The Women’s Review of Books

April 24, 2004, was a historic day in the troubled history of the Mediterranean island of Cyprus. More than half a million Cypriots voted on the future of their island and their lives. The voting came 30 years after the Turkish military intervention in Cyprus, which had followed years of communal strife between the Greek majority and the Turkish minority in the 1960s and a coup d’état by Greek Cypriot extremists associated with the Greek military junta in 1974. Ironically called “the Peace Operation” by the Turkish social-democratic government of the time, this military intervention, like all others, resulted in many deaths and disappearances on both sides, forced relocations, and the partition of the island into two: the Turkish North and the Greek South.

In this issue, we continue our exploration of Women, War, and Peace with articles on women as policymakers, peace activists, defense industry workers, soldiers.

Carol Burke explains how military marching chants are used to transform recruits into fighters. p. 6

Is Bob Woodward a sister? Cynthia Enloe reveals how feminists can learn from Plan of Attack. p. 10

Liza Featherstone looks at traditional gender roles and witty direct-action groups like Code Pink. p. 11

In both rebel and government armies, African girl-soldiers are spies, porters, cooks, fighters, and sex slaves. Some join, while others are pressed into service, says researcher Dyan Mazurana, and all face special problems reintegrating into their communities when war is over. p. 21

Plus a special poetry section with new work by Eloise Klein Healy, Julia Kasdorf, Maxine Kumin, Elizabeth Macklin, and Gail Mazur. p. 14

and more...

Erasing the lines

by Ayse Gul Altinay

The Line: Women, Partition and the Gender Order in Cyprus by Cynthia Cockburn.


April 24, 2004, was a historic day in the troubled history of the Mediterranean island of Cyprus. More than half a million Cypriots voted on the future of their island and their lives. The voting came 30 years after the Turkish military intervention in Cyprus, which had followed years of communal strife between the Greek majority and the Turkish minority in the 1960s and a coup d’état by Greek Cypriot extremists associated with the Greek military junta in 1974. Ironically called “the Peace Operation” by the Turkish social-democratic government of the time, this military intervention, like all others, resulted in many deaths and disappearances on both sides, forced relocations, and the partition of the island into two: the Turkish North and the Greek South. In April, Greek and Turkish Cypriots were asked to express their opinions about a UN-driven negotiation document for a reunited Cyprus, the Annan Plan. Unfortunately, the results were less than satisfactory for those longing for a solution: a 65 percent “yes” to the Annan Plan in the Turkish North and a 75 percent “no” in the Greek South. The 30-year-long struggle to demilitarize the island and normalize relations between Turkish and Greek Cypriots went into a new phase, its success to be determined by the extent to which women become a part of it. Because so far, women’s position has been one of total invisibility.

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The Women’s Review thanks Cynthia Enloe for her editorial advice on this issue and Poetry Editor Robin Becker for commissioning and selecting the work in our special War and Peace poetry action.

Contributors

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ROCHELLE GOLDBERG RUTHCHILD, born in Jersey City in 1940, is very conscious that, had her birthplace been in the Polish/Lithuanian/Russian homeland of her grandparents, she would most likely have perished in the Holocaust.

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GILA SVIRSKY is a peace and human rights activist in Israel, co-founder of the Coalition of Women for Peace.
Erasing the lines
continued from p.1

Cynthia Cockburn’s remarkably timely book, The Line, introduces a woman’s group, Hands Across the Divide (HAD), which was set up in 2001 as the first Cypriot political organization that, by the device of constituting itself with a London postal address, legally has both southern and northern members. The book includes interviews with women in both parts of the island who don’t necessarily see themselves as political activists. Through their day-to-day lives and daily struggles, a very different picture of “the Cypriot problem” emerges. “The Line is a book about Cyprus as seen through women’s eyes,” says Cockburn.

But that is not the whole story.

In one sense, all politicians in both north and south Cyprus are “military men” because the entire male population, bar a few ethnic and religious categories deemed unreliable (such as Catholics and Turkish Cypriots in the south), are conscripted into military service.

In some cases, the lines demarcating ethnic difference were a result of colonial, inter-ethnic, and national projects that included ethnic difference as a component. For example, the physical fence is a manifestation of more cognitive and emotional lines that shape our thoughts and feelings.

The result is one of the most heavily militarized places on the planet, where lives are separated by barbed wire and mines. Militarization in Cyprus, as elsewhere, is deeply gendered.

In one recent strategy to decenter the ethnic line and to emphasize the Cypriot identity on the Turkish side has been the use of the term Kibris Türk (Cypriot Turk) and Kıbrıs Türk (Cypriot Greek) in everyday language. As for other creative strategies for revealing and changing the gender and ethnic lines of differentiation on the island, we will need to keep our eyes and ears open for the actions of Hands Across the Divide and other women’s groups from Cyprus. I share Cynthia Cockburn’s hope that her book “might encourage the growth of an inclusive and outward-reaching women’s movement in Cyprus, help make feminism a more salable word, and feminist change a more thinkable thought.” What an inspiration a demilitarized, gender-equal, multicultural, multi-religious Cyprus would be for our conflict-ridden region? What a gift this book is for making such an idea a “thinkable thought”?

—The New Yorker

“[An] eclectic assortment of the daring, the devastating, and the derelict.”

—Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill

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The Line

Cynthia Cockburn was invited to Turkey by Sabanci University to give a talk on her new book _The Line_ in March 2004. She spoke in Istanbul, Diyarbakir, and Mardin, and met with various women’s groups from western and eastern Turkey. The following interview was done on March 14, 2004.

Ayse Gul Altinay: You talk about having two hats, the researcher hat and the activist hat. In both _The Line_ and your earlier book, _The Space Between Us_ (1998), these two seem to have come together in a new way. Could you tell us a little bit about how this happened, how you integrated research and activism?

Cynthia Cockburn: I've always thought one way an academic researcher can contribute to activism is to research and write with a constituency in mind, by which I mean a group of people for whom it could be politically important to have the knowledge the research generates. I've always tried to do that in my research, to work close to a constituency. The constituency isn't necessarily the same group as the research focus. For example, when, as a feminist researcher, I studied male trade unionists, the constituency I had in mind was women trade unionists, the con-stituency I had in mind was women who are the subjects of _The Line and Space_, I have actually been researching the very women who I would hope would also be my constituency. They're both topic and constituency.

AA: How did you make the shift?

CC: It happened like this. My main actuve involvement in the 1980s was in the movement for peace and disarma-
ment. We were protesting the deployment of US nuclear missiles in Britain and the pursuit of a futile arms race with the USSR. In the 1990s things changed. The USSR collapsed. There was the Gulf War and then the Bosnian war, and they really shocked those of us in the peace movement very badly. At that moment I was in any case ready for a change of research direction. In my previous studies I'd been working and focusing intensively on men and masculinity for many years, and I felt it would be a sort of kindness to myself to start working more closely with women. I wanted to work both in and for the anti-war movement. And I wanted to find something positive to study. So I made contact with women's groups that appeared to me to be doing very creative work in situations of ethni-
cized conflict.

AA: Can you explain what you mean by “ethnicized” as opposed to “ethnic”?

CC: Wars that present themselves as local, ethnic wars are often, in reality, international wars or wars about eco-
omics or other aspects of power. But when the form of conflict between ethnic groups is the cause of the product of the war as the ethnic differentiation of ethnic groups is as much the product of the war as the cause of its way of saying “ethnicized war.” Anyway, through an international feminist friendship network of women opposing war and militarism, I already knew of several projects where women were working to counteract ethnic aspects of con-
flicts. And I asked them if I might come closer to try to learn more about their work. It was truly a great relief and pleasure to me at that moment to be able to put my research energy where my political activism had already been for a long time.

AA: So you chose women's groups in Northern Ireland, Bosnia, and Israel/Palestine for your first anti-

CC: Yes, in Northern Ireland I worked with the Women's Support Network, which was an umbrella organization of women’s community centers. In Bosnia it was a women’s therapy center I got involved with. It had been set up during the war to respond to the physical, social, and psychological needs of women who were raped or otherwise traumatized—and their children. And in Israel and Palestine, my research was about Bar Shalom, a local alliance of Jewish women from kibbutzim in the North of Israel and Palestinian women, Israeli citizens, living in Nazareth and other Arab towns. What I studied among them was the mechanisms by which women cooperate across con-

AA: And then you moved on to Cyprus—

CC: Yes, some Cypriot women had the aspiration to take an initiative that could bring together Turkish Cypriot and Greek Cypriot women in a unitary organization. One of them had read _The Space Between Us_. They got in touch and invited me to facilitate a seminar of 60 women from North and South Cyprus. This was very exciting. I'd always had my eye on Cyprus as a place where very interesting things must be happening, from which we could all learn. In setting up the seminar, we agreed that I'd be accompanied by two women from Northern Ireland, two from Bosnia-Herzegovina, and two from Israel/Palestine, a Palestinian woman and a Jewish woman. They'd come and help us at the seminar by telling us how they have been dealing with partition lines, as women. So it was a four-way look at gendered and ethni-
cized partitions, and it really was quite inspiring. After that, the Cypriot women decided that they wanted to remain in touch with each other and with me, and this led to the establish-

ment of what eventually became Hands Across the Divide. And, for my part, it led to a two-year program of action-research in and among the group. One result of that is _The Line_.

AA: So, your book, _The Space Between Us_, has been a catalyst for the formation of a new women's group in Cyprus. How inspiring?

CC: Yes, _The Space Between Us_ seems to have been of use, let’s say, to some Cypriot women. It could be that _The Line_ proves of use to women in other coun-
tries, perhaps more than it does to women in Cyprus. The way, for instance, I try to clarify the relationship between ethnicity and gender may ring bells for women elsewhere. I felt this very much when I visited the women's groups in the Kurdish areas in Turkey with you last year. It was suddenly very gratifying to see that I understood enough about what Irish women were experiencing to realize that there would be a potential for dialogue between them and women’s centers like KAMER in Diyarbakir [a city in Kurdish-dominated southeastern Turkey]. We are already trying to arrange contact between them. So in that way, yes, the work does feed from one situa-
tion to another.

AA: Because you’ve made it feed from one situation to another, both in your writing and in your networking.

CC: Yes, it’s true that as I've studied instances of women making connec-
tions, I've often looked for a way of enabling them to directly transmit what they've learned to similar groups in other countries. Bridges between bridges.

AA: You came to Turkey at a partic-
ularly heightened time in the Cyprus conflict. Ever since the Annan Plan was accepted in New York by both sides as a basis of negotiation, every night on televi-
sion you can find a discussion on the Cyprus issue. And yet it’s almost exclusively men, sitting around a table talking about what you call “big P politics” and making “strategic” analyses of Cyprus for Turkey.
Unfortunately, women and feministshaven'tjoined into this discussion. We don’t even see a parallel discussion going on among feminism selves. When you came here you were expecting to find women more interested in Cyprus?

CC: I have to say I’ve been quite confounded to find women a bit surprised to be asked to talk about Cyprus. As if to say, “Where did that come from?” Conversely, when you’re in Cyprus, everyone is talking about or asking what’s going on. It’s been a bit surprising to be told, for instance, that the Cyprus problem isn’t a “real problem.” People aren’t dying; it’s not Palestine. This, I think, is to seriously underestimate what it is like to live in North Cyprus, an embargoed economy where your children are doomed to emigrate; where there are no career prospects; it’s very difficult to travel freely in the world; your currency is absolutely nothing; and you’re never invited to international events because people either assume you can’t come, or they forget you exist. Then, there are day-to-day living problems, and if there are forces that can actually resolve them, then I think they have an obligation to do so. You might expect that the women’s movement and the anti-militarist movement in Turkey to be helping and listening and actually looking for a just and equal solidarity with people who are saying Turkey’s policy constitutes a problem in Cyprus. Of course, I have only met a few people here, so maybe I’m wrong, but I haven’t met any who are seriously concerned about it. A positive exception is the visit of Istanbul’s Amargi Women’s Group to here, so maybe I’m wrong, but I haven’t seen to have resulted in concrete relations or joint action.

AA: Do women in both parts of Cyprus, particularly those in Hands Across the Divide, have anything specific to say about the Annan Plan?

CC: As the negotiations continue, week by week, the detailed provisions in the Annan Plan change. It seems that women in Hands Across the Divide feel it’s a flawed plan, and each would perhaps choose different things in it they’d want to improve. But the majority want to move forward—on this basis because there isn’t any other. More concretely, one thing they are agreed on is the absence of women, and civil society as a whole, from the negotiations has meant that a whole spectrum of real, everyday life is left out of the plan altogether.

