Part of the photo essay, "Standing in the Doorway Between the Past and the Future," by Lesley Grant and Colette Murphy.

The Boundaries of Identity at the Intersection of Race, Class and Gender

by Didi Khayatt

En se basant sur sa propre expérience, l'auteure analyse les liens qui existent entre questions de sexe, classe, race et ethnie. Elle examine le processus d'assimilation à une autre culture ainsi que la découverte de définitions de soi qui mènent éventuellement à une nouvelle identité. À l'intérieur du contexte social canadien, l'auteure analyse les distinctions qui existent entre la culture blanche dominante et les groupes minoritaires et elle démontre comment, selon le contexte, certaines descriptions raciales et ethniques perpétuent l'oppression de certains groupes.

It had never occurred to me that I could be perceived as an "immigrant woman," a category which did not fit me any more than it did our "immigrant" British professor.

Moment One:

The year was 1981. A graduate student at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, I was working on my Ph.D., I was a novice feminist, listening to the words of my professors and of my fellow students, and absorbing the ideas that were changing my life and my thoughts. We were being taught to attend to the words of other women, and to locate ourselves in our research. That day, in class, the discussion centred on immigrant women. Students were attempting to grapple with the new (to us) sociological methodology which began from the standpoint of the oppressed, in this case, "immigrant women," and not from a defined sociological category. The debate was raging for close to an hour when finally the Professor was asked to give her opinion regarding what constituted an "immigrant woman." The Professor smiled, looked in my direction, and said: "We have an immigrant woman in our midst, why do we not ask *her* what she thinks?" Following the Professor's example, the whole class focused on the space where I was seated, and, likewise, I, too, glanced behind me, trying to find the "immigrant woman" to whom the Professor was referring. In my astonishment at being included in that category, I was rendered speechless. It had never occurred to me that I could be perceived as an "immigrant woman," a category which, to be precise, did include me because I had emigrated from Egypt in 1967, but one which did not fit me any more than it did our "immigrant" British Professor.

Why did I reject being included in the category "immigrant woman?" Why did I feel the label did not fit? We had just been told that people who originated from white, western, industrialized countries were not considered "immigrant." I came from Egypt. Why did I think I did not qualify?

The term "immigrant" technically refers to any individual who has a legal status in Canada of "landed immigrant" or "permanent resident" as opposed to being a "citizen." It is a temporary category intended as a period of adjustment, but also an interval during which those who are being considered as potential citizens are being evaluated. Individuals are given the rights and privileges in areas of work and education but are not yet able to vote or to carry Canadian passports. Indeed, historically, immigration policies were traditionally tied to labour needs and the political and economic imperative of populating certain areas of Canada with various skilled and unskilled labour. However, currently, as Roxana Ng suggests, the term is used in government documents to suggest all persons who are "foreign-born," regardless of their citizenship status. She continues:

> In common sense usage, however, not all foreign-born persons are actually *seen* as immigrants; nor do they see *themselves* as 'immigrants'. The common sense usage of 'immigrant women' generally refers to women of colour, women from Third World countries, women who do not speak English well, and women who occupy lower positions in the occupational hierarchy (29).

I agree with Roxana Ng that there is a disjunction between the legal government definition and the commonsense notion of what comprises an "immigrant woman."

Moment Two:

I was recently going up the elevator with one of the cleaning staff of my building. Since I often saw her, smiled, and always greeted her previously, it was appropriate that in the time we had to go up nineteen floors we would engage in a short conversation. I asked her where she was from. She answered: "Me from Korea." I informed her that I was from Egypt. She smiled at me and said: "No, you Canadian, me Korean." I laughed and insisted that I was from Egypt. She was adamant. She kept shaking her head and repeating: "You Canadian, me Korean" right up to the floor where I got off.

What had this woman seen in me that was Canadian, that denied my assurance to her that I came from Egypt? Evidently, she perceived me as assimilated, as having power, and, in her eyes, as undifferentiated from those people who fit her notion of "Canadian." Although not all immigrant women are "visible minorities"[1] (another state originated term) like this Korean woman, and neither are all "visible minorities" foreign-born, often both categories are *perceived* as almost interchangeable. Frequently, as Roxana Ng points out, the situation of Canadian-born "visible minorities" and that of "immigrants" are similar in many respects because of the race and class biases inherent in the social structure (29).

