



I WILL ALWAYS ARISE LIKE THE PHOENIX I AM

Every time I sat down to write this piece for Yoko Ono's "ARISING" exhibit, a great sorrow would wash over me until I was drowning in a sea of tears. Having spent several months pondering, editing, reliving these painful experiences, feeling all the sadness, terror and especially my fiery rage...utter overwhelm held my mind and hands hostage. However, having started it I know I must complete it for myself as well as others who might need to hear my story. Finished is better than perfect, so here goes.

I am only sharing a few of my stories of various harms perpetrated against me throughout my life simply because of who and what I am. It is important to always speak up and stand in the light of your truth. If I wrote everything here...this would be a full-length novel too disconcerting for most.

Perhaps this will empower others and encourage them to tell their truths thus shining a light on bullies and predators that make this world a living hell for so many.

Perhaps this will enlighten others as to what females are subjected to so they might heighten their own awareness and actions to help stop hate crimes against females.

Perhaps by all of us contributing to this ARISING exhibit, there will be a meaningful shift towards the light because patriarchy promotes and protects predators.

Perhaps it will only help me to release these devils and demons that have haunted my mind for far too long. By sharing these truths, I am also symbolically tossing all of it like kindling into a raging funeral pyre surrendering it all to the universal laws that no one is immune from. Thus freeing me of these dark entities and the shadows they've cast onto my life in all areas from my health and relationships to my career.

A few people know about some of these events but no one other than me has a complete picture. I understand there will always be someone who has it worse or better than me. I also know there are unspeakable atrocities perpetuated on females all the time globally as this isn't just a one-time anomaly, a regional issue, about any specific religion, or an isolated cultural problem. This is a global crisis that needs to end now!

Before I share some of my stories, I want to give you some context to help you better understand my situation relevant to my experiences. It has been scientifically proven that when young children are in an unstable violent environment their sensory acuity (as well as what some would call "psychic" abilities) are greatly enhanced and more evolved because they have to be constantly on guard, always reading the environment, people and atmosphere, anticipating the next moves of those who threaten

them and seek to do them harm. We are always sensing all the emotions of everyone around us in order to survive. However, I'm not here to talk about my extraordinary abilities, of which I have many.

Hear me now and believe me when I say that everything that has ever happened to me has only made me stronger. I am a survivor because I have a warrior's heart. I am not a victim but a victor. And like the mythical phoenix, I always arise and become even more powerful than before.

So now, let us look at some of my experiences...

- Imagine me being rejected at birth by my brunette mother simply because I am a natural redhead. When the nurse brought me to her, she said I couldn't possibly be her child. She argued and insisted they go back to the nursery and bring her the right baby. It was quite a scene. Luckily, my father and grandmother were there to assure her we had redheads in the family (and Dad's beard was red even though he also has brown hair). She was distraught at having a redheaded baby.
- Imagine me at 4 years old when my friendly 80 year old neighbor grabbed me in the local sundries shop behind the greeting card rack. He kissed me on the mouth then violently tried to stick his tongue down my throat. I bit his tongue, slapped his face and got away from him.
- Imagine me at 10 years old when my 42 year old single mother working 3 jobs is suddenly diagnosed with multiple terminal cancers and given 6 months to live - instantly making me her caregiver. She suffered through all sorts of hospitalizations, surgeries, treatments and agreed to a monthly radical chemotherapy treatment (not even approved by the FDA) that made her so sick and weak she was primarily bedridden at least two weeks out of every month. So I had to take care of the both of us on top of being in school.
- Imagine me having an ulcer by the time I was eleven from all the stress of my home life as well as non-stop bullying at school and even the kids at church.
- Imagine me and my mother surviving on \$6,000 for an entire year (which is all we got in government benefits because she couldn't work). She got no alimony from the divorce and \$25 a week child support from my father. Before her cancer diagnosis she worked 3 jobs. Sometimes we couldn't find a family member or neighbor to babysit so I stayed home alone. (I was a "latchkey kid.") Honestly, I preferred to be home alone because some babysitters were cruel to me. The movies were my babysitter as well as my escape. When I was around six years old, some of my aunts and uncles were visiting our house. They were in the kitchen and I was supposed to be playing outside but I was in my favorite spot on the back porch and overheard everything. My Aunt Deloris asked mom (regarding me staying home all alone), "Isn't Lisa afraid to be here all by herself?" My Uncle Leonard jumped in and said, "AFRAID?! If the devil himself showed up on that front porch, she'd tell him to go straight to hell! She ain't afraid of nuthin' or no body! I've never seen anything like it! She's something else!" (My favorite uncle was absolutely correct about my being fearless.)
- Imagine my mother sacrificing all she could while in such a compromised state of health so I could participate in every kind of extracurricular activity offered such as: Girl Scouts, 4-H Club, all sorts of sports, dance lessons, acting lessons, singing lessons, modeling workshops, school bands, choirs, drama club, cheerleader, etc. (Remember our \$6,000/year to live on.) She knew my dreams and aspirations and in order for me to stand a chance at achieving any of my dreams she knew I needed to do well in school plus have a well-rounded foundation. And, as you'll soon read, it was all for nothing.
- Imagine me being bullied for having a mother who was older than most other moms. Where I'm from, 14-18 is the typical age to start having kids. My mom was almost 33 when she had me. So kids would tease me by asking if she was my grandma and asked if my real mother was dead amongst many other cruel things. There were no cell phones back then so they'd call our home phone and

