

Listening at an Angle

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Speaking of a missed connection with other Latinas, Cherríe Moraga laments the belated recognition of her need. “In a real visceral way I hadn’t felt the absence (only assumed the fibers of alienation I so often felt with anglo women as normative). Then for the first time, speaking on a panel about racism here in San Francisco, I could physically touch what I had been missing.”¹ There is a pathos to realizing one’s embodied needs only as a result of taking part in scholarly activity, but there is hope as well. A key project for feminists has been reclaiming embodied and relational knowing.² Women of color and lesbians, in particular, have invoked desire, delight, humor, rage, weariness, and hope in the service of a politics of the flesh.

To affirm a liberating visceral knowing is at the same time to recognize the ways in which visceral knowledge is oppressive. Prohibitions against naming exploitation and contempt are written into our bodies. As Gloria Anzaldúa describes, “The borders and walls that are supposed to keep the undesirable ideas out are entrenched habits and patterns of behavior; these habits and patterns are the enemy within.”³ Mandated knowledge, a partner to forbidden knowledge, also shapes bodily awareness and responsiveness. “Slip[ping] from the conscious mind down deep into muscles and glands,” the rituals of white supremacy that shaped Lillian Smith’s South taught whites to know, in what seemed to them immediate ways, their racial superiority. The white Southerner’s “muscles know where he can go.” Without his having to think, his muscles “take him to the front of the street car, to the front of the bus, to the big school, to the hospital, to the library, to hotel and restaurant and picture show, into the best that his town has to offer its citizens.”⁴

Property lines are traced in the lineaments of our bodies. Remembering “the easy tears in hard old eyes” of the bitter white men as well as the “sweet childlike voices and smooth childlike faces” of the white “ladies” in her hometown, Smith writes, “I know now that the . . . the cruel sensual lips” of the white men and “the thin childish voices of white women, had a great deal to do with high interest at the bank and low wages in the mills and gullied fields and lynchings and Ku Klux Klan and segregation and sacred womanhood and revivals, and Prohibition.”⁵ What is written in the body is effective because it seems natural yet is inevitably cultural, social, and economic. It is impossible to give complex attention to what our bodies hold in contempt. Visceral responsiveness alerts us to what is significant, relevant, worth or beneath our notice. As Jay Watson, commenting on Smith’s work, observes, “physical attitudes and stances generate ideas. Where the body goes, the mind will follow.” Yet he also points to a converse principle: “Where ideology clears a path, the body will follow.”⁶

As progressive educators, many of us put our faith in the latter belief. We resist engaging our students’ emotions too directly, both as a matter of disciplinary pride

(philosophers don't do therapy) and as a matter of liberatory principle (progressives should not indoctrinate students). In 1977, Margaret Halsey wrote that "as late as 1948, General Eisenhower, testifying before Congress, advised that the Air Force should be kept segregated because, he said, you cannot legislate about people's feelings."⁷ The ongoing intransigence of "people's feelings" — which feelings, of which people, need not be indicated, of course — is reflected in the volatility of the current debate about abandoning the military's "don't ask, don't tell" policy. Progressives often covertly assume that students' dawning intellectual understanding of social justice and awareness of their own patterns of privilege will give rise to new, embodied patterns of responsiveness. In practice, this expectation turns out to be unreliable. A mixed-race student in a teacher education class I was observing assured me that racism would stop with his generation of teachers because they were enlightened about racism. I asked him what would be different now, apart from the teachers being enlightened — what was the difference that would *make* a difference to their own students? He said, "We just have to hope that we pass it on." We all need hope. Hope is good. But hope is not a plan and hope is not a pedagogy. What this young man was taking from his teacher education program was what his professors, people like me, probably taught him: that antiracist, antihomophobic, antisexist, and other counterhegemonic inquiry is the seed of embodied change. In due course, the seed will take root and the plant will spring into vital life.

