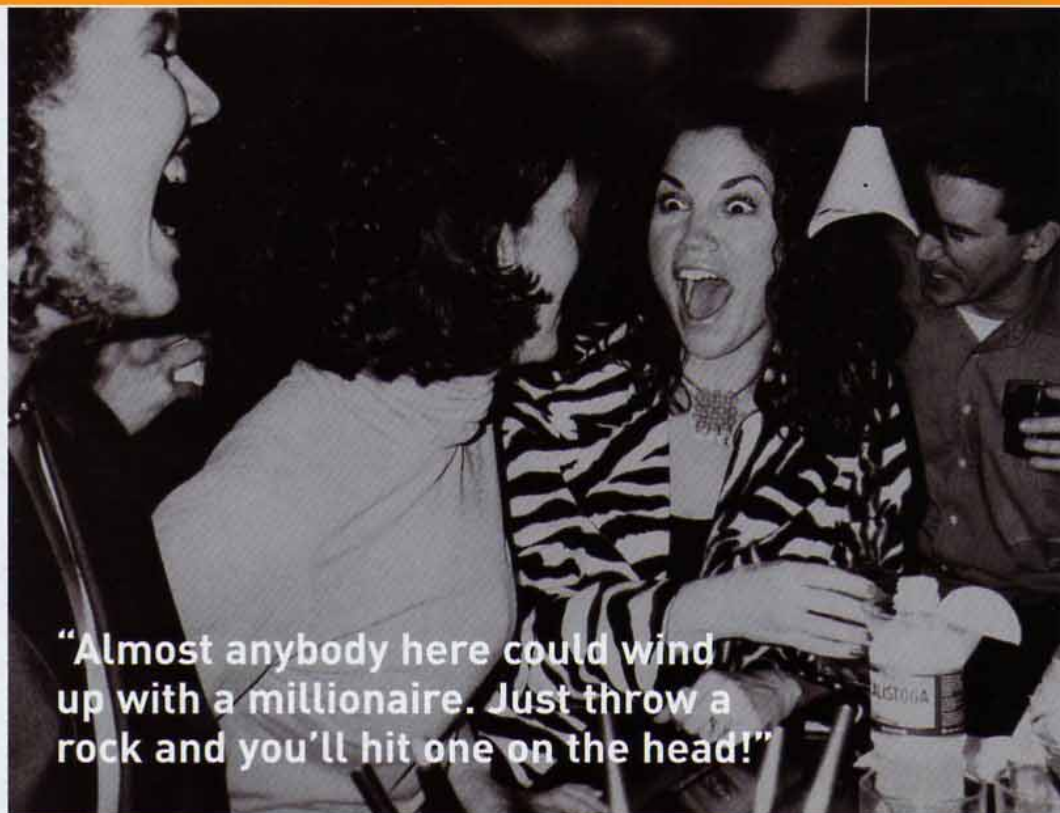


Marry a guy for his money? Gayle LeDoux and Susie and Marianna Marino (from left) laugh at the idea. High-tech guys are often "sweet," says Susie, but not because they're rich.



"Almost anybody here could wind up with a millionaire. Just throw a rock and you'll hit one on the head!"

**T**here's a millionaire playing with a yo-yo at Il Pirata, a dive bar in Potrero Hill, San Francisco's dot-com neighborhood of the moment. Another millionaire comes gliding in on a skateboard, arms out as if he's surfing. "Yo, dude, free drinks?" he says.

It's a party for some of the hottest companies in Silicon Valley, and when you look around, you realize that the megabucks being generated by the Internet are creating a new kind of millionaire, even billionaire—very young, and closely resembling the guy whose calculus notes everybody tried to crib in high school.

"Yo, dude! J'you catch the virtual-sex booth at Macworld Expo? Awesome!" one of them can be heard saying.

Why would he be interested in *virtual sex*? Stupendous wealth has never been exactly a hindrance to any man trying to get a date—even if he does bring to mind more *Revenge of the Nerds* than *The Thomas Crown Affair*. There must women out there trying to marry Internet millionaires, right?

