

INSIDE NEW YORK

By Ben Kubasik, Susan Mulcahy and Anthony Scaduto

MAKE HERS MANHATTAN. Those in the nuptial know say that author-socialite Arianna Stassinopoulos and her hubby-to-be, Texas oil heir Michael Huffington, have decided where to tie the knot: St. Bartholomew's on Park Avenue. It wasn't an easy decision to make. Arianna's been living in California; Michael hails from Houston; both have loads of pals in the Big Apple. We're told that Washington was briefly considered as a site for the April 12 ceremony, but Arianna, aware of the greater publicity possibilities available in New York, was lukewarm on D.C. James Galanos, one of Nancy Reagan's fave threadsmiths, will design the duds for the bride and her maids — Barbara Walters, U.S. Chief of Protocol Lucky Roosevelt; Arianna's sister, Agapi; Michael's sister, Terry, and Ann Getty, the matron of honor. After the ceremony — certain to be the sort of event over which the uninvited slit wrists — Ann and her husband, Gordon, will host the mandatory gala-type wedding dinner for the newlyweds at the Pierre.

A TOKEN GESTURE. There was nothing extravagant about the price paid for paperback rights to "Extravagant Gestures," a first novel by Carole Bayer Sager, the Oscar-winning songwriter and wife of composer Burt Bacharach. According to our publishing sources, Carole's agent, Lynn Nesbit, deemed a \$5,000 bid by Berkley Books "insulting" and pulled back "Gestures," published in hardcover by Arbor House, opting to wait for a more opportune time to put the book's paperback rights on the block. Carole had high hopes for the book; she and husband, Burt, had even co-written a song for "Extravagant Gestures," the only such publishing theme in recent memory. But when the book went back on the block, say our sources, Berkley took a "we'll show you" attitude and offered \$3,000 for the novel — the amount for which "Gestures" ultimately went. Berkley said it had indeed purchased the paperback rights, but wouldn't discuss money. Lynn Nesbit did not return our calls.

ASK MY BROTHER. Johnson & Johnson chairman James Burke has had much to say over the past few days on the subject of television — and how, in his opinion, the "local broadcast media" turned the story of the latest Tylenol poisoning into "a circus." One of those local stations is WABC-TV, where a spokesperson declared that management "disagree[s]" with James Burke. Maybe Jim should have a family pow-wow about the whole thing: The president of Capital Cities/ABC just happens to be Dan Burke, Jim's brother.



Newsday Photo

Plummer: Not leaving hit show yet.

LOCKED UP FOR PREMIERE. Reputed organized-crime figure Michael Franzese couldn't make it to the opening of his new low-budget urban shoot-em-up, "Knights of the City." He was locked up at the Metropolitan Correctional Center awaiting trial on fraud charges. The movie, produced by Franzese and Jerry Zimmerman, stars Leon Isaac Kennedy, Nicholas Campbell and Stoney Jackson (the latter two starred in "The Insiders," the ABC "Miami Vice" clone that died after a few episodes last fall); it premiered Friday all over the tri-state area. Franzese, stepson of reputed mob boss John Franzese, is said by the government to be a lieutenant in the Colombo crime family, an accusation he adamantly denies. He's being held without bail on charges he and eight others were involved in a scam that took banks, auto companies and other big corporations for \$5 million. He and Zimmerman have produced several films before this, one starring former evangelist Marjoe Gortner, which reportedly have made a fair hunk of money for them — and, claim authorities, for the mob, though no proof of that charge has been offered.

