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RUDY MAXA'S DIARY

Bush Family Favorite Peter Max Hits the Road ... The KGB Snoops ... Bill Colby Explains

If a boxing champ can't keep the pounds off, what hope is there for the rest of us? **Sugar Ray Leonard** wanted to lose his "love handles," so he slipped into Sibley Hospital in May for a little liposuction, courtesy of a Montgomery County plastic surgeon, **Dr. Jorge Reisin**.

That's artist **Peter Max** rejoicing before a painting he completed recently on the front lawn of the White House. One of the First Family's favorite artists was in the Soviet Union last month to

unveil a 25-year retrospective—including this canvas of Old Glory—that drove the Soviets wild.

On opening night the line stretched around the block outside the huge Central Exhibition Hall of the Hermitage museum. When the doors opened, police struggled to control a crowd eager to see Max's exuberant work, celebrating such Western icons as the Beatles and the Statue of Liberty.

The Max organization invited me over for the opening, which boasted some of the hoopla of a rock tour, complete with a crew from music-video channel VH-1, with former Herman's Hermits star **Peter Noone** as host. There were even groupies, of a fashion—wealthy collectors from Japan and the United States invited by Max's American dealer, **Scott Hanson**.

In Leningrad, maybe soon again to be St. Petersburg, the bad old days of the KGB aren't quite over, as I found out at my hotel on a barge, the Olympia. Once a floating dormitory for offshore oil workers, the barge was converted by the Swedish hotel chain Reso into a hotel, luxurious by Soviet standards. After checking in, I took a four-hour walk around Leningrad and returned to find that my room had been thoroughly searched. *Not* missing were about \$1,000 in cash, bottles of Scotch, and cartons of Marlboros—brought as "gifts for natives," as *National Geographic* expense-account forms used to say.

Missing were a stack of Ameri-

can magazines, a John Le Carré novel, my calendar, a guidebook, and two pieces of scrap paper on which were written the names of Soviets in Leningrad and Moscow whom friends had suggested I call.

The disappearance of the last item convinced an American diplomat and a Soviet journalist with whom I spoke that the internal-security boys had paid a visit.

I was flattered that anyone cared. But I'd appreciate the return of my daybook. Or at least the KGB could call to remind me of upcoming luncheon dates.

What luck! Two days later I boarded Japan Air Lines to try out the new nonstop from Dulles to Tokyo (it's boffo), and my fellow travelers turned out to be former CIA director William Colby and his wife, the former American ambassador to Barbados, Sally Shelton.

While two JAL sushi chefs labored in the front of the 747, I asked Colby why the Leningrad snoops hadn't taken my cash.

"Probably because there were two of them," said Colby. He suggested I write the Soviet Embassy to request the return of my calendar.

Colby had his own special memory of the Soviet Union. He first visited there last year. On a December night, as a light snow fell, Colby took a solitary walk in Moscow. He saw the bare food

shelves of a department store and then headed toward Red Square, dramatically lit against the black sky. For 40 years these people have been our enemy, thought Colby. Ten years ago he couldn't have roamed Moscow. As he gazed at the city's imposing domes, the retired spymaster considered his walk a personal victory parade.

The Colbys have been married for nearly seven years. He's 71, she's 47. His children from his first marriage, Sally Shelton says, have not accepted his second marriage gracefully.

"There's a societal bias against second marriages," says Shelton. "The second wife is not a real wife. It goes back to fairy tales—stepmothers are evil. When children are younger, they look at the second wife as an authority figure. When they're adults, they speak their mind."

Shelton says that relations between her and her new husband's adult children have on occasion been less than civil. Which has led Shelton, an economic adviser to companies that do business in Latin America, to begin work on a book about second marriages that involve adult children.

Shelton thinks it'll be a hot topic in an era when Americans are living longer than ever before. Most second marriages end in divorce, and Shelton says the biggest problem is adult children. L