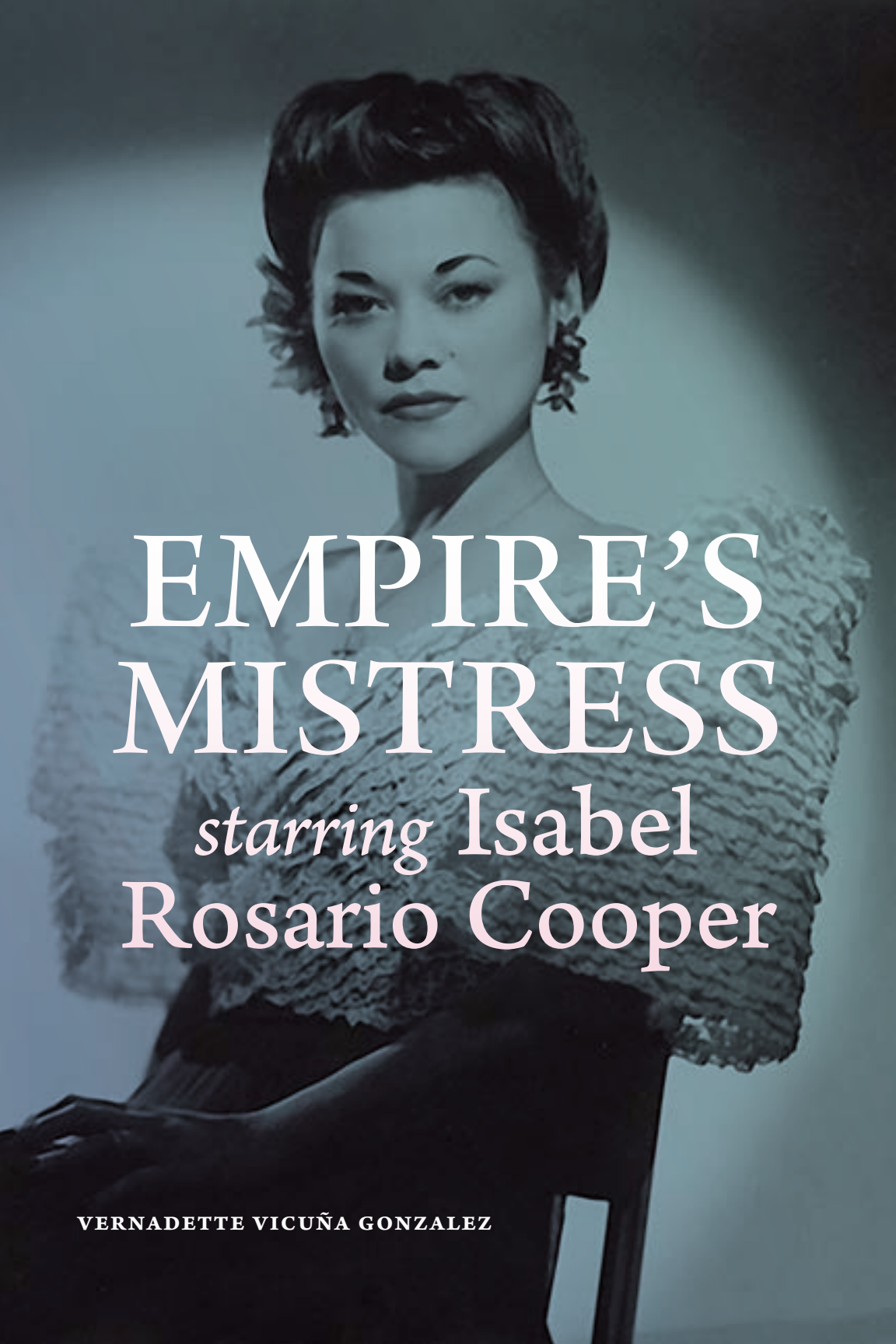

EMPIRE'S MISTRESS

starring Isabel Rosario Cooper

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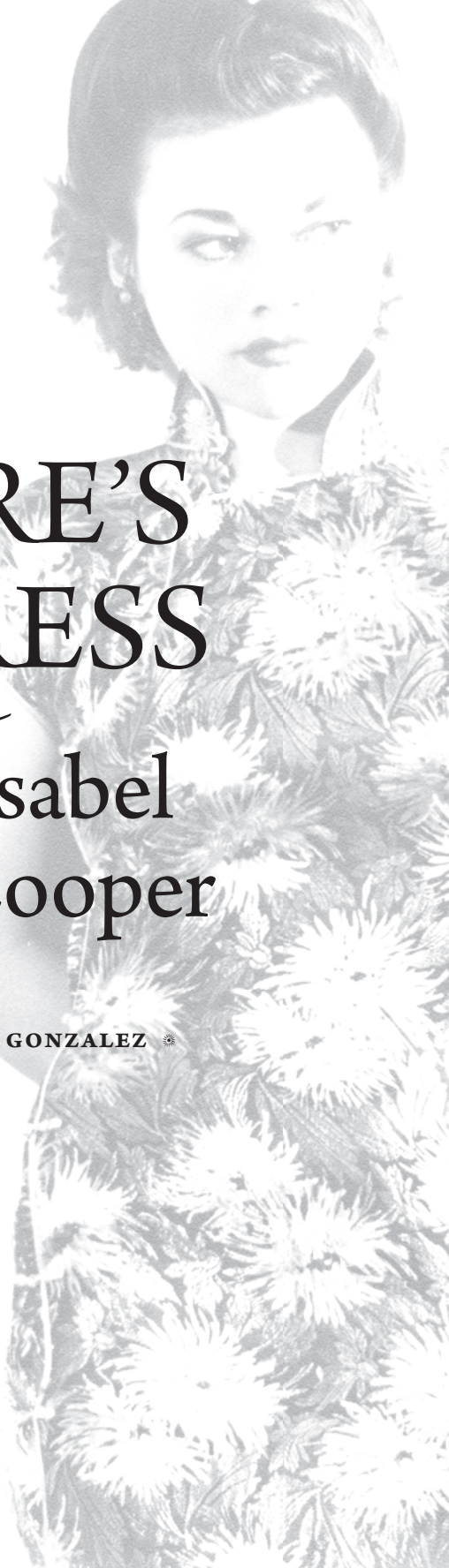

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Cover and title page art: Studio portraits of Isabel Rosario Cooper by Jose Reyes, Hollywood, CA, circa 1942.

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For my parents,
ERNESTO & VIVIAN GONZALEZ

CONTENTS

ARCHIVAL DETRITUS, FABRICATIONS, SECOND TAKES, AND OTHER PROVOCATIONS

THIS IS NOT A LOVE STORY *one*

This story begins with a dead woman whose death was caused by heartbreak. At least, we are told this repeatedly, so that it becomes truth. Women dying for love are tragically beautiful, inspiring wistful longing. The pathos of thwarted romance obscures what might otherwise be ugly, or bitter, or something yet unimagined.[1]

She is caught in a familiar and worn plot, a clichéd convention of empire. Surrounded by the chaos and uncertainty of war and colonial occupation, the lovely, exotic young woman falls in love with the powerful white soldier. Their affair is illicit but inexorable, defying the obstacles of race, culture, and nationality that ultimately derail their devotion. The last act always ends with her impossible yearning for his fidelity and return. Her death is inevitable. *She can only die in this plot*. He goes on to live the rest of his life happily ever after, his future secured by her sacrifice.[2] Nonetheless, it is a delicious and compelling fiction, told again and again until it acquires a force of its own.

This book is an attempt to unravel the story of one particular dead, beautiful woman named Isabel Rosario Cooper, whose life has always been reduced to this story or something like it.

Isabel Cooper, when she is talked about at all, is cast as General Douglas MacArthur's notorious one-time mistress. Most often, she is invoked only to lend flavor to otherwise predictable accounts of his military and political career, which pivots around the dramatic "rescue" of the Philippines from Japanese occupation near the end of World War II. As the story goes, the mixed-race vaudeville and film actress is plucked from the Philippine Islands by the much older MacArthur and brought to Washington, DC, to continue their affair. After some time, they part ways acrimoniously. He then redeems a lackluster military career in Washington by becoming a hero in the noblest

war, returning to the Philippines dramatically (and in well-documented fashion) as its liberator.[3] She labors in obscurity in Hollywood and dies of a drug overdose. Her death is labeled a suicide, the cause, unrequited love.