TIME INC.'S NEW MAG. While the media biz has been buzzing loudly over one new Time Inc. project — the "temporarily" suspended Picture Week — another Time Inc. infant is quietly being born: New York-New

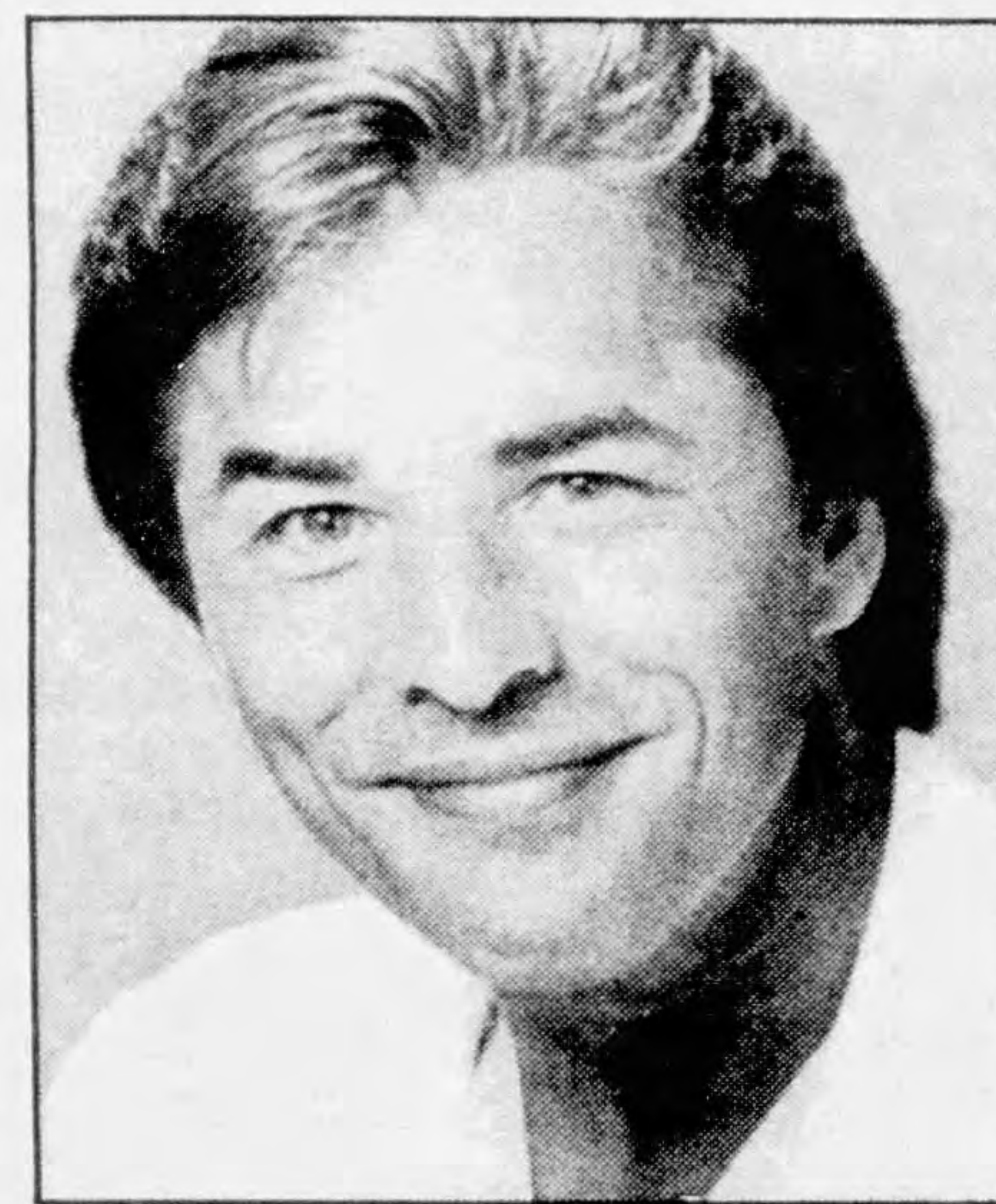


Newsday Photo

Pfeiffer: A 'Mind' role for her?

Jersey-Connecticut Real Estate. But don't look for it at your newsstand, or in your mailbox, if you earn less than \$131,000 a year as a household. With a controlled circulation of 150,000 for its three test issues, Time will minimize the risks of a \$47 million loss like with failed TV-Cable Week or the \$15 million-plus spent testing Picture Week.

