



Death of a Friend

Friday
A terrifying phone call from Burdette Feierabend, former wife of my pal Peter Feierabend, at about 9:30 p.m.—just as I was pulling onto the Hollywood Freeway after a modest Rosh-Hoshana dinner. I did not get to the call until much later. But by pure ESP, I picked up the car phone and called Burdette exactly one minute after she had called me. Peter had gone away on a rafting trip about ten days before on the wild Salmon River, near the Frank Church Wilderness of No Return, and I wanted to see how his trip was going. It was night one of the Jewish High Holidays, a time that has often been marked by death and disaster for my family and friends. I had expected to hear from Peter some time ago, and I was worried—which was why I called Burdette.

"How are you doing?" I asked.

"Not too good," Burdette said and started to cry. The hair on the back of my neck started to stand up.

"I just got a call from the people on the trip," she said. "Peter's been missing in the river for about twelve hours, and the sheriff says he's probably drowned."

I think I'll tell you about Peter Feierabend now, so you'll understand why I started to pound the dashboard and pray and sob and scream.

In 1992, I first came to visit North Idaho on the advice of my friend and frequent director in commercials, Mark Story. I fell in love with Sandpoint, as I have written before. A large part of the reason was Peter Feierabend, who at the time was the caretaker for Mark Story's elegant home in Hope, near Sandpoint.

BENJAMIN J. STEIN is a writer, actor, economist, and lawyer living in Hollywood and Malibu.

Peter met me at a tiny market called Hi-Hopes and showed me the house. It was impressive, with its dark hardwood floors, its spectacular lake views, its indoor pool, shooting range, and wine cellar, but I was most impressed with Peter.

He was a hippie in the only good sense of the word. He was a man who had turned his back on civilization, commerce, and cities to earn his own living, create beautiful woodwork, and read the classics. He was too gentle for the larger world, but was perfect for Sandpoint. He drove me all around the town, and told me the history of the second biggest fresh water lake west of the Mississippi, Lake Pend'Oreille. It was formed, he said, by a gigantic water back-up behind a glacier as other glaciers melted. As recorded in ancient Indian lore and confirmed by geologists, the resulting flood swept from what is now Western Montana to the Pacific Ocean, and the glaciers gouged out Lake Pend'Oreille. He told the story as if it had happened yesterday, in complete awe for the power of nature and the elemental forces of physics.

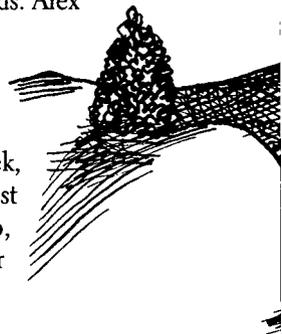
When I came back to North Idaho a few months later, I brought Tommy, who was then five. He hit it off immediately with Peter's son, Alex, and we all became pals. Alex's sister Rachel hung with us too, and we had a little family in North Idaho. We would take long drives up to Kootenai Bay, Canada, across the bay on the world's longest free ferry ride, into Montana, around the Hope Peninsula, to Ruby Ridge. We would talk, and Peter would tell me about his life. His father had been from the stock of German settlers in America. He had fought in the armor with Patton in World War II and been repeatedly decorated. His mother was Jewish, which made him Jewish by Jewish law, a descendant of well-to-do Swiss lawyers. He grew

up in Corona, in the San Gabriel Valley, and then in Newport Beach.

Both of his parents had died young—the father when Peter was only twelve and the mother when Peter was in his twenties. Peter had diabetes but otherwise had been a fairly ordinary young man—until he got into a swimming pool. Then, as he often told me, he was "a god." He could swim that hardest of all strokes, the butterfly, like a rocket ship. He was on his high school swim team, then all-California, then All-American at Brigham Young. "On land, I'm nothing," he often said. "A total failure by the standards of your friends in L.A. But in the water, I'm a god."

Peter was raising Alexander and Rachel pretty much by himself. They lived in a cabin a little ways outside town, and they lived modestly, but well. Many the time I saw Peter, obviously suffering from the effects of diabetes and a hefty night of dining well, standing unsteadily but determinedly at the kitchen range, making a huge breakfast for his kids, dressing them, and making sure they had done their homework.

For most of the time I knew him, Peter had almost no money. But he made sure his kids had plenty of food, warm clothes, and even the things kids must have in North Idaho, like snowboards and mountain bikes. He had a natural, easy way with kids. Alex and Tommy would climb all over him, wrestling, pulling his head and neck, and he would just pick them up, throw one over each shoulder, say, "I've got you,



you sack of potatoes,” and then carry them off to his truck and throw them in the back with his golden lab, Chazzy Boy. The truck was a 20-year-old Ford flatbed with wooden stakes and a wooden bumper Peter made himself after an accident.

There were no seatbelts. Peter hated the government, and would curse when he saw a sheriff's boat out on the lake. They were just empire builders living off the taxpayers, he would say, and we would argue the point. At his most broke he was behind in his taxes, and got cruel letters from the IRS telling him they were going to seize his house and evict him and his kids. I told him I would cheerfully pay the liens, but he said he would go into the IRS office and blow his brains out with a gun before he let them take his house or let anyone else bail him out.

