

Chapter 4- A Golden Rotten Getty

Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
As thoughts do blow them,
Higher and higher!

William Shakespeare, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*

The overwhelming almost daily onslaught of legal machinations from Marty and his lawyer were wearing me down mentally and physically. I tried my hardest to stay in the present and live day to day and Marcus was the only joy in my life. Young children are so full of curiosity and enthusiasm that you cannot help but be uplifted by their presence. He was a sweet, precocious two-year old, and the special bond between us was very comforting and full of mutual affection. Monday through Thursday were full being a mother to a young child and work, but our home was suddenly silent and lonely the weekends Marcus went to Marty's. It was also depressing that the home I had lovingly remodeled with the intention of us living there, as a family was no longer going to be the reality for us. Most of my friends were married or led carefree, single lives and once again I felt like an outsider who did not fit in. I was now going to join the ranks of single working mothers and this thought was scary because I had no family for a support system and a lot of my wealthy friends and neighbors had begun to distance themselves. The divorce was so nasty and Marty had told anyone who would listen the very private,

sensitive information regarding my affiliation with Alex before our marriage. People can be quite superficial and judgmental, especially if you no longer are their “equal” due to the fact that your financial status and position shall soon be changing drastically. Most of the women in my life at that point in time were so spoiled and sheltered from the REAL WORLD they would pout and get depressed if their allowance for more Chanel suits and jewels from Kanzanjian Brothers were monitored by their rich, controlling husbands.

Marcus and I both enjoyed our walks up and down Stone Canyon Road and we took one almost every day with me now pushing him in the running stroller that was bought originally for Marty’s use. My weight was still well below it’s normal set point due to stress and fear from the nightmare in and out of court due to the divorce machinations, so it became harder for me to push my son’s heavy weight (Marcus was always very large for his age) up and down this road which became steep and winding in several parts. As I was stubbornly maneuvering the stroller I looked up in shock to see the figure of Bob Crow in a terry robe before me picking up the newspaper at the end of a driveway. I gasped in surprise and he stared for a minute at the elfin figure before him in a baseball cap and over-sized shades until the moment of recognition when a large smile spread across his face and he held out his large, strong arms for a hug. We were both overcome by this serendipitous meeting. In our enthusiasm we began to speak at the same time, then stopped and laughed. Marcus had started to babble also, and Bob looked down at my extremely healthy son and proclaimed, “You sure are a big boy and you look just like your mommy.” A shadow of concern crossed Bob’s face as his eyes took in my emaciated frame and he recovered instantly with, “How would the two of you like to come up to my house for a big breakfast?” Marcus wiggled and nodded affirmatively

and Bob thoughtfully pushed him up the long hill of a driveway. We entered the gargantuan house that resembled a twenties Art Deco ship with all its glass, angles, and railings. The baby had begun to squirm so I released him from the stroller and he held up his arms to me. Marcus was very territorial and as I held him his grip became tight as he watched the interaction between this strange man and his mother. Bob patted my sons chubby little belly, then rubbed his own Buddha-like one as he chuckled, "Well you obviously like to eat like me, little man, so how about some fried eggs and cheese?" I said Marcus preferred scrambled so Bob said since obviously I was doing the cooking, it was my call. The refrigerator was well stocked, so I first took out the cheese and began to cut it in cubes to keep Marcus happy and allow us to catch up. Happily he began munching and Bob cut to the chase. He said he had heard "through the grapevine" what the Hurwitz clan was attempting and said it sickened and worried him. I tried to look nonchalant but failed and my eyes revealed the truth without words. Things had become so bad from all the continual OSC (Order to Show Cause) bombs that Martin, Herb, and Neal Hersch attacked with, and would not pay the basic household bills unless forced by the courts. In desperation I had begun to sell a few pieces of my jewelry to pay for groceries and gas. Unfortunately, Marty had raided the safe deposit box and had taken back my engagement diamond and stolen the jewelry I had received from my family which were the most expensive items. It enraged and confused me that the Hurwitz's insisted the housekeeper remain and listed her under the "basic necessity" category. Much later, I understood why this happened. Bob saw all the stormy emotions pass over my face as we sat down to eat and I had difficulty swallowing the food. I tried to change the somber conversation by letting Marcus take over with his baby talk. We were all

entertained for the rest of the meal. Afterwards I got up to clear our plates, but Bob put his hand gently on mine to stop me and said kindly, "Don't you worry about that, the housekeeper will return shortly and she can handle it." Marcus pulled at me knee and motioned he wanted to return to the safety of my arms. I told him mommy was a little tired and he needed to walk because he was such a big boy. He started to protest and Bob whisked him high into the air in response. He carried my child easily and I followed them into the family room. We tried to make small talk but we knew each other too well. Neither of us ever had the patience for people who only talked about the mundane or gossiped about others. Bob excused himself, Marcus waddled over to me, and we played and communicated in our own little world and silly language that was shared only by us. Time passed in surreal mode and I was startled when Bob re-appeared by my side. He put his large masculine hand over my child-like one and I felt paper. He kindly said, "I know better than anyone how much pride you have, so this is a gift for you and Marcus from me. It is not a loan or charity and it has no conditions whatsoever, because we are friends." I accepted his present in the form of a folded check graciously and gave him a big hug and had to pull away because such emotion passed between our hearts and bodies that I thought I would break down and cry. It is funny how Aristotle was criticized for believing humans thought with their hearts, not their heads. Marcus lightened the moment by hugging Bob's leg. We all walked out the house and down the driveway together and I put my shades on in response as I looked up to the presence before me that truly defined the word gentleman. This unexpected reunion full of love and kindness greatly helped me in that precarious time and it slightly saddened me that we were unable to work things out so many years ago.

The relationship with Michael Lambert had ended months before and I longed and thought of sexual fulfillment all the time. Sex was intoxicating and always seemed to pacify and rejuvenate my spirit better than any other panacea. One of the best parts of life is the affirmation a sexual encounter delivers. There is no greater feeling in the world when you are completely lost in the suspended time frame which surrounds a great connection with someone you are into physically whether they are a “friend with benefits” or a great romance. It was now more complicated to get instant gratification in this high priority area because it was not so easy with my responsibilities. A lot of guys are not interested in dating young mothers with all the complications they bring to a relationship. Unfortunately, sometimes the predators feed on mothers because they can best manipulate women who are in a more fragile position.

My friend Kimmy Hollander also had a very healthy sexual appetite and credited her lover David Davis for keeping her endorphins high through her difficult divorce and mothering a young child by herself. Sex could never solve serious life problems but it can certainly bring some instant joy into a bleak reality. Kimmy would enthusiastically share some of their sexual escapades and I would yearn to re-awaken my spirit with a testosterone-fueled young male once again.

