9 "Each generation must discover its mission, fulfill it or betray it, in relative opacity." See Fanon (2004: 145).

10 This refers to "*Bài Thơ Về Tiểu Đội Xe Không Kính*" ("A Poem about Drivers of Lorries Without Windows") by Phạm Tiến Duật.

11 See Trinh T. Minh-ha's critique of "scientific gossip" (Minh-ha 1989: 47–76).

12

> [W]e must also attend to Menchú, reading her too against the grain of her necessarily identity-political idiom, borrowing from a much older collective tactic against colonial conquest: "Of course, I'd need a lot of time to tell you about all my people, because it's not easy to understand just like that. And I think I've given some idea of that in my account. Nevertheless, I'm still keeping my Indian identity a secret. I'm still keeping secret what I think no-one should know. Not even anthropologists or intellectuals, no matter how many books they have, can find out all our secrets." (p. 247) That text is not in books, and *the secret keeps us, not the other way around.*
>
> (See footnote in Spivak 1999: 245. Our emphasis)

13 See www.youtube.com/watch?v=4EsV0anEqq0

> What kind of love is this?
> What kind of dream is this?
> What kind of emotions have flooded in here?
> The days have changed, the nights have changed, the conversations have changed.
> Indeed, the very basis of life has changed too.
> Beyond the intimacy of these moments
> There is a holier than holy relationship.

References

Fanon, F. (2004) *The Wretched of the Earth*, New York: Grove Press.

Hoàng, V.H. (2008) "Chiêm ngưỡng anh Hồ Giáo (2)," *Thanh Niên Daily*, January 28, 2008 ("Admiring Hồ Giáo – Part II").

Huỳnh, T.S. (1987) *The Tale of Kiều: A Bilingual Translation of Nguyễn Du's Truyện Kiều*, New Haven, CT: Yale University Press.

Mbembe, A. (2001) *On the Postcolony*, Berkeley, CA: University of California Press.

Menchú, R. (1984) *I, Rigoberta Menchú: An Indian Woman in Guatemala*, translated by Ann Wright, London: Verso.

Minh-ha, T.T. (1989) *Women, Native, Other: Writing Postcoloniality and Feminism*, Bloomington: Indiana University Press.

Philip, M.N. (1989) *She Tries Her Tongue, Her Silence Softly Breaks*, Charlottetown, PEI, Ragweed Press.

Schley, J. (1985) *Writing in a Nuclear Age*, Hanover, NH: University Press of New England.

Spivak, G.C. (1999) *A Critique of Postcolonial Reason: Toward a History of the Vanishing Present*, Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.

Talbott, S. (2004) *Engaging India: Diplomacy, Democracy, and the Bomb*, Washington DC: Brookings Institution Press.

15 The sound of conversation

Sorayya Khan

The ancient Miani Sahib graveyard rises and falls in mounds, and we stumble along as if wandering among the crevices of a Lahore topographical map. It has been three years since we've visited, but my teenaged son is first to find my father's grave. He and his brother hang garlands of rose petals on side by side marble headstones, my father's rectangle the far corner in a line of brothers, great uncles my children have never known. A caretaker pours water from a mashak, and with the cup of his palm, he lovingly cleans the 99 names of God bracing my father's grave, and I pretend he's offered such attention each day in the long, almost ten years since my father was swallowed into the belly of the graveyard. A man in a crisp white shalwar settles near where I picture my father's shoulder and sings verses from the Holy Quran. My cousin, partner in prayer, stands solemnly beside me before gently translating headstone inscriptions, a doctor transforming the Arabic numerals of birth dates and death dates into life spans. I try to concentrate on the warmth of his voice, the singsong ages of the dead, but I am distracted by my children. They shuffle their feet, kicking up fine winter dust with their white sneakers. Their mesh T-shirts are loose on their skinny bodies, pointy shoulder blades emerging each time they bend to drop strings of rose petals on the headstones meeting their hands.

The graveyard, a hundred acres in the center of the crowded city of ten million people, is my pilgrimage site. As a child, I routinely accompanied my father to the bursting family plot where over a lifetime he buried his grandparents, parents, brothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, and countless more distant relatives. Each visit, he'd recite their names, how and when they died, and elaborate on the stories that defined the dead. I recall one visit when I was in college and death started to feel real. My father paused for me as I tried to sketch rows of graves with a dull pencil on a yellow legal pad. I filled sloppy rectangles with misspelled names and inaccurate dates until I'd contrived a crude map I quickly misplaced.

