



APNE AAP WOMEN WORLDWIDE –an initiative to end sex trafficking

RED LIGHT DESPATCH

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Victim-Survivor speaks in Parliament *by Kumkum Chetty*

Kolkata, 2 November: Even in my dreams, I never thought that I would get the opportunity to go before the Parliament of my country to tell my story. This has all happened because Apne Aap Women Worldwide has made it possible.

When I came to know that I had an opportunity to express my feelings (experiences) before the Parliament, I was both scared and happy. The pain that I have kept inside myself for years is not only my own, but is shared by thousands of my sisters who are trapped in prostitution and who are the victims of pimps and traffickers, so I wanted to express it for everyone.

Our government has proposed important amendments to the ITPA (Immoral Trafficking Prevention Act) bill of 1956, which we—the

people who suffer from sex trafficking—support strongly. When we heard that Article 5C, which will penalize the persons who demand prostituted sex from us, will be included in the Act, we were relieved, since these people are the real criminals.

When I entered the Parliament Hall, the Executive Director of Apne Aap, Ms. Ruchira Gupta, was with me. When I went in, I don't know why, but my body was trembling and my hands and feet were cold from fear. I started questioning myself, asking, "Will I really be able to convey the pain and suffering that has been in my life and is in the lives of thousands of my sisters who are trapped in prostitution?" "After they hear my story, will the members of Parliament try to bring some change to our

lives?" "Will they finally look at us with some respect in their eyes?"

When I started speaking, I was brought back to the time in my life when I was first forced into prostitution. Remembering this, I began to cry and my tears told my story. Even there, I felt insecure because I could see men staring at me. I began to realize that people think of women like me as only useful for sex. I was surprised when one of the members of the Parliamentary committee asked me if I think it would be fair to penalize the male customer, because asking for prostituted sex would be his natural urge. I was shocked and disappointed that someone could think this way.

Anyway, the trip to Delhi was very memorable because it was the first

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ONE HOUSE, WITH LOTS OF SKY

by Shabana

Kolkata, 2 November: I live in Topsia. I am the daughter of a Mochi (cobbler). I have learnt how to make sandals from my father. He is very skilled, but nowadays he does not have so much work—the leather factories have all moved from here. My dream is one house, with lots of sky and stars.

Right now, I am learning embroidery, cutting, and sewing. After I complete my course, I want to own a boutique where many girls will be able to get jobs and earn money for themselves. My dream is to own a boutique so that I can also make money so that I can build build a house where my mother, father, brothers, and sisters will stay. My bhabis will also stay there. I don't want my brothers to live separately from us after marriage. My wish is that we all stay together. No separation—that is the one thing I do not want.

In my house there will be a fridge and a TV for my mother and sisters and bhabis. I want everyone in my house to live comfortably. Every child will have enough toys. And for me...an aquarium that is full of coloured fish. I want peace. I want a violence and war-free world.

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What is Dhoka (cheating)? *by Swapna*

Forbesgunge, 2 November: When I was 14, I fell in love with a young guy. He also loved me very much. I dreamed that I would someday have a family with this guy—that he would be my husband and we would have a baby. One day, he came and told me that we were going to go out and have some fun. I was excited because that was the first time we had gone for an outing. I dressed up, and wore a beautiful churidar and some jewelry. When I was about to leave with that guy my mother said, "Please come home soon." And then she asked me, "With whom are you going?" I lied to her. I said that I'm going with Ruma, who is a younger friend of mine. When I went out

with this guy, we first went to see a film, and then we went to a restaurant where we ate biriyani. After some time I felt sleepy, so I told him that I wanted to return home quickly. He agreed with me and called a taxi, where I fell asleep, feeling safe with him.

I woke up and found myself in a bed which I had never seen before. I was astonished and then even more surprised when a woman I didn't know came into that room. She told me to go into the toilet and freshen up. I asked her, "Where am I?" and she replied "This is a randi khana (whore house), the girls who come here are supposed to do

Organizing a Kishori Mandal

by Afsana Khatoon (as told to Janaki Dubey)

Kolkata, 2 November: I am fifteen years old. I am the secretary of the Khidderpore Kishori Mandal (youth group). I have been the secretary for two years. In our Mandal, in the Khidderpore Munshigunj red light area, we have about 18 members. We are attached to different activities/programs of A2W2 like education, dance therapy, cutting, stitching, embroidery, mime, drawing, and carpentry classes.

