

# Recent article on rape damages accused, real victims

First hand account of the aftermath shows not all the facts were given.

As someone deeply involved in the occurrences from the night of Nov. 13, 2000 which Ms. Hoppenjans researched (Rape: Do policies protect all? Feb. 6), I feel that I can shed some much-needed light

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on the situation. As such, I feel I can offer a more informed perspective than an outside party who only read the medical files and assumed to hold a full grasp of an extremely complicated situation. I have no desire to be petty or vengeful towards the author or "Leslie." In fact, this is a memory I have spent the past two years trying to forget. In that time, I have learned that people deal with problems in their lives in very different manners; some accept responsibility for their poor decisions, and some find a way to get out of them. Although I would like to pass last week's article off as a piece of misinformed journalism, I feel

compelled to clarify a few facts that were so carelessly misrepresented. The article points out that Leslie "wondered if something had been slipped into (her drink)," although nothing showed up in the tests. The simple fact that this statement was included in the article implies, despite a complete lack of evidence, that this irrational speculation was believed. However, I spent a great amount of time with Leslie that evening and I assert that she was physically alert and verbally coherent throughout the entire night. I find it hard to believe that a drugged individual would be capable of carrying on an intelligent, rational conversation with a completely sober individual. The article states that Leslie declined the offer for a settlement because she was not "in it for the money." A settlement was verbally agreed upon. The people I was in contact with regarding the status of the situation had told me the hearing might not be held at all. However, the Wake Forest judicial system informed all parties involved that the hearing would be held regardless because the university felt it had a responsibility to remove the men if the allegations were found to be true. In defense of the institution, I would like to note that if Wake Forest was actually so concerned with "itself and its image rather than justice," as

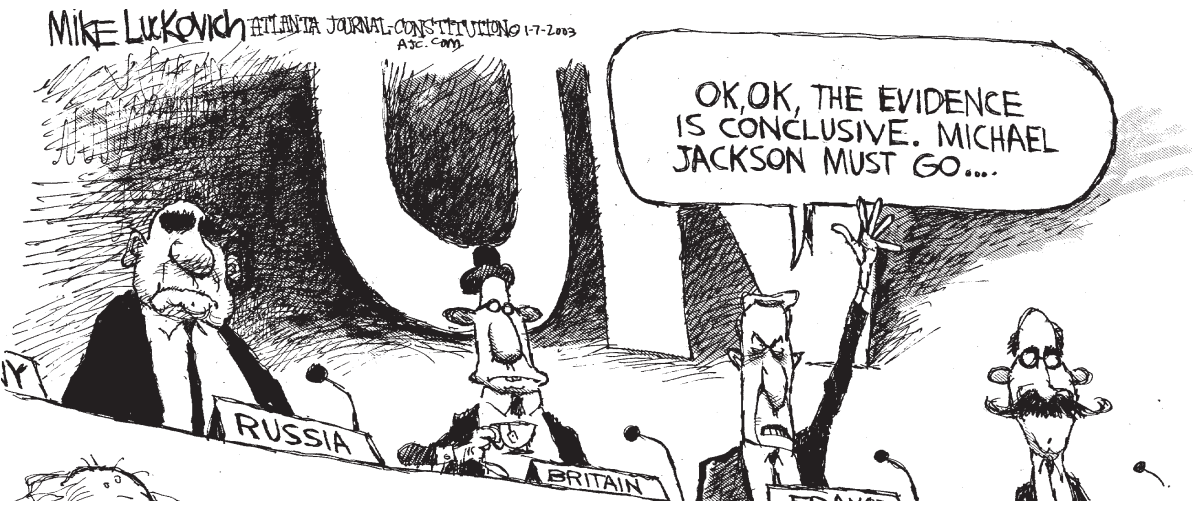
I have no desire to be petty or vengeful towards the author or "Leslie." In fact, this is a memory I have spent the past two years trying to forget. In that time, I have learned that people deal with problems in their lives in very different manners; some accept responsibility for their poor decisions, and some find a way to get out of them.