Serious intellectual inquiry about social power and cultural multiplicity can help make visible the ways in which we protect our relative privileges. But greater insight into privilege also can help us finesse challenges to our entitlement. Half-stepping allies can covertly disengage by acting pleasant, deferential, helpless, or respectful, avoiding challenges that might make it hard to know how to move. People in positions of dominance are not alone in wanting to see themselves in a flattering light or trying to protect their authority. Just as whiteness, patriarchy, capitalism, heteronormativity, monolingualism, and other cultures of power importantly organize relations between dominant and subordinated groups, so are authority relations *within* marginalized and oppressed groups organized significantly by Euro-etc-centrism.

The almost exclusive focus of antiracist pedagogical inquiry on white student behavior reflects a troubling assumption that brown and black bodies are untouched by investments in whiteness. Setting aside our assumption that whiteness resides in white students' consciousness, and not, for example, in the faith that teachers of color and white teachers alike place in particular progressive pedagogies, there is still the question of why we seem to assume if teachers can just fix the white students, the needs of students of color will be served. What then happens when an American Indian student says, "I don't want to read about African American history; that doesn't speak to me"? Can we anticipate that an African American student might insist that "speaking Spanish is an option, but being black is not an option. Language is not about racism the way my skin color *is* racism"? What is made possible or impossible when a Latina/o student dismisses an American Indian with the words, "She looks white to me," or, conversely, blurs Latina/o–indigenous differences by

suppressing indigenous claims to a distinctive identity; when a black student patronizes other black students as insufficiently black; or an Asian American student borrows imagery from African American struggles to frame her own experience of racial exclusion? How does our pedagogy acknowledge that students of color, like white students, are caught up in both the reward system and the violence organized by the wider racial economy and by our particular institutional settings? How are teachers prepared to address racial complexities?

Whether because they are afraid of being seen as racist or because they are reluctant to judge students of color for how they negotiate white supremacy, antiracist researchers have tended to avoid the topic of black-on-black, brown-on-brown, black-on-brown, and brown-on-black tensions in progressive classrooms. For researchers of color the topic is often devastating — teachers may feel betrayed by students they had assumed would be allies. White researchers may feel that the topic is not theirs to discuss (“As a white person, I would not presume to talk about what would count as students of color learning about antiracism”). We avoid the messiness that we do not know how to address, do not know how to value.

This is a broken essay, much as I would like it to be transparent. It is angled and jagged. It may be that the angles will catch on some angles of your own. I hope so, yet I also would have wished for it to be transparently accessible. As a teacher and a researcher, I am drawn to transparency. I want to be adequate to the occasion. But I know that often there is no right or unproblematic way to move. Ruth Smith, Minnie Bruce Pratt, Marilyn Frye, and Jeanne Perreault are among the white women who have struggled importantly with the impossibility of doing the right thing in cross-race relations.⁸ Unsure of how to move without setting a foot wrong, but committed to engaging, they thoughtfully examine their responses to racism and privilege so as to uncover their own complicity in oppression. Their candor, their vulnerability, their desire to hold themselves accountable for their privilege and dominance embody a refusal to treat race in merely abstract or ideal terms.

Yet their anguish over how to get it right, how to hear and be heard, how to be in right relationship, also suggests a master narrative of loss of ease and uncomplicated happiness. In “Notes for a Musical History of Lesbian Consciousness,” Karin Quimby quotes a white woman who recalls “the euphoria” of “women’s music in the 1970s.” Whereas now she has “some pain associated with the oppression I feel as a lesbian[,] ... in those days it was just bliss.” Commenting on this contrast between the past and present, Quimby notes that, the speaker, “significantly, [does not] recall the concurrent battles that were being waged by women of color and others who felt separated and excluded from this particular fantasy of the lesbian nation.”⁹ Even whites who grapple with patterns of racism and exclusion, however, may evince nostalgia for an imaginary past. When Pratt debates whether to “speak to a young black man,” acknowledging the racial dynamics of fear and respect, when she reflects that she “just want[s] to feel at home, where people know me,” I hear an extended grieving at the loss of a sense of belonging, at-homeness, imagined harmony, and moral certainty that never was.¹⁰

Face-to-face ideals, ideals of personal integrity and intimate understanding, assume that there is a whole to be grasped and a positionality that could allow us to grasp it. Positing the wholeness we hope to discover, such ideals make it impossible for us to hear and value ourselves and one another as fragmentary, broken, sometimes trustworthy and sometimes not (sometimes both at once), and as right now in the middle of *that* relationship. It is not possible to restore what never was. It is not simply that the grounds for intimacy, trust, and understanding are broken and dangerous, although I think that is true. It is that, even in what we imagine to be equal or innocent or exceptional relationships, we are standing on imaginary ground. We still want to claim a privileged, reliable place from which to see, from which to judge.

As Lorraine Code argues, using a visual metaphor for knowledge denies the dynamism and relationality of knowing.¹¹ The temptation of the visual metaphor is that one has unmediated access to truth. Thus, Hans Jonas exults, “all I have to do is open my eyes, and the world is there, as it was all the time.”¹² The metaphor of listening returns us to dynamism and relationality, but it slips easily from an emphasis on the visceral to an emphasis on the transfer of abstract content — which somehow, in the same moment, gives rise to appropriate responsiveness.

Serious listening typically is framed in terms of careful attention to content. The primary tasks of the listener are to grasp the speaker’s message, to give it respectful uptake, and to respond in good faith. “The fundamental project is *understanding* the other and so achieving a kind of fidelity to the meaning or intention of the other.... The good listener...tries to grasp the precise meaning, among alternatives, or comprehend the meaning of the other without forcing, without reduction.”¹³ There are times when exactly this form of engagement seems to be called for. Suppose that Rosa, who is Latina, tells Caron, who is African American, “Please do not call me ‘Hispanic.’ That is your name for me, not my name for myself. I identify as Latina.” When Caron replies, “Where I come from, everyone says ‘Hispanic.’ I guess people in different places say different things. It’s hard to keep them all straight. What doesn’t offend one person will probably offend someone else,” she seeks to explain *away* the call for a response. When Rosa repeats that the term is offensive to her, Caron “gives” Rosa the term she prefers while also maintaining her refusal to see this as an issue to be taken seriously: “Okay, Latina, Chicano, Hispanic. Whatever.”

It is not difficult to recognize, here, that Caron’s refusal to give uptake to Rosa’s request is a failure to listen and a refusal to be held accountable. A conventionally correct response would respect Rosa’s desire to be referred to as Latina. Yet the conventionally correct response also may be a dead end. To know *that* Rosa prefers to be identified as Latina is, for some listeners, to be “home free” — to be assured that one is respectful, informed, and blameless. It allows us to remain at home in an imaginary in which Rosa is merely a visitor to be treated politely by the host.

For all its qualities of respect and acknowledgment, diligent, dutiful listening harnesses responsiveness to a kind of certainty. The listener remains safely in the position of judge. When we hear a reasonable argument, even if it threatens our own preferred position, we take it into account. Yet what if we cannot understand the

logic of the argument? What if we don't know what to listen for or how to listen? We might sincerely want to listen to someone else, but not be *prepared* to listen to them. How does our willingness to be persuaded recenter our position as that from which we must be persuaded?

One can start from a so-called neutral or uninvested position, keeping an open mind, but still listen only for knowledge that can be summarized in propositional form. Diligent, holding-oneself-accountable listening is primed for a "that" to which one can respond. It needn't be a literal "that." One can listen for absences, withholdings, implications. All of us who read letters of recommendation on a regular basis know how to read for the telling omission, the unspoken reservation, the ominous hint. The diligent listener, listening across difference, may well listen for hints, silences, or echoes to guide her understanding. But *what* she hears, because of how she hears, stays within relations of transparency. Things are clear to her. She knows how to move. This is part of what progressive education may seem to promise: that, together, brown, black, and white, we can undertake a journey onto safer ground, acquiring multicultural knowledge and developing an adequately responsible consciousness. The difficulty is that few such journeys "involve risking one's ground," in María Lugones's phrase.¹⁴

