



**Biographies of Anarchist Fighters in
the Territories Dominated by the
Iranian State**

This series of texts come from <https://asranarshism.com> and appeared under the title "Biography of Anarchist Fighters of Iran's Geography", I chose to change the title for sentence flow.

The texts were numbered 1-9 but 7 is missing. I kept the numbers the same.

-One of the Individuals who Comprises Fugitive Distro

No. 1

I was born in 2004. Like many other comrades, I don't know in which hospital I was born. But the hellish city where I grew up is clipped to Khuzestan province. Like my other comrades, my first prison was family, and I learned the struggle bit by bit from there. My uncle killed my older sister, and no different fate than that was imaginable for me.

To go to school, I had to do things such as sewing or scavenging metals such as aluminum and copper, the income from which was confiscated by my addicted and violent brother, and I only hid some of it so that I could, in my mind, dream and build a better future for myself.

From the age of twelve, I was raped several times by my brother and sexually assaulted numerous times by my cousins. From the age of fourteen, my attention was drawn to society, and I tried getting to the root of the problems. As long as I can remember, I was a rebel, and no structure could define me. The first time I had my girl cousin's phone, I met a page on Instagram that sent free anarchist books to our province, and this was the beginning of finding my identity and connecting with the anarchist friend. He supported us in a way we didn't have in life, showed us how to fight, and made us understand how strong each of us can be to destroy this false historical hierarchy.

My street activities started with making graffiti at the age of sixteen. My first fighting experience goes back to the Jina uprising as we reached Tehran.

Footnote: For security reasons, changes have been made in the text.

<https://asranarshism.com/1402/07/03/biography-anarchists-iran-no1-en/>

No. 2

I was born in 2003. I do not know my father. I wish I didn't know my mother. It is not strange for a country girl to become a woman at the age of ten, at least not around us. Becoming a woman means being rented for a month's worth of food.

In the many books I read, I felt that the author knew me. The only safe place for me

was the city library, even for a few hours. I did not understand my body, and I committed suicide several times before the age of sixteen. I couldn't imagine living past my twenties.

I couldn't define myself until I got acquainted with the anarchist friend's page through the articles thrown in my relative's house. From that day on, all my happiness has been fighting, and I know that there are thousands and thousands of girls like me in Iran, Afghanistan, and other parts of the world, for whom even imagining the future is considered a crime. When we run in the street at night with spray paints, agitprops, and tracts in our bags, I feel alive. I forget that even my own uncle held me in his dirty arms... I forget that my mother does not understand the pain and hatred I endure.

We anarchist fighters have written our own wills. Not that we have anything to give... No. It is that the rest of the comrades know that the only way to imagine a future for men and women is through the destruction of fundamentalist religions, fascism, and dictatorship. They have to fight. They have to rise up. They should challenge the enemy with all means and might.

Footnote: For security reasons, changes have been made to the text.

<https://asranarshism.com/1402/07/04/biography-anarchists-iran-no2-en/>

No. 3

I was always in the minority. Being on the periphery in linguistic, sexual, gender, intellectual, and ethnic aspects, being born on the edge of the so-called border of the country, and not seeing clean water and food was normal for me until I went to other provinces. Being raped by a family clergy did not mean anything until I reached adolescence and youth, and I realized what had happened to me. I started working since middle school until today when I am writing this. Since middle and high school, I was subjected to the baton for the crime of not calling Khomeini an imam and encouraging the burning of the Quran. They didn't publish my books. In the university, the intelligence

agency tortured me to give them something without any new cause, only for the same two acts during my teenage years...

I suffered a lot in school because I thought I was sick because of being in love with my classmate. Due to the poverty of society, one or two of my friends committed suicide every year from the age of 9 and 10 until I was in my mid-twenties. From the age of nineteen, I had to take colorful pills to prevent psychosomatic attacks.

My mind was very busy with anarchism during my middle school and high school years. I don't know how I once saw the Anarchists' Union page when we were hacking the internet with the help of an acquaintance and using it. It was like a dream. The more I read, the more I saw myself. I understood more about how I was still alive and all the disasters had been analyzed beautifully.

