

Woe or Whoa! International Relations Where It's Not Supposed to Be

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INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS IS A RENEGADE politics, shouting loudly, whispering softly, and often darting furtively. Its cheekbones are damp with sweat. Rivulets of water trickle between its shoulder blades as it eyes boots passing in formation. It can cut a barbaric figure as it scavenges about hungry, voracious even; rarely is it not suspicious, rarely not stingy. Yet international relations can also appear in a smoking jacket, brandy in hand after a day on the links with political *copains*. It can stand in an art museum and ruminate about Goya. It can run from here to there and back again, looking desperately for asylum. International relations can be mean-spirited and tough or Zen-like and endeavoring. The academic field of International Relations (IR) supposedly sorts all this out and ordains where the true international relations is supposed to be, how it is supposed to look, and where it is not supposed to be and, in fact, cannot be. The renegade that is international relations, however, does not honor IR's distinctions: it's everywhere and in many guises.

International relations where IR says it's supposed to be moves beyond the darting and the eyeing and boots up, sends troops, rallies the UN, and summits the world economy. It salutes in Iraq, notwithstanding being squashed runny in Baghdad: it's there, dressed for war and for relief. International relations where it's supposed to be sends bits of money and advice to someplace hungrier than it is. It establishes markets. It sits behind bullet-proof glass in The Hague. It talks about nuclear policy while wearing the colorful local costume of the meeting—perhaps flowery Pacific shirts this time. International relations where it is supposed to be takes a toy 747 home to the kids as a souvenir, because, of course, kids are not in international relations where it's supposed to be.

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All the while another, completely interconnected international relations is in a crouch with arms hugging its head. It lays low despite hoisting about a startlingly large girth. Imagine Ron Mueck's gigantic, life-like sculpture of a kid hiding in the vastness of London's Millennium Dome, and then spirited out to hide again at the Venice Biennale.¹ Imagine coming upon it unaware. You stub your toe on its plasticine leg because you can't see something so gosh darned big. That's international relations where it's not supposed to be but where it is.

When it dances in Bali, international relations is in the wrong place at the wrong time. No point looking there...until POW!! Suddenly, there's a seismic change. What was tourism becomes terrorism and a mean international relations where it's not supposed to be muscles in as barbaric interloper. When international relations tumbles massive urban architectures in peacetime, it's not where it is supposed to be. When it seeks some R&R by playing up to a thirteen-year old Thai girl, it's where it's often clandestinely been (and around military bases too), but IR hasn't seen it there. (Baaad international relations. IR can go after war but it can't go there!) We drink to IR in laddish rounds. Someone vomits.

Where international relations is supposed to be and where it's not supposed to be. To be or not to be: that is a question of powerful surreptitious stealth versus power officially scripted. Both exist side by side, mimicking each other, hiding together sometimes or shouting loudly at one another, often out of kilter. International relations where it's not supposed to be is not some understudy to international relations where it's supposed to be. It's not waiting in the wings for the superstars to get ill. No. It has its own missions, parties, techniques, destinations and drivers. It's there, giving off a whiff of smelly cheese as it passes. That's enough to put most people off, but international relations where it's not supposed to be also has investigators and devotees.

FEMINIST WOES

Those for whom a smelly cheese is a sign of ferment somewhere follow the outlaw odor into spaces so big we sometimes can't see all around, and spaces so small we might think we have followed Alice down the rabbit hole. Feminist IR is down that hole and wandering that wilderness, following cheeses spirited about in crumpled paper bags. Clearly part of IR, it's after the international relations that much of IR seems to deem 'not supposed to be.' It has been on the trails for nigh onto twenty-five years. Whooping and hollering or crawling on hands and knees through dark passages, it brands its own cheeses by now.

Sometimes, all that feminist messing about where international relations is not supposed to be makes those associated with where it's supposed to be extra suspicious.

Mr. Clean wants no smells, no mess at home, no feminists—well, maybe only one or two. Feminists following international relations where it's not supposed to be are also suspicious about IR and have been from the beginning of their quests. What's that noise? Who's there? Why aren't we? How dare they? Sometimes suspicious feminist IR can forget the plot, resent its own smell and yearn to be a tight IR insider. When so afflicted, feminist IR can worry and woe. It can accuse. It can lament. It can insist. It can declare itself. It can point out. It can police its own, just like IR does. It can not-see that international relations can absorb feminists without feminists being fully absorbed by IR.

