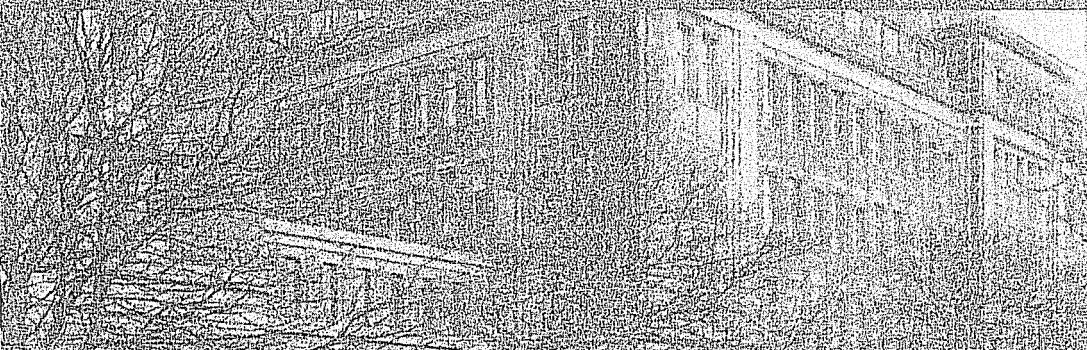
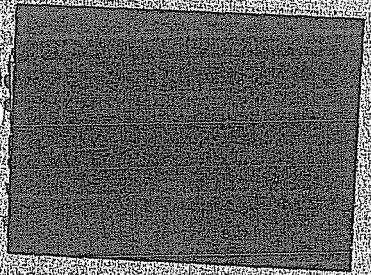


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Global Development Dramaturgies/Gender Stagings

Dr. Christine Sylvester

**Global 'Development' Dramaturgies/
Gender Stagings**

Dr Christine Sylvester



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'...dramaturgy roughly equals dramatic structure or the conventions unique to a playscript, playwright, or performance.' (Dramaturgy in American Theatre: A Source Book)²

'Development': 1) a highly contested ensemble of mostly economic, but also social, political, and cultural characteristics that some nations are assumed to have and others 'over there' are more or less lacking and must be helped to gain; 2) relatedly, the unfolding of a dramaturgy or narrative plot that is structured around conventions of then and then and then...

Postcolonial Migrancy, Act I

The Tampa drifts on trade winds just inside territorial waters around Australia's cheery-sounding island of Christmas. If you manage to get close to the vessel, you can see the Australian Special Forces crawling the decks. They have been sent by the government to prevent the Tampa from docking at Christmas or anywhere else in Australia. Overhead, military helicopters circle, dropping food and portable toilets. In Canberra and on the Australian TV the ruckus is also loud as the government prepares for 'war' on this and other ships carrying asylum seekers from 'over there.'

As the plot develops, about 400 people, mostly Afghans, sit or squat on the Tampa's main deck. They have paid their life savings for the trip to Indonesia, where a notorious business racket has pocketed a big share before putting the migrants on dilapidated boats (often with Indonesian security forces overseeing the send-off). They ship tightly packed to their preferred destination: Australia, the Pacific land of milk, honey, and no (supposed) worries. Often they do not make it: unseaworthy vessels sink or capsize or must put in at an Indonesian island and travel no further. In this case, the Tampa, on a normal

course between Fremantle and Singapore, plucks asylum seekers from a badly listing fishing boat. The passengers insist on Australia and Arne Rinnan, the Tampa's Norwegian captain, echoes and amplifies that wish as he mans the ship's controls and denounces Australia's belligerence towards them.

Australia will not become an easy mark for refugee populations, sputters Prime Minister John Howard. The majority of Australians – over 70% – applaud, and in November 2001, his ill-named Liberal Party dominates the ruling coalition for a third term. Australia, a vast and open continent nearly the size of the USA, but with a population of only eighteen million (all packed into a handful of cities hugging the coasts), is putting its foot down. International law, it insists, is on its side: having picked up the asylum seekers, the Tampa was meant to take them to the nearest feasible point of disembarkation, which was the Indonesian port of Merak. Rinnan maintains that the boat tried to head there but the passengers forbade that *volte-face*. With only one lockable door between the ship's bridge and the cargo, and 'five men on the bridge talking in aggressive and highly excited voices', the captain is persuaded to steer toward Christmas.³ Howard orders it back to Indonesia. After decades of Australian high-handedness, the Indonesian government has ample reason to balk at demands that are not even discussed with it beforehand. The ship stalls in the seas. Canberra tries to arm-wrestle some other state to process the unwanted Tampanese mobilities; it petitions Norway, Papua New Guinea, New Zealand, Palau.

