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## Feminisms I've known and loved

**Jesse Crane-Seeber**

North Carolina State University

*I have struggled with how to live as a feminist man. In terms of my fascination with war, my relationships with women, and my status as a scholar, I have wondered, would a more feminist version of me be less warlike, less cis-hetero? Am I not a good enough feminist? Rather than a simple individual failing, perhaps feminism is somehow incomplete. Yet who am I to point it out if it is?*

*My fascination with war is only one of many places where a feminist-movement super-ego stands in complicated relation with my other internal selves. Through a series of vignettes, this piece explores the failures, attempts, surrenders, and other moves that I have adopted in my long dance with feminism.*

### **An uncomfortable room: 2012-14**

I am giving a job talk at a fairly prestigious private school in the US Northeast, for a short-term position, and am describing how my work fits into the broader feminist security studies agenda. Despite my friendly and conversational tone, I am interrupted in the first three minutes by a senior professor who asks 'Isn't feminism something women made up to get jobs in Political Science?'

I laugh, awkwardly. What to say? Several junior faculty bury their faces in their hands, and one of the hiring committee members, a woman about halfway between my age and Prof. Gatekeeper, puts on an 'I am made of stone' face. It is a critical time in my career and I'll be a dad soon. I want to completely destroy this man intellectually and ethically, but I also want this job. I laugh again, this time more confidently, inviting him to join me in revisionism and pretend he was joking. He does not. 'You're serious?' I ask.

'Oh', I continue, 'beyond the overview of global social change and revision to markedly patriarchal assumptions across the biological and

social sciences that I mentioned earlier, I don't think I can defend an entire school of thought and research tradition in the course of these remarks'.

Silence. In a debate or conference presentation, I would have seized the moment to attack the moral and intellectual blinders that feminism has revealed. Then and there I froze, letting the silence stretch.

I might have said that yes, of course feminism is about jobs in academia, like it is about equal pay, access to education, and transformation of social services. I might have noted that feminism helps us notice who gets to speak, when, and for whom. But I was also a (young) white man in a room dominated by (older) white men. The dialectic between feminism as movement and feminism as theory went unremarked.<sup>i</sup>

'Since I don't think I am going to change your mind about this today, maybe we can talk later, and I'll just say a little bit more about how my work contributes to this important and established literature...' I trail off. His face looks like he really wants to have this fight, here and now, but other faculty in the room pile on with 'Let him finish his talk'. I continue.

Despite a series of warning signs about a divided and cantankerous department, I did not anticipate such a frontal assault on the scholarly community my work speaks to and is inspired by. Nor was I used to anyone so brazenly dismissing the social movements that had raised me. I encountered open hostility in graduate school from the 'if you're not falsifying something, it's not science' crowd, but this department had flown me out and bought me dinner.

The words I managed to hold inside, the words trying to force themselves out of my guts, were 'you obviously don't know who the hell you're talking to...' Some people are raised Catholic. Some are lifelong football fans. I grew up feminist.

### **A movement baby (boy): circa 1984-85**

I was four years old, sitting on the back of the bus playing with *Star Wars* figures. We were on our way to the Seneca Women's Peace Encampment,<sup>ii</sup> part of the women's peace and 'Nuclear Freeze' movement. I did not understand why so many women on the bus were so upset with me. It must have looked like 'playing war' to the anti-nuclear, anti-militarist sisters gathered on that bus. I saw no contradiction between wanting a decrease in nuclear weapons and re-enacting the Rebel victory against the Imperial Death Star. So there I was, with my 'war toys', on-board the peace bus. I think we even sang '*ain't gonna study war no more*'<sup>iii</sup> on that road trip.

The discussion that ensued did not last long but stuck with me for years. There was an open questioning of my mother's values, allowing my war toys on the peace bus, and a few comments about the problem with

allowing boys at all. I talked about it with mom that day and I still remember our conversation (likely because she has reinforced the memory over the years). I explained that Han and Leia and Luke and Chewbacca and the droids all work together as a team, as equals, because when you are fighting the Empire, everyone has to do what they are best at (even Ewoks). BADGUYS really had to be stopped, I explained. In my own four-year-old way, I was trying to synthesize the good fight I saw in my mother's activism with the spectacular and violent struggle against the Empire that my imagination found so compelling.

