



Together Always: United in Diversity



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Together Always: United in Diversity



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FOREWORD

I am extremely happy to get the opportunity to write a prologue to this book **“Together Always: United in Diversity”**— a book which consists of eight inspirational stories of people who identify themselves as members of sexual and gender minorities. The stories included in this book encompass various issues pertinent to sexual and gender minorities. Through this book, we have also tried to call attention to the situation of caste, age, religion, class, sex, creation, disabilities, geographical state and various other issues that occur within this community. In addition, this book provides an inspiration to all the sexual and gender minorities who are still struggling to embrace and reveal their identity. This book is a real insight.

On May 17, 1990, World Health Organization removed homosexuality from the list of mental diseases and declared it a natural phenomenon. To commemorate this day, International Day Against Homophobia, Biphobia and Transphobia is celebrated all over the world on this day. This day plays a chief role in drawing the attention of various decision-makers, media personalities, common people, local organizations and concerned authorities to the inequality, violence, challenges, hardships, and difficult situations faced by sexual and gender minorities. In this global movement of human rights and equality,



your communal effort will be a guidance for us in establishing the rights of this community.

This year, we are celebrating this day with the global slogan “Together Always: United in Diversity.” We imagine such a world where everybody has—and should have—the right to live a dignified life, and nobody is judged based on their sexuality or gender. I am convinced that this book will act as a guidance, providing inspiration, courage, and energy to all the sexual and gender minorities.

Mitini Nepal would like to thank from the bottom of our heart to all the sexual and gender minorities, board members, staffs, volunteers, social workers and various media partners for their invaluable support, suggestions and companionship. We are constantly moving forward in this revolution— protecting and fostering the entitlements and rights of sexual and gender minorities, and we sincerely request you all for your solidarity.

Laxmi Ghalan

President
Mitini Nepal

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ACCEPTABLE/ UNACCEPTABLE



Madhusa Limbu



Only few people have heard my story. In my story, I am not alone: my partner is involved too. That's why "my story" has now changed into "our story." We are both 22 years old. At this age, some do great things. Most are caught up in education. But at our age and in our story, quarrels, police, paperwork, stress, everything is intermingled.

Despite having not committed any crime, we have found ourselves time and again at the police station. We have stamped our fingerprints on Nepali papers. Due to me, there was added pressure in the family. There wasn't any particular reason for them to go through all this. But such things seem to happen a lot in life. If one has an accident on the day when one sees a cat crossing one's path, the blame is put on that innocent cat. Could an unconscious creature

have the ability to harm a human being? Obviously not. Had they the ability to do so, then this world would have been run by cats, not humans.

Just like blaming a blameless cat was our incident. I chose Lorex Rai as my life partner. He was born a woman. Later he became a transgender man. I became a "lesbian." I prefer women. Lorex too is attracted toward women. In our society, it is natural for a boy and girl to get married. If some parents decide to marry off their son to a man, how would he feel? I too would feel the same if I am asked to marry a man. Those who see me, see me as a woman. So, they want to marry me off to a man. But what I really am, they do not understand.

The society puts blame on us just like the way it puts blame on a cat when it does not understand science. When one does not understand this truth, other people suffer as well. As it happened in my house. Everyone in my house was in pain.

It was not a natural pain. It wasn't like the pain that nature inflicts on us by producing some calamity. My family suffered primarily because they could not free themselves from the social consciousness and all the things that society had taught them.

What the society believes is not necessarily always right. Once we believed that the earth was flat. But those who went to the space and looked down at it, they found out that it was round. In the end, did anything happen just because everyone proclaimed that the earth is flat? The shape of the earth didn't change.

There is a refugee camp near Jhapa, Damak. Lorex's family has been living there for years. My house is just outside the camp. I have been with Lorex for three years. Before, I was in love; now I am with him. Everyone's there in Lorex's family: mother, father, brothers, sisters. Many might not believe this, but his family too readily accepted me. Nature has given Lorex a woman's body. For others, Lorex is a woman. Therefore, I am the other woman who has entered



into his life. But since his family looks at me in a normal way, I feel a bit relieved.

But this journey to relief did not happen to be some minor struggle. This journey began from a football competition.

Lorex used to be a member of a football team. He used to play from Damak Royal Sporting Club. I too used to play football. We met for the first time three years ago, when he came to play football from that club. It was not anything special at that time. But it led to us getting closer.

We were meant to meet; we met. Were meant to get close; got close. When girls hung out together, nobody would care. But if a guy and a girl hung out, people would start questioning. Emotional and sexual relationship can occur even between two girls. People don't make an attempt to think about these things usually.

Our family found out about our relationship. In our house, there is my mother, father, brother and myself. "You are merely friends. How could you be anything else?" was the obvious thing my parents would say. But immeasurable issues and secrets are hidden in those very words: "How could you be anything else?" The reason is that many aren't

aware that there can be "other" things between a girl and a girl. Those who are aware aren't able to comprehend. Those who comprehend are nowhere to be seen.

When they became more and more stressed due to this issue, they began beating me. For them, this relationship was not just unusual but also troublesome. They summoned Lorex to our house as well. "Such a relationship cannot happen; it won't work; you have got to separate," they started telling us.

We told them that we would not be able to live without each other. We also told them that we will live as a couple. But heeding such talks was not possible. They kept me at home and sent Lorex to his home.

Then I ran away and reached Belgadi Center and re-united with Lorex. My family came searching for me. They dragged both of us to the police. The police forced us to sign a paper and said that we would separate and not stay together anymore.

They tried to separate the union of two hearts with a paper made by hand. Could a mere piece of paper be able to separate two lovers? Our society is run on paperwork.

Paperwork when married, paperwork when born, paperwork during death, paperwork when you buy some properties, paperwork when you sell. We do not trust each other anymore. Dignity has no value now. Everyone wants paperwork.

The paperwork we signed at the Bagkhor Police Station gave our parents some relief. For us, it gave us fearful sounds.

The cop's job was merely to resolve the issue quickly with some paperwork. They did it. It is not the cop's responsibility to break other people's union. However, such things happen a lot at the police stations in villages. Things that should not be done are done; things that should be done are left undone.

It was a matter of the heart. Paperwork interfered. The paperwork worked for a couple of months. Our parents must have thought that the paperwork done at the police station must be durable. We had to do the kinds of paperwork we had never done before in our life. We were also having difficulties. But we were not in the state of giving up. Though we had to separate due to circumstances, we were still in touch. We talked about escaping to Kathmandu. We took refuge in the house of a friend who lived in Morang, Gachhiya for a night. The next day we took bus to Kathmandu.

On that day, we felt like we rebelled against our family, against our society. From the point of view of caste, I am Madhusa Limbu; he is Lorex Rai. It feels right for a man and a woman to marry and be in a relationship. But we happened to be a woman and a woman. From a certain perspective, being of similar sex is being of the same kind. But from the perspective of relationship, it is being of a different kind. But then again, from the perspective of sexual and gender minorities, this different kind is the same kind. In the end, the bus to Kathmandu was in motion. We, the people of Terai, reached a ditch-like city situated in the midst of hills.