No one would say that in moments of worry and woe, the content of *all* feminist IR scripts becomes woeful; nor would we ever claim that there are "no worries, mate" to concern oneself with in and around the reception of feminist international relations in IR. But whoa, hold on! After years of solid input and clear visibility in textbooks, on panels, and in positions—despite being where we're not supposed to be—is it really a tragedy if IR doesn't pass us the tea and biscuits? Must we revisit the status of feminism in IR so frequently, go through this nervous hey-hey so regularly? Doesn't the stink of hunting down international relations where it's not supposed to be carry us all along? I mean, there's so much to sniff out—all the gooey gobs IR discards as residuals, all the art of international relations that goes unstudied, all the plays of IR in need of dramaturgical critiques and rewrites. There are kids and dogs and foods and livelihoods to consider, there are suicide bombers and poverty reduction strategies and child soldiers all over the place—for a start. An international relations that is so omnipresent, so everyday, so normal, so artful, so tragic, so idiotic, and so nobody is still missed by IR and still there to find. Whoa! Pass the cheese.

The trouble is that students and professors and departments have careers and bureaucracies to cater for. There's so much competition for the teensy space allotted to all those things that could compose international relations. Departments restock their shelves with old brands: why hire a feminist if they can get IR's usual products? And even then, groups well within IR jostle and fight for position. Seekers of international relations where it's not supposed to be are often scattered, preoccupied and unavailable for rehearsals of their own wars of position. University budgets get zapped. Lots of fire-eating and fire-breath. And what happens? You get demolished like the ever-targeted mermaid in Copenhagen harbor. No job for you! Crushed ambition. Stomped aspiration. And often, you also feel *schadenfreude* from other seekers after international relations where it's not supposed to be and from smug winners of IR competitions. Woe upon woe.

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WHO!

Notwithstanding all this, the world out there and in here and around us has settled into an excruciating repertoire of politics imitating bad drama, of ferocity standing in for virtuosity, of melodrama, hate, histrionics, and death to all! Some international relations where it's not supposed to be is metamorphosing into the kind of international relations that can be taken on, albeit nervously and catch-as-catch can, by academic IR. Does IR where it's supposed to be have the imagination to deal with these cross-overs? Quite possibly not. We saw how unimaginative it was in the late 1980s, when a king-pin state bit the dust and most of IR where it's supposed to be stood about eyeing. What about us? Do we have the imagination and now the stamina to keep pushing into enduring aspects of international relations where it's not supposed to be, let alone where it suddenly is?

I would say that the most imaginative expeditions into borderlands of international relations today are those undertaken not from within IR, or as a by-product of feminist woes about IR and the international relations it studies relative to the international relations it ignores. These days I'm most impressed by some—note some—journalists and popular essayists. I'm talking about practitioners who follow stories down holes and into wildernesses and wars and firing lines far more diligently, dangerously, and determinedly than most of us do. There are three writers I want to mention: the *New York Times* culture critic, columnist, and Associate Editor, Frank Rich; his Pulitzer-prize winning colleague, Maureen Dowd; and, from a very different location, Mariane Pearl, the French journalist and widow of *Wall Street Journal* journalist, Daniel Pearl.

ART IMAGINES POLITICS IMAGINES ART

In "When the Politicians Outdo the Artists," Frank Rich compares artistic attempts to capture the zeitgeist of post-11 September New York with efforts of national politicians to build a big imaginary around war on terror.² This unusual low politics take on a problematic of high politics isn't unusual for Rich. An art critic by background, his biting political insights landed him on the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times* before being promoted to Associate Editor and a regular spot in the arts section analyzing art and politics. He claims to be happy in the borderlands between news and culture, however unexpected that location may seem. In that, he's an alter ego to the cheese followers/carriers in IR: he locates news where it's not supposed to be but where, in fact, it is apt to be.

The question at hand in "When the Politicians Outdo the Artists" is: who has the best dramaturgical imagination these days, artists or politicians? Rich tells of attending

two plays staged in New York, the theater capital of America, around the second anniversary of the twin towers debacle. Rich enters each venue hoping, as he puts it, "to retrieve some meaning from America's new memorial day." It is not to be.

