

CHARLES HOMER HASKINS  
PRIZE LECTURE FOR 2016

*A Life of Learning*  
**Cynthia Enloe**

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## ON CHARLES HOMER HASKINS

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Charles Homer Haskins (1870-1937), for whom the ACLS lecture series is named, organized the founding of the American Council of Learned Societies in 1919 and served as its first chairman from 1920 to 1926. He received a PhD in history from Johns Hopkins University at the age of 20. Appointed an instructor at the University of Wisconsin, Haskins became a full professor in two years. After 12 years there, he moved to Harvard University, where he served as dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences from 1908 to 1924. At the time of his retirement in 1931, he was Henry Charles Lea Professor of Medieval History. A close advisor to President Woodrow Wilson (whom he had met at Johns Hopkins), Haskins attended the Paris Peace Conference of 1919 as chief of the Division of Western Europe of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. He served as president of the American Historical Association in 1922, and was a founder and the second president of the Medieval Academy of America in 1926-27.

A great American teacher, Haskins also did much to establish the reputation of American scholarship abroad. His distinction was recognized by honorary degrees from Strasbourg, Padua, Manchester, Paris, Louvain, Caen, Harvard, Wisconsin, and Allegheny College, where in 1883 he had begun his higher education at the age of 13.

## HASKINS PRIZE LECTURERS

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2016	Cynthia Enloe
2015	Wendy Doniger
2014	Bruno Nettl
2013	Robert Alter
2012	Joyce Appleby
2011	Henry Glassie
2010	Nancy Siraisi
2009	William Labov
2008	Theodor Meron
2007	Linda Nochlin
2006	Martin E. Marty
2005	Gerda Lerner
2004	Peter Gay
2003	Peter Brown
2002	Henry A. Millon
2001	Helen Vendler
2000	Geoffrey Hartman
1999	Clifford Geertz
1998	Yi-Fu Tuan
1997	Natalie Zemon Davis
1996	Robert William Fogel
1995	Phyllis Pray Bober
1994	Robert K. Merton
1993	Annemarie Schimmel
1992	Donald W. Meinig
1991	Milton Babbitt
1990	Paul Oskar Kristeller
1989	Judith N. Shklar
1988	John Hope Franklin
1987	Carl E. Schorske
1986	Milton V. Anastos
1985	Lawrence Stone
1984	Mary Rosamond Haas
1983	Maynard Mack

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF CYNTHIA ENLOE

Cynthia Enloe is Research Professor in the Department of International Development, Community, and Environment at Clark University. Her career has included Fulbrights in Malaysia and Guyana; guest professorships in Japan, Britain, and Canada; and lectures in Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Germany, Vietnam, Korea, Turkey, and at universities around the US. Her writings have been translated into French, Spanish, Turkish, Portuguese, Japanese, Korean, Swedish, Icelandic, and German. She has published in *Ms. Magazine* and appeared on National Public Radio, Al Jazeera, C-Span, and the BBC.

Professor Enloe's 14 books include *Maneuvers: The International Politics of Militarizing Women's Lives* (2004), *The Curious Feminist* (2004), and *Globalization and Militarism* (2007, updated new edition, 2016), as well as *Nimo's War, Emma's War: Making Feminist Sense of the Iraq War* (2011), *The Real State of America: Mapping the Myths and Truths about the United States* (coauthored with Joni Seager; 2011), and *Seriously! Investigating Crashes and Crises as if Women Mattered* (2013). Her totally updated and revised second edition of *Bananas, Beaches and Bases* was published by the University of California Press in June 2014.

Professor Enloe has been awarded honorary doctorates by Union College (2005), the University of London's School of Oriental and African Studies (2009), Connecticut College (2010), the University of Lund, Sweden (2012), and Clark University (2014). At Clark University, she has served as chair of the Department of Political Science and as director of Women's Studies. She has served on the university's Committee on Personnel and its Planning and Budget Review Committee, and has been awarded its Outstanding Teacher Award three times. She currently serves on the editorial boards of five academic journals, including *International Feminist Journal of Politics*; *Security Dialogue*; *Women, Politics and Policy*; *International Political Sociology*; and *Politics and Gender*.

Professor Enloe's feminist teaching and research have focused on the interplay of gendered politics in the national and international arenas, with special attention to how women's labor is made cheap in globalized factories (especially sneaker factories) and how women's emotional and physical labor has been used to support many governments' war-waging policies—and how diverse women have tried to resist both of those efforts. Racial, class, ethnic, and national identities, as well as pressures shaping ideas about femininities and masculinities, are common threads throughout her studies. Enloe was awarded the International Studies Association's Susan Strange Award in 2007, in recognition of “a person whose singular intellect, assertiveness, and insight most challenge conventional wisdom and organizational complacency in the international studies community.” In 2008, she was awarded the Susan Northcutt Award, presented annually by the Women's Caucus for International Studies of the International Studies Association, to recognize “a person who actively works towards recruiting and advancing women and other minorities in the profession, and whose spirit is inclusive, generous and conscientious.” In 2010, Cynthia Enloe was awarded the Peace and Justice Studies Association's Howard Zinn Lifetime Achievement Award.

## INTRODUCTION

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Professor Cynthia Enloe's 2016 Charles Homer Haskins Prize Lecture is the thirty-fourth in an annual series named for the first chairman of the American Council of Learned Societies. The Executive Committee of the Delegates of ACLS selects the prize winner and lecturer from the many worthy nominations put forward by our community.

Haskins lecturers are asked “. . . to reflect on a lifetime of work as a scholar, on the motives, the chance determinations, the satisfactions (and the dissatisfactions) of the life of learning; and to explore through one's own life the larger, institutional life of scholarship. We do not wish the speaker to present the products of one's own scholarly research, but rather to share with other scholars the personal process of a particular lifetime of learning.”

Many have called Professor Enloe the founder of feminist international relations for arguing—and demonstrating—that only through making women's experiences visible can we understand politics in general and international relations in particular.

