

CONTROL GAMES-

A situation of control, two people in a room, one with a gun

©Jana Leo 2007, performed in Galway

A stage, completely dark. The stage is empty but two chairs. Chairs are perpendicular to each other. One sit facing he audience, the other perpendicular to the audience. Light illuminates the chair that is facing to the side. On this chair the clothes of a young corpulent man lie as if the person was sitting there: jeans, t-shirt, a revolver hanging from his right sleeve. The light moves to a woman that walks in the stage sit on one chair.

MWG - (Man With Gun)

W-(Woman)

W-You scared me! I said without screaming, as if someone was playing a joke on me.

While standing, Woman reads: For half of a second I thought he was the downstairs neighbor who used to smoke in the stairwell between the fourth and fifth floors. Physically he was similar and there was not much light in the hallway, especially since I'd just come in from the harsh sunlight outside. Later I realized that I thought of him as the downstairs neighbor because, in fact, he was a familiar presence in the building. Afterward I told the building superintendent what had happened, describing a husky young black man, 5' feet 8" to 5' feet 10", 180 to 200 pounds, early twenties, clean cut with prominent features, brown eyes in a round, childish face. The super told me he had seen a man of that description sleeping on the roof a couple of weeks previously.

I couldn't believe that this man with a gun was in my chair. My first response was denial, with the hope that nothing actually would happen. My second reaction was to face the reality of the situation and try to handle it as best I could. Suddenly I wasn't worried about improving my health or life conditions but about having a life at all. The effort of my morning was a waste, how could I worry now about healthy food or about my well being when at any moment—in any place—someone could come and take away my being?

MWG-Do you have some money?

(A recorded voice on a CD player, sounds automatic; I press play for him to talk)

W -Yes, I think I have \$20

Woman reads: When I heard his voice and I saw him in my chair, I realized that my everyday life was gone. This was not a day as any other; this was the day; this was the end, the last day of my life, or at least the last day of my present life.

MWG-Sit down

He pushed the door closed behind him and locked the two locks.

W -I had \$31.

Woman reads: When entering my apartment, I entered in another sphere, a world unknown to me, regulated by rules of which I had no knowledge, a world in which I felt completely foreign. In the future, I would continue to feel separated from the world to which I had until then belonged. He was the stranger but his presence altered my life to such an extent that I too became a stranger, strange to myself and strange to others. In the years that followed this day I would be distant from my loved ones but not attached to anyone new. In this new world I was conscious that at any moment my life could be finished and that I had no control over it.

W -I have \$31

I handed him \$30 and asked,

W -Can I keep one? This is all the money I have

Woman reads: Later on, thinking back to the situation, I wonder why I asked him to keep a dollar. To ask for a dollar was to show clearly that I did not have more money in the house, and that I wanted to have at least a dollar. But it was more than that; it was an attempt to retain a minimum control over my money, over the situation. The dollar was the first sign of negotiation.

MWG-Okay. Sit down

4. She sat down. Light over woman

I sat down. MWG sat down diagonally in front of me on another chair. He held the gun with his hand resting on his leg, no longer not pointing at me.

5. Light move to him when he is talking and to me when I am talking.

MWG -Can I have a cigarette? He asked

W -Yes sure

Woman reads: Why was he asking me things when he was inside my apartment without permission? He was polite like someone visiting for the first time. His politeness confused me. He held a gun but he was asking permission. Was he playing a game, which game? I didn't understand the rules, and this disorientation made me nervous.

Cook the potatoes and carrots, take the subway, go to the library—the daily sequence wouldn't happen that day. There is something comforting about following a routine automatically; the sequence and planning creates a feeling of control over the actions, as if in fact we control our own lives. But there I was, facing something unexpected, uncontrollable and not desirable.

6. Light illuminates both:

MWG -Are you positive you don't have more money?

W -Yes, I am sure, it is the end of the month. This is all the money I had to finish my month

MWG -Do you live alone?

W -No, I live with my boyfriend

MWG -When is he coming back?

W -I do not know, I never know when he is coming; he comes back at a different time everyday

Woman reads: Was he going to wait until my boyfriend came? My boyfriend was not going to come back. He had gone to Spain. And my new roommate would not arrive until late at night or even until the next morning. Why was he asking about my boyfriend? Did he need to know how much time he had alone with me?

