THE VEIL

This is me when I was 10 years old. This was in 1980.

And this is a class photo. I'm sitting on the far left. So you don't see me. From left to right: Gouneiz, Mahshid, Nargis, Minna.

In 1979 a revolution took place. It was later called "the Islamic Revolution".

Then came 1980: the year it became obligatory to wear the veil at school.

We didn't really like to wear the veil, especially since we didn't understand why we had to.

It's too hot out!

Execution in the name of freedom.

Oof! I'm the monster of darkness.

Oof! You'll have to lock my feet!

Goddamn!
And also because the year before, in 1976, we were in a French non-religious school. Where boys and girls were together.

And then suddenly in 1980...

All bilingual schools must be closed down.

They are symbols of capitalism.

Of decadence.

谭: What wisdom!

This is called a "cultural revolution."

And that was that.

We found ourselves veiled and separated from our friends.
EVERYWHERE IN THE STREETS THERE WERE DEMONSTRATIONS FOR AND AGAINST THE VEIL.

AT ONE OF THE DEMONSTRATIONS, A GERMAN JOURNALIST TOOK A PHOTO OF MY MOTHER.

I WAS REALLY PROUD OF HER. HER PHOTO WAS PUBLISHED IN ALL THE EUROPEAN NEWSPAPERS.

AND EVEN IN OUR MAGAZINE IN IRAN, MY MOTHER WAS REALLY SCARED.

SHE DYED HER HAIR.

AND WORE DARK GLASSES FOR A LONG TIME.
I really didn't know what to think about the YB. Deep down I was very religious but as a family we were very modern and avant-garde.

I was born with religion.

At the age of six I was already sure I was the last prophet. This was a few years before the revolution.

Before me there had been a few others.

O' celestial light!

A woman?

I am the last prophet.

I wanted to be a prophet...

Because my father had a Cadillac.

And, above all, because my grandmother's knees always ached.

Come here, Marcy! Help me to stand up!

Don't worry, soon you won't have any more pain, you'll see.

Because our maid did not eat with us.
LIKE ALL MY PREDECESSORS I HAD MY HOLY BOOK.

THE FIRST THREE RULES CAME FROM ZARATHUSTRA. HE WAS THE FIRST PROPHET IN MY COUNTRY BEFORE THE ARAB INVASION.

YOU MUST BASE EVERYTHING ON THESE THREE RULES: BEHAVE WELL, SPEAK WELL, ACT WELL.

I ALSO WANTED US TO CELEBRATE THE TRADITIONAL ZARATHUSTRIAN HOLIDAYS, LIKE THE FIRE CEREMONY.

BEFORE THE PERSIAN NEW YEAR, NOROUZ, ON MARCH 21ST, THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

ONLY MY GRANDMOTHER KNEW ABOUT MY BOOK.

RULE NUMBER SIX: EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE A CAR.

RULE NUMBER SEVEN: ALL HANDS SHOULD EAT AT THE TABLE WITH THE OTHERS.

RULE NUMBER EIGHT: NO OLD PERSON SHOULD HAVE TO SUFFER.

IN THAT CASE, I'LL BE YOUR FIRST DISCIPLE.

REALLY?

BUT TELL ME HOW YOU'LL ARRANGE FOR OUR PEOPLE NOT TO SUFFER?

IT WILL SIMPLY BE FORBIDDEN.
EVERY NIGHT I HAD A BIG DISCUSSION WITH GOD.

GOD, GIVE ME SOME MORE TIME, I AM NOT QUITE READY YET.

YES YOU ARE, CELESTIAL LIGHT, YOU ARE MY CHOICE, MY LAST AND MY BEST CHOICE.

EXCEPT FOR MY GRANDMOTHER I WASH, OBVIOUSLY THE ONLY ONE WHO BELIEVES IN MYSELF.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?

A-A

VION

I'LL BE A PROPHET.

HAHA!

HAHA!

HAHA!

SHE'S CRAZY.

MY PARENTS WERE CALLED IN BY THE TEACHER.

YOUR CHILD IS INQUIRING, SHE WANTS TO BECOME A PROPHET.

WHAT ABOUT IT?

DOSN'T THIS WORRY YOU?