My mother, a strong feminist and anti-war leader in college, married my father, pursued a variety of public health careers, and by the time she and my father separated when I was one, she was working as a sex-educator. She raised me, but not on her own. Through traveling with her to attend anti-homophobia conferences, protests against the Contras, and rallies against Apartheid, I experienced some of the wider circles of solidarity that make activism a compelling and collective experience. In *Star Wars*, and in the Muppets, I saw fictional communities forged out of solidarity. Among my heroes, I saw similar collaborative but action-oriented decision-making similar to the endless boards and committees that make up social movements.

### Interlude

Just as pro- and anti- essentialist arguments about transwomen's inclusion in women-only spaces have rippled through radical feminist communities over the years, boys too can pose a problem. At what point do they stop being babies attached to mamas (in a way that everyone wants to support), and when do they become problematic disruptions of women's space? What should feminism do with the boys?

The question rarely came up in my graduate feminist theory courses. The closest we got were the topics of embracing queer masculinities and preventing rape. It was nonetheless the first serious feminist debate I remember. But of course I remember it, because I prompted it by being me. Whenever we attended women's community events, we would stay in 'women and children's' spaces.

What to do about the boy children? It was a question I heard enough to pose to myself: when would I go from the 'innocent women and children' category to the 'dangerous young man' one? I knew, even if I couldn't fully articulate it, that when my presence became a threat to women-led spaces and women's communities the sort of grumbling I heard on the peace bus would turn into a refusal of admittance.

Gradually, over time, it did. First I started going into locker rooms by myself, rather than with mom. Being so small and alone and surrounded by large men could be terrifying. Then she went to women's groups without me. We opted to go to more 'family' events than 'women's'

ones. The lesson I learned is that boys approaching puberty are no longer welcome in women's spaces.

By middle school, I went to men's events with my new step-dad, and in college, many of my best friends were other feminist men. As I aged out of the 'women and children' category, I was no longer welcome in women-only spaces. So feminism as women's movement became an increasingly foreign experience, even as feminism as intellectual project grew more important in my life. But it was not until my 20s, when my sweetheart and many of her close female friends formed a self-conscious women's group, that I once again felt a direct connection to women's spaces, even those I am not welcome in.

### **Righteous wars**

As a seven-year-old child, I already knew that rape was a common experience, the Contras were torturing people, President Reagan was building more nuclear weapons, and AIDS was killing many of the men with whom my mother worked. I heard about racism and patriarchy and Vietnam and Nixon through my mother's immersion in the social movements of the 1980s. Regardless, I desperately wanted to fly a fighter jet in combat. I was the kid who stayed up late watching CNN that night in fourth grade when my country bombed Baghdad for the first time. The power of those weapons, the elegance of their design, it all captivated me even as I was terrified of the people in Washington (and Moscow) who wielded them.

I was always, and remain, a huge Star Wars fan. I wanted to experience the sort of battle that Star Wars depicted; I was drawn in by the epic scale and frightful beauty of war. Where some kids get to romanticize war, I knew that, unlike Star Wars, real wars burn barrios and bomb schools. Watching television coverage of my country invading Panama and Iraq with beautiful and astounding weapons was disturbing and compelling. Yet, both fiction and reality fed what J. Glenn Gray (1958, p. 29), borrowing a Biblical phrase, called the 'lust of the eye', the joy in witnessing awesome destruction. Much of my early interest in politics was looking for a cause noble enough to make the sins of war somehow forgivable, justifying my own participation. I longed for violence that had redemptive purpose, while immersed in a community focused on the consequences of armed conflict for women, poor communities, and families.

