

Other stories on campus:

I have no knowledge of who has submitted these stories, as they have all been submitted anonymously.

I created this space for survivors of SA and SH to share their stories.

Anonymous 1

Me along with other people I know have been raped by Samuel Ruiz. He has not faced consequences and continues to harm 5c women (and others considering the alarming rates on campus).

Anonymous 2

My freshmen year spring I was sexually assaulted by a graduate student at CGU who decided to attend a 5C party. I was drunk and remember walking home from the party and being pushed into a car in the parking lot closest to my dorm room. After he was done, I ran to my room and got in the shower. No matter how much soap i used or how long i was in the shower I felt dirty and i just couldn't get that filth off me. I literally scratched skin off my body trying to feel clean. Only a handful of people knew at the time what had happened because they were already in the room when I ran back to it. I was robbed of my safety, my sanity, and the person I used to be. The next day, I was robbed of my voice when the situation was reported without my knowledge. I was emailed randomly in the middle of my Sociology class to go see the housing director of my dorm. I was scared I had done something wrong and was shocked when I entered the meeting and was asked questions about my assault. I was no where near ready to talk about what had happened with the people closest to me let alone a stranger at the time. I felt like everything was crashing in on me. Whether I was ready or not my case had been reported and that started my traumatizing experience with Title IX and the coordinator Corinne. I had multiple meetings with her and in each and every one of them I left the meeting feeling unheard and frankly unimportant. In fact, during some of our meetings I was accused of retaliation for simply trying to understand what happened and why things happened the way they did. The situation got so bad that even my on campus boss got involved and stood up for me during a time it felt like not many people were in my corner. 4 years, 8 months, and 8 days later I'm still struggling with what happened and i am still trying to come to terms with how much Pitzer failed me. Where was Campus Safety that night?

Why wasn't I listened to? Why was what I wanted not important to any of the administration? The situation could have been handled differently but no Pitzer chose to continue to traumatize me for the supposed "sake of the community." As a FGLI and BIPOC student I needed resources and never got the adequate access to real and sincere help from the institution to handle and process the situation. I struggled and to this day still struggle with PTSD and disordered eating. We can sit here and act like the 5C has great resources but they simply don't. My heart goes out to anyone else who has been affected by sexual assault and the further violence inflicted by the colleges. You are not alone. You are important. Your safety matters. Your experience does not define you. There will be some hard days and you will get through them. You do not owe anyone anything. Your only responsibility is to honor yourself, take care of yourself, nourish your well-being, and refuse to feel guilt or shame for that.

Anonymous 3

*I pursued a Title IX case after being violently r*ped at CMC. During one of our meetings, Corinne told me that my r*pist responded to the allegations with "maturity" and showed "less aggression and denial than other perpetrators," as if that means that he is a good person. She put up my r*pist in front of me. She COMPLIMENTED MY R*PIST because he did not respond with aggression during the presentation of allegations.*

I am sharing my story to add credence to how INCOMPETENT Corinne is and how she should NO LONGER be the Title IX coordinator at Pitzer College. Her ignorance and lack of empathy has directly fueled the abuse and harm that many of us have experienced here at Pitzer. If she had listened to Chrishon's first victim, imagine how many women would have less trauma to deal with for the rest of their lives.

Anonymous 4

I was at a Claremont McKenna party and I was intoxicated dancing with some friends. I was suddenly grabbed by my crotch area and pulled over to a 4th CMC girl that I knew. She pulled me in and started kissing me and asking to hook up. I was stunned, scared and I couldn't move or speak. I felt so vulnerable and weak. She kept groping me and kissing me for about one minute until one of my friends pulled me away. I haven't been back to CMC since and I can't look the person in the eyes anymore.

Anonymous 5

During my freshmen year at Pomona College, I had very few friends as I had just moved across the country and heavily relied on my sponsor group. I trusted them, and we would all go out partying on occasion. In particular, there was one man who seemed to be interested in me. For the sake of anonymity, we shall call him P. P and I bonded over a mutual passion for weed, and he sent me messages on snapchat sporadically when he wanted to get high. One night, I was hanging out with a friend and pregaming for a party in my dorm. He messaged me asking if he could stop by, and I told him that he could. I made it very clear to him that I wanted to spend time with my friend and would not be interested in having sex with him as I was also on my period. He came over, and I reiterated the fact that I did not want to have sex with him that night, and he agreed. The three of us sang badly to rap music and reggaetón while getting crossed. I was having a good time, and we were getting ready to go to the party when my memory goes completely blank. I later asked my friend what happened, and she said that she left to go to the party while P insisted he hang back with me because I was extremely