NO! NOT AT ALL!
Nonetheless, my parents were puzzled.

I want to be a doctor.

So tell me, my dear, what do you want to be when you grow up?

A prophet?

That's fine, my love, that's fine.

I felt guilty towards God.

You want to be a doctor? I thought that...

No, no, I will be a prophet but they mustn't know.

I wanted to be justice, love, and the wrath of God all in one.
My faith was not unshakable.

The year of the revolution I had to take action. So I put my prophetic destiny aside for a while.

Today my name is Che Guevara.

I am Fidel.

And I want to be Trotsky.

We demonstrated in the garden of our house.

Down with the king!

Down with the king!

The revolution is like a bicycle. When the wheels don't turn, it falls.

Well,oken.

And so went the revolution in my country.
"AFTER A LONG SLEEP OF 2500 YEARS, THE REVOLUTION HAS FINALLY AWAKENED THE PEOPLE."

"2500 YEARS OF TYRANNY AND SUBMISSION" AS MY FATHER SAID.

FIRST OUR OWN EMPERORS.

THEN THE ARAB INVASION FROM THE WEST.

FOLLOWED BY THE MONGOLIAN INVASION FROM THE EAST.

AND FINALLY MODERN IMPERIALISM.
TO ENLIGHTEN ME THEY BOUGHT BOOKS.

I KNEW EVERYTHING ABOUT THE CHILDREN OF PALESTINE.

ABOUT FIDEL CASTRO.

ABOUT THE YOUNG VIETNAMESE KILLED BY THE AMERICANS.

ABOUT THE REVOLUTIONARIES OF MY COUNTRY...

BUT MY FAVORITE WAS A COMIC BOOK ENTITLED "DIALECTIC MATERIALISM."

IN MY BOOK YOU COULD SEE MARX AND DESCARTES.

THE MATERIAL WORLD DOESN'T EXIST; IT'S ONLY A REFLECTION OF OUR OWN IMAGINATION.

SAYS YOU!
YOU MEAN THAT EVEN THOUGH YOU SEE THIS STONE IN MY HAND IT DOESN'T EXIST SINE IT'S ONLY IN YOUR IMAGINATION?

EXACTLY.

OUCH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, KARL, YOU BROKE MY SKULL!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
It will be 25% in the shade.

Shhh! Wait a second!

They burned down the Rex cinema tonight.

Oh my god.

The doors had been locked from the outside a few minutes before the fire.

The police were there.

They forbade people to rescue those locked inside.

Then they attacked them.
THE FIREMEN DIDN'T ARRIVE UNTIL FORTY MINUTES LATER.

THE BBC SAID THERE WERE 400 VICTIMS. THE SHAH SAID THAT A GROUP OF RELIGIOUS FANATICS PERPETRATED THE MASSACRE. BUT THE PEOPLE KNEW THAT IT WAS THE SHAH'S FAULT!!
TOMORROW THERE WILL BE ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION.

OBVIOUSLY! WE CAN'T LET THINGS LIKE THAT HAPPEN.

I WANT TO GO TOO.

DON'T YOU THINK I LOOK LIKE CHE GUEVARA?

MAYBE I'LL BE EVEN BETTER AS FIDEL CASTRO!

WHERE ARE YOU?

ARE YOU THERE?

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

I WANT TO COME WITH YOU TOMORROW!
WHERE?

TO DEMONSTRATE ON THE STREET! I AM SICK AND TIRED OF DOING IT IN THE GARDEN.

IT IS VERY DANGEROUS. THEY SHOOT PEOPLE!

FOR A REVOLUTION TO SUCCEED, THE ENTIRE POPULATION MUST SUPPORT IT.

YOU CAN PARTICIPATE LATER ON.

SURE, SURE! WHEN IT'S ALL OVER.

MOM, PLEASE.

OH NO!

COME ON, YOU'RE GOING TO BED NOW.

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PL...

GOD, WHERE ARE YOU?

THAT NIGHT HE DIDN'T COME.
THE WATER CELL

My parents demonstrated every day.

DOWN WITH THE KING!

Things started to degenerate. The army shot at them.

And they threw stones at the army.

After marching and throwing stones all day, by evening they had aches all over, even in their heads.