then stay on the line preventing us from being able to use the phone. Which worried me because if mom needed an ambulance I couldn't call for help. Such stress!

- Imagine me being relentlessly teased, taunted, ridiculed, mocked and bullied for not only being so poor but also for being a redhead. As I got older it also became about my appearance. It was kids as well as adults and even when adults (parents and teachers) found out what kids were saying and doing, they did nothing to stop any of it.
- Imagine me being harassed because I demonstrated extraordinary metaphysical abilities. (Ah, the *witch hunts* are still alive and thriving!) I quickly learned at a very young age to shut up, stop demonstrating any metaphysical abilities and just keep all this to myself. I was hiding in "the metaphysical closet" in plain sight. I only used my healing abilities to help my mother and my pets.
- Imagine me being an outcast in a tiny country town of about 600 people out in the cornfields because of ignorance and pathetic petty jealousy. I had many natural talents in all the arts, was an honor student, possessed great ambition, was naturally physically attractive, and athletic. I was constantly wrongfully accused of trying to seduce boyfriends and husbands because from the time I was 13 years old I could easily pass for 18 to 21. There were countless unsubstantiated and really outlandish accusations.
- Imagine me having to fend off all those aforementioned creeper boyfriends and horny husbands who were always sniffing around and pursuing me...only to have some of them tell horrible lies about me. I was either a slut they fucked or I was a cocktease that was trying to wickedly tempt and seduce them. I never had anything to do with any of them because all my energy and sights were set on my education, career ambitions and caring for my sick mother. I studied day and night to be an honor student as I diligently honed all my various talents, skills and abilities so I could one day leave that tiny town and fulfill my dreams of being a successful working professional writer/producer/performer in Hollywood.
- Imagine me being 13 and some drunk ass redneck asking me out on a date. I told him I was only 13. He got belligerent calling me all sorts of things including a fucking lying bitch then he eventually said, "You aren't 13! Show me your driver's license!" To which I responded, "I won't have a driver's license until I turn 16, dumbass!" He finally gave up but continued to hurl insults at me as he stomped away.
- Imagine all those bullies' faces when after years of torment I put a stop to all of it my freshman year in high school. I hit "fuck it" and I hit it HARD. I'd gotten to where I just ignored them as best as I could. They were just pathetic pests that I'd never have to deal with once I hit 18, graduated high school and then I'd be gone. One day they made the fatal mistake of taunting my dying mother to her face...and something in my brain just snapped. I literally saw red. I proceeded to systematically confront them when they were alone rather than in their usual pack and physically challenged every single one of them. Some of those old country girls were big enough to eat hay and way bigger than me...but I didn't care because I was madder. Everyone got the message loud and clear to leave me and my mother the hell alone.
- Imagine me being voted "Most Talented Girl" in my high school class (which thrilled me and my mother). I got my photo taken on the school stage with Alvin (the "Most Talented Boy") for the yearbook. Imagine my utter heartbreak (and my poor mother's) when my senior yearbook arrived... and my photo was not there. It said, "Photo not available." They'd cropped that photo of Alvin and me on the stage leaving only him. I'd been cropped out of another 7 different "candid shots" that had been taken at the school and at various events during the year. And, those malicious heartless thoughtless fucking assholes got away with it.
- Imagine me being rewarded with enough scholarships, financial awards and grants that I got a college degree with no student loans or loans of any kind. My major was writing/producing/directing/acting for Film/TV/Radio with a minor in theatre. I also worked a part-time job at the college library. I worked diligently all year around so that I also completed a secondary major in sound engineering with a minor in applied physics all in 4 years. (Yes, while simultaneously caring for my dying mother