One philosophical move in response to the inadequacy of dominant listening capabilities is to retreat from the appeals to we-ness that I have used so problematically (albeit deliberately) in this writing. Thus, Joyce Trebilcot writes that "I speak 'only for myself' ... in the sense that an account I give reports only my understanding of the world." Seeking to "leave plenty of space for differences," Trebilcot eschews the "we" claims as a way "to acknowledge the likelihood that there are wimmin who" disagree with a claim or statement." Framing her invitations to engagement in light of "the motivating desire... that has always been at the center of my life: that others not control me," Trebilcot seeks "to discover/create spaces in which domination cannot exist." She considers but rejects the objection that "What's really going on here is that you are setting up a situation in which no one can criticize you. You label everything you say as only your own opinion, so you can say whatever you want."¹⁵ She points out that she can always say what she likes, and can be criticized for being mistaken or immoral, but she does not want to have to change what she says because it falls short of a "universal" or "objective" standard.

Such a stance is meant to embrace humility while refusing abjection. It is not that one does not judge at all but that one speaks only for oneself. Yet in so doing, one disengages in the name of respect. One's own sovereign claims to knowing, while less arrogant because nonuniversal, are held intact. As Linda Alcoff observes, the apparently humble stance of not wanting to do wrong may issue less from collective commitments than from a desire "to establish a privileged discursive position wherein one cannot be undermined or challenged and thus is master of the situation." Instead, Alcoff writes, "We should strive to create wherever possible the conditions for dialogue and the practice of speaking with and to rather than speaking for others."¹⁶ Similarly, Sharon Welch equates responsible action with "the creation of a matrix in which further actions are possible."¹⁷

A number of philosophical moves seek to powerfully *receive* others while retaining awareness of the impossibility of knowing others. One version of this is what Peter Elbow calls the “believing game,” which seeks to provide a corrective to the damage wrought by the “doubting game” — the destructive effects of denying someone else’s experience or emotions.¹⁸ In the believing game, one accepts the authority of the other, temporarily displacing one’s own. The seduction of this move is that it again preserves the self while temporarily removing it from a position in which it could do harm. The ascetic denial of self in the face of the other, the moral leap of faith, means that we humble ourselves before the other, wash the feet of the other, accept the other (for a moment) as taking the place of oneself. Yet one does not, finally, displace oneself. The claim of the other is too radical for it to be felt as a claim on our actions or positionality or thinking beyond the moral gesture of belief. Much as mothering may work to soften without changing the structure of patriarchy, the believing game softens the economy of dangerous judgment. Skepticism is the moral and intellectual armor of humanism and modernism — a way of protecting oneself from manipulation by treating one’s own rational and critical agency as (right or wrong) the only thing one can really count on. (It isn’t always assumed that one is right. Mistakes are also a kind of ownership and freedom.) Skepticism assumes an antagonistic relation with others such that one must withhold belief until it is fairly earned, with reason and evidence. At the same time, skepticism does necessarily assume a radical difference from others. In a fair intellectual fight, you can be persuaded. So in relations across difference, there is a seduction to thinking that we can be transparent, that we can lay our cards on the table, that we can judge. When push comes to shove, though, many of us will protect our particular agentic privileges by reverting to the judgment we can rely on — our own. We thus reserve the right to be judges for ourselves (*we must be*), but try to back off of the damage done by allowing each to be judge for herself. This withholding of harm is particularly seductive in the classroom, in which the economy of disapproval creates the very neediness and anxiety that the supposedly benign qualities of approval are meant to address and appease — by approving of our students, we are soothing them and reassuring them against the backdrop of disapproval.