He had an extraordinary gift with his hands and eyes. He taught Tommy how to thread a fishing rod with line, how to tie a knot on a lure (or “loor,” as he pronounced it), how to assemble models. All around Sandpoint, there are beautiful, Japanese-style wooden lights that Peter designed for hotels and motels and private homes. There are beguiling wooden totems pointing the way to Schweitzer ski resort. Above all, there are perfect, beautiful docks that Peter and his partner, Dana, built for restaurants and houses on Lake Pend'Oreille. He made toys for Tommy on his woodworking equipment—a pair of pistols, a puzzle, an airplane. They are so filled with imagination they take my breath away. One of them is a puzzle I've had on a table next to my bed for years. It's three sticks, and only if you fit them together perfectly will they stand up.

Peter changed my life in a big way, partly by opening Sandpoint and a peaceful, small-town way to live to me, but most

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”

ly by offering himself as a model of how to be a father. With no money, no social position, nothing but love and the will to be there for them, Peter made himself into a perfect father. Rachel, 15, is second in her class at Sandpoint High School. Alex, 12, is good-natured and fantastically affectionate—a fine example for our spoiled, aloof (but loving) Tommy boy.

About a year ago, Peter came into an inheritance in Switzerland. He flew there and signed papers and collected a sum about equal to half of the price of a good house in the Hollywood Hills. He did not exactly go crazy with his money. He bought a new mountain bike and a used Nissan truck and a few new shirts. But he was happier, less worried, more ready to leave his cabin and go out. He still suffered terribly from diabetes, but he dated and even traveled to L.A. and New York to see old friends. I took him, in his T-shirt, to Morton's. “Wonderful,” he said, “just wonderful,” as he looked at the starlets and the billionaires. “But I like it more on the other side of Sandpoint's Long Bridge.”

This summer, his diabetic condition deteriorated badly.

I would call him to ask how he was feeling. “I'm reasonable,” he would say. “I'm reasonable.” But he looked sad and his eyes were even more sunken than usual. He slept large parts of the day, and he was often irritable when I saw him. Still, he was Peter. Once, after arguing needlessly with me about the best route to Priest Lake, he and I raced there, Caddy vs. Nissan truck, on our predetermined routes. When he beat me by less than he had predicted, he paid me by cleaning my windshield as clean as it had ever been. Then he stood back, admired his handiwork at the Priest River gas station and said, “There. That's pretty good, isn't it? Is that reasonable?” That was Peter.

With his newfound money, Peter determined that this past summer, he would do something he had long wanted to do: Go on a raft trip with some of his friends, over a wild river near Riggins.

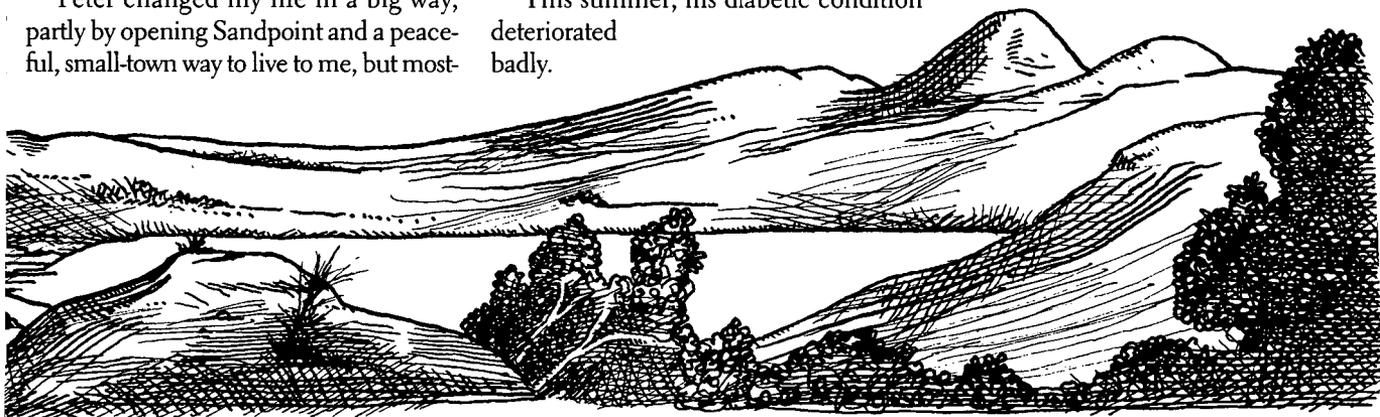
I can recall riding in my boat with Peter near Priest River in July, telling him that no amount of money would make me go on a trip like that, without air-conditioning, TV, telephone, or nearby doctors. He laughed and said he would do fine. “What if you get sick?” I asked.

“No problem,” he said. “They have radios.”

Two nights before he left, we had dinner at the new Thai place in Sandpoint. We talked about the benches that did not fit with the tables, and then we talked about our lives when we were younger.

“We just wanted to feel good,” I said. “That was what got so many of us into trouble.”

“The deal was that my life was basically a failure,” Peter said. “I never amounted to much. There were days when I didn't have anything to eat but



JOHN SPRINGS

beans. But I got to spend my life doing things I wanted to do. I got to spend my life with my kids, and how many men can say that? I got to spend my days watching my kids grow up. That's a good life."

Now, he's missing and presumed drowned.

Sunday

We arrived in Sandpoint and checked into the Edgewater Inn. Three people. Three rooms. Tommy insists on having his own room so he can watch specials about dinosaurs while I watch CNN.

Glenn, Dana, and Malcolm, three of Peter's close friends, came by to visit. In a voice drained of affect, Glenn said, "The sheriff just called. They found his body. Floating downstream two miles from where he fell in. They're doing an autopsy now."