In her analysis of theories of race and class oppression, Caroline Ramazanoglu argued against the notion that racism can often be reduced to class. She rightly points out that black women and, I add, women of colour, "are not uniformly oppressed and they can have contradictory interests in which race, class, ethnicity, and nationality cut across each other." Furthermore, she asserts that, colour, "is not a static or universal category of disadvantage that transcends all other sources of social difference which determine the quality of people's lives" (134). Although I agree with Ramazanaglu's position, I suggest that colour is *perceived* to be a category of disadvantage, as are other labels, such as "immigrant," "visible minority," "refugee," "person from a developing or Third World country," and so on. This perception does not just stem from bigotry, but is in keeping with official government ideology which currently has designated individuals who fit into state categories of gender and/or of multiculturalism[2] as disadvantaged minorities who should be protected from discrimination and assisted in maintaining equal access to Canadian standards of living. The state, for the most part, has defined these categories, and as such, they have entered the currency of institutional language. They each have a state produced definition which is designed to signal difference, but, at the same time to protect those included in these classifications from social and economic discrimination in this society. It is precisely because of the perception that these categories are of disadvantage that I am concerned with indiscriminate labelling of individuals. To call me an "immigrant woman" or a "woman of colour" is to trivialize the very real oppressions of those who are within these categories and who are disadvantaged. Moreover, those "benign" categories themselves, although useful for state supported policies of affirmative action or legal bases for human rights complaints, are not as effective for the individuals themselves who are named within them. They often do not locate themselves in that manner precisely because the categories emphasize what seems to be an inalienable difference between themselves and the rest of the population. Where these classifications are significant is when they are appropriated to provide a feeling of belonging to a community, where this self-labelling may develop into an accepted identity, or, whenever these terms are taken up by the women so identified and transformed into a political identity. For instance, being referred to as a "woman of colour" because a person merely belongs to a particular ethnic group, regardless of whether this individual shares any common concerns, becomes more a means of slotting people to force containment, rather than self-labelling, where, even if the same term is applied, it is used by the people themselves to achieve a cohesive community of support based on shared concerns or political perspectives.

Dita Shehu

In this article, I want to use my own experience to discuss the intersections of sex, race, class, and ethnicity. I am interested in examining how, in the process of assimilating into a new culture, one finds the self definitions which will eventually comprise one's identity. I shall also investigate the distinctions made between the various expressions of dominant white culture and minority groups within the social contexts of Canada. Finally, I shall demonstrate how the categories used to describe race and ethnicity operate differently to keep certain groups oppressed when particular elements are present. These include such factors as sex, religion, sexuality, class, language, financial situation, education, relative darkness of skin, combined with an individual's particular history.

I came to Canada in the late sixties to do graduate work. At the end of my first year in this country, I decided I wanted to stay and I applied for immigration status. At that time, the process included an application form, a set fee, and, most important, an appointment with an immigration officer who would assess, based on a predetermined point system, whether I, as a candidate, was suitable to become a landed immigrant. According to Alma Estable, this hurdle consisted of assigning points to different categories, the most significant of which were employment skills and professional qualifications. Immigrants

were also "assessed on the basis of their personal characteristics (such as age, and professional qualifications), education, possession of a skill in demand"[3] (28). Because it was quantifiable, this system was supposed to be neutral and equitable. However, it should be noted that the linking of citizenship with occupation points to a system which is located within the dynamics of capitalism. Canada needed (and still needs) young, skilled immigrants, therefore practical training and work experience comprised the category which yielded the highest points. For my appointment with the immigration officer, I dressed up and made a special effort to look "good," not that I had any idea what would really make a difference. I presented myself at the appointed time, and we proceeded with the interview. On the one hand, my age, my very fluent English, my education, as well as my knowledge of Canada's second official language, French, gave me a certain number of points. On the other hand, my chosen field of anthropology did not rate at all on the priority list of needed skills, neither did I gain any points because of professional capacity. I had never worked in my life, not even at a summer job. The education officer questioned me regarding sponsorship by a relative, an organization or a company. I had none. Did I presently have a job. No. What kind of work was I capable of doing? I was a cultural anthropologist, my choices were limited. The poor man obviously wanted to give me the points, but I was clearly ten short of the required number and no amount of prodding into my professional experience could produce one single point more. Finally, he just looked at me, smiled, and said: "I know. I shall give you ten points for charm."