We had met at a Beverly Hills “Mommy and Me” class and had connected instantly through our mutual situations. The only other single parent was the former hairdresser who became a successful Hollywood producer, Jon Peters. He would attempt to chat us up, but we both liked men close to our own age because our ex-husbands were several years older and had been control freaks in addition to the demise of our sex lives

with them. Ignorantly we had tied their age to these character traits rather than the men themselves.

The thought of calling Alex to obtain both sex and money was tempting, but the divorce was so intense and it was now very clear Marty would use any weapon he could to take my child. That was the main reason I did not go to clubs and bars, because I had learned from my attorney those actions could be used as additional artillery against me in court. In the Los Angeles family court system of the 1990's (and actually in 2007 as well) judges, and lawyers were predominantly men and therefore held mothers to much harsher codes of conduct. It is pathetic how fathers could meet "massage" therapists for "happy endings" and hang out in bars with their "new B.F. attorneys" in addition to sexually harassing their young assistants but not be crucified harshly. Patriarchal viewpoints throughout history have deemed that natural, male behavior. The bottom line is that the court systems are and always have been controlled by men.

Kimmy decided an introduction to David's friend Christopher Getty could be beneficial, but warned me he was several years younger, recently graduated from USC, and just looking for fun. Her relationship with David was primarily sexual and she was always radiant and naturally high due to this. We both knew that great sex with a hot lover was one of best cures available for stress, and that even though Christopher was probably not great relationship material, he definitely was a sexual animal according to David. After all the seriousness and pain of the past six years, I was primarily seeking some enjoyment in all the key areas...

Christopher's residency was in Lake Tahoe, Nevada for tax reasons, but he spent a lot of time in Los Angeles and basically lived with David in his outrageously outfitted

LA bachelor pad. He was extremely specific in his request for a blonde W.A.S.P. from an “appropriate” background, and was very concerned with appearances and class.

Another requirement was that the female under consideration have wealth equal to his.

Kimmy knew this about Christopher Getty but did not bother to share it with me because she and David both decided our introduction would never lead to a serious relationship.

We were extremely incompatible in personality and monetary reality. My gregarious, chameleon persona was due to my survivor instincts and his cool, reserved patrician exterior was an armor that hid Christopher’s insecurities and his true nature quite well.

Due to his enormous family wealth and the Getty surname he was slightly paranoid and shy and usually met all his dates through friends.

Kimmy and David set up a casual Sunday lunch at the Bel Air Beach Club for our first meeting. It was a beautiful old club, which sat magnificently on the Pacific Ocean where many of the wealthiest Los Angeles families had belonged for years. The Getty’s had membership there and all the other exclusive clubs in the city and Christopher preferred meeting friends on territory where he felt more comfortable rather than at all the great restaurants in Los Angeles. I was very excited about the upcoming introduction and was already daydreaming and fantasizing about this mysterious young guy days before our blind date. It was unclear if Christopher was handsome because Kimmy was vague. It didn’t deter my eagerness because we did not have the same taste in men anyway. She thought David Davis was the hottest male on the planet and I thought he was an obnoxious, unattractive jackass.

Kimmy had grown up in Los Angeles and gone to USC but found herself in a similar situation, as I was when her acrimonious divorce began. She lost her grand house

and lifestyle, but at least her husband Pierre didn't terrorize her and try to take custody of their child. "Birds of a Feather" DO flock together, so both of us were basically dropped by most of the older, rich housewife girlfriends we knew as married women. She was a former "Miss California" and her incredible body intimidated a lot of females who did not want her physically around their husbands at social occasions. My reality was similar to Kimmy's except in one key area: her mother and stepfather lived close by and were a great support to Austin and her physically and financially. Our friendship was very special (it was similar in many ways to the one I shared with Lisa) and we were fortunate to have met serendipitously through our young sons since we could share and relate to the problems that were uniquely ours. Many other single mothers are in the same boat and it would have been great if we could have found or started a support group.

Kimmy looked incredible in all clothes due to her natural athletic grace and form. My confidence in my desirability had returned due to the brief, but highly inflamed affair with Michael except in one area. After nursing my son for 9 months my breasts had dropped and looked like an aborigine woman in Natural Geographic. This unattractive sight was compounded by my heart surgery scar which had risen and keloided from my breasts going from a normally full 34 C to 34 DD+. Marty kept cruelly threatening to cut off my health insurance when the divorce was final because it was one more wound I could not easily remedy. Due to my history of heart surgery and other medical conditions, I was classified "high risk" it would be prohibitively expensive to get basic medical insurance on my own. If I needed any medical problems addressed time was of the essence, so I went to a plastic surgeon that had a great reputation for re-constructive surgery in Beverly Hills. He restored my breasts to what they were before the

pregnancies and nursing and removed a lot of the scar tissue. That was the last medical procedure I received from the years of being Mrs. Martin Hurwitz. Due to stress, my nervousness probably amped my metabolism so I was well below my normal weight. My body now resembled an anorexic version of Pamela Lee Anderson. It was not my intention, but it certainly attracted male attention.

The afternoon of our first date dawned full of sunshine and I was so happy that I spent a few hours working in the beautiful perfection of that morning in my garden. The lemon and grapefruit trees were fortunately already there and made a wonderful, fragrant backdrop for all the roses and herbs I added in the front of the house. My backyard was full of lettuces, herbs, tomatoes and vegetables. My senses were so stimulated by all the abundant fragrances that it also revved up my sexuality and once again I started conjuring up sexual images and memories. Fortunately it was an extremely private area, so I took off my clothes and gardened nude to get a complete sensual experience. I was now in a total state of sexual desire when I looked at the watch on my wrist and realized with a jolt how much time had passed! Happily I entered the back through the French doors in the back and ran down the hallway to run a big bubble bath. We had remodeled the bathroom and put in a great old claw footed tub due to my love of water. As my mind once again drifted to thoughts that were extremely carnal, I giggled like a small child as I amused myself. My reverie was broken as I heard Kimmy's convertible pull up in front of the house and honk. I jumped out of the tub and yelled out the open window, "I'm running a few minutes late, so the front door is unlocked if you want to come in." Kimmy responded, "Hurry up, Chevyn we need to get going!" One of my pet peeves has always been tardiness, so I threw on the white jeans, pearls, and cotton sweater set and

was out the door within minutes. She looked up in surprise at my uncombed, messy hair and make-up less face, and I unconcernedly responded, “Don’t worry, I’ll fix my ponytail after the wind has dried my hair on the drive to the beach.” With that, I jumped into her sexy, fast Jaguar and we took off smoothly with speed. Kimmy was a great driver, and the combined images of her, the car, and another perfect day put me in a great, uplifted frame of mind. It seemed like a dream from one of those movies I watched as a young girl in Texas where everybody was living a beautiful, idyllic California life as we wined down Sunset Boulevard and magnificently came to the end at the Pacific Ocean. We turned right and reached our final destination that day easily at the valet of the Bel Air Beach Club.