Rather than evade the complex demands of relationality, I want to reclaim listening as an embodied form of relationality that is not merely a warmer, more intimate analogue to “seeing.” Listening is often framed in face-to-face terms, offering the possibility of direct because sympathetic apprehension of meaning, a completeness of understanding or a completeness of presence. Whether listening is construed as a matter of conscious attention subordinated to judgment (“I’m willing to be persuaded”), caring (“I want to be attuned and responsive to your needs”), and/or existential connection and humility (“I face you in our common humanity and give you my attention, while knowing that I cannot and should not try to ‘understand’ you”), the form it usually is given in our framing is receptivity. The argument or the need or the expression of the other is the pivot; it stands in for the complexity of the person, yet what we are really talking about is talk. What listening can offer is the necessary completion of talk. As a student put it in a literacy class I taught, “What

is the good of us empowering our students by ‘giving them voice,’ if nobody’s listening?”

Improving and enhancing our listening skills would seem to be the answer, but such an answer assumes that we *can* listen and receive the other (an other who may be another of our race, another of our gender, another of our family) when the very terms of listening are articulated to the virtues, principles, sense of wholeness, sense of ourselves in relation that we now have. As Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick points out, we can render most of our sensory perception more precise through the use of sophisticated instruments that enhance access to information. Touch is the exception. The knowing we can do through touching cannot be improved upon except in a few very simple, very particular ways.¹⁹ I want to borrow touch as a way to think about listening. Rather than move to a more carefully delineated sense of “good listening,” I want to frame listening in terms of relational responsiveness, particularity, shifting adequacy and inadequacy. As Lugones observes, what seems to be “significantly missing in much of the work that attempts to acknowledge difference is the *interactive step*.”²⁰ I want to frame listening in terms of responsiveness rather than simply receptivity.

Receptive listening is sometimes imagined as a kind of holding. Much as a bowl receives and holds a liquid or a solid, the hearer holds the wholeness of the other person in her attention. Listening at an angle involves a kind of receptivity that is engaged, accountable, but not the perfect holding that we imagine for mothers and teachers. It is like a broken bowl in which what is held is not wholeness but movement, the dance of sounds or shadows or air. The bowl does not merely happen to have cracks, openings, and spaces; it is made of them. That is the kind of bowl it is. It holds not wholeness but angles, not a nameable identity but movement. Broken listening is not meant to dispel contradiction, eliminate confusion, and impose clarity. Sometimes, the speaker offers only a clue or a cue that the listener must take on, take in, if it is to mean more. Sometimes, there is more, but it is not a straightforward directive or principle. What is at stake is not a set of idealized virtues but an emergent approach, feeling one’s way — what Lugones calls “a practice of *tantear* for meaning, for the limits of possibility.” She explains that she uses “the Spanish word ‘*tantear*’ both in the sense of exploring someone’s inclinations about a particular issue and in the sense of ‘*tantear en la oscuridad*,’ putting one’s hands in front of oneself as one is walking in the dark, tactilely feeling one’s way.”²¹ We feel our way to new pedagogical imaginaries, in which we hold ourselves accountable to others newly. We prepare ourselves to listen while knowing we cannot always listen adequately — but that our very inadequacy may prepare the way for surprise, for joy, for hearing things we have never heard and did not expect to hear (or overhear).

Let me close with what I think is at stake here for responsiveness, for listening. What I am looking for — seeking and knowing I can’t find in any final, satisfied way — is a different, embodied response, a different relationality, a visceral, embodied shift. It is a refusal of telling relations (you tell me your thoughts and I’ll tell you

mine). If I take the relationship to ask more of me than to be informed — if I hear it as a call to be attuned, to acknowledge, to testify, to experience with — then it is not enough for me to register, process, and act on what I'm told. It is not enough to be sincere or studious because sometimes what is called for is play and sometimes it's stunned uncertainty; sometimes it's a concession and sometimes it's a shrug.