Meanwhile, we even faced threats like "If we meet you anywhere, we will kill you!" If there was a phone call from a new number, it would scare us. We went through situations where the mere ringing of a mobile phone would make us afraid.

We stayed in Kathmandu for three months. Turns out it is not possible to stay idle in a city like Kathmandu. The more glittery the city looks, the more pitiful are the issues within it. The outward beauty is just for the eyes. You cannot see the inner pain with your outer eyes. The mountains look very beautiful from afar; go near it and the cold there won't let you stay for a moment.

In the end, we were meant to return to our village; we returned. Again, we were separated. My family started beating me once again. Took me to the local police office in Damak. Our case had moved to a higher level. Activists in Damak who were advocates of sexual and gender minorities also showed up. The cops had told us that we must separate. They started saying that if we were to live together, we would need to present them with our marriage certificate.

Our supporters tried to make the cops understand that the present law allows people like us to live together, but it does not give us the right to marry. The cops in the locality were not like the ones at the station. They understood us a bit.

When the cops themselves said, "If the two of them live together on their own accord—if their happiness lies in this—then the parents should not worry, and there is no benefit in opposing it either," then my heart became calm.

But my family were telling me that if they see me anywhere around Damak, they would kill me. Due to this threat, for about 3-4 months, I would get scared even to leave my room. But now the times have changed. The incident has taken a new direction. Now, I am lovingly called "Nani" at Lorex's house. Everyone here accepts me. But there are many others like me in this society who are yet to be accepted.

MY FATHER AND JUSTICE



Samrat Chaudhary

My father has five daughters, no son. Could he have begotten us all in the hope of begetting a son? Whether it's a son or a daughter, at the end of the day, they are a piece of your liver. Why discriminate? Such awareness is now prevailing all over our society. I have also seen a lot of couples undergo permanent sterilization, being content with having just two daughters.

We happened to be Tharu people. We have our own costume and language. We have our own art, culture and customs. We are the caste that bore malaria. Sea-food have a lot of calcium and other minerals in them. Maybe it's because we eat these kinds of stuff that we are able to bear the heat here. Before, they used to say that we were the people that bore malaria. But now malaria has been eradicated.

Compared to other castes, the Tharu community is thriving. But on the whole, the situation isn't good.

Our father has five children: all daughters. I happen to be the fourth one. Just a step above the youngest one. Currently, I'm 36 years old. Ever since I began to identify myself as a trans man, I've stopped calling myself "kaaili." I am neither *kaaili* nor *kaaila*. I am Samrat Chaudhari. Perhaps I don't need to say more.

Two *bigha* of land was all our father had: it was his education, knowledge, skills. Before my father, my grandfather had poured his sweat on that farm. We have a connection with the earth. The world has moved on to a different place altogether, but our caste is happy with their farm. Had someone taught us some skills and techniques, we would perhaps have doubled our output. Making a living relying on the ancestral methods of farming: my father too has been following in those footsteps.

People living in the hilly and valley regions perhaps would puzzle over how much a *bigha* is. There are 20 *katta* in 1 *bigha*. If we are to compare it with *ropani*, 14 *ropani* equals 1 *bigha*.



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”

During festivals, my sisters used to embellish themselves with *achara khadki*. I was never interested in such things. Everybody used to say, “This one is different.” Is it a crime to be different?

It is said that long ago Itahari itself was a small gathering place dedicated to commemorate old people. In between 50-60 years, Itahari has changed its form. It has affected Pakali Dakaha (my hometown) as well. At least the land price has increased. People having houses near the *chowk* turned from *lakhpati* to *crorepati* in an instant. I have also seen such things make people self-indulgent and lazy. A lot of them also got into the trend of selling their land to buy a car. But to do such a thing is a sign of destruction. Because land is like mother earth. The more labor you pour into it, the better it will be. The car that you bought by selling the land will be worth only half its price just in

a year. It is indeed new when you buy it, but the next day people start calling it “second hand.”

Presently, all my sisters have been married. It’s also been a couple of years since my mother passed away. My father became lonely after the passing of my mother. But he isn’t estranged. In the beginning, he’d tell me that I should get married. Now he understands. From ’72 onward, I brought my partner home. Currently, we are living together. My partner is also Tharu. She is a woman. She is two years younger than me.

A lot of people in my community know about me. Initially, they found it strange; now they are used to it. One good thing we have is that here we don’t have any religious fundamentalism. There aren’t any major fanatical opinions against sexual and gender minorities either. In places

where simple, honest people reside, it turns out that people with different backgrounds can easily co-exist.

It's easy to deal with people who are naive. It's also easy to deal with people who are highly knowledgeable. But the ones who are in between are a bit hard to deal with. Because even though they have limited knowledge, they boast about being highly knowledgeable.

In 2007, I began working for an organization that worked for sexual and gender minorities. There I spent about five years. In those organizations too what's taught is rights, equality, justice and freedom. As I went on working in those organizations, I got to know a lot of things. I also got to know about the struggles one has to go through in order to get one's rights.

One interesting thing is that I never had to go through any kind of struggles for my father's property. Nature itself had made things easy in this case. As I said earlier, my father has only five daughters. Since he didn't have a son, he distributed his land equally among the five daughters. Did justice to everyone. Just like the five fingers of a hand, he loved us all equally. He acted likewise as well.

Besides me, none of my sisters did a job. Seeing that, initially my father thought that I had an earning but other daughters didn't. Therefore, he ought to give the lands just to the other daughters. But later he began to understand the matter.

I am with my father. But my sisters, who have been married, do come to visit us sometimes. They ask about our father's health. No matter who they marry, in the end, they still care for their father. We don't have a mother. Therefore, for us, our mother and father is the same person.

Haven't made any big progress in life. Don't have any complaint against life either. I had finished grade eight from Panchayat higher Secondary school in village. I wasn't really interested in studies. There wasn't a tradition

to glorify the importance of education either. On top of that, people would place less importance on the education of the girl.

Forget about other castes, even Tharus' daughters have gone on to become doctors and engineers. Becoming a parliament minister is a different thing.

Many daughters have gone to Europe and America just for the purpose of education. That's why, whether it is a son or a daughter, we should give proper education to all of them. All my four sisters are housewives. Had they got proper education, all of them would probably have a job. They would have managed something. Even if they earned just 20-30 thousand a month, they would not have to spread their hands in front of their husbands for money. Let's hope there will be awareness gradually. Incredible changes have happened in the world; wouldn't the life of daughters change as well?

I am with my partner. Once they get to know that you are single, there are many who try to take advantage of that opportunity. Me and my partner have experienced such things. Nepal's constitution does not acknowledge same-sex marriage. If they had at least given us the right to marry, the world would have known that we are not single. When are we likely to get just this right? I keep wondering. The other part of me says: what you've got now also isn't a small thing. In some countries, homosexuality is still considered a crime. In gulf countries where women are imprisoned in *burkhas*, such laws exist. When I see such things, I feel like we are in a far more lenient country.