This week, Hands Across the Divide will send letters to all parties at the negotiation table, including representatives of the UN, the European Union, the United States, Britain, Greece, Turkey, as well as Cypriot politicians in the North and South. What they say in that letter is this: The Annan Plan aims to create a new Cyprus that will enable relations between the Greek Cypriots and the Turkish Cypriots to become equal, respectful, communicative, and nonviolent. Hands Across the Divide makes a parallel demand for the relations between men and women, for the first time in history, also to become equal, respectful, communicative, and nonviolent. Let’s take an example. All we know that in the new Cyprus, school history and other textbooks would need to be rewritten because currently both the Greek and the Turkish pedagogy is heavily nationalistic. As education gets rid of nationalism, why not simultaneously rid it of sexism too, bringing gender sensitivity and equality to schooling? If we can think of ending the stereotyping of Turks and Greeks, couldn’t we think of ending the sex-typing of boys and girls too?

As I argue in The Line, in conflict situations like this, the key conceptual problem for a group like Hands Across the Divide is to bring ethnicity and gender into a single conceptual framework, a single equation. This letter they’ve sent to the leaders on the “gender dimension of a post-solution Cyprus” in a way is saying that the processes by which we draw arbitrary lines between ethnic groups and between genders are pretty similar. This is just the kind of thinking I reckon UN Security Council Resolution 1325 meant to introduce into peace negotiations when it called for the greater inclusion of women. I think it’s sad that in the Cyprus negotiations, which the UN actually hosted, they haven’t acted on the Resolution they themselves passed four years ago.

Letters

Dear Editor,

I am writing you as the editor of the Women’s Review of Books with regard to a review by Rebecca Steinitz of Emma Brown in the July 2004 issue. I enjoyed the piece on the Brownes, but want to add a note about Emma Brown. I too had some problems with Steinitz’s review because she was much more moralistic than Charlotte Brontë ever was, but I too took pleasure in reading it. And there was something in it that exists in no other popular novel of the period—Boylan gives us almost an anatomy of the work done by impoverished children in 19th-century London. The heroine’s trials and tribulations take her through or past a whole list of occupations in which destitute infants participate. It is enough to make anyone pause, and I was grateful to Boylan for it.

Sincerely,

Martin French
New York, NY

Dear Editor,

In Emily Toth’s review of two books about Ann Landers, she states that “[Rick Kogan] does not observe that all the powerful advice writers of the 20th century were Jewish women.” This is not so—one of the most powerful and best-known advice columnists was Dorothy Dix, who was a Southerner. She had an enormous international audience. Dix was the most widely known woman writer of her generation. By 1939, she had 60 million readers in 273 newspapers. She wrote for more than 50 years, until April 1949, and her syndicated column was published in English-language newspapers all over the world. She was a feminist who did more to rationalize attitudes toward women and who saw ways women viewed themselves as greater than many feminist theorists.

I enjoyed Toth’s review. However, I thought Dorothy Dix deserved this clarification.

Thank you.

Lee Wilson
Nashville, TN

The Women’s Review of Books welcomes letters to the editor.

Mail your letters to Amy Hoffmann, Editor in Chief, Women’s Review of Books, Center for Research on Women, Wellesley College, 106 Central Street, Wellesley, MA 02481; fax them to the attention of Amy Hoffmann at (781) 283-3645; e-mail them to ahoffman@wellesley.edu; or visit our website at www.wellesley.edu/WomensReview and use the handy form. Please make sure to include your mailing address and phone number in your letter. We especially appreciate letters of 300 words or less.

Making the world better—one book at a time.
Military discipline is enforced with marching chants—and their often sexist, racist, and brutal messages.

From recruit to soldier
by Carol Burke

Almost everyone has seen the movies about basic training. Some celebrate it; some mock it; but each typically depicts a right-lipped, square-jawed dynamo of a drill instructor barking commands at a group of hapless recruits whose every act subjected them to merciless criticism seasoned by colorful profanities. Although real drill instructors may not be as square-jawed or as tall as their cinematic equivalents, they do bark out commands to each new cohort of recruits to arrive at basic training. For their part, recruits soon figure out which answers are acceptable and which will be ridiculed. They learn to walk or run in step, to endure petty humiliations, and to internalize the will of their drill instructors as their own. Basic training aims to transform individuals into standard, “government-issue” soldiers by erasing civilian identities that have been formed over many years. During basic training, recruits are prohibited contact with the civilian world, the anchor to their former selves. No previous accomplishments matter. Intelligence, charm, and humor count for little. Above all, basic training demands a suppression of individual difference and exacts conformity in all outward actions and dress.

Drill instructors deliberately treat the recruits as children, scolding these babies in arms because in the eyes of the institution they do not speak, walk, or even eat properly. They cannot accomplish the simplest of tasks—making the bed or cleaning the floor—to the satisfaction of their overseers. Recruits cannot keep time; therefore they are allowed no control over their time. The outcome is determined when they wake, when they go to the bathroom, and when they sleep. Basic training with its relentless demands that it leap, crawl, squat, swing, carry, and march, and march, and march.

Most new recruits experience profound disorientation. Drill instructors talk to them in ways they have never been addressed before. Forced to suppress their anger and frustration, they must endure emotional bullying and the cognitive confusion that results from incessant, often contradictory commands: They are ordered to march one way on the parade ground, then suddenly reversed, only to be reversed again. You might think that an institution that so prizes order would have no use for confusion; yet confusion is a state that drill instructors intentionally induce in their recruits, because it increases the recruits’ dependence on their harsh instructors, their equipment, and the architect of their transformation, can erase their confusion. As Lieutenant Colonel Michael Becker, commander of Paris Island, told Thomas Ricks in Making the Corps (1997), “The reason we do this [simulate confusion] the way we do is to create uncertainty…. From the recruit’s perspective, it appears to be chaos. War is chaos. And then they see this drill instructor—this magnificent creature who brings order to chaos. They learn that if they follow orders, their life will be calmer.”

Without uniformity, the highly choreographed dance of the military parade would dissolve into chaos. Drill effectively teaches recruits that each must keep every step every line of the body, even every gaze in sync with the group. Close-order drill is important figuratively; it teaches recruits that each must become one, every gaze in sync with the group. 

Chants can also be ghoulish celebrations of the slaughter of innocents: See the family by the stream, Watch the parents run and scream, their young ones will never learn. Push a button and watch ‘em burn. or playfully objectify women: I wish all the girls were bricks in a pile, And I was a man, I’d lay ‘em all in style. I wish all the girls were pies on a shelf, And I was a baker, I’d eat ‘em all myself.

Through such chants, the group assembles itself as the tough “bad boy,” equally ready to slaughter or to screw. For the recruit, these chants transform the horrifying prospect of combat into a humorous, macabre sport. Other marching chants oppose the love—asERTICAL CULTURE and Changing Military Culture

Oftentimes, drill instructors deliberately treat the recruits as children, scolding these babies in arms because in the eyes of the institution they do not speak, walk, or even eat properly. They cannot accomplish the simplest of tasks—making the bed or cleaning the floor—to the satisfaction of their overseers. Recruits cannot keep time; therefore they are allowed no control over their time. The outcome is determined when they wake, when they go to the bathroom, and when they sleep. Basic training with its relentless demands that it leap, crawl, squat, swing, carry, and march, and march, and march.

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Presented with Suzie’s ultimatum, the group’s reaction was immediate. They all turned to face her, their expressions registering a mixture of fear and loathing. Suzie, however, remained calm. “I’m sorry,” she said, “But I can’t be a part of this anymore.”

A version of this article appeared in Camp All-American, Human Jane, and the High and Tight: Gender, Folklore, and Changing Military Culture by Carol McNeill © 2004 by Carol McNeill. By permission of Beacon Press, www.beacon.org
without his buddy, without his wife, bly creeps, firing silent bullets. The narrator has known the isolation of the single combat soldier. Take, for example, the marching chant. Joe de Grinder, the character Jody, and the word ‘jody’ itself became synonymous with marching chants. Even today in the marine corps or the army, one calls a jody, not a chant. For the trainee, Jody is the clever civilian who brutally divorces the recruit from the civilian world by appropriating all his possessions and loved ones.

B ut Westmoreland might have found more typical examples of battlefield humor. ‘Army style. To shrug off in song a real danger that confronts each para trooper is very different from chanting of one’s pleasure at inflicting pain on civilians, as in the following Vietnam chant, which begins,

Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die! Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die! Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die! And he ain’t gonna jump no more.

In this chant, the demonic pilot, from his remote vantage point, envisions delightfully the most monstrous and distasteful duties. To shrink from the horror of Vietnam is too horrible to take seriously. The dark, twisted humor that laughs at what is too horrible to take seriously: the chanting irony of battlefield humor removes the soldier from the terror close at hand and imposes a momentary control that softens the shriek into uneasy laughter. In response to a 1967 New Yorker article by Jonathan Schell, General William Westmoreland, the commander of all allied forces in Vietnam, rationalized the need for gallows humor: ‘Soldiers have employed gallows humor through the ages. What para trooper, for example, singing the marching chant on the Risers, really revels in the gory death of the man he is singing about? Gallows humor is, after all, merely a defense mechanism for men engaged in perilous and distasteful duties.’

To laugh at the chance accident, to minimize the fear that every para trooper, every soldier is, is a way of keeping that fear under control, or at least within the ordered rhythm of a patriotic hymn. ‘He was just a rookie trooper, and he surely shook with fright,’ ‘Blood on the Risers’—sung to the tune of ‘The Battle Hymn of the Republic’—begins, and each stanza is followed by the chorus:

Yo, oh! Napalm, it sticks to kids.

The Women’s Review of Books

As folklorist Bruce Jackson has pointed out, the character Joe de Grinder in African-American work song is the devilish ladies’ man who makes time with the workman’s lover, mother, and sister, then makes off with his possessions, while the cuckold goes out to earn an honest living. During the Korean War, many African-American drill sergeants took their work-song tradition with them, which spread through every training unit, black or white, and transformed the marching chant. Joe de Grinder became the character Jody, and the word ‘jody’ itself became synonymous with marching chants. Even today in the marine corps or the army, one calls a jody, not a chant. For the trainee, Jody is the clever civilian who brutally divorces the recruit from the civilian world by appropriating all his possessions and loved ones.

Ain’t no use in calling ‘home’. Jody’s on your telephone.

Ain’t no use in lookin’ back. Jody’s got your Cadillac.

Ain’t no use in goin’ home. Jody’s got your girl and gone.

Chants rarely speak of war’s loneliness. The exception, Vietnam chants, contain several references to the isolation of the single combat soldier. Take, for example, the following:

Vietnam, Vietnam, late at night, while you’re sleeping, Charlie company comes creeping.

You’re sitting in your foxhole. You think you got it made. But then lies your buddy with a bullet in his head.

You’re sitting in your foxhole. You’re thinking about your wife. Charlie’s on the move. He’s out to take your life.

They take you up in choppers to the battle zone. You think they’re all around you. Then you find you’re all alone.

Here the bitter voice of experience speaks. The narrator has known the dangers through which Charlie invisibly creeps, firing silent bullets. Without his buddy, without his wife, without even the ‘they’ who take him to the battle zone, the soldier is alone with Charlie.

Each war carries its own brand of dark, twisted humor that laughs at what is too horrible to take seriously. The chilling irony of battlefield humor removes the soldier from the terror close at hand and imposes a momentary control that softens the shriek into uneasy laughter. In response to a 1967 New Yorker article by Jonathan Schell, General William Westmoreland, the commander of all allied forces in Vietnam, rationalized the need for gallows humor: ‘Soldiers have employed gallows humor through the ages. What para trooper, for example, singing the marching chant on the Risers, really revels in the gory death of the man he is singing about? Gallows humor is, after all, merely a defense mechanism for men engaged in perilous and distasteful duties.’

To laugh at the chance accident, to minimize the fear that every para trooper, every soldier is, is a way of keeping that fear under control, or at least within the ordered rhythm of a patriotic hymn. ‘He was just a rookie trooper, and he surely shook with fright,’ ‘Blood on the Risers’—sung to the tune of ‘The Battle Hymn of the Republic’—begins, and each stanza is followed by the chorus:

Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die! Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die! Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die! And he ain’t gonna jump no more.

In this chant, the demonic pilot, from his remote vantage point, envisions delightfully the most monstrous and distasteful duties. To shrug off in song a real danger that confronts each para trooper is very different from chanting of one’s pleasure at inflicting pain on civilians, as in the following Vietnam chant, which begins,

See the family beside the stream, flyin’ high and feelin’ mean. Pick one out and watch ‘em come.

Yo, oh! Napalm, it sticks to kids.

From Ohio University Press

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Selected Writings of Louise Bogan
Edited by Mary Koenigs
The distinguished poet and critic Mary Koenigs provides a selection of Louise Bogan’s short stories, criticism, letters, journal entries, and unpublished poems.
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224 pages, cloth $42.00
NEW BOOKS

PERSEPOLIS 2: THE STORY OF A CHILDHOOD
BY MARJANE SATRAPI
TRANSLATED BY LAUREN S. LEVIT
REVIEWED BY JENNIFER CAMPER

WELL, SOME OF THESE WRITERS ARE ARAB OR IRANIAN...

...AND MUSLIM!

...AND WOMEN!

SIGHT: I WISH IT DIDN'T TAKE AN ATTACK ON AMERICA TO GET PEOPLE INTERESTED IN OUR STORIES!