When I was in the middle of ninth grade, my family moved from Geneva, the city where I'd lived most of my life, to the outskirts of a small rural Illinois town where everyone had known everyone else their whole lives. All the middle-class kids, along with a few working-class and farming kids, were automatically assigned to the advanced courses, so I was thrown in with the small-town elite. Although people were nice to me, I didn't fit in. One day, after school, when Mom asked me how my day had gone, I said a little sadly, "I don't think the girls in my classes really like me."

Mom was scrubbing the stovetop at the time. She didn't even lift her head. "Do you like them?" she asked.

Surprised, I answered, "No, not really."

"Oh well, then," she said, "what do you care?" and went on cleaning the stove.

To my fourteen-year-old heart, the response that mattered here was not the words but the shrug. I don't know what Mom was thinking — I never asked her — but I knew that my mother was not concerned if some girls did not like me. If I had liked them, it would have been different, but she put me in the center of the story, as an agent. She could not see this as a tragedy. A hundred other mothers might have said, "Oh honey, you're a wonderful person; I'm sure they like you," or "Maybe there are some other girls you'll like" (which of course there were) or "Give it some more time; they don't really know you yet." There is nothing wrong with such responses, for other mothers' girls. But what I needed to hear from my own mother just then, without knowing it, was how much weight to give the question of being liked in a new situation where I was the stranger.

For some readers and listeners, this story will feel wrong: it will feel like a mother ignoring her fourteen-year-old daughter's needs. It did not feel that way to me; it felt enormously liberating. My mother did not need me to be popular or at the center of things (she herself had been on the cheerleading team, on student council, at the dances of the many schools she went to as an Air Force brat, but she couldn't really see that it had made her any happier). For this story to make sense, it has to be understood not as a story into which the reader might insert herself, but as the story of a particular relationship. My mother always asked us how our day had gone. If we wanted to tell her a three-hour version, she was happy to hear it. She was an intense, passionately loyal, hands-on, touching and hugging and kissing mother. She did not especially care about the cleanliness of stoves. A hundred other days that year, she would have given me face-to-face attention about what my day had been like. For her to choose that moment to shrug off my concerns was a way of saying that she could not hear that these concerns mattered. And when they did not sound that way to her, they did not sound that way to me either anymore.

My point is not that a shrug is as good as an acknowledgment. Shrugs can also be violent — a refusal to engage, a refusal to listen. But sometimes a shrug is, accidentally or intentionally, what is needed. Sometimes the light touch is a way to listen while supporting someone else in letting go. When my sister was in college, she got a mean-spirited letter from a friend who was pumping himself up at my sister's expense. Sobbing, she showed our parents and me the letter and asked, "What should I say? How do I respond?" Mom and I offered shocked sympathy. Dad read the letter and said humorously, "Send him a postcard saying, 'Keep those cards and letters coming!'" This is hardly a response one could offer for every moment of feeling betrayed, but it worked perfectly in this situation: it shifted us into a different register that allowed my sister to not keep stabbing herself with the pain of the letter. It was impossible after that for Barb to read or remember the letter without the echo of my Dad's playfulness as a response. It became a response all of us used on ourselves after that in moments when we risked losing our equanimity over someone else's irritability or malice.

We are always maintaining or remaking our relationships. As Dorothy Smith argues,

The very forms of our oppression require a deliberate remaking of our relations with others and of these the relations of our knowledge must be key, for the dimensions of our oppression are only fully revealed in discoveries that go beyond what direct experience will teach us. But such a remaking cannot be prejudged, for in the very nature of the case we cannot know in advance what we will discover, what we will have to learn, and how it will be conceptualized. Remaking, in the context of intellectual enterprise, is itself a course of inquiry.²²

Philosophers (and others) do a certain amount of talking to (rather than with) others in our heads. We explain things, we debate things, we rearrange the discussion so that enlightenment ensues. But there is no way to make things come out right in your head; they can only come out differently in the relationship.

1. Cherríe Moraga, "Preface," in *This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color*, ed. Cherríe Moraga and Gloria Anzaldúa (New York: Kitchen Table/Women of Color Press, 1981/1983), xvii.

