Death of a Playmate

Dorothy Stratten was the focus of the dreams and ambitions of three men. One killed her.

BY TERESA CARPENTER

It is shortly past four in the afternoon and Hugh Hefner glides wordlessly into the library of his Playboy Mansion West. He is wearing pajamas and looking somber in green silk. The incongruous spectacle of a sybarite in mourning. To date, his public profession of grief has been contained in a press release: “The death of Dorothy Stratten comes as a shock to all. . . . As Playboy’s Playmate of the Year with a film and television career of increasing importance, her professional future was a bright one. But equally sad to us is the fact that her loss takes from all a very special member of the Playboy family."

That’s all. A dispassionate eulogy from which one might conclude that Miss Stratten died in her sleep of pneumonia. One, certainly, which masked the turmoil her death created within the Organization. During the morning hours after Stratten was found nude in a West, Los Angeles (Continued on page 12).
Death of a PLAYMATE

In the end, Dorothy Stratten may be less memorable for herself than for the yearnings she evoked: In Snider, his lust for the score; in Hefner, his longing for the star; in Bogdanovich, his desire for the eternal ingenue.

By Teresa Carpenter

(Continued from page one)

en's application for a casino license in Atlantic City. But beyond that, Dorothy Stratten was a corporate treasure. She was not just any playmate but the "Eighties' first Playmate of the Year" who, as Playboy trumpeted in June, was on her way to becoming "one of the few emerging film goddesses of the new decade."

She gave rise to extravaganzas with comebacks by Marilyn Monroe, although unlike Monroe, she was no cripple. She was delighted with her success and wanted more of it. Far from being brutalized by Hollywood, she was coddled by it. Her screen roles were all minor ones. A fleeting walk on as a bunny in Americanin a small running part as a roller nymph in Skatetown U.S.A. She played the most perfect woman in the universe in an episode of Buck Rogers in the 25th Century and the most perfect robot in the galaxy in a B-grade spoof called Galaxane. She was surely more successful in a shorter period of time than any other playmate in the history of the empire. "Playboy has not really had a star," says Stratten's erstwhile editor David Wilder. "They thought she was going to be the biggest thing they ever had."

"No wonder Hefner grieves," said one of the guests at her wake, pointing out that Snider was the only man who really knew her. "I'm... that we're both sittin' here," says Hefner, "that I wanted to talk about it, is because there is still a great need. To keep the crash from falling into the classic cliche of small-town girl comes to Hollywood, plays at Hollywood, life in the fast lane, and that somehow was related to her death. And that is not what really happened. A very sick guy saw her meal ticket and his connection to power, whatever, etc., slipping away. And it was that that made him kill her."

"The very sick guy" is Paul Snider, Dorothy Stratten's husband, the man who became her mentor. He is the one who plucked her from a David Queen in Vancouver, British Columbia, and pushed her into the path of Playboy during the Great Playmate Hunt in 1978. Later, as she moved out of his class, he became a millstone, and Stratten's prickliest problem was not coping with celebrity but discarding a husband she had outgrown. When Paul Snider balked at being discarded, he became his nemesis. And on August 14 of this year he apparently took her life and his own with a 12-gauge shotgun.

The Pimp

I t is not so difficult to see why Snider became an embarrassment. Since the murder he has been excommunicated by Hefner and others as a cheap hustler, but such moral indignation is always a little false in Hollywood. Snider's main sin was that he lacked scope.

Snider grew up in Vancouver's East End, a tough area of the city steeped in machismo. His parents split up when he was a boy and he had to fend for himself from the time he quit school in the seventh grade. Embarrassed by being skinny, he took up body building in his late teens and within a year had bulked up. His dark hair and mustache were groomed impeccably and women on the nightclub circuit found him attractive. The two things it seemed he could never get enough of were women and money. For a time he was the successful promoter of automobile and cycle shows at the Pacific National Exhibition. But legitimate enterprises didn't bring him enough to support his expensive tastes and he took to procuring. He wore mink, drove a black Corvette, and flaunted a bejeweled Star of David around his neck. About town he was known as the Jewish Pimp.

