

Exhibit A

There's been a lot of talk about sexism lately, and I feel that I should speak up about the way sexism has affected me, for my own sake (it's hard to heal when suffering in silence) and for the sake of other young women. I think us speaking out will help men also. Awareness can only help us and this conversation is finally happening now; it has been long, long overdue.

I experienced sexism and abuse many times. Starting with the musician who took advantage of me when I was 15 and he was 34. Or the teacher who told my mother when I was 16 that "pretty girls don't make it in this music". But there's one long-standing dynamic that I feel I need to specifically talk about.

I used to work and study with a well-known musician that I cannot name here, in order to protect myself from any legal repercussions. For the purpose of this text I'll refer to him as "X" and mostly use the pronoun "him". Here is a non-exhaustive history of my interactions with that person. This includes times of emotional abuse within an intimate relationship, as well as times where I was sexually harassed inside of a professional relationship. I've decided to share both. The reason why I decided to include all of this is that I am protecting myself against a possible retaliation from him (which I am very afraid of. A lawyer has told me not to publish this letter because of possible retaliation suits and/or losing connections in my field) but also because I want to provide a more complete story, including the very important things I learned from him. In any case, I would rather get everything off my chest; if someone wants to judge me at least I won't have anything to hide. I've had to re-traumatize myself by going through a huge amount of text messages and I have proof for most of what I'm talking about here. If you'd like to see text messages please let me know.

I don't intend to cast myself as only a victim of the situation. But I do want to shed light on the strange process that happens when you enter this type of abusive dynamic and how this dynamic is embedded in the sexism that goes through our society, and how this disproportionately affects the women who enter the dynamic; years have passed and I am the one bearing the brunt of the trauma and negative consequences of this, while he enjoys a stable life and career.

I met him at 17 at a workshop. For years, I had heard his records and been intrigued by them. I was very eager to meet him and immediately as I came in the room, I felt a very strong magnetism coming from him. He acknowledged me, looked me up and down, and made me feel intrigued, flattered, fascinated, and also afraid.

I was a complete beginner at the time, in terms of improvisation. I stayed the whole workshop and understood nothing. At the end of the lesson I asked him to teach me; at first he said that he did not teach beginners, but I insisted and he finally agreed. We would meet at another musician's house a few days after.

That lesson blew my mind; I was so interested in what he could do. I was mesmerized by everything. I also felt this really strong sexual vibe coming from him in the way he looked at me and was confused by it. It was strange to feel that coming from somebody his stature, but I brushed it off and just ignored it.

During the second lesson, "X" told me straight up that he wanted to have sex with me. I was shocked. I had NO idea someone who's in their fifties and who's widely considered a great musician can say something like that to a 17-year old girl. I'm saying girl because a lot of

people are more advanced as far as life knowledge than I was at that age. I was sexually active but I didn't even remotely consider the possibility that an older man would tell me something like that. I was really that naive. I told him I was scared. I don't remember what else I said, probably some excuse, and ended up leaving. Of course he advised me not to take the train home by myself, because it was "dangerous out there."

I realized then that I was attracted to him, but not in a physical way. I was looking for a teacher in him and not a lover, and I felt strong attraction to who he was and what he could do. But I was not craving an intimate affair with him.

In the next few weeks he would tell me that he was thinking of me often. That my musical progress mattered to him. I was practicing non-stop. I told him that I didn't want him to stop thinking about me, because that would help my progress. I was confused, flattered, and maybe slightly manipulative, to be honest. I thought it was amazing that someone of his stature would think of me, and I didn't want his attention to stop.

He invited me to travel somewhere with him in the summer of 2010. During that trip he asked to sleep in the same room as me. I did, curled up on the floor in a sleeping bag. The next morning I woke up to him telling me he had taken photos of me while I was asleep. He showed me the photos. I was creeped out so I slept in another room for the remainder of the trip. I got to meet some incredible musicians. I was so excited, happy, enthused. I did everything I could to learn. Everything was so new and so incredible. I picked up so much just by being around, and throughout my relationship with him, he told me many, many times that the best thing I could do was to learn through "hanging out", through osmosis. He also made it clear, though, that "hanging out", in my case and in the case of other young women, meant having sex with whoever you were hanging out with. You couldn't just say no, because if you did you were uptight and then nobody wanted to hang out with you.

Later, back in Europe, I visited him on tour. I had turned 18 by then. During the visit, he asked me to give him a chest massage. When I refused he got really angry with me, telling me again that I was uptight, that I was brainwashed into thinking that society had rules. He said many times that people like Charlie Parker knew not to follow these rules. That through them being "relaxed", they were able to create wonderful music. This "relaxation" had to do with their breaking down of social norms, and I was supposed to also break social norms if I wanted to become a great improviser. So when I refused to give him a massage, the implication was that I was not going to get better at improvising.