“Where are the women?” That is the question that has shaped her life of learning. Answering that question has taken her across the globe, from investigations into banana plantations in Honduras, sneaker factories in Korea, and Gurkha military bases in Nepal, to guest professorships in Japan and Britain, to lectures in Iceland, Turkey, and Vietnam. Her perhaps best-known work *Bananas, Beaches and Bases* (which came out in a completely revised second edition in 2014) takes readers into the lives of Caribbean chambermaids in resort hotels, Sri Lankan domestic workers in US homes, Thai mail-order brides, Chinese global tourists, and Bangladeshi garment workers.

“Where are the women?” As the letter nominating Professor Enloe for the Haskins Prize stated, answering this “simple but revealing question . . . is an approach that has yielded enormous and important insights into the working of politics and social policy [and that speaks] to urgent questions of humanity in eloquent

and thoughtful ways.” Motivating this question are a limitless and self-conscious curiosity, the courage to expose how and where power operates, and a deeply held dedication to social justice and peace.

Professor Enloe’s scholarship has thus far produced 14 books and dozens of journal articles, book chapters, edited volumes, and co-authored works. She has adopted an unpretentious writing style that weaves her personal intellectual journey into her research, using colorful and wide-ranging examples to illustrate nuanced ideas about feminist international politics. In this way, she furthers her goal of making political theorizing “part of the hub-bub of the public arena.”<sup>1</sup>

As a reviewer of her book *The Curious Feminist* noted, Professor Enloe “calls our attention to questions we might not have thought of as questions” and encourages her readers to develop these same “habits of curiosity.”<sup>2</sup> By looking for women in places where they seem to be absent, she exposes the political workings of masculinity and femininity, examines how cultures and systems become patriarchal, probes into the global phenomenon of the militarization of women, and demands that women’s lives and women’s impact on international politics and the global economy be taken seriously.<sup>3</sup>

Professor Enloe’s scholarly contributions and influence also are evident closer to home, at Clark University, where she has been on the faculty since 1972. There she helped found and then direct the university’s women’s studies program. While serving as an administrator and editorial board member, Professor Enloe has sustained an enthusiastic focus on her teaching—and her students. She has been awarded the university’s Outstanding Teacher Award three times. “Learn from your students,” she exhorts. “Love teaching.”<sup>4</sup>

Professor Enloe was the 2007 recipient of the Susan Strange award from the International Studies Association, which “recognizes a person whose singular intellect, assertiveness, and insight most challenge conventional wisdom and intellectual and organizational complacency in the international studies community.”<sup>5</sup>

Cynthia Enloe is a true teacher-scholar. Her life's work as an inquisitive researcher, engaged teacher, passionate activist, and public intellectual exemplify values that are central to humanistic inquiry. We are extremely pleased to bring her 2016 Charles Homer Haskins Prize Lecture to a wider audience.

Pauline Yu  
President  
American Council of Learned Societies

#### ENDNOTES

<sup>1</sup> Cynthia Enloe qtd. in Susan Hangen, rev. of *The Curious Feminist: Searching for Women in a New Age of Empire* by Cynthia Enloe, *American Anthropologist* 107.4 (2005): 725-26 <<http://www.jstor.org/stable/3567405>>.

<sup>2</sup> Martha Ackelsberg, "To Make the Connections, You Must See the Pieces," rev. of *The Curious Feminist: Searching for Women in a New Age of Empire* by Cynthia Enloe, *International Studies Review* 7.3 (2005): 496-98 <<http://www.jstor.org/stable/3699777>>.

<sup>3</sup> Martha Ackelsberg, "To Make the Connections, You Must See the Pieces."

<sup>4</sup> "Interview—Cynthia Enloe," *E-International Relations*, 13 Mar 2013 <<http://www.e-ir.info/2013/03/13/interview-cynthia-enloe/>>.

<sup>5</sup> *International Studies Association* <<http://www.isanet.org/Programs/Awards/Susan-Strange>>.

CYNTHIA ENLOE

## *A Life of Learning*

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It is such an honor to join the splendid scholars who have preceded me as Haskins Prize recipients. Charles Haskins' personal commitment to the pursuit of peace makes this doubly meaningful. I am grateful to the members of the ACLS Executive Committee of the Delegates for motivating me to map this journey of learning. It has been a winding road to feminist consciousness.

“What kind of name is ‘Enloe’?” my college classmates asked in a chorus. They had been given an assignment to track down the national or ethnic origins of the family names of every member of the freshman class. I remained the lone puzzle. I passed along the family lore. Enloe, my father had told us, was a Scotch Irish name. My classmates looked at me skeptically. Who had ever heard of an “Enloe” among the haggis, heather, and peat?

The Enloes (in reality, a mixture of Scotch Irish, English, and Dutch) seemed to have been a restless lot. They sailed to the New World in the 1630s. By the 1840s, many of their descendants had become farmers in Missouri and Kentucky, on what Euro-Americans deemed “the frontier.” There is even a tale told of young Nancy Hanks working as a laborer on the farm owned by an Abraham Enloe. It was he, so the story goes, who became the biological father of Abraham Lincoln. A number of social media amateur historians have embraced this story.

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Note: A video of Professor Enloe delivering the 2016 Charles Homer Haskins Lecture and responding to questions from the audience is available on the ACLS website at [www.acls.org/media/haskins](http://www.acls.org/media/haskins).

While the Enloe family history remains fuzzy, the narrative helped me explain my father. And that, of course, is one of the functions of any family history. It seemed to explain my own father's restlessness, his striving to move from the periphery to the established center, though he often managed to subvert his own efforts. Thus he was an American, impoverished by the Depression, who earned his medical degree in Germany. He was a Midwesterner, who chose to make his way in New York. He was a soldier in the US Army in World War II, but joined the "Chindits," an irregular behind-enemy-lines air commando unit in Burma, made famous by Milt Caniff's cartoon strip "Terry and the Pirates" (my father was "Doc"). His proudest moment was representing the American Chindits in the London funeral parade for Lord Mountbatten.

It was my father and his family who seemed to have been engaged with history. Only belatedly, in the early 1980s, as I started to write what became my first feminist-informed book, *Does Khaki Become You?*, did I start to see my mother in history. But to do that I had to push my father's story into the wings; I had to find a way to make my mother's story worthy of occupying center stage.<sup>1</sup> I started by rereading my mother's diary entries for the years of World War II, to assign the American feminized "home front" added narrative and analytical weight.