Among the heavy gang in Vancouver, the Rounder Crowd, Paul Snider was regarded with scorn. A punk who always seemed to be missing the big score. "He never touched the drug trade," said one Rounder who knew him then. "No body trusted him that much and he was scared to death of drugs. He finally lost a lot of money to loan sharks and the Rounder Crowd hung him by his ankles from the 30th floor of a hotel. He had to leave town.

Snider split for Los Angeles where he acquired a gold limousine and worked his girls on the fringes of Beverly Hills. He was enamored of Hollywood's dated appeal and styled his girls to conform with a 1950s notion of glamour. At various times he courted the idea of becoming a star, or perhaps even a director or a producer. He tried to pry his way into powerful circles, but without much success. At length he gave up pimping because the girls weren't bringing him enough income—one had stolen some items and had in fact cost him money—and when he returned to Vancouver some time in 1977 Snider resolved to keep straight. For one thing, he was terrified of going to jail. He would kill himself, he once told a girl, before he would go to jail.

But Paul Snider never lost the appraising eye of a pimp. One night early in 1978 a friend dropped him into an East Vancouver Dairy Queen and there he first took notice of Dorothy Ruth Hogeveen filling orders behind the counter. She was very tall with the natural looks of a girl, but she moved like a mature woman. Snider turned to his friend and observed, "That girl could make me a lot of money."

"I get Dorothy's number from another waitress and called her at home. She was 18. Later when she recalled their meeting Dorothy would claim amused exasperation at Paul's overtures. He was brush, lacking in confidence, and altogether in finesse. But he appealed to her, probably because he was older by nine years and streetwise. He offered to take her to charge of her and that was nice. He fathered, a Dutch immigrant, had left the family when she was very young. Dorothy bought her clothes. He gave her a top ring set and diamonds. She could escape to his place, to his apartment with skylights, plants, and deep bouquet furniture. He would buy wine and cook dinner. Afterwards she'd fix hot toddies and play the guitar for her. In public he was an oxymoron: brave-Jewish boy, but could be a vulnerable, crumbling Jewish boy.

Paul Snider knew the gaping vanity of a young girl. He played her on and it was all he had. Dorothy had only one boy friend. She thought of herself as "plain with big hands." At 16, her breasts swelled into globes, and she never really knew what to do about them. She was a sly, comedically untagged woman. She was social, quiet, and had high aspirations other than landing a secretarial job. When Paul told her she was beautiful, she unfolded in the glow of his comments and was infected by his ambitions. She

Paul Snider probably never worked Dorothy as a prostitute. But if she was, as one observer put it, "class merchandise" that could be groomed to better advantage. Hef had tried to promote other playmates without success. Paul was the exception in 1974, but without success. He had often secured recycled playmates or bunnies to take his auto shows and had never been burnt out on sex and cocaine, languishing..."
because of poor management. Snider dealt gingerly with Dorothy's inexperience and broke her in gradually. After escorting her to her graduation dance—he bought her a ruffled white gown for the occasion—he took her to a German photographer named Uwe Meyer for her first professional portrait. She looked like a flirtatious virgin.

About a month later, Snider called Meyer again, this time to do a nude shooting at Snider's apartment. Meyer arrived with a hairdresser to find Dorothy a little nervous. She clung, as she later recalled, to a scarf or a blouson to show modesty, but she fell quickly into playful poses. She was perfectly pliant.

"She was eager to please," recalls Meyer. "I hesitated to rearrange her breasts that might upset her, but she said, 'Do whatever you like.'" Meyer hoped to get the $1000 finder's fee that Playboy routinely pays photographers who discover playmates along the byways and backwaters of the continent. But Snider, covering all bets, took Dorothy to another photographer named Ken Honey who had an established track-record with Playboy. Honey had at first declined to shoot Dorothy because she was underage and needed a parent's signature on a release. Dorothy, who was reluctant to tell anyone at home about the nude posing, finally broke the news to her mother and persuaded her to sign. Honey sent his set of shots to Los Angeles and was sent a finder's fee. In August 1978, Dorothy flew to Los Angeles for test shots. It was the first time she had ever been on a plane.

