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Tehran Beneath the Bombs
Testimony of an Anarchist
June 24, 2025

Retrieved on August 12, 2025 from
https://actforfree.noblogs.org/2025/08/07/iran-tehran-beneath-the-bombs-testimony-of-an-anarchist/
Translated by Act for freedom now! Source material in it's original language is found at
https://informativoanarquista.noblogs.org/post/2025/06/24/iran-teheran-bajo-las-bombas-testimonio-de-un-anarquista/

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death machines, and over and over again we attempt to build something different.

There still hasn't been a massive exodus. But if the war grows, the consequences will be terrible. So, comrades, let's stand up together. Not to support one side against the other, but to make another voice heard: that of life, freedom and solidarity, against all States, all borders, all wars!

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we can talk. I could write to you because everything crumbled. Because, in the chaos, the most simple truths become audible.

What I want to say to you is this: don't allow this word to fall into silence. Don't let our pain, here in Iran, like in other places, remain relegated to a safe plain, as if it were merely "local", "specific", "cultural" or "exceptional".

Because in reality, we share the same war: that which the States unleash against our lives. So I implore you, comrades: don't accept daily violence as something normal. Reject the idea that we should wait until the missiles go off. Don't wait for our suffering to become spectacular to deserve your attention.

Let's speak now. Let's organize ourselves. Let's create real spaces of action and mutual aid. So that the war here doesn't become background noise. So that you aren't reduced to mere "saviors" before our suffering, but accomplices in the struggle.

Call for International Solidarity

Today, the situation is unstable, critical, maybe on the brink of a humanitarian disaster. If Iran remains isolated from the world – by bombs or by the censorship of the Islamic Republic -, spread our information. Tell us what's happening. Give voice to those who have no voice.

We lack international protection. The NGOs are practically nonexistent. Sanctions aggravate our suffering.

If you have contacts, influence or connections in collectives, unions, associations or health networks, mobilize them. Ask for urgent medical help, more monitoring of rapes and international mediation that transcends state logic.

But, above all, we reject simplistic narratives. We aren't pawns of Israel nor of the islamic republic. We don't believe in "liberating" bombs nor in "resistant" mullahs. We're trapped between two

Mourning for the Movement Against the War

I should admit it: I'm sad. Profoundly. Ten years ago I spoke with Israeli pacifists. Who refused to serve. Kurds, Arabs, Armenians, anarchists. Together, we dream of a free Middle East, without military without State.

But we lost. We weren't strong enough to avoid war. We didn't receive enough support. Today, people are afraid to speak of peace. They believe that it would be a betrayal. That demanding the end of the strikes would be to surrender before the enemy.

And, yet, everyone wants peace. But no one dares to demand it.

A Voice in the Tumult

I don't know how long we'll hold out. Last night, the planes rumbled like a highway in the sky. But I know one thing: while there are people who care, resist and organize themselves without waiting for the State, there will be seeds of anarchy, even in the debris.

Conclusion: Let's Not Normalize the Unbearable

First of all, I want to sincerely thank all the comrades who took the time to listen to us. In a world where we find ourselves constantly crushed by political, economic and police forces, it's rare to still have space to speak. Even without bombs, violence surrounds us: it shows up in unpayable rents, interminable paperwork, discrimination, exhaustion and isolation. A silent violence, presented as "normal", to which we should not grow accustomed.

But when war bursts, this violence suddenly comes to light. What was tolerated becomes unbearable. And so, paradoxically,

From Tehran, an anarchist activist gives testimony of the Israeli attacks, the daily chaos and the role that anarchists attempt to play between war, repression and survival. A moving account that I translated with tears in my eyes. My condolences are with those on both sides who fight for peace and freedom! With the deserters, the only war heroes!

A Night of Fire and Confusion

Last night (June 14), while we slept, Israel attacked Iran. The attacks were directed at Tehran, but also at other cities. I heard bangs, I saw flashes; I thought it was a storm. Nothing indicated a war, especially the conversations between Iran and the United States.

It was only in the morning, through our anarchist union (the Anarchist Front), that we knew what had really taken place: multiple attacks, civilian deaths. A went out to investigate. The city was cordoned off. The military and police blocked access to the affected zones. Unexploded bombs remained in the buildings. In the hospital, they denied me access and the police erased all the photos from my phone. According to a journalist at the scene, at least seven children died.

Some cried. Others, predictable, celebrated the death of regime figures.

The Day After: An Inferno Without Warning

In the following hours, I saw apocalyptic scenes. Missiles spread across the sky. Fire fell over the highways. People fled Tehran: entire families, young workers, and the elderly. People waited for help on the sidewalks. Wounded, burnt, two dead before my eyes. No warning. No refuge. Nothing.

The giant screens transmitted the official version: the Islamic Republic had attacked Tel Aviv, Israel promises reprisals. I have comrade there. Anarchists, pacifists and those who refuse to serve. We don't want this war.

A Population in Survival Mode

The air is contaminated: the nuclear installations have been attacked. People can food, stock up, flee from the large cities… and later return due to lack of alternatives. The roads are congested. The state media channels sing hymns and spread lies. The only trustworthy source: Telegram and the satellite channels.

Demonstrations continue to be scarce. Too many police, too much fear. Yesterday, in front of the hospitals, families searched for their disappeared loved ones. People yelled. They cried. They resisted.

Without Refuge, Without Evacuation

Institutions remain open like usual. There are no safety instructions, sirens nor reception centers. It's likely that chemical substances have leaked but there are no established protocols.

So people are deserting by their own choice: stores close, students refuse to show up for exams, functionaries stay home. Only emergency services continue operating.

Sometimes I feel that I remain alive only because Israel isn't attacking residential zones (yet). But the fires, the radioactive rain and the stray bullets kill nonetheless.

There's no help. Nothing. No humanitarian aid, external organizations, nor medications, and the sanctions were swept away years ago.

Four Irans, A Land Beneath Bombs

It's important to understand that the Iranian people is fragmented:

1. A silent majority that hates the regime but rejects the war. They survive, flee, cry for the dead while they curse the leaders.
2. Islamists, loyal to the government, who speak of martyrdom and want to strike back.
3. Monarchists and liberals, often pro-Israel, who applaud the attacks against the Revolutionary Guard.
4. Anarchists and activists of the left, like us: against the Islamic Republic, but also against Israel, against all States. For survival, mutual aid, autonomy.

What Place do Anarchists Occupy in this War?

We're not armed. We don't participate in combat. Our word resides in other areas: informing, salvaging, creating connections, disrupting propaganda. We help how we can: first aid, retransmission of information, awareness of chemical risks. We care for our own and for those who have no one.

We reject simplistic rhetoric. Neither "all Israelis should die", nor "Zionists are our saviors". We find ourselves between two fires: religious fundamentalism on one site, Zionist militarism on the other.

Our role is to be bridges. Transmitters of ideas. To open up breaches in fatalism. To remain firm, even unarmed, even when we're afraid.