I went into my room and closed the door. As I was standing looking out at the marina, racked with my own sobs, Burdette, Alex, and Rachel appeared at the door. "We know," Burdette said, and then they all burst into tears.

I hugged both kids and then Burdette. Tommy hugged Alex and went with him to play some video game. Rachel, an alert 15, had a better idea of what was happening. She just sat there on the edge of Alex's bed and looked hollow. Burdette, usually so healthy and robust looking in black jeans and T-shirt, looked tiny and shrunken.

The sun was glittering on the water near the marina. There was a light breeze. I could hear the chains—halyards, lanyards, whatever they are—hitting the masts. Far out on the lake, towards Contest Point, I could see a lone sailboarder. How many mornings I awakened in my bed at the Edgewater, looked out, and saw Peter zipping through the water on his catamaran with his dog, Chazzy Boy, by his side.

We all cried for a long time and then went over to Ivano's for dinner. Tommy and Alex talked about video games and went out to Second Avenue to play. My wife talked about how she still can't believe her mother is dead after all these years. Glenn and Dana and Robin swapped stories. Peter when he was a young woodworker. Peter when he was a transporter of sailboats to Vancouver and the nearby islands.

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Rock me on the water.

At dinner, we ran into a friend from the rafting trip who told us that Peter's body was undergoing autopsy at that moment. "When the autopsy is done, should we have Peter cremated down there or bring back his body?" Dana and Glenn asked.

My wife said she thought the children had to see the body or else they would never believe he was really dead. So, the decision has been made.

Tuesday

Arally to protect Lake Pend'Oreille from pollution by a giant gold mine in Montana is underway on the Long Bridge. It's an incredibly perfect Fall day here, and I am riding my bike back and forth on the bridge, looking at the sunset. The sky is a brilliant gray and orange down over the river.

Alex wanted to sleep, so I took Tommy and Alex Feierabend to dinner at the Pizza Hut. When the hostess asked me if I wanted smoking or non-smoking I got very upset. Peter and I always had a good-natured argument about that because he smoked. I took the smoking section for old times' sake. In that booth, just a few weeks before, Peter had said something very smart about my pal X., the call girl, and how people in my position could never understand the position of people in need.

I have a number of excellent friends, but life just seems lonely without Peter. He was even more of a soul mate than I realized. I keep thinking that I want to tell him about this giant loss I have suffered and that he'll say something that will make it all right.

For the entire summer I spent in Idaho, even with the noisy kids on the dock, even with the heat, I never took one sleeping pill, a lifetime record for me. Now, I can't sleep without them. The valley of the dolls meets the god on the water.

Wednesday

"Tommy," I asked as we headed over this morning to the funeral home where Peter's body lies, "Mommy and I might like to give some money to name a bench or a small park after Peter. Can you think of a favorite place where he used to like to hang out that we might name after him?"

He thought for just a moment and said, "How about the bar at the Edgewater? That was his favorite place to be."

We sat in silence for the rest of the ride down Cedar Street, left on Division, and then into the parking lot for the funeral home. The owner of the funeral home was a rumpled-looking, middle-aged man. He was visibly worried about who was going to pay for the embalming and the coffin liner.

When Alex graciously insisted that she pay the bill right on the spot, the mortician was greatly relieved and literally beamed and rubbed his hands together.

He showed the three of us into the chapel. It was a long, narrow room with thin pine veneer walls. There were about ten rows of pews and a little curtain. In front of the curtain was a rudimentary catafalque or bier on which lay the coffin of Peter Feierabend. We approached the open coffin slowly, with a lot of sobbing and crying.

I saw that it did not really look a lot like Peter, but it was. The mortician had shaved his face into a goatee, a device that Peter would not have used if you gave him a new pickup truck. But the face looked more like Peter as we looked at him longer. He was wearing one of his jerseys he had bought in Switzerland last year.

"His hands," Alex said. "His hands look like him."

Indeed, they did. He had once broken some fingers while woodworking, and they were not set properly, if at all. They were crooked, but still powerful and artistic looking in death.

Glenn appeared. He had driven 600 miles along with Dana the day before to

fetch the body. Now they were back to keep us company in the viewing.

"When is the memorial?" I asked Glenn.

"Burdette wants to have it in about three weeks," he said. "To give people from the Midwest and the east time to come."

We all sobbed for a really long time, and then we signed some forms that I don't really recall, and left. Peter was all alone in that room with the cheap veneer he would have hated.

We sat in the car in silence for most of the way back to Spokane, and then we got on the plane. In a few hours we were back in the center of the universe.

Monday

An incredibly busy day back here in L.A. First, a meeting at a studio that is going to do a game show with little *moi* as the host. I should say we are going to do a pilot of a game show. Who knows if it will ever air, but we are sure going to try. It's produced by my pal, Al Burton, who helped to invent two of the best shows in history, "Mary Hartman" and "Fernwood 2Night." He has also been the best friend I have had in Hollywood for a really long time, in fact since I got here.

The producers are amazingly young, lively, and enthusiastic. I have been in Hollywood long enough to count on nothing as certain. But I feel optimistic. If it clicks, it will be a very funny show. If not, we will keep trying.

Then, to pick up Tommy at school. My new exercise trainer-nutritionist, Mary Margaret, tells me I spend *too much* time with Tommy. Naturally, she's single and lean and tough and has no kids. So what can she know about what good is: Little Perfect grabbing my arm and telling me he has to go get a candy bar and a soda and a hot dog and licorice all at once...then jumping up on my back for me to carry him—that's good, not lifting crappy old weights at a gym.

