

SILENCE

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DEATH



Overground Distro
P.O.Box 1661
Pensacola FL 32591
www.overground.info

Specialized Victim Service Providers

Abused Deaf Women's Advocacy Service
TDD only 24-hour Crisis Line.....(206) 726-0093
Abused Deaf Women's Advocacy Service Office
TDD only.....(206) 236-3134
Advocates for Abused & Battered Lesbians V/TDD.....(206) 547-8191
Consejo Counseling & Referral Service.....(206) 461-4880
East Cherry YWCA African American Family Network.....(206) 461-8480
Medalia Health Care
Domestic Violence Project.....(206) 320-3004 or 320-8174
Refugee Women's Alliance.....(206) 721-0243
Seattle Indian Health Board.....(206) 324-9360 x 802

Adolescents/Teens

Teen Legal Services
Crisis Line.....(206) 461-3222 or 1 800 244-5767
Domestic Violence Chemical
Dependency Prevention Project.....(206) 722-4222
Teen Link (Sun-Thurs. 6-10pm).....(206) 461-4922
Domestic Violence Protection
Order Advocates.....(206) 296-9547
Eastside Legal Assistance Program.....(206) 861-7033
Jewish Family Services (open to all).....(206) 451-8512
Youth Advocates.....(206) 322-7838
Juvenile Court.....(206) 296-8870
King County Office of Public Defense.....(206) 296-7662

Other Resources in King County

King County Sexual Assault Resource Center
Crisis Line.....(425) 226-7237
Office Line.....(425) 226-5062
Children's Response Center.....(425) 688-5130
Harborview Sexual Assault Center.....(206) 521-1800
Abused Deaf Women's Advocacy Services-TTY.....(206) 236-3134
Northwest Network for Bisexual, Transgendered
and Lesbian Survivors of Abuse.....(206) 547-8191
Home Alive.....(206) 720-0606

Community Resources

National Domestic Violence Hotline.....1-800-799-7233
Domestic Violence Information Line.....(206) 205-5555
WA State Domestic Violence Hotline.....1-800-562-6052
WA State Domestic Violence Hotline V/TDD.....1-800-5626052(25)
Crisis Center Hotline.....1-800-244-5767 or (206) 461-3222
Domestic Violence Chemical Dependency
Prevention Project.....1-800-562-1240 or (206) 722-3700

Confidential Shelters

East King County

Eastside Domestic Violence Program V/TDD.....(206) 746-1940
Eastside Domestic Violence 24 hour
Crisis Line V/TDD.....1-800-827-8840

Seattle

New Beginnings.....(206) 522-9472
Catherine Booth House.....(206) 324-4943

South King County

Domestic Abuse Women's Network (DAWN) V/TDD.....(206) 656-7867
Advocates.....(206) 656-8423

Emergency Shelter for Women & Families w/Children (Not Confidential)
Community Information Line (provides information
For all of King County).....(206) 461-3200

North & East King County

Multi Service Centers of North &
East King County.....1-800-777-7379 or (206) 292-8037

Seattle

Bethlehem House.....(206) 937-7521
Broadview Emergency Shelter.....(206) 622-4933
Noel House.....(206) 441-3210
Sacred Heart Shelter.....(206) 285-7489
Seattle Emergency Housing Service.....(206) 461-3660
Union Gospel Mission: Women and Family Shelter.....(206) 628-2008
YWCA: Downtown Shelter.....(206) 461-4882
YWCA: East Cherry Branch.....(206) 461-8480

South King County

South King County Multi-Service Center.....(206) 854-3437
YWCA.....(206) 255-1201

It may seem strange to some people that we, women whose lives have never been touched directly by abuse or sexual assault, are putting together this zine. For the longest time, we may have been inclined to agree with them. Over the past six months, however, we have had the privilege of talking with many people who have experienced it first hand and survived, emerging stronger and more beautiful than ever. We felt the need for a space to honor these people, to allow them to break the silence and get their voices heard. And to create awareness that this isn't just an individual's problem, but one that affects us all.

If you have any comments or feedback or if you would like an extra copy, you can contact us at:

Tasha delos Santos
Shrubry101@hotmail.com
5116 23rd Ave W
Everett, WA 98203

Samantha Wilson
Samstar6381@hotmail.com
14523 52nd PL W
Edmonds, WA 98026

If you'd like to get in touch with any of the contributors who chose not to have their contact info printed, you may write to them c/o of one of us and we'd be happy to pass it along.

Contributor List

Ciara (of Miz Babette zine-- formerly Starshine)

"This summer..."

140 Stormer Rd.

Indiana, PA 15701

ciaralovesyou@hotmail.com.

Qianya S. Martin

"Heat"

qianya@yahoo.com

Kimra

"The things time makes me forget..."

Shannon Shue

"I remember it so vividly..."

shuebox@usa.net

EOS

Four Poems:

"Snake"

"You Think You"

"Incantation"

"You don't mean to be mean"

Nadya Zawaideh

"The day vividly intrudes my mind..."

nads_z@hotmail.com

Renee Borowski

"I'm not as old as my experiences"

Toni Mendicino

"Sexual Assault on Campus Strikes Too Close to Home"

Arlene Frazier

"Traces of Truth"

fraziea@cc.wvu.edu

Ellie

"You speak of survival..."

Men themselves have wondered

What they see in me.

They try so much

But they can't touch

My inner mystery.

When I try to show them

They say they still can't see.

I say,

It's in the arch of my back,

The sun of my smile,

The ride of my breasts,

The grace of my style.

I'm a woman

Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,

That's me.

Now you understand

Just why my head's not bowed.

I don't shout or jump about

Or have to talk real loud.

When you see me passing

It ought to make you proud.

I say,

It's in the click of my heels,

The bend of my hair,

the palm of my hand,

The need of my care,

'Cause I'm a woman

Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,

That's me.

-Maya Angelou

HOME ALIVE

PHENOMENAL WOMAN

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size
But when I start to tell them,
They think I'm telling lies.
I say,
It's in the reach of my arms
The span of my hips,
The stride of my step,
The curl of my lips.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

I walk into a room
Just as cool as you please,
And to a man,
The fellows stand or
Fall down on their knees.
Then they swarm around me,
A hive of honey bees.
I say,
It's the fire in my eyes,
And the flash of my teeth,
The swing in my waist,
And the joy in my feet.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

MISSION:

Home Alive was founded by Seattle's arts and music communities as a grass-roots response to the rape and murder of Mia Zapata. We believe violence prevention is a community responsibility as well as an individual issue. Our work in self defense encourages everyone to recognize their entitlement to the basic human right to live free from violence and hate. We are committed to promoting awareness through community events and campaigns in addition to offering affordable and accessible self defense classes and education.

H O M E A L I V E is a collective of performance artists, visual artists and other freaks **hellbent** on fighting all forms of violence including: rape, *domestic abuse*, **gay/lesbian bashing**, RACISM, and other forms of **oppression**. We support people choosing any form of self defense that is necessary to survive in any situation. Examples of self defense are verbal boundary setting, walking friends to cars or houses, locking doors, planning escape routes, de-escalation techniques, physical striking techniques, fighting, yelling, martial arts, and using pepper spray, knives, guns and other weapons - **ANYTHING** that keeps us alive.

