

# VANITY FAIR

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## Trump Family Values

by Edward Klein

Exclusive Interview  
**FIDEL CASTRO  
BREAKS HIS  
LONG SILENCE**  
by Ann Louise Bardach

**CONTROLLING  
CLINTON**  
George  
Stephanopoulos's  
Tough Job  
by Marjorie Williams

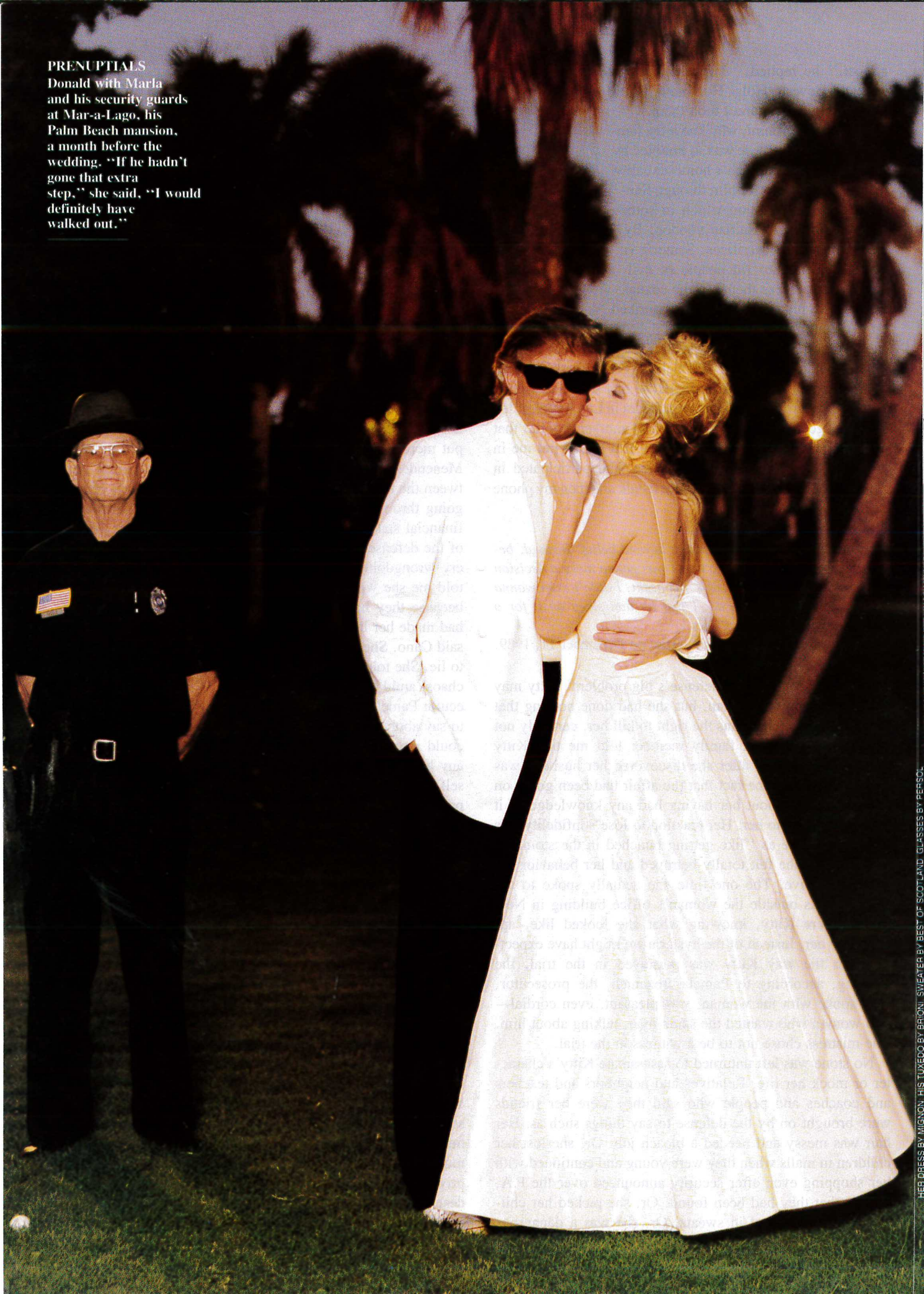
**END OF  
AN HEIRESS**  
Doris Duke's  
Final Mystery  
by Bob Colacello

**ARETHA FRANKLIN  
BARES HER SOUL**  
by James T. Jones IV



**PRENUP TIALS**

Donald with Marla and his security guards at Mar-a-Lago, his Palm Beach mansion, a month before the wedding. "If he hadn't gone that extra step," she said, "I would definitely have walked out."



HER DRESS BY MIGNON. HIS TUXEDO BY BRIONI. SWEATER BY BEST OF SCOTLAND. GLASSES BY PERSOL.



Once on the brink of losing his gaudy empire, Donald Trump is about to take his casinos public in a sale that he figures will net him billions. Joining him in his comeback are new bride Marla Maples and baby daughter Tiffany. For Trump, getting to the altar was as difficult as any of his financial maneuvers. With his parents telling him to go back to Ivana, and Marla setting deadlines, only Marla's mother kept the course of love running smooth. EDWARD KLEIN joins the re-emerging mogul as he prepares for the deals of his life

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# TRUMP FAMILY VALUES

Photographs by MICHEL COMTE • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO

Ivana still loves you," Donald Trump's mother was telling him.

"I know," said Trump. "I talk to her all the time. At least a couple of times a week. Ivana can't feel great about my baby with Marla. She can't be thinking, Isn't this wonderful."

"She'd take you back," his mother said.

"Mom, I'm going to have to make a decision about Marla," he said. "She stuck by me through the worst. She's been loyal. The obvious decision is to marry her."

Trump was having Sunday brunch with his parents in the Palm Court of the Plaza, the landmark Fifth Avenue hotel he had bought for \$407 million in 1988 and had let his wife, Ivana, restore and run until Marla Maples came along. He did not like talking about marriage; in fact, he referred to it as "the big *M* word." And he surely wasn't going to tell his mother and father about the bruising negotiations he had had with Marla over a prenuptial agreement.