Hey mom, dad, let's play Monopoly.

Darling, we are tired.

Now is not the right time.

Monopoly! I can't believe it. Hahah!

It is never the right time!
The truth is that 50 years ago the father of the Shah, who was a soldier, organized a putsch to overthrow the Emperor and install a Republic.

If it is God's will, we will reach the capital in 49 days.

God is with us Reza, God is with us.

And even if he isn't, what can stop us?
AT THE TIME THE REPUBLICAN IDEAL WAS POPULAR IN THE REGION BUT EVERYBODY INTERPRETED IT IN HIS OWN WAY.

GANDHI IN INDIA

THE HINDUS AND THE MUSLIMS MUST MAKE PEACE TO OVERTHROW THE BRITISH.

ATATÜRK IN TURKEY

WE, THE TURKS, ARE SECULAR WESTERNERS. FOR PROOF, LOOK AT MY GREEN EYES.

SO THE FATHER OF THE SHAH WANTED TO DO THE SAME.

BUT HE WASN'T EDUCATED LIKE GANDHI, WHO WAS A LAWYER.

...HE WAS HE A LEADER OF MEN LIKE ATATÜRK, WHO WAS A GENERAL.

HE WAS AN ILLITERATE LOW-RANKING OFFICER.

A BLESSING FOR THE VERY INFLUENTIAL BRITISH WHO SOON LEARNED OF HIS PROJECTS.

THE COUNTRY IS RICH AND THE BOLSHEVIKS ARE NEAR.

WHAT'S THAT SOLDIER'S NAME AGAIN?

REZAEV SHOULD GO MEET HIM.

IMMEDIATELY: PERSIA IS FULL OF OIL!
Well Reza, shining your boot?

When you are Emperor, your Secretary of State will shine them for you.

Emperor, me?

But of course, my friend, it's much better than being President.

But there already is an Emperor. I want to create a Republic.

The religious leaders are against it and they're right. A vast country like yours needs a holy symbol.

You will have everything, power, shoe shiners...

And even more, anything you want in cash!

And that's how he became king and naturally his son succeeded him. God has nothing whatsoever to do with this story.

What do I have to do?

Nothing!

You just give us the oil and we'll take care of the rest.
Maybe God helped them nevertheless.

I think you are old enough to understand certain things. You should know...

I should know what?

The emperor that was overthrown was grandpa's father.

Grandpa was a prince?

Yes, among others. But that's not the question.

What do you mean, that's not the question?

My grandpa was a prince.
AT THE TIME, YOUR GRANDPA WAS A YOUNG MAN AND THE FATHER OF THE SHAH CONSPIRATED EVERYTHING HE OWNED.

DON'T FORGET THE TILES IN THE BATHROOM.

GO RIGHT AHEAD, DON'T LET ANYTHING STOP YOU.

AND SINCE HIS ENSOURAGE WAS UNEDUCATED, YOUR GRANDPA WAS NAMED PRIME MINISTER.

YOU'RE PLEASED, AREN'T YOU, YOU HAVE LEARNED, THEY HAVE TO BE PUT TO USE.

LIKE... THANKS...

HE HAD STUDIED IN EUROPE. HE WAS A VERY CULTIVATED MAN, HE HAD EVEN READ MARK.

THE WORKERS! HOW CAN HE BELIEVE THAT THE RABBLE CAN RULE?

ONCE HE WAS SIDETRACKED FROM HIS PRINCIPAL DESTINY, HE BEGAN TO MEET INTELLECTUALS.

THE BOLSHEVIKS MAKE MIRACLES.

THE EMPEROR OF PERSIA IS NOT REZA SHAH, BUT THE KING OF ENGLAND.

WHEN I WAS PRINCE, ALL OF THIS SEEMED SO DISTANT.

THAT IS REALLY THE PROBLEM OF OUR COUNTRY. ONLY A PRINCE CAN ALLOW HIMSELF TO HAVE A CONSCIENCE.

SO HE BECAME A COMMUNIST.

IT DISGUSTS ME THAT PEOPLE ARE CONDEMNED TO A BLEAK FUTURE BY THEIR SOCIAL CLASS. LONG LIVE LENIN.
SO HE WAS OFTEN SENT TO PRISON.

