

ENTERTAINMENT

Reporter finds girl for hire through personals

by babs goldberg

staff writer

Newspapers are filled with advertising of various familiar products such as cars, boats, and clothing. But, right next to "Musical Instruments for Sale", camouflaged in the classified ads, is a form of intimate advertising — The Personal Ads.

These ads provide a continued source of revenue for daily newspapers. In the *Review Journal* alone, as many as 40 personal ads per day are run, according to Randa Todd who works for the paper. Each ad is an average of three lines long. And people who run these ads pay approximately \$1.30 per line.

I would think that paying this much for an ad would justify a substantial return for the investor. Determined to discover just how this is accomplished, I investigated several personal ads.

After calling many numbers that connected me to answering machines, I finally reached Janie, whose ad read: "Cute, petite, and wants to play. Call Janie at(number). P.S. I'm not a service."

I first asked Janie why she stated that she was not a member of a "service." She said that most personals are run by people in escort services, and she is not in that type of service.

Strange, though, when

I heard Janie's other phone ringing in the background, she told me to hold on while she answered it. She then stated that I was on the "hooker line."

Janie said that she isn't like the typical woman who takes out this type of ad. She said she does not do drugs like the others and she holds the title of a CPA and works as a bookkeeper out of her home.

"Do you want to know how much I make?" Janie asked.

I thought she wasn't like the others and just ran these ads for fun, but I wanted to know.

"Three thousand dollars a week," said Janie.

Janie said that she just places these ads to subsidize her income. She complained that it is too difficult to pay a house and two car payments with only one income.

It is easy to believe that she makes this much, considering the 50 phone calls she receives a day during the week, and the 100 calls that come in on the weekends.

"I don't have AIDS," Janie stated. She told me that she practices safe sex and she never kisses her dates.

The only guy she kisses is her fiancée who "spends the money just like I do."

Even though he enjoys sharing the funds with Janie, I asked her if her

future husband was bothered by sharing her, too.

"It's a non-emotional service. You have to deal with them (her dates) just like you deal with someone at work. He doesn't mind."

I also spoke to Nick "The Italian Stallion."

"It's been really interesting. Everyone is curious...they ask you to describe yourself."

Only running his ad for three weeks, Nick is still new to this and said that he only does it for fun.

"It started out as a joke and I don't know what's going to come out of it."

The Stallion described himself to me like he does to all of his callers: "...one hundred and seventy

pounds, five foot eight, forty two inch chest, twenty nine inch waist, dark hair and blue eyes."

Although he said he is honest in his self-description, many callers usually look much different than they describe themselves over the phone.

This is probably why Nick still frequents clubs on the weekends to mingle like he used to.

After talking to these people and reading more ads with phrases like, "...for something special call..." or "...for a good time call..."

I began to wonder why personal ads weren't made illegal before brothels. Maybe this is where the name, "Call Girl" originated.

SO YOU WANT TO GO INTO THE RECORD BUSINESS?

CBS Records (Columbia, Epic, Portrait and The CBS Associated Labels) is now accepting applications for the position of College Marketing Representative.

Duties include the promotion of CBS Records artists at college radio, retail and press, as well as working closely with concert promoters.

We're primarily interested in sophomores or juniors, preferably majoring in business, communications, journalism or broadcasting. A LOVE FOR MUSIC IS ESSENTIAL! The position is part-time. Candidates are required to have a car.

Persons interested in this outstanding opportunity should send a résumé detailing relevant background by October 2, 1987 to:

Fred Ehrlich • CBS Records • 51 West 52 Street • New York, New York 10019
Or call: (212) 975-5959 (between 10 AM and 6 PM).



IF YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT THE GOODS, PLEASE LET US KNOW.

Marquee

by jaq greenspon

staff writer

The Pick-up Artist

James Toback's new film is just, plain bad.

Toback who made his directorial debut in 1977 with the critically acclaimed film, *Fingers*, proves you can't go home again with his new feature film for Twentieth-Century Fox, *The Pick-up Artist*.

The Pick-up Artist which Toback also wrote, stars Molly Ringwald, Robert Downey and Dennis Hopper.

The film starts out pleasant enough. We meet Jack Jericho (Downey) a lovable little rogue who practices opening lines in his bathroom mirror.

We follow Jack around town, eyeing beautiful women and trying out his one-liners, such gems as "...has anyone told you, you have the face of Picasso?" Every now and

again he scores the tag, line and gets the girls number. At this point it looks like Toback is giving us a cute character piece. Boy, are we wrong.

Jack, as it turns out, is a third grade teacher (not bad for a guy who played the roommate in *Back to School*) who tries to pick-up on everyone, including the mother of one of his students. Nice guy.

When he runs into Randy (Ringwald) things start to look up for him.

The best scene in the film comes when Jack and Randy make love in his car in the park. The movie goes down hill from here.

Toback insists on giving us everything the movie doesn't need, mobsters, Atlantic City, a drunk father, and a \$25,000 debt. Okay, the drunk father character is needed because it gives Dennis Hopper (Last year's Academy Award nominee for *Hoosiers*) a chance to

walk through yet another movie—but that's it.

The script, however, is not the only problem here. The direction lacks any motivation whatsoever and Film Editor David Bretherton's editing is jumpy and incoherent.

The most disappointing thing present is the cinematography by Academy Award winner Gordon Willis.

The man responsible for both *The Godfather* films and eight Woody Allen movies gives such lackluster camera work, one has to wonder if he slept through most of the shoot.

Overall, *The Pick-up Artist* just doesn't pick up.

Jaq's pick of the week:

A Prayer for the Dying, starring Mickey Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Sammi Davis now playing at the Gold Coast Theatre.