

Versus Jane Doe

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Abstract

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Versus Jane Doe focuses on sexual assault and rape through photography, erasure poetry, and short braided essays. Always in discussion is the color red and its many forms of symbolism (ie. power, passion, anger) while concrete uses of red weave within the symbolic. The poetry and photography are meant to be layered on translucent paper that both obscures and reveals the multiple layers added to high profile rape cases and the layers that obscure the injustice of a patriarchal society that denies most women true justice when violated by men. The photos in this piece were taken in secret; often times the women followed became wary, knowing instinctively that someone was there and that some part of them was being stolen. Other women made eye contact and held the stare—defiant, while others avoided the camera, and their vulnerability. The erasure poetry formed from rape cases highlight what is lost to the victims as their statements are covered and hidden by false blame and social stigma. The poetry also seeks to turn the given excuses and allowances of the men into proper accusation. It holds the rapists accountable while erasing their names from memory and highlighting the victim’s pain. The poetry demands justice and accountability. The short essays follow the stories of the author. This project is written for every woman who has ever worn red...or blue...or green... black...pink...yellow...

This thesis is for all the Jane Does.

VERSUS

enjeu

de

Virginia Soileau

versus

jane

doe









versus

jane

doe

Virginia Soileau
University of Washington
2019

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University of Washington

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She wears her clothes to feel sexy/
relaxed/
comfortable/
professional/
beautiful/
independent/
strong/
sensual/
warm.

She wears her clothes as if they were

Her own skin.

With care and purpose.

With poise and intent.

Her clothes are part of her

beauty, her strength, her passion, and her resilience.