The assumptions implicit in the categories of "immigrant woman," "woman of colour," and "visible minority" conceal real differences in experience and do not distinguish between levels of oppression.

Would I have obtained these points had I spoken English haltingly? Would he have had the same measure of patience with my lack of skills and work experience had he perceived me as a "visible minority?" The accredited "charm" that the education officer appreciated relied on a combination of social relations which are not quantifiable, nor were they meant to be. Points were based on very practical state-defined occupational categories as well as potential characteristics which would eventually lead to job proficiency. I was assigned ten points based on nothing more functional than class and gender. I was located as a woman with no colour. My different-ness was invisible. I was perceived as posing no threat to the ruling white system. As a woman, my potential for work was trivial when compared with my youthfulness, and thus my procreational capacity. Therefore, I would suggest, what he saw was a woman of the right age and class to marry well, after which my assimilation would eventually be complete.

The assumptions implicit in the categories of "immigrant woman," "woman of colour," and "visible minority" conceal real differences in experience and do not account for nor distinguish between the various levels of oppression. They assume a homogeneity of background amongst all people who fall into those various groupings. As Linda Carty and Dionne Brand point out, these terms are "void of any race or class recognition and, more importantly, of class struggle or struggle against racism" (39). Who is entitled to determine who we are? How are those labels made to apply to various people? What do the labels really signify and how does that translate itself in the experiences of the individuals to whom they are applied? The question becomes, not who we are, but who are we perceived to be. It is not my identity which is of concern but the appropriate label that can be attached to me and which can decipher what I represent. The labels are applied by those in power to differentiate between themselves and those they want to exclude, and they accomplish this on the basis of race, class, ethnicity, and other factors. Or, as Linda Carty and Dionne Brand suggest: "State policy around issues of race, class, or sex can be characterized as policy of containment and control" (39).

Moment Three:

Several years after I obtained my landed immigrant status, I was finally granted citizenship. By that time I had qualified as a secondary school teacher and had been gainfully employed by a northern Ontario Board. The day I was supposed to be sworn in was finally at hand and I presented myself at the local courthouse. The judge had come all the way from Toronto for just this occasion, to oversee the transition from immigrant to citizen of several people. There were only five of us: a Chinese family of three, an Italian man, and myself. After the ceremony, we were all invited to attend a tea given by the I.O.D.E. (the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire) where they were to present us with a few mementoes, a Bible and a Canadian flag, to commemorate the occasion. I crossed the street from the courthouse to the church basement and found myself surrounded by older women bent on making me feel "welcome to Canada," my new land. Since the other four people had great difficulty with English, I became the centre of attraction, the one queried about conditions of my "old" country. The gist of the conversation was to make me articulate how I had left behind a dreadful situation to come to this land of plenty. The questions revolved around how we dress in Egypt, what and how we eat, do we have cars or is our public transportation based on camel power. I thought they were joking. I believed that they spoke in stereotypes on purpose and I played along. I laughed at their references and exaggerated differences, all in the name of fun, until the moment I left. Since I was the only Egyptian for miles around in that

northern Ontario town, people often made humorous allusions to pyramids and camels in order to tease me. It never occurred to me that these women were deadly serious. I did not take offence at the conversation.

I did not translate the exchanges as a level of racism. I knew my background and therefore I did not perceive their presumptions about Egypt as anything more than lack of information. It was many years later when I understood the language of racism that this incident fell into place, that I recognized their benevolent attention, not as welcoming me, but as relegating me to my "proper"

Racism is not about colour, it is about power. It is not only a recognition of difference, but an explicit emphasis on difference to mediate hierarchy based on colour.

place as grateful immigrant. Racism is not about colour, it is about power. Racism is power. It is not only a recognition of difference, but is the explicit emphasis on difference to mediate hierarchy based on colour, ethnicity, language, and race. Those women would probably not have seen me as particularly distinctive if I had met them socially without mention of by cultural background. Within the framework of my class, they had no power over me, which is why I took no offence at their words. I was neither destitute, nor was I essentially dependent on Canada for my well-being. I had emigrated for personal reasons which had more to do with the necessity of finding myself than the urgency of earning my living.