In the decades that follow, as biographies both lionizing and denigrating MacArthur are published, her death (when noted at all) is ascribed to her despair at her lover's rejection. No matter that she died three decades and two husbands after MacArthur, Isabel Cooper cannot extricate herself from the arms of the general or from the gravitational pull of this cherished story line.

I have tripped over variations of this plot over the last two decades, trying to piece together Isabel Cooper's side of the story.

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My first encounter with Isabel Cooper—or her thinly veiled counterpart—was through Ninotchka Rosca's novel *State of War*, which depicts the surreal colonial world of the United States' occupation of the Philippines in the twentieth century. In it, Isabel Cooper's double is the unnamed mistress of the American military governor, a "Eurasian chanteuse who came to the club now and then—'only as a diversion.'" Rosca describes a well-kept, exquisite woman with a "sultry, passionate contralto, which suited her slim, high-breasted, lithe body, her blue-black hair piled high on her head, crowning an oval face of incredibly delicate beauty."[4]

In the novel, as the object of desire, she haunts the edges of the action, a pleasurable distraction from (and a softened metonym of) the main plot of torture, war, and revolution. Rosca's songbird finds herself pulled along in the wake of her lover and is lost in the ebbs and flows of modernity and tradition. She languishes in an opiate hallucination after the war. Her fate reflects the treacherous consequences of the American empire's so-called deliverance, those unfortunate side effects of "white love."[5] Neither romance—with the general or with colonialism—are plots in which the heroine survives, no matter the promises whispered in the fevers of desire.

Rosca's fictional chanteuse, it turned out, was a real-life woman, and not just an archetype of the tragic mixed-race concubine. Biographers of the general note her intriguing presence in the margins, but for the most part, treat her like a shallow side dish, the classic Oriental seductress. In William Manchester's sprawling 1978 biography of MacArthur, *American Caesar*, she is a juicy morsel of gossip. Manchester describes a powerful older man wheedling love from a petulant and spoiled young woman with gifts of a lavish apartment and an "enormous wardrobe of tea gowns, kimonos, and black-lace lingerie."[6] Predictably, Isabel Cooper is depicted as a lovely doll that

could be kept in boudoir costume, at the ready for his sexual whims. Manchester quotes a Washington lobbyist who met her: "I thought I had never seen anything as exquisite. She was wearing a lovely, obviously expensive chiffon tea gown, and she looked as if she were carved from the most delicate opaline. She had her hair in braids down her back."[7] That the lobbyist uses opaline—an opaque, colored glass—to describe Isabel Cooper is illuminating. Encounters with Isabel Cooper, even those seemingly intimate ones, cannot or do not choose to delve beneath the smooth surface of her exoticized beauty and sexuality. Her typecasting demands no further explanation.

Other biographies of MacArthur portray Isabel Cooper as a Delilah to his Samson, as the linchpin to a potential scandal that could destroy his career, or as the adoring and submissive lover who appeases the wounded masculinity eroded by his recalcitrant first wife and his domineering mother.[8] In the decades since the first flurry of MacArthur biographies, the occasional tabloid, magazine article, newspaper column, website, or blog resurrects Isabel Cooper as an entertaining bit of trivia, solidifying the patterns and plots that define her.[9] There is little variation from the familiar archetype, because it is easier to repeat, with some embellishment, a titillating but almost comforting story of a beautiful woman who yearns, to a tragic end, for her man. With repetition, all these narratives congeal into a truth that is hard to shake.[10]

A beautiful woman dying of heartbreak is a seductive fiction.

Sixty years after her suicide, this fiction has proven its durability. Yet there is something there, too, in the way that the dead refuse to rest. Her apparition lingers, I suspect, because this flimsy plot—the tragic romance, and her casting as the doomed Eurasian—cannot contain her. The mix of romance, sexual scandal, and tragedy that narrates Isabel Cooper has an undeniably magnetic pull: it has the stuff of epics and the tantalizing elements of gossip and rumor. It also has blind spots and refusals.

Perhaps it is time to tell her story in a different way.