My mother was a native Californian, born in 1907 in Altadena, at the foothills of Los Angeles. She spent most of her childhood just up the coast in Santa Barbara, where her father had bought a hotel, The Upham. My mother's father was a Goodridge, whose ancestors left Bury St. Edmonds during the English agricultural recession of the 1630s. By the 1860s, their descendant, young Ira Colby Goodridge, my mother's father, was a teenage boy soldier in an upstate New York Union Army regiment. It appears he never was deployed to a battlefield. My mother's side of the family has not had war stories to pass down through the generations.

After his first wife died, Ira joined the 1890s migration to California, hoping to make a new life. There, Ira, the widower,

met and married Frances, the daughter of Welsh immigrants and a divorcee, who also had migrated westward (from Minnesota) in search of a new beginning. Ira and Frances had a daughter, my mother, Harriett. In 1898, before migrating to California, Frances had travelled to Europe, in the company of a young woman friend and her mother. They had visited the gravesites of famous British writers whom they had read, Robert Burns and Robert Louis Stevenson. I only came across Frances's account of this European trip a decade after my mother's own death, when it turned up among my father's medical books.

By the time young Harriett was 12, she had lost her mother to cancer and her father had become a double widower. Ira invited a young Navy widow from New England, Lil Holden, to come out to California to work at The Upham and act as a surrogate mother to young Harriett. Lil Holden is the person, I think, who gave my mother her sense of adventure: with Lil, teenage Harriett rode horseback on the Santa Barbara beaches; it was Lil who approved of her teenage charge driving her car "Betsy" up the coast to enter the all-women's Mills College; it was with Lil that my mother travelled by ocean liner to Europe in the early 1930s; and it was Lil who encouraged my mother to enroll in a Harvard-affiliated early childhood education graduate program, a program which included doing volunteer work at the Ruggles Street Settlement House. Later, my mother got a Depression-era teaching job at one of the early Montessori schools back in California.

On a second European trip Harriett met a lively American medical school student outside a Heidelberg restaurant. Cortez Enloe and Harriett Goodridge married after just six months of courtship and then lived for three years in Germany, tracking with alarm the rise of Hitler.

My mother was not one to dramatize her life. By the time I was growing up in Manhasset in the 1940s and 50s, she had become a Long Island suburban housewife, driving cancer patients to radiation appointments, later delivering Meals on Wheels and chauffeuring our girls hockey team to games in her Ford station wagon. Only occasionally would she tell funny tales

about driving “Betsy” up and down the California coast, or getting caught out during a Mills fire drill, or being stuck for hours in a Paris elevator.

Of course, it was only when I belatedly gained a feminist consciousness that I could look back and see that the conventional narrative of the American nuclear family is more myth than fact. This growing understanding motivated me to make visible my mother’s experiences in many of my own writings (most recently, in a short piece on the militarization of civilian tourism, recounting my mother’s and my road trips to Fort Ticonderoga and Gettysburg).<sup>2</sup>

Taking my mother’s experiences seriously led to my exploring the militarization of marriages. It made me alert to what feminist historians have been telling us now for four decades: pay attention to the feminized silences—not just silences due to oppression, but silences flowing from many women’s belief that their wartime experiences don’t “matter”—that they are merely private, trivial, apolitical. Men wage wars, women simply “cope” with wartime. Coping does not make for exciting history.

Still, I have tried to be fair to my father’s legacy. For instance, it was his telling of his experiences in WWII Burma that, even as a 10-year old, awakened my interest in the Gurkhas. Their bravery and stalwart loyalty have made these British-enlisted Nepalese male soldiers iconic. I didn’t see my first Gurkhas until 25 years later when I was in Kuala Lumpur, doing my dissertation research. A group of Gurkha soldiers were drilling on the central *padang* under the tropical sun. An expatriate British white woman standing next to me exclaimed admiringly, “They are brave, aren’t they, marching in this heat dressed in wool uniforms?” Taking Gurkhas seriously has prompted me to explore the intertwined histories of colonialism, post-colonialism, militarized racism, and militarized masculinities.<sup>3</sup> Since becoming a feminist, I have tried to make visible the British military’s dependence on Nepalese women as Gurkha wives.<sup>4</sup>

Manhasset, Long Island, was a quintessential post-World War II suburban town. We were taught no local history in our

public schools. As children, we all thought Manhasset had been an Indian chief. Manhasset High School's sports teams were named the "Indians." Actually, Manhasset means "island neighborhood" in the Matinecock language. Betty Friedan would have recognized the gendered dynamics that underpinned life in Manhasset. *Feminine Mystique* described the limitations experienced by white middle-class women living in similar Westchester suburbs, just across Long Island Sound.<sup>5</sup>

My mother and many of her suburban friends were college graduates. They poured their skills into unpaid local volunteer work. They also took the Long Island Rail Road into New York for theater and concerts. None of them, however, took the morning commuter train into the city. That was the masculinized transit, carrying their husbands into the city for their office jobs. My mother and her women friends drove their husbands down to the station on weekday mornings and then waited for the outbound, feminized train which would bring the African American women from Queens to clean Manhasset's middle-class homes.

My mother would have been at the station to pick up Betty Scudder. My younger brother and I learned to call her "Betty." She called my mother "Mrs. Enloe." William Levitt, the suburban developer, had bought former estate land in Manhasset from the railroad barons, the Vanderbilts, to build 1940s upscale suburban homes for the young families then moving out on the island from New York, Jackson Heights, and Brooklyn. He gave all the streets of his development English names. We lived on Aldershot Lane; nearby were Essex, Sussex, and Chapel. Levitt included a "maid's room" in his suburban home design. It was a room off the kitchen, with its own bath. Betty Scudder didn't stay overnight, but this was the room in which she changed her clothes every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Years later, when I began to delve into the lives and politics of women from the Philippines, Sri Lanka, and Mexico migrating to work as domestic workers, I thought again of Betty Scudders.

As late as the 1960s, Manhasset was a racially segregated New York suburb. The small Black community was confined to a

neighborhood called Spinney Hill. There were no African American families in our neighborhood nor did we have any Black classmates in our elementary school. Only in junior high and high school were Manhasset's public schools racially integrated. Until then, I was not conscious of local racialized segregation. The differences I was aware of were between Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. My best neighborhood pals, Richie and Alfie Ross, were Catholics; they went to St. Mary's, the town's parochial school.