The longer an international politics of refusal continues the more the passengers assume their own politics of 'postcolonial migrancy.'⁴ They go on a hunger strike. They complain. They threaten. They lament. By 'they' one means people dressed as men. Look at the aerial photographs of the Tampa and you will notice that not a single person dressed as a 'woman' is visible. Out of sight, the pregnant 'women' and all the 'children' are told by the 'men' to eat – at least that's what the 'men' tell the press (about the 'women' who are not

pregnant, nothing is reported). An Australian military doctor claims that everyone on the ship is well, despite the 36 degree heat and blistering sun, despite the hunger strike, the cramped quarters and over-stretched facilities, and the silence surrounding women's bodies. Rinnan, whose position on behalf of the asylum seekers has the support of the Norwegian government and the Oslo shipping company he works for, says nothing about passengers who are not 'men.' Everyone associated with an unfolding dramaturgy is complicit in putting *burqas* over the 'women.'⁵

The various rehearsals of postcolonial migrancy go on for weeks, with high court decisions in favour of admission to Australia and appeals turning them round. As another refugee boat looms on the Australian horizon, the government digs in deeper and finds unlikely – and to the migrants themselves, unacceptable – places for processing by the United Nations High Commission for Refugees (UNHCR) – places like Nauru and the Coco Islands (where?). To Australia, the migrants are exports that the would-be receiving country can choose to sell to international bidders: 'Take these men, take these men', chants a chorus of Australian thespians, 'and you will reap subsidies from us.' New Zealand does not need much convincing. Currently losing population, it takes the 'best' ones among the Tampanese for free – the ones who have given Captain Rinnan no trouble.

The remainder are offloaded at Nauru, the world's smallest republic. Located just south of the equator, Nauru has a population of 12,000, a landmass of 21 square kilometres, and one main road that is closed whenever a plane lands and taxis across it. It has a parliament of 18 members – they have not enacted taxes to run the government – and one going economic concern, a phosphate mine that will be exhausted by 2005. Nauru gets 500 asylum seekers from the Tampa and from a boatload of Iraqis that has entered the drama more recently; the island's population is suddenly 4.3% larger. It also gets the equivalent of US\$10.2 million from Australia in the form of electricity generators, fuel, cancelled hospital bills for Nauruans in Australia, and

scholarships to Australian universities. This is the international dramaturgy of development in the Pacific region.

The Australian press repeatedly refers to Nauru as a 'holiday camp'. The exported refugees, though, live there as they would if they had made it to any destination in Australia proper; that is to say they find themselves in mandatory detention centres. Australia is the only 'developed' country that automatically detains all asylum seekers that reach its shores. The quarters for the lot on Nauru are hot makeshift buildings quickly installed on an old playing field. Surrounded by two-metre fences and security guards, the postcolonial migrants cannot engage in any form of work, even for the community. Best not to get too comfortable in case asylum is turned down by the UNHCR; and yet even those few whose claims will knock back must remain in Nauru anyway, for there is no air transport route from Australia to Afghanistan. (Transport 'home' is becoming a problem. In the Netherlands, Iraqi asylum seekers who have had their applications rejected can no longer be returned through Turkey, which is the only air route available.)

To one Australian commentator, the Tampa drama forms a twisted tale of Australian gender panic: 'the true, matey, muscular character of the Australian ethos...faced with a few boatloads of refugees [becomes]...a maidenly figure likely to face cultural violation as a result of the smallest injection of strangeness.'⁶ Stage a gender staving off. Don't be a soft touch. Keep Afghan queue jumpers – described to the Australian government by the Taliban as criminals – away from clean white-settler Australia. Rock-jawed, with a war memorial in Canberra that knocks socks off with its celebrations of yearning masculinity, Australia repulses the brown-eyed boys, 'no worries, no problems, mate.' Meanwhile, the 'true,' the 'muscular,' and the brown-eyed together upstage 'women' in mobile performances of gender.

Postcolonial Migrancy, Act II

And then.

While Act I – the Tampa – continues, the twin towers of the World Trade Centre crumble and a big black hole is gouged in the Pentagon. Other postcolonial migrant travellers operating on behalf of an anti-Western, specifically anti-American, *gestalt* direct aeroplanes into those props. The pilots are Egyptian and Saudi, but they operate in some senses out of Afghanistan too, despite having lived Western lives for several years. These men of the ‘East’ have sampled the materialism, the ease of life in Florida, the pillowy touch of democracy, as well as the shallow bits of US culture that can focus a nation’s summer attention on a senator and his missing female aid. The other postcolonial migrants in Nauru have gone to desperate lengths to taste a life that the warrior migrants want to kill more than they want to live within, or live and let live with, or live at all. An appley Emerald City recasts as the Decadent West, the Heartless West, the Anti-Islamic West. It is a blasphemy to exemplary followers of men whose global reach and ambition performs terror out of strongholds in subterranean Afghanistan.