Looking back, I could argue that the Star Wars trilogy shows the Empire as a human-supremacist discriminatory regime without women, people of color, or non-humans. Even the aesthetic representation of imperial and neo-imperial forces draws on British colonial uniforms, British male actors, and recalls Nazi Stürmtruppen. The Rebellion was different: it was led by women and men of numerous species and accents, it operated at the tactical, spiritual, and political levels, and it had the baddest fighter pilots in the galaxy. Everyone had to do their part. Like Star Wars, the Muppets represented diverse communities formed in

and through struggle and solidarity. They modelled families created by outcasts, reminding me of the many camping trips, festivals, gatherings, and protests we attended. Ultimately, I was trying to translate the solidarity of the anti-homophobia meetings that took place in my living room with the epic heroism of the space-battles I played out in my room upstairs.

### **The threat I pose, circa 1994**

The truly terrifying moment, the one that haunted me throughout high school and years beyond, came as a young teenager. I was wrestling an older friend on a break at a 'young people's liberation' retreat. I managed to pin her down. She looked up and flirtatiously asked 'so what are you going to do with me now?' I laughed. Then I cried. Then I dissolved into incoherent shaking and weeping. A few people came to support me so she could recover from my unexpected meltdown. Even at a counselling retreat focused on healing from internalized oppression, I had an unusually powerful reaction to play-fighting.

When I was able to find words, later that day, I described how devastating it was to realize I was strong enough to be the perpetrator of sex crimes, not just their potential victim. I had long found a space of innocence within the 'women and children' category, one that let me feel radical and righteous and non-indicted by denunciations of male power.

I had grown up hearing about attacks on Nuns by the Contras, knew that members of my family had been raped and abused, and had internalized the idea that male sexuality is dangerous. Yet until the moment I was looking down at my smiling friend's face, I had never experienced my physical self as a threat. Doing so crashed my world for most of that retreat, and I struggled to be present enough to participate.

Henceforth, I was a potential threat to women. It took a long time to come to terms with that fact. I tried for years to be harmless. I would cross the street to the opposite side whenever a woman was walking towards me at night, so she would not have to. I strove to be emotionally available and to maintain close friendships with other men. I regularly interrupted homophobia and fat-shaming. I tried, the best I knew how, to be a straight-cis-man who did not pose a threat to women.

It did not work of course. I was, am, and remain a potential aggressor to women while walking on the street or through a parking garage. No matter how hard I worked to be a good feminist boy, I remained a dangerous man. That was as scary as it was inescapable. More than anything, the fear of becoming what I was raised to revile led to an almost religious level of self-criticism and self-monitoring, a vigilance needed to contain my own dark side.

For years, that was the story I told myself about what happened at the retreat.<sup>iv</sup> With hindsight, I look back and wonder why I did not think about the flirtatious young woman who was not afraid to play with a younger dude. Erasing her sense of desire to foreground my own inner conflicts tells me something about how I was operationalizing feminism: as a value system, not as a constant reminder to listen to actual women. What might she have taught me if I was capable of listening, I wonder?

### **Feminisms I've known and loved**

Despite some scepticism towards the historical record, we can reliably say that patriarchy dates back somewhere between 7,000-10,000 years BCE. As a matter of fact, my mother and I have written several pieces discussing how people in the contemporary USA go about making that history invisible and male dominance and homophobia seem natural (Crane and Crane-Seeber 2003; Crane-Seeber and Crane 2010). Without the grounding of the women's movement, and of the men's feminist movement groups I came to know as a teenager, I might never have felt 'entitled' (and yes, that is the right word) to contribute actively to feminist thinking. Sure, I have lovingly made and sent many a frozen lasagne or other dish to share at my partner's women's retreats. And sure, I have sometimes managed to shut up and listen when women are talking. But is that all feminism asks of men?

From that day on a bus, through many classes where I was the only hetero male, to today, the question of exactly what feminism wants from men remains a contested one. Welcome, suspect, befriended, pushed away, and critiqued- men in feminist spaces are always liminal. As feminist theorists or activists, men's participation is suspect, perhaps necessarily.

