

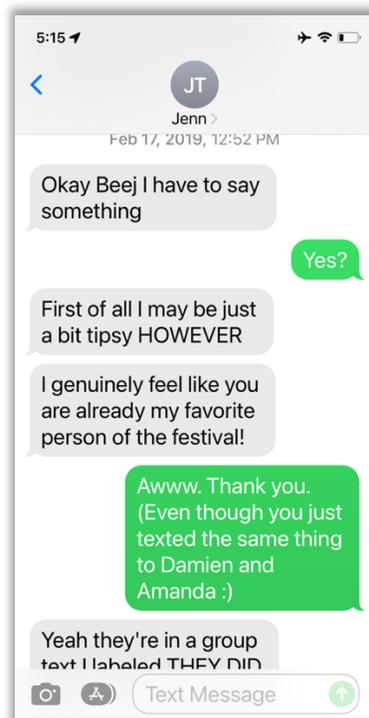
Initially, I did not think it would be healthy to respond to—and thereby feed into—the hurtful narratives that have been circulated on social media by a few people who I once considered friends. However, as you may know, Jenn Tisdale recently made some pretty serious (and false) allegations against me on her podcast, and I now feel I owe it to myself, my family, and the true crime community to address them.

You don't have to just take my word for it that Jenn's serious allegations against me are false. Text messages between myself and Jenn show a reality very different from the one she presented on her podcast, including numerous friendly and unwelcomed messages that Jenn sent me in the days, weeks, months and years following the alleged incident. This documentation contradicts Jenn's allegations and may shed some light on her possible motivations to spread false allegations about me.

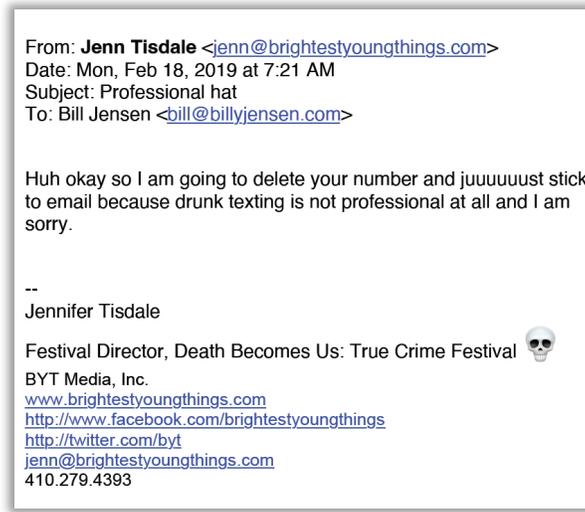
TW: What I am about to share includes facts relating to unwelcomed sexualized and, at times, abusive behavior. Please, proceed with caution.

In February of 2019, I was preparing to release my book *Chase Darkness With Me* and to launch my podcast *Murder Squad*, neither of which had come out yet. I wanted these projects to be successful, so I was excited to speak at a true crime festival called "Death Becomes Us," scheduled for March 2019 in New York City in order to promote them. Jenn Tisdale was the festival's director.

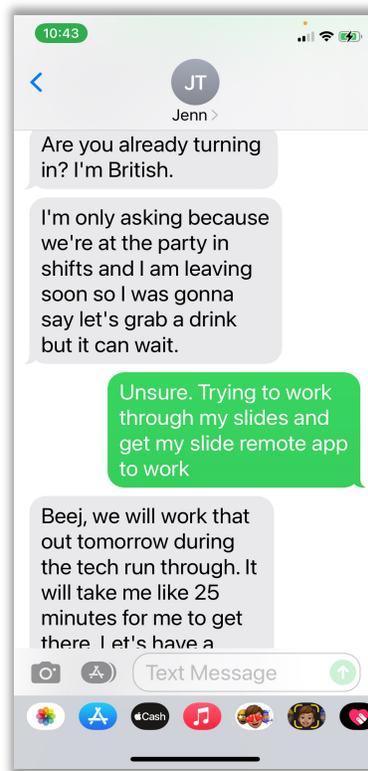
Before we even met, Jenn began sending me texts. She assigned me the nickname "Beej," told me I was going to be her favorite person at the upcoming festival, and asked numerous times to have a drink together once we reached New York:

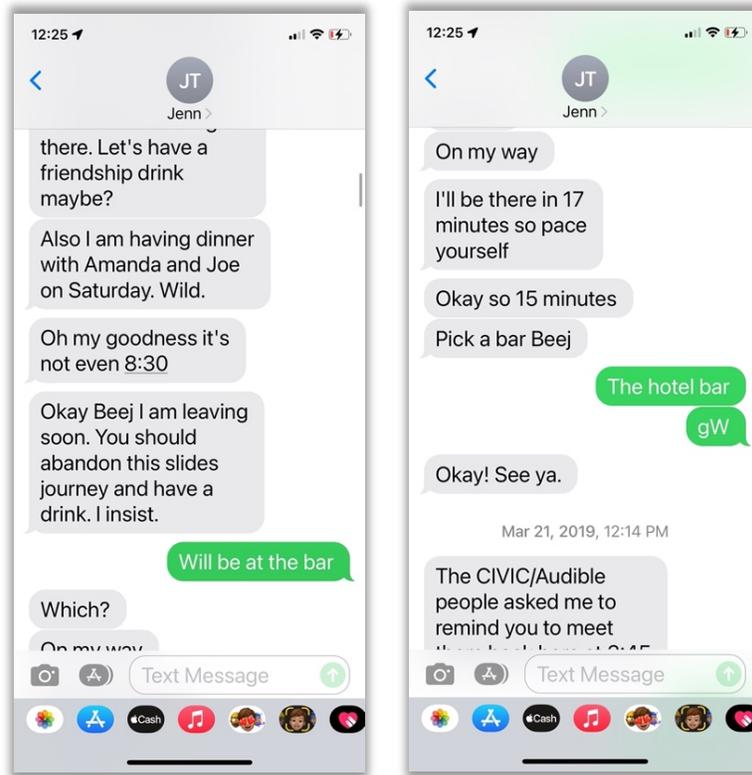


Even before we met, Jenn began to cross some lines, as she admitted:

