



16 DAYS OF ACTIVISM TO END
VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN

E-book 2011



United Nations Entity for Gender Equality
and the Empowerment of Women



CAMPAIGN 2011 “YOUTH SAY NO TO VIOLENCE”

The drive for gender equality and empowerment of women and girls must begin with young people. Throughout the world youth are key catalysts for change when it comes to prevent gender based violence. Information and communication technologies are increasingly important in connecting and mobilizing people around the world to end violence. Since majority of young people are visiting social networks online, UN Women is engaging youth using the new technology and social media to increase public awareness and social mobilization to end violence against women and girls. As a global example of this, we have online platforms like UN Women’s Say NO–UNiTE to End Violence against Women to bridge gaps between what is happening in local communities and activism globally and online. Anyone can come to the website to share ideas, take action, make their voice heard and present their actions worldwide.

For the 16 Days Campaign 2011, UN Women project office in Bosnia and Herzegovina (BiH) has created an eBook called Youth Say No to Violence!, which will be a reflection of how young people of Bosnia and Herzegovina

perceive the problem of Gender Based Violence. The aim of this online campaign is to give young people a voice so that they can express their approach to raising awareness about and preventing gender based violence using multimedia.

The contributors to the campaign were selected in September 2011 through a Photography and Short Story Competition. UN Women Office in BiH launched the competition and invited young people (age 18 to 30) to employ their imagination to create images and tell stories to understand what GBV is and how it can be prevented and stopped.

The best photos and stories were selected and their authors attended a workshop where they learned about gender based violence, storytelling, photography and multimedia. Following the workshop, under the guidance of UN WOMEN, TNT Studio and with the support of the International University of Sarajevo, 16 young authors employed their talent and creativity to develop the pages of this e-book.

UN SECRETARY GENERAL MESSAGE ON THE INTERNATIONAL DAY FOR THE ELIMINATION OF VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN

Violence against women and girls takes many forms and is widespread throughout the globe. It includes rape, domestic violence, harassment at work, abuse in school, female genital mutilation and sexual violence in armed conflicts. It is predominantly inflicted by men. Whether in developing or developed countries, the pervasiveness of this violence should shock us all. Violence – and in many cases the mere threat of it – is one of the most significant barriers to women’s full equality.

The right of women and girls to live free of violence is inalienable and fundamental. It is enshrined in international human rights and humanitarian law. And it lies at the heart of my UNiTE to End Violence against Women campaign. Since its launch in 2008, the campaign has galvanized governments, civil society, the corporate sector, athletes, artists, women, men and young people around the world. The social mobilization platform “Say NO-UNiTE” has recorded more than 2 million activities worldwide – from protest marches to public awareness campaigns, from legislative advocacy to help for victims.

Many of these activities have received support from the United Nations Trust Fund to End Violence against Women. Since it was founded 15 years ago, the Fund has delivered grants worth \$77 million to 339 initiatives in 126 countries and territories. We would like the Fund to be able to do even more, but demand for support continues to outstrip resources. This year alone, the Fund has received more than 2,500 applications requesting nearly \$1.2 billion. I appeal to all



Ban Ki-moon, UN Secretary General

our partners to help us meet this vast unmet need.

Our challenge is to ensure that the message of “zero tolerance” is heard far and wide. To do that, we must engage all of society – and especially young people. In particular, young men and boys must be encouraged to become the advocates we need. We need to promote healthy models of masculinity. Too many young men still grow up surrounded by outmoded male stereotypes. By talking to friends and peers about violence against women and girls, and by taking action to end it, they can help break the ingrained behaviour of generations.

On this International Day, I urge governments and partners around the world to harness the energy, ideas and leadership of young people to help us to end this pandemic of violence. Only then will we have a more just, peaceful and equitable world.

UN Women Executive Director Outlines Policy Agenda to End Violence against Women

Prevention, Protection and Provision of Services Key

As a young girl in Chile, I heard a common saying, *quien te aporrea, o quien te golpea, o quien te golpea, o quien te golpea, o quien te golpea*, or who loves you beats you. I recall a woman say, "That's just the way it is." Today as societies become more just, democratic and egalitarian, there is growing awareness that violence against women is neither inevitable nor acceptable. Such violence is increasingly recognized and condemned for what it is: a human rights violation, a threat to democracy, peace and security, and a heavy burden on national economies.

Today we commemorate the International Day to End Violence against Women. Let us take pride in the progress made during the past several decades. Today 125 countries have specific laws that penalize domestic violence, a remarkable gain from just a decade ago. The United Nations Security Council now recognizes sexual violence as a deliberate tactic of war. And significant advances in international law have, for the first time, made it possible to prosecute sexual violence crimes during and after conflict.

But let us not forget, the hopes to live free of discrimination and violence are a long way from being realized. Globally, 603 million women live in countries where domestic violence is not yet considered a crime. Sexual violence remains rampant in times of both peace and conflict. Femicide claims far too many women's lives. Worldwide, up to six in ten women have suffered physical and/or sexual violence in their lifetime. Over 60 million girls are child brides and some 100 to 140 million girls and women have experienced female genital mutilation/cutting. More than 100 million girls are "missing" due to prenatal sex selection and a preference for sons. More than 600,000 women and girls are trafficked



Michelle Bachelet, UN WOMEN Executive Director

across borders each year, the vast majority for sexual exploitation.

Violence against women remains one of the most widespread human rights violations yet one of the least prosecuted crimes. Although equality between women and men is guaranteed in the Constitutions of 139 countries and territories, all too often women are denied justice and protection from violence. This failure does not stem from a lack of knowledge but rather a lack of investment and political will to meet women's needs and protect their fundamental rights. It is time for governments to take responsibility.

Let us move forward. I propose a policy agenda of 16 concrete steps for decisive action to prevent, protect and provide essential services to end violence against women. Protecting our mothers, sisters and daughters requires leadership and sufficient resources, effective laws and the prosecution of perpetrators to

end impunity. Critical to success is the strong engagement of men and boys as partners in equality, taking a stand of zero tolerance of violence against women. Violence can be prevented by changing norms through education and public awareness campaigns, engaging adolescents and young people as agents of change, and promoting the empowerment and leadership of women and girls. There is also an urgent need to provide women and girl survivors with the support and services that they deserve and require.

UN Women is spearheading a global initiative to provide women and girls with universal access to critical support in situations of violence. At a minimum, their emergency and immediate needs should be met through free 24-hour hotlines, prompt intervention for their safety and protection, safe housing for them and their children, counseling and psycho-social support, post-rape care, and

free legal aid to understand their rights, options and access to justice.

Together with partners around the world, UN Women is working to deliver on the promise of the UN Charter of equal rights of men and women. Bringing together the UN system, the UN Secretary-General's campaign UNiTE to End Violence against Women is raising awareness and mobilizing countries, communities and individuals to take action to end this massive and systematic human rights violation. The United Nations Trust Fund to End Violence against Women is supporting local groups and innovative strategies, saving lives and helping to end the indifference, inequality and impunity that allow such violence to continue. To mark this year's 15th anniversary of the Trust Fund, I invite partners to contribute to the Fund to meet high unmet needs around the globe.

“Violence against women is not solely a woman’s issue. It diminishes each and every one of us. We need to come together to end it. By coming together, by standing up against violence against women, we will come closer to peace, justice and equality.”

Michelle Bachelet, UN WOMEN Executive Director

Domestic violence

Domestic violence and abuse can happen to anyone, regardless of size, gender, or strength, yet the problem is often overlooked, excused, or denied. Noticing and acknowledging the warning signs and symptoms of domestic violence and abuse is the first step to ending it. No one should live in fear of the person they love.

Domestic abuse, occurs when one person in an intimate relationship or marriage tries to dominate and control the other person.

Domestic abuse that includes physical violence is called domestic violence.

Domestic violence and abuse are used for one purpose and one purpose only: to gain and maintain total control over you. An abuser doesn't "play fair." Abusers use fear, guilt, shame, and intimidation to wear you down and keep you under his or her thumb. Your abuser may also threaten you, hurt you, or hurt those around you.

Domestic violence and abuse does not discriminate. It happens among heterosexual couples and in same-sex partnerships. It occurs within all age ranges, ethnic backgrounds, and economic levels. And while women are more commonly victimized, men are also abused—especially verbally and emotionally, although sometimes even physically as well. The bottom line is that abusive behaviour is never acceptable, whether it's coming from a man, a woman, a teenager, or an older adult. You deserve to feel valued, respected, and safe.

Recognizing abuse is the first step to getting help

Domestic abuse often escalates from threats and verbal abuse to physical violence. And while physical injury may be the most obvious

danger, the emotional and psychological consequences of domestic abuse are also severe. Emotionally abusive relationships can destroy your self-worth, lead to anxiety and depression, and make you feel helpless and alone. No one should have to endure this kind of pain—and your first step to breaking free is recognizing that your situation is abusive. Once you acknowledge the reality of the abusive situation, then you can get the help you need.

Signs of an abusive relationship

The most telling sign is fear of your partner. If you feel like you have to walk on eggshells around your partner—constantly watching what you say and do in order to avoid a blow-up—chances are your relationship is unhealthy and abusive. Other signs that you may be in an abusive relationship include a partner who belittles you or tries to control you, and feelings of self-loathing, helplessness, and desperation.

To determine whether your relationship is abusive, answer the questions below. The more "yes" answers, the more likely it is that you are in an abusive relationship.

Your Inner Thoughts and Feelings

- Feel afraid of your partner much of the time?
- Avoid certain topics out of fear of angering your partner?
- Feel that you can't do anything right for your partner?
- Believe that you deserve to be hurt or mistreated?
- Wonder if you're the one who is crazy?
- Feel emotionally numb or helpless?

Your Partner's Belittling Behaviour

- Humiliate or yell at you?
- Criticize you and put you down?
- Treat you so badly that you're embarrassed for your friends or family to see?
- Ignore or put down your opinions or accomplishments?
- Blame you for their own abusive behavior?
- See you as property or a sex object, rather than as a person?



Fortunately, this is only make-up. Real wounds can not be just washed away.

UN WOMEN
www.16dana.ba

Your Partner's Violent Behaviour or Threats

- Have a bad and unpredictable temper?
- Hurt you, or threaten to hurt or kill you?
- Threaten to take your children away or harm them?
- Threaten to commit suicide if you leave?
- Force you to have sex?
- Destroy your belongings?



Photo: Nađa Berberović

Your Partner's Controlling Behaviour

- Act excessively jealous and possessive?
- Control where you go or what you do?
- Keep you from seeing your friends or family?
- Limit your access to money, the phone, or the car?
- Constantly check up on you?

Photographs: Nađa Berberović

Nađa Berberović was born on February 26, 1985 in Sarajevo, where she graduated from Art History and Comparative Literature. She started doing photography some ten years ago, focusing on portrait and fashion photography. She participated in a number of individual and joint exhibitions. She draws her inspiration from mythology, legends, fairy tales, music, film and fashion. She is into philosophy, archeology, psychology and literature. She is one of the founding members of the Association of Art Historians in Sarajevo. She is presently attending master studies at the International University Sarajevo, department of Visual Culture and Design.



Emotional violence

Freedom and Ana

Squeaking bakes are followed by ominous footsteps. He is coming, my jailor is coming.

Tap, tap, tap. Elegant walk, dignified posture. It must be the jailor. He is coming to enslave me as he used to do, when I could not, when I did not know how to break free. Tap, tap, tap. Oh, this must be him! What should I do? Should I jump out the window into the freedom? My palms are sweating and my heart is beating in the rhythm of his footsteps. As they approach it is beating wilder and wilder. Finally, it is silent, quiet. I can hear nothing.

I woke up in a hospital bed. The morning was cold, but the window was open. I shivered holding strong to my mother's hand. My father was crying, and I watched silently in awe. Where am I? What is this whiteness all around me? How did I get here? All of a sudden, some purple-bluish light played before my eyes, which then turned into red, then green and finally black... Next time I walked up and came round, I saw a woman in white standing next to my bed. She held a cup in her hand. I collected myself and realized she was in fact a nurse, and I was in a sanatorium again.

Two months later I was given a letter of discharge from the sanatorium. I crumpled it into my pocket and went down the steep street towards my home. High, rocky hills rose around me –giants that conceal the view and take away freedom. When I unlocked the door, the room in which my whole post-divorce life was going on was dark. The green shades on the windows did not allow a single ray of light inside. My hand trembling, I took the crumpled letter of discharge from my pocket. A tear fell on the floor before me. The discharge letter said F32. Depression.

I slept through that day. I never lifted the green shades.

The next day, I visited the psychiatrist.

- What is your name?

- Ana Karenina!