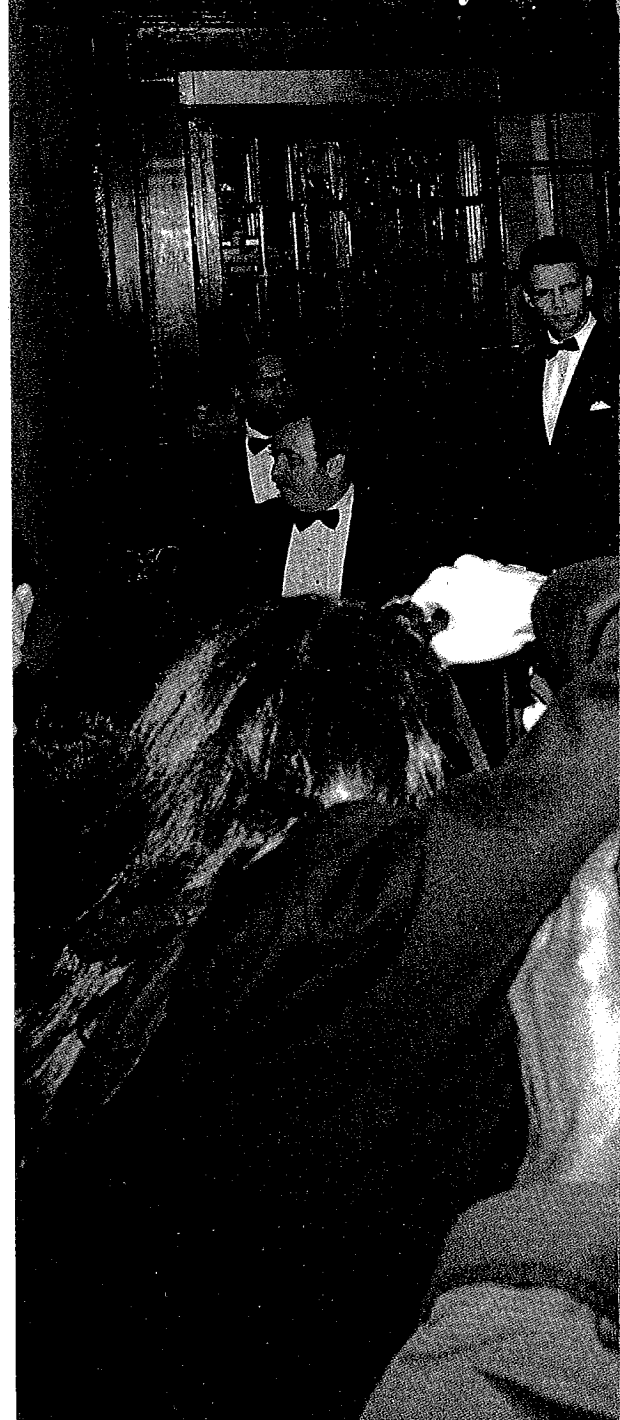
But if there was going to be a wedding—and it looked increasingly as if there had to be—he wanted his parents in his corner. "There's a level of brutality in boxing," Trump was fond of saying when describing his recent travails as a lapsed billionaire and the father of an out-of-wedlock child. "It's hard to take 300 punches in the face and come back for another round. I remember hearing a champ after a fight say to the cameras, 'I want to thank the Lord, my savior, who gave me the ability to beat the shit out of my opponent.'"

Trump's father had always been there for him. Donald learned how to be tough from his father, who made the first Trump million collecting apartment rents in the outer boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens. In one of Donald's darkest hours, when Trump's Castle in Atlantic City was on the verge of defaulting on its interest payment to junk-bond holders, Fred Trump had purchased \$3.5 million worth of gambling chips as an instant loan to his son. "When the shit hit the fan," Donald Trump recalled, "when this great genius Donald was getting stories that it was all over, my father would tell people, 'Do yourself a favor. Go to the bookie and put a lot of money on Donald's head.'"

His mother had been there for him, too, and many people thought that she had even more influence over him than his father. "She'd call me up and say, 'Darling, are you all right?'" he said. "'Why don't you come over for a meal?'" Trump might describe other women as "ballbusters," but of Mary MacLeod Trump, his 80-year-old Scottish mother, he said, "I trust her 100 percent."

The trouble was that his parents had old-fashioned middle-class values, and they had never been crazy about Marla, the other woman, who was living with baby Tiffany Ariana Trump in Mar-a-Lago, the Palm Beach mansion Trump had snatched up in 1985 at the bargain price of \$10 million from the estate of Marjorie Merriweather Post. At age 89, Fred Trump was suffering from Alzheimer's disease, but in his lucid moments he said that Donald should stay with Ivana, the mother of their three children—Donny, 16, Ivanka, 12, and Eric, 10—and that if Donald wanted

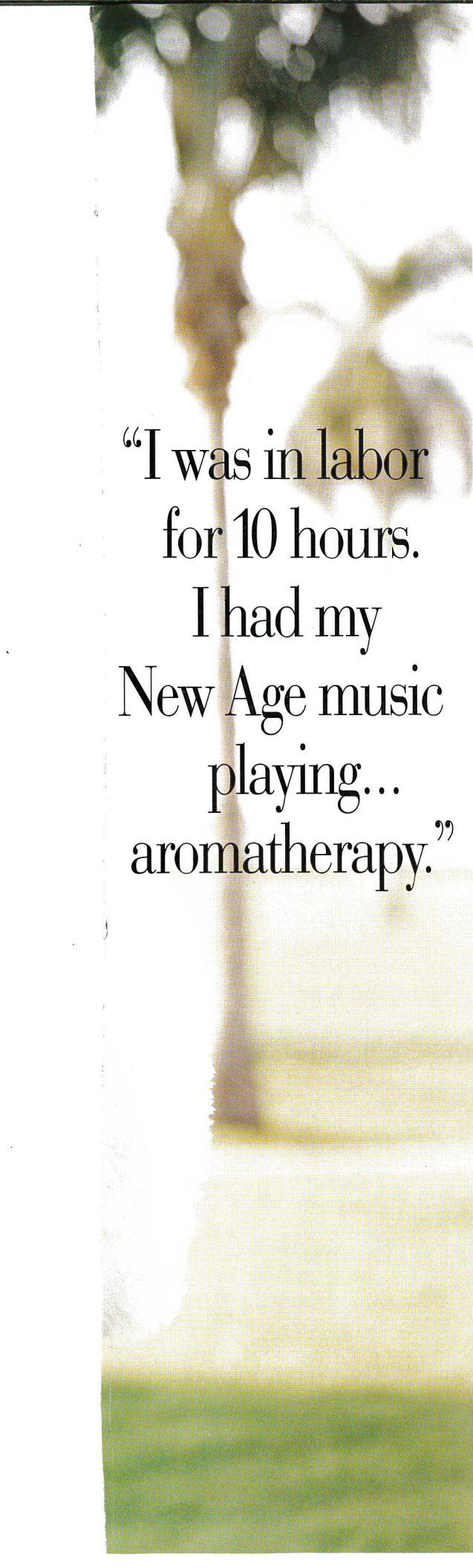
It would be  
huge—the wedding  
of the year,  
the decade, maybe  
the century.





