One by one, they came forward with stories of being drugged and raped or assaulted by BILL COSBY, finding safety in their staggering number and a culture that was finally ready to believe them.

Thirty-Five Women, On These Pages Alone

By NOREEN MALONE
A PORTFOLIO BY AMANDA DEMME


A decade earlier, 14 women had accused Cosby of rape. Perhaps the most shocking thing wasn’t that Buress had called Cosby a rapist; it was that the world had actually heard something sexual was going on.”

I was introduced to Bill Cosby through my modeling agent. She said that Cosby wanted to see me. Which I thought was obviously for the show. I was told there was going to be a dinner, and when that got there, no one ever arrived. He asked me if I wanted a glass of wine; I took a few sips. It had a horrible taste. And I started not feeling well. He helped me up by my underarms with both hands. He walked me into the next room, where there was a mirror on the wall, and he told me to look at myself. Something was wrong with me.

And then he took my right hand, and he put it behind my back. I remember seeing semen on the floor. And I felt some liquid on my hand. That was when I knew something sexual was going on.

He took my roommate and me out to dinner. It was this new hip steak restaurant on the strip near the Whiskey a Go Go called Snaksy Pete’s. He was chatting her up and trying to charm her. And he reached across and put a pill next to my wineglass and said, “Here, this will make you feel better,” and he gave her one. I wasn’t really thinking. My son had recently died. I thought, Great, me, feel better? You bet. So I took the pill and washed it down with some red wine. And then he reached across and put another pill in my mouth and gave her one. Just after I took the second pill, my face was, like, face-in-plate syndrome, and I just said, “I wanna go home.” He said he would drive us home. We went up this elevator. I sat down, and lay my head back, just fighting nausea. I looked around and he was sitting next to my roommate on the love seat with this very predatory look on his face. She was completely unconscious. I could hear the words in my head, but I couldn’t form words with my mouth, because I was so drugged out. He got up and came over, and he sat down and unzipped his fly. He had me give him oral sex, and then he stood me up, turned me over, did me doggy-style, and walked out. Just as he got to the door, I said, “How do we get out of here, how do we get home?” And he said, “Call a cab.”

Bill had been a friend. I had had dinner with his wife on one or two different occasions, I had worked with him. I had known him for many, many years, and he never made a pass at me. So when this happened to me, I was really, really shocked. I just couldn’t understand what was wrong with him. Had he lost his mind? When I came out of the bathroom, he said to me, “Okay, come on, let’s go. They’re waiting for us.” He was behaving like a person that I had never met before in my life.

At 17, my agent introduced me to Bill Cosby, who was going to mentor me and take me to the next level of my career. Over the course of the next year, I was droggled half the time when I was with him and would come out of a delusional experience going, “Wha, what was that?” He would say, “Well, I needed to undesssh you

LILI BERNARD. Alleged assault: early 1990s.
and wash your clothes because you got drunk and made a fool of yourself. Do you remember the Jaccie Duggard story? She pretty much could have climbed over the fence any time she wanted so but was just so broken down and couldn’t think straight. I felt like a prisoner! I felt I was kidnapped and hiding in plain sight. I could have walked down any street of Manhattan at any time and said, ‘I’m being raped and drugged by Bill Cosby,’ but who the hell would have believed me? Nobody, nobody. I was invited down to Atlantic City to see his show and had a very confusing night where I was completely drugged and my luggage was missing. When I called the concierge to find out where my luggage was, Cosby went ballistic. He slammed the phone down and said, ‘What the hell are you doing, letting the whole hotel know I have a 19-year-old girl in my hotel suite?’ The next morning, he summoned me down to his room and yelled at me that I needed to have discretion. He threw me down on the bed and he just put his forearm under my throat. He straddled me, and he took his belt buckle off. The clanking of the belt buckle, I’ll never forget.”

—BARBARA BOWMAN

“I had a terrible headache, and I said, ‘Bill, do you have any Tylenol? I have a mother of a headache.’ And he said to me, ‘I have something stronger.’ And said, ‘You know I don’t do drugs.’ He said, ‘You’re one of my best friends. Would I hurt you?’ And I believed him. All I remember is taking the pill. I don’t remember going to bed. But I do remember waking up in a fog and opening my eyes, and I had no clothes on, and there was Bill’s friend totally naked in bed with me. He started to laugh and smile, and he said, ‘Oh, did you have a good time?’ I said, ‘What the fuck happened? Do you always eff up a dead person?’ I got my clothes on and I walked out. And Bill said, ‘Where are you going?’ I said, ‘What the eff did you give me? He said, ‘Oh, you had a bad headache, you were in so much pain. I gave you a Quaalude. I was hurt with still more than angry at his friend. Still let him take advantage of me. That kills me. That’s why I know the stories of what he did to the other women are true, because if he didn’t have the respect for me who was really a close friend, then he could do that to anybody he didn’t know very well.”

—JOYCE EMMONS

“I told my supervisor at the Playboy Club what he did to me, and you know what she said to me? She said, ‘You do know that’s Hefner’s best friend, right?’ I said, ‘Yes.’ She says to me: ‘Nobody’s going to believe you. I suggest you shut your mouth.’”