Feminism aspires to be more than a social movement or community, but also a theory, an intersectional analysis of how societies' numerous and overlapping forms of domination and exploitation come together in the lived experiences of oppressed people. In the academic world, feminism is often held as both a field (with distinct branches, schools, and debates) and as a theoretical approach to a given subject (i.e. feminist security studies). As both of those formulations are analytical approaches with a normative focus on sexual and gender-based power relations, there is no particular reason that men and masculine genderqueer people could not be feminists (Hooks 2001). Yet, there is a resistance, a resurgent womanism that bubbles below the surface ready to challenge the legitimacy of 'boy feminism'.

Saara Saarma's now-famous 'Congrats, You Have an All-Male Panel' tumblr blog, was created to note how often men (usually white) sit as experts on everything from women's healthcare to global development, without noticing that no women are present. She gathers conference photos and programs that feature all-male panels, and gives them a stamp of approval with a mid-1980s photo of David Hasselhof giving a 'thumbs up'. In an interview with the Canadian Broadcast Corporation,

she called on the field of International Relations to create a feminist all-male panel, joking that 'if they do it I'll make them T-shirts with the 'Hoffsome' stamp on it' (CBC 2015).

When my colleague Paul Kirby and I heeded that call to try and organize a 'feminist manel', we generated intense resistance. Many, legitimately, complained that we were purposefully creating a panel that excluded women, a precedent that could be enormously dangerous. Their arguments inspired a tongue-in-cheek piece we wrote about feminist manels taking over ISA in the future (Crane-Seeber & Kirby 2016). However, many also rejected the idea that men can be feminists at all. Some argued that pro-feminist men should insist on having at least one female feminist scholar there to evaluate our work.

This last impulse, the one that says men cannot possibly be feminists without women's permission, strikes me as the heart of the tension between feminism as women's movement and feminism as theory. Within a movement, there is a profound need for women-only spaces, for leadership to come from within marginalized communities, and to restrict the roles of allies in valuable and rare safe-spaces. Movements need those, and allies, despite ruffled feathers, know that. I was raised to be respectful of older women who could sit in judgment, deciding whether I was welcome or not, in women's spaces. When a group of our mutual friends surrounding my sweetheart decided to start having monthly get-togethers 'just as women', I knew to bow out.

When it comes to academic feminism, I am not sure men have to be so deferential. While I have always tried to teach anti-pornography and lesbian separatist feminisms fairly, my own stakes in these debates are inescapable. Just as my whiteness and US passport and other locations in global divisions of labour and value indelibly mark my perspective, so my gender and sexual identities shape the way I produce, teach, and read feminist thought. A man, who is sweethearts with a woman, who is teaching about rape, consent, or power, cannot be entirely neutral. It is obvious, to others maybe more than to myself, how my positionality shapes my positions in key debates.

Hence, here is my need to insist on a precarious distinction between feminism as a movement and series of safe-spaces, and feminism as a theoretical approach to interpreting and challenging patriarchies. For the feminist movement, I am necessarily a suspect ally. But within academia, I claim a stake in feminist and queer efforts to trouble the blind spots and violences of taken-for-granted accounts of politics. My participation may be suspect, but far too often, I have been the only feminist in the room.

Despite my own, and no doubt others', desires for clear battle lines, feminist theory is not the struggle of women (the rebels) against men (the empire). Within intersectional politics, a struggle for recognition by one group may be addressing the same audience that is unleashing death from the sky on another. To my mind, feminist scholarship draws

on the insights of women and queer people's oppressions and maintains an intellectual and analytical focus on patriarchal relations as they affect and enable other areas of interest. That is something we should be welcoming all of our colleagues to join in and integrate into their scholarship and teaching.

### **'Impossible historical positions'**

The tensions I am describing are in no way unique to my focus on boy feminism. Indeed, as I do whenever I am confused, I find myself turning to the postcolonial and Marxist thinkers who most inspired me as a young man. While feminism, queer theory, poststructuralism and other contemporary theoretical approaches owe a debt to those radical authors who came before, as 'key thinkers' are absorbed into footnotes, we might lose some insights worth resurfacing.

