

THE LEWIS FILES



With this story The Real Paper introduces a new series of true detective tales, culled from the files of Gil Lewis, Boston's most famous private detective. *The Case of the Falcon's Nest* is a real case; only the names and a few identifying details have been changed.

The phone rang at the Gil Lewis Detective Agency, which is also the Gil Lewis private residence, in Wollaston. Bob McGrath was on the line. He's a top-flight Boston divorce lawyer and one of the stocky forty-six-year-old private investigator's regular clients. McGrath told Lewis he had a job for him, a domestic case — a code word for a messy, bitterly fought, sometimes even bloody divorce suit.

It would be a matter of proving the husband's adultery in order to establish grounds for divorce and obtain the best possible settlement. It would also be a matter of considerable money for the detective, and not without some justification. With Lewis, McGrath was getting the best in what is hardly a star-studded business. In his seventeen years in the business, Lewis had tracked down Howard Hughes — to the tune of \$50,000 plus expenses — for the *National Enquirer*. He'd helped out with the Patty Hearst case. He'd conducted the criminal defense investigation for "hitchhike murderer" Anthony Jackson, a man credited with a state record of twenty-nine slayings. And he'd spent six months with Elaine Noble to find out who was blowing out her



skeptically; having heard, among other things, a prominent Congregationalist minister deliver a pious sermon one Sunday and observed him molesting a five-year-old the following Tuesday. "I've heard so many words," he says wearily.

Josephine had been married nearly twenty years to financier Arthur Brenner, a man worth several million dollars. The couple had two children. Because of his work, Alfred spent a lot of time away from their Brookline home, and Josephine knew there were other women in his life. Their marriage had not exactly been made in heaven, but it hadn't been made in purgatory either. She'd married him for his money, and in that respect she had not been disappointed. She drove a custom-made Lincoln, traveled, gave lavish parties, and hung the masters on her living room walls. It was nothing for her to spend fifty grand on a Parisian shopping spree.

Then, one night, Alfred took her out to dinner at Locke-Ober, a typically sumptuous meal involving several courses, liveried waiters, and lots of champagne. It was quite pleasant; Alfred hadn't been so nice to her in years. Afterward he drove her to a Boston high-rise apartment building on the Charles. He was always whisking her off to strange places, so she didn't question him. Besides, she was too drunk to argue.

He took her up to an apartment, unlocked the door with a key on his chain, and ushered his wife inside. The room was dimly lit and there was a heavily made-up woman in a filmy negligee inside on the couch.

"Darling," the woman said to Alfred,

front window with a .22. He had worked almost every conceivable kind of case from every possible angle. The only things all the cases had in common were that he did the job well, and discreetly, and no one in Boston, or any other city, owned a piece of him.

But today Lewis hesitated. It wasn't that he cared so much about working on headline cases, he just would have preferred something more gratifying, like the missing persons case he'd just wrapped up, in which he tracked down the father of an adopted Wollaston girl, who hadn't seen him since she was an infant. With only the man's name and the fact that he'd worked in a Quincy shipyard twenty years ago to go on, Lewis found the guy in West Virginia within three months and didn't charge the girl a cent. Lewis likes to put lives together that way, but he still has to eat. That's why he told McGrath he'd be at his office by mid-morning.

Lewis consumed three cups of coffee along with breakfast at the Braintree Howard Johnson's, his favorite hangout; lifted weights, jumped rope, hit the punching bag for an hour in his basement, and checked his mail at the post office, where he takes it so it won't be rifled. He would have liked to catch up on his Mark Twain reading, but he finds the sensation of paper sliding under his palms too discomfiting this early in the day.

Lewis reached McGrath's office at the appointed time and pushed open the heavily paneled door without knocking. Inside, McGrath, a cheery, accommodating man so accustomed to three-piece pinstriped suits they look like pajamas on him, was waiting with his client, Josephine Brenner. She could have been any one of those fancy middle-aged women in furs and high heels traipsing through Newbury Street art galleries before lunch at the Chilton Club. Lewis sized her up in a moment: well-bred Southern accent, expensive tastes ("You could barely see her for all the jewelry dripping off her"), forty-two or -three, and almost palpably uneasy about the prospects of middle age.