The US government builds a war coalition of unprecedented size and composition – from buddy UK to don’t-call-me-buddy Pakistan, from Russia to China, from New York to the United Arab Emirates – eventually, even Yemen joins. The coalition will do something big and manly; there will be casualties. Concern filters in from around the world that the most likely casualties in retaliatory acts will be people already suffering unfathomable development deprivations in Afghanistan – the place from which the Tampanese risked life and limb to depart. But what else to do? The modern imaginary operating in globalized times is still limited. So there is a staged pause, a build-up, a refusal to have an immediate shoot-out across a vast expanse, across the development line. A global coalition then takes aim at two main targets in Afghanistan – the vainglorious Mastermind of tower-

ing attacks, and an Islamic fundamentalist government financed by him. Those other travelling Afghan seafarers, now on unexpected 'holiday' in the South Pacific, watch bombs rain down on the land they left. They have missed the would-be jihad.

In Afghanistan, much more has already gone missing. People uniquely and elaborately costumed as 'women' have been made to miss public faces, voice, jobs, and educations. Children and women and many men miss food. Each steps mincingly through town square sets, hoping to miss death by hanging or a thrashing for costume infringements. Ancient Buddhist art is missed by the world. The ex-'students' having a field day developing a development plot for themselves – and no one else – get regular pats on the head from the Mastermind and regular infusions of a fortune (or money he controls) estimated at US\$250 million. Everyday Afghan people can get stuffed – or beaten for transgressing laws that have a medieval ring to them.

What are the lessons here? We ask ourselves. Lesson one might be that when countries configuring the developed West go stingy with aid, there is an international outcry. When unimaginably rich individuals and royal families in development-poor countries are miserly, there is an outcry against...the West, a rush onto the stage with fists in air and effigies burning. It is always already another's fault. Meanwhile, stage left, Afghans scattered on boats throughout the South Pacific take responsibility for their lives and leave craggy Kabul behind, only to get craggy Nauru as the reward from the international community for missing the bombs and deprivations at home. This is the shape of DIY (do it yourself) or self-help development in these stingy days: people vote with their feet. And then and then...

The second lesson is that the acts of postcolonial migrancy star splendid men in filigreed plots of international mobility in and around the West – men as asylum seekers, men as terrorists, men as anthrax deliverers, men as leaders, men as fire fighters. It's so gender banal. Stage left, however, John le Carre, himself no stranger to the world of

derring-do, describes the Mastermind as a particular kind of man – ‘self-adoring’, one who radiates ‘narcissism’ and ‘male vanity’. He predicts that an appetite for ‘self-drama and his closet passion for the limelight... will be his downfall, seducing him into a final dramatic act of self-destruction, produced, directed, scripted and acted to death by [the man] bin Laden himself.’⁷ Later, a tape is found showing the Mastermind self-adoringly laughing when he recalls the unexpected collapse of both towers of the World Trade Centre. He smiles at the knowledge that some of his hijackers were not aware of the nature of the operation until they boarded the planes. Peter Bergen, author of *Holy War, Inc*, a biography of the Mastermind, reviews the dramaturgy of the tape and points to its grandiose, global ambition to promote resurgent Islam.⁸ As if any man could do that himself.

Mastermind’s is a stunningly clear masculinity of a certain vainglorious type. He does, however, fit into an ongoing drama that features men and international politics as the overwhelming central tendency. A benevolent Captain Rinnan gets all the attention as he holds off Australian Special Forces out there in international relations. Then in comes the male-volent dreamer snuffing out 4,000 lives in a technicoloured hour. Splice to George W. Bush’s call for Dead or Alive, the world for or against. ‘Women’ are rarely even the understudies for normal international politics, let alone for globally reaching terror, though they may be part of the encircling political economy (as trafficked persons, as objects of sex tourism, as sex workers around military bases, as soldiers in national armies, perhaps as aid workers and so on).⁹ Most definitely out and about in the world, ‘women’ are *burqaed* by scholarly experts, by the press, and by the power holders of global governance. And then and then, we repeatedly fail to see them.

There is another issue surrounding some of the *burqaing* men: their tremendous fear of being upstaged by ‘women.’ There are rumours in the dressing rooms that the particular men who were dying for adrenaline-pumping deeds with planes may have been wearing up to four

pairs of undershorts on September 11.¹⁰ To protect the genitals. From what, in this context, really boggles the mind – protection against disintegration upon impact, or scorching jet fuel? Well, no. Usually an extra set of clothing is meant to enable its wearer to enter heaven with proper comportment. Yet some of these men of international relations seemed to have a second agenda in mind – protecting themselves from women and other unclean developments. One hijacker's last will and testament, left in a bag that did not get on his self-dooming flight, stipulates that upon the writer's death, 'the person who will wash my body near the genitals must wear gloves on his hands so he won't touch my genitals.' The 'his' is purposive: 'I don't want any women to go to my grave at all during my funeral or any occasion thereafter...I don't want a pregnant woman or a person who is not clean to come and say good-bye to me because I don't approve of it.' The author of this text did approve, though, of serial sexual liaisons in Florida and also in the Philippines. Reports a chambermaid from the hotel of his choice in Mabalacat, 'many times I saw him let a girl go at the gate in the morning...It was always a different girl.'¹¹ Given the conditions in the will, one has to wonder what he did with those 'girls' backstage.