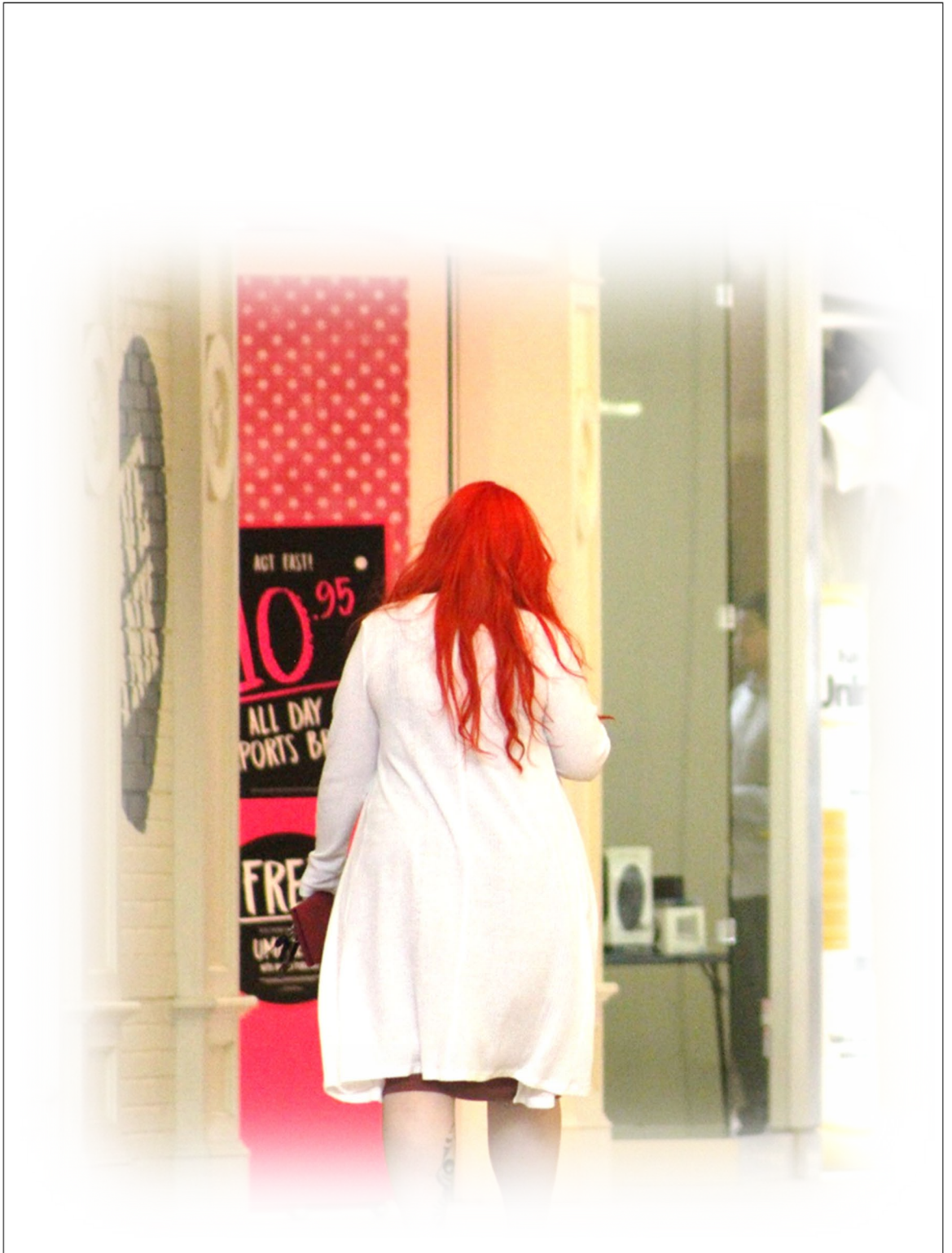
This is for every woman who remembers

what she was wearing, and

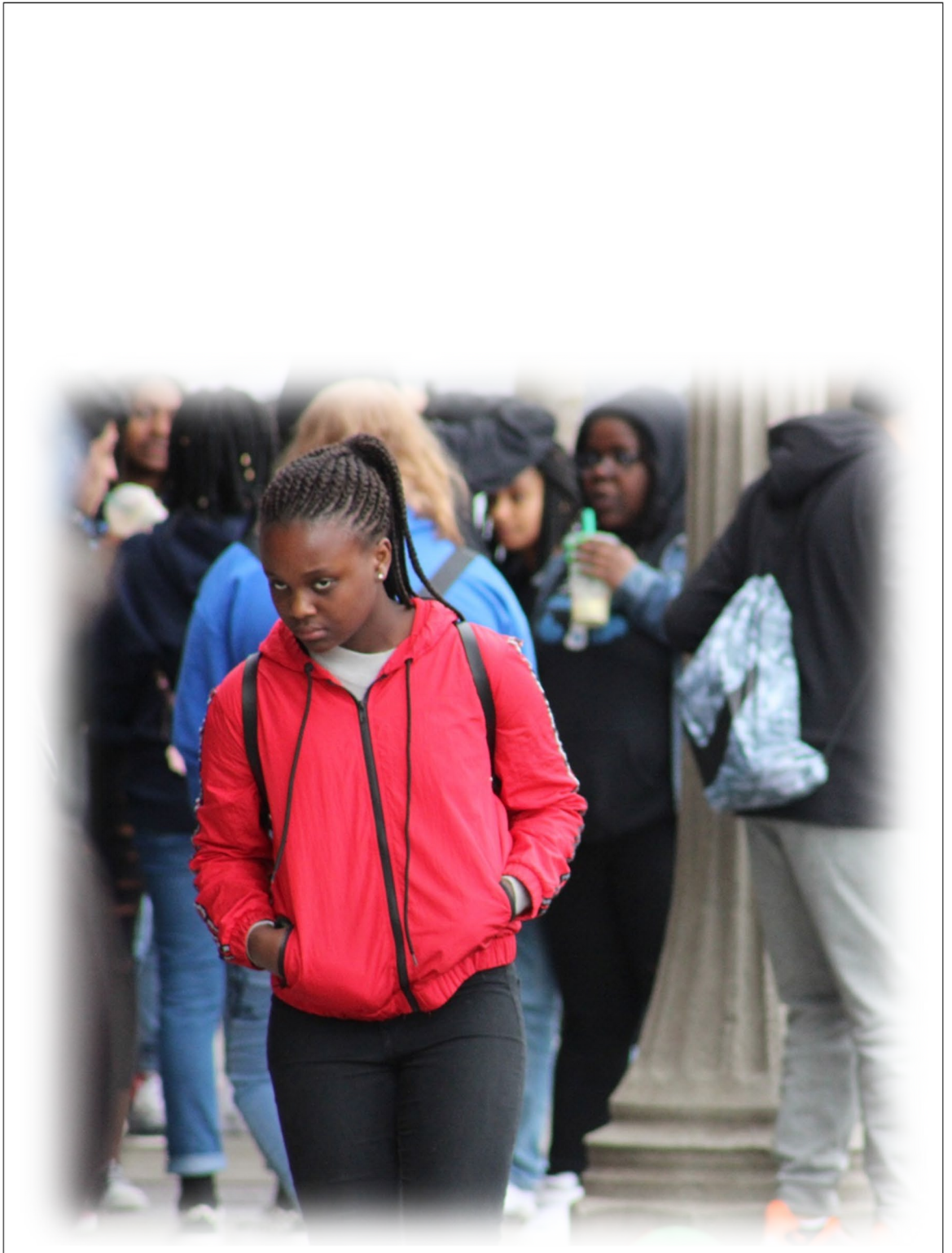
for every woman

who does not.

We did not “ask for it”.









The appearance of red eyes in pictures, known as the "red-eye effect," occurs when a camera captures light reflecting from the retina at the back of your subject's eye when a flash is used at night or in dim lighting.

Some people have red eyes. This is caused by a lack of pigmentation in the irises. Light is reflected from the back of the eye, and will appear red due to the blood vessels. In media, red eyes are typically used to portray an evil being. Werewolves, demons, and vampires have eyes that glow with a red that seems to come straight from the burning fires of Hell. I wonder if these eyes are reflecting the blood of their victims. Do their blood vessels swell to capacity and spill past the iris into the whites of their eyes?

Has anyone ever told you that bulls are color blind to red? It is not the color that enrages them, but rather the movement of the cape (muleta) that draws their attention. I wondered, as you might be, what the purpose was for the red muleta. The red muleta comes out at the end of the fight. Its purpose is simple. It hides the blood of the dying bull.

A powerful exhibit titled "What Were You Wearing?" features stories of sexual violence and displays what each victim was wearing at the time of their assault. The outfits include a bikini, a young boy's yellow collared shirt, a sexy red dress,

If you can't see the whites of their eyes, then how do you know when to shoot?

It was a subconjunctival hemorrhage in her right eye. I never knew the name, but I had heard of it happening often enough that I didn't worry. Her school nurse was not so confident, and insisted she see a doctor. The eye is covered by a thin layer called the conjunctive. When the fragile vessels break, blood covers the white of the eye and rims the iris. Rumors spread that she was a demon. I'm certain she started them herself.

The cops came to the door around 10pm. They checked each apartment, in and under every car, and had begun asking people to open their garages. A circle of parents, scared and somber had formed. Few knew the person next to them, but everyone held hands and prayed. I wasn't much for thoughts and prayers, so I joined the search party. She was six, and missing a shoe.









Number six are the adverse collateral consequences on the defendant's life resulting from the felony conviction. And those are severe. And they're severe in a couple of ways: One, with respect to the Penal Code section 290 registration that he'll be subject to for life; and, secondly, with respect to the media attention that's been given to the case, it has not only impacted the victim in this case, but also Mr. [Insert Here]. Where, in certain cases, there is no publicity, then the collateral consequence on those on the defendant's life can be minimized. And so here, we have, I think, significant collateral consequences that have to be considered. And I think [Jane] made a good point, which is, well, if you had someone who wasn't in the fortunate circumstances that Mr. [Insert Here] had found himself in his youth, that they shouldn't – it shouldn't count against them. But the – I – I think you have to take the whole picture in terms of what impact imprisonment has on a specific individual's life. And the impact statements that have been – or the, really, character letters that have been submitted do show a huge collateral consequence for Mr. [Insert Here] based on the conviction. Number seven is whether the defendant is remorseful. And that's maybe one of the most conflicted and difficult issues in this case. Because [Insert Here] came before us today and said he was genuinely sorry for all the pain that he has caused to [Jane] and her family. And I think that is a genuine feeling of remorse. [Jane] has stated that he hasn't really taken responsibility for his conduct. And I think at one point she basically wrote or said that "He – he just doesn't get it." And so you have Mr. [Insert Here] expressing remorse, which I think, subjectively, is genuine, and [Jane] not seeing that as a genuine expression of remorse because he never says, "I did six inches away from her bare stomach curled in fetal position. By the way, he's really good at swimming." And then, at the bottom of the article, after I learned about the graphic details of my own sexual assault, the article listed his swimming times. She was found breathing, unresponsive with her underwear and [Jane] not seeing that as a genuine expression of remorse because he never says, "I did six inches away from her bare stomach curled in fetal position. By the way, he's really good at swimming." And then, at the bottom of the article, after I learned about the graphic details of my own sexual assault, the article listed his swimming times. She was found breathing, unresponsive with her underwear and [Jane] not seeing that as a genuine expression of remorse because he never says, "I did six inches away from her bare stomach curled in fetal position. By the way, he's really good at swimming."

adverse

consequences

life s

conviction

severe

in

respect

for life

attention

given

the victim

Mr. [Insert Here]

life can be minimized

consequences

considered

good

fortunate

Mr. [Insert Here]

in his youth

they

shouldn't

imprisonment

a

life

impact

character

do

show

remorse

conflicted

issues

Because Mr. [Insert Here]

was

genuinely sorry

a genuine feeling

Mr. [Insert Here] expressing remorse

[Jane] not seeing

expression

says

I knew

I knew

and I did it anyway

at work

through the news my phone

an article

In it

I was found

disheveled

out of my dress

over my shoulders

my waist

naked

legs spread

and

penetrated

at my desk

the

news at work

the world

learned what happened to me

my hair

my underwear his fingers

inside me

this can't be

this can't be

I

not

accept

I will never forgive

I have

feelings

people

say who's at fault

graphic details of my own sex

found

unresponsive

bare stomach

fetal position

he's really good at

swimming

respect

for life

can be minimized

consequences

in his youth

shouldn't

impact

character

Because Mr. [Insert Here]

was

genuinely sorry

a genuine feeling

Mr. [Insert Here] expressing remorse

did it anyway

I was found

legs spread and penetrated

his fingers inside me

this can't be

unresponsive

bare stomach fetal position





I have never been so angry that my vision went red. I assumed that was a figure of speech; however, scientists have noted that people, when angered or threatened, do see red. One theory is that red colors in nature signify poison or danger.

pink princess pajamas,

Did you know that the color red triggers hunger? Does the red V of my shirt make you hunger for the breasts outlined beneath. Do my red shorts make you hunger for my thighs? For sex? What if I told you I own a pair of red socks with the little toesies attached. My daughter has a matching pair.

Light rays travel through the cornea and pupil of the eye to focus on the retina, a layer of light-detecting cells at the back of the eye. From here, the retina converts the light rays into electronic pulses that travel along the optic nerve to the brain to create visual images.

In 2000, the networks started using red as the representative color for the Republican party.

I'm stoned as fuck right now. My eyes feel dry, but the effort of blinking simply isn't worth it. I watch piranhas in the tank swim bank and forth. I wonder what they'd do if I put my hand in the water. I imagine the water teeming, rolling with their bodies as they fight to feed. Surely, the water is red with blood, but I have yet to build the effort to blink, and so I sit—watching the piranhas swimming back and forth.

Studies have shown a correlation between people who prefer the color red over blue, and violent, hostile personalities. Participants were asked which of the two colors they preferred, and then took personality tests. Roughly 25% of those who preferred red were more hostile in personality, and more likely to commit violence against another person.

You roll your eyes and call Psychology a pseudo-science.

navy capri pants, lilac tank top, black cardigan, flip-flops,

No one saw. Through whatever social curtesy that demanded one turn a blind eye, they all refused to see. So, I left the bruises myself. A rock dug into the back of my head, pressing a red indent into my scalp. Scratches across my palm left thin lines of blood that smeared in my palm









Listen to the people I know. Listen to the people I've grown up with and worked with and I am here today not because I want to be. I am terrified. I am here because I believe it is my played with and coached with and dated and taught and gone to games with and had beers civic duty to tell you what happened to me while [John1] and I were in high school. When I got with. Listen to the witnesses who allegedly were at this event 36 years ago. This confirmation to the small gathering, people were drinking beer in a small living room on the first floor of process has become a national disgrace. The constitution gives the Senate an important role in the house. I drank one beer that evening. [John1] and [John2] were visibly drunk. Early in the the confirmation process. But you have replaced "advice and consent" with "search and evening, I went up a narrow set of stairs leading from the living room to a second floor to use destroy." Some have noticed that I didn't have church on Sundays on my calendars. I also the bathroom. When I got to the top of the stairs, I was pushed from behind into a bedroom. I didn't list brushing my teeth, and for me, going to church on Sundays was like brushing my couldn't see who pushed me. [John1] and [John2] came into the bedroom and locked the door teeth, automatic. [Dr. Jane] allegation is radically inconsistent with my record and my behind them. There was music already playing in the bedroom. It was turned up louder by character from my youth to the present day. As students at an all-boys Catholic Jesuit school, either [John1] or [John2] once we were in the room. I was pushed onto the bed and [John1] many of us became friends and remain friends to this day with students at local Catholic all-got on top of me. He began running his hands over my body and grinding his hips into me. I girls schools. One feature of my life that has remained true to the present day is that I've yelled, hoping someone downstairs might hear me, and tried to get away from him, but his always had a lot of close female friends. I'm not talking about girlfriends. I'm talking about weight was heavy. [John1] groped me and tried to take off my clothes. He had a hard time friends who are women. That started in high school. Maybe it was because I'm an only child because he was so drunk, and because I was wearing a one-piece bathing suit under my and had no sisters. I remember talking almost every night, it seemed, to my friends, Amy or clothes. I believed he was going to rape me. I tried to yell for help. When I did, [John1] put his Julie or Kristen or Karen or Suzanne or Maura or Megan or Nicky. The list goes on. As high hand over my mouth to stop me from screaming. This was what terrified me the most, and has school students, we sometimes did goofy or stupid things. I doubt we're alone in looking back had the most lasting impact on my life. It was hard for me to breathe, and I thought that at high school and cringing at some things. For one thing, our yearbook was a disaster. I think [John1] was accidentally going to kill me. Both [John1] and [John2] were drunkenly laughing some editors and students wanted the year book to be some combination of "Animal House", during the attack. [John2] was urging [John1] on, although at times he told [John1] to stop. A "Caddie Shack" and "Fast times at Ridgemoor High." I ask you to judge me by the standard couple of times I made eye contact with [John2] and thought he might try to help me, but he that you would want applied to your father, your husband, your brother or your son. My did not. During this assault, [John2] came over and jumped on the bed twice while [John1] family and I intend no ill will towards [Dr. Jane] or her family. But I swear today under oath, was on top of me. The last time he did this, we toppled over and [John1] was no longer on top before the Senate and the nation, and before my family and God, I am innocent of this charge. of me. I was able to get up and run out of the room.

I know I've grown up
played dated had beers
Listen to This confirmation
a national role in
confirmation you have consent e d
have noticed on Sundays
going to church
automatic [Dr. Jane] inconsistent my record my
character my youth
One feature remain true
close female friends I'm talking
I m talking child
Amy or
Julie or Kristen or Karen or Suzanne or Maura or Megan or Nicky The list goes on
stupid things alone
cringing a disaster
some combination of "Animal House",
"Caddie Shack" and "Fast times at Ridgemont High " me
your father your husband your brother or your son
family I swear
before my God I am innocent

today

I am terrified I am here

I believe

what happened

I drank

I was pushed

room locked

music playing

I was pushed

[John1]

on top of me

grinding

I

yelled hoping

weight heavy groped

hard

so drunk

I believe

rape tried to yell

his

hand

stop me from screaming

terrified

lasting impact

hard

breath

kill me

[John1] and [John2]

laughing

urging

help me

last time

I was able to

run

I've

played

a

role in

you

consent

e

d

on Sundays

I'm talking

child

I m talking

alone

some combination of

your father your husband your brother or your son

I swear

God I am innocent

today

terrified

I was pushed

I was pushed

I

yelled hoping

weight heavy

hard

rape

me

screaming

terrified

hard

breath

kill me

urging

help me

last time





as I made a fist. But he's so sweet they'd say. I pulled the first hit. He doesn't seem the type. The second hit was straight to the cheek bone. He never even raises his voice. A third. Each excuse of blindness deepened the certainty of the growing bruise on my cheek. This time they would have to see.

“It's not rape if you yell, ‘Surprise!’”

I force myself to watch a bullfight in the same detached eye that watches you. Music plays, the crowds gasp and cheer—eager to watch as the bull fights to survive. The matador struts like a peacock, the muleta his fanned plumage of red. His footing is precise and his arm forms a tight angle to his body. The bull stumbles.

Would we call it ironic that the camera and the eye work in much the same fashion?

In fact, the eye works very similar to the way a camera does. Light enters the clear covering of the eye, like the glass of a camera lens, and the pupil controls the amount of light that travels through the eye, like a camera aperture. The retina captures the incoming light and sends a record of it to the brain, like camera film.

One of the neighbor boys, a 14 year old in Junior High, was desperate to help. He always kept an eye on and the other kids while they played. He was praised by the police for being a caring young man, and they went to search the last place he had seen her on her bike.

Red is a color of assertion, strength, and vitality. It promotes excitement, ambition, and impulsiveness. It suggests sexual desire and romance, and it is a color that flatters the skin as the silk of my blouse runs its gentle edges along my neck.

hooded sweatshirt, baggy jeans and a cap advertising the Beatles,

The fish pass back and forth across the light in the tank, sending shadows across the wall. I forget the name of the artist sleeping next to the tank. Kenneth? Kyle? I swear that it starts with a K, but all I remember is watching my sister sleep at his feet. So stoned and so desperate for attention that she doesn't protest as he slips his hand into her shirt. His art pad has a red heart drawn on the top page. One of those, “I love Mom” tattoos that he's doing for a client. At this point it's all so damned cliché.









Here's why I, [Mr. Family Values] have no remorse and will never have remorse. I was given I had just given my two-month notice at Temple when the man I had come to know as a deal; I settled out of court for \$3.8 million dollars; I waived my 5th amendment rights; I was mentor and friend drugged and sexually assaulted me. Instead of being able to run, jump and declared not guilty in 2005 by the Commonwealth—never charged. However, a low-life pretty much do anything I wanted physically, during the assault I was paralyzed and District Attorney and a corrupt Judge needed me guilty now. Not for justice, but their political completely helpless. I could not move my arms or legs. I couldn't speak or even remain aspirations. They say, [Mr. Family Values] you must attend these classes. Why? One word. conscious. I was completely vulnerable and powerless to protect myself. After the assault, I Entrapment! My political beliefs, genders and religions landed me in this place surrounded by wasn't sure what had actually happened but the pain spoke volumes. The shame was barb wire fencing, a room made of steel and iron. So, I know have a temporary residence that overwhelming. I was always a sound sleeper but now I couldn't sleep for more than two or resembles the quarters of some of the Greatest Political Prisoner - Martin Luther King, Jr., three hours. I felt exhausted all the time. Then the nightmares started. I dreamed that another Mahatma Gandhi, Nelson Mandela, Randal Robinson, and Dr. Benjamin Chavis. I stand woman was being assaulted right in front of me and it was all my fault. In the dream, I was upright as a political prisoner and I smile. The truth is strong! The overall media, with their consumed with guilt, and pretty soon, that agonizing feeling spilled over into my waking frenzied, relentless demonization of him and unquestioning acceptance of accusers' hours too. I became more and more anxious that what had happened to me was going to allegations without any attendant proof, have superseded the Fifth and Fourteenth happen to someone else. I grew terrified that it might already be too late, that the sexual Amendments, which guarantee due process and equal protection, and thereby eliminated the assaults were continuing because I didn't speak out. The psychological, emotional and possibility of a fair trial and unbiased jury. [Mr. Family Values] was labelled as guilty because financial bullying included a slander campaign in the media that left my entire family reeling the media and accusers said so... period. Are the media now the people's judges and juries? in shock and disbelief. Instead of being praised as a straight-shooter, I was called a gold-Since when are all accusers truthful? History disproves that...for example, Emmett Till's digger, a con artist, and a pathological liar. My hard-working middle-class parents were accused immediately comes to mind. In 1955, she testified before a jury of white men in a accused of trying to get money from a rich and famous man. I had to relive every moment of Mississippi courtroom that a 14-year-old African American boy had sexually assaulted her, the sexual assault in horrifying detail in front of [Mr. Family Values] and his lawyers. I felt only to later admit several decades later in 2008 that her testimony was false. A more recent traumatized all over again and was often in tears. I had to watch [Mr. Family Values] make example is the case of Darryl Hunt, an African American who in 1984 was wrongfully jokes and attempt to degrade and diminish me, while his lawyers belittled and sneered at me. convicted for the rape and murder of a white woman. In the case of [Mr. Family Values], It deepened my sense of shame and helplessness, and at the end of each day, I left emotionally unproven accusations evolved into lynch mobs. drained and exhausted.

I have no remorse never remorse given
I settled I was
declared never charged low-life
and corrupt for justice
aspirations must attend
beliefs genders and religions
barb wire fencing temporary
I stand
upright I smile strong
frenzied demonization acceptance of accusers
superseded
due process eliminated
possibility unbiased labelled as guilty
period
History disproves met
m y mind men
had sex
admit her testimony
wrongful
rape of a woman the case
unproven lynch mobs

my

Temple

drugged

assaulted

I was paralyzed

helpless

vulnerable and powerless

the pain spoke

overwhelming

the nightmares started

it was all my fault

consumed with guilt

agonizing feeling

terrified

sex

a slander

left

reeling

shoot

dig

con

rich and famous

every moment

horrifying

all over again

[Mr. Family Values]

jokes

degrade

diminish

belittled

sneer

at me.

deepened

helplessness and

left

drained

no remorse

given

settled

I was

declared

a

low-life

justice

barb wire fencing

temporary

I stand

upright

frenzied

due process

eliminated

History

mind

men

sex

woman

unproven

my

Temple

was paralyzed

and powerless

pain spoke

over

the nightmares

agonizing

sex

reeling

all over again

left

drained





It is said that eyes are the gateway to the soul. It's a gate that stands ajar, rusty hinges breaking. The edge of the gate digs a ditch in the mud and torn grass. If red eyes symbolize fury, then stepping through that gate must certainly be suicide. Be it the weed, blood vessels, or your soul damned in fire, the color of your eyes reflects danger.