I smiled mildly, and he entered Ana Karenina. Oh my God, what an irony? And this man is supposed to treat me? Why don't we switch places, since he is not quite together either. I laughed again and said:

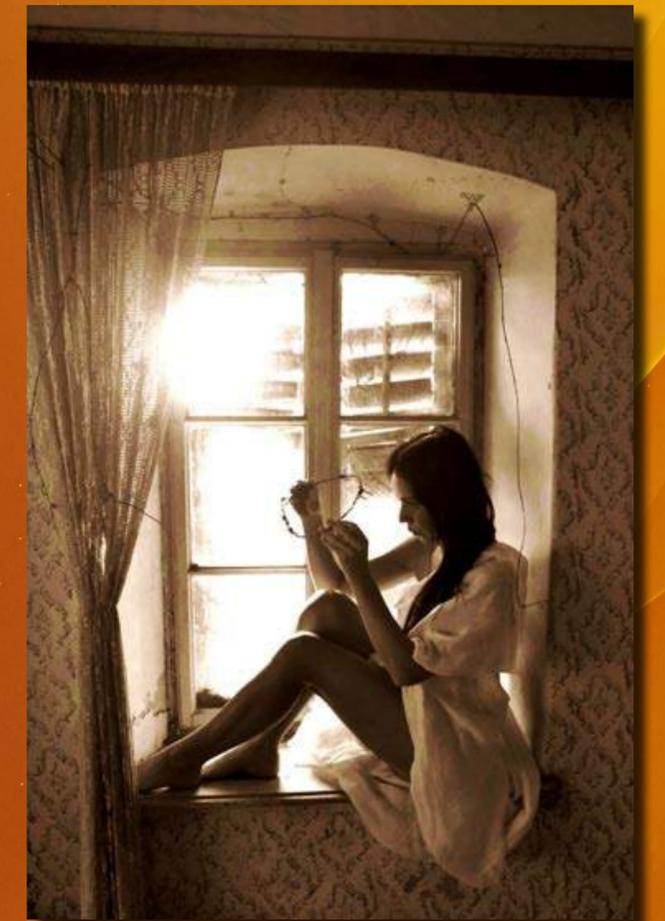
- My name is Ana Selimova (Selim's).

- Whose?

- No, no, no, you misunderstood me. I am not Selim's, it is just my surname.

- Aha. –said he, and quickly added:

- All right, Selimova, tell me something about yourself.



My hands started shaking, my tongue got stiff, and the fear that often used to subdue me started flooding my body. Tap, tap, tap. My heartbeat fastened, my face stiffened and my throat dried. My breathing stopped for a moment. After a minute of silence and thinking, I began to talk...

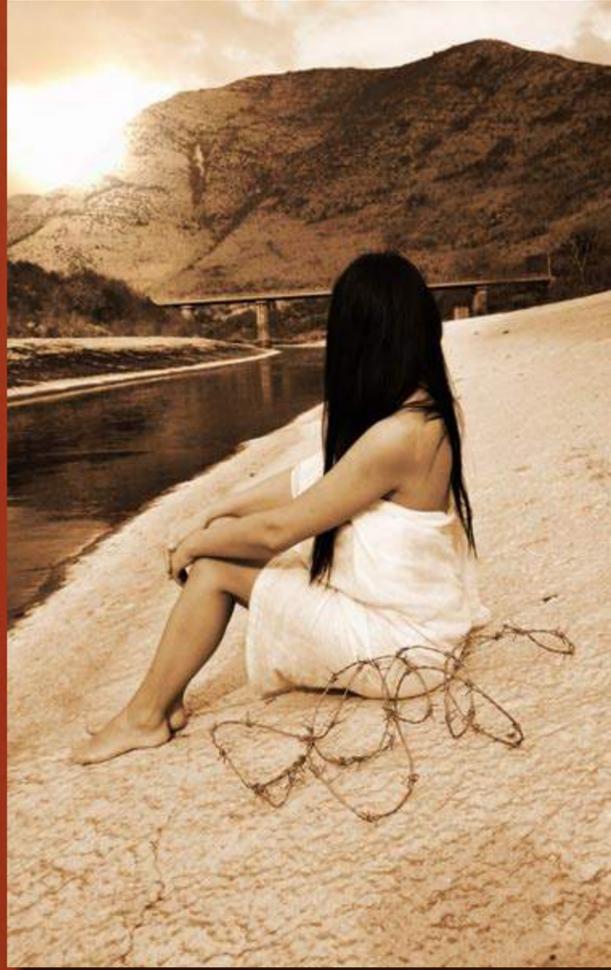
- I used to be married. For whole seven years. The best years of my life I gave to Selim. I have not divorced him officially yet. Selim Selimov. That was his name. When we met, he seemed a good guy, sensitive and gentle. He exuded confidence at all times. Besides, he came from a respected family. His parents had a harmonious marriage, and Selim was a single child. Very quickly, Selim became my best friend, and then my boyfriend. He really was a man like I had imagined next to me. A prince, a real actual prince. The first year of marriage was perfect. Selim was considerate and I loved him completely. Sometime later we got our baby girl. I did not work; I took care of our precious. Selim provided for the family, while I was consumed by motherly duties, neglecting all my old interest. Everything was like a fairy tale, until one day, when Dorothea was old enough to go to the pre-school, I said to Selim I wanted to work. He reacted very fiercely to my proposal, so I think I should better never speak of it again. Soon after that he became grumpy and unhappy with everything I did or said. He complained and argued more and more often. More and more nights I spent by the window, crying. More and more I felt the weight of my marriage.

- Why did you suffer so much, Ana? Did he abuse you physically?

- No, doctor! I suffered because he suffocated me, squeezed me, strangled me... slowly, cleverly, strategically, so nobody knew of my suffering. He surrounded me with thousands of barbed wires. They squeezed me, cutting deep into my skin, drawing blood. Selim had never hit me, never raised hand at me. Still, I wished thousand times that he would beat me up instead of torturing me with words. Words were the weapon he used to wound

me. They whipped my young, weak back, crunching it and forcing me into helpless, fetal position.

Dorothea grew quickly. We gave a party for her fourth birthday and invited our common



friends. At the beginning of the evening we were all in very good mood, especially Selim. I had not seen him in such a good mood for long time. At the time, we lived in an apartment that was really stuffed. Selim asked me to bring out the wine to our guests. I nodded and hurried to the kitchen. On my way back, with a full jug of wine in my hands, I accidentally stumbled and spilled the wine over Selim's friend's white shirt. Surprised and taken aback with my clumsiness, I quickly took a piece of cloth to wipe the wine off the shirt. When I did so, Selim grabbed my hand and threw me a look full of rage. He remained visibly unhappy by the end of the evening, and he did not talk much. Soon, guests excused themselves and left, and the whole evening was a fiasco. Selim spent hours sitting in the

corner of the room. I approached him and tried to take his hand. His eyes were full of hatred. He was red with rage. He looked at me and screamed:

- What a slut you are! What, with my best friend?

- Don't, Selim, not again. Please, for God's sake, I cannot stand it any more!

- You can not stand it any more? And what about me? You have been cheating on me for years, slutting around, using every opportunity to make me a fool. You're making me an idiot!

Having said this, Selim screamed loudly and pulled the tablecloth off the table. All the plates, glasses and bottles flew and crushed against the floor. The sound of the crush resonated deep inside me. I got scared and started crying. I could not stand such unjust accusations and outbursts of jealousy any more. Selim was so jealous that he had almost never let me go alone somewhere. I saw my friends very rarely because it bothered Selim. I did not have a normal life. I had to be focused on him alone. If I wasn't, or if he felt I wasn't, he would make a scene or an outburst. He quarrelled with me often, became irritable, insulted me, and then ignored. That night he threatened for thousandth time that he would divorce me and take away my child if I had not behaved as a normal wife. I sobbed and crushed my hands. My life was falling apart. To take my baby away from me? My life, shattered in million pieces, flew around me. The image of my girl showed before my eyes and I whispered quietly:

- Don't, Selim, not Dorothea. She is our child, I love you, and what happened tonight was not on purpose, trust me. I did not mean to, Selim, I really did not!

Then he yelled at me again:

- What didn't you mean? Say it! Did not mean to touch another man? Liar! You don't love me, and you don't love the child. And that is why you will stay alone! Alone!

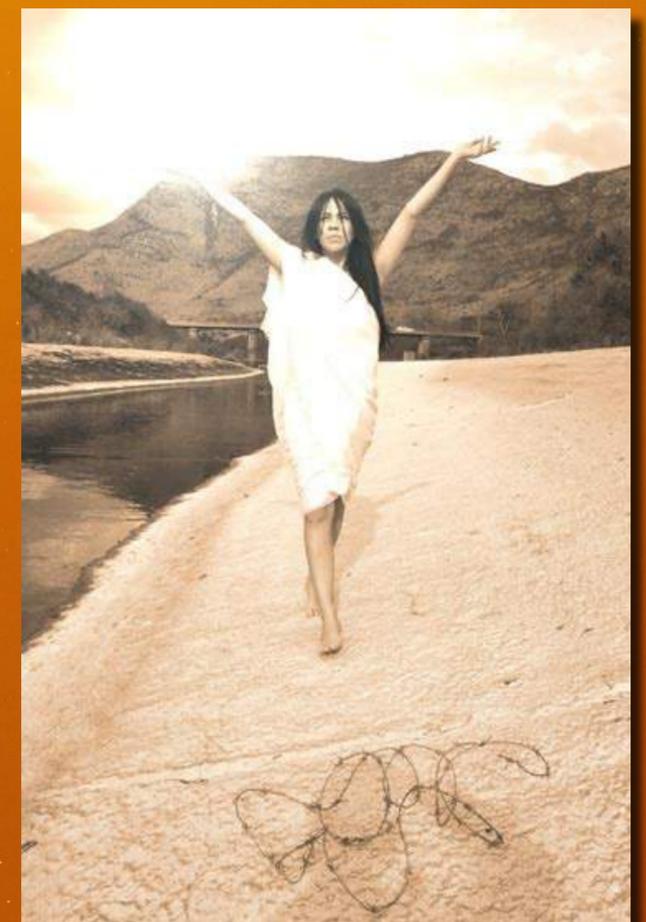
My head became heavy, it felt crushed by thousands predicaments, thousands wiry thorns. Why Selim could not see that it was not my fault, that I loved him and I did not want to argue with him? Why? Finally, in tears, I fell before his feet and started begging:

- Please, please Selim, forgive me if you can. Forgive me, forgive me, I did wrong. It is all my fault, and everything you say is so! Please, forgive me!

At these words Selim looked at me and started crying aloud. I came close to him, and he laid his head to my lap, saying:

- Why did you need all this? The evening could have ended nicely.

I said nothing. I knew it wasn't my fault. It really wasn't. It was all Selim's fault. Slowly, he was stealing my soul away from me, isolating me and restricting me. I was always anxious not to say something that would infuriate him. He kept checking on me every day, followed me



in his car and took away my phone. I started fearing Selim, his penetrating look, bloodshot eyes, and his rage. I felt anxiety, pressure, as though I was carrying a thousand tons stone, like I was stuck somewhere in the middle of a dark tunnel. Every day was harder than the previous one, and Selim became unbearable. He forced me to become something I wasn't, that confirmed his power and he felt safer. I was his property. For seven years. Seven! I became bed ridden, doctor. Selim never looked at me while I was lying powerless. Only when he brought me into the state of deep depression did he stopped haunting me. Only then he knew that he subjected me completely. Then he stopped having the urge to oppress me. He stopped because I was almost dead. I was no threat to him any more. He stopped!

- Did he reject you completely – asked the doctor.

- Yes. My parents brought me home with them, and I spent there the following year. During that time I was not seeing Dorothea. He did not want to bring her to see me. He told her she did not have a mother, that I was dead. Crushed with pain, rage and humiliated, I filed for divorce. The court decided that Dorothea should be with me by the end of the divorce. Dorothea and I lived together at my parents', and then we moved around a lot.

Life had been my enemy for long time, but with help of my parents, psychiatrist and my friends, I started clearing my path to freedom. And it was a difficult path... While walking, I bleed many times, and my close ones kept bandaging my wounds tirelessly, so that I could walk on. I found a job. For the first time, I had an opportunity to work, because for the first time, Selim was not there to stop me. Learning from my experience, soon I became so strong that I could help other women – victims of arrogant bullies. Together with my fellow-sufferers, I forged an unbreakable circle of solidarity and support. Hundreds of women and girls walked with me. Just imagine: it was a whole army of women who had said "NO!" to violence. What a joy it was

for me! What a bright change! I threw away all Selim's wires and took a new pen to start writing pages of life. Bright pages, without a single black stain of ink.

- But, Ana, why are you here now? How do you feel now? – asked the doctor.

A tear shone in my eye, and it was with unspeakable pleasure that I responded to him:

- It seems that I needed one last talk like this. Now I am certain. Yes... I am absolutely certain that I don't need you any more. Now I know that I do not belong to this office, because I stopped walking on the thin wire made of pain and anxiety. Finally, I can clearly see the light ahead. I do not walk with my head down any more; I am not hiding scars on my soul. I am not ashamed of my past because now I live above it. I became a new woman, strong and large as the Universe! A woman who knows how to take care of herself... One that can do whatever she wants. One that knows what she wants. One who walks downstream now, with her hands spread towards the sun, rushing towards her freedom.

