



SIX-SHOOTERS AND NATIONALIST STAMPS: A CONVERSATION BETWEEN NAEEM MOHAIEMEN AND HAIG AIVAZIAN

Naeem Mohaiemen and Haig Aivazian met in 2008 while working on *Lines of Control*, a project curated by London's Green Cardamom at Dubai's The Third Line gallery. The show focused on the 1947 British partition of the South Asian subcontinent. Mohaiemen's contribution *Kazi in Nomansland* premiered there, while Aivazian was a part of the curatorial staff. Since their initial meeting, other intersections have taken place, including around the ninth Sharjah Biennial in the United Arab Emirates (2009), where Aivazian showed fragments of an ongoing project entitled *FUGERE (A Series of Olympiadic Moments)*, and Mohaiemen participated in the *Bastakiya Art School*, a satellite project in Dubai.

Most recently, Aivazian wrote the essay for the catalogue of Mohaiemen's project *Live True Life or Die Trying* at the CUE Art Foundation in New York (2009).

The two frequently trade ideas regarding the potential and possibilities of activism within various cultural practices. Conversations such as the one below, which took place in the winter of 2009, began with a level of healthy skepticism and challenge towards each other's respective practices.

HA: You have mentioned in some of our talks that you want to weave in and out of histories and that is perhaps why art offers an ideal platform to address these moments of “dissonant notes in moments of euphoria.” Which sounds a lot like “party pooping” to me. Is that what we are meant to be doing as artists?

NM: Not “party pooping” quite like that, because that can become a world-weary hipster pose. Almost like a view from on high: “I’m too smart to suspend disbelief and join another naive activist project.” Irony is an exhausted device in certain contexts. I’m thinking instead about the need to question groupthink and received wisdom, with an agenda to make actions sharper. Not to shut politics down, but rather to make it more creative. Push the movement to evolve and get better.

The particular histories I’ve been looking at are the international and ultra-left political movements (both public and underground) from the 1960s and 1970s. This was a period of immense possibility, which in some cases led to spectacular failures. I’ve also been probing the turn to violence, especially through urban guerilla movements. Did the violence doom the political agenda to failure, by allowing the state to respond in kind, or was it the natural evolution? I’m trying to understand the urge to join these movements—what dreams or illusions are invested in this.

We’ve been involved in small ways in international left movements from the 1990s onward: the South Asian struggle against communalism after Ayodhya and Gujarat, New York movements against police brutality, the anti-war movements of the last decade. We all joined for different reasons, from different spaces. Some of those struggles succeeded, others were the equivalent of treading water. I’m trying now, after a time has elapsed, to understand why we joined those movements, and whether our shortcomings were also natural and expected.

Some of the 1970s histories I’m interested in give me a prism to probe (through refracted light) these current moments.

HA: I am interested in this notion of weaving histories, or interfering in the moments between histories, to talk about inter-disciplinarity in a roundabout way. You make some kind of distinction between your journalistic writing and the writing you do for a museum

project. You say that op-eds, for instance, are less playful and more direct. Yet you also say that your goals in your practice include circulating a political agenda or a political awareness. Can you explain how your writing varies in relation to your goals?

NM: Well, the things I write on blogs and newspapers are invariably for a very focused, pinprick moment. It's direct activism responding to a crisis. For example, in 2008 a group of us were deliberately invading TV talk shows in Bangladesh, with the intention of pushing the agenda of protecting the minority vote (Hindu, Christian, ethnic Jumma) in the national election, which was in December 2008. On air, your language had to be precise and immediate. It was a space for one-minute sound bites, which we needed to deliver very quickly. Because after that minute mark, in that overheated studio environment, we knew the camera would switch to someone else, or the host would cut you off. It wasn't an opportunity for nuance and unpacking the complexity of situations. Not at least for the immediate political objective. Sitting in that Dhaka studio, I was reminded of PBS and David Brancaccio. I was on his show to talk about the Visible Collective project (a series of public installation projects around hyphenated migrant identities). And by coincidence, it happened to be the week after the 2005 London bombings. So by necessity, the entire show shifted into a discussion about London. At some point, the discussion became more about yes/no binaries, because that's the nature of television. So there are a million ways you could complicate conversations, but on television, where the platform is the minute mark, you have to force-fit discussions into an extreme abbreviated form—very unsatisfying, you can't probe deep into any issue.