100 miles away.) At times I pushed myself for days without sleep working myself into such exhaustion malnutrition dehydration that I had to be hospitalized several times. I sacrificed everything because I held onto my firm belief and absolute conviction that I would have a lifetime career ahead of me in the entertainment industry that I loved so much.

- Imagine me having to spend the vast majority of my time and energy all throughout my entire life but especially in my teens, 20s, 30s and even 40s fending off perverted evil sexual predators (men and women).
- Imagine me possessing all of these “paranormal” abilities with no one to talk with about them or mentor me. Some of my abilities are: empath, psychic, all the “clairs” (clairsentience, clairvoyance, claircognizance, clairaudience, clairgustance or clairambience, clairaudience [also known as clairescence]). So dealing *energetically* with predators takes on even greater aspects than simply dealing with their words and actions. All of this creates even more overwhelm, stress, depression and anxiety.
- Imagine me moving from that tiny town of 600 people out in the cornfields to Nashville, Tennessee then to New York City and then to Los Angeles. That’s quite a lot to deal with in and of itself on top of constantly dealing with perverted sexual predators (both men and woman) that rule the entertainment industry.
- Imagine being blacklisted in Hollywood only because I rebuffed too many of those powerful sexual predators. They thoughtless and maliciously killed my dreams. Broken heart syndrome is real and I almost died in the summer of 2020 from acute systolic heart failure (and other health complications). All the stress from all the non-stop abuse had taken a huge toll on me in more ways than one. All my sacrifices, studying, training, hoping, dreaming and so much hard work...all for nothing.

To help you understand exactly what I’m talking about, here are some more specific stories.

Age 22: I got abruptly fired from a job I loved and was brilliant at simply because the female business owner was jealous of me. (I know because this textbook “mean girl” let it be known.)

Age 22: A stalker started making my life a living hell simply because I wanted nothing to do with him. He made it clear that if he couldn’t have me, no one would. At that time there weren’t anti-stalking laws to deal with psychos like him so I was all on my own.

Age 25: Three years of dealing with this neurotic psychopathic sociopath stalker all came to a head on the day after my 25th birthday. This pathological liar is so out of touch with reality and twisted that even the air he breathes comes out as crooked as a dog’s hind leg.

He broke into my home and held me hostage for nearly 5 hours after spending the prior 2 days drinking himself into a blind rage all because I wouldn’t go out with him on my birthday. He didn’t rape me. It was all about breaking me, breaking my will, breaking my mind, breaking my spirit and ultimately controlling and owning me.

He’s about 6’2” and around 230 solid muscular pounds. Whereas I’m 5’5” and at that time was about 120 pounds. He threw me into and onto every wall, surface and piece of furniture in that house (and broke a lot of things using me as the wrecking ball). I tried to reason with him as soon as he came through the back kitchen door. All bets were off when he grabbed my arm and slung me into a wall. Guess he never saw Muhammad Ali fight because I caught him with an uppercut that sent him flying backwards nearly knocking him out. That bought me time to run into the dining room to get to some distance between us so I could call 911. He raced towards me, threw me to the ground, ripped the phone out of the wall smashing it to bits. He ended up trashing 2 of my 3 phones so I couldn’t call for

help. This was back before everyone had cell phones and I didn't have any neighbors close enough to hear all the racket.

