

01



صداهای ایران

Voices of IRAN



Preface Feb. 2026

2026 did not begin with new hopes and a fresh start. Indeed, for many, there has already been immense destruction, trauma, and loss of life at the hands of horrible regimes. Iran, as this is being written, is going through losses beyond comprehension and its people are stripped of their rights to speak out. They are silenced, punished, and grand successful efforts to block the connection to the internet has made it nearly impossible to receive accurate, consistent news. In January, the Iranian currency dropped in value to a record low of 1.6 million Iranian Rials to 1 U.S. Dollar*. It is apparent: help and support is *crucial* on all fronts.

The NFT space/Tezos art community has seen and felt the empty hole that the absence of Iranian artists has left. We have read and seen the need for their voices to be heard, and to not be lost in the noise of the world or daily life. Curations have been made containing the artwork of as many Iranian artists as possible to support them financially via collecting their work. But what happens when all their work on the primary market is swept? Financial support towards existing and available work dwindles down and the continuous need for funds cannot be met. From this, the idea for Voices of Iran was born.

We have created this project with every step carefully considered to both protect and amplify the voices of Iranian artists. We gathered the words of Iranians (some also submitted artwork with their writing) and paired them with volunteer visual artists who wanted to take part in solidarity for this mutual aid initiative. Every purchase of this zine, as well as every donation to the contract crypto wallet address, will instantly send funds directly to all Iranians who are in the pages you are about to read. Their crypto wallet addresses are entered into the zine's collaborative contract on the Teia marketplace with no funds going to anyone other than the Iranian artists.

Throughout this zine, you will be immersed in the words of people directly impacted in Iran. It will be heavy, it will be hard, but it is important all the same. We thank you for your support, your love, and your empathy during this incredibly difficult time.

Peace and freedom to Iran!

Note: All identities are anonymous for their protection

*Source: PBS

The Best of All Possible Worlds

Art by S.C. and writing by A.S.

نشانی بی رحم از تاراج سنگریزه های ساحل به دست موجی مهیب
و انعکاس فرو رفتن خورشیدی سرخ در امتداد افق دریا
در رو به روی ساختمانی متروکه
با دیوار هایی از جنس صدف های شکسته و پنجره های آینه ای.

ما در دنیایی که زبان ها، به تیغی گند بریده می شدند
و فرار از سرنوشت امری اجتناب ناپذیر بود
قدم به عمق تاریکی گذاشته
و شیرجه ای به ناشناخته ای پر آسیب زدیم

چه چیزی بهتر از آب دریا برای شستن این همه خون از روی بدنمان
و چه چیزی بهتر از نمک برای التیام این همه زخم...؟

ما، در به دری را برای التیام زخم ها به حد اعلای خود رسانده،
و خیال ناشی از دریازدگی را
تا مسیر های ممکن به دوش کشیدیم.
به مقصد این خرابه ی دلپذیر،
در قلب نم زده ی خانه ی ابدی مان.

در گورستانی یخ زده،
که بوی سُرَب و خون آسمان سیاهش را فرا گرفته،
و تباهی و خاموشی،
که مثل دیواری بزرگ و بی پایان
مارا محاصره کرده بود،
نشسته بر گورهای احتمالی مان،
بدون رویای نجات،
پایان را تمرین کردیم...

بدون حس کردن هیچ درد و سوزشی...
بدون ترس، بدون غم، و حتی بدون خشم
و نه حتی سوگواری از کشتار بی امان روح هایی زنده، که ما بودیم...

بعد از سالها سرگردانی در عمق ناپیدای دریا
و برخورد های پیایی با صخره ها
و زخم هایی که به مغز استخوانمان نفوذ می کرد
امروز بالاخره وطن را یافتیم؛
گورستانی بزرگ،
پذیرای نود میلیون روح ناچار
و بنایی متروکه در مرکز آن،
که بالاخره چیزی به نام خانه را برایمان تداعی می کرد.

از چهار مسیر مختلف
و از میان قبرهایی انباشته شده از اجساد دوست ها و آشنایان و خانواده مان
پیاده و با دستهایی خالی به هم رسیدیم،
این بار با اتحادی بی مثال...

کفش هایمان آغشته به خون عزیزان
و اشک هایی که از چشمها سرازیر می شد.

خودمان را با حرکت هایی کند و نفسگیر،
میان رگبار بی امان گلوله و بوی گوگرد
در سکوتی اجباری،
به گوشه ای از دیوار شرقی رساندیم.

و با خون باقی مانده از زخم هایی نیمه التیام یافته، نوشتیم:

“ مقصد آخر... بهترین جهان ممکن. ”

A merciless mark left by the plundering of the shoreline's
pebbles
by a fierce wave,
and the reflection of a sinking red sun
along the horizon of the sea,
facing an abandoned building
with walls made of broken shells
and mirrored windows...

We stepped into the depths of darkness
in a world where tongues were severed by a dull blade,
and escape from fate was inevitable.
We dove headfirst into a fragile unknown.

What could be better than seawater
to wash this much blood from our bodies?
And what better than salt
to soothe this many wounds?



