

## THE SURVIVOR PROFILE

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There are countless examples of survivors of sexual assault. Carolyn Craven describes the subtle ways in which some survivors suffer:

While I may not believe that all men are potential rapists, in fact, I must act as though they are because there's no way I can tell, walking down the street, whether or not that man just walking up the street in a three-piece suit or in blue jeans and a work shirt is a rapist. Therefore, I have to treat all of them as though they are, because I can't tell them apart. All women have to do that.

So, in a sense, all women are victims. All men are victims, too, because they viewed with fear and suspicion. For years, researchers have studied the impact of society on sexual assault and have realized to some extent the culture's collective responsibility for rapists. But is it possible to gauge the impact of sexual assault on society?

How many tears? How many relationships uprooted? How many post-rape suicides? How many social myths and fallacies? How many cases thrown out of court? How many cases never heard in court? How many misdiagnosed conditions? How many weapons, security systems and other forms of self-protection? How many police sex crime personnel? How many workshops, special training seminars and books such as this one? How much rage? How many lives shaken or devastated?

So, who are the victims? We all are. We all hurt. We all fear. We all suspect. We all suffer. We all need support. Women, men, all of us, have become the victims.



## Survivor Stories

### MARIA

When Maria reached her car, she found her tire had been flattened. She was returning to her apartment when a man shoved her back into the elevator as she was getting out at her floor. Maria recognized him before he ripped off her glasses and held a knife to her throat. She remembered the man (Ralph Lenko) as the stranger who had approached her earlier at the apartment swimming pool.

Lenko forced her from the elevator into a storage room. He cut Maria's throat slightly. Trying to pull the knife away, she cut two of her fingers. He shifted the knife to the back of her neck and cut her again.

The man then forced Maria from the storage room to her apartment where he blindfolded her. Lenko ordered her to disrobe down to her panties, pantyhose and shoes. She heard his zipper. He seated himself next to her on the sofa, yanked Maria to him, pushed her to her knees and forced his penis into her mouth. Maria nearly vomited. He told her to take off the rest of her clothes and ordered her to stand. He inserted his fingers into her vagina; then raped her.

Afterward he asked her if she had a boyfriend, saying, "You better not lie to me. I know everything about you. I know what time you leave work, and I know what time you get home." Then, as though wooing, "I have seen you from afar, and I admired you for a long time."

He then forced his penis into Maria's rectum. She had diarrhea and evacuated her bowels twice. Lenko continued insisting that she "satisfy" him. Despite Maria's gagging and vomiting, he resumed the oral copulation. He attempted to rape her again but did not ejaculate; so while wiping away the vomit, he again forced her to copulate orally.

The rapist finally decided to leave. On his way out, he threatened to kill Maria if she reported the rape to anyone. "It will be embarrassing for you only," he said.

A three year trial and appeal process began; the jury found Lenko guilty of forcible rape, sodomy, oral copulation, first-degree burglary (he took \$60 from Maria's wallet,) and kidnapping. The jury also found him guilty of causing great bodily injury (GBI), which automatically lengthened his minimum prison sentence.

Unfortunately, his sentence was reduced in the California Supreme Court of Appeals. The kidnapping conviction was cleansed because the distance from the elevator to Maria's apartment was said to be "not substantial," and the GBI charge was struck down. The court majority insisted that the lack of "visible injury, laceration or hematoma of the sexual organ or the anus" and the fact that Maria's knife wounds did not need suturing would not "permit" the court to hold the GBI conviction. Ralph Lenko could end up free after serving less than a year. **Maria is a victim.**

## SEXUAL ASSAULT ADVOCATE TRAINING MANUAL

### ANN

Ann walked into work with no suspicion of or inclination toward the ensuing events. She changed into working clothes and joined her coworkers in the foyer of the massage parlor.

Ann had been tricking for 4 of her 28 years. Employed for the past 2 years in New Mexico and Las Vegas, she moved to the West Coast in hope of entering law school full-time. She had taken this part-time job to pay her way.