Around 3 hours into this wild nonstop fisticuffs, he duct taped my mouth, bound my hands and feet then threw me into my bedroom closet. After 3 solid hours of hysterical screaming and crying my nose was completely clogged so I could not breathe at all. Only when I finally stopped kicking at the closet door did he come and drag me out. My life flashed before me as I lost consciousness. He ripped the duct tape off my face then slapped my face as hard as he could to revive me. Having duct tape ripped off your face in real life isn't like the movies. My skin bled from where all the tape had been.

After over 4 hours of wrestling, fighting, running, kicking, screaming, pleading, begging, crying, negotiating, praying... I was done. He had me bent over the back of my sofa with his body on top of mine. In one hand, he had a handful of my long hair and was pulling my head so far back I thought my neck was going to snap any second. In his other hand, was his long sharp hunting knife was now pushed in my side ready to gut me like a fish. That same big hunting knife he'd repeatedly circled all around my face while I was on the floor with him sitting on my chest as his knees pinned my arms down while he grabbed my hair and repeatedly slammed my skull into the concrete floor as he screamed, "You think you're so damn pretty? Think you're too good to be with me! I'll cut your god damned fucking face off and then no one will ever want you!"

Now at the couch, he kept repeating, "Time to say good-bye, Lisa! Time to say good-bye. If I can't have you no one can!" Earlier I'd threatened that he'd never get away with this and he smiled and said, "Sure I will! No body, no crime! I'll drag you up to that mountain and they'll never find you either!" (Did you catch that "**either**" bit? Had he done this to other women?!!)

Throughout that entire evening, he never hesitated or demonstrated any remorse. If this was all new, he would've struggled with his conscience and behaved with much more reticence and uncertainty. When I looked into his eyes...there was nothing there, no light. There was no one home. It was as if his body either had no soul or more like he was a demon. I've seen a lot of things but that was absolutely terrifying because I wasn't up against a soul with any humanity.

Now, still bent over the back of my couch, I absolutely believed I was surely going to die any second. Again, my life flashed before my eyes as tears streamed down my battered bruised and bloodied cheeks. I kept saying to myself the entire night that this was so surreal it was like something out of a horror movie. I truly believed if I made even the slightest sound he would indeed kill me then probably kill himself (since that's what he insisted he was going to do). I remained as silent as I could over the back of that couch holding each breath and exhaling as slowly and silently as possible as if each breath was my last.

Then a quiet stilled my mind and in that profound silence a voice as loud and clear as if they were physically standing right in front of me said, "You can't out muscle him! But you can out smart him! Start talking!" My tears stopped as my breathing relaxed and I knew I had to use my wits and words as my weapons (because I'd already diligently proved I couldn't out muscle him). He'd spent nearly 5 hours telling me his exact wants, needs, desires and plans...so I used them all against him.

In a very calm yet commanding tone I softly said, "Oh my god...I am *so sorry*. You are right! You've always been right. Let's sit down and talk about what we are going to do." And I continued to play to his ego as I parroted his own exact words back to him. Luckily, he was just as exhausted from all the physical fighting plus he was still really drunk. I told him I had to pee and wanted to wash my face. I asked him to please get us a cold beer from the refrigerator then we could sit down and plan our future

together. The kitchen was the furthest point from the master bedroom and bathroom...and my last working telephone. As he walked to the kitchen, I silently shut the big solid wood door to the bedroom, locked it, firmly lodged a big chair against it then called 911.

As I hid in the locked bathroom talking to the police, I could hear him calling to me from the kitchen. By the time he realized what was going on it was too late. When he couldn't get into the bedroom, he ran outside to try to get in through the locked window. I went to the window and screamed that the police were on the way. Honest to god, he looked stunned. Utterly bewildered he muttered, "What have you done?!" It was actually really bizarre to see him so dumbfounded. That cocky asshole thought he was smarter than me so my slick subterfuge caught him completely off guard.

Sadly, by the time the police arrived he was long gone. I'll never forget the look on their faces when they came in and looked around. My house that looked like a tornado had smashed through it. Then they saw me. As a natural redhead, I'm very fair-skinned and bruise easily. I was swollen, black, purple, red, blue and bloodied from head to toe. My face had a clear handprint bruise with bloody fingernail impressions from where his long fingernails had embedded deep into my cheeks. Where he yanked off all that duct tape, my skin was damaged. There were marks and scratches from when he'd pressed that sharp hunting knife against my face and body in multiple places. My neck was bruised from where he'd grabbed it and slid me about 3 feet up the bedroom wall choking me until I passed out. He'd flung me around like a rag doll and I hurt all over - inside and out. One of the officers choked back his tears as he offered to take me to the hospital.

