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### Implementation of Inhumane Sentence: Kurdish Activist Roya Heshmati Subjected to 74 Lashes in Tehran

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#### Hengaw: Saturday, January 6, 2023

The inhumane sentence of 74 lashes for Roya Heshmati, a Kurdish female activist from Sanandaj residing in Tehran, was carried out at the District 7 Prosecutor's Office in Tehran. Violence was employed by officers against Roya Heshmati before administering the flogging due to her removal of the scarf.

According to a report received by Hengaw Organization for Human Rights, on Wednesday, January 3, 2024, the 74 lashes sentence of 33-year-old Roya Heshmati was executed after she was summoned to the first branch of the District 7 Prosecutor's Office in Tehran. Earlier this year, she was sentenced by the judicial system of the Islamic Republic of Iran to one year of suspended prison, 74 lashes, and a three-year ban from leaving the country. This sentence was imposed due to her act of publishing a photo without the mandatory hijab on Keshavarz Boulevard in Tehran.

In her account of the incident, Roya Heshmati revealed that an employee of the sentence execution branch threatened to intensify the flogging and open a new case against her for removing the scarf. She likened the execution site to a "medieval torture chamber."

The activist, who opposes compulsory hijab, detailed how a female officer forcibly placed a scarf on her head and described being flogged on her shoulder, back, buttock, and leg.

Roya Heshmati shared her experience, stating: "I didn't count the blows; I was chanting in the name of the woman, in the name of life. The clothes of slavery were torn; our black night dawned; all the whips were axed."

The right to choose one's type of clothing is emphasized in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination Against Women.

The use of flogging by the judicial system of the Islamic Republic of Iran contradicts international human rights principles, as flogging is considered an inhumane, cruel, and degrading act. Article 7 of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights explicitly prohibits the implementation of such punishments.

**Hengaw has translated Roya Heshmati's article, shared on her Facebook page with the hashtag “Jin, Jiayn, Azadi”, into English, which is presented below:**

This morning, I received a call from the sentencing execution office to carry out the 74-lash sentence. I promptly contacted my lawyer, and together we proceeded to the 7th district court. Upon entering, I chose to remove my hijab. Inside the hall, the echoes of a woman's distress emanated from the staircase, possibly indicating her imminent sentence execution.

My lawyer advised me, "Roya, reconsider. The repercussions of the lashes will endure for a long time."

We proceeded to the first branch of the sentence execution office. An employee there suggested I put on my headscarf to avoid trouble. Calmly and respectfully, I conveyed that I came specifically for the lashes, and I would not yield.

The execution officer was summoned and instructed me to wear the hijab and follow him. Firmly, I stated that I would not wear my hijab. He threatened to whip me severely and open a new case, adding another seventy-four lashes. I maintained my stance and did not wear the hijab.

We descended, and they had brought some young men for alcohol-related charges. The man in authority repeated sternly, "Didn't I say wear your hijab?" I did not comply. Two chador-wearing women came and pulled a scarf over my head. I resisted, repeatedly removing it, but they persisted. Handcuffing me from behind, they continued pulling the scarf over my head.

We proceeded to the ground floor, using the same stairs where the woman had been taken. A room awaited us at the bottom of the parking lot. The judge, the execution officer, and the chador-wearing woman stood beside me. The woman seemed visibly affected, sighing several times and expressing understanding, saying, "I know. I know."

The judge smiled at me, reminiscent of a character from "Boofe Kur." I averted my gaze from him.

The iron door creaked open, revealing a room with cement walls. At the bottom of the room, there was a bed equipped with handcuffs and iron bands welded to both sides. An iron device resembling a large easel, complete with places for handcuffs and a rusty iron binding in the center, stood in the middle of the room. Additionally, a chair and a small table, hosting an array of flogs, were positioned behind the door. It resembled a fully-equipped medieval torture chamber.

The judge inquired, "Are you okay? Do you not have any problems?" As he wasn't talking to me, I remained silent. He then stated, "I am with you, madam!" Once again, I chose not to respond. The executioner instructed me to remove my coat and lie on the bed. I hung my coat and scarf from the base of the torture canvas. He insisted, "Put on your scarf!" I firmly replied that I wouldn't. Put the Quran under your arm and do what you have to do. The woman urged, "Please don't be stubborn." She brought the scarf and pulled it over my head.

