as "the rich Jew," and I'd be mortified yet couldn't help laughing from her delivery. We knew him as Ziggy, short for Ziegfried. Although he was Jewish through and through, he wore his Savile Row tweeds and ascot, hoping to make people think his ancestors had landed at Plymouth Rock, rather than at Ellis Island, like mine had. "A dashing Buddy Hackett" was how *Vanity Fair* once described him.

He had his own past, I later discovered, and by then, his dirty laundry was everywhere, including spending time in federal lockup. He had cheated through most of his life at everything including Monopoly but got caught once and was sent to jail for taxes. He had inherited a fortune and now ran his family business. His art collection made museums jealous.

Meanwhile, the sirens and I were out of control and misbehaving madly. Whenever the two girls left town together, some kind of trouble was bound to go down. They were a tag team, and lovers to boot. I would eventually get in the same kind of trouble, sometimes with Cookie, too. The whole thing got out of hand, and we all eventually paid a price, one way or another, especially for Vanessa and me. These kinds of sexual things never last long, and after much damage had already been done, I tried to call a truce and salvage things. But Vanessa didn't want to hear it, and things escalated beyond repair.

However, my friendship with Ziggy got stronger and more consistent over time. He started coming around more often to hang out, sometimes too often. He'd even give me advice about my girlfriend problems. Sometimes we'd get on his private plane to go to an art fair, or sometimes even vacation together.

One day, Vanessa couldn't get in touch with Cookie, which was very unusual. They were always in contact. Cookie always wanted what Vanessa had, and Vanessa always gave Cookie advice about what to say, what to do. A bunch of girls relied on Vanessa for that; she had street smarts and was quick-witted. Now I didn't hear from Ziggy, as a matter of coincidence. One night, I'd just got home late from being out with some friends, and I was at my door, getting out my keys, when I could hear Vanessa yelling at someone over the phone, at the top of her lungs. She didn't even stop when I walked in. I had never heard her scream like that at anyone. It was scary.

I found out Vanessa (my girlfriend) had been having an affair with Ziggy for who knows how long. That was a knockout blow! Now Cookie had started her own affair with her best friend's secret lover, my "friend" Ziggy, and taken off with him to Acapulco.

Vanessa stopped speaking to both of them for the next fifteen years. Ziggy tried his best