All this because I didn't want to date this loser. Oh, it didn't end there. I left Nashville to pursue my dreams. I moved to New York City. I didn't get a New York driver's license, no magazine subscriptions, had an unpublished private phone number and thought I'd sufficiently covered my tracks so he couldn't find me.

My life appeared to be on track, things were looking up and I felt hopeful even though I was suffering severe PTSD from everything this stalker had put me through over the years. The night terrors, nightmarish visions when sleeping and awake consumed me. The visions evolved from him arriving but lost in New York City to him being a block or two away from me on a sidewalk somewhere, to him waiting at the front of my building, to being in the hallway, to standing at my door to breaking into my apartment to kill me. Some ended with him murdering me to others having me blowing him away with a shotgun. It was haunting, terrifying and all consuming which was affecting all aspects of my life, continued studies in acting school and my work.

My career started taking off and I ended up being a featured guest on The Oprah Winfrey Show. Exactly one week to the day of the Oprah show airing, he called me at my private unpublished phone number. As soon as I heard his voice I hung up on him then called my mother. I told her to not pick up the phone for anyone, get my uncles to watch her and I'd call her back. That was the straw that broke whatever you want to call it - my back, psyche, that barrier between being a civilized human and a raging warrior. Again, I hit "fuck it" and I hit it hard. I called my two bosses who were retired NYPD detectives as well as my boyfriend (who was a member of an "organized Italian family") and told them all that psycho stalker found me!

All during this my phone kept ringing. I let all the calls go to voicemail. He called around 50 times that day. As I paced the floor waiting for my boyfriend to come over I made a decision. I called my psycho stalker's elderly mother that he lived with (of course he did). Enraged, I called her things that almost gave her a stroke. I told her what he was up to and said if she gave him the money to fly to New York she'd better have a paid up life insurance policy because she'd be making a claim on it. Then I

repeated his words, “But you probably won’t collect cause like they say...no body, no crime.” Enraged, I blamed her for enabling and covering for him. See, through my research I learned his mommy went to school with the local sheriff so psycho alcoholic never got into any legal trouble. He’d been pulled over for DUI 6 times in one year, never went to jail and still had a driver’s license. I knew as long as I was on his turf he’d have the home field advantage especially since there weren’t any stalking laws. But if he came to Manhattan...that was my turf and I had a lot of men in my life who loved me.

He continuously called my phone day and night until I just unplugged it. I still have all those maniacal messages on tape. After I’d talked with my bosses who were like uncles to me, my boyfriend, dad, mom and then his mom, I plugged in my phone and picked up his next call. I cannot type all the vile I spewed at him. Again, I unleashed a hornet’s nest of hellfire and brimstone so epic it made God jealous. He couldn’t even get a word out. I dared him to come to New York City. I told him some of the horrific things that would happen to him, that my friends and I looked forward to dealing with him then I hung up.

My boyfriend had arrived just as I’d started my raging rant (which utterly terrified him). He told me he’d “handle it” (translation: the mob would kill this guy and probably his mother) to which I said no. My detective friends gave me some great advice. My boyfriend’s mob attorney wrote a very stern letter that we sent via certified registered mail that the addressee was required to sign for. The letter was mailed to both my stalker and to his mother advising them to never contact me or anyone even remotely connected to me ever again. It also advised that if they didn’t understand this letter to seek legal counsel immediately. I never heard from him again.

I know he’s still out there. His mom died years ago but he’s still around. He’s never had to suffer or pay for his crimes against me over the course of 6 years or his other crimes against who knows how many other woman. So, now with all this, I’m in New York City trying to heal and pursue my career.

Here are some specific shady entertainment industry incidents.

Age 25: My “agent” invited me to a black-tie charity event at the Waldorf Astoria. He said the agency had bought some tables and asked if I’d like to go. During dinner a polite fellow about 35ish sitting next to me asked me to dance. We had a lovely evening of fascinating conversation, good food and great dancing. What fun! Then I said good-bye to him as I prepared to leave. Confused he said, “But I paid for you all night...if you know what I mean.” I saw red and assured him I did not know what he meant. We went out to the lobby and he told me the entire story of how he’d paid that same “agent” \$8,000 cash to do whatever he wanted with me all night long.