As her peers huddled around the television watching a favorite soap opera, Ann sat on a corner couch studying contract law. A customer dressed in a gray suit stepped through the door in a hurry, as though he had just sprinted from his car.

“Close the door before I freeze my ass!” someone shouted from in front of the television. The customer glared in the direction of the TV and nearly turned on his heels to walk out. Then he noticed the young woman reading quietly in the corner.

The man approached Ann and made fumbling suggestions about going to her room for a “rum.” The couple entered the sparse, windowless room. The trick stood uneasily for a moment, and then disrobed. He sat on the edge of the table and stared at the woman.

“How would you like it?” she asked, in attempt to play the familiar word game.

“How much will it cost me to fuck you from behind?” the customer mumbled. The game playing continued until they agreed on a price. Ann set her clothes on a chair and lay face down on the table as he instructed. The trick's behavior began changing as he paced about the small quarters. Ann was familiar with the rather bizarre actions of some clients, and this seemed like nothing alarming.

The man went to his clothes for a moment. Ann's back was to him as he returned to the table. She felt a cold piece of metal at her temple; he held a loaded blue magnum pistol. “Make a noise, scum, and I'll blast,” he threatened.

Ann's coworkers, unaware of her plight, sat before the blaring television. The man forced the gun in and out of Ann's vagina; then forced her to copulate orally. Twice he struck her in the face with the butt of the pistol when he was unable to ejaculate. As he fled, his business card dropped from his loosened wallet.

Ann was taken to the hospital with multiple lacerations and wounds to the mons veneris, labia majora, perineum, vaginal vault, cervix, neck, and face. She was threatened with arrest for prostitution. No further investigation occurred. **Ann is a victim.**

## SEXUAL ASSAULT ADVOCATE TRAINING MANUAL

### SHELL

Dave, a 38-year-old magazine circulation director, came to the party with one thing in mind. His lover had left him only three days earlier because of Dave's violent outbursts. Now Dave mingled with the younger guests in a reserved manner, scanning the moving bodies as though counting magazine stacks.

Shell, an attractive 22-year-old employee of a telephone company, sat uncomfortably on a couch with three men who were begging for attention. Dave moved toward the couch and spoke quickly, yet firmly, to Shell, "Let's dance."

Shell, not amused by the antics of the trio, jumped up and headed toward the dance floor. The couple appeared awkward, as though they were dancing to entirely different songs. In the middle of the first song, Dave suddenly spun about, walked off the dance floor and headed out the door to his car. Shell, confused by Dave's turnabout, ran out after him.

"So, what's the matter? You don't like disco?" queried Shell. Dave stopped as he rounded the driveway of the large estate.

"I don't like loud music and boys who are forward. Besides, you don't want to dance with me. You just wanted to escape those flirts on the couch," cried Dave.

"You're right about those three, but give me a chance," Shell risked.

"I'll give you a chance," Dave blurted while revealing a snub-nosed revolver. "Do you like blood, dear?"

"Listen, I don't have a cent," Shell continued. "There's nothing you can take from me."

"Get in the car," Dave ordered. He forced Shell to drive the sports car into the hills. On the side of a dirt road, Shell was raped and left for dead – naked with a pen knife still twitching between his lower ribs.

Shell knew the decision to live or die required swift action. It was a long walk to the two-lane highway. Many people drove past the bleeding victim, ignoring Shell's pleas for help. It was not until Shell collapsed that a trucker pulled up to aid the assaulted man.

Since both Dave and Shell were males, Shell received less than sensitive treatment in the investigation phase. He never had contact with sex crimes detail. "Investigating gays assaulting gays doesn't fit in our job description," snarled the officer in charge of that department. **Shell is a victim.**

### **RUSSELL, JEREMY, CARL, THANE, SCOTT AND SUSAN**

Every one of the boys in the family had gone through the ordeal except 13-year-old Russell. His brothers Jeremy, 14; Carl, 16; Thane, 17; and Scott, 18, had been forced at gunpoint by their father to engage in sexual relations with an 11-year-old cross-town girl named Susan.