I was in shock. I needed to recover my breath and my mouth was dry. The sudden assault, the gun after carrying the bags from the supermarket up the 145th St. hill and then the stairs. At the same time I needed to test my capacity for movement, to test my situation.

W -Can I have a glass of water?

MWG -Yes

W -Do you want something to drink?

Woman reads: I surprised myself at my own words. I was talking as if a friend had come for a visit. But that was what I needed to make him to believe—that I was his friend—because he would not kill a friend. He would not kill a person acting so friendly. He would not kill a woman that instead of screaming at him because he entered into her apartment with a gun, asked him if he wanted something to drink. I heard my words and they sounded strange to me. I felt as though I was watching myself act in a movie, but I knew that it was not a movie. I quickly went into the kitchen to check if the window was open. He followed me.

MWG-Yes, some water too

6. Light out of both

Woman reads: One big glass was on the counter, the same that I had drunk water from in the morning. I opened the kitchen cabinet on top of the dishwasher and looked for a glass. Glass or plastic? I took the plastic cup. The image of someone getting hepatitis made me think, wrongly, that he might leave a trace on the plastic.

We went back into the living room with our glasses of water. I sat down and drank my water slowly. Three or four minutes of silence, maybe less, maybe more. The time without words was unbearable. I was being kidnapped in my own house

7. Light back on both

MWG-Do you have a phone?

W -Yes

The phone was next to the window, in front of him.

MWG -Where?

W -Over there. I pointed to the phone

MWG -Do you have more money?

W -No

8. Light on woman

Woman reads: What was the relationship between asking for the telephone and asking for money? Was he going to call someone? He picked up the phone to check to see if the line was on. He dialed some numbers. He didn't speak to anyone.

I went into panic again. He was calling his friends. They were going to come over and they were going to destroy the place and my things, steal my photographic camera and my computer, and then they were going to torture me and kill me.

9. Light on man

MWG-Where is the bathroom?

Woman reads: I stood and walked through the corridor and showed him the way to the bathroom. I believe I also opened the bathroom door for him. He followed me and went into the bathroom. He held the gun in one hand and the telephone in other, and stood there. He wants some privacy to talk, I thought. I stood there not knowing what to do. The bathroom door was in front of my apartment door. I waited for him to close the bathroom door so I could open the apartment door in front of it. But he didn't close the door. He just stood there with the telephone and the gun, looking at the apartment door.

10. Light on woman

Woman reads: What was he doing in the bathroom with the telephone? He didn't talk with anyone, he stood looking at the telephone. I crossed the living room and went into the studio. I looked at the window and thought of opening the gate and escaping through the fire stair. I went to the window but the gate was locked and I couldn't open it. The building superintendent had installed the gate for us when we rented the place. I heard steps coming. I stopped trying the gate and on my way back to the living room I looked at my open laptop. He looked at me as though he was asking what I was doing. He crossed the living room too, put the wireless phone on its base, and stepped with his boots on the comforter.

MWG-I am sorry

Woman reads: I got more anxious with his apologies. Did this imply some kind of disturbance in his personality? He had entered my apartment with a gun but he was saying he was sorry because he stepped on my comforter. Why was he acting politely? What did it mean? Was this the first time that was doing this or did his awkwardness come from having a gun, a weapon that is used from a distance and gives a victim a certain distance? The first time that you come into someone's rooms you often say "sorry" and "thank you", because you don't feel quite comfortable and because you want to create an image of yourself as a nice person. Was he trying to make a fantasy of himself on a first date? Was he trying to disorient me? I followed his game because I felt it was the right thing to do to survive, but I was completely aware of the game. And I was able to distinguish the reality of the situation.

W-No problem, that's okay

11. Light on both

MWG-Can I have another cigarette?

Woman reads: Again asking? He didn't ask me if he could enter my apartment. He was asking with a gun. What kind of psychopath was he? The weapon invalidates the option of an answer: he was suggesting that I not only follow his orders but that I be cool about it. Was this his way to humiliate me?

W-Sure, take another one

Woman reads: My answer was like his question, it maintained the fiction that nothing irregular was happening. I was playing a game for my own benefit to try to create empathy so he would realize that violence was an inappropriate option. He rested the cigarette on the edge of my game table

W-No, no not there. Here, take the astray. This is a piece of art, my artwork, and I don't want it burned

MWG-Okay

Woman reads: To correct someone's mistake is to create a casual scenario. Correcting him was a way to show that I wasn't in a panic. By making small request, I was also testing the limits of my influence, of my power within his fiction.

