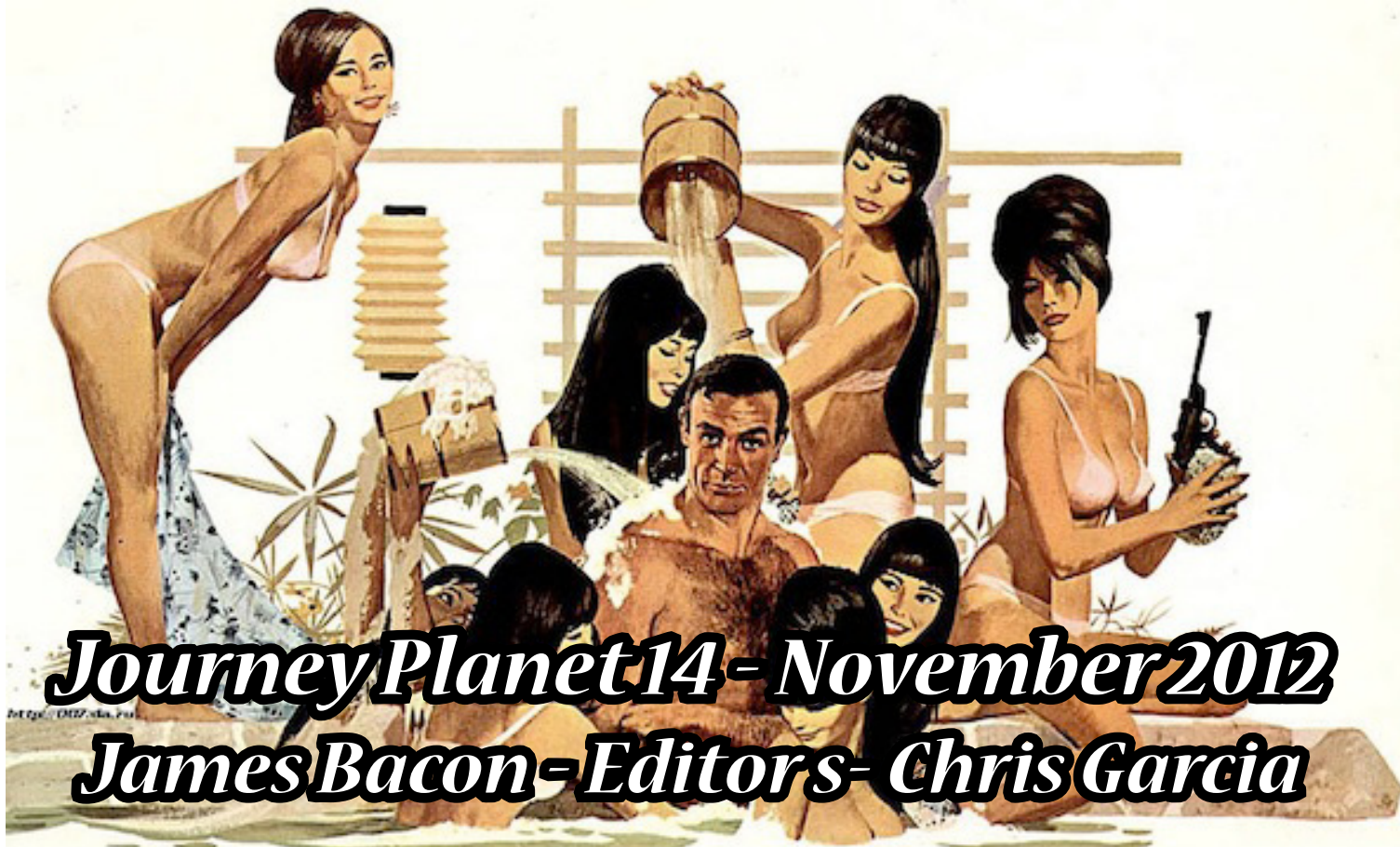


Journey Planet



A3ECK-12



Articles

Page 3 - Editorial - Chris Garcia & James Bacon

Page 6 - Julie McMurray - International Woman of Mystery

Page 8 - Gold Bond by Taral Wayne

Page 10 - *From Russia With Love*: Thinking About Bond by Lynda E. Rucker

Page 13 - *Casino Royale* by Daniel Kimmel

Page 15 - *Casino Royale*: Novel vs. 2006 Film by Alissa McKersie

Page 18 - The First 20 Minutes: How to Show-not-Tell a Re-Boot by Chris Garcia

Page 20 - Bring on The Thugs: Timothy Dalton as James Bond by J. Daniel Sawyer

Page 23 - Bond and Scalectrix: The British Slot Car by James Bacon

Page 25 - Bond Gets Beat by Christopher J Garcia

Page 27 - Bond: An Extraordinary Gentleman by James Bacon

Page 30 - A Quantum of Silliness by Andrew Trembley

Page 32 - Sterling Archer: Exploring Bond Through Satire by Christopher Hensley

Page 35 - Shaken, Not Stirred by Kevin P. Roche

Page 39 - Let's Remake The Bad Ones by Christopher J Garcia

Page 42 - *Skyfall* - Reviews by Ric Bretschneider & Others

Page 44 - The Committee on Evil Literature by James Bacon

Page 45 - Contributors (celebrated by Chris Garcia)