PERSEPOLIS: (per-sep-o-lis) n. ancient city that was the capital of the Achaemenid Empire; now in ruins.

DO YOU THINK SHE USES A PENCIL OR BRUSH?

I WOnder how big her originals are?

IT WAS FIRST PUBLISHED IN FRANCE IN FOUR VOLUMES.

SHE WORKS AT L’ATELIER DES COSERASATI WITH ALL THOSE GREAT FRENCH CARTOONISTS.

THIS IS THE SECOND BOOK “PERSEPOLIS 2” AT 14 she leaves Iran for school in Vienna, and goes through all that teenage stuff like discovering sex and drugs and new ideas...

AHA - ADOLESCENCE!

...BUT SHE’S ALSO ADAPTING TO WESTERN CULTURE WHILE LEARNING WHAT IT MEANS TO BE IRANIAN. WHEN SHE RETURNS TO IRAN, SHE’S GONNA BE HOME, BUT THE FUNDAMENTALIST ISLAMIC REGIME IS NOW IN POWER. SHE FEELS SO GUILTY ABOUT HAVING BEEN AWAY DURING THE IRAN-QUO LGODH, CONFLICT, AND REPRESSED ORGANIZED HER, WHEN SHE FALLS OUT OF IT, SHE GOES TO ART SCHOOL. THE STUDENTS REBEL, CREATING A PRIVATE LIFE IN SPITE OF THE REPRESSIVE MENTAL CODE.

SOME OF HER FRIENDS ARE ARRESTED OR KILLED, LIVING IN FEAR, ONLY ADDS TO THE PRESSURE...

AS IF GROWING UP ISN’T HARD ENOUGH!

SHE SHOWS HOW DAUGHTERS LIKE DRINKING ALCOHOL AND SHOWING A KERZI BECOME A THREAT OF DISORDER AT 15. SHE GETS MARRIED, PARTLY BECAUSE IT’S SO HARD TO HAVE A BOYFRIEND IN ISLAM.

IT SAYS “PERSEPOLIS 2 ISN’T JUST A CARTOON” AND “IT’S MORE THAN A COMIC BOOK.”

WHAT’S WRONG WITH BEING A COMIC BOOK?

AND THEY COMPARE IT TO SPIEGELMANN’S “MAUS,” SURE–IT’S THE ONLY GRAPHIC NOVEL THEY’VE READ.

AMERICAN BOOKSTORES DON’T CARRY AS MANY GRAPHIC NOVELS AS THEY DO IN EUROPE.

THE WOMEN’S REVIEW OF BOOKS / Vol. XXI, No. 12 / September 2004
LISTEN: "PERSEPOLIS 2- COMIX FROM A WOMAN'S PERSPECTIVE."

DA) JUST ONCE, I WANT A MAN’S COMIC DESCRIBED AS BEING “FROM A MALE PERSPECTIVE”?" 

WOMEN JUST DON’T OWN COMIC MAKING. COMIX. 

AND WOMEN DON’T HAVE WIVES TO SUPPORT THEM.

WHAT’S THAT? 

NEW COMIX

SATRAPI REALLY CAPTURES HOW CONFUSING IT IS LIVING IN TWO REALITIES. SHE MISSES IRAN WHEN SHE IS IN THE WEST, BUT FEELS DESERTED WHEN SHE GETS BACK HOME.

WE CREATE IDENTITIES THAT INCLUDE CONTRADICTIONS.

THEY DON’T HAVE WIVES TO SUPPORT THEM!

IMMIGRATION ISN'T FOR SISSIES!

HMM... IT'S NOT HERE, IN SOUTH AMERICA, WE HAVE LOTS OF GRAPHIC NOVELS IN THE

BOOKSTORES!

TSK! I'M SEEING MORE OF THESE CAROON-SYLE BOOKS LATELY...

JUST ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE DUMBING-DOWN OF OUR CULTURE!

AND THE RHYTHM OF THE PANELS ON A PAGE HELPS TO TELL THE STORY.

DAD! CAN I GET THIS BOOK?

COMICS? THAT'S JUST POP JUNK! READ REAL LITERATURE—DICTIONARIES OR SHAKESPEARE!

WEREN'T THEY POPULAR JUNK WHEN THEY WERE WRITTEN?

WHAT'S "PERSEPOLIS 2" MEAN HERE?

NO GRAPHIC NOVEL SECTION? EVERY BOOKSTORE IN IRAQ HAS ONE!!

SO SHE SAYS, "IT MUST HAVE BEEN HARD LIVING IN IRAN WITH NO ACCESS TO EDUCATION OR FEMINISM OR INTELLECTUAL IDEAS, AND ISLAM IS SO PROFOUND!"

I'M SO TIRED OF HAVING TO EDUCATE FOOLS!

SO WHAT CAN YOU DO TO THEM?

I JUST TELL THEM TO READ "PERSEPOLIS"!

OF COURSE!

BRILLIANT!

THE PORTRAYED PEOPLUE MUSLIM WOMAN—HA! THEY SHOULD MEET MY GRANDMOTHER!

CRA

PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE SATRAPI’S SYNOPTIC OF THE COMING-OF-AGE NARRATIVE IS A LINGUISTIC SEMIOTIC ANALYSIS OF THE FEMALE WOMANCHILD IN IRAN.

AND HER ART MANIPULATES VISUAL CONSTRUCTS IN A MANNER REMINISCENT OF PERSIAN MINIATURES.

OR MAYBE IT'S HER INTERPRETIVE STRATEGY FOR ANALYSING LANGUAGE, EVENMENTS IN A VISUAL AND LITERARY TEXT.

OH, HERE IT IS! THE NEW "PERSEPOLIS!"

DARLING, WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THIS BOOK?

IT'S A GREAT STORY AND THE DRAWINGS ARE COOL!!

FROM "PERSEPOLIS 2", PAGE 99
Dueling masculinities
by Cynthia Enloe


This year has offered Bush-watchers a treasure trove of insiders’ books. Right now, my own collection is dispersed throughout the apartment and so I am particularly pleased to have received John Dean and James Mann on the coffee table; Paul O’Neill beside the bed; and Bob Woodward here on the desk at my elbow. All of these inside-the-Beltway books are written by men, about men. With the notable exception of National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice, in each of these books, women remain almost invisible. Masaculinities remain unexamined. Yet as feminists, we must aim our critique at these intersections of masculinity and femininity, even when others claim or imply that gender is beside the point.

In Plan of Attack, Bob Woodward describes how the Pentagon’s chief military operations strategist, General Tommy Franks, was determined to show resolve. His father, George W. Bush himself was determined to show resolve. His father, George W. Bush himself was determined to show resolve. His father, George W. Bush himself was determined to show resolve.

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Pink thongs and patriarchy
by Liza Featherstone

In protests against the Iraq war, women are using the media and popular culture as never before.

Women have been leading the most creative, convincing, and last- ing manifestations of the movement against the war on Iraq. The most visible leader of large numbers, like United for Peace and Justice, and of many small, local groups as well, are women. Some groups—whose members are mostly, but never exclusively, women—have chosen to make explicit the femininity—and feminism—behind their anti-war protests. They’ve often done this in strikingly new ways, but in the process revived some long-running questions about the role of gender stereotypes in women’s movements.

Take, for example, Axis of Eve, a San Francisco-based phenomenon with national imitators, which sells a line of “pink anti-war pants.” Outraged by the deceitful way in which the Bush administration went to war, the group urges “no more cover-ups” and appears at major protests flashing fuschia thongs with messages like “Expose Bush,” “Drill Bush Not Oil,” and “Weapon of Mass Seduction.”

Some—myself included—welcome this sort of silliness, but it’s a matter of taste. A much bigger group, Code Pink, which boasts at least 100 chapters nationwide, tends not to go in for such sexualized antics. Even the staid and the prim New York City’s Riverside Park. But those conventional women’s traditional roles as caregivers—

women worry that groups like Code Pink, by organizing for peace as women, tap into a deeply conservative tradition.

Particularly given the Bush administration’s ferocious attack on reproductive rights, now would be an especially bad time to reinforce gender stereotypes or to exalt the cult of compulsory motherhood. The notion that women are biologically—or even culturally—destined to breed and to nurture could feed the forces of reaction. As radical feminists have long suggested, denying women’s capacity for aggression and militancy also denies our power.

But asked about the emphasis on mothering, activists say it hasn’t played a significant role in contemporary feminist anti-war organizing. “Some people like it,” says Code Pink founder Medea Benjamin. “But we really want to be inclusive. A lot of our friends don’t have kids. We don’t want to it sound corny, old, or off-putting.” Code Pink’s mission statement emphatically rejects biological determinism.

Women have been the guardians of life—not because we are better or purer or more innately nurturing than men, but because the men have bussed themselves making the war. Because of our responsi- bility to the next generation, because of our own love for our families and communities and this country that we are a part of, we understand the love of a mother in Iraq for her children, and the driving desire of that child for life.

Indeed, the desire of women to protest the war as mothers is still a powerful one; many mothers of soldiers have become activists as a result of the Iraq war, fearing for their children’s lives. “Worry and fear for one’s child is a horrible thing to live with,” writes Vida Jones, the mother of one of the sons in the army, one of whom was sent to Iraq, on the www.motheringa.org website, which collects narratives from military mothers (and is encouraging fathers to share their stories, too). Another woman, Rachel Avila, writes of her son’s serious injury in Iraq: He has been on a respirator and may permanently live with a shrapnel in his brain.

Activists and thinkers today have widely varying theories about why women should oppose war. Most make connections between militarism and oppressive forms of masculinity. Cynthia Enloe, who has written many excellent books on militarism and gender,
observed recently in an interview with the Left Business Observer that Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, and George W. Bush “take on what they think are the attributes of the military—not to be confused with having ever served in the military—but they take on a militaristic cultural
of masculinity, and that’s how they compare themselves with Clinton” —as well as with the first George Bush, whom they also view as insufficiently manly. Their foreign policies are thus intricately connected to their ideas about manhood and women’s roles in the world. (See Enloe’s article on p. 10 of this issue.)

The relationships between militarism and aggressiveness were not abstract to a group of Okinawan women I met at Code Pink’s White House vigil in March 2003. Their protest group was founded in 1995, when a 12-year-old Okinawan girl was raped by US soldiers. The women had traveled to Washington to protest the impending war on Iraq, and spoke excitedly through a translator. Said Nonko Akahane, “Women don’t want the military anywhere.”

C ode Pink and projects like it resist essentialism by making a joke of femininity, even while honoring it. It is a delicate balance, which somehow works. The Axis of Evil promotes its message—and tactics—through “pantywave parties,” modeled on Tupperware parties, in which they not only sell their appealing political things, they organize women to register voters and donate to John Kerry’s presidential campaign. A similar group, the Chicago-based Pink Bloque, whose members refer to themselves as “rising pink,” uses pink, urges members to put the “Femme” in “Femme-inism.”

This sense of cross-border female solidarity is especially apparent in the journal entries written by women who have traveled to Iraq on Code Pink delegations. Linda Durham wrote in her travel diary, posted on the Code Pink website, codepink.wm.com:

Sitting in small rooms, with groups of Iraqi women, I frequently experienced a strong sense of sisterhood, womanhood, motherhood. It was possible to communicate those feelings with a simple phrase: woman. With tears. And that happened, over and again.

Of a woman she met in Iraq, who invited the American activists to tea, Durham wrote, “Thoughts of that woman, whose name I do not recall, return to me again and again. Although our lives are so very different, in so many ways, I feel deeply connected to her.”

It makes a kind of paradoxical sense that the Bush administration would inspire such solidarity, as well as a powerful movement working against Pentagon-ignoring—whether in the form of parody or explicit critique—of gender. This presidency makes the connections between a crude, violent masculinity and a crude, violent foreign policy painfully obvious. At times when the only political response to Bush seems to be more swaggering, simian machismo—see for example, the 2004 Democratic Party platform, in which the word strong appears 66 times, the word strength 41, but the word empathy, a word that sounds the battle cry of the unlikely people sound the battle cry equal rights for women when ever they want to argue for more funds for the military or for aggressive action in yet another small, poverty-stricken country. When the US invaded Afghanistan in the fall of 2001 and unseated the Taliban, our country was hailed as the liberator of Afghan women. President George W. Bush has repeatedly referred to the expansion of rights for women in Afghanistan and Palestine as a positive potential outcome of US intervention in those areas as well as in Iraq, despite rising body counts and ongoing reports of rape and human rights abuses. If we believe what we hear, militarism is the true herald of feminism. But of course, upon closer examination, it is clear that tanks and guns damage women rather than liberate them. From carcinogenic pollutants to decreasing funds for social services, militarism is among the most dangerous threats to women’s health and reproductive freedom around the world. Here’s why:

1. Environmental pollution

Military bases are among the worst polluters on the planet. Not only does war degrade or destroy local environments, but military bases and weapons facilities contaminate the air, soil, and water with deadly toxins. In Dangerously Intrusion (1999) geographer Joni Seager points out that, “Anywhere in the world, a military presence is virtually the single most reliable predictor of environmental disaster.” Military pollution has lasting and long-lasting effects on reproductive health. In Vietnam, the herbicide Agent Orange, sprayed by the US military during the 1960s and ’70s, is responsible for high rates of birth defects, miscarriages, and reproductive cancers even today. In both the US and Iraq, nasty Lee Loho and Mecu did a study in 1985 on T-k (environmental hazards) releases of radioactive materials from nuclear weapons production and testing are associated with sterility and genetic abnormalities. Military pollution is usually shrouded in secrecy. In Memphis, Tennessee, a military depot dumped chemical waste in the river, and the Black residential community without informing people of the health dangers. Today, women there report a high incidence of miscarriages, birth defects, kidney diseases, and cancer. (See the report by the Military Toxins Project and Environment Health Coalition at www.miltprox.org/magnacart/DefendOurHealthReport.html.)

