

Chapter 35

Chapter 35 captures a period in my life where the control of the conservatorship suffocated me, but I still tried to hold on to small moments of personal freedom. Living in Las Vegas and performing regularly was a bittersweet experience. Initially, I loved the dry heat of the city and the feeling of being part of the excitement and luck that Vegas represents. But that joy began to fade, as the reality of being controlled by my family and the conservatorship set in. The beginning of my residency in 2013 had been thrilling, especially with my kids by my side, but it quickly became another routine under someone else's rules. I had once felt like a star, performing with passion and energy, but now, it felt more like a performance for others, not for myself. The freedom to make decisions about my life and career was slipping away as I became trapped in a cycle of living up to other people's expectations.

During this time, my relationship with Charlie Ebersol, a TV producer I was dating, was one of the few things that brought me joy. I admired his dedication to his health and wellness, and he introduced me to new supplements to help me perform better. At first, these energy supplements seemed to be beneficial, giving me more vitality for my shows. However, my father didn't approve. He scrutinized every aspect of my life, from my diet to my health, and once he noticed the difference the supplements were making, he decided to intervene. Even though the supplements were over-the-counter and harmless, he insisted that I stop taking them and sent me to rehab. He controlled every aspect of my life, from the decision of where I went for treatment to when I could see my kids. I was sent to a facility in Malibu, where I felt isolated and trapped, surrounded by people with serious drug problems. The experience felt like a cruel irony—my father portrayed himself as a caring, devoted parent, but his actions said otherwise.

The conservatorship continued to limit my freedom and autonomy, even after my stint in rehab. When I returned to Vegas and started performing again, I was expected to comply with every demand, despite my growing frustration. My father monitored my every move, dictating my diet, my schedule, and even how I spent my time. The pressure to maintain a certain image was overwhelming, and the constant surveillance made it impossible for me to feel free. I had been placed on a strict diet, eating almost nothing but chicken and canned vegetables, while I begged my butler for something as simple as a hamburger or ice cream. The diet, which was meant to make me feel good about myself, had the opposite effect. I was miserable, both physically and emotionally. Despite my efforts to meet the unrealistic expectations placed on me, I started gaining weight. My father continued to criticize my appearance, making me feel inadequate and ugly. The toll this took on my mental health was devastating.

This constant criticism of my body made me feel like I had no control over it. My family, especially my father, treated my body as though it were public property—something to be scrutinized, controlled, and used for profit. Despite the public facade of my success, behind closed doors, I was struggling to maintain my sense of self-worth. My family enjoyed the luxuries I provided, staying in beautiful homes and enjoying extravagant vacations, while I was left starving, both physically and emotionally, and working tirelessly to meet their demands. I tried to provide for my family, buying them homes and cars, but they took it all for granted, never acknowledging that it was my hard work as an artist that made it possible. This lack of appreciation deepened my feelings of isolation and resentment. It became clear that my creativity, once a driving force in my life, was being stifled by the control and manipulation of those closest to me.

Over time, I began to question why I continued to allow myself to be treated this way. My body had become a source of shame instead of pride, and my artistic expression had been suppressed. I had lost touch with my creativity, and it was heartbreaking to realize that my family had played a significant role in this. The more I gave, the less I received in return. The control exerted by the conservatorship and my family had taken away my ability to freely express myself. I began to feel trapped in a life that I

didn't choose, where every decision was made for me, and my dreams were slowly being crushed under the weight of other people's desires. My spirit was broken, but I knew something had to change.