Now, as an adult and without my father, I replicate the pilgrimage with my husband and children whenever we visit Pakistan. Instead of my father, one of my favorite cousins who is a few years older than I am, is recounting the names of the dead, and I don't contradict him when a detail challenges

one shared by my father. Our sons squeeze between graves, and I'm relieved they are old enough to know not to step on them. By the end of our visit, our older son has the look of an adolescent barely tolerating his surroundings. Our younger son stands at a distance from us, and I think this right. He is only partially with us, anyway, his mind already taken up with the next day's prospect of visiting his cousin, six weeks older than he, a brother he wishes was also his. As we walk back to the car, our older son rests an elbow on my shoulder, enough weight to slow me down. His mind is sanitized by perfect gardens of the dead, uniform graves in pristinely manicured rows flanking some of Ithaca's lovely roads. He declares the Lahore graveyard a terrible place. My cousin steers us through a maze of narrow lanes scattered with garbage and refuse, and rose petals, too, and I sadly marvel that my refuge is the opposite for my child.

It is my refuge because I imagine I might come from that crowded plot in Miani Sahib graveyard in the middle of Lahore, gnarly trees raising stunted limbs into the perfect sky, as if in adulation. I inhale the winter's dust and muezzin's song, absorb the chaotic jumble of the dead, the disordered mounds of mud graves sprouting from every cranny, and in the distance, I notice dwellings infringing upon the dead as the city refuses to be contained. The web of my life – the paths and the journeys of who I am and where I've been – grows outward from this center. A spider's thread is spun to Islamabad where I grew up, other threads reach elsewhere: Maastricht where my mother endured a part of her war, Amritsar where my grandfather had a flower garden, Rudolfienerhaus, the hospital in Vienna where I was born, Dhaka where half of Pakistan was surrendered, and many other places, including New York state, my home for the last 22 years, a place in the midst of all others remarkable only for its silence. The more I think about it, the wider the web gets, the looser the weave, the more slippery the links.

Lying awake that night, listening to the sounds of my sleeping family in my cousin's beautiful guest bedroom, I try not to fault my son for his discomfort. I felt the same way as a 16 year old and had since conveniently forgotten. Miani Sahib graveyard is filthy and chaotic, it has a foul smell and is impossible to navigate. Yet when I imagine the center of my web, the family burial plot comes to mind. This fact is filled with irony and contradictions. More often than not, I was unable to communicate with family members buried there. I do not read or speak Urdu fluently, am dependent on my cousins and others in Pakistan to translate for me, three whole years have passed since my last trip to Pakistan, and I don't know when I'll visit again. I live in the United States, and despite a Pakistan that sports chic indoor malls, Nike stores, GNC branches, internet cafes, and frequent signs for Kentucky Fried Chicken and McDonalds, I cannot conceive of a more disparate reality.

My web, I think, is not formed by a spider's silk. I write my web. The more I write, the tighter it gets and the more certain I am that it is there.

****

I didn't intend to write. I hadn't even known writing claimed me until my other goals came crashing down. I can't remember what I wanted to be in elementary school, but in high school I had specific goals. I would study Political Science and land a job with a United Nations' organization. I would travel the world and solve refugee crises, I would dig my heels in disaster zones and hand out bottles of water, I would arrive in war zones and negotiate peace. I went through college collecting relevant courses and I traveled to graduate school to hone my skills. I wrote papers on Human Rights, the Soviets in Afghanistan, the miracle of NICS like South Korea. I didn't doubt my calling or ever question my trajectory. I rushed to graduate early after friends helped me secure a job offer from the World Bank. When I brought in my green Pakistani passport on my first day of work and presented it to the person who handled such matters, I was told that if I left the World Bank, the institution would not assist me in adjusting my visa status in the US. It did not occur to me that I would ever be in such a situation. Some months later, on my own volition, I was back in the personnel office, my passport stamped to indicate I was no longer an employee. It hadn't taken long for the imagined reality of my work to crumble. The work wasn't meaningful and I didn't believe (or maybe I did for the first few days) that I might positively affect any injustice in the world. I was a low level research assistant working on an education and training project. My statistical analysis demonstrated that in a certain time period in one part of the world, the World Bank's sector loans were more successful than project loans. The people I was working with hoped the analysis would show otherwise. All around me, the prevailing mindset was certain of how to "develop" the world and how to "provide" for the needy. I quickly decided I wanted neither to "develop" anyone, nor "provide." But it took me getting physically sick, the lining of my stomach following my dreams into the toilet, to find the courage to extract myself and enter a frightening void – the first time in my adult life not knowing what I wanted to be.