2. Exploitation of prostitutes

Military bases are notorious for their contribution to adult and child prostitution and the spread of HIV/AIDS. In countries where prostitution is illegal, women and girls are transported by those governments and the military as “special job workers” and denied protection against abuse by their customers or their bosses. Military-based prostitution has led to the disease spread of HIV among prostitutes. Today, 

This is a revised version of an article originally published by the Population and Development Program at Hampshire College as “Ten Reasons Why Militarism is Bad for Reproductive Freedom.” This article and a poster based on this publication are available from the Population and Development Program. Please contact the program at (413) 559-5506, gkegke@hampshire.edu, http://gkegke.hampshire.edu/environmental_and_devopment.html

Ten reasons why militarism is bad for your health

sex workers are still blamed for the spread of HIV/AIDS and sexually transmitted infections. Moreover, there is no attention given to the military’s role.

3. Increased sexual harassment

In times of war, military-sponsored sex-ual harassment is a practice that become commonplace. In February 2004, the Denver Post interviewed women who had been raped or sexually assaulted in the US military but never reported the attacks, fearing retaliation. The recent exposure of the horriﬁc sexual abuse and assault by the US military and private security companies at the Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq also demonstrates how women are exploited as a military tac-tic. In May 2004, the London Guardian reported that a Jordanian government源音 in the prison appear to have been arrested in violation of international law,

not because of anything they have done, but merely because of who they are married to, and their poten-tial intelligence value. US ofﬁcials have previously acknowledged detaining Iraqi women in the hope of convincing male relatives to provide information; when US soldiers raid a house and fail to ﬁnd a male suspect, they will frequently take away his wife or daughter instead.

4. Rape as a military strategy

The treatment of women in military presence is virtually the sin-

In the early 1990s, an estimat-ed 20,000 women and girls were raped by the Serbian military in a deliberate campaign to humiliate and terrify Slavic Muslims from the region by impregnating Muslim women and forcing them to bear Serbian children.

5. More domestic violence

While rape is used as a strategy of war, the climate of militarism also contributes to domestic violence. In the summer of 2002, four wives of US military ofﬁcers, all sta- tioned at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, were killed by their husbands. Three of the four ofﬁcers had previously returned to the coun-
ty after being deployed to the Afghanistan as special operations soldiers. It is suspected that these women had been victims of domestic violence long before their mur-
ders, but could not or did not choose to obtain help. This is not surprising, given Carter Mencher’s observation in In, (December 2001/January 2002) that, during times of war, “Soldiers’ girlfriends and wives...[were] been persuaded that they are ‘pro-whose-life?”

6. Denial of necessary health care and social services

While perpetuating a culture of silence and violence against women, militarism restricts women’s access to health care. For
example, women in the US military are unconstitutionally denied their right to choose abortion if they are faced with an unplanned pregnancy: They are barred from obtaining an abortion on a military base, even if they are able to pay for the procedure with their own money. In June 2002, the Senate voted 52 to 40 to lift this ban. However, the House of Representatives opposed the measure and prevented it from being included in the fiscal year 2003 National Defense Authorization Act. As a result, women who are stationed in countries where abortion is illegal or inaccessible are still forced to carry their pregnancies to term. Their only alternative is to travel long distances at their own expense.

Restrictions and accessible social services like health care, child care, and education are crucial to survival. War is expensive and is often funded at the cost of such services. The National Priorities Project reported that in May 2004, the Bush administration announced its request for another $25 billion for the war and occupation in Iraq, bringing the total war expense to $152.6 billion since April 2003. In contrast, only $13 billion has been allocated to the Community Development Block Grant programs, which aid state and local governments. The 2002 Bush budget relied heavily on cutting Medicaid, the Children’s Health Insurance Program, and Social Security. Budget cuts such as these jeopardize safe and accessible health care for low-income and older women.

7. Curtailed freedom of movement
Restrictions on freedom of movement during wartime include curfews, roadblocks, checkpoints, and closure of geographical areas. These restrictions are enforced by the military. They can have a devastating effect on women, barring their access to food, water, and medical attention. The right to move freely is particularly critical for sick, injured, or pregnant women. The Israeli Human Rights organization, B’Tselem, has documented at least 35 Palestinian deaths since 2000 due to restriction of movement imposed by the Israeli military. Eighteen of the dead were women and girls. Eight infants who were pregnant women were killed because their mothers were detained at checkpoints while in labor.

8. Increased racism and anti-immigrant activity
In addition to restricting freedom of movement, militarism increases racism and anti-immigrant activity. It is no secret that militarism fosters racial prejudice in the name of national security. From Japanese-American internment camps during World War II to the current Immigration and Naturalization Service detentions of Middle Eastern men, war reinforces racial stereotypes and discrimination. Today, racial profiling of Arab-Americans, Muslims, and South Asians is defended as necessary for homeland security. In the wake of 9/11, anti-immigrant groups stepped up their activism. Organizations such as the Federation for American Immigration Reform, Negative Population Growth, and the Immigration and Naturalization Service are advocating for programs, public policy, and legislation that target women of color and immigrant women for population control—which often has taken the form of involuntary sterilizations, welfare family caps, and/or risky long-term contraceptives. The anti-immigrant attitudes associated with militarism pose huge threats and challenges to immigrant women, particularly to those seeking asylum or fleeing domestic violence.

Americans are not alone in denigrating women seeking asylum in the US (some of whom are pregnant) have reported being detained without adequate food or medical care and undergoing strip searches, as well as physical, verbal, and sexual assaults.

9. Silencing of women’s voices
During war, the first voices to be eliminated from the public sphere are those belonging to women. According to a study conducted by the American Academy of Social Scientists, in the month following 9/11, women were outnumbered by ten to one on the op-ed pages of The New York Times, The Washington Post, and The U.S. Today. Similarly, media critic Jennifer Ponder in Ms. (December 2001/January 2002), while acknowledging that women’s 90 percent approval rating was not significantly polled, then accurately polled, found that 48 percent of women supported limited or no military action was severely under-reported.

10. Diminished support for social concerns
Militarism shifts the nation’s priorities toward increased support for military and defense programs. This diverts funds issues like gender equity and reproductive choice, dismissing citizens from considering such social concerns when voting. Candidates with the staunchest support for war are usually the most adamantly opposed to reproductive freedom; anti-choice politicians win because elections and continually draft and introduce anti-choice legislation. Under the Bush administration and the Republican-controlled House of Representatives, several anti-choice, anti-child initiatives have passed in the House including the Child Custody Protection Act, the Abortion Non-Discrimination Act, and the Unborn Victims of Violence Act. These initiatives do the opposite of what their names suggest: They create a wedge in the public mind, pitting the rights and health of mothers against those of their children. Rather than support children, these policies put them and their families in danger, but through strategic messaging and appropriation of human rights and anti-violence language, the administration has garnered significant media and public support for them.

In November 2003, Bush also signed a ban on so-called partial-birth abortion procedures (more accurately described as late-term abortions). This ban is so broadly drafted it could outlaw abortions in the second trimester, and it makes no exceptions for the health of the woman. Bush signed this ban despite that fact that the Supreme Court had found similar bans to be unconstitutional. Bush has also consistently supported judges who are opposed to reproductive freedom.

War kills innocent people. Civilian casualties occur, no matter how “smart” the bombs or how much peanut butter is dropped from the sky. In Iraq, among other things, the US bombed a Red Cross building, a UN building, and a wedding. The Gulf War, though hailed as a conflict with so few casualties that the first Gulf War was defined so broadly that it could outlaw abortions in the second trimester, and it makes no exceptions for the health of the woman. Bush signed this ban despite that fact that the Supreme Court had found similar bans to be unconstitutional. Bush has also consistently supported judges who are opposed to reproductive freedom.

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The Beheadings

The guillotine at least was swift. After the head pitched sideways into a basket and was raised to a thirsty crowd that roared approval of death from above, the sun turned a garish yellow and froze on the horizon raying out behind the jellied blood the way it once stood still over Jericho at Joshua’s command and the day held its breath...

After they sawed through Nicholas Berg’s neck with an inadequate knife while he screamed, after the heads of David Pearl and Richard Johnson were detached in midnight, in terror but caught alive on a grainy video, what did their stored oxygen enable them to mouth, and Kim Sun-il who danced his last lines declaiming over and over on worldwide television “I don’t want to die” what rose from his lips?

It was always night behind the blindfold. Like bats in midnight at dusk scrolling their thready messages come words we can never capture, the soul perhaps flying out from whatever aperture? —a pox on belief in the soul!—and yet there’s no denying we are witness to something more than involuntary twitching going on

the air filling with fleeting souls as it did in 1790, and filling again today this poem a paltry testimony to the nameless next and next—Turks, Bulgarians, Filipinos whose heads severed, it is said the head retains several seconds of consciousness—“a time of major crustal deformation when folds and faults are formed”

time enough, in several languages to recite a prayer, compose a grocery list as the day holds its breath.

— Maxine Kumin

Mother with Toddler in War Time

The first soft day after an intractable winter

a child, conceived before the Towers burned but born

after, commands a flock of geese: Do this! Do this!

as her arms flap like wings under their scraping songs.

The only one more vain is the mother who knows, more than thinks, that nothing on our worn earth matters more than this one gesture, this

kid this instant, this lifting.

— Julia Kasdorf

War on the Schedule

The corner restaurant where you plan to meet may not be there. The chair you position to catch the sun on her hair may be on its side, glass crushed on glass and the napkins singed and blown.

Or worse, you will have met at the moment the war started, when the person who fashioned his body into an instrument of war arrived right in the middle of your life, the wrong time to have fallen in love.

— Eloise Klein Healy
From Scenes from a Courtship During Wartime

*How He Restored the Good Ambiguity, Née Hope*

9 mins. long-distance ($2.52)

He would have been either standing or sitting,
Or leaning, bracing, and then perhaps sitting:
Later he became something like expansive.

Everything had been either unseen or not understood,
And—just that moment—was plainly unspeakable,
If ever speakable or un:- that moment for sure.

Then he pronounced one or two slight sentences
All in the future: I will tell you about it
Was one I remember. Never mind that the language
He spoke in transmuted the I, you, and it
Into a single word. My heart sang. It was the gesture
Toward an existing future that worked so well.

*"Accidentally"*

Here we had the luxury of not knowing
The splicing of feeling into everything
That looks like a bleeding-over, spreading,
Everywhere seeping; but is a sign of war.

The luxury of not knowing—nothing knowing,
Truly, there was much to be known,
An admission that led to admission
To the saddest theatre on this earth.

But as when the Irish poet moved “accidentally”
From Belfast to England, and on a suddently
Westward to Berkeley, CA—“where people
Weren’t killing each other at all!”—

In the dream I came from the house
Where I couldn’t find you and there
Was your tent and lantern, and you
At the screen-sound knew it was me.

Somewhere else, indoors, was the war
That might not stop with a treaty,
Then I was kissing your temple,
Calmer than that can sound.

*The Bird as a Bird*

*From the Basque of JoxAnton Artze*

If I had cut off its wings
It would have been mine.
It wouldn't have gone away.

But then,
It wouldn't have been a bird at all.

And I loved the bird that was a bird.

—Elizabeth Macklin

**NOW:**

There’s no way to say it, except the blunt way:
facts, searing the eye, facts in the nostrils:
what you love most becomes what
won't keep, that's the oldest part
of the story, not hard: these words slide
easily from fingertips daubing the keys:
what you learned today you learned also
long ago, and in another, more hopeful life:
no place now in the world—no matter how you say it—
untainted, or if you don’t say anything,
or if you say the mornings are still
beautiful, late April’s aroma of damp soil,
your neighbor’s hyacinth easterly, painterly—
wouldn't that also be fact, be true?
A poet yesterday said: only poetry speaks the truth,
I knew that to be false: her gorgeous lines
breathless, staggered, obscure: if that’s true,
really, then anything’s true: but this report
on my desk, like a script on a stage, is fact, blunt:
which of our weapons are leaking uranium
everywhere on earth, into the nostrils,
inexorably, the pores, the eyes: how deaths
will come here and on distant deserts
and ancient cities and be reported falsely.

the young reporter’s cerebral hemorrhage
not a vascular event, but uranium, too,
and those bodies in robes, “ours”

“their” bodies whose faces tried to be masked, bodies
fallen along the dunes, the roads, not:
this is fact: not someone else’s, some enemy’s
some other’s fault: there are facts
undeliverable delivered from the imagination
to the page, the page, the page
from this imagination which is true
only to itself, selfish, bent
on its own peculiar and shapely truth:

—Gail Mazur
Connecting the dots
by Kerry Higgs

An Ordinary Person’s Guide to Empire by Arundhati Roy.
Cambridge, MA: South End Press, 2004,
200 pp., $12.00 paper.

