The Oil Wars Myth
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Published by Cornell University Press

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The Oil Wars Myth: Petroleum and the Causes of International Conflict.

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This book began, I suppose, with a duck. Scrooge McDuck, to be exact, whom I discovered one Christmas at my grandmother’s house in Ventura, California. Her trove of comics, written by the “Duck Man,” Carl Barks, introduced me to the stories of El Dorado, the Seven Cities of Cibola, and the Golden Fleece. I devoured them while sitting on the floor of a living room whose windows overlooked the distant lights of oil rigs gleaming in the Santa Barbara Channel.

On the pathway from that preliminary encounter to this book’s completion, I have accumulated innumerable personal and professional debts, for which I can only begin to express my gratitude. I will also inevitably look back at these acknowledgments and be horrified by at least one omission. Whoever you are, please track me down and insist that I buy you a drink.

Thanks go to my advisers at the University of Chicago—Charles Lipson, John Mearsheimer, and Steven Wilkinson. Thanks also to my colleagues at the Graduate Institute of International and Development Studies, especially Liliana Andonova, Susanna Campbell, Stephanie Hofmann, and Annabelle Littoz-Monnet, as well as to Kathryn Chelminski, Daniel Norfolk, Joanne Richards, and Alain Schaub for their research support. Thanks to my new colleagues at the Naval Postgraduate School, including Jason Altwies, Naaz Barma, Erik Dahl, Chris Darnton, Diego Esparza, Covell Meyskens, Afshon Ostovar, Jessica Piombo, and Rachel Sigman, who have made working in Monterey even more of a pleasure. Additional thanks to my students in Energy Security and Geopolitics (fall 2018), who stepped in where my pop culture knowledge failed.

I also thank all the energy experts whose engagement, encouragement, and criticism have made this a much better book (and who bear no responsibility for its shortcomings): Jeff Colgan, Eugene Gholz, Charlie Glaser, Kathleen Hancock, Rose Kelanic, Philippe Le Billon, Jonathan Markowitz, Victor McFarland, Mark Nance, Shannon O’Lear, Ben Smith, Roger Stern, Adam Stulberg, Thijs Van de Graaf, and Bob Vitalis. I want to express particular thanks to Michael Klare for his extraordinary graciousness; when this book is criticized, you will be my model of how to respond.

Thanks to the researchers associated with the now sadly shuttered Conflict Records Research Center at the National Defense University, especially David Palkki, for giving scholars access to an invaluable resource. Further gratitude goes to the librarians at the Naval Postgraduate School, the Graduate Institute of
International and Development Studies, Stanford University, the University of California, Berkeley, and the University of Chicago, especially those who had to deal with my Interlibrary Loan and microfiche requests. Thanks to my production editor, Kristen Bettcher, and the team at Cornell University Press, especially Roger Haydon, for supporting a book that raced from rationalism to critical geopolitics with possibly reckless abandon. Thanks also to Mike Markowitz for the book’s fantastic maps.

Enormous gratitude goes to all the other friends who have supported me, practically and emotionally, along the way, including Jon DiCicco, Dan Drezner, Andrea Everett, Anne Holthöfer, Jennifer London, Patchen Markell, Alex Montgomery, Owen O’Leary, Nathan Paxton, Negeen Pegahi, Keven Ruby, John Schuessler, Scott Siegel, and Nick Smith. Particular shout-outs go to those who played key roles in the home stretch: Jenna Jordan, for an inspirational conversation at Whole Foods; Frank Smith, who unknowingly helped me write my introduction; Jon Caverley, who encouraged me to celebrate early and often; and Jill Hazelton and Karthika Sasikumar, for their liberality with the “like” button.

Special thanks, of course, to Harper House’s Chris Buck, Andrew Dilts, and Sina Kramer, who gave me my first tastes of scotch, key lime pie, and The West Wing. To my parents, Mark and Linda, and my sister, Julie, for their love, support, and inspiration. To Louise for always, always believing in me. And to Louis, who has played the roles of geological consultant, cheerleader, copyeditor, co-expat, and partner with equal generosity and élan. Je t’aime, mon amour.
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