drunk and high (I was a naïve freshman who did not know my limits). I woke up the next morning completely naked and very confused as to how that had happened. I found my used tampon on the ground along with some of P's clothes and my own clothing scattered around the dorm. I was scared, embarrassed, and started to have a panic attack. At first, I blamed myself for getting so intoxicated, even though I let him know before hand that I would not want to have sex with him that night under any circumstances. I did not say anything and continued to live my life pretending nothing happened, but P would not leave me alone. I would sometimes forget to lock my door (I lived in a single), but I never had any issues until I woke up one night to him entering my dorm at 3 in the morning asking to have sex. I said no, told him that it was super late and that I was tired. He kept insisting on having sex and laid down next to me on my bed. I pushed him off and kept sternly telling him to leave. He refused to leave, so I kept pushing him until he was in the hallway and slammed my door shut. After that, I made sure to lock the door. He remained outside of my door for 20 minutes begging me to let him in so we could have sex and "cuddle" until he eventually gave up and left. I fell asleep and woke up half an hour later to a banging on my door. P had returned and he started yelling at me to unlock the door. I told him to go away, and he screamed at me some more. It grew so loud that the RA who lived down the hall woke up and had to intervene. I heard him tell P to leave or he would call campus security, and then the RA asked me if I was okay. I reassured him that I was fine and went to sleep. After this incident, P continued to message me, and I always left him on read. One night I was getting high with one of his friends, and P entered the friend's dorm. He asked if he could join, and I told him that I was uncomfortable with that. Later that night, I returned to my dorm, and I was woken up again to him pounding on my door asking to have sex. I told him that if he kept harassing me, I could report him to the school. He eventually grew tired and left. A few months past, and I could not get the incidents out of my mind. I started going to therapy, where I realized that he had raped me, so I reported the whole thing to the school through Callisto, but no action was taken. I still see him around campus quite frequently. For a while, he would try to say hello, but I ignored him. I now always lock my door and keep pepper spray with me at all times out of fear that it will happen again.

Anonymous 6

Recently i was put in a very uncomfortable and not very consensual sexual situation. Yep. on my birthday actually. What a way to start being 19. (please excuse the use of humor throughout this. It's just how i cope honestly). I dont want to use the word rape. It sounds too harsh. Am i defending the perpetrator. No, i try not to but part of me blames myself for what happened. Why did u think it was a good idea to go to this guy's dorm at the time u did? There's a sort of assumption that certain things will happen in certain contexts. A girl goes to ur dorm at a late hour to watch something with u- doesn't matter. If she states she doesnt want to do something. Respect her. But this is normalized rape culture which has been named as "hook up culture." please kno u don't owe anyone anything.

(See this is me comforting myself as well as trying to repress the thought of- yes this ur fault.) u can hang out without doing things u dont want to do. Essentially- i went to this guys dorm. Watched a show. Started to fall asleep. He woke me up. Said i can stay over. I was just going to bed When he started kissing me and i pulled away he said dw we can take it slow. I should have left at that point but it was like almost 2 am and im not walking back to scripps i could have called a friend but i didnt want to bother anyone. Later on again im falling asleep and he said i could take off my jacket if i get to warm and so i do but then he proceeds to force himself onto me again and takes off my clothes. The rest is history. Here is when im put in a state of not fight nor flight but i'm just frozen. I dont know what to do or how to respond. I can't communicate properly i never said yes or no. i already told him i didn't want to do anything so why did i let him. I only told him i was a virgin- i was scared and couldnt say no. idk if this was some sort of defense or like way to deter him from continuing or at least if he were to continue it do it gently. (he didn't and it hurt ngl). Why did he continue. In the morning i was laying on my side and he just slips it in. no words nothing. what the fuck. I just let myself be used like that. I didnt want this.

He's a senior. He's older. He knows what he's doing. But i'm old enough to get myself up and leave. But why couldnt i. Why the fuck am i so passive. I feel physically ill just thinking about how i didnt do shit. But why couldnt he respect my first request to not do anything. I keep saying its my fault for putting myself in the place that i did. Dont even get me started on how this guy also highkey has an asian fetish. Makes me sick. From the very beginning i should have gone. I knew it. Get this. This guy was an advocate. He worked with victims of sexual assault, preached about consent and shit like that and i didn't know this until afterwards.

Idk

how to end this.