We glided casually onto the terrace with our unaffected, care free personalities firmly in place. Christopher and David were already seated and I received a bolt of pure, physical chemistry as our eyes met and he stood grandly to greet me, leaning in and placing a kiss “innocently” on my cheek. I inhaled sharply in response and the scent of his freshness combined with the sight of his tall, lean form, light golden blonde hair, and clear blue eyes. He was my perfect sexual template and always will be. Christopher appeared to be mutually awestruck. He stared openly with appreciation at my sculpted features and beautiful smile revealing perfect teeth. Kimmy and David exchanged meaningful glances and the four of us walked across the room with such presence and physicality that everyone turned in appreciation. We all sat happily down to begin drinking with abandon. After three rounds, we remembered to order food, although our appetites were all turning carnal, and it was not for meat. After we had all polished off our third round of cocktails, I was now seated comfortably in Christopher’s lap and was

sort of bouncing myself gleefully on his knee while we both laughed and regaled each other with amusing stories. Kimmy and David had now pressed themselves quite cozily together in the same chair and their hands were roving all over each other. All four of us were oblivious to the looks of shock and disgust we were receiving from the other older members in this very WASPY, uptight beach club. We were all so caught up in our raging hormones under the quintessential California sun and fully enjoying each moment of sensual pleasure. The manager approached and tapped Christopher lightly on the shoulder. He looked up in surprise and registered disdain when informed we either had to all behave properly as defined by the rules of the Bel Air Beach Club or leave. Christopher proclaimed in his best European boarding school accent, "As you wish, sir!" while looking at our intoxicated group and pronouncing, "It is time for us to find a livelier setting!" We drove to a fun, relaxed beach shack type bar nearby and drank more. Christopher asked if he could drive me home by saying he had to visit his grandmother who lived near my house. We were enjoying every second of the drive up Sunset Boulevard in his Porsche cozily cocooned next to each other. He was drawn to the strong sexiness people said I exuded mixed with a slight underlying vulnerability. It was hard for him to stop examining every square inch of my body and concentrate on shifting the car up the winding, fast road. I was smiling internally and glowed in response to his close presence. Underneath my white jeans, which I had naturally worn without panties, the response of my body was not known to Christopher. He on the other hand, was fully erect and wondered if I had noticed. As we pulled up to my house, he leaned over for a kiss on the cheek as I turned my head at the same moment and our lips met instead. I lightly giggled in pleasure and my smile and eyes expressed many

wonderful emotions when he pulled back after a long, mutual exploration. We made plans to get together after he saw his grandmother that evening. Two hours later he returned and rang my bell with a large grocery bag in his hands. I opened the door with a flourish and he gasped by the dramatic change in my attire. In my alcoholic, sexually high state I had decided to change into the beautiful white lace robe that had originally been purchased for my honeymoon night years before. I was completely nude underneath and Christopher took in that fact immediately. That was a sexless, sad night but every indication said this one would not be.

He followed my slightly swaying, round hips down the long hallway into the family room/kitchen area as Michael Lambert had before. I turned and motioned for him to place his presents on the island. He ceremoniously took each very impressive vintage and brand of champagne, white wine, and red out slowly as he shyly said, "I didn't know what wine you preferred, so I got one of each." I liked his style and the champagne was cold, so I got out an ice bucket to keep it that way. We finished it off in no time, and proceeded to polish off the white wine too. Once again we returned to the kitchen to open the bottle of red. Suddenly we were distracted by something much stronger than our desire to continue drinking. We ended up having sex the first time on the kitchen island, before he carried me down the hall to the bedroom that was finally going to be used for a purpose besides sleeping. I had decorated it with beautiful, lush, cottons and antique linens and it was a very romantic setting that never affected my husband Marty. In retrospect, Christopher and I were so into each other we could have had sex on a garage floor!

I woke up in the middle of the night and let out a yell when I noticed the large male body beside me in bed. My foggy brain was confused because it was used to seeing the much smaller, scrawny body of my husband for five years. It seemed I had lost part of the night to a black out from too much alcohol and forgotten Christopher Getty was in my bed! He woke with a start, and we both began to speak but our bodies had more important urges to communicate. We had sex all night until after dawn, and I told him he needed to leave because my son was returning from his weekend with his father. We made hasty plans to have lunch at an Italian restaurant later that day.

Our sexual connection was the strongest and most addictive I have ever known. Unfortunately I did not think rationally and allowed him to move into the house from that afternoon forward. It was not yet a formal arrangement, but he left the lunch and returned several hours with his suitcases in his car and without much ado deposited them in the closet where my husband's had been. Our co-dependence was so chemical and addictive that we would both start to get anxious if we were away from each other for more than a few hours and could not re-connect at least by phone. Christopher was a rich, spoiled boy who thoughtlessly took and used whomever and whatever he wanted his entire life. I ignored all the signs because I was caught up in the dream and reality of our lives together. My romantic nature believes love conquers all and I wanted it to be forever. Out of all the addictions I have battled from the age of fourteen my sexual one has done the most damage.

It became apparent to Marty within a week that Christopher was living with Marcus and me. His red Porsche parked in the driveway was the first clue. Also,

Christopher was jealous and possessive and would answer the house phone even though I told him not to. I was in the middle of a divorce where I had to fight for the basics like food and shelter, but at the same time taking weekend trips to exotic locations where thousands were spent on suites and fine dining. Christopher would never contribute to our housing costs but spent freely on travel and entertainment. It was so surreal and yet I never felt any deep security or peace within that it would be permanent.

Through legal maneuvers Marty threw Marcus and I out of the Bel Air house before the divorce was final, so that he could return and live there. Christopher's first response was, "Don't worry Chevyn darling, the three of us shall move into the Bel Air Hotel!" We did and I loved living there and Marcus quickly became accustomed to room service and playing and swimming in the pool everyday. My son was a naturalist (as his mother) that while the three of us were enjoying room service poolside Marcus broke the reverie by standing up and announcing he was too hot. He proceeded to remove his swim trunks while walking straight to the pool, grabbing his little penis and peeing in an arc into it. We were all embarrassed and an uptight guest began to complain loudly and insist that the pool be emptied. I argued that adults pee underwater all the time. The more established, old guest prevailed and the Bel Air tried to charge Christopher with the cost, which he was not happy about. Within weeks Christopher said full time hotel living was prohibitive and we should rent a house together in Los Angeles. I began the search and he did not seem enthused with anything I found. Suddenly he claimed his business was going to be focused more in San Francisco and Lake Tahoe so our main residency would be there. That was a physical impossibility and he knew it due to the custody arrangement. My suspicion was that he just wanted to be closer to his Getty party animal

cousins and Gavin Newsom. I faced the reality Marcus and I needed more stability immediately, and quickly went out found a rental, and signed the lease by myself without any input or help from Christopher. I informed him after the fact and said it was a good idea for us to take a time out. Unfortunately, within 10 days I weakened due to his calls, flowers, and the physical addiction that he held over me.