The man retrieved a black leather whip from the collection behind the door, wrapping it around his hand twice as he approached the bed. The judge cautioned not to strike too hard. The man commenced hitting my shoulders, back, hips, and legs. I refrained from counting the number of hits. I quietly chanted, "In the name of woman, in the name of life, the clothes of slavery are torn, our black night will dawn, and all the whips will be axed..."

The ordeal concluded. I ensured they didn't perceive any pain on my part. We ascended to the judge for sentence execution. A female officer trailed behind, cautious of my scarf. I discarded my scarf at the branch door. She implored me to wear it, but I resisted. Inside the judge's chamber, he acknowledged discomfort with the case but insisted on its implementation. I chose silence. He suggested living abroad for a different life; I affirmed our commitment to resistance, emphasizing the universality of this country. He insisted on legal adherence, and I urged the law to fulfill its role while we persist in our resistance.

We exited the room, and I removed my scarf. Gratitude, dear Mr. Tatai, for your companionship, which makes these challenging days more bearable. I extend my apologies for not being an ideal client; I'm confident you'll comprehend. Thank you for everything.

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## Narration of Heshmati's dream about execution of whipping sentence because of hijab







## روایت هولناک ۷۴ ضربه شلاق به خاطر حجاب!

This morning, I called my lawyer to execute the sentence of 74 lashes and we went to District 7 Prosecutor's Office. We passed the entrance gate and I took off my hijab. We went to the 1st branch of sentence execution

The employee of the branch said: "Put on your headscarf so that you don't get into trouble." I said: "I'm here to whip you, I'm not wearing it." I called and the officer who executed the sentence came up and said: "Put on your headscarf and follow me I said: "I'm not wearing it." so why don't you I will whip you in such a way that you will find out where you are, I will also open a new case for you, you can be our guest for the other seventy-four. I did not go back

We went down and brought some other boys for drinking. The man repeated sternly: "Aren't I telling you to go?" I didn't. Two chador women came and pulled the scarf over my head. I opened the door, and this was repeated several times. They handcuffed me from behind and pulled the scarf over my head. There was a room on the ground floor, under the parking lot of the judge, the judge and the executioner, and the chador woman. standing next to me. The woman sighed and said: "I know, I know. My judge laughed in my room



The iron door opening the walls of the cement room was at the bottom of the room, where there were handcuffs and iron bindings on both sides of the bed, with an iron device similar to the base .of the canvas, it was slightly on this side .It was a medieval torture chamber

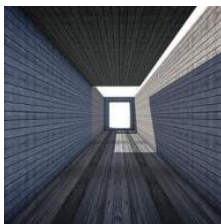
"?The judge asked: "Are you okay, madam?" you do not have problem .I didn't answer him as if he didn't exist. He said, "I'm with you, lady." I didn't answer again .The executioner said, "Take off your coat ".I hung my coat and scarf from the base of the torture canvas. He said, "Put your scarf on ".I said, "I won't." Put your Quran under your arm and hit it .The woman came and said: "Please don't be stubborn" and pulled the shawl over my head ."The judge said: "Don't hit too hard The man started to hit my shoulders, my back, my hips, my thighs, my legs, my legs, I didn't .count the number of blows again

When it was over, we came, I didn't let them out. They thought I was even in pain. We went upstairs to the judge who executed the sentence. I took off my scarf at the door. The woman ".said, "Please put your head on Ezi said: "We ourselves are not happy about this case, but it is wise and should be implemented." I .did not answer him ".He said: "If you want to live in a different way, you can be outside the country I said: "This country is for everyone." He .said: "Yes, but the law must be followed I said: "Let the law do its job, we will continue our resistance" from the room. We came out and " .I threw my scarf again

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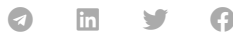
**News of the Jinnah movement, 10/16/1402**



جستجو...



## روایت رویا حشمتی از اجرای حکم شلاق به خاطر حجاب





## روایت هولناک ۷۴ ضربه شلاق به خاطر حجاب!

امروز صبح از اجرای احکام تماس گرفتن برای اجرای حکم ۷۴ ضربه شلاقم با وکیلتم تماس گرفتم و با هم رفتیم دادسرای ناحیه ۷ از گیت ورودی رد شدیم و حجابم رو برداشتم رفتیم شعبه ۱ اجرای احکام.