I tried a few different things. At my graduate institution, I was hired as an assistant foreign student advisor. I quickly learned about student immigration rules and official forms, emergency resources for the most distraught students, the ones who insisted on listing "Palestine" for their country of origin when, in fact, Palestine was not then, as it is not now, a recognized country in the eyes of the United States immigration authorities. I contemplated pursuing a computer degree in a new and special program for women designed at the university, and my father, rebounding from his disappointment at my departure from the World Bank, offered to bankroll such a sensible decision. Based on my Master's degree work in International Studies, I was accepted into the department's PhD program. I formed a committee, compiled reading lists and began studying for exams in my stated fields of interest, before eventually concluding it was wisest not to pursue further graduate studies simply because I could not think of what else to do.

Then one morning somewhere along the way, I sat down in front of my friend's borrowed Otrona computer, blinking green cursor beckoning, and

shook out the image inside my head onto the black screen. The picture was a corner of Five Queen's Road, my grandparents' dilapidated house in Lahore, a place where bird droppings fell from ceiling-high windows and paint and plaster fell in joined clumps to the floor. Although we'd never seen it as such, it was the once-upon-a-time, pre-Partition, astonishingly grand home of an Englishman whose terraced perennials I fantasized were famous throughout the city. The image came out whole, as if it had been germinating for years, and it was a place I could see, feel, hear, smell, and touch in one paragraph. With that rare moment when muse and words arrive seamlessly as one, it was as if a plug had been released in my mind. I could not stop. Over the next years, the lone image led to countless others, the Otrona became an Apple computer, my home moved from Denver to Syracuse where the Colorado blue skies were replaced with gray. I received firm assurances from an amazing teacher, the novelist Douglas Unger, that Syracuse, the dying city in the rust belt, was an excellent place to accomplish work. Years later, I don't remember exactly when, with several rough drafts of my first novel tucked into boxes and desk drawers and a few publications to my name, I began calling myself a writer.

****

My mother is from the Netherlands and was a child in Maastricht and Amsterdam during World War. My father was born in Kasur, a city in what would become Pakistan's Punjab, and lived with his parents and six siblings in Lahore during Partition. In the Lahore Museum, there is a photograph of a gathering with Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the "father" of Pakistan during the summer of Partition, and my father's brother is clearly visible, the plaid scarf around my uncle's neck caught in a rare gust of wind. My parents met in Chicago, Illinois, where they were both studying and working, and married in the new mosque in Washington, DC, an Egyptian Imam conducting the service, overseeing the ring slipped onto my mother's finger underneath a white scarf. They could not marry in North Carolina where my father's host family lived because miscegany laws forbade their mixed marriage.

My brother was born in Amsterdam, a gift to my mother's mother who was already dying by then, and my sister and I were born in the same hospital in Vienna, Austria, the city in which my father worked for years and where, eventually, he would come to die. When I was ten, the summer after the 1971 war which Pakistan lost and from which Bangladesh was born, my father moved us, kicking and screaming, to Islamabad.

In those days, Islamabad was nothing but a sleepy city of a handful of wide and empty roads, a place where nothing ever happened and time, in a version particular to place and adolescence, stood still. It was as far away as possible from what it has become today, a miniature version of Beirut in the 1970s. Armed police units sport cocked semi-automatic rifles and are holed up in sandbagged bunkers guarding embassies. Zigzagging roadblocks interrupt the

familiar route from my old house to the neighborhood market. Adjacent to a road no longer accessible to traffic, grounds the size of football fields still harbor debris from the Marriott Hotel bombing. My in-laws' dead end street abuts the site of last weekend's suicide bombing. Unlike the city of my adolescence, Islamabad is now a place that is living time, filling its once deserted roads, hosting every imaginable facet of humanity – from guns, killing, and checkpoints to the bustle of weddings, the evening smells of chicken tikka grilling in bazaars, and the mesmerizing vocals of the Qawwals. It is a city, I am sure, on the lips of current students in the tiny liberal arts college I attended in Pennsylvania, my first port of arrival in the United States in 1979, where no student I met in my first few weeks knew where Pakistan, let alone Islamabad, was.