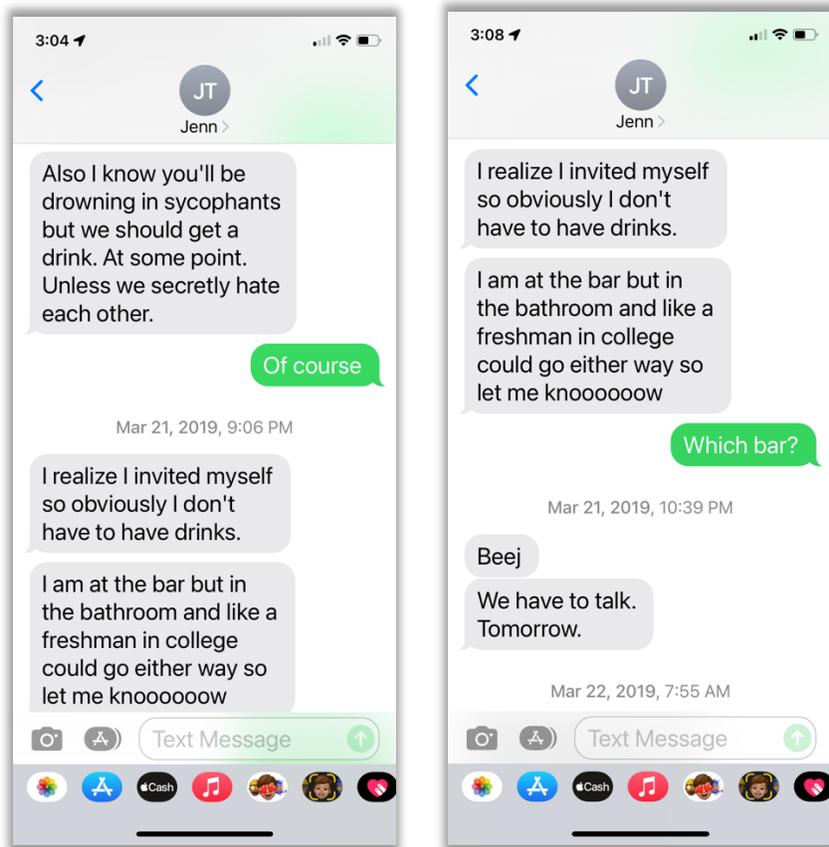


Once I arrived at the festival on March 20, Jenn again invited me for a drink at the hotel bar, and I accepted for the next night, March 21. It was just the two of us at The George Washington Bar in the Freehand Hotel, where the festival had made accommodations for its speakers.





While we were at the bar, we had drinks and Jenn confided in me that she had once been romantically involved with a mutual friend who was also appearing at the Festival. Later on, we both became flirtatious in a corner of the bar. (I was in a long-term open marriage). Eventually we both leaned towards each other and started kissing. I did not, as Jenn claims, start to kiss her “out of nowhere.” After we kissed, I told Jenn that I needed to go to bed, and I left the bar—alone. On that point, Jenn and I agree. But I did not invite Jenn to my room. Jenn sent me a text saying we needed to talk tomorrow, followed up by a phone call asking to come to my room. I felt like I could not turn her away—because she was the director of the Festival—and I let her in.



After chatting for a bit more in the room, Jenn and I made out, but I did not want to take that much further. She removed her clothes. I kept mine on. Jenn wanted more from me physically, and attempted multiple times to remove my jeans, but I did not want them removed and pushed her hand away more than once to make that clear. I made sure to keep all of my street clothes on. Eventually, we both fell asleep.

At no point that evening—or any time after—did I slap Jenn and we never had sex. I do not recall Jenn ever joking about a supposed slap (as she now claims), and there are no communications in our texts or email of her referencing any of this (as she also claims).

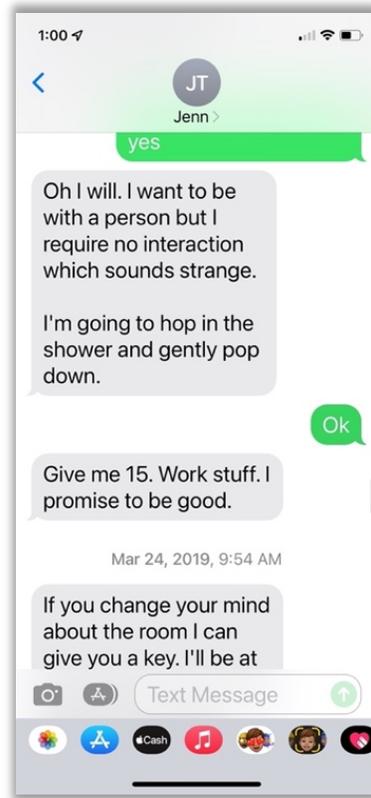
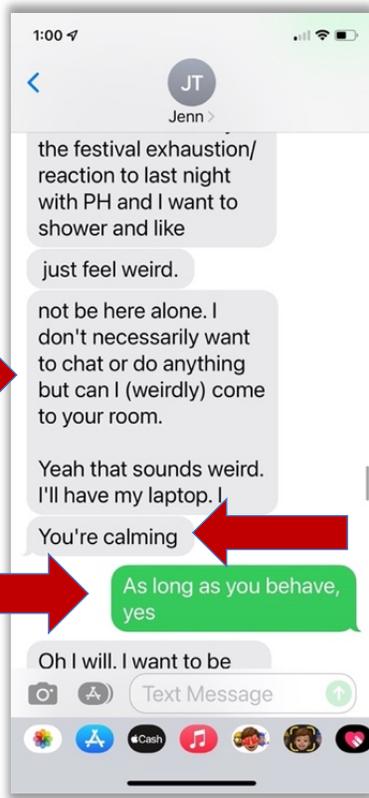
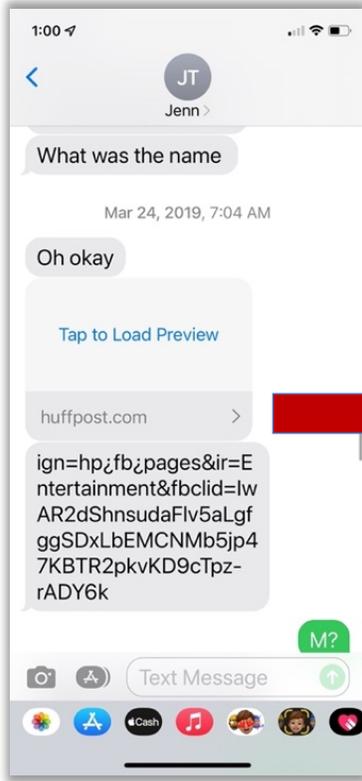
She claims she left the room in the middle of the night. That was also false. Early the next morning, I woke up (fully clothed) and Jenn was still there. Before she left that morning, she said: “Can’t I just see it,” referring to my genitals. I declined.