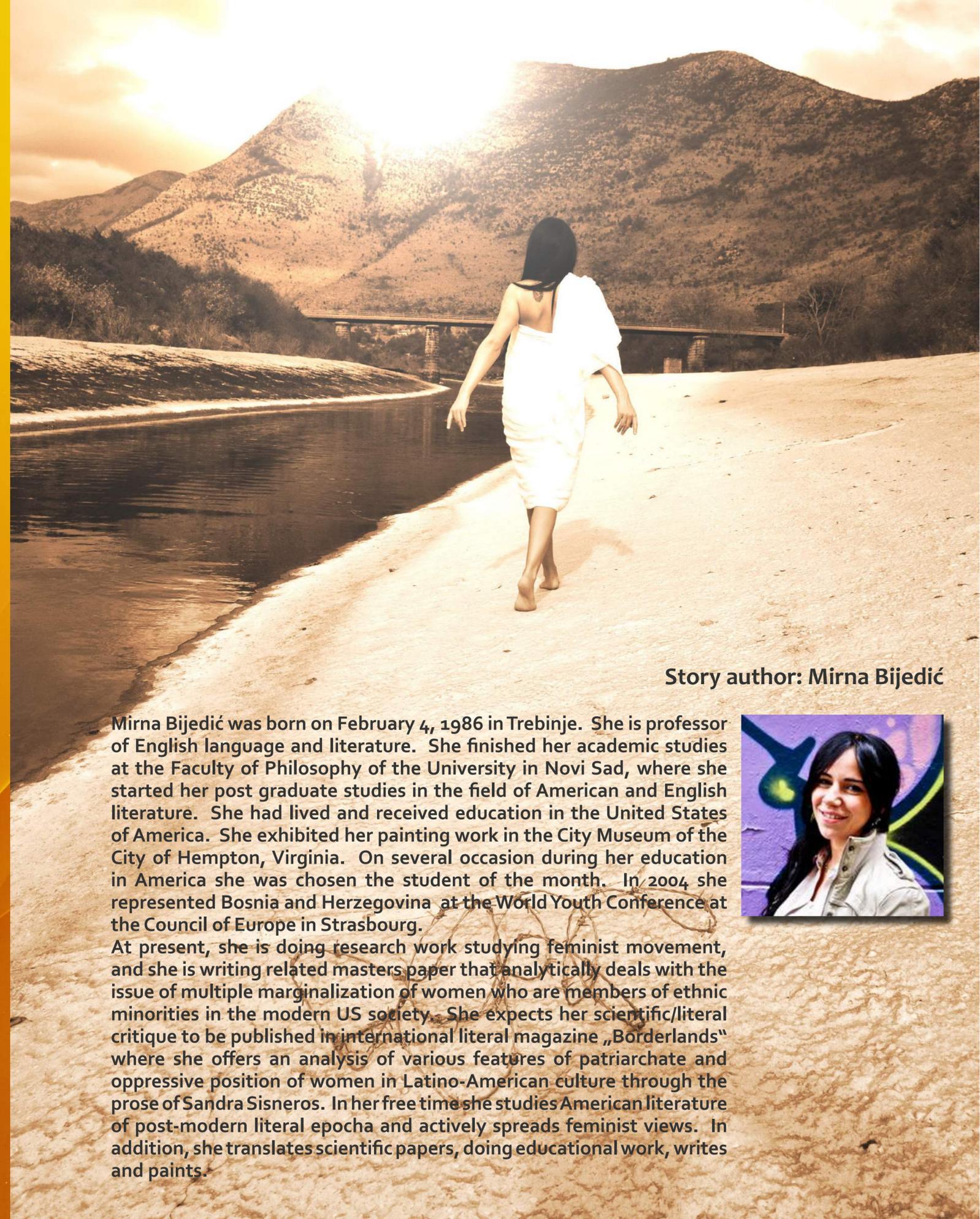
Having said this, I got up from the chair and added:

- Now excuse me, doctor, but in a minute or two we have a meeting...

-Who, Ana, who is having a meeting?

I smiled mildly and calmly said:

- Freedom and Ana!



Story author: Mirna Bijedić

Mirna Bijedić was born on February 4, 1986 in Trebinje. She is professor of English language and literature. She finished her academic studies at the Faculty of Philosophy of the University in Novi Sad, where she started her post graduate studies in the field of American and English literature. She had lived and received education in the United States of America. She exhibited her painting work in the City Museum of the City of Hempton, Virginia. On several occasion during her education in America she was chosen the student of the month. In 2004 she represented Bosnia and Herzegovina at the World Youth Conference at the Council of Europe in Strasbourg.

At present, she is doing research work studying feminist movement, and she is writing related masters paper that analytically deals with the issue of multiple marginalization of women who are members of ethnic minorities in the modern US society. She expects her scientific/literal critique to be published in international literal magazine „Borderlands“ where she offers an analysis of various features of patriarchate and oppressive position of women in Latino-American culture through the prose of Sandra Sisneros. In her free time she studies American literature of post-modern literal epocha and actively spreads feminist views. In addition, she translates scientific papers, doing educational work, writes and paints.



Sexual violence

Sexual violence is a form of gender-based violence and inequality of power is the foundation of all such attacks. Boys and men may be targets as well, however, because women and girls have inferior status in virtually all societies, and because they are often at a physical disadvantage, they are the primary targets of sexual violence.

Sexual violence and assault are about power, control and manipulation on the part of a stranger, acquaintance, family member, friend or partner. Sexual assault and abuse is any type of sexual activity that you do not agree to have.

It includes the following, but is not limited to:

- Any unwanted touching or act of a sexual nature committed through physical force
- Being forced to watch or participate in unwanted sexual activity
- Any unwanted verbal comments of a sexual nature
- Attempted rape or rape (forced penetration of the vagina or anus)

Examples of this are voyeurism (when someone watches private sexual acts), exhibitionism (when someone exposes him/herself in public), incest (sexual contact between family members), and sexual harassment. It can happen in different situations: in the home by someone you know, on a date, or by a stranger in an isolated place.

How can I lower the risk of a sexual assault?

There are things you can do to reduce your chances of being sexually assaulted.

- Learn more about healthy and unhealthy relationships so you can identify

potentially abusive situations.

- Be confident and assertive when establishing your limits in a sexual situation.
- Be aware that excessive consumption of alcohol and/or drugs may put you in a potentially risky situation.
- Keep informed about violence against women in your community. If this information is not readily available, pressure the police to keep the community informed
- Be aware of your surroundings — who's out there and what's going on.
- Walk with confidence. The more confident you look, the stronger you appear.
- Know your limits when it comes to using alcohol.
- Be assertive and don't let anyone violate your space.
- Trust your instincts. If you feel uncomfortable in your surroundings, leave.
- Carry a whistle.
- Lock your door and your windows, even if you leave for just a few minutes.
- Watch your keys. Don't lend them. Don't leave them. Don't lose them. And don't put your name and address on the key ring.
- Watch out for unwanted visitors. Know who's on the other side of the door before you open it.
- Be cautious in isolated spots, like underground garages, offices after business hours, and apartment laundry rooms.

**STOP
TREATING
WOMEN
LIKE THIS!**



- Avoid walking or jogging alone, especially at night. Vary your route. Stay in well-traveled, well-lit areas.
- Have your key ready to use before you reach the door — home, car, or work.
- Park in well-lit areas and lock the car, even if you'll only be gone a few minutes.
- Drive on well-traveled streets, with doors and windows locked.

What to do if have been sexually assaulted?

Go to a safe place

If you think that the perpetrator will return or you are in danger, go elsewhere.

Call someone!

- A friend, family member, spouse or neighbour
- Call the SOS line. These phone lines are free of charge and confidential. SOS phone line provides counselling, information and offers referrals to family support services, counselling, the police, lawyers and hospitals throughout the BiH. If you are in the Federation of Bosnia Herzegovina: **1265**. If you are in the Republika srpska: **1264**.
- Call the police: **122** If you have been sexually assaulted or raped, consider saving any physical evidence of the attack. You may not want to talk with police right now, but you might in the days to come.

Preserve the evidence

Your clothing can be used as evidence, so keep on the clothes you were wearing at the time of the assault. If you have changed your clothes, put what you were wearing in a clean paper bag (plastic destroys evidence). Bring an additional change of clothing to the hospital or police station.

Seek medical assistance

Ask the police or someone you know to take you to the hospital. Try not to bath or shower before you go to the hospital.



Photo & poster: Alma Hodžić

Rape and sexual assault are never the victim's fault - no matter where or how it happens.

Author of photographs / posters: Alma Hodžić

Alma Hodžić was born in Sarajevo on 27 October 1989. Finished Secondary School of Applied Arts in Sarajevo, currently studying design at the International University in Sarajevo, department of visual arts and design of visual communication. She is member of the artists' association „Elif“ from its foundation. Participated in many group exhibitions in the country and abroad.



Stereotypes

Year: 2437

Place: Earth

Time: 16h Earth time, 000:345 Fimalion Time

Mission: Find Evidence of Gender Equality on the Planet Earth

Over a small hill I can see the sun hiding down, slowly, giving the last signs that it had been there. Poor hills are awake in solitude, standing as reminders of some former life, some former traces of being. Forests withdrew into themselves and refuse to say a word, humming within and coldly reminding of togetherness. The sky is not any happier either, and I, all alone on this planet, feel as the Lord of Everything, for the first time.

I walk strongly and decisively and, pretending that many beings are around me, I hold my head high and speak to myself of how important my mission is. I am representative of my Planet and of my King who had chosen me to find evidence of equality of men and women on this Planet, on which the only intelligent life in the whole of Universe (except for us, the Fimalions) had ever lived. I see houses, buildings, parks; I feel the smell of smiles woven into them, and I hear children's laughter and sound of the river waves. But nothing is there now. They have all disappeared.

I am entering a huge building lined with memories and old façade on which stands the post "Archive". I was told it was the Earthen word for keeping everything that is gone, that is not coming back, but is worthy. Enormous quantities of information are hitting me already at the door. I fight my thoughts, the data that push me to the ground. They are exhausting me.

With my thoughts I read, with my thoughts I absorb, with my heart I feel, with my eyes I express. They say that, by description, I am Earthly Woman.

I come to a room that holds a post saying "gender equality". Piles of books are lined and organized in alphabetic order. I happily go through them in my thoughts, finding joy in the idea that something like this had ever existed. This was an intelligent world, I repeat in my thoughts.

Men and women are equal. Men and women have the same rights.

They are equal, I send a virtual message to my planet using air frequencies, and read on, excited, because there is plenty of things I can transfer and teach the beings on my planet.

SAY NO TO STEREOTYPES!



Dvadesetorica. Photo: Studio TNT

These intelligent beings, called people, the Earthlings, they knew how to live together – that is what I need to teach my people.

I stop briefly to reflect on the fact that such books or provisions do not exist on my planet, and it occurs to me that we ought to. Me, a male person, I am not equal in every respect, and that concerns me. That is why the King had sent me here in the first place.

On my planet, women have more rights than

we do. Even the King is just a title, nothing more. He is just an ornament on the throne, next to the Queen. Of course, nobody can abolish that law, because women are on all leading positions. Parliament and government are made mostly of women, only some small percentage are men. Women are directors of all the major companies, and we are just secretaries, cooks and other aids. That is a hard thing to live with because, no matter how many schools we finished, we still cannot advance as them, and if we do,

we are said to be of “easy virtue” and “kept men”.

Sometimes I wish women were doing more around house, doing the house work, and to take more care of the children, because it is impossible to do everything. They only work, provide for the family as they say, and we labor whole days in the house, cleaning, cooking and washing, driving children to schools and taking care of them, and then, our carriers—that is something we don't even mention... They do not care about all that. They want to have lunch served on the dining table when they come home, and they don't even ask if I am tired and how do I cope. I wish they showed some gratitude occasionally, some sign of attention, a kind look or kiss, but no, that never happens. Our women are terrible. When we don't do things right, I know many such cases, they can slap you hard in the face, or beat your body. Sometimes they even take a belt, or the first hard object that comes to their hand, and beat you up. Sometimes you spend hours in a pool of blood, but you do not dare to report the incident, because the authorities will always take the woman's side, and say it had all been just a small family argument. And they will find a way to take your children away and put you away somewhere, saying that she is a devoted and good woman, good mother, and that you are just an ungrateful and “crybaby” husband, that you should be happy to have such wife who works, takes care of the whole family, treats you well in public, etc.

Often think how the people here knew to put things well together, to not have any differences and everybody living happily, without harassment and abuse. I secretly admire them, but I must not say that, because some woman from my planet might find out about it and think that I am conspiring against them. That would definitely be very bad because they would harass me into madness saying that I am miserable and poor, ugly, stupid and retarded.

And so I am thumbing through the documents in my thoughts, and information that is jumping at me is surprising. Everything women can, the men can do too; and vice versa. I ponder about it briefly, inside me, because I start feeling shivers. How is it possible that they are so developed that everybody has the same rights? Didn't they too have similar problems?! I decided to go some years back, to see when had this equality begun. I enter that query and the response takes me far back, to the beginning of men, where it is said that we are all equal before go. I re-enter the query and make it more specific: when did the men and women become equal in real world?

Several second of searching gave me the information that men and women have become equal in 2011, after a campaign that was started by the young, who succeeded to raise awareness of people. I take deep breath wishing to congratulate to those people because they have not only raised awareness of people, but they have turned a new page and written a history! Equality was the first word.

When I was choosing my vocation many people told me it was impossible to be what I wanted; but I made it anyway. I had fought for it, and here I am. Many men give up at the beginning because they are requested to provide certain immoral services and, whether they accept it or not, they are believed that such services had brought them their position. In our world, men are mostly teachers, secretaries, cleaners, cooks, while women are directors, presidents, professors, kitchen chefs.

