

**Contact: Gloria Allred**  
**Phone: 323-653-6530**  
**Email: [gallred@amglaw.com](mailto:gallred@amglaw.com)**

### **Statement of Charlotte Fox**

I was a young naïve 23 year old, living in Los Angeles. It was the 70's. I wanted to work in the movies. I was out of my depth.

A friend invited me to go with her to try out for the new film "Uptown Saturday Night" I jumped at the chance. We went through the process of obtaining a SAG Card and we began to work. The days were long and it was a dream of a lifetime to be on set with great performers of that day. I still remember to this day the excitement of everyone there. It was a time when a number of Black movies were being produced in Hollywood.

As a young woman trying to make my way in the world, I had no clue about how the world really worked. It was the 70's and it was a time of Black is Beautiful, Power to the People, the Peace Movement, Folks Festivals, sit-ins, Vietnam, Flower Children, Transcendental Meditation, Black Panthers, Jazz, Folk Music, Rock & Roll and a Sexual Revolution.

While working on the set of "Uptown Saturday Night" as an extra, I met Mr. Cosby. One day he invited a few of us to come and hear him play. He would often hold "late night" jam sessions at a local jazz club, "Concerts by the Sea" in Redondo Beach. I only attended one late night jam session.

We met at the jazz club and listened to music. He was on the stage playing with the band and they played into the night. It had been a long day. He joined us. We all had dinner and drinks. As the evening was coming to a close Mr. Cosby invited us to continue the evening by going to the Playboy Mansion. I had never

been to the Playboy Mansion, so I asked one of the girls that I had been working with if she was going and we both said yes. We all went there and we had a late night meal and drinks in a dining room at the Mansion. Hugh Hefner came in and said hello but he did not stay. Mr. Cosby was our host. We ate and drank. I became ill.

I vaguely remember coming back from the bathroom. The next thing I remember was that I was sort of awake, in a bed, with no clothes on and there was Mr. Cosby, in a robe, crawling from the bottom of the bed. I was incapacitated and couldn't say no. He engaged in sexual activity with me. It was not consensual. I was afraid to call out. He left. I didn't know where I was. My only thought was that I had to get dressed and get out of there. I found my clothes. I got out of the room. I am not sure how I got out or who took me to my car.

I did see Mr. Cosby on the set again. He looked through me. I was afraid to say anything. I buried it deep in my soul until now.

I did not say anything to anyone. Who would believe me? I have worked and tried to live my life. When I heard the other women I said, Oh My God, that is what happened to me! I could not believe it. I had to search my mind over and over and over. I replayed it over and over; I do not take this lightly. It took me this long to say something because the burden of saying something has a huge effect on so many lives, mine included.

Gloria Allred  
Attorney at Law  
Representing Charlotte Fox  
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