The Checkbook and the Cruise Missile: Conversations with Arundhati Roy. Interviews by David Barsamian.

F
or Australians like me, India’s proximity and its colonization by the British lend a certain famili-
arity—India appeared in our history lessons at school, though it was framed by the heroism of the imperial adven-
ture, with British Raj and the beaver of “progress.” For many in the US, India is probably a vaguer con-
cept—fabulous fabrics, swans and asha-
gra, and, these days, a call to the bank or the cable company, which might easily connect you to Bangalore or Bombay. For the most recent-
ed westerner, the work of Arundhati Roy offers a highly accessible introduc-
tion to the complex mosaic of Indian politics and society and India’s relation-
ship to the rest of the world.

Winner of the Booker Prize for her novel The God of Small Things (1997), Roy is an ex-patriate like many other cele-
brated writers from the non-western
world. She lives not in London or New York but in New Delhi. She has-
tends to tell us this is not a decision root-
ed in patriotism but in that one that secures her a perspective from outside the centers of global power and gives her an ear to “the murmuring in the serv-
ants’ quarters… the words of the world’s subjects.”

Roy’s two new books differ in scope and content. Her fourth book of non-
fiction, An Ordinary Person’s Guide to Empire, collects seven pieces, origi-
nally given as talks and speeches—for the BBC, at the World Social Forum, at the Riverside Church in New York, and at several educa-
tional venues in India. The seventh, which gives the book its title, was published in the London Guardian in April 2003, as the British besieged Basra and the US advanced on Baghdad. The war on Iraq is this book’s center of gravity.

The Checkbook and the Cruise Missile contains four interviews with Roy con-
ducted by alternative radio producer and journalist David Barsamian, three of them before 2003. Their discussions range across the key passions revealed in all Roy’s nonfiction: the analysis of neoliberalism as a new wave of colonial
domination: “[T]he New Imperialist doesn’t need to be a white, Euro-American… he or she stan-
dards—means of production—of a people… [A] relatively small section of people become immensely wealthy by appropriating everything—land, rivers, water, free-
dom, security, dignity, fundament-
als rights including the right to property, from one hundred million people… [W]ater, electricity, transport, telecommunications, health services, education, natural resources—belong to [a] state. State is supposed to hold in trust for the people it represents, assets that have been privatized and maintained with public money over decades—are sold by the State to private corporations. In India, five percent of the population—seven hundred mil-
lion people—live in rural areas. Their livelihoods depend on access to natural resources. To snatch these away and sell them as stock to private companies is beginning to result in dispospos-
sion and impoverishment on a barcalic scale.” (pp.103-104)

Roy’s latest essays shine with the lay-
erd subtext and acerbic wit of a nov-
elist’s prose and a metaphorical flair rarely encountered in conjunction with political thinking. Take The Fragment of “Do Turkeys Enjoy Thanksgiving?”:

The tradition of ‘turkey pat-
doning’ in the U.S. is a wonderful allegory for New Racism. Every year since 1947, the National Turkey Federation presents the U.S. President with a turkey for Thanksgiving. Every year, in a show of ceremonial magnani-
mity, the President spares that par-
ticular bird (and eats another one). After receiving the presi-
dent’s pardon, the bird is sent to Frying Pan Park in Virginia to live out its natural life. The rest of the fifty million turkeys raised for Thanksgiving are slaughtered and eaten on Thanksgiving Day…

That’s how New Racism in the con-
vented sense worked. A few care-
fefully bred turkeys—the local elites of various countries, a congress of multinational corpora-
ts, grants, investment bankers, the occasional Colin Powell, or Condoleezza Rice, some singers, some political activists—each given a victory parade, a pass to some所需要的组织被认为是 anti-turkey? Some serve as board members on the Turkey Choosing Committee—so who can say that turkeys are against Thanksgiving? They participate in it! Who can say that the anti-
corporate globalization? There’s a stampede to get into Frying Pan Park. (pp. 87-88)

Versions of most of the pieces in An Ordinary Person’s Guide to Empire can be found in Roy’s non-proprietary view of her work. Aiming at getting the stories out, she naturally launches her writing into the...
world, just as she shared her Lannan Prize with some 50 progressive organizations and community groups throughout India. Though many readers will have seen some of the pieces before, the collection has its own coherency and deserves a place on the bookshelf.

I n 2001, Roy proposed a piercing metaphor for globalization in “Shall We Leave It To The Experts?” (available online and in Power Politics [2001]):

It’s as though the people of India have been rounded up and loaded onto two convoys of trucks (a huge big one and a tiny little one) that have set off resolutely in opposite directions. The tiny convoy is on its way to a glittering destination some- where near the top of the world. The other convoy just melts into the darkness and dis- appears. (pp. 2-3)

In the first interview with Barsamian in The Bookook and the Cruise Missle, Roy describes the laborers in her street in Delhi, digging trenches for fiber optic cables by candlelight. The “two convoys” are obvious in Delhi.

The poor are “packed like lice into every crevice of the city,” while the wealthy live in ever-sleeker cars and build ever-high- er gates. When Barsamian asks if the passion for social justice evident in her recent work means that she has lost her political interests as new, Roy tells Barsamian she has been writing trade-off was a wonderful lack of conditioning that a normal middle-class Indian girl would have… no caste, no religion, no supervision.” All this gave her “a vantage point… not rural, not urban, not completely ‘tradi- tional’, not wholeheartedly ‘mod- ern’... without the blinkered single- mindedness of the… oppressed, nor the flabby self-indulgence of the well- to-do.” In the wake of her novel’s suc- cess, she says, people in Ayemenem want to claim her as “their woman” while ignoring the fact that the book damps the “intrinsically callous brutality of their society.”

While those who know her from the God of Small Things might imagine her political interests as new, Roy tells Barsamian she has been writing essays since she was 21. In any case, she says, all of her writing shares the aim of telling a story, building bridges between the small realities of people’s lives and the immense social forces that affect them:

Fiction is the truest thing… Today’s [specialists and experts] end up severing the links between things, isolating them, actually creating barriers that prevent ordinary people from understanding what’s happen- ing to them. I try to do the opposite: to create links, to join the dots, to tell the politics like a story, to communicate it, to make it real. (p. 10)

The other convoy just melts into the darkness and disappears.

Growing up in a little village in Kerala was a nemagame for me. All I wanted to do was escape… In Kerala, everyone has what is called a thanuran, your ancestral land. If you don’t have a father, you don’t have a thanuran. You’re a per- son without an address. (p. 5)

She lacked the security implicit in having a father’s protection, but the trade-off was a wonderful lack of indoctrination. “I had none of the conditioning that a normal middle-class Indian girl would have… no caste, no religion, no supervision.” All this gave her “a vantage point… not rural, not urban, not completely ‘trad- tional’, not wholeheartedly ‘modern’… without the blinkered single- mindedness of the… oppressed, nor the flabby self-indulgence of the well- to-do.” In the wake of her novel’s suc- cess, she says, people in Ayemenem want to claim her as “their woman” while ignoring the fact that the book damps the “intrinsically callous brutality of their society.”

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French ethnographer Germaine Tillion, now aged 96, was in Algiers when the Nazis invaded France in June 1940. She had just completed five-and-ahalf years of intensive research among Berber seminomads in the Aures moun- tains, at the edge of the Sahara. She had been so busy compiling their complete genealogies that she had lost track of Europe. There had been no newspapers in the remote mountains and no mail delivery.

She wept with Algerian friends over the French defeat, and immediately returned to Potts and joined the resistance—or rather, she hoped that she would be permitted to join from the Musée de l’Homme, France’s anthropo- logy museum. Betrayed, arrested, and condemned to death on five separate counts by a German military tribunal, she was deported to Ravensbrück, a women’s con- centration camp in the chilly swamps of eastern Germany, in October 1943.

Upon her arrival in Ravensbrück, she was stripped of the big blue suitcase con- taining her ethnographic notes and thesis drafts. They would never resurface. But she already had a new subject in mind. In March 1944, while the SS woman guard of her work detail went off to chat up a boyfriend, leaving some friendly Polish prisoners in charge, Tillion seized the opportunity to lec- ture a group of newly arrived French pris- oners, including her mother, on the opera- tions of the “slow extermination camp.”

Ravensbrück, she explained, was a hub from which women prisoners were rented out, in groups of 50 or 100, to German factories, at so much per day, minus the minimal cost to their jailers of food, clothing, and shelter. As long as the women could work, they were shunted about from one camp to another, depending on where the need for labor arose. Once they had lost the capacity to generate income for the system, they became candidates for extermination. Tillion provided precise figures on costs and bene- fits and named the chief beneficiary, Heinrich Himmler, head of the SS. She later learned that the very parcel of real estate, dismal swam palp, on which the camp stood, belonged to Himmler. Before Hannah Arendt wrote about the “banality of evil” in Eichmann in Jerusalem (1964), Tillion had discussed the SS as “patry shop- keepers of death.” Perhaps her years with hospitable subsistence farmers in Algeria helped her to spot the perverted frailgaty, or aviance, that permeated the Nazi system.

Tillion meant her lecture to comfort the newly arrived prisoners:

To understand a mechanism that is crushing you, to dismantle its inner workings, to examine in full detail an apparently hopeless situation, is a powerful source of coolheadedness, serenity and moral force. Nothing is more terrifying than the absurd. Chasing away the ghosts, I was aware I had helped lift the spirits of the best of us, at least somewhat.

Beyond that, there was our indigina- tion, our passionate will that our outrage survive us, that such a mass of crimes not become a “perfect crime.” Yet it was already clear that few of us would survive. The thought of the truth that must be preserved, obsessed me from the day I arrived at Ravensbrück. And I was not the only one so obsessed. How can one say that there is no truth, when it is loved so universally and passionately? (Ravensbrück, p. 217)

Later, Tillion would publish three sepa- rate versions of her book Rausnibrückk (1946, 1973, 1988) to take account of new facts

A life of resistance by Suzanne Ruta

Ethnographer and concentration camp survivor Germaine Tillion is little known in the US but a hero in France for her lifelong opposition to violence and torture.

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pleased from Nazi trials and uncensored archives and to counter the revisionist historians and Holocaust deniers. The 1975 edition tells with glistening rage exactly how much money the priest who sold Tillion to the Gestapo earned for his fool deeds—including an extra monthly payment he received for his mistress.

The long engagement with the hateful subject, Tillion biographer Nancy Wood suggests, was Tillion’s work of mourning for her mother. Romantic, the text elegy? But the book also delivers her message to the world:

Kill off the “superfluous”? There are those who dream of doing just that now on every continent. There is no safe recipe to keep us from this crime, except perhaps the good habit of abolishing secrecy everywhere and the complementary habit of believing that every bit of truth deserves to be known.

Preemptive truth commissions—an idea whose time has come.

In the camp, Tillion’s brand of scholarship took courage. Her status as a prisoner was of the lowest. NN for Nazi and Nobel, “destined to disappear without a trace.”

She was not allowed to leave the camp for factory work elsewhere (the lucky break that saved Primo Levi’s life at Auschwitz). She deliberately cultivated the position of “hyphenated,” or “available,” for recruitment to any sort of secular saint. A recent spate of this phenomenon impressed her SS guards, “the kind of secular saint that impressed her SS guards, the kind of secular saint that impressed her SS guards.”

S he was still hunting for untapped Gestapo archives when the Algerian war began in November 1954. At once she appealed to then Minister of the Interior François Mitterrand to send her on a mission to her beloved Aures Mountains, to act as an advocate for the civilian population of what was already a war zone. On her way into the hills she heard the story of the Seif massacre and realized she was in for the long haul. The dirty war in Algeria lasted eight years, longer than World War II. By the end, French resistance veterans would look back on the war as a tragedy of Algerians with Gestapo-like techniques and worse. Others, like Tillion, denounced the torture. While not a war of conquest, it was a necessary war, Tillion believed; but the war in Algeria was a stupid war.

In Algiers, the Realitate (1978), Tillion registers her horror at the change she saw in Algeria on her return. The very benefits of French rule—vaccinations, antibiotics, roads—had caused what she called a “total demographic destruction” that destroyed traditional peasant societies, driving thousands into the big cities, where nothing was as it should be. She saw that the slums, Cuba, Algeria. Tillion calls this process, or “reduction to the state of beggary,” the “birth of the big city.” In a country of 5 million people, she says, colonialism in the 17th century or slavery in the 18th. No wonder people in other parts of the world hate theFrench and think, “We are just like that.” They are too numb to know what it is like to live in the slums. As she says, “we are isolated from the rest of the world.”