The crazed look in my eye and terrifying tone of voice scared the shit out of him as I unleashed my fury whilst wildly gesturing and backing him up against a wall. I told him in no uncertain terms that I was not for sale and this was so outrageous I didn’t know where to begin. He was horrified (and rightfully so) when I told him who my boyfriend was (Like I mentioned earlier, a prominent member of a well-known organized Italian family). I was going straight to my boyfriend’s place to tell him what had happened. This guy apologized profusely but it all rang hollow as I knew he’d bought girls before (and probably would again). He was only embarrassed because I confronted him in the middle of the Waldorf Astoria lobby and afraid because of who my boyfriend was.

I told him he’d better get his money back while he could because I had no idea how my boyfriend (and “the family”) or my father would react to my being unwillingly unknowingly sold as a sex slave! Can you imagine all the horrible things that could have happened to me? This horrific criminal bullshit happens to girls and women all the time!

Age 25: I hired a video producer to edit my acting demo tape. We're at this loft office working and I need to go to the restroom. When I come out, he's stroking his very hard dick. He looks at me and gestures like he wants me to do something with it. Shocked silent I stop in my tracks and struggled to figure out what to say or do next. Finally, I told him to put it away and be a fucking professional because I need this tape done. He just laughed and said it was my loss then went back to editing the tape like everything was perfectly normal. I was shocked, embarrassed and *furious*. What if he was a rapist? This scenario could've ended up with me raped and dead.

Age 25: A big shot Hollywood talent manager showed interest in me as a client. After an evening event at The Russian Tea Room he offered me a ride home in his limo. I got in and there's another young girl he introduced as another "potential client." He nodded to her. She put her hand on my knee then swiftly moved it up my thigh as she leaned in to kiss me. I smacked her hand that was about a millimeter from my crotch and I backed away. Stroking his now hard dick, he said, "C'mon relax! C'mon baby. You 2 make out for me! That's so hot!" She came at me again at his insistence so I told them both to fuck off and told the driver to stop. I got out and walked home. Needless to say, he didn't become my manager.

Age 25: I was about to get cast as a lead actor in a feature film which would've been my "big break." Having gone through months of auditions, meetings and callbacks, as a last step I had to meet the main executive producer. At the casting offices, he walked in, took one look at me, and I could immediately feel his rage. He turned and walked out without saying a word to me. I heard him yelling at the casting director in the other room. "Get her the fuck out of my sight NOW!" Then he stormed out. The very upset casting director came in and apologized explaining that it was common knowledge that this producer was going through a giant messy divorce where he was about to lose millions...to his much younger busty brown-eyed redheaded wife. Simply because I looked like his soon-to-be ex-wife, I lost this great job as a leading actor in a role that I was perfect for (obviously since I got through the entire casting process). I was heartbroken and devastated.

Age 26: After a long day working as an extra on a TV show, I wearily lugged my things to my car parked at the furthest parking lot at the opposite side of the studio. Suddenly, a car pulled up alongside me. It was one of the main male stars of the show (who was justifiably on many of the "most beautiful, sexiest men alive" type lists). He states the obvious that it is far too dangerous to be walking alone this time of night in that neighborhood. I thanked him but politely refused his offer of a ride. He charmingly stated that he'd have to drive alongside me until I got to my car to make sure I was safe. After a few minutes of sweet-talking, I finally acquiesced and hopped into his car.

He seemed so sincere, sweet, kind, caring and acted like a true gentleman. My trusting nature and automatic assumption that people are basically good was somehow still in tact. I thought he was genuinely looking out for me and simply protecting me out of kindness and consideration.

We arrived at my car and he jumped out to help me put my belongings in my car. We'd talked the entire ride and the flirty sparks were could have burn that neighborhood down. I thanked him for seeing me safely to my car. He grinned and said, "How about a little peck on the cheek as a thank you?" I leaned in to kiss him lightly on the cheek. He took me into his big strong arms and passionately kissed me. Fireworks shot throughout my entire body and I went weak in the knees which made him pull me even closer and hold me tighter. I couldn't think straight.

