energy sustained me through the long hours of hard work needed to perform very well on my homework sets. And the grit enabled me to bear the anxiety that maybe most people in the environment did not really care for my being there and did not think much of me intellectually. In my case, I was fortunate to discover with time that most of the people were not like that graduate student. I had a perceptive and supportive thesis advisor and a positive interaction with the majority of the other math and physics graduate students and faculty. That young man had acted as if he owned the place. To me, he had a warped sense of belonging and entitlement that made him feel confident enough to treat me in a demeaning way without consequences.

I wish I could tell you that my experience was an anomaly. Over the years I have mentored a host of underrepresented minority students and listened to their experiences. They range from regular racial micro-aggression, through "oppressive othering," to more overt examples, like being the only one not invited to a bus outing organized by fellow math graduate students. A sense of belonging involves one's personal belief that one is an accepted member of an academic community whose presence and contributions are valued. This is important not only for the mathematics community but also for education and our society at large. At the convocation for Duke's entering 2017 undergraduate class, Stephen Nowicki emphasized to our students:

> *We only learn best from each other and teach each other well if we all feel like we belong. We can only achieve the excellence that lies in the potential of the different people and perspectives, the different*

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> *aspirations and ideas we've brought together at Duke, if everyone feels equally that Duke belongs to them.*
>
> *There's another important thing to understand about what it means to belong, which is that "belonging" does not mean "conforming." … The excellence of this place emerges from the very different kinds of people who join our community. To diminish those differences through conformity would only diminish our excellence.*

If we truly believe that diversity in all its dimensions is a key driver of excellence in our educational institutions and increases the probability of intellectual breakthroughs, then we cannot ignore the implicit biases directed toward underrepresented minorities and women. Actionable first steps a department can take as part of fostering a welcoming culture are to assign thoughtfully chosen mentors to incoming students and faculty; to advocate inclusion, acceptance, and understanding; and to promote effective ways to engage diversity. Imagine for a moment that you are a newcomer. Having someone in your department teach you the ropes and advise you from their own experiences is part of an onboarding that tells you from the beginning that you matter. Usually it is through such a relationship that your trust in the environment grows. By trust, I mean that you can allow yourself to be intellectually vulnerable without fear that your admission of the need for help or clarity will be attached to your race, ethnicity, gender identity, or social-class history. For example, you can feel secure enough to admit that you have certain gaps in your math background and allow the mentor to assist you with filling them. And you can ask faculty and seminar speakers questions about mathematical issues that are unclear to you.

For many underrepresented minorities and women, the issue of belonging in mathematics has been a continued fundamental challenge. I believe that an integral part of keeping our field vibrant and relevant is for its participants to welcome everyone, knowing that anyone can get better at mathematics through an ample commitment of time and energy by teacher and student. Equally important, one should not only be welcoming at the door but also give people a chance to add value inside. Belonging is indeed a foundational human need, which when nurtured can bring out the best in all of us, enabling our community to maximize its excellence. In the end, mathematicians are the custodians of mathematics. The onus is on us.

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