The matador places his sword along the top edge of his muleta. He hides it from the crowd's view as he punctures the bull. It's not the first time. Large, feathered barbs hang from the animal's back, slowly ripping at its skin and weakening it. At this point, I'm already crying.

The bruise was gone by morning.

The red that bleeds through my knuckles is suggestive of that impulsive need to respond to your hunger.

When the police found her missing shoe, her mother screamed.

Psychologists have studied the brains of thrill seekers. They find that those who must put themselves in peril to achieve excitement are deficit in their ability to create endorphins, the chemicals that make us feel happy and excited. Thrill seeking becomes an addiction, and can be classified as a mental illness.

black & white striped, one-piece bathing suit with a ruffle around the middle,

When a camera flash goes off, the pupils of your subject's eyes don't have time to constrict to reduce the amount of light entering their eyes. Therefore, a large burst of light reaches their retinas, reflects back, and is captured on film.

And let's not forget that red is the warning color for danger.

Maybe that is why you fear me. Because I bleed the same color as the hour glass on the back of a Black Widow. Does my menstruation remind you of the Poisonous Dart frog who secretes a mucus from its skin that paralyses the body and is powerful enough to kill ten men? Do you wish to fight with death for your arousal, and so you desire to conquer the woman?

“Struggle snuggle.”









[Another He] testified and said he saw [He] penetrating an unconscious woman with his fingers. He said [He] appeared to be having sex with the woman, then stuck his penis in her mouth and sat on her face and raised his middle finger. [Another He] said [ANOTHER he] was coaching the others, but no one told [He] what to do. He said [He] was buzzed but was still walking and talking fine. “I didn’t see his penis, but I seen him holding his penis area and placing it in her mouth,” [Another He] also told the defense that in three prior statements — when he said nothing happened — he was just trying to cover up what happened. He was being honest today, he said, in hopes for consideration in his own case. Defense said [He] was so drunk that he was acting on what others told him to do, like a puppet. Defense said [He] did not remember what had happened. She urged jurors to be skeptical of co-defendants who will testify in the case, saying they have something to gain. She also suggested technology was minutes that wasn’t recorded — it was incomprehensible. At one point I saw what I first blame, saying that a mistake caught on camera made a person unable to learn from their mistakes. [He] level of intoxication meant he would not have remembered his actions and would have been more easily manipulable by others. Surveillance video led police to obtain a search warrant for cellphones and conduct interviews. Sometimes graphic detail will show myself. Something permanent snapped that day. I felt myself detach from my body. Now, I what [He] did to the woman: penetrating her with his fingers and penis and then urinating on her. The defense’s final witness was a teacher and coach who knew [He], and testified about [He] character, saying he never drank, was an affable kid who was not aggressive. Prosecutors, however, he was shown a picture of the incident, and asked if that was good there were seven acts of violence he was found guilty of committing against me. But sexual character? “No sir, it is not,” he replied. After about nine hours of questioning, a jury was chosen. The fourteen people are four women and ten men. my face while uttering horrific racial hate speech that suggested I deserved what he was doing to me because of the color of my skin. He didn’t even know who I was.

[Another He] testified and said he saw [He] penetrating an unconscious woman with his fingers. He said [He] appeared to be having sex with the woman, then stuck his penis in her mouth and sat on her face and raised his middle finger. [Another He] said [ANOTHER he] was coaching the others, but no one told [He] what to do. He said [He] was buzzed but was still walking and talking fine. "I didn't see his penis, but I seen him holding his penis area and placing it in her mouth," [Another He] also told the defense that in three prior statements — when he said nothing happened — he was just trying to cover up what happened. He was being honest today, he said, in hopes for consideration in his own case. Defense said [He] was so drunk that he was acting on what others told him to do, like a puppet. Defense said [He] did not remember what had happened. She urged jurors to be skeptical of co-defendants who will testify in the case, saying they have something to gain. She also suggested technology was to blame, saying that a mistake caught on camera made a person unable to learn from their mistakes. [He] level of intoxication meant he would not have remembered his actions and would have been more easily manipulable by others. Surveillance video led police to obtain a search warrant for cellphones and conduct interviews. Sometimes graphic detail will show what [He] did to the woman: penetrating her with his fingers and penis and then urinating on her. The defense's final witness was a teacher and coach who knew [He], and testified about [He] character, saying he never drank, was an affable kid who was not aggressive. Prosecutors, however, he was shown a picture of the incident, and asked if that was good character? "No sir, it is not," he replied. After about nine hours of questioning, a jury was chosen. The fourteen people are four women and ten men.