At home there was a major struggle to make him do his homework. Then, Mommy came to take him for a play date with some little ruffian. I went off to Morton's to have dinner with a comedian I will call Shecky. He rapidly went through his long list of triumphs: a sitcom starring him, created by him, in the works at Fox to be on

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*They bought lakefront
lots and built cabins,
turned themselves into
woodworkers or
artisans, made lives.*

”

NBC. The just completed comedy work at Vegas. The new edition of his diet, exercise, and 12-step book—no, 13-step, the thirteenth step being "I am the center of the universe"—coming out. A lengthy schedule of spectacularly well-paid lectures. I sat silently taking it all in, occasionally tugging respectfully at my forelock.

"There is nothing that happens to me that I cannot either profit from or learn from," said a smart friend. As I listened to Shecky I realized how difficult it is to like anyone who brags to you so consistently about his life. When I feel the urge to brag, I must bite my tongue and stop myself.

Just before the dessert, Shecky asked me for help on a speech he was going to give to a group of junk-bond salespeople. I laughed out loud.

"What's funny?" Shecky asked.

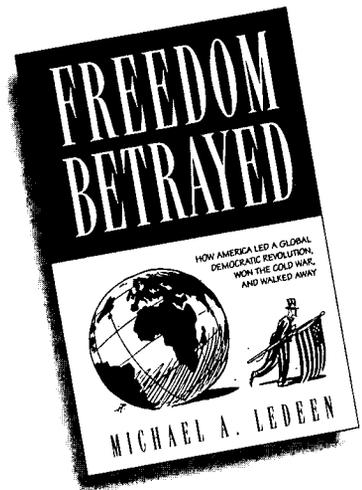
"My wife bet me that you would ask for help on a speech, and she wins the bet," I said.

To his credit, The Sheckster laughed and took out a little pad for me to help him give his highly paid speech. My pay? He paid for dinner. About thirty dollars' worth.

Saturday

To the extent that it is known at all to the outside world, Sandpoint, Idaho is probably known as a hotbed of racism and Aryanism and reactionary life. It's where Mark Fuhrman moved when his police work was done. It's down the road from the notorious Aryan Nations compound in lovely Hayden Lake. And it's just a few minutes' drive from Ruby Ridge, where Randy Weaver hung out until the FBI killed his wife and son.

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WRITE IF HE
WERE ALIVE TODAY?



ANSWER:

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—P. J. O'Rourke, author,
All the Trouble in the World

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To the people who live in Sandpoint, this is a joke. Sandpoint is, in fact, a hippie town combined with a lumber town and a summer and winter recreation town. The lumber business is slowly fading. The summer season is short, and the winter ski season at Schweitzer is dicey. The hippie life, though, is continuous and steady, part of the warp and woof of Sandpoint now for twenty-five years. My pal Peter was an integral part of the movement. He and Glenn and Dana moved here almost a quarter-century ago from Newport Beach to find a rural haven where land was cheap and they could make their own rules. They bought lakefront lots and built cabins, turned themselves into woodworkers or artisans of another kind, and made lives.

Peter bought five acres on Baldy Mountain Road outside Sandpoint about twenty years ago, and built a house with a zinc bathtub, exposed shower, sleeping lofts, and the delicate, airy, light-and-shadow woodwork that became his trademark. He moved in with his wife, Burdette. They cleared about a half-acre in front of the house, and when children came, they put in a huge octagonal trampoline, a tree-house, and a pellet-gun range.

Today we are having the memorial for Peter in this same aspen, birch, and pine shaded bower. Craig, Glenn, and Dana have taken down the trampoline and laid out tables and a tent. A two-man band is performing from a music book called "Songs of the Sixties." It's not right at all. Peter liked Miles Davis and jazz, and when he liked rock, it was likely to be Stephen Stills more than José Feliciano.

There are homemade cakes, brownies, cookies, salad, ribs, and tea. Peter's friends have arrived: tall, thin men in middle age with beards. Wives in granny skirts. Kids in their teens and twenties. Often the kids have kids of their own, who are usually more neatly dressed than the parents. A woman on a crutch is talking about Peter's last days on the raft trip. She's holding a bottle of Cuervo and she's sobbing as she's talking.

Peter's son is playing the new Nintendo gizmo in the workshop studio Peter built about ten years ago.

In the workshop, Robin, who was with Peter the night he died, lays out hundreds

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***The house was built into
the living rock shore of
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the glaciers broke.***

”

of photos of the raft trip. Peter on the river looking happy. Peter on the shore looking happy. "Once he got on the river, he was Huck Finn," she says. "I have never seen him so happy."

She shows photos of the spot where he was last seen alive. It's surprisingly shallow, an eddy, a backwater off the main creek, water no more than a couple of inches deep. A man named John who was on the trip says, "There is no way he could have drowned. Plus, there was no water in his lungs. I think he must have had a heart attack. I've been a ski patrolman for most of my life, and I would guess it was a heart attack. He was probably dead before his face hit the water."

When I walked back outside, a lean woman stopped me. "I've met you on the beach many times with Peter," she said. "He was the greatest. He always liked to be happy. You could count on Peter to have a good word no matter what else was happening in the world. He always had the killer stuff. One hit and you were a zombie for an hour. Killer."