The detective escorted Mrs. Brenner into a back room to hear her story. He listened



THE CASE OF THE FALCON'S NEST

BY JOHN SEDGWICK

"you kept me waiting." She sidled up to Josephine, slipped an arm around her, and purred. "Come on, honey, don't you want to play?"

Josephine ran out of the room, took a taxi home to Brookline, and tried to sleep. Alfred didn't return until 4 that morning. The two fought like cats until dawn, she screaming at him in outrage and shock, he insisting he'd done nothing wrong. She was just a prude. He was home very little after that.

Finally, she decided she'd had enough and changed the locks on the apartment. When he realized what had happened, he just walked away, went back to Boston (she guessed) leaving no word.

That suited Josephine just fine — until her bank balance started to run low, which was when she got in touch with McGrath. McGrath got a court order forcing Alfred to pay his client \$500 a week. But Josephine wanted — needed — more, which is why McGrath brought in Gil Lewis. If Lewis could prove that Alfred Brenner was committing adultery — and Josephine was sure of it — then McGrath could argue in divorce court that Alfred's infidelity led to the breakup and McGrath could up the alimony ante considerably.

Lewis knew just what this meant — he had to catch Alfred Brenner, a man famous for his clandestine conduct, with his pants down. It was a tall order. He told Josephine he'd get right on it. "If it's there," he said, "I'll find it." She gave him the largest retainer she said she could afford, \$750. As she wrote the check, a diamond ring, so big it obscured three fingers, twinkled icily.

If Gil Lewis were to appear in one of his investigative reports, he would describe himself as a five-ten-and-a-half, gray-haired, heavy-set forty-six-year-old son of a Catholic Quincy cop and former baggage carrier at Boston's Greyhound bus station. In appearance, he is unremarkable, so inconspicuous and chameleonic that he can disappear in any crowd. He doesn't mind

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appearing on the cover of this newspaper because he's convinced no one will recognize him on the streets.

Since he likes to feel comfortable, he usually wears blue jeans, a sweater and, in chilly weather, a leather jacket. The clothes also serve as a handy disguise: who'd expect a private eye to dress like that? But the hard-bitten detective shows through when he talks. He rarely lets a sentence go by without dropping an expletive. He has discovered policemen masturbating in their cruisers outside open bedroom windows as they watched couples make love. He has been called in by an elderly woman wearing a red velvet hat and dark glasses in 105 degree heat who ordered him to track down the 747 jet plane that had been following her — it had "gotten very mean." "Where is it?" asked Gil, scanning the sky. The woman tipped up her glasses. "It's in my eye," she said. He has investigated the murder of a man whose wife forced him at gunpoint to listen to her entire collection of jazz records. When the man couldn't take it any more, he lunged for the gun. She fired, hitting her husband in the knee. The bullet traveled up an artery to his heart and killed him instantly.

Nothing amazes Gil Lewis any more, including the fact that he's no longer amazed at how people act when more conventional society is looking the other way. His relationship to the bizarre world he traffics in is a combination of lawyer, cop, and thera-



said, twelve years.

The next day, Lewis found a good spot for watching Brenner's side windows on the fifth floor of a nearby parking garage, where he practically took up residence for the next few weeks. He watched the windows from 10 a.m. until 1 p.m. and from 4 p.m. till 9. The shades were always pulled. Sometimes he parked his car on the street by the apartment building, hoping to see Brenner's Mercedes as it pulled into the garage. He parked for hours, so long that he had to give the meter maids boxes of candy and tell them he was waiting for a friend in chemotherapy at the hospital so they wouldn't get suspicious. He smoked cigar after cigar and drank three cases of Pepsi. He spotted the Mercedes a few times, but couldn't see who was in it.

After three weeks of this, Lewis became edgy. But then came the first break. Lewis was up in the garage with his associate Roger Grove when a big traffic jam formed down on the street with much horn honking and commotion. Suddenly a shade in 6B went up. A tall man with hair the color of his Mercedes and a black woman appeared in the window to see what was going on below. "Is that him?" asked Roger.

"That's the son of a bitch," said Lewis. "And the woman isn't room service, either."

It was a beginning, but Lewis needed something better. What about those riverside windows? They'd be hard to see into, and that would probably mean that even Brenner wouldn't be too careful about the

pist. The rapport he occasionally develops with some of his clients, who remain indebted to him for clearing up the complexion of their lives, is as close as he comes to personal friendships. He has dealt with thousands of clients in his years in the business, and has taken on several dozen teenage alcoholics and drug addicts for volunteer counseling on the side, but he has few friends. He says he just doesn't have the time. The father of three lives alone now, separated from his wife.

On many nights, he can be found sitting in his car at two in the morning, a Muriel Coronella stuck in his mouth, as he waits for his subject to emerge from the darkness. He works past midnight seven days a week. He doesn't observe holidays since those are often the best days to find out what a subject is really up to. He spent last Thanksgiving watching his subject eat a large turkey with his girl friend. In seventeen years, he has never taken a vacation.

At the detective agency, Lewis has only one associate, Roger Grove, and Lewis wouldn't even have him if Grove hadn't been so persistent in asking for a job. Lewis had a clear preference for working alone, but finally gave in. Now he's glad he did, because, among other things, Roger has proved to be highly proficient at phone work. "If somebody calls you up saying he's a four-star general or he's from the governor's office," says Lewis admiringly, "it's probably Roger."

The detective prepares each case the same — as if it were going to the Supreme Court, with the whole thing riding on his testimony. "People are like electricity," he says. "They take the path of least resistance. But in my business I just can't take short cuts." And he doesn't — whether it means sitting in a car for eighteen hours in heat so bad it makes him vomit twice, as he did for a "routine" domestic case this summer; or talking to eighty-five witnesses, as he did for Attorney General Frank Bellotti in a suburban police brutality case; or tailing a car from Boston all the way to Chicago; or tearing through Boston at eighty miles an hour trying to keep up with a former pro football player in a turbo-charged Porsche. While



most detectives would turn in a one-page investigative report for a one-night surveillance, Lewis's report would run at least seven.

The small \$750 retainer that Josephine Brenner pressed into his palm only depressed Lewis a little. He usually gets \$1500, but he knew that there would be a lot more for him if he cracked the case. So he started right in, at \$500 a day plus expenses, wheeling his car over to Brenner's hideaway apartment building, the place Brenner brought Josephine for the three-way escape in Boston.

He found Brenner's name on the residents' list by the door. Brenner, Alfred — 6B. He also found a closed circuit TV system, a security patrol, and a uniformed guard at the gate to the parking garage.

He drifted through the parking lot until he found Brenner's silver Mercedes. Like a hearse, the car had curtains all around making it impossible to see inside. "He could've driven in with five broads and I wouldn't know," says Lewis. When the detective returned the next day, the Mercedes was out, so he parked his car up the street, bought a bagful of groceries, and waited for an apartment resident to approach the door. When a Chinese girl with a poodle appeared, he came up behind her, groceries in his arms, waving his keys. The

girl held the door open for him.

After she went up, Lewis got into an elevator and punched three buttons, one for the sixth floor and two others. If the guards were watching the lobby elevator lights on the closed circuit, they wouldn't know on which floor he got off. Lewis always assumes he's being watched. But in all his years of surveillance, spending as much as a year tailing the same guy, Lewis has never been identified in court. He gets together with the district attorney in Dedham sometimes to laugh about the time a certain young lady in a divorce case in Suffolk Superior Court was told on the witness stand that a private investigator has been following her every move for months. "The broad just keeled over, right on the floor," says Lewis.