Manhasset of the 1940s and '50s was also marked by anti-Semitism. There were three boating clubs nearby. Two of them, the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club (to which my parents belonged) and the Port Washington Yacht Club, were white and Christian. The third, the Knickerbocker Yacht Club, was white and Jewish. By the 1950s, when I was in high school, there were several Jewish families in our neighborhood, but the fact that they were Jewish was always mentioned. Christmas pageants remained an annual feature of our public elementary school calendar.

My parents were avid newspaper and magazine readers. Copies of the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune* arrived on our doorstep every morning. I caught the newspaper bug. Friends today joke about my habitual underlining and clipping of the *Times*. I have favorite journalists, including Sabrina Tavernise, Carlotta Gall, and Alissa Rubin.

I read the fruits of journalists' investigative reporting slowly. I want to know how certain unspoken assumptions become a collective "common sense." I want to know who has made what fateful (usually imagined to be "minor") decisions. So I read long *Times* articles in which careful journalists (overseen by careful editors) track the militarized arming of American local police departments, or the creation of exploitative workplaces which place at risk Bangladeshi garment factory employees or Korean American nail salon workers.<sup>6</sup>

Decisions. Exposing decisions and decision makers is, I think, a feminist commitment. It reveals that the racism, class inequality, and, of course, sexism that commonly pass as "tradition," "nature," and "culture" can be traced back to deliberate actions by

specific individuals who are seeking to protect their own interests or the interests of the institutions they serve. Holding accountable all sorts of decision makers for their choices—including their choosing neglect, denial, and inaction—is crucial, I've come to believe, for sustaining civic trust.

When I entered Connecticut College in 1956, Vassar was still an all-women's college. Douglass, Pembroke, and Radcliffe still were autonomous all-women's colleges within their larger masculinized universities. I chose to go to Connecticut in part, I think, because I had heard my mother's stories about her years at Mills. I also imagined that the social pressures so prevalent at a co-ed public high school would be fewer at an all-women's college.

Although it was then a proudly women's college and many of its professors were among the first American women to earn PhDs in their fields, Conn's students in the late '50s were taught no women's history and assigned scarcely any women authors. We didn't read Mary Wollstonecraft in Miss Dilley's Political Theory course, nor Virginia Woolf in Miss Noyes' English courses, nor did we explore the US, British, or French women's suffrage movements in Miss Holborn's Comparative Politics course. Was it perhaps that these women, who certainly treated us, their women students, seriously, nonetheless had achieved their then-exceptional academic status by not taking seriously women as intellectual subjects?

What these remarkable women faculty did do, however, was invite prominent women to campus as speakers: Alice Paul, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Hannah Arendt. Two of these three are now due to appear on the redesigned US currency. It is thoroughly embarrassing today to admit that neither Paul's nor Roosevelt's visits made any lasting impression on youthful callow me. Alice Paul's name was totally unfamiliar. I had never heard of the Pankhursts, forced feeding, or the Women's Party. It wasn't until 20 years later, when feminist historians woke me up to the transnational histories of myriad suffrage movements, that I began assigning books to my own students on the Egyptian, Brazilian, and British suffrage movements, doing a belated penance for my undergraduate ignorance. I did know of Roosevelt, but only as a

cartoonish figure of ridicule, not as a feminist, social reformer, or a major contributor to the United Nations. Only decades later, reading Blanche Weisen Cook's engrossing biography, did I realize why Connecticut College's women faculty would have been so excited to have ER on campus.<sup>7</sup>

Hannah Arendt came to campus in the depths of the Cold War, only several years after she had published *Origins of Totalitarianism*.<sup>8</sup> I had a hard time following her talk because her ideas were far beyond my intellectual capacities. I strained to understand. I took notes furiously. It was altogether thrilling.

Several years later, taking Sheldon Wolin's political theory courses at Berkeley, I had the chance to read Arendt's books. This was also a time—in the mid-1960s—when Arendt was writing essays regularly for the *New Yorker* and the *New York Review of Books*. I took those issues to Berkeley coffee houses to read and underline. I still have a now-yellowing file of all Arendt's magazine essays.

I loved college—the studying, friendships, singing groups, student government, and sports teams. All of it. In the summer between my junior and senior years, I had a Washington internship at the Department of Agriculture, a mind-expanding experience for a suburbanite who could barely distinguish between azaleas and lilacs. I became a go-fer for a group of male agriculture specialists from Ghana, Turkey, and Indonesia, countries about which I knew nothing. In the late 1950s, Washington was still a racially segregated city. Civil servants warned me not to go out for meals with any of the visiting agriculturalists, since restaurants were sure to deny seating to a young white woman in the company of men of color. The Indonesian member of the group, Gelar Wiratmaja, was a fisheries specialist. He befriended me that summer. He was dismayed that I hadn't heard of the Indonesian revolution against the colonizing Dutch, but endeavored to tutor me in Indonesian politics. His efforts had a lasting impact.

I became a political scientist when I entered the University of California, Berkeley, in 1961. Thanks to the spark lit by Gelar

Wiratmaja, I combined political science with Asian studies. This combination meant that I had to study histories, cultures, identities, literatures, and political economies. “Politics” could never realistically be shrunken down to elections, armed conflicts, state security, and public policies. Thus when I was doing my dissertation research in Malaysia—on the ethnic politics of education, an intensely fraught issue—I had to understand the political economies of rubber and tin, the legacies of British colonialism, and the complex workings of ethnic identities. I did not, however, interview a single Malaysian woman.

A broad understanding of what one must explore in order to get one’s arms around political life stood me in good stead when I later encountered feminism. For one of the most profound—and discomfiting—feminist insights has been that the conventional (patriarchal) definition of “politics” is woefully narrow. Worse, this conventional patriarchal imagining of what constitutes the study of political life serves to hide power—myriad forms of power. Feminists seek to investigate—and expose—the workings of power, all kinds of power.