was blatantly stated in the article, why would the school not have allowed the ordeal to end at that point? And more importantly, as a woman, I have to question what kind of rape victim would agree to take a monetary payment as sufficient recompense. Though Leslie states she had never been offered a BIA member advocate, she did have an adult victim's advocate, which one could argue could have been even more beneficial. Furthermore, I was present during the hearing and I can say that Leslie seemed very comfortable representing herself. When I was questioned during the hearing, Leslie asked me several manipulative questions in an attempt to make blatantly untrue statements about me and my treatment towards her. In addition to this, she fabricated situations between her and I in order

to damage my credibility and increase sympathy towards herself. If her case was actually valid, why would she have to lie when she spoke to me? Prior to the hearing, Leslie had looked me in the eye and told me she could hardly remember anything about the evening because it was so traumatizing for her. Despite this inability to recall the sequence of events, she managed to write an eight-page statement regarding her memories. I feel it is significant that this grand tell-all statement was written after she admitted to me that she had been given the four men's statements to read. I am not familiar on criminal proceedings, but considering they were not allowed to read her statement, I find that extremely unjust. The men's accounts could be used as a source for her statement, with manipulations to fit her version of the story. There are countless other insights that I can add to this story to prove that the greatest injustice was not done to Leslie, but rather to the men, in particular the two men who still remain at Wake and are now being forced to relive this horrible situation all over again. They were proven innocent of sexual assault once, but are now being put on trial again. I have left out many very intimate details regarding this situation. I do not have any desire to slander Leslie,

despite her very obvious attempt to cause harm to many other people through her previous allegations and now bringing up this untruthful situation all over again. That night did great damage to many people, myself included. Despite my desire to forget the extensive lengths of immorality some people are willing to reach, I cannot, in good conscience, allow innocent people and their families to suffer because I was afraid to dredge up old memories. To many, this article might seem like a heartless testimonial from an anti-feminist bitch. To those who are skeptical about my perspective and motivation for writing this article, I will only say this is the second-hardest thing I have ever done, following only the moment I had to admit to myself that I did not believe her. I felt like I was abandoning all women by not trusting Leslie's account. However, I now believe that it is she who has done the greatest wrong here. To quote Leslie herself, "Rape is a desecration of the human body." I believe that her untrue allegations take away from every woman who has ever suffered from this truly atrocious crime of rape. My condolences are sent out to everyone else whose experience is belittled from these false allegations.

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## Hidden links are forbidden treats

For non-varsity golfers, it's hard to find a cheap play.

To those students whose golf swings look more like they are chopping wood and less like that of Wake Forest All-American Bill Haas, having the opportunity to spend a day on the links can get to be very

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where he crawled under and in the process, covered himself in dirt from head to toe. Fortunately for us, it was almost 4:15 on a Friday afternoon. Since the club is made up of mostly elderly folk, they were all eating dinner and getting ready for bed, leaving the course pretty much empty. We started on the 12th hole, a par 4 far away from the clubhouse, and planned to play through the 17th hole, which loops back around to where we started. On the 15th hole, we were caught by a group of walkers and decide to let them play through. It was a foursome from the men's golf team. They all blasted their tee shots miles past ours and were laughing amongst themselves, probably about the hole in my pants and my filthy friend.

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expensive. Golf has always been a rich man's sport, but while Duke and Chapel Hill grant daily access to their campus golf courses for as little as \$7, Wake Forest won't even let the students practice on the driving range. Located right next to the baseball field, the Jesse Haddock Golf Center is off limits to Wake Forest students and only members of the varsity men's and women's golf team - who are at a tournament almost every week - are permitted to use it. This leaves students who love to play no other choice than to spend \$25 to \$50 and fight for a tee time at one of Winston-Salem's public golf courses, many of which can easily be confused with cattle grazing pastures. Well I am here to let you in on a little known secret; if you are a golf addict, you can get your fix for free at a course that's only a pitch and a putt away from your dorm room. This little gem of golf heaven

is the Old Town Golf Club. The exclusive country club located just off the campus has been a secret of student golfers at this university for years. Having heard stories of the place where Wadkins and Strange used to hone their games, my friend and I decided to check it out. As we walked down Faculty Drive with our clubs, we received strange looks from the residents, many of whom weren't aware they live in such close proximity to the course. As we lost sight of Collins Hall, we came across our first obstacle, an eight-foot tall barbed-wire fence. The fence surrounds the entire course and is the only way to gain access if you are not a member. We tossed our bags over and began to scale the beast. I rejoiced in reaching the other side, but to my dismay, found that I had ripped a large hole in my brand new khaki pants on the way down. My heavy-set friend stopped laughing as he contemplated how he was going to make it over. His complete lack of athletic ability and coordination forced us to dig a large hole under the fence,

After completing the six-hole loop, my friend and I ended up tied. Since there was a small wager at stake as well as a great amount of pride, we decided to hike the hill to the 8th hole, a downhill par four with the steeple of Wait Chapel in the distance. I hooked my drive in the woods and my friend cold topped his barely past the women's tee. My heart stopped as a man who called himself "the Ranger" asked us for our names. As we were escorted off the course in his cart, he threatened us that next time he would have us arrested for trespassing. We didn't really care because we had finally found our playground and my friend's dad is a lawyer. *Gerry Smith is a sophomore.*

## Experience makes writing better

Columnist must take part in certain events before passing judgment on them.