We pushed wandering to its furthest extreme
in search of healing,
carrying the delirium born of seasickness
along every possible route,
toward this pleasant ruin
in the damp heart of our eternal Home;

In a frozen cemetery,
where the sky reeks of lead and blood,
where decay and silence -
like an immense, endless wall -
have encircled us,
settled upon our probable graves,
we rehearsed the end
with no dream of rescue.

Without feeling any pain or burning.
Without fear, without grief, not even anger.
Not even mourning
the relentless slaughter of living souls
which were us...

After years of drifting through the unseen depths of the sea,
after repeated collisions with rocks
and wounds that cut into our very bone marrow,
today, we finally found our homeland:

A vast cemetery,
welcoming ninety million compelled souls,
and a derelict structure at its center
that at last evoked something called HOME.

From four different paths,
through graves piled with the bodies
of friends, acquaintances, and family,
we reached one another on foot, empty-handed
this time, bound by an unprecedented unity.

Our shoes soaked in the blood of our loved ones,
tears streaming from our eyes.
With slow, suffocating movements,
amid relentless gunfire and the stench of sulfur,
in an enforced silence,
we dragged ourselves to a corner of the eastern wall.

And with the remaining blood
from our half-healed wounds,
we wrote:
"Final destination...
the best of all possible worlds."

Deafening Silence

Art by E.L. and writing by B.

In this biting cold,
it wasn't just the chill that reached our bones
it was pain, suffering, and mourning
that settled deep inside us.
That's when I understood
how much a human being can endure.
How someone can keep living
even while drowning in grief.
And yet, something is missing
like a deep hollow carved
in the center of your heart.
A place where even a simple smile,
even breathing,
feels like an act of guilt.
Even among friends,
laughter no longer rises from the soul.
The sorrow in our eyes
is the result of years
darkened by fate.
I ask myself:
is this my destiny?
Was I created only to endure?
Still, I hope.
Though the light of hope is small,
though it flickers and fades,
it continues to shine.





A Light Taken Too Soon

Art and writing by Anonymous

This piece is written in memory of my friend Asal Mansouri, who was killed during the events in Iran.

For many people, the 18th and 19th of Dey (8th and 9th of January) are just dates on a calendar.

But for those of us who live in Iran, these days have become wounds that reopen every year.

Internet shutdowns, isolation, and being cut off from the world have turned into a bitter routine—one that no human being should ever have to get used to. Yet we've been wrestling with this darkness for years.

But the real tragedy always begins when the internet finally comes back.

That day... after two weeks of silence, I was working when my sister, sobbing uncontrollably, held her phone in front of me. It was a picture of my friend, Asal. For a few seconds, time stopped.

No sound.

No thought.

Just a heavy disbelief pressing against my chest.

For hours I refused to accept it. My mind kept searching for a mistake, a misunderstanding, anything but the truth.

Until I suddenly realized I was warming milk for my coffee... and a memory hit me—those days when I worked at the café, and Asal would come in, and I'd bring her coffee to her table.

In that moment, my tears fell onto the stove.

A simple scene, an ordinary memory—yet heavy enough to bring me to my knees.

Even now, I still can't believe she's gone.

A girl overflowing with life; a beautiful, kind psychologist whom everyone—absolutely everyone—loved.

And I... I always felt a quiet joy whenever I saw her.

How does one accept the absence of someone who was pure presence?

Forever Named the Homeland

Art and writing by Anonymous

This artwork is an image and a remembrance of thousands upon thousands of beautiful souls who sacrificed their lives for our homeland.

Night after night, we have cried for those we never knew, whose names we may never have learned — yet whose courage will forever remain admirable to us.

We wept for them, and we wept tears of blood, carrying their bravery in our hearts.





Tulips Over Silence

Art and writing by M.M.

From the blood of the youth of this homeland,
Tulips have risen —
O God, tulips... beloved tulips...
From the sorrow of their cypress-tall figures,
those proud cypresses have bent.

In the shadow of the flower,
even the nightingale has withdrawn in grief.
And the flower itself, like me,
has torn its garment in mourning.”

This historic Iranian poem speaks of a land where
tulips bloom not from spring, but from sacrifice.
In Persian culture, the red tulip is a symbol of
martyrdom — a flower believed to grow from spilled
blood.

Tulips Over Silence reflects the condition of our
present days:
A wounded geography, a silenced cry, and innocence
sheltered beneath dark wings.
The tulips stand as witnesses.
They bloom despite the silence.
They bloom because of it

That Night

Art by U. and writing by Anonymous

That Night

Have you ever heard the screams when bodies hit the floor?
Have you ever carried wounded bodies on your shoulders?
That was me and my people on a night, mid January 2026!

That night.
Some stuff were flying.
They were bullets.
And they were spirits of free birds.

That night.
Some things were burning.
They were bullet holes.
And they were angers in hearts.

That night.
Some things were in the air.
It was tension.
And there was raised fists.

That night.
Some loud voices were echoing.
Some scream death.
And some shouted for freedom.

That night...
After that night, we ain't the same souls as we were before.
After that night, we don't forget and we don't forgive.

But something is for sure after that night.
The fight continues!
Till last breath, till last drop of blood!
And even till only one of us remains to celebrate freedom!



Blood

Art and writing by Anonymous

There's blood EVERYWHERE,
I want to scream,
I want to shout,
I want to let this rage out
But...
All I can do is telling,
Not by words, not sounds, not even a single dot,
Just painting and that is odd!
They say you shouldn't paint, but all I can do is hold
up the brush and put the red EVERYWHERE.