Even to the most cynical sensibilities, there is something miraculous about the way Hollywood took to Dorothy Hoogstraten. In a city overpopulated with beautiful women—most of whom were bored and disillusioned by 25—Dorothy caught some current fortune and flouted steadily upward through the sphere of that indifferent paradise. Her test shots were superb, placing her among the 16 top contenders for the 25th Anniversary Playmate. And although she lost out to Candy Loving, she was named Playmate of the Month for August 1979.

As soon as he learned of her selection, Paul Snider, by Hefner's account at least, flew to Los Angeles and proposed. They did not marry right away but set housekeeping in a modest apartment in West Los Angeles. It was part of Snider's grand plan that Dorothy should support them both. She was, however, an alien and had no green card. Later, when it appeared her fortunes were on the rise during the fall of 1979, Hefner would personally intervene to secure her a temporary work permit. In the meantime, she was given a job as bunny at the Century City Playboy Club. The organization took care of her. It recognized a good thing. While other playmates required cosmetic surgery on breasts or scars, Stratten was nearly perfect. There was a pair of pillow-soft breasts on her shoulders and she had long, straight hair. And the once siren 'Hooogstraten' became 'Stratten.'

Playboy photographers had been so impressed by her beauty that a company executive called agent David Wilder of Barr-Wilder Associates. Wilder, who directed the film careers of other playmates, agreed to meet Dorothy for coffee.

"A quality like Dorothy Stratten's comes by once in a lifetime," says Wilder with the solemn exaggeration that comes naturally after a tragedy. "She was exactly what this town looks for, a beautiful girl who could act."

More to the point she had at least one trait to meet any need. When Lorimar Productions saw a "playmate type" for a bit role in America, Wilder sent Dorothy. When Columbia wanted a beauty who could skate for Skatedroom Wilder sent Dorothy, who could skate like an ace.

A happy skill in Hollywood. When the producers of Buck Rogers and later Galactica asked simply for a woman who was so statuesque that no one could overrule her, Dorothy was sent Dorothy. And once Dorothy got the part, it seemed that no one could resist her.

During the spring of 1979, Dorothy was busy modeling or filming. One photographer recalls, "She was green, but took instruction well." From time to time, however, she would have difficulty composing herself on the set. She asked a doctor for a prescription of Valium. It was the adjustment, she explained, and the growing hassles with Paul.

Since coming to L.A., Stratten had been into some deals of his own, most of them legal but sleazy. He had promoted exotic male dancers at a local disco, a wet underwear contest and Santa Monica, and wet T-shirt contests in the San Fernando Valley. But his chief hopes rested with Dorothy. He reminded her constantly that the two of them had what he called a "lifetime bargain" and he pressed her to marry him. Dorothy was torn by indecision. Friends tried to dissuade her from marrying, saying it could hold back her career, but she replied, "He cares for me so much. He's always there when I need him. I can't ever imagine myself being with any other man but Paul."

They were married in Las Vegas on June 1, 1979, and the following month Dorothy returned to Canada for a promotional tour of the provinces. Paul did not go with her because Playboy wanted the marriage keep secret. In Vancouver, Dorothy was greeted as a minor celebrity. The local press, a little cautious but mainly cowed, questioned her obliquely about exploitation. "I see the pictures as nude, like nude paintings," she said. "They are not made for people to fantasize about." Her family and Paul's family visited her hotel, highly pleased with her success. Her first film was about to be released. The August issue was already on the stands featuring her as a pouting nymph who wrote poetry. (A few budding laments were even reprinted.) And she was going to star in a new Canadian film by North American Pictures called Autumn Born.

Since the murder, not much has been made of this film, probably because it contained unpleasant overtones of bondage. Dorothy played the lead, a 17-year-old rich orphan who is kidnapped and abused by her uncle. Dorothy was excited about the role, although she conceded to a Canadian reporter, "a lot of it is watching this girl get beat up."