The flying men in September cockpits offer a stunning performance of masculinity, but theirs is not the only play in town. Look into the eyes and listen to the sounds of an anthrax sender, ship's captain, fire fighter, president, prime minister, General, and advisor of the hour, each kitted out with different masculinities. 'Women' can, of course, step into and interpret these parts their own ways, as they have done in various revolutionary movements in Spain, Columbia, Peru, North Korea, Germany and the USA,¹² in fire-fighting units around the world, and sometimes even in ministerial posts. In the new era of global reach, postcolonially migrant terrorism, however, it is noteworthy that 'women' are again absent from the central cast. Psychologist, woman terrorist, and former leader of *Reparti Comunisti di Attacco*, Mara Aldovrandi, thinks men tend to embrace violent struggle as an art, because 'for a man all life is a continual per-

formance.’¹³ For ‘women,’ everyday responsibilities soon replace the early terror performances they may deliver (and then there is the matter of the constructed artlessness of women ageing, of ‘woman’ losing performative power).¹⁴

Baz Kershaw, Professor of Drama at the University of Bristol, offers a take from the world of theatre on the dramas we see unfolding in the ‘real’ world. He argues that ‘the power of the art of performance is greatest when you don’t know you are seeing it.’¹⁵ In the recent international relations of postcolonial migrancy, we have known we were seeing the performance of ‘men’ on their constructed stages – the ships and landing rights and pyrotechnics have been nauseatingly spectacular. What do we not see and why might we not know we are not seeing other gender dramaturgies of travelling desperations? What potentially powerful arts may have been taking place while global plays were being rewritten to feature Fundamentalist Terror Man where Davos Man used to step forward and bow?

Postcolonial Migrancy, Act III

Polly Toynbee comes on stage now with attitude. She thinks that if high gender drama is the nature of the hour, then she is going to dramatize those gender stagings in a way that will get more than the men some attention. She writes up-your-nose in the *Guardian Weekly* about a *realpolitik* that is being put before the livelihood of real women: ‘Women are missing from the story so far when they should be up at the front – literally and metaphorically: this war of reason and unreason is ultimately about them.’¹⁶ One might say that the agit prop war against terror, and the parallel war against asylum seekers, begs a central gender question: Exactly, precisely where is the gender power of performance in a script and cast that evacuate ‘women’ from high crimes, high politics, high seas, and high drama in the skies?¹⁷

Incensed, Toynbee sets her sites on excesses of religious belief as one culprit. The 'Islamic' Taliban she finds monstrously garbed in bearded self-sanctimony. Other religions face similar charges: the papacy has a sorry record of forbidding women into the priesthood; Judaism can sit on the side of those who find menstruating women unclean; the dying Buddha supposedly told his disciple Ananda that 'women are full of passion, Ananda; women are envious, Ananda; women are stupid, Ananda.'¹⁸ And then and then. The leadership of Afghanistan is another culprit. In the current moment of that country, Toynbee also has no patience for gender fundamentalists of the erstwhile Taliban or of the Northern Alliance – warily seen as the better cop in coalition with reprisalists against worse religious cops. She remembers the days before the Taliban came to power in 1996, when 'our friend the Alliance barged in [to a UN office in Kabul] to demand all women staff be sent home at once: they banned women from jobs long before the Taliban.'¹⁹ Toynbee wants the Coalition partners to require the Alliance to sign a human rights contract before they – these and other men – could come to power.

A month or so later, Laura Bush, wife of the US President, comes out of near seclusion for a related gender cameo in international relations: 'Afghan women know, though hard experience, what the rest of the world is discovering: the brutal oppression of women is a central goal of the terrorists.'²⁰ The US State Department issues a report at the same time on the Taliban's war against women, positioning the Bush administration as leading a global campaign of information about the oppression of Afghan women and children. America has discovered Afghan women in the process of waging a war against Afghanistan for other reasons. When America speaks about them, the 'women' suddenly exist, as though newly hatched from freshly laid eggs; and now, however cynically, they are allowed into international relations as foreign policy props. And then and then: some meetings take place; some women are ushered onto the political stage with their faces showing; a global audience of potential donors applauds.