"Uh, it's not necessarily a real sexy world," says Sean Garrett, the slick blond PR director for Listen.com, a start-up putting sound on the Internet. He laughs. "These guys' idea of a come-on is like, 'Hey, wanna see my new PalmPilot?'"

Come to think of it, you'd expect that at a party like this one, full of like-minded people involved in creating the future, there'd be plenty of old-fashioned flirting going on. But the truth is, you hear more cries of, "We need 30 new engineers!" than "I need you, baby!"

"Lots of work happens socially," says Francois-Xavier Nuttall, the CEO of AudioSoft (digital copyright management for music), and already a millionaire himself. "Actually, everyone here is working, poaching employees, networking." A suave Frenchman in a turtleneck, Nuttall is about the only guy in the bar who looks as if he might know some women outside of the last rerun of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. But

he's already married. "Sorry," he says, shrugging.

In addition to a crushing workload, the men of Silicon Valley have another dating obstacle with which to contend: a shortage of females. The ratio of men to women in the high-tech industry is the same as at this party, about 70-30. And that 30—well, this is a town where Birkenstock has its own showroom (silver-lamé sandals in the window for the most daring of gals).

"All the real babes work in PR firms," says Garrett. "You see a lot of dating between industry guys and PR girls."

Perhaps that's why there's a crowd of guys gathered around the two standout, dark-haired beauties in the center of the room. They're Susie and Marianna Marino, sisters and co-owners of Marino & Associates, the chic Silicon Valley public-relations firm hosting tonight's soiree.

"We call them PR bunnies," says one guest, who declines to be named. That's because he used to date Susie, and in this world, Susie is powerful. "She throws the best parties," he says. He glances wistfully in her direction and adds, "She's the prettiest girl who'll ever look at me."

Susie Marino, 32, is indeed pretty; with porcelain skin and gleaming dark hair, she looks like Snow White, if Snow White wore latte-colored leather pants, a cropped black sweater, and low-heeled black boots. The look is understated; this isn't New York. Still, Marino is essentially San Francisco's version of Lizzie Grubman, the Manhattan PR maven whose client list includes financiers like Ian Schrager and rappers like Jay-Z. Marino's list includes entities just as important in this city—companies like Yahoo!, Apple, and a chunk of the up-and-coming Audio Alley, the division of Silicon Valley ushering the Internet from its silent era to sound.

"PR is the most important thing you have in an Internet company," says Nuttall, "because that's how you attract



investors; and the Marino girls are becoming the most important PR company to have."

Asked about eligible bachelorettes in town, Marino heaves a little sigh, and laughs. "Well, there's me. Almost anybody here could wind up with a millionaire—just throw a rock and you'll hit one on the head!" she says. "I've dated a couple, sure. But that doesn't mean I'm looking for one."

Of course, there are some notable examples of Silicon Valley PR women marrying guys who make Daddy Warbucks look like small change. There was Jean Villanueva, former VP of communications for America Online, who married Steve Case, the company's CEO, and now, of course, the AOL-Time Warner multimillionaire. There was Connie Snyder, formerly on the Microsoft PR team of Waggener Edstrom, who married Steve Ballmer, Microsoft's president and CEO and Bill Gates's right-hand man.

"Oh, I think all that's blown way out of proportion," Marino says breezily. She's busy handing out Astro Pops and yo-yos to her guests, whose boyish tastes are familiar to her. "High-tech guys can be just like little kids," she whispers.

Marino's dark eyes begin to sparkle. "Oh, look, there's Rob Reid, the CEO and founder of Listen.com. Have you met him?" she asks. "Now, he's certainly one of your more eligible bachelors. I think he's worth a lot."

On paper, clarifies Reid, a panda bear of a man, 34, in love-me-not-my-wardrobe khakis and a windbreaker. He's voicing a lament familiar among Silicon Valley entrepreneurs: that although his company, like so many others, may be worth gazillions in the—some say, overinflated—projections of Wall Street, it's a long way from going public and a long time before he might be able to cash in.

Which makes him just a "millionaire on paper"—or, say, an M.O.P.