He brought his suitcases full of expensive European clothes and officially moved into the new but charming house I had made wonderful and homey with some of our furnishings from our Bel Air home. In the beginning he was kind to my little boy, so Marcus was happy to see his buddy Christopher again. A strange dynamic had now begun with the three of us and our family arrangement was now very unconventional. Mommy was now the role I primarily chose to two boys: a two year old and a 25 year old. I cooked, had someone else clean, but performed all other domestic duties for the children. They watched cartoons together and ate chocolate and candy in Marcus' room when Christopher would lie around the house in recovery mode after he had partied too much. Unfortunately he never would wear clothes around the house and many years later Marcus remembered this and many other strange occurrences from that time in our lives. We were now sleeping in much smaller quarters, and we shared a common wall with Marcus. I enforced strict rules about no sex taking place during the daytime when we were all awake, so Christopher said I should hire another nanny so we could have some privacy and freedom. Marcus became very clingy suddenly with all the changes and would follow me around the house to re-enforce his number one position by hugging and touching me incessantly. Christopher was jealous and

began viewing my son as his rival and said I was partial and paid more attention to Marcus. This was pathetic because rationally a grown man should understand a little boy needs his mother. Their competition became so Oedipal that Marcus would grab my breasts and say, “These are my boobies” as he stared defiantly at Christopher. He started waking up at night and trying to enter our room, and I would go and comfort him until he went back to sleep.

I would bribe the boys and give them time outs for bad behavior just as I had done years before when I was a professional babysitter during my teenage years. It is strange and slightly dysfunctional, but I actually liked feeling so needed and wanted by both of them. It gave me a purpose and made me feel needed and appreciated as nothing else had in my entire life. We all loved to eat and I joyfully marketed and made big, wholesome meals. Those nights the three of us happily ate together, joked, laughed, and hugged gave me a glimpse of what was possible. I hoped and prayed we could keep all the demons away that threatened our fragile existence as a family unit.

My friends were all conflicted about Christopher’s role in our life and that was before they knew about the times he would slip into his dark, secretive phases. The older women who tried to coach me as surrogate mothers were hoping his passion and obsession would translate into wanting to behave more traditionally and responsibly towards me and be sensitive to the fragility of our current situation. Christopher would never admit where he disappeared to for days at a time, and would always say “family business.” Sometimes he would return so stoned that he would not know what day of the

week or date it was. I would try to kick him out, but he would sob and beg like a child that I was the only one who truly loved and cared for him. Christopher's sister Cecily was living in Los Angeles, but they were not close emotionally. He was sent to boarding school at an extremely young age and had never felt close to any of his family. Sex was the primary bond and glue that kept us together, and we were both wounded and had areas that never fully formed by the lack of closeness with our biological parents. My need to nurture pulled him into my world and he craved the tender loving care that I gave freely to he and Marcus. Christopher Getty's lone wolf mentality was partially understandable and he touched the raw parts of my psyche eerily slightly reminiscent of the way Martin Hurwitz had.

Our life was the best of the best in hedonism with some gross realities constantly mixed in. My sense of humor would often arrive by repeating the words from the commercial that was popular around that time, "Is it real or is it Memorex?" This was "light heartedly" said in jest, but also to express the surreal realm we were living in. Weekends (when Marcus was with Marty) basically consisted of eating, drinking great wines, and having sex around the clock. We could not get enough of each other and it did not matter where we had escaped to for the weekend. In a 24 hour period we would easily have intercourse 5-9 times. In our road trips up and down the California coast from San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara to San Francisco in Christopher's little red Porsche we would openly drink our wine or champagne, singing and joking like children. A grown up seriousness was introduced by Christopher's reading of Shakespeare to me romantically followed by giving and receiving sexual gratification as he drove the car at top speeds. A lot of times we would take my larger vehicle so that we could pull off the

side of Pacific Coast Highway and have sex in the backseat. Our week long trip to Italy was one of the most surreal and special and I will never forget it and the result it produced. My son had an 8 day scheduled vacation with his father so we decided at the last minute to visit Christopher's cousin Mark and his wife Domitilla in their compound in the Tuscan countryside. He first went to the grand masked ball in Venice, then I flew in from Los Angeles to meet him in Rome. Thankfully, in all the BEST ways Christopher and I created our sexual healing over and over in great contrast to the Italian honeymoon with my first husband which only contained a few perfunctory sexual encounters. This time the hotel suite was properly enjoyed by two young, romantic, sexually charged guests. We made love in the bathroom, bedroom, and even outside on the balcony of the restaurant terrace where an old Italian man across the alley spied us from his apartment and applauded! Both of us shared a wicked sense of humor and were exhibitionists, so we really put on a good show for that elder voyeur. After two days we proceeded to the town of Orgia where the Getty compound was located. It was one of the most magical spots I have ever been to.

An old aristocratic Italian family had originally owned the property consisting of several houses and buildings. Domitilla and Mark had been lovingly restoring it and went there often for a London break with their three young sons. We went on a week other cousins, Mark's mother Gale, and an English couple were there. Sensitively Domitilla had placed us in a private house slightly away from the others for our use. All the other houseguests in the party would joke how we were not morning risers and did not get going before the communal lunch on the patio every afternoon. They were all

sexy and young and knew we were up in that villa screwing like the wild rabbits that lived on the property.