Shortly after, he told me not to contact him I didn't plan on having sex with him. He said it was not interesting for him to talk to me if there was going to be no sexual interaction. I said ok, no worries, don't talk to me then, and we left it at that.

But I kept thinking. And wondering. And feeling angry but also confused by what he had said. And trying to make sense of things in my mind. I missed the fatherly talks he gave me; the security I felt around him, the way I admired him. And so after about 3 months, I called him again. He said I sounded more relaxed, less uptight and told me to call him when I got to New York. In the meantime he spent hours and hours on the phone with me talking about music.

Later on he told me many times that he had made it clear for me to know, from the beginning, that I was only going to be around him/studying with him/playing with him/working with him

because he liked me. He would tell me that he was interested in me musically but that the real reason I was around was that he was attracted to me. The strangest thing is that he's told many people about my ability and my talent; but to me, he would say that I would've never gotten to where I was if it wasn't for him and for his attraction for me. It was like all the hard work I put in didn't matter to him. He'd tell me he knew me better than I knew myself, and that he knew I really wanted to be with him. Indeed when I stopped agreeing to sleep with him he stopped granting me access to his knowledge, and he made my professional life with him a complete nightmare.

About 6 months after I moved to New York in 2011, he convinced me to be intimate with him. I would always end up doing what he wanted after he'd pressure me enough, and this way, little by little, I became his sort of little student mistress who would go with him everywhere and do all kinds of little jobs no one else wanted to do. I fell in love with him, and I felt that I needed him in my life in order to survive, to learn, to thrive, and to become a professional musician.

Shortly after he started hiring me to work with him too. I was trying to keep a professional vibe while in public. I felt that people knowing that we were sleeping together would mean that they would not value me or respect my abilities, but he would always tell me to relax, that I was too uptight; if I worked hard, he said, nobody would care about who I slept with, because the music would speak for itself. He encouraged me a lot musically, when no one else would, and he always said that music was the most important thing. He spent hours, and hours, and hours, with me, doing music. I was always eager to learn and he always wanted to deal with music. As long as I kept having sex with him, he would teach me. I figured at that time that this was the only way I was going to be able to learn. I practiced like crazy. I was learning a whole bunch and I had no money, so there would've been no way for me to pay him for all these lessons.

I remember after one concert we played, I came to the hotel room (he made us share hotel rooms) but refused to have sex with him. He told me I was not going to go to sleep without having sex with him. So I ended up having to leave his room, at 3am. I spent the night in a station nearby, waiting for a friend to pick me up. Then I used another friend's credit card to buy myself a flight home the next day. After that I didn't speak to him for a few weeks.

But I was too hooked; I felt that I was useless without him and that I had no direction, so I ended up going back with him. One of the hardest things about completely leaving this dynamic was the fact that I felt (and still feel) that in some levels he knows me better than anyone else does. There are certain things that I'm extremely comfortable sharing with him, about music mostly; there are things that I learned from him and that I can't really communicate about with that many other people. There are jokes, and memories, that only he can understand. It was not all ugly and sad. Simply, the highs were very high and the lows were very low. My therapist calls it the Stockholm Syndrome.

In September 2013 he broke up with me. I remember it felt that a limb of mine was gone. I was angry, and furious, and sad, and I felt completely abandoned. He told me if I bothered him he'd "cut my emotional ass off". Eventually I got my bearings back and I started dating other people. I had meaningful and respectful relationships with men. Yet I still craved his attention. I felt like I couldn't make it in the world without him. He would try to get back with me, telling me I needed a sugar daddy; that I didn't know how to take care of myself alone; that I didn't know how to make money. He'd ask me if I needed money and wire me money if I said yes. By that point,

though, I wasn't in love with him anymore. I didn't want to be intimate with him anymore. That period is when the sexual harassment started.

He would send me work to do and then get angry and tell me not to finish the work, because I wouldn't sleep with him. He would call me in the middle of the night and never take no for an answer. Other times, he would stop talking to me, and then I would desperately try to engage him, so as not to lose my mentorship and professional relationship with him. He would do really nice things for me, take me to the park and practice, take me to meet some older musicians, take me out to dinner, and then get really angry when I would refuse to have sex.

On tour I would have to sleep with him at the end of the day lest him be absolutely angry and sometimes refuse to rehearse the band the next day. He would relentlessly ask me to have sex with him and told me that was the reason I was there, even though I had been hired like everyone else. There was a lot of emotional dissonance between the professional and the personal side of our interactions. Most of the time, on the gig, he would behave affably. I would try to act normal in front of the band members. I just acted unemotionally, as if this was not affecting me at all. It hurt that I felt I couldn't have a normal dating life because of this but I didn't let anything show.