Of course, RAWA – the 2000-strong Revolutionary Association of the Women of Afghanistan – has been documenting Taliban atrocities for five years, through their own devices and through such dramaturgical mechanisms as the Oprah Winfrey Show. They and others continuously reported about the infamous Department of the Promotion of Virtue and Prevention of Vice and how its laws, easily interpreted as misogynist, came to dominate the lives of people with bodies at odds with masculinity. ‘Women’ could not go anywhere in public without a male relative. They were warned against wearing white socks, against making any noise whatsoever when they walked, against laughing in the streets – lest they attract the attention of men, or, in the case of the socks, wear a colour found in the Taliban flag. ‘Women’ were to wash family laundry in streams. They could not be patients of male doctors, often could not themselves work, even when they had medical training. Payments to women from international nongovernmental organizations had to go through male relatives, which meant the women often would not receive their due. And as everyone knows, ‘women’ also had to be covered by the *burqa*, a costly garment that so restricts bodily movements that wearers can suffer ‘poor vision and hearing, skin rashes, respiratory difficulties, headaches, asthma, alopecia (hair loss), and depression.’²¹ All of this composed the properly gendered female in the Taliban’s artless, over-the-top, men-developing script (earlier scripts were also artless but less demanding on the cast).

A somewhat more subtle Taliban script was constructed for males: they were not to be homosexuals; they had to grow beards; they observed rituals about genitals; and they (but not women) prayed in the mosque at the correct times of the day. In addition, they had rights to/over women. Recalls Alima, a late middle age woman in Kabul, ‘[t]he Taliban gives beggar boys money and tells them to go into people’s homes and spy: ‘Do they have TV? Do they listen to music? Do they have pretty girls?’ The Taliban goes to the house and says, ‘We want to marry your daughter,’ and the family cannot refuse, or the Taliban will kill all the members of the family.’²² *Enfant terrible*



Francis Fukuyama, of the-West-won-the-Cold-War fame, promised us that 'it matters little what strange thoughts occur to people in Albania or Burkina Faso, for we are interested in what one could in some sense call the common ideological heritage of mankind.'²³ Note his gender staging of man with all-kind. Then note some Taliban sitting on Fukuyama while they replaced one bad script with another.

Given the overwriting on both sides, it is not surprising that the dramaturgies have been so histrionic. Had the Taliban government not legislated 'women' and 'men' quite so kitsch-dramatically, not detonated ancient pieces of religious art at home and then collaborated in the detonation of famous architectures and those seeking work within them abroad, if the Taliban had not spouted lines whispered by a scheming necrophiliac prompter, we might have had trouble following the plots. Even then, were it not for specific events of September 11, 2001, we might have remained happy voyeuristic taxidermists stuffing our fantasies into vaguely billowing blue handmaids glimpsed on TV. Afghanistan would have passed fleetingly at best before our eyes as another exotic 'over there.' For we knew the atrocities against 'women' in Afghanistan. CNN let us know. And as with Australia's insensitivities to asylum seekers, we did nothing ('it matters little what strange...'). And then the West, the Coalition overacted the subsequent war scenes.

Kershaw's comment on the power of art as performance suggests that there is, also power to that which we do not see and get involved with – the movement on backlots, the everydayness of survival under draconian circumstances. 'Women' were not underperforming in Afghanistan despite Toynbee's outraging evidence and despite their absence from the Tampa pictures. They were clandestinely teaching and learning and risking life and limb to treat ill women or to travel away from the killers around them. The dramaturgies of Afghanistan were what placed 'women' behind gender props of thick and roughly hewn materials, from which they looked out and resisted the 'men' at great but artful risk to themselves. One might say that the counter dra-

maturgies they quietly staged – and the ones that will surely come in the future as a new governance structure unfolds – are tragic but potentially more artful, and ultimately more powerful in the long run, than the B-movie *burqa* virtuality by which they were known. But maybe not. ‘Women’ just might get caught up in some equally artless ‘common ideological heritage of mankind.’

Getting the Picture

The Taliban is dead! Long live the Taliban?

And now. Through a war fretted over, cursed, marched against, and fought with drone pilots and tunnel digging bombs, the vulgar virtuality deflates. Richard Falk, among America’s most persistent leftists, calls the war against the Taliban and its terror one of the few just wars of the twentieth century. A card-carrying feminist stands before you as a professor of things genderish and womenish and tends to agree. How awfully ironic and not quite right? Yet now, largely because that war produced women’s faces and let their voices out – as I suspected it would – war critics find themselves caught between shaking fists at the bombs and shaking a leg with many an Afghan woman listening to music again in a town square. There is a worry about violence spawning new generations of violence. But the change in *mise en scene* is so dramatic now, and ‘[p]articularly for feminists’, says Melinda Henneberger, ‘it is difficult to argue with the images of Afghan women enjoying new freedoms, however tentative those may prove to be.’²⁴ A German correspondent adds that ‘[t]he prospect of a more or less democratic government in Kabul, with women in it, makes it all easier to accept.’²⁵ Some previously sequestered ‘women’ are front and centre now. The women have returned. Maybe. The proof is still ahead.