Domitilla is a beautiful woman who is part Italian and had spent a lot of her childhood in Italy therefore her command of the language was perfect. She was a gracious, fun hostess and it was a wonderful experience for me to accompany her into the local village where she shopped for fresh vegetables, meats, and formaggio daily. The meals she and her staff prepared were among the best I have ever experienced. The property covered many acres and there was a big body of water surrounded by amazing trees. We all got along really well, and in fact the English woman who had come with her husband would get very flirtatious with Christopher. Lunches and dinners were accompanied by great Italian wines, so all of us were thoroughly intoxicated at the end of most evenings. One night he and the English woman both disappeared for over an hour and I could tell her husband was very upset. I was enraged but pretended not to be bothered and kept chatting with Domitilla. When they both returned suddenly at the same time, I shot him a look of pure revulsion and said, "Well, I thought you might have gotten lost as you do in California, so now that I see you are fine, I must go to bed because I had a wonderful day but I am thoroughly exhausted!" He recognized the tone and was scared by that look, because my temper is legendary if someone pushes me too far as he had on several occasions. Christopher nervously said goodnight to the group and ran after me to our little villa. I went straight to the closet and started pulling my clothes off the hanger and tossing them into the suitcase. He accosted me and asked what I thought I was doing. My response was to slap him soundly then scream, "I hate you, you horrible cheater! You have publicly humiliated me and disrespected the entire group

with your disappearance with that horny older English woman. We are over, and I am flying back to Los Angeles first thing tomorrow!" He threw me down on the bed and yelled, "Chevyn, I flew you across the world to meet my favorite cousin. I love you and want us to be together FOREVER. You are the only woman I want and it would be physically impossible for me to have sex with anyone else when you are around because we do it so much I am too wiped out!" His position of holding me seamlessly turned into a full mounting while he obsessively pulled up my skirt and ripped off my little silk panties. Our mutual lust for intercourse immediately took priority and our impassioned conversation turned to animalistic noises and actions. The athletic sex that evening was so prolonged that we were exhausted and collapsed feebly into each other's arms covered in sweat afterwards. We looked deep into the other and began to laugh. Before the spell could be broken, I gazed deep into those crystal blue eyes and said, "It is a sacrilege to misuse the L word if you mean the F word!" Christopher somberly asked, "Is that why I have told you several times I love you and you never respond. Chevyn, the question is DO YOU LOVE ME?" I told him I did completely and we both began to cry then naturally made love once again.

My beautiful blonde boy prince woke up with the most angelic smile on his face. He suddenly looked slightly mischievous as he told me he had a surprise in store for me. We bid our good byes to everyone and took off in a little car. I had no idea what he had planned but I trusted him that day. It was comical but frustrating because neither of us could communicate well in Italian and we got lost several times on our odyssey. That part of Tuscany is remote countryside and not populated by Italians who learn English for tourists. Somehow Christopher achieved his quest of finding a little church in a

surrounding town. He made the arrangements and a priest married us that afternoon. We returned to California as man and wife and I was in heaven for awhile...

There was one little complication that screwed up the legality of our union. I was under the impression due to all the papers I had signed with my attorney Miles Rubin that I was officially divorced in the State of California. That was not the case and it was confusing, but Christopher and I were not concerned. We loved each other and now I was confident that the nightmare of Marty could be erased by Christopher's presence by my side. I took for granted his money would ward off the aggression of the Hurwitz's because it was much greater. Christopher Getty's presence in my life taught me many lessons, one of which was NEVER TAKE ANYONE OR THING FOR GRANTED.

Marty had "accidentally" impregnated his live-in girlfriend, Laurie Demarest, and was obviously not happy about this fact. She claimed she was on the pill and it had not worked. She obviously was one of that "special, extra-fertile 1%" who got pregnant while using the birth control method which usually works for most women. Martin Hurwitz's behavior was escalating in its nastiness and I have always believed if a person is happy and content he or she will not inflict pain and suffering on others. Marcus had been instructed to call her "Momma Laurie" and he was the one who told me she was pregnant several months before it became obvious. She was the person who mainly came to pick up my two year old son and was quite a nasty, class less piece of work. One day she arrived with a smug little smile on her face and her belly suddenly appeared to be at least 6 months pregnant. Her face suddenly contorted as she hissed over Marcus' head,

“Why won’t you grant Marty the divorce so that he may marry me? We want to get on with our life and raise a family together.” I calmly explained I had moved on myself and that the divorce was finally official. She blanched but her face showed she knew I was speaking the truth. Her expression turned to hate as she said, “How does it feel to have another woman living in the house you created and wearing your engagement ring?” (The ring was the same that had graced my hand for many years as his wife. This was incomprehensible that she was not bothered by this fact and gloated about it!) Eventually I sweetly volleyed back, “How does it feel to be a lying piece of shit that attempts to wrangle a man to marry you by intentionally “accidentally” getting pregnant? You obviously are not bothered by the fact he had so little regard for you that he would put the same ring on your finger that I wore for years. I used to wonder how you would put up with him, but now I see that you are perfectly matched.” Laurie Demarest Hurwitz Feltheimer would and could stop at nothing to achieve her goals.

Marty and his attorney Neal Hersch had thrown the Getty name into our marital dissolution and that only made the divorce and child support issues more voracious. In reality, Christopher never contributed one penny to my legal defense against the Hurwitz legal war chest. He was immune to the graveness of my situation and would not discuss it with me. This produced great sadness because obviously his actions revealed he had no empathy or did not truly love and care about me. We began to fight and have problems before long due to his emotional and physical withdrawals.

My lifestyle now resembled a Fellini movie. On the one hand, we now had another residence in Pacific Heights (San Francisco) that Christopher maintained. I paid all the household bills and rent for the house on Orange Drive where we

primarily lived. Our travel and restaurant budget was without any limits and paid by him and written off to the Getty Trust for re-imbusement. In complete contrast to Marty's derision for my sexuality and attempt to kill it, Christopher was enthralled and took great pleasure from it. He loved taking me shopping for the finest lingerie and the sexiest Alai dresses. He was obsessed with me remaining "perfect" so I began to exercise fanatically because I was not willing to stop enjoying my food and wine freely. He loved my feet and legs so he would accompany me to shoe stores where I would model the shoes and he would make the selections. This would work him into such a state of sexual desire that we would have sex in the back seat of my Mercedes sedan in the parking lot of Neiman Marcus! It was exciting and our sex life now took on a new dimension when we traveled.

One of our trips was to San Antonio, Texas for a Getty family trust meeting and we arranged to meet my parents for dinner in Austin. My father was quite reserved and my mother had her gracious Southern smile and persona firmly in place. Normally Charles Joseph Grappi could be the most charming male in the room, but that night his actions and body language were extremely cold. Christopher never had street smarts, but was highly intuitive and responded with his "Prince of Wales" posture. I did not know Marcus had expressed certain details of our "Getty family home life" and my father disapproved. When I questioned my mother privately in the ladies room she told me why he behaving so coldly to Christopher. Considering my father's inappropriate actions towards me as a child, this was definitely beyond my comprehension or tolerance for his

version of reality and morality. Dinner ended abruptly and Christopher and I proceeded to a bar to intoxicate ourselves well. I told him about my father and some of his vile, abusive actions towards me. We ended up going back to the hotel and having the wildest sex which became slightly sadistic and he set up a camera in the corner and made a video of it with him acting as director and narrator in a voice that was quite mesmerizing. The feel and look of it is like nothing I have ever experienced or seen again.