SOMETIMES THEY PUT HIM IN A CELL FILLED WITH WATER FOR HOURS.

I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS A SMALL GIRL...

...EVERY TIME THERE WAS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR, I THOUGHT THEY WERE COMING TO TAKE MY FATHER TO PRISON.

KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

AND ONE TIME OUT OF TWO IT WAS REALLY TRUE.

HELLO! IS YOUR MOTHER THERE?

IS YOUR FATHER HOME?

N... NO! WHY?

YOUR GRANDMA AND I WENT TO VISIT HIM.

DADDY, CAN I RIDE ON YOUR BACK?

STOP IT, HE IS TIRED.

OF COURSE YOU CAN.
GIDDYAP!  GIDDYAP!

THE POOR MAN!!  PRISON HAD DESTROYED HIS HEALTH, HE HAD RHEUMATISM.

ALL HIS LIFE HE WAS IN PAIN.

COME ON, THAT TIME IS PAST.

DO YOU WANT TO PLAY MONOPOLY?

I WANT TO TAKE A BATH.

WE CAN PLAY AFTER YOUR BATH IF YOU WANT TO.

NO! I WANT TO TAKE A REALLY LONG BATH.

THAT NIGHT I STAYED A VERY LONG TIME IN THE BATH. I WANTED TO KNOW WHAT IT FELT LIKE TO BE IN A CELL FILLED WITH WATER.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

MY HANDS WERE WREINTED WHEN I CAME OUT, LIKE GRANDPA'S.
ONE DAY AFTER SCHOOL...

Hi, Mom.

Hi! Go and look in the guest room, there's a surprise for you.

GRANDMA!

Are you leaving already?

No, I'm just changing.

Mom told me that Grandpa has been in prison.

Hm, how was school....

OH, MY BACK! CAN I HELP YOU?

No, I'm OK, as you say, it was very hard for me, but also for your mother and for your uncles.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN VERY HARD ON YOU.

THE SHAH'S FATHER TOOK EVERYTHING WE OWNED. I LIVED IN POVERTY.

WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU WERE POOR, TOO?

OH, YES. SO POOR THAT WE HAD ONLY BREAD TO EAT. I WAS SO ASHAMED THAT I PRETENDED TO COOK SO THAT THE NEIGHBORS WOULDN'T NOTICE ANYTHING.

COME ON! SHE IS JUST BOILING WATER AGAIN.

MOM! MOM IS COOKING SOMETHING GOOD!
TO SURVIVE I TOOK IN SEWING AND WITH LEFTOVER MATERIALS I MADE CLOTHES FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.

LOOK HOW WELL DRESSED WE ALL ARE IN THIS PHOTO.

WHY ISN'T GRANDPA THERAY? WAS HE IN PRISON?

YES, THE FATHER OF THE SHAH WAS VERY TOUGH BUT HIS SON WAS TEN TIMES WORSE.

YOU KNOW, MY CHILD, SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME, DYNASTIES HAVE SUCCEEDED EACH OTHER BUT THE KINGS ALWAYS KEPT THEIR PROMISES. THE SHAH KEPT NONE; I REMEMBER THE DAY HE WAS CROWNED. HE SAID:

I AM THE LIGHT OF THE ARYANS, I WILL MAKE THIS COUNTRY THE MOST MODERN OF ALL TIME, OUR PEOPLE WILL REGAIN THEIR SPLendor.
HE EVEN WENT TO THE GRAVE OF CYRUS THE GREAT, WHO RULED OVER THE ANCIENT WORLD.

CYRUS, REST IN PEACE, WE ARE LOOKING AFTER PERSIA.

ALL THE COUNTRY'S MONEY WENT INTO RIDICULOUS CELEBRATIONS OF THE 2500 YEARS OF DYNASTY AND OTHER FRIVOLIDITIES... ALL OF THIS TO IMPRESS HEADS OF STATE; THE POPULATION COULDN'T HAVE CARED LESS.

I AM SO HAPPY THAT THERE IS FINALLY A REVOLUTION BECAUSE THE SHAH...

I'M HUNGRY!

I BOUGHT YOU SOME BOOKS, YOU WILL SEE WHY THE PEOPLE ARE REVOLTING.