*My paintings are mainly about paradox and human-related things.
That's why I always think about these contradictions in my pieces.*



On the Night of January 8, 2026 (18 Dey 1404)

Art by M.K. and writing by Anonymous

Across many cities in Iran, streets filled with exhausted people protesting soaring prices, injustice, and insecurity. Nationwide demonstrations erupted, and security forces responded with heavy force—gunfire and live ammunition rained down. A young father and mother, parents to a three-month-old baby, were terrified by the sounds coming from outside their building. They decided to help: they came down from their upstairs apartment to open the main entrance door, hoping to give fleeing protesters shelter inside. But in that very moment, security forces opened fire on them with live rounds. Both were killed instantly, their blood spilling onto the street pavement. Their three-month-old baby remained alone upstairs. At first, the child's cries could be heard—a small, desperate sound amid the chaos of gunfire and shouting in the city. Gradually, the cries grew weaker, then faded into complete silence. Security personnel took the parents' bodies to a morgue. In those days, with the internet and phones completely cut off, neighbors too afraid to act, and no one aware of the infant left behind in the apartment. Three days passed. When family members or relatives finally managed to enter the home, they found the tiny body cold and lifeless. The baby, entirely dependent on breast milk, had died of hunger and thirst—while the world outside burned with ongoing protests. The building that was meant to offer refuge became the site of tragedy for this family. Parents who risked their lives to save others could not save their own child. The door they opened for strangers remained closed to their infant.