I first encountered Albert Memmi's *The Colonizer and the Colonized* (1991) in college. The ideal-typical character studies he develops of those involved in the Algerian War of Independence felt as if it was written directly for me. Memmi, like Frantz Fanon (1963), described the complexity of social relations under colonialism and in armed struggles. He saw decolonization as both a political/military matter and also a psychological one. Achieving liberation required overcoming both internalized and external relations of domination. In this regard, challenging injustice is an inter-group struggle that is also waged at the inter- and intra-personal levels.

Memmi depicts the mindset of colonizers. With a chapter on 'colonizers who accept' their situation, he describes the casual authoritarians and white supremacists who embrace the violence of empire. Investing themselves in the ideology, trappings, and symbolic power of domination, they zealously commit to resisting change. With enthusiasm and little lost sleep, these are the soldiers, police, intelligence agents, clergy, and other officials who carry out and justify intergroup domination.

This is in stark contrast with the 'colonizers who refuse', those French left-wing and liberal sympathizers who nonetheless perform important functions for empire. The latter were in an 'impossible historical position' (Memmi 1991, p. 39). This results from a mismatch between the basic underlying strategic and material conditions of someone's life and their stated ideological or ethical concerns about those conditions.

The colonizer who refuses, Memmi argued, cannot meaningfully contribute to the success of liberation movements while remaining a colonizer. Go home, he advised, you can do no good here! This is a stark and clear position on the role of allies: Your job is to stop living off of our labor or on our land, and to put your energy to work ending the military and political violence against us.

One can see how refreshing politics becomes in a nationalist context: the clarity of the moral positions, the starkness of the choices. When it comes to the occupation of foreign lands, the justice of resistance is an abstract moral good, recalling the rebels trying to stop the threat posed by the imperial fleet in *Star Wars*. As the child of a nation special operations forces in 138 nations<sup>v</sup> and acknowledged military campaigns active in at least six, there is an obvious implication for my attempts to 'help' Yemeni, Somali, or Iraqi communities. Our job, here on the Death Star's mezzanine level, is to end the occupation, not move in.

When it comes to 'impossible historical positions', many less amenable to inside/outside distinctions than occupation, the clarity of the response decreases. How can white settlers decolonize? How might straight people 'go home' from queer subordination? How might men halt the occupation of women? While answers are few and far between, recognizing an impossible position for what it is can be essential. Just as whites cannot lead black struggles for justice, straight men have limited space for leadership in movements for gender equality and against patriarchal violence. But that cannot be the end of the analysis.

Memmi called on all French occupiers to go home, to abandon the relationships and institutions that supported the oppression of others. Nevertheless, he wrote a book addressing them, analyzing the twisted psychology needed to maintain colonial arrogance, to live comfortably with injustice. Memmi's analysis implicitly recognized that the French could be something other than oppressor, but not while oppression continued.

Picking up that possibility, Ashis Nandy argues that the oppressed always hold a theory of their oppressor that includes multiple possible futures (1987). In his articulation of the Gandhian strategy for liberating India, Nandy claims that the goal was healing the self-imposed but monstrous wounds of the British Empire. Only by helping them to know who they had become, by showing them the myriad cruelties they had imposed on themselves on the way to ruling the world, could the colonial relationship end.

Nandy, while patiently analyzing particular people in the space between British Empire and colonized India, describes how the colonial relationship distorted and brought out the worst in cultures and individuals. He describes the linkage between colonial domination and metaphors of age, sanity, and, in the quote below, gender, and how they were used to shape cultural priorities to benefit empire. More than anything, Nandy describes how the external colonial impulse was accompanied by an internal consolidation of patriarchy:

The homology between sexual and political dominance which Western colonialism invariably used—in Asia, Africa, and Latin America—was not an accidental by-product of colonial history. It had its correlates in other situations of oppression with which the West was involved, the American experience with slavery being the best

documented of them. The homology, drawing support from the denial of psychological bisexuality in men in large areas of Western culture, beautifully legitimized Europe's post-medieval models of dominance, exploitation, and cruelty as natural and valid. Colonialism, too, was congruent with the existing Western sexual stereotypes and the philosophy of life which they represented. It produced a cultural consensus in which political and socio-economic dominance symbolized the dominance of men and masculinity over women and femininity. (Nandy 1998, p. 4)

