

Contact: Gloria Allred
Phone: 323-653-6530
Email: gallred@amglaw.com

Statement of Linda Ridgeway Whitedeer

A very long time ago, circa 1971, I divorced Fred Apollo, a Vice-President and Department Head of Live TV for the William Morris Agency. He was one of the power brokers who worked 24/7 to enhance the career of Bill Cosby and many others. Standing in his office, that last time to inform him that I was becoming an actress, he said: “Hey kid,... Do me a favor? Try not to do anything that will embarrass me?”

Then my William Morris film agent, Jimmy Hyde, rushed into Fred’s office and took this Eric Weston photo out of its frame on the desk and said “Fred, I need to borrow this picture of Linda! I’ll bring it back!” and went running out of my ex-husbands office.

I don’t know how many weeks and months had passed when I found myself on a movie set being ushered along an outside walkway by Bill Cosby. “I’m going to interview you and we will use the director’s office” he explained to me as he opened the office door. Immediately, I noticed an empty chair facing the door jam, so out of place one would have to move it just to enter. In a loud, commanding voice he said, “Have a seat!” making a grand gesture with his right arm. My instinct was to roll the chair over to the desk where it belonged, but Cosby seemed to be in a hurry all of a sudden.

So I plopped down and proceeded to remove my purse strap from my left shoulder and adjust the purse on my lap and then I clutched the handle of my

portfolio, and grasped the arms of the swivel chair. I was about to swirl it to the right and use my feet to simply walk the chair over the desk.

I never got to move the chair.

I felt Cosby's left hand gently grab my long hair behind my head his giant frame blocked the door so if anyone should try to enter, they would not be able to see what he was doing. As I looked up his penis was out of his pants and he shoved it in my mouth. His attack was fast with surgical precision and surprise on his side.

I couldn't breathe. I was in shock. I thought of the boy possibly outside the door. When Cosby was done there was a horrible mess of semen all over my face, my clothes and in my hair. He took out a Kleenex to try and wipe off my face. I was bordering between vomiting and passing out. He was mumbling that I had been blessed with his semen as if it was holy water.

He gloated over my humiliation. He planned it. Even to this day, I am still ashamed that I went into shock. I wish I had tried to kick him but felt like my heart stopped and I couldn't catch my breath.

Cosby had to help me to my car. As he slammed my door shut, I glimpsed my face in the rear view mirror. Cheeks streaked with tears and mascara, lipstick smudged, not the same girl that left home that morning. Feeling like a small animal that had been hit by a car, I gripped the steering wheel to keep from shaking as I turned and looked him straight in the eye. Cosby's eyes bolted in fear, he sort of hunched over and scurried away passing in front of my car. I sat there for the longest time arguing with myself on 'what was my next move?'

I wanted to head straight for the William Morris Office and confide in somebody but I heard a voice say. 'but you promised, remember? Not to do

anything to embarrass Fred.’ And then I thought, at the very least somebody has to tell his wife. If I were married to a man that had no qualms about exposing his genitals to a total stranger, on a job interview I would want to know about it. And then I heard the same voice say, ‘if Camille is pregnant again you might really upset her.’

Then it just seemed like a spiritual presence was trying to quiet me. “He has a sickness, you know? Why don’t you just try and get the Mercedes all the way back to Malibu in one piece?” Try to get home to my baby daughter. Just try and drive home.

In closing, an actress is like a tennis player. Her integrity and confidence are everything. For me, Bill Cosby was a career killer. As undignified as this is, it is my turn to take the empty chair that I saw on the cover of the New York Magazine, because I was assaulted sitting in a chair on a job interview and I was not drugged.

I just want to thank the other victims for exhibiting unprecedented bravery, and my niece for her cheerful advice and my daughter (Lisa) who is with me here today, shielding me with her love and to Gloria Allred who has taken on this battle. Their energy reminds me of ‘the flower that breaks through the concrete.’ Thank you.

Gloria Allred
Attorney at Law
Representing Linda Ridgeway Whitdeer
August 12, 2015