A Goddess for the '80s

While Dorothy was being pummeled on the set of Autumn Born, Snider busied himself apartment hunting. They were due for a rent raise and were looking to share a place with a doctor friend, a young internist who patronized the Century City Playboy Club. Paul found a two-story Spanish style stucco house near the Santa Monica Freeway in West L.A. There was a living room upstairs as well as a bedroom which the doctor claimed. Paul and Dorothy moved into the second bedroom downstairs at the back of the house. Since the doctor spent many nights with his girlfriend, the Sniders had the house much to themselves.

Paul had a growing obsession with Dorothy's destiny. It was, of course, his own.
receive. He would not let her smoke. He monitored her drinking, which was moderate at any rate. He would have allowed her a little marijuana and cocaine to help her with his supervision, but she showed no interest in drugs, save Valium. Mainly he warned her to be wary of the men she met at the Mansion, men who would promise her things, then use her up. Snider taught her how to finesse a come-on. How to turn a guy down without putting him off. Most important, he discussed with her who she might actually have to sleep with. Hefner of course, was at the top of the list.

Did Hefner sleep with Dorothy Stratton? Mansion gossips who have provided graphic narratives of Hefner's encounter with various Honeymooners cannot seem to document a tryst with Dorothy. According to the bizarre code of the Life—sexuality social circle at the Mansion, it is a strictly a private thing. It never hurts a career, but Hefner, with so much sex at his disposal, never considered it unseemly to apply pressure.

Of Stratton, Hefner says, "There was a friendship between us. It wasn't romantic."

In her book, Hefner likes to think of himself as a "father figure" to Stratton who, when she decided to enter the Honeymooners, was of little interest to her personally. "She knew I had serious reservations about [Snider]," says Hefner. "I had sufficient reason to warn her."

"He had checked in terms of a possible police record in Canada.... We didn't get side of her husband's nature—his itch for the big score. Hefner simply had more class.

Dorothy's possibilities were made manifest to him during The Playboy Roller Disco and Pajama Party taped at the Mansion late in October 1976. Dorothy had run a tad past and was tremendously appealing.

"Some people have that quality," says Hefner. "I mean.... there is something that comes from inside.... The camera comes so close that it almost looks beneath the surface and... that magic is there somehow in the eyes...."

After the special was aired on television in November, Dorothy's career accelerated rapidly. There was a rash of appearances on TV shows, with Stratton the sensation of the week. Around the first of December her Fantasy Island episode appeared. Later in the year, she appeared in a short film, The Wraith. But the big news of the season was that Hefner had chosen Dorothy Playmate of the year for 1980. Although her selection was announced in April, she began photo sessions with Play- boy photographer Mario Casilli before the year's end.

"Her look was altered markedly from that of the sultry minx in the August issue. As Playmate of the Year, her image was mellowed. She was once the consummate starlet, whoer she had been a more pouting, soft-focus shots. Stratton was given a burnished high

They All Laughed

The affair between Dorothy Stratton and Peter Bogdanovich was conducted in amazing secrecy. It was reported, but unconfirmed, that Bogdanovich had recently assumed the role of Dorothy's manager, a semblance to the director's affair with Cybill Shepherd, an escapade which advertised itself in few columns. Bogdanovich, doubtless, did not fancy the publicity that might result from a love affair with Playmate of the Year. It happened, however, to a less privileged starlet, that being rustled when she saw them. She didn't have many lines. She just looked so good.

The gossip columns report that Dorothy and Bogdanovich were married in a quiet ceremony on the beach at Malibu. She quit her job and moved to the Burbs. He put her on the plane in brash good spirits, then went home to sulk at being left behind.

Dorothy has had hair that she had a 'pimp-like quality' about him.

