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Iran today

The following is a report sent to Bazr student paper, 20 June 2009

Teheran – from 4 to 6 pm: side streets and alleys around the Azadi metro station in Azadi street

Sound of helicopters. Shooting. Smell of gunpowder. Teargas. Constant alarms (the noise that ambulances make!)

People roaring. Nobody wants their “votes back” any more. Nobody remembers that everything started from the cheating in elections.

The shouts of “death to dictator” is constantly heard.

Stones are broken. Every body takes some pieces.

en Avant!

While attacking we talk!

Blood brings blood. They have to pay for the last 30 years. They have to pay for those who they hanged. They are finished.

Don't be afraid. Watch for the rooftops. They are shooting from there. Hey guys nobody is alone!

People have come from all over Tehran including Toopkhoone (Southern Tehran). Every body is fighting.

In the street, and in the back streets and alleys.

Oh! Things are getting wors!

No! This is great.

Be calm. They'll kill everybody.

No, they can't. They are showing their teeth. But they are scared. They are the ones who are in crisis; not us.

It was the Leader who was crying and pleading; not us.

Moussavi is in Jeyhoon street. They say he has baptized for martyrdom!

I hate all this talk about baptism and martyrdom. We are sick of it.

Hey, guys, bring some tissue. Light some fire. It is teargas. Don't wet your face. Make some smoke.

Hey, Majid, don't waste the stones. You threw a stone to his head. Can't you see he has a helmet? Aim better, man.

Police station, Basij station, we should take them over both and get some weapons.

They say kids in the streets further down have attacked a basij station.

Look: they look like the Israeli soldiers we see in television!

The slogan resounds everywhere: “Iran has become Palestine! Hey people, what are you waiting for?”



[this was one of the popular slogans during 1979 revolution against the Shah]
 Somebody says: but even Palestine has been fighting for 60 years and has not won yet. Somebody shots back: because their leaders make compromises with the enemy. Another one cries out: because it is not possible to fight guns with stones.
 Guys, go back they are coming. Hey people, leave all your house doors open.
 Lets move towards Shademan street.

F rom 6 to 7 pm. Shademan (Shadmehr street)

“death to dictator”, “death to Seyed Ali Shah” [Seyed Ali is the first name of Khamenei and “Shah” alludes to being the King], “death to Khamenei”, “death to dictator, be it Leader or Doctor” [Ahmadinejad is Doctor]

The street is filled with smoke.

Fire is lit everywhere in order to neutralize the effect of teargas. Those who are in the middle of the street, young women and men, have armed themselves with something. Some have batons that have been snatched from enemy forces during fights.

Hey Mr. go back. Don't park your car at the end of the street. These streets are peoples escape routs.

“down with the government of coup d'état” / “dictator, shame on you, let go of presidency”

Guys, lets build barricades.

Click, clack. Stones and wood is collected. An old man says: right on my children, do you want a soft drink?

Somebody say: this is a revolution man! Another says, this is the beginning of the revolution. A third person says, it is exactly like during the Shah. And a forth person: yes, it began in June 1965 [44 years ago, the first time Khomeini rose against Shah] and reached February 1979. Another person protests: No. Not at all! This is their propaganda; The revolution belonged to people, people made revolution; they just rode on it, stole it, and claimed it was the continuation of 1965.

Someone else said: these few days were few months concentrated. Another asks, what is gonna happen now? And s/he answers it all depends on us.

Oh guys, they are coming. Go into houses. (people leave their doors open so that protestors can take refuge in them)

Someone says: hey, why do you escape. He shots back: this is not escaping! It is called retreat and is a law of war.

All of a sudden, hey hoy, what happened? What is going on?

They are beating them up! They beat three! Whom? Of people? Noooooo,! 3 of THEM! People took hold of three motorcycle riders (those who attack people) and gave them a good beating.

Excitement reaches the skies.

They deserve it. That's what to do.

The slogan “death to Khamenei” shakes the street. Somebody says: that's the end. This slogans means the end of it.



Near 8 pm. Around Sattar Khan bridge

War is one to one (people and security forces fighting very close quarters?)

Guys, let us deal blows those who have written on their shields: "Protectors of People's Security- Helpers of the Leader".

Somebody says, "they are just poor creatures. They are just like us". Somebody shots back: common! they have come to kill us."

A young woman is seriously injured. People take her away from skirmishes and hide her in a house. Somebody goes to bring a doctor. News comes in that the van that is coming carries two of "our" injured. People say: Open the way so we can get them somewhere safe before they are arrested.

Every body gives way.

All the people have become "ours".

Near 9 pm. Aria Shahr (Sadeghiye Square)

It is teeming. Angry torrent of people is flowing in the square and streets. Every where fire is lit. the cries of "death to dictator" is shaking the square. The forces of suppression are helpless. They keep throwing teargas. People help each other. They teach each other how to fight off the effects of teargas. They hug each other. Kiss each other. Shake hands. A pleasant feeling has taken over everybody. The feeling of pride; of resistance and struggle; the proud feeling of not surrendering.

Hail to you! Hail to you brave young women and men who are standing the front line and fight courageously and fearlessly. Salute you courageous girls who are standing in the middle of the square and with a voice coarse of shouting, have thrown away your scarf and cry out the slogan "death to dictator". Salute you fathers and mothers who are in the streets shoulder to shoulder with your children, who pass on to them your revolutionary experience and contribute to making a volcanic mixture for getting rid of this reactionary and oppressive regime.

Salute you all people of Iran. In Teheran, Isfahan, Shiraz, Tabriz... all you people who have risen up tall and proud.

Let us continue consciously, with high vigilance and fearlessly....