Since the brutal rape and murder of Mia Zapata on July 7, 1993, we have raised money through the arts in order to offer self defense classes, workshops, public forums and resource information to the community free of charge. Home Alive has also been, and will continue to be, a nagging reminder that none of us are safe.

Contact Home Alive at selfdef@homealive.org or call us at
(206) 720-0606

* This is a great organization that is doing grass roots activism in our community. We would like to help support their cause by collecting money to be donated to them. Stamps would also be appreciated, as all the costs are coming out of our own pockets. *

Fact Sheet Sexual and Domestic Violence

SEXUAL ASSAULT

- 1 in 4 girls will be sexually assaulted by the age of 16. (FBI, 1990)
- 1 in 3 women will be sexually assaulted in her lifetime. (FBI, 1990)
- 1 in 6 boys will be sexually assaulted by the age of 16. (FBI, 1990)
- 1 in 5 men will be sexually assaulted in his lifetime. (FBI, 1990)
- 64% of rapes, 80% of attempted rapes and 59% of other sexual assaults are *not* reported to police. (US Dept. of Justice, 1996)
- 66-80% of victims know their offender. (Date or acquaintance rape). (US Dept. of Justice, 1996)
- 85% of people with a disability will be sexually assaulted in their lifetime. (SRR, 1983)
- 90% of victims with a disability know their offender. (National Center for Child Abuse and Neglect, 1993)
- 95% of offenders are of the same race and socio-economic class of their victim. (FBI, 1990)
- 98% of all rapists are men. (FBI, 1990)
- 97-98% of reported rapes of adult women are committed by males. (Child Abuse and Neglect, Vol. 14, 1985)
- In the US, it is estimated a woman is raped every **eighty seconds**. (National Victim Center and Crime Victims Research and Treatment center, 1992)
- More than **four** out of **five** women who are raped know their assailant. (Department of Justice, 1995)
- Alcohol is involved in 75% of acquaintance rape cases. (American College Health Association)
- One out of twelve male students surveyed had committed acts that met the legal definition of rape or attempted rape. (Koss, Gidycz, and Wisniewski 1987)
- 26% of men who acknowledged committing sexual assault on a date reported being intoxicated at the time of the assault. (Muehlenhard and Linton 1987)

"You speak of survival and I respond with light. Light is what helps us all survive."

Now I'm falling into a story of descent, rage, and anger knowing only that there is light on the other side. The abyss that I speak of is the blackness I feel at the center of my soul where my Dad raped me when I was six years old. The darkness there I know too well and would rather not reveal it in detail, however it is a hole of hell where I never wish to return. Most of my life I have spent running, but you can never escape a part of yourself. It is not my fault that my father raped me, but the affects of his dick still reside in the wakes of my body and I can not escape the fact of what's been done. There came a point in my life where I realized that everything I thought and did resided around one forgotten moment. I was with a lover who I trusted enough to hold my heart in his hand. Once the weight of my weary body was lifted the madness of my life spilled, exploded, and roared out of my body and onto the earth and there before me was the truth that I for so long had avoided. At first, I couldn't believe what I was telling him. I heard the words, but I didn't think that they were really mine--- until I realized that my life depended on it. That is when I started believing. I saw that I had been living in the confines of a prison, where I left myself long ago, in order to survive what I had been given. But, something changed when I looked into a pair of eyes that could look into mine and see a beautiful light that glowed brilliantly beyond the stone and sadness that wrapped around my soul. The time was right, the universe was aligned and for the first time I set out to claim the light which is my own, and now I strive to constantly remind myself that I deserve to bathe in the spirit of life which emanates from my soul. The journey is never over, and the healing, I don't think that it is ever done, but now I trust the light more than I ever think of the darkness. The boy whose hand I held through the remembering of those horrific times has moved away and I stand alone with light filling me from head to toe. I have a whole world before me with which I have the privilege to get to know. Hearing the leaves rustle in the wind, tasting the sweetness of a kiss on my lips, feeling my breath move through my body are all treasures which with joy I unfold. Struggle is a magnificent thing and my life has been blessed with its share. When I see the trees dancing and the ocean roll over the earth, I'm filled with assurance that magic glistens beyond the spaces that our minds will ever know. -- Ellie

How can we reduce the occurrence of rape in our society?

Educate yourself.

Work on honest and open communication with your sexual partners.

Take a pro-active stance against sexual assault.

Support women's and men's organizations that strive to change the socialization that perpetuates gender roles.

Use non-sexist language.

Recognize the way sex role stereotypes impacts our interaction with one another.

Be assertive, interrupt language, jokes, and conversations that are sexist and oppressive.

Talk openly about the problem of sexual violence.

Share your knowledge.

Take political action.

Work with an anti-violence group as your philanthropy.

Support your friends that are survivors—seek counseling if necessary.

Listen to what your partner is saying to you and take it at face value.

Know what behaviors constitute rape.

Use peer pressure positively to help stop abusive behaviors, which may lead to acquaintance rape.

Do not exploit others sexually.

Don't feel as if you always have to initiate sexually, and don't initiate if you don't want to.

Ask yourself if you really want to have intercourse with someone who does not want to have sex with you.

21% of the college women who experienced sexual aggression on a date were intoxicated

8% of rape victims are male. (National Crime Victims Survey 1991)

About 10% of rapes are reported either to the police or a rape crisis center. (Koss, Gidycz, and Wisniewski 1987)

About 2% of rape reports are false, and 8% are "unfounded." This is similar to rates for other felony crimes. (Uniform Crime Report, FBI 1991)

CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE

Approximately 35% of all juvenile victims of sexual abuse cases are children younger than 6 years of age. (Presidential Task Force on Violence and the Family, 1996)

More than 75% of battered women report that their children had been physically or sexually abused by their batterer. (FBI, 1990)

75-95% of child victims know their offender. (FBI, 1990)

95% of offenders of children are men. (FBI, 1990)

DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

In the US, a woman is physically assaulted in her home every 15 seconds. (FBI, 1991)

Over 60% of women raped and murdered knew their offender. (US Dept. of Justice, 1997)

90% of murdered women are murdered by men. (US Dept. of Justice, 1997)

30% are murdered by current husbands or lovers. (US Dept. of Justice, 1994)

20% of women killed in the workplace were murdered by their husbands or male partners, current or former. (US Dept. of Labor, 1993))

Nearly 50% of the homeless single women and women with children in Seattle are homeless due to domestic violence. (King County, 1995)

This summer, they taught me the difference between truth in the real world and truth in books. Literary truth is what is believable-it's the setting and action the author creates, the world that entices the reader to suspend his disbelief and escape. The same definition holds for our lives as individuals. We create our own realities, and live within the confines of those beliefs. Everyone worth trusting could tell me the sky is blue, but if I truly believe otherwise, then to me everyone else is wrong. We create the truth, support our view of reality on that truth, and live our lives according to that reality. Somewhere in the translation, the facts become minor components, just seasoning on the meat. Facts contribute very little to the actual living of life.