Every week we organize a meeting where we discuss different topics, like health, violence, dowry system, etc. I lead the meeting, but if there is some conflict among the girls that we cannot solve by ourselves, I call Janaki-di or Chaitali-di [A2W2 workers] to help us solve it.

We have made rules for the Kishori Mandal. The rules are: 1. Everyone must come to the meetings at the decided date and time. Tardiness is not allowed. 2. We must take attendance for each meeting. 3. During

the meeting, only one person is allowed to speak at a time. 4. During the meeting, everyone has an equal right to speak. 5. We must keep the minutes of each meeting.

We discuss topics like health, cleanliness, and the rights of women and children. We think that there is no difference between boys and girls, so we have decided to start the carpentry class with girls, as well as with boys. It is a six-month course, and in this course we students will learn how to make things like picture frames, mirror frames, joints, boxes, chairs, desks, etc.

I feel very confident now after organizing and leading the youth group. Earlier, when I was pulled out of school, when my mother could not pay the school fees, I felt I had no future, now I feel that my dreams can come true. My dream is to be an independent woman and to save my family from poverty and exploitation.

DETERMINED TO BE INDEPENDENT

by Md. Amin

Forbesgunj, 2 November: When Apne Aap started its work in Forbesgunj, we all used to sneer at it. We have seen lots of other NGOs coming to the area, get money from the government in our name and do nothing for us. We thought Apne Aap is just another NGO of the same type. However, as we started getting to know the people, and then gradually getting drawn towards its work, we realized that Apne Aap is definitely going to do something for us. It is determined to help us becoming independent.

We have always hated the place we live in. I am from the Nutt community and live in the red-light area here in Forbesgunge. We feel captive, with nowhere to go, and nothing to do, no way to escape but to continue with the same pimping, bootlegging, gambling and drinking. Sometimes the pain becomes so unbearable that we start blaming the parents for bringing us to this world. We feel ashamed of ourselves, as we know that we can't save our mothers and sisters.

So when were told us about the carpentry workshop, we could not initially believe them, and were apprehensive about going so far

away from our homes. Some people in the community were also warning us not to fall prey to their sweet words and promises. But, of course, these days, there is always a debate regarding Apne Aap going on in our community. After lots of hesitation we decided to come to Kolkata.

We were very apprehensive about how the first meeting would turn out to be, how we would be accepted. The fear doubled when we were told that we are going to get trained by a white man, named Sean. Secretly we were thinking, "My God what will we do? It would have been better if we did not listen to Kalam Bhaiya and Tinkudi (Apne Aap workers) and dance to their tunes." But after spending one week with Sean the fear is gone. Sean takes great care to teach us. We are now learning how to design. There is a trained carpenter, Naseem Bhai, working

with Sean who is helping us to explain what Sean is teaching, and there is Sahanadi, who translates and helps us, further in understanding both Sean and Naseem bhai.

We feel captive, with nowhere to go, and nothing to do, no way to escape but to continue with the same pimping, bootlegging, gambling and drinking.

The Apne Aap people are so cordial, and they take so much care of us, Janakidi, Shahid bhai, little Jahangir, Asmadi, and Minudi [A2W2 workers in Khidderpore, Kolkata] are all so good to us that tears come to our eyes. We have got the respect that we have never gotten in our lives.

Now we want to get properly trained and we want to work and earn so that we can save our own sisters. We want to go back to our village, and train other boys and girls like us so that they can also find meaningful ways of earning a living rather than being stuck in the cycle of prostitution and exploitation.

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I AM A HARIJAN FIELD WORKER

by Arati (As told to Sudebi Thakurata)

New Delhi, 2 November: I am Arati. I belong to the Harijan community and live in Subhash Camp in Delhi. Harijan, is a term coined by Gandhiji, meaning the children of God. Gandhiji gave us this rebellious name as bureaucrats and naturally the vast major section of society call us scheduled castes. We were given this name in order to let them and the others feel that we are equal, if not superior, to the common run. But right from the beginning trauma has been an integral part of our lives.

The other children of God have pushed us to the bottom of socio-economic status. Reservation for backward classes has taken a new dimension. I come from a seven-member family, and have studied till class seven. My father gets irregular work and the only thing he does regularly, without fail, is getting drunk. There is zero contribution of my father in the running of the family. My mother works as a domestic helper. My mother found a job for me as well as a domestic worker. The people staying there did not behave well. I left the job in no time. They were from backward classes but they hated us the Harijans. They would not let me touch the drinking water.

