

UP **IN** SMOKE

by **JOHN SEDGWICK**



Warning: Unhappy heir Patrick Reynolds may be dangerous to his family's wealth.



Forty-year-old Patrick Reynolds is the grandson and heir of R. J. Reynolds, the tobacco tycoon who first linked cigarettes with glamour and hooked half the nation's smokers on Camels. And for the last two years, Patrick Reynolds has devoted his life to a national campaign against smoking, turning his own personal glamour against the very industry that made his name.

He has decried the billions spent on cigarette advertisements as "the greatest abuse of freedom

of speech in history," called for laws to ban sales of tobacco to minors, and promoted his \$19.88 Reynolds Stop Smoking Program to those who want to quit.

Why is Reynolds dedicating his life and his fortune to a cause that would seem to jeopardize his own financial well-being? Why should he—a Reynolds—want to ban cigarette smoking? The stock reaction is that he is suffering from either too much guilt about the source of his inheritance or too little gratitude for it.

Reynolds himself dismisses

both points. He is not faking the bitterness he feels toward the cigarettes that killed his grandfather, father, and two great-aunts, and that he was addicted to for 15 years. But the fullest explanation for the heir's revolt against the family business lies deeper—down in the depths of the soul where the money settles.

Like all heirs, Patrick Reynolds is defined by his wealth, in both the world's view and his own, and that definition is at once his curse and liberation.

"At 21 I got all this money," he



"I figured that I wasted \$300,000 a year just in the time I spent taking the wrappings off my cigars and lighting them."

—Texan H. L. Hunt on why he quit smoking

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SPECIAL REPORT

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admits, "but the question was, Who was I?"

A descendant not only of Reynolds Tobacco but of Reynolds Aluminum, Reynolds Securities, and Delta Air Lines as well, he grew up in mansions. With such other brand-name heirs as Edsel Ford and Ted Morton, he was educated at Hotchkiss. A well-built 6 feet 2 with sky-blue eyes and perfect skin, he has traveled to Europe so often that he now speaks four languages. And when he turned 21, he inherited \$2.5 million from his grandmother.

With the money, which came to him in the form of RJ Reynolds stock that he has since liquidated, he inherited some oversized identity questions. He wasn't just Patrick Reynolds: he was Patrick Reynolds of

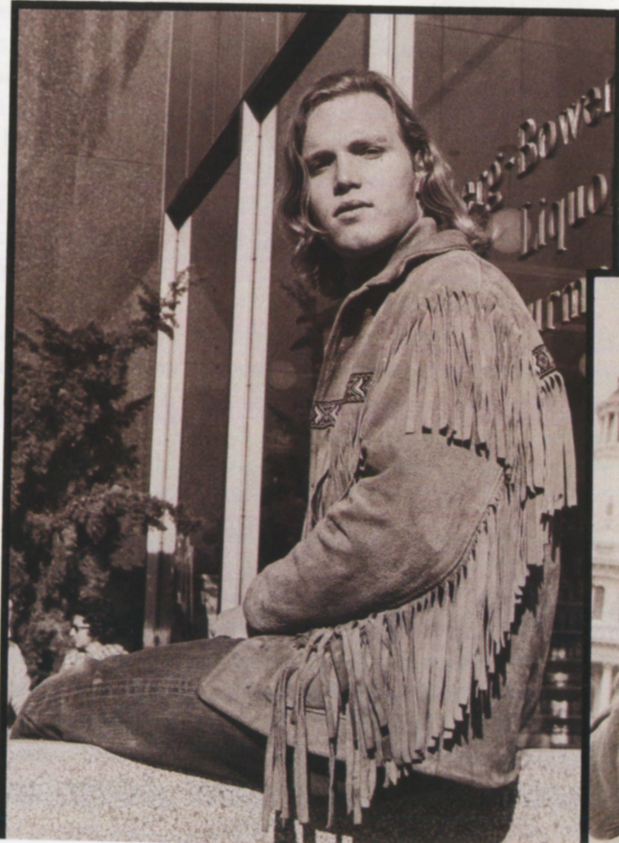
that Patrick's mother, a red-headed Hollywood starlet named Marianne O'Brien, had had an affair on the Riviera with notorious playboy Porfirio Rubirosa.

"I once screwed up my courage to ask my mother why she did it," Reynolds recalls, "and she said, 'I was young, with beautiful clothes and the most impressive jewelry

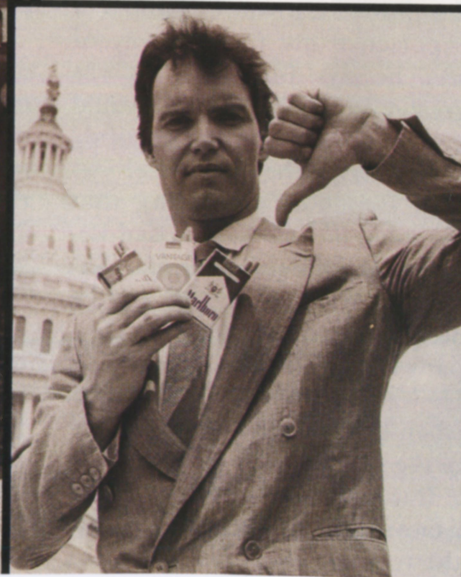
They met a few more times after that. R. J. Jr. would dispatch a plane to collect Patrick at boarding school and fly him to Sapelo Island, Reynolds's 44,000-acre estate off Georgia. The visits were brief; R. J. Jr. was dying of emphysema, and he succumbed to the disease when Patrick was 15.