I see that people had had a similar problem here on Earth. Most women here were oppressed, and that is why all the names of

oppression on my planet are in fact female names. I go on and see documents on men and women enjoying the beauties of life together, respecting each other and understanding each other. My heart skips a beat once again, when I remember that I have to go back to the planet where we are all discriminated against.

I am closing the door to the Archive and walk slowly towards my spaceship, full of information that are important for my planet. All I want is that we are all equal and that there are no differences among us, and information from Earth will come handy. King will be

happy, and I will finally, as a man, be able to advance in my work, in my life. I will organize a campaign, like they had done, and try to raise awareness of people and to educate them and give them pointers, so that we can all enjoy life on equal grounds. And I will also warn my planet of environmental problems the Earthlings had that made them disappear, because preservation of environment is also very important and necessary. I hope I will succeed. And that I will finally be able to say that being a man, I am not repressed and discriminated in today's world.

Thank you, Earthlings!

“Violence against women takes many forms – physical, sexual, psychological and economic. These forms of violence are interrelated and affect women from before birth to old age.”

Story author: Elma Velić

Elma Velić, born on May 4, 1986 in Bihać, at the time of Chernobyl meltdown, good music and rule of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. She lives in Bosanska Krupa, a beautiful town on the river Una. She finished English Language and Literature and now attends post-graduate studies at the English Department at the Faculty of Philosophy in Sarajevo. In the current crisis and instability of the country, she decided to do literature, so she published her first book “U saviježđu snova” in 2011. She plans to continue writing for many years to come. She believes that reality can be excellently described with few words, and anything else she would say about herself she finds superfluous!



Children are also victims of violence

DENIED PARENTAL LOVE

It would be so nice if all parents understood that the children are gifts from heaven, a fruit of love between two people, not a punching bag, an object that is used to throw your rage at. The very same parents should be happy for being blessed with a small child who will grow to be grateful for all the good things they give it. Unfortunately, the situation at some homes is not like that. I often hear stories of parents beating their children, punishing them for every minor mistake, and ever more often, punish children out of frustration due to poor material situation or dissatisfaction. And it is not the children's fault.

There are many cases like that, and I will tell you one that I learned about from my grandmother, which concerns Milica, her friend from youth. At the age of less than six, Milica got her first slap in the face from her father whom she loved most in the world. Until then, he had never been violent towards her. It was on the day when he got fired from work, he came home in bad mood, and when she asked him when they would go to park, he responded with a slap in the face, after which she went mute. She spent the rest of her childhood in silence, tears and beatings. She had no friends, nobody to share her pain.

When she was 16, she tried to stop the suffering and report her father to the police. To make things worse, nobody understood what she was trying to explain with hands, tears and sad eyes; they did not want to understand and admit the real cause of bruises on her body. They were explained by the girl being active and hurting herself in play. After such lack of understanding on the part of the police officers, the suffering and sadness on her face became even more apparent. The only comfort she had was that he had tried to save herself, but unfortunately, her attempt was futile.

Some years after that, Milica met a wonderful boy through my granny, who loved her in spite of her disability that she "earned" in early childhood. Soon they got married. However, sadly, the trauma she had suffered and lived through turned her into a spitting image of her own father. She was nervous all the time, in bad mood, aggressive and lacking interest in any kind of socialization. She even resented her kind and reasonable husband. After two years of marriage, Milica and Nikola got a son. Luka was good and happy baby, but Milica had no motherly feelings towards him, she frequently left him alone in the house, she did not change him regularly, not to mention feeding him. The boy grew in very bad surroundings, with a bad mother and a helpless father. When he started school the suffering increased. His mother mistreated him frequently, hit him without reason. She took out her childhood frustration on the helpless child punishing him the same way her father used to punish her. Because of her own suffering, she never managed to learn how to be a good parent to her child. Unfortunately, her son suffered for the sad fate of his mother.

My grandmother was Luka's teacher at the time. She finally decided to stop his suffering and went to see Milica one day. She stamped into their small but nicely decorated apartment, and started talking. "Milica, it is not good what you are doing to Luka! Even with such a cold mother, he grew into a wonderful boy who has a great future. I want you to stop punishing him for things that are not his fault. You cannot continue behaving like that, pushing away anyone who tries to get close to you. I will not let you!"

Milica's eyes filled with tears. My grandmother did not want to spend another moment with her, although she had been crying inside too, blaming herself for not having reacted

sooner. On leaving the apartment, she heard the words: "I did not mean to do it! The fact that I grew into such a person is so painful! That I caused so much pain to my son! I hope he will be able to forgive me one day! I will never hurt him again!"

My darling grandmother turned back to her in awe, and looked at her face. After so many years Milica spoke again. She realized her mistakes. Several months have passed until her husband and son forgave her. That day changed everything. Their future was better and brighter. Any change was welcome, as long as it is positive. Sometimes, many tears need to be spilled in order for things to get to their proper places. Let's not allow that our children and children of our friends feel such pain. No child should feel worthless, raised to believe that it is only a bother, that the bad life of its parents is somehow its fault. On the contrary, tell your child that it is your greatest treasure, and don't you ever hurt your child!

Story author: Vesna Đukić

Vesna Đukić, born 14.01.1991 in Bihać. She completed the elementary and high school in Srebrenica. Since she was very young she liked literature and writing personal diaries. She works in "Children musical theatre" Srebrenica as team coordinator. In her free time she works as translator for English. Vesna is involved in a number of activities, events taking place in our country and abroad. She spent the month of August in Austria where she got an opportunity to gain additional experience in the field of movie, editing and movie making. In July she worked in the Center for children with special needs in Pula and in the Center "Los Rosales" from Mostar. Currently she is working on a small campaign of collecting help for children from Roma population from Mostar. She is a training on the issues of: prejudices, stereotypes and discrimination, understanding of conflicts, identity and ethno-national identity, facing the past, peace building, gender roles in the society, team work and joint decision making.



The role of education

MY NAME MEANS TROUBLE

My name is Tom and I'll turn fourteen tomorrow. I live with my mother and grandmother. Granny used to tell me that when she had been a child, a popular cartoon on her TV (which, by the way, weighed several kilos) was „Tom and Jerry“. Tom was a cat who gave hard time to Jerry the mouse. Tom Cat was the „head of the house“ making sure that the „mice do not have it their way“. But the mouse, Jerry, he would not give up easily either. No matter how many times Tom drove him out of the house, he would always come back. So many times Tom would throw him into the wall, but Jerry would always come round. And so they lived. They chased each other, hit each other, and fought with each other. Granny says the cartoon was really good. Everybody knew Tom and Jerry, followed what happened to them. If I had watched this cartoon, I would have been on Tom's side, of course. Not because he has the same name as me, but because Tom is bigger than Jerry and he does not really want to finish off Jerry because then his life would become boring. If he were to finish Jerry, he would have nobody to tease and bother...

I am Tom, and I do not live in my country any more. My country is on north of Europe, where the winter is the most beautiful in the world. I think that winters here are too short, with not enough snow. And summers are too hot. Granny says that we do not live in our homeland any more because there is a war. She says that there used to be harmony and piece, just as here. War in my country was caused, no more and no less, by a salmon, and twenty years before that, it was the moos. North Europe is reach in good salmon. And so one day, when we finally

agreed that the moos from our country were equally important as the brown moos from the neighboring country, a story broke out that the salmons from our country had not nutritional value whatsoever. And then, on top of it all, the salmon started disappearing. A coincidence? We do not think so.

And then the war. My father stayed behind to fight for our country. For salmons' and our honor. As soon as I turn 18, and that will happen in 2049, I will volunteer to military duty. I want to fight, just like my father. To kill enemies like this: boom, boom, boom! To shot them in the head and to bite their ears off with my teeth! To burn and destroy! They say our salmon is no good!

And so, we are refugees now. I hate that word, refugee. The war forced us to move to Bosnia and Herzegovina. We were sent here because this is considered the safest place. There are no guns, or wars, or tense relations with neighboring countries. Awfully boring country, you know. No mischief, no action. Nobody is fighting and everybody is stupidly smiling to each other in the streets. As soon as we got here, my mom was given a job, but she still spends more time at home than at work; what job is that when you work only five hours a day? Mom says it's great. And the salary is good too. Mom also says that she would never go back to our country. Nobody looks at her crossly here, and she is relaxed. She feels no different for being a woman who has a job. What a stupid thing! Women should be mothers, they should cook and take care of their families, not work and say foolish things. That is what dad taught me. Uh, I want him back! He will get her straight, with her job and cross looks... The only good thing now is that mom now buys me anything

I want, and that is really cool. Uh, if they would give her money without her having to work... that would be even cooler. She would have more time to bake cakes, record my favorite show about rock'n'roll legends while I am at school, and watch reality shows with granny...

You see, mother has completely changed since we got here. She keeps talking about good behavior and polite manners. She even tries to make me behave and look up to those local kids. That stinks! All the kids here play together – boys and girls! And they go to school together. They like going to school! You would not believe it! To make things worse, I had to go to school too. That is terrible and hard thing. Everybody is making problems for me... If I just pull a girl's hair, I get punished immediately. Would you believe that?!? And if I say one of my „famous words“ to one, the same words I used to say to girls all the time before, I get sent to the principal at once to one of her mind-numbing lectures that take awhile. „Tom, why do you tease girls? Tom, this is something one should not do. Tom, you must understand that girls are equally important as the boys. We make no difference here.“ Blah, blah, blah. What a pile of nonsense! Girls to be equal to us?

To make things even worse, boys here are even bigger girls than girls! What cowards they are, you should just see... Nobody wants to join me in my game of cat and mouse, or to stand to my defense. They, the boys, imagine this: they play football together with the girls! Would you believe it! They play all the games together! They even play with dolls and they play a game that I saw here for the first time. It involves books! They listen to music together. Some wear pink clothes too! Boys, hey! Total chaos, I tell you. And school subjects are total bore... One of them that is particularly boring is „Human rights“. The lady professor tires us down with stories

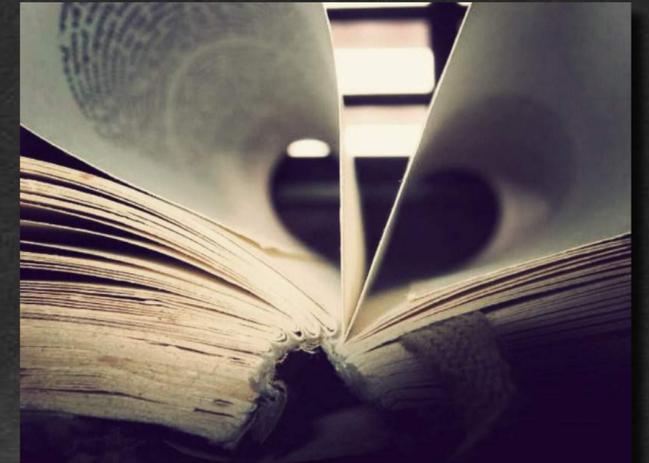


Photo: Mensura Jazavčević

about equality of all people on this Earth. And on Tuesdays, a professor gives lessons on „Gender equality“. There they teach us that the girls can do anything boys can! That anybody can be whatever they want! That one is free to choose how they feel and behave. That we should respect and support each other. Sometimes I think that this Bosnia is not at all on this planet Earth! And in addition to compulsory classes, we have this informal education. Informal education? Never heard of it before, have you? You don't have to go to these classes, but, watch this, if you do, that affects your final grade. That is creative, they say. I say, boring, boring, stupid and lame! Samra, a girl from my class, proposed out of blue to join her in photography classes. She concluded I liked the art of photography since I was carrying camera with me all the time. Since the classes were not mandatory, I naturally refused Samra's proposal. I told her she should come to my place for me to teach her photography and that I would love to make couple of portraits of her large bottom, if you know what I mean. She said nothing; she only turned her head away angrily. And Darko, boy from the second row, told me I was a lost case. And this lead to discussion among the whole class. Only because I told

one girl she had a large bottom. Ha! They are all losers. They know nothing. They are all sooo nice, and happy, there is order and totally uninteresting... Poor me.

And since I have no friends, I spend my time online. I play "Music wars", I chat with virtual people hoping to come across some of my old friends – once I met John and we were both jumping up and down out of joy. And sometimes I hear from my dad. The other day he wrote I should take care of my mom and granny and that I was the head of the family now. That I should watch them with "four eyes". Of course, dad, I write to him. I never told him mom started "wearing pants". I did not want to worry him additionally, I will deal with this one way or another. I did not mention Samra, or the subjects, or Darko. What could I tell him? Dad, there is this one Samra in my class; blond hair, eyes of the color of grass, a bit shorter than me, wears colorful jumpers all the time, plays basketball well and listens to The Age. And there is this Darko, who is so obviously in love with her that he seems ridiculous. Darko wears great shoes and has long brown hair, just like a girl.... Samra and Darko play in the school band. I heard Darko yesterday saying the band needed a new drummer. He does not know that he has one right there in the class, and a great one too! Me, of course! I am thinking that I should go to their bend practice, just sit at the drums and leave them speechless, with their mouths open. I see Samra drooling over me, I see Darko growing horns of jealousy. Well, that is exactly what I am going to do tomorrow! I can't wait! This is the first time I can't wait to go to school...