Because of Jenn’s position at the Festival, I did not feel comfortable breaking off communications with her and continued to socialize with her that week.

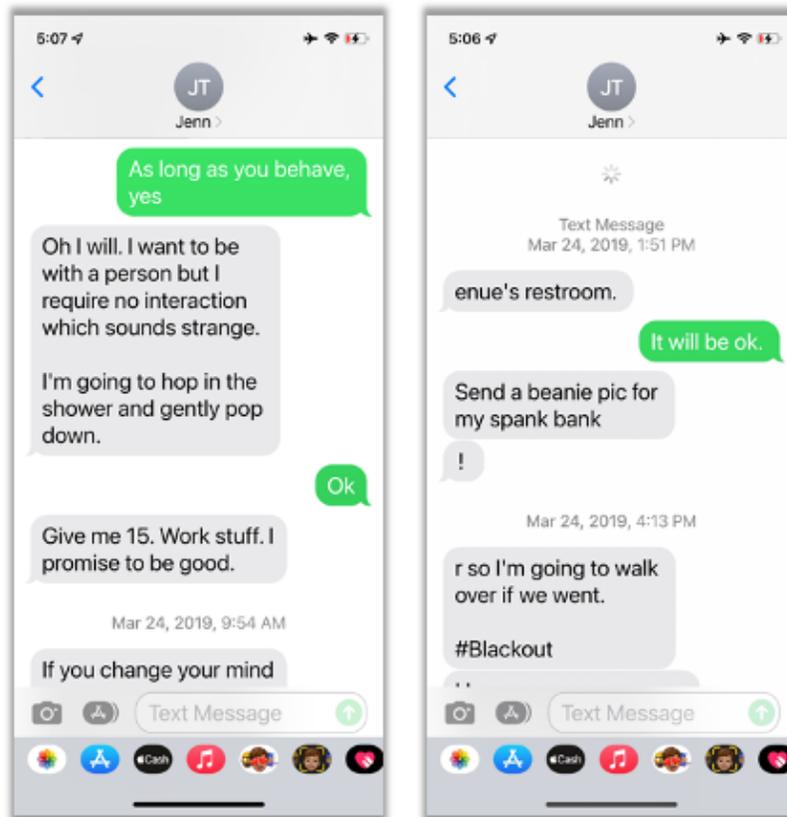
On March 23 I got drinks with my podcasting partner and Jenn.



A couple days after she claims I slapped her, she texted me to “ask a question [I’ll] definitely hate,” but hoped I’d “find it in [myself] to be kind.” She then said she felt “weird,” in part, because of an encounter she had with our mutual friend she was romantically involved with (I redacted his initials below to maintain his privacy) and that she didn’t want to be “alone.” She then asked to come to my room, because, as she said, I was “*calming*”—which belies her claim that I slapped her two nights before. It seems she thought I would say no, maybe because she knew how uncomfortable I was with her previous advances. To drive this home, I responded by saying she could only come “as long as you behave.” I was setting a boundary.