The girl had been picked up as she played outside the home of a sitter and was taken to the abductor's home. The boys pleaded with their father to stop the torture. "I promised your mother I'd make you into men, and that's what I am going to do!" the man shouted. The boys knew their father would act on his drunken threat to shoot. In years past, Jeremy and Thane had been hospitalized with ice-pick puncture wounds. The boys lived in fear of their father; yet they had never reported his violent behavior.

Susan had withdrawn into unconsciousness by the time Russell was forced to undress. "She's dead, Father!" the boy cried. The man fired into the carpeted floor and demanded that the boy proceed.

As the other boys had done, Russell rubbed his flaccid penis against the girl's genitals, faking intercourse. The boys were then ordered from the room. The man fired, into his own head. **Susan, Russell, Jeremy, Carl, Thane and Scott are victims.**

### **JEFF**

Mike could identify the prison's homosexual prostitutes, but their availability did not fulfill his need for power and dominance. "Fags who sell their services are less than useless to me. Showing him and the other guys that I can force my cock up his asshole isn't what I'm into. I'm looking for a gal-boy!"

That evening, Mike and a friend approached a young, rather frail convicted pot user named Jeff. "Grab this woman's ass!" Mike ordered his friend. They stuffed an old pair of underwear into Jeff's mouth, threw him from his bunk to the floor and bent him over a toilet seat.

After removing his pants, they forced dark machinery grease up his rectum with the aid of a metal pipe. After inserting the metal pipe, they pushed a rod through the pipe further up the canal. Jeff's muffled cries only heightened Mike's objective. Jeff was then raped anally over and over by three different men.

Fearing for his life, Jeff never told the prison staff what had taken place. Infection set in rapidly, and eventually a colostomy was required to save Jeff's life. Ironically, Mike's freedom came before Jeff's. **Jeff is a victim.**

## SEXUAL ASSAULT ADVOCATE TRAINING MANUAL

### SHARRON

It had been one week since Sharron and Randy had been separated... the longest the two had been away from one another in their eight year marriage.

Randy was staying at a friend's house six blocks away but drove by the house several times each night, watching shadows in the curtains. This evening he was not content to wait any longer. Sharron was asleep when her husband unlocked the front door. She jolted awake when she heard the wooden door slam shut and listened as the man's husky breathing moved toward the bedroom.

"Cut the drama," she shouted as Randy swung through the door.

"Why don't you want me to screw you anymore?" he snapped.

"You know this infection is painful, Randy. The doctor told me to stop for three weeks."

Randy climbed onto the bed and made attempts to pull the covers from Sharron. She resisted. "I told you I'm not interested in you sexually when I'm mad at you. Now just go back to your friend's house and leave me alone."

Randy reared back and slapped Sharron across the face, cutting her.

He jumped from the bed and opened the closet door. He grabbed a free coat hanger, flew back to the bed and forced the hanger over her head. With a quick twist, he yanked the hanger tight around Sharron's neck.

"Come on, bitch!" Holding the hanger tight, he undressed quickly. Randy raped Sharron while simultaneously mocking her cries.

"You...are...going...to...get...it...on!" **Sharron is a victim.**

## SEXUAL ASSAULT ADVOCATE TRAINING MANUAL

### WILMA, JEFFERSON, TANYA AND RANDOLPH

The family was excited about their move from Washington, D.C., to East Los Angeles. They had only been in their home two months when the unexpected event took place.

Wilma was walking home from adult school when a fellow student named Ben offered her a ride to her house. Because he seemed friendly enough and had impressed her with his knowledge of Los Angeles, she accepted, hoping to learn more about the new territory.

Ben said he needed gas and turned up an alley in a deserted industrial park. Half way up the alley he turned his van into an empty garage and revealed a stiletto blade. Ben asked Wilma if she knew what was coming next. She sat petrified. He raped Wilma, then drove her to the doorstep as if nothing had happened. As the door of the van slid closed behind her, she heard the man threaten, "Call the police and your kids will get to know my sharp friend here."