In "Omnium Gatherum," playwrights Theresa Rebeck and Alexandra Gersten-Vassilaros offer up the quintessential New York dinner party farce. Gathered around, various "talking heads" take turns giving the audience what Rich describes as predictable, myopic positions on New York and the world today. Novelists are present, postcolonial scholars, and,—why not?—a visiting terrorist next to a New York firefighter. The classes mingle, if not exactly mixing well, held together for a while by the hostess, who is none other than Martha Stewart. No surprise to learn that this dinner party has an apocalyptic climax. To Rich, though, there is

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much more at stake here than a disappointing evening out. Lambasting "this glib play, which congratulates a complacent audience on its own moral superiority to the nattering nabobs onstage," he diagnoses it as "part of the problem not the solution, at a time when the United States, arguably, is waltzing into what the former CIA director, James Woolsey, has called the next world war."³ Instead of taking to heart John Guare's sage remark, written for the Manhattan hostess in his 1990 play, "Six Degrees of Separation"—that the key to thinking about a shocking event is to avoid turning it into "an anecdote with no teeth and a punch line you'll mouth over and over for years to come"—"Omnium Gatherum" gives us rote mouthings devoid of imagination.⁴

The second play is "Recent Tragic Events" by Craig Wright. Rich deems this one "maudlin," "TV-shaped," and "dead-on-arrival." The playwright apparently means for us to ponder the new social uncertainties that confront average New Yorkers in the wake of the towers attacks. Only there's a big problem here: the playwright can't rise above the shallowness of his main character's dim dilemma: Should she keep the blind date arranged before her sister went missing from the targeted World Trade Center the previous day? Wright massages a no-brainer decision into something we're asked to find deep and ethically engaging. It's as bad as the TV docudrama, "DC9/11: Time of Crisis." That one, says Rich, "injected Botox into the White House's already cosmetically enhanced version of the president's supposed derring-do while racing around the country on Air Force One."⁵ What shoddy imagination at the creative fulcrum of international relations and personal relations, opines this incisive critic.

Although there's considerable shoddiness away from the theaters of Manhattan

too, the paradox for Rich is that custodians of the national interest—the types IR studies as the shapers of international politics—show more talent in crafting meaning today than those we associate with play writing arts. Locations anointed with artistic imagination recycle the tropes of self-absorption that made Woody Allen famous in the

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1960s. Politicians, who are famed for wooden dullness, are the ones who turn our heads today. In a word, “the Bush administration has all the creative fire that the creative world lacks.”⁶ It has us losing ourselves in fantasist plots in which “the villain is

Saddam Hussein, not Bin Laden, and the 11 September hijackers were predominantly Iraqi rather than Saudi.”⁷ Whoa! Rich says it's the stuff of a Laura Bush literary salon (ouch). Certainly it sits closer to the bone, though, than plays written to help frame public memories about confused international relations treading where Americans think it's not supposed to be and where we're not prepared for it to be.

62 Rich's point is that things are all shook up now in more ways than we realize. Politicians are the skilled artists and the artists display the skills of clumsy, vote-driven politicians. Condoleezza Rice keeps a straight face, Rich goes on, while she Meets The Press with the line that Bush didn't mean the war in Iraq was really over when he declared “mission accomplished.” What he meant was that the particular mission assigned to the particular forces he went to greet in Baghdad had been accomplished. What a sensation! She is now on stage again, telling us that those plans for Iraqi weapons of mass destruction are there and will be revealed. The fact that no one is lifting the curtain on the goods means that the Tony for this year will undoubtedly go to the playwrighting team that keeps pulling off a bad play so creatively.

Although Rich focuses on the United States and its dramas of international relations, one shouldn't ignore the globalization of bad play writing. Inside continental Europe it is equally evident that scripts of strident anti-Americanism quilt into a fire curtain behind which European leaders nervously assure themselves that there's nothing wrong over here. Europe is the good cop and America is the bad cop. America is war and Europe is peace. America is unilateral and Europe is multilateral. Schroder and Chirac vie for playwrights of the year as they ride audiences into an international relations of the great Europe-U.S. standoff. That they must jump over nasty local backlashes against immigrants, ignore problems in the Euro-zone, dodge political assassinations, and suffer breakdowns of productivity, transportation, and health services to do so is kept backstage.

