

(p. 165)? How do these two artists' perspectives relate to those of other actors? What does their producing transnationally circulating art afford their analysis, and what does it prevent them from considering? Swallowing such generalizations of Lebanese society ("amnesic," "postcommunist," "hedonistic playground" join in) allows that the artists are simply "haunted" by nostalgia and idealism rather than taking on a more agentic role. Elias relieves himself of the work of situating them—why are there no histories of their training to complement the history of Lebanon's coming into being?—and diminishes an appreciation of the politics and effort of their art.

In other cases, the text seems to arise straight from an artist's statement in a catalogue. Here the author's voice adopts the artist's intentions to explain the artwork's functions. For example, commenting on Rabih Mroué's *Three Posters*, Elias writes, "as my reading of this extraordinary video will show, [the martyr-to-be] al-Sati's imperfect performance complicates any simple distinction. . ." (p. 57). Whose reading? Elias reads Mroué's artwork, not al-Sati's performance separately from the former. By adopting artists' own reporting of their inspiration, he blurs events' (possible) meanings with the artists' creative act of registering the world a certain way. What has the art historian added?

In the most jarring cases of blurring, Elias presents the artists' philosophical reflections on their source material as his own. His discussion of Akram Zaatar's *All Is Well on the Border* relates the video's materiality to an earlier French production (p. 74–75), but the connections that Elias presents as his were communicated to him by Zaatar in a (published) conversation they held in 2013 which he cites elsewhere but not as the source of his insights. Similarly, while Elias chides other art writers for failing to explore the primary documents upon which Raad bases *Hostage* (p. 15), he fails to cite Raad's 1996 University of Rochester doctoral dissertation "Beirut . . . (à la folie)" which discusses at length the captivity narratives he cites, in the same order and with the same references, to make the same arguments about the interracial homoerotics of captivity.

Posthumous Images heralds a new era in writing about contemporary Lebanese art—no longer confined to newspapers or gallery catalogues. Lebanese artists often like to say they must write about themselves because there is no one to write about them. They are a prolific and eloquent group. Several hold PhDs. Many have edited volumes on their own work. What is the boundary between the artwork and the artists' articulations? It may be unclear; yet in not citing key philosophical sources authored by these artists, *Posthumous Images* ultimately draws a kind of boundary between scholar and artist in an ironical and unfortunate, primitivizing move.

SHAHROKH MESKOOB, *In the Alley of the Friend: On the Poetry of Hafez*, trans. M. R. GHANOONPARVAR (Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press, 2018.) Pp. 298. \$24.95 paper. ISBN: 9780815636175

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Meskoob's work is not an easy read. But it will be very rewarding for anyone fascinated by the ties between Iranians and their amazing poetry. The reader looking

for a systematic study of Hafez and his poetry should go elsewhere. Meskoob's work offers other delights.

One cannot say only that Iranians love their poetry. Rather they are immersed in it from childhood. For the literate, the illiterate, the teacher, the student, the intellectual, the driver, and everyone else, poetry is like food and water. There is poetry in religion, love, pornography, panegyrics, politics, comedy, mysticism, and every other aspect of life.

Such devotion does not stop at Iran's political boundaries. Pilgrims from all over Turkey visit Rumi's tomb in Konya. Most can neither read nor understand his words, but no matter. Just the music of his verses brings joy and tears.

What is special about Hafez and his lyrics? Iranians call him *Lisan al-Ghayb*, the "Tongue of the Invisible." He sees what we do not see and relates secrets unknown to the rest of us. Here is what the author says about him and us:

He is closer to us than any other poet and at the same time he is more remote than any other poet. We have all had some dealings with him in one way or another. . . He has been with us and has lived inside us as long as we have let him be as he is: but as soon as we have tried to delve into him through "scholarship," logical analysis, and so on, he has slipped out of our grasp and disappeared before our myopic eyes. (p. xvi)

Although Meskoob (1924–2005) is a scholar of considerable learning, in this work, he rejects the path of "Hafez Studies." Instead, he "has merely taken an excursion for a while in the garden of Hafez's *Divan* and said a few words about what he has seen" (ibid).