On the Night of January 8, 2026 (18 Dey 1404) Pt. 2

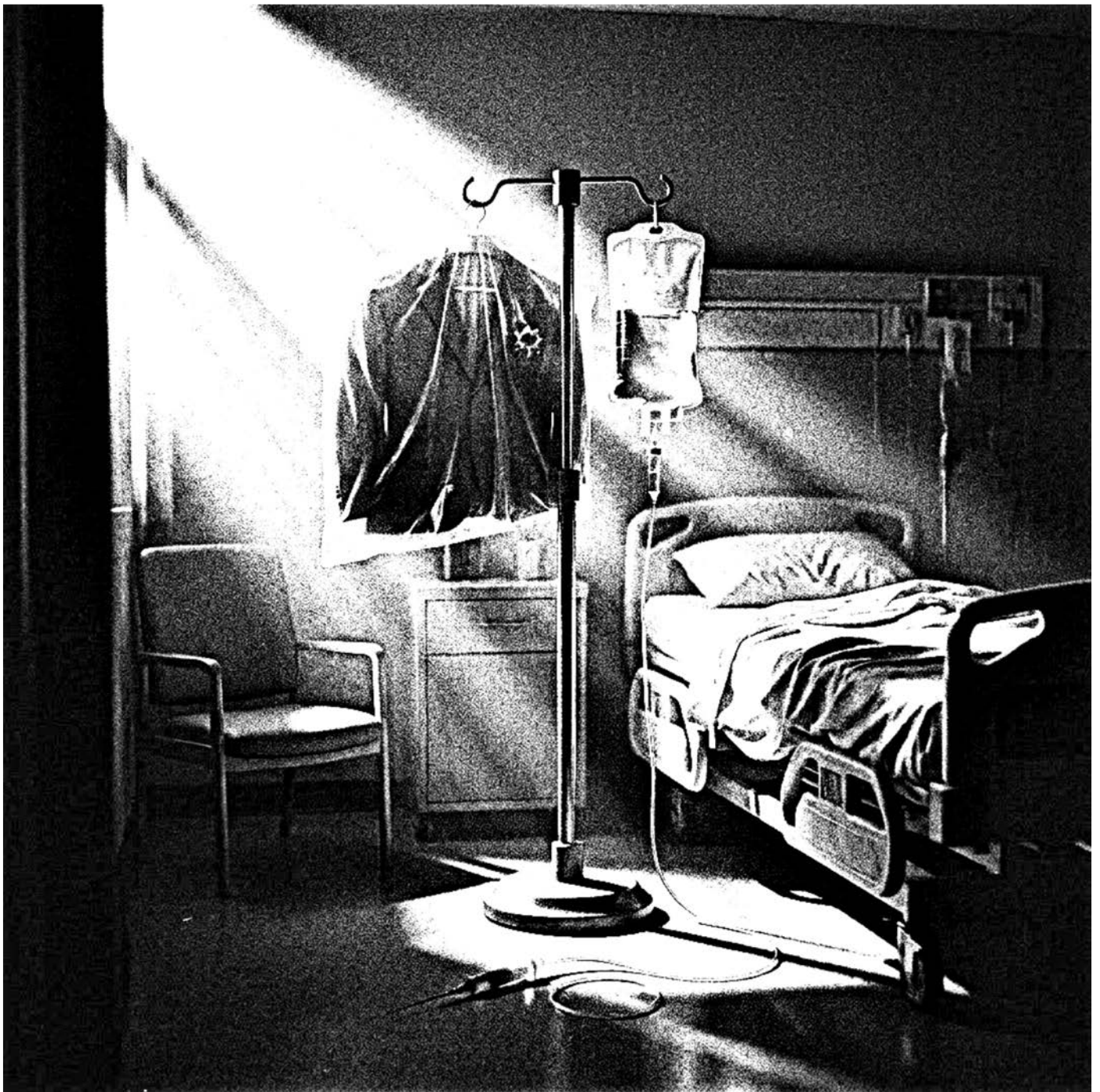
Art by Y. and writing by Anonymous

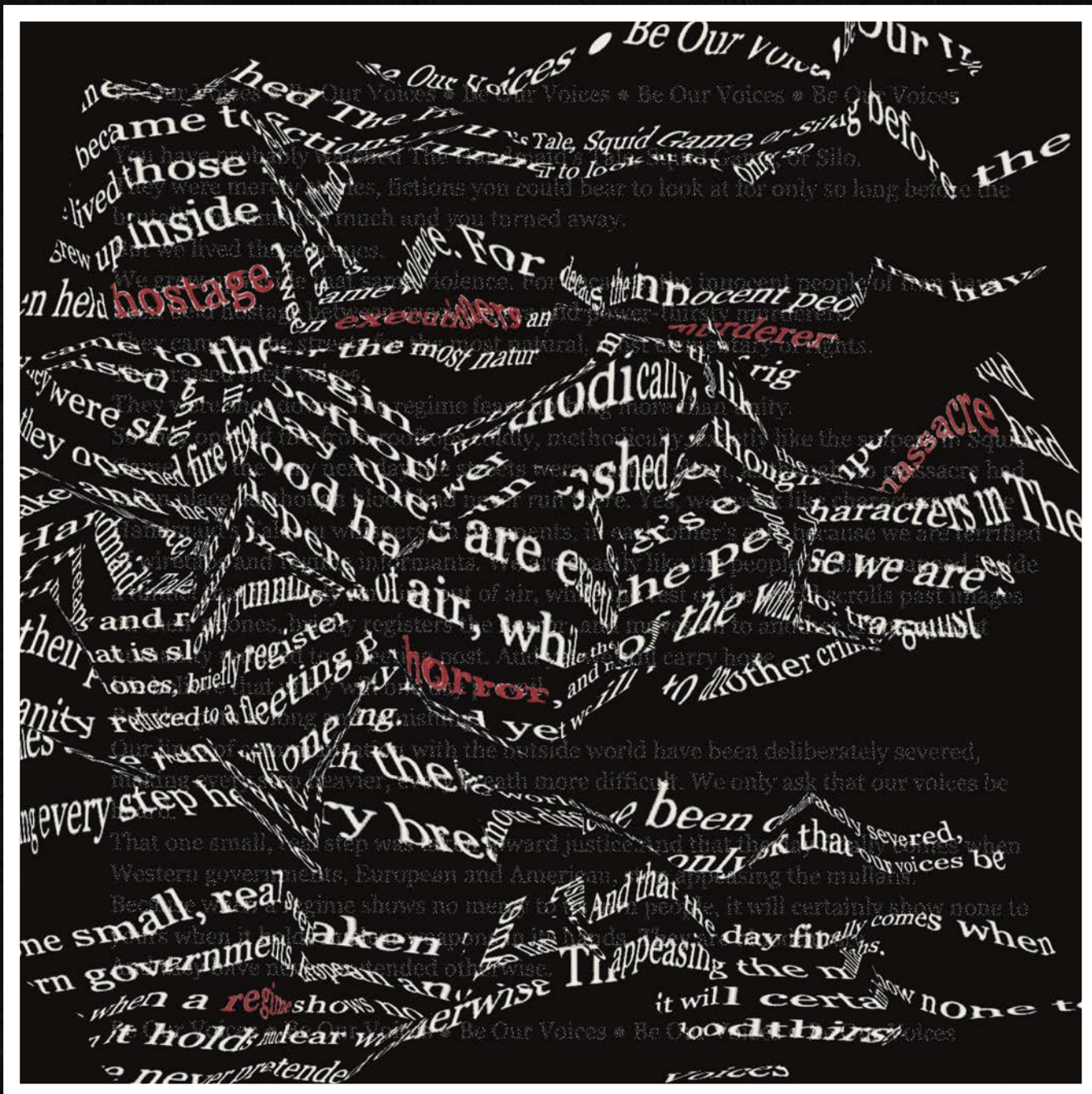
In Chalus, one of the cities in Mazandaran Province, like many cities across Iran, nationwide protests against soaring prices, corruption, and repression spilled into the streets. Exhausted people, burdened by economic hardship and insecurity, took to the avenues.

Ali Mohammad-Doust, a 22-year-old Gilaki young man and clothing salesman, supported his sick mother by sending most of his daily earnings to cover her treatment costs in a nursing home. Ali joined the protest too; he stood among the crowd, chanted slogans, and raised his voice alongside the people. That same night, security forces opened direct fire with live ammunition toward the demonstrators. A bullet struck Ali (reports confirm direct shots to the body). He fell onto the asphalt, bleeding heavily. Amid the chaos, gunfire, and tear gas, no immediate help reached him. He was taken to the hospital wounded, but he was so alone that no one stayed by his bedside to hold his hand or provide care.

Ali died in the hospital. His body was transferred to the morgue. In those days, with the internet completely cut off, communications disrupted, and an atmosphere of widespread fear, no one was able to quickly identify or claim his body. Even in his final moments, he remained utterly alone.