Like many other Playboy husbands, Snider was at arm's length by the Playmate family. He was only rarely invited to the Mansion, which bothered him, as he would have liked more of an opportunity to cultivate Hefner. And Stratton, who was at the Mansion more frequently to party and role-play, was never actively involved in the life. Indeed, she spoke of the "whores" who serviced Hefner's stellar guests. Yet she moved into the circle of Stratton's close friends as the lavender Loree ingrates—clearly envied the platinum ideal of Jean Harlow. Stratton's apathetic retreat, it seems, was for extremes of innocence and eroticism. In one shot she was draped in black lace and nestled into a couch, buttocks raised and legs splayed. In another shot, she covered displayed her clad in a chaste little peasant gown, seated in a headlamp and angelically to one side. The dichotomy was an affirmation of her supposed sexual role. She was styled, appearing as the Comrade Goddess for the 80s.

By January 1980—the dawning of her designated decade—Dorothy Stratton was a decade old. A thickening phalanx of photographers, promoters, diennes, stars, and managers, Snider, sensing uneasiness in Stratton, moved to Playboy sources, Hefner's one time favorite Sandra Theodore went wooden once the camera started to roll.

Hefner's comment, says one Playboy employee, "because Hefner is regarded by Hollywood as an interloper. That was why Hefner was trying to promote Stratton."

There is something poignant about Hefner, master of an empire built on inanimate modes, but unable to connect those grotesque forms to life on film. His chief preoccupation nowadays is managing the playmates. Yet with all of those beautiful women, Hefner always goes to the bottom to Marion Davies to call his own. Dorothy exposed that yearning, that ego weakness, as surely as she revealed the most pathetic plumage. Her hair fell in the crimped Perm, her breasts were augmented, her translucent body was posed against scarlet velour reminiscence of the Monroe classic. One shot of Stratton displaying some of the effects that make her look like Lido starlet, lavender Loree ingrates—clearly envied the platinum ideal of Jean Harlow. Stratton's apathetic retreat, it seems, was for extremes of innocence and eroticism. In one shot she was draped in black lace and nestled into a couch, buttocks raised and legs splayed. In another shot, she covered displayed her clad in a chaste little peasant gown, seated in a headlamp and angelically to one side. The dichotomy was an affirmation of her supposed sexual role. She was styled, appearing as the Comrade Goddess for the 80s.

By January 1980—the dawning of her designated decade—Dorothy Stratton was a decade old. A thickening phalanx of photographers, promoters, diennes, stars, and managers, Snider, sensing uneasiness in Stratton, moved to Playboy sources, Hefner's one time favorite Sandra Theodore went wooden once the camera started to roll.

That proposed rendezvous woe Dorothy's Playboy traveling companion, Liz Norris. Paul was becoming intractable. Dorothy had agreed to meet Paul in San Francisco to talk. She would say, "I love you," and she wouldn't answer back. Finally, she began screaming at him, "Get the hell out of here!"

During a shooting break, she flew to Los Angeles for a flurry of appearances which included the Playboy event with the reception for The Last Tycoon and the Carson Show. Shortly thereafter, Dorothy left for a grand tour of Canada. She spent a week in Toronto, then on to Victoria. The trip was woe Dorothy. Her mother was remarrying and she was having a good time getting away from her troubles. Paul Snider, meanwhile, was on the East Coast where he detested a child in his life. He didn't want to talk. He wouldn't answer back. Finally, he began screaming at her, "Get the hell out of here!"

During a shooting break, she flew to Los Angeles for a flurry of appearances which included the Playboy event with the reception for The Last Tycoon and the Carson Show. Shortly thereafter, Dorothy left for a grand tour of Canada. She spent a week in Toronto, then on to Victoria. The trip was woe Dorothy. Her mother was remarrying and she was having a good time getting away from her troubles. Paul Snider, meanwhile, was on the East Coast where he detested a child in his life. He didn't want to talk. He wouldn't answer back. Finally, he began screaming at her, "Get the hell out of here!"

Dorothy had had headaches. She was eating very little. Her hair was falling out, her weight was dropping. She was working 12-hour days because Bogdanovich was pushing the project along at a breakneck pace. She didn't want to do it to herself, a mean-spirited, malevolent, loathsome, the cast by and large found him charming. He was particularly solicitous of Dorothy. And he had the money to pay her. And she had checked into the Wyndham, she moved into his suite at the Plaza. Her bodyguards, Joe Leek and Frank Stratton were involved but, because they were desperate, they allowed him to have her. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered.