A little girl mounted the stage and sang "Imagine" *a cappella*. She missed a few lines, but she sang perfectly on key in her little girl's soprano. *Imagine all the people, living life in peace...*

Glenn spoke for just a minute about Peter's spirit being in each of us. I spoke about how Peter had taught me that the only thing that mattered was family. That being cool meant nothing and being rich meant nothing and being famous meant nothing. What stuck to your bones was family. The mourners nodded enthusiastically, and I suddenly realized that this

family thing cuts across all lines. The hippies know it. The people who make TV in Hollywood know it. The people who are policy wonks at the AEI know it. The farmers know it. The soldiers and sailors definitely know it. The only ones who don't know it are lost souls out in the darkness at gyms, lifting weights obsessively and walking ever faster on the Stairmaster with empty apartments to come home to.

As I spoke, I saw Dana slumped against a tree shaking with tears. "Now," I said, "we look to the future. Always a new beginning, as my old boss said. Our beginning is to be parents to Rachel and Alex, dear friends to Burdette. It's the job Peter paid us to do with his friendship."

A woman read a poem, and then the band played an old Beatles song. On Peter's pond, two women in red dresses rowed themselves leisurely across the pond and swayed their heads to the music.

The party went on until after dark. Then about ten, men and women went out to drink and reminisce. I went to Wal-Mart to buy batteries for my disc player. When I came back, the house was empty except for one little boy from the neighborhood who was watching TV on Peter's favorite chair while outside his mother helped clean up from the party.

Sunday

This afternoon, Glenn, Dana, and my friend Jill, an Idahoan, went out on my boat to lay Peter into his beloved Lake Pend'Oreille. We crawled out of Sandpoint Marina. Then we headed across the lake to Bottle Bay, then northwest to a spot before a rocky ledge where a woman named JoAnne had built a house long ago and then had gone to Alaska and died of a drug overdose. It was a favorite spot of Peter's because of that house, almost like a lighthouse, built into the living rock shore of the lake that had been formed in the Great Flood long ago when the glaciers broke.

Glenn and Dana and Jill and I held hands and in tremulous voices we said The Lord's Prayer. It was a magnificent Fall day, as we watched Peter's ashes drift away into the lake, to go out the Pend'Oreille River, and then into the Columbia, and then out to the mighty Pacific. Where the god on the water would be at home. ❁

The truth is stranger than fiction . . . "How I Make \$4,000.00 A Day, Sitting At My Kitchen Table, In My Underwear!"

A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT APPROACH TO "MAIL-ORDER" TOOK ME FROM BROKE TO \$4,000.00 A DAY, WORKING FROM HOME, IN ONLY A FEW MONTHS - AND I'M CONVINCED ANYBODY CAN COPY WHAT I'M DOING, ONCE THEY UNDERSTAND IT.

Why would any sane person reveal this kind of secret, if it was true? Read my message and find out.

Naperville, Ill. - My name is Jeff Paul. I'm 36 years old. My wife Peggy and I have 3 boys, all terrorists. We live in a suburb of Chicago. I'm writing this article, sitting at my kitchen table in my boxer-shorts and a T-shirt, where I have made an average of \$4,000.00 a day for the last 2 years, I have achieved the "fantasy" of making a ton of money from a home-based, easy, pleasant business. I know my story will be hard to believe. And it'll be even tougher for you to believe that you can do it too. But I hope you'll give me a chance. I just may be the guy to change your life around in a big, big way.

IF YOU HAD TOLD ME 3 YEARS AGO I'D BE WRITING ANYTHING LIKE THIS AND PUBLISHING IT IN A MAGAZINE, I'D HAVE LAUGHED IN YOUR FACE- BUT HERE I AM.

This is NOT "multi-level," NOT a deal where I show you how to get rich by selling some book that tells other people how to get rich; NOT a deal where you buy catalogs or products from me to resell, you lose money and I make money. Actually, this is NOT like anything else you've ever seen advertised. And my story is true and I can prove it. Peggy and I are real people. You may get to know us, even get our private phone number and talk with us. Ours is NOT some "made up story."

MAKE MORE MONEY EACH DAY THAN MOST PEOPLE SWEAT FOR ALL MONTH LONG, COULD MY INCREDIBLE STORY LEAD YOU TO AN AMAZING INCOME TOO?

I'm a self-confessed opportunity junkie. For years, I bought books, tapes, kits, opportunities, distributorships and plans. Why? Because I had a job I hated. Oh, it was a "good job," and we had a nice house, cars, but I had to be away from home all the time, wear uncomfortable suits and ties, and I felt depressed, "stuck." I didn't want to wait until I was 65 to have fun. I wanted to be home, go to Little League with my kids, go fishing - so I was searching, always searching for an "opportunity."

Most of what I sent away for was useless. Silly. Insulting. Or too complicated and difficult. Or required risking lots of money. I remember thinking then, if I ever actually stumbled across anything that was 'real,' I'd tell the world. But I'm ahead of myself.

I thought my job was lousy until I lost it. At the same time I was dumping money into "mail-order ideas," trying to get a home-based business going, my employer went out of business. Without that paycheck, I was in big trouble quick. You have to know how far down I was when I made my "discovery," so you can see that anybody can do what I've done. We had to move in with Peggy's sister, live in their basement. We were one step away from homeless. And I managed to pile up \$100,000.00 in debt on our credit cards, failing with my attempts at selling various things by mail.