The death was hard to take, but the will was devastating: his father had left all of his personal fortune to his fourth wife, Anne-Marie, and their baby, Irene. Patrick—along with R. J. Jr.'s five other sons by his first three marriages—was disinherited.

Reynolds took the rejection as a



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Oh, My Achin' Bucks!

The hot new malady among America's youthful upper crust is affluenza, an ailment that seems to strike only heirs to sizable fortunes. The disease renders its victims incapable of holding a job, maintaining serious relationships, staying sober, or leading productive lives. Psychiatrists and therapists call affluenza a legitimate psychological illness. It even has its own specialist. "Heir consultant" John Levy of San Francisco, who has been working with troubled legatees for more than eight years, says the disease is a cinch to spot. There are eight interrelated symptoms:

- Delayed emotional development
- Lack of motivation
- Lack of self-discipline
- Boredom
- Difficulty using power
- Guilt

everything.

Rebellion, of course, is an inevitable part of any child's development; it is a mark of the heir's peculiar status that he might legitimately make a career of it. If few others have done so quite as flamboyantly, that is in part because Reynolds is simply the flamboyant type. He gaily recites the details:

He lived and partied for two years with actress Shelley Duvall in a Tudor castle overlooking Lake Hollywood. He still hobnobs with the international jet set and was a regular on Adnan Khashoggi's yacht, the *Nabila*, where he met several fast friends, including Khashoggi's son Mohamed. And he married a wealthy German (whom he later divorced) in an ancient church in the Bavarian Alps. The wedding party arrived in a procession of 12 horse-drawn carriages, and Reynolds's friend comedian Robin Williams entertained the guests.

That side of Reynolds's life is the fairy tale. It is the balm for the horror story on the other side.

The key fact of Patrick Reynolds's life is that his father, R. J. Reynolds Jr., abandoned his son at the age of 3 after he discovered

Patrick Reynolds at 21 (above left), just before he inherited his grandmother's money; almost 20 years later (right), in front of the U.S. Capitol.

on the Riviera, but I was a prisoner on your father's yacht, looking out every night at the glittering lights of Monte Carlo."

After the divorce, R. J. Jr. refused to have anything to do with his ex-wife or their sons, Patrick and Michael. He moved on to a third wife, the Canadian Muriel Marston. Patrick accepted this fate until age 9, when, while a student at a Miami boarding school, he wrote his father a letter.

"Dear Dad," he wrote, "I want to meet you. Where are you? I'm your son, Patrick. Love, Patrick."

The letter was forwarded nine times before it finally caught up with R. J. Jr. on his yacht in the South Pacific. Touched, the elder Reynolds met with his son a few months later at his retreat in Roaring Gap, North Carolina.

message that he was to make his own way, and he trained as an actor. "I saw it as a means of self-exploration," he says.

He took countless lessons in dance, voice, and acting. He moved into his castle with Duvall and watched in frustration as her career advanced while his languished. He was convinced that agents didn't take him seriously: "My name held me back."

If Hollywood saw him as a Reynolds, his family refused to. His fury about that came to a head in 1975 when his stepmother invited him to come to Sapelo Island and buy the furniture he hadn't inherited to benefit an island research foundation. He was stunned to see the estate again.

"The mansion and the utter splendor of his life hit me like a slap in the face," he says. "I'd repressed how wealthy he had been."

Too angry to look his stepmother in the eye, he offered insultingly low amounts—\$2, \$5—for the priceless antiques. She got the message and sold him the items for 10 percent of their value. He bought as much as he could, returned to Hollywood, and holed up for two weeks trying to write everything down in his journal—

▼ **Suspiciousness.**

Heirs who suffer such symptoms, Levy says, lack self-esteem. Because they credit their successes at least partially to their money and position, they fear that should their fortune vanish, they would be unable to survive.

The cure for affluenza is a practical one. Says Levy, "I try to help people see that their lives are a lot richer and more satisfying, and they'll feel much better about themselves and be less bored if they go to work."

And what if they don't?

"I guess a simple answer is a wasted life," says Levy. "It's tragic. Sometimes they turn to drugs or alcohol. Or it may cause them to run around spending money trying to keep entertained. But more often than not, they just sort of slow down emotionally and become flat."

—Hillary Dowdle

"There must be more to life than having everything."

—Maurice Sendak

"Whoever said money can't buy happiness didn't know where to shop."

—Unknown

The Gilded North

The state with the highest percentage of millionaires per capita is North Dakota, which has 586 millionaires for every 100,000 people. Minnesota is second, with 426 millionaires per 100,000, followed by Florida (388), Connecticut (301), Utah (274), and Alaska (270).