**PLAZA SWEETS**  
Between the ceremony and the reception, the Trumps appear outside the Plaza to wave at the crowd.





“I was in labor  
for 10 hours.  
I had my  
New Age music  
playing...  
aromatherapy.”

FRESH HEIR  
Marla holding  
Tiffany Ariana  
Trump on  
the grounds  
of Mar-a-Lago,  
which Trump  
plans to turn into  
a private club.

Marla as a mistress he should keep her on the Q.T. Even Mary Trump, who never criticized Donald, had looked askance at his soap-opera adventures since the famous New Year's Eve day confrontation four years earlier between Ivana and Marla on the ski slopes of Aspen.

“I don't know Marla well,” Mary Trump said in her soft brogue. “I heard that she told Blaine [Donald's socialite sister-in-law], ‘This is it! Either Donald marries me or I take my child. I will not have my child living here without a father at Christmas.’ ”

It was hard for Trump to explain to his parents that, as much as he wanted to reward Marla for her loyalty by making her an honest woman, it wasn't his sole motive for marriage. Trump had ambitious plans to offer stock in his gambling casinos to the public early in 1994, and it was essential to the success of this high-stakes venture that he remove the moral stigma of being viewed as an unfaithful husband and the father of an illegitimate child. Until the time of the stock offering, every decision about his personal life had to enhance his next big project: The Comeback.

If he left it up to Marla, they would probably have one of those New Age wedding ceremonies on the beach, with Dr. Arthur Caliandro, their minister from Manhattan's Marble Collegiate Church, officiating and a few close friends getting sand in their shoes. At least that's what Marla said she wanted, though Trump couldn't help but wonder if her aspirations for her big day were really as modest as that. Anyway, modest was not exactly the Trump style. Some people liked to pigeonhole Trump as a shameless self-promoter, a hopeless narcissist, a modern Barnum, but his real talent, in his view, was his ability to visualize things on a scale larger and grander than anyone else and then, through creative financing, make them happen.

When he thought about marrying Marla, he envisioned thousands of guests in black-tie and gowns filling the majestic Grand Ballroom of the Plaza. Michael Jackson would come out of hiding just to attend his friend's wedding. Whitney Houston would sing. Every major Hollywood figure would be there—all the studio heads and all the stars, including Eddie Murphy, another personal friend. He'd have celebrities from the worlds of business and fashion and society. Even Howard Stern. He'd hire Elizabeth Taylor's press agent, Chén Sam, to handle the event, and she would ensure that it was covered by the world press. It would be huge. A monster. Controlled bedlam. You'd have people breaking down the police barricades. It would be the wedding of the year, the decade, maybe the century.

But time was running out. There was less than three weeks to go on Marla's Christmas Day ultimatum. And here was his father, sitting across the table from him, looking glum and vacant when his son mentioned her name. And here was his mother, making him listen to how much Ivana still loved him, and raising those baby-trap objections against Marla.

It made him wonder. His parents weren't the only ones who thought he shouldn't rush into marrying Marla. On the contrary, a lot of people believed that someday he and Ivana would actually get back together (*Continued on page 154*)

# TRUMPS

(Continued from page 125) again. Who knew? Maybe they would. Anyway, he had the sinking feeling that he was losing control, repeating the same old mistakes, and there seemed to be nothing he could do about it.

"Mom," he said, "what should I do?"

The next evening, Trump's stretch limo picked me up at my apartment, then swung down Fifth Avenue and stopped in front of the pink marble entrance of Trump Tower. Trump was scheduled to make a brief appearance in Brooklyn. After that, he was off to a black-tie dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, where a high-powered group of public figures called the Forum Club, founded by his pal limousine tycoon Bill Fugazy, was to honor Trump as Humanitarian of the Year.

"Can you believe it?" Trump said as he slipped into the seat next to mine and patted me on the knee. "Humanitarian of the Year? Now, *that's* something different for the Trumpster."

The last time we had been together was back in the early 80s, when I was the editor in chief of *The New York Times Magazine* and he had invited me to Trump Tower with the aim of interesting me in assigning a story on the pharaonic renovations he was making to his vast triplex apartment, which consisted of more than 50 rooms, including an 80-foot-long living room with a waterfall. No story had appeared at that time, and I wasn't sure the world needed one now. What was there left to say about Donald Trump? Hadn't he lost control of everything—his yacht, his plane, his airline, his casinos, his hotels, his apartment buildings, his credit with the banks, his credibility with the press? Wasn't he, like those tarnished icons of the garish 1980s Michael Milken and Ivan Boesky, history? Had he learned anything from his collapse and catastrophe? Or was he still essentially an alienated figure, a man at war against himself?

"As nasty as the press can be," he told me on the way over the bridge to Brooklyn, "they know that once they've cut you down the best story is to build you back up again. Piece by piece, deal by deal, a beautiful story is starting to emerge about me."

He handed me a folder containing his personal financial statement, which had been prepared by the accounting firm of Spahr, Lacher & Sperber. It showed that,

as of September 1993, he had assets of \$139,326,000 in cash and cash equivalents. Someone who was familiar with the details of his finances had told me that those figures were actually on the conservative side, and that Trump kept more than \$6 million in his personal checking accounts alone. That didn't mean, however, that Trump could just reach in and grab all that money for his private use. He had huge financial responsibilities. In the halogen light of the limo, I tried to decipher *that* side of the statement. But Trump had already launched into a stream-of-consciousness speech that sounded amazingly like Al Pacino's monologue about selling real estate in the movie *Glengarry Glen Ross*:

"When you have 15 years and haven't had a miss, and then everything crashes—the entire world crashes—you learn a lot about yourself. I *want* people to be skeptical of me, of my real net worth. Otherwise, how can I expect them to compromise with me and allow me to do what I want to do?"