I went from a "young, bright, successful guy with a great job" to an embarrassment to my family, a mooch to my friends. I sat in that basement, after Peggy and the kids went to sleep, on one hand feeling like finding a bridge and jumping; on the other hand, more determined than ever to find some way to make my "dream" of a successful, hassle-free business of my own come true.

Now here's the unbelievable "punch line": in just 2 years, I leaped from the basement to buying a \$385,000.00 house with half down, no other debt, lots of dough in the bank, with a steady daily income of over \$4,000.00 arriving here in the mail, over my FAX machine, and a little bit by phone. Peggy and I run the business. We have one woman who comes here and helps us. Several ladies in the neighborhood stuff envelopes for us in their homes. I have made the "fantasy" REAL.

AFTER YEARS OF BUYING WORTHLESS "JUNK" FROM OPPORTUNITY MARKETERS, AND AFTER GOING \$100,000.00 IN DEBT TRYING TO MAKE MY IDEAS WORK - I FINALLY FOUND SOMEBODY WHO TOLD ME THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT MAKING MONEY WITH MAIL-ORDER AND DIRECT MARKETING.

After this REAL expert "wreaked" what I was doing -

Well, let me back up for just a minute. It cost an incredible \$3,495.00 to go to this guy's Seminar. Plus airplane tickets. And hotel. I had a little room left on my last good credit card, so I borrowed some money from friends, and we went. At the hotel, we didn't join the others in the restaurant. We ate peanut butter and crackers for dinner.

At his Seminar, this remarkable guy sat down with us, told us we were 90% of the way there with our product and idea, he made a few suggestions, and sent us home. The month before, September, 1991, we had taken in only \$1,090.00. Following his advice, our income exploded like a fireworks display. Here are the numbers, absolutely verifiable by my bank deposits: in October, we took in \$13,400.00. In November: \$26,200.00. December: \$49,800. In 1992, I took in over ONE MILLION DOLLARS, and I kept about HALFS PURE PROFIT, after all my expenses.

We run the business from a little 400-square foot office on top of the garage. I have no fixed overhead and no employees to worry about. No joke, some mornings I've made over \$1,000.00 while still sitting around in my underwear, reading the paper, maybe talking on the phone with a customer - if I'm in the mood. I'm home for my kids. I bought a boat to go fishing on with my buddies. And it gets even better - wait until I tell you about "Auto-Pilot." But, first:

I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE A WORD OF WHAT I'M SAYING.

Shoot, Peggy and I still have to pinch ourselves, to be sure we're not dreaming. The few friends I've told have called me a liar. Our neighbors devoutly believe we won a lottery somewhere.

Well, I hope you know that I can't LIE in print like this. I could get in big trou-

ble. So I've got all the records, the bank statements, my accountant, my diary, to PROVE everything I've said here is true. And I'm prepared to send PROOF to you, too.

Now, what about what YOU can do, and how I might help YOU? And, why would I? Well, I'm going to explain that, and make it all COMPLETELY RISK-FREE TO YOU.

So, I continue; once taught the truth, the "underground secrets" about mail-order, I took off like a rocket. Now I've turned my business into a step-by-step SYSTEM that anybody of average intelligence can copy and use. So far, I've taught it only to about 20 people, in a little seminar I put together, where I charged them \$795.00 to attend. I used these people as "guinea pigs," to be sure others could follow my System and make money just like I have.

IF I CAN REALLY SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE \$500, \$1000 OR MORE BEFORE NOON EVERYDAY, WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR HOUSE - HOW MUCH SHOULD I CHARGE YOU FOR MY HELP? MAYBE A BIG, FAT "FRANCHISE FEE." NO, NOT EVEN CLOSE.

One couple went home and made \$12,000.00 in 3 weeks. Another fellow took a simple product he'd been fooling around with and made \$5,000.00 in just 19 days. Another is already making over \$500.00 a day! So I guess I could do more seminars and charge \$700, maybe more to teach this - but the last thing I want to do is WORK! I've decided to reveal it all in a simple little book anyone can afford.

WHY WOULD I SHARE ALL THIS WITH YOU? First, it takes nothing away from me to let you in on everything I've discovered. You see, each person applies my System differently, to different products and different markets. So I lose nothing by sharing. Second, Peggy and I are very grateful for the hand up we got - and he's said to us, "Don't thank me - give somebody else a hand up." As corny as it sounds, we're proof that the American Dream lives and can be yours, too. Remember, I know what it's like to be trapped in a depressing job. To be dead broke, scared, embarrassed. To see others do so much better and wonder: why them - not me? And to send away for opportunities, looking for help, but getting "trash." So I've decided to come into magazines like this with a very straightforward, FULLY GUARANTEED offer of real help, of a proven System, and see what happens. When I realized that many people could use my System and quickly create home-based incomes of \$1,000.00 or more PER DAY, I got excited about teaching people how to do that.

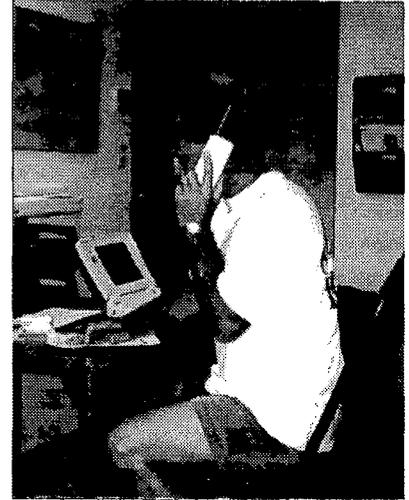
I WILL GUARANTEE EVERYTHING. YOU BE THE JUDGE. I KNOW, IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT WHAT IF I'M RIGHT?