I'm scared to go thru with action steps. I don't

want this guy to abuse his position and potentially hurt other ppl. This experience has taken more of a toll on my mental and emotional health than I would like to admit. I've had panic attacks during classes telling the same enclosed feeling I did that night. Tightness in my chest just wanting to leave class and cry. My relation with my own body is also bad. I keep looking at it like I need to cover up more etc.. I feel like I'm always hyper aware of who's around me and when im walking around Pomona- where it happened- I feel like I'm gonna see him.

Anonymous 7

This is not a story of assault, but rather a moment from orientation training that has stuck with me and many of my classmates. As part of being an orientation leader, I'm sure many of you remember, you are in charge of leading discussions surrounding sexual assault, alcohol edu, etc. Pitzer's Title IX Coordinator, Corinne Vorenkamp, gave the presentation to us leaders-in-training and the content was disturbing. She explained that one of the only sure ways that a student would be immediately dismissed from school grounds is if they were considered a "immediate threat". To clarify, someone in the crowd asked "if someone was drugging people, would that be considered an immediate threat." Corinne managed a small giggle to herself and said "here comes the lawyer side of me. Technically, no, it would be considered and reviewed as a case." While we all started talking to those sitting next to us, another student raised their hand and asked "So if someone was being roofied, they wouldn't get expelled." Corinne responded with "No, we actually had a case where someone was putting drugs in people drinks a few years ago and they remained on campus." Corinne Vorenkamp as well as the Title IX offices have failed for years to address and appropriately deal with the past, present, and future threats on our campuses. We demand immediate dismissal of Corinne Vorenkamp as well as Chrishon Love.

Anonymous 8

Kaylyn Wright sexually assaulted me, gaslit me, and coerced me into having sexual relations with him. He also touched many people in their sleep without them knowing, all of the victims were men. This happened while I was at pitzer (2018-2021) as well as while living off campus. This is the reason why LYBL records was deincorporated, as he couldn't fess up to what he'd done and instead played the victim. He assaulted me over the span of 2 years, the worse incident being when I was intoxicated in my own home. I threw up on him and told him I did not want to do anything but he didn't take no for an answer. He assaulted me (oral sex) while I could barely remember it and the sheets were off of my bed as I had thrown up from being so intoxicated. He is truly a danger until he is able to fess up to what he has done...

Please keep this quiet, me and other past members of the organization who were assaulted do not want to be known by his name. However, please keep people protected. I don't want to press charges, but it's important for people to know especially if they are in contact with him.

The worst part is he taught me about consent in a play as a freshman in Benson Auditorium. Also, I would mix and master his music, most of which was about him assaulting me and his own coming to terms with it. It was a Stockholm syndrome-esque situation as I was working for him for free for over 3 years and he had immense social capital (famous DJ stepfather who introduced him to famous artists like Snoop Dogg and Ice Cube at the age of 6).

He has since been kicked out of the house and I may file a restraining order if he reaches out again (he keeps sending mail to the house and trying to follow me on IG), I am trying to get away from him and his energy.

Thank you for reading and I appreciate the creation of this document so I could share.

<3

Anonymous 9

In Pomona College, there is a dining staff, C, who would say inappropriate comments about my appearance and touch my belly button. It made me so uncomfortable that I did not go to this dining hall for weeks. I tried to go and my friends would accompany me, but if I saw him at all I'd have to run out and cry. It wasn't until the 4th to last week of this semester that I finally started to eat there without total fear, because my friend went up to him and told him not to engage with me. I still catch him looking at me but he does not approach me anymore. I still feel disgust. I still feel like I cannot share this story because 1) it feels very minimal and 2) I am terrified of any consequences for speaking about it.

Anonymous 10

Sharing on here for the sake of catharsis maybe because I'm finally feeling ok talking about it, so this is really just a public journal entry (apologies for length!). I was sexually assaulted/emotionally abused my freshman year of college (Feb 2019) by a former PZ student who later transferred (TW!!).