The new day came. The lessons are finally over, but the "real school" is just beginning on the top floor...

I have no problems finding the classrooms

where they practice. I do not bother to knock.

"Hi, hello, Tom?!", says Darko.

"Don't you do some jamming here?", I ask with angry tone of voice.

"No, I mean, yes. But only in half an hour. I came in early to practice my bass solo. And what are you doing here?"

"I came to play".

I confused him. He is staring at me blindly. I laugh.

I sit at the drums without wasting any more time on questions and beating around bush. Bum-dum-dum... Darko's face became even funnier. When I finally finished and he got his breath back, I realized how much I had been missing this. Missing this... playing the real drums, not only those in the "Music Wars"...

"That was incredible, Tom! That was... amazing! I wish I could play like that! Who taught all those tricks? You must play in our band. The local competition is coming, and with you, the prize is ours!", said Darko.

"O-o, slowly! What prize?"

"Going to the Moonstock festival! For the whole band! Three days of rock'n'roll in London!"

"Don't say! That is really something! And do the girls go? No, don't tell me. Their mothers would never let them go. And in the worst case scenario, if they would go, I would have to pretend they were not there. Hey, when is the competition? How much time do we have to practice? What do you play? If you are playing some tacky dance-pop, don't count on me".

Darko laughed and continued: "Of course we would all go: that is, if we win, the whole band would go. Music professor would come with us, too, you know Vanja – she is the best. Samra is the singer, and Esma plays keyboard. It would be ridiculous if their mothers would not let them go – Samra's mother is a famous singer – Samra got her voice from her. They are great. Esma is the one who started the bend, she got us all together. If it weren't for her, I would still be playing in a boring pop band. And, I should not forget to mention Damir – our guitar virtuoso."

Funny. I don't believe until I see it. I haven't even finished the sentence, when the rest of the group got together in the classroom. Strangely, they found nothing odd with me being there, they all greeted me as friends and took up their instruments. I stand by the drums. Darko gives me a sign to sit down and take my sticks. I get his mimes as though I knew him my whole life. They start with this ancient hit which is still so famous today for its amazing power of music and words, but that does not exactly fit into my vision of the whole thing around a school band, school and its students

and professors, the whole situation... Sure enough, I know the song.

Samra starts to sing confidently. She has amazing voice. Darko is not bad at all with his bass. Esma is "magician at the keyboard" and I can't get my eyes off her. She smiles at me. She looks so cool. The boy with the guitar reminds me a lot of my mate John... They really sound mean. And they look the part too. The fact that the band is made of both boys and girls gives it an additional power and force, strength that makes sense...

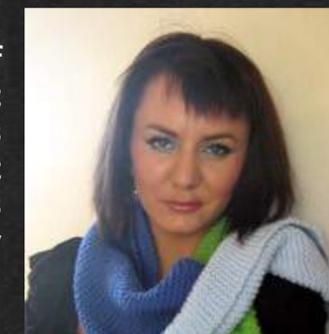
I fit in smoothly, and now the whole floor of the school echoes the words of the song Another Brick in the Wall by Pink Floyd. Who knows, maybe this will turn out to be not so bad.



Illustration: Filip Andronik

Story and photo: Mensura Jazavčević

Mensura Jazavčević Mensi was born on March 11, 1983 in Tuzla, where she grew up and got her education. She says for herself that she is a child of conformism and rebellion. She does not believe in old sayings, but she does believe that a person learns for as long as they live. She is into many things, but her greatest passions are writing poetry and music reviews. Her hobbies include painting, virtual expressions, advocating gender equality and reading. She lives and works in Tuzla.



Women in Politics

FROM 0% TO EQUALITY

When she wakes up in the morning, a woman from Bosnia and Herzegovina probably makes breakfast and coffee. She then goes to faculty or to work. Before that, she might get the children ready for preschool or school. She then goes to work by bus or trolleybus. She passes by a polluted river and breathes smog. Sometimes she might possibly be thinking about having her first or second child and wondering if she can afford one. When she takes her child to a coffee bar or a restaurant, it has to breathe cigarette smoke because smoking is widespread. At work, she is probably wondering whether she would get paid this month or not. Occasionally she is thinking about continuing her education. She is not sure whether she can leave work tomorrow to go see a doctor. When she goes to a health facility, on her own, with her child or with elderly parents, she has to stand for long time in front of the doctor's office. On her way back home she is thinking about her role in her family, about marriage or divorce, of all issues, challenges, problems that she will have to face tomorrow.

Starting with the price of electricity she uses to make her morning coffee, to the law on education, law on social assistance, public transport, environment protection, smoking in public places, workers' rights, maternity leave, tax rate, way the health facilities work – the average day in life of a woman is greatly affected by political decisions and political systems in which she lives.

Employment, Health Care, Education, Culture, Situation of Streets, Parks, Neighborhoods, Public Transport, Kindergartens, Operations of the Small,

Medium Size and Large Companies, Food, Fighting Corruption, Human Rights Protection, Combating Discrimination.

An average woman in Bosnia and Herzegovina has or wants a job. Has or possibly plans to have children and wants to provide to herself and/or to her family good health insurance, education, food, healthy environment, cultural and sports contents. She is taking care of her parents and their health. She perhaps plans to start her own business. She pays taxes, electricity bills, water, public utility services and public transport.

Bosnian-Herzegovinian women are subject to decisions of national, entity, cantonal, municipal parliaments, assemblies, councils and committees that directly affect absolutely all above mentioned areas and directly determine the quality of her life. Therefore, one would expect and one should require that women take equal part in actions, discussions and considerations of various decisions that have to be made (i).

Let's compare nominal majority of women in BiH with their participation in politics: Presidency of BiH – 0% women; Council of Ministers of BiH – 0% women; House of Representatives of BiH parliament – 10% women; House of Peoples of BiH parliament – 13% women.

We come to conclusion that women in BiH are essentially outvoted, overvoted, marginalized and systematically discriminated, while the quality of their life is almost completely defined by men.

So, where are the women in politics?



Photo: Sabina Ćudić

Text & Photo: Sabina Ćudić

Sabina Ćudić is a political scientist teaching Political Science and International Relations at the Sarajevo School of Science and Technology. She holds degrees in PS/IR from Towson University, USA, Bologna University, Italy and is currently doing her PhD at the Institute for Peace Research and Security Policy in Hamburg, Germany. She has published work on women's rights issues. Sabina is a former world Karl Popper debate champion and a member of the US National Debate Team. She is also interested in photography (her work can be seen at: www.sabinacudic.blogspot.com).



Economic empowerment of women

Women represent half the world's population, and gender inequality exists in every nation on the planet. To discriminate and prevent half of humanity from reaching its full potential is economic folly. Denying women and girls equality and fairness not only hurts them, but also hinders the rest of society.

In the 21st century, women enjoy more freedom and power than ever before. However, they are still disadvantaged when compared to men in virtually all aspects of life. Globally, women are deprived of equal access to education, health care, capital, and decision making powers in the political, social, and business sectors.

In nearly every country, women work longer hours than men, but are usually paid less and are more likely to live in poverty. Women still make-up the majority of part-time and temporary workers in developed countries. Consequently, these women working in informal economies are likely to have less access to basic health care services, education, financial capital, political appointments, employee rights, and land ownership.

Women's economic empowerment requires bold and sustained action to advance women's opportunities and rights and to ensure that women can participate and be heard.



Video URL : <http://www.16dana.ba/en/2011/11/economic-empowerment-of-women/>

Author of photographs for video: Zlata Delić

Zlata Delić was born and raised in Sarajevo. After completing the High school for applied arts in Sarajevo where she focused on advertising graphics she lived for 6 years in Munich. There she gained experience in the field of sale and marketing. She is 2nd year student at the International University of Sarajevo Department for Visual Arts and Communication Design and works as a director of online-shop "Crash". Her hobbies include photography and graphics.



Violence against LGBT

Homophobia is the hatred or fear of homosexuals sometimes leading to acts of violence and expressions of hostility.

Gay bashing and gay bullying is a type of hate crime or hate speech. It can be a verbal or physical abuse against a person who is perceived to be gay, lesbian, bisexual, or trans gender (LGBT). Such abuse is used also to bully heterosexual persons and persons of non-specific or unknown sexual orientation. It is where a homosexual person is insulted, hurt, or killed because of their sexual orientation. A verbal gay bashing might use sexual slurs, expletives, intimidation, or threats of violence. It also might take place in a political forum and include one or more common anti-gay slogans.

Gay bullying involves intentional and unprovoked actions toward the victim, repeated negative actions by one or more people against another person, and an imbalance of physical or psychological power.

The lesbian, gay, bisexual, transsexual/gender (LGBT) community is one of the most weak and least visible minorities in Bosnia and Herzegovina (BiH). LGBT community in Bosnia and Herzegovina has 'disappeared' from the public discourse since the violent attacks on the organizers of the Queer Sarajevo Festival in 2008. The combination of lack of information and fear created an atmosphere that feeds antagonism towards everything that is different from the mainstream. Since those attacks, there was no strong and visible LGBT activism. The targets of the assaults were campaigners for the rights of LGBT persons and activists, nevertheless investigations into these attacks have not resulted in any prosecutions. Extreme stereotyping, discrimination and homophobia in the media continue to be of serious concern.

Although Bosnia and Herzegovina's legal framework addresses the discrimination based on sexual orientation and gender identity or expression, nothing has been done so far to make sure that this legal framework is being implemented. So, individuals are not protected from hate speech or hate crimes motivated by homophobia.

A clear example of this situation is the absence of reporting on violence (either physical or verbal), to the police authorities during 2011.

Sarajevo Open Centre/Sarajevski Otvoreni Centar

"The LGBTIQ (Lesbian, gay, bi-sexual, transgender, transsexual, inter-sex and queer) community in Bosnia and Herzegovina is stigmatized, closed in and inert in many respects. The society itself does not offer any support to those individuals who differ from the traditional idea of gender and sexuality, sexual orientation or gender identity and/or expression, making it much more difficult for LGBT individuals to accept themselves and to secure their lifestyle, and even the rights and freedoms they, as human beings, are entitled to" (Rights and Freedoms of Sexual and Gender Minorities in Bosnia and Herzegovina: An Analysis of the Relevant Legislation, Organization Q (Sarajevo, 2005) at 3)

Myths about homosexuality:

Myth 1: *You can always tell homosexuals by the way they look or act. Men who act in a feminine manner must be gay. Masculine women with short haircuts and deeper voices must be lesbians.*

Truth: These stereotypes confuse the concept of sexual orientation (whether you prefer the same or other sex as sexual partners) with gender roles (exhibiting masculine or feminine behavior). Just as the vast majority of gays and lesbians do not fit these stereotypes, a portion of heterosexuals match them. Except for their actual sexual activity or admitting their sexual preferences, there is no accurate way to judge someone's sexual orientation.

Myth 2: *Homosexuals never marry. Therefore, people who never marry are homosexual. Likewise, people who marry and have children can be presumed to be heterosexual.*

Truth: Many homosexual people do marry and have children. Likewise, many people who never marry are strictly heterosexual.

Myth 3: *Recently the number of homosexuals has increased tremendously.*

Truth: Incidence of homosexuality has remained fairly constant; however, homosexuals are more visible now. With the gay liberation movement, more homosexuals stopped keeping their preferences secret. Many more have "come out of the closet."

Myth 4: Homosexuals are constantly trying to convert straight people to homosexuality.

Truth: Just as a few heterosexuals try to seduce homosexuals, a few homosexuals may try to seduce straights. However, the great majority of homosexuals do not attempt such seduction. Homosexuals are not likely to “make a play” for someone who does not seem attracted to them. As with most of us, at times homosexuals may confuse friendship with sexual attraction. They may act on their erroneous assumption.

Myth 5: There are not homosexuals in Bosnia and Herzegovina, that is just a western illness.

Truth: Homosexuals, as heterosexuals, bisexuals and transsexuals are part of every single society in this world. It is not an illness and is not included in any Medical Diagnosis Code throughout Europe.

In June 2011 the UN Human Rights Council passed the first “Human rights, sexual orientation and gender identity” resolution aimed at combating worldwide discrimination based on sexual orientation and gender identity. The resolution is the first to call for an end to sexuality discrimination worldwide and to recognize it as a “priority” for the UN.



Photo: Ida Serdarević

Photo: Ida Serdarević

Ida Serdarević was born on August 1, 1991 in Sarajevo. She finished the 1st Bosniak Grammar School, and presently studies at the International University of Sarajevo, second year at the Visual Arts & Communication Design. She is doing photography and wants to be a graphic designer.



Media and Gender Based Violence

THIS MIRROR GIVES ME STRANGE LOOKS

What is wrong with me, I asked her like, you know, pompously.

“Pompously” is a new trendy word at school. It is always like that – new month – new word. New shoes, new bag, new makeup... New fashion.

“Nothing, you are just a little bit too much”, said Džana in clear voice and with teasing smile.

I said nothing. I could not think of the right words. I could have told her: and you are so like pretty, or why do you care, are you jealous because Sanjin is looking at me, not you? I could have said “it is better to have some fat than to be such skeleton like you”. I could say I could not care less for such superfluous things, I was intellectual. I could have said that was not the way the best friends talk... I could have, but I did not. I did not, because I also started noticing my repulsing kilograms. I did not, because wherever I looked, everybody was thinner than me. I did not, because my favorite singer had ideal weight and in every new spot was getting better, thinner and more attractive. I did not because my trousers do not look as good as they should on me, as they look on Kate Moss. I did not, because I secretly envy Džana for being invited into the “Love model” agency.