SHE WON'T TELL ME ABOUT GRANDPA.
He took photos every day. It was strictly forbidden. He had even been arrested once but escaped at the last minute.
WE WAITED FOR HIM FOR HOURS. THERE WAS THE SAME SILENCE AS BEFORE A STORM.

I THOUGHT THAT MY FATHER WAS DEAD. THAT THEY HAD SHOT HIM.

HELLO, I'M HOME!

BYE!

THANK GOD!

IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW WORRIED I WAS!

SOMETHING INCREDIBLE HAPPENED!

YES, I ALMOST HAD A HEART ATTACK.

I WAS SURE YOU WERE DEAD!

DAD!
Today I went to Rey Hospital with my camera. People came out carrying the body of a young man killed by the army. He was honored like a martyr. A crowd gathered to take him to the Babesite Zohra Cemetery.

Then there was another cadaver, an old man carried out on a stretcher. Those who didn't follow the first one went over to the old man, shouting revolutionary slogans and calling him a hero.

Well, I was taking my photos when I noticed an old woman next to me. I understood that she was the widow of the victim. I had seen her leave the hospital with the body. What? What is it? Stop it! Who are you? Are you a royalist? No, but my husband died of cancer...

Please! Stop it! Stop it!
THE KING IS A KILLER! BUT HE WON'T BE A WINNER! WE WILL CATCH YOU ONE DAY! AND MAKE YOU PAY!

WHAT?
WHAT IS SHE SAYING?

NO PROBLEM, HE'S A HERO!

BUT THE REST IS EVEN BETTER!

...BECause THE WIDOW STARTED DEMONSTRATING WITH THEM.

THE KING IS A KILLER!

HA! HA!
IT'S TOO FUNNY!

IF I DIE NOW AT LEAST I WILL BE A MARTYR!! GRANDMA MARTYR!

SOMETHING ESCAPED ME. CORPSE, CANCER, DEATH, MURDERER.

LAUGHTER?

HA! HA! HAI! HAI!

I REALIZED THEN THAT I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING. I READ ALL THE BOOKS I COULD.
I'd never read as much as I did during that period.

My favorite author was Ali Asghar Darvishmog, a kind of local Charles Dickens. I went to his clandestine book-signing with my mother.

"For me friend. KURDISH.

Why does he speak like that?

It's just his Kurdish accent.

He told sad but true stories. Keiza became a porter at the age of ten.

Reza wove carpets at age five.

Hassan, three years old, cleaned car windows.

Get down from there, stupid!

I finally understood why I felt ashamed to sit in my father's Cadillac.

The reason for my shame and for the revolution is the same: the difference between social classes.

But now that I think of it... we have a maid at home!!
She was eight years old when she had to leave her parents' home to come to work for us. Just like Reza, Leila and Nissan.

We have too many children, 14 at last including her.

She will eat well at your house.

We will take care of her.

She was just ten years old when I was born. She took care of me.

She played with me.

And she always finished my food.

She also told me stories about jackals that scared me.

And it came closer. And it came closer.

In other words, we got along well.
AT THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION, IN 1978, SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH THE NEIGHBOR'S SON. SHE WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.

EVERY NIGHT THEY LOOKED AT EACH OTHER FROM THE WINDOW OF MY ROOM.

UNTIL THE DAY HE SLIPPED HER A LETTER.

LIKE MOST PEASANTS, SHE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO READ AND WRITE....

CAN YOU READ ME MY LETTER?

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME IN EXCHANGE?

MY MOTHER HAD TRIED TO TEACH HER, BUT APPARENTLY SHE WAS NOT VERY TALENTED.

SO LET'S REPEAT. M AS IN...

CARROT!

SO I WROTE THE LETTERS FOR HER, ONE EACH WEEK FOR SIX MONTHS.

MY DEAR MOSEHIN,

I MISS YOU A LOT.

IT HAS BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE I SAW YOU AT THE WINDOW.

I OFTEN TALK ABOUT YOU TO MY SISTER.

WHICH SISTER?

YOU!

I WAS VERY DEVOTED.
Mehr had a real sister, one year younger, who worked at my uncle's house.

You know, I have a fiancee.

Oh really, who?