Several weekends later we flew to New York for a party at the Metropolitan. He had placed a few mysterious phone calls back and forth to someone before we left and I did not trust his secrecy. We arrived and checked into the hotel. Champagne was ordered and we urgently had sex because it had been over 7 hours since our last round. Our attempt on the plane was thwarted when the stewardess knocked on the bathroom door and asked us to come out. We could never be around each other for more than 2-3 hours without it. I got up afterwards to dress, and as I pulled my dinner suit out of the hanging bag Christopher looked at me cruelly and said, "This is an elegant party with the BEST of New York Society, so I am not comfortable with the "Los Angeles sexy slut" look tonight!" I gasped as if he had kicked me in the stomach. With hurt and humiliation I responded, "This is a Chanel suit with a short skirt, and I do not ever dress like a slut. YOU are the one who insists I wear the Alai dresses out in public with no underwear!" He pushed me aside roughly as he entered the bathroom. I was dumbfounded by this infliction and did not want to accept and acknowledge this side of my lover which was now becoming more frequent. We dressed in silence and I walked out the door with him

right behind me. At the table all the couples had been conveniently separated to stimulate conversation. I was seated between two sexy European young men and Christopher was placed next to someone whose place card read "Pia Miller." My disgust with his earlier treatment was so profound that I was glad to have this physical separation so that I could breathe fully and enjoy the surroundings. The tables were impressively set, the flower arrangements were spectacular, and the Metropolitan had been magically set and lit with infinite candles. This appreciation for the setting did not completely distract me, and it became apparent Christopher had now crossed the line completely by publicly humiliating both of us with his drunken acts. The interaction between he and this Miller girl was becoming quite animated especially after the wine had been flowing throughout the multi-coursed dinner. Her hand was suspiciously moving under the tablecloth in the area of Christopher's crotch. I dared not let my imagination go there, so I returned to the present moment. The male next to me was charming and sexy I tried to remain unfazed as I focused my attention back to him. The evening was coming to a close and I excused myself for one last trip to the ladies room. I came back to a sight I will never forget if I live to be 100. This Pia Miller person gasped audibly as I yanked up the cloth to reveal her hand vigorously giving Christopher a hand job. I was beyond enraged as I approached them and yelled, "Well, my husband must not have told you I was across the table. Obviously a woman of your determination and character would not be bothered by that detail. I think the two of you need some more wine!" With that I took a bottle of red in one hand and a bottle of white in the other. I poured the red over Pia Miller's light blonde/white hair and the lovely white designer dinner suit she wore to disguise her unattractive figure and Christopher was "christened" with the white. I then took off as

fast as my legs would carry me with him in heated pursuit. I flung the heels aside and left them to run down all those stairs and jumped into a taxi before he could catch me. He caught the taxi behind me and pulled up to the Helmsley the same time I did. The doorman began to open my door as Christopher pushed him aside and began to pull me out because I was frozen in fright. I said, "Leave me alone, I want to go back and get my shoes at the Met" while trying to shut the door on him. He said, "FUCK THOSE SHOES, I bought them for you anyway! Get out of the car NOW and do not make a scene in public!" I got out and we entered the hotel to questioning looks from the staff and other guests. I could have cared less by this point. He led me by the elbow upstairs and as soon as the suite's door shut behind us, he shoved me against the wall. I ran into the bedroom and he threw me onto the bed. We began to wrestle and he was ripping off my clothes as he unzipped his pants. This was the first and last time Christopher Getty raped me. I tried to appear dignified as I got up but began to cry. He said, "Get out!" as he removed himself from me, drug my limp, rag doll body to the door, opened it, and threw me into the hallway totally naked. I banged on the door and pleaded for him to open it. There was no response. I started down the hall to the elevator in a naked daze as he suddenly opened the door, ran out, threw me over his shoulder, and brought me back inside. Christopher began to scream, "Chevyn, have you totally lost your mind, were you planning on total humiliation and arrest if you arrived in the lobby with no clothes on?" I asked, "Between standing in the hallway banging on the doorway with no response from you or going downstairs to seek help from strangers, it seemed my chances would be better for help from the latter!" He thought about that for a second before raising his hand as if to strike me. If looks could kill he would be dead. I gathered all the

rage and anger I had stored inside for the preceding abusive men I had experienced in twenty-nine years of life into one platinum dagger and forcefully exhaled, “You are THE VILEST, MOST PATHETIC EXCUSE FOR A MAN I HAVE EVER ENCOUNTERED. I COULD EASILY GO DOWNSTAIRS RIGHT NOW AND PRESS CHARGES AGAINST YOU. ALL YOUR CARE ABOUT IS YOUR REPUTATION IN THE WORLD OF OTHER RICH ASSHOLES, SO IT WILL BE DESTROYED!” Christopher Getty had pure fear and his 6’2” frame suddenly appeared shrunken. I continued, “IT IS YOUR TIME TO GET OUT AND UNLESS YOU DO I SHALL HAVE YOU ARRESTED.” He left and I took a shower and crawled into bed where I remained awake in restless agony until the next morning. I left for the airport and as I was waiting for the plane, the intercom system began to page me. It was Christopher crying and begging me to return to the hotel. He defended his rage with, “I love you so much you drive me crazy, and if you abandon me I will self-destruct.” I hung up without responding and got on the plane for Los Angeles.

Upon my arrival I immediately had all the locks on the house changed. I picked up Marcus the following day as scheduled and was overjoyed to be with my happy, precocious son again. Children always live in the present tense, and appreciate each moment and my son was naturally very curious and was full of questions 24/7. Fortunately, this usually kept me fully focused on him. After we got back home, I placed Marcus near me on the kitchen floor to play with his GI Joe doll and cars, and enthused how mommy was going to make a picnic. He loved to eat and was very happy to hear that news. Rather than transport all the food to the local park I brought it outside to our backyard and we joyfully ate on the picnic table our landlords had thoughtfully supplied.

Afterwards we got in his sandbox together and played. Casually I explained that Christopher had to go away and he would not live with us any longer. Marcus looked up and said very matter of factly, “He was a bad boy and I didn’t like playing with him! He was mean and would hit me hard sometimes.” I was in total shock because he had never told me this before. I hugged my little boy and whispered into his hair, “No more bad guys, I promise. It’s just you and me from now on.” He looked up with a hopeful look that broke my heart. His eyes were very sad as he said, “Don’t worry Mommy, I will protect you from all the bad guys.”