Another Thursday night in the life of a frat guy ... what to do tonight? Alas, but I cannot come up with any imaginative new ways to compromise my morals and shock the peerless women journalists of the *Old Gold and Black*. Perhaps it is the numbing hedonism of the Greek lifestyle that has dulled

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journalistic unpleasanties. But you may have to bite the proverbial bullet and chance visiting a frat party. In fact, I formally invite you as my guest if you so choose. Ms. Billings, you have what could develop into a fine literary voice. You have some potential, but if you wish to compel your readers to your point of view, next time I hope you won't need to tell the reader that you actually know nothing about which you are writing. It tends to harm your credibility. Also just as a side note, you aren't the only one who finds Pledge Night unpleasant. Perhaps you might reexamine your critiques of it, especially since you are neither Greek nor have you witnessed the event.

Firstly I would like to point out that no one has to kiss. In fact, in my house many new brothers often don't and are respected for it. Many do - and enjoy it - but generally, they do so for the reasons other than those you described, mainly they can't believe their dumb luck. Some girls don't kiss either and are often respected all the more for it - you know how we frat boys love a challenge.

Ms. Billings, you and I are alike in some ways, for one I too find the night's antics distasteful. I, however, am far from condemning it. It has its good side. As you are a freshman, maybe you are only recently becoming acquainted with certain qualities of Wake Forest's "social climate," however let me tell you that many find it stifling and abnormally judgmental. You would be hard pressed to find anyone who doesn't complain about the ludicrous speed at which gossip spreads and judgments are pronounced ... especially about women. "She did that? What a tramp!" Perhaps tramp is not the most common word used.

It reaches a point where people are anxious about their every decision. "What will people think if I do that?" This kind of anxiety is the standard fare on this fair campus. Pledge Night is the one night during the year that this untenable standard doesn't exist. Subsequently, the night turns into a shocking release of inhibitions and to our mutual dismay, an explosion of kissing ensues. Personally distasteful perhaps, but I can think of a few things worse than excessive kissing. Pledge Night is not the height of immorality as you describe it. It is the annual release of a student body, stifled in this hypercritical Wake Forest bubble. As you are looking to expose a problem, I tell you there is something to attack here, Ms. Billings. It is the insecurity or thoughtlessness that can transform us into a group of judgmental hypocrites.

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my inspiration, my creativity in corruption. Or perhaps I contracted Syphilis on pledge night. I hear it can affect the brain. En lieu of my normal sinful pursuits, I am taking the time to reply to the *OGB*, and respond to the views of the admirably virtuous Jenny Billings ("Pledge Night leaves a bad taste," Feb. 6). As previously stated, I am a member of a Greek organization, so I must have seen some good in them, unless you care to take the first paragraph seriously and subscribe to my claims to unequivocally embracing vice. At the same time, we do agree there are problems with the fraternities and sororities. For starters one could easily argue that they promote exclusivity, gender division and alcohol consumption. Perhaps in your next article attacking the system, you might enjoy exploring these issues. Perhaps examine the structure of the system, how one enters, how one changes and relates to non-Greeks. The results will not be one-sided, but it might provide you with fodder for a real article of significant critique. It could even be exciting for a budding and talented new journalist like yourself. You might engage in some under cover investigations, but wait ... how can you? If you hate fraternities and sororities, that's fine; hate them. But if you want to be a journalist, you need to be informed. Next time you feel the itch to denounce the evils of the system, perhaps take the time to descend from your ivory tower and do some legitimate investigations. You gave four reasons why you could not do so, perhaps good ones if you're hoping to enter the clergy. However, since you are a columnist, I would imagine you might think about what makes good journalism. Granted, yours was an opinion piece and not simple reporting, so in a way I am being too hard, but think about it. I happen not to believe in capital punishment, but were I a journalist writing about it, I would certainly make the effort to go to death row or even attend an execution. I am not talented as a writer; I can't spell, don't bother too much with grammar and invent words, so it is my lot that I will produce

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