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MY RELIGION: MY WORK



Ashok Koirala

Something that has not been seen by the eye, not sensed, not become evident through an instrument or an equipment, science does not accept its existence. Modern telescopes have discovered galaxies that are light years away. Through microscope, they have been able to see viruses, which are invisible to naked eyes. Therefore, science accepts their existence. But things like a human soul or god, science doesn't accept their existence. There are many such things that affect us deeply, but they aren't accepted by science.

There have been many violence in the world in the name of caste. There have been wars in the name of religion. All religions teach us about equality, co-existence, brotherhood and love. Yet wars are fought in the name of religion. What should not happen at all is exactly what happens in this world.

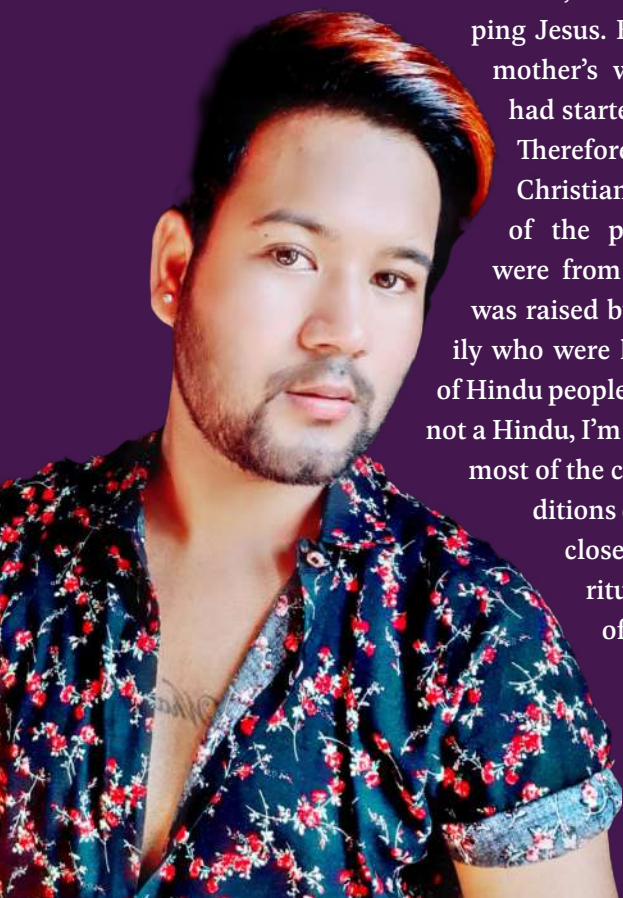
Since birth, I had started worshipping Jesus. Before I was in my mother's womb, my mother had started going to church. Therefore, I was born into a Christian family. But most of the people around me were from Hindu families. I was raised by a Christian family who were living in the midst of Hindu people. Even though I am not a Hindu, I'm quite familiar with most of the customs and traditions of the Hindus. I am close with the festivals, rituals, and customs of the Hindus.

I became a victim of bullying in the church itself. Taking the issue of my sexuality, everybody— from my friends to my teachers as well—committed atrocities upon me. That was a kind of mental violence. Due to that violence, it put a brake on my motivation and enthusiasm to study. Since childhood, my way of walking and talking was very different from others. People started making fun of that difference.

Nepal used to be a Hindu country. Now it has been made secular. No matter what the country has become, I feel like there is religious tolerance in this country. In Gorkha and Lamjung, there are many houses of Muslim people amidst the Hindus. Muslims have been practicing their religion for years out there. Yet there aren't any problems between the Hindus and the Muslims out there. In some countries, people of the same religion also fight. So, conflicts between different religion is obviously very likely to happen.

I couldn't study much. After finishing 12, I felt like my studies came to an end. My father passed away when I was very young. My mother worked hard to raise me and my sisters. My mother had already adopted Christianity. When I started studying the bible in school and in the church, it didn't make much difference. But when I reached adulthood, the abuses started.

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Since childhood, my way of walking and talking was very different from others. People started making fun of that difference. While other children would get priority in sports and extracurricular activities, I'd be treated differently. Because there my sexuality came into the equation. They'd harass me by saying "Should we put you in the boys' team or the girls' team?" Such pain killed a lot of my enthusiasm.

They used to teach the bible in the church. I was good in my studies. Once I came second in exam. When others would come first, second, or third in class, they'd congratulate them. When I came second, they started questioning me, "How did this become possible?"

Questioning me even in my success. Who would love me in my failure? The only reason people behaved this way with me was my sexuality. As I was becoming an adult, I had

already realized that I was a gay.

Right now as I am 26, I don't think about my marriage. My mother also does not ask me to marry any girl. What all happened and didn't happen while getting to the current state, there is a long story.

People argue over the topic of religion. We get to talk openly about political beliefs and thoughts. We get to debate nicely whether a certain political thought is wrong or right. But we are not allowed to say that a certain religion is bad. Religion is a private matter of people. Everybody is allowed, and should be allowed, to follow any religion they want according to their wish.

But tampering with religious texts or things written in other sacred texts according to one's whims is something that I don't like. Christian religion tells us not to form a statue of any object. But they try to ban tattoos as well because they believe that tattooing is similar to forming a statue. God tells us to love our body. Would one have made the tattoo without loving their body?

Another main thing is that, in Christianity, it is written that homosexuality is a sin. But I don't consider it a sin. Because my sexuality has never hurt anybody. Hasn't harmed anybody. The bible also says that sex work is bad. I am not into sex work. From the point of view of religion, it is a sin to be a sex worker if you are a homosexual. But even this has many dimensions. Many interpretations. What was wrong yesterday becoming right today. What was considered right can reach a condition where it simply becomes unacceptable.

For instance, do the Hindus today follow everything that was written in their scriptures? When practices and real life don't agree on certain things, people gradually start abandoning such things.



Today, I am not able to abandon my religion. I am not able to change my sexuality either. First of all, my happiness comes first. Why should I change the course of my life itself for someone else's desires and happiness?

If being gay is a sin, then why do I feel peaceful when I focus on god. I am in a homosexual relationship. But I pray to god as well. I have been getting spiritual peace when I do that. If it really was a sin, then this wouldn't have happened, isn't it?

How many human beings exist in this earth? Maybe billions. How many planets like earth could there be in

this universe? Maybe billions. Nature doesn't treat any of them differently. The sun disperses its light equally on all. Oxygen has been distributed equally for all. Then having a different rule just for people with different sexuality, would god's mercy be different? This doesn't happen. If god hated people like us, he wouldn't have created us in the first place.

Since four or five generation, our family has been living in Kathmandu. I was born and raised in Kathmandu. This city has given me a lot. Some people have given us suffering as well. When the society is not civilized, ordinary people are affected. Society is in a developing stage. Good times will definitely come.