2. See, for example, Moraga and Anzaldúa, *This Bridge Called My Back*; Patricia Hill Collins, *Black Feminist Thought: Knowledge, Consciousness, and the Politics of Empowerment* (Boston: Unwin Hyman, 1990); Jill McLean Taylor, Carol Gilligan, and Amy M. Sullivan, *Between Voice and Silence: Women and Girls, Race and Relationship* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1995); Megan Boler, *Feeling Power: Emotions and Education* (New York: Routledge, 1999); and Tamara Beauboeuf-Lafontant, *Behind the Mask of the Strong Black Woman: Voice and the Embodiment of a Costly Performance* (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 2009).

3. Gloria Anzaldúa, *Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza* (San Francisco: Aunt Lute Books, 1987), 79.

4. Lillian Smith, *Killers of the Dream*, rev. ed. (New York: W.W. Norton, 1961), 96.

5. *Ibid.*, 135 and 136.

6. Jay Watson, "Uncovering the Body, Discovering Ideology: Segregation and Sexual Anxiety in Lillian Smith's *Killers of the Dream*," *American Quarterly* 49, no. 3 (1997): 475.

7. Margaret Halsey, *No Laughing Matter: The Autobiography of a WASP* (Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott, 1977), 128.

8. See Marilyn Frye, "White Woman Feminist," in *Willful Virgin: Essays in Feminism, 1976–1992* (Freedom, Calif.: Crossing Press, 1992), 147–69; Jeanne Perreault, "White Feminist Guilt, Abject Scripts, and (Other) Transformative Necessities," *West Coast Line* 28, no. 13/14 (1994): 226–38; Minnie Bruce Pratt, "Identity: Skin Blood Heart," in *Rebellion: Essays 1980–1991* (Ithaca, N.Y.: Firebrand Books, 1991), 27–81; and Ruth Smith, *White Man's Burden: A Personal Testament* (New York: Vanguard Press, 1946).
9. Karin Quimby, "Notes for a Musical History of Lesbian Consciousness," in *Cross-Purposes: Lesbians, Feminists, and the Limits of Alliance*, ed. Dana Heller (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1997), 195 and 196.
10. Pratt, "Identity: Skin Blood Heart," 29 and 28.
11. Lorraine Code, *What Can She Know? Feminist Theory and the Construction of Knowledge* (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1991).
12. Hans Jonas, "The Nobility of Sight," *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research* 14, no. 4 (1954): 512.
13. Joseph Beatty, "Good Listening," *Educational Theory* 49, no. 3 (1999): 282 and 284.
14. María Lugones, *Pilgrimages/Peregrinajes: Theorizing Coalition Against Multiple Oppressions* (Lanham, Md.: Rowman & Littlefield, 2003), 98.
15. Joyce Trebilcot, "Dyke Methods, or Principles for the Discovery/Creation of the Withstanding," *Hypatia* 3, no. 2 (1998): 3–4, 4, 11, and 13.
16. Linda Alcoff, "The Problem of Speaking for Others," in *Feminist Nightmares: Women at Odds: Feminism and the Problem of Sisterhood*, ed. Susan Ostrov Weisser and Jennifer Fleischner (New York: New York University Press, 1994), 299 and 300.
17. Sharon D. Welch, *A Feminist Ethic of Risk*, rev. ed. (Minneapolis: Fortress Press, 2000), 46.
18. Peter Elbow, "The Believing Game and How to Make Conflicting Opinions More Fruitful," in *Nurturing the Peacemakers in Our Students: A Guide to Teaching Peace, Empathy, and Understanding*, ed. Chris Weber (Portsmouth, N.H.: Heinemann, 2006).
19. Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, *Touching Feeling: Affect, Pedagogy, Performativity* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 2003).
20. Lugones, *Pilgrimages/Peregrinajes*, 69.
21. *Ibid.*, 1 and 1n.
22. Dorothy E. Smith, *The Everyday World as Problematic: A Feminist Sociology* (Boston: Northeastern University Press, 1987), 107.

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