I then started working as a rag picker with my grandmother. I was told

rag picking was the right job for my caste. Later my grandmother 'involved' me somewhere, where I was exploited for just a meager sum. And that little amount would be entirely used for household expenses, as my mother would snatch away the entire salary.

I thought if anyhow I could do a beauticians course then life would change. Perhaps. Perhaps I could earn a lot. I tried to find a place from where I could learn it. But, alas! Nobody was willing to teach free of cost. After searching a lot I got in touch with a lady who agreed to teach me but in return I would have to do some of her work. Just for one or two days she showed me how to pluck eyebrows. But she made me do all her household work. She never even allowed me to go inside her beauty parlour. I did this for 8 months for only 500 rupees a month.

I started rag picking for a second time, with people's misbehavior as my companion.

I also cleaned the garbage in the MCD department, then in a private school with my granny. The landlord of the building stayed there and stared at me all the time. I really did not like the look in his eyes. Those were staring eyes, staring at me all the time.

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The Outside world by Tamanna

Kolkata, 2 November: Since I was born and brought up in the same gali in the Khidderpore red-light area, I hardly got any opportunity to experience life in the outer world. My first outing and opportunity to see a posh area in Kolkata was when I went to attend Odissi dance classes taught by the famous dancer, Ms. Sharmila Biswas. I had a memorable time, during these dance classes and I especially enjoyed the traveling in our office Sumo, where a group of girls from the Kishori Mandal enjoyed the ride together.

The other memorable time was the day of the book launch programme organized by A2W2 for The Place Where We Live Is Called a Red Light Area. In the programme, our group got the opportunity to perform an Odissi group dance on the stage, and we got the opportunity to sing along with the famous singer, Ms. Usha Uthup. My mother was very happy and she felt proud to see me on the stage.

I wish I could be like other girls, enjoying all their rights, having dignity, living in a good house in a good locality with all the luxuries of life. I like good roads, clean and big houses with proper electricity and water supply, which we don't have in our area. When we go to our local politician, he never listens to us. At voting time, he comes to our houses, but then he disappears.

The outside world is safer. The inside world we live is frightening.

Did you know?

- ✿ In fact, the majority of the men who seek the services of prostituted women tend to view women in general as well as women in their families as gratifying objects. They tend to be very violent with women in their own families as well.
- ✿ Most women are forced to into sex trade, under conditions of near or absolute slavery. If women saw this as a lucrative option they would not be desperate to send their daughters to "boarding schools" to keep them out of the client's roving eye.
- ✿ Prostitution is not the "the world's oldest profession" . It is not a profession at all. It cannot be older than hunting or farming. History shows that governments have instituted the practice of protection to cater to courts and soldiers.
- ✿ a prostituted woman complies with the extremely limited options available to her. Her compliance is required by the fact of having to adapt to conditions of inequality that are set by power disparities based on gender, race, ethnicity and poverty.
- ✿ the majority of their time in prostitution is spent on debt bondage and a whole chain of traffickers from recruiters, to transporters, to pimps and brothel managers ensure that the woman gets a very small cut of her earnings. At the end of the day, women are left with disease-ridden bodies, children and no savings.

Trafficked into early marriage

by Amita and Priya (as told to Manisha Munshi)

Amita: My father was ill. I have no brother, so it was my duty to lessen the burden on my father [bhoj halka karna]. I was married at age fourteen, but have not yet gone to live in my sasural in Ludhiana. Five years after my marriage, I wish I had more choices. I am neither here nor there.

I have two younger sisters, one of whom is at the 'marriageable' age of 15—I have convinced my parents not to get them



married until they have finished their studies. Of course I wish the same could have happened for me. I would have liked to get married later, learn some proper trade first. I don't know what will happen when I go to my sasural. They say that they will let me work, but I don't know. At least if my sisters are educated before they get married, they might be able to be more independent. I'm relieved that they won't have the same worries that I do right now.

I don't think it's right to get married so early. But no one can say that. If I had said no, my family would have felt that I let them down. And the people back in our village [in U.P.] would have said nasty things about me if I got married too late. They would have said, 'What's wrong with her? Is she deformed? Or is she a 'bad girl'? Now that I am married and my husband has not come for me, will

people ask if he is a "bad man"? No.