The political play's the thing this season elsewhere, too, as some governments use global theatrics around terror risks to states as props for staging rounds of state terror against their own citizens: witness the mad playwright in Zimbabwe. Wherever we sit in the world, we matrix into neo-Hieronymus Bosch scenes of international relations untamed by any director. Rich wants to know, "Where are those with the courage and imagination to challenge a government of brilliant fabulists at what should be the artists' own game?"⁸

And that takes us to Maureen Dowd. Rich jiggled to culture from Op-Ed and Dowd jagged onto the Op-Ed page of the *New York Times* in 1995, winning a Pulitzer Prize in 1999 for her commentaries on Clinton's imaginative nonsex with Monica Lewinsky. Along with columnist Thomas Friedman, who often writes on the Middle East, Dowd and Rich are kicking posts for conservatives and even for some feminists. Check out the web for the buckets and buckets of woes about both of them. Dowd is called shallow. She is called an idiot. She is said to be clever but cynical, nasty, and pop-culturalist. Some say she is formulistic. Some say she has lost her bite, while certain conservative broadsheets think she bites so hard that they must periodically remove her from their pages. All this suggests to me that she is doing something right.

While Rich powerfully and imaginatively evokes art as contemporary politics, Dowd often lands a sharp axe directly on high politics imaginaries of international relations. Washington in-fighting over international policy priorities is cast as "The administration that never let you see it sweat is sweating, as two of its control freaks openly tug over control. The President's foreign policy nanny and his grumpy grumpy over at the Pentagon are suddenly mud wrestling."⁹ She writes a column called "The Jihad All-Stars", which starts off: "Yep, we've got 'em right where we want 'em. We've brought the fight to their turf, they're swarming into Iraq and blowing up our troops and other Westerners every day, and that's just where we want to be."¹⁰ On other occasions she hits closer to home. Clarence Thomas gets it for attention-seeking opposition to affirmative action legislation. Woody Allen gets it for seeking pots of money to tell-all about a career that Dowd casts as singularly woeful once he absconds with his girlfriend's girl.

Because Dowd switches easily between parodies of Washington, and its cast of scheming playwrights, and parodies of war and popular culture, she fingers the threads of celebrity, identity politics, and power that can seem to rule America and its relations with the world. She can get patriots and feminists steaming and others laughing. Because she takes no prisoners, one can wonder about her politics: whose side is she on? While we may woe about IR, and while Rich warns about fabulists fabricating international relations, Dowd is suggesting strongly that politics today—in sordid, intermingled international and domestic representations—isn't fit to be anywhere in the world but is there anyway as a menace. Whoa!

GETTING PEARLS

Here's someone who packs smelly cheese in with painful woes and comes out with powerful whoas of international relations. Mariane Pearl has worked in the journalism field too. Indeed, she is an award-winning documentary film director who produced and hosted a daily radio show for Radio France International and has written for *Le Nouvel Observateur* and *Telerama*. She now has a book with Sarah Crichton about events surrounding the kidnapping and killing last year of her American husband, Daniel Pearl, who was South Asia Bureau Chief in Pakistan for the *Wall Street Journal*. It is a personal tale, as, of course, it would have to be. It is also, and most intentionally, a story about international relations today, which cannot help being a story about where it is and is not supposed to be and what it is up to. Five months pregnant at the time of her husband's death, we expect that story to be "maudlin." It isn't. Mariane Pearl's woe sings alongside what some call a "determinedly unsentimental" approach, one that might be seen as feminist international relations taken with "some cheese from my fine food store in Montmartre."¹¹

She wakes up cranky on the day her husband is kidnapped, wearily anticipating a dinner party at the house that evening. Unlike her playwright counterparts in New York, she does not anticipate that this "do" will be a source of any particular meaning relative to other activities in her life:

It is already 95 degrees, but I have a cold and a headache, and there will be a dinner party here tonight, and I don't feel up to doing much of anything. It will take all my energy to prepare for the interview I have to tape for French radio with the director of an organization that tries to protect women from domestic violence. As in India, where the horrifying problem has received more attention, domestic abuse is rife here, with shocking numbers of wives being beaten by their husbands, or worse—attacked with acid, even burned alive.¹²

She is more up for her husband, who she portrays as the type of man professional women like. He's the kind who irons his shirts diligently and returns at night with them crumpled and smelly from exertion. He looks boyish and isn't especially so. Kids like him. She is always in his picture and he is always in her frame. But we're not in "Laura Bush's literary salon" here and Mrs. Pearl fast tracks into a discussion of Daniel Pearl's development as a journalist. From dinner-party shorts penned off the slimmest of incidents, he has stretched himself to fit the harder terrains of international relations:

The territory he now explores is less certain. He weaves his way through a world filled with narrow, conflicting views. He peers down alleyways, connects the dots, explains the butterfly effect—how the slightest movement in one place can have

massive consequences somewhere else. I see Danny growing and taking responsibility as a writer and as a man. He is becoming more genuinely concerned about a world he embraces ambitiously.¹³

This is the kind of stalking that resonates with IR where it's not supposed to be. The territory one prowls is recognizably uncertain. Weave through the alleys, connect numerous narrow openings, try a variety of vantage points, trace the contradictions responsibly. Know that there can be power in the slightest movement. Know also that in places many of us don't get to regularly, there are massive reverberations. She, the other journalist in the family, is left to connect what dots she can.