These issues carry over into my practice in the gallery, either as residue or sequel. I did blog activism around the military regime we had in Bangladesh from 2007-2008. Those same issues then came up in a more fluid way in the project *My Mobile Weighs A Ton* at Dhaka's Gallery Chitrak (2008). But for the Chitrak show, I could approach that conflict in a more abstracted, slow-time mode: the three hours of mobile signal outage during anti-army riots on university campuses. Inside that gallery, I could riff on the significance of shopping for sausages in a supermall during the curfew break. It's a very different writing of the

same history that I had also analyzed in newspapers/blogs when the events were unfolding. The immediate reportage on blogs was concerned with the following: is the movement winning, is the army on the back foot, will they give elections, how long can the protests sustain, who is joining the students, etc? It was about action-response-results-failures, always an equation. That same history when viewed at a distance, and in a different medium and space (the gallery), led to conversations about diversions, back alleys, decisions, mistakes. Whimsy, abstraction, and an opening up of other possible ways of looking at those political events. It's more open to looking at failures as well. Activist reportage, which I participate in, can't always admit failure—every movement has to be claimed a total success, so you can provide fuel to keep going.

HA: We had conversations during *Lines of Control* in Dubai, and then later when I was installing my work at the Sharjah Biennial. And as we talk, not just here, but also on other occasions, what I am noticing is that you often talk about art—its market, its spaces, and platforms—in terms of its limitations. Yet you still attempt to continue working within it. Why is that?

NM: Yes, I do talk about its limits. The space, environment, and encouragement given to audiences to engage with politics and history fluctuate. I just read an editorial in the journal *e-flux* that points out: “The aesthetics of political engagement has become common currency within artistic production and discourse, and the abundance of works and exhibitions now announcing themselves as politically charged are often criticized for their distance from actual social forces outside art.”¹ So there are clear limits, as they acknowledge, and yet there are new languages and methods that are set loose by our occupying of this gallery/biennial space, which is productive and sometimes unexpected. Bani Abidi's creation of the Ramadan lives of Pakistan's non-Muslim citizens, Chris Koji Naka's hijacking of death scenes from Hollywood, Mariam Ghani/Chitra Ganesh's warm database of disappearance. There is work we will make, there are ways we will approach history, which is specific and productive to this context. On the other hand, when you try to reverse the flows, bringing the language of art practice into activist spaces of rallies, blogs, op-eds, the reception

is sometimes dissonant. Oddly enough, the art world is relatively less cloistered—if you find good spaces, allies, mentors, and co-practitioners.

HA: I've noted that there is an issue of approaches that differs between us. I want to talk about aesthetics as I consider it to be integral to and inseparable from content, and you seem to veer around it at times—at least when explaining or talking to the work. And it seems like we are not completely considering one another's approaches for what they are?

NM: Well, I know that my work stays fused close to the activist writing and low-fidelity videos I made in earlier years. There are layers I am working through, but if pressed to discuss my work, I'm more comfortable focusing on the politics. Or at least I feel that given limited platforms, I prioritize the politics. Maybe our different modes of work result in us weaving away from each other in the conversation. When I saw the Sharjah Biennial, there was a lot of large-scale big work I was not used to from my context. I remember thinking of the way your bathtub/running space dominated that entire floor. It was a really imposing, even flaunting action. I even thought for a moment, "Hmm, very macho."

HA: I definitely don't view the Sharjah Biennial as being large in comparison to other international shows. But I do not think large-scale projects are a necessary manifestation at all, no more than a giant plasma screen and a surround-sound entertainment system in your living room is necessary. It is completely about a dousing of the senses. My practice for the past few years now in terms of art production has been about intentionally focusing on object making and creation of interiors that references (even within its most minimalist forms) this over-finished aesthetic, an übergloss, überdesign. I do this because design as a discipline is where my interest lies: design as a location or an intersection of a number of highly contested ideas such as notions of the body and the disciplining forces exercised upon it to then talk about hospitality and migration as well. But also linking the production of the work to manual labor, global consumer economics, and the extent to which this market model shapes our identity to the core of our domesticity. The bathtub was about the visual language of the Olympics in ways. It is a

