



IRAN, THE GREEN MOVEMENT AND THE USA



**HAMID
DABASHI**

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THE FOX AND THE PARADOX

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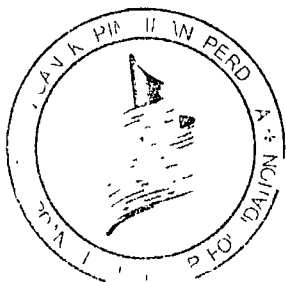
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happened between her relentless creative urges and the occasion of that momentous uprising that opened in her creative soul an entire gallery of loving visual tableaux that have best captured the urban disposition of a civil rights movement in which she is a participant observer. She represents an entire generation of young Iranian artists whose magnificent work the world at large is yet to discover. I feel privileged to have discovered their work on the ground zero of a seismic change in the habitual politics of despair they are determined to change. On her Facebook page Termeh has written a poem, 'Without a Vista of Oneself,' in which she says (my translation):

My name is Termeh/Paisley and the name of all I paint –
The Termeh that is everywhere, has been everywhere, for as
long as I remember:
Under the New Year ceremonial objects, over the dead people's
corpse...
Termeh is my story
From here, from this elongated memory, from the days
When I have feared...
With all the sorrow and the ecstasy of what has happened
I was born to tell.

This book is dedicated to this generation of visionary recitals (of facts, fictions, and vistas of a whole new march to liberty) and of storytellers bent on putting a different spin on their own destiny.

In loving memory of
Neda Agha Soltan, Kianoush Asa, Sohrab A'rabi,
Somayyeh Jafargholi, Amir Javadifar, Mohsen Ruhol-amini...
and countless other young men and women
cold-bloodedly murdered by the officials of the Islamic Republic
– may their untimely and cruel deaths not be in vain!



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PROLOGUE

A Parable

ONCE UPON A TIME, and what a wondrous and strange time it was, in a faraway jungle there was a Lion under whose majestic shadow and extended benevolence a shrewd and enterprising Fox was making quite a lucrative living. For years the Lion and the Fox had quite a cozy arrangement. The Lion hunted down and feasted on large and small prey, and whatever was left of his meals was more than sufficient for a luxurious leftover for the weak but wily Fox living off his might and majesty. In exchange for that sumptuous meal, the Fox would periodically sing the praise or else mark the authorial deficiencies of the Lion (in an ever more conniving language of course) just enough to keep the egomaniacal vanity of the Lion King on the sharp edge of his hunting prowess. After a long and prosperous life, old age and frailty finally overcame the Lion King and he eventually lost the physical force and agile facility with which he used to hunt his prey, and he was soon afflicted (and was thus clinically diagnosed) with a common balding disease and lost much of his mass of magisterial hair. The old Fox was quite