Conflicting emotions were running rampant as I got up and walked over to the garage and opened that massive old door. I pulled out an old, moth ball smelling Crocodile suitcase of my father’s that was probably thirty+ years old and that I had transported Christmas toys back from Texas in. Marcus walked in and asked what I was doing. I smiled in pure anticipation as I happily replied, “Mommy is going to get Christopher’s clothes and put them in here so they will not be in our house any longer.” My son enthusiastically offered to help. He was a little boy but marched into the house strongly in imitation of a grown man. We pulled out some garbage bags and went directly to the armoire where most of Christopher Getty’s clothes were. I opened the bottom drawer and let Marcus throw all the fine Italian and Swiss fine silk, linen, and cotton shirts, t-shirts, boxers into the first bag. Cashmere sweaters lined the second bag, before the final cathartic addition of Christopher Getty’s custom bespoke suits. Marcus pulled the smaller load and I hoisted the heavier one over my shoulder and we returned to the garage. All the clothes were ceremoniously dumped into the moldy suitcase which had transported my father’s exquisite clothes for so many years before it had been given

to me. I brought the hose over and Marcus watched in awe as he inquired what I was doing. I felt my fighter spirit returning and shared, “Mommy wants Christopher’s clothes to smell like Papa’s old suitcase so I am giving them a little water to help the mold grow better.” Marcus and I exchanged mischievous, childish glances and began giggling almost simultaneously. I shut the suitcase by jumping on it to encapsulate its bulging contents. We left it on the hottest area of the driveway to let it bake properly. Marcus headed back to his sandbox and I ran into the house to answer the phone. When I returned from a call that had lasted longer than expected due to my explanation of the current status of Christopher to a friend, I was pleasantly surprised by my ambitious, creative son. He looked up sheepishly when I inquired what he was doing to the Porsche. He gleefully proclaimed, “I am fixing Christopher’s car!” He was in the process of emptying his sandbox into the grillwork of the engine, before finishing it off with a thorough watering. We synergistically worked on that project together with focused determination.

Christopher began calling the house incessantly for the next 24 hours. He would vacillate between begging and threatening me. Fortunately he no longer had any effect on me after the disrespectful hurricane in New York City. I told him his clothes were carefully packed and waiting, and it would be better if his sister Cecily picked them up. Of course, that was not acceptable to Mr. Getty. I hoped, prayed, and begged the universe to please keep him away from us. My son was now exhibiting great cheer in the daytime, but at night he would suddenly become fearful and want to sleep in my bed. I was full of anxiety about the final ending of this nightmare and knew it was not yet over, so I let Marcus. Christopher arrived unexpectedly in the middle of the night and began

ringing the doorbell and pounding in rage upon the front door. Marcus continued to sleep peacefully unaware as children often do. In dread of his state I ran to the front of the house and told Christopher through the closed door if he did not leave I would call the police. Most people in California sleep with their windows open due to the great weather, but it does tend to transport outdoor noise. Fortunately, Christopher made such a loud, drunken scene that my neighbor's husband was awakened and responded immediately by coming outside and asking him to leave. When Bob firmly told him the police were about to be called, he left and yelled over his shoulder, "I will be back you bitch!"

The next day I returned from an outing with Marcus in the car. I almost had a heart attack as I was lifting my son out of his car seat. Christopher suddenly appeared from the back of the yard where he had been hiding at the picnic table. Marcus remained in my arms and I hugged him tightly and tried to appear unfazed. He said between clenched teeth, "Your mommy and I have a grown up talk and you can watch cartoons. Look, I brought you some chocolates." He casually produced the Toblerone from his jacket and attempted to give it to my son.

Marcus shook his head violently and held me tighter. We began to argue, and the volume was escalating. I kept repeating the fact that he needed to leave the property NOW. He claimed his car keys and important paper work were inside and he needed them. Christopher's voice returned to charm mode as he assured me he wanted to be civilized and leave after obtaining his possessions. Marcus remained in my arms as we all entered the house. My son then informed me he needed to go to the bathroom so I accompanied him and shut the door behind us. Christopher barged in within minutes and

began to scream and yell obscenities after he discovered his clothes were no longer there. He began to bang my head against the tiled bathroom walls as he lifted me off the floor like a rag doll by my neck. My not yet three-year old son began to grab Christopher's leg and try to bite him. Christopher kicked the boy across the room and I began to yell at the top of my lungs as I grabbed the hairdryer off the counter and tried to beat him on the temple. He quickly blocked me and once again started his physical assault. I screamed with all my might, "If you kill me you will spend the rest of your life in prison!" as my voice and eyes were directed at the open bathroom window. He stopped suddenly to think about that threat and I grabbed Marcus and ran out the back door. I grabbed my keys on the way out and jumped into the car with my son. Christopher had now re-appeared and jumped into the passenger seat as I started the engine. I was screaming as I backed out of the driveway and Marcus was crying hysterically. My only response as I drove through the streets of Los Angeles was to make it to the police station for relief. Christopher suddenly was suspicious of my route and ordered me to stop the car. I tightened my hands on the wheel of the Mercedes and told him we were almost at the police station. When I came to the next traffic light he jumped out the car and sprinted out of sight.

All his possessions and Porshe were removed from the property. Christopher was informed through Getty family friend and trustee Judge William (Bill) Newsom that he had outstanding bills for well over two thousand dollars. He had the inconsiderate habit of calling Europe and other places around the globe and chatting for long periods from my phone if I was out of the house. He also would put all his designer clothes on my account with the dry cleaners. I shared some of the gruesome facts of the situation with Bill whom I had known for almost two years from all our San Francisco trips. He

seemed appalled and assured me Christopher would no longer bother my son or me. Bill Newsom said he had always held me in high regard and that I should call him or his son Gavin if I came to San Francisco in the future...

Christopher had apparently been courting Pia Miller by phone before they met that night at the Metropolitan. Her father Robert Miller was an EXTREMELY NOUVEAU RICH success story and Christopher was seduced before their physical introduction due to his fixation on wealth and status. A New York gay investment banker named Alecko Papamarcko was responsible for their introduction. His reputation as a matchmaker for children of the rich and famous was legendary. The wealthy fathers of homely daughters re-paid Alecko by investing with him. People in New York Society were very entertained by these quid pro quo exchanges.

