



'At the Photographer's Studio'

Short Story by Mohammad
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Translated with an
introduction by M. Alexandrian

"What happened that you remembered to take a picture now? Move a bit to the left. That is all right. Look at this slot." -

"The fact is that recently God has given us a child... I wish him to see his father with.... when he grows up..." -

The photographer lighted another cigarette and moved the projector lens a bit: -

"To see his dad with two open eyes when he grows big?" -

"Yes, something like that."

The photographer bent behind the camera:

"Ready. Now look here, here..." -

Then he turned on the projector's flash and upon hearing the simultaneous bursting of the flash, he exclaimed:

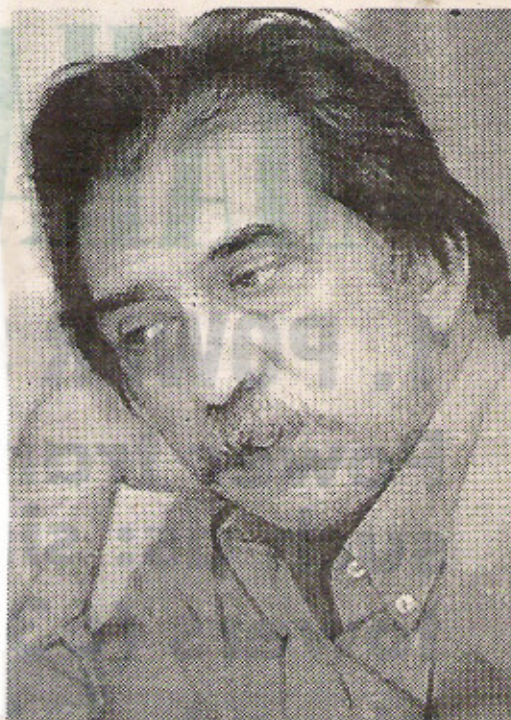
"How fragile these domestically made lamps are! I hope ..."

They walked out of the atelier. The photographer sat behind his desk and took his receipt pad.

"How much advance should I write and in what name?" -

"Write down a million tomans in the name of four-eyed Rahman!"

Both of them laughed and the photographer told Rahman to call him next day to make sure whether the picture was okay.. When Rahman left the shop, the photographer immediately carried the film to the dark room and threw the lamp into the developing dish to develop. Before he had drunk a cup of tea and smoked a cigarette the film had been developed displaying a smiling Rahman with two shut eyes!



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Rahman sat down on the chair. The photographer moved his head to the left and right several times to fix the right posture:

"Are you working in this district?" -

"I am working just four blocks down the street. I was looking for a skillful photographer. They gave me your address."

The photographer walked forward and smoothed Rahman's color:

"Please don't move. How many years it is since you have taken your last picture? -

"Many years, I was so busy that..."

The photographer again walked behind the camera: