

the **TOAST**By **Katie Rose Guest Pryal** on September 16, 2014 in **FEMINISM**

Being Counted: Reporting My Rape at a School Under Title IX Investigation

45



346



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**July 2014**

The first thing I have to do is find out X.'s full name. I know his first and last name, but I want to have his middle name. Being able to say all three names has power. Like when I get mad at my kids and say all three names, they know they're in

deep shit.

I don't even know how to spell X.'s first name properly—it's a name with a couple of possible spellings. Since I figure he'll be a practicing doctor now, I just Google him. I don't think twice. I type his name into the search bar and Google takes me right to his home page. To the page of his plastic surgery practice in one of the wealthiest towns in the United States.

Cheesy synth-jazz plays in the background while I stare into the eyes of my rapist.

I am not prepared for this.

I am not prepared to look into his eyes after so many years. After one doctorate, one marriage, and two children. This is not something I could ever have been prepared for. I hit mute on my computer.

I hate this man. I hate that he has a plastic surgery practice. The menu for the work he does divides women into body parts like “thighs,” “face,” “breasts,” and “torso.” Women’s eyes stare at me through my screen. His homepage looks like a fucking porno site. I get his full name and shut the browser.

I type his name into the rape reporting notes that I’m preparing to bring with me to campus. The notes feel inauthentic when compared to the report of, say, an undergraduate in a moment of crisis. But I know I will fight similar battles to the young women reporting rapes after finding themselves naked in frat house broom closets or basements.

The rape reporting people on campus will want details (details I won’t have.) They will want to tell me what to do with my report (and I will have to resist them.) They will quickly form ideas about

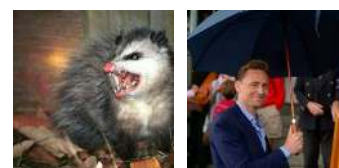
what kind of person I am the minute I walk through the door (and those ideas will likely be wrong.)

Because they will want details, I'm preparing notes. My first problem is that I don't remember the date. Fortunately, I'm detail-obsessed. I've kept journals since age thirteen to record everything. So that's the first place I look to find the date. But, for some reason, I didn't write down much about X. raping me. I didn't write down the date. This is very unlike me. (Note to Past Me: What were you thinking?)

No problem, though, because I also keep a detailed calendar. Like, if Adrian Monk decided to keep a calendar, he would be jealous of my calendar. He'd ask me for calendar lessons. I start flipping through my past calendars, year by year, to the calendar for 20— ... and it is *gone*. *Fucking gone*. They're all lined up on the shelf, and that one is missing.

Now, I wouldn't have written in the calendar "Raped by X." on whatever day in 20—. But I would have written down when I was flying to visit a guy that I'd just started dating. The reason I was in Chapel Hill at all, instead of in Greensboro where I was attending graduate school, was to stay overnight with my sister so I could fly out of the

MOST POPULAR



1

Everything
g What's

2

If Tom
Hiddlesto

Raleigh airport the next morning on Southwest Airlines.

In the early morning hours before that flight, X. raped me.

I still caught that flight. No, I didn't tell the guy I was dating that I was raped. How would *that* have gone? "Hey Y.! Great to see you! I know this relationship is brand new and that we're long distance anyways so things are delicate but guess what! This guy I was having drinks with and got kissy with last night raped the shit out me at his apartment! Wanna talk about it?"

Um, no.

I keep thinking of X.'s smug-ass face on his creepy-ass synth-jazz website. His website needs a trigger warning for anyone with *taste*.

I start searching my hard drive for flight confirmations from Southwest Airlines for this 20- trip. I find it. The flight departed on July 27, which means I was raped around three o'clock in the morning on July 27, 20-.

Can this be it? The day? I imagined that I

**Wrong Of n Were
Possums: Your
It's All Of Boyfriend
Them**



3

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4

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5

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6

If LeVar Burton and Yo-Yo Ma Were Your Dads

would feel something when I encountered the date.

I feel nothing.

I don't believe the date is right. I have to be sure. Maybe I flew up twice out of Raleigh. But I can't find any other saved tickets on my hard drive.

I call the airline. This takes forever. I can't get through to anyone who has information. The last person I speak to on the phone tells me data that old has been "archived."

I email my old boyfriend Y. For a minute, I can't believe I'm doing this. I don't tell him why. I just say that I need the dates that I came to visit him. He tells me that he doesn't have those old emails any more. (Hi Y.! This is why I emailed you about those dates, by the way.)

Emails! I go into Gmail. (Google: Thanks for not being evil and for saving my old emails.) I keyword search by the airport call letters where Y. lives, and it pulls up a second itinerary on Southwest. There it is. That's the day. I can feel it.

It was in August. I know it was in August. Believe me if you've ever lived in North Carolina then you know when something happened in August.

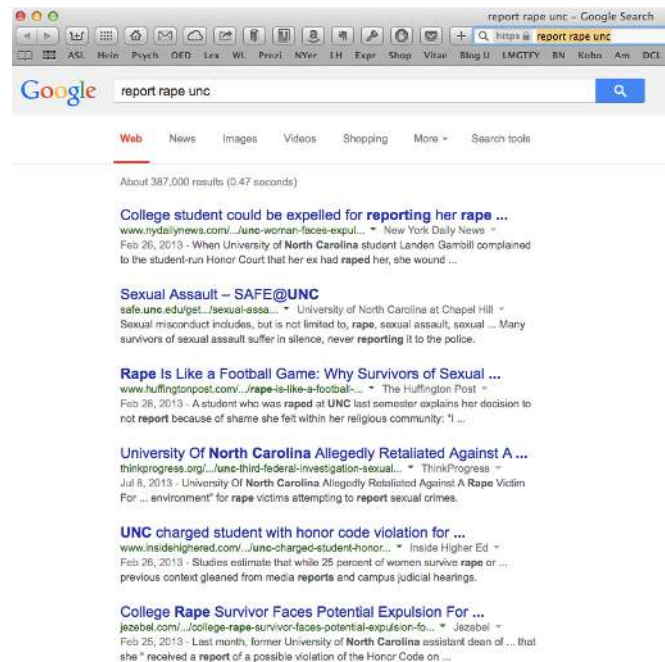
August 23, 20—. My day.

I have to write the narrative of what happened that night to give to UNC. As I write it, I think about the genre of the rape narrative. This is a document that so many women have to write. We should gather these horrible documents together and publish them, these tortured little stories that must comply with the parameters of procedure.

I decide to push the genre boundaries a little bit. I wonder how much I care what these people are going to think of me. I'm not sure I know the answer. What has started out as a clinical exercise has stopped feeling so clinical.

Next step: How does a person who's been raped report a rape at UNC these days? Back to Google!

I type, "report rape UNC."



The first hit reads like this: “College student could be expelled for **reporting** her **rape...**,” a [New York Daily News story](#) on a UNC student apparently facing expulsion for reporting her rapist.

The second hit takes me to [SAFE@UNC](#), which seems to be the right place for reporting a rape.

(The next four hits are also about UNC students getting in trouble for reporting rape. UNC needs some SEO help.)

The SAFE@UNC website has major design flaws. But the “get help” link is right next to the webpage name, so I click it.

This “get help” page is even worse than the home page. At the top are three bullet points telling you what to do in an emergency: “Call 911” is first, followed by calling campus police, and then going to the hospital emergency department. These are fine instructions, though not helpful to me. I read on.

The three bullet points are followed by a page of text so dense it looks like it was written by Don DeLillo.

I read it all. There are no subheadings, just random phrases in boldface. Under the paragraph that tells me, “The University can

provide help and support,” the first person named has this title: “Deputy Title IX/Student Complaint Coordinator.” I don’t understand what it means to coordinate Title IX in a deputy fashion, but I do know that I want to file a complaint.

OK, I think. I’ll try him. (And yes, he’s a man.) I get his voicemail. His recording says to call 911 if there is an emergency, otherwise to leave a message.

I don’t leave a message.

The second person named in the DeLillean paragraph has this title: “Title IX Coordinator.” I’m guessing he’s the boss, since the first guy is only a deputy. I call the second guy. (Yes, also a man.)

This time a woman answers the phone. From the tone of her voice, it seems she answers phones for a living.

“Hello! Equal opportunity!”

I’m not sure I have the right place, since she didn’t say anything about Title IX, but I forge ahead.

“I need to report a rape,” I say. Also, I realize now that my heart is racing.

The woman has no idea what to say to me. I've totally thrown her off. After a few moments, she articulates that she needs to figure out who to transfer me to. She puts me on hold with really fucking loud marching band music. It's like the music you would hear at half-time at a football game. I'm glad I wasn't raped by a football player or a member of the marching band.

If it had been synth-jazz, I would have lost my bananas.

She comes back and tells me she's going to transfer me to a person named Camille. I don't know who this Camille person is, but I don't ask, because the secretary seems so flustered. She's having such a hard time figuring out what to do with someone who wants to report a rape.

Camille, conversely, has her stuff together.

"I want to report a rape," I say, and Camille doesn't hesitate. She asks me to tell her more about myself. I tell her I'm a current UNC professor, but that the rape happened a few years ago when I was a graduate student.

At that point, Camille tells me I'm in the wrong place. "I hate to transfer you," she says. Because X. and I were students at the time of the rape, my case has to be handled by the Title IX office. I tell her that only my rapist was a UNC student—I was

UNCG student. She tells me that doesn't matter, the Title IX office handles the case.

She takes my name and number, and tells me that she'll have someone from the Title IX office call me. Then she asks me, as though she still can't quite believe it, "And you're a professor here?"

"Yes." I say. I feel an iota of joy. This is the only power I have in this entire affair.

I tell her, just before we hang up, that it was the Title IX office who transferred me to her in the first place.

She sounds exasperated and tells me that she'll just take the "details" herself.

I say okay, and then I ask, "What details?"

She means she wants to take my report over the phone.

I say, "Can I come in person to report?" She says nothing. I say, quickly, "I have the whole day free. I can come this afternoon."

She says she'll call me back to set up a time. I ask if she has my phone number. She reads it back to me, and she's written it down incorrectly. I give her my correct number, we hang up, and I

wait.

I hate waiting.

About twenty minutes and one plate of microwave nachos later, the phone rings, and it's Camille again. She says she calling to make sure that someone from the Title IX office got in touch with me. I tell her no one has called. She tells me that she spoke with "Howie" directly, and so I should be hearing from someone soon.

I say, "Howie?"

And then I realize she's talking about Howard, the Title IX Coordinator. She tells me he's "in charge over there." I'm still not clear about where these different offices are located, and why there are multiple offices in the first place. But I just say thank you, and we hang up.

I ask myself, if it were back in 20— right after I was raped, at what point in this process would I have lost my cool and given up reporting this rape at all?

Somewhere around the nachos.

I want to report a rape. How do those words that not create a [DEFCON 1](#) situation in our rape reporting office?

ACTIVE NOW



1

**A Slightly
Subdued
Open
Thread**

2

**Reasons
Why I Am
Totally
Fine And
Not**

I don't know. I'm just eating nachos and waiting for a phone call.

I called at 10:50 a.m. Camille called me back at 11:20 a.m.

At 2:15 that afternoon, the Deputy Title IX/Student Complaint Coordinator finally calls me.

When you are waiting to report a rape, with your neatly typed rape narrative frying a hole in your purse, waiting three and a half hours to finally talk to someone is more like waiting three and a half years. I can't concentrate on anything. My heart won't slow down.

I didn't know it would be like this after so long.

On the phone, he tells me that he's leaving town tomorrow and the soonest he can meet with me is the end of next week. Or, he tells me, I can meet with one of his associates in his office sooner than that, and he'll follow up with me for more details. My head spins with all of these meetings I'm supposed to have and the fact that I have to wait so long to have them.

**Freaked
Out To Be
A
Slytherin**



3

**Songs I
Never
Realized
Were
About
Abortion
Until
Someone
Explained
Them To
Me**

4

**We Are
Closing
The Toast
July 1st**



5

**Name
That
Movie!**

6

**Every
Track
Listing
From
1997's
"Middle
Of
Nowhere"
And The
Correspo**

I tell him that I've set aside today, Tuesday, to report my rape, so I would like to meet with someone this afternoon. "That's why I called this morning to make an appointment," I say. I realize I'm panicking a little.

He seems taken aback by my request, but quickly recovers.

He tells me where his office is located. It's actually off of campus in an office building that I've never heard of even though I've more or less lived in the area for twenty years.

"Where should I park?" I ask.

He says they don't have reserved parking spaces, but I can parallel park on Franklin Street—the busy thoroughfare through town. He says, unfortunately, that his office can't validate the parking fees.

He asks me how long it will take me to get to his office. I tell him five minutes. I'm relieved that he seems game to meet with me so quickly.

Thumbs up.

On my way down Franklin Street, I pass the bar where X. and I were hanging out the evening before he raped me. It's still there, on the same

**nding
Beatles
Song It Is
Better
Than**

street as the place where I'm going to report being raped.

After I find parking, I enter the double glass doors of the building where his directions tell me to go. I get on the elevator and head to the top floor. I step off and find myself in a long hallway like any long hallway in an office building. I can't believe I've never seen this place before.

I head into the office suite. There's a woman entering in front of me. She asks me who I'm there to see. "E.W." I say, pronouncing his name the way he said it to me on the phone. She steps into an office and tells someone I'm there.

He comes out to greet me. He's a white man as tall as I am, maybe more, and has blond hair and fair skin. We shake hands. He invites me into his office. One wall is composed of windows looking into the office suite. They're covered in open mini-blinds.

We sit at a round laminate table. The office furniture is brand new. The outlets on the baseboards don't have outlet covers on them yet.

He first tells me it is part of his job to take in complaints like mine, but he assures me that the word "complaints" is a "policy term." He seems worried I might get hung up on it. But I don't

know if he thinks I'll take the word too seriously, or not seriously enough.

Then he says that everything I share with him will be "private" but not "confidential." I ask him to explain. He says that he shares information with his team, gesturing through the glass windows at the other people in the office. He's also required to report rapes to the UNC Department of Public Safety, but he doesn't give victims' names unless victims want him to. He says that DPS keeps track of the numbers of rapes for [Clery Act purposes](#).

I feel defeated. I know that universities must keep Clery Act logs of all crimes reported to them for seven years. If the UNC DPS only keeps logs for the maximum amount of time the Act requires, then my rape will not be logged at all.

But he's sitting in front of me with a very official looking form. Something official is happening here in this Title IX office. He, and his form, reassure me that what I'm doing isn't for nothing.

I have my typed-up report on the table in front of me. I'm hesitating to hand it over. I realize why.

"Honestly, I'm scared of libel," I tell him. I'm afraid X. will somehow find out about the report and come after me because of what is in it. I think about those search results on Google for "report

rape UNC.”

I tell him I don’t want to pursue any legal action against X. Even though North Carolina has no statute of limitations for felonies, I tell him, laughing, that I know no prosecutor would take my case. I also don’t want to pursue University action. (I don’t even know if University action still exists.) I don’t want to do anything but report being raped and have it recorded.

It seems important to tell him these things before I hand him my report. I want him to understand I don’t have any motive for acting against X. other than having my rape counted. I’m not trying to bring the good doctor down. I’m not a vindictive bitch who is having “regrets” after having “one too many.”

I can’t believe I’m even thinking these things.

I hand him the report.

“Do you mind if I read this through?” he asks.

I shake my head.

He reads it. While he’s reading, I feel nervous and exposed. I feel my body in strange ways. I stare at the outlets with

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*If X
Were
Your Y*



*The
Jam*

no outlet covers.

He finishes reading the report. He asks, “This website is his current business?”

“Yes.”

“Do you remember the location of his apartment?”

“Nope.”

He asks me if there’s anything else I’d like to add to the report. I don’t understand the question and ask if his question is meant to imply something else. He says no, that sometimes people want to add things when they talk. I say no, everything is typed in the report.

He asks me, “Why now?”

I try to figure out what he wants to know. Does he want to know why, after all of these years, I want to report at all? Does he want to know if something changed in my life? Does he want to know why this year instead of last year, or today instead of yesterday?

I do my best to explain. I start by telling him why I didn’t report at the time I was



*The
Conve
rt
Series*



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Verses*



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in Bin*



*Texts
From*



*How
To Tell
If
You're
In a
Novel*



*Aunt
Acid*



*Adopti
on*

raped. I didn't report because I was flying out a few hours after being raped to visit my sort-of-long-distance-boyfriend-person. I just wanted to pretend being raped didn't happen and focus on the other guy.

(To that Southwest Airline flight attendant who brought me the three gigantic plastic trash bags to fill with vomit during that flight and gave me my own row to sit in and then brought me fifteen cans of ginger ale, and the whole time made jokes to cheer me up while you hauled away my mess: Bless you. I hope you are a Gordon-Gekko-level boss now.)

I didn't report at the time because I was a lawyer. (A young, newbie lawyer, but still a lawyer.) Because I was a lawyer, while I was vomiting into trash bags on that plane, I coldly assessed the merits of my case. *If you were a prosecutor, would you take on your case? NOPE.*

I didn't report at the time because I knew that rape reports that didn't get prosecuted ended up in the hinterlands of this-makes-the-school-look-bad-let's-ignore-it.

(Plus, you know, I hated myself and wanted to die.)

I tell him that since the Title IX office has started informing the UNC faculty (that means me) about

the new Title IX office and their fiercer rules about information-gathering—no more hinterlands or burying of complaints—it seems like a good time to say something. So that’s why now.

He asks me, “Are you okay?”

“I’m okay,” I say. I feel tears rush to my eyes. I force them back. Then I wonder if it would be better to just cry. Would that make me seem more genuine? I mean, I am genuine. But do I seem too cold because I’m not crying? Does he expect victims to cry? But if I cry, will I seem less believable because I’m too emotional?

I don’t cry.

He tells me about counseling services, the rape crisis center, the women’s center, and the woman who runs the crisis unit at Chapel Hill P.D. He asks if my husband is supportive.

In short, he was great, once I was finally able to get over the hurdles that (1) I had to wait for hours (2) to speak to a dude about being raped (3) in a strange building off campus with no parking. He even listened to me when I told him how unfortunate the SAFE@UNC website is. (He inherited it. They’re working on it right now.)

Before I leave, I warn him about the creepy

synth-jazz. I tell him to prepare himself, because that shit is terrible.

Tags: crime education katie rose guest
pryal rape sexual assault

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Truth is a Fire I Couldn't Hold

Katie is a writer and attorney living in Chapel Hill. She is the author of the Entanglement Series, novels about a group of women making new lives in Los Angeles.



 **@krgpryal**

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eliana23 · 86 weeks ago

+38

Hello from an ex-Vitae writer here. I am sorry this happened. I am glad you wrote this though. The actual logistics are ridiculous and come across as such which gives such power to this piece.

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krgp · 86 weeks ago

+1

Why ex? What did you used to cover? Come find me on Twitter.

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climbing bean · 86 weeks ago

+34

Oh, man. This was so... I want to say upsetting, but that's not quite the word. I was upset reading this because of what you went through, and how it ricocheted through your life up until now, and the kind of horror I can only imagine you felt when you found his website.

Going through with the reporting - even without the phone calls and the meetings, just the very fact that you need to re-piece together the events - is an ordeal in itself. I admire your tenacity.

But that you could report it, and that there was some support there from the school? I feel like at least that's a small something.

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champagnewastoblame · 86 weeks ago

+53

This is a really powerful piece of writing. I look back on all the times I DIDN'T get raped at college, and think, gee, I was really lucky and had no idea. I just really didn't. And it seriously could have happened.

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[6 replies](#) · active 86 weeks ago

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Owl Queen · 86 weeks ago

+12

Likewise, there were so many times in my misspent youth that some guy could have raped me. I got away with it. I got out of my youth with only (only) a few experiences of sexual harassment and an indecent assault.

But I was so close some times and never even knew it and now I'm older I just know I would have been blamed for it, because I was a promiscuous part girl who drank and wore short skirts.

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champagnewastoblame · 86 weeks ago +11

Ugh, yes, and then there were all the drunken hookups which could so easily have led to rape. And who would have believed me? Apparently, very few people.

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mizchalmers · 86 weeks ago +35

Shoutout to all the men who don't rape us, no matter what we're wearing or how drunk we get.

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Mary · 86 weeks ago +34

Really? Eh. I don't think anyone gets a shout-out for that.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**Beakses** · 86 weeks ago +13

Yeah, not raping people falls into baseline human behavior in my book. Given that it requires even less effort than breathing.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**mizchalmers** · 86 weeks ago +10

Meets-minimum-standards-of-decent-human cookie to all the men who don't rape us.
<http://static.tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pub/images/3455...>

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**safvn** · 86 weeks ago

+27

Thank you for writing this.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**ThatOtherWench** · 86 weeks ago

+18

This is amazing. Love the writing, and am in awe of your courage.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**kjschapira** · 86 weeks ago

+11

Thank you a thousand times for writing this.

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tamara · 86 weeks ago

+5

Great piece. Thank you, Katie.

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yeah_elle · 86 weeks ago

+12

this is...immense. i felt ill reading it, in a way that means this was incredibly well-written. thank you for sharing it.

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AddieJoy · 86 weeks ago

+76

It seems important to tell him these things before I hand him my report. I want him to understand I don't have any motive for acting against X. other than having my rape counted. I'm not trying to bring the good doctor down. I'm not a vindictive bitch who is having "regrets" after having "one too many."

THIS. Oh my God, this. I have never heard someone else express this and it is perhaps the part of my whole experience that sticks in my craw the most. I never reported (none of the incidents were prosecutable or involved students at my own university), but the degree to which I have to qualify even **calling** them rape inside **my own head**, never mind to another human being, is astounding.

Because if I express any anger or blame, at all, suddenly the other person has to have their day in the Court of Public Opinion and everything is about whether I am being *fair*. Because God forbid I be vindictive about someone else violently disregarding my humanity.

[Reply](#)[4 replies](#) · active 86 weeks ago[Report](#)**GenghisKat** · 86 weeks ago**+32**

Yep. Part of why it's hard to imagine telling my university about my rape is because I have a hard time using that word when I talk to anyone with even a passing connection to my rapist. God forbid I inconvenience him. I am just like, super cool and understanding and forgiving about that time I "had sex I didn't want to have" while I cried and said no.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**Cat** · 86 weeks ago**+9**

This was the point I started crying while reading this, because even though my rapist is dead and the only person I have talked to about this is my therapist, I STILL have trouble talking about it while using that word because it's such a loaded term.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**L_Bear** · 86 weeks ago**+12**

Oh my god yes this and 'Then I wonder if it would be better to just cry. Would that make me

seem more genuine? I mean, I am genuine. But do I seem too cold because I'm not crying? Does he expect victims to cry? But if I cry, will I seem less believable because I'm too emotional?' I've spent so many hours of my time that I can never get back trying to transfigure myself into the right kind of victim. Crying too much? Too little? Do I come across cold? Should I have worn something less formal? And god forbid I seem like I want anything like vengeance, comeuppance, like I fantasise about him dying, like I want hungry wolves to eat him alive.

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JGlo · 86 weeks ago

+8

Haha yeah, when I tried to tell people about how my ex boyfriend emotionally abused me, all I got was this, "you have to let go of your anger and forgive." Which when you're trying to get through the PTSD and set yourself up in the new city you've run to, with no job and knowing virtually no one, forgiving the abuser is totally your number one priority. Seriously wtf. Luckily I'm in a much better place now. But jeebus, your priority in the wake of violence is yourself, not your fucking abuser/rapist.