"I still drive a '91 Nissan Sentra, which I think in most places would be an enormous social handicap," Reid says amiably. "Although I do have the Palm VII, and the BlackBerry pager, and the new Nokia phone that looks like a cigarette lighter, the one that's harder to get than Springsteen tickets 10 years ago. Ya hear that, ladies?"

Reid only recently made his first foray into Silicon Valley dating, after breaking up with a female Yahoo! exec. It was a long-term relationship he says ended partly because of the demands of building a company capable of turning him into a real millionaire some day. "This is like Florence during the Renaissance right now," says Reid. "And I mean Leonardo da Vinci didn't care if he had a girlfriend, right?"

Probably not, but then, wasn't Leonardo gay?

"I've heard more women than men postulate the existence of Silicon Valley gold diggers," he adds thoughtfully, pondering his new situation. "I'll keep my eye out, but I'm not too worried. This is going to sound like California 'Kumbaya,' but I think people here are more focused on who the person is and how challenging and witty and smart she or he may be." He raises his glass.

"The wonderful thing about high-tech guys is they're so sweet," Susie Marino's saying, handing out the last of her yo-yos. All over her party, grown men are "walking the dog." ▶239

## VALLEY OF THE DOGS

All work and no play makes a dot-com guy very attached to his mutt. **Terese Svoboda** explores the canine culture of Silicon Valley.

All that howling you hear coming from Silicon Valley offices isn't only about stock options. No, under the ergonomic furniture howls the aspiring Net mongrel seeking companionship. The ratio of men to women in this world is, as the engineers put it, about pi to one. And high-tech companies are addressing these odds by offering a new office perk. Along with all-night catering and shower stalls, some Silicon Valley workers enjoy the privilege of bringing their dogs to work. "You never have to go home for love," explains Tom Dogherty, patting his poodle cross.

Some high-tech offices tuck dog treats in with the Coke in the fridge. Microsoft and Go.com allow dogs to play on their grounds. Autodesk, the world's leading supplier of design software and a prodog pioneer, offers its 3000 employees ani-



Puppy available at Maddie's Pet Adoption Center, San Francisco

mal health insurance (self-pay) and welcomes about 100 dogs into the offices. (There are a few restrictions: Dogs can't come to meetings, drop into the cafeteria, or pee on the boss's leg.)

How much money does Silicon Valley spend on canines? A superior dog camp costs \$1300 a week, and leashless doggie day care can come to \$400 a month. Groomers are thriving. "Some dogs I have once a week," says Carole Gibson at Alexander's Grooming Salon. "They have to look good at the office." In the Valley, there's a pet photographer, a pet jeweler, pet art exhibitions, dog birthday cakes, pet urns, a pet psychic, and even *The Bark*, a very charming dog-lit mag.

In the early evening, you can hear the dog trainers barking commands from inside emptied parking structures. Class members, lucky to get off the long waiting lists, snap to attention. Other owners walk from local dog parks equipped with dog waste bags. Perhaps they're on their way to a "treat tasting"—with wine for the owners.