—P.J. MASTEN

“People often these days say, ‘Well, why didn’t you take it to the police?’ Andrea Constand went to the police in 2005—how it was tough for her? Not at all. In 2005, Bill Cosby still had control of the media. In 2016, we have social media. We can’t be disappeared. It’s online, and can never go away.”

—TAMARA GREEN

“I had a few moments where I tried to come forward. But I was just too scared, and also had the extra burden of not really wanting to take an African-American man down.”

—JEWEL ALLISON

“I didn’t realize that I had been raped. Back then, rape was done in an alleyway with somebody holding a knife to your throat that you didn’t know. There was no date rape back then. I just knew that something horrible had happened. But I couldn’t put a name to it. The difference between this and that rape in the dark alley is that his face would be before me every week on TV. People would mention a joke that he said: ‘Wasn’t that funny? And all the while, my stomach would just be churning.”

—JOAN TARSHIS

“In 1975, it wasn’t an issue that was even discussed. Rape was being beaten up in a park. I understood at the time that it was wrong, but I just internalized it and dealt with it and pushed it down, and it resided in a very private place. It affects your trust with other people.”

—MARCHELLE TAYE

“Survivors of rape have a very difficult time having intimate relationships. I was in my 20s. I could never have a real relationship. It was like a black, disgusting tumor—a secret tumor.”

—P.J. MASTEN

“When I see a Jew-O pudding, it comes flooding back. Bill Cosby, that encounter, that one time, played a major factor in the direction my life took, toward the dark side.”

—HAMMIE MAYES

AFTERMATH


MARCELLA TATE, 67.
Alleged assault: 1975.

LINDA JOY TRAITE, 64.
Alleged assault: 1990.

LINDA KIRKPATRICK, 58.

SARITA BUTTERFIELD, 59.

JANICE BAKER-KINNEY, 57.

AUTUMN BURNS, 68.

LINDA BROWN, 67.

KAYA THOMPSON, 44.
Alleged assault: late 1980s.

TAMARA GREEN.
Alleged assault: early 1970s.

BARBARA BOWMAN, 46.
Alleged assault: 1945-47.

SAMMIE MAYS, 57.

JOAN TARSHIS, 67.

HELEN HAYES, 60.

HEIDI THOMAS, 55.

PJ MASTEN, 63.

MARGIE SHAPIRO, 58.

JOYCE EMMONS, 70.

REBECCA LYNN NEAL, 60.
perceived cruelty. Barbara Bowman, who come forward during the Constand case, wrote an op-ed in the Washington Post about her frustration that no one had believed her for all those years. Three days after Bowman’s op-ed, another woman, Joan Tarshis, came forward to say Cosby had drugged and raped her in 1969. By the end of November, 16 more women had come forward. Cosby resigned from Temple’s board of trustees and sought monetary damages from his accusers. He was also fired from NBC and his lawyers and press reps went unanswered, although his team has begun a media tour to deny that his admission of offering quaaludes to women was tantamount to admitting he’d raped anyone.) By February, there were another 12 accusers, Tina Fey and Amy Poehler joked about it at the Golden Globes: “Sleeping Beauty just thought she was getting coffee with Bill Cosby,” Attorney Gloria Allred got involved, representing more than a dozen of the women. Even President Obama said it was clear to him: “If you give a woman—or a man, for that matter—without his or her consent, that’s rape.”

There are now 46 women who have come forward publicly to accuse Cosby of rape or sexual assault; the 35 women in these pages are the accusers who were willing to be photographed and interviewed by New York. The group, at present, ranges in age from the early 20s to 80s and includes supermodels Beverly Johnson and Janice Dickinson alongside waitresses and Playboy bunnies and journalists and a host of women who formerly worked in show business. Many of the women say they know of others still out there who’ve chosen to remain silent. This project began six months ago, when we started contacting the then-30 women who had publicly claimed Cosby assaulted them, and it snowballed in the same way that the initial accusations did: First two women signed on, then others heard about it and joined in, and so on. Just a few days before the magazine was published, we photographed the final two women, bringing our total to 35. “I’m no longer afraid,” said Chelan Lasha, who came forward late last year days before the magazine was published, we photographed one of his accusers; he also told “Page Six” that he wanted “the black media to uphold the standards of excellence in journalism [and] go in with a neutral mind.” (Cosby, through representatives, has consistently denied any wrongdoing, and hasn’t been charged with any crimes. Emails to four of his lawyers and press reps went unanswered, although his team has begun a media tour to deny that his admission of offering Quaaludes to women was tantamount to admitting he’d raped anyone.) By February, there were another 12 accusers, Tina Fey and Amy Poehler joked about it at the Golden Globes: “Sleeping Beauty just thought she was getting coffee with Bill Cosby,” Attorney Gloria Allred got involved, representing more than a dozen of the women. Even President Obama said it was clear to him: “If you give a woman—or a man, for that matter—without his or her consent, that’s rape.”

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