

Connecting with our past
to find ways to our future



Writing Letters to Şehîd Ronahî

Andrea Wolf Institute, 2026

Foreword

Andrea Wolf, Şehîd Ronahî, was martyred in the free mountains of Kurdistan on the 23.10.1998 – 27 years ago. As a revolutionary woman, a deep search led her from the cities of Germany to the mountains of Kurdistan. She made this way and became a guerilla not only because she believed in the importance of the Kurdish Liberation Struggle, but because she wanted to learn from it to develop new perspectives for the struggles in Germany and beyond that. Her thoughts and discussions were circling around how to build up an internationalist struggle against the world wide war of patriarchy, state and capitalism.

Her life was dedicated to living international solidarity, developing anti-militarist resistances and struggles for women's freedom. As one of the first internationalists that joined the Kurdish Freedom Movement, from outside the Middle East, she paved the way that many of us are walking on today.

With his call “for peace and a democratic society” from the 29th of February 2025, Rêber Apo (Abdullah Öcalan) opened a new phase for the Kurdish Freedom Movement. Since then the PKK dissolved itself and the guerilla put down it's arms and retreated from areas in the mountains of Northern Kurdistan (Turkish occupied region) to make space for the peace process. In the discussions and practical steps that are happening in these times, a focus is put on the

commune as the smallest unit of the democratic society as well as the need for an international connection of democratic forces world wide.

As internationalists in Rojava researching at the Jineolojî Institute named after Andrea Wolf, we are living amid these discussions and changes. We are feeling the excitement about all that we are going to create, while knowing how many stones have already been laid as our basis by many before us. On our journey of giving shape to the internationalism of the 21st century, we are also continuing to discuss many questions that Andrea/Ronahî and her comrades already discussed thirty years ago.

In her time in the mountains, Şehîd Ronahî also wrote letters to her comrades in Germany. She had many thoughts and ideas on internationalism. Since the chance to develop them further was taken from her, it is up to us to continue her struggle. In order to remember her, to keep her legacy alive and draw strength from it for our struggles today, we invited comrades to read her letters again and answer back to them. To contribute to the current discussions on how to practice a new internationalism, we collected some letters to Şehîd Ronahî in this brochure. With this we hope they can shed some light on the path that we are walking on.

“The socialist tradition in history must be understood as a legacy aimed at building both peace and democratic society, and the path forward lies in fulfilling internationalist responsibilities—in theory and in practice.” – Rêber Apo, 2025

Life and Struggle of Andrea Wolf – Şehîd Ronahî

“The only possibility to articulate our struggle, is to live it.”

Andrea Wolf was born on the 15th of January 1965 in Southern Germany. Her mother writes about her childhood...

“Andrea is the first to arrive in the world, opening/paving the way for her brother. Her brother is smaller than her.

Nursery school, the first years of school. Many wonderful double birthday parties. The wolf twins celebrate, that’s where people like to go.

12 years old, Andrea is curious about everything.

We talk a lot; social problems, consumerism,

compulsory military service. She attends a Catholic secondary school, becomes school representative, but at the same time makes herself unpopular with the nuns. They call her openness non-conformist. I call this period tea time. Andrea always has lots of friends around. They drink tea from tiny cups that I made for them.

Tom is sometimes allowed to join in. Soon after, they take their first step into the public; Andrea and Tom join the Youth Red Cross group. There, they e.g. accompany people in wheelchairs to events.”

Andrea gets politicised at a young age and spends her first years of protesting and actively organising in Munich. Her main topics are of anti-fascism and housing struggles.



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“As I recall, my brother and I joined the new youth movement at the age of

15, which had great appeal and explosive power. With its own culture and music, it rebelled against everything, including the parents, that had succumbed to hopelessness. We organised concerts, published self-made newspapers, sprayed slogans, squatted houses, and militantly attacked the security forces and the entire system behind them,” she writes.

She and her brother both get arrested and imprisoned. They are 16 years old. This direct confrontation with the violence of state repression, shapes her deeply.

“...the way of dealing with the fear, the taboo surrounding prison and thus [emotional] repression.

Our silence doesn't make the fear smaller, only more individualised. This individualisation turns the missing common perspective into a confirmation, that it doesn't continue in prison. Believing in our powerlessness is their strength!”

Just a few years after their release her brother Tom commits suicide. At this time both of them are 20 years old. About the pain this caused, she wrote in 1995:

“...the big wound, the immeasurable pain about his irreplaceable loss continues to this day. Still I didn't want to give up and continued fighting also for him.”

Andrea moves from Munich to Frankfurt. There she lives in squatted houses and communal spaces. While she doesn't shy away from any practical task or action, she also engages in theoretical discussions, sharing her thoughts and reflections on actions and current topics of discussion in booklets and leftist magazines.

During this time the left in Western Europe is filled with a spirit of the beginning of something big. The belief that a victory and big changes are near, is widely spread. This is connected to the

developments in the international context. The struggles in Kurdistan, Palestine, South-Africa, etc. are giving hope to people on the search.

Andrea is active in the anti-nuclear movement. She fights for freedom for political prisoners, mobilises against fascism and sexism, engages in feminist organising, housing strikes and other projects. She is deeply moved by the topics of internationalism and women's liberation.



Her friends describe her as generous, loyal and always pushing to go on. She is honest and upfront with what she thinks, has strong opinions and defends her truth.

In Western Europe the anti-imperialist front, including the Red Army Faction (RAF) and the autonomous movement in Germany has a big impact in this time.

By the end of the 1980s it becomes more clear, that these militant strategies led to big outcomes, but stayed politically weak and lost their societal perspective.

Andrea engages a lot in discussions about what to learn from these experiences and how to proceed. She criticises a politics of empty attack and takes part in a collective writing that says:

“In our conception of the struggle for liberation, ‘going into the offensive’ is inseparably linked to the struggle to abolish the division between manual and intellectual labour, leaders and followers, politics and private life, revolution and emancipation.

The social is politics. The practice of the revolutionary movement is its politics. [...]

As each demonstration became more of a playground for macho behaviour, any useful concept of militancy fell by the wayside. This was another reason why many women withdrew. This is not a problem specific to men, but rather one of political ideas, in which militancy was equated with throwing stones. The ‘crisis of the militants’ remained misunderstood.”

She reflects deeply about methods of struggle and has strong criticism to common approaches. She wants to focus on the unity of theory and praxis, building an organisation with deep commitment, a shared will for personality reflection and connection to all parts of society.



“Moving away from single-issue movements, the politics of demanding/appealing campaigns, the constant reacting, but instead making a step towards unity, towards developing strategical lines for action and the formation of own goals of the resistance.”

Later in the free mountains of Kurdistan she deepens these thoughts about the necessity of building up organisations, relates her criticisms to her own personality and derives needed learnings.