I came to PZ very naive/sheltered, and became friends with my abuser. I was willing to hook up and be friends, but he became extremely possessive/controlling and it felt wrong in my gut. I saw him (initially) as emotionally intelligent and trusted his advice, and he used that trust and my emotional vulnerability with him to gaslight me. I already had trouble with asserting boundaries, and soon found myself confused/depressed and stuck in a cycle where I tried to assert my boundaries (usually around sex, how he treated me, how possessive he was, or ending things) and he would talk me out of them until he got what he wanted. When I was more assertive, he would punish me for having boundaries: often emotionally/verbally, but sometimes more physically (by slapping me during these conversations or using/coercing rough sex as a means to be violent/assert sexual ownership over me

after coming to 'resolution' aka me giving up my needs/boundaries, or feeling that he 'lost' the conversation around my boundaries). Usually, though, he would chip away at my attempts to leave by gaslighting me into believing that I actually did want to be possessed/controlled by him but was 'push-pull' and unsure (and therefore should not trust my feelings/intuition, because they didn't reflect what I really wanted--I was too young and inexperienced with relationships to know if it was true), and/or that I was being manipulative (specifically, manipulating him for sex, even though he was actually coercing sex from me). It went on all of first semester, and part of second semester. He had a similar pattern of manipulation/gaslighting with his friends, and might have learned all of this at a rehab/therapy school, where apparently the students had meetings where they were encouraged to berate/criticize each other as a form of 'accountability'.

Needless to say, what he manipulated me to believe did not reflect the actual dynamic, in which he was extremely possessive, isolated me from friends (often by telling mutual friends his narrative of things, where he'd reframe himself as the victim, then tell others not to listen to what I would say about it because I was "starting drama" and trying to make him look bad), eroded my sense of self, and repeatedly overstepped my boundaries around sex (coercing me into sex as a form of 'resolution' or alternatively as punishment for our 'conflicts', which were mostly me attempting to assert my boundaries).

There's no need for me to give an account of the assault in detail, but it's good to get it out. I was drunk and he was sober, and he had convinced me to talk with him after I hadn't contacted him all winter break. I had told him no and that I didn't want to see him several times the week before, but was almost blacked out and felt guilty/scared, and I caved (Stockholm syndrome idk?). He coerced me into kissing him so I would "initiate" and then continued without my consent, assaulting me. Everything in me froze up and I couldn't do anything but let it pass. I watched it in third person. I couldn't move, I wanted to die, I stared at the door and imagined myself screaming for someone or forcing him off of me but couldn't make my body do it. When it was over, and I put my clothes on, he told me not to tell anyone about it, so as not to "paint him as a bad guy," and that I had started it and wanted it/that it was my fault. I cried in the shower afterward and told friends it was just a bad hookup. It was only months later, when I mentioned it in passing/almost compulsively to a friend (as a joke, because how else do you cope at first?), that I realized it was assault.

I didn't report the assault when it happened. I didn't believe that my story would hold up as violent or threatening enough to be taken seriously. I was scared of his reaction. I did not trust my experience of it as assault (instead of a bad hookup, or misunderstanding, or whatever he told me) was legitimate, until nearly a year later. I didn't want to go through with a Title IX case where I'd probably have to sit in front of my abuser and argue my side of things to him, hearing him twist my words and perceptions yet again. And frankly, I didn't (and don't) trust that the official avenues for reporting/Title IX have any real interest in ensuring that survivors feel safe at these colleges or that consequences are handed down to abusers. Making it more affirming/accessible to report assault and to enforce consequences for abusers is already unlikely with Title IX, not to mention bad for business and bad for Pitzer's image as a welcoming, progressive institution. If there's one thing I know this school will protect, it's their bottom line (but maybe I'm too jaded). Reporting was never something I wanted to/felt prepared to do. I knew in my gut that everything about it had felt wrong. So I accepted it as something 'bad', and

slowly started to talk to friends/family, to see a therapist, and to tell partners about it. Now I can name and talk about it as abuse. By some miracle, I got lucky. He transferred after freshman year. Staying at Pitzer would have been nearly impossible if he hadn't.

I've spent almost 3 years self-flagellating over how I should have seen it sooner, been more assertive, left the relationship sooner, avoided him altogether, and so on. I've also done a good amount of healing--or tried to. I cannot make myself responsible for the actions of someone who warped my sense of self to gain control over me (physically, emotionally, sexually, etc.), even if I still really do feel that it's my fault. And yet, it (or him, or what he did) lives in me, is a part of me now (in traumas and triggers and patterns of thinking/reacting), and that's been hard to swallow. He invaded my space and my body physically, but he also invaded me, my thoughts and ways of approaching the world, my self perception, etc... and that has been really hard to accept and forgive myself for. But blaming myself for his actions on top of the effects I currently experience from them is too much shame to hold, so I'm trying to do something like growing around/with (??) it. It's been really hard to let go of the concept of how secure in myself and happy I could be, of how I could experience love and sex and relationships if it had never happened, but it did, and I have to work from there.