Down, Dogbert! ■



backpack. Page 220: Burberry trench, about \$695, Burberry stores nationwide. Lacoste nylon tracksuit, about \$190, select Lacoste boutiques. Hermès bag, about \$2200, Hermès stores nationwide; call 800-441-4488 for more information. Christian Louboutin shoes, select Barneys New York. Page 221: Louis Vuitton cotton taffeta jacket and lambskin drawstring shorts. Jacket by special order at Louis Vuitton, NYC and Beverly Hills. Shorts at Louis Vuitton, NYC and Beverly Hills; for more information, call 800-847-2956. Hermès scarf, Hermès stores nationwide; call 800-441-4488 for more information. **Pushing Buttons** Pages 226–227: Louis Vuitton cotton and silk bayadere striped tie-collar blouse, Louis Vuitton, NYC and Beverly Hills; 800-847-2956. Giorgio Armani Classico silk skirt, Giorgio Armani, NYC; 212-988-9191. Manolo Blahnik pumps, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. Page 228: Burberry trench, about \$695, Burberry stores nationwide. Jil Sander cotton shirt, about \$405, and skirt, about \$615. Shirt at Jil Sander stores nationwide. Skirt at Jil Sander, Chicago and San Francisco; Louis Boston; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Manolo Blahnik pumps, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. Page 229: Calvin Klein cotton and polyester belted shirtdress, Calvin Klein, NYC; select Bloomingdale's stores; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Page 230: Prada stretch cotton poplin mini shirtdress, and scarf, Prada, NYC and Bal Harbour, FL. Manolo Blahnik pumps, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. Page 231: Bottega Veneta cotton poplin shirt, and tropical wool skirt, select Bottega Veneta boutiques; 877-362-1715; www.bottegabeneta.com. Pages 232–233: Michael Kors sunglove leather dress, about \$3295, select Dillard's stores; Ultimo, Dallas. Pages 234–235: Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche suede shirtdress, Yves Saint Laurent, NYC; select Dayton's; select Marshall Field's stores. Calvin Klein Underwear bra and panty, Bloomingdale's nationwide; Macy's East & West. Page 236: Ralph Lauren Collection silk taffeta shirtdress, Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; select Saks Fifth Avenue; select Polo Ralph Lauren stores. Page 237: Marc Jacobs stretch cotton poplin sunburst blouse, cotton and silk skirt, and belt, about \$85. Blouse at Marc Jacobs, NYC; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Jimmy's, Brooklyn. Skirt at Marc Jacobs, NYC; Fred Segal Melrose, Los Angeles. Belt at Jimmy's, Brooklyn; select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Fierce Frames** Page 250: Histoire de Voir leather sunglasses, Selima Optique, NYC. Selima Optique camouflage sunglasses, Selima, Los Angeles; Bond 07 by Selima, NYC. Oliver Peoples frameless sunglasses, Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills; Oliver Peoples, NYC and Los Angeles. Dita tortoise-colored sunglasses, Fred Segal Melrose, Los Angeles. Proksch's silver sunglasses, Robert Marc Opticians, NYC; 212-319-2000. Malini and Sulaika python bag with lambskin strap, about \$350, Scoop, NYC; Barneys New York, NYC. \*\*Retail prices are approximate and may vary in different regions of the country. ■

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## BLOCKBUSTER VIDEOS (continued from page 208)

And that goes for art as well; as Barbara Gladstone, who represents such notable video artists as Vito Acconci and Matthew Barney, points out, "If you look at the leaders of that industry, they're very conservative. I mean, Bill Gates is buying Leonardo da Vinci." The Kramlichs have embraced technology and media as the language, not just the lucre, of the time.

"It always surprises me when people say it's so hard to understand this work," says Pam Kramlich. "If our society were destroyed, and if this work were preserved in a time capsule, I think that people years from now would really get a sense, say, from *Tiananmen Square* or the Stan Douglas pieces of how we were living in this era."

David Ross, the former director of the Whitney Museum of American Art and now the executive director of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, remembers taking Andy Grove, the CEO of Intel, through a Bill Viola exhibit at the Whitney. And while Grove was impressed with the show, Ross recalls, he still wanted to know, as he paused in front of *The Greeting*, who would collect this kind of crazy stuff.

"A friend of yours, actually," Ross told him. "Dick Kramlich owns this piece."

Shortly thereafter, Ross received the good news that Intel would underwrite the Whitney's sweeping "The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000" exhibit (which included Viola's 1997 *The Tree of Knowledge*). Says Ross, "There isn't a day that goes by that I don't thank God for Bill Viola, and for Dick and Pam Kramlich." ■

## WHO WANTS TO MARRY A MULTIMILLIONAIRE? (continued from page 213)

"Like, you know," she says, "the ones who do buy Ferraris and Lotuses buy them not because they're trying to be flashy but because they have a sincere appreciation for the beauty of the product—because, you know, they've made beautiful products."

Marino's party has grown a little louder, a little drunker—a little better—and the exchanging of business cards continues. A certain red-mouthed blonde at the end of the bar appears to have collected several.