کارمند شعبه گفت: «روسریت رو سرت کن که دردرس نشه»

گفتم: «اومدم بابت همین شلاقم رو بزنید سر نمی‌کنم»

تماس گرفتن و مامور اجرای حکم اومد بالا گفت: «حجابت رو سرت کن و دنبالم بیا»

گفتم: «سر نمی‌کنم گفت پس که نمی‌کنی؟ جوری شلاقت رو بزنی که بفهمی کجایی برات یه پرونده ی جدید هم باز می‌کنم هفتاد و چهارتای دیگه مهمونمون باشی».

باز سر نکردم.

رفتیم پایین چند تا پسر دیگه رو بابت شرب خمر آورده بودن مرد با تحکم تکرار کرد: «مگه نمیگم سر کن؟» نکردم دو تا زن چادری اومدن و روسری رو کشیدن رو سرم باز درش آوردم و این کار چند بار تکرار شد بهم از پشت دستبند زدن و روسری رو کشیدن رو سرم رفتیم طبقه‌ی زیر همکف یه اتاق بود ته پارکینگ قاضی و مامور اجرای حکم و زن چادری کنارم وایساده بودن.

زن هی آه می‌کشید و می‌گفت: «میدونم میدونم»

قاضی معمم تو روم خندید یاد مرد خنزر پنزری بوف کور افتادم روم رو ازش برگردوندم.

در آهنی رو باز کردن دیوارای اتاق سیمانی بود به تخت ته اتاق بود که جای دستبند و پابند آهنی دو طرف تخت بود به وسیله‌ی آهنی شبیه پایه‌ی بوم نقاشی کمی این طرفتر بود. یه اتاق شکنجه‌ی قرون وسطایی بود.





قاضی پرسید: «خانم حالت خوبه؟ مشکلی نداری؟»

انگار که وجود نداره جوابش رو ندادم گفتم: «خانم با شمام» باز جواب ندادم.

مرد اجرای حکم گفت: «پالتوت رو در بیار»

پالتو و روسریم رو از پایه‌ی بوم شکنجه آویزون کردم گفتم: «روسریت رو سر کن»

گفتم: «نمیکنم. قرآنت رو بذار زیر بغلت و بزن»

زن اومد و گفت: «خواهش می‌کنم لجبازی نکن» و شال رو کشید رو سرم.

قاضی گفت: «خیلی محکم نزن»

مردک شروع کرد به زدن شونه‌هام کتفم پشتم باسنم رونم ساق پام باز از نو تعداد ضربه‌ها رو نشمردم زیر لب می‌خوندم به‌نام زن به‌نام زندگی دریده شد لباس بردگی شب سیاه ما سحر شود تمام تازیانه‌ها تیر شود.

تموم شد اومدیم بیرون نداشتیم فکر کنن حتی دردم اومده حقیرتر از این حرفان رفتیم بالا پیش قاضی اجرای حکم دم در روسریم رو در آوردم زن گفت: «خواهش می‌کنم سرت کن» سرم نکردم و باز کشید رو سرم توی اتاق قاضی.

اضی گفت: «ما خودمون خوشحال نیستیم از این قضیه ولی حکمه و باید اجرا بشه» جوابش رو ندادم.

گفت: «اگر می‌خواهید طور دیگه‌ای زندگی کنید می‌تونید خارج از کشور باشید»

گفتم: «این کشور برای همه‌ست»

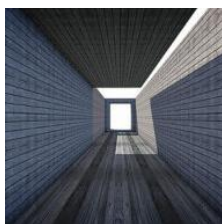
گفت: «بله ولی باید قانون رو رعایت کرد»

گفتم: «قانون کار خودش رو بکنه ما به مقاومت مون ادامه میدیم» از اتاق اومدیم بیرون و باز روسریم رو انداختم.

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اپوزسیون و مرزهای باریک‌تر از مو!



اخبار جنبش ژینا، ۱۶/۱۰/۱۴۰۲



جمهوری اسلامی چگونه بدون جنگ مستقیم با شبه‌نظامیانش قدرت‌نمایی می‌کند