The thought of **sharing** any more of **myself** that hasn't already been **taken** from me seems **unbearable**, and it goes **against** every **instinct** that I have. There are no words to describe the horror of the images from that night and how it feels to **watch yourself be dehumanized**. A detective showed me some of those photos and videos that you and forty-two jurors have now seen **so many times**, and what I saw was image after image of **my** genitalia covering the entire frame on the screen. These sick, **alien-looking** fingers all over the **flesh** were moving **from frame to frame**, with multiple **hands reaching in**. Videos played, and I heard the **laughing**. I heard the degrading, **taunting voices**. My memory of the images I was shown then starts to **flash in and out**. The realization of all the different ways that they **raped me**, that people can see these close up pictures of my body, **the unknown** of what was done to me in those thirty minutes that wasn't recorded — it was **incomprehensible**. At one point I saw what I first thought was a **dead woman's** face. I was suddenly overwhelmed **by my memory** of a family member's **corpse**, and then I realized that it's me. They had taken a picture of **my** face during the **rape**. I was **lifeless** and my face was covered in something shiny. I didn't recognize myself. Something **permanent** snapped that day. I felt myself **detach** from my body. Now, I **feel like** I'm walking **around in the shell** of someone else. A part of me went **numb**, a sense of being a whole person with **hopes and dreams** about what's possible in the world was now **gone**. There were five acts of sexual assault and rape **committed by him** and him alone, and there were seven **acts of violence** he was found guilty of committing **against me**. But sexual assault was not where the attack ended. [He] continued to **abuse** and **degrade me**, urinating on my face while **uttering** horrific racial hate speech that suggested **I deserved** what he was doing to me because of the color of **my skin**. He didn't even know who I was.

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The next time he tried to rape me, I used a wooden sandal to fight him off. Everyone saw the bruises and shoe outline on him. He made me out to be a violent, abusive girlfriend. I was the bad guy.

The matador doesn't even meet the beast at its full strength. He toys with it, and manipulates it—stabbing and prodding and mocking in a dance the desperation of a tortured animal.

It was hours later when the blood hounds found her. There were bruises around her neck where her attacker tried to strangle her after he raped her. She was left in the woods to die. He was a 14 year old in Junior High.

black t, skinny jeans, leopard flats,

It excites you when the blood rises beneath my skin, leaving bruises that redden my body. I can hear your stomach growl.

A horn snags the matador under an arm and flings him in the air, but the animal is already dead, even as it tries to get away.

Eyes look red in photos due to the rich blood supply of the choroid, a layer of connective tissue at the back of the eye that nourishes the retina and gives it its normal red color.

Perhaps you test me to see how far I'll push back. How many feathered barbs must hang from my back before you feel safe enough to move in for the kill.

army green coat, acid washed skinny jeans with zippers and bows at the ankle









The rape was reported and the small town split its loyalties. Video and photo evidence reveal that the girl was sexually assaulted over the course of several hours. The video and photo evidence showed her to be unconscious. Some members of the community blamed the girl for her own rape and blamed her for casting a negative light on the football team and town. A witness. In the backseat of the car during the 15-minute trip, her shirt was removed and [Mr. Football 2] digitally penetrated the victim's vagina and exposed her breasts while his friends else are you going to tell your parents when you come home drunk like that and after a night filmed and photographed her. In the basement of the house, [Mr. Football 2] attempted to like that? said [Privileged 1], who was one of the team's 19 coaches. Now people are trying to orally rape the victim by forcing his penis into her mouth. Now unconscious, she was stripped naked and the second accused, [Mr. Football 1], also digitally penetrated the victim's vagina. themselves, especially CNN. During the course of the delinquent verdict on March 17, 2013, She was again photographed. Three witnesses took the photos back to the second party and CNN's [Privileged 2] stated that it was "Incredibly difficult, even for an outsider like me, to watch what happened as these two young men that had such promising futures, star football [Mr. Football 2] "seemed to try to orchestrate a cover-up, telling a friend, 'Just say she came to your house and passed out'" and pleading with the victim not to press charges. Ohio that sentence came down, [Mr. Football 1] collapsed in the arms of his attorney. [...] He said investigators confiscated and analyzed 15 cellphones and two tablets, collecting hundreds of to him, 'My life is over. No one is going to want me now'. [Privileged 3] and [Privileged 4] text messages from dozens of students, and interviewed almost 60 people, including students, coaches, school officials and parents. The victim testified in court that she had no memory of Messages showed [Mr. Football 2] pleading with the girl not to press charges because doing the six-hour period in which the rapes occurred, except for a brief time at the second location so would damage his football career. [Mr. Football 2] stated that he had used his fingers to in which she was vomiting on the street. She said she woke up the next morning naked in a penetrate the girl, whom he referred to in a separate message as "like a dead body." Some basement living room with [Mr. Football 2], [Mr. Football 1] and another teenage boy, people deserve to be peed on That's how you know she's dead, because someone pissed on missing her underwear, flip-flops, phone and earrings. In a photograph posted on Instagram by her. He told the victim that a photo of her lying naked in a basement with semen on her body a Steubenville High football player, the victim was shown looking unresponsive, being carried had been taken by him, and that the semen was his. I shoulda raped her now that everybody by two teenage boys by her wrists and ankles. They joked that the boys "raped her quicker than Mike Tyson raped that one girl."