single-lane Olympic swimming pool (or rather the space between two lanes). The length is based on the Olympic standard, while the width is that of a standard bathtub. The piece starts from the premise of a poetic equation between boat people and the act of swimming as an Olympic discipline. It is within the scope of a larger project entitled *FUGERE (A series of Olympiadic Moments)*, which examines the role of the disenfranchised when met with the franchise of sport. So, looking at the role of cheap manual labor, but also the disciplining role of sport as a mechanism for integration and upward social mobility to then be presented to youth as a one-dimensional success story. So the bathtub was also a pool, was also a boat, was also reminiscent of a coffin and it sought to stack ideas of statelessness with homely comfort, eco-design, a warm bubble bath, etc.... In the end, though, the placement and the scale of the pool cut the room, and essentially the navigation of the biennial in half. It was a forced deviation or checkpoint. So again going from sport, to design, to interior, and then to the geographic.

As for the “macho” quality of the work, first off, it is a work about sports and an upcoming section of the *FUGERE* project will address machismo in sport more directly, but in a more integrated sense, it again relates to design. Basically any object that is based on standardized measurement of the body is almost always referring to a gendered body.

NM: The size of the bathtub and the resulting blocking of the passage, meant the artist whose steel ball was to roll down the entire biennial corridors had to truncate that project at your room. Well, I don't know how that conversation went down, but I don't imagine smooth biennial camaraderie. Maybe you wanted a deliberate provocation, to disrupt parts of Sharjah Museum, all the passages that seemed to work so smoothly together. I sense a desire to disrupt normal processes.

HA: That was Karin Sander's work. The thing is, the curator told me the ball was going to go through my room, but everything was already done site-specifically and I could not accommodate for that passage. Also, I had very much worked to separate my space from the rest of the museum, as I really wanted an interruption to break the viewing rhythm of the museum, which is constructed on an ongoing passageway.

I had agreed with the curator to switch rooms with Karin Sander so that she gets an extra room, so I became the last room as opposed to the one before the last. All of this was negotiated prior to Karin Sander getting there and I think we reached a pretty good compromise.

As for disrupting normal processes, I work with installation, as opposed to sculpture. I think of the difference between the two as the difference between a space-focused practice versus one that takes the discrete object as its point of focus. Installation can be, and has in the past, been about the act of disruption itself. So space navigation, especially when it comes to work around the notion of migration and circulation, is essential. It was impossible for me to compromise on that. It was an absolutely central component.

Let's transition from Sharjah Biennial to the project you have now at CUE Art foundation —*Live True Life or Die Trying*, which I wrote an essay for. You had a large amount of text, which was not there as a caption, nor was it fused into the photograph (at least in the print process)? This text is large-scale, and insists on being read at the same time as the photo—like a two channel work. What aesthetic decisions are made in writing history for an art space? How do you want viewers to interact with text differently in an art space versus a pamphlet, a zine, or a book?

NM: I have done projects where there is a small book adjacent to the installation, and the visitor picks up a copy on his way out, and then . . . reads it God knows where. The pick-up book or pamphlet is a little shadow that follows you after the show. On the other hand, when I have used text as a direct element on the wall, to be viewed as a part of the piece, I like to experiment with the non-linear nature of the viewing experience. I know that visitors sometimes won't read it end to end and perhaps not maintaining chronological order. Their eyes will be drawn to a particular image and they'll walk right into the center of the room to start reading there. People anyway sometimes get their backs up with too much "start here" type instructions. So let's say they walk into the center of the room and start reading it from there, and instead of what they expect, a slice of Bangladesh history, it's a side alley. I'm interested in playing with that kind of jigsaw puzzle re-reading of facts. At some point in the distant future, some



Fugere (a series of olympiadic moments)

2009, Installation shot. Enamel on plywood, granulated running track rubber, enamel on stretched astroturf, duratrans on plexiglass, pencil and pastel on paper and self adhesive vinyl. Dimensions Variable

Courtesy of the Sharjah Biennial 9

of this work may morph into a small book, but I'm not there yet.

One challenge with these histories is that audiences will sometimes take it only as a specific story, and not want to extend to look at the larger parallels. Some of my work focuses on Bangladesh, but it also intends to expand outward: to the South Asian left, and the parallel streams within an international, interlinked left. The audience does not have to be invested only in the specific geographic/cultural concerns, I hope they can telescope out into universal concepts and experiences fairly easily, from within the specificity of this one region.

