

# SEXUAL ASSAULT ON CAMPUS BOOK PROPOSAL

by

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A THESIS

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Tom Wheeler

My thesis is a proposal (or query) for a book about sexual assault on college campuses in the United States. Inspired by my experience with the University of Oregon's response to my sexual assault, my thesis is a proposal for a book that I hope will shed light on the process that survivors are forced to endure if they hope to seek justice against their attacker within the university system. Unlike so many books before mine, my project will be a compilation of stories from the mouths of sexual assault survivors, themselves, told with the help of a young journalist and fellow survivor. I anticipate that through my collection of stories, I will be able to make observations about the current and flawed university mandatory reporting system and general rape culture in the university community.

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## **Introduction:**

My thesis is a proposal (or query) for a book about sexual assault on college campuses in the United States. Inspired by my experience with the University of Oregon's response to my sexual assault, my thesis is a proposal for a book that I hope will shed light on the process that survivors are forced to endure if they hope to seek justice against their attacker within the university system. Unlike so many books before mine, my project will be a compilation of stories from the mouths of sexual assault survivors, themselves, told with the help of a young journalist and fellow survivor. I anticipate that through my collection of stories, I will be able to make observations about the current and flawed university mandatory reporting system and general rape culture in the university community.

I have offered survivors the option of full disclosure of their name and university, anonymity, or some combination of both. The goal of this project is to offer survivors, previously isolated in their experiences, the chance to unite in the common goal of bringing awareness to sexual assault on campuses. The hope is to lend the compassion, understanding and sense of empowerment that universities (sometimes inadvertently) so often take away from survivors.

The purpose of this thesis is to prepare a solid book proposal to send to agents after my graduation—my previous internship supervisor, Laura Rennert from the Andrea Brown Literary Agency, has already agreed to read the query. My finished book proposal, included in this thesis, has full stories and creative submissions from three survivors. The book proposal was getting too long, so I included the creative submissions from two survivors whose full stories had to be cut (but will be included in

the next steps of the publishing process). I have also connected with three more survivors who are interested in being involved; my story will also be included. Ultimately, this is a long-term project that I intend to thrive long after my college career.

### **Current Efforts to Reach Out to Survivors:**

As a survivor of sexual assault on campus, myself, I have the unique opportunity and ability to connect with fellow survivors and help them share their stories. The problem for so many academic projects of this nature is the ability to find survivors of sexual assault. Due to the sensitive topic, it can be difficult to find potential interviewees, especially considering the limitations of privacy standards within the academic community. Even if a journalist is able to find survivors willing to participate, it may be difficult to bridge the gap between a survivor and a person who has never been a victim. That's not to say that no journalist would be able to sensitively interview survivors, just that my also being a survivor lends itself to this unique project.

My process for connecting with survivors has been by word of mouth. And so far, I have been successful. I have connected with four fellow survivors from the University of Oregon, one from Colorado, one from Maryland and one who never told me her school. Just as I now have them as my network of survivors, they each have their own. After the acceptance of my thesis and graduation, I will move forward with the project by connecting with the networks branching off of my network.

At the University of Oregon this year, a group of professors and graduate students came together to form the "UO Coalition to End Sexual Violence," ([uocoalition.wordpress.com](http://uocoalition.wordpress.com)). According to the group's website:

Concerned faculty, staff and graduate students at the University of Oregon have formed an independent coalition to help UO address problems of sexual violence on our campus. We are advocating for making the University of Oregon campus safe from sexual violence. This will require a number of fundamental changes including creating a clear and transparent campus procedure for investigating sexual violence. When investigations reveal crimes it will be necessary to provide meaningful responses to these crimes that actually make the campus safer for students. Safety will also depend upon sufficient resources being allocated to meet the needs of students who have been victims of sexual crimes so that they may thrive and have equal access to education. Safety will depend upon a concerted effort to make the rules, procedures, and practices at the University of Oregon work against sexual violence and toward safety, health, and justice.

This group has taken me under their wing and is working with me to connect with survivors, both at the University of Oregon and at other campuses around the country. During winter term 2014, the group posted a call on their website for survivors to contact me to be involved in this project. I've already had three responses from the University of Oregon, alone. After the recent (March, 2014) incidents on campus, I'm confident that if the group posts about me again, I'll have another flood of interested survivors.

The posting on their website, "Help UO student with her research," was originally written by me to pitch my project to survivors, but slightly modified (voice and third-person perspective) for the purpose of posting on their website:

Dear readers,

One of our students is writing a proposal for a book about sexual assault on college campuses. The purpose of this process is to give her a template from which to work after she graduates from the UO. This is a project that she intends to pursue. She's hoping to share the stories of fellow survivors of sexual assault and the broken university system of response to said attacks. She wants to lend an understanding ear and give survivors the chance to share their story anonymously or not: it's up to each individual.

The purpose of this project is to give voices to survivors who haven't had the opportunity to unite with a larger group of students to file an official complaint against their university. Or maybe, survivors who have had that opportunity could use this project to make their voices even louder. As we've seen from students at Yale, Cornell, and Berkeley, survivors are better heard when they are united. She hopes that her project and book ends up being a place for survivors to unite, making all of our voices better heard.

In order to complete this project, she needs our help. If you are a survivor and interested in talking to her about the possibility of your story being included in her project, contact her at [sasurvivorstories@gmail.com](mailto:sasurvivorstories@gmail.com). As you can understand, she'd prefer not to publicize her name on the internet.

### **Why is this thesis relevant?**

On January 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2014 (after I had finalized my thesis topic) *The New York Times* published an article entitled "Obama Seeks to Raise Awareness of Rape on Campus." Prompted by a movement of rape victims on college campuses around the country, Obama created a task force to discuss rape on college campuses and in the greater American community. As stated in the article:

Mr. Obama gave his task force 90 days to recommend best practices for colleges to prevent or respond to assaults, and to check that they are complying with existing legal obligations. The task force — which includes the attorney general and the secretaries of the Education, Health and Human Services and Interior Departments — was also asked for proposals to raise awareness of colleges' records regarding assaults and officials' responses, and to see that federal agencies get involved when officials do not confront problems on their campuses. The president said a priority was to find ways to encourage more men to intervene when they see an attack or to report assaults. "I want every young man in America to feel some strong peer pressure in terms of how they are supposed to behave and treat women," Mr. Obama said.

The increased level of attention on sexual assault on campuses gives me the perfect opportunity to create a meaningful project to shed light on the problem from inside the university system. My experience as a survivor gives me access to a network of other

survivors who can give me insight on the response process at colleges around the country.

The victim group “Know Your IX” ([knowyourix.org](http://knowyourix.org)) inspired President Obama to address sexual assault on college campuses after circulating a petition on [change.org](http://change.org) that encouraged him to speak up on behalf of victims ([change.org/petitions/department-of-education-hold-colleges-accountable-that-break-the-law-by-refusing-to-protect-students-from-sexual-assault](http://change.org/petitions/department-of-education-hold-colleges-accountable-that-break-the-law-by-refusing-to-protect-students-from-sexual-assault)). The petition garnered 175,235 signatures. “Know Your IX” describes the Clery Act and Title IX in detail on their website, giving victims the opportunity to learn more about their rights as students and members of the community. Included below are the brief and precise descriptions taken from their website.

*The Clery Act (<http://knowyourix.org/clery-act/the-clery-act-in-detail/>)*

“The Clery Act was named after Jeanne Clery, who was raped and murdered in her dorm room by a fellow student on April 5, 1986. Her parents championed the Jeanne Clery Disclosure of Campus Security Policy and Crime Statistics Act (Clery Act) in her memory. This Act is a federal law that requires colleges to report crimes that occur ‘on campus’ and school safety policies. This information is available each year in an Annual Security Report (ASR), which can be found on your school’s website. The Clery Act also requires schools to have timely warning when there are known risks to public safety on campus.

“The Clery Act also contains the Campus Sexual Assault Victim’s Bill of Rights, which requires colleges to disclose educational programming, campus disciplinary process, and victim rights regarding sexual violence complaints. The Clery

Act was recently expanded by the Campus SaVE Act, which broadened Clery requirements to address all incidents of sexual violence (sexual assault, domestic violence, dating violence and stalking).”

*Title IX (<http://knowyourix.org/title-ix/title-ix-the-basics/>)*

“Essentially, Title IX prohibits sex discrimination in educational institutions that receive federal funding. While Title IX is a very short statute, Supreme Court decisions and guidance from the U.S. Department of Education have given it a broad scope. For example, sex discrimination includes sexual harassment and sexual violence since it creates a hostile educational environment. Under Title IX, schools are legally required to respond and remedy hostile educational environments and failure to do so is a violation that means a school could risk losing its federal funding.

“To understand the specific requirements of Title IX, schools must look to guidance materials from the U.S. Department of Education. Recently, the 2011 Title IX Guidance, known as the ‘Dear Colleague Letter’ (DCL), discussed the obligations schools have to address campus sexual violence. While the DCL is not law, it tells schools how the Department will review and enforce Title IX complaints.

“The 2011 DCL focuses on how sexual harassment and violence creates a hostile educational environment in violation of Title IX when it is serious enough to interfere with a student’s ability to learn or participate in educational or extracurricular activities. **One single instance of sexual violence is sufficient to qualify as creating a hostile educational environment.**”

## **What is a book proposal?**

A book proposal is essentially a letter written to a literary agent, requesting representation. Authors are required to have a literary agent attached to their book query before publishing houses will consider their book for publication; agents sign on to a project, therefore tying their name and reputation to the success of the project, and then use their industry connections to pitch the book to publishers. The book proposal is an essential part of the publishing process and after having held internships at literary agencies, I am intimately familiar with the slush (the industry term for the query box is the “slush pile”) that usually finds its way into query boxes and that doesn’t end up getting representation. More often than not, interns are the individuals at literary agencies sifting through hundreds of queries a day, while agents are doing the more important work with their existing clients. Just as the literary agent attaches their reputation to the books they acquire, so do the interns attach their reputations to the queries they choose to show the agents for whom they work.

As an intern, I only selected one or two submissions to show my agent for every one or two hundred queries I read. In my year as a literary agent intern, one book that I selected was passed on to a different agency for representation, and another was chosen for representation at my agency. That was out of several thousand submissions. Therefore, I understand better than most potential authors the importance of a good book query and how devastating a bad query can be to a writer’s career. On the other hand, I also know how best to call attention to the interns sifting through the query box.

## **Components of a Non-Fiction Book Proposal**

The requirements for a non-fiction book proposal vary between literary agencies, though the general idea is consistent across the industry. The writer must create a balance in their proposal between passionate writer and savvy business partner. While the author wants to show the agent that they are competent and sane, they also need to catch the agent's attention in the sea of pitches with a unique and strong voice and confident marketing plan, all while proving their writing strength. With such a tall order, it's helpful to have a checklist of sorts to guide the writer through the proposal requirements in order to give them creative freedom within the lines.

I created my own book proposal checklist, informed by the requirements of several literary agencies, that helped guide me through my proposal-writing process. Most websites and sources agree on the contents of the non-fiction proposal, though they disagree on the order in which to present the information. This checklist is a compilation from a variety of sources, but written and structured for the purposes of my own project.

### **Introduction:**

This section of the proposal is arguably the most important, next to the sample chapters. The introduction is the writer's opportunity to introduce the potential agent or editor to both the writing project and the writer. In this section, the goal is to be concise, compelling and knowledgeable. More often than not, the person reading the book proposal will glance at the introductory section and the sample chapter before deciding

to spend more time reading the rest of the proposal. With that in mind, it's important that this section be well thought out and finely tuned.

In the introduction section for my proposal I will talk about how my experience with assault led me to seek out other survivors, and how shocked I was to find that I wasn't alone in the unsatisfactory response of my academic institution to my assault. I will introduce the idea of uniting survivors through the project, by giving them the opportunity to tell their stories.

### **Biography:**

This section is usually seen as the opportunity for the writer to explain why they are the only person who can write their specific book. Why the writer's experiences, expertise, knowledge, or some combination of the three, makes them the most qualified authority on the topic at hand.

In my biography section I will discuss how my perspective as a survivor of sexual assault, as a student and as a young journalist makes me the perfect person to gather and present survivor stories. I have the personal experience to handle interviews compassionately, but also the necessary experience within the university system to ask the right questions about survivors' reporting and recovery processes. I will also explain how this book is my opportunity to contribute to the discussion of sexual assault on campuses; I see this project as my contribution to the survivor community.

I think the biography section is also a good place for me to discuss my experience in the publishing industry and how that experience has given me realistic expectations for the editing and actual publishing process.

**Audience/Market:**

The audience and market section is essential because it shows the editor or agent that the writer has a clear vision as to who they expect to read their book (and who they believe will be interested in what they have to say). This section speaks a lot to the writer's understanding of the publishing industry, of the scope of their book, and of the honesty of their vision for their project. An agent isn't going to tether herself to a project that has a limited audience; the essential goal of every book (no matter what an author says otherwise) is to reach as wide of an audience as possible. This section should show the universality of the project.

I intend to use this part of the proposal to discuss the cultural relevancy of my topic. The fact that President Obama created a task force to address sexual assault on campuses during my writing process adds considerable weight to my project and to my credibility as an author to find relevant and timely issues. My book will be written for sexual assault survivors; university communities including students, faculty, staff and students' families; prospective college students to help them enter their university years with a clear understanding of the culture; and anyone else interested in the silent battle being waged on campuses throughout the country.

**Competitive and Comparative Titles:**

An essential aspect of the proposal is a discussion of competitive and comparative titles to the proposed project. This section shows the agent or editor that the writer is aware not only of the competition in the market, but also how their project will stand out from the competition. Like the audience and market discussion, this

section shows the writer's competency as a business partner. The agent and writer relationship is, at its core, a business relationship, so the agent can use this section to ensure that they are going into business with a writer who understands what their project is up against in the current publishing market, but also how the project's differences will help them create a saleable product together.

It is generally suggested that writers include anywhere from three to five competitive titles, dedicating a few sentences for each to describe the similarities and how the proposed book will set itself apart.

From my understanding and research, a book has never been published that compiles stories from other sexual assault survivors, in order to reveal a greater cultural problem at universities in the United States. While I have found books that examine the problem of rape on campuses, they were from the perspective of professors conducting university-sanctioned research, or from psychologists and sociologists examining the cultural and psychological ramifications of rape culture on campuses, or were published decades ago, or were self-help books for survivors, or were artistic interpretations of the survivor's experience. The goal of my book is to gather stories from survivors, to give them the opportunity to have their story heard with the help of a storyteller who is sensitive to their experience. Unlike the titles that could compete with my book, I do not seek to directly solve the problem, just to bring the problem to light and begin a discussion about the greater issue at hand. In that way, I intend to add my voice and book to the pile of compounding evidence that our country has a cultural problem that should be resolved.

### **Specifications of the Unfinished Book:**

This section of the proposal is perhaps the most interesting because so much of it is taken out of the writer's hands once their project is acquired by an agent and then publishing house. The writer should use this section to discuss their word-count, proposed title, number of chapters, source of supplementary materials (photographs, illustrations, etc.) and projected completion dates for the project. This section will also briefly discuss the remaining work to be done on the project.

My original goal for my project was to have nine to fifteen chapters, around 50-65 thousand words, which is standard for this kind of non-fiction book. While I do intend to stay within this word count, the number of survivors I interview will drive the content and length of each individual chapter.

### **Chapter Summaries**

While these are the last two sections of the proposal, they may be the first thing that agents or editors read, before giving the writer the chance to sell their project through the rest of the proposal. This particular section should include a table of contents and brief overview of each chapter in the final book, even if the majority of the chapters aren't completed at the time of proposal. This section shows the agent the specific vision for the project beyond the more vague discussions in the other sections of the proposal. It's crucial that the writer have a strong understanding of the content in each chapter and that this section provides a solid foundation for further research and writing after acquisition.

## **Sample Chapters**

And, finally, the most important piece of the proposal: in this section, the writer should include 2-3 chapters (or the introduction and 1-2 chapters). While not required, it is generally expected that the chapters presented as part of the proposal be consecutive chapters in the final book. Including consecutive chapters shows the writer's ability to create a cohesive project. It should not have to be said, though it really does have to be said for some writers, that the chapters the writer sends for consideration be closely edited pieces that have the ability to advocate for the merit of the project without the rest of the proposal. The rest of the proposal is a waste of time without strong chapters.

## **Introduction/Overview**

Inspired by my experience with the University of Oregon's response to my own rape (a process that is still continuing a year and a half after my initial assault), I propose a book that I hope will shed light on the process that survivors are forced to endure if they hope to seek justice against their attacker, or simply survive, within the university system. Unlike so many books before mine, my project will be a compilation of stories from the mouths of sexual assault survivors, themselves, told with the help of a young journalist and fellow survivor. I anticipate that through my collection of stories, I will be able to make observations about the current and flawed university mandatory reporting system and general rape culture in the university community.

I have offered survivors the option of full disclosure of their name and university, complete anonymity or some variation in between. The goal of this project has been to offer survivors, previously isolated in their experiences, the chance to unite in the common goal of bringing awareness to sexual assault on campuses and their personal struggles. I have sought to lend the compassion, understanding and sense of empowerment that universities (sometimes inadvertently) so often take away from survivors.

In addition to their stories, the survivors I have worked with have been given the opportunity to include a creative submission to the book. While their stories would be impactful standing on their own, I believed that it was essential that the survivors be more than just their assault. In the stories we see on the news, or in the "Campus Crime Alerts" that are released on campuses around the country, the only representation of a survivor is his or her rape.

On May 18, 2014, the University of Oregon released a unique Campus Crime

Alert:

In one incident, a report alleged that a female UO student was drugged at the Delta Tau Delta fraternity, 1886 University Street, on May 10. Giving someone a drug to disable the person is aggravated assault, a felony crime.

In a separate incident, the university learned that a woman not affiliated with the UO was allegedly sexually assaulted at an unknown location and time Friday evening May 16 or early Saturday May 17, and was later found disoriented on the south side of 18th Avenue near University Street early Saturday morning. Further details were not available.

In preparation for my book proposal, I read through every Campus Crime Alert on the University of Oregon website. I even looked for alerts for rapes and sexual assaults for which I knew the date of the crime: I never found a single one. The Campus Crime Alerts usually like this one released to the campus community on September 22, 2014:

On Saturday, September 22 at about 8:30 p.m., a local high school student reported that she was sexually abused in a gravel parking lot at Autzen Stadium during the football game.

The suspect was described as a white male, about 5-foot-7 with slight build, 35-40 years old, clean-shaven, with short, black-and-gray hair, wearing a dark UO hooded sweatshirt, tan shorts, and gray-and-orange Nike shoes. He reportedly carried a beer bottle and smokeless tobacco, but did not appear intoxicated.

The girl reported that the suspect called out to her in a friendly, almost familiar way in the parking lot, then approached her and forced her to walk to a secluded spot between parked vehicles, and subjected her to inappropriate sexual contact.

Kidnapping is added to the offense because the suspect interfered with the victim's liberty and moved her, without her consent or any legal authority, from one place to another.

It's been speculated that the reason for this very recent transition in tone of Campus Crime Alert is due to the recent "scandal" surrounding the rape of a University of Oregon student by three student basketball players

([huffingtonpost.com/2014/05/09/university-of-oregon-rape\\_n\\_5297928.html](http://huffingtonpost.com/2014/05/09/university-of-oregon-rape_n_5297928.html)). The

basketball story broke in early May, followed by the new Campus Crime Alert later in

the month. Considering I know of more than five sexual assaults that have happened at fraternities in my time at the University of Oregon, it's hard to believe that the new Campus Crime Alert is a coincidence.

My book, then, comes from a desire that the general public realize and understand that sexual assault survivors aren't safe as soon as their assault is "over." Not only do these men and women face months, years and a lifetime of coping and recovering from their assault, but they are represented to the campus community, if at all, by a short email that reduces their identity to the nature of the crime against them.

This book needs to be published because sexual assault on college campuses is such a hot topic and is quickly becoming a fixture in the political arena. President Obama formed a sexual assault task force and sexual assault support website ([notalone.gov](http://notalone.gov)) in January during this project's infancy. The tagline on the website is a quote from Obama's speech on sexual assault on January 22<sup>nd</sup>: "Perhaps most important, we need to keep saying to anyone out there who has ever been assaulted: you are not alone. We have your back. I've got your back."

While is it an essential, and moving, first step to have the President become personally invested in survivors, the problem will not have a chance to be truly addressed until the community at large has a better understanding of who a college-aged sexual assault survivor is and how he or she has survived.

With the limits of the current media spectrum, the only survivors that have the opportunity to tell their stories are the ones that have the courage to stand up in front of the whole country and accuse their school or rapist of misconduct. These women have had time, therapy and legal guidance to lead them to the complicated decision to file a

Clery report or Title IX complaint with the Department of Education. The survivors that choose to file complaints with the Department of Education against their universities are only a small representation of the real number of survivors on college campuses.

The UO Coalition to End Sexual Violence asserts that 1 in 5 women are raped or sexual assaulted while attending college. If that figure is correct, then up to 800 women were raped on my campus in 2013. Only 12 reported their crime to the campus community. None of them filed a complaint against their school.

This book is for the 788 survivors at campuses around the country to come forward with their stories. To share what happened to them, where their support system steered them wrong and what they wished would have happened differently. These survivors were given the option to include their name with their story, or not. These survivors have been given the unique opportunity to help other survivors who are just beginning, or are already years in, their journey of healing and reconciliation. To talk about how they handled their experience, what they would have done differently and how they work on loving themselves today.

## **Biography**

I was raped by a man in a fraternity my senior year at the University of Oregon. Above all else, this book is my contribution to the survivor community. Whenever I feel sad or overwhelmed by what happened to me, I take comfort in reading about other survivors and their stories of recovery and self-empowerment; I want to put something into the world that can be such a resource to another survivor.

While my survival has certainly come to define my life this past year and a half, it's not my only qualification for writing this book. As a student, a young journalist and a past intern for two different literary agencies, I was practically made to gather and present survivor stories. I have the personal experience necessary to handle interviews compassionately, but also the experience within the university system to ask the right questions about survivors' reporting and recovery processes. With two literary agencies on my resume, I am well versed in the publishing industry to be an effective and understanding business partner; I understand the politics behind publishing and editing decisions and I welcome tough edits.

### **Audience/Market**

Sexual assault on college campuses is one of the hottest issues in the media right now. The fact that I was developing this project idea before President Obama's task force was created shows how in tune I am to essential cultural issues. Before the recent public outcry and controversy surrounding sexual assault, my book had a wide audience among those affected by the issue. Now that it's a political topic, I believe that the book will hold more of a general public interest than it would have a year ago.

The key concept about the book to consider is that I am not directly placing any blame, nor am I presenting any controversial solutions to the sexual assault at college "problem." I am simply presenting a catalog of stories from real women (and men if I can find any willing to tell their story) who have suffered sexual assault and who have survived. In today's political and social climate, this book has the potential to reach beyond my original intended audience of sexual assault survivors; university

communities including students, faculty, staff and students' families; prospective college students to help them enter their university years with a clear understanding of the culture. In spite of itself, my book has the potential to give an in-depth look at the silent battle being waged on campuses throughout the country.

**Competitive/Comparative Titles:**

From my understanding and research, a book has never been published that compiles stories from other sexual assault survivors, in order to reveal a greater cultural problem at universities in the United States. While I have found books that examine the problem of rape on campuses, they were from the perspective of professors conducting university-sanctioned research, or from psychologists and sociologists examining the cultural and psychological ramifications of rape culture on campuses, or were published decades ago, or were self-help books for survivors, or were artistic interpretations of the survivor's experience.

The goal of my book is to gather stories from survivors, to give them the opportunity to have their story heard with the help of a storyteller who is sensitive to their experience. Unlike the titles that could compete with my book, I do not seek to directly solve the problem, just to bring the problem to light and begin a discussion about the greater issue at hand. In that way, I intend to add my voice and book to the pile of compounding evidence that our country has a cultural problem that should be resolved.

*Dear Sister: Letters From Survivors of Sexual Violence*, edited by Lisa Factora-Borchers, is a compilation of creative work by survivors for survivors. This book was

published in 2014 and while it features poems and letters by survivors like mine does, the book limits itself to a survivor-only audience. Having only read this book as a survivor, it's hard for me to describe its impact on non-survivors, though I can't imagine it having as big of an emotional impact on someone who hasn't directly or indirectly had an experience with sexual assault.

*I Never Called It Rape: The Ms. Report on Recognizing, Fighting and Surviving Date and Acquaintance Rape*, by Robin Warshaw. This book was published in 1988 and, as its title suggests, is primarily a discussion of rape culture and secondarily a resource for survivors. While this book is dated in some senses (the technology discussed, for example), it is disturbingly timeless in others. The author uses an informal voice and talks about wanting to shift rape culture and bring about change to better support survivors in the community. It's heart-breaking that my book is still relevant and necessary 26 years later.

*Sexual Assault on Campuses*, by Carol Bohmer and Andrea Parrot, was published in 1993. Like *I Never Called It Rape*, it's haunting that this book's authors talk about wanting to change rape culture. However, this book is an academic examination of rape culture and discusses the crime from a factual, not anecdotal, perspective.

### **Specifications of the unfinished book:**

The sample chapters included in this proposal stand at approximately 14,000 words. I intend to interview at least a dozen more survivors, more if I'm able to find

them, so I can pick the strongest stories to include in the book. I'm aiming for 50- to 65-thousand words.

I intend to spend the next few months finding and interviewing survivors and plan on having their stories written and edited by September. The survivors are giving me their stories in interviews, and then providing personal creative contributions and photographs to supplement their stories.

**Chapter summaries:**

The final book will include my introduction, describing the vision of the project, and ten to fifteen survivor stories. The final number of stories will depend on the length of each story, but if the as yet unwritten stories are the same length as the ones included in this proposal, the final book will have closer to ten stories than fifteen.

Each chapter will be titled by the survivor's name, simply: Emily, Sarah, Elizabeth and Megan. The chapter will start with her personal contribution and then include a header (see sample chapters), such as: Emily's story, Sarah's story, etc.

## **Sample Chapters:**

### Introduction

I was raped in January 2013 at a fraternity at my university. Like many women in my position, I knew that I had been raped, I knew that I hadn't consented, but it took me awhile to reconcile with the fact that I could ever be a victim. We all live with the belief that we can protect ourselves and it's nothing short of devastating to have that belief snatched away.

About nine months later, I was in a class called "Justice and Reconciliation" that sought to prove how essential it is to reform the United States justice system and methods for rehabilitating criminals back into society. The class and that professor was transformative in the way I think about crime and taking care of and reforming criminals.

However, rape inevitably came up as a topic. Many students spoke up about how our university responds and helps sexual assault survivors and how supported and taken care of the survivors on our campus must feel. One girl was an RA (Resident Assistant) in her dorm. The extent of her experience with rape was the two times a resident reported their sexual assault to her. Both times, the resident assistant phoned the campus police, who responded immediately to the dorms to support the survivor and report the crime.

The only student who spoke up in the class to give the survivor's perspective had a very black and white understanding of the crime. To that student, rape was a crime that got an immediate response and attention from university authorities. To her,

rape was a crime that happened to naive freshmen residents, a crime that necessitated flashing lights and three policemen to respond and sweep away the weeping 18-year-old to file an official report—at any time of the night or day. As far as that one student was concerned, the men responsible for assaulting her residents were punished swiftly and immediately. When other students pointed out the ineffective response to rape at other campuses around the country, that one student staunchly defended our school. She was offended that other students were suggesting that our university didn't know how to deal with rape or didn't properly counsel or train its employees.

I was trapped in the back of the classroom when this discussion was going on around me. As much as I wanted to raise my hand and tell those 40 strangers about my personal experience with the university, I couldn't. As much as I wanted to get up and leave and remove myself from the situation, I couldn't. I forced myself to stay in my seat, heart beating wildly, torn between sobbing and becoming physically ill. I was nervous about what my classmates would have thought about the girl calling attention to herself by leaving class. *How self-involved can a person be?*

Instead of speaking up in class and explaining how offended I was—not to mention how wrong they were about the circumstances with campus officials—I decided to explain myself in my midterm essay. The essay prompt was "Does reconciliation always require forgiveness?" and referenced *The Sunflower*, a book that tells the story of a Holocaust survivor who, in his last days in a concentration camp, was asked for forgiveness from a dying Nazi soldier. Not only did the man tell the Holocaust survivor about everything he had done to other Holocaust victims, but he wanted the

survivor to absolve him of his crimes. The book then includes a compilation of essays written by leading experts in reconciliation and crime, and was an insightful response to a very strange and convoluted story.

Here is that essay:

3. Do you think reconciliation always requires forgiveness?

*This question was really difficult for me to think about. While I do believe that some acts are unforgiveable, I also believe that some should be forgiven. So many people are forced into awful situations based on the communities they grew up in and who they had for parents, that it seems even crueler that the criminal justice system should continue the cycle of abandonment when criminals need guidance and support the most.*

*Discussing this idea in class was particularly difficult for me. Last January, I was sexually assaulted at a fraternity at the University of Oregon. Unfortunately, I didn't truly realize what had happened until a week later when it was too late for blood tests for roofies or a rape kit from the health center. Spring term last year, a mandatory reporter found out about what happened to me and made the Office of the Dean of Students aware. I was then forced to spend the second half of spring term meeting with various university officials in an attempt to "resolve" the problem.*

*I should say that, at this point, I was told that it was impossible to take any legal action against the man. The only proof I had against him was that I remember waking up, about to have sex with him and trying to get up and leave but not being able to, and then waking up the next morning, completely naked and sore in the ways one is sore*

*only after sex. The university officials told me that they were going to use my case and testimony to hold the man on trial; that they were going to make him accountable for his actions and consider kicking him off campus to protect other women from suffering a similar fate.*

*But nothing has happened yet. Last week, I emailed the woman from the Office of the Dean of Students who was in charge of my case last year and asked her what stage of the process my case is in. I haven't received a response from her. The last time I checked, the man is now president of his fraternity and dating a girl in a sorority on campus.*

*When it came time to discuss *The Sunflower* in class, I couldn't articulate what I was feeling about forgiveness in relation to serious crimes. My group mates were bringing up abstract situations about how if they were the victim of a serious crime, they might consider forgiving the perpetrator after a significant amount of time had passed, giving them time to grieve and come to terms with what happened. However, when I consider my perpetrator, I only feel sick about the fact that the man never experienced any negative ramifications for his actions, and that the university used my time and my story to fill a quota and collect the necessary information to report, not to help me. I have been working to move past what happened, but when I consider forgiving him for what he did, I can't help but feel angry. I can imagine that if something had happened to him because of what he did, I would have felt abstract remorse, if, for example, he had been kicked off of campus. At this point, I only want him to answer for what happened.*

*It seems juvenile to compare a sexual assault to the Holocaust or murder, I completely acknowledge that fact, but this situation is the only one I have available to compare to the topics we have been discussing in this class, and the ones presented on the midterm.*

*The Sunflower asks readers to think about whether a crime can be forgiven. In The Sunflower, Simon Wiesenthal is asked by a young Nazi to forgive him for his crimes against Jews before he dies. Wiesenthal stays by the Nazi's bed as he tells his story, holding his hand and listening without interrupting him. Then when it came time to forgive him, Wiesenthal just stood up and left. He didn't believe that he had the right to speak for all of the Jewish people that the Nazi actually affected by his actions.*

*Wiesenthal interacted with different Nazis. Other people, not the man asking him for forgiveness, directly changed his life and hurt his family and friends, and yet this random person, who had been hurting other people, wanted his forgiveness, just because of his cultural identity.*

*The discussion about The Sunflower in class brought up a lot of interesting feelings for me. In accordance with the discussion, I thought about whether or not Wiesenthal should have forgiven the Nazi, and whether or not he had any right to. True, Wiesenthal wasn't personally injured by that particular Nazi, but he did interact with other Nazis. Many of the guest authors in the book stated that Wiesenthal did the right thing by listening to the Nazi, but leaving instead of giving forgiveness. Yes, he didn't have the authority to provide forgiveness, but he did have the ability to listen with compassion and understanding.*

*Personally, I don't believe that reconciliation always requires forgiveness. I don't want to suggest that sexual assault is worse than murder or robbery, or that something I have experienced is worse than what someone else has experienced, but the point of this assignment is to discuss these topics from our personal experience. With that understanding, I can't help but feel that sexual assault is a much more personal attack than murder or robbery. Based on the guest speakers we've heard from and the material we've read in class, I've come to understand that robbery or murder could be born out of necessity. In those situations, it seems possible to commit a crime out of desperation, or as a cultural requirement. I don't think I could ever understand or articulate what makes a person commit an act of sexual violence, but it seems that a person comes from a completely different state of mind in a sexual assault than in a robbery.*

*With those ideas under consideration, I believe that cases for reconciliation and forgiveness should be determined on a case-by-case basis. At a bare minimum, there should be some sort of self-forgiveness on all sides of a crime. For one, the victim should be able to forgive themselves for what happened and be able to move forward with the confidence that the crime wasn't their fault, nor did it happen because of anything they did. Additionally, the perpetrator should forgive themselves for what they did by accepting the consequences because the governmental response to crimes is predetermined. All a perpetrator can do under the current system is fulfill the requirements and make a promise to themselves to move past the lifestyle that led them to commit a crime. The victim and perpetrator don't have to come to an understanding*

*for reconciliation to be achieved. I think that as long as each person involved can come to a personal acceptance after the situation, then some progress has been achieved.*

I wish that I had spoken up in class. That day I was given a direct example of the disjointed and incoherent understanding of rapists and rape in the general public. It's unfortunate that it's impossible to understand how isolated rape survivors feel without directly experiencing that isolation firsthand. We, rape survivors, are so often silenced by our own feelings of confusion and shame about being the victim of a crime, that the only faces the public attaches to rape survivors are the ones strong and determined enough to stand up and identify themselves (in rooms that are often quick to discredit and ignore them), or the ones so ravaged and destroyed by their circumstances that they are put on the news. The average person never hears about the rape that happens so much more frequently, date rape, because those survivors rarely report their crime. Survivors sometimes do not report for fear that people will not care about their experience, or because they believe that stranger attack is the only "legitimate" form of rape; for fear of retaliation from their attacker; or for fear of reliving and retelling the story of their victimization and having friends, family, and society side with and justify their attacker.

I started this book because there are too many women who survive sexual assaults and are forced to endure alone; too many women who are kicked when they were down, abandoned by their small communities of friends or completely ignored by their university. The women in this book all endured and survived sexual assault by

someone they knew, or someone they had just met and trusted—not someone that had randomly attacked them.

What I didn't expect was that I needed this book. In my effort to bring awareness to a circumstance that had directly affected me, I had the opportunity to exchange stories with seven women who I now consider good friends. After each interview, I felt a small piece of the weight—of self-doubt, of regret—lift from my conscience. I discovered that sharing my story and joining it with another survivor's created a sense of resolution: we would leave the meeting with a sister in survival. We had found someone who understood what we went through—what we are still going through.

This book isn't a court of law. No one is standing trial. I'm simply presenting these stories for what they are: raw, uncensored and, often, heartbreaking. It isn't my goal to come to any definitive conclusions about how we can overturn rape culture, or how this interest group or that interest group can change the way survivors are received. I don't have those answers; these women don't have those answers. All we can do is show you what happened to us, and what we did to survive.

If you are a survivor, I hope this book shows you that you are not alone. That there are other women around the country that have been just as absorbed and abused by the system that promises to support them and you. Read their stories and take comfort in the fact that you are not alone in your struggle for your survival. No one is. Even if you find yourself unable to share what happened to you, read our stories and take comfort. Know that there are other survivors already fighting for you.

## **Molly**

I'm not one for hiding my feelings and shying away from things I want to say. But something changed that night I was raped. I was still the same person I had always been, just with a secret. I won't say I kept my mouth shut for any particular reason other than I was scared. I was scared and I was drunk so I chalked it up to my mistake. I know now that it wasn't. I guess if there is any advice I can give to other survivors is this: silence may seem like the answer but it isn't. Shame isn't the answer. Guilt isn't the answer. I don't really think there is an answer. You just have to keep living day by day knowing that you weren't defeated, you're still here, you're still fighting.

There are times when you will feel alone, times when no one can help, maybe because you feel like you can't talk to them about it. But you aren't alone. Whether it's a best friend, a parent, an aunt or uncle, a neighbor, even a book or a piece of paper. When things are too overwhelming and I feel I might break, sometimes it helps listening to music or a podcast; hearing other peoples voices in my head helps to drown out all the negative I can't get rid of.

So, while I know I will never fully be able to forget about what happened to me or change the past somehow, the best advice I've gotten, and which I choose to share, is this: all we have is now. That we all matter. That we all have something amazing to share with the world, even if we don't know it yet. That just because someone did something awful and cowardly and despicable to you, doesn't mean that you have to give up. Fight. Yell. Throw things. Write. Go for a walk. Play with a puppy. Write a song. Anything is better than feeling sorry for yourself. Besides, there's nothing to be sorry for. You're amazing.

## Jaclyn



Ever since I can remember I have been writing songs. I would always have a notebook and pen on me because I wanted to be prepared for any time a lyric or feeling hit me. Writing songs is how I cope with stressful situations. I work through it emotionally and when I am ready to overcome it, I write a song and it's as if it ends that chapter of my life, I reflect upon what I felt and what I learned, and then it allows me to get up and start a new beginning. The song Get Up is a song that reflects my experience that summer. It's about getting up when you feel hopeless and alone. Standing and being strong, and this is what brings me hope to stand and inspire others and help them find their strength.

## Sarah



A dog truly is a person's best friend. My dog, Koa, is my support system, my hiking partner, my alarm clock, and the little spoon at night. Having him for over a year has changed my life in many positive ways.

May 2013 I went to my parent's house in California with one thing in my mind: finding a dog. I went to five different animal shelters and humans societies before I visited ARF in Walnut Creek. I met with an adoption counselor, walked around the dog

area, and said I wanted to meet the "little yellow dog" first. I signed papers, chatted about my lifestyle, then went outside to meet the little yellow dog.

His shelter name was Legend, and he was 27 pounds of yellow lab. He greeted me then ran around smelling the play area. He jumped on me, smiled up at me, and continued to play. I knew he was mine.

I signed more papers, bought him a purple collar, and changed his microchip name to Koa, which means "strength" in Hebrew. We walked out of the shelter as one and started our life together.

Spending two weeks at home with my parents was a whirlwind, we hiked together, met a cat that swiped his nose, and spent the majority of every minute together.

When Koa turned 8 months old, he broke his foot. We were hiking in Boulder, near our house, and he was running through tall grass when he stepped in a ditch and broke a toe. His purple cast stayed on his leg for four weeks, and he was so sad to not be able to run around. He learned how to sneak onto the windowsill, and watched the people outside.

Now, when he's almost a year and eight months old, we have been through a lot. However, Koa has loyally stayed by my side. He still sleeps curled up against me, jumps on me when my alarm clock goes off, and can't wait to go on a hike. He is still my "little yellow dog" but also so much more.

## **Sarah's Story**

*As told to Laura Hanson*

I filed a federal complaint against the university. That is still ongoing. I settled out of court between lawyers for a monetary settlement because I lost a semester of tuition, but my federal complaint is still ongoing and it will be for years. I'll be out of Colorado by the time it's settled, probably.

My dog is my life. I got him because my PTSD was so bad that I was lying in bed for months, I just realized one day that I wanted a dog. Then I got one and now I don't hang out with other people most of the time, I just hang out with Koa. Which is horrible, but he's the best. I'm lying on my bed right now because I'm tired and he's just sleeping on my feet. He's a miniature yellow lab. He's fucking cute.

I guess I could start at the beginning. I don't know what articles you read, hopefully not the Denver Post. I'll use his first name, but his name is not public record, so don't use his full name.

This kid named Andrew; I met him January of 2013. He transferred to University of Colorado at Boulder (CU) from New York University (NYU) like I did. I started my freshman year at NYU and then I transferred in August of 2012 to CU and met him through the university's climbing club, we have a really big climbing club on campus. We became friends. We would climb together, we would hang out together. He had a girlfriend in Chicago.

Then one night we went out drinking and then I went back and slept at his place on his couch. Like a friend would. I crashed at his place because it was late and I was drunk. And then two weeks later we did the same thing. We went out drinking, I went

back to his place, I sat down on his couch to go to sleep, which I had done two weeks before, and he came over and was like, “We should have sex,” and I was like, “Meh. I’m good. You have a girlfriend, no thank you, I’m not into you at all.” And then it escalated into him trying to take my pants off, and I pushed him away, pushed him off, pushed his hands away and I was like, “No, you can’t do this. Do not do this. I’m not into you.” And I was really drunk so it was hard for me to get up, because I was lying down. I just kept pushing him away and finally he forced my legs open, took my pants off and... what have you.

I remember the whole thing, still, which is interesting, but I remember specifically, it was 30 degrees outside, it was freezing in February in Colorado, so I had my big ass puffy jacket on. I remember the whole time covering my eyes with my jacket over my hands, like a pillow, you know, covering my eyes the whole time. I mean, it was not passionate—it was very obviously not sex. We never kissed, my jacket was on the whole time, I did absolutely nothing besides lie there and cry. Very obviously not sex. And then, at one point, I remember, I was disassociating was watching this happen and I thought, “If I keep fighting, he’s going to hurt me, so I’m not going to fight back. I’m just going to let it happen. And then I’m going to leave.”

I left his apartment afterwards. He was going to walk me to my bike—I didn’t have a car, then—so I remember walking to my bike and then I started running with my bike and then I got on my bike and it was really uncomfortable to sit down. When I got to my apartment at 3 am and realized that I was bleeding (I was still really drunk), I called a bunch of friends. One of them answered and he was like, “You’re drunk, maybe it was consensual. You should think about it in the morning. Get some sleep, don’t take

a shower. Think about it in the morning.”

I went to sleep and when I woke up I had to pick my mother up at the airport, so I took a shower, which I shouldn't have done, and went and picked up my mother at the airport, which is ridiculous. I spent the whole day with her and realized that night, like 16 hours after the attack, that my hat was at his house. I had had a beanie on. So I texted Andrew and said, “Yo, I need my hat. And we need to have a conversation about this.”

We met outside of my apartment, I lived in student housing because I was a transfer kid. You know those little blue emergency lights? I met him under one of those specifically in case something happened in public.

I was like, “Hey, I don't think what happened last night was consensual. I don't think I wanted it. I'm pretty sure I said no,”

Then he was like, “No, sorry if that's not what you wanted, I didn't mean to cheat on my girlfriend. I'm not going to tell her, I don't want to ruin our friendship, I still want to go climbing and stuff with you.”

I was like, “No. I'm uncomfortable, don't talk to me.”

Then, it was kind of a crazy story. So that was on Saturday that I had talked to him. I spent all weekend with my mother: she left on Tuesday. On Wednesday, I flew to NYC to visit my best friend that I had met at NYU my freshman year, his name is Bryan. He's just a friend; there's never been any romantic thing between us.

I went to Bryan's apartment late Wednesday night and we started talking. “G,” that's his nickname for me. “G, there's something wrong with you.”

“Yeah there is,” I said, and then I told him the whole story.

He wanted to go straight to a hospital after I told him. He wanted to take me to get a rape kit.

We called a few hospitals, I called RAINN or the national rape helpline or something to see if they could cover it. I didn't want my parents to know, and I didn't have that money. But I ended up being told by multiple people that if I were to get a rape kit in a state other than the one where it happened, I would have to pay for it, and the police wouldn't do anything either because he was out of state. I didn't end up reporting it then, that's the moral of the story. I'm glad I didn't report it then, it would be a traumatic experience for nothing.

Fast forward two weeks (three weeks after the rape) and Bryan was in NYC and said, "You need to report this because you are a changed person." I agreed with him. I told the university first because I was afraid of the police because I didn't get a rape kit after it happened. They heard my story and then they emailed in a no contact order.

I reported it and the actual reporting process is pretty good at my university because of the 2001 case with Lisa Simpson against CU. Lisa was a student at CU in 2001. The football players had recruits come stay the night and the coach told the players to show the recruits a good time. The football players went to one of their tutors' house parties or something and a bunch of them ended up raping Lisa Simpson while she was sleeping at her house. It's horrible. She ended up suing the university for Title IX because she was like, "Fuck this, obviously rape is illegal." It's the largest Title IX settlement in history, ever. It's like \$2.8 million dollars or something.

The coolest part, and I actually have one of her lawyers so I know why this is the coolest part, Lisa got the university to have more victim services and a better

reporting system. That's why my reporting went okay, because of Lisa.

Ultimately, the university took two, maybe three-ish weeks to come out with the findings. During that time, they interviewed me in person twice, via phone once, they had local witnesses—like the guy I called that night—and then Bryan. They talked to Bryan about how I was changed. And then they talked to Andrew I don't know how many times.

Then they came out with the evaluations. He violated four things on the student conduct code thing. The worst thing, non-consensual sexual intercourse, which is rape, is a “bolded violation” in the code of conduct. If it's bold font, it's an automatic minimum suspension. So they came out with the violations and I got an email saying, “The sanctions are now being turned over to this different guy. He'll contact you and you can meet with him before he comes out with those sanctions.”

Then it was spring break. I went on a volunteer trip to try and clear my head. When I came back, I talked with the sanction guy, Will. He sucks! I told him that I wanted Andrew off campus until I graduated. I wasn't trying to see my rapist every time I walked to class.

Will said, “What are the consequences? How do you feel, emotionally? How are you doing in school, are you keeping up with classes? Do you see him on campus?”

I said, “I don't go to class. I just lay in bed all day because I'm afraid of seeing him on campus.” And then I told him that I didn't understand why nothing had happened. He was found guilty of two things that were boldfaced in the code of conduct. Why didn't they send him away immediately, and then later decided for how long? I told him, “You should just get him off campus so I can finish my semester.”

Will said, and I quote: “It was not violent enough to feel like he’s a dangerous threat to the community and therefore we don’t need to kick him off right away.”

In the 25-page report the university gave me, Andrew states that he was very much aware that I said no, he was very much aware that I was gone through the whole thing. I had my eyes covered and was crying. However, he stated that because I was in his apartment drunk, I presented myself to him.

They’re basically saying: “If any girl is drunk is in your apartment, feel free to have sex with her. Honestly, she’s presenting herself!”

I was like, “Are you fucking kidding me?” I told the Will dude that he should kick him off campus and Will was just like, “Meh!”

A few more weeks went by and I hadn’t heard anything from Will, so I emailed him a few times, but got no response. My dad visited me and saw that I wasn’t getting out of bed. He called and emailed Will and was like, “Yo, get your shit together. My daughter isn’t going to class because her assailant is on campus.” During this 4-and-a-half-week period between the violations and the sanctions, I saw Andrew on campus and he approached me, which he wasn’t supposed to do.

I brought this to Will’s attention and said, “Yo, there’s a no contact order. He’s not supposed to walk towards me at all.” Then Will said that he would come out with the sanctions soon. “It’s not a big deal. We’re not going to report it as if he approached you.” Which is also a Title IX violation.

Eventually, after multiple calls from me and my therapist at the Office of Victim’s Assistance, Will finally came out with the sanctions.

And they were bullshit. First, he sent me the wrong letter. He had obviously

copy and pasted because he used someone else's name in the first paragraph. And then Andrew's in the second.

I emailed him and asked him for a legal copy, because that obviously wasn't a legal copy since it had someone else's name instead of Andrew's. And then, there was the fact that I saw sanctions for a different guy, which is illegal because of SOPA.

In any case, the sanctions said that Andrew was kicked off immediately—April 24th, I think it was—we only had a week and a half left of the semester, but he was kicked off. And then he had to write a seven to 10 page paper, pay \$75 and still had the no contact order. He was going to come back December 21st, I think, of 2014. I would still have two years at the university, so I was like, “HELL NO!” First of all, I have to see this guy on campus? That's a joke, right?

So I called Take Back the Night, they have a lawyer. I contacted him and said, “There's something wrong with this. I can't be expected to go back to my university in January 2014 when my rapist is on campus. He's a known rapist. I'm not going to go back to campus.” The lawyer told me to talk to the Title IX lady at my school, I forget her real title. I presented her all of my case facts and she was like, “Oh, shit.” She didn't really say that, but she sent me to the Dean of Students and I told them, “If you don't do anything, I'm going to file a Title IX complaint against this university.

The dean laughed at me and was like, “You're not actually going to do that.” She told me that I could have a lawyer write an appeal and they would review it. “We don't accept appeals but you can go ahead and do it.”

I had my aunt write an appeal, she's a lawyer in Ohio. The appeal ended up being denied because they said, “We don't accept appeals.” Then why the fuck did they

tell me to write one?

So I filed a Title IX complaint by literally writing a paragraph and sending it to OCR. I didn't write a big ass complaint.

I contacted a local lawyer after I filed the Title IX, because it takes a long time for that stuff to get reviewed. I was thinking about suing Andrew, because I had medical issues from the assault. My lawyer told me to get a restraining order through the local Boulder court system, it's actually called a protection order, it's not called a restraining order. I got a protection order and that's a whole different shit show because Andrew avoided being served the papers.

I eventually got a permanent protection order and served it to the university. I was like, "This kid is not allowed within 100 yards of me or CU, because that's what it says on this legal document."

The university was like, "No, if he does all that stuff, he can still come back on campus on the 21st."

I was like, "Fuck no." My lawyers called them and told them that that wasn't true.

Then the Title IX investigation started, and then I went public and then shit hit the fan and then it's all good. That's it.

I was pissed about losing a semester of tuition because out of state here is \$16,000 a semester, which is a lot of money, obviously. I was angry as fuck about that, so I contacted the lawyer who represented Lisa Simpson against the university, to see if they had insight on what I could do, if I could appeal and get my tuition back or whatever. That turned into us meeting a few times and going over documents and they

told me that I had a valid case. They told me that I could just write a letter to the university saying that they owed me money for this, this and this for the violation. It was actually a really quick turnaround, like three or four months. I talked to some ladies on the phone about my experience for like two hours and then they settled. I think they were afraid of me, honestly. The university was afraid of me and my lawyer because she sued them for \$2.8 million.

I didn't tell my parents until March, like a month later, because I went to the emergency room for something related to the assault. I called my mom crying and was like, "I have to go to the hospital." She asked me why and I was like, "I don't want to talk about it." Eventually, she figured it out.

She was actually supportive because she had a similar experience in college. She told me to take a break from school if I needed to, file a complaint if I needed to, or get a dog if I needed to. I'm not really close with her so we don't really talk about anything, but she was cool about it. But my dad was confused as all hell because he had no idea how to handle it.

It's actually really complicated for male identifiers in survivors' lives to feel angry and want to hurt the assailant, which is bad.

Bryan was really supportive. He lives in Portland now, so I'm really good friends with him still. I would call him at three in the morning crying, you know how it goes. Sometimes you're just like, "Fuck this," and just cry for no reason. So I would call him crying and he was very, very supportive. We had a falling out over something unrelated, but he was very supportive.

Justin actually transferred. I met Justin at NYU as well my freshman year and he

actually goes to CU this year, which is cool, because he's one of my good friends, so I see him all the time. He's continued to be one of the biggest supporters in my life. And his girlfriend that he was dating at the time also lives in Boulder now and she is also very supportive.

Because of my protection order, Andrew is not allowed within 100 yards of me, my dog or the university. I have no idea what he's doing. The university won't tell me if he's coming back and personally, I don't give two shits. If he violates the protection order, I call 911 and the kid goes to jail. And he knows this. He's a previous felon. He has a criminal record, so he, I mean, he sucks. His lawyer probably told him that.

I wish the university had done a lot of things differently. First off, the boldfaced code of conduct thing: the second he was found in violation of those two "worst things," he should have been suspended. No questions asked, because then I would have continued to go to school. I lost four and a half weeks of school because I just didn't go on campus because I thought I was going to see him. Which I did when I did go on campus.

That's the first thing and it's not even that hard, making sure I don't see him.

The second thing is that I think they should protect the survivor, in the sense that he definitely should not have been allowed back on campus until I had graduated or transferred. That's probably another big thing.

I think one of the big issues is that the guy who was handling the sanctions for my case was doing the sanctions for everything: sexual assault, to stealing food from the dining hall, cheating on a math test. Literally everything. That guy sucks. He didn't prioritize his work well, but there was also the issue that the university made him in

charge of sanctions for every little thing in the undergraduate world; there are 30,000 undergrad students at the CU, and how many of them steal food from the dining hall? He was dealing with all of that, so I feel like every university would work so much better if they had a specific team for high violence crimes, such as sexual assault, rape and I don't know... knives and guns.

I just wrote a paper about survivors who go public and the discourse that's created and how their identities shift. Their identities shift in a positive way. For me, I interviewed Annie Clark, a girl from Boston... I interviewed a lot of girls and the general consensus was that we're all proud about going public and fighting against this national issue and it's created a bigger identity of "survivor," which I also talk about in my paper. There's a lot of research on that. You can call yourself a "victim" or a "survivor" and when you call yourself a survivor, obviously you're more empowered and it's more positive than victim.

It's different in each situation you're in. When I talked to the ladies about my settlement, I used the word victim most of the time. You know what I mean?

I would highly recommend anyone that can file a Title IX complaint, should. Mine was only like a paragraph and they still took my complaint. The USC girls who wrote 80 pages of legal shit, they didn't have to do that. The Office of Civil Rights (OCR) will just call you and ask you the questions that they want to ask. The worst thing that can happen is that they say it's been too long, or that they already have an investigation going. They're not going to take your story public unless you take it public.

The University was pissed that I went public with the story. Their reporting

process was bullshit on a national level. They were really mad at me but they also realized that in a few years when my complaint is finalized, people are going to ask why they didn't pay me. I filed a Title IX complaint, the university knew and no one said anything for months. And then in July, I was like, "Fuck this, someone needs to know. I'm just sitting here with a federal complaint and no one has any idea that this is an issue." So I went to the Huffington Post, which I can put you in contact with Tyler, he's pretty cool. He wrote my article, he writes everybody's. I did that, I went public, and then the university came out with a statement saying, "Oh shit, we're under a Title IX investigation." Because of that, they hired an external review, which *Buzzfeed* just wrote an article about, which is these ladies who look at the policies that universities are putting forth and tell universities before the federal complaint is done if they are in compliance with Title IX.

I talked to those two ladies that the university hired. Part of their hiring is that they had to talk to me, and then called the university and told them what they thought about my story. I think because the ladies were so shocked at how fucked up my story was, they told the university to pay me, or I had a real lawsuit—that I could go to court and sue them for millions. Well, not millions... a million. That's why they paid me off to go away. I was cool with it.

Going public did help my settlement; however there were two weeks that my lawyers thought the university was way too mad at me to settle. Which was kind of true, they were pissed that I went public. I went public before I settled.

I want to write about my dog for the book. He's pretty fucking cute. I think it's a great idea because, obviously, we're so much more than our assaults. I think something

that you could also look at is the big ways we've changed our lives. For example, I was a competitive climber in high school, like rock climbing. Climbing is huge in Boulder, obviously, so I climbed with Andrew a lot and after my assault I have climbed maybe four or five times because it's too triggering, you know what I mean? I lost a huge part of myself through the assault, but I also recognized it and can now appreciate what climbing used to mean to me. But it's also definitely relevant to talk about how long ago it was for people because yours was a month before mine so it's been a year and three months, or a year and four months. If you had interviewed me a year ago when it was only two months ago, I would have been way different, you know?

My dog has replaced climbing. I don't spend as much time outside. I spend time hiking or playing fetch. I have something, not necessarily better, but better for my life. I think everyone should get a dog.

## Elizabeth



I have not dealt with my assaults in the best way possible. At first my friends did their best to support me and help me get better, but between the two assaults in one year and my mother telling me to “not ruin that boy’s life,” I can’t. Since those events I have struggled with OCD, anxiety and depression. I have to take several pills a day just to stay sane and even then I still can’t get out of bed some days. I have also taken to drinking a lot more than I used to and I abused drugs for a short period of time. I have not been able to go on a date let alone have sex with a boy since and I don’t know if I ever will. I lost my virginity to that bastard and I still am dealing with the hurt two years later. I hate myself and the way I look, I lost all semblance of confidence and I am barely able to feel true emotions. The only positive outlets I have are losing myself in books and Marvel movies. I have gone from being an extremely outgoing person to a person who hides herself in her room and just watched TV or reads instead of seeing

friends. I have tried to kill myself and I'm not sure I won't do it again and yet it's still my fault according to some people. I can't understand how this guy was still able to come to the same parties and live in the same building as me even after I reported it, he got away with a slap on the wrist and because of this I have never been able to actually report my second assault or even get over the first one. I don't know if I'll ever be okay or able to love and I have to live with that for the rest of my life.

## **Elizabeth's Story**

*As told to Laura Hanson*

Mine includes drugs and alcohol, so... let's see. I've had it twice—I've been through it twice. First time was two years ago almost, two summers ago. 2012. I moved into a fraternity before they lost their house with a whole bunch of other girls in my sorority. We moved in there and I was having a lot of fun, I became friends with Kantor and Betz who are two of my best guy friends now. Actually one of them is pinning my little on Monday. And, you know, was having a lot of fun and one night we were drinking and I met this guy named James, who is in the fraternity. We were drinking a lot, we started making out in front of everyone, which is nice but I kept telling him the whole time, "I'm a virgin, I'm a virgin, we're not having sex." I'm like, I'm not going to have sex with someone unless I love them or have dated them for awhile. I just met this guy, I'm drunk, I'm not going to have sex with you. I told him this.

Eventually we went to my room in the house and we were kissing, making out, clothes came off, my underwear didn't come off and I was like, "It's not happening." I was pretty drunk at this point so I was not super controlled of my motor capabilities. We were making out, heavy petting, he was definitely going for it. I definitely had to pull his dick out of my area for a couple of times. Eventually, the alcohol truly hit me and all I could do was lay there. And it happened. And I was like, "Oh my god, I'm a virgin and this is happening to me."

Once it was done, he left the room, there were people next door, there were people all over. I was so inebriated that I couldn't even say anything. The next day, the whole house exploded with it. Rumors. Because I went back downstairs eventually and

I sobered up in Kantor's room where Betz and my friend Juliana were, and I basically started bawling and told them everything that happened. They had heard me tell him no. Like, in the room. Before we left the room I told him, "You know you're not getting any, right? We're just making out." Kantor had made fun of him after we left.

So I had gone back into their room and started bawling, Juliana had to go help me clean up because I didn't want it on me anymore. Any bodily fluids, grossness, I wanted a fucking shower. So I did.

The next morning I woke up to comments from the guys like, "You're such a slut," "Oh, first time," all this stuff, because James went around and told everyone that I had asked him to take my V-card. And so the house was pretty much divided: people who believed me, and people who didn't. The people who didn't believe me said, "Well, you were drunk so it doesn't count."

So saying no doesn't count.

I had witnesses of me actually saying "No, you're not getting any tonight, we're just making out," in a room full of people. Like eight people were in the room and half of those people didn't believe me, they thought I was just drunk, so it didn't count. You know, they were just like, "She changed her mind because she was drunk."

I went to Planned Parenthood that morning after and got Plan B. They gave me the phone number so I could report it, and an anonymous tip line for anything I wanted to do with it.

I called my parents after Planned Parenthood and told them what happened, the full story, and they were reacting to it, so they called me back later that afternoon. First thing out of my mom's mouth: "It's not real, don't report it. You're just going to ruin

this kid's life, you're going to ruin your life because you were drunk." My own mother said this to me. And I can get why she said it, she was raped several times by her own father in a non-drunken situation. But that doesn't mean mine wasn't real. That was my virginity. That was everything. It still is, you know?

