

Excerpt to the "Evin's Gate" Manuscript

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Seven months after the release of the American hostages held in Iran for 444 days, until Reagan's succession to the presidential office, a massive street arrest took place in Khomeini's Islamic regime. My story begins from there.

I was "detained" with about 7,000 other women and 21,000 men. They were suspected of being members of the "Mojahedin Khaleq Organization" (The major socialist Islamic opposition party of Iran) that has branched out from the Islamic revolutionary groups, after they succeeded deposing the Shah's government.

At the time, I was a reporter seeking to know what compelled these women to take their lives in their hands and fight the faces of "Fascism", as they unveiled themselves from the peripheries of the democracy promised by the advent of the revolution.

I found those who became heroines, by losing their individualistic existence in order to join "Mitra" the Mother of Freedom" in our ancient culture.

I became a witness to a battle of ideologies, none which I belonged to. My experience has transformed me into a courier for more than 300 women whom I have accepted their vows. Those whose legacy was their faith in the dignity of the Human spirit. They embraced me, and the other prisoners one by one, to say Goodbye, before their executions took place. And the legacy of each passed like a baton to my heart.

The horrifying reality of their banishment was unbelievably cruel to us, and they left us behind as "We". After my own release from prison, I have always secretly wished to find them alive sooner or later, at the street corners, or the eyes of strangers.

By my faith, I have found them alive in all those who find themselves closer to my courageous inmates, than their very own selves, or a mask of identity that separates them from their truth. Those free women's true identity was forever in love with freedom and liberty, but before their battle the song of their souls was often lost in the chaos of survival in life.

I tell the story in a chronological sequence. From my arrest in August 1981, to my release in February 1982. The stories of individual characters taken, from the common experiences of our political imprisonment. The ways that the guard treated us, the program that the authorities had designed for teaching us about their countless other political victims.

Then, there were the political relationships between the prisoners and guards. Guards who were often from the same neighborhood, the same universities, the same classes, the same memories, and even the same families. They had come to be separated sharply as guards against the prisoners. It was a real war.

Until now it is an untold story. I try to tell the story to bridge gaps of misunderstanding: between respectable sovereign nations, between different types of women, between the problems of the third world people , and the industrial nations, between the ordinary

fellows who don't want to deal with politics and those who get involved anyway. Between those who sang lullabies until dawn awaiting their executions, to those who endured torture until dawn broke out, to those who lodge on the conditional islands of liberty in our world. The condition being to be compassionate, to rejoice in human integrity. To cherish ones own need for dignity, for knowing oneself to be close to the peaks of our personalities , for flights of liberty, as we should be able to conceive of them.

And as such, we may remember to remember ourselves, not only by instantaneous TV images, but by our genuine love, respect, compassion, and consideration of the precious lives of all human beings.