Tanya and Randolph were playing in the living room when the van pulled away. Wilma walked past the children and into the bedroom. Jefferson called to his wife from the kitchen but received no response. He found Wilma staring deep into the bedroom mirror.

Jefferson approached her and softly touched her shoulder. The woman suddenly began to scream and claw wildly at her husband. Randolph and Tanya stopped their play, ran to the room and found their father tightly holding their mother's wrists.

Wilma continued to scream at him to let her go. The children ran to their mother's aid, shouting at their father to let go. They tried to hug their mother, but she kicked at them. Jefferson took the children to their bedroom, where they sat on the edge of their beds, shaking in terror of the unknown. Wilma fell across her bed and pleaded with her husband to take her to the hospital. She refused to reveal the toll of the trauma.

A sitter was located quickly. The couple entered a hospital emergency department. As Wilma and Jefferson sat and waited, Jefferson's suspicions grew. Wilma was on the verge of convulsions. Jefferson asked his wife pointed questions, which she evaded. The hospital took note of the man's building rage.

Wilma was led in an examining room, where she curled into a ball like a child. "Don't tell the police," she cried. Lacking specialized training in post-rape trauma, the personnel were not adequately prepared for Wilma's plight. They suspected her reactions were due to a hallucinogenic drug overdose; so they immediately injected her with a major tranquilizer. Wilma soon lost consciousness.

Jefferson checked in with the sitter. The children had not slept. He could hear them crying in the background. The father felt too confused to speak with them. He hung up the phone and returned to his wife's bedside.

As morning approached, Wilma slowly awakened to her husband's tearful gaze. It took her nearly an hour to reveal the entire story. Jefferson was in a daze. He walked from Wilma's room, not hearing her plea for him to stay with her. Jefferson thought to himself, "How could this happen to me?"

## SEXUAL ASSAULT ADVOCATE TRAINING MANUAL

Wilma returned home that night to frightened children and an ambivalent husband. Wilma shunned Tanya and Randolph. Jefferson's doubts grew, and his questions came hard and fast.

"Why were you talking to that man? Did you think of your kids before you let him give you a ride? That was a pretty revealing outfit you were wearing! What's the matter ... hadn't our sex been exciting enough for you? That'll teach you about going to school. Why didn't you just go to his apartment?"

The interrogation continued. Randolph and Tanya heard every word.

"Okay, so he had a knife. Where was the blade when he was taking off his pants? Did you ever try to run? Did you get the license plate number or did you even care? Do you think I'll ever have sex with you again now that someone else has had you?"

Jefferson ran from the house with a handful of clothes, shouting, "I'll kill the bastard!" The family car roared down the street with Jefferson in futile search. Wilma recoiled in self-blame and alcohol.

Jefferson did not return home for several weeks. He suffered from severe mood swings at work and self-medicated at his motel room. In anguish over his behavior, he was afraid to call home. He felt pain for his wife, yet was afraid to face her with his shame.

Randolph's grades plummeted, as he became preoccupied with bleak fantasies. Twice he was sent home from school for rough behavior with fellow students. Tanya regressed to bed-wetting, nightmares, and thumb sucking. Her condition resembled autistic absorption.

Wilma's, reactive depression was complicated by her ensuing drinking. Her physical health and social functioning fell to a dangerously low point. She developed a skin disorder and musculoskeletal reaction in which emotional factors played a causative role.

Jefferson eventually received individual counseling with a marriage and family therapist. This opened the door for family therapy. Communication levels were low. Once Jefferson moved back into the home, Wilma and he made some attempts to engage in sexual relations, but Wilma suffered from severe vaginismus during these attempts. It was nearly a year before Wilma felt safe leaving the house. She never returned to school. There are lasting scars.

**Wilma, Jefferson, Tanya, and Randolph are victims.**