"Oh, she probably works in the industry," says Marino.

*The Gold Diggers of Silicon Valley*. It sounds good—sort of like *Valley of the Dolls*, plus some e-mailing of suicide notes and insider stock tips. Or maybe it's the next Shannen Doherty vehicle on the WB: Small-town girl gets a whiff of all the money being made in the high-tech industry—"They call them I.P.O.'s, Daddy"—and decides to board the next bus to the Bay Area, aiming to catch herself an Internet CEO kinda man. "Mama, that Bill Gates is the richest man on this planet, and his wife ain't even as purty as me!"

But do such women really exist? At another industry ►

party that same night, at Bimbo's 365 Club, it's hard to tell.

"Oh, they do, they're just sneaky about it," sniffs Jeannie Hoffman, who's working the door at a party for Beatnik, another Audio Alley firm. "Like, I have a friend who was a big cheese at Apple and used to have a lot of articles written about him, and he said it really bothered him to know there were women who'd done Internet searches to see how much he was worth. He says he doesn't trust any women out here."

Hoffman confesses she herself has never dated a millionaire, or even an M.O.P. "I wouldn't rule it out," she says carefully. "Frankly I don't see anything wrong with it. What's bad about wanting security?" she asks.

Tifani and Janine—no last names, please—are sitting in the audience of Bimbo's 365 Club waiting for Smash Mouth to go on. They look as if they're waiting for something else, too; but it's not clear what it is. They just have that look.

"In San Francisco, they have a lot of benefits, what I call how-to-meet-a-rich-husband parties," Janine is explaining. "But it's not exclusively Internet people there. A lot of those Internet guys are making shitloads of money, but they've gone against the corporate culture and don't have to wear a suit and tie, so you don't always know who they are."

Tifani and Janine don't look like gold diggers, exactly, but they seem to be trying to look fashionable, with their Jennifer Aniston dos, circa '96—as opposed to most of the women here, who look as if they just came back from a camping trip.

"There are absolutely gold diggers," says Janine. "There's gold, isn't there? And where there's gold, there's digging."

Smash Mouth comes on. They're a favorite area band, and no wonder; the band members look nerdy, but they're at least sort of cool, like nerds who became rock stars.

"Jump! Jump! Jump!" they sing.

The M.O.P.'s flop around the dance floor, glasses tilting, ponytails flying. Did the swim really come back in?

"Make some noise, you motherf---ers," Steve Harwell, the lead singer, snarls into the mike, annoyed. "I didn't fly in for this shit for nothing!"

After a moment, Tifani looks over at Janine. "Thing is," she says flatly, "what if you dated one of these guys, even married him, and his company didn't make it?"

Industry parties are just one way the singles of Silicon Valley meet and greet; when all else fails, there's the more tried-and-true method of barhopping. There are favored spots, from Momo's in South Beach to the XYZ bar in the W Hotel to Gordon's House of Fine Eats and the Potrero Brewery.

At Tosca Cafe, an old-fashioned Italian joint with high ceilings on Broadway, the crowd looks like an Ivy League keg party—pink faces and crew cuts above crewneck sweaters from Abercrombie & Fitch. When the scent of money wafted east, the westward march of the M.B.A.'s began. If there's gold-digging, it appears not to be restricted to only the marriage minded.

Among the bright faces here tonight is Gayle LeDoux, another beautiful woman who works in PR. She looks 26, though she's actually 35, like Felicity's big sister but with a cascade of dark hair. In keeping with the local style, she's low-key, in a straight gray skirt and sweater set. She's an account director for the GCI Group, which has up-and-coming clients like Netcentives and RealNames.

And of course, she knows Susie Marino.

"Everybody knows Susie," LeDoux says with a smile. Like Susie, she has dated not just an M.O.P., but a bona fide, gone-public millionaire. Also like Susie, she says money had nothing to do with it.

"Sure, it crossed my mind that life would be different if I married a millionaire," says LeDoux. "But if you want to know the truth, money was why we broke up."

