



Crude État

In October 1969, British Petroleum organised festivities to celebrate Dubai's recently confirmed oil wealth, though the company wasn't going to profit much from it. Six years earlier, they had relinquished most of their claims to Dubai's petroleum potential over to American-based Continental Oil. Still, BP was celebratory enough to plan the party, having organised similar ones in their past decades of sniffing out oil in the region. In Dubai, the sum of their whole two-day ceremony was the city's biggest event ever: VIPs filled the city's most luxurious hotel, the Carlton, a film was commissioned for their viewing, a monument was built and revealed (including an "eternal flame" supposedly fed by bountiful oil reserves), fireworks were imported from England, and a motorcade of air-conditioned cars was assembled. Festivities weren't for the general public, mostly just for oil-industry experts, other representatives from associated industries, their spouses, and important local leaders. It may have included the first fireworks display in Dubai, but the affair was tepid, and underreported by the international press.

Fireworks ended the first day's dinner, which included, according to BP's report, "no social entertainment". The next day reportedly began with a performance of Dubai's national anthem, even though Dubai is not a nation. At the monument's unveiling, Dubai's ruler lit the flame. Guests, largely British and American, applauded and returned to the motorcade to attend the film screening in Dubai's first air-conditioned cinema. After they applauded the film, they made their way to lunch at a Dubai official's Jumeirah villa, but it was rushed so that they could arrive on time for the day's climax.

The final performance was scheduled to take place in the glare of an open, unadorned beach at the peak of the afternoon sun. Guests had been more comfortable in the air-conditioned cinema. Now their dress shoes filled with sand, and salty air stung their perfumed necks. Hats weren't really in fashion, so bald spots were exposed to the sun. As the invited guests found their balance in the sand, each of the motorcade's drivers stood next to his car, ready to take guests back to the hotel rooms as soon as the event was over. Participants were instructed to wait and keep focused on the Gulf waters that hardly moved, a low leaden stratum that extended to an indiscernible horizon. They tried to block the sun's glare with slightly cupped hands over their brows, like limp salutes.

The approaching climax was heard before it was seen. Two DC-3 airplanes materialised from the north along the coast, over the construction site of Port Rashid, and headed toward the assembly. When they were nearly overhead, the planes veered right, out toward the sea and toward the source of the afternoon glare. From under their limp salutes, the guests watched the planes grow smaller, maybe wondering whether they would come back or drop some parachutists or release some coloured smoke. None of these happened. The planes had been hired as pointers simply to direct the guests' sights outward. Ninety-seven kilometres beyond was Fateh Oil Field, where the Americans had struck oil. Not only was it too far away to be seen, but most of the work happened underwater. A submerged tank of extracted oil, a *khazzan*, was tapped daily by ships passing by.

Intended not to come ashore on Dubai's land, oil was sublimated to the conceptual. The event had been crafted as a meditation on the abstraction of oil, on the calculations of geology, physics, and economics. With nothing to be seen, there was only the diminishing effect of the low-flying DC-3s. But, with nothing to be seen, there was also no obstruction to entrepreneurial imagination. Horizons were vague and therefore limitless. Guests continued peering out at the uninflected haze, toward a horizon that could not be formulated, toward "the invisible industry" as the journalists referred to it. Instead of oil, wealth came ashore in the form of money, ambitions, technologies, people and building materials—all arriving on a mounting current at nearby Port Rashid. The wealth from the sea did not arrive to erase history; it assumed it had never existed.