I did not, because being skinny is fashionable.

And that something all girls have in common. There is always something wrong. If we have good grades- we are boring nerds. If we do not study well – we are categorically and irreparably stupid. If we wear tight clothes-

we are “easy” girls. If we wear loose clothes – we are hiding our fat. There is always something.

Mom bought me a bag. A bag “that can hold everything”, that was what she said. I hate it when she buys me things without me being there, she always gets it wrong. She does not understand that I have to be very careful about what kind of bag I am carrying, what kind of clothes I am wearing to school. Those are the rules. “This bag can hold all your books, and look here; it has this part where you can put your lunch.” And that was where I flipped. I told her she could throw the bag away, slammed the door to my room and locked it. I turned up the volume as much as I could, covered my face with my hands. The song was about a Josephine, a girl who breaks mans’ hearts, a girl whose figure is like “moon arch”, a girl who “has world under her feet”. I cried. I wanted to be that girl. I didn’t want “A” grades at school, I didn’t want to be “the sweet one”, I didn’t want a bag with partition for lunch. I wanted to be a model of the “Love Models”, I wanted to be envied for my “boyish cheek bones”, I wanted to have legs like Nadija who advertises the new line of boohoo clothing.

I wanted to be skinny. I wanted to be pretty.

Suddenly, something jerked me from my depressive thoughts. The lyrics penetrated my being, reaching deep to my heart, to my mind... “You can be her. You can be anything. You can do it...”

That’s right. I will lose weight. That is easy. If I could learn math to get A, this will be a piece of cake. What is there to be hard? A smile broke on my face. From this day on,

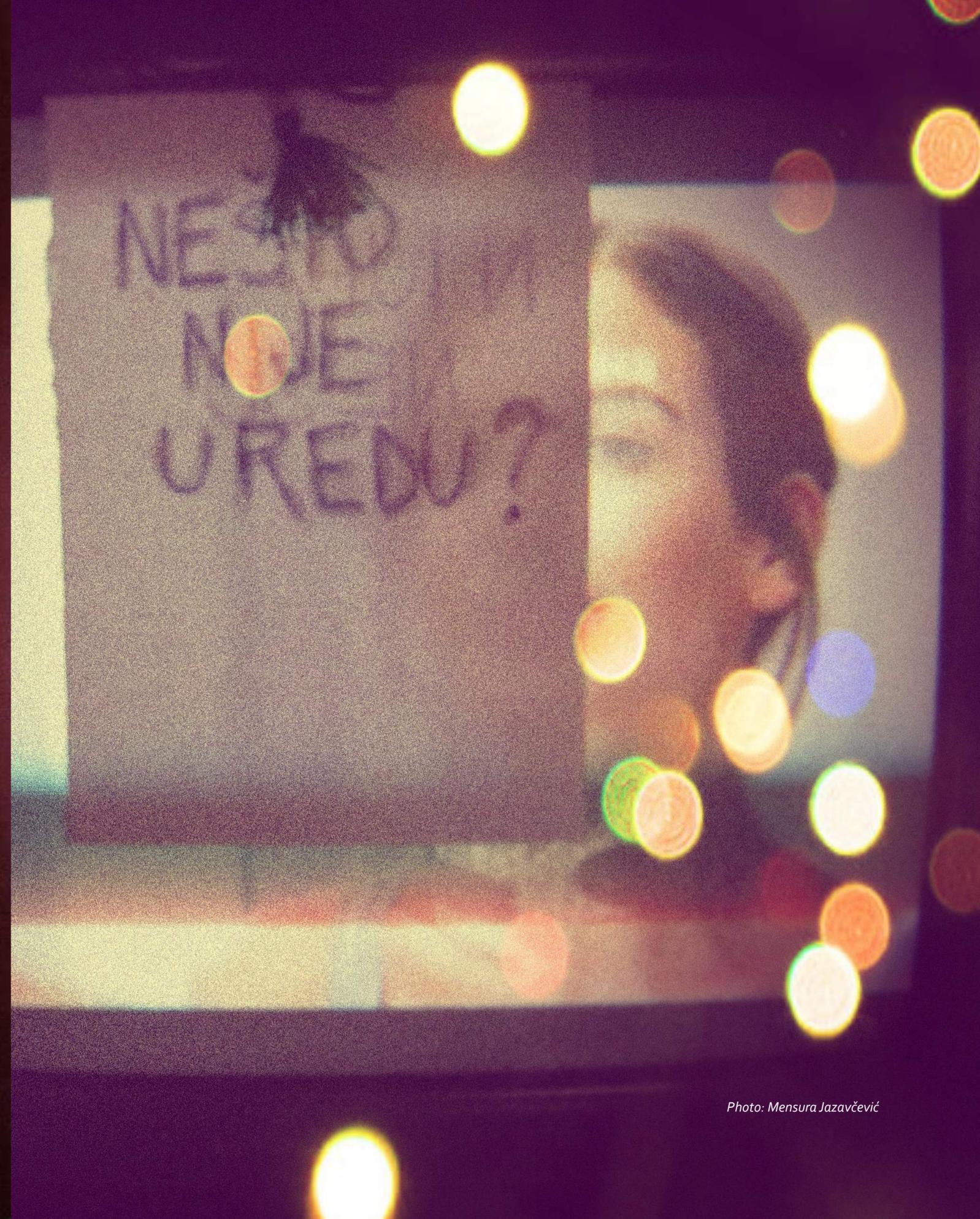


Photo: Mensura Jazavčević

I will watch what and how much I eat. And I will use the pocket money I have been saving for new shoes to buy the new diet pills that I see being advertised on TV. They cannot be bad since they are so expensive. And they are advertised by Sana Vox! I have it all planned. No more bread, sugar, fat, snacks, dinner... My meals must not be bigger than what I can hold in my fist. I will weigh and measure myself every day. And if I happen to be unable to avoid eating something, there is always "two fingers in throat". And I did not start the next day. I started that very day. That very second. It did not take me long to figure out that it was the only way for me to be happy. Happy and pretty. I opened my eyes...

And what happened then? Do you want me to tell you what has happened in between? To tell you that I lost good 12 kilograms in couple of months? That my figure was made perfect? That my reflection in the mirror was better? That there was no music video any more that I was watching and thinking: I am not like that, I am not like them. To tell you that I was still not invited to "Love Model" agency? That after a while, it was not necessary any more to put fingers in my throat – the poisons came out on their own. That I did not want to have friends anymore? That I was happy?

I was not happy. The mirror looked at me in a funny way.

The girls from TV were still prettier and more beautiful than me. I was still fat. And?

And then what? Do you want me to tell you what happened then? That my body still refused to fit into the idea of beauty? That I smashed the mirror? That I became more and more depressed? That I neglected the school? That I ended up in a hospital? That I still felt the weight... The weight that made me fall when I tried to walk. The weight that made me

unable to go to the bathroom by myself. The weight of all the words that lighted up in my head whenever I thought of my body.

Do I need to tell you about that? Do I need to blame myself and my weakness for what is happening to me now? Do I need to die? Do I need to become somebody else?

Still, one question was louder, one thought was stronger.

Is it worth it?

I need to live.

I need to be me.

Me and nobody else. Me, the Beautiful. Me, the Special! Me, with all my faults. Me, with all my virtues. Special me. Me, the Loved One. Confident me.

Beating of my heart overpowered my thoughts, or perhaps it was knocking on the door. I opened my eyes... The song was over. The TV was off. My mirror unbroken. I don't want to be there. This time I really opened my eyes. I was still there, I was still me. Kilograms were still there, but something was missing. The weight. The weight was gone... The telephone rang.

"Hey, I am sorry about that thing yesterday. I don't really think you are fat. I think you are beautiful." It was Džana.

I know you don't mean that, my friend. Neither do I, not any more. And that is the best part.

From now on, I am giving the mirror strange looks!



Photo: Studio TNT

Story and photo: Mensura Jazavčević

Mensura Jazavčević Mensi was born on March 11, 1983 in Tuzla, where she grew up and got her education. She says for herself that she is a child of conformism and rebellion. She does not believe in old sayings, but she does believe that a person learns for as long as they live. She is into many things, but her greatest passions are writing poetry and music reviews. Her hobbies include painting, virtual expressions, advocating gender equality and reading. She lives and works in Tuzla.



Rural women are vulnerable group

Rural women are more marginalized than urban women as a result of lower educational levels and a more traditional social environment. Rural women have limited access to land, training, modern farming techniques, finances and equipment, leaving them to work hard but earn little. They generally work in agriculture as unskilled labourers. Another factor limiting rural women's advancement is their poor access to institutions and social networks, which could help them to play a stronger role in decisions affecting their lives. In Bosnia and Herzegovina there is a widespread rural poverty and rural women are "invisible" in the official employment and property figures. Rural areas face challenges such as higher poverty, lower rates of health insurance coverage, and less access to health care and human services providers. All of these factors make the problems that domestic violence survivors are facing more difficult to address

The traditional culture in rural communities can make it more difficult for women to search for help. Communities where men and women tend to stay in traditional roles, where people avoid asking for help, and where there is less awareness of domestic violence and its impact on women and children are communities where it is harder for domestic violence survivors to seek out the resources they need.

Rural poverty is a particular concern regarding domestic violence. Poverty greatly contributes to family and relationship stress and limits victims' ability to leave abusive partners or family members.

Rural family violence survivors who live in poverty and for example lack transportation may be unable to travel to family members' or friends' homes for shelter. Rural domestic violence victims who are in more isolated locations may have difficulty accessing health care and other services due to lack of transportation or poor weather and road conditions. Emergency response time is often slower in rural areas.



**Association Medica Zenica:
EXPERIENCES IN WORKING WITH WOMEN AND GIRLS IN RURAL
AREAS**

By working with women from rural areas it has been noticed they very often express stereotypical beliefs and rigid attitude in relation to gender relations. In most cases, a husband is seen as a central figure that must be obeyed and comforted. Violence in marriage is seen as a "normal" phenomenon that is not well tolerated by women but justified as some kind of heritage that is passed from generation to generation: "My mother used to say: what I have gone through, you got off lightly". It often happens that they do not recognize some forms of violence such as, marital rape, psychological violence, etc.

The major problem are traditional customs that are nourished – unwritten rules (for example, that women only need to give birth to children, male children should go to school while female should not, men should not be opposed, instead women should be silent and suffer, etc.) that are very difficult to change because they have become part of consciousness. During our work with women from rural areas, it was noted that young girls get married and their parents prepare them by warning them to be "obedient" for their husbands and their families, not to oppose them and to comfort them.

Sometimes violent behavior towards women by other witnesses (e.g. father-in-law, mother-in-law) is encouraged and justified, because they as witnesses of violence encourage their sons to teach their wives whom they need to listen to. On the other hand, when a woman decides to seek help and stop the violence, she is not always supported, not even by her family, and is often accused of being guilty for the violence because she did not obey and has worked against her husband's will.

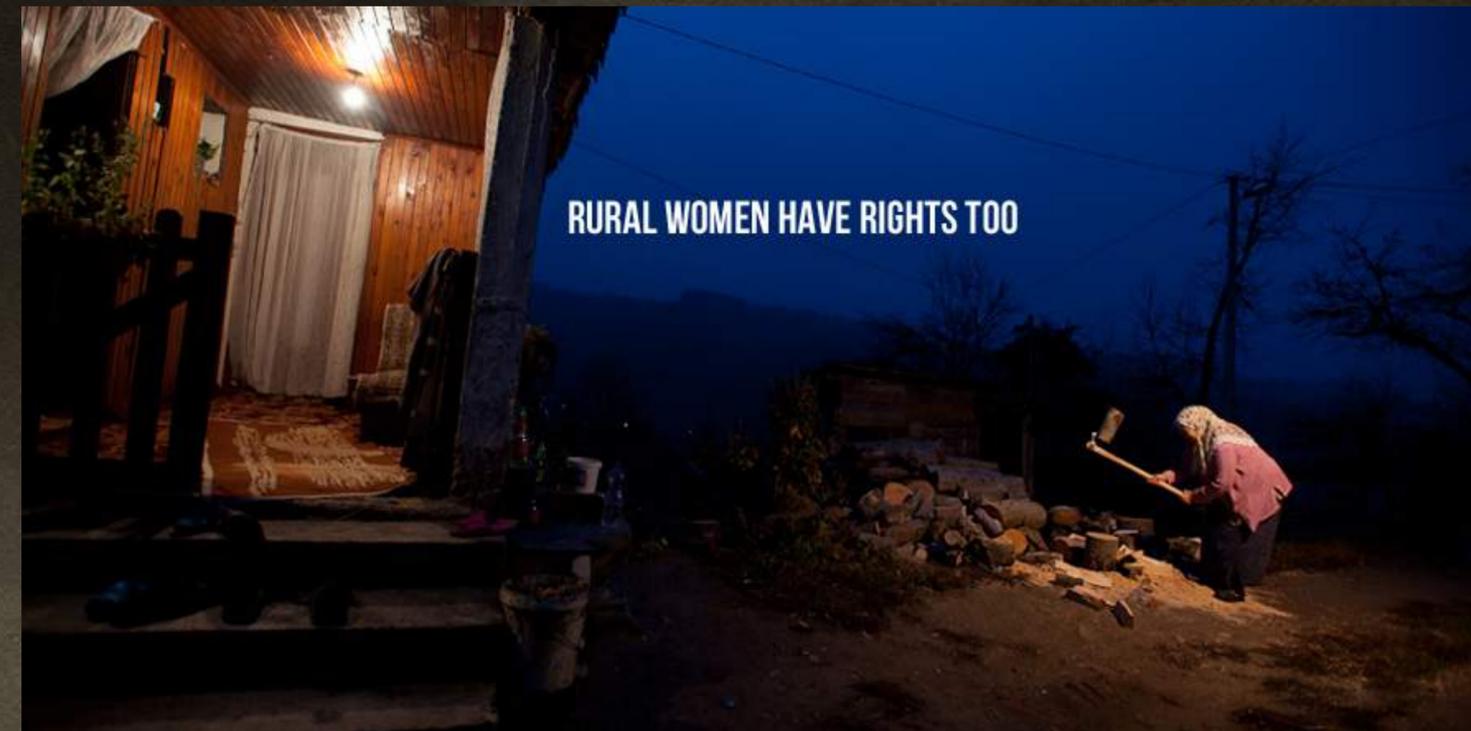


Photo: StudioTNT

Raising awareness about violence in rural areas is very important and necessary, so that future generations would be raised in a non-violent family environment and to reduce the phenomenon of violence justification and justification of violence through different customs and traditions. In Bosnia and Herzegovina, a very important part of the comprehensive initiative to empower rural women is the campaign "EQUALLY!" led by the Republika Srpska Gender Centre with the objective to raise awareness on the important role women have in rural areas. The campaign was initiated in 2009 and continued through 2011, with the support of UN WOMEN.