I am carrying so much internal rage, so much awareness of how unfair it is that I am here, several years later, still hearing his words and catching myself reacting the way I did when I felt unsafe around him, even if I've moved on, have healthier relationships, and want more for myself. It's been a lot of work to accept how this affects me, to relearn how to feel (and believe) my emotions/intuition, to feel like my body is my own, to be present in my body at all, to assert my needs and boundaries without fear, to believe that I am deserving of joy or love or basic decency. I know that he doesn't lose sleep over this. I'm bracing myself to prepare for potentially feeling suicidal when my trauma anniversary happens in February. But I'm also trying to find some joy in healing, trying to give myself credit for what has improved, even if it's not linear. Therapy has helped a lot (EMDR especially). Telling friends/family and pursuing relationships with people who care about and hear me has also helped. I've begun to feel whole and deserving, and I am finally able to feel my emotions and instincts after almost two years of numbness. I am learning and practicing saying no, asserting my boundaries, asserting my needs. It's messy and circular and old stuff still bubbles over and drowns me sometimes, but it's fulfilling to try to heal for myself.

I don't know what else to say, and this is already really long. I had a shitty experience. It's still hard not to feel trapped here, and what happened my freshman year still affects me. It's also gotten better with time and with practice. Pitzer, for all its social justice posturing, has some of the worst culture around hookups/consent/sex across the 5Cs. The emotional games, the gaslighting, the posturing as a victim while treating people like absolute shit are cornerstones of Pitzer's hookup/dating culture, and even if we all know it, it goes ignored or unidentified, is rarely met with consequences, and continues. I've been able to take time (and space) to heal from this, but I was uniquely lucky to not have to see my abuser on campus, at least after freshman year. This isn't the case for most people, but him leaving Pitzer is what made it possible for me to begin to heal. Others on campus deserve the same. Sending my love to everyone who has experienced sexual assault: this shit is triggering and bleak and unfair, but it has been really affirming to see people share their stories. Thank you all for opening up a space to talk <3

Anonymous 11

I was raped by my ex-boyfriend. This was freshman year. Now that it's my senior year, I thought I would be strong enough to be in shared spaces, but whenever I recognize him I have panic attacks. I've had to go through trauma therapy to get to where I am now, but I'm nowhere near 'healed'. He gets to enjoy his senior year while I remain traumatized.

Anonymous 12

During my third year at the start of 2019 I was sexually assaulted by one of my closest friends at the time Samuel Gorcey-Biblowitz. I thought I had such a tight group of friends with him and my best friend Katie Toon, we did everything together, and I trusted them more than anyone. That year I struggled with an eating disorder and drug abuse, and they both knew what a difficult time I was having, I shared everything with them. One night I was so intoxicated I could barely function, I was at a party and Katie got angry with me for being so drunk and told me to leave, so I called Sam and told him I didn't think I could get myself back to my dorm and asked if I could sleep at his. Everything from that evening was blurry but I remember once I got to his just collapsing into his bed and saying how tired and upset I was. We were romantically involved at the time, but I thought our friendship was the core of our relationship and would always be. I remember he started trying to get on top of me and put his hands down my clothes, I tried saying I really didn't feel like it, I was really out of it and just wanted to sleep, I know I was slurring my words and it became harder and harder getting the words out as he continued pushing himself against me and taking off my clothes, so I just stopped trying to fight it. When we woke up the next day I felt so sick, so repulsed by myself, like a dirty towel someone used to clean up vomit after a party. He immediately said he had to drive me home, we said nothing to each other the entire drive, but when he dropped me off I said I felt really weird about what had happened, and tried opening a conversation about what he had done the night before. He interrupted me and said that he honestly just didn't want to see me anymore, that my drug problem was really not cool and he wanted nothing to do with it. I came back in tears, and went to tell my best friend Katie. She said I was making drama out of nothing and should just get sober, she just wanted to pretend nothing happened.