It's him! In front of the TV, isn't he handsome?

Not bad!

After a few visits, she fell in love with him too.

Her jealousy was more than she could bear, and she told Mehr's story to my uncle, who told it to my grandma, who told it to my mom. That is how the story reached my father...

...who decided to clarify the situation.

Who's there?

I am your neighbor. I would like to have a few words with your son.

OK, I'll get straight to the point. I know that Mehrri pretends she is my daughter. In reality, she is my maid.

Really?

BEE GEES
WITHOUT ANY HESITATION, ROSSELLA GAVE ALL THE LETTERS HE HAD RECEIVED TO MY FATHER!

BUT THIS IS MARY'S HANDWRITING!

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT THEIR LOVE WAS IMPOSSIBLE.

WHY IS THAT?

BECAUSE IN THIS COUNTRY YOU MUST STAY WITHIN YOUR OWN SOCIAL CLASS.

BUT IS IT HER FAULT THAT SHE WAS BORN WHERE SHE WAS BORN?!

DAD, ARE YOU FOR OR AGAINST SOCIAL CLASSES?

WHEN I WENT BACK TO HER ROOM SHE WAS CRYING. WE WERE NOT IN THE SAME SOCIAL CLASS BUT AT LEAST WE WERE IN THE SAME BED.
When I finally understood the reasons for the revolution I made my decision.

Tomorrow we are going to demonstrate.

We are not allowed!

Don't worry! We are going anyway!

So the next day...

Take care!

Mehru, don't forget to cook her some chicken.

Yes, Madam.

See you later!

For once she didn't insist on coming with us.

We shouted from morning till night.
IT'S LATE. WE HAVE TO GO HOME.

YES.

LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC!
DOWN WITH THE SHAI!

GOOD LORD! WHERE THE DEVIL WERE YOU?

WE HAD DEMONSTRATED ON THE VERY DAY WE SHOULDN'T HAVE! ON "BLACK FRIDAY." THAT DAY THERE WERE SO MANY KILLED IN ONE OF THE NEIGHBORHOODS THAT A RUMOR SPREAD THAT ISRAELI SOLDIERS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SLAUGHTER.

BUT IN FACT IT WAS REALLY OUR OWN WHO HAD ATTACKED US.
THE PARTY

After Black Friday, there was one massacre after another. Many people were killed.

The end of the shah's reign was near.

One day he made a declaration on TV.

I understand your revolt.

Together we will try to march towards democracy.

After all that he has done!

Quiet!
FOR A FEW MONTHS, HE ACTUALLY DID TRY: HE TESTED A DOZEN PRIME MINISTERS.

A FREEMASON? THAT'S NOT SUITABLE.
YOU REMIND THEM TOO MUCH OF MY FATHER!
TOO THIN! TOO SHORT! ONE-EYED!

THE MORE HE TRIED DEMOCRACY, THE MORE HIS STATUES WERE TORN DOWN.

...THEN HIS EFFIGY WAS BURNED.

RULE A LITTLE MORE TO THE LEFT.

THE PEOPLE WANTED ONLY ONE THING: HIS DEPARTURE! SO FINALLY...

OUT!
OUT!
OUT!

WE WILL NEVER FORGET YOU!
THE DAY HE LEFT, THE COUNTRY HAD THE BIGGEST CELEBRATION OF ITS ENTIRE HISTORY.
JIMMY CARTER, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, REFUSED TO GIVE REFUGE TO THE EXILED SHAH AND HIS FAMILY.

IT LOOKS LIKE CARTER HAS FORGOTTEN HIS FRIENDS. ALL THAT INTERESTS HIM IS OIL!

IT'S ANWAR AL-SADAT WHO WILL ACCEPT HIM IN HIS COUNTRY.

WHO'S HE?

HE IS THE PRESIDENT OF EGYPT.

AND WHY IS HE TAKING IN THE SHAH?

THEY'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR A LONG TIME. THEY BOTH BETRAYED THE COUNTRIES OF OUR REGION BY MAKING A PACT WITH ISRAEL.

IN ANY CASE, AS LONG AS THERE IS OIL IN THE MIDDLE EAST WE WILL NEVER HAVE PEACE.

LET'S TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE. LET'S ENJOY OUR NEW FREEDOM!