My "dream man" suddenly stopped kissing me, pulled his damn pants down to his ankles then looked at me like "Well, here it is, have at it!" Seriously! What in the hell is wrong with "Hollywood people"? Once again, I was shocked silent by someone's wildly inappropriate overt sexual behavior. I gathered my wits as best as I could and muttered I had to leave. He pulled up his pants and actually moved in to kiss me

good-bye which I shied away from. I drove home feeling like a complete idiot...a confused, sexually frustrated, could-have-been-raped-in-a-dark-parking-lot-by-a-smooth-talking-stranger-fucking-idiot. Once again, this left me questioning my own judgement, my basic common sense and the ulterior motives of Hollywood people.

Age 26: After several industry professionals strongly recommend me, multiple meetings and calls, I got signed with a giant worldwide talent agency (so well known it can go by only 3 letters). One of the very top powerhouse legends was my lead agent and he assigned a team of agents to work with me. I spent the next 7 years not working. Everything was about getting me to go to Hollywood parties, date powerful "A-List" Hollywood men (and women even though I'm heterosexual) and then there were all those super shady "auditions" (that were actually porn films which I absolutely refused).

Utterly fed up, I finally set up a meeting with this big shot and my team. As soon as I got to his office he asked if I wanted to meet a certain mega star for dinner that night. I timidly asked, "Do you really think **he** would be attracted to **me**?" He enthusiastically assured me that this A-Lister already saw photos of me and he definitely wanted me...er, wanted to meet me.

Then, that room full of men understood firsthand why redheads have the reputation we do. I unleashed a hornet's nest of hellfire and brimstone so **epic** that it made God jealous! For the sake of sheer decency, I'll not repeat exactly what I said. I assured them in no uncertain terms that I had no problems getting laid all on my own. What I needed was agents to get me legit work not sleazy pimps. Shocked (and embarrassed because I was so loud that many people in their offices probably heard every word I said even though we were behind closed doors), the big shot promptly ended my representation and proceeded to black list/bad mouth me in Hollywood. This is not my imagination. It was confirmed by a few people including a girl who was an agent trainee in that office (who was also an aspiring actress). She was so terrified of him (and everyone in that agency) that she called me from her home phone rather than call me from the office. Several of my friends in the industry also confirmed this horrific situation to me.

All my hopes and dreams, all that I worked so hard for, all the sacrifices I made (and the sacrifices my dying mother made), the countless hours of classes, trainings, rehearsals, sleepless nights, workshops, practicing, working shitty temp jobs to make ends meet, moving so far away from my family and friends, performing in everything I could, training until my body gave out, endless writing, directing, acting, dancing until my feet bled, the countless auditions and the horrible rejections, singing until my voice was gone...all of it for nothing because of a handful of malicious sadistic fiendish thoughtless heartless powerful predators.

I finally set up an alter ego using a nom de plume and worked as everything including a production assistant, producer's assistant, temp, ghostwriter, script doctor and more. I'm not afraid of hard work and I wanted to be in this business in whatever way would all me. But it has been disheartening, limiting and so depressing to not be able to work under my own name doing what I love. I've not been free to be the kind of storyteller, writer, producer or performer I've always dreamed of being. I've been extremely depressed and suicidal for most of my life due to all the cruelty thrust upon me.

All the sexual predators in addition to ageism and impossible body standards in Hollywood makes it an industry like no other. Also, it seems everyone in Hollywood seems to have great advice for kids who are still in school and/or in college. Talent agencies, managers, movies studios, and all the various "women centric organizations" never offer opportunities to anyone over 25 (read the fine print on all those offerings they advertise - no one is giving any woman over 25 any opportunities).

That is completely dumbfounding to me. Everyone knows the best storytellers draw from their own life experiences. Women over 50 have far more interesting experiences and stories than a 21 year old. That is simply a fact of life proven time and time again.