With my book, "How You Can Make \$4,000.00 A Day Sitting At Your Kitchen Table in Your Underwear," you are PROTECTED BY MY SIMPLE GUARANTEE. And I would be an idiot to risk ruining my \$200,000.00-A-MONTH business to steal pocket change from you. Wouldn't that be incredibly stupid? So, you have TWO FULL MONTHS to use my System. Anytime during those 2 months, IF YOU WANT A REFUND, YOU GET A REFUND. NO hassles, NO questions, NO screwing around.

By the way, Peggy HATES the title I've put on this book. She says that it's bad enough that I do sit around the house in my underwear, why tell anybody about it? I embarrass her. I'm a little "unpolished." When I do talk with a customer on the phone, I may be laying in a lounge chair, in my shorts, using a portable phone. I've even taken one call sitting on the commode. Well, I guess I just want you to understand that I'm just a plain, ordinary guy. A long suffering Cubs fan. A thrilled three-pal "Da Bulls" fan. I don't golf, I bowl. I don't drink wine; I'm a Bud man. I have absolutely no special education, training, experience or qualifications likely to make me a success in direct marketing or mail-order. EVERYTHING I've done to go from dead-broke to making over 2-million dollars from home in 3 years, can be YOUR "success blueprint" too.

WHAT WILL YOU DISCOVER? SOME OF THE THINGS I'LL REVEAL ABOUT HOW I MAKE IT \$4,000.00 OR MORE BY NOON EVERYDAY, WITHOUT LEAVING MY HOUSE (OR EVEN WHILE SITTING ON YOUR BOAT).

- How I Got Started With A Little \$138.00 Ad - That Made \$3,240.00
- How To Follow My "Step-ladder" Of Careful Re-Investment Of Profits (By the 3rd month, I took in over \$50,000.00 from just \$2,200.00 worth of advertising)
- THE "SECRET" PLACE TO ADVERTISE, where small ads produce giant response...over 500 places to advertise at dirt-cheap rates, virtually ignored by the entire mail-order industry... where you'll have little or no competition and rake in huge profits
- Why & How To Sell High-Priced, Big Profit Items: how I sell an item for \$455.00 that costs me less than \$40
- How to obtain THE PERFECT PRODUCTS for marketing with my System, without making any big investments
- The amazing "Triple Hoop" advertising secret that lets me keep using a small budget to get big results - so I can TAKE A LOT OF CASH OUT OF MY BUSINESS EVERY MONTH. You can too. (This year, I'm on schedule to TAKE \$950,000.00 FOR MY FAMILY, to pay off my house, for vacations, for investments, for charities.)
- How to "LIVE THE FANTASY" - a home-based business that is worry-free, hassle-free
- The huge differences between my System and the tired, old, recycled, "unreal" 'plans' you keep seeing advertised
- How to start RIGHT NOW - without leaving your job, with just a few hours a week
- Get The Picture, You're At Home While Everybody Else Fights Traffic Going To



Jeff sitting at home, at his kitchen table, making \$4,000 a day in his underwear.

Work...The Mailman Arrives...Every Envelope You Open Has MONEY In It.

AND IT GETS EVEN BETTER - TWO ADDED BENEFITS THAT MAKE THIS THE ONLY HOME-BASED BUSINESS WORTH HAVING.

I've found the way to put my business on AUTO-PILOT. It virtually runs itself. We take days off, vacations, go fishing, goof off like crazy. And the money keeps flowing in. One person, who helps out (Hill - you may talk to her later) keeps everything on track. Next year, I'm taking the entire summer off! I'll teach YOU how to quickly create a giant income, then, take the next big step to 'Auto-Pilot'.

EVERY GOOD THING YOU'VE HEARD, EVERY GREAT FANTASY YOU'VE EVER HAD ABOUT MAIL-ORDER IS TRUE, BUT...

Yes, mail-order IS the best business in the world. BUT, and it's a big but, the "tricks" are to know what products to sell (and what products to avoid); where to advertise (and where not to); the honest truth about 800-numbers, 900-numbers, sales letters, ads, radio, TV, classifieds; what LIES are being sold - in other words, you have to be able to sort out the "right stuff." Well, there may be other ways to make a lot of money in mail-order, I can't say. But I can tell you that MY SYSTEM lets you start as a "little guy," for small money, no risk, in your spare time, from home...MY SYSTEM contains THREE ENORMOUSLY IMPORTANT SECRETS (I've talked about one of them in this article) that can just as quickly insure anybody's success...MY SYSTEM WORKS.

LET'S WRAP THIS UP:

I have perfected a very unusual Mail-Order Money-making System, the ideal home business, that gives me over \$4,000.00 A DAY; that I really believe YOU can learn and use, too. I've described EVERYTHING in my book, and you can have your copy for just \$14.95 - satisfaction absolutely guaranteed. This is, however, a limited time offer. I intend to raise the price of my book sometime soon. And to be totally, even "overboard" fair to everybody, I'm going to limit the number we sell this year. So, you need to respond now. TO ORDER WITH YOUR VISA, MASTERCARD, OR AMERICAN EXPRESS, CALL TOLL FREE TO 1-800-721-8003, EXT.A512. She'll take your order and see that your book goes out to you immediately, along with my private phone number, proof of everything I've told you, and a lot more I haven't had room to tell you about. (Or mail your check or money-order for \$14.95 plus \$3.50 shipping/handling to: JPKD, Inc., 1811 W. Diehl Rd., Ste. 600, Dept AS12, Naperville, IL 60563.) You can turn your back on me right now and ignore everything I've said - but why? Maybe my System can free you from money worries and day-to-day drudgery forever. Find out!