Ali was an ordinary young man who worked hard, loved his mother, and struggled for a better life. But on the night of 18 Dey, the security forces' gunfire robbed him of everything: his mother, his future, and even a single companion in his last hours.





Be Our Voices

“Between the Lines” Art by A.C. and Writing by Anonymous

You have probably watched *The Handmaid’s Tale*, *Squid Games*, or *Silo*.
They were merely stories; fictions you could bear to look at for only so long
before the brutality became too much and you turned away.

But we lived those scenes.

We grew up inside that same violence.

For decades, the innocent people of Iran have been held hostage between
executioners and power-thirsty murderers.

They came to the streets for the most natural, most elementary of rights.

They raised their voices.

They were shot down.

The regime fears nothing more than unity.

So they opened fire from rooftops coldly, methodically, exactly like the snipers
in *Squid Games*, and the very next day the streets were washed clean, as though
no massacre had taken place, as though blood had never run there. Yes, we
speak like characters in *The Handmaid’s Tale*: in whispers, in fragments, in each
other’s ears because we are terrified of wiretaps and regime informants. We are
exactly like the people in *Silo*: trapped inside a tunnel that is slowly running out
of air, while the rest of the world scrolls past images on their phones, briefly
registers the horror, and moves on to another crime against humanity reduced
to a fleeting post.

And yet we still carry hope.

We believe that unity will one day prevail.

But the path is long and punishing.

Our lines of communication with the outside world have been deliberately
severed, making every step heavier, every breath more difficult.

We only ask that our voices be heard.

That one small, real step was taken toward justice.

And that the day finally comes when Western governments, European and
American, stop appeasing the mullahs.

Because when a regime shows no mercy to its own people, it will certainly
show none to yours when it holds nuclear weapons in its hands. They are
bloodthirsty.

And they have never pretended otherwise.

Freedom

Art by E.L. and writing by D.

آزادی ایران، تنها یک واژه نیست؛
یک حس است که در نفس‌های مردمش جریان دارد،
یک رؤیاست که نسل‌ها آن را در دل خود پرورش داده‌اند.
آزادی، صدای آرام اما ماندگاریست
که از دل سکوت‌ها بلند می‌شود،
از میان محدودیت‌ها عبور می‌کند
و در نگاه هر انسانی که امید دارد، زنده می‌ماند.
ایران، سرزمین تاریخ و فرهنگ،
سال‌هاست که در جستجوی نفس کشیدن در هوایی آزاد است؛
هوایی که در آن، اندیشه‌ها بی‌هراس بیان شوند،
دل‌ها بی‌دغدغه بتپند
و انسان‌ها، فقط به خاطر انسان بودنشان محترم باشند.
آزادی یعنی حق انتخاب،
یعنی حق زیستن بدون ترس،
یعنی اینکه هیچ صدایی خاموش نشود
و هیچ نوری در تاریکی گم نگردد.
روزی خواهد رسید
که آزادی نه یک آرزو،
بلکه حقیقتی جاری در کوچه‌های ایران باشد؛
روزی که لبخندها بی‌دلیل پنهان نشوند
و امید، دیگر واژه‌ای دور از دسترس نباشد.
ایران، با تمام زخم‌هایش،
هنوز زنده است...
و در قلب مردمش،
آزادی هنوز نفس می‌کشد