For that reason, the reader can dip into this book at any section and take pleasure. The only drawbacks are the lack of an index (admittedly something difficult to compose) and the awkward way the reader must switch between original texts and translations. For example, in a section dealing with the beauty of truth (p. 130), we read the following (translated) lines.

Strive to be truthful
 And the sun will be born from your breath
 For the false dawn's face
 Was blackened from falsehood.

Search in the back of the book (p. 208), we find the original was:

به صدق کوش که خورشید زاید از نفست
 که از دروغ سیه روی گشت صبح نخست

The translation seems to lose the idea that lies will blacken the sun from the first dawn (of creation). Somehow the evocative "*sobh-e-nokhost*" is lost in translation.

The reader is left to flip back and forth between the main text, the footnotes, and the appendix. There are eleven pages of Persian texts of the verses—all separated from the main text. Far better to have placed the originals in the main text just above or below the translations.

The awkwardness gets more complicated because Meskoob weaves paraphrases of Hafez's verses into his prose. The translator helpfully provides footnotes that cite the original (in translation). However, there is no way for readers to find the verse in its original Persian. They must flip between text and footnotes, and in the end have no original Hafez.

For example, starting on page 157, Meskoob writes passionately of the chaos, depravity, hypocrisy, and brutality of Hafez's time. Brothers turned on brothers, wives and husbands on each other, and no one's life was secure. Partisans of rival warlords battled in the streets of Shiraz, and gangs from rival neighborhoods—backed by high-ranking officials—slaughtered each other.

The author has skillfully woven Hafez's lyrics into his narrative of those brutal years, as if the beauty of the poetry could somehow lessen the many evils visited upon Iranians at that time. The style challenges both the translator and the reader. The translator unpacks the references with footnotes supplying the source of the reference and lines in English of the poetry used. To find the original, however, the reader must refer to Hafez's *divan*.

For example, Meskoob talks about the poet's sufferings during the reign of the harsh, fanatic Mobarez al-Din Mohammad Mozaffar (r. 1335–1358). He overthrew the hedonistic, self-indulgent Abu Eshaq Inju and was in turn overthrown by his own son, the poetry-loving Shah Shoja'. Hafez refers to Mobarez al-Din as "*Mohtaseb*," or censor. At one point, he refers to pale, aged wine as *bim-e-mohtaseb dideh* (gone pale out of fear of the *mohtaseb*). Many of his verses mourn the loss of wine, music, and pleasure and the victory of fanaticism and hypocrisy. Meskoob (p. 161) writes:

That prince [Mobarez al-Din] was an authoritarian hypocrite and one who killed with ease, who used religious law as a pretext for persecution and bloodshed. The poet remembers "pleasurable wine, the breeze soaked in roses, the music of the harp" and the friendship of the companion that are hidden under a heavy, grim-faced sky, like hiding "a wine-cup in the sleeve."

A footnote refers us to ghazal 41 and the couplet "Hide the wine cup in your patched sleeve / As from the mouth of the jug, the times are spilling blood" (p. 268). We end our search in the *divan* with the treasure of the original.

در آستین مرقع پیاله پنهان کن
که همچو چشم صراحی زمانه خون ریز است

So our path to delight is long and sometimes difficult. The reader will need patience. But, like Meskoob's excursion through Hafez's *Ku-ye-Dust* (the alley [or neighborhood] of the friend), the trip is well-worth the effort.

MURAT R. ŞIVİLOĞLU, *The Emergence of Public Opinion: State and Society in the Late Ottoman Empire* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2018). Pp. 319. \$84.40 cloth. ISBN: 9781107190924

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Since the English translation in 1989 of Jürgen Habermas's *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere*, originally published in 1962, there has been a flurry of work on the historical emergence of public sphere and public opinion. It is in the public sphere where an alternative domain of politics came into being and ideas were shaped into the public opinion that served as the ultimate tribunal to which political actors were compelled to appeal. Some of these studies assume the perpetual existence of public