Memorialising Dubai's oil wealth was no central theme for *CRUDE*, Art Jameel's inaugural exhibition at the Jameel Art Centre in Dubai. Nevertheless, the art gathered together on Dubai Creek spoke clearly about the artfulness—the narrative power of petroleum—that helped create the new institute's home. *CRUDE* brought together the work of living and deceased artists to explore how petroleum—its extraction, its sale, and its transmutation into other forms—imprints itself onto a public, and sometimes autobiographical, imaginary. Curated by New York-based Murtaza Vali, it proved a most fitting way to open the Centre's much anticipated Dubai home.¹

For almost anyone who visited Jameel Arts Centre during its opening months, it was the first time they had been to this part of Dubai. It is a site twice forgotten. The Centre's new Dubai home owes its location to Dubai's history of oil. In 1958, British engineers, Austrian contractors and Iranian and South Asian workers started transforming Dubai's port from a marshy inlet into a fortified canal in preparation for the prospects of oil. Having thwarted Dubai's economic growth for a century, British overseers now saw reason in triggering its first boom. Even if the first drilling sites were well beyond Dubai, its port, unbeknownst to local residents, was designated to accommodate the region's imminent economy of extraction, exploitation, and effortless trade. The installation of the Creek's steel-and-concrete training walls and piers, the erection of cranes and countless godowns, the spreading of slums and building concrete-block houses with air-conditioning units piercing their façades—all of this was pursued for the hope and promise of oil. Large-scale transformations in the 1960s were powered by optimism. Dubai's boosters regaled investors and bankers with stories of how oil sales would eventually offset the costs of major development. The expectation of oil made Dubai's present about its future. Urban development and the deployment of modern architecture were financial activation of a future city. Urban planning was financial planning.

Jameel Art Centre's site marks where Dubai Creek makes a turn to the right as it reaches inland. The bend was dredged in later phases to prepare the city for waterside living. If Dubai had gone according to plan, Art Jameel's Dubai location would have been claimed long ago for housing Dubai's higher-income families. Not the ones who could afford marina-style living at the sealed edges of the Creek further inland but the ones who knew they didn't want to live in the congestion of the older districts. The area would have been divided up into "neighborhood units" each supplied a community centre, a health clinic and shops. But Dubai didn't turn out that way, which has much to do with oil, or the absence of it. Dubai's hopes for great wealth were extinguished almost as soon as the oil was discovered, as forecasts remained consistently dimmed. No longer able to sell a city run on the profits of oil, its boosters had to rewrite the city's narrative. It meant Dubai left the Creek. Dubai Creek's history of drudgery, persistence, and a tough kind of cosmopolitanism was left behind, in the wake of an existential development overdrive toward the shiny towers that populate most outsiders' views of Dubai today.

Instead of hosting an oil-boom city, Dubai's leadership conjured a real-estate frenzy, one that rendered a vast desert into unlimited opportunity. If oil wasn't going to make Dubai wealthy, then foreign investment would. The city's leadership pushed development far beyond the existing city, stretching out toward its outmost border forty-five kilometres away. Like those who watched the DC-3s aim for the horizon, consultants were hired to propose a new city larger than the old one, abutting against Abu Dhabi, the neighboring emirate with the real oil wealth. With a new and larger port, a new airport, a city as a free zone was designed. Dubai was to start over, free of the past hopes and expectations grown stale at Dubai Creek.

In 2007, the Creek was rediscovered again, however briefly. It was the peak before the steep decline of Dubai's post-2001 boom, one which Dubai had created largely on the oil profits of Saudi Arabia, Qatar, Iran and Bahrain. Before the crash, Culture Village was proposed. Marketing teams saw appeal in the Creek's dusty history. They commissioned images of fantastical stockings of Dubai's old barjeel houses. Culture was rediscovered, then exaggerated. Homebuyers would live in imaginary renderings of Dubai's old Iranian houses, among museums, libraries, art classes, and dance studios. A multi-million dollar museum for modern Middle Eastern art was proposed, without mention of where the art, or the money to purchase it, would materialise. One year later, the Global Financial Crisis landed in Dubai, and Culture Village, and Dubai Creek, were forgotten.

Jameel Art Centre has now taken the place that oil, and the underperforming amounts of it, had kept free for the past decades. As it had happened in years before on Dubai Creek, money from outside was needed to regalanise the site. Art Jameel had a collection and the funding to build a privately funded but publicly accessible cultural centre for the city. Taking over what was supposed to be land for a music venue, the Palazzo Versace, a hotel, was built. It looms over Jameel Arts Centre's gardens, but fortunately it is much more sombre-looking than it sounds.