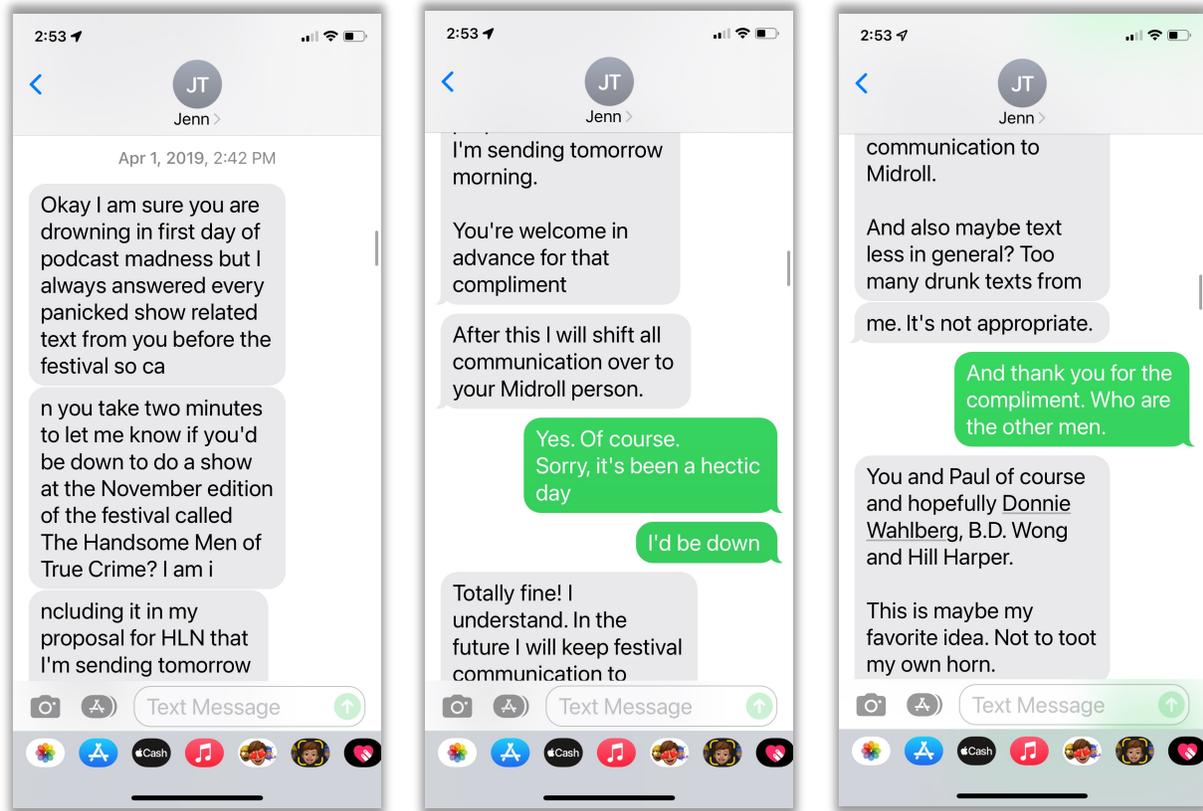


While she promised “to be good,” she sent me a text a few hours later, asking that I send her a picture of myself for her “spank bank”:



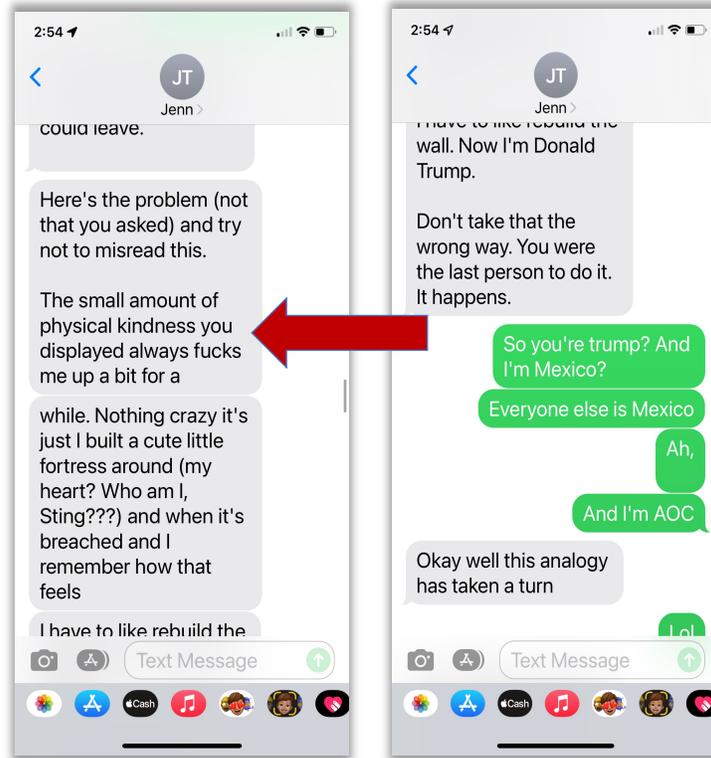
I had already set my boundaries, which this request exceeded, and I did not respond.

The festival ended a week later, on April 1, 2019, Jenn invited me to take part in the November edition of the Festival, at a show called “The Handsome Men of True Crime,” and said “you’re welcome in advance for that compliment.” Again, I was excited for the opportunity as it could help me promote other projects.



Afterwards, in spite of her own acknowledgement that she was not being appropriate, she continued to send me unwelcomed texts, asking (for example) about my involvement with other women and telling me about her own sexual encounters with men.

Then, less than a week after she claims I slapped her, she professed her feelings for me over text and thanked me for “the small amount of *physical kindness*” I displayed to her during the festival where she (falsely) claims I slapped her:



She followed up from her work email three days later, writing:

From: **Jenn Tisdale** <jenn@brightestyoungthings.com>
Date: Thu, Apr 4, 2019 at 7:37 AM
Subject: Oh hey
To: Bill Jensen <bill@billyjensen.com>

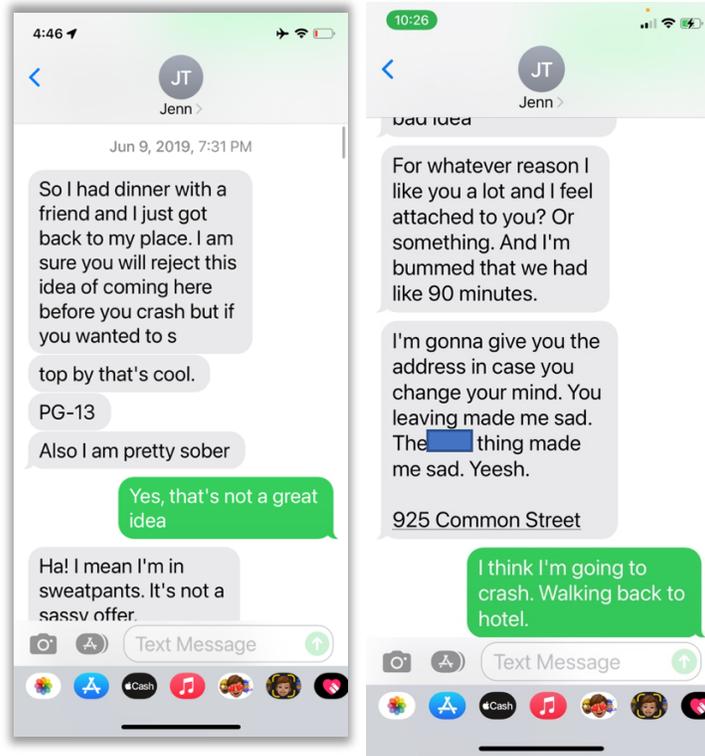
Sooooooooooooo I realize your book is coming out next week (we're going to put that all over social media of course) and some sort of email from a near-stranger about FEELINGS isn't ideal but I'm a human being with a full range of emotions who loves to tell people what's going on in her head.

Beej, I do this thing (and you are already aware) when I like people where I get very excited to befriend them. I don't really like people very often. I tolerate people all the time but I rarely want to know people beyond anything casual. It's one of my greatest gifts. I get the fact that I come off as intense. People have been telling me this since the dawn of my time and it's never a compliment. So what I end up doing is all the friend work. I always text people. I always ask how they are. I am a real go-getter. I do not care for that aspect of my personality because then I end up hurting my own feelings (but also the other person helps a bit).