This work comes from individual people. I worked for many years in an organization that served homeless children. Having completed that project, I am now working on another. I left my studies, or let's say finished. I am of age. I have told my mother about my sexuality. I also have a partner. Before, he used to follow a different religion. After we got into a relationship, he too started following Christianity.

My mother worries a lot concerning my issue. After revealing my sexuality to her, I thought she might have become very sad. But what can be a greater happiness for a mother than her child's happiness? "Will you be able to stay forever with your partner?" she asked. And since she felt that I might be condemned if other people know about my sexuality, she told me not to tell it to others.

My mother didn't use to consider same-sex relationships as good. But strange how generous mothers are when it comes to the rights of their children. After I revealed my truth, she again accepted it smoothly. She accepted diversity. Due to that reason, we are together—and happy.

I AM EKATA



Kusum Sunuwar

They say life is a mixture of joy and sadness. I don't know what my future life's going to be like. But up until now, this saying has not been true in my case. In other words, my life has been all about struggles.

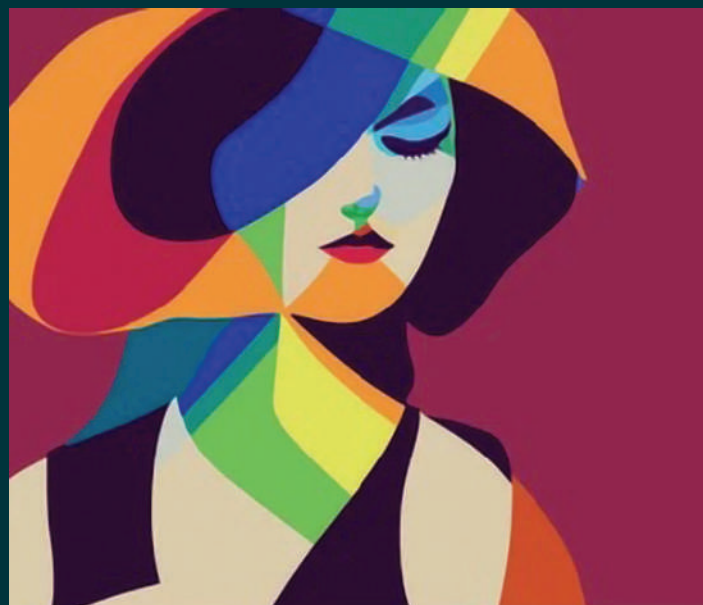
I have turned 30 now. I am a woman, but I don't desire a man; I desire a woman. There are only a handful of people who are like me in this society. My sexuality is different. In general, it is different from the norm. In many ways, being like this is quite difficult. Had my difficulties been limited to just this, perhaps it would have been a different thing.

Doctors have estimated that my growing deafness will reach its peak in a few years. The day my ear stops functioning completely, none of the sounds of the world will reach my brain. The cooing of the cuckoo, the splashing of the river, the murmuring of the wind will not reach me again.

Many people feel that people who can't speak are dumb. But once you become deaf, you automatically become

dumb as well. In truth, those people are deaf, not dumb. I have deafness even now. I can't hear normal sounds. In other words, I am different from others even in the matter of hearing. I am different. I can't be compared to a common person. But in general, this world is convenient predominantly for common people. Not for people like us.

Since '60, we have been living in a hut near a river bank in Lokanthali, Bhaktapur. Just for staying, we are living



together. But in my life there is only me, not we. Despite us being there, I am still alone. It's hard to find a partner as well for someone who is different from others. Moreover, I happen to someone who is associated with various kinds of differences.

Different sexuality, deafness, economic misery, unemployment, river bank settlement, etc. makes my life not easy at all. But there is no sadness either. There is, however, struggle.

Economic misery, no source of income, no social security, and other issues are the reason I and many others like me have been affected. Wearing such machines on my ear is not my desire—it's a compulsion. Though it's not easy for poor people, I have heard that, in our country, the government itself takes big, powerful people even to foreign countries for treatment, even if the problem is mere gastritis.



“In Nepal, it’s already hard for women as it is. In my case, disability got added as well. The issue of different sexuality is even more complicated. But a lot of people don’t understand this. Sexual and gender minorities are also looked down on in our society. But since I am a lesbian and I don’t have different dress or behavior, I haven’t had to experience different treatment when it comes to my sexuality.”

Why isn’t my life filled with sadness despite all this? In reality, sadness is a feeling. I don’t experience sadness. If I experience joy in my struggles as well, then life doesn’t turn out to be sad. That’s why I agree: sadness is a feeling you yourself create. If I at least think “I am not sad,” this might inspire a lot of people.

I have not yet found a life partner even at the age of 30. Before, there was someone. Now, I am alone. Since I am a lesbian, I want a lesbian partner. It’s hard to find a lesbian partner. But I do have many friends. There are many organizations that work for sexual and gender minorities. Such organizations open doors for meeting and collaborating with similar people.

Due to these organizations, people like me feel that “there is somebody who speaks for people like us as well.” These organizations give us some support in critical times. They don’t always help; they shouldn’t either. Everyone should be independent. However, there should be an environment that allows them to be independent. But in our case, we were constantly in the fear of being kicked out by the government even from the river bank any moment.

Our real house is in Sindhuli, Ghyanglek - 2, Bastipur. Even though it is called a house, we don’t really have any wealth. There was no place to stay in Bhaktapur as well. Have been surviving living near the river bank. Mother, father, brothers, sisters, everyone’s there in the house. But I live separately.

They say that when a fledgling grows wings, its mother pushes it down from the nest by pecking it. Maybe it’s because it believes that once you grow wings, you should become independent. Once we grow up, it’s the same for us. Once the children grow up, they leave their house to find work.

Nepalese who go to gulf countries like Malaysia are just like that. Those who are a bit educated go to America and Europe. Those who are not able to do that go to Korea and Japan. Those who are not able to do that go to gulf countries like Malaysia. Those who are not able to do even that perhaps are struggling in Nepal like me.

My childhood was spent in struggle. Didn't get to read and write as desired. If I had some marketable skills or certificate, I would perhaps not be doing a push-cart business at the moment. What's sad is that it always worries me that I never know when a cop might show up and shut down this business as well. "Why aren't we even allowed to earn our own living?" I keep thinking.

How many countries are there in the world? That I don't know. Destiny should work to be a king. Something brave thing has to be done. Special incident should be happened. People like me don't want to be a king. Don't want to be queen. Whatever the country, whatever the clothes, ordinary people should get the right to earn their own living, isn't it?

To survive, I even washed dishes in party palaces. Might have to do it again. Currently, I sell seasonal vegetables and fruits on a push cart. If they sell well, I save just about 400 rupees. If they don't, I lose even my investment. Have to do everything for myself by myself. All my daily earnings finish that very day. The thought of saving money and having a brighter future does not even enter my mind. In Nepal, it's already hard for women as it is. In my case, disability got added as well. The issue of different sexuality is even more complicated. But a lot of people don't understand this. Sexual and gender minorities are also looked down on in our society. But since I am a lesbian and I don't have different dress or behavior, I haven't had to experience different treatment when it comes to my sexuality.