In making oil the topic of an art exhibition, Murtaza Vali taps its tumultuous urban history. In the exhibition catalogue, he posits that "oil resists representation."² It does, however, manifest itself in vast arrays of materials and forms; more than that, it shapes lives. It's affirming to Vali's suspicions that so many artists who were born or have lived in the Middle East have made oil a topic of their work. *CRUDE* could have also looked at oil in Africa and South America, but for the most part its centre reverberates from the Shatt al Arab, whose flows of water have more than once conjoined with flows of oil. Oil is taken on as a material laden with hypnotic and protean capabilities. Oil writes stories, or gets configured into what Robert Vitalis has called "oilcraft."³ Unlike other sources of energy (solar, wood, dung, coal), oil was first collected to be exported. Its existence is essentially tied to global networks of trade and power. Power is a force almost every work in the exhibition has to confront.⁴ And Dubai, while able to proclaim some oil reserves, has grown and technologically advanced as a result of its leadership harnessing the roaming qualities of oil's profits made elsewhere.

In some ways, *CRUDE* didn't feel like an art exhibition. I heard others make this observation, meant as a criticism, finding it too structured, even pedantic. It was educational, in some ways. This reading might confront the questioned status of the museum—once a stalwart of the archive, the taxonomy, the *explaining*—these days, museums, or art institutions, often consciously avoid the pedantic. Rather than pedantic, however, I found *CRUDE* disciplined, in seeing art called upon to explain, to set the record, not just to pursue heard clichés like "creating the openings" and "challenging narratives". Oil, especially in the context of Dubai, does have some explaining to do, as it's never been held accountable. It's slippery, literally and figuratively. In particular, Dubai's official

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history has tried to efface oil's role in its spectacular expansion. We're constantly told that Dubai is the emirate not "blessed" with oil and that its economy is "diversified" but the actual story is not that simple. For the past two decades, Dubai's marketers have reframed the city as one that grows without oil, but in reality, its real estate expansion relies on oil wealth from the region. With oil, represented, swirling inside its premises, Art Jameel forced the viewer, and the city itself, to reckon with myths that have made a city.

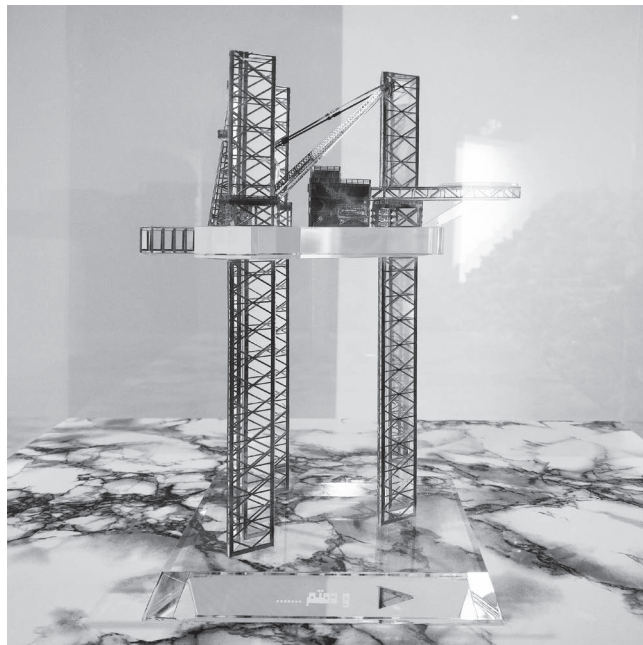
Seeing *CRUDE* through a lens of history is partly my own doing. Still, much of the art looked and performed as historical. One might sense that oil is the dirty toil of the past. There were only limited works, including that by Emirati artist Hassan Sharif, that portrayed oil as an ongoing, and mounting crisis. His *Slippers and Wire* (2009) mound of flip-flops, for example, foretold what we now know about the flotsam of petroleum-based plastics, that they inhabit our organs as colourful microscopic spheres, and by doing so, the space of petroleum now occupies our insides. It shapes us inside out, perhaps even passing the effects down to progeny. Most of the memorable work though, comes glazed in a patina. In this way, oil is the stuff our great aunts and uncles dabbled in, at a safe distance from our current lives.