“During a discussion today about the goals of an organisation to be established in Germany, we also touched on the question of leadership. Who could that be? Certainly a collective, definitely not a single person, but who? In moments like these, I see all our shortcomings with crystal clarity. Militant practice without deep

political understanding, 'big politics' without practice – or where the two are somewhat balanced, no mechanisms for the internal process, especially the man/woman question. A lack of flexibility on the one hand and spontaneous, emotion-driven, short-sighted action on the other. I know that I also have these faults. The shortcomings, not being able to open up the process properly, i.e. to lead it, even if I have the right instinct for what is wrong. But the 'not like this' attitude is far from enough. I have to learn patience."

When she gets arrested again in 1987, due to a traitor, she uses her time for reflections. A big topic in her letters in this time is to not just struggle against, but for building something up.

In a letter to an also imprisoned former member of RAF she writes:

"You know, at some point I stopped seeing my decision for, (for building something up), but just what I was against, and not even that one was clear, because the against was the comfortable and the familiar. That's why I couldn't see the 'we', i.e. also not seeing the new context, because I had only focused on what was lacking. And although it was there, it also wasn't there either, because there was no clear decisiveness or decision for each other and therefore also not for the whole. That's different now, and that's where what you meant by implementing and putting into practice is materialising."



Andrea lived the “we”, the alternative communal life, in building up social centres, doing community organising, like setting up an anti-racism hotline and building up communal life in squatted houses.

“We wanted to get to grips with: ourselves having become incapable of establishing social and political connections to societal development in order to move in it and bring it forwards.”

In her evaluations on the politics of attack she doesn't see militant actions and social politics as contradicting each other. Instead she sees potential in combining them to grow true strength.



“I believe that a strength can only evolve through the collaboration of those who are marking the line, that is the furthest from the state and those from the grass roots processes. How they can relate to each other, communicate their respective starting and departing points, and from there being able to move forward together, will have to be addressed by the development of the coming period. The conclusion that ‘today it is all about politics’ means that today it is no longer about attack. But: what other policy should the revolutionary left have if not to attack the male-ruling conditions?”

She is always looking for ways to overcome supposed opposites and find holistic approaches by combining struggles.

“‘Front line or women's liberation?’ was a question to her, that she could only respond with ‘Both’,” a friend describes about her.

Another point she gives importance to is, what she calls a *“political-subjective process.”* With this she means...

“...that for me, the emphasis is on change for each individual and collectively, and for this we at first need to look at each person's situation and the overall context of the struggles, to identify the

obstacles each person faces, and from there, work out how they can be solved so that you become stronger together.”

She also concludes about herself in a letter in 1988: *“Not fighting for me means not fighting at all.”*

She emphasises in a letter to her comrades from prison in 1989:

“When it comes to the necessary change that everyone must make in themselves, no one is better – further ahead. Rather, it is a challenge that can only be tackled together.”

Later in Kurdistan she is impressed by the method of criticism and self-criticism practised by the movement. In a letter to her comrades in Germany she writes after her arrival in Kurdistan in 1996:

“The level of ‘turning self-criticism into a weapon’ [...] – which means overcoming conditioned character traits; and not the disarmed ‘I’m a poor soul, it’s just in my nature!’ or this rummaging around in one’s own inadequacies, which has now become a habit of ours, in excessive individualism and subjectivism, which actually only conveys one message: ‘Change is not possible’.”



In regard to past processes in Europe she reflects that a new way of dealing and organising emotions needs to be developed.

“It’s not only important so that we don’t have to start all over again when everything collapses once more, but also as a signal: change is possible, we can shake off our upbringing.”

Also she is impressed by the educational methods of the guerilla, that start with the individual, but always connect the societal and historical context. It's deep rootedness in the belief that people can change even expands to potential agents. She writes about this in her diary on the 10.06.1997:

“By now I consider this form of ‘imprisonment’ to be a very important step in the fight for people.

It's not just a case of saying, “You're a jerk or whatever – piss off!”, but rather the main emphasis is put on change. For example, the leadership also says that the question of whether or not someone is an agent is not the decisive factor. Even if e.g. she were to admit to being one, the question is whether she wants a profound change or not, i.e. whether she seriously wants to turn around.”

Andrea gets betrayed again and decides to hide and observe the developments from afar, in order to prevent another time in prison. In 1996 she starts her way to Kurdistan, not fleeing from the situation in Germany, but with the goal of learning, considering the necessity to develop and built up internationalist connections.

She describes this step to the Kurdish movement in 1995 as follows:

“I also associate this step with entering a new phase of life and struggle, one that will not end with my return.

I want to step up to the mutual responsibility to the best of my ability, especially with regard to a reorganisation process in our place, even if I should never again be able to legally set foot on the soil of my country.”



In Kurdistan she calls herself Ronahî, Light. She spends some time in the Mazlum Korkmaz party's academy, where she meets Abdullah Öcalan, who gives her strength and perspective. In her diary she writes on the 10.06.1997:

“I know of NO man in this world who would have a more serious interest in women becoming strong. Only him. [...] He doesn't just talk about it, it is clearly reflected in his actions and commands.”

Being part of the women's guerilla in the Kurdish mountains she reflects back to the question of “front line or women's liberation”, and decides again:



“I want and have always wanted both. In the PKK, I find that this is realised: the women and the men are organised separately, but they wage war against the enemy together. It's nothing rigid either; Kurdish men are men too – they don't just accept it. It's a constant struggle.”

Together with all the other women in the mountains, she is finding herself and her strength. She writes in her diary on the 26.5.1997:

“I feel like I am on the path of healing, losing my mistrust and need for control. Together with the friends, I am making the experience that there is another way. Despite all the effort and tension, you become very calm. A glimpse of what life can really be – also connected with nature – opens up. Against this backdrop, life in Europe becomes as clearly foreign as it really is alienated. We say yes, you can only fully understand the reins that hold you in Europe, your conditioning, when you get to know a different reality outside Europe and look back from there.”

She is fighting in the war, defending herself and her comrades against the attacks of the Turkish state, of who's connection to the German state she is very well aware of. On 01.05.1997 she writes:



“I wish there were movements in the metropolis that would attack this war and make it impossible. Simply cut off the supply lines.

I know it's utopian given the state of the metropolis (...). It will also remain that way for a long time. Sadly, that would be something. A militant movement that paralyses the war machine. [...]

On 13.05.1997 she writes:

I feel an insane hatred and I swear to sabotage this war machinery in Europe.”

She arrives well amongst the guerilla, learns the language and develops. She stays very focused on her plan, to prepare herself to return to Germany and be part of the struggles there.