The rape was reported and the small town **split its loyalties**. Video and photo evidence reveal that **the girl** was sexually assaulted over the course of several hours. The video and photo evidence showed her to be **unconscious**. Some members of the community **blamed the girl** for her own **rape** and **blamed her for** casting a **negative light** on the football team and town. A coach said the girl's rape claim had been an **"excuse"** to **cover her** own bad behavior. What else are you going to tell your parents when you come home **drunk** like that and after a night like that? said [Privileged 1], who was one of the team's 19 coaches. Now people are trying to **blow up** our football program because of it. **Criticism** has also been placed upon media outlets themselves, especially CNN. During the course of the **delinquent** verdict on March 17, 2013, CNN's [Privileged 2] stated that it was **"Incredibly difficult** even for an **outsider** like me, to watch what happened as these **two young men** that had such **promising futures**, star football players, **very good** students, literally watched as they believed their lives **fell apart** [...] when that sentence came down, [Mr. Football 1] **collapsed** in the arms of his attorney. [...] He said to him, **"My life is over. No one is going to want me now"**. [Privileged 3] and [Privileged 4] were also criticized for their **lack of focus** on the victim and their **sympathy** for the rapists. Messages showed [Mr. Football 2] **pleading with the girl** not to press charges because doing so would **damage** his football career. [Mr. Football 2] stated that he had used **his fingers** to penetrate the girl, whom he referred to in a separate message as **"like a dead body"**. Some people **deserve** to be peed on. That's how you know she's dead, because **someone** pissed on her. He told the victim that a photo of her lying naked in a basement with semen on her body had been taken by him, and that the semen was his. **I shoulda raped her now** that everybody thinks I did, but **she wasn't awake** enough.

According to trial transcripts, at about midnight **the intoxicated victim** left a party with four football players. They went to a second party where the victim **vomited** and appeared "out of it". The same group left after about 20 minutes, and headed to the home of one of the witnesses. **In the backseat** of the car during the 15-minute trip, her **shirt was removed** and [Mr. Football 2] digitally penetrated the victim's **vagina** and **exposed** her breasts while his friends filmed and photographed her. **In the basement** of the house, [Mr. Football 2] attempted to orally rape the victim by **forcing his penis** into her mouth. Now **unconscious**, she was **stripped** naked and the second accused, [Mr. Football 1], also digitally **penetrated** the victim's **vagina**. She was again **photographed**. Three witnesses took the photos back to the second party and shared them with friends. In the days following the **rapes**, according to The New York Times, [Mr. Football 2] "seemed to try to **orchestrate** a cover-up, telling a friend, 'Just say she came to your house and passed out'" and **pleading** with the victim not to press charges. Ohio investigators confiscated and **analyze**d 15 cellphones and two tablets, collecting hundreds of text messages from dozens of students, and interviewed almost 60 people, including students, coaches, school officials and parents. The victim testified in court that she had **no memory** of the six-hour period in which the rapes occurred, except for a brief time at the second location in which she was vomiting **on the street**. She said she woke up the next morning naked **in a basement living room** with [Mr. Football 2], [Mr. Football 1] and another teenage boy, **missing** her underwear, **flip-flops**, phone and earrings. In a photograph posted on Instagram by a Steubenville High football player, **the victim** was shown looking **unresponsive**, being carried by two teenage boys by her wrists and ankles. **They joked that** the boys "raped her quicker than Mike Tyson raped that **one girl**."

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On RED

I don't know what I expected to feel as I strapped my camera around my neck and headed out to stalk/hunt women. There is a violence that seems inherent in photographing people, and my intent was that it might simulate the kind of perverse excitement that comes from hunting a victim. I decided I would try hiding in plain sight. I went to campuses, zoos, city streets, any place that attracted lots of people and might have an abundance of tourists that I could blend in with as they snapped innocent pictures of statues, plants, and large buildings. There was only one kind of woman on my mind as carefully cleaned the lenses and checked that the battery was charged. I was after the lady in red.

My focus on the color red feels necessarily obsessive. From its symbolism for power, sex, and violence to its use in art as a means of drawing focus and attention, and to its representation of menstruation, danger, and rage—red is an obsession worthy of fixation.

I believe it necessary that this piece be read on print, rather than digital. Once the reader has grown comfortable with it, then I suggest it be performed. From there, expand the audience. You see, this piece requires a certain commitment, and a particular way in which it should be presented and read, but like so many things, that particular way is subjective, and dependent upon the personal experiences of the reader. Just as society's dedication to supporting and protecting women is, seemingly, subjective. I have created this to literarily form layers that change and distort meaning. Images of the symbolic lady in red become violated as their color is stolen from them, just as their privacy and their certainty of peace and anonymity.

Some women knew they were being followed, and their sudden discomfort made them fearful and vulnerable. I stole their feelings of safety. I wish I could give that back...

When a woman comes forward and reveals that she was raped/assaulted/harassed, and she is met by inquiries of what she was wearing/drinking/thinking, then a layer of subtle blame is placed over the

facts of the case. These layers stack and obscure the truth and guilt and of the man who harmed her.

As she is brought to the stand time and again her life and experiences are constantly criticized. Images of her nude, prone body circulate through the courts and social media, and her life begins to lose color. She becomes like an artist's sketch. Stark lines across white paper with no depth, or shades to remind her of the person she was. Her story becomes reduced to a few circulated opinions about her clothes, her choice of men, her sexual desires.

Cover printed on gloss cardstock (What can I say, it's cheap.). Transparency pages printed on an absolutely lovely, and hard to find vellum(that certainly was not cheap) that feels more like plastic than tree and tears in a very satisfactory sort of fashion. Spine may be hand sewn in red twine, glued, even stapled isn't out of the question given time and funding. Who knows. My good-byes have been spread to the lovely Joey, and Corrina at my local Fed-Ex. That place is far too expensive, but these ladies have been of the utmost help and support.