MWG -I'm sorry

-That's okay

He sat down again and remained silent for a few minutes. Then he asked me again

MWG-Are you sure you don't have more money?

W-Yes I am sure. Really, I get about a thousand a month for everything, you know. It's really little money, and it's almost the end of the month.

Woman reads: I was able to see as well as he my photographic camera on top of the tripod in the living room. It was odd that he didn't ask me for the camera; it was right in front of him. It was odd that he didn't look around the house for anything else of value. He didn't touch anything. He even didn't walk into the studio or the bedroom. Did he not look at things or did he not want them?

W-I need to go

MWG-Okay

W-What do you do?

MWG -I work in a restaurant?

W-A restaurant, which one?

MWG - Adele (or Ladele or something like that)

W-I don't know it, but I do not know any restaurants anyway.

MWG -You do not know Adele? The one on 34th Street?

W-No I don't

12. Light on woman

Woman reads: A normal guy with a standard job, working in a restaurant. Why a restaurant? He couldn't imagine himself doing something else? Or he thought that a restaurant worker would go well with a student? Should I ask why was he stealing money from me if he worked in a restaurant? No, it was better not to break the rules of the game, because his true reality could appear. I thought of mathematical progressions, a sequence of three numbers that leads to a fourth.

My mind went to the statistics A. was working on for his studio project about prisons and architecture. "One out of ten men in the U.S. is or will be in prison. One out of four black men is or will be in prison".

He had already committed a crime by entering into my house. He committed another by pointing a gun at me; and a third by stealing money. What was next? Now he was standing in front of me in the living room of my apartment bathed in sunlight and I was looking at his face. I could recognize him easily. How is he going to prevent me from recognizing him? By killing me? I became visibly more nervous. What does he want? Does he enjoy playing, playing with my fear? I was fully aware that I was the loser and he the winner.

W-Could you go, I need to do some things before I go to school, could you please go?

MWG-I am not going. I will decide when I am leaving. Don't tell me what to do.

Woman reads This sentence was pronounced violently showing how limited my power was. For the first time he sounded angry and powerful, like the voice of an enemy. He was not going to go. Why not? What does he want? That was my question, less sophisticated than others, the voice of a brain shadowed by panic. Why is he here? Why is he not going? Is he waiting for someone to come? What is he going to do to me? What is he waiting for? He is not looking at my things at all; he is not looking for anything; he is just looking at me. He is just there sitting on the border of the bed looking at me. Is it me he wants? It was in this moment that I realized what he wanted was not related to my things or my space but to me.

A deep fear crossed every part of my body and broke my balance: the fear of death. The fear was so intense that I couldn't even care about how I might die, or what was expected of me before death. I felt a pure fear not contaminated by hope.

W-Are you going to kill me?

Those words come out of my mouth, directly from my gut.

Woman reads I was completely out of control of myself, of the situation, of my life. Out of control, my words sounded broken, like animals spilling from my mouth, like it wasn't me saying them. Out of control. Since that moment I haven't been able to recover, and I still don't today see the end. The fear wasn't so much a natural fear of death but the lack of sense that a life could be cut or threatened at any minute for another's entertainment; it was the meaninglessness. Afterward it would become a loss of innocent enthusiasm coating my things like greasy dust, impossible to clean.

MWG-No, I am not going to kill you

W-Okay

Woman reads His answer relaxed me a little, but immediately I entered into a new field of terrors, envisioning physical torture and feeling psychological torture.

I was kidnapped in my own house, the place that was supposed to be safe, the space of my intimacy, of my joys. I was trapped and knew that no one would be coming for long time, that I could do nothing to escape. I could merely play his game, control my words, acts, movements not to win but to lose less.

He stood and moved toward the door then sat again.

MWG-Do you live alone?

W-No, I told you. I live with my boyfriend

MWG-When is he coming? Are you sure is he coming?

W-I do not know, he arrives at a different time everyday. But yes, he will come.

Woman reads Why did he need my boyfriend? Did he want to be sure that no one would open the door while he was here? I knew my boyfriend wasn't coming. But if he were, the situation wouldn't be better. My boyfriend wouldn't be carrying a gun. The benefit of not being alone when assaulted could also be a danger.