“I have quite some discussions with ‘frustrated’ Germans about the situation in Germany. They do see opportunities there, but no forces that know how to use them. In these moments, I just want to go back. To start, to work, creating ourselves a common ideological foundation, to build on and expand the existing relationships. To evaluate experiences. But I also know that I have to be patient, step by step.” (Diary entry from 19.6.1997)

On 19.07.1997 she writes in her diary:

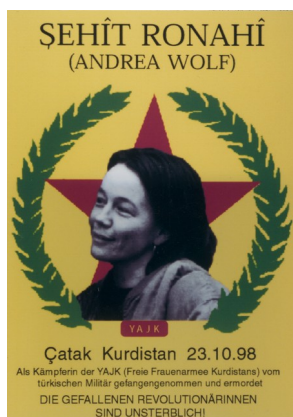
“Then there are those simple little moments when I am thoroughly happy – free – myself. Like right now. We are on a mountain top for radio communication, high up in the rugged rock. A fresh breeze caresses me, the mountains lie before us. Free view. It is midday, blazing hot. The crickets are chirping. We drink tea and eat dry, hard bread. But it's damn beautiful, everything is alive, and yet in this Kurdistan you always have the feeling that human history was made here, and indeed it was. [...]

I now see that it makes no difference to me where I fight. Or where I fall. But I know that it is important for the whole that I go back.”

Ronahî did not go back to Germany. On the 23rd of October 1998 she and 6 other comrades were captured alive by Turkish soldiers and murdered in brutal dehumanising ways in Çatak, North-Western Kurdistan. Like this also her last diary fell into the hands of the enemy.

A comrade that survived the attack reported, that as Şehîd Ronahî stood in front of the soldiers, her last words were:

“I am an internationalist and a socialist. Because I found this in the PKK, I am here. I am a German citizen, that is representing the PKK.”



Her Letter

The last letter of Şehîd Ronahî that reached her comrades in Germany was sent on the 17.02.1998. It said:

Hello you all,

there's a lot to say. About the war, everything I've experienced and seen, what the landscapes are like – like this miracle of nature— how I live in the Women's Army. (...)

I tried to focus on the question of an organisation in our place [in Europe], because that is/can be our path for the future. I already wrote quite a bit about it when I received the first letter, after almost one year. (...)

Checking in from another world, after some distance from yours. How are you? What are you doing? What's the situation like? What's been happening? What are you thinking?

Learning a lot this year in the Women's Army in the mountains of “Wild Kurdistan.” We climb the steepest mountain peaks and search for firewood in the snow, the rain, the storm and in the blazing sun, milk goats and ride donkeys. I've seen the enemy's cruelties (...), the courage and generosity of the fighters, the wounded, the fallen, the interconnectedness with the people... (...)

I try to move through time in this way, to understand why they do things the way they do, and not to apply a German measurement.

I see it this way: building a comprehensive organisation offers us a great opportunity where we can make up for past mistakes. For example, the cesspool of individual groups, the potential of people who want to change something, which exists across society today. From a bird's eye view, it's paradoxical how many “small circles” and individuals feel alone. They are “alone” only because they

don't know anything about each other, can't come together and can't work together. The impact, however, would be substantial, because there is actually a diverse wealth of tried and tested methods, achievements and experiences. It's just that no one systematically evaluates and applies them. Through an organisation, productive learning can be achieved from history.

It's certainly a difficult path to get there. How can you find, for example, all the people who want to change something and who are widely scattered? That is not reduced to the classic left-wing structures (...). There are some radical forces at work in society that articulate resistance against imperialism through what they actually do, but isolated from one another, they remain weak.

(...) I think it's necessary for an organisation to separate women and men. Women cannot develop in mixed structures. This has become a central experience for me throughout the entire time since I left. "Giving up the initiative" is the key word. But that doesn't mean we cannot be in an organisation where we women have our own structures, and where the relationship, the meeting and working with the men of the organisation is clearly defined and becomes part of the conceptual foundation. (...)

If we don't create anything new at this point, it will only be a repetition and disappointment of the experience of having produced nothing of our own and not breaking free from the old conditioning.

Our Answers

Letter I

To Şehîd Ronahî,

Sometimes we choose our name and sometime we are given them. Sometimes the reason is obvious in the moment, other times we give our names meaning, and many times the meaning becomes apparent way after the name was given. Your name means light, and it fits you well. Because you have lit the way for so many people, so many women finding their strength to struggle, all over the world, coming to Kurdistan to build the revolution, to defend it and to learn and take learnings back home, like you wanted to.

I first got to know you when a friend shared why she took your name. This friend was learning about the paradigm and the Kurdish Freedom Movement and was always asking how we can relate and learn from experiences and knowledge to bring back home and share. She loves the movement and also saw it's potential in the thoughts to be used everywhere, that revolution in one place is not enough, but that we can bring it home. The friends decided that Ronahî was a fitting name for her, because of you, because of your commitment to share your knowledge and learnings, because of your internationalism.

I'm getting to know you more and more, through conversations with people who knew you, and through stories passed on, from one friend to another. You always questioned what it means to build socialism with the methods and learnings from Kurdistan back to Germany, even though you couldn't do it physically, you brought so much back, through your letters and the people you met. Your spirit has become the spirit of internationalism, you gave so much.

I want to say thank you, but it doesn't feel like enough, so instead I will live in the light you created.

Your spirit has become the spirit of internationalism,

a Martyr never dies,

Şehîd Namirin

Letter II

Dear Şehîd Ronahî,

We remember you when we shout: Der Kampf geht weiter! The struggle continues!

We remember you in our struggles in the heart of the beast and in the free mountains and in all the in-betweens. You are our connection to our struggles in Germany and to our internationalist struggles of the past, the future and now.

We remember you in building up a new socialism of communes everywhere – in our villages, our metropolis and all the in-betweens. Your footsteps lead us to understand our own strength and how to face our enemy with courage and determination.

We remember you in all the struggles of friends in the enemy's prisons and our mental cages and all the in-betweens. Your traces are bringing us to our own freedom and we sing even louder as we remember you: Der Kampf geht weiter! – as you did...

Sie sperren uns hinter Gittern	They lock us behind iron bars
Weil sie zuhause sitzen	because they are sitting at home
Und vor uns zittern	and shivering in fear of us

Denn sie wissen	Because they know
Der Kampf geht weiter	the struggle continues
Und sie wissen	and they know
Die Wahrheit wird siegen	that the truth will win

Der Kampf geht weiter!	The struggle continues!
Têkoşîn berdeyam dike!	Têkoşîn berdeyam dike!

Şehîd Namirin! [Martyrs don't die!]

Letter III

Dear Ronahî, Dear Andrea,

More than a quarter of a century has passed since you became immortal. Knowing that I am writing to you from an internationalist gathering in the liberated areas of North- and East-Syria would surely have filled you with joy and pride. This academy is a continuation of your quest for active internationalist struggle.

