

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

I. On recent misapprehensions, specifically those aroused by our March issue. Some readers have asked whether the addiction experiences described in David Lyle's *The Logistics of Junk* were his own. They were not. The accounts in each case were true and accurate, but not in any sense autobiographical. In the same issue, two sections of the Armchair Guide to Guerrilla Warfare, *Seventeen Little Wars Nobody Talks About* and *High Priests of Guerrilla Warfare*, were written by Bernard B. Fall. The single byline that appeared referred to both. And while the R.I.N. of Canada was cited in the first piece, the more extreme Front de Libération Québécoise was unfortunately omitted.

II. On future misapprehensions, unforeseeable manifestations thereof. We warn you that the issue you hold is dangerous. Destroy immediately if you have any fears of darkness and high places. Specifically, we advise humanoids and related members of our readership to disconnect all wires before reading lest you find yourselves plunged into horror, blue flashes, and shock.

For starters, it seems relevant to point out that in this column, which is usually devoted to authors, we are dealing this time with a number of sources whose identities must for

obvious reasons be concealed. *I Spy for the C.I.A.* and *These Men Run the C.I.A.*, pages 80 and 84 respectively, are examples as, in a slightly different way, is *Going to See Gary*. In this last connection the names withheld are those of the first two writers we asked to interview Francis Gary Powers. One, whom we had believed to be an outstanding investigative reporter, said it would take a full month just to begin, and the other said he would need at least two weeks simply to locate Powers. All of which went only to establish the impressiveness of the coup achieved for us by Ovid Demaris. Mr. Demaris told us he could have the right phone number in eighteen hours, he did have it and shortly thereafter the interview, and the finished article appears on page 88. Mr. Demaris' last book was *The Green Felt Jungle*, written with Ed Reid; his next is tentatively titled *Crime and Circuses*, and Trident Press expects it to do for Chicago what *Jungle* did for Las Vegas.

The "very limited edition" reviewed on page 94 was brought to our attention by another necessarily anonymous authority, bemused by the C.I.A. for years, who knew *The Care of Devils* had been written, that it had to all intents vanished immediately after publication, and had started to wonder why. Had

this so sudden modesty on the part of the publishers been somehow brought about by Sylvia Press's lack of enthusiasm for the C.I.A.? Had the book, on the other hand, lacked credibility or authenticity? Was Miss Press not sufficiently informed as to what our nation's government is fond of calling the "true facts"? Or had our authority merely imagined the existence of such a book? We answered the last question by a look at the Library of Congress catalog, where the appropriate card established that a book named *The Care of Devils* had indeed once occupied time and space. The continued presence of the card might have been sheer inefficiency in 1984, but in 1966 it gave us a clear track to the book and to the review in which Malcolm Muggeridge answers the rest of the questions.

And there you have four articles directly and indirectly centered on the C.I.A. Why do we go to these lengths to investigate an organization which has secrecy writ so large in its charter? The subtitle on page 85 tells it. "... if there is one lesson the Bay of Pigs holds for Americans it is that the dangers of secrecy far outweigh the risks of free deliberation."

The trioptic blonde on our cover is Miss Britt Ekland, who plays Peter Sellers' seventeen-year-old Italian brunette sister in the United Artists release, *After the Fox*. Normally Miss Ekland is twenty-three, Swedish, and wife rather than sister

to Mr. Sellers. Also, she does not much resemble her cover portrait in that most of the time she is awake.

Robert Vaughn, making the connection between the supine robot and the *Spies* title on pages 77-79, was on loan to us for the purpose from *U.N.C.L.E.*; he is also the star of *To Trap a Spy* and *One Spy Too Many* for M.G.M. The robot is Edward, by prop-specialist Stanley Glaubach out of a telephone receiver, television parts, and the insides of several soup cans. On these pages Edward's inamorata is Gila Golan, of Fox's *Our Man Flint* and Columbia's *Three on a Couch*; on page 124 she is model Pat Willert.

Though we opened this column with a warning that the issue you hold is dangerous, we hope you realize we were kidding, and that in reality we don't expect this emphasis on spies, sex and science to affect you at all. It certainly did not bother Mr. Ben Jamil, the electronics expert who gave us much information for several of the articles. "Nobody can bug me," said Mr. Jamil, pulling out of his pocket a jamming device hidden in a fountain pen. "Nor me," said Esquire's Editor Harold, Hayes on hearing this anecdote, while he screwed the earpiece of his telephone back into place after making sure it wasn't bugged. With such precautions informed citizens like Mr. Jamil and Mr. Hayes can now expect to live happily ever after.

Can you? #



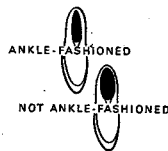
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