"Since I'm not worth millions of dollars, even on paper," she says a bit ruefully, "I had to go to work every morning, while he could just stay out late every night and go to raves or do whatever he wanted. He was between cashing in and creating his next start-up." She rolls her eyes. "He was always talking about things like buying an old firehouse and fixing it up, and I was like, Hmmm, these are not my concerns."

LeDoux's out tonight with a friend—just a friend—who happens to be an M.O.P. himself. He's Paxton Cooper, 26, director, product marketing for Netcentives.

Cooper dates another woman who works in PR. "I started paying attention to her when we were at Internet World," he says, referring to the international computer trade show. He smiles. "We were doing booth duty together."

"I had a boyfriend who was a millionaire, but Susie and her friends drove him away," complains Christine Gasparec. We're at mc<sup>2</sup>, a minimalistic North Beach restaurant. She's kidding, sort of; but she is talking about Susie Marino.

"Well, he was only a millionaire on paper back then, and that's not why I dated him, anyway," Gasparec says. She's pretty and dark haired, in a black sweater and miniskirt—oh, and she also works in PR. "We went on this ski weekend with a bunch of people, and Susie was joking about porn the whole time. I mean, it was a joke. But he was a little uptight—a Stanford business school grad—and he decided my friends were just way too different than what he was looking for and felt he didn't fit in with my crowd."

The rest of the people at the dinner party laugh.

"But my point is, when he made \$20 million, I did not call him to get back together!" Gasparec says. "As others have done. I mean, I know somebody who called the guy to get back together after he cashed in—and he totally went for it!"

We're with Gasparec and Jeff Bonforte, the CEO of i-drive.com, a start-up that deals with computer-file storage. Bonforte's an M.O.P., worth \$10 million—"and that's for just one year of work!" he crows. He's 27.

"I don't mind the idea of gold diggers," Bonforte says, stabbing a bite of a rabbit entree. "If that's what they want to go after, more power to 'em." He's unusually cute for this industry, and also drives a BMW motorcycle, but still he says, "I get almost no action. I work all the time."

"Obviously a lot of men don't care if a woman's a gold digger," Gasparec clucks. "I'm thinking of a certain V.C."—that is, venture capitalist—"who whenever you see him has some really young babe on his arm. At one party, I tried to talk to one of them, and she had just zero brain. And he's totally okay with that. At industry parties these girls show up in low-cut dresses, and they just look so out of place."

"What parties?" Bonforte asks, then adds conscientiously, "I, uh, have a girlfriend in Cincinnati."

"I meet no girls," he repeats, "except the ones who come in to interview for jobs, and you can't date them. I even went

to one of those dating-service parties, but it was just a whole bunch of nerds and these five skeezers, and I was like, Whoooah, and we were outta there!"

A couple of days later, Susie Marino is talking again about the superiority of "e-guys" over common cads. "When these high-tech guys end up pursuing you, it's always sort of genteel in a way," she says dreamily, over a latte in South Park—not the location of the cartoon. It's the neighborhood in south San Francisco where a wave of Internet companies have recently set up offices. Marino & Associates is also here. Lots of singles manage to get out at lunchtime and find reasons to exchange cards.

"E-guys take your card," Marino says, "then they ask you to lunch based on some common interest or business matter, and then they take that opportunity to ask you out. It's not like at the Mondrian Hotel or Chateau Marmont, where someone'll come up to you and be like"—gruff voice—"Hey baby, let's go to my room and smoke some pot!" Or, "Take off your shoe and I'll give you a foot rub right here!"

"No, they e-mail you, and it's all very romantic." Today Marino looks romantic, in a multicolored quilted sweater with lace sleeves. She seems to be trying to convince herself of something. "A lot of courtship takes place on e-mail. I think a lot of guys don't understand how much that means to a woman, a letter," says Marino.

She smiles. "The good thing about the high-tech guys is they sort of take you seriously and want to get to know you. They call when they say they'll call and show up when they say they will. They're stable—they're not eating Cheerios and drinking beers on the street corner, so you don't have to worry about their stability even if the 'paper' doesn't work out.