The revolutionary forces in Germany and Central Europe have not yet overcome the crisis you wrote about in the 1990s. On the contrary: three decades later, it is becoming increasingly difficult to build on revolutionary tradition and practice. This is partly due to the ever-widening gap in the transmission of experience. But the mental dimension weighs much more heavily: the power to imagine what revolutionary organising means is diminishing with each passing year, knowing what it feels like to be anchored in society, the lack of role models for the absoluteness of the struggle.

Dear Ronahî, you saw and felt the necessity of an organisation of militants. I am sure that you were also convinced that you were ready for it with your whole being. Today, there is a widespread feeling in our circles that we are 'not ready yet'. This is obviously a true snapshot of the situation, but it leads us less to seriously questioning what the obstacles are and how we can overcome them by putting our situation in historical context and thus understanding it, but more to simply continuing our work with the deeply religious feeling that one day the organisation will descend from heaven like the Messiah, if we just continue our work in the right direction.

At the same time, the widespread phenomenon of the German mentality of defeat is continuing to hinder us: in many, especially around 'Antideutsche', there is the often subconscious believe, that as Germans we are naturally incapable of creating a healthy militant

organisation. At least not without repeating fascist mentalities within it.

While it is true, that we have to analyse the influences of fascism on our personalities well, the fatalism that comes with this believe is in the end just giving us another excuse for not struggling at our best. The defeatist mentality is one of the biggest mental obstacles, alongside the fundamental problem of the omnipresence of the enemy's superiority in our minds. This not only normalises the absurdity of everyday life in the heart of capitalist modernity, but also makes us dependent on the system we are fighting and is keeping us small as weak personalities. At their core, these are, as you describe, 'false securities and irrational fears.'

I think that such defence mechanisms and weaknesses of belief would have driven you crazy. You had similar discussions in Kurdistan: *"I have discussions with "frustrated" Germans about the situation in Germany. They see opportunities there, but no forces that know how to exploit them. In these moments, I just want to go back. Start working, create a common ideological foundation, build and expand existing relationships. Evaluate the experiences. But I also know that I have to be patient, step by step."*

However, I am equally convinced that today, a revolutionary movement in the heart of the beast needs more than just individual inspirations from the outside, and that the paradigmatic foundation will not emerge from the heart of liberalism.

Without a fundamentally new paradigmatic world view and a corresponding revolutionary culture, any attempt will immediately be infected with the maladies of the German left (egocentrism, isolation, marginalisation, liberalism, identity crises, etc.), because, as we know, they are deeply entrenched in our personalities.

Also, without the organisation of women as the basis for the revival of democratic society, we will keep running into walls and going round in circles. You describe how women ‘cannot develop in mixed structures’ and yet we [as men] can still be part of an organisation if there is an autonomous organisation as a basis. You rightly warn us: *“If we do not create something new at this point, it will only be a repetition and disappointment of the experience that we have not produced anything of our own and have not broken free from the old conditioning.”*

The paradigm and revolutionary culture that have developed around Rêberti through half a century of struggle have the depth and strength to offer an answer to the great void of faith and imagination at the centre.

What does this mean for the organisation of militants?

Any organisation must be a tool and must never become an end in itself. You, too, write a lot about the necessity of organisation without naming the goal in the same breath. The goal may be somehow clear without being stated, but then it is often no more concrete than ‘world revolution or liberation’ as a common denominator. A visionary and at the same time realpolitic goal results from an understanding of the societal and political situation. Only then can we determine, as a secondary step, what organisational requirements are necessary to achieve this goal. Our strategy and, consequently, these organisational tools can and must change in line with social reality and the political situation.

Our goal is nothing less than to realise democratic socialism worldwide by establishing democratic world confederalism. This requires a global internationalist strategy. As a result of the current phase of the dissolution of the party and the New Manifesto [by Rêber Apo], a global apoist organisation of militants could be one organisational form for achieving this goal. In order not to repeat the

mistakes of the Comintern and to be able to organise the moral-political society in accordance with the respective reality and culture, regional/national organisational units of the overall organisation are needed, which develop a strategy in accordance with the social situation and culture and whose cadres are at the same time militants of the universal apoist organisation.

Internationalism can certainly mean never working in one's own society. However, this should not be the norm. Regular change, including between different social realities, is strategically necessary, enriching for every personality and prevents stagnation and nationalism. As a rule, however, the children of every society also have the greatest potential to help liberate their own society. You, too, had prepared yourself for a return to Germany:

"I want to prepare myself properly now for what I can do, learn and see here that will be useful at home. Accordingly, I will then draw up a programme. I already realise that being like you, i.e. conforming, is not enough."

Militants must develop from a social reality, but there is no need for a purely national organisation that works autonomously and independently. It is not a question of building 'our own' organisation for every context, even if a large part of the substantive work must nevertheless be done in this direction (development of specific programmes, etc.). The new organisation will be based on the values of the PKK, but must reinvent itself in order to do justice to the enormous task of internationalism. An apoist world organisation obviously has no claim to a monopoly, but comes together in practice under the common denominator of democratic socialism with a wide variety of ideologies.

The global expansion of the faith brought about by Apoism requires not only ideological work and conferences, but above all practical

examples of the application of the paradigm outside Kurdistan and the Kurdish diaspora, which will shine like beacons throughout the world.

Dear Ronahî, your light has been illuminating our path to a lived internationalism for 27 years now. We will follow your light and give everything to make your dreams come true.

Contribution IV

During our commemoration, that we did as Andrea Wolf Institute for the 27th anniversary of the martyrdom of Şehîd Ronahî, an old comrade of hers said some words...

“I've been staying with Ronahî in the mountains in '96. She was really a strong woman although she faced a lot of defeats in her life. For example there were traitors and she was in prison, but she came to Bakûr [Northern Kurdistan] and we met in the Zap region in '96. I was already since two years in the mountains, when she arrived and she was very organized, she said: ‘we need to discuss! What did you learn in the two years that you have been in the mountains? And what do you want to bring to Europe, to Germany when you come back?’ She wanted an organised discussion and we took minutes from the discussion, like what points are necessary to organise in Europe. That was special about her.

Ronahî was a very strong personality although she experienced a lot in her life she stood up again. She was not a person who sees problems in front of her and stops to fight, she stood up again. That's a big message for the young people here. If you are in the revolution, you will feel a lot of... you will fall and fall again and you will have a lot of problems, but the necessary thing is to stand up again and to go on. Also if you are in prison, organise yourself, make yourself a program, like for example don't get depressed, don't say "ah, I'm in prison, what can I do here? I lost!". No, make your own program, like read in the morning, make sports and even if you're all alone, make your own program. That's the spirit of Ronahî. When she was in prison, she was singing loud for the other people in the prison and she never gave up. Also before she left for Kurdistan the German state wanted to imprison her, because [they] said she was part of the Rote Armee Fraktion [red army fraction]. She wasn't, but that was the reason, why she came two years later

then we went on the mountains. She came alone, but in all these two years she didn't surrender, she didn't give up. She said: 'I want to go on the mountains!' She had to hide herself for nearly two years. And then she came. She didn't give up. This is a strong message from Ronahî to everybody. You will have to... you will find a lot of obstacles, but you have to stand up again and if there are problems... solve them!