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ginkgotree · 86 weeks ago

+14

Thank you for writing this. These things never really leave us, do they? It was brave of you to face it head-on. Thanks.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**katieionata** · 86 weeks ago**+9**

This is a really important and compellingly written piece. Everyone needs to read this.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**grandma_nancy** · 86 weeks ago**+35**

This part:

"I'm okay," I say. I feel tears rush to my eyes. I force them back. Then I wonder if it would be better to just cry. Would that make me seem more genuine? I mean, I am genuine. But do I seem too cold because I'm not crying? Does he expect victims to cry? But if I cry, will I seem less believable because I'm too emotional?'

Like a gut punch. Thank you for writing this.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**CarrieAnnUW** · 86 weeks ago**+59**

(To that Southwest Airline flight attendant who brought me the three gigantic plastic trash bags to fill with vomit during that flight and gave me my own row to sit in and then brought me fifteen cans of ginger ale, and the whole time made jokes to cheer me up while you hauled away my mess: Bless you. I hope you are a Gordon-Gekko-level boss now.)

Holy shit, I hope he/she is running that airline, or is

currently lounging on some tropical island, or wherever they send heroes, because I am so glad you had that person at that moment.

You deserve the same hero treatment. Thank you for being so damn brave. I'm sorry you had to be; I'm sorry that reporting takes SO MUCH MORE out of us, after already being hurt. I'm sorry things are still this way.

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paperbgprincess · 86 weeks ago

+10

Thanks for writing this. And the addition of that google screenshot is really telling. I loved this piece and I hope everyone reads it.

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betsaroo · 86 weeks ago

+16

Yep.

I'm currently helping a friend try to deal with a terrifying sexual violence situation on our university campus, and it is the most maddening, enraging thing I've ever encountered. It's one thing to know in principle that institutions protect their own; it's another to see it in action. But your depiction of the lack of clarity about who to talk to and the practical roadblocks set up to simple reporting, even when you're NOT trying to force any action to be taken, is so utterly familiar.

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[1 reply](#) · active 86 weeks ago

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**krgp** · 86 weeks ago**+3**

Your friend is lucky to have you to help. I probably shouldn't have done this alone. I thought, heh, I'm a grown-up, it's been a long time, I a G-D professor, who cares. I was wrong.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**mizchalmers** · 86 weeks ago**+12**

Thank you for reporting. Thank you for putting yourself through that. It matters, a lot.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)

Megan Goodwin · 86 weeks ago

+4

Thank you for writing this, and for gutting through the reporting process. As a Carolina grad, anything we can do to make this process easier and better (and the campus safer, of course), means a lot.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**CompleatEmDee** · 86 weeks ago**+18**

This was so powerful. Mostly to me because we have to acknowledge our rape, and you found a way to do it, and you FUCKING DID IT. Despite what were obviously hideous reporting/campus resources. And you did it on your own terms--now, today, this afternoon.

And you used DEFCON correctly :)

[Reply](#)[1 reply](#) · active 86 weeks ago[Report](#)

**krgp** · 86 weeks ago**+5**

And thank YOU for noticing that I used DEFCON correctly. If the military has given us anything, it is good acronyms.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)**revengeofpompom** · 86 weeks ago**+17**

Thank you so much for this. It was just incredibly powerful and your eloquence about the Escher-like experience of reporting gives a voice to so many people who get discouraged by how difficult the process of reporting and standing up to be heard can be. It reminded me of when I worked at a domestic violence shelter -- we actively worked to *not* have these kinds of bureaucratic barriers up for people who reached out to us, but I remember my UTTER HORROR when I called our hotline number twice (as a way of reaching the main switchboard) and BOTH TIMES the music that was playing when you were put on hold was this pop song that went, "you can run but you can't hide!" I'M SERIOUS! THAT WAS THE HOLD MUSIC ON THE DOMESTIC VIOLENCE HOTLINE! To the agency's credit, when I told my boss about it, she instantly understood the urgent need to fix that. But I know that that agency was uniquely attuned to our clients' experiences being made as smooth as possible, and a distressing number of similar agencies do not take that as seriously.