Young Algerians demanded, what about those people who alone had the power to make the peace between feuding clans. It’s not a stretch to call Tillion a marabout or a holy woman. She achieved this status, gave her life to the cause, as a marabout, as a holy woman. She was the only one who could make peace between feuding clans.

In Algeria, Tillion had met marabouts, holy men, and holy women, prophets who alone had the power to make the peace between feuding clans. It’s not a stretch to call Tillion a marabout or a holy woman. She achieved this status, gave her life to the cause, as a marabout, as a holy woman. She was the only one who could make peace between feuding clans.

B ack in Paris, Tillion made the rounds of all her old friends from the resistance, who were now in government, as they tried to prevent the atrocities. The military in Algeria wasn’t taking orders from Paris. The executions continued; the bombings too. No one, it seemed, would keep to the court’s order that a capital trial. Thus, she saved Yacef from torture and worse. He lived to make the film The Battle of Algiers with Italian director Gillo Pontecorvo—which has been enjoying a revival lately in Paris, New York—and at the Pentagon, where they’re studying techniques of urban warfare. Blessed are the peacemakers—who are omitted from the movie version.

The Algerian war ended in 1962, in chaos, horror, and death. After the French and Algerian peoples fled to France, Algeria gained its independence and fell under an authoritarian military regime from which it has not yet escaped. The French and Algerian directors of the Centres Sociaux, dedicated educators, are a “friendlier” version of Algerie Francaise cabal. Tillion wrote an outraged obituary.

During the battle of Algiers, a young FLN, combatant named Louis Ighilatish, was shot, captured, brutally tortured, and finally rescued by a French physician, who sent him to the civil hospital in Algiers. In 1961, still a prisoner of the French state, she was interned on Comora, where she spent six years. When she was 27, Tillion went to Corsica that summer on a mission of mercy. She and a friend took Ighilatish for a vacation. They slept under the stars, visited the beaches, laughed a great deal, and wouldn’t let Ighilatish obsess about her torture.

In 2000, Ighilatish described her torture in Le Parisien, one of the Paris daily, “We torture and murder. Tillion and her friends petitioned the French state, demanding a public hearing, compensation, and an inquiry into all their testimony. But nothing was heard. In 2001, Ighilatish was killed by Algerian police.”

Tillion died on April 1, 1995, at age 70. She was buried in Paris. Her last request was that her ashes be taken to the center named after her. She was buried in a simple tomb on the outskirts of Paris. She was buried in a simple tomb on the outskirts of Paris. She was buried in a simple tomb on the outskirts of Paris.
The “Newspeak” of our time

by Harriet Mahlmanwazi


If there is hope, Winston Smith, the protagonist of George Orwell’s _1984_, wrote in his illicit diary, “it lies in the proles.” The proles were uneducated and the latent power of their massive numbers unrecognized. Yet only such a force, reasoned Winston, could overthrow the ruling party, which controlled the citizens of Oceania with systematic disinformation, unremitting surveillance, and the pervasive threat of violence and imprisonment. Still, wrote Winston, one fundamental concept had yet to be worked out: “Until they become conscious they will never rebel, and until after they have rebelled they cannot become conscious.”

Fast forward to the Orwellian United States of 2004—where public relations specialists craft the terms that make perverted and self-limiting world possible; yesterday’s news goes down the memory hole as today’s reality is spun (we never armed Saddam; we never trained the Talibani!); hidden video cameras record daily life; and ever-shift- ing icons of evil flash across our television screens to incite mass rage.

If Winston were here now, it’s likely that this obdurate believer in verifiable reality and logical reasoning would write in his diary: I should be an independent media. Back in 1949—the same year 1984 was published—Pacifica Radio, pioneer of listener-sponsored, corporate-unencumbered, dissenting-voiced media, was founded in California. It grew to five stations (in Berkeley, Los Angeles, New York, Washington, and Houston), and in 1985, an avid listener named Amy Goodman started working with WBAI, the Pacifica station in New York. Gaining experience as a producer, foreign correspondent and editor, and then news director and cohost of a morning show called Wake-up Call. In 1996, the Pacifica stations launched Democracy Now!, a one-hour radio program that included a daily election show in the months leading up to what became Bill Clinton’s second presidential victory. With Goodman as host, it pushed beyond the usual horse energy that has long guided US foreign policy. In the first third of the book, Goodman becomes thoroughly familiar with the mainstream media’s belatedly discovered “China beat” and the “terrorist threat” (pp. 173-174).

Amy Goodman

By the time Goodman took up the topic of “the embeds” and the炒作 of US troops, the Bush Administration had turned psychological operations self-conscious, requiring little government propaganda. The reason, behind Smith-Mundt was that “Congress wanted to be certain that a U.S. government agency could not brainwash citizens as Hitler had in Germany” (pp. 251-252).

Goodman asked, “If we had state media in the United States, how would it be any different?” She suggests that the US media slavishly adheres to a code of self-censorship, requiring little government interference because it is so hand- somey rewarded for acting as the public’s relations wing of the administration. She illustrates this from many angles, but per- haps most pungently in the chapter “Psyops Comes Home”:

Psychological warfare—psyops, to those in the business—was something that the United States used against its enemies...Psyops is the military way of winning the hearts and minds of a population...The 1948 Smith-Mundt Act prohibited the domestic dissemination of US government propaganda. The rea- soning, behind Smith-Mundt was that “Congress wanted to be certain that a U.S. government agency could not brainwash citizens as Hitler had in Germany.”

But by 2003, she reports, there was evidence that “[the Bush Administration had turned psychological operations self-conscious.” The large number of Americans who believed, in mid-2003, that Iraq was directly involved in the 9/11 attacks; and that weapons of mass destruction had been found, indicated that “we had become victims of our own propaganda.” This is possible, says Goodman, in large part because of “the symbiotic relationship between the cor- porate media and the officials they cover.” She details cases in which psyops personnel freely worked on news pro- grams at CNN and NPR: “Army psyops is forbidden by law from manipulating US media. So what happens when psyops are the media?”

During the Iraq war, the “700 reporters officially ‘embedded’ with US troops” wrote Goodman, were “the fake soldiers” that “reporters” had turned psychological operations self-conscious, requiring little government propaganda. The reason, behind Smith-Mundt was that “Congress wanted to be certain that a U.S. government agency could not brainwash citizens as Hitler had in Germany.”

Until they become conscious they will never rebel, and until after they have rebelled they cannot become conscious. But what can you do from the turret of a tank? You can cover what it feels like to be a Goebbels people. Then you can get the gunner’s response and the commander’s spin. That is one narrow slice of the war experi- ence...But what about the view? Shouldn’t reporters be embedded in Iraqi communities and hospitals? (p. 173)

Meanwhile, international journalists covering “the real war”—the one in which $600,000 Iraqi civilians [were] killed and 20,000 injured”—quickly came to realize that they, too, were military targets, as an American fighter jet scored a direct hit on Al-Jazeera’s Baghdad bureau, and a US tank opened fire on the Palestine Hotel, where many unembellished reporters from various countries were staying. Some American journalists who expressed opposition to the war were simply fired by their media organizations. Agony, mutilation, and corpses were absent from the coverage Americans saw—for taste purposes, as a PBS news executive quoted by Goodman explained, in a similar way with American “Newspeak”: “Censorship goes by many names in the United States. Taste is one of the favorite euphemisms. Sensibility is another.” She makes it clear, too, that the orchestrated fiction of a “clean war” didn’t originate with 21st- century Boshian extremism; she exam- ines the history in a stunning chapter called “Hiroshima Cover-up: How the War Department’s Toxaway Won a Pulitzer.” General Douglas MacArthur kept the press out of southern Japan after the atomic bombs dropped, dissem- inating the official story via the US authorities and the military censors: Radiation sickness didn’t exist; civilian casualties were minimal. An independent Australian journalist broke the ban, horrif- izing the world and setting into motion a vast US cover-up. Authorities declared the reporter a dupe of Japanese propa- ganda, seized his camera and photos, and issued a “corrective” press release.

They also brought reporters to New Mexico to “prove” to them that radioactive contamination didn’t cause lingering harm. One of them was William L. Laurence, a science reporter who, Goodman says, was not only receiving a salary from The New York Times. He was also on the payroll of the War Department...His dual status as government agent and reporter earned him an unprecedented level of access to American military officials—he even flew in the...
The sword and the shield

by Harriet Malinowitz

A conversation with independent journalist Amy Goodman

Harriet Malinowitz: Why did you write The Exception to the Rulers?

Amy Goodman: I think the media is everyone’s, or should be. The corporate media is using the public airwaves, and they are shaped by the corporate culture. We need to be able to look at the full diversity of views. We are now in an age of the “Clear Channeling” of America—we’re losing the largest media consolidation this country has ever seen. But people are hungry, for open to, ideas. What is often called the “mainstream media” is a misnomer. It’s not mainstream. It’s an extreme media that bears the drums for war. There is a vibrant independent media movement in this country, but some need to be shaped and built. And the book may introduce people to independent media who haven’t experienced it, and let them know where it is. I also want to encourage people to challenge the corporate media, because they’re using our national treasures—the public airwaves.

HM: You wrote this book with your brother. How did your family background influence your work?

AG: When I was growing up, my dad ran a task force in our community to integrate the schools. And he met tremendous public opposition. These were neighborhood schools, so they were de-facto segregated. The face of death threats and a thousand people screaming in an auditorium or a cafeteria—I probably internalized that emotionally even more than I understood what was going on. I saw what it meant to stand up for something you believed in, in order to ultimately make your community better. And he met tremendous public resistance, and what the community had come out of was a life and death struggle. So I grew up with a sense of our responsibility to stand up for what is right, for what is just. And that’s what I’m doing now. When I turned on the radio to the White House address at Hampshire College, a very influential university, I thought it was my responsibility to dig up the ground, and they would pull out a piece of paper, an article written perhaps three years before, that they had something to hide. And it seems like this resolution pass in the US Congress? It was astounding. We come from the most powerful country on earth. Every little act we engage in has a huge ripple effect around the world.

HM: You’ve certainly been in some of the most dangerous situations—I’m thinking especially of East Timor and Nigeria. How do you manage not to let fear get in your way?

AG: Well, I’m glad you didn’t say “How do you manage not to be afraid?” I’m afraid all the time. It is a matter of not letting fear reign. We have a lot of control over our fear. It makes you more careful. People here at Hampshire, saying, “We have a decision the students about the danger of seeing the sword of death threats and a thousand people screaming in an auditorium or a cafeteria—I probably internalized that emotionally even more than I understood what was going on. I saw what it meant to stand up for something you believed in, in order to ultimately make your community better. And he met tremendous public resistance, and what the community had come out of was a life and death struggle. So I grew up with a sense of our responsibility to stand up for what is right, for what is just. And that’s what I’m doing now. When I turned on the radio to the White House address at Hampshire College, a very influential university, I thought it was my responsibility to dig up the ground, and they would pull out a piece of paper, an article written perhaps three years before, that they had something to hide. And it seems like this resolution pass in the US Congress? It was astounding. We come from the most powerful country on earth. Every little act we engage in has a huge ripple effect around the world.

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HM: How would you say the visibility and impact of JN have grown since its inception?

AG: We get millions of hits on our website. People who are interviewed on our show are often called by other news outlets. Often we’re not credited. Sometimes we do a show, the international media picks it up, and then the US press picks it up from the international media. I call it “trickle-up journalism.”

HM: From your extensive travels around the world, can you have found any insights about Americans?

AG: I would say that Americans are a distributed people, and when they work, they work with the local people, but they also have a very clear sense of what they need to do. And they often have a high sense of responsibility. And there are many different parts of America that are looking at your own culture. I said, “I didn’t want to write about my own culture. This is looking at your own culture.” I said, “Well, Dr. So-and-So, to me, this is anthropology. My thesis is about white middle class. It’s something that’s been practiced in this country. It’s not a culture that I part of, so it’s very legitimate for me to look at it as an outsider.”

After college, I worked with a colleague to turn my thesis into a series of articles for the Multinational Monitor called “The Case Against Depo Provera.” As I was doing that, I turned on the radio to keep me company, and I heard this remarkable statute—WBAI. All the rawness of New York City, authentic voices not trying to sell you anything. It was not slick. All the accents of New York, the beauty and the horror of New York, all conveyed. I was very taken with it.

HM: What prompted you to become involved with independent media?

AG: I did my college thesis in medical anthropology on a drug called Depo Provera, a contraceptive. At the time, it wasn’t approved by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), but it was being distributed in more than 80 countries, and in high-income countries in our own backyards. In Atlanta, Georgia, 10,000 black women at the second largest charity hospital in the country were injected with Depo Provera that had not been approved by the FDA. When I defended it, one of my professors took the thesis, before I even started, and said, “Miss Goodman, you know that this is not a thesis in anthropology. Anthropology is to be a participant-observer in another person’s culture. This is looking at your own culture.” I said, “Well, Dr. So-and-So, to me, this is anthropology. My thesis is about white middle class. It’s something that’s been practiced in this country. It’s not a culture that I part of, so it’s very legitimate for me to look at it as an outsider.”