Afraid that Brenner might appear at any moment, the normally imperturbable Lewis felt a slight tingling at his back as he walked down the sixth-floor corridor to find 6B. It turned out to be a corner apartment with a view of the Charles River. Then he jumped back into the elevator, and on his way out stopped in at the rental agent's office on the ground floor to say he was interested in a corner apartment and ask if he could take home a copy of the floor plan. Certainly, said the agent, handing him one with a big smile. Happening to spot the janitor in the lobby, Lewis told the man that he'd been up visiting a friend and noticed that an old business acquaintance, Alfred Brenner, lived in the building. How long had that old goat been there? As long as he had, the janitor

The next day Lewis brought his binoculars from Wollaston and pulled in to the Hyatt Regency on the Cambridge side of the Charles. With the glasses rolled up in his leather jacket, he took the elevator to the top floor, got out, and went to the emergency stairs facing the water. To the naked eye, Brenner's window was just a fuzzy blotch. Through the binoculars, however, he could see that all the shades were up. He could even see Brenner inside walking about in his underwear.

It was not the first time Lewis had worked a Boston case from the Cambridge side of the river. He hurried out and called his photographer, a crazy Bible Belt Southerner named Duane Smith who worked at an insurance company and moonlighted for Lewis. Lewis asked him if he had some time. He said yes. Duane loves detective work.

Then Lewis called McGrath to tell him he'd broken the Brenner case wide open and he needed money to pick up the pieces. He'd need \$80 a day for a hotel room and several hundred for a telescopic camera attachment. "Are you kidding me?" McGrath asked. Lewis explained about Brenner's riverside windows. "Well I'll be damned," said McGrath.

Swift Instruments of Dorchester, an optics firm, didn't have their stubby \$280 telescopic attachment in stock, so Lewis drove to New York to pick one up. He should have taken the plane, but flying scares him.

Then he booked three rooms at the hotel overlooking the Charles. After all those days craning his neck at Brenner's shaded windows in the heat, this was comfort: room service, TV, wall-to-wall carpeting, double bed, air conditioning, bathroom, chairs. A detective's dream. There was only one problem: Brenner was in the Bahamas.

Lewis waited eight days in a state of exquisite ennui. On the ninth day Brenner was back. At about 5:30, a blonde woman in a pinstriped skirt suit came into the apartment carrying an attaché case. Through the

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A dedicated CBer, the photographer had insisted that Gil give him a walkie-talkie for the assignment. Soon Lewis's receiver crackled: "This is Metco red calling Metco blue, come in Metco blue."

"This is Metco blue," Lewis responded wearily. "Come in, Duane."

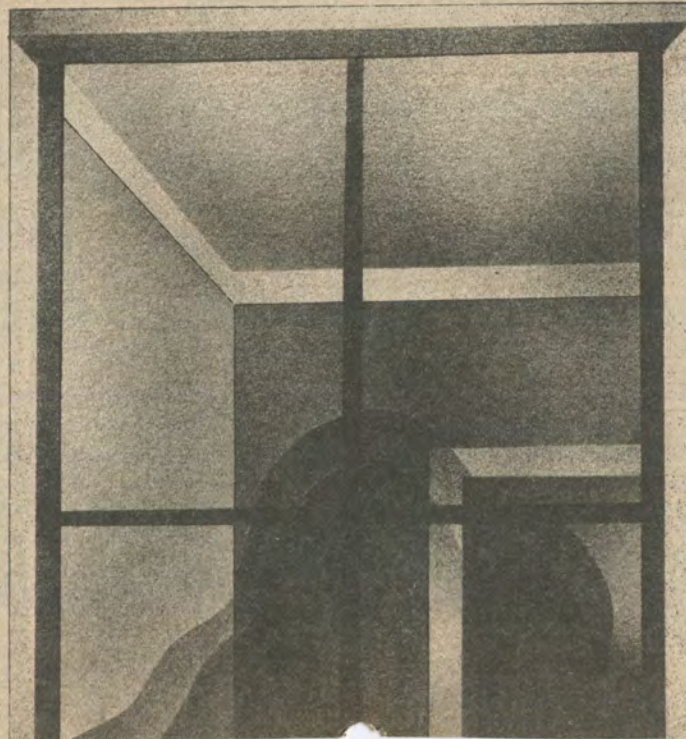
Duane just wanted to tell Lewis he was in the lobby. "Over and out," Lewis signed off.