I felt I HAD to do this because I was getting to be in the best musical environment I could possibly be in, and I didn't wanna lose that. At that point my self-esteem was low; I felt like no matter how hard I worked, my abilities weren't good enough for me to be hired or heard independently of my being attractive, and "X" had told me many times that if it wasn't for my looks I would not be there. I seriously thought that this was just what I had to go through as a young woman. Whenever he offered me more work, he would wait until I actually slept with him to solidify the dates. There was many times where I played into his game. Where I said what he wanted to hear. Where I initiated conversation with him, and when I tried to keep in contact when he had told me to leave him alone. I simply felt that if I lost contact with him, I would lose contact with music, with my purpose in life, and with my work.

On time, before going a tour, I told him that I would NOT sleep with him. And so I didn't. I also met a young man during the tour, who was really nice to me, and took me out for dinner many times during our trip. That drove "X" completely mad. He would vibe me so hard on stage I would just want to leave running to the backstage. I think this was a good schooling in a way, because now these things don't faze me.

At the time I was trying really hard to be cool, but in reality I was feeling suicidal. In that same trip he told me I owed him "a lifetime of pussy" for what he had taught me. Verbatim. When I texted him on another occasion saying that I was suicidal, that I had mental health issues, that I was afraid of having a breakdown because of the way he treated me, and that I needed him to stop, he responded that he looked forward to me breaking down so that I would come to him.

There's the time when he broke into my computer and read my iMessages. I had left my computer open while I went to eat at a break during a rehearsal. He read a lot of complaints I had about him that I was sending to some of my friends, and read some romantic messages I was sending to someone I was becoming involved with. He was especially angry that I had told some people details about what had been happening in my interactions with him, and told me he couldn't have anyone in his entourage who was spreading poison about him from the inside.

Sometimes on tour I would avoid him for about 3 days and then just give up. It was pretty clear I wasn't into it, even he realized. I remember he would sometimes get mad at me for avoiding him and try to leave me at the hotel when it was time to go play, but the other band members made sure I was in the van before they left. It was terrible, but I still wanted to keep working with him because I was scared of the economic consequences that quitting would have on me. There were some times where I offered to be intimate because I was so tired of being harassed and because I felt it would be the only way to make him stop being angry at me while we were working somewhere.

There was another time where he invited me to give a workshop with him but I had to stay in the same room as him. I told him clearly ahead of time I wouldn't sleep with him, and he said there'd be two beds. So I agreed, and we drove up. Everything went smoothly at first; the place was beautiful and I was having a good time. The room was really big and had two beds at opposite sides. I felt okay about the situation. But when it was time to sleep, "X" started getting angry and doing his emotional withdrawal thing where he stopped talking to me. I ignored him and I went to sleep. In the middle of the night, I woke up. He was half-naked, kissing me on the lips. I pushed him away. After some protesting on my end he finally left, went back to his bed, and didn't bother me again for the rest of the night. The next morning I confronted him about it. I asked him what made him think this was a good idea. He said it wasn't like he had penetrated me or anything, he had only kissed me. Right after that conversation, we went on to give a workshop together. The workshop went okay, although I was feeling numb and angry for the whole time.

When I told other musicians what was happening, the responses I got from them were interesting. Almost nobody seemed interested in protecting me. Every man and every woman for themselves. Some guys told me to use my sexual powers to get him to do whatever I wanted. Someone else told me to become asensual/asexual to get his attention to stop. "X" himself told me I could get "really skinny" or "really fat" and he would stop liking me.

One time my boyfriend showed up to a gig I had with him in New York. "X" got extremely angry. He told me he didn't want me to play on some other gigs he had previously asked me to sit in on. He would constantly try to get me to stay with him when he was in New York. I would refuse and wiggle my way out of things. But finally, one night, I agreed to stay with him because a young woman he was dating would also be there. He behaved politely enough in front of her, and gave me a room to sleep in. We did a lot of work; we were going to pull an all-nighter before a recording session. Later in the night, though, he tried to ask me to have a threesome with them. I said no. The next day he was still affable, but as soon as we left the house and she wasn't around, he became furious at me for saying no and told me not to come to the show that day.

Little by little, I lost faith in his music, and sometimes I lost faith in music at large. It was hard to trust my ability and my hard work. I always tried to work as hard as I could on any music I was given the opportunity to play, but sometimes depression got the best of me and I didn't feel that I was at the top of my abilities.

