

A Historic Photograph

By: Ahmad Arabloo

During the peak days of the revolution, I was around 13, a thin boy who would naturally not be able to survive the savage attacks and bullets of the mercenaries of the Shah's regime. But at that time I had become very much interested in taking photos of the people in the demonstrations. I had a camera which I would put round my neck for taking photos which later turned out to be very interesting. But I knew my father would become angry if he saw me carrying my camera outside home and in front of the armed-to-the-teeth forces of the regime who were ready to shoot any moment. So I tried to hide the camera in a bag and pretended that I carried food in it, so my father would allow me to go out.

But once my father happened to catch sight of me taking photos outside home and I immediately thought of asking help from my grandmother, since I knew she was the only person whose words my father would never reject. So, I ran towards a public telephone at the other side of the square to call her and while running, I saw a large crowd around the square. I asked a tall man who was near me what the people were doing and he answered that they were taking down the statue of the damned Shah. He offered to put me up on his shoulders so I could see the scene for myself and I gladly accepted that kind offer. In this way, I could take

a photo which became a historic photo, that of the revolutionary people pulling down the statue of the Shah.