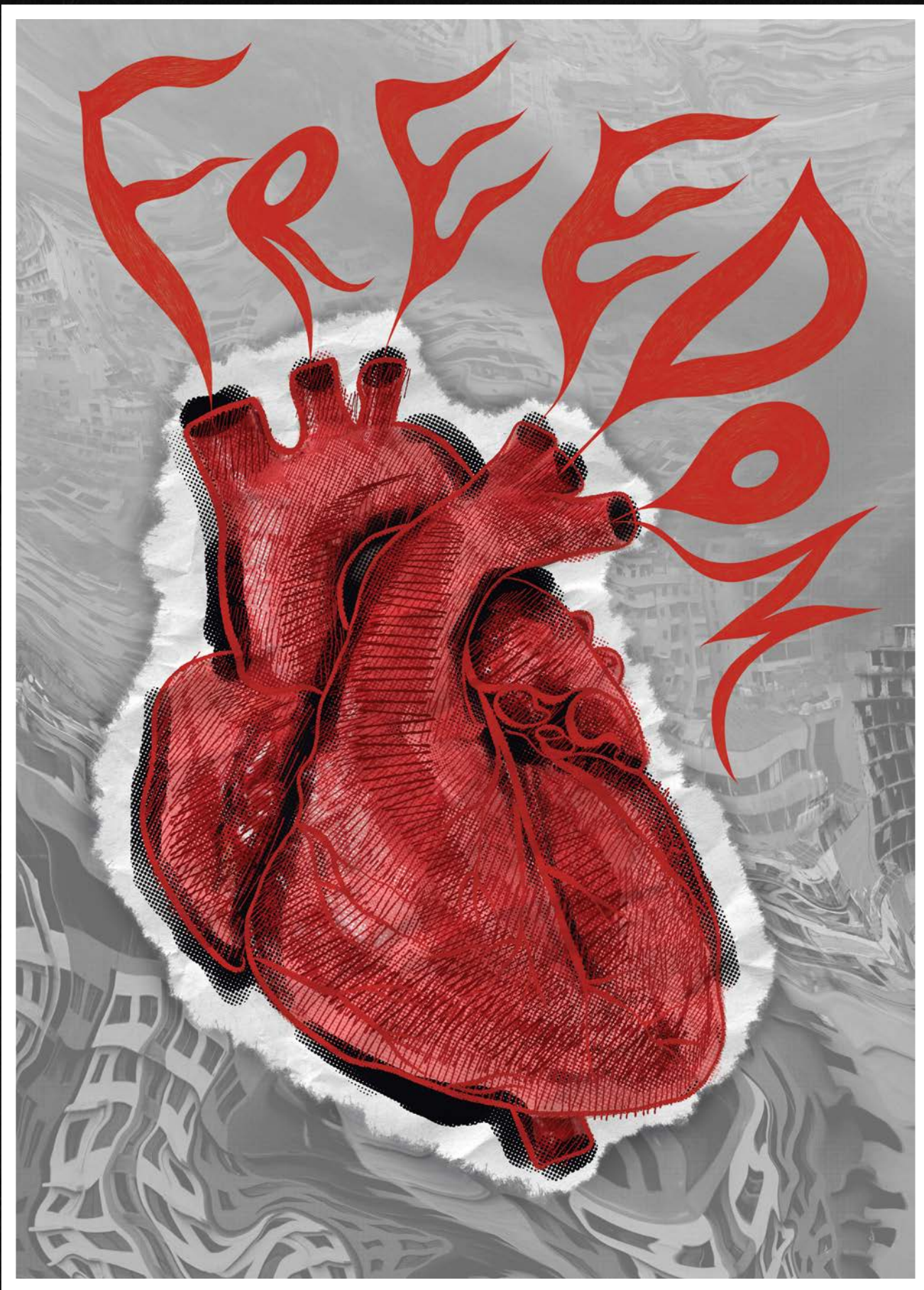
Freedom in Iran is not just a word;
It is a feeling that flows through the breaths of its people,
A dream nurtured in the hearts of generations.
Freedom is a quiet yet enduring voice
That rises from the depths of silence,
Navigating through limitations
And living on in the gaze of every hopeful human.

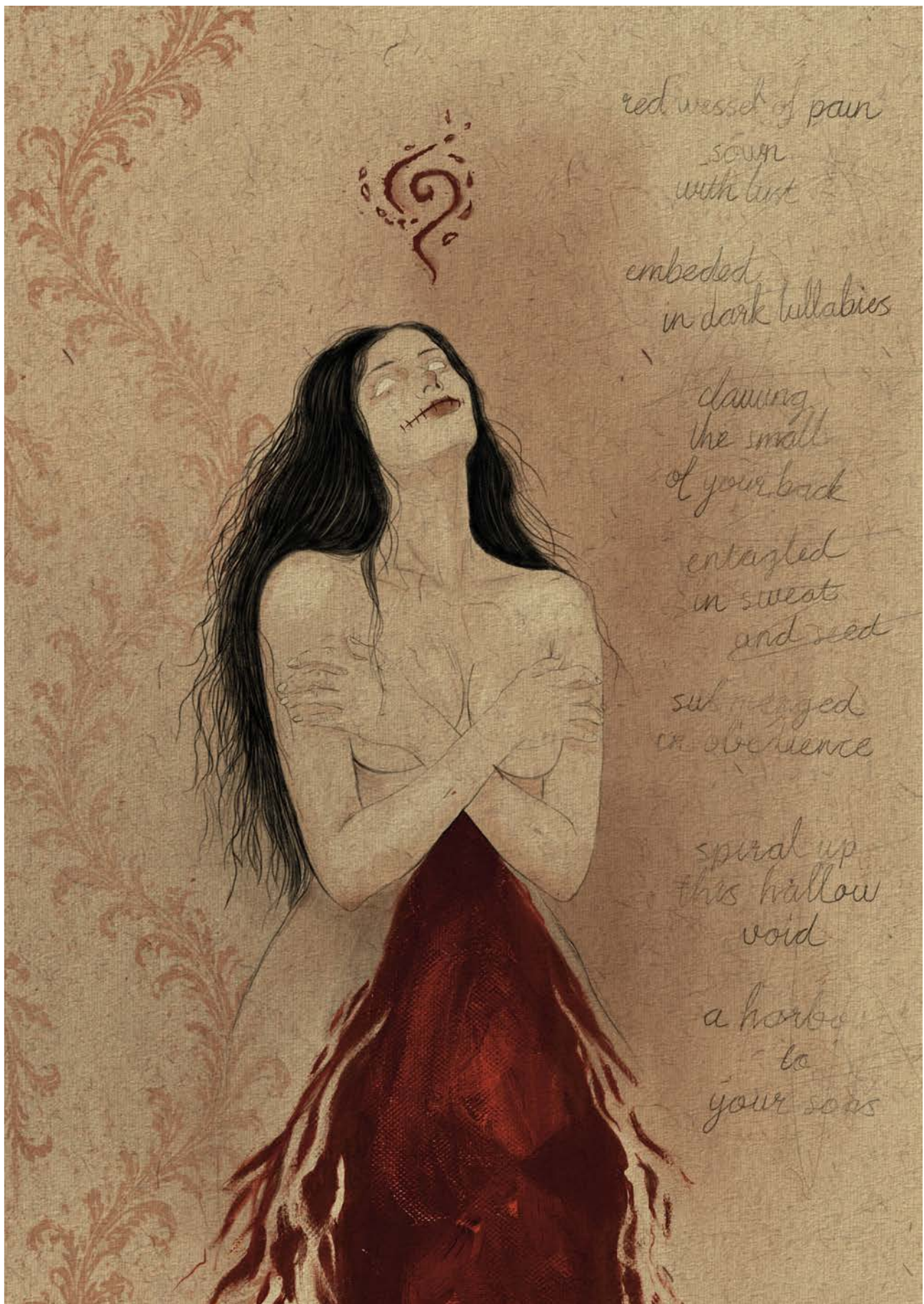
Iran, a land of history and culture,
Has long sought to breathe in free air;
Air where thoughts can be expressed without fear,
Hearts can beat without worry,
And individuals are respected simply for their humanity.