"The one thing I've learned through this: I had to go back to work. I had been in Europe fucking every model in the world. My life was wild. I started hiring these fucking morons to run my casinos. All those geniuses from Wharton and Harvard, they didn't have the touch. All of a sudden—a human trait—I wasn't watching the business. I had to go back to work."

He went on, describing in his inimitable fashion nothing less than the most spectacular financial roller coaster of modern times: his crash and comeback. In 1989, when Trump was at his peak, *Forbes* magazine estimated that he had a net worth of \$1.7 billion. It was the height of the real-estate boom, a time when the Japanese were coming into New York City and paying any price for trophy buildings.

He owned two casinos in Atlantic City—the Castle and the Plaza—and he had a third one, the Taj Mahal, under construction. He had bought the Eastern Shuttle, overpaid for the Plaza hotel, and started work on Trump Palace, his Third Avenue condominium. His first two books, *The Art of the Deal* and *Surviving at the Top*, both published in hardcover by Random House, sold a combined total of well over a million copies.

But within a matter of months the real-estate market collapsed, and Trump was underwater. His personal liabilities alone—debts guaranteed with his signature—were approaching \$1 billion. He had to hand over the Shuttle to Citicorp. He had to turn back his 282-foot yacht, the

*Trump Princess*, to the Boston Company. He had to give up the Trump Palm Beaches condo to Marine Midland.

"I had to put my ego aside for a while," he told me. "The smart thing I did was go into a big cash-flow business: casinos. In 1990 I went in early and said to the banks, 'I want to work a deal. I want to restructure my loans, and I want \$65 million in new money.' They put up \$56 million. I bet the ranch. I said, 'I am going to give you sign-offs, and I'm going to say I need this capital. I'm going back to work.'"

Trump persuaded the banks to refinance his debt, and he promised them that the mounting cash flow from his casinos would cover the interest and, eventually, repay the principal. The embarrassed bankers agreed; they had little choice but to give him the breathing space he was asking for.

"The lowest point was a day sometime in the middle of 1991 when the shit hit the fan," he said. "Both the *Times* and *The Wall Street Journal* did front-page articles saying I'd never come back. . . . I wanted, perhaps stupidly, to get out of my marriage. I had a prenup with Ivana—\$10 million and a couple of houses. At first, her lawsuit against me was for \$2 billion. Her lawyers would have settled for \$150 million. At one point I was ready to hand her a check for \$50 million, and they turned it down cold. Then I had these horrible articles about me, and that day I get a call from Ivana: 'I want my money! I want my money now! I will take the \$10 million.' The only reason she took 10 was because she wanted to make sure there was something there."

We had arrived at Kings Highway in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn, the site of the 1991 black rampage against the Hasidic community, which ultimately cost Mayor David Dinkins, who failed to act promptly, thousands of Jewish votes and his job. Matt Calamari, Trump's chief bodyguard, opened the door, and his boss ducked out.

The street was lit as bright as day, and there wasn't a black person in sight. The entire block had been turned into a deserted no-man's-land by a large contingent of high-ranking police officers, who were there to make sure that that night's event went off smoothly. The tall, blond Trump bounded up the stairs of the Alexandria Catering Hall and waded into the room full of bearded, black-coated Hasidim, who represent the most cohesive political bloc in New York City, and who had gathered for a fund-raiser for Noach Dear, a New York City councilman. Dear



# TRUMPS

had helped Trump on a number of zoning issues, and although Trump had a phobia about germs and hated physical contact, he dutifully shook the hand of every rabbi and community leader in the room.

An hour later, we were heading back to "the city," as Manhattan is always referred to by those who, like Trump, grew up in the outer boroughs. He told me how, more than 20 years earlier, Lewis Rudin, the scion of one of New York's most prominent real-estate families, had given him the idea of leaving the small-time world of Brooklyn and Queens and making his fortune in "the city." Then his mind turned to the future, and he was once again the salesman in full cry.

"This has been the best year of my life," he said. "The Taj, the Plaza, and the Castle [his Atlantic City casinos] will spin off gross operating profits of \$250 million, enabling me to pay down my debt and recapture 100 percent equity in all three casinos. The Plaza hotel will show a profit, after interest payments, of \$15 million. The condominiums at Trump Palace have sold out. I've got zoning approval to start building on the West Side yards [a 75-acre parcel of land on the Hudson River between 59th and 72nd streets], and Philip Johnson is designing the first four buildings.

"I don't pay Ivana a penny of alimony anymore. She's moving out of the Trump Tower triplex in January, and I'm moving back in. I'm no longer on a \$400,000-a-month living allowance from the banks. I'm working on my third book, *The Art of the Comeback*, although I haven't chosen a publisher yet. I bought the land under the Empire State Building from a very wealthy Japanese man. I'm buying an L-1011—that's a wide-body jet that seats 350 people, 10 across."

How much of this was true and how much was Trumpster hyperbole? I asked bankers, Wall Street executives, and businessmen who knew the inside story of Trump's finances, and a great deal of what he had told me checked out. The bottom line was that Donald Trump had reduced his personal debt from \$975 million to \$115 million, and that, if all went according to plan, he would be totally free of personal debt after he took his casinos public.

When we entered the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria, Trump looked around as

though he were appraising the property, and muttered, "Someday, someday." We rode the elevator to the Starlight Roof, where he was one of the night's honorees at the Forum Club. Mayor Dinkins was seated on the dais. So were Mayor-Elect Rudolph Giuliani, Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly, Trump's old friend Lewis Rudin, and a host of other New York City luminaries.

"Watch this," said Trump, about to make his entrance. "Just watch what happens."

## Donald & Marla

### The Romance at a Glance

**Winter 1989–90:** U.S. forces invade Panama. **DECEMBER:** Ivana Trump confronts Marla Maples at an Aspen resort, enjoining her to "stay away from my husband." **FEBRUARY:** *New York Post* links Donald Trump and Marla for the first time, quotes her deeming their relations "the best sex I ever had."