But I’m jumping ahead. There was no talk of feminist insights at Berkeley in the early 1960s. Of the 50 tenure-track faculty in the political science department, none were women and none introduced gender analysis into their studies of politics. And, to my shame, I did not notice. That is one of the ways patriarchal institutions sustain themselves—by making lives lived inside them so exciting, challenging, and occasionally rewarding (Sarah Schumer and I were the first women grad students to be selected by the faculty to be head teaching assistants in political science) that one scarcely notices the deep-seated workings of masculinization.

Two things happened during my Berkeley years that pushed me to realize that academic work called for taking political responsibility. First was the sudden eruption in 1965 of what came to be known as the Free Speech Movement. At noontime I was staffing a modest bridge table (distributing flyers for a new off-campus play-reading group) on the edge of campus when a

biology grad student named Mario Savio, staffing a nearby table, resisted the dean's demand that we disband. His refusal sparked a campus-wide fierce debate about the meanings of higher education, the rights of free speech, and eventually, the roles of city police on campuses. I joined the student strike. The political science faculty was deeply split over the Free Speech Movement.

I kept my distance, however, from the social life within Berkeley's Free Speech Movement. I didn't have the words for it then, but I had a feeling it was sexualized and masculinized. Only later, reading feminist studies of nationalist, civil rights, and labor movements around the world, did I have the concepts to make sense of that intuitive distancing.

The escalating war in Vietnam was the second occurrence during those Berkeley years that made me aware of the political responsibility accompanying an academic career. The US government was actively courting Southeast Asian specialists. I knew I had to take a stand: was the armed conflict in Vietnam an expression of continuing post-colonial nationalism? Alternatively, was it merely one more "domino" falling in the wake of the Communist Party's victory in China? Nationalism and revolution, these were topics of heated scholarly debate with profound political implications. Chalmers Johnson, a Japan and China specialist, was among my principal mentors. At the time, there were so few scholars of Vietnam writing in English that we all tried to apply lessons we had drawn from studying upheavals in China, the Philippines, and Indonesia.

Again, however, it was only later that I realized that none of us were curious about women participants in, or the gendered ideologies propelling, either revolutions or nationalist movements. When I later offered my first courses in comparative politics of women, I tried to compensate for this early lack of curiosity by assigning new feminist histories of the French, Russian, and Chinese revolutions, revealing women's revolutionary thinking, women's contributions, and women's repeated post-revolution disappointments.

Thus I began my academic researching and teaching career as a comparative politics specialist, focusing on Asia and ethnic politics. This was at a time when dozens of countries were throwing off colonial rule and undertaking the challenging processes of building viable nation-states and rolling back myriad forms of poverty. My initial faculty post was at Miami University of Ohio, where the 15 men in the department had never had a woman colleague before but were very welcoming. At Miami, besides my courses on Asian politics, I had the chance to introduce a new university course in Black politics. The Black officials and movement leaders from Dayton and Cincinnati whom I invited to speak in the course were—yes, you guessed it—all men. Later, when Black feminists such as Barbara Smith, Beverly Smith, and Kate Rushin opened my eyes to the long and continuing political theorizing and organizing done by African American women, I thought back on my choices there in Ohio and realized how easy it was, in the pursuit of alleged educational innovation, to perpetuate patriarchal presumptions about who was “interesting.”<sup>9</sup>

During a Fulbright, I taught at the University of Guyana, on the far edge of the Caribbean. The students were Afro-Guyanese and Indo-Guyanese male civil servants. They were not comfortable with each other. The course was held at night in a classroom next to a large Bookers sugar plantation. During that year I learned about the ethnic politics of both sugar and bauxite, while being tutored in the mysteries of cricket by the two young children of my Indo-Guyanese landlord. On Sunday afternoons, we three would gather around the radio to listen to the BBC’s coverage of the West Indian cricket team’s matches.

While still in Guyana I accepted a faculty post at Clark University, near Boston. By this time, I was lucky enough to have published several books, all cross-national in scope, each exploring the workings of racism and ethnocentrism, yet each devoid of any gender analysis, thereby making women invisible. In these pre-feminist books I also made men-as-men invisible. Men were simply peasants or landlords or insurgents or party leaders. When I finally applied a feminist curiosity to my teaching and research,

nonetheless, I kept ethnicity and race on my mind. All the years of delving into the complexities of identities, discriminations, and elite-devised divisions of labor helped inoculate me against treating “women” as homogenous or as forming an inevitable sisterhood. A sense of solidarity among diverse women, I’ve learned, has to be created—and then *recreated*.

During my initial year at Clark, I subscribed to the debut issues of both *Ms. Magazine* and Billie Jean King’s *Women’s Sport*. A nascent feminist consciousness finally was beginning to bubble up. But it was undergrad women students who pushed it to the surface. Hearing that there was something called “women’s studies” being launched at nearby University of Massachusetts, a dozen undergrad women in 1974 persuaded a dean to get a handful of us women faculty together for a bag lunch. The students were persuasive. Three of us agreed to create Clark’s initial courses in what would become the university’s lively women’s studies program: “Women in American Politics,” “Fiction by Women Writers,” and my own “Comparative Politics of Women.”

Our excitement was contagious. Soon other faculty were launching their own women’s studies courses. At least as important, we created a lively—though unfunded—women’s studies faculty group, which reached out to interested faculty at Worcester’s other six colleges. I joined the fledgling National Women’s Studies Association and subscribed to US and British feminist journals, such as *Sojourner*, *Spare Rib*, and *Trouble and Strife*. I soon became a regular at New Words, the famous Cambridge feminist bookstore. When in London, generous British feminist scholars and activists took me under their wings, making sure I engaged with their intense debates over lesbianism and heterosexism, radical feminism, and socialist feminism. I avidly read and listened to Bea Campbell, Dale Spender, and Sally Alexander.

But my publishing was out of sync with my expanded curiosity. Thus when Penguin sent me the page proofs for *Ethnic Soldiers* (1980) so I could do my own indexing, I frantically tried to find in the hundreds of pages dissecting racisms and ethnic hierarchies in diverse militaries some mention of women. With my new feminist consciousness, I didn’t want the “W”s confined

to “Walloons,” “World War I,” and “World War II.” With a sigh of feminist relief, I found I had (unwittingly) mentioned “women” in the chapters on the Gurkhas and on the white racist military of then-Rhodesia.