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In 2016, I found myself on a dry, grassy hillside in Culver City, in Los Angeles County, looking for Isabel Cooper's grave. It had been almost two decades since I had first encountered what I thought was a stock fictional character of the Eurasian seductress. Over that time, I pursued her story in piecemeal fashion. The trip to Holy Cross Cemetery was a kind of pilgrimage, nearing the end of the different leads I had followed over time. At the cemetery, the graves of luminaries like Bela Lugosi, Bing Crosby, and Rita Hayworth are marked and identified for zealous fans of Hollywood history. The object of

my search did not burn so brightly. I imagined the simplest headstone marking her plot, and some kind of resolution to my search. I had called earlier for her plot number and enlisted the help of my mother's childhood friend who was a longtime Hollywood resident.

Isabel Cooper's final resting place is not easy to find: the cemetery's well-kept grounds are expansive, and even with the small concrete markers denoting the rows of gravestones, there is no sign of her burial ground. I consult the map given out at the entrance. I walk up and down the hill that is marked in the map as her section, the hazy sun beating down on my head. My mother's friend and I get excited when a number closely matches the one in the crumpled sheet in my hand, only to be foiled by the seeming lack of logic in the ordering of the graves. The numbers and letters on the circular concrete markers make no sense in their arrangement. It is getting hotter, and the hill feels steeper.

Finally, a wandering groundskeeper helps us find the plot's location. He takes a look at the grave number and motions for us to follow him. As we walk along a gradually sloping knoll, he explains how the plots are arranged.

It was the lack of a gravestone that had thrown us off. The groundskeeper identifies the unremarkable parcel of scrubby, thirsty grass near the top of the hill as Isabel Rosario Cooper's final resting place.

"So, if this is the number," he says, "then her feet would have been over here and her head would be here." He gestures over the plot. I can't help but imagine Isabel Cooper's body laid out under the grass.

We thank him, and he ambles off. I take photographs of her burial site, but the stretch of grass captured in the images is lackluster. A shade tree stands sentinel, with the vague outline of the city peeking over the hillside. It provides the only cool spot in this place. We linger for a few minutes, but there really is nothing to see.

* * *

I discovered that her first husband, Frank Kennamer, paid for the plot upon her death. I had not realized that he did not pay for a gravestone. By the time Isabel Cooper died, he had remarried and started a family. He had no obligations to her. Somehow, even though Isabel Cooper married again, he was named as her nearest kin on her death certificate.

Around her plot, other graves are marked with simple headstones, with epitaphs like "Beloved Wife and Mother" or names with birth and death dates. I had hoped for the same for Isabel Cooper, some last trace of who she was, even if again only in relation to someone else. But her unmarked grave resists this. And to my surprise, this feels right.

It is fitting, somehow, that her grave has no headstone. Isabel Cooper is a cipher, in the sense of being both an anonymous minor figure and a text needing decryption for which the code is lost. Like many other women in history, her characterization as a sexualized object reflects a failure to come to terms with a complex personhood from whom little is demanded other than to play to type. The infamous liaison with MacArthur, which prompts the search that finds me on a hillside in Culver City, is also the very thing that obscures her as a historical subject in her own right. She is always the kept woman in the story, the accessory, MacArthur's mistress. Yet I'm also here because this story, the way it is determined to contain her, never quite succeeds.

Faced with the small rectangle of dry grass where she is buried, I realize that this moment captures how historical figures like her evade or even refuse scrutiny. I can't help but compare her grave to that of her erstwhile lover, whose mausoleum in Norfolk, Virginia, is a museum to his life, complete with an archive (albeit sanitized) dedicated to his heroism. His is a burial site primed for pilgrimage and posterity, shored up by tourists and historians. It reflects his 1964 memoir, one in which Isabel Cooper is disappeared.[11] While she was apparently an open secret in both American and Philippine circles during her life, here in a small burial plot in Los Angeles County, she is anonymous among other dead. At her gravesite, there are no flowers or visitors. The historical traces of Isabel Cooper's life are scattered far and wide, ephemeral, and lost. Here on the stark hillside, with the sun weakly beating down on her grave through the LA smog, Isabel Cooper refuses easy narration.