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A young woman mother and two daughters become involved in local political activities. She hires a babysitter so she can attend weekly organizing meetings. She participates in local organizing drives and hands out literature, and slowly her participation is recognized and rewarded—she moves up in stature and rank. She assumes more duties and is invited to meetings with higher level officials. But her mother-in-law complains of the time she spends away from the children, her husband and sister-in-law. When she arrived at the rebel camp, she was told that no scholarship would be forthcoming—but neither could she return home. She was now one of the rebels.

After six months of military and weapons training, Antonia spent the next two years with Renamo, working as one of the top intelligence officers at age 15, reporting directly to the rebels’ president. Antonia was one of approximately 100 students under the age of 17 who formed the core of Renamo’s intelligence community in their stronghold of central Mozambique. Some of these children joined freely, but most were abducted. Antonia saw her former classmates among them.

Renamo turned to students because of their core competencies and the fact that their president were uneducated and illiterate. Youth like Antonia could read and write in Portuguese and English, and they monitored the newspapers and radios to gather information about the government’s movements and assess international opinion about the war. They infiltrated communities within government-held territories to carry out reconnaissance. And when Renamo was launching a large fighting operation in the center of the country where she was stationed, Antonia would be called upon to fight.

Even as an intelligence agent, Antonia joined the other women and girls who were Renamo captives to collect wood and water and to wash clothes in the morning. Older women would look after younger ones, teaching them how to carry their loads, cook, and care for their bodies dur- ing menstruation. These women cared for each other during pregnancy and birth, with the older women teaching the young mothers how to breastfeed and raise new- borns. Those in more privileged positions within the force, such as those working in intelligence, had other captive women and girls look after them when they were not at work. Among the captive women were rural girls who were abducted to be the forced “wives” of the soldiers, to grow and prepare food for the forces, and to train and supervise young boys who fight in the front lines. They participate in suicide and bombing missions and are forced to be human mine sweeps and human shields in front of adult male combatants. They provide slave labor; gather, prepare and cook food; care for captive mothers and small children; and carry water and firewood; and haul food, medicines, weapons, drugs, diamonds, and loot. Girls are intel- ligence officers, spies, informants, mess- ages, and cooks.

Official claims that the pro-government militias were composed only of males are inaccurate. Where Are the Girls? provides an alternative account that girls like Agnes were fully initiated members of militias in Sierra Leone and were strategic assets in all operations, performing key roles and tasks.

Along with researcher Susan McFarland, I studied girls in armies in Uganda, Sierra Leone, and Mozambique. Our report, ‘ against the Grain,’ notes that many of the girls like Agnes serve in numerous, overlapping roles. They are combat soldiers, including some who fight in the front lines. They train out for combat and in laying ambushes and landmines. They particip- ate in suicide and bombing missions and are forced to be human mine sweeps and human shields in front of adult male combatants. They provide slave labor; gather, prepare and cook food; care for captive mothers and small children; and carry water and firewood; and haul food, medicines, weapons, drugs, diamonds, and loot. Girls are intel- ligence officers, spies, informants, mes- sages, and cooks.

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ensures that everyone in the group had a strong and fearless heart.

No longer a Gbetheri since the war ended in 2002, Agnes still bears the daratan—she still understands what it means to carry that back that marks her membership. Because she is a girl, she was blocked from entering government programs for former fighters—like the overwhelming majority of the girls in the countries we studied. However, while the government may refuse to acknowledge her, because Agnes is scarred and has remained in the area she fought to defend, members of her community know that she was a Gbetheri. Unlike others who continue to participate in rituals, training and gather publicly to sing their war songs, Agnes keeps to herself. The villagers are wary of her and keep their distance. This is due in part to the powers and her violation of society's gender norms during her time in the fighting forces.

As Agnes’ experiences show, even among groups that deny their existence, girls are central to fighting forces. Official denial often effectively blocks girls from participating in programs established to help fighters transition back into civilian life. At the same time, when the conflict ends, the militarized aspects of the fighting force may stigmatize them, even among the very communities they sought to defend. Consequently, girls returning to civilian communities face enormous challenges.

The LRA forces new abductees to participate and actively indoctrinating them and attempting to make meaningful contributions to it. When the LRA and the government programs lump them as “camp followers.” This was the case for the LRA, to a deeper understanding of what it takes to create and maintain the fighting forces in current and former combatants, and on the logic of the industry, the importance. The discourse of defense, in which, at the strategy level, human beings are “collateral damage,” and at the factory level, bodies are the “house,” encourages these women to use domestic language, such as referring to making cabinets. Is this way of talking about the worksites and examined industry for the government.

Grace was a survivor.

We spoke with Grace several days after she had crossed into northern Uganda and reached the relative safety of a reception center for formerly abducted children. There, a nurse cared for her wounds; she received food and clean water; and she waited to hear if any of her family members would come to claim her. In many ways, Grace was fortunate. Unlike some of her countrymen, she was lucky enough to have been unscathed. But she did not return with a child born in captivity or having served as the captive “wife” of a rebel commander. Due to the stigma of having a baby from the rebels, potential health problems, lack of education and training, and poverty, these girls mothers and their children are at the highest risk of any group of children associated with the fighting forces.

Antonia, Agnes, and Grace are three among the hundreds of girls we talked with during the three years we spent researching and writing Where Are the Girls? Girls have suffered severe violations of their human rights in the hands of the violent fighting forces. At the same time, they show tremendous ability to plan and cope. With the cooperation and support of their communities, they must not be mistaken for empowerment.

Girls clearly articulate what is empowering to them. Education for themselves and their children nearly tops the list. This is followed by the desire for the love and support of their families and communities. We found that community members can be helpful in particular and that the whole community who organized to work with girls. Women and mothers in particular, are also in great need of health care, particularly reproductive health care and treatment of sexually transmitted diseases connected with the fighting forces.

Where Are the Girls? demonstrates that taking seriously girls’ roles and experiences is crucial for fighting forces and to a deeper understanding of what it takes to create and maintain the fighting forces in current and former combatants, and on the logic of the industry, the importance. The discourse of defense, in which, at the strategy level, human beings are “collateral damage,” and at the factory level, bodies are the “house,” encourages these women to use domestic language, such as referring to making cabinets. Is this way of talking about the worksites and examined industry for the government.

Women with jobs in the defense industry must keep the nature of their work secret—from friends, family, and even themselves.

Grace was captured by the Lord’s Resistance Army (LRA) at the age of eight. The LRA is an armed rebel force made up of captive children that has been fighting the Ugandan government since 1987. Because the LRA cannot get fighters to join their ranks, they fill them through abduction. This was the case for the LRA, to a deeper understanding of what it takes to create and maintain the fighting forces in current and former combatants, and on the logic of the industry, the importance. The discourse of defense, in which, at the strategy level, human beings are “collateral damage,” and at the factory level, bodies are the “house,” encourages these women to use domestic language, such as referring to making cabinets. Is this way of talking about the worksites and examined industry for the government.

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just the nature of what he's doing, and he can't jeopardize his job.

This habit of secrecy extends farther than keeping spouses, partners, or children ignorant of the mundane details of one's workday or even of what one does for a living. It extends to include family finances, the raising of children, family problems, politics, dietary preferences and deportment.

When I asked the women about their work, many joked, "If I tell you, I have to kill you." This joke seems to be a party discourse that aims to make silence acceptable and normative.

"You know, everyone tells me this joke," commented to one woman. She explained,

It's not a joke if you work there. I don't mean I would kill somebody. I mean that's what they're telling you. When you get debriefed in the military, and you know some top secret stuff, you just can't tell anybody. . . . There is a seriousness—if you really care about the national defense you'll abide by [secrecy rules], and you have to trust that they're doing it in your best interest. You have to trust somewhere.

Of course, defense corporation administrations also extend this habit of secrecy with the prohibition against talking about work. At one of the companies I studied, as you walk through the building, you see signs reminding employees about security clearance classifications. Other signs exhorted employees to "Protect Classified and Sensitive Information," and warn that "Others Are Interested In Your Work."

The secrecy reinforces the gendered division of labor inside the defense industry: as well as the feminization of home responsibilities in the families of employees. These women struggle with the contradiction between their actual practice of gender and their loyalty to traditional roles. Said Audrey,

I've resented it sometimes, you know. My husband at one point was doing a lot of traveling. As a result of that, the kids were always left with me. And I think I was kind of stunned at one point when he came back to realize that I could pay the bills, I could mow the lawn, I could fix the refrigerator. . . . When he came back, he felt left out because I had taken on the full responsibility of running this home by myself. The kids didn't go to Dad, they always came to me.

The women I interviewed clung to a gender discourse that constructs them as weak and in need of protection, but they were anything but passive and dependent. They were smart, logical, and capable. They did not require, nor did they get, the protection of their male partners.

The perpetuation of militarism relies on the keeping of this secret. Strong, self-sufficient women capable of self-care and self-protection do not require male attention or approval. It is therefore important for militarized women to deny their contributions and capabilities in favor of patriarchal constructions that keep the military "manly." Men and women who realized how false these traditional understandings are, and how dependent militarism really is on women, would be less likely to accept the kinds of sacrifices on the part of individuals, families, and society that militarism demands.
preserve sites associated with African-American women.

Many of the essays are concerned with rethinking the interpretation at historic sites and museums so that women’s roles become central to the story. At the heart of the book is the argument that representing women’s experiences at the core of the historical record will redefine the basic narrative of American history. Editor Gail Dibrow begins the book with a strong overview essay that summarizes key issues in the field. In a later essay Dibrow explores the identification and preservation of gay and lesbian sites, as well as the reinterpretation of sites, many literary, to include information on the written works of various women’s “Power of Place” project in Los Angeles marked places of meaning on the landscape for women and ethnic minorities. The reinterpretation of the Martin Van Buren National Historic Site to include women who worked as domestic servants also encompassed gender and class. Writer Patricia West explains.

Exhanging how house servants lived is one idea and straining some of the important changes in American political culture across Van Buren’s lifetime, most significantly mass immigration, that fundamental feature of American history which has shaped its politics as well as its social structure in fundamental ways.

Many of the essays have a practical component to them, explaining how a project was constructed and the politics involved in getting it implemented. They describe statewide projects, the first national Historic Sites Act, women’s rights, and various private and public women’s history houses. Other articles look at interpreting the past today, such as in Philadelphia, nurses in Montreal, and prostitution in Los Angeles. One article outlines efforts to rethink the interpretation of library interiors to demonstrate women’s fundamental contributions to founding and staffing libraries nationwide. The authors are sensitive to class issues, examining how middle- and working-class women are being incorporated into a variety of historic sites and landscapes.

For the first time the National Park Service initiatives within the National Park Service. The Women’s History Landmark Project resulted in the designation of approximately 40 National Historic Landmarks associated with women, doubling the proportion of women’s National Historic Landmarks from two to four percent. Miller rightly argues that these sites are aesthetic ideal rather than women as individuals. The two stock female figures in our culture are the loving, nurturing, comforting mother or the young, beautiful, erotic woman. The young, eroticized figures are subjects of the male gaze; men set and precariously define them.

The female figures are desirable but do not desire. Male images are, interestingly, rigidly essentialized. Men are portrayed in varied roles—family, frequently sexualized, rarely associated with the domestic or intimate, and, less often, with the social. Women are almost always presented as powerful. Banks chronicles these gender stereotypes in a contemporary example, the Barbie doll. She traces their antecedents to 19th-century fine art traditions and examines how little gendered imagery changed when mass produced and a staple of the Holiday world and current discourse on gender and equality.

Like others who have written about public images of women, Thomas notes the pattern of representing Woman as an aesthetic ideal rather than women as individuals. The two stock female figures in our culture are the loving, nurturing, comforting mother or the young, beautiful, erotic woman. The young, eroticized figures are subjects of the male gaze; men set and precariously define them.

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The female figures are desirable but do not desire. Male images are, interestingly, rigidly essentialized. Men are portrayed in varied roles—family, frequently sexualized, rarely associated with the domestic or intimate, and, less often, with the social. Women are almost always presented as powerful. Banks chronicles these gender stereotypes in a contemporary example, the Barbie doll. She traces their antecedents to 19th-century fine art traditions and examines how little gendered imagery changed when mass produced and a staple of the Holiday world and current discourse on gender and equality.

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Power of Place project in Los Angeles marked places of meaning on the landscape for women and ethnic minorities. The reinterpretation of the Martin Van Buren National Historic Site to include women who worked as domestic servants also encompassed gender and class. Writer Patricia West explains.

Exhanging how house servants lived is one idea and straining some of the important changes in American political culture across Van Buren’s lifetime, most significantly mass immigration, that fundamental feature of American history which has shaped its politics as well as its social structure in fundamental ways.