**Fall 1990:** Margaret Thatcher resigns as British prime minister. **NOVEMBER:** Marla muses to *Vanity Fair*, "Ivana wants a billion, but we just don't have it"; remark enrages Donald, who objects to royal "we" and implication that he is not a billionaire. **DECEMBER:** Marla leaves Donald; judge grants Ivana divorce from Donald; Donald briefly dates model Rowanne Brewer; Marla returns to Donald.

**Spring 1991:** President George Bush treated for fibrillation of the heart; Donald proposes to Marla in helicopter; she accepts.

**Summer 1991:** Warsaw Pact dissolves. **JUNE:** Donald and Marla split over his refusal to announce their engagement. **JULY:** Donald and Marla reconcile; he presents her with \$250,000 engagement ring while they are golfing.

**Fall 1991:** U.S. recognizes newly independent Baltic states. **SEPTEMBER:** Donald and Marla split again; Marla begins dating Michael Bolton. **OCTOBER:** Marla appears as self on *Designing Women*, alludes to Donald's "big ego"; couple seen together four days later. **NOVEMBER:** Once

As he squeezed between the crowded tables in the direction of the dais, the room was suddenly electrified. Heads turned, and people stood to get a better look at him. Men elbowed one another out of the way in order to get near him. A woman in a tightfitting cocktail dress broke away from her husband and demanded, almost hysterically, to have her photograph taken with Trump. She seemed on the verge of both laughter and tears. The pupils of her eyes were dilated. Trump put his arm around her

again, Donald proposes; once again, Marla accepts.

**Winter 1991:** Soviet Union disintegrates; Gorbachev resigns; Donald and Marla stage public donnybrook at Four Seasons Hotel in Washington; Marla hurls shoes at Donald and screams, "I'll never marry you. I don't care how much money you make"; couple makes up almost instantly.

**Summer 1992:** Hurricane Andrew lays waste to South Florida; Marla makes Broadway debut in *The Will Rogers Follies*; *Newsday* critic writes, "She doesn't embarrass."

**Fall 1992:** Bill Clinton elected 42nd president of the United States; Donald and Marla break up again.

**Spring 1993:** Standoff between federal agents and Branch Davidians in Waco, Texas, ends in siege, massive fire, death of 72; Marla announces she is pregnant; Donald insists he cannot marry her without prenuptial agreement.

**Summer 1993:** White House counsel Vincent Foster takes his own life; Marla and Donald almost marry over July 4 weekend; Donald, in Marla's words, "has a little freak-out" at last minute.

**Fall 1993:** 13 U.S. soldiers killed by Somali militia in Mogadishu; Marla, with Donald present, gives birth to Tiffany Ariana Trump.

**Winter 1993:** A crazed gunman kills six on the Long Island Rail Road; Donald and Marla wed; Donald credits L.I.R.R. shootings with making him realize that "life is short and I want to do this now."

—TIMOTHY LONG

# TRUMPS

shoulder and peered into the camera. His eyes matched hers; they had that same narcotized look.

The next day, Trump flew off to Gary, Indiana, for a press conference and a meeting with the city council on his proposal to build a huge floating casino-and-hotel complex on a 121-acre site there leased from the USX Corporation. He was accompanied by Nick Ribis, the highly regarded chief executive officer of the Trump Organization, who had spent nearly \$1 million on architects, lawyers, lobbyists, and public-relations consultants in an effort to convince the city fathers of Gary, a sooty, down-at-the-heels steel town 25 miles southeast of Chicago, that their financial salvation rested with Donald Trump rather than with a half-dozen other gambling suitors.

Trump knew that The Comeback depended in large part on his plan to sell stock in his casinos. But in order for the public offering to be the wild success he hoped it would be, he had to demonstrate the ability to diversify to jurisdictions outside of Atlantic City. It wasn't that the competition from gambling on nearby Indian reservations had hurt Atlantic City; despite some dire predictions, that hadn't happened. But the pressure was on Trump to broaden his base and show growth. He had already acquired a site for a riverboat casino in Gulfport, Mississippi, and in addition to Gary he had his eye on Las Vegas, New Orleans, and St. Louis.

Things seemed to go well in Gary, and Trump was in an ebullient mood as his plane headed home. "If you like beautiful boats and beautiful homes and beautiful planes," he told me, "just because it's the 90s, are you supposed to say, 'Oh, excuse me, I don't like these things anymore'? Bullshit! And, of course, I could add women to the category . . . but I won't."

The extent of Trump's rehabilitation could be measured by the fact that, back in New York, a number of investment bankers were betting on the value of his marquee name to make him a winner on Wall Street, where gaming stocks were hot. During 1993, there had been more than 20 initial public offerings, or I.P.O.'s, in the gaming industry, and Wall Street was convinced that casino gambling—confined until now to a relatively few widely separated locations—was capturing the hearts and minds of America. In-

deed, legalized gambling was a \$30-billion-a-year business, twice as big as movies and television combined.

"Donald has defied the law of gravity," said Marvin Roffman, a leading stock analyst and once one of Trump's harshest critics, who had been fired by his firm back in 1990 after he had angered Trump by telling a reporter that Trump's Taj Mahal was on the verge of financial disaster. "He went to his bankers and said, 'Look, who do you want to run this business? I'm licensed and I can turn this thing around. Can you? Are you licensed? Do you have anyone to run this business?' If he wasn't in a regulated business, anyone could have assumed control. But in New Jersey it can cost more than a year and a million dollars to get licensed, plus the fact that they want you to submit all your canceled checks for 10 years, and they do a background check where they find out the color of your underwear."

"If Donald Trump is not back, I'm missing something big," said one of his investment bankers. "You can write the guy down, short him, but in reality there is something there, a substance that the average guy can't make happen."

"The conceptual problem or opportunity facing Trump is: Can he issue the right amount of equity before this window of opportunity is slammed shut?" said James Grant, whose highly regarded bimonthly, *Grant's Interest Rate Observer*, had been the first to blow the whistle on Trump back in 1987, when it predicted his bankruptcy. "Nothing this frothy . . . the stock market has lasted very long. I guess if Trump sells stock, as he tells me on the phone he might do, he could walk away free and clear with that charming smirk on his face."