Her tale draws attention to what it refuses to do as well as what it does. It refuses to give one man more fame than the world in which he operates. Collaborator Sarah Crichton confirms this as she recounts becoming involved with the book more because it is about "global politics and international stories" than because it is about the tragedy of one family's fate.¹⁴ True enough. The event at the center of the story is Daniel Pearl's intended interview with Sheikh Mubarak Ali Shah Gilani, a radical Muslim cleric, at a Karachi restaurant. That meeting is a trap door that puts Pearl down a hole of international politics that oozes thick hostilities four months after the World Trade Center has fallen. Pearl believes Gilani has information on the American shoe bomber, Robert Reid, who tried to bring down a flight from Paris to Miami on 22 December 2001. What he ends up with, it now seems, is the Al Qaeda network itself.

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When Daniel doesn't phone or return, Mariane and her American, Indian-born Muslim friend, Asra Q. Nomani, suspect the worst amidst their dinner party. Once the soiree is over and most guests gone (one passes out in the living room), two women begin digging into the most turbulent international relations of the times. It is a remarkable tale of bright, foreign women working feverishly amidst Islamic fundamentalist sympathies that usually leave women out of any picture of political agency. At first they scour Daniel's computer files, trace his mobile phone calls, and check his notes for names, places. They don't know who to notify about Pearl's absence—what exactly *does* one do in such a situation? They know that "[c]orruption is endemic among Pakistani police" and wonder whether it makes sense to "call Pakistani intelligence? ISI, Inter-Services Intelligence—the role of the agency is so murky, frightening."¹⁵ They finally phone the American Consulate, to be told that this is probably another case of an American out carousing, clandestinely, in Karachi. Ring back in the morning.

In-between all this, perhaps to throw off her own remembered fear, Mariane Pearl tells us about her mother and the Cuban *guateques* parties she used to throw in Paris on Sunday nights, queues for them trailing around the block. She talks about first seeing Daniel Pearl while she dances with her mother at another party. Several months later, he arranges to be at her flat in Paris one morning at 8 am, ostensibly en route between

Madrid and London. He is carrying his suitcase, mandolin and a bag full of the groceries he needs to make breakfast. A propos of the little ways international relations sometimes comes to rest on one's stoop, Mariane Pearl talks about the team the two make—a woman from a African-Cuban-Chinese mother and Dutch Jewish father and an American Jewish man descended, in part, from Iraqis: "No one can peg a mixed couple. They cannot assume they know anything about you, individually or together. And it's not simply that you are no longer restricted by conventional boundaries, it is that borders are meaningless to you."¹⁶ They are down that hole where nothing is where it's supposed to be, their own smelly cheese marking the trail. One is meant to think that if they can make it, the world can too.

And then an unpleasant international relations threatens the team and doesn't back off. Back in Karachi now, Daniel has still not turned up. Pakistani police begin to clog the rented house and a counter-terrorism team takes up residence in the corner of the living room. The American Consulate, where international relations is supposed to be for Americans, finally send their people. The FBI and CNN are there also, as are Pearl's captors in the form of emails that warn of an imminent death. Daniel Pearl is indeed slaughtered—like a pig—around 1 February 2002. None of the investigators knows this until nearly the end of February. For three long weeks after there's actually no hope, the search continues, television interviews plead, and biryani chicken arrives daily from the Karachi Sheraton, which will be blown apart by a terrorist bomb less than three months later. The two women earn heartfelt admiration in many quarters of the investigation, even as they themselves grow suspicious of some Pakistani intelligence agencies working side-by-side with/against them.