Freedom means the right to choose,
The right to live without fear,
It means that no voice is silenced
And no light is lost in darkness.

A day will come
When freedom is not just a wish,
But a flowing reality in the streets of Iran;
A day when smiles are not hidden without reason
And hope is no longer an unattainable word.

Iran, with all its wounds,
Is still alive...
And in the hearts of its people,
Freedom still breathes.





red vessel of pain
sown
with lust

embedded
in dark lullabies

clawing
the small
of your back

entangled
in sweat
and seed

submerged
in obedience

spiral up
this hallow
void

a harbor
to
your soars

I

Art by M. and writing by N.T.

I,
red vessel of pain,
sown with lust,
embedded in dark lullabies,
clawing the small of your back,
entangled in sweat and seed,
submerged in obedience,
spiral up this hollow void,
a harbour to your sons.

An Iranian Girl Stuck in a Country with Cultures She Doesn't Like

Art by E. and writing by N.

I don't like some parts of our culture here. For example, when it's time for marriage, The boy's mother has to visit the girl's house, and the girl is expected to show up with a tray of tea — because apparently her entire worth can be measured by how she carries it.

Then the boy's mother inspects everything: the girl, her family, the house, the rugs, the curtains... basically a full interior-design audit. If she approves, she brings her son. But often, when she brings him, the girl doesn't like him, and her family rejects the proposal. And yet the boy's mother keeps insisting to the girl's family. Meanwhile, the boy doesn't care at all, since he already has a girlfriend. But he won't marry the girlfriend either, because he thinks she's 'too experienced' . What a messy culture. Of course, there are families who are more open-minded.

The other things that I don't like in our culture is our youth seem permanently dressed in black, not because the government forces them, but because they genuinely choose to look like background characters in a funeral scene. They figured out how to take off their headscarves, but apparently not how to pick a color other than black. And they smoke a lot.

Honestly, I feel stuck in this country. Spain won't give me a visa anymore, even though I've been there three times before COVID. I've applied over and over (it doesn't matter Spain or Italy or [any] other European country), but they keep rejecting me because I'm single and for a bunch of other 'reasons' that barely qualify as excuses.

Meanwhile, Spain allows undocumented Moroccan immigrants to enter and even gives them residency because they want to increase their population.

So clearly, it's all politics. Because of government policies and agreements between countries that block me.

So even if I want to progress in life, I can't.

I pay the same price for packaged products as people in Spain, [yet] I'm forced to stay here with low salaries and high inflation.





Silent Stone

Art and writing by N.T.

Nestled in my throat,
this silent stone,
with no pulse,
has become the heart of me.