Women’s studies theorizing and women’s activists’ thinking have fed each other in virtually every country. The movement made its biggest impact on my own women’s studies academic involvement when my Chilean anthropologist Clark colleague, Ximena Bunster, came into my office one afternoon, closed the door, and began to describe the sexually intimidating behavior of her male department chair. Ximena was an exile, driven out of Chile by Pinochet. This meant that her position at a US university depended on a visa, a visa that would disappear if a department chair decided to end her visiting professor’s contract.

It was 1979. Neither Ximena nor I had any concept to explain what she was experiencing. Thanks to my friends at New Words Bookstore, Ximena and I were introduced to a few Boston feminists who had formed a group to support local women factory workers coping with sexualized abuse by their male foremen. They called themselves AASC, Alliance Against Sexual Coercion. They asked Ximena to describe what she was experiencing in her university workplace. After listening carefully, they told us, “That is sexual harassment.” We had never before heard those two words put together.

For the next four years, inside and outside academia, we had to grapple with this unfamiliar form of power abuse, one that did not fall neatly on any left-right or hawk-dove spectrum. What was the difference between flirting and harassment? Was sexual harassment more about power than sex? Could a prominent leftist professor be an abuser? Were university administrators (and trustees and their lawyers) who treated a woman’s charges of sexual harassment dismissively themselves guilty of sexual harassment? If these questions sound familiar today, in 2016, it is because we all are still trying to understand how patriarchal power works and the masks its wielders don to escape accountability.

That grappling during the early 1980s divided households, academic associations, campuses, and peace organizations. It was exhausting and exhilarating. Ximena survived the prolonged, bitter ordeal and returned to Santiago to become active in the Chilean women's movement that was so central to bringing down the junta. The full story of the Clark sexual harassment case—posters, articles, court briefs, donation ledgers—is now in the collections of Harvard's Schlesinger Library of American Women's History, available for all researchers to mine.

I learned during these years how crucial the fashioning of concepts can be: they make the invisible visible and, in so doing, enable people to move beyond either denial or self-blame, toward collective action and meaningful change. "Date rape," "glass ceiling," "domestic violence," "double day," "feminization of poverty," "mansplaining," "systematic wartime rape"—I'm continuing to learn not only the value of accurate conceptualizations for effective action, but the vital role that feminist activists play in deepening our theoretical understandings.

Ximena Bunster also nudged me to look beyond militaries to *militarism*. She tutored me in the process by which many Chilean middle-class and affluent women had internalized militaristic beliefs by convincing themselves that socialist President Salvadore Allende threatened their class and gendered security. Ximena was one of the first academics to do scholarly research on the particular gendered presumptions—about feminized purity, feminized shame—that male military personnel wielded when torturing women prisoners.<sup>10</sup> Soon after the fall of Pinochet, Ximena invited me to Santiago, where she and her sister took me on a tour of the junta's torture houses—ordinary middle-class residences scattered around Santiago.

At the same time—in the early 1980s—hundreds of British women were organizing a women's peace camp outside the US military's Cruise missile base near the town of Greenham Common. During damp English winters, women activists camping out in tents debated with each other about the relationships of motherhood to peace, activism to disabilities, militarism to patri-

archy. I tried to read everything they wrote. Ximena and the Greenham women convinced me that I would have to explore the ideas about femininities and masculinities to fully explain the microprocesses that nurture militarization. I would have to trace how some women absorbed, while others resisted, the appealing ideas of masculinized protection and feminized patriotism.

Prostitution. Marriage. Rape. I was never taught about any of these at Connecticut College or Berkeley. Now, as I was about to write what became my first feminist-informed book, I had to find ways to explore each of them—and the relationships between them—in societies as different as Chile, Vietnam, China, Nicaragua, Japan, Britain, and the US. I read Kathleen Barry's and Susan Brownmiller's new, controversial feminist social histories of prostitution and wartime rape. I devoured Myna Trustram's new investigation of post-Crimean War British officials' confusion over male soldiers' marrying ("Are wives good for the military's imperial enterprise?") and Judith Walkowitz's analysis of disenfranchised British women's late nineteenth-century campaigning against the state's draconian regulation of poor women in port towns, designed by the government to protect male sailors from venereal disease.<sup>11</sup>

Researching *Does Khaki Become You?* (1983) convinced me that, though they routinely have denied it, male military strategists have thought—and still think—about women a lot. Chiefly, they worry about women: can they control them so that women—differing by nationality, class, ethnicity, sexuality, age, and race—will play the specific roles that the military strategists need them to play? Not all women are obliging.

I dedicated *Khaki* to my mother. She received the page proof of the dedication in the mail the day before she died.

I had published *Ethnic Soldiers* with Penguin UK (1980). *Khaki* was published first by a small British left press, Pluto. So not only did I consciously compare British and American women's militarizing experiences, I imagined Greenham Common British peace activists picking up a copy—would it ring true to them?

*Khaki* was the first of my books to be translated—into Finnish and Swedish. Since then, other of my books have been translated—into Korean, Turkish, Japanese, and, just this year, French.

This has constantly reminded me that I have to take conscious steps to overcome the potent parochialism that comes with being an American. It has made me think about diverse readers, readers with their own experiences and urgent concerns: how will this sound to Ayse, Lepa, Insook, Rela, Ruri, Ailbhe, or Annica?

A few years ago I was sitting with a small group of Kurdish activist women, members of a feminist group KAMER, who were running a women-staffed restaurant in the southeastern besieged Turkish town of Diyarbakir. In their hands were copies—in Turkish—of *Maneuvers* (2000), the book that continued the reflections on the militarization of women's lives and was influenced by reading historian Philippa Levine's eye-opening works.<sup>12</sup> I was awed by these KAMER women activists' deep understandings of what it takes to resist militarizing forces. One Kurdish woman described the dilemma she faced since her family relied on her husband's salary earned as a civilian truck driver for the Turkish military. Another described the deep pride she felt singing beloved Kurdish folk songs once banned by the state, and yet rejecting violence as a means for sustaining Kurdish culture. Still another woman that day said she was committed to ending domestic violence in the Kurdish community, but to pursuing that goal without handing Turkish nationalists a gift with which to denigrate Kurds.