The first of three test N.Y.-N.J.-Conn. issues bows in April; the target audience comes off Time's subscriber lists. The magazine, says Time Inc.'s



UPI Photo

Johnson: Serious supporting role.

Michael Luftman, is geared toward "buying, selling, and investment opportunities." If it pulls ads Time wants (\$8,800 for black and white pages, \$12,000 for color), editions are to appear in four other parts of the U.S.

Two Time retirees acting as consultants are involved: former chairman-CEO Andrew Heiskell, whose idea Real Estate was, and former Time managing editor Otto Fuerbringer, who is "project editor," for now. There's no publisher at this point in the magazine's gestation, we're told, but Heiskell "can be considered the godfather."

A STAGE DECISION. The cast of Sam Shepard's "A Lie of the Mind" was almost joined by another hot young thespian — Michelle Pfeiffer. She read for the role currently being played by Amanda Plummer, who was supposed to be leaving the show on March 2. Amanda has decided not to depart the hit just yet, however, so there isn't a spot right now for Michelle. But according to producer Lewis Allen, Michelle's reading went so well she's likely to be part of "Mind" eventually.

LESS ROOM TO MOVE. Robert Redford gave up a lot when he became estranged from his wife, Lola — about 10 rooms. He's found a perfectly nice new two-bedroom apartment on Fifth Avenue, but it doesn't compare to the old pad a few blocks away. Lola's keeping that. It's an entire floor — some 15 rooms.

TO EACH HIS OWN PENN. So what if Vanity Fair and GQ are both Conde Nast publications? That doesn't mean they have to think alike on the subject of Sean Penn. Not long ago, it was reported that Mr. Madonna had turned down the opportunity to be a GQ cover because he didn't think the mag was serious enough. GQ's editor Art Cooper put that rumor to rest by stating that Penn's publicists had pitched the young actor as a possible face to grace the front of the mag, but GQ didn't think Sean was cover material. Vanity Fair has other ideas. Sean is the cover-boy on its March issue, which hits the stands in about two weeks.

WHATTA GUY! Don't ever say Don Johnson is a cad — the type who doesn't carry his family weight. We're told by pals of the "Miami Vice" star that when his estranged girlfriend, Patti D'Arbanville, asked him for \$6,000-\$7,000 a month in child support for their son, Jesse, Don decided to give her \$10G a month.

Edited by Susan Mulcahy

George Bush: A VP for All Reasons

No good American, especially none inclined to indolence, would be disposed to cheat George Washington and Abraham Lincoln of the homage rendered them yesterday.

Still, our appreciation of their virtues may not have extended far enough. Since each of them particularly distinguished himself in the service of the oppressed, their nation might honor their spirit even more fully by downing tools for a Vice Presidents Day at some point in Captive Nations Week.

The vice president of the United States could stand as symbol of every soul in prison if he were



Murray Kempton

not so much more degraded than his fellows by the requirement that he not only clank his chains but loudly bless them in the bargain.

Our founders had livelier plans for the vice presidency than the servitude that is its appointed lot, and their Constitution awarded the office to the candidate with the second largest vote in the electoral college. This device endured until Vice President Aaron Burr turned out to be more than it could stand.

After Burr had shot a former secretary of the treasury and played with conspiracies to make himself emperor of the western territories, President Thomas Jefferson languidly put him on trial for treason, and the Constitution was hastily amended to transform the vice president from mischief-maker to bondsman.

Ever since Burr spoiled the game, we have been deprived of the ruddy delights that would

have been ours in living through the collaborative endeavors of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Vice President Herbert Hoover, or President Lyndon Johnson and Vice President Barry Goldwater.

But now the president chooses the vice president and pens him in as the only citizen of these United States forever beyond reach by the Emancipation Proclamation.

There was a time when vice presidents had the luck to be inconspicuous enough to hide in the Senate and escape identification. A leisurely transportation system debarred them from ranging far from home: Even if the Milwaukee Republican Committee had credited the vice president with something to say, it would hardly have expected him to spend three days under steam for the chance to say it. But then came the airplane,

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