That's what I wanted to say.

I really... a few days ago I saw a woman with blue eyes like Ronahî and I was remembered of her again. Always, when I see people, that look like her, I remember her and I miss her so much, because we really need people who are... who don't give up, yanê, who always go on."

Letter V

Dear Şehîd Ronahî,

Your life of struggle and resistance is one that many internationalists here in Rojava today can relate to and see themselves in. While we both grew up in different western nation-states and are of different ethnicities, your thoughts on internationalism and perspectives gained from the Kurdish Liberation Movement highly resonate with me. What brought a German woman to the mountains of Kurdistan is the same reason that a diasporic Filipino woman from the US came to west Kurdistan/Rojava. We were both on the revolutionary search, hoping that the KLM can provide what we were looking for. Reading excerpts of your journal entries, I very much relate to the frustration you've experienced with organizing in the west and wanting to share your new-found insights from the KLM with your comrades back home. Something I admire about you the most is your motivation to go back to the western nation-state you were born and raised in to invigorate the organizing back home. This is something we don't see so much from internationalists nowadays. And I, myself, am guilty of this. While I don't have a plan to go back to the west and organize there, I do wish to take my learnings and realizations back to the Philippines liberation movement on the basis of strengthening internationalism, genuine solidarity, and a practical revolutionary partnership between Kurdistan and the Philippines. In this way, I aim to follow in your footsteps on the path of internationalism.

Şehîd Namirin

Letter VI

Dear Şehîd Ronahî,

With your footsteps you built bridges and led ways that many have followed. Your thoughts still continue in our discussions today, as we continue your struggle.

We are reaching out to you from another world and time, with a distance to yours and still so close to it. Nearly 30 years have past since you were murdered. You died for the struggle of life itself and became a bright star that led us on our paths. You stayed with us, with your courage and decisiveness, with your hate against the war and its commanders and your love for life and the struggle.

There is a lot to say, about the war, that is still going on, and the cruelties of the enemy, as well as about the wonders of nature and the revolution.

You asked how we are doing, about the situation, everything that has been happening and our thoughts. We want to focus on answering your questions.

Since you left this world and became light, Ronahî, there were attacks, as well as revolution, hope was lost and re-found, betrayal and struggle, dances of freedom and it's joy as well as screams of pain. Many fell in the struggle and joined you in the side of the light.

1999, one year after you fell Şehîd, Rêber Apo was imprisoned and dark clouds blocked the light. But the words of freedom, his free thoughts, could not be imprisoned so they escaped the iron bars.

A lot has changed in our definitions of socialism. A lot has been learned, and discussing it with you would be very interesting. The ideas of democratic modernity spread around the world, the enemy was not able to imprison them. The seeds were spread and sprouted in the fertile soil of searching thoughts.

From all over the world, many followed your way to Kurdistan.

In Kurdistan the struggle went on. Not just in the mountains, but also in the cities in the North and the plains in the East.

The ideas of the new paradigm, of a democratic nation, were embodied in the Rojava Revolution and laughter of freedom cut through the tense silence of years of fear and oppression.

A society so colourful and bright next to the fascist monoculture of the regime. The enemy has tried to suffocate the Revolution many times, but could not succeed.

Under the slogan Jin, Jiyan, Azadî the Woman took up the weapons and defended their bodies, values, land and dreams.

We write you today as women that found their ways from different parts of the world to Rojava. And not to any place, but to the women's village Jinwar. How we would love to walk with you past the little houses and the trees, that are growing, no matter the dryness of the suffocated earth. Maybe you would also find it too quiet here, coming from the big cities in Germany, in love with the energy of pogo dancing and fights against the state and its forces. But you would love it anyway, as we do. You would have a lot to say to the discussions, that are in these times filling our days. The big questions: how to build a new international, how to build a concrete alternative to the ruling system, how to build a free life from below and how to connect the many attempts that already exist in so many places – you already discussed all of them thirty years ago. We would be some steps further already, had you not been taken from us. But we can tell you, that also big steps have been taken. Your discussions went on. We came together and spread. We felt alone and united. We learned from the history and we made old and new mistakes. We built nets and continue to do so.

Remembering you reminds us of the need to always bring theory and praxis together, to be radical in our thinking and consequent in our acting. Your death left a hole, it caused a pain that will never end, but through remembering you, telling your story, reading your words, following your thoughts gives us strength and direction in the struggle that you were part of, as we are part of now and that we will continue to fight as you did, as countless women have before us and even more will continue after us.

With love and rage,
your friends from the internationalist's Jineolojî institute
named in your remembrance
Andrea Wolf Institute

Letter VII

Dear Ronahî,

I've been thinking of you a lot lately. I've recognized my own thoughts and questions in your words and draw strength from them to continue your path. I think that's what we mean when we say "the martyrs are immortal." That we are never alone in walking our paths of struggle, but rather follow in the footsteps of those who have gone before us and carry this responsibility.

When I began to realize how similar today's questions are to yours, I was honestly frustrated at first. Almost 30 years have passed, and so often we get stuck, go around in circles, hinder ourselves, while the enemy grows stronger and stronger. But just as you struggled for patience, I must remember myself of that too.

It would certainly be good if we were a bit faster and deeper in our processes, if change would take hold more quickly and personality shortcomings would be overcome more rapidly. But change remains immeasurable, and overcoming isn't progress that can be checked off a list. This frustration and impatience of mine quickly becomes unproductive, and makes me give up in front of difficulties, instead of falling into the waves of liberation, aware of the certainty of continuity.

We can learn from you to reflect deeply on past experiences. For me, a central aspect of the last three decades of processes aimed at bringing the spirit of the revolution in Kurdistan to the metropolises is a dishonest encounter with the gender contradiction. This has too often led us to go around in circles, hindering and hurting ourselves. I am reminded of your words: *"If we don't create anything new at this point, it will only be a repetition and disappointment of the experience that we have produced nothing of our own and have not broken free from the old conditioning. Despite proclaimed liberation,*

despite the honest, profound hatred of the enemy and our own entanglement with it, this very logic lives on within us and our structures. (...)"

