

#IDIDNOTREPORT

Marie-Hélène Branciard



FOREWORD : MARIE VAN MOERE



#Jenaipasportéplainte
Marie-Hélène Branciard
Éditions du Poutan - 17,50€
ISBN : 978-2-37553-002-3



"He is as white as a sheets, tied up to his desk chair, he clenches his teeth, determined to say nothing. A few moments ago, Margaret Thatcher made him swirl twi oy three times, by pure sadism. By his side, the other one, hidden behind its Kim Jong-un's mask, drums casually on its I-phone. « You know, Simon, she breaks in a soft voice, we are not like your friends the cops. Contrary to them, we want the truth and we can think of heaps of unpleasant things to make the garbage of your sort speak."

■ **PARIS, PLACE DE LA NATION...** After a pro "Same sex-marriage demonstration, Solün, press photographer, discovers the body of a young woman. At the hospital, she meets her friends – bit of a mad group of artists – and goes with them after the attackers. The commandant Jourdan, officially in charge of the investigation will not appreciate their help... The black bird of Twitter and the shadow of some monsters are haunting the story while a mysterious DJ talks about revenge and creation...

■ **IN THIS UNCONVENTIONNAL THRILLER,** "Marie-Hélène Branciard writes about funny and charming characters, lesbians in daily resistance for the respect for their humanity, smarts hackers, all of them orbiting round the investigation led by the commandant Jourdan who will try, in spite of the difficulties, to see that culprits get to the hands of justice. " **Marie Van Moere** (Foreword)

EXTRACTS

#IDIDNOTREPORT **MARIE-HÉLÈNE BRANCIARD**



▪ Bastards... Hermaphrodites... Degenerated...

DJ tears away her headphones, releases the joystick and freezes. After all her efforts to write down a text which would finally express the way she feels, the words settled in by themselves. It looks like they waited for her to leave them alone, to get fully into her video games to emerge. She does not know why, but this time the music is not enough. She wants to speak, to roar and these three small words are going to open her the way.

On its Home cinema, Arya Stark is going with great trouble through a destroyed territory. Hung up on his sword, The Weasel awaits, motionless like a stupid out of order avatar, her help. DJ Amy turns away from it nevertheless: Game of Thrones will have to wait...

On her bed, a small computer takes a humming nap. She wakes him unscrupulously by putting her two hands on the warm keyboard... The words flow effortlessly :

**Helmeted by rumours and fury • They cross the times • The sun is in mourning
It snows on cracked screens • Of their livid lives...**

She closes her eyes, stretches, shakes her head and throws an SOS in the night which sticks on the immense plane glass windows ... Outside, London bubbles. She has to empty her thoughts, to return to these three words which appeared as if by magic...

Bastards... Hermaphrodites... Degenerated • Perched on their clouds • Helmeted by noises and fury • In their 3D armors • They forgot everything... • The key of keywords • The tag of hashtags...

▪ **Your avatar hidden between two keys of my keyboard
No evidence of the evil things you've done to me in real
But everything is broken inside of me in me**

Everything began when I read this glaucous poem on the Facebook account of a certain M@rylin just as much a victim as the real one... And then there was this serie of tweets with the hashtag #Ididntreport. Women of whole world explained in 140 characters why they did not lodge a complaint after a rape or a sexual assault.

- Because it is him whom they believed
- Because I was drunk
- Because a shrink told me that it was not a rape if he had no weapon
- Because I did not shout, nor bite, nor strike
- Because it was the guy with whom I lived ...

There are heaps of reasons not to lodge a complaint after a rape. But I, I lodged a complaint and I lost... The bastard who raped me denied the charge and I was not able to prove his guilt. Then, when I read all these messages I said to myself: « but holy shit, for fuck's sake, why the need to be crying everywhere that we did not lodge a complaint?! It does not make a slight bit of difference for the rapists ... It can even make them even more certain that they can't be incriminated.

Now then, girls, I am going to tell you what I did...