When I think today of the sprawling war on the Turkish-Syrian border, I try to imagine very specifically how these Kurdish feminist women are making sense of—and devising strategies to act in—this hydra-headed conflict.

*Bananas, Beaches and Bases* has recently come out in a new, updated edition (2014). I learned so much doing the research for this new edition: the innovative transnational women's advocacy among banana plantation workers and domestic workers, but also the new structures and strategies devised to sustain

patriarchal ideas and practices. *Bananas* was first published by a small British feminist press, Pandora (1989). I wanted to make visible women surviving on the margins of international politics. By giving them the attention they were due, myriad forms of gendered power wielded to shape the international political system could be revealed—power wielded to promote overseas military bases, tourism industries, brand-name clothing manufacture, and the global trade in tea, mangos, and bananas. To write *Bananas*, I drew on feminist historians' and feminist anthropologists' accounts, as well as analyses by women labor organizers.

Only when the original edition of *Bananas* was about to go to the printers was it taken up for US distribution by the University of California Press. I was reluctant to have it published by a university press, fearing it would limit its readership to people in academia. Yet having a university press imprint has seemed to provide it with sufficient credibility to be adopted in college courses. This came as quite a surprise to me. *Bananas* has since had a life of its own. Naomi Schneider was the brave U Cal editor who first offered to co-print it with Pandora. Naomi and I have gone on to publish six more books together.

One learns so much from working with editors and publishers, and having friends working in bookstores. They have tutored me in the intricacies of trade versus text discounts, print run calculations, and the up- and downsides of digital editions. No book that makes its way into the hands of readers is the work of just its author.

*Bananas, Beaches and Bases* first came out at a time when students and teachers were increasingly eager to test their ideas outside their own societies. The excitement generated by the 1975-85 UN Decade for Women and the follow-up 1995 UN Conference on Women in Beijing, as well as the growing awareness of national women's movements' interdependence across state borders, has added fuel to this globalized gender curiosity.

In 1986, Joni Seager published the first-ever global atlas of women. No one had ever before imagined, much less tried to cre-

ate, such an atlas, with its 40 brightly colored maps. *Women in the World: An International Atlas* enticed readers for the first time to compare divorce rates between the US, China, and Germany, to wonder why rates of women in paid work, women's access to land titles, and male and female glaringly unequal literacy rates differed so widely between France, Poland, Nigeria, and India.<sup>13</sup> The atlas put American women's lives in an international context so boldly displayed that we couldn't avoid asking worldly questions. The atlas also nudged us to take seriously the patriarchal politics of data: who was bothering to systematically collect what data to reveal the realities of women's lives? In subsequent, new editions, Joni Seager has exposed in bright hues the worldwide realities of sex trafficking routes, rape in war zones, commercial beauty contests, and the creation of battered women's shelters.<sup>14</sup>

Simultaneously, courses and programs investigating the complex workings of masculinities and femininities have proliferated in universities around the world: Seoul's Ehwa University, Tokyo's Ochanomizu University, the University of the West Indies, University College Dublin, and the National University of Colombia. Their students and faculty have sought out writings that they could build upon, defying conventional disciplinary boundaries.

The surprising career of *Bananas* also has been propelled by feminist stirrings in the long-masculinized discipline of international relations ("IR"). Ann Tickner's *Gender in International Relations* was published in 1992, spelling out a new feminist theory of international politics. It created a buzz. Already, in 1990, a small conference had been held at Wellesley College to explore why most IR writers and teachers seemed so impervious to the feminist questions and insights that, for a decade, had been reshaping history, literary studies, philosophy, anthropology, and art history. Ann Tickner was a key participant in this gathering, and those conferences, professional association reforms, and new journals and publishers' lists that have made a significant dent in IR's masculinist culture.<sup>15</sup>

As an academic field, IR's gender consciousness remains modest. One only has to count the number of women authors on

IR assigned reading lists or look at what counts as “expertise” in current commentaries on Middle East conflicts, Putin’s expansionism, or US drone warfare.

Throughout this winding journey, teaching has remained at the core of what I do and where I continue to learn. Teaching and writing—they are not rivals. They are in constant conversation. For instance, when I tried to open a feminist window onto the Iraq-US war, I first taught about Nimo, a Baghdad woman attempting to sustain her small beauty salon, for two years before I dared to start writing a book in which she helps shed light on that bloody conflict (*Nimo’s War, Emma’s War: Making Feminist Sense of the Iraq War*, 2010). Nimo taught me to explore women’s paid work before a war breaks out, during its first months, and into the depths of its violence. Gendered economics do not end when the first shot is fired.

I’ve come to realize that teaching occurs in all sorts of venues—guest lectures, Skyped classes (in Pennsylvania, Lahore . . .), as well as workshops and radio talk shows. In each teaching venue, varieties of knowledge are at play. I learn as much as I teach.

Last October, I was invited to give a talk in Bogota by Humanas, a Colombian women’s rights group which has been supporting women traumatized by the decades-long civil war and pressuring the Colombian government and insurgent male negotiators meeting in Havana to ensure that immunity not be granted perpetrators of sexual violence against women, as an allegedly “necessary price for peace.”<sup>16</sup>

The highway from the airport to downtown Bogota is lined with new glassy high-rise office buildings, home to mining and banking companies eagerly anticipating the end of the war. The center of Bogota is thriving, with caravans of buses bringing low-paid workers into the city every morning, many of them women earning their livings by cleaning the expensive new condos now creeping up the Andean hillsides above the smog line.

I was uneasy about giving such a talk, since I know so little about the wartime experiences of Colombia's racially diverse and class-stratified women. The audience for the keynote included Afro-Colombian women local activists from the coast, displaced women driven out of mountainous rural areas, as well as human rights activists and academics from Bogota and Medellin. Simultaneous translators enabled non-English speakers to follow the lecture, and, more importantly, to add their own ideas in the discussion that followed.

Colombian women at the meeting wanted to know whether patriarchy could infect peace processes, whether sexual violence was likely to persist after the war, how women could gain land titles if men continued to be imagined as the "real" farmers. I felt as though I were taking part in an intense seminar.

