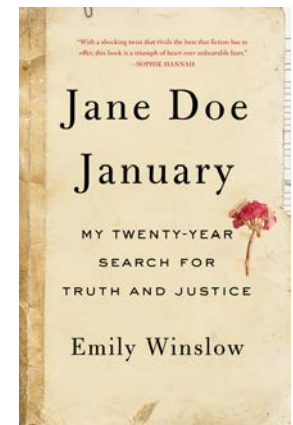


Jane Doe January

William Morrow Hardcover

By Emily Winslow

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Introduction

On the morning of September 12, 2013, a fugitive task force broke down the door of Arthur Fryar's apartment in Brooklyn. His DNA, entered in the FBI's criminal database after a drug conviction, had been matched to evidence from a rape in Pennsylvania years earlier. Over the next year, Fryar and his lawyer fought his extradition and prosecution for the rape—and another like it—which occurred in 1992. The names of the victims, one from January, the other from November, were suppressed; the prosecution and the media referred to them as Jane Doe.

Now, Jane Doe January tells her story.

This is her intimate memoir—the story of a woman's traumatic past catching up with her, in a country far from home, surrounded by people who have no idea what she's endured. Caught between past and present, and between two very different cultures, the inquisitive and restless crime novelist searches for clarity. Beginning her own investigation, she delves into Fryar's family and past, reconnects with the detectives of her case, and works with prosecutors in the months leading to trial.

As she recounts her long-term quest for closure, Winslow offers a heartbreakingly honest look at a vicious crime—and offers invaluable insights into the mind and heart of a victim.

Questions for Discussion

- 1- Emily and Georgia had very different reactions to the prosecution. Emily wanted to know more about Arthur Fryar and be in close touch with the police and prosecutors. Georgia was more inclined to back away from detail and spend minimal time in Pittsburgh. Which reaction is more understandable to you?
- 2- There was a two-decade distance between the crimes in 1992 and the prosecution starting in 2013. How do you think Emily's interactions with the police and prosecutors might have been different if Arthur Fryar had been identified closer to the crime? What if he had been arrested before she was married, before she moved abroad, before she was published? What if he had been arrested while she was still a student?

- 3- Emily often felt that she needed some new development in the case as an excuse to bring up the subject with her friends, and to justify new feelings, even though it was often the waiting and the not-knowing that stirred up the strongest feelings and strongest need to connect. How do you feel when the people around you bring up difficult, emotional, or distressing subjects?
- 4- Being a crime novelist affected the way that Emily told her story. Do you think it affected any choices she made in living her story? Do you think it made any aspect of the prosecution easier or harder for her?
- 5- In the end, April regretted having revived the case, while Emily was possessive of the process itself. Do you think that the prosecution was worth it? Do you think that evidence kits from old cases should be processed and the results entered into CODIS even if they cannot be prosecuted at all?

Behind the Book essay with Emily Winslow

It was a shock to hear from the police. Usually I was the one contacting them. My case was more than twenty years old; turnover in the sex crimes division was frequent; and no one there ever remembered my case when I brought it up. But in September 2013, they reached out to me. They wanted to alert me ahead of what was going to appear in the next day's newspapers: they had identified and arrested the stranger who raped me. I had wished for decades for a chance to testify in court. Even with his arrest there was no guarantee that things would get as far as trial, but now there was a chance. I practiced in my bedroom, putting memories into proper order.

As always for me, writing things down was the answer. I had written things down then, in emotional but undisciplined undergraduate poetry, and now, with my experience as a novelist, I wrote them down in prose. I would get one chance to say what had happened and I wanted to get it right. I had always perceived that "the rape" had been more than what happened on the floor of my student apartment that night in 1992. It included the hospital, the subsequent flashbacks, the comfort of friends, eventually graduating. That was beyond the scope of testimony, but it was important to me and so I wrote that too. As I wrote, I discovered that "the rape" now also includes this arrest, this prosecution, and so I kept writing. Every few days there were new facets and feelings to catch and examine, new legal developments to absorb and analyze. I was surprised, over and over, by the zigzags in the case, by the detectives and prosecutors who ultimately became my friends, and by what I uncovered about this man whose identity had at last been revealed to me and who I felt driven to understand.

Much had changed between 1992 and now. I had grown up; I had moved abroad; I had married and had children. I had been very open about the rape back when it happened, but here in Cambridge, England, no one knew. My writings became my way of telling the people close to

me what was happening right in front of us. It was easier than speaking. And I discovered that the words could be beautiful and well -arranged even when describing terrible and chaotic things, and that I could be the author as well as the victim.
