



Violence against LGBTI Members

Clement James

The death of Clement James, also known as Johnson, could well be considered a hate crime.

Johnson's sister-in-law Marcella James provided an account of the events. She said her brother-in-law had reportedly left the village to conduct business in the town when he was confronted by his attacker, whom she named but cannot be disclosed for legal reasons.

According to the woman's account, the attacker allegedly approached the victim and threatened that all "battie boi must dead". The approach was supposedly in response to a misconceived "look" handed down to the attacker from his eventual victim.

James's sister, Jane James, said some people in the community were of the opinion that her brother was gay. She questioned, however, whether this was enough to warrant his death. Johnson had no wife or children. He was in his mid 50s.

The altercation occurred on the Indian River Bridge at about 3:40pm. At the time of the alleged "look" the two individuals were on opposite sides of the bridge. Relatives said based on eyewitness accounts, the attacker allegedly made his way across, armed with a solid piece of wood and a knife tucked in his waist. He is known for carrying these weapons around, Johnson's relatives say.

Following a brief verbal exchange, the attacker reportedly struck Johnson with the wood. Johnson responded by grabbing hold of the wood to avoid any serious bodily injuries.

The dead man's brother, 'Jah Prince' James told Dominica News Online that the attacker smiled when he held the wood and took out the knife and start stabbing Johnson under his arm. He said that his brother then turned his attention from the wood to the knife and attempted to defend himself by blocking additional stabs from getting to his body. These defensive wounds were visible on his forearm, Jah Prince states.

Unable to maintain his defences in light of massive blood loss, Johnson soon fell to the ground and was pinned by his attacker who dealt more stabs and eventually fled the scene leaving him almost motionless on the paved sidewalk.

Johnson died in the same evening at the Princess Margaret Hospital in Roseau after initial treatment at the Portsmouth hospital.

Meanwhile, reports in the community suggest that the alleged attacker is openly opposed to homosexuality. It is alleged that he sings and preaches aloud in the streets about the killing gay people.



Linden Shillingford

Discrimination is wrong and as I continue speaking about my situation you will see its disadvantages and advantages. In 1999 at the age of six I was touched by my neighbour. In 2001, at age eight, I questioned my sexuality. In 2003 I was touched by a bus driver. I continued my journey for we all consider life to be. In 2006 I started high school and was bullied a lot in my class, from being called names to papers and other objects being thrown at me.

In 2009 January 31st I was sexually assaulted by a security guard. I felt like I was cursed or had a spell on me because I was already touched at a tender age.

A lot of people threatened me and promised my death. Up until this day I still get the statement thrown at me.

In 2012 I was involved in explicit pictures of me being circulated around Dominica and the world by extension. At that time I was employed and got a lot of pressure by my co-workers. I was called names and was promised my death.

2013

In July I got a 'burst head' on the street that leads to my home as I was walking on the dark road with my light flashing on my phone I saw a scooter pass me. Then I saw no trace of the bike as I continued. I found this strange. Not even two minutes later I got a lash at the back of my head then I collapsed to the ground with blood dripping from my heads all the way down to the ground.

I ran to a nearby shop where I requested a top up to call my landlord. There was no top up and as I continued walking bottles and stones were being pelted at me from the direction. I made it home where my landlord's daughter was rejoicing about my burst head. She later on celebrated with the fellers in the area whilst I was rushed to the hospital.

As if that was not enough I got another burst head in August, this time it was in town when someone ran up to me and burst a Carib (beer) bottle on my head. I stayed in shock as I felt it was a dream but it was true.

Later on that night I was promised to be chopped to death. In fact it almost happened but luckily someone nearby noticed and encouraged the person to leave me alone.