But once again, this is not my life's story. The facts are important here, because this is the story of me. The story of the machine I am, taking one part honest-to-god actuality and six parts optimism, or apathy, or denial, then coating one part in the other and producing action. It's the story of what I do with the facts.

So here they are.

Fact: I dated the Older Man for two weeks, give or take a few days. Fact: He picked me up at quarter to eight on a Friday night and took me to his house. Fact: His parents weren't due home until ten. Fact: I told him to stop.

I was not raped. I don't know if that's what he had planned for the evening, or if the events taking place were as spontaneous and confusing to him as they were to me. Either way, I was no longer in control. He was the well-built son of a karate instructor, big enough to break me in half.

Supporting a Survivor

Believe her/him

Try to give her back her power and control

Ask only necessary questions

Just listen non-judgmentally until you figure out what she wants to do

Help her identify her feelings

Accept her right to feel that way

Reflect back what you hear

Don't blame her

Offer to accompany her to the hospital if she wants to go

Don't touch her unless she touches you first

Don't "get ahead" of the survivor

Discuss her option of reporting the crime to the police

Tell her she did the right thing (no matter what it was)

Tell her she survived

Ask her what she would like from you

Let her know that you support her and will be there for her

Tell her about the resources available (see list at end)

One teen-age client, truly a gifted poet, wrote the following poem, to express her intolerable feelings of loss and her feelings of responsibility for her sexual abuse:

In dark I hide,
As a fallen sparrow,
With broken wings,
Still warm from flight.
See the sky,
Through a little hole,
A crack in the ceiling,
Called memory.
While tears,
Like salty sprays of brine,
Flank my face,
I wonder,
How did I fall?

Later, this same client utilized poetry to convey her emerging triumph over her experience, and to send a message to others who had suffered as she had, when she wrote:

From Victim to Victor

Grow little child, to the sun.
You are capable of reaching up,
Despite what has been done.

Lift from the darkness of the hour,
Preserving precious youth
As you blossom like a flower.

Draw in the glory of the fresh air,
And with each breath you release,
The clutches of despair.

Don't let the shadows steal your birthright,
But climb to the heavens, As a victor in the sunlight.

--From a pamphlet by Children's Response Center.

He chose not to listen when I said stop it. He remained clothed as he slid his hands beneath my shirt against my hopeless resistance and unhooked my bra. He was infuriated after his hands returned to my chest. Then he started working on the zipper to my jeans. He kept muttering, "come on, come on..." his voice low but intense, like he was rooting for his team in some very intense football game.

He was the second boy I'd ever kissed.

I fought the whole time, but he didn't seem to notice. With each groping motion or rough tear at my clothes his anger grew fiercer, but still not directed at me. He was caught up in himself, forgot I was there, or that I was more than just present. He wasn't angry with me for fighting; he was angry with himself for being unable to control me. Like I was the new toy he couldn't set up correctly, or like I was the chicken resisting slaughter and he was the frustrated farmer who couldn't catch me with the ax. Like I was there for the taking, for the conquering, for the killing.

I had the opportunity to strike him in the chin once. He raised his left hand to wipe his eye, leaving my right leg unchecked. My knee shot up, in that instinctive way that drives you and scares you at once, aimed toward his face at my bust level. I would've struck him square in the chin, would've sent his head flying to the side and allowed me a chance to slide out from under him and run. But he had instincts too, the kind they beat into you after hours of karate training. Those instincts coupled with the muscle he acquired the same way stopped my knee dead, inches from his face.

He stopped too, staring at his stiff hand on my knee. Everything stopped. Neither of us moved, and I heard a dull humming. At

first I thought it was just inside my head, then thought it was growling or breathing coming from Older Man. He was still frozen, still not looking at me.

When I think back, sometimes I imagine he saw me then. I can see his face slowly turning towards me, eyes wide and mouth just a little apart with realization. Not apology, not fear. What I see in his face is acknowledgment, quite simply. It doesn't make his assault forgivable, but when I imagine him looking at me in that room full of thick air and broken expectations-looking at all of me, not just my body-it makes it a little easier to deal with.

But he didn't look at me. He said, "dammit," in a voice of pure frustration, stood up and leapt to the window. The humming was the opening garage door. His parents were home. I wondered why, throughout the entire assault I hadn't thought to scream until then.

Sometimes, when high school health class or commercials for tv-movies remind me of the episode, it seems like it went by in a flash, like a hot, high-voltage shock of electricity that leaves your hair charred and your skin smoking and your whole body smelling of burnt flesh. Other times, like now as I go through everything detail by detail, it feels like driving slowly down a narrow gravel road with dips and bumps and roadkill that never decays. You've been down the road a thousand times before, you know where the bumps are, but you can't swerve to avoid them and you can't speed up to get over them faster. All you can do is brace yourself against the steering wheel before you hit the dips and try not to let your eyes stray to the rearview mirror to see the dead chicken lying in the middle of the road.

-Ciara

Traces of Truth

Grandfather, your dentures click and
the ice cubes pop as you leisurely sip, sip
from the bottomless glass

that you leave on the table, to perspire perfect rings
around photographs of your family, glossy tokens
laid between wood and pane,

and in front of the itchy, high-backed couch
covered in delicate handmade doilies
your grandkids laugh and spin and fall
drunk with fun and dizzy
in a world of their own.

I am your grandchild, full of homemade bread
sliced thick and covered with jam from
the plums in the backyard,
and warmth from the black iron wood stove,
And too many secrets.

Covertly your clammy hand trembling,
find the back of my small neck,
hands so big and controlling
they draw my face around.

Then with your lips comes the foulness
of mouthwash, cheap aftershave, and alcohol

I will my breath to stop when

The greyblack stubble scrapes my cheek
and your kiss leaves the trace.
A slug-like saliva clings to my face.

-Arlene Frazier

Survey of 400 undergraduate students (200 male and 200 female) conducted at the University of Miami School of Law showed the following attitudes of rape:

Statement	% of men Agreeing	% of women Agreeing
-In most cases, when a woman is raped, she was asking for it	17%	4%
-If a woman is going to be raped, She might as well relax	17%	7%
-Women provoke rape by their appearance or behavior	59%	38%
-Women should be responsible for preventing their victimization in a rape	41%	27%
-The degree of a woman's resistance should be the major factor in determining if a rape has occurred	40%	18%
-In order to protect the male, it should be difficult to prove that a rape has occurred	40%	15%
-It would do some women good to get raped	32%	8%

University of California at Los Angeles studied the way 432 teens aged 14-18 perceived male/female interactions:

Circumstances	% of boys Agreeing it is okay to force sex	% of girls
-She is going to have sex with him and changes her mind	54%	31%
-She has "led" him on	54%	26%
-She gets him sexually excited	51%	42%
-They've dated for a long time	43%	32%
-She lets him touch her above the waist	39%	28%

- From a survey conducted by Ms. Magazine

Heat

Fire broke in this room
and the heat beneath
my neck exploded like
a fuse
I could no longer fear loneliness at
The cost of suppressing my rage
But I had no legitimate excuse to flee
No purple flesh pounded by your fist.
Only your words, like the unwelcome advances
of a terrorist
crippling me keeping
me locked in this home
That consumes my joy like a snack.
You hope I will eat this placenta of rage
and deliver
your breakfast unscathed.
Tenuously, I obey
but not without the sizzle of tears
greeting the pan
Not without the sun sprayed shine of my cheeks
kissed by the possibility of love
without the weaponry of words.