Living within a 'cultural consensus' where patriarchal relationships are 'natural and valid', it is indeed mundane to note how relationships of domination take on gendered and eroticized meanings. Sketching out the shape and implications of those associations has been the work of many western feminist scholars (c.f. Cohn 1993; Weber 1999; Hansen 2000; Richter-Montpetit 2007; Wilcox 2009).

For many critics, these gendered features are reflections of patriarchal norms in action, but for Nandy, they are symptoms of the dehumanization that imperial powers undergo on the road to dominance. He juxtaposes his insight against the traditional power politics model:

Colonialism, according to this view, is the name of a political economy which ensures a one-way flow of benefits, the subjects being the perpetual losers in a zero-sum game and the rulers the beneficiaries. This is a view of human mind and history promoted by colonialism itself. This view has a vested interest in denying that the colonizers are at least as much affected by the ideology of colonialism, that their degradation, too, can sometimes be terrifying. (1998, p. 30)

Nandy wrote these words as part of an analysis of particular men who lived at the intersection of the British Empire and Indian lifeworlds. The call to focus analysis on the ways that oppressive systems dehumanize all of their participants rings clear. Nandy's insight came from his study of Gandhian strategy, which holds that showing the oppressor his cruelty allows him to imagine alternative futures, breaking the illusion of natural mastery or a one-way transfer of power and wealth.

Memmi taught me that if I find myself in an impossible historical position, I need to go home, to cease and desist harming others. But as Naeem Inayatullah (2013, pp. 342-3) notes, the reason the command to 'go home' fails us, is because we need others to heal ourselves, even as we may end up harming them in the process. We cannot always withdraw.

Following Nandy, we cannot recover from what we have become if we cannot face those we harm. Only then can we imagine a different self, a different relation, without domination. But that is terrifying. To see oneself through the eyes of oppressed and victimized people is something many would give anything to avoid.

### **Men's liberation through women's liberation**

Like Memmi, I believe there are times and places where being a good person is historically impossible. Being a straight man who writes and teaches feminist scholarship is not an impossible historical position, however. It is hard and awkward and leads to messy encounters where it is hard to tell who is right. There are many who believe that feminist ideas must come from women's struggle against men. To them, I occupy an impossible and suspect position. Nevertheless, I see feminism as big enough to include my adult self. If there was room in the movement for me as a baby, there should be room for me now that I have a few decades of practice living with strong women and thinking about homophobia. I respect that sometimes I am told to go home. But there must be more that feminism asks of men than that.

Like Nandy, I believe that understanding the degradation of oppressors is key to a strategy that heals the wounds they have imposed. Along those lines, I imagine a feminist assessment of the damage done to men and boys by sexist and homophobic cultures. Indeed, from a feminist perspective, it is hard not to notice how US boys are set against one another. As one US gender sociologist put it, 'I have a standing bet with a friend that I can walk onto any playground in America where 6-year-old boys are happily playing and by asking one question, I can provoke a fight. That question is simple: "Who's a sissy around here?" Once posed, the challenge is made' (Kimmel 2000, p. 87). The fear of weakness, vulnerability, femininity, and victimization becomes hard to untangle. Boys raised in such a culture grow to be men who are willing to hurt others rather than confront their own shame and fear. Kimmel connects that impulse to men's violence against women, people of color, queerfolk, and other targetable groups. We could surely describe these behaviors in a variety of terms, but in analogizing Nandy, I see the violence men and boys turn on each other as necessary to reinforce the male violence against girls, women, and queerfolk we call patriarchy.

In specifically feminist terms, the combination of rape culture, sexism, and homophobia ensures that men see all manner of politics as amenable to violent sexual metaphors. One group cannot negotiate with another without 'looking weak' or 'bending over'. If we do not attack first 'they'll catch us with our pants down'. War demands soldiers. Soldiers must be willing to fight. We must raise wounded boys willing to go kill others far from home.