Economic misery, no source of income, no social security, and other issues are the reason I and many others like me have been affected. Hearing aids cost about 80 thousand rupees. Before, it was given to me by an organization. But ever since it got damaged, I have not been able to buy another. Wearing such machines on my ear is not

my desire—it's a compulsion. If our country had been benevolent, maybe people like me would not have been deprived of such machines due to lack of money. Though it's not easy for poor people, I have heard that, in our country, the government itself takes big, powerful people even to foreign countries for treatment, even if the problem is mere gastritis.

In a garden, there are many varieties of flowers. It is because of such diversity, that a garden is a garden. If there were only one kind of flower, it would be called a farm, not a garden. For instance, a sunflower farm. A sunflower farm looks beautiful. The sunflowers bloom facing towards the direction of sunrise. Nevertheless, despite its beauty, it is still not a garden—it's a farm.

Society is also like that. Here some are powerful, some powerless. Some rich, some poor. Tall, short, black, fair. Filled with diversity is our society, just like the five fingers of a hand. Even though they are different, they are together. It's their unity that gives them strength, form, value, and meaning. Just like the "ekata" (unity) of five fingers is my name: Ekata Sunuwar.

I have not yet found a life partner even at the age of 30. Before, there was someone. Now, I am alone. Since I am a lesbian, I want a lesbian partner. It's hard to find a lesbian partner. But I do have many friends. There are many organizations that work for sexual and gender minorities. Such organizations open doors for meeting and collaborating with similar people.

ME FATHER, ME MOTHER



Sunita Lama

My life story feels strange not just for the listeners but for myself as well. One's own life should not feel strange to oneself. A cuckoo hatches its chick on the nest of a crow. Does the cuckoo find it strange? They say the smelling power of a dog is ten times more than that of a human. Does the dog find it strange?

Yet, my life feels strange to me. Just a few years ago, my kids used to call me daddy—now they call me mummy. A story like this may feel like a folklore to many people. When Arjun was in agyatvas, even his wife used to call him “Brihannala.”

My life is something like that. She was introduced to me about 22–23 years ago.

Grandma's last wish was to see her grandchild get married. I married. She entered my house as a bride. Two children were born in the interval of two years. She became a mother. I became a father. The two kids completed our family—observers would say. Grandmother was there in the latter half of my life. Her desire was to get her granddaughter married off soon so that she could go to the other world peacefully. It was because of that desire of my grandmother that I ended up meeting her.

At that time, I too was a young man of about 22–23. She was also of similar age. At that age, everyone looks beautiful. How would it be if a flower's beauty is observed by a dazzling, young man? Such was the time.

The boy saw the girl; the girl saw the boy; there were hardly any words spoken. What was there to not like though? We liked each other. We agreed to marry. It wasn't a love marriage. We

had not understood each other. But we liked each other. In truth, we might have just said “ok.” Or we did say.

The human species goes around trying to understand the world. But it's said — they don't understand themselves. Don't know their inner conscience. Don't recognize the call of their soul. Who am I? That they don't know. Where did I come from? Why did I come to this earth? That too they don't know. The man of today—they aren't aware of their own whereabouts. But they go around looking for aliens in space.

Grandmother's last wish was her grandson's marriage. I married. She entered our house as a bride.

Two kids were born in the interval of two years. She became a mother; I became a father. The two kids completed our family — observers would say.

What one sees on the outside isn't always the truth. What you don't see is usually the truth. We see the sun rise from the east every morning. If you go two or three thousand kilometers above the earth and behold the sun, where is east and where is west?

Got married, bore children. Perhaps she was happy; maybe a bit sad. Just in the midst of all this, I met Sunil Babu Pant. In the fight for the rights of sexual and gender minorities, Sunil Babu Pant has a huge contribution. As a member of the constituent assembly, he has played a crucial role in establishing the rights of this community.

Through him, I got to know about my gender identity. Even though I was behaving like a man, I understood that deep inside





I was a woman. I always used to be fond of woman's ornamentations. I would find myself familiar in women's clothing. Men felt distant; women felt like lovers and companions. Like companions who would share their happiness and sorrows. But again, this society had known me as a man and a father of two kids. It's not that I never had physical relationship with her. We did have physical relationship. But only rarely. It wasn't regular since the beginning. In our embrace, the distance would disappear, but there wouldn't be any lusciousness in it. Like a flower without fragrance.

One day I said, "I am not like me. What will you find in me?" She did not understand. I said again, "I am not a man at all. I am like you. I have man's organs in my body. Nevertheless, I am also like you." She sat unmoved hearing that. I was noticing a few drops of tears falling from her eyes.

My children used to call me father; now they call me mother. It's been long since I stopped wearing shirts and pants. I am indeed a woman. I want to be happy in a woman's ornamentation. Why this? How? For what? There are countless people who ask such questions. Even if the lives of the next seven generation answer these questions persistently—let alone my life—society would perhaps still not be able to understand it.

The little drops of sweat on her forehead revealing what she was going through, who could guess that better than me?

"We can stay as friends. We can act as married couples. After all, we are all characters in this world. Where the director who directs us is, that nobody knows. We can somehow

live together. But physical relationship can't happen," I told her. She was speechless. What reply could one give to such a question? Who prepares in advance a reply to such a weird situation?

She thought I was having a relationship with another woman. Once you start eating at restaurants, why would you want to eat at home? She thought I was having an affair. We used to sit together in the same house, same room, same bed. Despite that, a distance of seven seas started to form between us. I began losing my friend. She also started losing me.

She happened to be a woman, after all. It was inevitable that she would seek someone. She started getting close with someone else. What's her fault in this? I can't blame myself either since I am the one who gave birth to these two kids. But if I am say it's not my fault, then I must face the fact that I am the one who started this thing. Whose fault is it? If there is a fault, god might know it.

But I will say this much, wherever she is, may she be happy. These children belong to both of us. I hope the children don't become distant because of me. She is a mother, the earth. Due to this reason, I would never try to separate her children from her.

But now, even I have become a mother. After our relationship ended, the responsibility to educate the two children has fallen on my shoulder. I even worked at organizations that work for sexual and gender minorities for about two decades. Presently, I have opened my own organization as well— called "Maya ko Sansar." This organization listens to the issues of sexual and gender minorities as well as female and male sex workers and works to fight for their rights.

"My children used to call me father; now they call me mother. It's been long since I stopped wearing shirts and pants. I am indeed a woman. I want to be happy in a woman's ornamentation. Why this? How? For what? There



are countless people who ask such questions. Even if the lives of the next seven generation answer these questions persistently—let alone my life—society would perhaps still not be able to understand it."

But my kids have understood it. I was a daddy; now I have become a mommy. These children are my life. If they've understood it, that's sufficient. After separating with her, I could not do a second marriage. That's fine too. The near ones ask me, "Sunita, don't you have a partner?" Yet I didn't make one. I'm single and happy. If I meet someone in life, I might make one as well. Even if it doesn't happen, I am not going to make my life miserable by worrying about something that didn't happen.