In a recurrent discussion with my friend Marian McMahon, (where she plays devil's advocate) she suggests that just because I am not conscious of racism does not mean that I am not the brunt of racist attitudes and remarks. When I interject that racism serves to place an individual in a vulnerable position, that, like sexism, it is flagged as a fundamental difference to highlight hierarchy and therefore justify discrimination, she agrees, but argues that as with those women who say they are not oppressed, my inability to feel oppressed is a denial of my status as a woman of colour, indeed, is in itself a form of internalized racism on my part. I take up her discourse seriously. However, I see that because of my privileged background, I can hardly qualify as "a woman of colour" and it would be inconsistent with the spirit of the common sense usage of the word for me to assume that label when I have never been submitted to the anguish of discrimination, the alienation of being slotted without my consent, or the experience of being silenced.

Moment Four:

In 1967 I came to Canada to do graduate work at the University of Alberta, Edmonton. I was 23. My entire formal education had been in English up to this point, and I spoke French and Arabic as well. Shortly after my arrival, the Chair of the department in which I was enrolled invited all new graduate students and faculty to a party at his house to meet the rest of the department. I attended. I mingled. I exchanged pleasantries with many people. I answered innumerable questions about my country, our traditions, our ways of eating and dressing. When I thought it was appropriate to leave, I went to my host who promptly accompanied me to find my coat and boots, scarf and gloves. It was late October in Edmonton. At the front door, in full view of a room full of his guests, after he turned and winked at them in collusion, he offered me his hand to wish me goodnight. Since I was already dressed to go out, I tended my gloved hand toward him, and following the rules of formal social conventions I had been taught, I said, with all the dignity of youth: "Please excuse my gloves." At which point, the entire room full of people who had been watching our exchange, burst into laughter. I looked at them in surprise, and left without bothering to give or receive any explanation. To my youthful naive eyes, these people proved to be boors without redemption. Not for a single second did it occur to me that my behaviour was inappropriate, or that I needed to feel self-conscious. To me, they were simple amiss in their manners.

Laughter and humour, when aimed at a certain person or is at the expense of someone, when the individual is not "in the know" because she is new to a culture, when she is different from the rest of the group in some way(s), is a method of ridicule or mockery. It is particularly so when the person being laughed at is not included in the jocularity. If I had not the assurance of privilege, the knowledge that my manners were impeccable, the assumption that my class background transcends most western cultures, I would have withered in shame, wondered at my possible "faux pas," and wilted from the insensitivity of these, perhaps, well meaning strangers. However, I did not give them a second thought. Consequently, in the same way that, in the first account, I knew that the term "immigrant woman" did not quite apply to me, I did not experience this incident as humiliating nor as a negative comment on my race or ethnicity. Even though I had just arrived from Egypt, a country considered "Third World," even though as a new graduate student I was at the bottom of the intellectual hierarchy within the context of that department, and even though I was probably perceived as non-white, I had the composure of class and the confidence of privilege to protect me from the exclusion to which I may have otherwise been subjected and of which I may have been made an object.

From a very young age I was taught that I was the daughter of such a family, from a certain class, a particular city in the south of Egypt. Managing class is not just the knowledge that one is born to privilege, but the under-

standing that this privilege may transcend different social and cultural changes. For instance, it did not come as a surprise to me when one day, as I was shopping for a sofa-bed in Eaton's department store in Toronto, the salesman recognized my family name. He came from Egypt and asked me the inevitable question to verify whether I came from that certain city in Upper Egypt and whether I was a Copt. Even though I was living on the limited means of a graduate student, he was immediately deferential. It was not me personally that he recognized, but how class operated in Egypt. The major discount he gave me was, perhaps, a reflection of his acknowledgment that, even in this new country, he had not forgotten the conventions of our past lives, that we both belonged—if differently to a distant past, that in the vast sea of Canadian foreignness, we shared a common history.

I have been assimilated well. I have had to alter my British accent, to tone down my formal manners, to adapt to many Canadian customs and traditions. I become visible because I am recognizable.

The formation of my identity includes my class, my colour, my ethnicity, my sex, my sexuality, and my religion. These factors seem constant since I have been old enough to identify myself. They are my location. However, other elements which are as important are variable, their relevance modified by changes in personal politics, circumstances, age, career, current ideologies, the general political climate.

I came to this country over two decades ago. I could speak both official languages very fluently and with minimum accent. The relative lightness of my skin colour combined with my privileged class background have spared me from experiences of discrimination or prejudice. At best, I intimidated people around me, at worst, they found me exotic. Even though "exotic" is, broadly speaking, a form a racist categorization, the word is often used to imply a kind of difference which is coveted rather than scorned.