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What does it mean to take Isabel Cooper seriously? Grappling with her life is not a radical act. If anything, hers is a story filled with uninspiring elements: the seamy details of illicit relations, a protagonist who does not look past her own self-interest, a life lived without particularly noble ambitions. This is no bottom-up historiographical project that reveals heroic resistance to oppression. Instead, it is more about the supporting players of empire, the ones who render colonialism palatable, or mask its unsavory workings. It is about those who take and make opportunities in order to survive. It is perhaps about how agency sometimes looks like blackmail, or lying, or death.

This is not a love story. War, imperialism, and occupation are its defining conditions—the violent historical forces that move the action along. Going beyond the salacious details of a scandalous affair, this account illuminates the shifting intimate relations that underpinned the project of American empire in the Philippines just before and well after the brutal sweep of the

Philippine-American War. It is as much about the personal registers of American empire—the ways in which empire's effects play out on the bodies, relationships, and lives of colonized people—as it is about Isabel Cooper. While she takes center stage in this version of the story, her choices embody how the dimensions of the geopolitical are carried out through the close encounters between colonizer and colonized. Isabel Cooper's life is intimately stitched into the larger canvas of American empire in the Philippines. Likewise, the threads of American empire are woven into her story. Bookending the six decades of her life, from the early 1900s to 1960 when she died in Los Angeles, this account is sutured into the progressive and modern project of American civilization and its obsessive policing of intimacy that followed its genocidal pacification campaign in the Philippines.

As with stories narrated just off the axes of power, the interrelated workings of gender, sexuality, and race are essential to the telling. Isabel Cooper grew up as a first-generation mixed-race Filipina/American in a colonial society where race mixing was commonplace yet somehow still scandalous.[12] Her body was a constant reminder of how the unruly desires of empire ran aground on the shoals of the colony. While her notoriety is tied to MacArthur, Isabel Cooper's story is much more than the *querida*, or the *kabet* (literally, hook, snag, a term used to signify the position that mistresses held in the Philippines).[13] She personified the most illegitimate and disavowed consequence of American imperialism, and was at the heart of the constantly shifting legal and social boundaries of race during the unsettled aftermath of war. In other words, Isabel Cooper's liaison with MacArthur is only exceptional because of his political stature and the colossal shadow he casts over the landscape of Philippine and American history.

At the same time, she was herself a dangerously desiring subject, wielding her ambiguous status for her own ends. She flouted social proprieties. In colonial Manila, she witnessed how imperial rule manifested itself in everyday life, especially in the ways that people from vastly different worlds encountered each other. There were spoken and unspoken rules about who could socialize with each other. She saw when and how those rules could be broken, and by whom. She grew up absorbing the tensions of a colony pushing to become independent—and within her own family witnessed some of the divisions and complicities of this struggle playing out. Debates about women's political and social independence were intertwined with the question of an emerging Philippine nation.[14] She took in the push and pull of these ideas. She even came to embody some of them, coming of age during an especially vibrant time of invention and creativity. The infusion of Hollywood dreams

Isabel Cooper in her vaudeville days in Manila. Photograph unattributed, original source unknown.

and glamour rubbed up against Filipino theater and song, producing new forms and orientations. Filipino cinema was born during her childhood. All of these forces propelled her into the currents of fame and infamy.

In many ways, Isabel Rosario Cooper was a woman who refused to know her place or stay in place. She traversed oceans, chasing her own desires and dreams as a professional actress. She contended with the demands of the industry and the audience, cunningly strategizing around her own desirability as a young, mixed-race, modern woman. She was a successful professional actress in a colony with Hollywood dreams and a wandering colonial ward of indeterminate belonging who wanted companionship and adventure. She transplanted her life across two oceans at a young age at the lovelorn beseeching of the much older MacArthur. She provoked a powerful lover. In the messy aftermath of that defining relationship, she remade her life. Her choices illuminate how people adapted and survived in conditions not of their own making, and in circumstances that were designed to wear away their dignity and humanity.

This is a story of a woman caught in the currents of history, who was at times adept and at times ill-equipped to navigate them. Even as she played with the strictures of colonial race and gender, she was also subject to them. Her American mestiza identity, her embrace of cosmopolitan Hollywood cultures, the position she occupied as a colonizer's mistress, the reality of her expendability as a mixed-race actress in Hollywood, and her death by suicide narrate key moments and instances of American intimacy and its continuing afterlives.