HA: I have more recently been making work that starts off with highlighting media moments that are of global scale. That is not to say that what I am talking about is of incredible importance, but for whatever reason, these particular events had taken on a global significance and were broadcast worldwide. In many ways it is this globality that is crucial to the work, as it mimics or is a result of the globality of an economic system that I am often referring to.

However, my interest in these moments always somehow veers back to the local or at least regional (in a very broad way). This just has to do with the fact that that is the context that I have lived and therefore, that is the position from which I have experienced these historical moments.

I am currently developing the continuation of *FUGERE*, entitled Six-Shooter Lessons: The 12 Clint Eastwoods Project, where I talk about Charles Barkley and Michael Jordan in the 1992 Barcelona Olympics, and essentially, in a roundabout way, I want to talk about the mission of the Dream Team in the first post-Soviet Olympic Games versus the mission of 2,400 troops that were sent at the same time to Kuwait for war games on the border of Iraq. At the time, Saddam was refusing to recognize the border drawn out by the U.N. post the first Gulf War, and Bush senior wanted to make sure that he was going to be convinced. This is all of course after the initial Desert Storm operation.

So without going into too much detail, the piece will talk about the Dream Team, Clint Eastwood's *Dirty Harry*, and then it all comes back to Iraq: this sort of layering of violence and masculinities. When the Dream Team went up on the podium to take their gold medals, some of the players were draped in US flags: this was, as it turns out, a means for

them to conceal the Reebok logos on their Team USA track suits, as the individual players were sponsored by Nike. Michael Jordan was among these players and in response to media queries, he said something to the effect of that if you hire twelve Clint Eastwoods to do a job, you do not ask to see what is in their guns. Also, during the competition, Charles Barkley had elbowed an Angolan player in the chest. The Angolan, Herlander Coimbra, then went back to Barkley and took a picture with him, which reminded me of these strange pictures that you see of US servicemen with smiling Iraqi children, or when the US was convinced that the Shi'a of Baghdad were going to welcome them with open arms (and not open soles). The parallels are much more entangled and elaborate than this of course, but I just want to give you a sense of how I am trying to seamlessly weave seemingly unrelated events together.

Moments of resistance (be they intentional or haphazard) are an ongoing area of interest for me, and I am also interested in the so-called "left" as you refer to it, within those contexts. I have not made work to address this, but you and I have talked about the shift in Lebanon and Palestine where the old approaches to leftist ideologies, such as communism, populism, and those forms of resistance have been purged in ways by a stronger, more prominent narrative of resistance. We no longer speak of a national resistance in Lebanon, as the resistance has become synonymous with Hizballah, which refers to itself as an Islamic resistance. We're now seeing forces that try to monopolize such universal principles.

These radical or Islamist parties are legitimate components of the societies within which they exist whether staunch atheists or secular leftists are comfortable with that or not, because they have the sympathy and support of large sections of the population. You and I talked about similar things occurring with Bangladesh's more radical Islamist parties. You were saying that the argument within the left there is whether the Islamist parties adapting or morphing was a good thing or not. You were saying that if they remain fossilized, that somehow makes them easier to ostracize and make irrelevant, but presumably these parties represent large sections of the population that in the end belong in the same country as everyone else. Isn't this morphing an ideal form of coexistence between factions that really have no other choice?

NM: An ideal scenario in Bangladesh would be that we move towards progressive politics, economic-rights based issues, and a clear separation between religion and state. But unfortunately, over thirty-eight years of independence, Islamist politics has forced their way nearer to the center, parallel to global trends, accelerated by the decimation of the Bangladeshi left. In the past, mainstream Islamist parties remained with the naive issues they focused on in the 1980s: semi-authorized village councils giving conservative rulings on woman's rights, opposing loans to women via micro-credit NGOs, cutting down trees planted by development organizations, issuing death threats against writers. These are kind of cartoonish, right. In this iteration, it was relatively easy to campaign against them, to oppose them. I take an over-the-top example to drive home the point: what thinking person is going to support a campaign to cut down trees? But the newer formations, the younger second-generation parties, will often very shrewdly mix the language and targets of the internationalist left with theology and interpretation. This makes it much harder to oppose, to defeat them. Which is a problem for those of us on the political left who have always been fighting against the Islamist political project.