W-It is getting late. I have to cook and eat and then I have to go to school.

I was terrified.

MWG-Are you sure your boyfriend is coming

W-Yes

MWG-Are you sure he is not gone?

W-Yes

Woman reads My boyfriend wasn't coming. He had left for Spain a few weeks ago, and somehow this man knew it; otherwise why would he keep asking me the same question? Perhaps he saw my boyfriend with his suitcase leaving. Perhaps he saw me coming alone into my apartment. Perhaps he recognized only women's things around the house.

MWG -Are you sure you live with someone?

W-Yes. And you, where do you live?

MWG -Right across the street

Woman reads I imagined him watching me for the past ten days since I had returned from Spain coming home alone. He could be one of the several men that stood on the corner of 129th St and Nicholas Terrace forming a small circle, around something on the floor with dollars bills in their hands, or one of the men who stood next to the grocery store across street.

W -I am going to the kitchen. Can I cook now?

MWG -No. No, not yet

W-No? It is getting late. I have to go to school and I have to make my food

MWG -Not yet.

Woman reads "Yet." The word yet was an opening into hope. He had said it twice. But the word "yet" also meant that something must happen before I could get on with my daily life. The "yet" made me completely aware that he was about to do something.

W-What do you want? Why are we here?

MWG -Lay down

This is it.

W-What do you mean lay down?

He held the gun up and pointed it at me. And with a more violent tone he repeated

MWG- Lay down.

Woman reads: He wasn't asking for consent anymore. His order meant that he was about to rape me.

He wasn't looking for things, he didn't want my camera, TV or VCR. He wanted me. But I understood that he didn't just want sex; he wanted to take myself from me, to remove any sense of confidence from my person. Afterwards I thought about the meaning of making someone lie down, not only to make them have undesirable sex, but also to put them down, diminish them, to take away their respect and humiliate them.

He passed onto me the job of controlling myself, I had to force myself to be collaborative. I took that option to keep myself alive, and that involved making him feel that I was okay with being raped.

W-Do you want sex?

Woman reads: I was terrified but in a way relieved at the same time. I was terrified at the idea of having sex without any option to say no with someone who had entered my apartment with a gun. But I was relieved because I now knew what he wanted, he might not kill me. He might get sex, and once he got it, go away. I hadn't thought about that before. Perhaps it was too horrible to think about. Perhaps the gun was so present that death was my only concern. Perhaps it wasn't worth it to waste a precious second thinking about something that I couldn't do much about. Perhaps I didn't think of rape because I wasn't accustomed to seeing men as sexual predators. And coming from the doctor, I didn't feel aware of my body sexually and couldn't imagine how anybody else would feel it. Maybe I didn't think of rape because I was in love with my boyfriend and didn't pay attention to other men sexually; maybe I didn't think of it because he was younger than me and not bad looking. Maybe because it was 12:30 in the afternoon on a sunny day. Maybe, the main maybe, is too horrible to name: I was in my own home in the same love chair where I used to sit, in the same room where I used to relax at night with my boyfriend. He was sitting on the same comforter that had been covering mine and my boyfriend's bodies for five years; on the same bed where we made love.

MWG-Yes

W-You know, we can talk about these things, we have been talking before, you do not have to point the gun at me. Look, I didn't scream or behave hysterically at all. I will do whatever you want me to do, just stop pointing the gun at me

I didn't move, I remained on my chair.

W- I am coming from the doctor, I am sick. I don't think you want sex with me.

MWG-I do

W-Okay, okay. I will do it, don't worry. I will do it, you don't have to point at me with the gun. In fact you don't have to have the gun at all when we're doing it, right?

Woman reads: He put the gun down.

W-Let me get a condom, I have it right here. I grabbed a condom.

W-I am sick. I am coming from the doctor. I told you. I rolled up my left jersey arm to show him the bandage from the blood test.

Woman reads: He might not believe it, but I am slim. It would not be difficult to associate my body with the bodies of people with AIDS.

I started by removing my old brown boots and then my pants looking down, not looking at him. He took the condom and I think he removed his two t-shirts at once, because when I

looked at him he was naked on top. The gun was on the table close to his right hand. He removed his wool grey hat and underneath remained a do-rag covering his hair.

He was pretty sure that I was alone, and not expecting anyone. Otherwise, why would he follow my request not to have the gun in his hand? I had learned by that time that he would follow my requests as long as they did not interfere with what he wanted.

