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Statement of Sharon Van Ert

I met Bill Cosby in 1976 while I was working at the “Concerts By The Sea” a famous jazz club located on the Redondo Beach Pier. For hard-core jazz lovers it was the place to be. Many prominent people as well as famous jazz musicians frequented “Concerts By The Sea” like Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Kenton, Sara Vaughn, Ike Turner, Mango Santa Maria, Willie Bobo and others who either played there or came to be part of the scene and to enjoy West Coast Jazz. It was a small place and we were like one big family, we always had a great time, one big party scene.

For me it was the best of times. I was young, enjoyed jazz immensely and I had a great job there. I felt very comfortable around all the entertainers and musicians. Sometimes Mr. Cosby showed up there to see his favorite jazz musicians, like Willy Bobo and he would stand next to my station where I served cocktails. Although he told me he didn’t drink I spoke to him now and then and we would get a little chatty because Mr. Cosby was pragmatic, funny and very charismatic. The waitresses wore short skirts and pretty red blouses as uniforms and Mr. Cosby complimented me and said I had beautiful eyes and how nice my legs looked in my uniform.

We were allowed to drink a little as long as we conducted ourselves well and didn’t get inebriated. Every night was a party and after hours we would lock the doors and the musicians and customers would stay and talk about music and share stories about “back in the day”. We all parked under the pier and the girls had a strict policy that we would never walk to our car alone. Sometimes the

waitresses would walk out together, other times the owner's nephew or one of the musicians would accompany us to our cars.

One time when I was leaving work Mr. Cosby offered to walk me to my car. I am certain that I had a couple of drinks. I was feeling giddy and excited and happy. Mr. Cosby was very nice and of course I didn't suspect anything. On the walk to my car we probably talked about jazz, my passion. When we got there he asked me if I was all right, meaning if I was able to drive home. He went around to the passenger side, got in and said that I was too drunk to drive and I should just sit a while and compose myself. Indeed I felt unusually dizzy.

After a while, Mr. Cosby started getting fresh. He was touching me and rubbing my leg. The next thing I remember was waking up in my car, my head hanging down from the seat, alone. I knew I was drugged because I threw up and I never threw up or drank too much. I believe that he must have put something in my drink while we were closing up the place.

When I got home I realized my panties were missing and I never found them. I believe that Mr. Cosby took them after he assaulted me. Afterwards I contacted the owner's wife and told her what Bill Cosby had done. Nothing came of it so I decided to quit my job.

After 35 years of carrying these shameful memories in secret I was finally encouraged to come forward by all the other women who have recently told their stories about being abused and raped by Mr. Cosby.

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