SEX CHANGE: A RISK-FILLED, BOLD DECISION



Sandhya Lopchan

I dared something that very few people in the world would dare. I agreed to such a decision that could not be reversed with any amount of regret or wealth. Once it's done, it's done. I did an irreversible surgery, that too somewhere far from Nepal—in Thailand.

This is the kind of surgery that people do without having any illness. Surgery without any illness? Medical science has reached god knows where. Viruses, which cannot be seen with our naked eyes, are still making medical sciences sit on their knees. But in many other matters, there have been miracles too. A lot of plastic surgery, sex change surgery, is done without any illness as well.

I was born in the form of a man. Like an ordinary man, I too had a penis and an underdeveloped breasts. Spent millions to get rid of my penis. Transformed it into a vagina. My true story might seem like some fantasy novels. In Mahabharata, Arjun transformed from a woman into a man during their one-year exile. My life is also filled with similar incidents.

I've turned 31 now. Hetauda 11, Thana Bharyang, is my house. I, my mother and an elder sister are in my family. We run a hotel. Name: Sandhya.

In my life as a man, it didn't take long for Sandhya to arrive. Just when I was studying in grade 8, my youth started. It's impossible to describe all the enchanting intoxications and delusions that the heart goes through during youth. They used to broadcast a program called "Sangharsha" on Nepal Television. In one of its shows, I watched a conversation with a character who belonged to sexual and gender minorities. From that conversation it became clear to me that it is possible that a woman may not be a woman and a man may not be a man. And that this is something natural. Right from my teenage years, I had already felt that I am not "he"—I am "she."



God sent me in a man's body. But my heart was that of a woman. I was a woman. I felt these male organs were unnecessarily attached to me.

I didn't want these organs to be with me. But nature had given them to me. What could I have done about that?

As I said earlier, medical science has done wonders. I don't know whether it has won over nature. But it has definitely challenged some of the laws of nature. People are sending artificial clouds into the sky and making artificial rain fall. We keep hearing news of such practices being carried out in the gulf countries. Humans stepped on the moon ages ago. Now they are preparing to step on Mars.

My preparation was not about going to the moon or to the Mars. My preparation, my thoughts, my studies were about wanting to get rid of my male organs and to change it into a woman's. I started getting lost in that dream.

I spent millions to transform myself from a man to a woman. Spent a lot of years working for an organization as well. A big portion of the money that I had earned from there went into my surgery.

I became a winner of a competition called “Miss Beauty and Brain.” I used that opportunity to go to Thailand.

I was already aware that there one could transform from a man to a woman. I had worked as a co-ordinator for a Birgunj project for eight years.

A huge portion of the money that I had earned during that time, I spent on my “sex change.” The surgeons cut off my penis and shaped it into a vagina. They implanted silicon on my breasts and made it look like a woman’s. All the hair in different parts of my body, I removed them from a clinic in Dhulikhel.

My friend called Sahara had informed me about sex change being done in Thailand.

Sex change is not some ordinary topic. In this, not only your body undergoes transformation, the condition of your mental health is also measured and tested. Surgeons consult with you at various stages. Only after you pass every tests, the surgery is carried out. They also seem to take into account whether the person doing sex change is mentally prepared for it. Once the genitals are removed, you cannot undo it even if the earth and the sky become one. Once

you’ve undergone sex change, they hope that you never entertain the thought of undoing it.

They say there have also been many instances of people having a change of mind after they had undergone sex change. A lot of people seem to be pained by it. To forget this pain, some have taken refuge in alcohol. They say that some of them have even committed suicide.

Some people seem to have regrets after undergoing sex change. They may become victims of depression. That’s why this is not some changes that is done on the body only. It is not something that can be done easily and by anyone.

Before deciding to operate on me, the surgeons in Thailand made sure that my family had given the consent, that I was an activist, and that I was mentally prepared for it. They took five hours to cut my penis and transform it into a vagina.

Two hours to implant silicon into my breasts.

But two months after changing my sex, I started to become mentally battered. I felt like I had made a mistake. I transformed from a man to a woman, but it was not natural. No man would consider me a woman and marry me.

If what I had done was not beneficial to me in any way, why did I bother taking such big risks and spending millions on it? Such questions started surrounding me.





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Those questions were answered by the heart itself. That moment of mental suffering was horrifying. That’s why sex change is not an ordinary topic. And it definitely isn’t an easy topic. But I did it. I am calm now. It doesn’t need to be resolved. I am content with my situation.

After undergoing sex change, people are mainly curious about one thing. Some people even ask about it immediately. Some hesitate to ask. The question: “How is your sex life after undergoing sex change?” I do have a vagina after removing my penis. But once the wound started to heal, the hole in the vagina became a bit narrow. Due to the narrow hole, it wasn’t easy to have sex. I don’t know how it is with others, but in my case having sex is quite difficult.

I used to do anal sex with my partner before as well. The same thing is going on now as well. We both are happy with it.

Even though I have a vagina and a breast, I cannot be a mother. Anyone who has even a bit of knowledge of biology knows the reason. To be a mother, you need a uterus. The

body has to produce eggs. Nature has put a very different, systematic and complex mechanism inside a woman’s body for this. How many centuries it’s still going to take for medical science to reach that level, I don’t know.

Many ask me whether I would advise other people to undergo sex change or not? In truth, there isn’t any clear-cut answer to this question. Because you cannot change your sex just because you want to. For this, first of all, you need to spend a lot of money. I had money during that time. Therefore, it was possible. Sexual and gender minorities are going through a variety of problems. It’s hard for them to collect even a few lakhs. If you have plenty of money, that can also be used for acquiring wealth. If you are well off, you won’t have to face society’s contempt.

The other thing is you need to be mentally prepared. Your family has to agree. You have to regularly take some hormones and vitamins as well. Many such complications arise. This is a task with many risk factors involved. Generally, I would advise my friends not to take such risks.

AN SMALL HOUSE: OUR OWN WORLD



Raj Chaudhary, Samjhana (name altered)

We have a small house. She and I live in a house that has been built with our own prowess and hardships. What becomes easy in this society when we are not around that I don't know. But nobody has been harmed because of us being here. Since we don't bother entering into other people's private lives. We never do anything that goes against the interests of others, or anything that steals their joy.

Yet people come to our place and tell us, "You two don't stay together. You should both separate. Go with somebody else. But don't live together."

We have been living together for 13 years. Our being together also signifies unity in diversity. Making people understand this is hard; it's not easy.

I am Raj Chaudhary, 36 and my partner is Samjhana, 29 (name altered). If we are to talk just about the incidents that happened to us in these 13 years, that alone is going to be a long subject. In these 13 years, there have been five attempts to separate Samjhana and me. But even after being separated five times, we became one.

Human nature is such that if some people live happily together, it seems to cause distress to others. If Samjhana and I live happily together, what's the problem for others? It's not like we got together by breaking someone else's union. Nor have we entered someone else's private life. Nor is there a situation of anybody being partnerless due to this reason. Despite this, people still hate us.