And the Afghan asylum seekers on Nauru? No one sent a warring coalition to stage any thrilling epoch drama in their defence. No one fired a shot at the wayward Australian government or insisted that it

surrender and hand over John Howard Dead or Alive. Indeed, a thought like that smacks of absurdist playwrighting, perhaps a lost piece by Salman Rushdie that will surely be followed by an Australian *fatwa* against him. (Ha ha, someone in the audience roars. Such a good comedy, this). Meanwhile, some Afghan and Iraqi women must still play out a *burqaed* existence on asylum ships, even as the Tampa libretto fades from our memory like a period play. There are so many Tampas now, so many New Immigrants, so many mobilities out and about that we fail to record them anymore. We let them drown in the Pacific instead so that there will be no performative excess one way or the other on our part. And 'we' think we have thereby won the war, kept development to ourselves, kept invaders away. Manly of us.

But we are blind. Etienne Balibar writes the beginnings of a wholly different script of international development relations for a twenty-first century. In a classic of left-leaning globalization literature – published in a feminist journal – he notes several dramatic universalizing tendencies and the ways they fail to capture the marauders of our time. He tells us especially about the nations – the places from which postcolonial migrancy departs or, after the September event, the places 'it' can fly into, eat heartily from, and thoroughly disrupt. Nations, he claims, can exist only if they manage to deconstruct particularistic, primary identities of would-be members in order to reconstruct a common representation of 'what it means to be a person, to be oneself, or to be a subject.'²⁶ In other words, something has to succeed in developing, as an art, a system of images, symbols, texts, pictures, and enactments of originary moments. These bits are rehearsed rigorously, the lines oft-repeated by the thespian chorus. It is a performance we see so naturally that we don't always see its power, its national artlessness.

'Where things become of course more ambiguous,' says Balibar,²⁷ is in the processes by which an individual becomes a normal member of any nation:

'For normality is not the simple fact of adopting customs and obeying rules or laws: it means internalizing representations of the 'human type' or the 'human subject' (not exactly an essence, but a norm and a standard behaviour) in order to be recognized as a person in its full right, to become *presentable* (fit to be seen) in order to be represented. To become *responsible* (fit to be answered) in order to be respected.²⁸

The September pilots never got into the American nation: they were made presentable there only, keeping a religious nationalism undercover. To whom were they responsible, exactly, as they moved through global spaces to perform for the Islamic or some other nation? Quick change of scenery: the passengers of Tampa internalize different representations of 'the human type' than those proffered by the Taliban. They take the responsibility to move their national types to a place they believe will offer more development opportunities. It is also said that, no matter the ravings from Canberra, Australia is a soft mark compared to the USA or most places in Europe. And so and then to 'Australia'.

National ambiguities multiply as the fictitious nations on the move/held back bump into what Balibar calls the 'real' universality of interdependencies between institutions, groups, individuals and processes that involve them. For the first time, and in a very direct way, the individual himself or herself is affected in the world, is positioned there to be affected by the political economy of the globe, to move into it for good or ill purposes. Off they go – the terrorists, the asylum seekers, the tourists, the students, the business people, the grandmothers – to the point, Balibar argues, that centres are no longer able to manage incorporation as they once could. Elements of peripheries appear in and influence old centre sites to such a degree – at least in the imagination of many citizens of developed countries – that there are minorities everywhere. These people intermarry, eat hybrid foods, babble on in their languages and our languages, produce rain-

bow children, apply for our social welfare programmes, and colour up the streets. And then the hybridized move somewhere else altogether, hybridizing even more into a play of what Homi. Bhabha calls Disseminations.²⁹ They may even end up in Nauru. Surely they are in the streets of The Hague and Sydney and New York. And then?

With so many people creating and moving through unclassified statuses, Balibar contends that 'what minority means becomes rather obscure;' and even more than that, '*the distinction between 'minorities' and 'majorities' becomes blurred*'.³⁰ We even face situations, he tells us, in which the nation is chock-a-block with '*minorities without stable or unquestionable majorities*,' as in the emerging political entity of Europe.³¹ And then? What happens when global and regional communication networks, instead of bringing us together, 'provide every individual with a distorted image or a stereotype of all the others, either as 'kin' or as 'aliens,' thus raising gigantic obstacles before any dialogue?'³² Then we get the kinds of global dramaturgies that we now snappily refer to as 911, or that most of the world now ignores as the completed Tampa act. Far from bringing global community together in a way that ends particularistic conflicts, 'real' universality can coincide 'with a generalized pattern of conflicts, hierarchies, and exclusions... 'Identities' are less isolated *and* more compatible, less univocal *and* more antagonistic.'³³ The nation, identities, movements become both this and that and they can be difficult for people balance. And then, a simplified identity, artificially selected from the myriad strands of dissemination, boards the plane, the ship, the state.