The artworks' descriptive texts, and the catalogue, provide considerable historical context. Vali rightly establishes that oil is now part of a regional and global heritage, but one that remains metastasising, well beyond our own controls, with time and space playing out in their fullest range of quantification. When we touch upon petroleum, we speak of epochs and tectonic plates. Beyond that oil is now heritage, another reason for an apparent patina over the exhibition might have to do with the role oil played in many of the artists' youth. The language, including visual, that many of the contributors employed points to oil's early vocabulary, which materialised in the pages of *Life*, *Aramco World* and television commercials for oil companies. Saudi Arabian artist Manal AlDowayan's photographs demonstrate how oil shaped the memorabilia found on a family member's *dressoir*. What was once sophisticated public relations messaging is today blatant in its tones of colonial control, positivist swagger, and ecological disingenuousness.

Another reason for the patina is that it enables a way toward a critical conversation in Dubai about oil. By being of the past, it is made more palatable. Dubai's boosters have now positioned the city as *post-oil*, committed to "revolutionising" transit, energy, and biotechnology all at the same time.⁵ In fact, since the early 1970s, Dubai's scriptwriters have downplayed the city's reliance on oil profits. We can have a tough conversation about the old, petroleum-lubricated ways because they are framed as the past. There is a lot still to talk about in regard to the history of oil, so this is not a bad thing. In fact, we've hardly been able to assess the history, rarely going beyond the tracking of capital, state-making power structures, and installation of all that thinly inhabited, photogenic purpose-built infrastructure. In her recent book, *Machineries of Oil: An Infrastructural History of BP in Iran* (2018), Katayoun Shafiee argues that while we are "aware of the importance of oil to the history of the modern Middle East, surprisingly little is known about how its social and technical properties shaped that history."⁶ She explores the ways oil has had "sociotechnical roles" in creating systems of knowledge, language, and law. Many of the artists in *CRUDE* did a great deal of work in figuring out who shaped what, but again, artists don't usually want to be taken as historians.

Resisting the historian's mantle does not keep these collected artists from the archives, from uncovering files, old maps, and family mementos and then displaying them, several of whom tapped such sources for "opening up new pictorial and historiographic experiences."⁷ For example, it seems that Lebanese artist Rayyane Tabet's *Steel Rings* (2013) and *Letterhead* (1950/2013) are meant

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to suggest a spatial experience constructed from found evidence of the Trans-Arabian Pipeline, or Tapline. Twenty-one simply framed pieces of Tapline stationery were hung in regimented form and parallel to an abstracted, anatomically correct section of the pipeline. Its construction also included found material evidence and coordinates of various locations of the pipeline's traversal from Saudi Arabia's Eastern Province to the Lebanese port of Sidon. The stationery sheets are blank, save for the embossed letterhead. Many are damaged by visually curious decay. The precise ordering of the pipeline's ringed pieces and framed letterheads exude assertion and certainty. We are forewarned that the latter provide no "information" about the Tapline's history, though Vali's wall text informs the viewer that the blank stationery was salvaged from the company's abandoned offices. Every archive is a turbid source of duelling emotions: the anxiety from an overwhelming amount of material and a sharp craving for all the missing parts. Tabet frames some of the pieces of paper, worn and torn at the edges, with preservationist fervour, as if he has salvaged papyrus sheets. There is no "information" to preserve besides the existence of each sheet itself, differentiated from the other twenty sheets only by its unique process of deterioration. It is undeniable that any historian working with an archive is attracted to the palettes of archive folders, the saturated imprints of bureaucratic stamps, and the fastidious dedication to cultivated handwriting. But the historian has to look beyond these, or at least incorporate them with other signals, what one might call "content". Tabet, it seems, wanted to suggest that art can achieve another kind of informedness, without information.