"Most men," she says, now almost sadly, "are, I think, cut from basically the same cloth—but the e-guys are cut from a slightly straighter one. And then there are the guys who are ripped and torn."

And yet it was one of these latter guys, she says, whom she once fell for, and who eventually broke her heart. Not a millionaire, or even an M.O.P., but a guy who had no money at all. A guy who made her feel that money didn't matter. The kind of thing a gold digger could never plan for.

And especially a woman like Susie Marino could never plan for. "What are you gonna do?" she asks, finishing up her latte. It's time, as always, to go back to work. ■

## BABY GIFT (continued from page 225)

toddlers running on the beach, babies in front of Christmas trees, babies with chocolate smeared on their faces.

Dotti Voltaire, a 32-year-old with Egg Donation, Inc., has donated her eggs four times and is about to embark on her fifth cycle. She has two children of her own and works as the administrative director at a clinical AIDS research center in Los Angeles. In addition to donating eggs, she gives blood regularly and has even donated bone marrow—twice—to people she doesn't know. It was after Voltaire's four-year-old sister died of retinal cancer, in 1990, that she began donating everything of herself that she could. "I felt like it was the least I could do," she says. "I couldn't donate a million dollars to build a new facility, so I thought at least I could donate blood and bone marrow. I

think that's what became the basis of the egg donation."

Of the four couples to whom Voltaire has donated, three have gotten pregnant. "With the couple that didn't, I was so devastated I offered to do it again for free," says Voltaire, whose empathy stemmed partly from her own seven miscarriages. "That really affected me, just like I was ecstatic when I found out the others were pregnant."

Unlike Vazquez, Voltaire has insisted on meeting all the couples she helps. "I would never in a million years donate some part of me to a couple that I didn't know," she says. "I understand from the couple's point of view why they might prefer anonymous donation. They don't want to take the risk of the donor trying to find them or doing something crazy, and, admittedly, there are crazy people out there. But I don't think it's good for either of us not to know the other. I always tell them that all I want to know is if they get pregnant or not and if it's a boy or a girl. They don't have to tell me the child's name or send pictures or write to me. I just want to know if it works."

Nadine Scott (not her real name), a 21-year-old college student who is about to begin injections for her first donation, was also overcome by an urge to give, and, like Voltaire, the urge was sparked by the death of a loved one—her fiancé, who was killed in a fight three years ago. "I'd been studying photography, but then I started thinking about becoming a nurse," she says. "I also started participating in AIDS walks, volunteering in food kitchens, doing whatever I could to help people."

Scott, who lives with three other students in a sparsely furnished apartment near Los Angeles International Airport, plans to go to nursing school after college. A native Southern Californian, she is tall and willowy and appears to have the good genes potential egg recipients look for: not a lot of cancer in family, no alcoholism, no mental illness. After doing some Internet research about egg donation, Scott filled out an application with a small California agency called Surrogate Parenting Consultants. Almost immediately, she was told there was interest in her profile, from a gay male couple in Los Angeles who had been trying for nine years to have a child through surrogates and egg donors, who had racked up a bill of nearly \$40,000 in the process.

"They want me to be as involved as I want to be," Scott says. "Genetically, I'll be the mother, but I think my role will be more like Auntie Nadine. The surrogate has also become a great friend of theirs. It really makes you think about the concept of babies coming from 'making love.' Here it's about love between strangers, between people of the earth."

As California continues to hammer out the logistics of this latest medical marvel, the rest of the country will be forced to follow suit. Like so much else in California—a place where state-of-the-art special effects can, in the blink of an eye, come to seem merely ordinary—having babies with someone else's eggs won't maintain its shock value for long. Then it will be safe for everyone else to join in.

Dotti Voltaire carries pictures in her wallet—a few of her own kids, one of her friend's daughter, and one of a blonde baby girl she's never met. This is the product of her third egg donation. "Someone asked me whose baby this was, and I said, 'That's a friend of mine's baby,'" says Voltaire. "And that's exactly how I felt, that this couple are great friends of mine, and that's their baby." ■