Postcolonial migrancy is the normal condition of the world at this moment. It is what Dipesh Chakrabarty might call the 'now,' a disseminational time in international relations that refuses the message, implicit in much development work, that those who are 'over there' should remain in those (fictitious) national places and develop mostly there (trickling in here only if we give an imprimatured OK). If development is slow 'over there,' then make the right economic adjustments, install the right governance structures, and be virtuously

patient with temporary conditions of 'not yet'.³⁴ Never mind the gender stagings in and around the fictitious nation and the 'real' universalities of globalization. We usually do not know we are seeing them because we have underdeveloped skills for sighting, siting, and citing shapes in the shadows. Yet such places, to return to Kershaw, harbour the power of the art – rather than the noise and kitsch – of performance. Under the Taliban and earlier Afghan governments, a country, a nation, was officially forever 'not yet' for the women. The anti-women rules were shadows cast over 'women' that belied the art of survival by those made to dress like the mummified dead. Acts of extreme bomb launching exposed the flesh of the 'now.' In the Tampa case, we have still to confront the gendering of postcolonial migrant hierarchies that replicate on the move the masculine fictions of tradition.

In previous work, I have taken seriously the question of who qualifies as a woman in the gummy relations of a sticky international. I have sought to locate such creatures and their general gender environs and to ascertain by whose scripts 'they' are where they are placed (even when, like the 'men' around them, the 'women' are on the move globally). Magnifying glass in hand, I have Pink Panthered my way around the feminist questions in international relations and the international questions in feminism. The journeys have taken me to factories in Harare, and then to women's peace camps in England, to offices of executive secretaries in Washington, DC, and then and then to Australian defence documents, to the Korean DMZ, into novels and around coloured spaces of Abstract Expressionist Cold War art.³⁵ The unfinished journey has turned lately to situations where boundaries between the global and the local smudge, conflict, and offer opportunities for new plots that we in development, we in international relations, we in governments, we in women's studies, and we in NGOs may not yet have read.

Generated by intricacies of mobile cross-purposes, I think of the challenges: postcolonial migrancy away from and towards trouble and

troubling spots; postmodern wars against terrorism fought with daisies; national identity fictions guiding missiles into buildings; gender doing a Tampa tango or a flight attendant waltz with bomb-in-the-shoe sorts. The possibilities of developing something called development within the cacophony of oddly located conflict, within the din of complex emergency, within the reconciliatory stagings that often do not reconcile, within the mobilities that cannot get any of us securely 'home' anymore, within the gender scripts that rope men and women into artless performances of overdetermined agency, within the arts of feminist international relations and the international development meanings of art – all this cascades into a research imaginary. The global and the local, the international and the national, the travelling politics of identity and the transversals of hybridization interparticulate. There is no choice for me but to follow the interparticulations rather than attempt to capture and wrestle them to secure parsimonious outcomes.

Yet to follow requires tools that development studies has never dreamed necessary for our work. It requires some ability to read the good and bad art generated by, surrounding, and performing 'development'. It requires some ability to resite, rewrite, and restage 'development' dramas when would-be beneficiaries are not 'over there' but are able to be 'over here' and 'over there' simultaneously and in many roles. It requires that some interdisciplinarity arise within our minds rather than as some wished for by-product of grouping people with different training backgrounds into one programme or course. We must all play many characters.

The challenges are mighty and they are lowly. Bearing in mind that the 'women' are often in the more lowly locations, I run and run and then and then chasing odd, disconnected, and webbed shadows of the troubled Post-Cold War era. The ISS – bless its trusting heart – is the location I depart for these journeys and to which I return with dramaturgical narrations in mind and development scripts under arm. The outcomes will surely stage women, gender, development differ-

ently for a different time. But there are always re-visionary possibilities for developing and then and then...

Notes:

1. A special thanks to Roland Bleiker and Fiona Sampson for reading and commenting on this paper, and to Vivienne Jabri for providing the chance to present some of these ideas at the British International Studies Association, Edinburgh, December 2001.
2. Susan Jonas and Geoff Proehl, eds, 'Introduction,' *Dramaturgy in American Theatre: A Source Book* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1997), no page given, taken from //www.ups.edu/professionalorgs/dramaturgy/nwbook.htm#Precedents, p. 1
3. Paul Kelly, 'First Step: A Deal with Indonesia,' *The Australian*, August 29, 2001, p. 11.
4. This term is Gayatri Spivak's, from *A Critique of Postcolonial Reason: Toward a History of the Vanishing Present* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1999).
5. I thank Han van der Horst for planting this idea in my head on November 22, 2001.
6. Thomas Keneally, 'A Fearful Australia Betrays its Own History,' *Guardian Weekly*, September 13-19, 2001, p. 25.
7. John le Carre, 'The War that Came in From the Cold,' *The Australian*, October 20-21, pp. 17, 20.
8. Quoted in Michael Dobbs, 'Unscripted bin Laden: 'Very Dangerous' Man Chuckling at Deaths,' *International Herald Tribune*, December 15-16, 2001, p. 3.