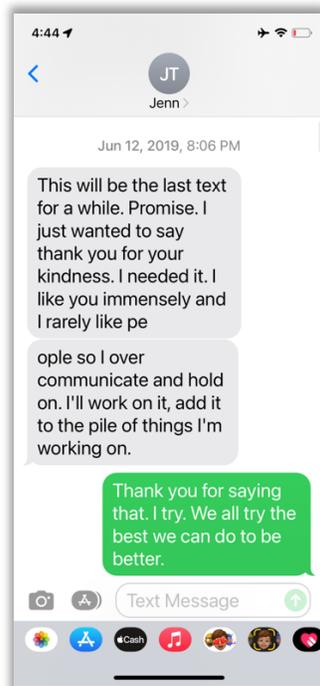
That's what I am doing/did with you! I probably did it with [REDACTED]. I think I'll just stop doing that. It makes me feel sad. I don't want to be the one-sided weirdo invested in creating a friendship. That's insane. So I guess from now on I'll just keep it profesh. Very excited to have you both back for the festival in November. Super pumped about The Handsome Men of True Crime. Congrats on the book release! I'm sure it will do well.

--
Jennifer Tisdale

Despite Jenn's promises that she would act more professionally towards me and stop sending me uncomfortable messages, she continued. In June 2019, Jenn and I both attended Crimecon in New Orleans. She asked that I meet up with her one night for drinks, and we did. After about an hour and a half, I left to go back to my hotel. Later that night, she sent me texts similar to those she sent during the March Festival, writing: "I am sure you will reject the idea..." and then asking me to come over to her place for a "PG-13" hangout, implying she wasn't interested in a platonic get together. When I immediately rejected the offer, telling her it was "not a great idea," she tried to back track by saying it was not a "sassy" offer and then tried to guilt me into coming over. She said she was "bummed that we only had like 90 minutes together," and that her relationship trouble with our mutual friend (name redacted) made her "sad." She then gave me the address in case I changed my mind. I did not.



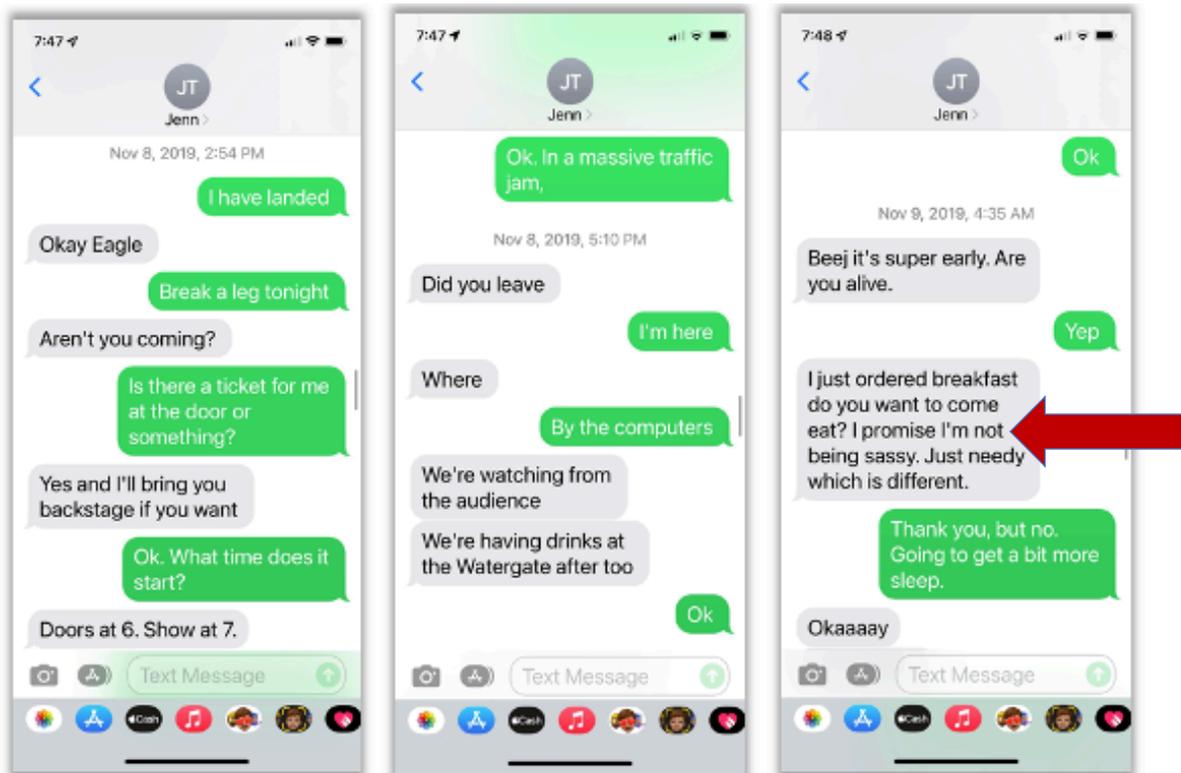
A few days later, she texted me again, promising it would be the last text for a while, and thanking me for my “kindness.”