Our small house is in Kailali, Dhangadi 2. I go to work. Samjhana usually stays at home. Some people who are knowledgeable about sexual and gender minorities come to our house and tell Samjhana, “His (my) age is over. You are still just 28–29. Leave Raj. Find a nice guy and marry him. What can happen in a girl–girl relationship? It’s not like there’s going to be any children. Can a life run like this?”

I know that people become sad in their sorrows. But it’s also true that they become even sadder in someone else’s joy. What’s even stranger is that without knowing whether we are sad or happy, people try to invade our life. They start scrutinizing. What do they get doing that?

Should we call it a coincidence or destiny’s game? I was well-known as a trans man in my field. Other people knew about me—perhaps Samjhana knew it too. But I didn’t know about her. I was unaware about her sexuality.

Since we both belong to the same field, it wasn’t unusual for us to cross paths. I didn’t believe she was a lesbian. But I did believe that our nature could match. I tried getting close to her. She would try to go far, but not so far.

Wanting to come near, but at the same time, wanting to go away, I began to be aware of this habit of her. Breaking all the barriers of silence and doubts, one day I proposed her. No reply from her. I could not lose my hope of getting a response either. Days went by. Weeks went by. But I did not get any response.

How long will I wait? Such restlessness also set in. Just like that, a month passed by. Then, many months passed by. Soon it was six months, yet no answer. But turns out, if something is meant to happen, it will happen. After six months, she accepted my proposal.

Due to this incident that happened 13 years ago, we are now together. Her acceptance did put an end to one silence. But I had no idea that it would bring with it so many other problems all at once. I knew it would bring some problems. But I didn’t know it would be this many problems.

After Samjhana started living with me, her household members came to our place five times. They took her away from me. Each time they would separate us, each time we would unite again. They would bring people from my house as well. They did all they could. But every time they would separate us, our relationship would only deepen further.

When they could not solve the issue even after having separated us five times, maybe they too thought that this issue is unsolvable.

Nowadays we don't get troubles from our family. Nor are we with our family. We have our own small house and our own world.

In my house, there is my mother, father, two brothers, daughters-in-law, and children. But I am not there. I live separately. I go to my house during festivals—I also take Samjhana with me. They aren't happy—I know that too.

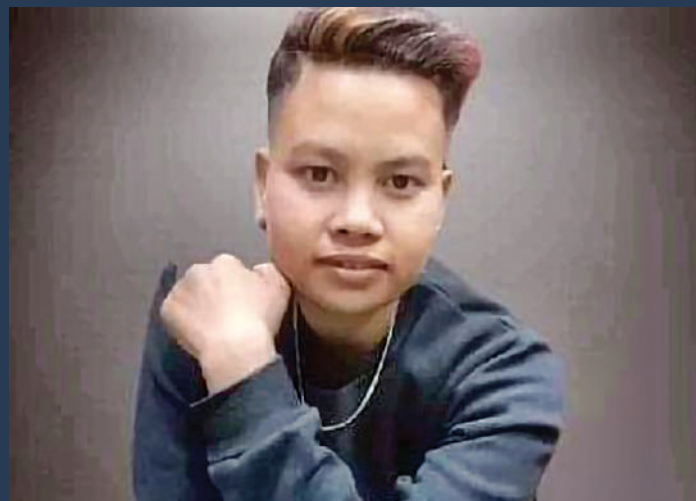
I didn't know that even people from the society come to our house and talk about us with our parents. My mother seems to feel bad when she hears them say "Your child is like this, like that!" That's why she always gets angry. My father, on the other hand, seems to have consoled himself by saying "It's his life. Let him live as he wants."

Samjhana too has two mothers, a father and two brothers in her house. Even there, nobody is happy. Her brothers also show bitterness over our relationship. "Why did you do something like this?" they would say bitterly.

We know that we are earning our own living. We have not harmed anyone. We have not even depended on others to fulfill our necessities. Nobody has ever been in trouble because of us. Yet when we walk on the road, people criticize us.

Sexual and gender minorities community have been overlooked in our society. In some fundamentalist countries, same-sex is considered a crime. Our constitution and laws are much more lenient compared to them. The constitution and laws have progressed, but society's consciousness has remained where it was before.

We have also seen and learned about a lot of issues related to same-sex couples and sexual and gender minorities on various communication medium. When someone becomes economically strong, educationally powerful, and competent from the point of view of social awareness, then such a person will not be discriminated.



Our constitution and laws are much more lenient compared to them. The constitution and laws have progressed, but society's consciousness has remained where it was before. We have also seen and learned about a lot of issues related to same-sex couples and sexual and gender minorities on various communication medium. When someone becomes economically strong, educationally powerful, and competent from the point of view of social awareness, then such a person will not be discriminated.

This is not just related to sexual and gender minorities. It's the same for all other underprivileged groups in the society. If we can make a man capable of competing, no matter whatever sex, gender, caste they belong to, they will be able to earn their own living. The issue of social awakening, however, is a long journey. We have just got started in this field. This will definitely take some time.

I, GYANU: MY OCCUPATION, MY STRUGGLE



Gyanu

Everyone warms their hands over burning fire. Once the fire dies, everyone leaves. Simplicity is a beautiful, human virtue, but people misuse it. Even in the forest, straight trees are cut first. The Nepali alphabets end in “gya.” I am Gyanu. Me, I will begin from the end.

When I look back at my life, sometimes I find an extinguished fire; sometimes, an innocent tree. People ask me my surname. I tell them: isn't the name Gyanu sufficient? If we say Peepal, do we need to mention its surname as well? Do we need to say the surname of Ganga? What is the surname of the sky? Of the earth? A name, as it turns out, is nothing but an identity. Even if my name was just the letter “G,” instead of Gyanu, you would still recognize me. After all, it's not about the name. It's about recognizing the person. It's about recognizing his prowess.

Once upon a time, I was dear to everyone. That was when I was a burning fire. I reached Qatar and got a job. Till the time I had foreign income, I remained dear to everyone. Once my earnings started to dry up, so did my loved ones. Who do I tell about the sorrows of the gulf? Only those who have gone there and worked know what it's like. Even the money that I had earned there, I shared among my family members. Had I invested my six years' earnings in a profitable business, I would perhaps not have an auto-rickshaw steering in my hands today.

Yes, I made a mistake. Had I been wise when I had money, this would perhaps not have happened. Opportunity knocks at everyone's door once. If you grab that opportunity, the rest of your life will become much easier. If you misuse it, you will have to pay for it all your life.

Knowledge gained from reading gives you a lot. But the knowledge gained from experience will give you life-



“ Opportunity knocks at everyone's door once. If you grab that opportunity, the rest of your life will become much easier. If you misuse it, you will have to pay for it all your life. Knowledge gained from reading gives you a lot. But the knowledge gained from experience will give you life-changing lessons. ”

changing lessons. But whether you have the time to implement those lessons is another thing.