One consequence from this is that we witness history in a very destabilised way. If the historian is seen—and this is a debatable stance—as one who provides order and linearity from found evidence, then the artist is providing us with something else. As a non-art critic I am cautious to suggest what that might be, considering the art world's amassed discourse over archives. Tabet, in preserving and framing blank stationery, suggests that within the found evidence there is an aesthetic—such as the design and mass deployment of a letterhead embossment—that cannot be divorced from the menu of tactics deployed by power. Still, it is of a menu, and I am left to wonder how I am supposed to approach this apparent isolation of a tactic from the greater strategy.

One of several works presented by Canadian artist Hajra Waheed, *The ARD: Study for a Portrait 1-28* (2018), excises, manipulates and recomposes evidence from an unknown, or perhaps fictitious archive. In one framed element of reconfigured evidence, cut-outs of institutional buildings and labour barracks are set against graph paper—the graph paper functioning like a structured background, more literal than figurative. Shown with screentone sheets that were once a part of an engineer's drawing kit, the graph paper screams *positivism*. Waheed's evocative work suggests that the archive, in the general sense, has been destabilised and recontextualised, its contents and context reshifted to explore other meanings. These actions, however, amount to suspicious practices, not because they are subversive but because there is the suggestion that archives are assumed structures, that they are 'whole'. Caretakers of an archive might display it as categorised, tagged and enumerated, as its materials demand storytelling in order to be comprehended, whether by the historian, the anthropologist, the librarian, the social scientist, or the very person who wrote the last missive in the dossier, tied its cotton string, and sent it away to posterity. The act of sourcing an archive requires a need to engage and question the replaceable scaffolding that keeps it from drifting.

In the wall text accompanying Waheed's work, the curator mentions William Mulligan, a double agent in petroleum history. His actions reveal how petroleum-smeared archives are inherently slippery. In his second foreword to his seminal work on the Aramco oil company in Saudi Arabia, *America's Kingdom: Mythmaking on the Saudi Oil Frontier* (2007), Robert Vitalis explains how

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he gained access to archives that he was not meant to discover. When Mulligan, who Vitalis calls a “company historian”, retired from Aramco he illicitly took home company files. Upon his death, his wife donated them to Georgetown University in Washington, DC. Vitalis suggests that she might have known what she was doing. Whether an accident or a quiet betrayal, Mulligan’s widow not only provided a revealing window into Aramco’s geopolitical practices, she also revealed just how much of this history has been concealed. Even if good fortune, Vitalis warns of reading Mulligan’s papers “too authoritatively”.⁸ History, Vitalis reveals, must be assembled from countless fragments.

Since much of the work of nation-building in petroleum wealthy locales—through infrastructural, institutional and urban development—was executed by foreign consultants, much of the historically valuable records on these matters would be found in private company filing cabinets, like those of Aramco. Therefore, searching for and through archives related to the Arabian Peninsula brings with it additional layers of power and control. It is not uncommon for a consulting firm, which might have essentially built a city’s infrastructure, to claim that its archives were lost, non-existent, or as one long-time consultant claimed “buried in a warehouse fire”. Consultants have no reason to save the boxes from a fire or to honour history. In fact, expunging evidence might lead to new and more profitable contracts. An archive displayed exactly as found would represent a reshuffling, according to the last person who used it, or the professional archivist refileing its folios to fit a new catalogue system. To suggest discordance when that’s all that exists, is potentially a disservice to the search that is already necessarily at hand.