Wilbur L. Ross Jr., senior managing director of Rothschild, Inc., and the investment banker who had helped the bondholders in the Taj Mahal restructuring, added, "I think he is the world's greatest promoter and P.R. person. In Atlantic City, you're selling them entertainment, pageantry, wishful thinking, a dream. So having someone like Trump lends itself to that. . . . He has captured the public imagination and turned it into a resource for himself. People may joke that he's always promoting himself, but he's figured out a way to make it more than an ego trip. He's turned it into money."

For my benefit, Trump started calculating what he would be worth after he took his casinos public. "If the I.P.O. goes to \$4 billion, and I have a billion dollars' worth of debt," he told me, "then I'll be worth \$3 billion, and we're

not even talking about my New York real estate."

But even investment bankers who were eager to do business with Trump believed that his figures were inflated. "I think," said one, "if you look at what the average casino value is on the market today—the going valuation range—you come out to about \$2 billion [for Trump's company, not \$4 billion]. However, what is the added value of the Trump name? It's a brand name, and it really has some value. He loves the word 'billions' because he hasn't learned the word 'trillions' yet. If you say, 'Hey, Donald, you may not get this,' it's heresy."

"You want my prediction?" said another expert who was close to the situation. "He will get to the public marketplace. He'll sell half to the public, and he'll keep half of it for himself. It's the largest casino company in the world, and before debt it will be worth over \$2 billion. When all is said and done, he'll be worth as much as \$500 million to \$750 million."

"I've got to make a decision about Marla," Trump told me again and again over the course of the next couple of days. "We have a baby. We have a good relationship. It's a little unfair to her. . . . But I love the freedom."

Although he cranked up the suspense at every opportunity, I suspected that he had already made up his mind but needed to feel that he had total control over when and how the information would be released.

"When Donald started talking about divorcing Ivana, he used to call people at night," said one of his friends. "His survey is a way of notifying the world. So a month before his wedding to Marla, he comes to me and says, 'I don't know if I should,' and I immediately knew he was going to marry her."

On December 9 he attended a meeting of the Riverside South Planning Corporation, which consisted of representatives of environmental and other influential liberal groups that Trump had persuaded to work with him on developing the West Side yards. It was a lovefest—lambs lying down with the lion. Then he returned to his office and took one giant step toward the altar: he hired Chén Sam, the Egyptian-born, British-educated physician who has handled Elizabeth Taylor's P.R. for 21 years. But he didn't tell her whether he was ready to marry Marla. All Chén Sam knew for sure was that her office would be working on "Donald's future projects."

The next day, Trump put out the story himself: Donald and Marla were getting married! The news was splashed all over

TV. The phones in Trump Tower began ringing off the hook. That night, we hopped down to Atlantic City on his Super Puma helicopter for a tour of his casinos. Trump recalled how his three top casino executives had lost their lives in a helicopter crash in October 1989, a tragedy from which many people dated the beginning of his financial crash. The memory triggered dark thoughts, and Trump said, "It's all bullshit. You do all this, and then you kick the bucket, and your kids start fighting over your money. Tiffany fights with Ivanka, and Ivanka comes back and says, 'It was me he really loved all the time.' And so what was it all about?"

This disquisition on death led him to the subject of AIDS. "Being single out there is a little bit scary, to put it mildly," he said. "It's like being in Vietnam, in the forests, and knowing there are guns pointed at your head. I long for the 70s to the extent that it was a different time. Now if you get something, they tell you not only are you going to die but that you're going to die over 10 years—your skin is going to rot and fall off, and you're going to die a horrible death. Despite all that's been said about me, I'm actually a one-woman man."

"As much as he talks about sleeping around with models," said someone who had known him well for many years, "Donald has a deathly fear of disease, germs, AIDS. I don't see him sleeping around at all. My theory is he never slept with any of those models. I don't believe he had sex with any of these women in the past six, seven years—except Marla. And Marla has that figured out."

After Atlantic City, we boarded a rented Gulfstream for the flight to Mar-a-Lago. Trump began reminiscing about one of his well-publicized breakups with Marla. "She was very hurt," he said. "Michael Bolton calls Marla and says, 'Marla, I'd like to take you out.' And he falls madly in love with her. Now, I say to myself, Wait a minute. I don't like this. Michael Bolton—he's got the No. 1 fucking album in the world, *Time*, *Love and Tenderness*, and what that does to a guy like me, a competitive guy, it's like an affirmation that the girl has to be great, because the No. 1 singer has fallen for her. There's nothing wrong with what she's doing. I left her. Not only that. I left her like a dog.



Donald and Marla Trump greet the press after their wedding at the Plaza.

"So what happens is, I say, 'What the fuck is going on?' I do a Trump number on her. All-enveloping. I call her. She says, 'How could you have left me the way you did?' She decides to go to Hawaii with me instead of to Europe with Michael Bolton. In Maui, this guy finds out where we are, and starts sending flowers. Yellow roses with a note: 'I've got Georgia on my mind. Love, Michael.' She's torn. I've left her twice. But she drops him and comes back to me."

**M**arla Maples was stretched out in a black one-piece bathing suit on a chaise longue by the pool at Mar-a-Lago. Her skin was perfect, and her body was athletically taut. It

was hard to believe that, less than two months before that, this 30-year-old, five-foot-eight-inch former beauty queen, model, and showgirl had been pregnant and had weighed 151 pounds. She was already back down to 127, and was shooting for 125 by December 13, just a week before her wedding, when she would go for the first fitting of her white wedding dress, which was being designed by Carolina Herrera. She said she ate a lot of green vegetables, almonds, sesame seeds, and fruits. "The motto should be 'Nothing in excess,'" she told me in all seriousness. She slipped a strap off her shoulder and guided Tiffany to her left nipple.

"I was in labor for 10 hours," she said. "I created a beautiful environment in the hospital. I had candles, a picture of me and Donald. I had my New Age music playing . . . aromatherapy, which is supposed to be very calming. My mother was there. Donald was there. My good friend Janie Elder. My manager's fiancée, Meeka Dawson, a Native American Indian. Aiko, who calls herself a nurturer, and who specializes in pre-natal care and birthing, and who gives massage and prays with you. There were a lot of times I yelled, 'Pray for me now!' And Donald was going to the doctor, 'Can't you give her something?' because he couldn't stand me in pain, and me telling Janie, 'Don't you dare allow him to give me anything.'"