Art

Cover by Alan Beck

Page 5 by David Kim

Page 6 by Sarah Clour

Page 7 from Dover Clip-Art

Page 9 from Taral Wayne

Page 17 by Howeird

Page 19 & 34 by Hillary Pearlman

Page 35 - 37 from Kevin Roche

Page 38 by JC Vallacqua

Page 40 by Bluekulele

Back Cover by Mo Starkey

CHRISTOPHER J GARCIA

Much like Holmes and *Dune*, this is an issue I've wanted to do for a long time. That misogynist, alcoholic thug genius is a major part of my childhood. We went to see *Octopussy* for Jesse Gelber's 8th birthday party. I think I'd seen a couple of the early Bonds on VHS before that, but that was the first time I'd seen Bond on the BIG screen of the Town & Country, a former Cinerama screen that had yet to be converted. It was amazing! I loved it, and when *Never Say Never Again* was released, my friends and I went to see it together at the Century 21, another former Cinerama screen, showing it in glorious 70mm.

**“YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO OBSERVE
MR. GOLDFINGER, NOT BORROW HIS
GIRLFRIEND.”**

Yes, I know it's not “officially” a Bond film because there was no Broccoli participation, but to a nine-year-old, it didn't matter.

I was officially in love with Bond films starting with *View to a Kill*. Duran Duran's theme song, which I still consider to be the PERFECT Bond theme, was the first thing, the fact that you could see my house in it was the second, and the fact that I have always loved Grace Jones is the third. All in all, it was the movie that was made for me! I watched it at least 4 times in the theatre (including twice in one night with a screening of *Silverado* in-between). We bought it on VHS when it was released in that huge old clamshell case. It was awesome and I watched it over and over. I have since watched it, realize that as a film it's not great, but there's still that tingle, that spark that it held for the ten-year-old Chris Garcia. Tanya Roberts, Christopher Walken, and Grace Jones all in one flick! I was in Heaven! I watched it so many times and I have watched it recently and fell in love all over again!

This is a time, the 50th anniversary of the first film, to think about what James Bond means. For the 1960s, it meant that Britain still mattered. Bond, the ultimate symbol of Britain, always won. The US was always shown in the Bond films as powerful, but not able to close. So often, Bond's actions allowed the US to take credit (the best one for this, it's best to look at the very good film *GoldenEye*) and that's what the Brits would love to believe: that they've been the ones making it all happen and us Americans have simply been taking credit for it. In other words, England is everyone else and America is me, simply grabbing all the credit wherever it exists!

There are troubling aspects of Bond, no question. The treatment of women is one, his substance abuse and drinking is another. There's the racism of many of the early films...and to be honest the later ones as well. And yet, there's no way for me to avoid falling in love with the series. This is troubling, exactly the kind of things that folks in the



3

world of Steampunk fandom have been arguing for years. It's not PC, nor will it ever be, but it's also a series of powerfully-told stories. That's the key, the stories, even the

bad ones, are engaging, Explosions, car chases, climbing, shoot-outs, beddings, they all happen and they draw us in, for better or for worse. I love the series, but I have to admit that there are times, especially in the earlier films, when I have to look away from the screen.

Though there's a great moment in *Dr. No* that I think gets overlooked. Bond has spotted a photographer who's been taking pictures of him. She's a young woman and he has his friend grab her. He puts her in a hammerlock and drags her over to the table where 007 questions her. She secretly breaks a flashbulb and cuts her captor's face with it. He barely flinches. To me, this scene is just about as good as it gets in telling the overall story of Bond. The woman is taken advantage of, then fights back with a sharp slash, but she's made a move on a figure who has mind over matter. It's a horror film moment, when what should work, what should stop the bad guy, is not enough. That's Bond. He faces odds that aren't just long, they're unbeatable, and he manages to win, often by reconfiguring the challenge. He's Capt. Kirk, mixed with Michael Myers. When Bond is at his best, he's unstoppable, and in *Skyfall*, when Bond is far from his best physically (or mentally) he still manages because he can push himself beyond himself, beyond reason. He's Batman. He can go further than anyone else because he has something to fight for: England. He feels that he must carry England on his shoulders, and he does, always. That's the reason the series is a huge part of the UK subconscious.

Over the years, I've stuck with the series, even through the changes, both good and bad. Timothy Dalton, a good Bond with one really good Bond flick, including my favorite movement where they ride a cello case down a mountain, and one weak one. There was Pierce Brosnan, who was basically born (or perhaps bred by Nazi scientists or technicians from S.P.E.C.T.R.E.) to play Bond. I enjoyed most of his films, especially *GoldenEye*, and when he stopped playing Bond, I was concerned.

Until I saw Daniel Craig.

The man took Bond in a different direction, which was accompanied by a script for *Casino Royale* that went all the way back around to combine elements of Connery with a modern, grittier take on 007. I love it, and it's possible he's my favorite Bond ever. He's got the looks, the stature, and most importantly, the swagger, but he's darker. I love that. I can't wait for the new one, and when it's out, I'll be a happy boy.