Isabel Cooper personified the double-edged and interrelated meanings of what it meant to be empire's mistress. The apostrophe linking empire to mistress gestures to the possessive—the mistress of empire—Isabel Cooper as the kept woman of a powerful imperial player. But the terms joined by the apostrophe also capture another meaning from the old French feminine of master—*maistresse*—a figure of authority and power in the household. In this second sense, the mistress of empire points to someone conversant in the intimate workings of the colonial world. Isabel Cooper's mastery of and familiarity with the languages, cultures, and social relationships of empire both reinforced and unsettled the hierarchies upon which empire relied. As someone who pieced together a life that was profoundly fragmented by its violence, the bit parts she played on its larger stages yield an account of empire's reach and its limits, and of its own contingent and improvised nature.

Object of and subject to empire's dubious love, Isabel Rosario Cooper was also at the heart of its deepest anxieties.

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As I drive away from Holy Cross Cemetery, I realize that it is not so much Isabel Cooper's story that has called to me from beyond the grave. It is the reality that her story—one both profoundly exceptional and commonplace—is only one of many that are told and repeated, forced into genres that do not quite fit. The story that follows is an attempt to imagine and narrate otherwise—beyond the plots and materials that we inherit.[15] It is a reminder to generate new forms when the ones we are mired in fail us.

UNPLOTTING EMPIRE

This book was born out of my dissatisfaction with how Isabel Cooper has been repeatedly reduced to a scandalous footnote—that she comes into focus only as the Eurasian mistress—flattening out a full and complex life, much of it lived outside the shadow of the general. In all the versions in which she appears, MacArthur is inevitably the sun, and she, the satellite. Finding

a way to tell her story with her at the center troubles our inherited histories, which in content and form dictate how we make sense of our present.

When I went looking for Isabel Rosario Cooper, I had to come to terms with her flickering presence and absence in the archival record. That the colonial archive excludes and obscures is not new: its function as an apparatus of power is as much to conceal or distort as it is to record, categorize, and make banal the workings of empire.[16] Over the course of my research, I shuttled between the promise and pleasures of the archive as source of documentary evidence (the more difficult to find, esoteric, and singular, the more triumphant the sense of discovery) and an understanding that this "seduction of access" was a dead-end affair.[17] The colonial archive, for all the secrets it promises to keep and divulge, is ultimately a ruse of power. And yet it beckons—a repository of empire that elicits a desire to put together what it has fragmented and disappeared.

Unsurprisingly, like many other women before her, Isabel Cooper barely registered in the government records of the United States' time in its Philippine colony. Compounded by the ways in which imperial administrators decided which lives were worth documenting, the prejudices of people doing the recording, and the types of material selected for archiving, someone like Isabel Cooper slips in and out of archival focus. Her archive is thin and scattered, what remains of it barely enough to hold together a story. Some moments of her life blaze through with startling clarity, and others are discernable only through what Evelyn Hammonds, in encountering the absence of material about African women in slave history, calls the effect of the "black (w)hole"—the ways in which the sheer gravitational force of an unseeable object warps the light around it.[18]

Given the violent occlusions and, at best, ambiguous encounters the colonial archive entails, I learned to plumb for meaning in silences and distortions. Others have walked this path before, seeking out the ghostly contours of slave history, wrestling with absence in the records of queer life in the colonial age, or delving headlong into the dusty repositories of imperial governance.[19] They have found ways to "mine and undermine the evidence of the archive," to make meaning out of the fragmentary and the ephemeral by "following traces, glimmers, residues and specks of things" or by scavenging derided sources, generating alternative archives of grief and survival for lives considered less-than.[20] Understanding that archives are not merely inert records but rather "charged sites" where knowledge is produced and contained, they urge us to take the "pulse of the archive," by reading alongside and against it.[21]

An early photograph of a vaudeville performer, who might be a very young Isabel Cooper. Collection of Juan Martin Magsanoc.

