



Later still an 18-year-old Brett Gurewitz (Bad Religion/owner of Epitaph) had come to BOMP! to sell me some of his first single, and inexplicably, after a 5-minute conversation, announced he was going to marry me. I was 29 at the time and otherwise involved, but he couldn't have been more persistent. Having previously decided that musicians were not for me, and telling him so, I initially stuck to my guns and refused his advances. He quit the band soon after, instead taking over the management of his fledgling company, and I eventually relented. We ended up living together for far too long, and it ended acrimoniously. In later interviews he too generously gave me credit for helping him start the company, although I don't remember doing a damned thing, except maybe the laundry. It's nice that he thinks so, though.

After the breakup I resolved that my next partner would have nothing to do with the record business, and immediately headed to Cal Tech (a prestigious nearby university where I had occasionally attended lectures) to do a little boyfriend shopping. I couldn't have made a better choice, and within a week I was helping to run an organization there called The Southern California Skeptics. Women were in short supply at Cal Tech, and a woman that was dying to see how your experiment was going AND wearing a skirt was particularly rare, and before I knew it I was lunching with Crick and Watson, making dinner for Murray Gel-Mann (the Nobel prize-winning discoverer of quarks) and becoming very good friends with the brilliant Richard Dawkins. The scientists were thrilled to have somebody to discuss their work with, never mind that I didn't have a clue what they were talking about, and I was often invited to see prototypes of some very interesting machines, including one of the first DNA sequencers and an early computer. I had a blast, the men were just my style, and it gave me a little break from the world of rock & roll.

Meanwhile Greg, of course, had embarked on his own romantic adventures. His were quite a bit more tumultuous however, and generally ended up not unlike an episode of COPS. There were car chases and hysterical females brandishing knives and all manner of excitement. They tended to get really, really mad when they finally realized that they had lost the battle to his one true love, BOMP!, and if that wasn't bad enough, each and every one had been led to believe that they were "special." Greg had perfected a never-fail pickup line that honed in on women's hearts like a heat-seeking missile. He would start out with, "I've never felt this way about anyone before" (that one always got their interest) and would usually add a dash of psychobabble (spiritual connection, etc.) and some deep soulful glances, and bingo, you've got yourself a new maid! I hated to see my sisters go down like bowling pins with such a cheesy speech, but only an idiot would think that advice about not being too fast with the monogrammed towels would be accepted from an ex-wife. (And yes, I do know that from experience!) But they were usually young and resilient and would soon be on their way with a valuable life lesson under their belts, hopefully a bit wiser for the experience. Fortunately, in spite of his frequent marriages (I lost track but I think it got up to six) not one of them tried to claim anything from him, as even their brief proximity to the financial train wreck that was BOMP! had convinced them not only was there no use trying to get blood from a turnip, the turnip might be more likely to get blood from them. Owning part of BOMP! would likely be a debt, not an asset, and they couldn't get away fast enough.

And, of course, it being the record business and he being the one who signed the bands, there were also some of the casting couch variety of encounters, and while I shall name no names, it's safe to say that most of the female bands signed to BOMP! had at least one member who spent a little time in his bed. And if you're just dying to know who they were, feel free to use your imagination, you're probably right.

My Cal Tech adventures ended when I met up with Patrick Boissel at a record convention in the south of France. He was our distributor in France at the time, already wise in ways of the record business. It was love at first sight for me, and I only had to convince him to give up his lovely home in Paris and move to Los Angeles. My work was cut out for me as the L.A. riots were going on at the time, and while the French are romantics, even love could not initially overcome the obstacle of geography. But a year later he moved here, and we remain together to this day—he is my partner in BOMP! as well as life and is entirely responsible for BOMP! being here at all—and he has his own label that is doing well (ALIVE). My taste in men is generally questionable, but I finally got it right.