My story, my history, if this is what it is, is a mouthful. I have yet to settle on a proper response when asked "Where do you come from?" And even if I can settle on a country, do I belong to the place it has become or the place it is in my memory or the place it was long ago?

Or is the place not a tangible, concrete reality at all? Is it the reality I imagine in my writing? Do I claim my home with my own words, my stories, my characters? Is that why I bury myself, for years at a time, in the home I create in my novels?

To see my web, to tighten it and draw it near, I compose universes for imaginary people living imaginary lives. I dream my home. Long, continuous, multi-colored dreams of words that others, and therefore I, live.

****

I know that what *I* try to do in my writing, explore the relationship between the personal and the political, I cannot accomplish meaningfully in any other format. But there are those who write in multiple forms, swinging back and forth as if one nurtures the other. On a given day, the lucky writer might choose a poem for his conveyance, rather than a play or a film treatment. Subject matter in the most abstract sense – a moment of colonialism, say – can be delivered in a movie, a newspaper article, an academic article, a poem, or any of an endless variety of other prose possibilities. In fact, words are not even required. The moment could just as well be captured in another art form, a photograph, a sculpture, a painting. I suspect that subject matter determines form, and I wonder what it is about the form of fiction that lends itself to my subject matter.

What I liked most about graduate school was how it connected the world for me. Dependency theory allowed for the center of the center to be linked to the center of the periphery (which is where I imagined I fit in), political economy accounted for relationships between different parts of a society, and world systems theory offered, at least for me, a visual way of imagining the family of nation states. The world as I had known it inside my mind, suddenly had form and structure. It had a way of being seen, a way of being, and over the two years of my study, I felt as if a puzzle was slowly

falling into place inside my head, as if the black and white had finally found color.

As exciting as it was then to discover the lens of structure, in retrospect, I can see my focus slowly shift to the life lived inside of it. Who are the *people* who inhabit structures? How do structures define them? Their families? How do structures dictate their decisions and circumscribe their lives? I didn't turn to fiction knowing the terrain would allow me to explore the relationship between individual and structure or between the personal and the political. I don't think I was conscious that the moments when such categories met or overlapped would be my subject matter. But my graduate school education gave me tools to re-imagine the world I had come from. I found it natural to re-imagine my world in writing (*writing* because it wasn't quite *fiction* yet). And when I came up for air, I saw what had happened. The Englishman's dilapidated house my grandparents inhabited became a metaphor for colonialism. The American boys on yellow school buses spitting on Pakistani bicyclists in Islamabad became an act of imperialism, and my silence on those buses became not just discomfort and fear, but complicity, a sad but crucial ingredient in the machinery of subjugation. Fiction, it turned out, was a safe place to consider the way structures had shaped my life, my geography, and the more I wrote (unconnected blocks, sometimes only images), the more certain I was I had found my form.

Years later, from the vantage point of having written two novels, I can see my subject matter and form almost as one. For in writing fiction, we create the universes, the structures, in which our characters survive, from countries and historical time periods to families and their kitchens. Until they come to life and dictate their own terms, we circumscribe our characters' lives through any variety of variables (for example, time, place, relationships), the perfect set of which brings them to life and allows the reader to see her reflection in them. Fiction, as a form, *is* the relationship between structure and people.

There is relief, for me, in a mundane fact: fiction is not about numbers. While my graduate studies were not quantitative, the application of my education in a professional setting was just that. How can I convey my discomfort with numbers? When the most recent Iraq War began, a neighbor situated at a well traveled intersection displayed handmade signs meant to provoke. He was anti-war, and his signs were never desecrated when he simply indicated the accumulating number of United States' soldiers killed. The first number I remember was 175, the last I saw, before he relinquished the enterprise and shifted his attention to the upcoming elections, was almost 3,000. Shortly after the war began, I read an interview by a Pakistani woman writer who talked about fiction as a process of redeeming loss. I thought of this every time I saw the number of dead on the neighbor's sign. Numbers belie humanity. They tell us nothing unless they are in relation to each other, and even then, they don't contain the essence of what has been lost, why it has been lost, or how it has been lost. Numbers are sterile, they report facts, if there are such things, they do not engage with ambiguity. It is the job of

artists to redeem loss, to describe what it looks like, the sounds it makes, the tastes it embodies, the way it smells, the textures in which it arrives. The job of the artist is to make loss comprehensible to others, to discover in the loss what is shared by the audience, and therefore, to explore the shared loss in all of us.