Marla's mother, Ann Ogletree, a 54-year-old southern beauty, appeared at poolside in a bathing suit and mules and prepared to take Tiffany away for a nap. Ann was serving as nanny in the 118-room mansion, which was designed for

## Donald & Marla

### The Wedding at a Glance

*Number of people invited:* **1,700**

*Number of people who attended:* **1,300**

*Number of people it took to phone out the invitations over eight days:* **10**

*Number of security guards stationed around the Plaza hotel for the wedding:* **65**

*Members of the working press credentialed:* **195**

*Number of TV crews credentialed:* **25**

*Number of still photographers credentialed:* **80**

*Pounds of Cristal beluga caviar ordered:* **70**

*Number of shrimp ordered:* **10,000**

*Number of squab breasts prepared:* **1,000**

*Racks of lamb prepared:* **2,000**

*Pounds of beef fillet prepared:* **50**

*Number of turkeys prepared:* **35**

*Number of bottles of Cristal champagne ordered:* **1,320**

*Number of bottles consumed:* **578**

*Pounds of ice ordered:* **2,800**

*Number of white diamonds in Marla's borrowed Harry Winston tiara:* **325**

# TRUMPS

Marjorie Merriweather Post in the 1920s by set designer Joseph Urban, and which featured a dining room that seated 50, a drawing room with a replica of a gold-leaf ceiling in the Accademia in Venice, 58 bedrooms, 33 bathrooms, three bomb shelters, a theater, and a golf course. Trump had received permission from the Palm Beach Town Council to turn Mar-a-Lago into a private club. In the meantime, he and Marla were camped out amid all this splendor in the bedroom once occupied by E. F. Hutton, Marjorie Merriweather Post's second husband, which Donald and Marla had decorated with wall-to-wall off-white carpeting, floral Roman shades, and rattan furniture.

When Donald was not outside hitting golf balls on the lawn or supervising renovations on the house, he spent his time in the bedroom with Marla and the baby. They put Tiffany between them on the big double bed, ate from plates delivered by the butler, and watched a football game on television. They lived more like an average husband and wife in Mar-a-Lago than they did in New York City, where Marla had her own apartment in Trump Parc, and Donald had his three-bedroom in Trump Tower, two floors below the triplex that Ivana and their children had been occupying since the split. Though he spent an occasional night at Marla's place, he was often at home.

It soon became apparent that Ann Ogletree served another important function in this stormy household. For more than six years, Donald and her daughter had had a relationship marked by jealous temper tantrums and frequent breakups. They might love each other, but they enjoyed torturing each other, too. Donald complained that Marla didn't show him sufficient appreciation for what he had done for her—making her a celebrity and giving her the good life. Every time Donald dumped Marla and went off to have his picture taken with some model, people thought he had the upper hand. But the truth, it turned out, was far more complicated than that.

Marla knew how to push Donald's buttons. She taunted him in public for being overweight. She played with the hair on his head, lifting it up and exposing his scalp, and poking fun at his efforts to hide his hair loss. She derided his sexual prowess in front of his friends and associates.

During the time she was tucked away

as Donald's secret mistress in Atlantic City, Marla had managed to turn him against everybody, isolating him from his own casino executives, and creating havoc. She had driven Donald crazy by showing him all her personal diaries, except one missing volume, which Donald suspected had been stolen—along with some nude photos of Marla—by Chuck Jones, Marla's former press agent, whom she was suing for allegedly burglarizing her apartment and stealing 71 pairs of her shoes and boots.

"I don't care about her diary or her nude photos," Chuck Jones told me. "I have a doctor who I'm dealing with on this [allegation of foot-fetishism]. I offered Marla a chance to talk to my psychiatrist. This thing is something I tried to deal with from the start. It's not a perversion, not a foot fetish. It's something else, something I can't understand yet. I'm working on it with this doctor on a constant basis. We haven't really resolved any of those psychological issues."

"Women have an effect on Donald like nothing I've ever seen," said a friend. "Ivana did the same thing to him that Marla did. Under Ivana, people didn't pay their bills, and the Plaza was a disaster. I'm very concerned that things are going to change dramatically in his business life after he marries her. What do you think—Marla won't want to run things?"

Trump must have sensed that things could spin out of control again, and it was his deep reluctance to get married that caused the greatest acrimony between him and Marla. "I've always been very sensitive to what others may think," said Marla, "so my greatest fear was created with the picture that was drawn of me in the media. . . . I felt very misunderstood. I was extremely judged, as I had judged others in the same position.

"Arthur Caliendo and I prayed together over the telephone. . . . As Christmas approached, I was feeling bad, because we weren't married, and I was going back to Georgia to visit my family. I felt it was now or never. If we didn't make this commitment now, before the holidays, it would never happen. I didn't see any reason to wait, and I didn't see why he should wait. I couldn't have stayed in the relationship, because I would have doubted how strong his love is. If he hadn't gone that extra step, I would definitely have walked out."

Once again, the ever present Ann Ogletree held them together, constantly phoning Donald to smooth things over, constantly making sure that Marla stayed with the program, whose sole purpose

was to get Donald to marry her. Ann counseled Marla on the subject of a prenuptial agreement, which Marla tearfully refused to sign, because, among other things, it would have effectively robbed her of all power and gagged her from ever revealing any of Donald's personal or financial secrets.

"A prenuptial is a horrible document," Trump admitted, "because it says, 'When we get divorced, this is the way we'll split things up.' And when you're a believer in positive thinking, it isn't good. But it's a modern-day necessity."

Trump had used all his considerable powers of persuasion, and, in late November, Marla had caved, agreeing to sign the prenup. But, according to someone close to the negotiations, she wanted \$25 million in the event of a divorce. Though no one outside of the two parties and their respective lawyers had presumably seen the document, it was eventually filed with the New Jersey Casino Control Commission, and Trump proudly confided to people close to him that he had negotiated Marla down to \$1 million.

Marla didn't want anyone to know that she had signed the prenuptial agreement, and when she learned that Donald had told me about it, she phoned me.

"This was the big battle all along," she said. "But there's a lot of factors involved here. We basically came to an agreement that for the first few years we would agree on something and then tear it up. So, that way, I feel that we have what he needs right now for his business. And then, in five years, I have what I need for a true marriage."