What we end up with is a politics where everyone knows the 'war on drugs' is bad policy but is afraid to be 'soft' in terms of applying racialized state power (c.f. Whitlock 2011; Cummings 2012). Politicians brag about wanting to violate international law. Police shoot people without provocation. Men's fear of other men drives them. Men's fear of other men makes their hurting women seem easier. Women's fear of men makes sense. So does male feminism.

### Towards a feminist culture

If the distinction I introduced between feminism as theory and feminism as movement were sustained, we would miss the interplay between the two. Feminist theory comes from women's outrage and hurt, just as queer theory is constantly inspired by queer practices (Crane-Seeber 2016). The distinction between feminist movements and theories is ultimately artificial. There is always a two-way transfer. As Gramsci, writing from one of Mussolini's prison cells, argued:

philosophical activity is not to be conceived solely as the 'individual' elaboration of systematically coherent concepts, but also and above all as a cultural battle to transform the popular 'mentality' and to diffuse the philosophical innovations which will demonstrate themselves to be 'historically true' to the extent that they become concretely—i.e. historically and socially—universal. (2000, p. 347)

Feminist theory should find the insights and critiques of actual struggles inspiring, just as scholars should hope to see our ideas manifesting in a wider culture. Gramsci called that becoming 'socially—universal', a phrase any intersectional feminist would cringe at, but his point holds. Ideas about gender equality will be manifest only with widespread global transformations.

Feminism, like any critical theory of this time in history, must explain a wide variety of crises (Burke et al 2016) emanating from the combined impact of patriarchal, capitalist, and war making cultures. Feminism as a set of practices and organizations must find ways to universalize the experience of partnership, of equality. Doing so will have to include men. Baby boys grow up. Men read feminist authors. Men are feminist authors. My hope is that feminism as both theory and movement, can articulate positive visions of masculinity, male sexuality, and heterosexual relationships.

**Jesse Crane-Seeber grew up in the woods of Ithaca, New York where he graduated from a democratically-run public alternative high school. After a BA in "Resisting Hegemony" (a major of his own design) at Ithaca College, he earned a Ph.D. in International Relations at American University. His dissertation 'Making War' analyzed the occupation of Iraq in terms of how U.S. soldiers worked to make sense of their surroundings, their missions, and the people whose lands they occupied. His more recent work has contributed to critical security studies, particularly in terms of theorizing embodiment and desire in militarized cultures and institutions. He is currently completing his book, *Fetishizing the Tactical*, which traces the history and diffusion of depoliticized tactical training from the US military into US society and around the world.**

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## Notes

<sup>i</sup> I owe thanks to Narendran Kumarakulasingam for pushing me to think more about that silent room and what I could have said.

<sup>ii</sup> The Seneca Army Depot was widely understood to be a partially-dismantled nuclear warhead facility and a Soviet priority target. A group of women created a long-term occupation adjacent to the site, modeled on that of Greenham Common Peace Camp near an RAF base in the UK. It was about an hour from my hometown. For more, see: <http://peacecampherstory.blogspot.com/> and [http://bcrw.barnard.edu/archive/militarism/womens\\_encampment.pdf](http://bcrw.barnard.edu/archive/militarism/womens_encampment.pdf)

<sup>iii</sup> See: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Down\\_by\\_the\\_Riverside](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Down_by_the_Riverside)

<sup>iv</sup> Naeem Inayatullah showed me this blind spot, prompting an important and troubling line of thinking.

<sup>v</sup> See: [http://www.tomdispatch.com/blog/176227/tomgram%3Anick\\_turse\\_special\\_ops\\_shadow\\_wars\\_and\\_the\\_golden\\_age\\_of\\_the\\_gray\\_zone/](http://www.tomdispatch.com/blog/176227/tomgram%3Anick_turse_special_ops_shadow_wars_and_the_golden_age_of_the_gray_zone/)

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