Last Seen on 02/26/2026

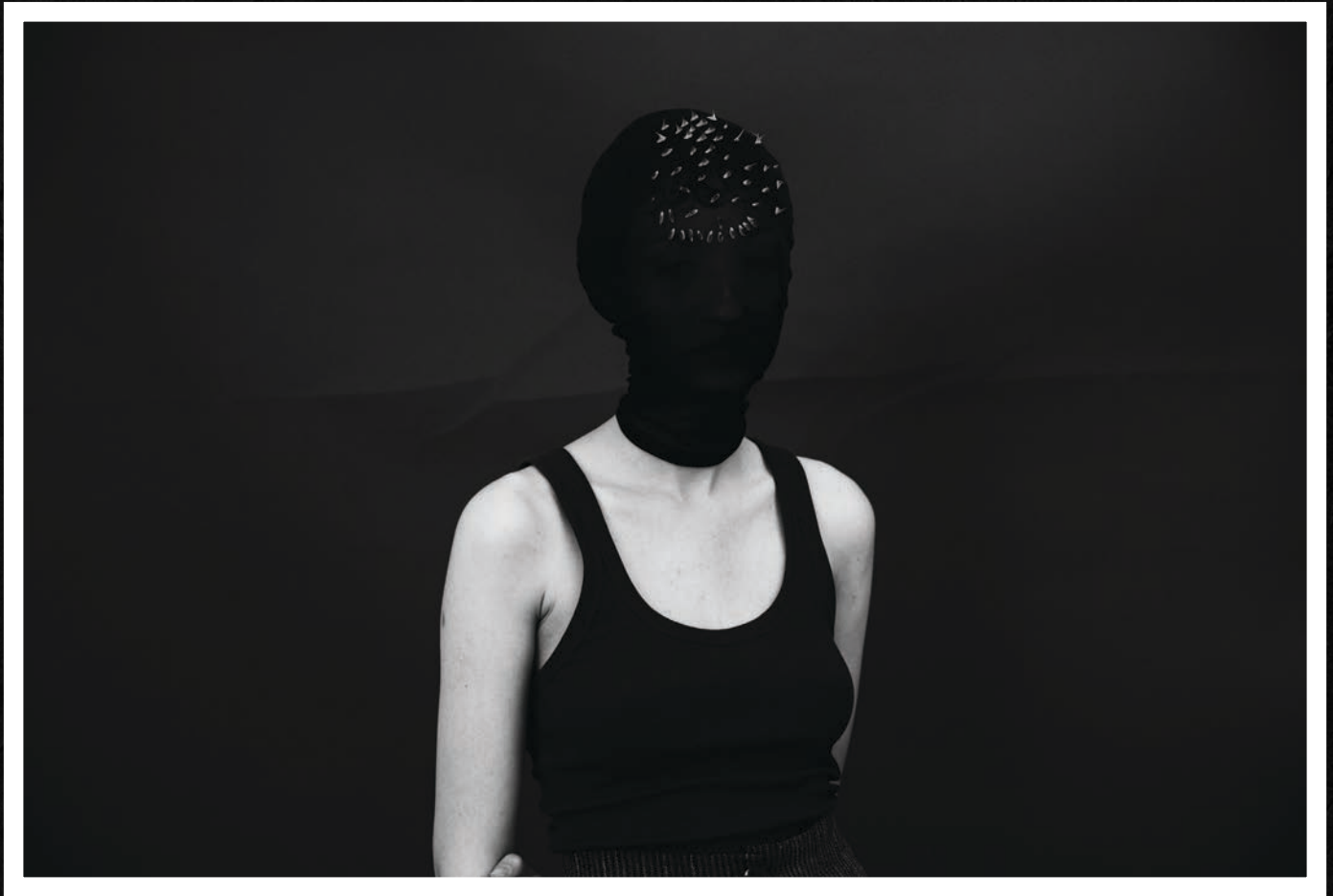
Writing by Anonymous

“Okay! Let’s try Saturday!” 02/26/2026 8:31PM

“Okayy” 02/26/2026 8:35 PM

It has been two months. Two months of limbo, lingering. Longing for noise of notif in the night. Hoping for happy news and simple statements of safety and solace. But quiet remains the constant, churning choices and chance into conversations in the mind. Not closed but unfinished, unsettled. Schrodinger states which keep in place the hope that silence is not the same as danger. This violence is not the fault of anger but systemic disconnection. That the disconnect is not by choice, but by force outside the hands and minds of this duet. That no news is good news as time ticks towards tempest. Whispers of memories come like breath and smoke and breeze, close enough to sense but not enough to seize. Grasp, the thread of conversation and connection slips from fingers that have nothing to hold. And the tension presses, softly. Deliberate and firm. Constant. That dialogue is paused but for a moment, stretching between the distance, space and time intrudes. Language looms unspoken, settled into severance of signal stifled. Connection feels like liberation, communion feels like daring, consolation feels like risk and truth a threat. Was what was said goodbye without either party knowing? Was what was said enough in preparation for this fast? Was it okay to say let’s connect another day? We did not know, but had a feeling, not wanting to contaminate the present by what each one had to say. Connections have rejoined for some, picking up where they left off, with deep apologies for what was never undone, never in control. Promises of contentment pleading from places that cannot be named, to speak from coded scripted tested sugared truth, in caution, guarded. Lights illuminate along those threads in the blackout. The words cannot take shape without permission to be heard or seen. Mouthing words of reconnection in mind and heart in preparation, seeming stoic while the silence bends and molds the sturdy like clay. For what we’ve yet to say.

No, you were not forgotten, you never could be. We have been waiting for your call.



Life During Wartime

Art and Writing by P.G.

Everything has happened and since then, everything goes on. Bullets and bombs falling from all sides. I have gone through this a million times, a sense of familiar unease sets in and shells tumble out of the sky. Chaos unfolds in a slight of hand, friend turns to foe. Sting of blood breaks my skin and I'm helpless against it all. Where did it begin? I have seen this a million times. Sky passes and green turns to yellow, death ensues, dreams last a lifetime. Where am I in this ball? Wearing but a disguise to tell the world of a trembling sound. Conjuring words to relief a fearful child. I shall be against it, and woe upon you who seek to turn me.

I walk the streets and everyone wears a gesture, a coat hanger, so to speak. In arrival all were hopeful, and since ruin dons a facade so we believe in a life here that pays the price.

In a concrete world they put you between walls, you're told where to be and how to act. Soaked in blood from generations marching for freedom, tarmac runs a tale as old as time. Spilling across fields of memories. Dreams of days where no one is hunted for who they are and what they want to be. To know only pain is life, reflected in a history of compliance. We are reminded that we could live, only if we stop dying.

Life during wartime.

FREEFEDOM