W-You are in good shape, do you work out? I am not in good shape; it is so embarrassing. Are you sure you want to do it?

MWG -You are in pretty good shape. Right now, get undressed.

I remove my jersey, my undershirt and my stockings. I was in my bra and my underpants.

Woman reads: *For the second time that day I was undressing, first for the doctor and now for him. I said to myself: it is just a question of thinking that nothing is happening. Just act as if you were at the doctor, follow the instructions. That is it. You don't think about what is happening to you. Just do what he is telling you, be nice and cooperative so he will finish soon, like being in the x-ray room where you can't move while they make the plate. Just follow the instructions and make it easy.*

W-It is okay like that.

MWG-No, take it all off.

I lay on the floor naked

Woman reads: *I removed my bra and my underpants looking at the floor, and I lay down on the bed across the shorter part of the bed, wanting to make it uncomfortable. I was perpendicular to him and to the pillow. He was in his pants; they were down. He had striped underwear: blue, black and white. He had his condom on. I didn't see his penis without the condom. It was big. I didn't look at him. I opened my legs and he tried to put his penis in; it wasn't easy. My vagina was so dry and I was tense, it didn't go by itself. It hurt.*

MWG-Have you had sex before?

Woman reads: *This is what he thought, not understanding how the hell my vagina wasn't lubricated. He didn't want to tell himself that I was following orders but my body wasn't because I was being raped. He didn't want to understand that I can open my legs but I cannot be wet in a situation in which sex is not desirable for me at all.*

W-Yes

MWG-So, what happened?

W-Well you know it is weird, in this situation.

MWG-I have the condom on right? So then there is no problem.

Woman reads: *I couldn't explain to him that two people need more than a condom to have sex. The problem was that I was being raped. A non-violent rape. Yes, it helped that he was wearing a condom, so I would be sure of not getting any illness from him. But he didn't ask me if I wanted to have sex. He just went into my house with a gun and now he was going into my body. That was not the way I did things. I liked to make decisions, to choose when, how and with whom. I used to have the right to refuse and to be in a context in which I was allowed to refuse without threats. If I had to choose between "my virtue" or my life, there wasn't any doubt. Death has no way back. I assumed loss in order to minimize loss. I was losing control over my life at the same time that I was trying to control the situation. I was negotiating within those boundaries. At the moment that he went in and closed the apartment door behind him, it was clear to me at that I was going to lose something, but it wasn't apparent that I didn't have chance to survive. All of this was clear in my mind, but my body refused to accept it. He started licking my right breast and held my body by the stomach. I tried to relax a little, to make things easier and less painful. He pushed more; his penis wouldn't go in. He helped his penis with his hand to penetrate my body. It hurt. It never hurt before that much. I felt my flesh about to break.*

I looked at the ceiling in absurd detail. I realized that the paint on the ceiling wasn't completely flat but had a granular texture forming a vague pattern. I focused on the grainy irregularity and random pattern, a landscape formed by small dots of dusty white covering a perfect white. I tried to imagine the original surface underneath and the granulated paint disturbing its perfection. I was erased, covered by sloppy tiny patches of whiteout. It was so sad to see those defective dots there with undefined shapes, dots that I couldn't reach with my hands, with my body forced against a stranger. I couldn't allow myself to cry, I couldn't let myself go in any way. I had to put all my energy into staying alive.

MWG-Can I kiss you?

Woman reads: *This guy is nuts. He entered my house without permission. He entered my body without permission. He has a gun. And now he is asking me if he can kiss me. What was the point of asking me if he could kiss me when he was taking me by force? He acted as if he were having sex with a girl for the first time. Did he need it to live his fantasy? Is he trying to live the fantasy of being my boyfriend, or of having a first date and first kiss? He may not kill me if I am his first date or his girlfriend, the person of his fantasies. He will, most likely, not kill me if I help him live his fantasy instead of hindering it. But I have to remain passive, so that I am not a real person but the person of his imagination.*

At this point, he stood up and removed his pants and underwear.

W-Yes

Woman reads: *Sometimes yes means no. I forced myself to let him kiss me. He kissed me smoothly on the lips. I was flat, lifeless, like a doll. It looked like he wasn't getting excited enough, probably because I didn't move or do anything.*

MWG-Do you like it?