I had remained friends with Gavin Newsom and his girlfriend Chrissy. I was visiting them at their house in San Rafael one weekend because George Lucas and I had a dinner date planned. We had met him at my girlfriend Bobby's in Los Angeles and I shared how much I loved the San Francisco area. He lived in San Rafael so we conveniently planned a future dinner when I came up next. Gavin was very impressed with the fact that George Lucas would soon be walking up his front steps and opened a nice bottle of wine that evening in anticipation. We banally exchanged pleasantries as we all awaited George's arrival and it seemed we polished it off in record time. He returned with another and Chrissy nonchalantly relayed Christopher and Pia were about to be married in Bali after that one was done. There were rumors she was pregnant, and they both had met her and were not impressed. Pia Miller had an obnoxious, entitlement, designer obsessed, New York Nouveau Princess Routine that did not endear her to more

down to earth gals. My friends and I had a laid back, comfortable in our own skin mentality, and could not relate to snooty girls with attitude. Our favorite cafes such as the Balboa Cafe and Plump Jack were nice, but not pretentious and a person could wear just about anything as long as they had shoes on their feet. It seemed this Pia Miller person was obsessed with designer labels and could not go out unless she had an outfit on from only the most expensive design houses. We all loved and enjoyed nice clothes, but most of the girls such as Chrissy, Vanessa, and I were more natural and wholesome with our make-up and grooming. Christopher had made disparaging comments that I was only 5'6 and could have been a "Super Beauty" if I were taller had definitely lowered his height requirement standards. Pia was so short that my San Francisco friends said she appeared to be at least a foot less than him even with enormous heels on. Even though he had been so entirely obsessed with me sexually, I had always been disturbed by his prior sexual relationships with men and homely girls from extremely wealthy families. It seemed he could get an erection for whomever held the biggest financial chest, and the chest could be male or female!!

Even though Christopher Getty was from one of the wealthiest families in the world, he was from the "poor vein" because his father Ronald was the lowest on the food chain of the trust set up by his grandfather J. Paul Getty. He was extremely sensitive about this fact and obsessed with money and status. His cousins had grown up much differently as the children of Ronald and J. Paul Getty II and were very comfortable with themselves. All freely married nice girls and stayed happily married because there was no false pretense involved, and they were not confused about their sexual orientation as

Christopher had been since his first experience with another boy when he was 12 year old in boarding school.

I finally dealt with my feelings of shock and betrayal on the long, solitary drive home to Los Angeles from San Francisco. Highway 101 was the most expeditious route, but Pacific Coast Highway was geographically astounding in it's dramatic contrast between mountains and sea. More importantly, at that moment, I needed to think about all the recent developments of the past few days. My rational side told me I should be relieved Christopher was out of my life, but my emotions were conflicting and volatile. It would have been wonderful to fantasize there could have been a future with George Lucas was in the cards, but there were way too many diversities between us. He seemed like a nice, down to earth guy who arrived for our dinner date at a local Mexican restaurant in jeans and an old cashmere sweater which he obviously had worn for many years due to its condition. That part of the evening was charming, especially after dating and marrying narcissistic pretty boys. The beautiful Victorian home he had created was also very special, but the main areas were galaxies apart.

I called my boy toy male model lover Brian after I got back to the apartment and he was there within the hour. Brian was young, funny and could always lift my mood between the athletic sex and his funny stories. He was basically a sweet, laid back, Southern California surfer boy who never grew up. Our relationship could be described as an easy, unconditional, sexual one. He was with me in bed that night and we had just finished a second round and were laughing about some new technique he had perfected on me. The phone rang and I answered slightly out of breath to a very scratchy connection and a distraught, rambling voice that after I minute or two I startling

recognized was Christopher's. He began begging and sobbing, "Tell your baby to come home. I want to be with you, Chevyn. If you don't take me back I am about to make the biggest mistake of my life!" Brian was laying so close he heard the entire conversation. He first questioned me and ascertained with eye contact my permission, then took the phone and said in his deep, sexy, California voice: "Chevyn has moved on big boy and has someone else in her bed to keep her happy." My hand took the phone back and I calmly exclaimed in my best Junior League enthusiastic voice, "Congratulations Christopher on your imminent nuptials. Gavin and Chrissy just shared the news with me this weekend, so please send that lovely creature Pia my regards." Brian and I started to laugh so hard we were holding our stomachs and I hung up.

All the sexual distractions in the world could not change my daytime reality of raising a small boy, being hounded in the judicial system by Marty continually through the aid of Neal Hersch and his father Herb's money. Also, I had been in denial for way too long about exactly who Christopher was and what he truly represented. The fact that he had left a mountain of trivial bills was not the worst of it. He always had a dark, evilness and his retaliation was devastating at that time. The small amount of depleting cash after my settlement was invested with Wertheim Shroeder and Christopher's two friends Jeffrey Tarte and J.P. Hyan were handling it. The amount was not enough to buy even a small home for my son and myself in Los Angeles. I wasn't a genius when it came to investing (and still am not) but my decision to remain in blue chip and strong, established American companies was explicit. Christopher received a lot of insider information from his other wealthy, "Master of the Universe" friends and once when we were together I had acted on one and purchased Ericsson stock. That and most of my

other monies disappeared almost overnight after I received a “big tip” from Jeff Tarte to sell and purchase some unknown medical stock, several months after the Getty period was finally over. It was not coincidental and over the years, Christopher bragged to a mutual “friend” that he had orchestrated my financial ruin. As my thirtieth birthday loomed on the horizon, all the responsibility and pressure made it seem as if I were approaching the hundred year mark!

Fortunately my true wealth has always been a small group of down to earth friends who were there in times both good and bad. Pamela had organized a wonderful thirtieth birthday party and a French guy she was dating graciously let it be held on his property. She was an amazing self-taught cook and it was one of the best birthday parties of my life. The people there were from all walks of life and there were many interesting conversations about an amazing array of subjects. My other closest friend at that time, Bobby, temporarily made peace with Pamela that special night. The three of us had large personalities, but my two closest friends were slightly competitive when it involved me and were slightly territorial about our individual relationships. Female friendships are very treasured and I will always be grateful for all the wonderful women and mentors I have experienced. All was well with the world that celebratory evening which tried to exorcise the past and look forward to an undetermined future. Marcus was very happy to have a special, one time pass to stay up very late and celebrate with his mommy and her friends. My son was the perfect, well behaved escort that night and was quite gregarious with all the attention.

One of the qualities I had always loved about Pamela was her earthy personality in addition to her irreverent humor. As she and my other friends made birthday toasts,

she not so jokingly prophesized, “Christopher Getty was the most anal, obnoxious, snob and you will be much happier now that you are free of him” as she guffawed loudly.

Many more angels and devils would enter and leave, but as long as I can give and receive love with my friends I will not give up. It is hard to have true unconditional love with adults, but it seems real girlfriends love each other through sickness and health, thicker and thinner, richer and poorer. Today my perfectionism about life, love, and relationships has lifted and I am much stronger.