"all my feelings about being an heir, all my pain. Why had he disinherited me? He'd given no explanation. Was I a good person? A bad person? *Why?*"

Then he went down to the courthouse to change his name to Patrick Byrne. "I decided I was going to put my past behind me," he says. But he won only one small part as Patrick Byrne. A year later, he changed his name back to Patrick Reynolds.

He broke up with Duvall and, to console himself, moved into Brooklawn, an even larger mansion with a vast greenhouse and an immense ballroom in L.A.'s Beechwood Canyon. "I wanted to experience my father's way of life," he says. But all he felt was greater isolation: "People would say, 'Your house is so beautiful,' and I'd say, 'What about me?'"

In hopes of answering that question, in 1983 he married Regine Wahl, the daughter of a German tour-bus operator, and he bought into her father's bus company to establish a U.S. franchise. He was six months into the work when he received an offer to star in the film *Eliminators*.

It was not much of a part, or of a movie, but he threw himself into the role. He embarked on such a

join a major political contributors' tour of Washington. Meeting with Senator Robert Packwood of Oregon, Reynolds introduced himself as R. J. Reynolds's grandson and asked why cigarette taxes were so much lower in the U.S. than in Europe. Amazed that it was a Reynolds asking the question, Packwood wanted to take him straight to a subcommittee meeting on excise taxes that was addressing that very question that afternoon. Not ready for that, Reynolds returned to California and consulted the American Lung Association (ALA). "The more I heard about cigarettes," he says, "the angrier I became."

He returned to the capital two months later and provided dramatic testimony in favor of banning cigarette advertising. It made CBS, NBC, and CNN's national news broadcasts that night. The ALA enlisted him as its spokesman. At long last, Patrick Reynolds was a star.

But even that doesn't fully account for the deep satisfaction he says he feels about his current efforts or for the broad smile he displays while discussing them. As the Kennedy family says, "Don't get mad, get even," and he finally has. He has taken his revenge

My mother was never accepted by the Reynolds family," he says bitterly, "and over the years, neither was I or my brother, Mike. We were ostracized."

Now he is ostracizing the family right back by mobilizing national sentiment against it. In case the Reynoldses miss the point, he has written, with a co-author, a no-holds-barred account of the family called *The Gilded Leaf*, which will be published by Little, Brown & Company this April.

Yet questions remain. He has reached the stage of life where he is contemplating children of his own. Curiously, he plans to raise them in the style of the high rich, the way he was raised, miserable as it made him.

"I don't want to have them if I don't have the money to raise them right," he says adamantly. "That means with a governess and first-class schools." He must be reminded that that doesn't leave much room for the fathering he so missed as a child.

"Make that 'part-time governess,'" he says sheepishly. "I guess I haven't completely outgrown my childlike impulses." ★

marriage broke up under the strain. The movie flopped, although Reynolds believes that someday it will be a cult classic.

In 1986, a friend invited him to

father, against the notoriety that stifled his career ambitions, and most importantly, against the family that rejected him financially and emotionally.

of several books, including *Rich Kids: America's Young Heirs and Heiresses, How They Love and Hate Their Money* (William Morrow & Company, 1985).

TOBACCO ROAD

In 1867, 17-year-old Richard Joshua Reynolds first packed tobacco onto his two-horse wagon to peddle the weed through Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia. Reynolds settled in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, in 1875. Soon after, he recruited his two brothers to join his business. Incorporated as RJ Reynolds Tobacco Company, today the firm is the largest consumer products company in the U.S.

But its most memorable product is still the smokable one. In 1913, Reynolds created the modern cigarette, and the company's Camel soon became the country's most popular brand. When R. J. Reynolds died in 1918, he left each of his four children close to \$25 million. His ex-wife acquired nearly twice that sum.

In 1932, son Zachary allegedly committed suicide in his Winston-Salem bedroom while (according to some stories) his wife, Libby Holman, lay in his best friend Albert Walker's arms in the next room. Fearing that publicity would ruin the family business and that Holman would inherit Zachary's \$25 million fortune, the Reynolds family accused her of killing Zachary for his money. They backed down, however, when Holman announced she was pregnant with Zachary's child and heir. Then, in 1950, Holman's 17-year-old son, Christopher, died in a fall on Mount Whitney in California. He left all his inheritance to his mother.

After the Holman affair, the Reynolds children—R. J. Jr. and

sisters, Mary Katherine and Nancy Susan—ceased playing an active role in the tobacco company and devoted themselves to overseeing various charities. Nonetheless, RJ Reynolds Inc. continues to thrive. During the past two decades, it has acquired Kentucky Fried Chicken, Del Monte foods, Canada Dry soft drinks, and Heublein's liquors and wines. In 1985 the company paid \$4.9 billion to merge with Nabisco Brands.

—Bridget Bidwell



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COURTESY OF PATRICK REYNOLDS

R. J. Reynolds Jr. (left) with Patrick's mother, Marianne. Above: the Reynolds mansion on Sapelo Island.