W-It is not too bad.

Woman reads: *If I fake that I like it, he may be faster. But he may also think that I shouldn't enjoy it because he is raping me, and that since I am libidinous I deserve to be killed. Maybe that wasn't his mindset at all, but who could know. I didn't know. All I knew was that I couldn't take the risk. I decided to try to be as neutral as I could so I didn't force the situation to become something worse than it already was.*

He started touching my anus with his finger and to pull out his penis from my vagina to put it in my anus.

W-No, no please, I am sick. No, no please. I am sick. No, no please, no it will hurt so much.

Woman reads: *He was already raping me. But from the time he was in the house I had learned that some negotiation was possible. My intestine had been painful for the past three days. I had cramps; I wasn't excited at all, and his penis was big. I pleaded as much as I could and he obeyed my pleadings. He went back into my vagina, held my body with his hand, brought it to his, and started to move faster. He continued like that for some time. I do not know for how long, maybe five minutes, maybe seven or ten. The last two minutes, he increased the rhythm and kept moving faster until he stopped. I guess he ejaculated. He remained still for a minute on top of me and then he pulled out.*

MWG-I had some fun, he said, with a happy face

Woman reads: *I saw the condom in his hands; he was making a knot. We started dressing. I dressed much faster than him. The fear of what was next pushed me*
I get dress

W-Do you always meet women like that? Why do you meet women like that, you know, with a gun? I am sure there are a lot of women who want to meet you without the need of the gun.
(I get dressed)

MWG-They don't. They don't want to do it. I am so shy

Woman reads: *Now I had to try to persuade him to go and not come back. He had to think that I didn't have anything against him, but I could not do it again.*

W-I have a boyfriend. We love each other. We really do and we made this commitment of not going with anybody else. I am sure you will find someone, but please don't come back, otherwise my boyfriend may find out and it is going to be really bad for all of us.

Woman reads: I was trying to feed his fantasy. We were having an affair, but it was impossible to keep it going, I was in love; there was nothing wrong with him.

He had on his T-shirts, shoes and pants. He took the gun from the table near the door where he was standing and put it in his pocket; he opened the window to throw the condom away.

W-No, no they may see it, or somebody may be there

MWG-Give it to me

I took it from his hand and went to the kitchen to put it on the trash. I was trying to keep it as a trace, as proof. He followed and removed it from the trash. Did he know what I was doing?

W-Your boyfriend will find it there

MWG-Okay yes, how stupid I am. Yes, you are right

He took it from the trash and put it on the toilet

-No, no it never works; it will be floating

He flushed the toilet, it disappeared.

He came back to the living room and started looking again at my black bag on top of the table.

W-What do you want now? I told you I do not have more money.

He took my wallet out of the bag and started looking at everything inside it. He touched my American Express credit card, and then my School ID. I was alarmed again. He was finding out that I was lying, that I was not a student. My Cooper ID was a faculty ID. But he didn't seem to care. Was he completely aware that he was playing with his fantasies and that I, in the same game, was lying to fit his profile?

MWG-Do you have a driver's license?

W-Yes, it is there

He picked up one of the ID's in my wallet and started reading it: Recreational Center. He took it.

W-That is the ID to the swimming pool, the one close to here. The swimming pool is great.

MWG-Where it is?

W-Just across the park in 135th St.

MWG- Uhm ... Yeah

W-Do you go there?

MWG-Yes

He took my ID and held it

W-What are you doing, why do you want my ID? First you took all my money and then you took my pool ID so I cannot even go to swim. Why do you want to hold it?

MWG-In case you go to the police

M-I will not go to the police. Listen, I am not going to the police. Why should I go to the police? You have a gun right? You will kill me if I go to the police

MWG-I will kill you

I extended my right hand asking for his.

W-Let's made a deal, I am not going to the police and you will not come back, okay?

He handed my ID back and gave me his hand.

W-I will not go, why should I go? Everything is okay, just don't come back okay? My name is Jana, what's yours?

He already knew it, he had seen all my IDs He looked at me, right into my face, He didn't say anything for several seconds and then he said

MWG-Bennie. My name is Bennie.

He walked through the corridor and I opened the door for him. He left without looking back.

end

(A non-violent rape) January 25, 2001 on a sunny afternoon. 408 West 129th St. New York NY 10027 Jana Leo 2001-2007 New York