CRUDE also included poignant moments of interactions with archival materials that render the archive as highlighted material, full of assertive, expertise-fuelled bluster, but still discernible within the artists’ created realms. Egyptian artist Wael Shawky’s *Asphalt Quarter* (2003), deserved a more isolated experience, not limited to the headphones you might or might not deign to put on. Part of the piece’s soundtrack is an unvarying voiceover reading the instructions on how to lay an asphalt road. According to Vali’s essay, this work is directly inspired by Saudi novelist Abdul Rahman Munif’s *Cities of Salt* (1984), a trilogy of allegorical novels quoted *ad nauseum* in Persian Gulf histories. Shawky often relies on existing texts to create the narratives of his work, but fortunately here it does not get caught in Munif’s moral tale. Instead, it is a rich tapestry of illusions, however tragic they may turn out to be. Asphalt is both a product of petroleum and a consequence of petroleum wealth, a signal that these riches are being transformed into the public good. In Dubai in the 1960s, there was a direct funnel between port revenues and road building.⁹ As the money came in, engineers applied the quickest, cheapest, thinnest layer of roads so that there was a calculable and healthy relationship between wealth and kilometres of bitumen. Having children apply the asphalt in the film is a grim signal to the complex, not so easily measurable, relationships between audacious development ambitions and the senseless damage they deliver onto present and future ecosystems.

In contrast, the Iranian duo Nasrin Tabatabai and Babak Afrassiabi, in *Seep 1* and *Seep 2* (2012-18), provide a humorous account of trying to turn oil-drilling into good storytelling. *Seep 1* includes a voiceover reading aloud a letter from a contracted filmmaker—corporate filmmakers were *de rigueur* in the twentieth century—warning his client that oil operations near Abadan, Iran, were proving unfilmable for two reasons: lacklustre weather and the inherent characteristics of oil which made it “so dull and depressing visually”. Reminiscent of the clichéd technique in documentary filmmaking of shooting closeups of preserved objects of historical events (a ship’s bow, a bust, a feather pen), the artists create fabricated versions of objects that might have been found in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company’s offices: a desk, a brick wall, a salon table. *Seep 2* reveals how oil is filmable,

with at once enticing and revolting shots of oil spills swimming in an otherwise pristine stream of water. The effects are aesthetic, yet also damning of the consuming viewer.

One of the most haunting manipulations of archives is in the work of the Venezuelan/American collaboration of Alessandro Balteo-Yazbeck and Media Farzin, *Chronoscope, 1951, 11pm* (2009-11), a montage of scenes taken from an early 1950s American news show that took on the overlapping topics of USA foreign policy and petroleum affairs for the evening viewing on the sofa, before “energy security” became a household term. Whether coincidence or deep affirmation, the series was sponsored by the Swiss watchmaker Longines. In the advertising segments for Longines, we see the turning gears of a clock, revealing how time is controlled by the watchmaker, who might be a stand-in for the oilman, the engineer, and any of the war planners who feature in the work – the ones who transform oil profits (or the promise of them) into real, intricate infrastructure. The show’s host promises “unrehearsed discussions” but the work shapes a near-conspiratorial build-up of tension, namely revealed in interviewees cornered into answering loaded questions that affirm a mounting message to the viewers at home: namely that losing access to Middle Eastern oil could drive the USA to war. The dramatic seriousness and expressive maleness of oil men, journalists and politicians seem at once relevant and outmoded today. Relevant because, veneers of apparent knowledge held by experts have determined so much of our current political and economic landscape – but outmoded, as witnessed this year when American President Donald Trump claimed he “thought about it for a second” before launching an attack on Iran and therefore a heightened reenactment of history’s prior attacks on oil-rich states.¹⁰ *Chronoscope’s* sharp editing reveals that the news show was normalising viewers to “oilcraft” – a constructed, rehearsed reality made for easy TV viewing, its experts helping Western consumers of petroleum to visualise an integral link between their need for oil and the possibility of war.

