

# Thank You For Selling



NORMALLY IN THIS SPACE, I LIKE TO TALK ABOUT MYSELF: MY recent triumphs, awards, honorary degrees, theoretical breakthroughs in the fields of lifestyle journalism, astrophysics, hydrogen energy, what-have-you, that sort of thing.

But this month—only—I'm going to make an exception to talk about an accomplished fellow named Jack Laschever. The occasion for this encomium is perforce a sad one: Jack is leaving *ForbesLife* as publisher, after three and a half years at the company. Three and a half very good years, in which he worked tirelessly and sold ad pages like a (what is the correct metaphor here? On the sixth floor of Forbes, where our ad sales reps lurk, I have heard them speak admiringly of a go-getter colleague: "She's an *animal*!"). I think I won't call Jack "an animal" on the occasion of his departure; suffice to say that under his leadership, along with associate publisher Moira Forbes, our yearly ad pages almost tripled. And so all of us at *ForbesLife* who still have jobs because of Jack would like to say to him, "Thank you, and really, we didn't mind making those biweekly deposits from our paychecks to your account at that bank in Zurich."

Why, you might wonder, would a grizzled, highly decorated 25-year veteran of publishing trench warfare want to move on to another career? Jack will be a senior managing director of Diversified Private Equities Corporation, a New York venture capital firm. Or, as Jack would probably put it, "VC firm."

"This is my chance," he said, "to practice what Forbes preaches—entrepreneurial capitalism."

We're thrilled for him, grateful to him for all he's done, and wish him all the best. Next month: all about me.

Enjoy the issue.

Christopher Buckley