Priya: I was married off at age seventeen. Unlike Amita, I was not given a 'choice,' but merely shown a man and told, "You will be marrying him next month." My father was ill. It was my duty. What could I do?" I moved directly to my sasural after my marriage. My husband is almost 20 years older than me. My saas and sasur (mother- and father-in-law), are all right. They do not abuse me, which is good. But I never feel like it's my home—they don't even treat all of my children well. I have 3 children—girl, boy, girl. My eldest daughter is not treated badly, because she was the firstborn. But my saas and sasur give all their love to my son. When my youngest daughter was born, they were all very angry—no one would even pick her up or touch her for the first year of her life. They made me have four abortions. They said that the 'timing was wrong,' but it's really because they were girls. They would have aborted this one too, if my health hadn't been so bad during the pregnancy." Four abortions, three children. Seven years of marriage.

Until I was married, I would go to the local hospital and help the nurses. I was good at it, and I enjoyed it, so I thought that when I grew up, I could be a nurse. Now, with three children, I wouldn't even have the time. It's okay, I'm learning silai [sewing],

and I can make a little extra money that way, but it's not what I would have wanted to do if I hadn't been married off so early. Tell people my story—I'm not afraid. This happens to everyone, I'm not the only one. Write it. Let people know."

DM's response to Nutt community

THE WOMEN LEARNT THE STRENGTH OF UNITY

by Md. Kalam

Forbesgunge, Nov. 2:

The Nutt women of the village Rampur North of Forbesganj taken a historic step on 25th September – on the first anniversary of the formation of the Mahila Mandal, the women's self-help group. Before this time, no one from this community, man or woman has ever met any government official or high level authority regarding their demands. From the last two years, Apne Aap Women Worldwide has been working in this red light area to empower the women. As a result, the same women who used to sneak inside their houses the moment they caught a glimpse of a police car have now come forward to demand the protection of their rights in front of the District Magistrate, the highest civil authority in the district.

In the last issue of Red Light Despatch, we reported that the women of the Nutt community of Forbesgunj presented a petition to Upendra Kumar Ray, the Honourable District Magistrate of Araria, and put forth 14 demands. The DM listened to them with great interest and was inspired to see the women wanting to come out of the shadows. He said that it is

a great misfortune that he never before had the opportunity to talk to these women. He quoted from a famous Hindi ghazal sung in a Meena Kumari film, "Aurat ne janam diya mardon ko, mardon ne unhe bazaar diya" (Women gave men life and men put them for sale). The DM said that, in prostitution, women do not trade on their bodies, but rather it is the men who trade on women's bodies. He also said that the women's courage and will to live has made him confident that one day these very women will revolutionize their community.

Further, the DM has promised to give more attention to certain projects, such as Bal Shramik Pariyojana (National Child Labour Project), issuing BPL (Below Poverty Level) cards to the women living in the red light area, and giving them primacy over others in availing the benefits of Indira Awas Yojana (the central government housing scheme for the poor). He also said that he wants to fulfill his promise as early as possible so that he can come to meet the women again very soon. His words and promises generated tremendous confidence among the women in the red light area because they never thought that they would get any benefit from the government. Today, however, they are happy that they made demands to such a high level authority and that he has attentively and carefully listened to them.

*Editorial***An appeal to Labour movements** *by Ruchira Gupta*

Prostitution cannot be categorized as work (even exploitative work, as in sweat shops or domestic servitude) as it disconnects the self from the activity. It always involves penetration of the body. A2W2 members see their sexuality as an integral part of themselves, and feel they are selling themselves when their bodies are sold for sex. To cope with the experience, many A2W2 members detach themselves emotionally from their bodies- effectively segmenting themselves, or entering into out of body experiences. So besides risking disease or death they suffer from the deep psychological trauma of alienation from their own bodies.

While labor movements can and do guarantee certain minimum conditions and standards for workers, providing for energy and time needed for the worker to be a fulfilled human being, prostitution inherently cannot do so. Example:

- All labor movements strive for minimum wages. In prostitution there is no guarantee of minimum wages, as the price of a woman varies with age, time of night, and location.