She was rescued by the fire department, but she died in the hospital. Her bodyguards, Joe Leek and Frank Stratton were involved but, because they were desperate, they allowed him to have her. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered. She tried to put up a fight but was overpowered.
They All Cried

D
uring the anxious spring and early summer, Snider suspected, but could not verify, that his relationship with Dorothy was having an affair. So the filming of They All Laughed drew to a close in mid-July, he did what, in the context of his Hollywood life, he always did—entertaining his jealous husbands do. He hired a private eye, a 26-year-old freelance detective named Snider, who had been previously employed by Snider, who later claimed to be a friend of both Dorothy and Paul, in fact knew nothing of them. He was retained to investigate the activities of the identified third party. He will not say exactly what exactly his mission was, but a Canadian lawyer who was present when the investigation was launched said that Paul and Dorothy in Vancouver claims that Snider was seeking to determine a true relationship with Bogdanovich in order to sue for "entertainment management contract"—an agreement Snider believed inherent within their marriage. Snider, who had been employed in British Columbia, thought to be a suitable venue since both Snider and Stratten were still Canadians and, it could be argued, more inclined to business. Bogdanovich began showing up regularly at Snider's house, bringing poems and love letters from Bogdanovich that he had found among Dorothy's things. He instructed Goldstein to do an asset search on Dorothy and to determine if she was in any way involved with Bogdanovich was plying her with cocaine.

Even as he squirmed off for a legal fight, Snider began to ponder his next step. He knew, under no illusion, that he did not have the power or resources to fight Bogdanovich. "Maybe this thing is too big," he confided to his friends. "I talked about going back to Vancouver. But the prospect of returning in defeat was too much for him. Snider decided to let the case go by the courts. He was seeking to accomplish so completely sequestered by attorneys that he would never see her again. Late in July he had an accident and was taken to hospital because he could not touch Dorothy or even get near her. About the same time, Snider began to consider the possibility of one night to find him depersonalized in the living room. "This is really hard," Paul said, and broke into tears. He wrote frag- mentary letters to Snider, who had been sent. One written in red felt-tip marker and later found stuffed into one of his pockets. It read: "I love you, Paul. I couldn't get it together without her. With Ewachniak's help, he drafted a letter to Bogdanovich telling him to quit inf luencing Dorothy and that (Snider) would "forgive" him. But Ewachniak does not know if the letter was ever posted.

Dorothy kept a home for a holiday in London with Bogdanovich and would be returning to Los Angeles soon. She had been left in charge of the successful director and his showing up at Heiner's Midsummer Night's Dream Party on August 1. He didn't hear it and blamed Heiner for the affair. He called the Mansion trying to get an invitation to the party and was told he would be welcome only if he came with someone else. But Dorothy did not show up at the party. She was keeping a low profile. She had moved ostensively into a modest little apartment in Beverly Hills, the address that appeared on her death certificate. The apartment, however, was occupied by another individual who was Bogdanovich's personal assistant. Dorothy had actually moved into Bogdanovich's home in Bel-Air, in the plush home of the producer's house.

Several days after her return to Los Angeles, she left for a playmate promotion tour, "I don't care if I never hear from you again," she reassured him, "I don't know, I just don't know.

When Lachasse called the Plaza suite the following week a woman replied, "We don't know Dorothy Stratten. Stop har- rasing us.

That's my line," he added as in every other area," says Lachasse. "That was his last bit of income.

Bogdanovich

Most of the press round him a self-effacing egotomaniac, but the cast, by and large, found him charming. He was particularly solicitous of Dorothy.

City construction site where he showed Snider how to load and fire the cannon. Dorothy, meanwhile, had promised to call Paul on Sunday but did not ring until Monday, an omission that piqued him. They agreed to meet on Thursday at 11:30 a.m. to discuss a financial settlement. She had been instructed by her advisers to offer him a specified sum. During previous conversations, Paul thought he had heard Dorothy say, "I'll always take care of you." He had already told Goldstein that he would be coming over and that she had agreed to look at a new house that he thought might be a good investment for them. Dorothy later promised to provide for them. They could not come up with the proper equipment, however, and aban- doned the idea.