And so I lived there, in the frat. I moved rooms, but I lived in that house. I couldn't find a place and didn't want to go home. I had a job, I had school—I had three more weeks of class. I wasn't going to leave and ruin my life for this dumbass kid. But he was actually in the house. And he confronted me two different times, once in the fraternity house, one time when I was hanging out on the roof. We got into a screaming match that Betz and Kantor had to break up. He was drunk or high or something and was getting very violent. Pushed me against a wall, screaming at me, because I was trying to report it. He got violent about it.

Another time, he started screaming at me outside a party and that time, he was apologizing for doing it. That time he was saying, "I was drunk too, you can't report me. I'm really sorry, but you can't report me." This was a week after it happened. I was only there for three weeks after the event.

I ended up reporting it to PanHellenic and to the school and I don't even know what came of it because I had another girl handle it. I talked to PanHellenic. I did a letter, went to the Holden Center and talked to someone—I can't remember their name now. I told them the whole story and was just like, "This isn't fair. It happened to another girl also in the house." Two in the same week, maybe in the same night. That's not cool. This is inside a house that we were living in. They offered us a place to stay and this is what happens to us when we party? No. We should be living in a safe

environment. If something like that happens, guys should be yelling at their brother and kicking him out of the house. They eventually kicked him and the other guy out.

PanHellenic kicked them out. I left a week later, so I don't know specifics.

PanHellenic reported it to the school and I'm pretty sure that they kicked him out. It was for multiple incidents. I found out from Betz later that he was on academic probation and he had just gotten out of jail. I don't know what for, Betz only gave me the bare minimum because that was all I wanted to hear.

It wasn't even the fact that he hurt me that he got kicked out, it was just the last straw with the university. I know that the other kid (Jaclyn's rapist) didn't get kicked out for what he did to me. He was kicked out of ROTC, but he didn't get kicked out of the school because I've seen him on campus. He graduated the year after, but he definitely finished school before he left.

Most of my sorority sisters didn't know; I didn't want to say anything at first. I slowly told my friends over time. I told two or three of my close friends immediately. Betz and Kantor were a great help during that time. They took me to racquetball, they took me out—they took me outside the house.

They believed. They knew. They said, "We heard you say 'No,' we've hung out with you for four weeks, we know you get drunk yes, but you control yourself. When you say something when you're drunk, you mean it."

They were very nice about it and they believed me and we're still friends. I think after awhile, the emotions took a toll on our friendship a bit, because I was extremely

emotional, but after this event, my life was a mess. My mom didn't care about what happened, she just didn't want me to ruin this kid's life.

She eventually came to terms that I was...raped, but she was against me ruining his life, because we were both drunk, as she put it. And I still resent her for it. From this event, I haven't been able to do anything more than kiss a guy. Even then, I've made out with one guy since, and that was a boyfriend in the military. And he was amazing until we broke up two months ago. It happens. He was a long distance relationship so it only ever was kissing, nothing sexual.

I've only had two sexual experiences in my life and they were both rape.

The second was last year, end of the year in June. It was during the "seven deadly sins" party. I was very sluttily dressed, I was looking to make out with someone, or at least meet someone. I met this really nice junior in a different fraternity, took him back to our sorority house, which was full of girls and he ended up doing it to me in my own room in the house. We were making out and then he just held me down and covered my mouth and did it.

I didn't report it. I just couldn't bring myself to go through that again. School was done two weeks later and I just went home. I just told one friend. I didn't tell Exec, I didn't tell PanHellenic, I didn't tell the school. I didn't feel like anything was going to be done, I felt like I was going to be the girl who was drunk and got raped twice. And I still haven't reported it or anything and I don't see why I should because I know nothing is going to come of it.

I do have a psychiatrist. I have extreme anxiety now, I have extreme depression now, I almost killed myself. I used to be addicted to Vicodin in high school and this brought it back. And I took my whole bottle and ended up in the hospital last December.

I can't touch a guy now if I want to. I don't have the confidence.

I'm just going. Trying. Definitely not healthy mentally, but trying. That's all I can do. Jack helps, weed helps, guy friends help. The one thing I'm still proud of is that I can handle my guy friends. And they're in James' fraternity. I'm still very close friends with his fraternity, but with the newer members, not the old ones. The old ones are graduated, not as involved or they dropped. Because James' frat went into the shitter after all of this.

My rape was a part of the case. I heard from several people in different houses that they heard that they lost their house and almost lost their charter because a girl was raped inside the house. I found out about this at a party from another member of the frat. I had gone to a party at the frat and ended up at this one and when I found out, I freaked out. My friends in the fraternity who were part of the case said that my rape was involved, but that they didn't include names.

It's possible that James talked about it at the case. I don't want to know. This is the first time I've talked about it other than with my friends and telling any guys that I've been with that my only sexual experiences have been assaults. This is the only time I've talked about it. I felt like if you're putting stories together, at least mine needs to be heard.

I definitely don't feel any emotions anymore. I literally feel extremely depressed or extreme happiness. That's it. I don't feel anything else anymore.

I've been medicated since the event and it hasn't done shit. I just don't feel emotions anymore. I feel really really sad, I feel really really happy, there's days that I don't get out of my bed, there's days that I do feel emotions, but I don't feel them. I do get angry, I do get upset, I do get happy, but it's an out of body experience. It doesn't resonate with me anymore.

I feel like people need to know that not everyone copes with rape well. I could send a picture of a bottle and a little blurb of how I coped, which was not a good way to cope. Because I'm not going to lie and say that my friends made me happy, because they tried but failed. It's not that I needed something different, there's nothing that they could have done. In the past, before these events, I felt emotions so deeply. Like, very deeply, so there's nothing they could have done. I was just feeling it so deeply that I just turned off my emotions and now I can't turn them back on. I'm not in therapy. Fuck therapy. I tried that.

It's whatevs. My friend Allysa took my Vicodin, I don't have access to it. Yes, I have access to other pills and alcohol, but why would I let that bastard win? It's like, no, I'm not dealing with it well, but I'm not going to try to hurt myself again because he's a bastard.

## Megan

I got this watch as a daily reminder of a quote I wanted tattooed—but my parents said to wait until after graduation.



"Time is not circular, but linear. Every moment that passes is a moment further away from the last—not closer. Some moments are harder than others, but it's what you do about those low moments that make a difference."

## **Megan's Story**

*As told to Laura Hanson*

My story is really complicated. I volunteered for my brother's band program at his high school and I got really close with all of the staff and we all became really good friends. And last year, around my birthday—I had started working in January and became friends with Alex, who was a brass instructor. We started talking back and forth and he was like, "Hey, I'd like to throw you a birthday party and invite some of the staff." And I was like, "Sure, why not?"

So I went and he was like, "Here, have a screwdriver!" Instead of putting vodka in it, he put Everclear and was handing me all of these weird drinks throughout the party. And at the end of the night, I was like, "I'm going to stay and help clean up." He was really nice to have thrown me that party, the least I could do was help clean up. We were sitting on the couch and then he just pushed me down and...

So, long story short, I went home and wasn't really sure what had happened. I knew that I was in a lot of pain. I drove home. And I knew I was in a lot of pain, I didn't really know what it was for about a month—I wasn't really sure what had happened. And I was just like, "I don't know what that was, but I'm just not going to think about it, not going to talk about it." And he was going to go to UO for grad school.

It happened in my hometown, but since it was between two UO students, the school got involved in it.

About a month afterwards, May, he told me that he was going to go to UO to be near me. Like... nope. Nope. I thought, "Nothing about this makes me feel good." I was driving home from work one day and it just sort of hit me like, "I was raped. That's all

it is.” And I told my RA and my RA got me in contact with the Dean’s Office and they talked to me on the phone and then sent somebody out to the dorms. I told my story twice, well, three times actually. They sent somebody out and then they sent a guy out, instead of a woman, which I thought was really strange. It didn’t make any sense to me but I was so drained that I didn’t know how to react to that.

And then they told me that they were going to start sending letters to my teachers saying, “Hey, so she’s gone through this thing, she’s been diagnosed with PTSD, you know, just letting you know.” They did do it—it was reported in spring term 2013, but they didn’t do it in fall or winter term. I would try to get in contact with the Dean’s Office and then they would never get back to me. Or I would have a question, like, “Hey, you know, did you guys ever do anything?”

I had told a friend and my friend was like, “He’s not going to be going anywhere near you.” Basically he had threatened him that if he got anywhere near me, he was going to regret it.

I know Alex isn’t enrolled at UO, but I don’t know what happened to that, whether UO told him he couldn’t attend, or if he dropped out personally. I don’t know what happened with that. I took time to talk with them and I never got any answers.

This is where it gets interesting. I hadn’t gone out—I didn’t go out after what happened. I’m in a sorority and my friend in another sorority was always says things like, “This messed up thing happened at this party and everyone was okay with it.”

I hadn’t gone out, I hadn’t done anything, but the first night I went out, it was fall term. I hadn’t gone out from April 6th to fall term. I think it was in October, it was Halloween. And I was turning from Hilyard onto 18th and a guy jumped in front of may

car, completely drunk, was really intoxicated. He just dropped his pants and started masturbating. And I was like, “So this is my first time going out since I was raped—great. Freaking awesome.” I called the police because there was a drunk guy jumping in front of cars and doing a weird mating dance, so I called the police and the school got involved and they were like, “Okay, our Title IX coordinator is going to contact you.” She never did. I was like, “Okay. Cool.”

I don’t know what happened in spring and now they’re just blatantly ignoring me.

I sought out counseling myself at the health center, and then I think I’m going to go to a specialist in Eugene.

I thought that the health center counselor was really good. The one I had I felt like was very effective at narrowing down some of the things and habits I had formed; routines and stuff like that and helping me understand what was going on. I felt like she was really good. Having her was probably the most positive thing that came out of getting the university involved.

I told my parents the day after I had the realization. I had my mom tell my dad because that wasn’t something I wanted to do. What was really disturbing about the entire thing was that he was a substitute teacher for the school district and often subbing at my brother’s high school with the band program, which my brother was a part of. Often he was my brother’s teacher and having a teacher who has done that is one of the grossest things.