Moreover, in brothel-based sex there is no such thing as minimum wages. For the first five years, the brothel owner owns the woman or child and keeps her like a bonded slave and spends an amount to keep her in a subsistence condition. For the next five years, she may give half of what she earns, later she is allowed to keep all that she earns but her earning capacity comes down.

- All labor movements aspire to certain minimum working conditions. In prostitution, all women face violence that cannot be legislated away as they are ultimately alone with the buyer of prostituted sex. In both brothel-based and non-brothel based prostitution, women are forced to speeden up the process of earning more money by servicing an increasing number of buyers, sometimes up to 20.

They are also forced to provide all kinds of services and high-risk activities like sex without a condom as most often they are not in any negotiating position. They are kept locked up in brothels, have no access to medical care or education and often are sold when they are children. Their children play on the floor while they service their buyers. They live in small rooms with barred windows end up with insomnia, repeated abortions, jaundice TB, cigarette burns, HIV and AIDS and trauma. And while some of these conditions can be regulated in brothel-based sex, they cannot be regulated in street-based sex at all.

- All labor movements work to guarantee retirement benefits such as old age pension. Prostitution cannot guarantee old age benefits as there is no defined employer in street based sex and in brothel based sex, the women or child is often sold again and again from one brothel owner to another. Mortality rates in prostitution are high due to sexual violence, sexually transmitted diseases such as HIV and AIDS and repeated abortions and suicide attempts related to psycho-social trauma. The average age of death of a woman in prostitution in India is now 35 years. Additionally, the older a women in prostitution gets, the less she is able to earn an income and very often ends up on the streets, with no income, a disease ridden body and a few children.
- Finally and most importantly for labor movements is the question of dignity of the worker. Labor movements have insured that miners do not have to crawl into mines anymore but walk upright. However, in prostitution the woman or child is constantly humiliated physically, emotionally and psychologically. Her price is constantly negotiated as the night wears on or as she grows older. She is forced to sexualize her body for a time –period and then desexualize it again at another time.

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Victim-Survivor ...

time I traveled by the Rajdhani train. On the train, we received good food all the time, so I ate a lot and enjoyed the trip. Even more that that, I enjoyed shopping at Janpath. There I bought a wraparound top because I really wanted to wear one. I also saw the Lotus Temple – it is very

beautiful and I wanted to stop there for a long time.

In Delhi, I stayed at the Apne Aap centre in Subhash Camp. There, all of the members of the Apne Aap centre shared the experiences of living and working in red-light areas, and I joined in. There was a lot to see and learn, so I hope to go to Delhi again. And if I go, I want to speak before Parliament again!

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When I came back home, my parents were terribly angry. They scolded me a lot. They said I could not work and leave all jobs. There is no room for me in this world. Inside the house my parents abuse me. Outside the society abuses me.

I thought I was bad, nothing satisfied me. I always had to do something I never wanted. Neither did I get money nor all those happiness and joy that I craved for. I am a member of Apne Aap, I go to people's homes-many are from backward classes but when I go there, though I go to offer help, but nobody even drinks the water which I touch. If the offer me something to eat, I am allowed to eat in a vessel which is touched by nobody. Not even by mistake. Others wash their entrances after I leave. I am an Apne Aap Harijan field worker.

International Day of No Prostitution observed

October 5, International Day of No Prostitution, prostitution survivors lead three activities simultaneously across the Philippines, all bearing the theme "Pass the Anti-Prostitution Law Now". In Olongapo City, Buklod Center held a motorcade and program around the city that has been the site of the US military bases for decades and now a docking area for US servicemen, where they continue to use women, despite US policies penalizing such acts.

Survivor Liza Gonzales spoke on our anti-prostitution bill pending in congress which will decriminalize all women in prostitution regardless if

there is a third party or not. The bill will also increase penalties against buyers, and institutionalize programs for survivors. The activity was attended in by 250 women, children and anti-prostitution advocates.

A day of no prostitution includes no pornography, phone sex, mail order bride services, trafficking, stripping, sex tours, bestiality, and prostitution occurring in massage parlors, on the street, in hotels or anywhere else.

This is a call to those who control the prostitution industry, or the men who buy and sell others. This is not a call to those used in prostitution.