Thinking now of Dubai where we met, I sometimes sensed from you a streak of knowing, cynical distance in how you see that immediate milieu. The inherent instability of a giant migrant labor workforce that has no citizenship rights (in fact, hardly any rights), the sometimes superficial engagement with issues and real life that UAE attempts in it's forays into global culture, the manner in which European and American art centers are reversing snobbery as they look at Gulf money as their savior after the meltdown—we've talked about all that. I'm observing this as a temporary visitor, but you've lived and worked within this bubble reality for years. I read into some of your work the impact of that insider-outsider status.

HA: It has become difficult to speak of Dubai. It is of course crucial to remain staunchly critical of this model, but the anti-Dubai discourse has become somehow a) very stagnant and b) hijacked by lazy and racist journalists. Yes, we now all know that labor conditions in Dubai are beyond lamentable, though it is important to note that there has been

mobilization on the part of the laborers, most notably, the shutting down of the main artery that links Sharjah to Dubai all the way to Abu Dhabi. I am talking about the Sheikh Zayed highway, which has been shut down by protesters on at least two occasions (there have been more, but two major incidents). It is also important to note that the horrendous treatment of migrant labor is not a Dubai invention. Lebanon's migrant workers live in near apartheid conditions as well. Foreign workers in the West, whether directly or via offshore sweatshops, also offer a great example of this. It is a whole system, and it is under the umbrella of globalization. Journalists generally like to speak of shaykhdom and other orientalisms when it comes to Dubai, rather than being analytical and critical of the global transactions that forge such systems.

Now in terms of the art snobbery being reversed, I think the meltdown (or the slowdown as they like to officially refer to it in Dubai) has brought things to a stop in the Dubai art scene as well.

I am not an outsider to the UAE. I basically grew up there and then worked in a gallery there as a curator and exhibitions coordinator, I also worked as an arts writer and so I am fairly familiar with the UAE's (or at least Dubai's) cultural ins and outs. I just happen to be uninterested in much of those ins and outs (at least for the moment), be they commercial or institutional, but I recognize their scale, importance and necessity. Anyway I think Dubai is too big a topic to tackle here, but to answer your question, yes of course it has influenced my work. I have made a lot of work directly about Dubai, about its giant roadside billboards and the lifestyles that they advertise, versus the lifestyles of the workers building that lifestyle, but whose living conditions are concealed by those very billboards.

NM: That work is very specific to a local political situation involving labor. And as we talk about it, I am thinking now of something very different—but also made while in Dubai. Those pillows you made for *Bidoun*. When I saw them, I thought they were ornamental yet specific. You have these object-based works that seem consumer design for the outside-mall community...

HA: Well, that was my way of staying active in terms of art production while I was working full time in a gallery in Dubai.



Naeem Mohaiemen
Heard It On TV (from My Mobile Weighs A Ton)
2008, Digital Print on Vinyl, 152cm x 114cm



Naeem Mohaiemen
Live True Life Or Die Trying (frame 5 of 21)
2009, Digital C Print, 40cm x 32cm

The cushions were a *Bidoun* commission project for the first Art Dubai (Gulf Art Fair at the time) fair. *Bidoun* journal has since gotten much more elaborate in its participation/interventions in the fair, with large curated video programs, etc.

The cushion format was predetermined. So I had to make work that was specific to that format. I was (and still am) working with language at the same time. Pillows were about intimacy to me, about love and heartbreak. So I did this concrete poem playing with the notion of sabotaging relationships, an impossibility of commitment. The idea was simple and the initial text was something along the lines of: close.....d. So the physicality of the text already introduced an idea of distance with the dots, and of course of the passage being closed at the end. So it's like an inaccessible proximity. Then I took it to the format of the pillow and the idea of embroidery, so I repeated the text over and over vertically and horizontally and in two colors; it became like a cage and the text became fairly abstracted. But it became a pattern and looked almost like traditional Middle Eastern handicraft. Most people read it as Palestinian motif, which was totally fine.

Anyway, it was meant by *Bidoun* to be an affordable edition piece of art (by myself and a number of young artists from Dubai) to be sold to collectors, but to be cheap, fun, and well circulated. I wanted to do something a little more conceptual, I guess, and liked the idea of sneaking coded messages within a distribution network. Although I am not sure how much of network it ended up being...meaning I am not sure how well they sold.

The other side of the pillow said I (heart) sabotage, with the heart being replaced by the silhouette of a hand with a severed ring finger. It was this strange branding of sorts.