Recently, I have been invited to take part in several gatherings organized by WILPF, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. WILPF's dynamic international director, the British feminist international lawyer Madeleine Rees, has drawn me into gatherings in The Hague, Stockholm, Geneva, New York, and Sarajevo. I've been stretched. How could my own work and those of scores of researchers now exploring the messy gendered endings of war and the militarized gendered dynamics of "post-war" societies be of any value to these gritty local and transnational feminist activists?

I have had to learn, for instance, about the complicated workings of the United Nations and about transnational feminists' persistent efforts to challenge patriarchal mindsets, institutional priorities, and operational routines. I've had to learn to spot sexism in the workings of the Security Council, the Secretary General's office, and the Department of Peacekeeping Operations. Among the feminist puzzles I am now tussling with are: What allows UN officials to claim that their hands are tied when male soldiers deployed on peacekeeping missions engage in sexual abuse of the very people they are deployed to protect? Why did the Vatican delegation vehemently object to the phrase "gender-based violence" appearing in the 2014 Arms Trade Treaty?

Then there is the still-glaring absence of women civil society activists at internationally sponsored peace negotiations, negotiations that will shape women's lives for decades to come. What sustains the myth that "only the men with guns can make peace"?

Feminist puzzling never stops. Feminist learning never stops. That is the good news.

## ENDNOTES

<sup>1</sup> Cynthia Enloe, *Does Khaki Become You? The Militarization of Women's Lives* (London: Pluto Press; Boston: South End Press, 1983).

<sup>2</sup> Cynthia Enloe, "Ticonderoga, Gettysburg and Hiroshima: Feminist Reflections on Becoming a Militarized Tourist," *Militarized Tourism*, eds. Jana Lipman, Vernadette Gonzalez, and Teresia Teaiwa, spec. issue of *American Quarterly* (forthcoming, 2016).

<sup>3</sup> My initial exploration into Gurkha history was: Cynthia H. Enloe, *Ethnic Soldiers: State Security in Divided Societies* (London: Penguin, 1980). Gurkha history hasn't come to a halt. For more on today's European male private security company employers' ethnicized and masculinized presumptions about Gurkha men, and about Gurkha men's own assessments of serving as employees of private security companies, see: Amanda Chisholm, "The Silenced and Indispensible: Gurkhas in Private Military Security Companies," *International Feminist Journal of Politics* 16.1 (2014): 26-47.

<sup>4</sup> A Clark student, Seira Tamang, herself the daughter of a Gurkha, opened my eyes to the pressures imposed by British military officials on women such as her mother, a Gurkha wife. My first effort to think about the Nepalese women married to those Nepalese men who joined the British Army's Gurkha regiments was: Cynthia Enloe, *Maneuvers: The International Politics of Militarizing Women's Lives* (Berkeley: U of California P, 2000).

<sup>5</sup> Betty Friedan, *Feminine Mystique* (New York: Norton, 1963).

<sup>6</sup> For my analysis of the Bangladeshi garment factory tragedies and the protracted debates over accountability and labor rights that came in their wake, I relied on the dogged journalistic sleuthing of the *New York Times*' Steven Greenhouse: Cynthia Enloe, *Bananas, Beaches and Bases: Making Feminist Sense of International Politics* (Berkeley: U of California P, rev. and updated 2nd ed., 2014). Among the recent investigative journalistic accounts that I have read, reread, underlined, and filed are: Sarah Maslin Nir, "The Price of Nice Nails," *New York Times*, 7 May 2015; Sarah Maslin Nir, "Perfect Nails, Poisoned Workers," *New York Times*, 8 May 2015.

<sup>7</sup> Blanche Weisen Cook, *Eleanor Roosevelt*, 2 vols. (New York: Viking, 1992, 1999).

<sup>8</sup> Hannah Arendt, *The Origins of Totalitarianism* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1951).

<sup>9</sup> Donna Kate Rushin, "The Bridge Poem," *This Bridge Called My Back*, ed. Cherrie Moraga and Gloria Anzaldúa (Watertown, MA: Persephone Books, 1981) xxi-xxii. Gloria T. Hull, Patricia Bell Scott, and Barbara Smith, eds., *All the Women are White, All the Blacks are Men, But Some of Us are Brave* (Old Westbury, NY: Feminist Press, 1982).

<sup>10</sup> Ximena Bunster, "Surviving Without Fear: Women and Torture in Latin America," *Women and Change in Latin America*, eds. June Nash and Helen Safa (South Hadley, MA: Bergin and Garvey, 1986) 297-326.

<sup>11</sup> Myna Trufram, *Women of the Regiment: Marriage and the Victorian Army* (Cambridge, MA: Cambridge UP, 1984); Judith Walkowitz, *Prostitution and the Victorian Society* (London: Cambridge UP, 1980).

<sup>12</sup> Philippa Levine, "'Walking the Streets in a Way No Decent Woman Should': Women Police in World War One," *Journal of Modern History* 66 (1994): 34-78; Philippa Levine, "Battle Colors: Race, Sex and Colonial Soldierly in World War I," *Journal of Women's History* 9.4 (1998): 104-30; Philippa Levine, *Prostitution, Race and Politics: Policing Venereal Disease in the British Empire* (London and New York: Routledge 2003).

<sup>13</sup> Joni Seager and Ann Olson, *Women in the World: An International Atlas* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1986).

<sup>14</sup> The most recent, updated edition of this remarkable atlas is: Joni Seager, *The Penguin Atlas of Women in the World*, 4th ed. (New York: Penguin, 2009).

<sup>15</sup> J. Ann Tickner, *Gender in International Relations* (New York: Columbia UP, 1992); J. Ann Tickner, *A Feminist Voyage Through International Relations* (Oxford and New York: Oxford UP, 2014).

<sup>16</sup> No Time to Keep Quiet Campaign, Sisma Mujer Corporation, National Network of Women, and Humanas Corporation. "Five Key Points for a Differential Treatment of Sexual Violence in the Accords on Transitional Justice in the Peace Process," Bogota, Colombia, 27 April 2015 <<http://www.sismamujer.org/wp-content/uploads/2016/04/Cinco-Subclaves-Reparacion.pdf>>.