But those familiar with prenuptial agreements thought that Marla might have missed the point. "She thinks it's wonderful, because after a few years the agreement is going to expire," said one expert. "But let me tell you, it will either be extended after the five years or Trump is out of there. Five years made her happy. She thinks after five years they will be free to be totally in love."

On the eve of his wedding, Trump sent a dozen red roses to Ivana. Despite their divorce two years ago, he had in effect kept her on the string. He spoke to her on the phone, often with the excuse of discussing their children. Ivana and Eric were enrolled in private schools in Manhattan, while Donny, the eldest, was away at boarding school in Pennsylvania. When home, the children often took the Trump Tower elevator down from the triplex to their father's apartment. They were also free to barge into

his office during meetings. It was clear to all that Trump loved his children, and that he was good with them, although he didn't especially care to deal with their problems. The children, for their part, loved their father, and they put a lot of pressure on him not to marry Marla.

It seemed fitting that, as Donald prepared to marry Marla, Ivana was back on the ski slopes of Aspen, where it had all begun.

"I stay at Little Nell hotel, Marvin Davis hotel, at bottom of mountain, with Barbara Davis and all the kids," Ivana told me. "I ski better than when I was a racer. I go in February with my children in Switzerland at a club, Corviglia, one of the most exclusive clubs in the world. And I race there. I race one year, and second year I don't. Reason is because I always win."

Trump was exultant that *The New York Times*, which had given him such a hard time when he was down-and-out, had run a front-page story, replete with a huge photo, of his visit with Marla to city hall to pick up the marriage license. He had given *Entertainment Tonight* exclusive video rights to the wedding rehearsal. At Chén Sam's suggestion, he would be selling family wedding photos to magazines and newspapers all over the world and donating the money to charity.

But although all the preparations were going according to plan, he was deeply concerned about the turnout for the next day's ceremony. His staff had started phoning people only eight days before—there had been no time for printed invitations—and now, with so many people away for the holidays, it had become abundantly clear that most of the celebri-

ties he had been counting on were not going to show up. There would be no Eddie Murphy, Michael Jackson, Whitney Houston, Liza Minnelli. No supermodels or Hollywood moguls. In fact, it looked as though there would be more photographers than familiar faces. There wouldn't be any Trump kids, either, because Ivana, who was vacationing with her steady beau, Riccardo Mazzucchelli, an Italian businessman, wasn't letting Donny, Ivanka, or Eric attend the wedding.

He had decided to spend his last night as a single man not at a bachelor party in the fleshpots of "the city" but in rural New Jersey, where a Christmas celebration was being given at the home of Nick Ribis, his C.E.O., for people associated with the Trump Organization. Trump nibbled from the buffet, then went into the study and presented himself to Carol Schuler, a professional tarot-card reader, who had been hired for the evening.

"How is his marriage going to work out?" I kibitzed from the sideline.

"O.K. with you if I answer?" the reader asked Trump.

"Uh, I guess so," he said nervously.

Schuler threw a card on the table and said, "It shows imbalance in the relationship. You need to compromise more."

Trump was clearly not pleased. The tarot reader threw another card.

"This shows it's important to include each other in decisions," she said. "She's very protective. She's there when you need her."

"Will I have more children?" Trump asked with genuine curiosity.

"Yes, and the next one's going to be a boy. And this changes your entire life."

"Will business continue to do well?"

"This is another question that isn't black-and-white," she said, considering a new card. I watched as Trump seemed to sink under the weight of her words. "There is growth, but slower than you'd like it to be. You have some difficult cards here. Don't take on more than you can handle."

On the way home, I asked Trump if he felt that Marla had trapped him into marriage by having Tiffany.

"We've been together for six years," he replied. "If she wanted to do that—get me by getting pregnant—she could have done it a lot sooner. We had just gotten back together, and she wasn't using the Pill, and I knew it. I don't feel as though I was trapped. Trapped would have been not to tell me she wasn't on the Pill. I'm not the kind of guy who has babies out of wedlock and doesn't get married and give the baby a name. And for me, I'm not a believer in abortion."

I then asked him what he had learned from his brush with financial death, and the painful experience of being shunned by the world when he was down.

"I have friends who can have war with someone and then go back and be best friends," he said. "I can't be that way. . . . You have to remember who the loyal ones were and who were not, and if you don't, you're a total schmuck. And if I have a chance to hurt these people who weren't loyal to me, I will. Call that vindictive. Call it what you will. . . . People who wouldn't talk to me three years ago now call up and want to kiss my ass. I tell my secretary, 'Rhona, call them back and say, 'Mr. Trump told me to tell you, 'Fuck you!' ' then hang up.' " □

## MENENDEZ

(Continued from page 119) novel" that Kitty had been reading, and a pornographic video in Kitty's closet, both of which she confiscated. Why Vandermolten felt obliged to reveal these intimate things, or why she had allowed herself to be talked into revealing them, was a mystery. There is very little love lost between the Menendezes and Kitty's family, the Andersens. A Menendez relative said to me, "I was very shocked by what she said. I got a lot of things out of that house. I didn't find dirty movies."

In the end, Vandermolten's testimony

added up to nothing more than that the deeply unhappy Kitty watched and read a little porn and loved her faithless husband a little too much. If she still had a weak spot for Jose's genitalia after years of an unhappy marriage, was it really necessary to bring up such an extremely private letter from such an extremely private woman? The story had no relevance to the trial other than to discredit the victim.

*A crime of rage is 1 shot, 2 shots maybe, but somewhere between 1 shot and 16 shots you look at your brother and say, "You know, Lyle, I'm not as pissed off as I was 7 shots ago."*

—George Schlatter, Hollywood producer, director, and writer.

For five months people in the courtroom watched the unlovely spectacle of three female defense attorneys trying to make the slain mother of their clients killable to the juries. The dead woman was attacked in a rampage of verbal violence that equaled and occasionally surpassed in gore the contact wound made when Lyle Menendez fired into her cheek after Erik had helped him reload his spent weapon, the shot that turned Kitty Menendez's face into near nothingness. Kitty's body was found on the floor of the family room, next to her dead husband's feet. Her face lay in her own coagulating blood. One of her eyes was shot out and her nose was gone. Her teeth had been knocked out of her mouth by the impact of the contact blast, except for one that