On Wednesday, the day he picked up the gun, Snider seemed in an excellent mood. He told Goldstein that he would be coming over and that she had agreed to look at a new house that he thought might be a good investment for them. Dorothy later promised to provide for them. They could not come up with the proper equipment, however, and aban- doned the idea.

On Wednesday, the day he picked up the gun, Snider seemed in an excellent mood. He told Goldstein that he would be coming over and that she had agreed to look at a new house that he thought might be a good investment for them. Dorothy later promised to provide for them. They could not come up with the proper equipment, however, and aban- doned the idea.

On Wednesday, the day he picked up the gun, Snider seemed in an excellent mood. He told Goldstein that he would be coming over and that she had agreed to look at a new house that he thought might be a good investment for them. Dorothy later promised to provide for them. They could not come up with the proper equipment, however, and aban- doned the idea.
were murdered, is bagging the police for results of fingerprints and paraffin tests, but the police consider Goldstein a meddler and have refuted his requests. The West LAPD, which has not yet closed the case, says it cannot determine if it was Snider who fired the shotgun because his ears were coated with too much blood and tissue.

And yet Snider appears to have been following a script of his own choosing. One which thwarted the designs of Playboy and Hollywood. Perhaps he had only meant to frighten Dorothy, to demonstrate to Bogdanovich that he could hold her in thrall at gunpoint. Perhaps he just got carried away with the scene. No one knows exactly how events unfolded after Dorothy entered the house that afternoon. She had apparently spent some time with the body, as indicated by the stains of blood on her clothes. She had lay therein for some time. She was found lying open in the middle of the living room floor. It was obvious that the body was not in a state of life. Dorothy, however, was found to be alive and well. She had been shot in the head with a shotgun. She was taken to a hospital for treatment.

Dorothy Stratten was not gifted and intelligent. She was beautiful, and she was very beautiful herself. In every way imaginable—most particularly in her heart. She fell in love during our picture, and she knew she was going to marry me. She was a very independent woman, and she knew she was going to marry me. She was also the love of my life. She was my everything. I loved her more than life itself. She was my angel. She was my everything. She was my everything.

Bogdanovich arranged for Stratten's cremation five days later. Her ashes were placed in an urn and buried in a casket so that her ashes could be taken to her parents. Later he would issue his own statement:

Dorothy Stratten was not gifted and intelligent. She was beautiful, and she was very beautiful herself. In every way imaginable—most particularly in her heart. She fell in love during our picture, and she knew she was going to marry me. She was a very independent woman, and she knew she was going to marry me. She was also the love of my life. She was my everything. I loved her more than life itself. She was my angel. She was my everything. She was my everything.

Heather, in fact, in that grotesque alteration must have been completely bewildered. Within the limits of his understanding, he had done everything right. He had played both natural and stepfather—sister—and brother was the designated family. The family was referred to Bogdanovich's house for rest and refreshments. It was all quiet and discreet. However, he knew that she would talk to the press until the movie comes out. Not until April when Stratten's glittering gift would appear on movie screens across the country, bathed in white light, and roller skating through a maze of hilarious infidelities.

Playboy, whose corporate cool was shaken by her untimely death, has retained its composure. The December issue features Stratten as one of the "Stars of 1980." At the end of 12 pages of the biggest draws in show business—Bob Debrille, Buechlois, et al.—appears a picture of one breast draped with a garment. A caption lamenting her death which read: "But short what seasoned star-watching predicted was sure to be an outstanding film career."

Hype, of course, often passes for prophecy. Whether or not Dorothy Stratten would have fulfilled her extravagant promise can't be known. Her legacy will not be examined critically because it is really of no significance. In the end, Heather's father was less memorable for himself than for the yarns he evoked: in Snider a lust for the score; in Heather a longing for a star; in Bogdanovich a desire for the eternal image. She was catalyst for a cycle of ambitions which revealed its players less wicked, perhaps, than pitiful.