9. Christine Sylvester, 'Homeless in International Relations? 'Women's' Place in Canonical Texts and in Feminist Reimaginings,' in Anne Phillips, ed., *Feminism and Politics* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998):44-66.
10. Joseph Fitchett, 'Fresh Doubt is Raised About French Explosion: Minister Speculates on Possibility of Terrorism,' *International Herald Tribune*, October 5, 2001, p. 1.
11. Don Kirk, 'Filipinos Recall Hijack Suspects Leading a High Life,' *International Herald Tribune*, October 5, 2001, p. 1.
12. See Eileen MacDonald, *Shoot the Women First* (London: Fourth Estate, 1991).
13. Quoted in Luisella de Cataldo Neuburger and Tiziana Valentini, *Women and Terrorism* (London: Macmillan, 1996), p. 78.
14. I am not using 'performative' here strictly in the manner of Judith Butler in *Bodies That Matter: On the Discursive Limits of 'Sex'* (New York: Routledge, 1993). Butler explicitly notes that her use is taken from speech act theory rather than from drama. For her, the 'performative is that discursive practice that enacts or produces that which it names' (p. 12). She gives an example of a speech act that appears to suggest intentionality but actually references an already coded utterance: 'According to the biblical rendition of the performative, i.e., 'Let there be light!,' it appears that it is by virtue of the power of a subject or its will that a phenomenon is named into being...this power is not the function of an originating will, but is always derivative' (p. 13 emphasis in original), which is to say always a citation of something else that gives the performance recognizability and authority. In the acts discussed above, there is both theatricality and an element of citation to prior migrations and terrorisms; but in this case, there is so much originality and power of wills involved, so much purposive script writing and staging

– so much tragic ‘let-there-be-light’ lighting up the New York skyline and the Tampa at night off Christmas Island, that the enactments become a highly theatricalized set of dramatic strategies (dramaturgies) that enact beyond and in excess of that which they name – ‘terrorism’, ‘jihad’, ‘America at War’, ‘crusade’.

15. Baz Kershaw, ‘Ecoactivist Performance – the Environment as Partner in Protest?’ forthcoming in *The Drama Review*, p. 1 of manuscript.
16. Polly Toynebee, ‘Buried under Burka,’ *Guardian Weekly*, October 4-10, 2001, p. 11.
17. This is a question that Cynthia Enloe tirelessly asks in all contexts. See her *Bananas, Beaches, and Bases: Making Feminist Sense of International Relations* (London: Pandora, 1989) and *Maneuvers: The International Politics of Militarizing Women’s Lives* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2000).
18. A. De Riencourt, *Women and Power in History*, quoted by de Cataldo Neuburger and Valentini, *Women and Terrorism*, p. 32. Gerda Lerner and Mary Daly have both taken religions to task for their patriarchal essences. See Lerner’s *The Creation of Feminist Consciousness* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1993) and Daly’s *Beyond God the Father: Toward a Philosophy of Women’s Liberation* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1978).
19. Toynebee, ‘Buried under Burka’.
20. David Stout, ‘Mrs. Bush Cites Abuse of Women and Children by the Taliban,’ *New York Times*, November 18, 2001, www.nytimes.com/w001/11/18/politics/18RADI.html, p.1.
21. *Ibid.*
22. *Ibid.*, p. 65. Prior to the Taliban, it has been said that soldiers abducted girls – so this is not an entirely new practice. Women

- who have been raped are routinely killed by their relatives in what is known as honour killings.
23. Francis Fukuyama, 'The End of History?' *The National Interest*, 18, 1989:9.
 24. Melinda Henneberger, 'European Critics Hushed by Taliban's Quick Fall,' *International Herald Tribune*, December 10, 2001, p. 1.
 25. Eckart Lohse, quoted in *Ibid.*
 26. Etienne Balibar, 'Ambiguous Universality,' *Differences: Journal of Feminist Cultural Studies*, 7, 1, 1995, p. 56.
 27. *Ibid.*, p. 62.
 28. *Ibid.*, p. 63.
 29. Homi Bhabha discusses dissemination and notions of hybridization in *The Location of Culture* (New York: Routledge, 1994):139-170.
 30. Balibar, p. 55, emphasis in original.
 31. *Ibid.*, p. 56, emphasis in original.
 32. *Ibid.*
 33. *Ibid.*
 34. Dipesh Chakrabarty, *Provincializing Europe* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2000).
 35. For a sample of this work, see Christine Sylvester, *Feminist International Relations: An Unfinished Journey* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002) and *Producing Women and Progress in Zimbabwe: Narratives of Identity and Work from the 1980s* (Portsmouth: Heinemann, 2000).