The idea, as with many objects or spaces that I make is to hijack aesthetics, not in a way to culture jam, but in a way to disguise a voice. So you are right that the objects are often highly stylized, but these aesthetic decisions make very specific references and comments: it's an act of impersonation.

NM: Let me go back to your last project in Dubai, *FUGERE*, again. I personally often look at one flashpoint in history, and try to dig in deeper.

I was obsessed with the 1975 military coup that killed Bangladesh's first leader Sheikh Mujib. I zoom in beyond the surface and start thinking of the guards that were killed trying to protect him. How many were there? What were they thinking in that moment? They had after all not been trained as kamikazes. Then I also wonder who ran away, whether any heroics from them would even make sense if the coup is an inevitable success.

Now by contrast I find your athleticism and migration project (*FUGERE*) spanning multiple moments, from Zidane's head-butt to *banlieue* riots to the Dream Team. These are not the same points in history, and you are skipping other adjacent moments to jump to a point farther out. A theme connects them, but that connection is also very fungible, you choose and decide there is a link.

HA: I have a curious mind in terms of historical details. There is some work now that uses data to an elaborately detailed extent and zooms into the smallest sections of it to weave psychological and emotional manifestations out of those details. Within a larger and more mainstream historical approach, those details are often completely pushed aside as they are hard to fit into an axial and grand narrative understanding. So just as an example to bring it to my context, while Lebanon is still obsessed with Hariri's murder, there is no interest in his six companions as they were not historical players. So looking into areas that are considered irrelevant is bound to offer interesting perspectives in the unexpected nooks of history.

My approach on the sporting episodes that I have been working on is really not very interested in historical details of the events themselves. In fact, I would even say that I make sweeping leaps in my arguments, and am in fact interested in the mechanisms and gymnastics within a thought process that enables seemingly irrelevant episodes to come together in a way that is somehow coherent.

For instance, I read up on some of the coverage of the infamous Zidane head-butt and was astounded at how many journalists felt it was OK to discuss this incident within the context of the Clichy-Sous-Bois riots that had occurred a few months earlier, without at all needing to justify the thought process that lead them to bring together these completely unrelated occurrences. My text uses a

similar mechanism. So I start from the premise suggested by one of the lip reading specialists that speculated that the utterance that pushed Zidane over the edge was Materrazzi calling him the “son of a terrorist whore,” which in itself could well be a complete projection on the part of this lip reader.... Of course it would be terrorist-related, and of course the media would eat it up. But the piece is an exercise in good faith, so the idea is to take these writings at face value, and then to take the premise to be true and to build upon it.

The thought process goes as follows: let us consider that indeed Zidane was the son of a terrorist whore, and that perhaps that makes him himself a terrorist. If we look at the act of the head-butt, it is not unlike an IED: he runs ahead of the target, waits for him, and then takes him out as he runs by. The mission is suicidal. But let us also consider the race riots link that was also a media favorite. Perhaps he was not an exploding car, but a burning car, like the hundreds that were burned in the suburbs of Paris. Zidane had an Audi franchise deal, perhaps in this anarchist act he was setting it ablaze, etc.... Essentially using this sort of flawed logic in a systemic and coherent way to turn the Zidane franchise on its head.

NM: Why did Zidane do it? It seemed a spectacular act of self-defacing. I can imagine a running dialogue at full speed: *My pretty face plastered on too many ads, everything is working too well, let me just break it off.*

HA: Well, this is hard for me to talk about because I actually really liked Zidane, but let us face it, the reasons are not that complicated. He got mad, could not control his anger and let his testosterone get the best of him. The writing I do simply explores the potential for sabotaging the corporate machine he was running, but is acutely aware of the failure of that sabotage. Let us not give Zidane more credit than he deserves. After this incident, he was still welcomed as a hero into the Elysée by the then-French president Jaques Chirac. Also, he did not lose his Audi endorsement, or his Adidas deal. I would like to think of Zidane as a repenting capitalist, but to be honest with myself, I must admit that he is simply a “dude” that could not control his macho urges. So in this way, it did not really end up being a self-defacing act.

ENDNOTES

1. Anton Vidokle, Julieta Aranda, and Brian Kuan Wood, "Editorial," *e-flux* 9 (October 2009). <http://www.e-flux.com/journal/view/84>.
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6 Shooter lessons: The 12 Clint Eastwoods Project
2009, Detail. Looped digital animation from a 30 minute lecture performance
with powerpoint projection.