What to say about the desert of Qatar? That's a desert. Hardly any life exists. But even there people have poured money and power and made flowers grow. A desert is barren. Sapless. Lonely. After having spent time in the desert, had my heart also become like the desert, what could have gone wrong?

Well, I happen to be a Nepali. Soft-hearted. Gullible. Likes to share. Whatever I had earned, this very heart blew it all. I don't have money now, but I have a steering.

I've turned 40 now. I am a trans man. My auto-rickshaw runs on the roads of Birendra Nagar. This auto-rickshaw life hasn't let me die for seven years. When there are more auto-rickshaws than passengers, it becomes hard to make a living. This is a common problem among many other auto-rickshaw drivers like me. This auto-rickshaw life hasn't let me die for the last seven years. Haven't fulfilled any dreams either.

A part of me says: it's time to break my relation with this auto-rickshaw. Another part says: how many relations are you going to break? A lot of people became close to me in my life. Then became distant. If your own people become distant, what closeness can you expect from the rest? When human relationships aren't sustainable, what's there to say about a mere tin box.

From the time the clock strikes six in the morning and until it doesn't strike six again, my auto-rickshaw runs on the streets of Birendra Nagar. Which is to say, it doesn't keep running. My auto-rickshaw is on the road from sunrise to sunset. My income is connected to the motion of the sun.

People ask me my surname. I tell them: isn't the name Gyanu sufficient? If we say Peepal, do we need to mention its surname as well? Do we need to say the surname of Ganga? What is the surname of the sky? Of the earth? A name, as it turns out, is nothing but an identity. Even if my name was just the letter "G," instead of Gyanu, you would still recognize me. After all, it's not about the name. It's about recognizing the person. It's about recognizing his prowess.

When the sun god rises, my day begins. As the sun sets, my day ends as well.

It's been functioning continuously like this for the last seven years. But only being functional doesn't make life meaningful. One wishes it would race a bit as well. We are all involved in this attempt to race. Everyone else is as well.

Cars, bicycles, motorcycles, trucks, buses, everything is racing on the road. The people in those vehicles are also busy in their own work. All this racing and running around is connected to their income. People are ready to die for money.

One thing that's odd is that I have been driving auto-rickshaw for so many years, yet my sexuality has never caused me any major problems. There are many other friends whose pain and difficulties I have known, understood and heard of. But in my case, it's a bit different. I wonder why is it so? Sometimes when I think about it, I realize that I focus on my work and my self-interest. What the outside world

says is of no concern to me. Even if someone abuses me or says something bad, what does it matter what one says if I don't give a damn? Maybe it's due of something like this.

My partner is a lesbian. We have been together for a few years now. We often talk about how the income I make from Birendra Nagar isn't sufficient. But where to go? It's hard to leave a place you've settled in. But there's a saying: "Keep staying and you grow fungus; leave and you will be left aside."

It is said that some genius once proclaimed, "If some kingdom cannot provide security to its citizen, that kingdom too has to be abandoned." More than other securities, financial security has come to be of prime importance for us. If this city cannot give financial security to the two of us, why should we stay here?

Nepalgunj is 100 km far from here. If you go further south from there, you'll reach India. To someone who has already been to Qatar, India is not an attractive destination. People wanting to do something in Nepal usually plan to go to Kathmandu. We are thinking of going to Nepalgunj.

However strong or weak a man is, until their parents are alive, the strong ones keep wondering: What will my father say? Have I hurt my mother? If they are weak, they seem to have the assurance that "My parents are still alive." When their parents leave this world forever, they become lonely.

They start to feel that they are alone in the world. A man's tough struggles start from that point on.

Till my parents were alive, there was a certain kind of environment. Once they were gone, there was a different environment altogether. In an open land right here in Biratnagar, we had our settlement.

Even though it was an open land, I sought my share. My brothers didn't really show any disagreement on this. But I had to quarrel with their wives. If it had been a legal land, we would have had to visit the land revenue office. To get your property by stamping your fingerprints on a paper would have been difficult. Since it was an open land, just putting up a fence and saying "From here, it's mine" was enough. That's what I have been doing of late. Living on my share of land.

However strong or weak a man is, until their parents are alive, the strong ones keep wondering: What will my father say? Have I hurt my mother? If they are weak, they seem to have the assurance that "My parents are still alive." When their parents leave this world forever, they become lonely. They start to feel that they are alone in the world. A man's tough struggles start from that point on.



INTRODUCTION

Mitini Nepal (MN) is led and driven by community based organization for the rights of people who identify themselves as lesbian, bisexual and transgender. MN was established in 2006 with a vision to build a peaceful, prosperous society where sexual and gender minorities' community can live with self-esteem and dignity while enjoying human rights without any discrimination, violence, assault, and fear.

It was established by the first lesbian couple of Nepal Laxmi Ghalan & Meera Bajracharya. MN advocates for the access of political, legal, social, economic and educational rights of LBT people by strengthening coordination, collaboration, network and by developing mutual understanding among all concerned stakeholders as well as by capacitating excluded and vulnerable LBT individuals in order to create an egalitarian environment for sexual and gender minorities.

Mitini Nepal has been working in 3 provinces of Nepal with local communities and on a national level with the mission to improve the human rights and well-being of sexual and gender minorities in Nepal.

MISSION

To advocate for the access of political, legal, social, economic and educational rights of LBT people by strengthening coordination, collaboration, network and by developing mutual understanding among all concerned stakeholders as well as by capacitating excluded and vulnerable LBT individuals in order to create an egalitarian environment for sexual and gender minorities

GOAL

A just society where LBT can live a dignified life with fruitful participation in public spheres, highly protected socially, economically, legally and politically.

OUR PROGRAMS

1. Lobby and Advocacy Program

We advocate for equal rights of LBT people through interaction with policymakers and government stakeholders, media and other members of civil society. We also organize discussion, seminars, workshops, rally, sit-ins, press meetings, etc.

2. Awareness and sensitization Program

We conduct awareness-raising programs to sensitize community on Sexual Orientation, Gender Identity and Expression (SOGIE) and LGBTI issues through street dramas, radio program, cultural programs, posters and pamphlets publications, orientation in academic institutions including schools and colleges, awareness raising programs for community service organizations (CSOs), parliamentarians, government stakeholders, community police and media.

3. Skill development programs

We provide skill development and income generating training to LBT and women for marginalized and poor communities. Some of the income generation training are tailoring, weaving, driving, beautification training, coffee making, mushroom cultivation training, an candle making. We also sell products for fundraising.

4. Capacity development programs

We conduct capacity development programs such as leadership development, human rights, legal awareness and other training on sexual and gender rights.

5. Psychosocial and Legal counseling

We provide both psychosocial and legal counseling services to lesbians, bisexual women, and transgender.

6. Research and study

We conduct qualitative and quantitative research on LBT women's issues including challenges and also document their stories as narratives.



Mitini
N E P A L

(An Organization for the rights and dignity of Lesbian, Bisexual & Transgender)

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