Except for the street, which always has the sweetest and bitterest memories for me, one of my most beautiful memories is the first time I published an article on the Federation's website. There were tears in my eyes, and I thought that now that my body was no longer able to fight in the street, I could start writing, and maybe one day, a teenager would read these and see himself in them.

Footnote: For security reasons, changes have been made in the text.

<https://asranarshism.com/1402/07/05/biography-anarchists-iran-no3-en/>

No. 4

I was born in 2000. I was six months old when my father fell from the top of a building while working and died. Because there was no insurance, and we were also destitute, my mother married a man with addiction at my uncle's insistence. My mother also turned to drugs. For two years, they entrusted me to my grandparents, and after their death, they left me sporadically in state welfare (Behzisti) for orphaned children for several years. I was very interested in theater, painting, and studying. I wanted to go to university, but I had to work.

I was sexually assaulted by my employer when I was fifteen years old, but when I told my uncle, he said that the problem was my own. I went to work somewhere else. Then, I ran away and started working in a bigger city. The restaurant owner who let me sleep above his shop came one night, and my resistance was futile. I returned to my town with a broken tooth and a swollen side—one day at this relative's house, one day at that relative's house. I was not always upset with my family because I knew the problem was somewhere else. The pain was rooted in a deeper place.

I hated governments, dictators, and misogynist men. Girls made me feel safe. However, our living condition, even when cried out, is not noticed in this country. As a result, you have to fight for everything. And that was what I was good at. First, I got introduced to some pages on the internet and did some activities. Then, I learned about the Anarchist friend's page through some girls in our neighborhood. Our enthusiasm and security began here, the beginning of freedom. We had a place to sleep; we had a goal. When I got to know my comrades' political opinions little by little, I saw that I was born an anarchist like them. We found life when we threw Molotov cocktails into seminary schools. Between the fire and the tear gas, we burst out laughing happily.

The comrade says I should not thank him here. But the bond between all of us, our comrades, is unbreakable. We really want the deprived boys and girls to know that the struggle is theirs. The struggle is not exclusive to a few. We have learned the struggle and rebellion since childhood. We have tasted the bitter taste of rejection, humiliation, being crushed, being traded as a commodity, fear, and blood, and we know how to fight better than anyone. The streets call for us.

Greetings to all comrades

Footnote: For security reasons, changes have been made in the text.

<https://asranarshism.com/1402/07/07/biography-anarchists-iran-no4-en/>

No. 5

I was born in the late 1980s. My father was a left-wing political prisoner in the 80s, and I was conceived during the prison visits. After my father's release when I was two years old, even though he was educated, he had to go to other jobs because of his political background.

My mother couldn't bear it anymore and without saying anything she left me in the park, next to our house, with a small letter in my pocket. My father killed himself three months later. As I understood, my mother, who had remarried, had an accident with her husband on the Shiraz road, and both passed away. I grew up with my grandmother, and my only possession was a letter from my father, whose will was for me not to allow myself to break under power and be stronger than him.

My first political activity was forming a small group, which was done by putting up a banner and many printed slogans, etc., in one of the northern cities of Iran. Then, I was arrested and served my sentence in one of the prisons after being deported to another. After that, we gathered wounded and strong comrades and created a group with cohesive and consistent activities.

I was injured in January 2016. In November 2018, we did a lot of work with the anarchist group of the Federation. We diligently prepared anarchist books and articles and delivered them to the people every month without interruption. In Jina's uprising of 2022, we were more experienced, more numerous, and braver than ever present in the streets without wasting time. The majority of our members were girls from the 2000s, whose courage is a driving force for me.

We Iranian anarchist children have no one anywhere in the world except the family of anarchists. We salute you all, and we promise you that we will not stop fighting until our last breath.

<https://asranarshism.com/1402/07/12/biography-anarchists-iran-no5-en/>

No. 6

I was born in 2001. I still smell my mother whenever I see fire. My sister and I were both six years old when my mother, due to my father's endless beatings and accusations, poured gasoline on herself. By the time the neighbors reached her, there was nothing left of my mother. My father didn't reflect and back off at all. He used to punch and kick us so much that one of my sister's hands was completely disabled. We were nine years old when my father fell into a coma in an accident while working in a machine shop and then passed away.