October 15 is World Rural Women's Day

World Rural Women's Day provides rural women and their organizations with a focal point to raise the profile of rural women, sensitize both government and public to their crucial, yet largely unrecognized roles and promote action in their support. Rural women in the world over play a major role in ensuring food security and in the development and stability of the rural areas. Their vital contribution to society goes largely unnoticed.

World Rural Women's Day aims to change this by bringing rural women out of obscurity at least once a year – to remind society how much they owe to rural women and to give value and credit to their work.

Children see, children do

Hey, you, I am a child! Don't think that because I am so small I do not know or understand what is going on here!

And I am not just one child; I am not any child, because I know for sure that what is happening to me is also happening to other children! I get beaten for throwing a piece of paper or a chewing gum through the window, and my older sister is doing the same thing, and nobody tells her anything! O.K. I get slapped, fine, I deserve it, but then mom yells at me to "put some things into my silly head"!

When I also try to "put" things into my friend's head the same way, he gets angry with me and would not talk to me. That confuses me, I don't know how else to tell him that a big truck cannot pass under the bridge we made together, except to speak loudly, since that is the only way he can understand and learn.

My father did something like that too, when he caught me smoking a cigarette in the living room. He asked: "Where did you learn that? Shame on you!" I started laughing, I found it hard to believe that he could ask that. Where did I learn that? Well, daddy, I learned that from you, you even said that "you can give up anything as long as you have your cigarettes, and you would be fine." How could I have known that this thing stinks and that it would make me cough a lot. While he, he enjoys smoking so much when I am there that I simply believed it was sweeter than chocolate.

Couple of days ago, my sister took me to movies, and we met a girlfriend of hers, to whom she said with a big smile on her face: "Hey, how are you doing, bitch?" And they hugged and kissed. But when I said it to our aunt when she came to see us, I was slapped so hard that I went dizzy. It is not my fault that I did not know what that word meant, it was, as I learned later, in a rather painful way, rather bad and insulting. And that aunt,

whenever she comes, she keeps speaking about what he thinks about that person or other, what her neighbor has done, what happened to an old friend of my mother's... When I want to tell her that her potential son-in-law steels cars, which is something I heard when my mother and father talked, I was punished and sent to my room because I was declared a gossip and traitor. While I only wanted to share a secret I knew, and my aunt "would tell it to nobody else", just as she had promised to those other women.

How can I then avoid being punished and beaten when they are talking about bad things with so much passion and love? I remember, last week a girl was teasing me for having put my shirt on wrong way. I could not stand it anymore, so I did to her what I saw my older brother doing. He calls it "Indian fire". He often practices that on his wife when I come to visit, and she must have done something really bad, since she moaned so painfully when he does that. I wanted to do the same to the girl, and I earned half an hour with the pedagogue, who lectured me that these things must not be done! The next time I go to my brother's and see him doing it, I will send him to the pedagogue, to hear that it should not be done. But, as I said, I am not alone.

At the pedagogue's I saw a boy who put a fire cracker in a stray dog's mouths. Terrible, I know, but it is not his fault that he listened to his father who kept saying that he would kill all stray dogs with firecrackers, not with a bullet, and he was listening all the time how dangerous and terrible the stray dogs were. His father knows the best, doesn't he? And then they tell us that the children are not what they used to be. I say, parents are not what they used to be either. "Take the beam out of your own eye first, and then you will see clearly to take the splinter out of your brother's eye", says the Good Book, my dear adults.



Photo: Studio TNT

Story author: Edisa Avdić



Edisa Avdić is a student at the third year of Faculty of Philosophy in Sarajevo, section for pedagogy and cathedra for art history. She enjoys working with children, for whom she says relax and inspire her. History of Arts is her great love and her refuge where she finds her peace, answers and strength to fight the faceless present. She likes to travel, read and listen to music. She believes that meeting new people and culture is one of the ways to bring people closer and see how similar they are and troubled with the same problems. Her motto is "When I do good – I feel good; when I do bad – I feel bad". She hopes that, for start, the world will not end in 2012 J and that we would become, if not smarter, than at least a little bit happier.

Real Men Take a Stand against Violence

Ending violence is for the good of both men and women.

Too often, boys and young men are exposed to examples of sexist behavior. Too often, boys and young men are taught to equate masculinity with the use of violence and dominance over women. Too often, such behavior is met with silence and tolerated by other men, which serves only to normalize gender inequality and negative stereotypes.

Violence as a social phenomenon is linked to the construction of male identity in our society. It forms part of male socialization process to a much greater extent than in women. And although physical violence in our society is diminishing in its legitimacy, its use continues to persist in many men.

Violence is used by some men against women and although it takes different forms it is also used as a means of resolving conflicts with other men. Thus, some men exercise violence on the understanding that it is a legitimate and effective tool for resolution of conflicts. Violence between men, nevertheless, does not have the cultural constraints that define violence against women.

However, many men are uncomfortable with stereotypical and violent behavior towards women and would intervene if they believed other men would support them. Men can also be devastated by violence perpetrated against the women they care deeply about.

What is Positive Masculinity?

Positive Masculinity is conceived as a way of being a man that focuses on compassionate, healthy and responsible attitudes and behaviors in all relationships.

Positive Masculinity defines a male social identity that is based on the inherent human instinct to be loving, caring, and sensitive. It offers a healthy alternative to the traditions of male privilege, violence, domination and isolation.

Men have a crucial role to play as fathers, friends, decision makers, and community and opinion leaders, in speaking out against violence against women and ensuring that priority attention is given to the issue. Importantly, men can provide positive role models for young men and boys, based on healthy models of masculinity.

Young men and boys must be encouraged to become the advocates we need. We need to promote healthy models of masculinity. Too many young men still grow up surrounded by outmoded male stereotypes. By talking to friends and peers about violence against women and girls, and by taking action to end it, they can help break the ingrained behavior of generations.

Ban Ki-moon, UN Secretary General / Message on The International Day for the Elimination of Violence Against Women



Photos: Eldin Hasanagić

Eldin Hasanagić was born 09.01.1981. He lives and works in Sarajevo as graphic designer and photographer. He became involved with photography through the work on graphic design in the past six years and he enjoys very much in it. He is a member of photo club "Valter" and AUF BiH.



Violence is the problem of entire society

The Lady Pilot

Yes, that is what she had been – sad, unhappy and miserable, but not anymore. Hey, man, it is not you deciding whether and why to be born. Fight, and be grateful for what you have and what you are.

She was the first child in the family. Mama had been waiting for that very role for many years – she had ended her first marriage for inability to conceive with that man. She married another man, and there she came, a beautiful girl with large sky blue eyes. Three-member family lived in two little rooms, a space small but enough to be happy. Over four years, their piece of Universe was joined by the fourth member, and then the fifth. And so parents lived with their three snowflake-like daughters, sweet, dear and susceptible to wind. It was all like a fairy tale; however, the life is not an imaginary story but a fight with obstacles.

The father worked, but for himself, not so hard physical work. Whatever he would earn – he would drink away on the way home. When he would get his salary he would not even bother to go home; he would only come once the money was all spent on drink, with his pockets empty and with bruised body, then he would come home and make a theater. Her parents would play the leading roles. Pity the theme had always been a violent physical encounter with her mother. And the women, powerless, she let herself be hit by that drunken bully in whose mind she was to be blamed for him having drunk away the salary, for being miserable in life, or for any other reason. Occasionally, the scenario was a little bit different – some frozen chickens would fly into the women's head, plates were smashed because the soup was tasteless,

nights were spent at neighbors' because she would be thrown out of the house with her three girls. Their holidays of laughter were when the father was not at home. Sad, but true. Mama would organize birthday parties for her girls.

And so, the youngest remembers her tenth birthday. Mama had made a cake and boys and girls came over to spend the day with them. It was a merry day, a lot of children laughter and noise filling their dim room. But when the night came, there were tears and screams. Father came home after three days of „business trip“ and destroyed all happy memories of the birthday. The calamity was heard by a friend from the neighborhood, who innocently asked the next day what had happened. And the ten years old said with confidence that the noise was caused by a birthday party. Why? Well, they wandered too why would they be doomed to live in anxiety and fear, why they always, always had to laugh cautiously. All housework, usually done by both women and men, was done by their mother; she did the laundry, cooking, cutting firewood, fixing already worn out window frames. She had no job, but after a long time of unpaid bills she was forced to fight for survival. She cleaned in the supermarket and she was not ashamed because she was trying to honorably provide their children with a decent living.

The mid-child, fifteen years old at the time, was going on a school trip, and it was also the mother's doing: she borrowed money from the neighbors so that her daughter could go with her friends. He was informed that she was leaving – he should know where his children were. Before leaving to the unforgettable trip, he came and entered the bus. The only thing she remembered were



**Nasilje je problem cijelog društva.
Otvori oči.**



the candies he had brought along and the drunken red eyes when he wished her good time. She was ashamed of her father, ashamed in front of the whole bus that went silent. All good things that she experienced and saw at the school trip were wiped out with a bag of candies. Occasionally, that stranger in the home invited over some friends to play cards, while playing loud music and enjoying life. The only three rays of light of their mothers' spited such situations by continuing to study and doing their homework. A young girl went to the university, and she found refuge in her books. While other students' only concern was how to just pass an exam, she approached her preparations for exams as scientific papers as they provided the sole escape from cruel reality.

Her father did not even know that she was going to university, she came home and tonight was the show night. Who knows how many repeats this show has had? It is January, the exam time. She begged her mother not to call the police, but the neighbor acted faster than the woman who was lying on the snow that turned red from blood from her nose and lips. How painful were the red stains that ruined the winter idyll! They went to the police station to give a statement. Mother was taken care of and provided with first aid. She has the exam tomorrow, but she is not thinking of that, she only wants to have done away with that painful interview.

She passed the math exam, not knowing how she managed to concentrate on the numbers that were so difficult to her colleagues. Her mother's disease- that was a real blow to the girls who still needed a teacher of life. In bewilderment she listened to a doctor telling her that her mother was diagnosed with cancer – a cancer that was stealing away their mother, piece by piece. She fought helplessly for a while, but she succumbed to the only

true battle, the fate, not battle between physically stronger and weaker one.

On a November night, one young girl dreamed about her being in the sky... She was the pilot, she had her crew... they were flying into the unknown. She was imagining the ships in the sky racing against each other, and she was on the fastest one, reaching yet undisclosed place. She knew, after mama's death, she was to take the helm in her hands and navigate the endless space. She graduated flight control, fulfilling her own and her mother's dream, and now she was going to lead her younger sisters in her plane.

They had all left their father – they did not need that man because in her twenty two years of age she had never known the man who was called their father. Now she is guardian of her younger sisters, she is the one going to school meetings, facing the problems of teenage years of her sisters, ready to play the role she was cast for. The three snowflakes do not hate their father, they are only sorry for him being such a bad man. He had remarried, perhaps he will not treat the new wife the same, because she too is a woman, fragile, soft, of physically weaker sex. Who knows?

The blue-eyed mother's beauties live in a house that does not belong to them, that is rented; they are paying the rent, but they are happy. The pilot and her co-pilots still refuse to accept men among the crew, perhaps because they find none of them strong and courageous enough to defend them against the weather. The life had taught them to wait; those who deserve to be heroes of the three heroines will come along one day.