I think the "crisis of the militants" that you described also is connected to this. It is this understanding of struggle in which one's own self remains untouched. As the women of the early feminist movements understood when they first met in international spaces and realized that, although they lived in different parts of the world, their experiences were similar: *the personal remains political and the political remains personal*.

For international struggles and organizing processes, this common enemy should be our foundation. The globally organized capitalist system of war raging nation-states and monopolies, and - at the same time - the internal attacks that, not only but especially, women and other resisting genders experience and that are as closely intertwined with the global attacks, as they are with our personalities and relationships.

This is what I want to learn from you as well: to uncover and overcome these supposed contradictions and to draw strength and development exactly from these moments of creativity. Like militant struggle and social engagement, or defending the revolution in Kurdistan and organizing social contradictions in the metropolises, or indeed, women's revolution and the front line. I observe how we are constantly held back by the fact that we discuss and implement these issues in a way that opposes each other, when in fact they are not contrasting at all. I think this stems from technical approaches, and I observe that these contradictions can be overcome precisely through the opposites of technology, such as art and culture, the deeply philosophical, or personal.

A few months ago, I was sitting among a group of internationalists with an older friend from the Kurdish movement. We were drinking

cay, and among other things, we asked him: "*What should the main strategy of an internationalist struggle be?*" Without hesitation, he answered: "*To stop the war.*" And he quoted Einstein: "*World War 4 will be fought with sticks or not at all.*"

In this, the role of Kurdistan is as significant as it was in your time. I find myself here in a process of becoming, just as humanity is challenged here to rediscover its true nature. In Kurdistan, the war and its global interests collide with the societal perspective of true peace. A democratic peace, rooted in vibrant and lively discussions in the communes in North and East Syria.

You wrote about your unorganized rage against the warplanes. I, too, often find it difficult to organize my feelings about the war and the attacks. Sometimes it's furious anger, sometimes pure pain, and sometimes — when the pain and anger don't become politicized — nothing at all. I wonder if this comes from refusing to accept the reality of the enemy. It is certainly good to resist accepting the enemy's brutality, but it also makes it harder to see clearly what needs to be done. Our internationalist struggle should be revenge, and root in our deep connection. But our revenge is not blinded by anger or grief, but well-organized and persistent. So that it can confidently carry the journey of change on, in which we have long since found ourselves.

"If I told you: we are setting off now to plunge into life, into dangers, into uncertainty, into near-sharp death, with only one mad goal: to learn to live again.

What would you think?

If I told you: we have already set off.

Would you still consider it impossible?"

(Şehîd Bager Nûjîyan – Michael Panser)

Regarding the needs in the metropolises, I see a great opportunity in organizing the internal contradictions that have deepened through

World War III and are globally interconnected. These contradictions are so strongly present in people's lives that all that is lacking is the courage and an alternative perspective to transform them into a consistent movement for revenge. We, as the vanguard, must provide and embody this courage and perspective. In Europe, I see these contradictions, for example, in the village, the inner periphery of the metropolis, as well as in women, the inner periphery of the system, in the dreams of children and the spirit of youth, and in the illness of loneliness.

Another major issue, fueled by the nation-state system, is the question of home. Who – wherever in the world - is allowed to be at home? This applies in the Middle East, where state borders were drawn by foreign hands with a ruler, as well as in Europe, where migration is the main issue for the rising fascist forces. Thus, internationalism takes shape not only globally, but in every neighborhood where everyone finds a home in a democratic nation that opposes the homogeneity of the nation-state.

“I feel at home anywhere in the world where there are clouds and birds and human tears.” - ROSA LUXEMBURG

Dear Ronahî,

I remain incredibly angry that you were taken and are now missing in the big tasks and steps we are taking. How valuable your thoughts would be, and how unnecessary your death.

You were robbed of the chance to realize your dreams.

We carry your dreams with us.

Şehîd Namirin – The martyrs become immortal through our actions.

Contribution VIII

Ronahî - amica ti cerchiamo
e amica ti incontriamo
in una terra che ti ha conosciuta
- ti ha contenuta
una terra mediterranea - rossa
ferita - ricucita
terra annodata - intessuta.

questa è la terra in cui si scopre
che i confini - del proprio del corpo
della punta delle dita
della fine del nostro naso
della pianta dei nostri piedi
confini poi non sono - ma zone di
comunicazione
antenne per segnali
sottili - più di quelli che udiamo

questa è la terra
- questa è la terra in cui gli ulivi ridono.
ascolta compagna:
dai limoni, un canto
dall'uva, un racconto annodato,
sulla pelle degl'asini
solitari - sulla strada
la polvere disegna spirali confuse

Ronahî , heval – we're looking for you
and as heval we meet
in a land that has known you
– that has kept you with her
a mediterranean land – a red land
injured – sewn
land of knots – land of weaving

this is the land in which you can discover
that the borders – of your body
of the tip of your fingers
of the end of your nose
of the soles of your feet
are not borders –
but regions of communication
signal antenna
subtle– more than the ones that we know

this is the land
- this is the land where the olive trees laugh
listen, heval:
from the lemon tree, a song
from the grapes, a knotted story
on donkey's skin
they, solitary on the road
the dust draws interesting spirals

questa è la terra
in cui penso alla mia /
in cui gli ulivi mi annunciano
la grande salita - per raggiungere casa
questa è la terra
in cui il canto del limone
mi porta l'eco - della casa di mia madre
e l'uva e gli asini ricordano i giovedì sera
dove - le ginocchia e le mani delle bambine
impastano la terra
dove - le madri ridono, i piedi danzano
suonano - la nyckelharpa e il violino
questa è la terra
in cui penso alla mia

qui siamo l'Eufrate e siamo la Dora,
siamo il Pellice, siamo il Karasu
siamo le rive dalle curve morbide
e le pozze profonde /
ma i nostri palmi – e dietro le orecchie
- e appoggiate sui fianchi
- ascolta compagna:
la terra che urla,
le dighe assediate,
gli ulivi bruciati - gli uccelli in fuga
- l'ultimo
ballo nel cerchio

abbasso le lunghe ciglia
muovo le labbra e
- sento nel sole e nei campi
grilli e belati lontani - turbini, martelli
e lunghi pianti di cani - grazie alla vita
che ci ha dato tanto
grazie alla vita - che ci ha dato il canto

this is the land
from where I can think of mine /
in which olive trees announce to us
the great dash – to reach our house
this is the land
in which the song of the lemon
is carrying the echo – of my mother's house
and the grapes and the donkeys reminds me of
thursday evenings
where – the knees and the hands of the children
knead the land
where – mothers laugh, feet can dance
the nyckelharpa and the violin – are playing
this is the land
from where I can think of mine

here we are the Euphrat and we are the Dora
we are the Pellice, we are the Karasu
we are made by the beaches with soft curves
and deep pools /
but in our palms – and behind our ears
– and waiting on our hips
- listen heval:
the cry of the earth,
the besieged dams,
the burned olive trees – the escaping birds
– the last dance in the circle

