

Opening Statement

I come from a culture of silence. While I was a freshman in high school, my father was hospitalized for his Bipolar Disorder. I was instructed to tell no one, not even my closest friends, a habit I inherited within the context of my and Kevin's relationship. When Kevin raped me, I tried to rationalize and forget his crime. I was embarrassed and ashamed and so incredibly confused.

I thought that I needed to fix myself. I imagined that if I could be perfect, he would stop drinking so much, stop manipulating me, stop making promises to me he had no intention of keeping. I thought I was to blame for his negligence and kept making apologies for his problems. As time passed I became weak as a direct result of my relationship with Kevin. The abuse, both emotional and psychological, became too much for me as I struggled with my health. When there were no longer any parts of myself to give, Kevin simply left, so disgusted by the ruin he had created. Throughout this process, Kevin has repeatedly broken the no-contact order, hanging outside of my home (even making a photo of his harassment his current profile picture) or purposely changing his course of movement to intimidate me, which he chose to do so just yesterday. I have since filed two separate reports of his behavior with campus security.

When I arrived at Vassar in the Fall of 2012, I was already struggling with a minor eating disorder and early symptoms of Bipolar I Disorder. I met Kevin on October 26, 2012 at a party and that night we began engaging in sexual activity. At the time, I was still a virgin and my conception of sex was simplistic to the point of naive. I did not fully comprehend the breadth of what consent entailed and what the definition of rape was within the context of a relationship. Soon after I met Kevin, we began spending more

and more time together, eventually deciding to date. During this time I saw my friends less and less, and communication with my family was strained.

About four months into the relationship, Kevin broke up with me. Soon after we began sleeping together, but Kevin didn't want to tell his friends. I mistook this secrecy for intimacy and during this time Kevin would make grand promises, manipulating me for comfort and pleasure, often times making me feel as if my perceptions were invalid. Kevin, you say you do not remember much from the night you raped me, but you do suggest that it is possible. When asked, you yourself could not deny the possibility of having raped me, of having been inside of me without my consent. I remember looking at you on top of me and feeling scared because you did not seem like yourself. You were distant and far off, barely looking at me, treating me like a means to an end and not as a girlfriend or a person. I remember you were frustrated because you were having trouble staying hard because you had had so much to drink. Your hands grasped tightly around my back and shoulders, holding me in place. You were holding me too tightly, it hurt. I was pinned to the bed and when I moved it hurt more than when I stayed still. I said to you, "We don't need to have sex tonight, we can have sex tomorrow when you are sober." But you kept going. I then told you "NO." and that you were "Hurting me." The ring on your finger was pressing deeper and deeper into my back, so cold against my skin... the longer you continued, the more I could feel its coolness. (*pause*) You eventually ejaculated, and I lay there next to you, frozen, horrified at this *other* person. I decided that it wasn't my boyfriend who had raped me but some other individual altogether... I decided that, but that is not the truth. That man was you, Kevin.

The morning after you raped me, I was sore and ashamed. I did not speak of it to anyone. I purposely did not think of it even to myself. It was not until this year when I was away from Vassar in London that I came to understand what had transpired. I did not want to acknowledge that I had been raped, especially by someone I had loved and who I thought at one point loved me. I did not want to pervert the image of what we were in my mind, a matter made more difficult by your unsolicited promises that you were my “family”, that you “loved me”, and that you would “always be there.” I mistook your pains and fears and reflected them as my own, as an understanding between the two of us and a bond. I was wrong. Your broken promises were not innocent, they were painful and pointed and incredibly unfair.

When I finally came forward, acknowledging not only that you had raped me, but that your substance abuse and personal issues had resulted in my being abused, my voice was quiet but resolute. I began finding the little bits of myself you had lain strewn about. The part of me that had previously been devoted to fixing myself began to be utilized for reclaiming myself.

According to your statement, the “first six months of our relationship were good.” But we only dated for about four months and in the first six months of us knowing each other, you raped me, sexually assaulted me, broke up with me, and abused me. If this is your definition of a good relationship then I am disturbed and fear for those women who you have contact with in the future. The cycle of inebriation, abuse, assault, and eventual forgiveness was one that could not be amended. If you think that any of your behavior towards me was acceptable then your problems far exceed the context of this trial.

I am not the only person Kevin has raped while in a state of intoxication. A woman told me she was too unstable to come forward herself but did say that Kevin admitted to having *raped* her, in his own words. I will respect her wishes and protect her anonymity but Kevin you know exactly who I am talking about. How many more girls are there? How many more will there be? Kevin is a danger to himself and to the larger Vassar community; he needs help, and if this is the forum necessary for him to see that then so be it.

Concluding Statement

Throughout our relationship I felt manipulated, abused and even at times hated by you. Never have I experienced such pain at the hands of another individual. You say that I was too much for you, laying the blame on me, when you yourself were struggling so immensely, when you sought me out, when you promised to be there for me. *You were smitten. I was a vision, cinematic even! It was not fair for you to have used me as an idea. As an idea of a relationship, you said, not a person.* In my weakest states, both psychologically and physically, you took advantage of me and my kindness and my love for you. Dare I say you found my tragic vulnerability sexy. I never asked anything of you that you yourself did not provide first and was devastated when you were unable to do the most basic of decent things, like call or text or show up for a hug.

You say you do not remember the night of January 19th 2013, but I do. I remember. I remember the entire day, down to what we were both wearing. [name redacted] and

[name redacted], remember? In regards to you being an alcoholic.... that conversation started with me telling you that I was having suicidal thoughts and then you offered up the fact that you were struggling too, with substances, especially alcohol. You begged me to stay with you as you called your father from my bed. You were shaking and crying and I held you despite your abandonment of me and my increasing self-loathing. You asked me to be there, to help you stay sober. Don't try and push your admission of alcoholism on me... that is cruel and unfair and a lie. And in regards to your drinking with [name redacted], didn't the two of you recently start a beer blog? Kevin, you raped me. You cannot even deny having raped me because you do not remember.

Throughout this process you have repeated "I do not recall." We both know that part of why you cannot recall is because you don't want to and because you were drunk. In this room, the term "normal college activity" has been used. What Kevin does is not normal, it is excessive and disturbing. We know better that to perpetuate stereotypes of collegiate activity and to dismiss his substance usage as normal is an insult to other member of the Vassar Community.

I am doing this today not for myself but for this community, for you. It terrifies me to think of the damage that you can do to both yourself and others. I cringe when I hear stories about you. I hate that I loved you. I hate that I believed you when you said you were going to be there. But you are an actor Kevin... and this has been one of your finer performances. But I know you. I see you. And everyone else does too.