Making the world of petroleum visible, and specifically filmable, formed a current running throughout *CRUDE*. Both Hajra Waheed and Kuwaiti artist Monira Al Qadiri exploit—at scales beyond that of *Seep*—the arresting forms and colours of oil fires. Al Qadiri’s video *Behind the Sun* (2013) presented a collection of low-grade VHS recordings of oil fires in Kuwait. Paired with them is a deep-tone voiceover reading of Sufi poems, referring to flowers, the sun, and other majestically beautiful forms a higher being bestows upon us, as one looks at grainy footage of fires that embody the violent repercussions of consuming petroleum and the impossible beauty in its extraction. One line: “He has created this magnificent world” is translated in English as a subtitle below the horizon of a black landscape, as if it were planted underground in the abscesses of oil deposits. Above the horizon are multiple devastating fires. The smoke of even more fires malevolently fills the sky. It could be a scene of war, but it is a scene of extraction. One in the same. The pairing is not simply sarcasm or cynicism; it feels like a dare somehow. But it refuses the assertion that oil is not filmable. It can’t be abstracted out of materiality and into the engineer’s calculations and the statesman’s self-assured brinkmanship.

CRUDE was an essential cultural moment in Dubai. For its few months, it made visible something that is often made invisible in Dubai. A high-stakes commodity that has so often been denied as the key element in making Dubai materialised, oil at least for a moment was brought to the fore. Whether it is oil from its own offshore fields or the petroleum profits that circulate through its ports, its real estate markets, and its supposedly sophisticated business-friendly guidelines, Dubai exists because of it. And it seemed to be stated that Jameel Art Centre exists because of and thanks to this economy still firmly ensconced in our world.



One last memory, involving an image that remains seared in my memory. The Iraqi photographer Latif Al Ani was hired by oil operators to capture how oil was made visual in Baghdad; to explain oil and to celebrate it. In the black and white photograph *School Lunch, Baghdad, Iraq* (1961) he captures a smiling girl in a schoolyard, raising a bottle of chilled fresh milk in one hand. The bottle seems too heavy for her, as if all the calcium she's been drinking has made her especially strong enough to hold the bottle so confidently. Behind her, in half shadow, is a boy, his hair dishevelled, his clothes not as together as hers. He holds an empty tin cup. In full light, the girl is the present. She holds plenitude, refrigeration, pasteurisation, vitamin D-enrichment, all brought to her thanks to the regulations, industrialisation, electrification, and physical infrastructure that oil brought to her life. A fresh, cold bottle of milk in the afternoon sun. The term 'propaganda' has only negative connotation these days, but would the viewer have the heart to deprive her of that bottle of milk?

Notes

¹ Art Jameel's even larger Hayy: Creative Hub will open in Jeddah in late 2019 or early 2020

² Murtaza Vali, 'A Crude History of Modernity', *CRUDE* (exhib. cat.), Art Jameel, Jameel Art Centre, Dubai, 2018

³ Timothy Nunan, 'De-Segregating International Relations: A Conversation with Robert Vitalis on "White World Order, Black Power Politics"', 30 May 2016, Toynbee Prize Foundation website; <http://toynbeeprize.org/interviews/robert-vitalis/>

⁴ Timothy Mitchell, *Carbon Democracy: Political Power in the Age of Oil*, London, New York: Verso Books, 2011, pp. 36-39

⁵ See for example 'Dubai is revolutionising the energy sector', *Business Dubai*, 28 November 2018; <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CjwdBzd760Q>

⁶ Katayoun Shafiee, *Machineries of Oil: An Infrastructural History of BP in Iran*, Cambridge, Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 2018

⁷ Okwui Enwezor, *Archive Fever: Uses of the Document in Contemporary Art*, New York NY: International Center of Photography; Göttingen: Steidl Publishers, 2008, p. 11

⁸ Robert Vitalis, *America's Kingdom: Mythmaking on the Saudi Oil Frontier*, London: Verso, 2009, p. xvii

⁹ In the 1960s, Dubai's port revenues were not a result of petroleum profits. But they were at least indirectly related to oil profits of other places, including Abu Dhabi

¹⁰ Ian Schwartz, 'Trump to Chuck Todd: I Stopped Iran Attack Before It Happened, Killing 150 People Is Not Proportionate', *RealClear Politics*, 21 June 2019; https://www.realclearpolitics.com/video/2019/06/21/trump_to_chuck_todd_i_stopped_iran_attack_before_it_happened_killing_150_people_is_not_proportionate.html