I found myself patching together Cooper's movements through the unreliable reports of entertainment magazines and the slightly more reliable filings of legal documents. I chased down her traces in ship manifests and movie payrolls, and lingered over letters written to and by her. I dug into gossip and rumor, scoured the tiny print of Manila entertainment and Hollywood industry publications, and combed through film production records to get a sense of how she inhabited her world and how others saw her. I watched her extant films, where she appears for a total of minutes of screen time, to learn how she moved, what her voice sounded like, and if she was any good as an actor. I scavenged the census, birth records, marriage licenses, divorce rulings, and death certificates for dates and details. Pulling these bits of archival detritus together, I became acquainted with someone who was much more than a beautiful accessory for a powerful man's flaccid ego.

Yet Isabel Cooper also deflected and misdirected attempts at getting to know her. What there is of her records makes up a sometimes-apocryphal archive that eludes authoritative, documentary claims to truth. She is discernable only through the warped lens of conjecture and rumor, her story refracted through what remains of ephemeral performances or tangential anecdotes in other people's stories. She herself embraced the distortions of gossip and submitted lies on official documents, sometimes as part of a survival strategy. These moments of creation and absence point to how alternative possibilities and imaginations emerge when we are willing to reexamine what has acquired the patina of truth.

A beautiful woman dying of heartbreak is a seductive fiction.

The gaps and silences of the archive can house myriad speculations, other versions of the story where she is not predictably cast over and over again as empire's beloved archetype. This story, then, is shaped by the tensions between the archive and the desires it stirs up and confounds. Perhaps the story that emerges from these tensions—incomplete, unsatisfying, and riddled with silences, absences, and refusals—might be enough.

Just as Isabel Cooper's life defies easy categorization, so too must the forms that attempt to narrate it—those "blurred genres" generated by imperial life.[22] Isabel Cooper's life story reveals a portrait of someone grappling with how imperial love is by turns seductive, perverse, violent, and impossible. While rendering her story in the interrupted and even erratic fashion in which her archive appears, this approach better captures the effects of the imperial relations that produced her, that she traversed, and that continue to diminish her in the present. This fragmentation is borne out in the form of the book, which reflects how the stories we inherit are always already distorted

by gossip, further confused by conflicting archival evidence, altered by the woman at its center, and warped by the narrative forms of imperial desire. The assemblage offered here is meant as a provocation for thinking through how empire operates from the perspective of those not in power; of how intangible elements like emotions, rumor, and fantasy are embedded in and crucial to imperial success; and what surviving or rejecting the embrace of imperial love looks like.

What follows is a response to and critique of the imperial fictions that have fixed Isabel Cooper's story in their rigid plots. These messy entanglements are captured by a shadow narrative of archival detritus, fabrications, second takes, and other provocations, distinguished by italicized text or nonstandard type, and marked by a right-justified title. Some take the shape of genres that Isabel Cooper used and encountered—such as letters and recipes—gesturing to the alternative and devalued forms of writing and expression through which women's stories are often told. Others present speculative scenes or moments that draw from archival records and the spaces in between them, adding to and diffusing the fictions of empire, and the sometimes-fantastic plots, characterizations, and twists that themselves are outstripped by reality. Others address the archive's limits by reimagining events as they might have happened through what Lisa Lowe has described as alternative past conditional temporalities.[23] These are not meant to make coherent a life story that might be best left fragmented, but rather to illuminate how fiction and imagination—and the genres we choose—are always already complicit in how history is narrated.[24] Just as the fictional pieces are steeped in a shadow story of archival research, these archival documents are not just unassailable sources but also a place for parallel, connected, or conflicting stories. On occasion, they are the sites through which Isabel Cooper is able to write herself into history. Sometimes, these records contradict each other, troubling our trust in the archive and the interpretations it generates and forecloses.[25]

This confusion of genres, of authorities and authorship, deflects those desires for resolution, even as I also rely on them to stitch together yet another way to tell her story, one, I hope, that gives it more room to breathe.

NOTES

1. THIS IS NOT A LOVE STORY

1 Elisabeth Bronfen puts it eloquently: "The death of a beautiful woman emerges as the requirement for a preservation of existing cultural norms and values. . . . Over her dead body, cultural norms are reconfigured or secured, whether because sacrifice of the virtuous, innocent woman serves [as] a social critique and transformation or because a sacrifice of the dangerous woman reestablishes an order that was momentarily suspended due to her presence." Bronfen, *Over Her Dead Body*, 181.

