

To whom it may concern,

Your silence and disregard for the race-based workplace harassment that I endured while reporting to you still hurts me. You witnessed textbook microaggressions over an extended period of time and allowed them to continue even after multiple complaints from myself and other women of color. What I instinctively knew as racial discrimination, you called a “communication breakdown” or a “difference in working styles.” I was not out of line nor was I overly sensitive.

I thought that you knew better;  
I thought that you were different;  
and I am disgusted by your behavior.

It is racism.  
It is sexism.  
It is discriminatory harassment.  
It is not simply what other white colleagues referred to as “favoritism.”  
All of this co-exists within your actions.

Could you even imagine an Asian woman in leadership? An Asian woman using her voice? An Asian woman who did not meekly accept injustice? An Asian woman who was protected by the institution because she mattered more than your white comfort?

This event had a significant impact on my life in ways that you may never understand, know, or empathize with. It is cruel that I bear the psychological injuries. I am furious and exasperated by your lack of acknowledgement. I feel invisible and trust myself less. Your favoritism toward my white male colleagues was absolutely visible and contributed to the marginalization of people of color, especially women, on your team.

I implore you to re-examine your actions so you do not continue to inflict pain onto others. Racism is not merely rudeness or an inconvenience. It is not something to sweep under a rug or ignore because it is too uncomfortable to confront. That is not how racism works. Racism is felt within my bones. Racism permeates my every thought and feeling. Racism is traumatic and there is lasting damage.

Sincerely,  
Me