All of us women who have had to spend the vast majority of our time and energy throughout our lives fending off sexual predators (both male and female) in addition to whatever innate talent, education, trainings, knowledge and experience we possess have already proven we embody the greatest survival skills as well as actively and consistently demonstrate our commitment and resilience - without any support to fight the powerful predators (even now in this post "Me, too!" and "Times Up! era). We've stayed in the entertainment business in one form or another hoping that someday somehow someone would recognize our fierce dedication, our unwavering determination, our exceptional focus, our proven talents, our vast investments in our education and training, and our pure passion for our beloved craft.

By now I imagine you're asking yourself why in the world do I still live and work in Hollywood given all the bad shit that still happens daily. Well, in 2008, I walked away from everything - my marriage, my job, my writing, my acting, my home, and *especially* away from Hollywood. I moved back to the Mid-West and was beyond crestfallen and absolutely miserable. It took a few months to detox from all these things I'd cut out of my life. Soon there was a whisper that repeatedly said the same thing night and day. "You must fulfill your destiny not fail it." Soon the whisper began to drown out everything. It was as if my soul re-lit the extinguished flame in my heart, my mind and my gut.

My heart mind and soul began to get in sync and a plan was made to return to Hollywood. In 2014, I came back with a renewed fire, passion and determination. There's great wisdom in knowing when to let go. There's an even greater wisdom in knowing when to fight for what you believe in...including yourself. I know exactly who and what I am and no one has any power over me. All the things I've shared here (and all the things I didn't share) have helped me become even stronger, wiser, better, as well as strengthened my convictions and cleared my vision.

I did not come this far to only come this far. My light burns bright and if you follow the timeline in Hollywood, things shifted around the time I returned. Countless people - especially women - who are here to anchor the Light are stepping into their power and changing things. This world needs all of us to be our true authentic self, to share the light of our souls and fire in our hearts, to tell stories that inspire, heal, teach and transform this world.

Imagine a world where women are fully empowered and utterly unfettered by fear and violence.

Imagine the entertainment industry transformed by these glorious empowered enlightened women (and all people) who freely anchor the Light in the entertainment industry.

Imagine the entertainment industry stops hiring and pandering to predators (as well as repeat law breakers like sex offenders, traffickers, drug dealers/addicts, and people guilty of other criminal behavior). There are MILLIONS of talented good decent people who are law-abiding citizens that studios and production companies can hire, as well as talent agents, talent managers and law firms can represent. Stop enabling criminals!

Imagine what women can achieve when they no longer have to spend their time and energy dealing predators (including the aftermath of a predator's energy, words and deeds).

Imagine women working in comfort and safety, openly and freely focusing on their soul's desires and goals making vital contributions in whatever way they choose to tell the greatest stories ever told

whether that is in the form of books, songs, businesses, tv shows, poetry, art, movies and/or all the new formats and modalities that they will create.

Humans always have been and always will be storytellers. Think about that. Stories contain powerful energy with the unlimited potential and power to uplift, encourage, inspire, heal, and bring all of humanity together as well as actively assist in our evolution and even in saving this planet. Synergistic storytelling has the infinite potential to holographically reach and transform anyone and everyone in both a timely and timeless manner.

The quality of life is changed by and through art – especially storytelling – because it is a non-exclusive all-inclusive form of communication and creation. As we contemplate and carry forward our higher functions throughout the multiverse (regarding such areas as spirituality, arts, science, education, ethics, and the evolution of both individual and greater collective consciousness), we are rapidly evolving into more than most can fathom. Transrational storytelling combined with rapidly evolving media and technology (artificial intelligence, virtual reality, augmented reality, mixed reality, etc.) are powerful tools for healing, transformation, and creation when utilized appropriately. Women are not only responsible for birthing all of humanity; we also create new worlds with the simple stroke of a pen. And we understand our power which of course threatens the gross patriarchal systems long overdue to be dismantled and replaced.

Imagination, intention and action lay the tracks for the reality train to roll down. Storytellers play a crucial role in creating this “reality” working on multiple levels vital to...everything.

Still hoping and praying for significant shifts in Hollywood so that I may fulfill my dreams that I’ve sacrificed everything for and worked towards my entire life. My mother died without seeing me realize my dreams or achieve success in my lifelong quest. I hope she’s proud of me for sticking to my values, not letting this world harden my heart and for never giving up hope. That is why I am still here and standing strong in the Light and in my power.

In Humble Service, Love and the Light, Lisa Rhyne