****

I am both most interested in and have the most difficulty with structure in my fiction. I have discovered that the possibilities in fiction are endless. The same story can be written from multiple perspectives and in multiple voices, suggest all kinds of truths, paint infinite emotional landscapes, capture any essence of life's topography. There is, in fact, no pre-determined moment when a novel is complete, because the writer can always re-write the narrative, yet again, to incorporate a different possibility. Often, novels are revised this way, until the "right" set of factors, the most consistent set, is settled upon. But because I am interested in the relationship between the personal and the political, especially in Pakistan, I need to lay the groundwork, do the research, to determine what the possibilities are regarding the scope of my subject matter.

My family moved to Pakistan after the 1971 war, a war in which general estimates claim one million people died and a new country, Bangladesh, was born. Even as a ten-year-old, the silence surrounding what had happened was striking. No one talked about the war, despite the few, but glaring signs that it had happened. There were red banners, *Bring our POWs Home!*, taut above the Lahore roads, hailing the 90,000 prisoners of war. With this silence and forgetting planted in my head as a child, I found my fiction eventually veering toward it. Given that novels represent possibilities inherent in life, I was unprepared to write a novel about 1971 before discovering the narrative of what had actually happened. As if education was about receiving answers to questions on a questionnaire, I set about conducting my research. I spent six months in Pakistan in 1999 interviewing soldiers who'd been posted in what was then East Pakistan during the turbulent nine months of the 1971 conflict. My most successful interviews were conducted with a group of friends who had, for the most part, stayed in contact over the years. Their stories were filled with vivid detail, astonishing clarity, incredible cinematography. Some admitted to killing, all admitted to being attacked, none admitted to raping, the most grievous of atrocities conducted by the West Pakistanis in East Pakistan during the nine month conflict. The most astonishing truth I discovered was that the soldiers I spoke to, each and every one, sported an incredible sense of humor and in between miserable details and matter-of-fact cruelty, we laughed and joked while we drank tea together.

Prior to engaging in research in Pakistan, my plan was to write a novel about the war. I had decided – as if one can do such a thing before the arc of a story is known – to tell a story in alternating points of view, one through the soldier's eyes, and the other, through the "adopted" young girl he raises

as his own in Islamabad. But already, after hearing the soldier's stories, I suspected the structure would have to change. No matter how much research I did, how much I tried to learn about infantry formations and other tactics of war, I feared I would not be able to master the battlefield theater of war. The stories I was hearing began affecting my narrative structure in an unexpected way.

Then I arrived in Bangladesh, set to embark on a research plan I'd designed months earlier, only to stumble again. I thought I would interview victims of the war and detail their stories. It took me all of two days of sharing this with Bangladeshis who were assisting me in acclimating to Dhaka before accepting that I could not, in good faith, do such a thing. Chronicling misery (*How does it feel to be raped?*), especially by someone who might symbolize the enemy, suddenly seemed absurd. So I fell back on the landscape, the topography of the country and the stories I'd been told. I would travel to Narayanganj where a soldier had described for me a boat on which women and children were terrorized. I would walk the grounds of Dhaka University where on the night of March 25, 1971, a number of intellectuals were brutally murdered and are today memorialized in busts. I pulled out the notes from my interviews with soldiers and, for the most part, I spent two months trying to physically absorb the places of the soldier's memories.

By the time I returned to writing my manuscript several months later, I was no longer locked into a pre-determined structure. As I wrote draft after draft, the structure finally emerged, a universe of time, characters, emotions, circumstances, and action drawn from every aspect of my research. I had conducted research to discover the *possibilities* for my narrative rather than the novel's final narrative. I used stories soldiers had shared with me to shape my narrative because the framework of what had happened allowed me to imagine what might have been possible. Their stories formed a web, and I wrote *Noor* in the tiny gaps between the weave.