We are talking about women who end up being where they are in the world but definitely not where they are supposed to be in international relations or in IR, a field that can't see them through the megaterror phenomenon it now studies. That these women will never be outside high international relations again is clear. Mariane Pearl sees President Musharraf of Pakistan en route home, and then President Jacques Chirac in Paris, which means that "Bush was my third president in under a month."¹⁷ Laura Bush becomes her first first lady ever when she makes a private visit to the tiny and cluttered Montmartre office where Mariane writes. Heavily pregnant by then, Pearl is not especially keen for the visit, although she does buy some French sweets to serve. The person who turns up surprises Pearl: "I wasn't expecting to be moved by the visit. But Laura Bush strikes me as an intense, compassionate person, and I feel her seriousness of purpose having a real impact on me. When she leaves, I am surprised to feel stronger than I have in a while."¹⁸ (So much for the (foolish) Laura Bush salon.) If the international relations on view here is very personal and relational, it is also very political *and* very incisively begotten of woe *and* whoa. Restrained and elegant, we get vein-

Gorgonzola over grit and pearls of imagination, pain, activism and research. This is a dish that IR chefs rarely serve.

SO, WHERE ARE WE?

James Schlesinger, CIA director under Richard Nixon, is not one to mince words.¹⁹ Discussing U.S. intelligence reforms required in the aftermath of 11 September, he says at a public hearing of the National Commission on Terrorist Attacks Upon the United States, that today's intelligence analysts cannot afford to operate "in an academic environment." They can't act like "a bunch of college professors" who take offence when challenged or who resent questions. Why? Because, he says, they'll be ignored by policy makers.

Perhaps the time has come for more feminist analysts to ignore the bunch of college professors that get all academic about international relations—and are thus seen as irrelevant in some circles—and push to make the search for international relations where it's not supposed to be (and is—suddenly or not) crackle with energy and in-the-fray relevance. That's the lesson I learn from reading the good journalists. They operate imaginatively at a fulcrum of news, stories, policy advice, scrutiny and public criticism. Sometimes their judgments can be harsh (Rich's dig at Laura Bush) and sometimes even experienced journalists can be surprisingly naïve about the depths of hate in the world (Daniel and Mariane Pearl). Still, one benefit of emulating aspects of their imaginations would be fewer trips to revisit ourselves in IR and more trips to visit ourselves in international relations. And heaven help us if Maureen Dowd finds us behaving idiotically at locations that really count!

Before anyone protests that they already operate at that fulcrum in feminist IR, let me say that I know this. Everyone who examines international relations where it's not supposed to be is a dot connector extraordinaire, someone who knows plenty about smelly cheeses. My concern is that we stop worrying about how IR where it's supposed to be sees us, and step confidently into the reverberating spaces that Rich, Dowd, and Pearl powerfully and influentially outline. It's not that we all have to become journalists, but rather that we can take some inspiration in these difficult times from those who look where they shouldn't and who expect to exert influence for doing so beyond an academic field. After all, if international relations doesn't abide by IR and therefore isn't where it's supposed to be, don't we risk some irrelevance if we try to hang off IR hooks?

We know international relations isn't always where it's supposed to be so we already know more of the score than most. Let's take the prizes for imagination in interpreting and constructing meaning in international relations instead of seeing them go to Washington, Paris, and Berlin politicians. Let's not hand over each fracas of interna-

tional relations to the journalists and then find ourselves eyeing their positions, boldness, influence, and admonitions from a distance. And let's not keep reviewing our progress in IR. Let IR worry for a change about how/whether/where it fits into a savvy and confident feminist international relations! Now there's a whoa. 

NOTES

1. Boy, 1991
2. Frank Rich, "When the Politicians Outdo the Artists," *International Herald Tribune* (4-5 October, 2003): 22.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid.
8. Ibid.
9. Maureen Dowd, "Two Control Freaks in a Tug of War," *International Herald Tribune* (10 October, 2003): 8.
10. Maureen Dowd, "The Jihad All-Stars," *New York Times* (27 August, 2003).
11. Julie Salamon, "Slain Reporter's Widow Isn't Trying for Sympathy," *International Herald Tribune* (7 October, 2003): 1; Marianne Pearl and Sarah Crichton, *A Mighty Heart: The Brave Life and Death of My Husband, Danny Pearl* (New York: Scribner, 2003): 14.
12. Pearl and Crichton, 10.
13. Ibid., 12-13
14. Salamon, 10.
15. Ibid., 31.
16. Ibid., 46.
17. Ibid., 210.
18. Ibid., 218
19. "2 Experts Differ on Preventing Terrorism (2003)," *International Herald Tribune*, 15 October, 2003): 5.

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