I tried to mend my friendship with Sam, convinced I was the one in the wrong, but when he finally agreed to speak to me he told me how when he thought of me there wasn't anything positive he could think of now, how disgusting my addiction was, how unpleasant it was being around me, how I should just leave him alone, all while laughing in my face as I cried. The next week Katie and I went to the gym and ran into Sam so she went to speak to him, I had a panic attack and had to leave because I was crying. She then texted me saying "Dude im just so fucking anxious and sad all the fucking time now because i feel like when u run away crying when u saw Sam and i talking u just ran off and wouldnt even respond to me. You're making me feel like I have to choose between my friends so that I dont hurt your feelings and its killing me that I am hurting you and also killing me because i miss hanging out with the boys", i tried to explain being taken advantage of is traumatic she said she was

done with our friendship because this whole situation caused her too much anxiety and never spoke to me again. We were all meant to share a house together the next year, they all made new plans to find another housemate without telling me and left me to figure things out alone, they told everyone what a drug addict I was, and one day I was so angry I threw iced coffee in Katie's face when I ran into her outside class. She went to report me for physical assault to Pitzer College, who strip searched my entire room in front of my entire suite, and asked me to write a letter of apology to Katie (this is after I had already explained the situation to them). They said I was a threat to the campus community's safety, I was uninvited from every party, nobody spoke to me, and Katie got an order of no contact against me so I couldn't attend most events anyway. My grades started dropping so I went to ask for extensions and shared the story about the assault in doing so, so the Title IX coordinator was notified of the incident and brought me in to speak to her. I was so terrified of not being believed, I did not want to make any reports, I just wanted someone to have a talk with Sam to explain consent to him. After 3 months she finally emailed Sam, basically apologising for stressing him out with this email about allegations made against him and offering mental health support in dealing with it, and after meeting with him she reported back to me basically praising him for how well he responded and not having lost his temper. I had asked for Dan Hirsh to speak to him, thinking Sam may be more responsive to a male authority figure, as all I wanted was to make sure he never did this to anyone else. After a few weeks of asking, once graduation had passed and most students had gone home anyway, I was told Dan chose not to have the conversation with him out of fear of "making things awkward" because him and Sam worked together. The office of student affairs also kept me on probation for misconduct until I graduated, while they offered Sam new student staff jobs. Pitzer College staff and students every single one of you who knew about this and still chose to ostracise me, asking me not to attend your parties or what not, rather than confronting the perpetrator I hope you know how much harm you have caused.

Anonymous 13

I was sexually assaulted by my ex-boyfriend who goes to CMC. We were in his dorm, watching a show on the bed and he started touching my breasts. I moved his hand away and told him no. He moved towards my vagina instead, and again I moved his hand away and told him that I didn't want to have sex. He moved his hand back to my vagina and I had to shove it away again. He finally stopped and apologized once he saw that I was in tears. He later apologized and made up some bullshit excuse about how we barely have sex anymore and he just misses how I used to touch him. I felt so fucking sick, I couldn't touch him for a month after that and it ultimately contributed to us breaking up.

Anonymous 14

I was sexually assaulted by a current member of the UTI improv group. He goes to CMC, is a senior, and he knows exactly who he is. He took off his condom without telling me on two different occasions, knowing that I was inexperienced and knowing that I wanted to have protected sex because I was very clear about both these things. I've only ever shared this with two other people and I confronted him about it, telling him that what he did was sexual assault. He also told a guy I was talking to to "have fun with her, I took her virginity." I have since healed and rebuilt a relationship with my body but it fucked me up for a few years. I never went to Title IX about this because I had heard about all the stagnant, drawn-out processes others had gone through when trying to start a case against their assaulter. I wish I had done something then, but honestly it wasn't until long after we had hooked up that I learned taking off a condom without consent is sexual assault. I thought I was just being stupid and caused it all to happen, I told myself he didn't know any better. At this point I want to move on, but I just hope he knows that I saw and felt his violence and that I will never ever forgive him.

I am calling on UTI to hold him accountable, because he has been given a platform to perform. I watched their show a month ago. I should've said something, but I was scared. We need better education on forms of sexual assault so that we can recognize when something is being taken to a dangerous level. If I hadn't shared what happened to me with my friend, she would've never told me I experienced assault and I would've continued to blame myself for who knows how long.

Thank you for holding this open space for us to come forward and giving me this opportunity to release something I've been locking inside of me for so long. I want to send all my love to everyone who has shared their stories, and to everyone who is not ready for that yet, I support you and completely believe in what you have gone through. Thank you so much for listening to us, it means so much to me.

Anonymous 15

At the Halloween LSU x BSU party, Alex Mendez (PZ '24) ran into my group of friends very drunk and extremely touching/aggressive to the point where he was told to leave. Me and a friend had to physically get in the way from Alex who was chasing another friend around and causing her great distress. I heard from other friends that night that he was also being aggressive, touchy, and almost got into a fight with their group. His behavior was extremely concerning and scary to see how openly and without empathy he would violate the personal space and boundaries of my friends.