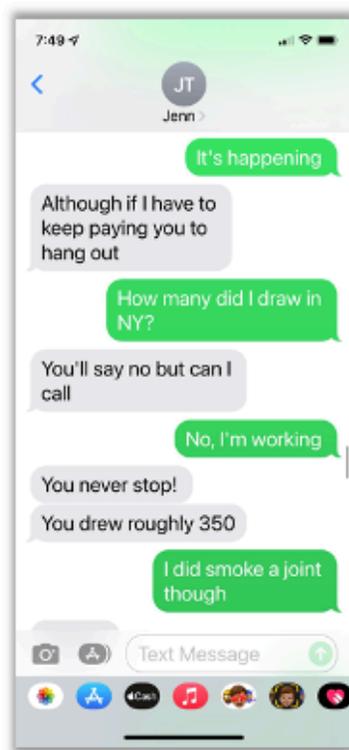
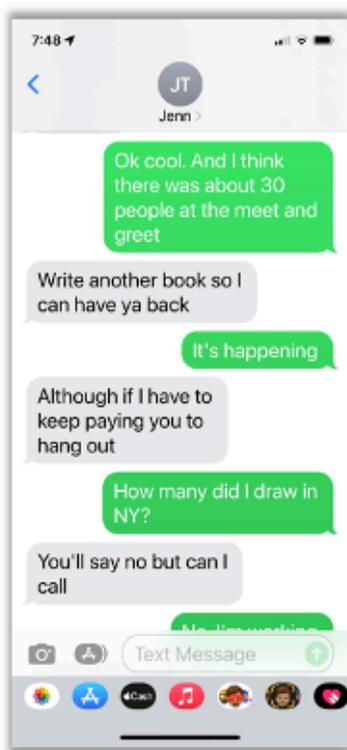
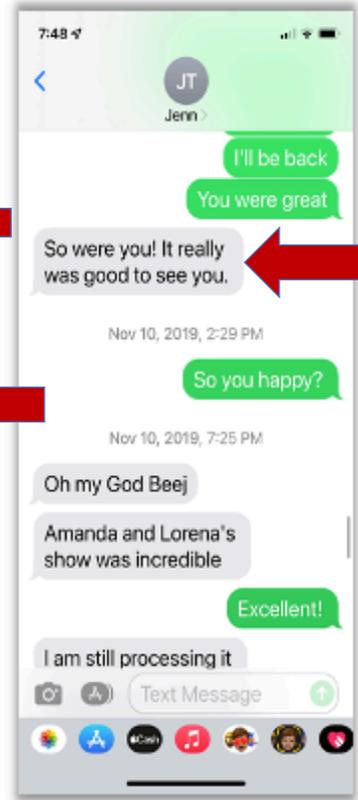
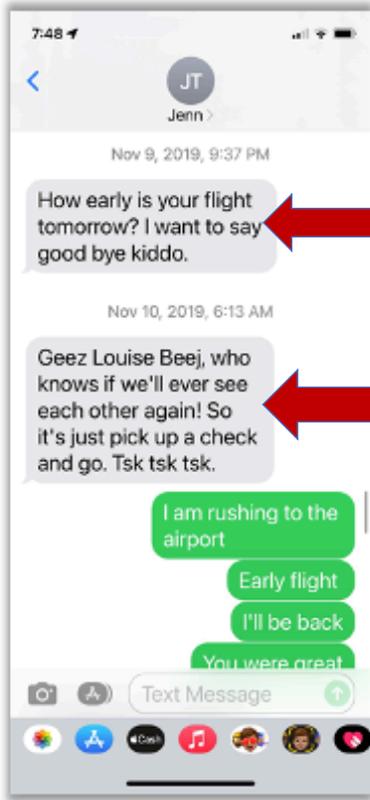


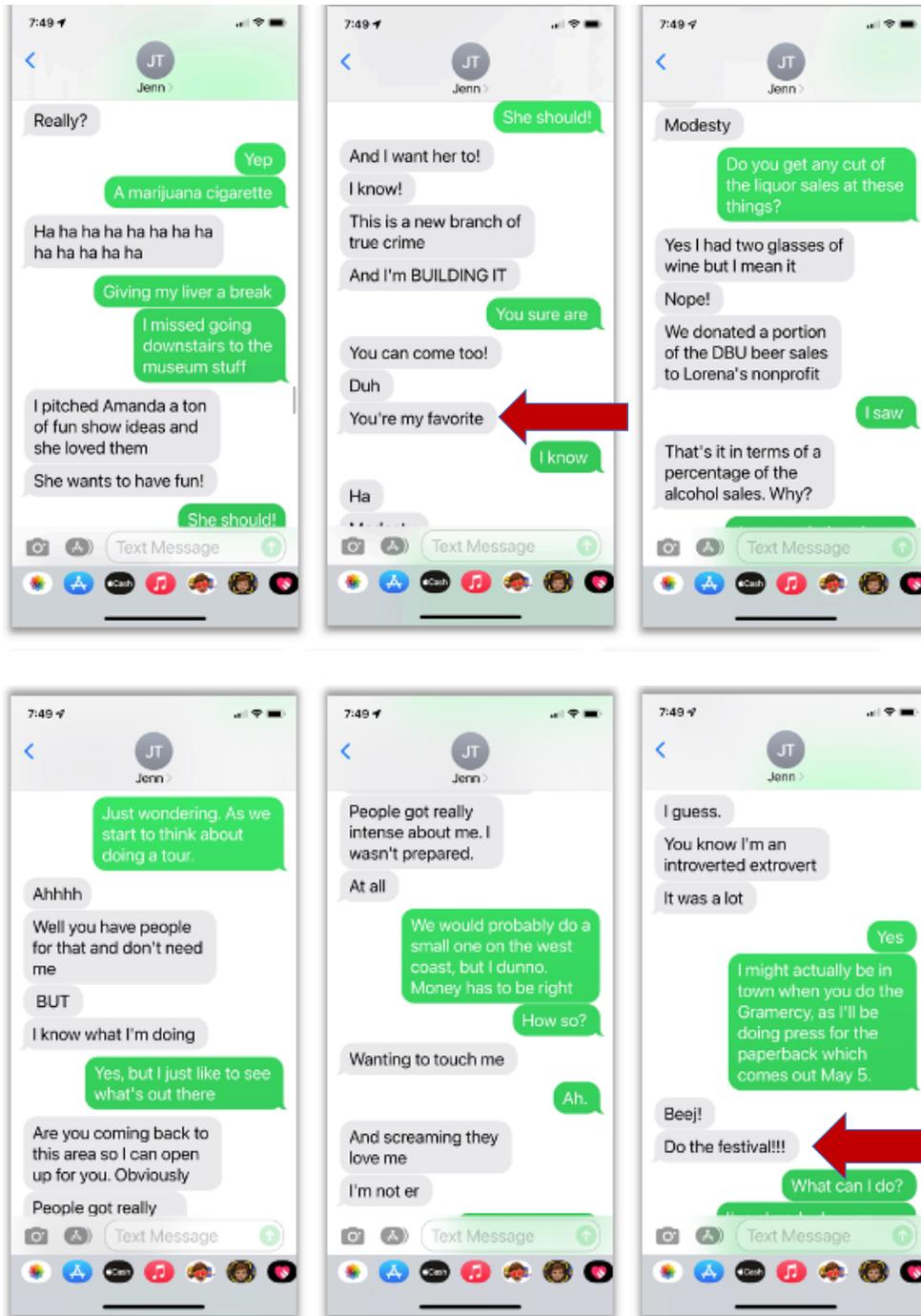
We continued to text during the summer, and I tried to set up boundaries because Jenn was sending more uncomfortable messages and sharing too many personal matters with me—including issues she had with our mutual friend and others, which I did not want to discuss.