I close my eyes
I can move my lips and
– feeling in the sun and in the fields
crickets and bleating far away
– turbines, hammers
and a long cry of dogs – grazie alla vita
che ci ha dato tanto
grazie alla vita – che ci ha dato il canto

Amelia diceva: il mondo!
è un dente strappato!
qui imparo la pazienza - lo strappo
perdo il contorno /
la lingua passa sui denti - ci sono
trovo il mio impasto /
le dita le passo sul muso, sulle labbra
controllo - ci sono /
quanto sai insistere?
quanto spingi
dentro la pasta - le dita?
cosa rimane sotto le unghie?
sei pronta per fare
- quel che c'è bisogno di fare.

una terra che è le terre,
una guerra che è - le guerre
richiede una risposta che sia coro
una risposta che sia
un battaglione - un'unità - un patto saldo
un'esercito di donne
- una volontà unita, pulita
- dall'assedio liberata

tu - la prima di noi
noi - le prossime te

giro una carta: il mio futuro /
giro una carta - la stessa:
il presente dell'amica /
giro una carta, nuova:
è questa la terra dalle porte precarie
che si mostra nel nove di spade - serkeftin!
la vittoria dopo il coraggio

Amelia said: the world!
Is an unrooted tooth!
Here we learn new the patience – the tear
I lose my outline /
the tongue goes trough the teeth – that's all there
I find my dough /
fingers on the muzzle, on the lips
I check – that's all here /
How much can you insist?
How much can you push
inside the dough – your finger?
You are ready to do – what is needed to do.

A land that is now lands,
a war that is – now wars
this required an answer that is a chorus
an answer that could be
a battalion – a unity – a firm agreement
a women's army – a united will, clean
- now from the siege liberated

you – the first of us
us – the next after you

A card is revealed: that's my future /
a card is revealed – the same:
that's the present of a friend /
a card is revealed, again and new:
that's this land with precarious doors
that is now showing in the nine of swords –
serkeftin!
The victory after the bravery

hai perso - compagna
la sfiducia e la paura
e il controllo - l'hai chiuso in un pozzo /
hai raccolto - dalle montagne
un <noi> che in tutto il mondo ha casa
un galeone - una comune - una risata nuova
che nelle nostre lingue - ancora!
rimbalza

hai scritto - "devo tornare" /
ma questa è una terra, compagna
che non ti lascia finire /
i tuoi semi sono ora foresta
la tua vita continua - nelle strade
di queste labbra mani denti intestini tensioni
desideri
- volontà
di unità - nella linea della lotta.

Sii orgogliosa e sii contenta
il cuore vuole andare in battaglia /
Serbilind û dilşa bibe
Dil dixwaze here cengê.

You lost – heval
the mistrust and the fear
and the control – you have thrown it in a oil well /
you have picked up – from the mountains
a <we> that found home in every land
a galleon – a commune – a new laughter
that in our languages and tongues – again!
bounces

You've written – "I need to come back" /
but this is the land, heval
that doesn't allow you to reach an end /
your seeds are now a forest
your life is going on – in the path
of these lips hands teeth intestines tensions desires
- will
of unity – in the line of the struggle.

Be proud and be happy
the heart wants to go to battle /
Serbilind û dilşa bibe
Dil dixwaze here cengê.

Letter VIII

Dear Ronahî, dear Andrea,

We received your letter, some of us here in Germany. It traveled through space and time over the past 28 years. It journeyed far and wide, carried in backpacks through mountains, over which turkish war helicopters circled. It was smuggled across borders, came to Europe, and was passed from hand to hand here among yours. It was not forgotten, a danger so omnipresent in the fog of historical amnesia in Germany. Instead, it was carried by friends until your words also found their way to me. You wrote: *If we fail to renew ourselves, we will only experience disappointment and repetition.* You are right; in Germany, we have experienced much of that. But there are already some of us who have set out on the path after you. There is so much I could tell you. About how the world has changed, how those in power are calling for new wars. But you already know a lot of this. About how the movement stagnated, how we lost so much between the generations. But also about how we are drawing new strength, how we, as young people, are searching for new paths. Once again, we are digging up the layers of our soil, piecing together the history of the german left, trying to understand what happened and what failed. I've met some of your older comrades, from the women's and lesbian movement, squatters. They tell of your determination and energy, of fighting for your own spaces as women, of street battles with the police and all-night discussions. But they

also speak of fragmentation, of loose connections between groups and a scene that often found itself dragged down in internal struggles, of the inability to truly unite. Believe me, we know these problems all too well today. In this story, you stand as someone who found a way out even back then and encountered answers in the Kurdish freedom movement. A movement with values and a memory, with a fighting style that has continued to evolve and has achieved countless accomplishments to this day. In your letter, you write that we must build a comprehensive organization to give ourselves the opportunity to rectify past mistakes. To gather all the people who want to make a difference and learn from all existing attempts and methods. Your words are a foundation for us today, on which we are building internationalist structures in Germany. We are only at the beginning, but we have big plans. As Apoists, we want to find answers for our own societies here in Germany, and on this basis, we are building our structures. That we are at this point today is also an achievement of yours. This gives us reason to have hope, even though there is still much to be done. I wanted to tell you about this because I know that you also went to Kurdistan to open a path in Germany. And because you fell in battle in the mountains there, you are also a martyr member of the revolutionary movement here and of the women who are building it. This revolution, in Germany and in Europe, which has been pushed back, but which we want to take back on the offensive. It connects the past, present, and future and

speaks with the voice of Rosa Luxemburg: "I was, I am, and I will be."

Until then, dear Ronahî, dear Andrea.

We promise to carry you forward in our struggles.

Şehîd namirin! Women who fight are women who live!

Letter X

I met a woman who observes the world and reflects.
And when she speaks, she finds clear words.
She knows what's happening around her.
How alienated we live from one another.
How young people like her are being robbed of their free will, almost imperceptibly, bit by bit.
For some time now, she's is worried.
She feels connected to them; they are brothers and sisters, of course.
Wherever she goes, she brings kindness.
She listens, makes sensible suggestions. She brings people together, she doesn't divide. I've somehow never seen her ego.
She has little interest in politics. What she knows is far away, "political" issues are always co-opted and used for the interests of the powerful. If that's what politics is, she wants nothing to do with it.
She also wants to show understanding and respect to all people, beyond categories like "left" and "right."

I met a woman who is profoundly democratic. She will create the new world with us.

There are so many of them, and I encourage you, comrades, get to know them! Join forces with them! Overcome your own prejudices and seek out these women. (...even outside the left-wing scene and

left centers...)