Although I claim not to have suffered racism, I am often made to feel aware of my different-ness. Strangers regularly mispronounce my name but then people in North America often stumble over most names which are not simply spelt or are uncommon. When I refuse to use my first name, Madiha, it is because of the way it is frequently butchered, and because it is seldom remembered (even when people comment on "what a pretty name" it is). As a result of its foreignness, if my name is being called out to take my turn at being served, it is often presumed that I do not understand English (especially if I hesitate before answering), therefore, I am addressed in that loud, over-enunciated diction which assumes that volume will make up for language. But it only takes a moment to set people straight.

I would maintain that those incidents are very minor, that if they constitute racism they, essentially, do not have any recognizable consequence on my life. I have been assimilated well. I do not stand out. I have had to adjust to Canadian cultural significations, not to prevent discrimination against me, but to avert feelings of inadequacy which may spring from lack of communication. I have had to alter my British accent, to tone down my formal manners, to adapt to many Canadian customs and traditions. I have learned to use cultural referents to project the messages I want to convey. Consequently, I become visible because I am recognizable. What is concealed is my history, what is hidden is my Egyptianness. However, I am in a position to produce my history when it suits me, when it adds a new dimension to my qualities, and certainly not when it can be held against me.

Can it be said that my very insistance on assimilating is itself a response to levels of internalized racism? Is the invisibility of my foreignness precisely an indication of racism? I have argued that I do not suffer racism because of class and skin colour. This does not deny that racism exists, but it does suggest that, given certain other factors, I am not touched by its virulence. My assertions contain elements of contradiction because they stem from an issue which is complicated. The fact remains that I am spared, that in the ability to define my own identity, to convey a specific persona, to contain these contradictions, I can manage to control how I am perceived. I choose to make myself invisible only in that I want to blend; I do not want to stand out. Consequently, although I can be heard, a part of me is silenced.

Rigid definitions of race and ethnicity which do not account for the fluidity of the categories are not useful in that they mask the differences of class and location. They fail to respect individual identities or to take into account lived experiences. Conversely, gender as a category, when considered a basis for discrimination without accounting for class or for race, conceals distinct and intelligible levels of oppression within the category. And yet, Catharine MacKinnon reminds us, "to argue that oppression 'as a woman' negates rather than encompasses recognition of the oppression of women on other bases, is to say that there is no such thing as the practice of sex inequality" (20). It is also difficult to forget an early comment by Audre Lorde who informs us succinctly that: "Black feminists speak as women because we are women" (60). Feminism transcends yet recognizes difference. As a feminist, I bring to the discussion of race and gender the specifities of colour and class. Unless the boundaries of race, gender, class, and sexuality intersect to make visible the various nuances of each category, the usefulness of each becomes lost in a hierarchicalization of oppressions. In other words, if we isolate each characteristic in an attempt to make it visible without taking the whole framework into consideration, we are, in effect, rendering invisible the significant factors which combine to produce situations of oppression and discrimination. We are reduced to piling one oppression

on another to show the extent of discrimination, or we attempt to debate which form of oppression race or gender or class or sexuality is more potent. Gender, race, class, sexuality have to be considered together and at the same time. They must each convey specific location without denying the distinctiveness of individual experiences.

Finally, if I have personally ever felt the alienation of national identity, it is not in Canada but in Egypt. Egypt, situated in what the Europeans called "the Orient," is anchored in people's minds as "a place of romance, exotic beings, haunting memories and landscapes," but, as

It is in Egypt that I feel like a foreigner. I walked the streets of Cairo and felt I did not belong because I speak my own language with the exaggerated enunciation of one who is not using it continually.

Edward Said continues: "The Orient was almost a European invention" (79). In Egypt where colonization by French and English have reworked class structures to incorporate western notions of "culture" and "education," where upper class society demands an understanding and consideration of and an affinity with the conquerors, with their locus of power. Some of the questions Said addresses in his book are appropriate:

> What...sorts of intellectual, aesthetic, scholarly, and cultural energies went into the making of an imperialist tradition...? What is the meaning of originality, of continuity, of individuality, in this context? How does Orientalism transmit or reproduce itself from one epoch to another? (15).