I wave goodbye with uncomfortable eyes
You decide now is a good time to take out the trash.
I deliberate bank accounts and places to sleep
You enter again and pretend
not to
feel the heat
of my tears
wet and boiling
rise from your coffee
melted invisible
glide cross your toast.

-Qianya S. Martin

The things time makes me forget. My friend Ciara and I were standing in the back row of girls during self-defense day in gym class in March of my junior year, whispering quietly about the date rape statistics our guest speaker was presenting. We weren't paying much attention to the numbers, mainly because we had heard much more coherent versions of this information before.

But the statistic about the percentage of women who will be sexually harassed, either physically or verbally, by age 21 finally made me take notice. I don't recall the number; I only remember my whisper: "I'm one of them." I hadn't thought about it for months until that moment.

It was at band camp during the summer before my junior year while we dancers were being measured for new uniforms. The same man who sized the band's shoes every year was back to take the measurements; he had a stereotypical "dirty old man" reputation, but I'd ignored almost everything I'd heard about his inappropriate behavior. I assumed the rumors about him were somewhat true, but I also assumed the truth of the situation had been buried by years of exaggeration from the girls he measured--every year, the stories seemed, suspiciously, to get worse. But when the girl who was chosen to try on the test uniform came outside and he immediately referred to her as "my sexy model," I began to wonder if the rumors about him were more accurate than I'd thought. As he demonstrated how the boots were to fit on "his model's lovely legs," I could feel the bile building in my throat.

But I kept my mouth shut, simply because the girl--as horrible as this "excuse" is, in retrospect--often makes little sexual jokes in passing, not really thinking of their implications. Maybe, I thought, she had said something first and he had run with the idea of having a "sexy model." She was laughing, seemingly enjoying herself, and nobody else seemed to find anything wrong with what the man was saying, so I swallowed my disgust and tried on a pair of boots. Only then, surrounded by the others and far away from him, did I hear the whispered cries: "I don't want him near me. I don't want him touching me."

The end of our day of camp found the seventeen of us leaning against the brick wall outside the band room, waiting patiently while the man, our band instructor and our advisers discussed how they wanted the uniforms to fit. Eagerly, the man jumped into a discussion about skirt length. "Well, if my legs were like hers," he said, a lecherous grin on his face as he gestured to a

Why, then, if a woman is drinking or wearing certain clothing, is it often seen as an invitation to rape? No one should have her body used in ways she does not want. Real men accept the responsibility to treat women as humans, and do not betray a woman's rights and wishes.

Men and women need to be educated about issues of consent, and the fact that rape is not just a woman's problem because it also dehumanizes men. In this society, men are taught at an early age to view women as property, to be competitive aggressors and to experiment with their sexuality as part of their masculinity. A double standard exists for women, socially, economically and in the courts, leading to a climate that fosters and condones sexual assault and misogyny. Men and women are not natural enemies. Although it is not possible to wipe out all of the inequalities based upon race, ethnicity, gender, sexual orientation, class, age and physical ability until capitalism itself is toppled, there are steps we can take now that will challenge the rationales for sexual oppression and make rapists and institutions like UC Berkeley responsible for their actions.

We need to build a strong, multi-issue, campus feminist movement made up of both women and men to support people who have been raped, by demanding justice and exposing the attack on my friend as one of many sexual assaults in Berkeley.

Fortunately, my friend is a feminist and she is setting a powerful example to the campus community. She should be thanked for bringing this all-too-common violence to the public eye. The rapist should be prosecuted on criminal rape charges, required to go to counseling and expelled through the Office of Student Conduct. The university should take serious steps to stop acquaintance rape by providing mandatory rape prevention education for all Berkeley students, staff, and faculty, and sensitivity training for police and court personnel.

Collectively, concerned men and women can take a stand and educate our communities about the destruction of sexual violence, and demand a campus and a society where rape will not be tolerated.

From: *The Daily Californian*, Apr. 18, 2000, by Toni Mendicino

Sexual Assault on Campus Strikes Too Close to Home

Acquaintance rape is a frequent occurrence on college campuses, including UC Berkeley, and it must be stopped. A few weeks ago, my friend was sexually assaulted by a male resident in her dormitory. When she decided to press charges against the perpetrator after seeking medical and legal help, the response from some students and the university administration was shockingly unsupportive, and reveals a rampant ignorance about rape and contempt for women.

Instead of offering support after this traumatic experience, several insensitive students, both men and women, questioned her of provoking the attack or secretly "wanting it." She has been ostracized, stereotyped in a racist manner as an "exotic" Asian woman, and not believed based on the pervasive myth that "nice guys" don't rape. One female resident said that it was not rape because she was not "violently thrown on the floor" and she did not kick, scream or cry! Other students told her she allowed herself to be victimized.

The university has not been much better, suggesting that my *friend* move out of the dormitory instead of the rapist. The rapist has been able to violate the current stay-away order because monitors were not informed he was not allowed inside the dormitory. University staff even permitted the perpetrator to be escorted back into the building despite the campus policy. University officials did not press police to make an arrest. The university administration must be held accountable for upholding justice and maintaining a safe environment free of sexual assault.

One in four women on U.S. college campuses will be forced to have sex against her will by someone she knows, yet the conventional, sexist viewpoint still blames the female victim for this revolting and *criminal* behavior. One in 12 campus men *admitted* to forcing or trying to force a woman to have intercourse through physical force or coercion—both legal definitions of rape. Yet this crime is still seen as an individual problem, or one woman brings upon themselves. If a guy gets, do his friends have the moral and physical right to beat him?

tall, athletic girl in our group, "I would want my skirt to be as short as possible." Everybody chuckled; by this point, at the end of an afternoon of sexual innuendo, we were united in wanting to get away from him as quickly as possible. We were playing along with his jokes because it made him quiet. Not this time. He whirled around, scanning the line for prey, and finally settled on me. I saw his eyes hit me and I froze. "But if my legs were like hers," he mused, "I would want to be shopping for a prom dress!"

Nobody laughed. All eyes were on me. I didn't know what to concentrate on most: my reaction to his comments, my desire to keep from blushing in embarrassment or the need to keep my lunch down. I was literally stuck, consumed by anger, disgust and a certain amount of shame all at once. I'm 5'1" but not small-framed; I'm built more solidly than the skinny girls who were, at the time, surrounding me, and I'm proud of it. But it's taken me a long time to get that self-love, and his comments threatened to knock me back a few notches. In the seconds of silence that followed, no witty comebacks or smart comments came to me; I could only stare. One question kept running through my mind: "why is he looking at my legs to begin with?"

"You know I'm just kidding, right?" he asked, breaking the painful silence. I could only muster a glare. "Really, your legs are beautiful," he said. *Why is he looking at my legs?* No response from me. "They are. I was just kidding. You know that, right?" There was that lecherous grin of his again. I smiled the nastiest little smile in my repertory. "Yes, I know you were kidding," I said, in my sweetest tone with a sudden new edge. "Well, good," he said, "I wouldn't want you thinking otherwise. You do have nice legs." *Why is he looking?*

We were to be measured one at a time, and since I was near the end of the line, I walked over to the side of the school's driveway and sat down on the curb. "I think you have great legs," a friend said to me as an attempt at consolation; though I knew she meant well, that only disgusted me more. "I don't want him coming near me after that," said another friend. "What he did to you was awful." The thought of going back over there, the idea of standing on a chair while he ran a measuring tape down my legs and around my waist and over my chest was making me ill.

As luck would have it, my turn came just as the rest of the band was called in from practice. I was perched on a chair, the man beside me

with his measuring tape, as the 100-odd members of the IHS marching band paraded past; the situation could not have been worse in terms of public embarrassment. But, in the middle of the crowd, he couldn't say a word. As he finished measuring me and I stepped off the chair, he asked, "you're not still mad at me, are you?" *No, I'm not mad. I'm repulsed. You're disgusting. Why are you looking at my legs?* "No," I said, that same glare on my face. "I'm not still mad." "Good," he said, grinning broadly, "because you do have nice legs. Have a nice day," he said, sending me away with a pat on the shoulder. *Get away from me. Don't look at me. Please do not touch me.*

It amazes me to this day that while this was going on, the sixteen other members of the squad, our band instructor, two advisers, a drum major and a band parent cleaning up from that day's snack were all silent. Nobody spoke up in my defense; nobody told the man all afternoon that his comments to me or the others were inappropriate. And what amazes me more is that I said nothing. I always promised myself that if I ever found myself in a situation where I felt compromised by the words or actions of others, especially in a sexual way, I would speak up. But when it actually happened, I was frozen. I allowed myself to become the victim. The man has been saying things like this for years—people have come to expect it—and I could have said something to make him think twice before he uttered those comments again. And I didn't. I was at the mercy of my situation, and I thought I was stronger than that.

Though my incident technically wouldn't be harassment under the law—while it was clearly unwanted, it wasn't repetitive—it was harassment under a basic human ethical code. For the longest time afterwards, my greatest disgust didn't result from the comments themselves but from the fact that I had become another sexual harassment statistic. It's taken me a while to realize I've learned from my own passiveness; if I don't act, the next incident could be much more severe.

Adding insult to injury, when my uniform came, it was at least two sizes too big; another me could have jumped in and it would have still been roomy. Maybe he overestimated the size of my "nice legs" after all.

-Kimra

Myth:

Sexual assault is an individual act of deviance.

Reality:

Sexual assault is a societal problem with roots in our "rape culture": it is an extreme expression of the vast differences in power between women and men. One way to end rape is to challenge these social influences.

Myth:

Most rapists are black men who rape white women.

Reality:

The overwhelming majority of rapes (more than 9 out of 10) involve persons of the same race or culture. The myth of interracial rape is based on racism in our society.

Myth:

Rape only happens to young women.

Reality:

Rape survivors range in age from 3 months to 98 years (on record). This dispels the myth of sexual attraction being the motivating factor.

Myth:

Women who are raped "ask for it" by their dress or actions.

Reality:

No person asks to be hurt or degraded, just as no one asks to be robbed because they are carrying their money in their pocket. Rape is the responsibility of the rapist, not the victim.

Myth:

Men do not have to be concerned about sexual assault because it only affects women.

Reality:

Both men and women are survivors of sexual assault. Men can also work toward changing our "rape culture" by challenging values and behaviors in themselves and others that reduce women to sexual targets. Also, men have friends, mothers, partners, and daughters who may now or someday ask for their support in coping with the after-effects of their sexual assault.

Rape Myths Verses Reality

Myth:

It could never happen to me.

Reality:

All kinds of women and men have been raped: any age, race, class, religion, occupation, education, and physical description.

Myth:

Most rapes occur as a "spur of the moment" act in a dark alley by a stranger.

Reality:

Rape often occurs in one's home. 70-80% of the time the offender is an acquaintance of the survivor. Even when the rapist is a stranger, the rape is usually planned in advance.

Myth:

Rape is a sexual crime.

Reality:

Studies have told us that rape is motivated by a need to overpower, control, and dominate another person. Satisfying a "sex drive" is not behind the act. In fact, most rapists have consenting sexual partners.

Myth:

Women secretly fantasize about rape.

Reality:

Some people fantasize about aggressive sexual situations. However, there is a big difference between reality and fantasy. In fantasies we control the entire series of events and end it whenever we want. In an actual rape, the survivor is completely powerless and has no control over the situation.

Myth:

A rapist is easy to pick out in a crowd.

Reality:

Most rapists appear to be perfectly normal men. They can be of any race, ethnicity, religion, and socioeconomic class.

Myths and Facts about Sexual Harassment

Myth: Sexual harassment only happens to women who are provocatively dressed.

Fact: Sexual harassment can happen to anyone, no matter how she dresses.

Myth: If the woman has only said "NO" to the harasser, he would have stopped immediately.

Fact: Many harassers are told "NO" repeatedly and it does no good. NO is too often heard as YES.

Myth: If a woman ignores sexual harassment, it will go away.

Fact: No, it won't. Generally, the harasser is a repeat offender who will not stop on his own. Ignoring it may be seen as assent or encouragement.

Myth: All men are harassers.

Fact: No, only a few men harass. Usually there is a pattern of harassment: one man harasses a number of women either sequentially or simultaneously, or both.

Myth: Sexual harassment is harmless. Women who object have no sense of humor.

Fact: Harassment is humiliating and degrading. It undermines school careers and often

Threatens economic livelihood. No one should have to endure humiliation with a smile.

Myth: Sexual harassment affects only a few people.

Fact: Surveys on campus show that up to 30 percent of all female college students experience some form of sexual harassment. Some surveys of women in the working world have shown that as many as 70 percent have been sexually harassed in some way.

From: *Women: Images and Realities*

Kesselman, McNair, and Schniedewind

Behind the Wall

Last night I heard the screaming
Loud voices behind the wall
Another sleepless night for me
It won't do no good to call
The police
Always come late
If they come at all

And when they arrive
They say they can't interfere
With domestic affairs
Between a man and his wife
And as they walk out the door
The tears well up in her eyes

Last night I heard the screaming
Then a silence that chilled my soul
I prayed that I was dreaming
When I was the ambulance in the road

And the policeman said
"I'm here to keep the peace
Will the crowd disperse
I think we could use some sleep"

-Tracy Chapman

I'm not as old as my experiences,
But I am older than my appearances.

I am the child of the family your mother warned you of,
And I have the father your mother warned you of.
For no longer will I have love,
Noone to touch and noone to hug.
My memories of sex lie with the family and the father your
mother warned you of.

I've become the woman that doesn't sleep.
If I fall asleep I must dream,
Dream the true facts that linger in my head.
You hurt me, you ruined me,
YO-DADDY! You're the one to blame!
So can I ask one small thing?
Why the hell am I the only one being blamed?

And as I grow older,
I am not to be loved,
I am not to be hated.
I am just a small bud,
I have never even bloomed.
Yet my life is before me,
I have lived all that could be.
For now you must love and you will hate me!

* * * * *

TO: All the survivors out there
This has metamorphasised from my 7th grade journal,
Changing some suicidal thoughts because this is
FROM: Another survivor

Renee Borowski

the oxygen had been suctioned out of my lungs, I yearned to inhale the foul air that encompassed me. My body resided on the unfamiliar mattress for a moment, puzzled over the nauseated feeling rising in my stomach and up my throat. Uncontrollably my body started to convulse as I whipped my head over the side of the bed and started to release the demons inside. This did not heal me though. Nothing I could disgorge would free the evil I now kept deep in my loins.

These emotions confused me, manipulating my thoughts, my mind. There is no way for me to tell if what I feel within connects to the graphic experience that took over my body last night. I racked my brain, searching for the answer, for the truth, but my thoughts kept bringing me back to the same confused state I started out in. I was trapped in a vicious cycle, at the mercy of my sanity. Hurriedly, I glanced around my room, hopelessly praying to find something, anything, which could help me out. Giving up out of frustration, in an act to save my mind from the brink of insanity, I idly lifted myself to my feet. Slowly, robotically, I shuffled over to the dresser and stared at the mutated reflection glaring back into my knowing eyes. Then I found it. Just when I stopped frantically searching for the answer, I found it. My eyes, now transformed from their child-like state into one filled with guilt and reality, noticed the dried blood crusted over on the exterior of a body now in shock. Gaping gashes ripped down my forearms induced by force. My blood had wept from my body in the night, caused by something beyond my control. Caused by him. And I knew. Like when a woman can just sense things with her intuition, I knew...it was Daddy. The deterioration of my mind began.

-Nadya Zawaideh

I remember it so vividly, the first fight. It was the first fight where I had marks on my body. It was so disturbing because I didn't understand why Katy wanted to hurt me so badly.

Much like the start of most fights, we were in her white two-door Blazer. We had just finished a full day of studying for finals and on the way home the argument began. It is kind of ironic that I can remember the fighting so vividly but I cannot remember what the argument was about. I think it is because all of our arguments were about the same thing. Usually, it is about not listening to each other, especially over the screaming and yelling, blaming too much and not wanting to change for the other person. So, in traditional fashion, I am sure this fight was about the above three items.

As we neared our beach house in Newport Beach, the fighting escalates and we are screaming at each other. For me, there is something very comforting about fighting in the car. I think it is the privacy that I know I have. If we were to start fighting in the house, I was always afraid of raising my voice too loudly because of the thin walls, our downstairs neighbor, Elaine the psychologist would hear, and for some reason I thought our relationship was being psychoanalyzed whenever we fought. In the house, I was leery of arguing loudly in front of Josh, our roommate, because I did not want him to feel uncomfortable. Of course, it was apparent; Josh became accustomed to our arguments and often just ignored them. So, arguing in the car was always my preference because I would not feel embarrassed or protective of my feelings to make sure those around me felt comfortable. It seems two-fold the symbolism of the car on the one hand it was where I felt the least inhibitions to let out my anger, yet it was also the place where Katy and I had the deepest connecting conversations.

We turn the corner off of PCH onto 19th where the fighting gets intense. We were yelling at each other to listen, but with all the yelling over each other, it was impossible to hear anything. I remember seeing the house and knowing we were almost there, so I wanted to wrap this fight up before we got out of the car. It was late,

roughly 1am in the morning of March 17, 1999. I remember the date like I have memorized the lines of the back of my hand. We had pulled into the alleyway of our house and Katy stops and we continue to argue. I am unsure where it is going because I know I need to get some sleep before my 8am final the next day. We are screaming at each other over not listening and I am sure from the outside of the car it is sounds like muffled crying. Katy is crying. She is frustrated, much like myself.

Katy has not parked the car nor has she turned off the engine, so I am confused on what to do. I tell her that I am tired of arguing about the same things and that I must get some sleep for my final. She throws the car into drive and says, "Why aren't you listening?" and we circle the block, arguing about the same issue. We pull into the alleyway again and she stops at the house still unwilling to park or turn the car off. Again, I tell her that I have to get some sleep for my final. She accuses me of not being sensitive to her feelings. I was not trying to be insensitive but I was tired and we had been arguing for a good hour and it became apparent we were getting nowhere. I open the car door and she belts out, "Get back in the fucking car," because "we are not finished talking about this." Her screams echo down the alleyway. I tell her that I have to go and get some sleep. I am sure she realizes that at the level of yelling, we are in no position to go inside the house and continue to fight. We would wake everyone up and it is nearing 1:45am. As I edge my body out of the passenger side, she starts to drive. I get back in. Hanging onto the open door, I tell her to stop the car and let me out. She stops and I attempt to get out. She grabs my arm right in the bend of my elbow and I can feel each of her chubby fingers piercing my flesh. I am pulling my arm from her grip and get out. I quickly push the seat forward to get my backpack in the back seat. It is too far for me to reach so; I have to lean in to reach it. As I lean in she grabs my arm and tells me to get back in. I am still unable to reach my bag and I need it for tomorrows test. I lean forward more and I am caught between the front seat and the door with my legs in the air to balance myself out. As I reach in again to get my backpack, Katy takes my head and slams it against the armrest console between the two front passenger seats.

Those sweet dreams quickly turned into a bloody nightmare full of uncontrollable pain and suffocation. Fighting the demon that comes only at night, I kicked and flailed my arms and legs. Limbs beating the flesh of the intruder did nothing to stop the inevitable. I had no power, no control. He was sucking the life out of me. My body became useless, as it lay cold and tainted now, under the heavy weight of his sick obsession.

His body, forced upon me, forced into me, instilled an immense feeling of nausea generating inside. My head slammed back and forth against the soft pillow, but still, for some reason, my ears let out a high pitch ringing, echoing through my head. My eyes were still tightly closed from the act of sleeping I was immersed in seconds before. The thrust was hard, harder, and that of pelvises meshing together and corrupting my once pure, virginal body. My sweaty hands clenched the white, clean sheets beneath me as my back arched towards the ceiling protecting me from the darkness of the night lurking above. Gripping his fierce claws into my flesh, blood started to seep out of my body, and I wanted to leave too.

How come I could not escape this sickening act he had succumbed to? Who was going to protect me from the darkness dwelling inside of my possessed body? Surely not my mind, for it was preoccupied with trying to resolve this..."dream," leaving my body to face the "reality" alone. Confusion set in. Was this an act of my subconscious mind, playing a trick on my vulnerable, believable body? Or did this pain ring true? These questions I could not answer under the influence of the night.

The long awaited morning arrived, the sun's rays lurking into my silenced room, caressing my body. My eyes stirred and mind awakened. My body lay numb, lifeless on the now uncomfortable mattress. The hard, stiff pillow cemented my head into its grasp. A foul taste in the circulated air I had been gasping through all night long left me breathless. Feeling like all

The day vividly intrudes my mind, or what is left of it. Like a trespasser in the night, he came and went, leaving tracks across my soul and a pain filling my heart. I cannot forget what happened that day. How could I forget an experience that mutated my fragile body and drained the innocence from my eyes? An experience that transformed me into a zombie, at will to his command. I tried not to let it happen, God did I try. I should have tried harder! He owns me now. I do not know why, but he does. Not a minute goes by without the visions, the thoughts, the feelings, overtaking my body and dragging me back, unwillingly, to that night I remember too well.

~~~~~  
Rain pounded hard, harder against the windowpane standing straight and tall behind my head, shielding me from the cold, dark night. I was awakened, not by the violent pelting of rocks against the glass, nor the roaring screams of thunder hovering so close above. Rather, I was awakened by the ever-so slight creak of my bedroom door and the sliver of light impeding upon the darkness. This silhouette of a shadow towering against the once familiar wall, tainted now by the presence, consumed my vision. My body lazily stirred up, only half-aware of this inconvenience in my company.

Struggling to focus the blurry outline into something human, I blinked. A sequence of possible horror-filled explanations raced through my sleep-deprived mind, each one instilling in me more fear than the previous. These episodes vanished and the fear slowly released from my eyes as the realization came across that I knew this figure.

"Oh, it's just you." These words flowed out of my mouth connected to a sigh of relief and accompanied by a tired yawn.

"Yes, it's just me. Go back to sleep honey," a soft, gentle, alluring voice whispered back. Taking the trusting advice, I easily rested my head on the inviting pillow and drifted back off to a land of sweet dreams.

Before I can even process what has happened, Katy starts to drive, slowly, yet I am wedged between the door and seat. With the momentum of the car moving, the door swings and hits me in the thighs and swings back. I finally grab my bag and hold onto it. She stops the car, and I attempt to gather myself and get myself completely out of the car. She grabs my backpack shoulder strap and tells me to get back in the car. I finally unwedge myself from between the car and can use my weight to pull my bag from her. She looses her grip and I topple backwards and before I can even take a falling step, I am darting for the house. She gets out of the car and follows me. Before I can even get past the garage, she pulls my backpack again and when I turn around she pushes me against the wall, right in front of Elaine's bedroom window. I am afraid of what she will do. This is a side of Katy that I had never seen before. It was different from any other fight because the usually fight was just shoving, which I was use to, but never physical violence. Ironical, how I did not consider the shoving physical abuse, but the beatings were different, they hurt on the outside.

I am scared. As Katy whispers to me to get back in the car, I try to get her off of me and get into the house. I tell her to leave me alone. Katy is complete out of control. I could feel her lack of regard for how she had hurt me. I remember I start to call Elaine's name out, in a low whisper. Knowing she was sleeping on the other side of the wall, I wanted her to hear me. I switched my word to, "help me," in a low voice. I need someone to help me, to just come and get Katy off of me. Katy put her hand over my neck and started to try and cut the words from my mouth. I became frantic. I didn't know what she was going to do. I started to speak a bit louder, "help me." As soon as I said that, she put her hand over my mouth and in a stern voice, told me to "get back in the fucking car." I continued to push her away and get her off. She was heavier than me, but I was more muscular and from the looks of us, I would have easily been able to escape.

But the situation was so degrading and caught me complete off guard that I was so dumbfounded, I couldn't fight back. I had lost all energy in my body as I was against the wall. I felt as if I was a puppet, going

through repetitive motions of fighting when my operator would pull the strings. I had no range of motion; I just kept pushing her off. Finally, a car pulled in behind the white Blazer and started to beep to get by. The alley only fit one car across and it was always difficult to back out. Katy kept commanding me to get in the car. I refused. I didn't know what to do. I was afraid. I had never been in this situation before. I was not sure how to react, I thought about just getting back in the car because it would have just been easier. The car grew more impatient and Katy was still holding me down. I continued to push and when she looked up at the beeping car behind her Blazer in the alleyway, I made like the wind and ran. Holding my tears in, I ran around the front of the house, up the stairs and into my room. I slammed the door and jumped into bed.

I heard Katy's car door slam and she drove down the alleyway to let the car get by. I didn't know what to think or do. I was afraid that she would just circle the block again and come in. After all, we lived together, she had the key to the house and I had no lock on my door. I was scared that she would come in and finish me off. I curled up into a little ball and buried my face into my pillow and cried uncontrollably. I kept telling myself that today was day I would die; today was day I would die.

I heard Katy's car circle back around and stop in the back of the garage. I heard the car idle for a few minutes but I didn't hear the car door open. Then I heard the car speed away. I remember I started to talk to myself. I called Josh's name out in hopes he would help. I whispered his name over and over again, hoping he would hear me, but really I didn't want him to hear me at all. I was too scared to have him help me. I was so confused. I wanted someone to save me. I had nowhere to go and every car that came down the alleyway, I feared for my life. I kept saying to myself, "Is today going to be the day that I die?" I felt so out of control of my life, I had nowhere to go, nobody to help me and I was alone preparing myself to be killed. Suicide never entered my mind because I had no control of my life; death was going to be dealt by Katy.

You don't mean to be cruel,  
but you are cruel.  
If you could feel,

you'd not have said  
the things you said  
or done as you did.

You don't mean to be mean,  
but you are mean.  
If you'd have known

your own shame,  
you'd not have used  
me to blame.

As a kid, you blackened  
your sister's eye.  
I withdrew from conflict

and grew up shy.  
Now I have opened  
my heart to you

and you leave it  
full of empty  
for being so huge.

You don't mean to cause hurt,  
but you do cause hurt.  
If you knew my heart,

you'd not have cursed  
my best work  
or kicked my harsh luck,

not have seen love  
as a nice fuck,  
something I give

and you take.  
No mistake:  
still

I will  
kiss you  
when you awake.

## INCANTATION

If you're my true love, pledge your truth  
If you're my partner, work things out  
If you're my friend, forgive us both  
If you're the tyrant, leave my house

I will cast the cards and coins  
Respect the power in my loins  
Throw my false hopes to the fire  
Love does not spring from desire

If you're my true love, come to me  
If you're my partner, hear and see  
If you're my friend, seek harmony  