P.S. WARNING: HILLARY & BILL CLINTON, BOB DOLE, ALL POLITICIANS HAVE BIG PLANS FOR YOUR HARD-EARNED MONEY.

Forget all the hooplah: the "rich" are NOT going to bear the burden of all the new taxes needed to cover Social Security shortfalls, health care, etc., etc. - it's the middle-class, middle-income "wage-slave" they have their sights set on. YOU are the target. The only real way to fight back is to make so darned much money that what you have left AFTER their damage is still fantastic. That's where I am. Of course, I cannot and do NOT guarantee you any certain amounts of profit or income. Individuals' results vary a lot. A whole lot of people get my information but never do anything with it, and I can't help that. But there ARE people just like you, following my instructions, and creating very big incomes. It's up to you. You can sit there and watch helplessly as Washington chews up your take home pay...or you can let me teach you a proven, truly practical way to jump up to such a huge income you can sit back and laugh at the politicians. Which is it going to be?



China Nationalist

Nationalism replaces Communism as a reason to worry.

Is China interested in who wins the U.S. presidential election in 1996? You bet. It's not a character issue to the rulers in Peking—revered national hero Mao Tse-tung had sensual tastes that make Bill Clinton look like St. Francis of Assisi. Nor is it ideology. President Jiang Zemin can't figure out the "bridge to the twenty-first century" any more readily than most Americans.

No, China simply wants a president who is eager to develop even further the business relationship now overwhelmingly in its favor. The Chinese want a U.S. that is only nominally interested in what happens in East Asia—above all, one led by a president with no serious convictions about what happens in Hong Kong and Taiwan. They have come to view Bill Clinton as the more likely man to lead that kind of America.

This may come as a surprise to some observers of China, who recall the long memory of the country's leaders when it comes to foreigners who have befriended their nation. Neither Mao nor his eventual successor in supreme power Deng Xiaoping ever forgot the debt they owed Richard Nixon for ending the U.S. isolation of the Middle Kingdom, as well as providing a nuclear insurance policy against any Soviet adventurism. Until Nixon's 1972 visit, there had been periodic nasty hints from Moscow that the Soviets just might like to nuke China back to the Ching dynasty. The Chinese remembered Nixon fondly to the end, inviting him back several times as a private citizen after he left office.

The Chinese were grateful to Jimmy

DAVID AIKMAN, a former *Time* reporter in East Asia, is the author of *Pacific Rim* (Little, Brown).

Carter, too, for completing the diplomatic process Nixon had begun by establishing normal diplomatic relations (and cutting off all official U.S.-Taiwan links) in 1978. Still, Carter was an odd fish to the Chinese. He kept bringing up human rights, a commodity in exceedingly short supply in 1970's China. Unlike Nixon, he also lacked the ability, in their view, to distinguish between the essential and the secondary in world politics. Then came Bush, a genuine friend to China who did all he could, both in the U.S. and internationally, to alleviate Peking's embarrassment at having to slaughter its protesting students in Tiananmen Square in 1989. Ah, well.

None of these thoughts, of course, will even be whispered if Secretary of State Christopher makes his scheduled November visit. The trip was intended to lay the groundwork for a proposed presidential visit some time in 1997. Whether with Clinton or Dole, a presidential trip to China is arguably more important now than at any time since Reagan's visit in 1984. The reasons are as revealing about China's internal condition as they are about the country's growing sensitivity to bad publicity abroad.

Three major questions face the Chinese leadership today, not least of which is the matter of what the official press delicately calls "the new era"—that moment when Deng Xiaoping is finally, literally dead. Like the last emperor of a dying dynasty, Deng's mere physical existence limits the scope of policy changes that any of his official successors can attempt. A second problem will be the absorption of Hong Kong after July 1997. The last thing China needs

is the world's disapproving attention if the territories' new rulers crack down on dissent and squelch the former British colony's domestic vitality. A third is how to handle the continuing awkwardness of relations with Taiwan. Even though China has backed away from the aggressive rhetoric it tossed about earlier this year, it worries that Taiwan's "separatists" will gain the upper hand before a political deal can be arranged on peaceful reunification. All of these issues have emerged in China's media, in party and government meetings, and in China's nudges and hints to visiting foreigners. There is a clear sense that China's leadership is groping for solutions—and somewhat at a loss on how to proceed.

In theory, president Jiang Zemin is the anointed successor to Deng. He is general secretary of the Communist Party, as well as chairman of the central military commission—that is, supremo of the armed forces. In practice, anointed political successors tend to be discarded as soon as a respectful period of thinking about their dead predecessors has passed by. Jiang is talented: he once ran Shanghai, a tricky city to control, and can quote English and Russian poets fluently. But he has two huge domestic challenges. How does he translate the immense prestige and popularity of Deng—both the victim of and eventual victor over Mao's insane collectivism—into his own personal legitimacy? And how on earth can China's ruling Communist Party justify its continuing monopoly on political power, when its legitimizing Marxist-Maoist philosophy is no longer believed by ordinary Chinese?

This latter question has become urgent as the pressures of competitive capitalism have created serious social problems—crime, uncontrolled migrant labor—and led to growing demand for political reform.