For those who argue that by calling for a day of no prostitution we are depriving prostituted people of money they need to survive, we call on them to give prostituted people money without making them submit sexually. If men were really concerned about their impact on women and young people they would

- (a) not buy or sell others for sex
- (b) give children and women the money they would have given to them or their pimps without making children and women submit sexually
- (c) organize to stop prostitution

(d) create ways for those used in prostitution to leave

We want to make particularly clear that we do not share the beliefs of lawmakers, law enforcement, and those who think prostituted people are to blame for the existence of prostitution. The purpose of this day is not to put the burden on those used in prostitution to make prostitution stop, or to take risks on this or any day which may result in economic deprivation, violence, or death. Prostitution will stop when pimps stop making money and when men stop believing they need to buy others for sex.

Letter from Filipina sister

By Maridel Gaid Gaid

Manila, Phillippines, Nov. 2: I am Marydel J. Gaid from Mindanao, Philippines, 32 years old and a survivor of prostitution. I come from a big family. My father left us when I was still 2 years old, leaving all the responsibilities of rearing a family and feeding 9 mouths to my mother. I helped my mother deliver bread and the money we get from it is only enough for our food, leaving nothing for our education. Because of this extreme poverty, I only reached Grade 3. I tried all sorts of job in order to help my mother. I worked as a domestic helper and sidewalk vendor, where I was always being chased by the police for selling in the streets. In 1989, when I was 16 years old, a friend told me that she will bring me to Zamboanga City to work as a nanny to her child, but instead I was brought to a club to work as a cultural dancer, but we were also made to dance in sexy outfits.

In 1991, I got married when I was 18. We were not blessed with a child but we adopted a son, but fate seems to be not on my side, in 1998 my husband was declared missing while on the job. He worked in a mining firm. My son at that time was just 8 months old and I needed to buy him milk and his other needs. I have no choice but to work in a KTV bar. I totally disliked it because there were customers who were very rude

and likes to hold the private parts of my body. But I had to bear all these in order to feed my 8-month old son and help my family. There I met Talikala, an NGO in Cagayan de Oro helping the prostituted women. I began to join in their therapeutic sessions and other activities. I become an active member of TISAKA organization (Voice of Enlightenment). It is an organization of survivors whose main thrust is to organize women and children in prostitution, TISAKA is a partner of Talikala in the implementation of the programs and projects of the latter. Later, I was elected as the Chairperson of the organization since March 2002 until the present.

We, prostituted women in the Philippines are not different from the survivors in Korea and India. So we have to unite and cooperate for us to have a stronger voice and force to stop the violence and the old system of oppressive society. I hope that we will meet together someday.

Let us not be afraid as all of us have hopes for a new life. It is never too late. Let us love ourselves to achieve our dreams. And let us also unite with people who understand our situation such as the NGOs that fight for human rights, especially of prostituted women. Long live us all!

The report on the screening of Selling of Innocents in Jalpaiguri on 23rd. September 2006

On 23rd. of September, 2006, a screening of the Emmy award winning film made by Ruchira Gupta *The Selling of Innocents* held at the Dooars Planter's Association Club in Jalpaiguri. The film show a part of two days' programme of screening of Ruchira Gupta's documentary films on trafficking, *The Selling of Innocents* and *The Land of the Missing Children* and interactive session with the maker. The event was organized by the American Consulate in collaboration with Dooars Tea Planter's association and Siliguri Cine Club. The film depicted the trafficking of young girls from the hinterlands of Nepal to the brothels of Mumbai. The film was instrumental in bringing attention of the whole world to the menace of trafficking and forced the policy makers to pass anti-trafficking legislations as a consequence. The film was made in 1996 and it was being shown exactly 10 years afterwards in a time when the tea plantations are forced to get closed as a result of globalization and the women engaged in plantation work in a large number are trafficked as a consequence. Despite the inclement weather owing to Gangetic depression, around 200 plantation workers thronged the auditorium of the Planter's Club where the film was shown. The members of

the Mothers' Club, which is basically a women workers' voluntary club that work for awareness generation in every tea garden have come a long way to attend the meeting. The mothers' clubs around Jalpaiguri have played a remarkable role in organizing women workers to fight alcoholism and hooliganism in the tea gardens. They have also played active role in facilitating government run RCH campaigns and HIV programmes. There was pin drop silence when the film was being shown. Some started crying. We found similar reactions whenever we showed it to the trafficked women or survivors of violence. After the film ended, the women burst into loud applause for its maker. In the interaction session that followed the screening, all the women plantation workers be it Mungli Ekka from Odlabari or Rami Munda from Diana or Lakshmi Oraon from Nepuchapur Tea estate expressed their anxiety over the increasing trafficking of the girls from the small tea estates that are getting closed down and the workers getting retrenched as a result. They requested us again and again to go and visit their gardens and show the films and talk to the women. Some of them also talked about getting vocational skills so that they can survive even if the gardens close down.