2 See, for example, the plot of the musical *Miss Saigon*.

3 This tale of liberation and rescue is yet another imperial fiction, the moment of the Leyte landing staged for media posterity by MacArthur a day after to accommodate photographers. See, for example, Lumbera, "From Colonizer to Liberator."

4 Rosca, *State of War*, 267–68.

5 On empire's conditional gifts, see Nguyen, *The Gift of Freedom*; see also Rafael, *White Love*.

6 Manchester, *American Caesar*, 144.

7 Manchester, *American Caesar*, 144.

8 Buhite, *Douglas MacArthur*; Rasor, *General Douglas MacArthur*; Petillo, *Douglas MacArthur*. See also Pilat, *Drew Pearson*.

9 See, for example, Ocampo, "Romances in History"; Francia, "A Sad Tale of Conquest and Betrayal"; Konted, "General Douglas MacArthur and His Dimples."

10 See, for example, *The American Experience: MacArthur*.

11 MacArthur, *Reminiscences*.

12 I use the solidus as the separator and joiner of Filipina and American here to signify the tenuous legal categorization of people from the Philippines during U.S. colonization, who were considered wards and thus eligible to travel to and work in the metropole as nationals, but were not considered eligible for citizenship (though some challenged the racial categorizations of the law, or of

Asianness). But many fell into the gray areas created by inconsistent and flexible racial categories: Isabel Cooper, for instance, claimed American citizenship through her father but was also of Filipino ancestry.

13 Hau, Tuvera, and Reyes, *Querida*.

14 Cruz, *Transpacific Femininities*; see also Roces and Edwards's introduction to *Women's Suffrage in Asia*.

15 Chuh, *Imagine Otherwise*.

16 Trouillot, *Silencing the Past*; Beredo, *Import of the Archive*.

17 Arondekar, *For the Record*, 5; Spivak, "Can the Subaltern Speak?"

18 Hammonds, "Black (W)holes and the Geometry of Black Female Sexuality."

19 On the absences in the historical record of slavery, see Sharpe, *Ghosts of Slavery*; see also Hartman, *Wayward Lives*.

20 Arondekar, *For the Record*, 3; Muñoz, "Ephemera as Evidence," 10. See also Mendoza, *Metroimperial Intimacies*.

22 Stoler, *Haunted by Empire*.

23 Lowe, *The Intimacies of Four Continents*.

24 Arondekar, *For the Record*, 3. See also how fiction operated as an alternative archival form and practice for Egyptian women excluded from the official record: Booth, "Fiction's Imaginative Archive."

25 See, for instance, Gordon, *The Hawthorne Archive*.

3. A GENERAL AND UNRULY WARDS

1 *New York, Passenger Lists, 1820–1957*, microfilm Serial T715, microfilm roll 4883, line 1, p. 189, Ancestry.com.

2 As discussed in chapter 6, Isabel Cooper's exact birthdate remains unknown. She claims a variety of them, and the one birth certificate that tracks the birth of a daughter to her parents does not provide a name.

3 MacArthur was posted in the Philippines from October 1928 to September 1930. He and Cooper met sometime in 1929.

4 Petillo, *Douglas MacArthur*, 152–53; Manchester, *American Caesar*, 144; Buhite, *Douglas MacArthur*, 14–15. The suite is apartment 354, based on the address of the letters that MacArthur sends to Isabel Cooper.

5 James, *The Years of MacArthur*, 270n116. Petillo, *Douglas MacArthur*, implies this as well.

6 Manchester, *American Caesar*, 144; Petillo, *Douglas MacArthur*.

7 Manchester, *American Caesar*, 145–46. Petillo, *Douglas MacArthur*, also notes Isabel Cooper's dissatisfaction, in less condemning terms.

8 Buhite, *Douglas MacArthur*, 18.

9 Italicized phrase from Spivak, "The Rani of Sirmur," 267, not italicized in the original.

10 Tadiar, *Fantasy-Production*. For military examples of these state transactions, see Moon, *Sex among Allies*.

11 Ballantyne and Burton, "Introduction," 5.