I didn't tell my dad because I didn't want to listen to him break down—I didn't want to be a part of his reaction, so I had my mom tell him. He was really pissed when he found out and it took my mom like three hours to calm him down. I've never seen him that mad about anything, ever.

My parents are Scottish so they're very much like... if something terrible happens to me, they just want to move on. There's happy, sad, angry and there's no in between. They're not very sensitive to people who experience anything else. My mom struggles sometimes with understanding when I'm having flashbacks or when I have really bad panic attacks she basically just says that I should suck it up.

She doesn't really understand it and I think part of it is being a mom and that she can't wrap her head around the fact that her daughter was raped.

Basically the school district wasn't hearing any of it—they said, "Well, there's no physical evidence, sorry." But they're very money-driven right now, so I understood that in their little minds they were trying to save face and keep it as quiet as possible. Alex ended up resigning because I had told one of the other staff members as another person to talk to and he told me, "Well, let me get him away, because that'll make you feel better and that's what I can do for you."

He talked to Alex and said, "Look, the school doesn't need this, the school district doesn't need this right now, you can get other jobs and they don't need to make a big scene about this. This is really really really bad and she has six years to press charges." So for six years, he's going to be squirming until I figure out what to do next.

The problem is that because I didn't go to the doctor afterwards, there's no physical evidence. All I have is a voicemail that's been sitting in my voicemail box for like a year now. And I'm not really sure where to go with it. Because, I mean, I kind of want to sue the pants off of him and make him not be able to live life and suffer for the rest of his life, because I'm going to have to suffer for the rest of my life and not be able to do things the way that I used to be able to. Things drastically changed for me and I want him to suffer—I want to rub salt in his wounds.

But I don't know how possible that is for me.

It's hard.

I told my sorority this February because we were going on a retreat and I have a routine where I sleep in my bed at home. I'm in the house at a certain time—I have a routine, basically.

I was going to be breaking my routine for the first time on this retreat. I didn't know how I was going to react or if I was going to end up being a raging bitch the entire time because I would be so tired.

They were really supportive when I told them. I think to a degree, people didn't quite understand where I was coming from. So they didn't understand how big of a deal my routine was to me. Some people couldn't wrap their heads around what I was going through. Everyone else did the best they can.

My routine is basically, if it's dark out, I don't leave, I'm not outside of my apartment or my home. During the week I had to be out past dark, obviously, so I had someone with me at all times. I just don't go out period. I don't like futons. That's where the rape happened. I just don't like them—they're really nasty. I've always

thought they were disgusting, but it's pretty bad now. I have a 15 minute shower at night, I try to meditate, deep breathing, I try to read—you know, something to distract me—then I lie in bed for two hours in the dark.

The retreat was different because I was in an area that I wasn't familiar with. It was Lincoln City and I've never been there before. It was a cabin in a bed that wasn't mine—different environment overall. Normally, I can just say “Okay, I'm going to bed,” and then do my routine and just go to bed. Instead, we were staying outside all day and all night—and I didn't want to miss out, but at the same time, I didn't want to freak out and feel like I didn't have control over my own situation. Or I didn't have control over what I could and could not do. It was tough. One of the girls was really struggling with relating to me with what I could and could not do. She got really mad because... One of my things is that I can't share a bed. I've tried it and it's just terrible. I just need my own space and I had just dislocated my shoulder before we went on the retreat. I basically have really bad luck. I could tell stories about my bad luck for days.

I had to sleep on a more comfortable bed because of my injury. That girl said, “Well, let's sleep in the bed together.”

And I said, “I can't. You're not understanding. I can't sleep with other people.” And she got really really upset.

She took it personally, she was like, “Well, now I have to go sleep by myself.”

I didn't know how to react. “Sorry. Sorry you get your own bed—my bad?” But I had told her that those were my limitations and she was the only one in the sorority who really didn't get it. She is also a very clueless individual.

I know a lot of the girls believed me, but they weren't really sure how to handle it. You know, because of my limitations. My best friend was like, "Oh, I've got us a bed together." I was like, "I can't. That's not possible for me."

When I told my best friend what had happened, he drove down to Eugene the next day. He woke up in the morning and went immediately to me. He got there by 9—he told me he wasn't speeding, but I don't believe him. He just spent the entire day with me and was like, "I do have to go back to work tomorrow, but is there anything you need? Can I do anything for you?" He didn't ask for too much of the details, but for a really long time, he was the only one there for me. He was a really good friend. It was like, he was very supportive but the girls were just... I don't know. They just didn't know what to do.

It seems backwards the way they reacted. The women must want to try not to think that something like that could happen to them, while the men are trying to protect their women from other men.

I think men have a really big soft spot for women and I think it comes from a desire to protect them and girls are like... they know about rape but they don't want to think about it because then they can say, "Oh, that never happens," or, "That will never happen to me." Even though rape happens to 1 in 5 women, which is the same statistic as getting the flu during flu season. I read that in an article and I was very disturbed by that comparison.

I think what is the most difficult for me is that my brother doesn't know. He has a very immature sense of humor. He makes dead baby jokes all the time and it's not

uncommon for him to make rape jokes. My parents realize how insensitive he is. They've tried to talk to him about not saying those kinds of things, but they don't want to make too big of a deal about it.

It's been hard. He's 17, so he's at that stupid "I don't know better" age, but he's getting old enough to know better than to make those jokes. It's been a difficult spring break because he'll say something and I'll be like "Your friend is over, but I want to beat you until you can't walk anymore." It's just a very difficult dynamic.

I think I'm going to tell him after he graduates so he can keep his high school experience as innocent as possible and not have to worry about what happened to me as he goes through graduation. Because, you know, you can't just tell high schoolers something and expect them not to tell anyone. I want him to be able to graduate high school—I want him to get away from it a little bit before I say, "One of your teachers raped me."

It definitely has been difficult going through the UO process and then going home and pretending like nothing's wrong. I don't think it's right but I think it's the best thing I can do.

I think it's difficult for me because Alex was my brother's teacher and my brother is still so young. I want to protect him a little bit. I think telling him will be the hardest thing.

I had to tell my parents over the phone. I was going home the next weekend and even though I was going home the next weekend, I knew I couldn't look them in the eyes and tell them. And I respect people who can, it's just hard. My mom didn't want to know all of the details.

It's weird because... you know when you're in shock? And you know exactly what happened but you're like, why do I feel weird? "I'm fine. A bone's sticking out of my body but I'm fine." It was the exact opposite for me. I knew there was something wrong and I was looking for something that was wrong with me, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

It was like, I don't understand why I'm doing this, why I'm panicking or crying, but I'm doing it anyway.

I think one of the things that really bothered me about it was that Alex knew where my dorm was, what dorm number I was, and the school still didn't move me. He had come to visit me before the rape when we were friends. He had come to Eugene for an interview with the master's program he was getting into. He asked me if I wanted to get coffee, so we got coffee. He assumed that he was going to have to stay in the dorms for the first term, so I showed him mine because I was nice: "This is my dorm." I thought it would be nice and helpful to share my experience in the dorms with him, show him where to get dorm food, that kind of thing.

I thought it was strange the university didn't move me when they found out. Even though the school knew that he knew where I lived. I know they have safe rooms for when that kind of thing happens.

I didn't think about how they didn't move me until over the summer. I was like, "Wait a second!" I knew that that was a problem.

Alex is about 24. From what I heard, he moved to Seattle. And went into culinary school. I don't know if he went there because he dropped out of UO or because

of something the school did, like if they expelled him. He got accepted to the school and I heard that you can get expelled from the school without going and it follows you wherever you apply because you got expelled from another school. You have to explain why you were expelled if you apply anywhere else.

So, if he went to the culinary school, they don't really care about his academic past.

They just want to know if he can boil water.

They don't care about that kind of thing, so it leaves me wondering about who else he's interacting with. I just know that he went to culinary school in Seattle.

I've honestly wondered if he had done it before. It was very organized. And pre-meditated, I guess. It's like... are you a pro at this? That's not something you want to be pro at.

What I think would have worked out best is if when I had told them, they had immediately asked, "Do you feel safe in your dorm? No? Okay, let's get you safe and move you." and then continued to follow up with me. They should have collected all of my information, given it to UOPD. Then told me exactly what the UOPD could and couldn't do. Depending on whether or not they all run off the same system as the rest of the police departments in the state do, I don't know if they do or not, and then been like, "Oh, yes, by the way, we're expelling him." or, "Oh, yes, by the way, he's decided to not come here anymore." Basically all I needed was the bare necessities.

What sucks is that no one ever told my professors what was going on with me. I was having a hard time, and I told them that I was having a rough time, and they were like, "Okay, this is the first we're hearing of this." And I thought it was really strange

that that was the first they were hearing of it, but I realized that no one had ever contacted them. I took all three Astronomy 100 classes and I had this really great professor who didn't teach anything, and I just got easy As. And he got the email in the spring and said, "Well, I didn't get an email before." I went and talked to another professor that I was really comfortable with, a J-School professor, and I asked her if she had received an email from my advocate and she said that she hadn't.

This term, I'm just going to go into office hours and say, "Hey, I have PTSD, if I'm struggling, I want you to know now before it becomes a problem."

I just found out that I had my second consecutive term on academic probation. It's scary because I actually have to kick ass and take names in my classes this term and I don't know how the school will react if I don't. I can go and talk to the professors, the J100 and J101 professors. I can go in and just tell them what happened.

I think I might have to look into going into the police. I don't know if I'd get anything from getting a lawyer.

I do want to do something, though. I don't know if I could handle doing what you're doing, but I want to contribute something to the community for girls in our position. For example, I've been thinking of setting up an on-campus escort service. Instead of safe-ride, it's just two people walking you somewhere. If you're just trying to get to the library from the dorm, SafeRide doesn't take you there or you have to wait forever. If you could have two people just take you from one place to another, it would be must easier.

Something like that will make me proactive. My whole thing is I want to do something that will make this a brighter situation for other people. My mom got cancer a few months ago. I found out that my dad had skin cancer on his forehead a week before my assault and they weren't sure whether or not it had gotten to his brain. I had a really hard time. I want to make things better for other survivors.