****

Writing, for me, is like trying to draw spider's threads between the progressively wider images in an old science documentary meant to convey how small we are in the world. A frame of a couple in a park is replaced by an image of the same two people on a map in the city, their dot in the world becoming progressively smaller until they, the park, the nation, the continent, are not even specks being looked down upon from space. In a similar way, I think of my writing as directed endlessly outwards in infinite trajectories, from my life in tiny Ithaca, to Syracuse where both our children were born, to Denver where I went to graduate school, to the apartment in Vienna, Austria, where my Dutch mother now lives, to Banda Aceh which I recently visited, to the village outside of Muzaffarabad, Pakistan, during the earthquake when a family friend fell to her knees in a field watching her house slide off the side of a mountain, to a mile or two inland from the edge of the ocean in Karachi

where my sister and her family live, to Miani Sahib graveyard where my father now lies.

But then I realize I'm not really looking across the world at who I have become, but inside myself, exploring how these places might have found a home inside of me. The sound of their conversation is my writing.

Contributors

Lori Amy is Associate Professor of Writing and Linguistics at Georgia Southern University. Her first book, *The Wars We Inherit* (Temple 2010) explores how military structures, as institutions of public, cultural violence, imbue society with physical, verbal, emotional, and sexual aggression.

Stephen Chan, OBE, is Professor of International Relations at the School of Oriental and African Studies in London, and the 2010 ISA Eminent Scholar in Global Development.

Joel Dinerstein is Associate Professor of English at Tulane University and director of the American Studies program. He is the author of an award-winning study of Jazz and industrialization, *Swinging the Machine: Modernity, Technology, and African-American Culture Between the World Wars* (University of Massachusetts Press 2003).

Jenny Edkins is Professor of International Politics at Aberystwyth University. Her books include: *Displaced, Missing, Disappeared* (Cornell, forthcoming), *Trauma and the Memory of Politics* (Cambridge 2003), *Whose Hunger? Concepts of Famine, Practices of Aid* (Minnesota 2000, re-issued in paperback 2008), and *Poststructuralism and International Politics* (Lynne Reinner 1999). She is co-editor with Maja Zehfuss of *Global Politics: A New Introduction* (Routledge 2008) and with Nick Vaughan-Williams of *Critical Theorists in International Relations* (Routledge 2009).

Khadija F. El Alaoui is Mellon Postdoctoral Fellow in Peace and Justice Studies in the American Culture Program at Vassar College, NY. Her writing focuses on the mutations of colonialism, especially within the current context of US–Arab encounters.

Rainer Hülsse, the former military cyclist, is now Lecturer in International Relations at the University of Munich, Germany. He is doing research on the role of metaphors in international politics, on money-laundering

This ground-breaking account of IR from the perspective of autobiography is a necessary first step in re-imagining the public / private divide that governs so much of modern intellectual life. A critical, coherent and holistic understanding of the discipline is impossible without this book which challenges us to reflect on how our seemingly dispassionate intellectual labours are shaped by personal, private, and often unacknowledged narratives.

Debbie Lisle, Queens University Belfast, Ireland

Inayatullah's volume brings together a wonderfully diverse group of scholars to consider the role of the self in the writing of academic international relations. It is critical reading for anyone concerned with how the 'stories' of international politics are formed and told.

Elizabeth Dauphinee, York University, Canada

Autobiographical International Relations illuminates our understandings of global politics. By bringing out the all too often ignored factors that shape an author's research, the contributors to this volume all reveal – in highly insightful ways - how the issues that drive them are intrinsically linked to the same political and cultural factors that lie at the heart of international relations.

Roland Bleiker, Professor of International Relations, University of Queensland, Australia

This is one of the best books I have read during my academic career in IR. It is engaging, powerful, courageous, humorous and insightful. The autobiographical stories presented here by various IR scholars from all over the world reveal international politics in a way it is rarely thought of. The writers explore their personal experiences and in this process shed a new and unique light on concepts such as "Communism", "the Military," "Third World," and "Immigration." These stories help us connect with the writers and see ourselves within them. A wonderful read for everyone who wants to think about how politics actually works in the ordinary individual level.

Oded Löwenheim, Senior Lecturer, Dept. of International Relations, The Hebrew University of Jerusalem, Israel

A strikingly original and provocative collection that reveals and suggests a vital role for personal narrative in International Relations. Vivid accounts of mundane moments and extraordinary experiences in life histories and career trajectories presage new approaches that challenge the very 'how' and 'why' of the field.

Mike Pearson, Professor of Performance Studies, Aberystwyth University, Wales

Autobiographical International Relations

I, IR

Edited by
Naeem Inayatullah

Routledge
Taylor & Francis Group
LONDON AND NEW YORK