NOW THAT THE DEVIL HAS LEFT!

MAYBE SADAT WELCOMED THE SHAH BECAUSE HIS FIRST WIFE WAS EGYPTIAN.

SURELY NOT! POLITICS AND SENTIMENT DON'T MIX.
AFTER ALL THIS JOY, A MAJOR MISFORTUNE TOOK PLACE: THE SCHOOLS, CLOSED DURING THIS PERIOD, REOPENED AND...

CHILDREN, TEAR OUT ALL THE PICTURES OF THE SHAH FROM YOUR BOOKS.

BUT SHE WAS THE ONE WHO TOLD US THAT THE SHAH WAS CHOSEN BY GOD!

TEACHER! SHE SAYS THAT THE SHAH WAS CHOSEN BY GOD!!

SATAN! YOU SHOULDN'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT! STAND IN THE CORNER!

THESE STRANGE PHENOMENA WERE EVERYWHERE.

HELLO DEAR NEIGHBORS.

HELLO!

HELLO! ALL THOSE DEMONSTRATIONS WERE REALLY TIRING BUT WE FINALLY SUCCEEDED.

LOOK! A BULLET ALMOST HIT MY WIFE'S CHEEK. LIBERTY IS PRICELESS.

OH!

WHAT NERVE! SHE ALWAYS HAD THAT NASTY SPOT. IF WE WEREN'T NEIGHBORS, HE WOULD HAVE SAID SHE'S A MARTYR RAISED FROM THE DEAD.

IT IS NOT IMPORTANT.

THE BATTLE WAS OVER FOR OUR PARENTS BUT NOT FOR US.

MY FATHER SAYS KAMIN'S FATHER WAS IN THE SAVAK, HE KILLED A MILLION PEOPLE.

A MILLION?

*SECRET POLICE OF THE SHAH'S REGIME.*
In the name of the dead mild, we'll teach Ramin a good lesson. I have an idea...

My idea was to put nails between our fingers like American brass knuckles and to attack Ramin.

Ramin! Ramin! Come out of hiding! Don't be a wimp!

But my mother arrived in the middle of our euphoria...

So kids, what are you up to?

Marry found some nails!!! We are going to beat up Ramin!

His father has killed a million people!

So that's what you want, to nail Ramin? Get into the car, I have a better solution.

Really? What's that?

Where did you find the nails?

In Dad's tool box!

What would you say if I nailed your ears to the wall?

Wow! It would hurt a lot.
I’LL LET IT GO THIS TIME. BUT DON’T DO IT AGAIN.

BUT MOM, Ramin’s FATHER KILLED...

I KNOW.

HER FATHER DID IT. BUT IT’S NOT RAMIN’S FAULT.

ANYWAY IT IS NOT FOR YOU AND ME TO DO JUSTICE. I’d EVEN SAY WE HAVE TO LEARN TO FORGIVE.

YOUR FATHER IS A MURDERER BUT IT’S NOT YOUR FAULT, SO I FORGIVE YOU.

HE IS NOT A MURDERER! HE KILLED COMMUNISTS AND COMMUNISTS ARE EVIL.

MOM, I SPOKE TO RAMIN. HE SAYS HIS FATHER DID THE RIGHT THING IN KILLING COMMUNISTS.

YOU HAVE TO FORGIVE!

YOU HAVE TO FORGIVE!

MY GOD! HE REPEATS WHAT THEY TELL HIM. HE WILL UNDERSTAND LATER...

I HAD THE FEELING OF BEING SOMEONE REALLY, REALLY GOOD.
The political prisoners were liberated a few days later. There were 3000 of them.

We knew two of them.

Siamaq Jari
Born February 20, 1945
In Kuristan
Profession: Journalist
Crime: Wrote subversive articles in the Keyhan
Date of imprisonment: July 1973
Released: March 1979
Political conviction: Communist

Mohsen Shakiba
Born November 22, 1947
In Raohn
Profession: Revolutionary
Crime: Revolutionary
Date of imprisonment: April 1974
Released: March 1979
Political conviction: Communist
I had heard about Siamak even before the revolution.
He was the husband of my mother’s best friend.