Let's break free from a narrow understanding of politics and, at the same time, work towards a clear understanding of "politics" as more than what liberalism tells us.

Let's live and defend according to shared principles and democratic values.

Onwards to a self-determined life!

Letter XI

Ciao Andrea,

we write you after a long day of march organized like every year to commemorate Ş. Sara, Ş. Rojbin and Ş. Ronahî who like you gave their lives for their deep love for life. Walking and chanting alongside comrades from different regions and struggles made us think of you. Of the internationalist spirit you embodied, carried with you, letting it guide your actions and choices. Of the brave steps you took to defend the struggle for freedom, the struggle of peoples, the struggle for a world wide commune that intertwined our uniqueness and diversity no matter from what area or time we belong to.

In this time of great chaos, as war is spreading across the world attacking society at its core, moments like today are a gift because they remind us that sharing a life of struggle with someone, dreaming together, can make us face any kind of threat. As Ş.Sara, Ş. Rojbin and Ş. Ronahî, you taught us that we can find and spread hope in our everyday actions. You made women's struggle the center of the struggle for freedom, of women's autonomy the path to find the clarity and wisdom needed to wage that struggle, seeing the need to recover the natural way of loving and caring for the land and others. Especially in a period like this one, where we share the great task of developing a new communal internationalism, having your example as part of our revolutionary history gives us confidence and energy. Andrea you are part of the fire in our hearts, the exhaustion and

motivation of every step we do together through the thick mud of the system. You are part of every tear because we feel the pain of people struggling, every laughter and smile because of the joy we feel when we see that beautiful colors of communes. Your choices and examples have spread thousands of seeds that started to grow and bring wonderful fruits. In the new internationalist academies that are sprouting all over Europe, in the seminars, the educations, the cultural events and actions that are bringing different organizations closer together, it is our great responsibility to continue nurturing these seeds and make them grow always more.

Şehîd namirin.

Internationalists from different regions and struggles

Letter XII

To Ronahi of the Kurdistan Mountains

“Toprağın altında uykuda kalmayacaksın

“You will not remain asleep beneath the earth

Ey kardeş, ey yoldaş

Oh brother (sibling), oh comrade

Yüreğın baharın yeşerdiğini duyuyor

Your heart feels the blossoming of spring

Senin gibi rüzgarla gelecek”

It will come with the wind, just like you”

When we utter your name, our hearts turn into a fire. But not a fire that burns and reduces to ashes, but one that rises, illuminates, and liberates...and one that does not pass, that leaves a mark. You said, “Although I come from a different culture, I never felt like a stranger here,” when you first arrived. Now you would live in these lands as a German revolutionary...And the Kurdistan mountains still carry your first footprints in their bosom...while embracing your first feelings, dreams, and free aspirations, the majestic Kurdish geography was also becoming Ronahî, giving voice to the whole world. In the cradle of humanity and the land of holiness, your being the first step for the

struggle of all humanity added another meaning to the struggle for freedom. "Insisting on Socialism is Insisting on Humanity," said the Sun of these lands, and we feel immense pride in your understanding of this, believing in how and where internationalism should begin in the new century, and in your ascetic journey along this path that has brought us to this day.

You, who chose honor in a system organized by fear... You showed us this with your life and stance: speaking where silence was imposed, resisting where submission was demanded; remaining human is a struggle in itself. Your path was bumpy, mine-strewn, and full of difficulties. But with your determined and faithful march, you dedicated your life and became a light for the march of millions. You, who left behind not half-finished dreams, but a future that needs to be completed. And now, new generations are experiencing the excitement of bringing these meaningful dreams of the future to life with great honor, not as a memory, but as a legacy, a philosophy of life.

And you, Ronahî, as your name suggests, my comrade!

With every step, every objection, every rebellion against the system, and every resistance, the name Ronahî rises, you are as close as every step taken, as real as our conscience! Today, young people bear your name, newborn babies are named Ronahî. Ronahî is not just a

name; it is a call. It is a fire lit against the darkness. And the new generation is raising this name not as a past, but as a future...

And we want to give you good news. On the path you opened, in the solitude you walked, the seeds of your suffering, the march of humanity you sowed, have been sown and reached the whole world, beginning to sprout... In the philosophy of Rêber APO, the architecture of Democratic Modernity, our internationalism has risen to the sun with new sprouts. And now, as we repeat our promise to you, we state with great pride that we will not abandon your path halfway, that we will not bow to any color of oppression, that we will not postpone your dreams, and that we will not let your name be tarnished. Until justice is established on this earth, until human dignity is liberated, the light you carry will not fade, it will grow brighter...

January 15, 2026

In Internationalist Comradeship

Endless Love and Greetings

Engin DENİZ

Rojava-Kurdistan

Letter XIII

My dear Heval,

Today the sun is shining, but my mind is clouded. Where does this fog come from? It is damp and sticky. It takes up space in a magical land, where loyalty is as natural as the wind. In this land of mine, which gave birth to my parents, my grandmothers, the trees that offered us shade every summer, the low mountains rise from the earth like dragon's claws: in Baunei it is called Sa Serpenta. I wish all my heval could see it and love it... just as every heval would want their own land to be seen and loved.

Sardinia is a magical land because wherever you go, whoever you listen to, there are legends waiting for us: stories of women, stories of sharing, stories of meeting each other, stories that are told - in a very clumsy or very decisive way - and that must be recognised for their value. I know very few of them, something has kept them hidden from me. And I feel broken. Incomplete. Incomplete? It almost makes me smile. For the first time, this word also gives me relief, because I already know that I cannot exist alone.

But then what is this confusion I feel? This land is solid and does not fear the wind. Like snail shells in the countryside, am I broken under the weight of those who trample on me, but do I resist fire?

How do I return to my heval?

What do I leave behind?

What do I find?

What have I learned?

The moon rises from the mountain
And mountains rise from the moon
Just as weakness, doubts and obstinacy arise
The mountains emerge from the moon
And desires, willpower and faith emerge
The mountains emerge in all lands
To protect and reinforce these human adventures,
to meet the sky
Weakness emerges in strength
Strength emerges in weakness
So
I will become who I want to become,
heval.

—

Spunta la luna dal monte
E spuntano le montagne dalla luna
Così come spuntano la debolezza, i dubbi, le ostinazioni
Spuntano le montagne dalla luna
E spuntano i desideri, la volontà, la fede
Spuntano le montagne in tutte le terre
A proteggere e rinforzare queste umane avventure,
a incontrare il cielo

Spunta la debolezza nella forza
spunta la forza nella debolezza

Così

diventerò chi voglio diventare
compagna.

***“The only possibility to articulate
our struggle, is to live it.”***

- Şehîd Ronahî /Andrea Wolf



Now it's on us to live what was articulated.

Andrea Wolf Institute, January 2026