If you're the tyrant, leave me free

I can only do my part  
Still the storms within my heart  
Cleanse myself of poison's rasp  
And the iron grip unclasp

If you're my true love, take my hand  
If you're my partner, understand  
If you're my friend, no reprimand  
If you're the tyrant, don't command

Love does not dwell with control  
Love's unsundered, hale and whole  
Love is only opened to  
Beneath the pain in me and you

If you're my true love, show your face  
If you're my partner, stay with grace  
If you're my friend, I wish you well  
If you're the tyrant, go to hell

We have lived through countless lives  
Something in us onward strives  
Projecting what we need to mend  
So that suffering may end

If you're my true love, I will know  
If you're my partner, you won't go  
If you're my friend, it must be so  
But with the tyrant's overthrow

Of course, I couldn't sleep I just laid there crying, counting the cars driving through the alley and waiting to hear foot steps up the front of the house. I thought I could pass the time by starting to go over my notes for tomorrow's lecture. By this time, it is 2:30am and I am completely wide-awake. I figure I fought so hard to keep my backpack with me, that I might as well study. I looked at my notes and nothing registered. I had been through so much that night I was in no mood to absorb environmental economics. I stared at the lines of the paper and the three holes to the left. I started to analyze my writing and the curves of my letters.

Then it dawned on me, I need to write how I feel right now. I thought that if I die today, they how would anyone know what I was thinking before I died. I needed to express the fear and lack of control I going through. I took out a blank piece of notebook paper and started to write in a poetic form, the thoughts and questions that surfaced. Before I even started, I began to cry again, thinking that if this is going to be the end or am I over reacting. Maybe it is not what it seems to be. I managed to scrawl these thoughts...

\*\*\*\*\*

How do you know you are in a violent relationship?

What do you do when someone who says they love you beats you?

What am I going to do?

What is happening to me?

How about when you are grabbed by the hair and thrown to the bottom of the car?

Is it time to leave?

How about when your head is smashed against the console of a car?

Is it time to leave?

-EOS  
2 January 2000

How about when you get stuck trying to get out of the car and then the car is moving backward with half your body in the car and the other half dangling out of the car?  
Is it time to leave?

How about if you're grabbed by a chunk of flesh and then pushed against the wall?  
Is it time to leave?

How about if it is some who claims to love you?  
Is it time to leave?

How about when you scream for help but then quickly quieted by the hand that covers your mouth and grabs you neck to push the words back in?  
Is it time to leave?

Is it only time to leave when you no longer make the decision to leave and the decision is made for you?

What am I suppose to do? Should I tell someone or just keep it in?  
Will people believe me? Am I being rational? I am ok now, so maybe it isn't necessary to say anything? Will this happen to me again?  
Should I be afraid?

What should I do?

\*\*\*\*\*

I had nothing left to do. I had no control. It was 3:30am when I looked up from my written note. I folded it and put it one of my books, hoping Katy wouldn't find it. I watched the alarm clock in my room pass minute by minute. I paced around the room. I tried to go to bed but I was so drawn to stair at the numbers of the clock. I just waited.

## YOU THINK YOU

You think you were never  
given a chance  
in this world  
But I have seen your gifts  
of caring and  
feeling

You think you were  
born ugly  
But I have seen the beauty  
of a baby boy  
as I held you  
close in my arms

You think you are  
perhaps a monster  
But I have seen the monstrous  
burden you carry

You think you  
can't love  
But I have seen

-EOS  
7 December 1999

## SNAKE

Does it start from myth,  
sidewinding closer,  
end in a telling  
flash of fangs,

your head flat,  
my heel pierced,  
Ouroboros unclasped  
into omega?

Swift muscle  
tense with terror,  
my hands ready  
to cast aside—

will you know  
to shed your sin  
and climb that tree  
by your own writhing?

-EOS  
2 August 1999

5am passed. I had three hours until my test. I started to believe that I was not going to die today and that I would have to take my test. I made a plan to wake Josh up at 7:30am to take me to class. I picked up my notes again to study, but it was futile. I waited longer.

The sun rose a little after 6am and I only had an hour until I needed to start getting ready for my day. I resolved I was not going to die today and told myself to put what happened behind me. 6:30am rolled around and I got out of bed and started to get ready. My ear was popped and I thought it was because I cried so much last night. I tried to yawn a few times to unpop it, but nothing worked. I got up to shower and when I looked in the mirror the physical marks of the fight set in. The whole right side of my face was red. It was red partially because I was lying on it all night, and because Katy slammed my head against the console of the car. I thought it must be the reason my ear won't pop. After seeing that, I look all over my body for other marks. On my arm there were four little bruises, one for each finger that dug into my skin and a huge bruise on my elbow from Katy's thumb. The first thing I thought of was to wear long sleeves to cover it up.

I was in shock. Not only was that the most violent fight we ever had, I had marks on my body. I didn't know what to make of it. The only mark that was visible was on my arm, so I only had to worry about hiding one area. My face was not bruised, just a little red, so it was unnoticeable.

I went to wake Josh up and he agreed to give me a ride to school. I wondered if he heard anything from the alleyway. I was wondering if he heard me calling his name for help when I came into my room.

I got to school in time for my final and I hadn't had any sleep. After the final, I hung around campus trying to prolong my inevitable trip back to the house. I waited until Josh finished his final and then I went home...

The physical abuse just began. I was home.

-Shannon Shue

## Checklist of a Verbally Abusive Relationship

The following evaluation is designed to help you determine if you are experiencing verbal abuse in a relationship. Place a check next to the statements that are true for your relationship:

- ☐ 1. He seems irritated or angry with you several times a week or more although you hadn't meant to upset him. You are surprised each time. (He says he's not mad when you ask him what he's mad about, or he tells you in some way that it's your fault.)
- ☐ 2. When you feel hurt and try to discuss your upset feelings with him, you don't feel as if the issue has been fully resolved, so you don't feel happy and relieved, nor do you have a feeling that you've "kissed and made up." (He says, "You're just trying to start an argument!" or in some other way expresses his refusal to discuss the situation.)
- ☐ 3. You frequently feel perplexed and frustrated by his responses because you can't get him to understand your intentions.
- ☐ 4. You are upset not so much about concrete issues—how much time to spend with each other, where to go on vacation, etc.—as about the communication in the relationship: what he thinks you said and what you heard him say.
- ☐ 5. You sometimes wonder, "What's wrong with me? I shouldn't feel so bad."
- ☐ 6. He rarely, if ever, seems to want to share his thoughts or plans with you.
- ☐ 7. He seems to take the opposite view from you on almost everything you mention, and his view is not qualified by "I think" or "I believe" or "I feel"—as if your view were wrong and his were right.
- ☐ 8. You sometimes wonder if he perceives you as a separate person.
- ☐ 9. You can't recall saying to him, "Cut it out!" or "Stop it!"
- ☐ 10. He is angry or has "no idea of what you're talking about" when you try to discuss an issue with him.

If you have agreed with two or more of these statements, this book will support you in recognizing verbal abuse.

"The Verbally Abusive Relationship: How To Recognize It and How To Respond," Patricia Evans, Adams Media Corporation, 1996