*How long since you had any news about him?*

**Ten months?***

Bring Lily with you and come by today. We’ll talk about it.

Laly was Siamak’s daughter.

**Where is your father?**

**On a trip.**

Don’t you know that when they keep saying someone is on a trip it really means he is dead? At least that was the case with my grandpa.

Boo...hoo! The truth is sometimes hard to accept.

Boo...hoo! Marji says... that Daddy... is dead!

**No, no... of course he’s not.**

Go to your room and stay there!

Nobody will accept the truth.
AFTER THE REVOLUTION I REALIZED
THAT YOU COULD BE MISTAKEN.

TODAY IS A GREAT DAY,
DARLING. WE'VE INVITED
LALLY'S FATHER AND
MOHSEN. THEY BOTH
JUST LEFT PRISON.

LALLY'S FATHER?

WHAT DOES
HE LOOK LIKE?
YOU'LL SOON
FIND OUT.

SIAMAK!

I'M SO HAPPY THAT YOU
ARE BACK. I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO SAY...

DON'T SAY
ANYTHING. I KNOW.

OH FAZ!
STILL A
BEAUTY!

STILL
A FLATTERER!

AND THIS MUST BE
MARJ! LORD! THE
LAST TIME I SAW
HER, SHE WAS ONLY
THREE YEARS OLD.

TIME IS INRETRIEVABLE!
WHEN THEY ARRESTED ME,
LALLY RARELY SPOKE AND NOW
SHE IS A REAL YOUNG LADY.

WELL, YES.
YOU WANT TO PLAY?

NO.

THAT MUST
BE MOHSEN.
OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.

ME DEAD? WHAT A JOKE! IN PRISON THEY CALLED ME THE MAN WITH SEVEN LIVES.

YOU KNOW EACH OTHER?

IN PRISON, WE ALL KNEW EACH OTHER.

YOU REMEMBER THE DAY THEY PULLED OUT MY NAILS? THEY HAVE GROWN BACK. SINCE, NOT IN A NORMAL WAY... BUT AT LEAST I HAVE THEM.

LOOK! ON YOUR SOLES THERE ARE NERVES THAT LEAD DIRECTLY TO THE BRAIN.

OUR TORTURERS RECEIVED SPECIAL TRAINING FROM THE CIA.

REAL SCIENTISTS? THEY KNEW EACH PART OF THE BODY, THEY KNEW WHERE TO HIT!
They whipped me with thick electric cables so much that this looks like anything but a foot.

Not to mention putting out three cigarettes on our backs and thighs.

My parents were so shocked...

That they forgot to spare me this experience...

Any news of Ahmad?

Ahmad... Ahmad was assassinated. As a member of the guerrillas, he suffered hell. He always had cyanide on him in case he was arrested, but he was taken by surprise. And unfortunately he never had a chance to use it... so he suffered the worst torture...

Confess! Where are the others!

How do you like this?

They burned him with an iron.

I never imagined that you could use that appliance for torture.
In the end he was cut to pieces.

He was in my class at the university.

It's a good thing they didn't kill your father in prison.

But you have to admit I wasn't completely wrong when I said he was not on a trip.

Maybe, but my father is a hero!

All torturers should be massacred!

My father was not a hero, my mother wanted to kill people... so I went out to play in the street.
THOSE STORIES HAD GIVEN ME NEW IDEAS FOR GAMES.

"THE ONE WHO LOSES WILL BE TORTURED." "Yeah!" "What kind of torture?"

I HAVE IMAGINATION TOO. THE MUSTACHE-ON-FACE TROUBLE CONSISTS OF PULLING ON THE TWO SIDES OF THE UPPER LIP.

THE TWISTED ARM. THE MOUTH FILLED WITH GARBAGE.

BACK AT HOME THAT EVENING, I HAD THE DIABOLICAL FEELING OF POWER...

BUT IT DIDN'T LAST. I WAS OVERWHELMED.

DON'T CRY DARLING, THEY WILL PAY FOR WHAT THEY HAVE DONE.

BUT I THOUGHT ONE SHOULD FORGIVE...

BAD PEOPLE ARE DANGEROUS BUT FORGIVING THEM IS TOO. DON'T WORRY, THERE IS JUSTICE ON EARTH.