Taking care of my sister and her education required me to grow up immediately. I worked, peddled, cleaned people's houses, heard accusations, and got injured, but still, I could not create an independent life for myself and my sister. When my sister's forced marriage by my uncle happened, my attention was drawn to the root of the common pain of all women and oppressed people.

I was working and, at the same time, started my fight against dictatorship, the dominant social order, and the corrupt police by making graffiti and sharing it. I was raped in a Basij detention center. I was humiliated but more determined than before to look for a way to fight. This anger should be tied to freedom. When I met an anarchist friend through some friends, I realized that this is the safe place and the house and family to which I belong.

Persevering and fighting is not just a form of life, but life itself. I will not give in to the rampant corruption. We have made a promise to our comrades, which is a message to the whole world. You have to stand with all your strength before the outwardly strong powers. They are afraid of your perseverance, solidarity, passion, and fighting. They don't want to see free and fighting women. We anarchists are like a thorn in their eyes.

Victory is ours. Long live all comrades anywhere in the world.

<https://asranarshism.com/1402/07/13/biography-anarchists-iran-no6-en/>

No. 8

I was born in 2000 but look much older than my age. As a child, I had to work like an adult. Every time my older brother attacked my mother and beat her for drug money, I thought I had failed to bring enough cash. No matter how hard I tried, a child's salary and abilities were limited, but my questions were unending. Next to every problem, I put a why, why I don't have a father, why my brother tore my eardrum, why my mother's face and hands are always bruised, why our food is different from other people's food, why our clothes are old, why our neighbors hate us, why did my sister divorce her husband, why did my sister kill herself, why is there no equality in society, why did the police never come to help us? Why? Why? Why?

From childhood, I became an adult overnight, and my questions became more mature. I no longer had a mother to worry about losing and a brother to fear. Enthusiasm for building and fighting against the sickly governmental social structures was an indescribable motivator for me. I found my real family by connecting with anarchist comrades online. I know nothing but struggle, and my heart beats with the energy of my anarchist comrades. Whenever we go out for an activity or an operation, I tell myself that there is freedom in front of us that is staring at me and is restless for us to reach him. That day is near, whether I'm there to see it or not, because I am side by side with fighters who are hard as steel and clear as water.

<https://asranarshism.com/1402/08/27/biography-anarchists-iran-no8-en/>

No. 9

I was born in 2003. The ups and downs of my life have not been like those of other comrades. However, the pain of others has bothered me since my school days. Whenever I asked my family, they said to mind my business. But, how was it that I was in a warm dress in winter, and I saw many people on the street looking for a piece of bread in the trash cans in the coldest time of the year?

My father was a retired employee. I learned about anarchism for the first time by reading the ABC of Anarchism book that my sister's friend gave me, and on the first page was an email from a friend. I was so transformed reading the book that I could not even return home. When I saw the pain of my friends, the death of my parents was no longer a great sadness for me. When my comrades have gone through tragedies such as rape, death, imprisonment, etc., who am I to say of my pain?

I have worked in an affinity group for three years, and my passion for fighting alongside my comrades for an equal world has safeguarded my life. We have been at war day and night in the last year and so. We are fighting against a government that kills people covertly, steals the bodies of fighters, and imprisons and tortures their survivors. We die in silence. They don't march for us, and they don't hear our name.

We are at war with a government armed to the teeth every day, a government that has the most prisoners of conscience in the world. A government that would not stand any opposing opinion, and no one in the world cares about how many executions, assassinations, tortures, murders, and imprisonments have taken place since 1979. We are at war day and night with such executioners that the world appeases them, ignore their bloody hands, and legitimizes them.

However, However, However, as long as a comrade, a fighter, a libertarian, and an anarchist breathes, no government and no power would be safe. We defeat the enemy with empty hands and make them a lesson for the ages.

<https://asranarshism.com/1402/09/29/biography-anarchists-iran-no9-en/>



An Invitation to Revolt...

<https://autistici.org/fugitivedistro>

fugitivedistribution@privacyrequired.com

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