I want to stress that I accepted all this because I felt that if I quit, I would lose an opportunity to play music, to play the music I really wanted to play; I also felt, because of low self-esteem and a habit of being comfortable in abusive situations, that this was simply what I had to go

through as a young woman in this business. Many times as women we feel we have to accept behaviors we don't want, in order to be accepted, to be successful, to please, to not lose a job, to not be completely broke, to not be kicked out of a band, etc, etc. Many people have told me that "if you wanted to be a Raylette, you had to let Ray.."

In November-December 2016 I did my last tour with him. He asked me immediately as I got to the hotel, the first day, if I was going to sleep with him. I said no. I had NO solos at all during that tour, except on the last gig. He would not let me solo. He also ignored me completely during rehearsals, except for yelling at me when he deemed I had said something "wrong". So I stopped trying to address him. As soon as rehearsal or the gig was over, I would pack up and leave without saying anything. In an effort to bring me back to interacting with him, he offered to buy me a massage because my back hurt. He said I could get the massage in his room. I refused both things politely and got the masseuse to come to my room, and I paid her myself. He stopped talking to me completely after that, for the whole tour. I was okay with it and did not talk to him either. It just made some situations difficult as we had to communicate in order to get some things done, especially on stage. When it was time to get paid he tried to get me to go to his hotel room to get paid, because the tour manager was gone already. I dodged the bullet until it was time to leave and he had to pay me in the cab, on the way to the airport. I realized that I could not keep living like this. I decided to quit after I finished my obligations with him.

Since I quit, I still experience high levels of anxiety and panic attacks. My body is in constant aches and pains. Little by little I'm feeling better because I've been blessed with incredible people around me who've supported me through this. It was hard, but I will say that I'm done keeping my mouth shut. There is no reason for me to suffer in silence. This relationship damn near destroyed me, and at the same time it taught me many things, including music. I am conflicted as to what to make of it. Sure, I am happy that I learned all these things, but there's been many days where I couldn't function. What hurt me and discouraged me the most was the fact that it seemed my hard work or ability did not matter when it came down to being a professional musician. Sometimes I'm still numb and I still feel that things are my fault; when things are hidden, shame builds up and it's hard to understand what is in my head and what is reality.

I have not been wanting to be public about my interactions with "X" for a long time. It seems like protecting myself would be not becoming vulnerable publicly, or waiting to be more established in my career to say something. But my body is tired of his and is asking me in very real ways to be honest.

Part of the reason why I didn't want to speak is also because I do admire him and respect him immensely as a musician and an elder. I come from another place and it's not my wish to come in, get some knowledge from a community, and then hurt that community. However, I have come to believe that my silence is actually hurting that community more than helping it. I am done making excuses for what happened. I am a part of this larger community of musicians now and by me keeping silent, I'm just perpetuating the issue. I'm letting it happen to other younger women, I'm letting people get away with things they shouldn't be getting away with. I'm letting it be possible to have people turn a blind eye on this. I'm letting other people be complicit. People have known about "X"'s behavior for a long time. I remember someone being angry because X had said, in a backstage in New York, that he would date two musicians

daughters' in a couple years (at the time the daughters in question were both about 15 or 16 years old).

This letter is not even to say I'm not grateful to "X" for teaching me. I am. I am eternally grateful, and I value the work I did with him and the music I helped create while in his band. But this cohabits with another truth, which is that it's deeply unfair that I have to bear the brunt of this trauma by myself. I have had to deal with hurt, depression, anger, economic issues, while he has to deal with nothing and has to question nothing about his own behavior. This does not define me and there are many other things that shaped me, but if I silence it I'm only augmenting the space it takes in my life.

I went through all of this by myself. However a few months into 2017, after I quit, I started talking to other women. At Banff in August 2017, I spoke to many other female musicians and I was ASTOUNDED to hear that they ALL had been through similar things, to various levels of gravity, and all of it had come from men who were in unchallenged positions of power. All of us were scared of speaking out and all of us were bearing the emotional, physical, financial, sometimes career-ending trauma of it by ourselves. We were living through this alone and thinking that it would be too difficult to share it with people other than our very close circle. So I'm speaking out, as one more voice telling the truth, so that we can change this systematic abuse of women all across the board. It can be done.

It hurts that a lot of people know what happened and still act as if this guy was a great person. I honestly don't expect that to change. But I do ask the question: is it okay to be a genius and not to be a good person? As a society, what do we value most? Do we value people who are outwardly successful in terms of wealth, power, or virtuosity, or do we value people who are extremely creative and talented but also bring compassion and balance to the world? I'm leaving this open ended, but I am reminded by a friend of the letter that Herbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter wrote where they said that we cannot hide behind our instruments anymore. Being a great player and a great musician is not enough. I want to hail people as "great" when they are great people, too. And - there are a lot of examples of people who are geniuses and still are compassionate people who encourage kindness around them.