with in real life. Or perhaps it's because of those pressures. Trump doesn't touch alcohol, and golf may be one of the few escapes he has. On the course, he seems genuinely relaxed. Whatever the case, he stiffs his approach shot at the first hole, nearly scoring an eagle. "The Trumpster hits it close," he says. "I may not look good on the practice tee, but I know how to score."

Trump, Joyce, and Cartmate are engaged in a low-key skins game. No amount of money is assigned to the skins, so no wager is discussed. When Cartmate hits a 3-iron tight on a par-3 with a green backed by a stupendous waterfall featuring huge rocks imported from Southern California, Trump exclaims, "You have no idea how good that f---ing shot was!" And after the putt is holed: "You have no idea how good a two that was." Cartmate understands that any two is a good two but nonetheless appreciates the attaboy from Trump.

The course at Trump International Golf Club (not to be confused with the Trump National Golf Club, the $40 million project in Briarcliff Manor, New York) is a source of justifiable pride for Trump. On several occasions he points to the live oaks on the course and says, "See those? You won't see those too many places." It turns out Trump has a pint-sized obsession with the trees. "The live oak is appreciated more by the golf aficionado," he observes.

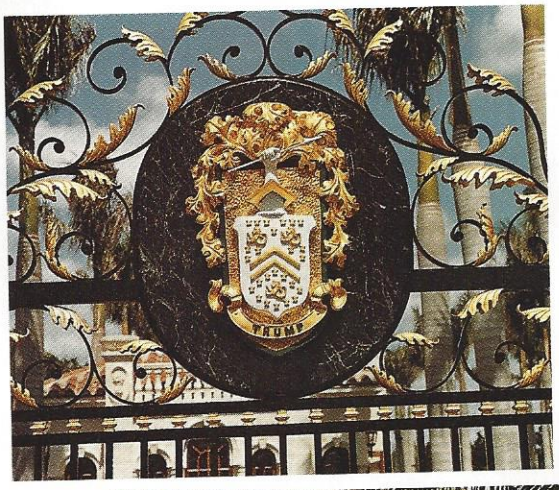
Cartmate is admiring the layout and the placement of the trees on the 15th hole, and getting a warm, fuzzy, old-school feeling because it reminds him of Merion Golf Club, when Trump interrupts: "The oaks are much more expensive than palm trees."

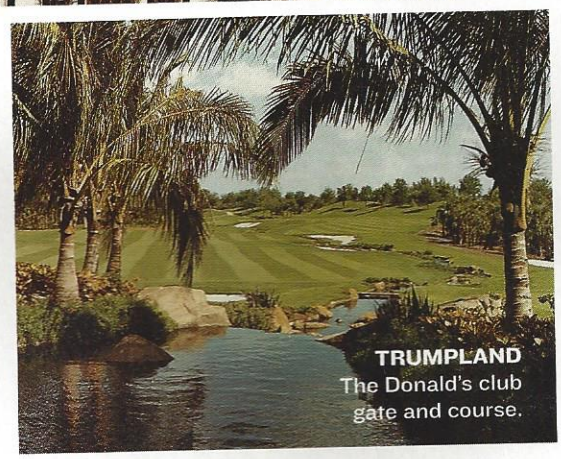
On reaching the eighth hole, a par-4 that doglegs around a pond, Cartmate learns that the course architect, Jim Fazio, believes the trees along the far side of the pond are unnecessary. Trump asks Cartmate what he thinks. "I'm not a golf-course architect," says Cartmate, who then proceeds to fire his tee shot into the base of one of the trees in question.

"I hate them," says Cartmate. "Take them out."

"They're staying," says Trump, a smile curling the corner of his mouth.

At the 16th hole of the match, Cartmate halves Joyce by making an unlikely up-and-down for par. This gains a tie for Trump in the one-tie-all-tie format. "You bailed my ass out there, you f---ing walrus," he says to Cartmate. The comparison of Cartmate's physique to Craig Stadler's is made in jest and accepted as such. On the next tee, Trump shows that he likes his joke by saying to Joyce, "The f---ing walrus sure bailed my ass out there, didn't he?"





TRUMPLAND The Donald's club gate and course.

Now that Cartmate and Trump are on barb-trading terms, Cartmate asks Trump en route to the next hole if it's true that the fabulous babes are all a façade to mask the fact that Trump is gay. "I'd like to say for the record that I am not gay," announces Trump with mock seriousness. (Before the day is out, Trump will say to a few people in passing, "This guy keeps asking me if I'm gay. Can you believe this guy?")

"I just find women very vital to life, to my existence," continues Trump. Asked what he believes pleases women in general, Trump says, "They like the most obvious thing. And if they don't like that, I don't give a f--- how much money you have…

"It's not a bad course here, and you've played courses all over the place, right?" (*There it is again,* thinks Cartmate—the trademark Trump conversational shank.)

On the green of the penultimate hole, Trump cusses when he misses a putt. He gives his putter a toss of about 25 yards. (Cartmate notices that Trump makes a nice hip turn on the throw.) Trump recovers nicely on the last hole, though, reaching the green of the par-5 in three and nearly holing the putt. Moments later, on the porch overlooking that same green, Trump, Joyce, and Cartmate are joined by Fazio and Zabriski. Well-wishers pass by and inform Trump they were almost certain he had made that birdie putt. They ask, "How did it stay out?"

Over lunch, the subject arises of a well-publicized match that took place at the course. It occurred when Australian gazillionaire Kerry Packer was in town and suggested to Trump that a golf pro who travels with Packer take on Zabriski for $50,000. It was the sort of my-man-against-your-man match that has taken place since Achilles slew Hector. Zabriski dusted the Aussie pro, and Packer forked over the 50 large.

Oddly enough, Trump is troubled by whether he did the right thing with the winnings when he gave Zabriski half and distributed the rest to the golf-operations staff who scurried about readying the course for play that day. "Was I right in doing that?" Trump asks Fazio. "Do you think I gave Bruce enough of the money, Jim?"

"I think that was more than generous," says Fazio.

"Do you think?" says Trump.

It strikes Cartmate as cute that an obviously confident man like Trump is so uncertain about silly things like whether or not he did the right thing with the money won in a bet, or whether his girlfriend is good-looking. It's almost endearing.

Trump needs no convincing on one point, however. As he scans the diners on the veranda, a young socialite catches his eye. "There is nothing in the world like first-class talent," says Trump, affirming that in the eyes of the American public he would have made one hell of a president. ❍