“More people than ever before are able to exercise their right to freedom of opinion and expression without interference, and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas because of social media. The ability to spread information and ideas is in the hands of anyone with a mobile phone or Internet connection. The ideas articulated in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted 63 years ago today, can now spread further and faster than ever before”

Michelle Bachelet, UN WOMEN Executive Director

Story author: Nermina Hadžimerović

Nermina Hadžimerović was born in 1989 in Zvornik. She finished secondary music school and grammar school in Sarajevo. At present, she is student of the fourth year at the School of Law in Sarajevo. She is an activist in the Youth Initiative for Human Rights and member of the European Association of Law Students in Bosnia and Herzegovina. She took active part in work of the Poetic Theater of the young „Juventa“ that tried to point at the problems the young people face in this country. She plays flute in her spare time and has performed at many concerts in Bosnia and Herzegovina and abroad as an orchestra member.



What young people say about violence?



I would stop violence using social networks, media messages and increasing police protection and monetary fines.
Adin



Violence is not much talked about because it happens mostly within the family.
Sajra



In my opinion violence is a very serious problem which needs more attention than ever before.
Adis



Violence is, for its larger part, encouraged by prejudice towards women. At certain point the prejudice can escalate and lead to violence itself.
Maja



Any form of violence is a reflection of cowardness rather than display of strength and courage.
Haris



We should establish a separate class or include at least some lessons on that subject in all primary and secondary schools.
Anes



We will stop the violence by starting to thing differently. When we realize we are worth as a person, an individual, as a woman and that we are equally valuable as men than we will realize nobody has right to do violence of any kind against us. By then we will not allow it any more.
Ilma

Video interviews by:
Eldar Spahić

Eldar Spahić was born on July 25, 1991 in Banja Luka. He finished grammar school in Hadžići where he lives. He started doing photography in the second grade of secondary school. Eldar studies Visual Arts and Communications Design at the International University in Sarajevo.



Amina Bašić

Amina Bašić, was born on 27 February 1990 in Sarajevo. She finished general grammar school in secondary school center in Hadžići. Beside her mother tongue she speak English and German. Amina studies at the International University in Sarajevo, Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences, program Visual Arts and Communication Design.



How can you help a friend, victim of violence?

Scream in the Night

It dawned. Finally, the day arrived that both of us had been waiting with anticipation. School trip, the famous school trip that everybody talks so much about! While the rays of sun are touching my face, I am slowly opening my eyes, taking my phone and calling Esma, my best friend. "Wake up, it's time!" Excitement was clear in her voice, as it was on day when we both enrolled the grammar school. We met at the usual place and together walked into the "adventure of our lives". I had the feeling that we had never been happier, words were not sufficient to describe the feelings that flooded us. At last we started. Our adventure has begun.

We traveled whole day and whole night. The trip was pleasant and at the same time unforgettable. Everything was happening so quickly, it seemed that it only took us couple of hours. The time "flew by", and my Esma and I were growing happier hour after hour. And so we arrived. Although there were late hours of the morning, everything was so alive, the city was glowing, and I was simply lost in all that shine of the town of Loret de Mar. When we entered the hotel we saw a group of boys – they were students from a grammar school from Sarajevo. We met, and immediately there were some feelings. After the dinner and long talk, we started towards the disco. Dance and good music made the night unforgettable.

When we came back from the disco, Esma was simply shining. It was the shine of love. "I fell in love", she said. It was one of the boys from the Sarajevo school. Love was mutual, they seemed so happy and in love, just one look at them said it all. They were inseparable the whole time, so much so that there were

moments when I felt lonely, but at the same time I was so happy for my best friend who found her soul mate. The time passed quickly and only then I realized the true meaning of the saying "everything that is good lasts does not last long". The return, that dreaded return to reality, I was reminding myself. It took me long time to go back to the usual life. While I was going back to my old tracks, my Esma went deeper and deeper in love. But, her happiness did not last long, just as our trip did not last long. "He left me", said she with bitterness and sadness in her voice. Sorrow and pain replaced her exhilaration. She changed, became a different person. She was not any more my Esma, my best friend. She distanced herself from everybody and everything, she would not come to school, and whenever I called her, I always got only her voice mail.

I knew that the source of her sorrow was not the breakup with the guy, so I decided to be persistent and I kept trying to get to her until I finally succeeded. I knew that I had to play the role of a psychologist, listen to her to the end, and then propose a way out of her situation that seemed so desperate. "He raped me", she repeated through tears, and I went numb. I felt like earth was breaking apart under my feet, blood in my veins was turning into ice. I held her tight and everything else around us disappeared. It was the longest and the hardest night of my life. While I watched her sleep, I kept thinking about the ways to help her, how to give her strength to overcome this situation.

I switched the computer on and started searching, looking for institutions that work on prevention of violence against women. I found that there were many centers that help people gain back their self-confidence

“A society that permits violence against women is a society that is on the way out”

and will to live. This knowledge gave me a new hope that my Esma would one day be my "old" Esma. I also searched for best psychiatrists for cases like hers. I read a lot about such situations. I was shocked to learn how much the young girls are unprotected and how little is being said about this. The first thing I did was the hardest one – convincing Esma to seek expert help. I kept trying for days, and she kept resisting. Night after night I kept persuading her in long, hard discussions. Time went by, and Esma could not fight away her fear. She was getting worse and worse every day, full of pain, sorrow and hate. I often thought that she might hurt herself, and that thought was killing me.

After five months of struggle, pain and sorrow, Esma told me: "I cannot be silent anymore." I felt my heart was beating hard of joy because I knew this was the first step towards her new future. That day we went to the police together, and Esma reported her attacker. He was detained the same day. This was a new beginning for Esma. Everything became so much easier the moment my friend decided to say something about her scream in the night that was so lethal for her. The next day I took her to a specialized

institution where she immediately received psychiatric help. My friend spoke with the psychiatrist for long time and immediately felt much better. So much better that she decided to go there every day. Thanks to the experts there, my best friend managed to get back the hold of her life and smile again. After completing the grammar school, Esma went to study psychology and volunteer in the Center.

She works there now, happy to be able to help others since she had felt on her own skin what it felt like to be a victim of violence. I often ask myself the question: "Why are we victims of violence? Why do some people believe they can abuse us because of our sole weakness – the physical one, which we have to raise from ashes. We must not naively keep looking into the ashes of our lives. A lot of pain had been crushing us over centuries, but never broke us; many our hopes had sunk, but our spirit had not fallen, it was not broken, because we have faith in ourselves, in justice and peace. Peace in our tortured souls that screamed when they came into this world. Was it the scream of terror from what we saw there, or was it a scream directed to humanity to stop the evil?"

How can you help a friend, victim of violence?

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16 Steps to End Violence against Women

- 1. Ratify international and regional treaties...**
that protect the rights of women and girls, and ensure that national laws and services meet international human rights standards.
- 2. Adopt and enforce laws...**
to end impunity, bring perpetrators of violence against women and girls to justice and provide women with reparations and remedy for the violations perpetrated against them
- 3. Develop national and local action plans...**
for ending violence against women and girls in every country that bring the government, women's and other civil society organizations, the mass media and the private sector into a coordinated, collective front against such human rights violations.
- 4. Make justice accessible to women and girls...**
by providing free legal and specialized services, and increasing women in law enforcement and frontline services.
- 5. End impunity towards conflict-related sexual violence...**
by prosecuting perpetrators in conflict and post-conflict contexts and fulfilling survivors' right to comprehensive reparations programmes that are non-stigmatizing and have a transformative impact on women and girls' lives.
- 6. Ensure universal access to critical services...**
At a minimum, women's and girls' emergency and immediate needs should be met through free 24-hour hotlines, prompt intervention for their safety and protection, safe housing and shelter for them and their children, counseling and psycho-social support, post-rape care, and free legal aid to understand their rights and options.
- 7. Train providers of frontline services...**
especially the police, lawyers and judges, social workers and health personnel to ensure that they follow quality standards and protocols. Services should be confidential, sensitive and convenient to women survivors.
- 8. Provide adequate public resources...**
to implement existing laws and policies, recognizing the devastating costs and consequences of violence against women not only for the lives directly affected, but to society and the economy at large, and to public budgets.
- 9. Collect, analyze and disseminate national data...**
on prevalence, causes and consequences of violence against women and girls, profiles of survivors and perpetrators, and progress and gaps in the implementation of national policies, plans and laws.
- 10. Invest in gender equality and women's empowerment...**
to tackle the root causes of violence against women and girls. Strategic areas are girls' secondary education, advancing women's reproductive health and rights, addressing the inter-linkages of violence with HIV and AIDS, and increasing women's political and economic participation and leadership. Gender equality and ending violence against women must be placed squarely at the heart of achieving the Millennium Development Goals.
- 11. Enhance women's economic empowerment...**
by ensuring women's rights to own land and property, to inheritance, equal pay for equal work, and safe and decent employment. Women's unequal economic and employment opportunities are a major factor in perpetuating their entrapment in situations of violence, exploitation and abuse.
- 12. Increase public awareness and social mobilization...**
to stop violence against women and girls, and to enable women and girls subjected to violence to break the silence and seek justice and support.
- 13. Engage the mass media...**
in shaping public opinion and challenging the harmful gender norms that perpetuate violence against women and girls.
- 14. Work for and with young people as champions of change...**
to end violence against women, and ensure that educational systems empower girls and boys to transform and build gender relations based on harmony, mutual respect and non-violence.
- 15. Mobilize men and boys...**
of all ages and walks of life to take a stand against violence against women and girls, and foster equality and gender solidarity.
- 16. Donate to the UN Trust Fund to End Violence against Women...**
the only grant-making fund in the world exclusively dedicated to channeling expertise and financial support to national, local and grassroots efforts.

List of services available in BiH

A victim of violence may seek help on the unique SOS Telephone numbers:

Federation BiH - 1265
Republika srpska - 1264

The call is free of charge!

When you call one of these numbers you do not have to say your name or provide personal information.

If you are reporting violence to the police:

- The police officers will first conduct an interview with you and your abuser. If for any reason you do not want to talk in the presence of the abuser, you may request that you talk to the police alone.
- If you have sustained any physical injuries you should go to the Emergency Medical Aid immediately and request them to give you an medical report on your injuries. You can go to the Emergency Medical Aid on your own, or you may ask the police to take you there.
- The police may arrest the abuser and hold him in the station for not more than 24 hours.

If you are reporting violence in a police station:

- You will talk to the officer responsible for domestic violence. You need to tell this officer everything that was happening to you.
- If you are too afraid to go back home, ask the police to place you in one of the safe houses.
-

Police officer's duty is to write a report on what had happened, bring the abuser to the police station and start the relevant procedure before the court and/or prosecution.

The police officers who fail to act in accordance with law may be reported to the Ministry of Interior Affairs. Do not change the statement that you had given to the responsible bodies because that may make the subsequent proceedings more difficult and it works for the abuser! If the abuser threatens you, seek protection.

If you are reporting violence to the Centre for Social Work:

- Ask for the official who is working on domestic violence cases. Tell them what is happening to you and request them to make official note.
- If necessary, ask them to notify the police.
- Ask the official to explain to you the rights you have under the law and help you exercise your rights.
- If you are too scared to go back home, ask the official to place you in a safe house for victims of domestic violence.

Shelters for victims of domestic violence (safe houses):

- Request to be placed in a safe house, with or without your children, may be made to the police officer and/or center for social work, or directly to the non-governmental organizations that have such safe houses.
- Once in the shelter, victims receive necessary medical, social/legal, psychological and other aid.
- A person may stay in the shelter up to 3 months.

List of safe houses:

- Udružene žene, Banja Luka
- Medica, Zenica
- Fondacija za obrazovanje i socijalnu zaštitu djece, Prijedor
- Žene BiH, Mostar
- Mirjam – Caritas, Mostar
- Viva žene, Tuzla
- Fondacija lokalne demokratije, Sarajevo
- Žene sa Une, Bihać
- Budućnost, Modriča

Free legal aid and information:

- Provide basic information on rights and institutions.
- Provide direct legal aid that may include initiating and conducting proceedings before various institutions, writing complaints and submissions, providing legal advice etc.

Centers that provide legal aid:

- Centar za pravnu pomoć ženama / Center for Legal Assistance for Women, Zenica phone: 032-402-049
- Fondacija lokalne demokratije / Foundation for Local Democracy, Sarajevo
- Helsinški komitet za ljudska prava BiH / Helsinki Committee for Human Rights BiH, Sarajevo – phone: 033-660-811
- Udružene žene / United Women, Banja Luka, phone: 051-463-143
- Žene BiH / Women BiH, Mostar, phone: 036-550-339
- Budućnost, Modriča, phone 053-820-701
- Vaša prava (Your rights) (uredi):
- Sarajevo: Safeta Hadžića 66a, phone 033 789 105
- Banja Luka: Meše Selimovića 17, phone 051 232 920
- Goražde: Seada Sofovića Sofe 10, phone 038 220 544
- Mostar: Hasana Zahirovića Lace bb, phone 036 558 580
- B. Petrovac: Bosanska 110, phone 037 881 248
- Srebrenica: Titova bb, phone 056 440 998
- Trebinje: Carine 3, phone 059 240 680
- Tuzla: Rudarska 63, phone 035 286 484, 210 210
- Prijedor: Save Kovačevića 12, phone 052 241 290



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