I am a product of his problematic. Despite my pure Coptic origins, each one of my family sports European names, my father Andrew, my uncles Albert, Maurice, Robert and my aunts Edna, Margaret, Dora. My generation was defiantly christened with Arabic names, another conqueror, but closer in geography and culture. It is in Egypt where I have never properly learned my native tongue that I feel like a foreigner. I have never read Egyptian literature except in translation. The imagery that filled my formation is that of distant lands. I recited poems on daffodils when I had never set eyes on one. I described fields, streams, and forests while living in a land of intensive agriculture and wasted deserts. I knew of snow but had never experienced it. I enjoyed western toys, bought real estate in London playing British *Monopoly*, and donned clothes made in Europe. I attended French and English schools, and an American university. I walked the streets of Cairo and felt I did not belong because I spoke my own language with the exaggerated enunciation of one who is not using it continually; my idioms are outdated, my expression forgotten. When I return to my native land, I stand as foreign, am perceived as alien. I was never assimilated because class demanded a perceived difference from the masses. In Canada I am integrated because my survival depends on my being like everybody else.

I gratefully acknowledge the support and ideas of Marian McMahon, Frieda Forman, Linda Carty, Peggy Bristow and Dina Khayatt. They should get the credit of refining my thinking, although I take the responsibility of my words.

A version of this article will be published in Carl E. James, Adrienne Shadd, eds. Encounters: Culture, Values and Identity. *Toronto: Between the Lines Press, 1994.*

Didi Khayatt teaches at the Faculty of Education at York Universtiy. She is interested in issues of gender, race relations, and sexuality. She is the author of a number of articles and her first book, Lesbian Teachers: An Invisible Presence *was published by SUNY Press in 1992. She is currently involved in reserach in the area of sexual categories.*

---

[1]"Visible minority" is a comprehensive term which describes any person who is non-white, including South Asians, Blacks, Chinese, but also, broadly speaking, Native Canadians. The term is not currently utilized because its use has proven limited.

[2]"Multiculturalism" is a term which expresses the varied ethnic heritages of Canadians. *The Collins Dictionary of Canadian History, 1867 to the Present* (by David J. Bercuson and J.L. Granatstein), states that the term was first heard in the 1960s "as a counter to the emphasis on Bilingualism and Biculturalism that characterized the Liberal Government." The authors explain that the "ethos of multiculturalism is that every Canadian, whatever his or her origin, has the right to honour his or her heritage in Canada." However, the dictionary also notes that government policies of multiculturalism were subsequently perceived to be a political tool to remove francophone concerns from the limelight by introducing those of other rapidly growing ethnicities. This strategy promoted politics of divide and rule by using federal funds. Marjory Bowker distinguishes between two versions of multiculturalism, in the first of which "all cultures are allowed to prosper and flourish amongst their followers; that nothing in the law be allowed to impede the personal enjoyment and enrichment to be derived from one's ethnic heritage." The other version, like the above, "concerns government funding for ethnic programs which tend to divide rather than unite, resulting in a loss of cohesiveness and eventually a fragmented Canadian culture" (87).

[3]Alma Estable mentions that the Immigration Act was revised considerable although the point system continues

in effect, and where practical training and experience continue to be assigned the greatest number of points.

References

Bercuson, David J., J.L. Granatstein, eds. *The Collins Dictionary of Canadian History, 1867 to the Present.* Toronto: Collins, 1988.

Bowker, Marjorie. *Canada's Constitutional Crisis. Making Sense of It All.* Edmonton, Alberta: Lone Pine Publishing, 1991.

Carty, Linda, Dionne Brand. "'Visible Minority' Women—A Creation of the Canadian State." *RFR/DRF.* 17(3) (1988).

Estable, Alma. "Immigration Policy and Regulations." *RFR/DRF.* 16(1) (1987).

Lorde, Audre. "Sexism: An American Disease in Blackface." *Sister Outsider.* Freedom, Ca.: The Crossing Press, 1984.

Ng Roxana. "Immigrant Women in the Labour Force: An Overview of Present Knowledge and Research Gaps." *RFR/DRF.* 16(1) (1987).

MacKinnon, Catharine. "From Practice to Theory, or What is a White Woman Anyway?" *Yale Journal of Law and Feminism,* Fall (1991).

Ramazanaglu, Caroline. *Feminism and the Contradictions of Oppression.* London and New York: Routledge, 1989.

Said, Edward. *Orientalism.* New York: Vintage Books, 1979.