KOREAN SISTERS CELEBRATE PASSAGE OF ANTI-TRAFFICKING LAW

Seoul, 2 November: Sisters from the Hansori (United Voice) - network of women's NGOs in Korea celebrated their 20th Anniversary by hosting an International Conference from 11-13 October, 2006 on Building International Alliance against Sex Trafficking and Finding Solutions in Seoul. Speakers from India, Philippines and Korea discussed Discourse around Sex trafficking and Re-definition and making solutions sustainable for survivors. Stragies on addressing the demand for prostituted sex were also discussed as Korea is one of the first four countries in the world to criminalize demand.

WHY THE DEMAND FOR TRAFFICKED SEX SHOULD BE CRIMINALIZED?

<p>Demand fuels sex-trafficking</p> <p>The prostitute-user is simultaneously both the demand-creator and (by virtue of his receipt of the trafficked person) part of the trafficking chain;</p>	<p>82.5 %, of traffickers interviewed in the NHRC study stated that they supply women/children on demand. Specific attributes of the trafficked persons, which were sought after by the buyers of prostituted sex according to them were:</p> <p>Good physical features and body shape Virgins and those young in age Readiness to succumb to exploitation Mix of various parameters</p>
<p>The human rights of women and children are violated.</p> <p>By engaging in the act of commercial sex, the prostitute-user is thereby directly inflicting an additional and substantial harm upon the trafficking victim, tantamount to rape.</p>	<p>The demand for pretty, young, nubile girls who are submissive and willing to surrender in itself shows the exploiters bent of mind. It shows that a girl who would acquiesce to all their perversions, have sex without condoms, cater to their sex' pleasure needs like verbal abuse, and several types of physical torture is high in "demand". This reveals the multitude of human rights exploitation.</p>
<p>There is good reason to believe that many prostitute-users are aware that the women and children they use in prostitution are forced or trafficked into prostitution</p>	<p>The manifestation of the crime of trafficking presents itself in the following essential ingredients:</p> <p>(a) Exploitation: which could be physical, sexual, emotional, etc. (b) Commodification: the trafficked person is sold, purchased or bartered like any non-living object (c) Commercialization: the traffickers and other vested interests derive benefit, usually pecuniary, from the exploitation of the trafficked person. Therefore, the criminals linked with the crime are (i) Exploiters (ii) Traffickers</p>

Source: Action Research on Trafficking in Women and Children by the National Human Rights Commission Report on Human Trafficking (2005)

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What is Dhoka (cheating)?

prostitution. They are called 'randi.'" I thought that she was mistaken, or maybe lying to me. But after few minutes, an old man came into the room and told me to take off my dress. My life changed in that moment. I was raped: twice, thrice, ten times in a day. I used to love wearing new and colorful clothing and putting on make-up. Now I do that to attract the buyers who rent my body. I am not the only one—girls who are ten or twelve years old also stand in the streets wearing make-up and tight dresses. When I see this, I break with tears.

I lost every one in my life. I lost my faith, my childhood, my dream and my love. I lied to my mother and now I have been punished for that. I have no one in my life. The guy I loved sold me for a high amount, so now



I am prostituted. From the other girls, I learned that some girls get cheated by a fake marriage, some are sold by their husbands after marriage, some are cheated by being told that

they will have a good job, some are cheated by their parents, who force them into prostitution. So, you see, it has not only happened in my life. It has happened in many girls' lives; girls who are in love, or who have poor economic backgrounds, or who have no legal guardian or who have bad parents.

You want to know my name? Swapna: the dream.

Put the text below as inserted box with the above story:

The word dhoka in Hindi/Bengali does not really have an appropriate translation into English. It can mean treachery, or cheating, or—simplest of

all—betrayal. The women of the Nutt community of Bihar have an intimate connection to the word dhoka, as their lives have often been full of it. The account that follows, by a girl from the Nutt community, illustrates how dhoka can change a young girl's life, and how many different forms dhoka can take.



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