[Reply](#)[1 reply](#) · active 86 weeks ago[Report](#)**krgp** · 86 weeks ago**+5**

I think 90% of popular music needs a TW.

[Reply](#)

[Report](#)



disGrayce · 86 weeks ago

+38

I am now looking up how to report a 3-year-old rape at my University (publicly under Title IX investigation!). I didn't report then because I just wanted to graduate and move away and he was graduating too so what was the point?

The point, as I keep trying to believe, is that it happened and it was real and I want to be a number on a page now. A number that means yes, it happened, it happened here.

Thank you.

[Reply](#)

[2 replies](#) · active 86 weeks ago

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lawrence · 86 weeks ago

+8

sends wordless beams of support through the internet

It happened, and it deserves to be recorded. I hope they don't make the process too shitty; I hope you're able to be stubborn with them if needed. <3

[Reply](#)

[Report](#)



krgp · 86 weeks ago

+4

Support from me, too. Email me if you need any

support through the process—we shouldn't be little islands.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)

gallimaufry_ · 86 weeks ago

+14

I laughed at your warning about the creepy synth-jazz, but it was a grim sort of gallows laughter. Thank you for writing this so powerfully and so well. I'll never report my rapist, but your piece has given me the strength to call him that inside my own head, which still feels like an important step.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)

Elsa is Emily · 86 weeks ago

+33

I tell him that I've set aside today, Tuesday, to report my rape, so I would like to meet with someone this afternoon.

This knocks me sideways with admiration for you. Even under the best of circumstances, I'm not sure I would have thought of saying something so simple and direct. That you managed to state yourself so clearly and reasonably is really impressive.

(Plus, you know, I hated myself and wanted to die.)

And here's where I just burst out crying—for you, for me, for everyone who's been through this, which is **TOO MANY OF US.**

[Reply](#)[Report](#)

frobisher · 86 weeks ago

+4

Thank you for reporting and sharing. Too much of this rings true. I have been made to feel pushy throughout the process of seeking justice for my own rape (a word which I, too, hate using; I call it my "attack" when forced to think or talk about it).

The system we have in place in schools, in police departments, in courts, and in our homes is just the worst.

[Reply](#)

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L_Bear · 86 weeks ago

+6

'This guy I was having drinks with and got kissy with last night raped the shit out me at his apartment! Wanna talk about it?'" This made me snortlaugh-cry. This is an amazing piece of writing. I'm so sorry you went through this.

[Reply](#)

[2 replies](#) · active 86 weeks ago

[Report](#)



krgp · 86 weeks ago

+5

Whadya think. Should I send him the link?

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L_Bear · 86 weeks ago

+4

I think I would.

[Reply](#)

[Report](#)



FIOssieraptor · 86 weeks ago

+4

I'm sorry this happened to you; this is an incredible peace of writing and I'm knocked out by your bravery.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)

credulitykills · 86 weeks ago

+6

Seems the labyrinthine process is both consciously, and unconsciously, designed to give people reporting a sexual assault every opportunity to not follow through on filing a complaint.

[Reply](#)[Report](#)

Slow Reader · 57 weeks ago

+1

I am so sorry that this man X subjected you to such violation and suffering.

This essay is an utterly brilliant piece of writing, truly.

"no outlet covers on the outlets" -- what profound power of observation and detail !!

You need to re-publish this in the New York Times so you can get a Pulitzer for this.

I also read your companion short-story on rape from Bayou ...

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Chocolate
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Pecan Babka**



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comes down
to it, this
missing
money is the
reason that
I’m not able to
deliver
printers”**



**Every Track
Listing From
1997’s
“Middle Of
Nowhere”
And The
Correspondin
g Beatles
Song It Is
Better Than**



**If Tom
Hiddleston
Were Your
Boyfriend**



**Everything
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