

THE  
MOST  
BEAUTIFUL

MY LIFE WITH PRINCE

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MAYTE GARCIA

“Princess” Mayte, age 7, in the *That’s Incredible* days.



My business card from my professional bellydancing days in Europe—I attached this card to the tapes I sent backstage to Prince.







Me as a young ballerina, shortly after I met Prince — this was the sort of photo I'd send him during the “pen pal” stage of our relationship.

One of Prince's typical letters to me, in his lovely script (and unique spelling).

MAYTE!

What a kickin' tape!  
Ballet is cool, but when u dance like that.. SISONK!! Thank u.  Keep all your tapes in a little secret section in my house. Only ~~u~~ know where they are.

Believe it not, Lisa thought u were 2 pretty 4 the part in the video. The girl she picked is tall and strange-looking with short hair. Such is life. But ~~we~~ in sure we'll work 2 gether on somethin'.  miss u 2 & hope 2





1992, outside Paisley Park. My dad finally came to visit me in Minneapolis after the Japan Australia tour, to make sure things were good. I was embarrassed and upset with him at the time, because I knew Prince was quite protective about cameras in his home, but now I'm happy he took it.

In Cairo with Rande St. Nicholas in 1991—I didn't know how much my life was about to change.



This was one of the first times he appeared with me publicly—I was shocked he invited me to this public event with him.





That's my outfit he's wearing—one of many he “borrowed” from me and made his own. I had bought it in New York, and it disappeared soon after I put it in my closet.

He had this photo of me framed and next to his sink.





The wardrobe designer for the tour would take a Polaroid of me in my costume, to show Prince for approval. I smiled because I knew he'd see it, but my smile also said if I liked the costume or not. On very rare occasions, I would not smile.





Just goofin' around in one of my pregnancy sweaters—yet another thing he swiped from my closet.



He would tease me into laughter during a photo shoot, and then get serious in seconds. We hadn't yet become intimate during this shoot, but you can see the chemistry between us.





He was ticked off during this shoot; his bags had been lost, and he was forced to wear black pants with orange striped shoes—not the outfit he'd planned on. They promised to airbrush his shoes to match his pants, but as you can see they didn't. Afterward he told me, "Now you know why I'm so picky about getting photo approval."

The famous V-shaped bangs that caused a thousand girls to reach for their scissors. He has "South Bitch" written on his cheek (we were in Miami).



Our wedding program.

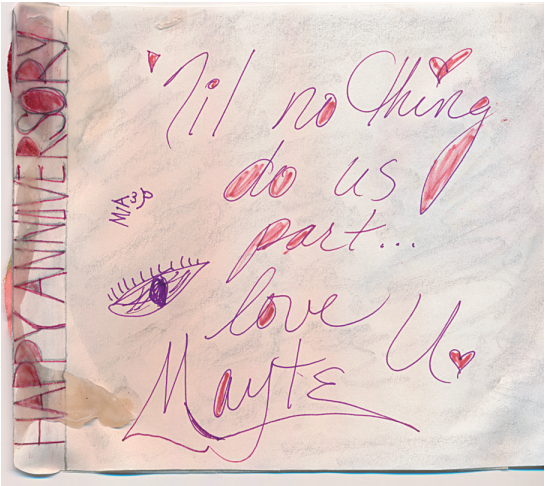
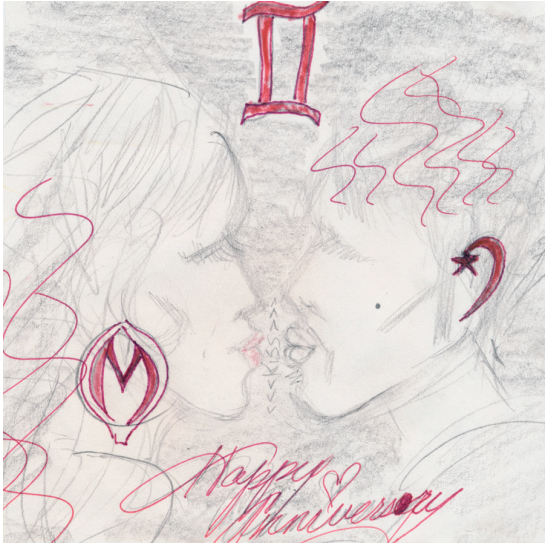


Me and my dad on my wedding day. This picture was taken right before it was time to put on my wedding dress. Prince had just arrived, and my dad and I were both happy and relieved.





The CD he made for me on our first anniversary, with his hand-drawn illustrations.







The day we got Mia.

My mother took this Polaroid of me and our new dog. I sent it to Prince, and he said next time he wanted to go roller-skating with me.



My husband decided he wanted to announce our pregnancy to the world in his typical dramatic style.

This is the only photo I have left of my pregnancy showing my belly—a Polaroid taken in our backyard. I cherish this image.



December 1996—our son would have been two months old. I had lost the weight, and I looked OK from the outside, but I was dying inside.





Our last public outing together in Paris. I was so upset, but he was wearing my necklace (bearing my zodiac sign), which gave me a little hope.





This shot was taken by Steve Parke at our house in Spain for *Vogue*. This was the last time my husband visited our house, the same trip that he tried to get me to sign an annulment of our marriage.

I took this “selfie” of us during that same Steve Parke *Vogue* shoot. You can see the distance between us.



Then, Prince (behind the camera) turned the lens on me himself. All I can think when I see this picture is how sad I look.





The gates of Paisley Park  
when Prince died.







Doing the tribute concert in Minneapolis in June 2016 was one of the most difficult nights of my life—but also cathartic. So many of the important people in his life came together to celebrate his extraordinary life. I was honored to be there.





Me and Gia—my light, my everything.



## photo credits

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