The next time we saw each other was during the November edition of “Death Becomes Us” in DC. Jenn talks about this Festival in her Podcast, claiming a conversation we had there was a turning point for her, and made her end our friendship. Specifically, she claims that while she stayed friends with me after I supposedly slapped her, “that changed” during the Festival, because I tried “to gaslight [her] into believing [she] had asked” me to slap her face. That, she alleges, made her “really angry.” She then suggests that, because of my supposed gaslighting, she did not talk to me again until January 2020, when, “even though [she] was angry at me,” she called me as she was traveling to Disneyland. Again, Jenn’s claims are completely belied by the documentary evidence.

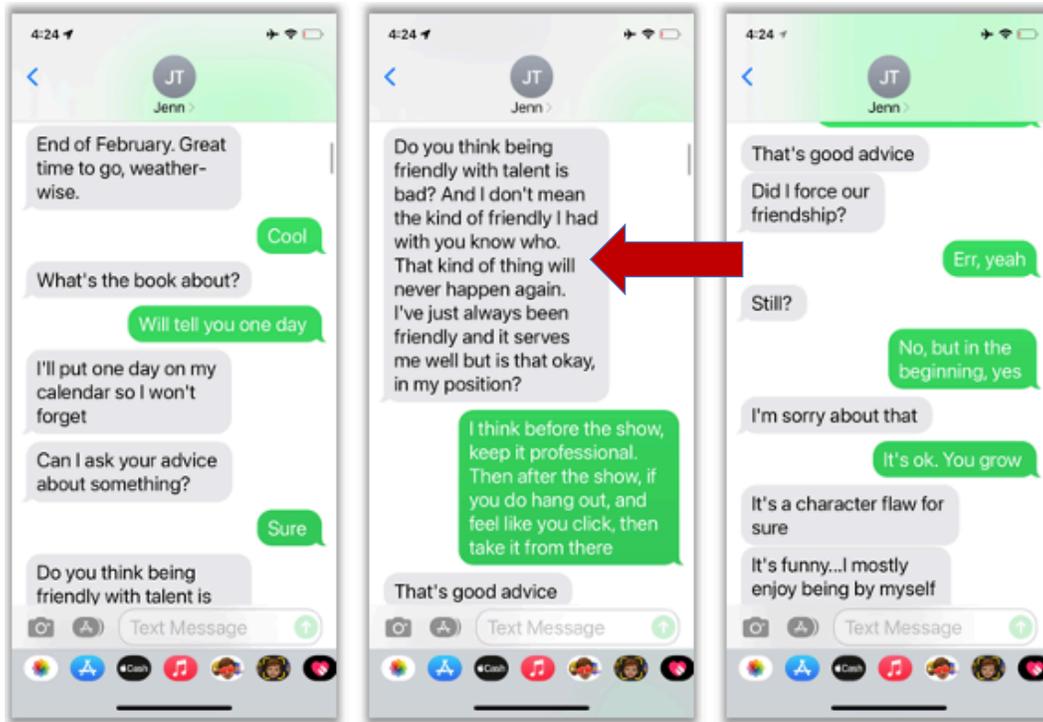
First, the following messages account for our relevant text exchanges during the November Festival. Jenn sent me a text message early morning on November 9th asking me to come to her room, albeit promising she was not “being sassy.” I declined. Still, Jenn continued to send me very friendly texts throughout the festival and after I left. On the night before the last day, she texted to ask how early my flight was, because she wanted to say goodbye. When I didn’t respond, she texted me at 6:13 AM the next morning (the last day) and jokingly said: “Geez Louise Beej, who knows if we’ll ever see each other again! So it’s just pick up a check and go, Tsk tsk tsk.” I responded by telling her that I was rushing to the airport for an early flight, but that I would be back. She responded: “it really was good to see you.” She continued to text me that night—when I was home—thanking me for coming, telling me that I was her favorite, that she loves other people at the festival, and her job and me, and inviting me to another festival:



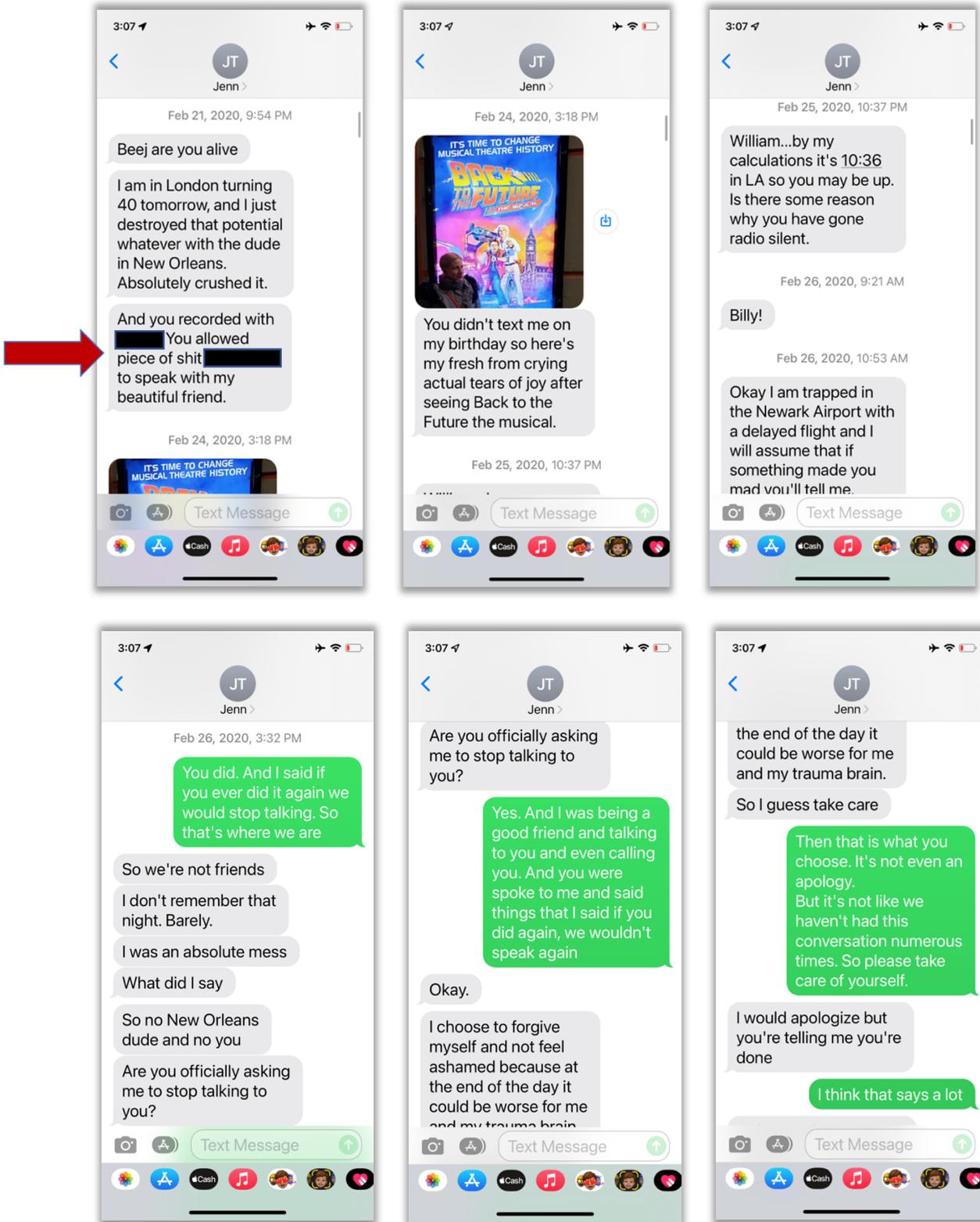




Second, she continued to text me. We even met later in 2019 when I was in Alexandria, VA for drinks. Then, in January 2020, she texted to ask for my advice about “something.” She wanted to know whether “being friendly with talent” as the Director of the Festival was “bad.” I was frank with her—I told her that she should “keep it professional” before the show but could pursue a friendship after. When she asked if I felt like she forced a friendship with me while I was the “talent” at the March 2019 Festival, I was honest and said yes. I also admitted, truthfully, that she had been pushy early on but that I grew to think of her as a friend:

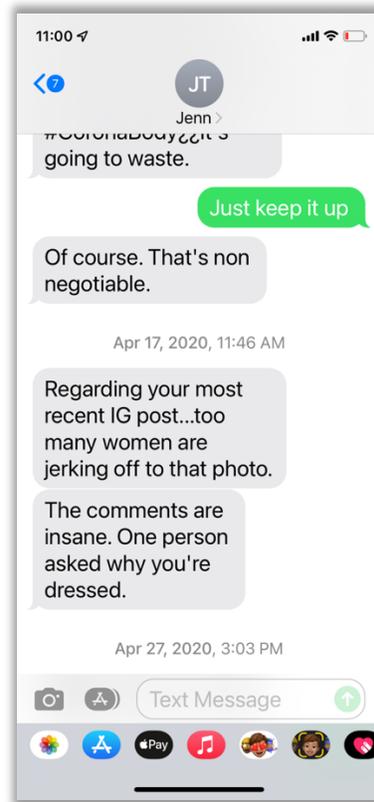


Our text exchanges below also contradict Jenn’s claims. They demonstrate that it was me—*not Jenn* (as she claimed)—who tried to cut off communications in early 2020. I did so because of her behavior towards our mutual friend and others. That behavior culminated in Jenn allegedly attempting to gain unauthorized access to a romantic rival’s Google Drive account in January 2020. I had warned Jenn many times that I did not want to be a part of any personal gripes against people we both knew, and to not bring it up around me. I also told her that I would not communicate with her anymore if she did not respect this boundary, which she did not.



(Note: I redacted names and context clues to protect other's privacy). I eventually had to tell Jenn that I would block her if she continued.

After I firmly set my boundaries in early 2020, we continued to text off and on. She did reach out when she was going to Disneyland. And—contrary to the narrative she wove on the podcast—she continued to send me both friendly and unwelcomed sexualized messages after she claims to have soured on our friendship (which, as mentioned, is demonstrably untrue). For example, in April 2020, she texted to tell me there were “too many women jerking off” to my recent Instagram post:



In May 2021, she also asked me to appear on her podcast:



We did not stop communicating until January of this year. And, while there are many, many more text messages and emails I can share from this time period that negate Jenn’s claims, I will not include them here because she shares information of a deeply personal nature. I hate the fact that I had to share any of these messages at all.

You might be asking—as so many of my friends and colleagues are asking—“Why did you continue to maintain communication with this person at all?” There were reasons: the publicity I would gain from the festival appearances—which would help my podcast and book succeed—is one. But also, she would continually threaten to release personal information about our mutual friend which would have hurt not just him but other mutual friends and colleagues—myself included. While I kept attempting to flip the off switch moving forward and set firm boundaries, it was too late.

I cannot say for certain what Jenn’s motives are for making accusations about me or at what point in time she began twisting her own narrative of our interactions when communicating with others. But my experiences with Jenn and the above communications contradict the false narrative she has now woven and instead show the relationship for what it was. The Jenn I knew was someone I empathized with over the years and sought to support. At times, she crossed professional and personal boundaries. But I really did try to be friends with her.

I continue to hold out hope that Jenn will choose to set the record straight.