"Metco blue," Duane shot back, "Over and out is a military term. You're supposed to say ten-four."

"Bye, Duane," said Lewis.

Up in the hotel room, Duane fitted his camera to the telescope and peered through it to Brenner's window. He was impressed with the view, but told Lewis that it wouldn't be easy taking pictures at this distance. Any heat or mist rising off the water would blur the image. Heavy traffic on Memorial Drive down below would jiggle the tripod. And the reflection off Brenner's west-facing windows would also cause trouble. Gil told Duane to do what he could.

Duane brought his eye back down to the telescope. The blonde was fixing dinner while Brenner sat at the table, wearing a black robe, his napkin tucked up under his chin. The robe proved to be a regular Brenner feature. Embroidered with gold and silver, it had a red Oriental seal on the back. So proudly did Brenner strut about his high-rise aerie in it, that Lewis, who uses code names to disguise all his subjects, dubbed



everything: the erotic dancing, the costumes (Brenner had a closetful), the kinky sex. By tailing the women as they left the apartment building, Lewis found out that Brenner actually flew them in from as far away as Paris and Korea. C. Ber's came from New York, Chicago, and Boston. One Brighton housewife even brought her nine-year-old daughter to watch the proceedings.

In two months, they had shot about 1000 pictures. Although only 400 or so came out, 30 of them were solid evidence, showing the nature and range of Alfred Brenner's predilections.

Lewis collected all the photographs, wrote out a sixty-page report citing dates and times he was on the job (omitting any reference to what he saw lest the material fall into a blackmailer's hands) and took everything to McGrath along with a bill for \$21,300. That included his, Roger's, and Duane's time plus all expenses. McGrath took one look at the evidence and saw that, in the market of high-price divorce, it was a bargain.

McGrath quickly made an appointment with Brenner's lawyer to talk over the settlement, although the lawyer protested that there was nothing to discuss. McGrath walked breezily into the man's office a few hours later and said that poor Mrs. Brenner really had gotten a bad deal.

Not so, said Mr. Brenner's lawyer; it sounded perfectly fair to him.

him the Falcon.

As Duane watched through the telescope and Lewis followed along with the binoculars, the woman put Brenner's supper on the table and slipped into the bedroom. Moments later she returned in a bright yellow halter top and spangled, puffy pantaloons.

She put on a record and then, while the Falcon calmly ate dinner, danced in front of him, swirling about and wiggling her hips like an Arabian belly dancer. This kept up all through dinner — Duane clicking madly away, Lewis watching impassively. When Brenner finished his dinner, the blonde cleared the dishes away. He moved to a more comfortable chair where she leaned over him, parted his robe ever so slightly, knelt down before him, and put her face between his legs.

Duane shot it all and developed the pictures at his insurance company laboratory the next morning. Many of them came out as if he'd been standing right next to the duo, snapping away. But Lewis knew they wouldn't stand up in court alone. Brenner could say that this was just a one-night fling, nothing serious, a temporary diversion. Lewis needed more.

He kept the Hyatt Regency suite for nearly two months living there six nights a week. He checked in with his answering service every two hours. The messages kept piling up, as many as ten a day, pleas for him to conduct a defense investigation, to work on a missing persons case, to help out with a divorce case. But although he hated to do it, Lewis put them all off. He kept his eye peeled on the Falcon's Nest around the clock. When he slept, he called in Roger or Duane to take over.

