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I’ll Take Manhattan is the latest of Judith Krantz’s steamy best-selling novels to be made into a TV mini-series. This one, scheduled for CBS next season, stars Valerie Bertinelli as Maxi Amberville, heiress to a troubled publishing empire. When things look bad, sexy Maxi turns for aid to a worldly real estate developer named Donald Trump, played by Donald Trump. The megamogul had a small, key speaking part in a scene that was filmed last week in—where else?—his own Trump Tower. Sighed Bertinelli: “He’s so handsome.”

Go ahead, make his day. In the roles of mayor of Carmel, Calif., Marine Sergeant Tom Highway and just plain Clint Eastwood, he is far too busy acting, directing, producing and running a town to take any flak. Not even from the U.S. Army. Seems that in his latest film, Heartbreak Ridge, he plays a lifer who won a medal in a bloody Korean War battle but who is now going through some rough times both in and out of the service. The Army refused to cooperate with the production because of script problems, so Eastwood sold it to the Marines. When Army veterans complained, the star remained above the

maker’s view), the Trust sued. Late last month the sea of troubles finally ended in an out-of-court settlement and a go-ahead for the re-creation of the round, handcrafted oak theater. All’s well that ends well.

The incident involved a presidential tape and former Nixon Counsel and Convicted Watergate Conspirator Chuck Colson. This time, though, the President was Jimmy Carter, the tape was a carpenter’s measurer, and the locale was a four-unit apartment building under construction in Chicago. Both men were participating in a project of Habitat for Humanity, a Georgia-based outfit that builds homes for the poor. Carter has done previous Habitat stints in New York City, but this was the first such outing for Colson, now a born-again Christian and founder of Prison Fellowship Ministries. He finds the ex-President a “slave driver” who is “very similar to Richard Nixon in that respect, although for a different cause. This one doesn’t end us up in jail—just at hard labor.”

No sooner had the last sparkle of the Liberty celebration faded than another French-American spectacle lighted up the night. Last week, as part of a ten-day France Salutes New York festival, the Paris Opera Ballet, making its first U.S. visit in 38 years, shared a stage with the American Ballet Theatre before a benefit audience brimming with celebrities, in-