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the othership of being female, albeit an extraordinarily highly achieving one. In L, Hoffman also explored emigration from the vantage point of a teenage learning to wear a miniskirt, a girl passing into western sexuality, and standing opposite the lines of people and sex. Hoffman specifically con- demns the feminist motto “the personal is political” as “much too glib,” even as she uses her personal experience as the basis of her arguments about the Holocaust. She omits any mention of homosexuality, although gay men and lesbians were sent to the concentration camps along with the Holocaust, which is a prominent theme in the gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgender world, and the second generation includes some outspoken gays and lesbians.

This is particularly perplexing because in general Hoffman is not shy about wrestling with complex contemporary issues, such as Polish complicity in the Holocaust or the recent genocides in Bosnia and Rwanda. She discusses not only the significant role of women in the Holocaust world, but also Israel’s invoca-
tion of the Holocaust to justify brutality against the Palestinians.

Hoffman’s material on advocates moving on, citing the Jewish tradition of grieving fully for the dead but placing a firm limit on discussion of the living, does not sit well with Saidel, who argues, “that moment has come, even as we must proceed to confront and continue the knowledge that the Shoah has brought us in perpetuity.”

In contrast to Hoffman, Rochelle G. Saidel focuses on the specifics of the Ravensbrück concentration camp exclusively, the work of preserving survivors’ accounts. Although the Holocaust is the most documented event in Jewish history, Saidel’s book is unique. Saidel’s goal is to make visi-
able a previously ignored aspect of women’s Holocaust history: Jewish women’s experi-
ence at the Ravensbrück concentration camp. Saidel, born in the United States in 1942, represents the generation untouched by the Holocaust and serves as a reminder—as was the practice in other camps, and certainly in Ravensbrück—of the human capacity for abuse, murder, and swift into cruelty and killing. The Shoah is not simply a historical event, but a testament to the capacity of human beings to commit atrocities.

The book, “Purified by Fire,” is a result of a 1980 visit to East Germany, when she was an assistant professor at the University of Nekhama Tec’s pubbingh Raelin and Courage: Women, Men, and the Holocaust (2003), Saidel’s attention to gender and sexuality was not mentioned. Hoffman specifically con-
demns the patriarchal control reflected in the all-male Nazi power structure and in the Jewish councils set up by the Germans in occupied Europe. Women such as Gemma LaGuardia, a Secretary of the Spanish Communist Party leader, became what Hoffman calls “asocials,” a category encompassing those who did not fit into the Nazi’s political entities held in the camp. Besides Jews, the Nazis also held homosexuals in the camp. Saidel recounts survivors’ stories about drunken SS men roaring into women’s barracks on their motorcycles, a rape spree, and one example of this classic violence against women.

Other Holocaust authors have dis-
cussed the role of women in the camps, but Saidel is among the very few to address directly the subject of lesbianism in the Nazi camps. She views the women’s movement as a way to declare woman’s homosexuality illegal; the pink triangle was solely for men. Female homosexuality was not mentioned in the Nazi-adopted, Bismarck-era law code criminalizing same sex relations. Lesbians confined to Ravensbrück wore a black triangle as “asocial.” Saidel’s section on lesbians is brief, as her sources are limited. She acknowledges that survivors’ accounts of same-sex rela-
tions are either absent or overwhelm-
ingly negative. Real and imagined sexu-
ality and deep-seated prejudices.

In bringing to light the experiences of the women of Ravensbrück concentra-
tion camp, Saidel adds to our knowledge of Jewish survival in the genocidal condi-
tions created by the Nazis. Her account is invaluable for its documentation to the Holocaust and serves as a reminder—as we face US brutality against Iraqi prison-
ners, Al Qaeda beheadings, Sudanese slav-
er, Israeli assassinations, and suicide bombers—of the ease with which humans create the Other and slide so easily into cruelty and killing. Many survivors cried “Never Again!” but the human capacity for abuse, murder, and genocide appears never ending.
The Coalition of Women for Peace was formed at a meeting on November 8, 2000.

- An end to the occupation.
- The full involvement of women in negotiations for peace.
- Establishment of the state of Israel side by side with the state of Israel based on the 1967 borders.
- The recognition of Jerusalem as the shared capital of two states.
- Recognition by Israel of its share of responsibility for the results of the 1948 war and cooperation in finding a just solution for the Palestinian refugees.
- Opposition to the militarism that permeates Israeli society.
- Equal rights for women and all residents of Israel.
- Social and economic justice for Israel's citizens and integration into the region.

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Five College Fellowship Program

Located in Western Massachusetts, Amherst, Hampshire, Mount Holyoke and Smith colleges and the University of Massachusetts-Amherst are associated as members of a consortium, Five Colleges, Incorporated.

The Five College Fellowship Program for minority scholars provides a year in residence at one of the campuses for doctoral students who are ABD. The chief goal of the program is to promote diversity in the academy by enabling minority scholars of under-represented groups—graduate students in an academic career who are preparing for faculty careers—to develop as independent scholars. The program aims to foster a sense of community among the Fellows, enabling them to network and acquaint themselves with each other.

The Five College Fellowship Program awards a fellowship to a scholar who is entering the doctoral dissertation stage of his or her academic career. The recipient will be working on a dissertation in an area of significant concern to the consortium. Fellows are expected to live in Amherst during the academic year in which they are fellows and to be associated with one of the Five Colleges, Fortunately, the consortium has been able to provide financial assistance for the Fellows to pursue their academic endeavors.

Each Fellow is hosted by an appropriate department or program at one of the five colleges. (At Smith, recipients include a Mendelsohn Fellowship) The Five College Fellowship includes a stipend of $30,000, board and housing, and access to the consortium's subscription and library privileges at the five colleges. The award also allows Fellows to work with the consortium's Center for Early Career Women Scholars, which provides support and resources for female scholars in the early stages of their careers.

For further information and application materials consult the Five Colleges, Incorporated Web site (www.fivecolleges.edu) or contact Carol Angomeno (angomeno@fivecolleges.edu).

Five Colleges, Incorporated
97 Spring Street, Amherst, MA 01003-2324
413/545-8316

The Coalition of Women for Peace is an international organization of women in Israel, formed in 2000 as a way to promote peace in the Middle East. The organization aims to encourage dialogue and cooperation between Israelis and Palestinians, and to promote a just and lasting peace in the region. The Coalition of Women for Peace consists of more than 50 women's organizations from Israel and the Occupied Palestinian Territories, as well as women's organizations from around the world. The organization's members are committed to non-violence and to working towards a just and peaceful solution to the conflict. The Coalition of Women for Peace believes that a lasting peace is possible only through the active participation of women, and that women must be at the forefront of the peace process.
The Bookshelf

The Bookshelf provides a sampling of books of interest by and about women that we've received in our office recently. For a more extensive listing, please visit our website: www.wellesley.edu/WomenBooks.

Courtney Angela Bricks, *The Stone Fields: An Epitaph for the Living*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2004, 368 pp., hardcover. In clear, vivid language, Bricks writes about genocide and pain that spans generations. From her own family's history, she describes how her grand mother was widowed then imprisoned during World War II for hiding her Jewish lover. Then, drawing on her own experience following the massacre at Srebrenica in 1995, where more than 70,000 people were killed, she shows how she came to see the individual acts of violence between her family and her families rather than nameless, faceless victims through her work with a forensic team in eastern Bosnia-Herzegovina. She excavates bodies, assisted in autopsies, and arranged personal effects for photographing. Her experiences with the profun dely sad knowledge led her to ask how such events can be prevented. The book includes Bricks's family tree from the 19th century onward, a map of Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina, and a small pronunciation key. Each chapter is opened by a poem, written in Serbo-Croatian, and ends with the words for what she has seen, so that others can see as well.

Ann Cotten Reid, *If You're Racially Kidd, You Can Manage Anything: Leadership Begins at Home*. New York: Gotham, 2004, 274 pp., hardcover. Recognizing that the skills needed for successful parenting are applicable in many areas, including the professional world, Cotten Reid tells the stories of people who have dedicated a significant portion of their lives to serving others, namely their children. She recounts her own experiences and interviews almost 100 parents in business, law, government, entertainment, academia, and the nonprofit world. The author of *The Power of Motherhood*, Cotten Reid argues that the abilities to negotiate, be fair, be dependable, and to have a sense of perspective and the future that are learned in the parent-child relation ship can be applied in the workplace. She says that although public perception of stay-at-home parents is slowly turning around, there is still a great deal of bias against this choice as a valid work experience, and it isn't taken as seriously as she and many others feel it ought to be.

Sharon M. Harris, ed., *Blue Pencils & Hidden Hands: Women Editing Periodicals, 1830-1910*. Boston: Northeastern University Press, 2004, 279 pp., hardcover. In the 19th century, magazines experienced a surge in popularity, so that by the 1820s about 60 percent of Americans were regular readers of periodicals. They became the dominant form of mass media in the United States. Female editors worked on a variety of periodicals, from school newspaper and fashion magazines to political journals. From diverse backgrounds, these editors addressed issues like women's suffrage, abolitionism, and domestic violence.

Elizabeth Hudson, *Jane Badler: One Woman's Life on the Streets*. Alberta, Canada: NeWest, 2004, 268 pp., paper. A memoir of the year Hudson spent as a heroin addict and prostitute in Calgary and Vancouver. The book opens as Hudson leaves rehabilitation, against her mother's wishes, to engage in drug and criminal activity with her boyfriend. When she finally begins to rebuild her life, she finds that she is filled with seemingly boundless anger, which writing eventually helps her to express, although she deals with feelings of deep isolation to this day. Rebuilding relationships became slow, but she made it a priority, especially with her mother, whose "tough love" philosophy Hudson didn't understand until she herself became a parent. An introduction by Lauren Casey, the executive director of PIERs, a group for ex-prostitutes and supporters, explains the organization's goals of improving the safety of prostitutes and assisting them should they choose to leave the sex trade.

Martin Schmoyer LoMonaco, *Summer Stock! American Theatrical Phenomena*. New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2004, 293 pp., hardcover. LoMonaco spent time in summer stock theater, like most theater professionals today. Her book discusses the history of summer stock from its early days in the 1920s and '30s through its decline in the 1960s, to where it stands today. Developed in rural areas, the theaters operated from June to September, especially near vacation resorts, and either staged their productions in a converted barn or the like once or twice a week or toured around. Presenting fully scripted plays, summer stock was a chance for people who might not be able to see professional theater in the cities to have access to it. Although the summer theater tradition started gaining in the 1950s with the success of Eugene O'Neill's plays at the Willard Theatre on Cape Cod, most companies produced light works and each was distinct, with very little connection to other companies.

Leslie Miller-Heidke, *Going to War: Women's Experience in Foreign Wars*. Men's Colleges and Universities, 1950-2000. Nashville, TN: Vanderbilt University Press, 2004, 338 pp., paper. Thirteen essays look at why women were accepted at almost all of the men's colleges and universities in the 1960s and '70s and at how these institutions dealt with the challenge. The women's experiences as they joined men's colleges and universities are explored. The ability to enroll in the same classes as the male students didn't exactly translate to equal opportunities for women, as many aspects of academic culture were still closed to them. The book provides a history of coeducation and case studies of several universities, colleges, and military academies, examining how the structural differences between institutions contributed to their differing experiences with the changes.

Judy Wajcman, *Technosensation*. Cambridge, UK: Polity, 2004, 148 pp., paper. The author of *Feminist Contestation Technique*, Wajcman explores three central fields of concern for women: virtual reality, the digital economy, and biomedical technologies. She argues that scientific and technological changes have not improved gender relations, demonstrating that technology is gendered in both design and use.

Linda Williams, ed., *Porn Studies*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2004, 516 pp., paper. With sexual images now so prevalent in the forefront of public consciousness, from television to political and religious scandals, the nation has become accustomed to it, if not comfortable with it. Home video and Internet technology provide an increasingly large percentage of the population with access to pornographic material, and the porn industry generates more money yearly than professional sports leagues. Williams believes that the widespread distribution of sexual material has made it a "legitimate academic subject," "‘on/scene,' instead of ‘ob[hidden/scene].’ The 17 contributors, some established in their fields and others still completing their doctorates, discuss a wide variety of pornographic images—historical and contemporary, gay and straight, soft- and hardcore, and bring in issues of gender, race, and class. These essays attract a wide audience, including students, scholars, and the general public.

Jean Wyatt, *Race, Gender, Difference, Identity, Race, and Community in Contemporary Fiction and Feminism*. Albany, NY: State University of New York Press, 2004, 286 pp., paper. Drawing on Freudian and Lacanian theories, Wyatt analyzes interpersonal relationships and dynamics in the multicultural feminist community, arguing that the desire to be the "other" causes complications in race relations among feminists. Some feminists, she says, empathize so strongly with another racial group that they lose the ability to recognize their difference in status and privilege from it. Such identification can make it difficult to address the inequalities and the different histories in a multicultural group.

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Harvard Divinity School, 45 Francis Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02138; or accessed at www.hsdl.harvard.edu/wom.

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