Lewis had been getting in touch with Josephine every time he ran up another \$2000 on the bill, just to make sure she was still with him. About two weeks after Lewis had moved into the hotel, he invited her up to see firsthand what her husband was doing.

She looked terrible. She had lost thirty pounds from nervousness and dread over the breakup. Usually, says Lewis, when he produces proof that confirms a woman's



worst fears about her husband, her reaction is not horror but relief. Like the woman in *Gaslight*, she had come to doubt her sanity after months or years of her husband's lies. (Men, on the other hand, sometimes panic. When Lewis took one client to see one of his wife's liaisons in a motel room, the husband burst in on her, pushed her lover off her, and on his knees begged her to take him back.)

For Josephine, the sight of Alfred with another woman across the river seemed to bring her back to life. "That stinking whore," she hissed. "What's he want her for?"

She looked over at Lewis. "I'm prettier than she is, aren't I?"

"Sure you are," said Lewis.

Josephine stayed several hours. Finally she lay down on the bed while Lewis continued to peer through the telescope. "Gil," she said, "you've been looking through that thing all day. Your neck must ache. Come on, let me massage it."

She patted the bed next to her.

Lewis looked over at her. He's been propositioned by more clients than he'd care to name. It's all Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett's fault, he thought. He has a pile of pornographic letters from them in a desk drawer in Wollaston. He can't bring himself to throw them out, but he doesn't want to look at them either. They don't move him. Josephine didn't move him. He was tired of the whole thing.

"No thanks," he said. "I'm all right."

Brenner's sexual Scheherazade act continued. Lewis had Duane photograph

McGrath quietly opened his briefcase with the air of a man with four aces. He removed the glossies and laid them face down on the table under the lawyer's nose. One by one, McGrath flipped them over.

Beginning with that moment, the moment to which Lewis's weeks of work were finally reduced, the negotiations went very smoothly, and Josephine Brenner would eventually get her money without ever having to show up in court.

Gil Lewis, who has since moved on to other cases and other hotel suites, now hears

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TO HELL WITH SAM SPADE

Although a voracious reader, Gil Lewis has never read a detective novel in his life. He was recently given a Robert B. Parker by a friend who thought he'd be amused by Parker's fictional Boston detective, Spenser. Lewis couldn't get through the first chapter. "The exposition appalled me," he says. "I just felt sorry for that guy Parker. He may have ridden around in a few squad cars or something, but he has no idea of reality. He looks at a detective's life as one long opportunity to wisecrack. That's a load of crap. When people come to me it's because they are *really down*. These cases are total tragedies. You have to be sympathetic, supportive, kind. Never in my life have I wise cracked through a case like Parker. That's completely inappropriate."

Despite his contempt for detective novels, Lewis occasionally catches a few segments of *The Rockford Files* in reruns. But he insists

that it's because the detective series is one of the few shows broadcast after midnight when Lewis unwinds after a late-night surveillance. But truth be told, Lewis rather likes Rockford, who is so low-key, taking his cases one at a time, just struggling to get by. "Rockford wins the battles," says Lewis, "but not the war." However, he doesn't think Rockford charges enough. "Two hundred bucks a day plus expenses," he says, "that's way behind the times." He should charge what Lewis does — \$500 a day plus expenses.

Aside from the wisecracking, the way most fictional detectives go wrong is simply in their style. Mannix and his ilk are always *pushing* the situation, taking off on high-speed car chases, and going for their guns. In real life that's a good way to get yourself killed. "But," Lewis warns, "too many

investigators read that shit or see it on TV and try to live out that fantasy existence."

Lewis was once consulted by a couple of prison guards turned private eyes who'd decked themselves out in \$400 suits from Louis, hired a secretary, rented a fancy Newbury Street address, and bought gold-plated automatics. Now they wanted to know why they had no customers. Lewis asked about their advertising — they hadn't bothered. He directed them to the only place he is listed — the Yellow Pages. Their private eyes bulged; they'd never thought of that. They were out of business in six months.

Lewis himself conducts his detective work in a highly restrained manner. He owns a gun, a seven-shot Remington revolver, but only carries it when he goes into high-crime areas. He has never fired it. "I don't

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ridiculously-
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ms BELOW

NOW

\$379⁹⁹
\$343⁹⁹
\$419⁹⁹
\$239⁹⁹
\$184⁹⁹

NOW

\$44⁹⁹
per piece
\$64⁹⁹
per piece
\$189⁹⁹ set
\$69⁹⁹ set
\$89⁹⁹ set
\$139⁹⁹ set

NOW

\$37⁹⁹
\$41⁹⁹
\$7⁹⁹
\$34⁹⁹

NOW

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\$31⁹⁹
\$31⁹⁹

NOW

\$149⁹⁹
\$194⁹⁹
\$39⁹⁹

The Lewis Files

(Continued from page 15)

that Josephine Brenner may want her husband back. Not only that, but she's even thinking of signing a "waiver of condonation," which would throw out all the evidence of infidelity that Lewis had so painstakingly accumulated.

Gil Lewis tosses it off. Roger Grove might have grown to detest Brenner, but the years have worn down Lewis's puritanical edge to blunt cynicism. "The way I figure it," he says, "Brenner was just another guy who could afford to live out his fantasies." But something still presses on Lewis's conscience, even after all these years. It was, more than anything, Brenner's arrogance that Lewis holds in contempt, that he did it without pulling all the shades.

"People like Brenner are just weak," he goes on. "It's like Oscar Wilde said, 'They can resist anything but temptation.'" Of

course, Lewis knows the world isn't made up of virgins and the eternally faithful. It's the excess — "when people make pigs of themselves" — that keeps him in Muriel Coronellas. "But look, if there's any social good in cases like these, it's that I can ensure my client will be rewarded with a much better financial settlement and that he or she will have something to say about the upbringing of the children. That's something."

And then he shrugs. "Basically, I'm a reporter, an observer. If I got into moral judgments, I'd go off the top of the Prudential Center."

In the Brenner case, there is little satisfaction for Lewis in knowing that his efforts have simply made it possible for Josephine to finance another fashion trip to Paris. But it's not like Lewis to grouse.

"Did I ever tell you about the Wilson case?" he asks, lighting another Muriel. "That poor black kid charged with murder in a city like Boston. He had nobody on his side but *me*. Now *that* was an investigation. . . ."

Next week: The Lewis Files continue with the Case of the Park Square Murder.

Sam Spade

(Continued from page 15)

even know if the thing works," he says. In seventeen years, he has been shot at only once — from point-blank range in a Roxbury tenement stairway. The bullet missed him but left his jacket smoking. Another time he was knifed outside his car in Roxbury during a mugging that had nothing to do with a case. "I felt a wetness," he says dryly, "so I went to Boston City to get stitched up."

He has received a number of death threats arising from his various investigations, all of them on the order of "I'm going to blow your

fucking head off." Click. But Lewis pays no attention; if the callers were serious, they wouldn't bother to call him first.

As for the 007-style equipment of his trade, Lewis is familiar with it but he keeps his distance. Most of his work requires nothing more sophisticated than a telephone and the succession of used cars he owns, which he affectionately calls "shitboxes." For the most part he uses the same Kodak Instamatic 126 he's had since he came into the business. He gets the film developed at the local Fotomat.

For all the private eyes lighting up TV and movie screens and wisecracking

their way through books, there are exceedingly few in real life. This may be true here because of Massachusetts's stiff \$750 license fee and its stringent requirements — the posting of a \$1000 bond, three years of investigative experience, and an annual examination of the detective's performance. The state of Oregon, by contrast, recently licensed a twelve-year-old. Even so, there are only a few dozen detectives across the country, because for all the diligence involved there is little money in it. With his ninety-hour weeks, Lewis will be lucky if he clears \$25,000 this year.

—J.S.

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