And even happier that we're finally doing Bond!



JAMES

Welcome to this issue of *Journey Planet*, dedicated to the fictional world of James Bond. I've been enjoying the books, although the coarseness in some has been surprising and one or two have aged horrendously. *Live and Let Die* and the descriptors look so, just wrong.

I am grateful as always to our varied contributors, and am pleased with some of the output we have had on this subject. I hope you enjoy it too.

Our last issue, which had Guest Editors Helen Montgomery and Emma King working on the gender parity issue seemed popular. I had many people speak to me about it, but we had few responses by email or letter. I think the people who wanted to speak did so, so there was not much else relevant to say. I think it was a stunning issue, and am pleased so many felt motivated to

chat to us about it in person.

That political discussion was overtaken by the Readercon one, which reinforced my contention that fanzines,



online or otherwise, are still a safer place to speak one's mind than the likes of Livejournal or blogs where everything is so polarised. No one deserves to be a victim of anything. We all have a right to enjoy ourselves safely. But the internet discussions seem to totally ignore both reality and the complexity that are human beings and there is just no universal empathy allowed.

“JAMES BOND HAS NO INNER MONOLOGUE, ONLY A CONTINUING DIALOGUE WITH DEATH”

I used to edit another zine, *The Brentford Mercury* and it was part of a club. The club had outings. We had members who were in prison. Serving sentences. One such member turned up to a club gathering. I knew he would, he was in a book about which we were celebrating. I said he'd be welcome.

He was.

In the world of the Internet, he would be a threat to everyone's safety and enjoyment and barred from all such events. Luckily, I believe in democracy, and generally the rule of the land. By all means when someone does something wrong, they should face their punishment. But that is it. If a convention has a code of conduct, good. If they have rules and penalties for breaking them. Good. But the internet is not the arbiter of wrong doings.

The ex-convict was welcomed, welcomed in many ways, allowed to be among happy book-loving people, enjoying themselves on a sunny afternoon in a London park, taking part, fed and then later overwhelmed, in tears.

We, be it science fictional fandom, need space for reasonable discourse. One is allowed to have a different opinion than others. If you feel I am wrong, that is fine, but don't try and claim I do not "understand" the issue and therefore with multiple re-explainings, my opinion will change. That is just patronising.

People may and will write things that I disagree with in this fanzine, and that is the way it is. They are valid opinions. I disagree. Yet I think I

need to read and consider them. To take on board that this viewpoint or experience exists and that this is how the person feels.



GEORGE LAZENBY

With James Bond, we have a figure who people encounter and judge on the widest scale of opinions. I have read people who consider him horrendous, and also who admire, even love him. A fictional character. Is that bad? Perhaps if this were a political zine, with an agenda, it might be, one way or the other, but we are not, and it is after all fiction.

Next issue is about writing, the good, the pitfalls and the fans, entitled "The Write Stuff" We would welcome authors' experiences with publishers, agents and sharks and opinions on where the profession and the publishing business is going.

Then it's on to Philip K. Dick which should be very interesting.

Thanks to you all,
James



The name's McMurray, Julie McMurray. I started out as secret agent 004 in the hope to become 007. I can't say too much about myself otherwise I would have to kill you. I am licensed to drink real ale be it in secret or in public fannish events. I like my beer warm and with a head, not too big and not too small. My secret weapon is a secret. I don't give things away that easily. If you discovered my secret weapon you would obviously be my enemy and you won't live long enough to realize what it is. I travel in a fantastical world, going on missions seeking answers. This is my life now.

Although It was amazing to think before I joined fandom I was living in a small town in the middle of nowhere (somewhere in between Manchester and Liverpool) a place of little significance but a place where strange things happen. In my mission to find answers I had become known by this secret organisation and I drew the attention of a tall shady stranger. He approached me in the library and handed me a card with "Novacon 23", a date, and an address written on it. It was tantalizing and intriguing and I could not resist although I did feel a little apprehensive. Could I trust this stranger? I looked at the card for days and weeks before the event took place. I packed my bags unsure what I was about to face but sure it was right for me. I had to go and find out what was at this address. When I arrived I was immediately taken into this vast organization called fandom. Within days of being there the fans saw my potential as a fan who could thrive in their organisation. I was recruited on the spot and never looked back.

BE SURE TO VOTE FOR GUFF!

VISIT

**FOR THE BALLOT AND MORE
DETAILS**

**[HTTP://GUFF.LOSTCARPARK.
COM/NEWS/20121016/GUFF-
BALLOT-2013](http://guff.lostcarpark.com/news/20121016/guff-ballot-2013)**

My contacts were strong and I found many secret hideouts and gatherings. Eastercons, Novacons, Worldcons and so on. Since my missions began in 1993 I feel I have assimilated the fannish culture and ways of life. I have discovered many gadgets, jewels, films, books, and games. I have acquired amazing disguises and skills and travelled to exotic places like Malaysia, Japan, Canada and America. I have gathered strong contacts and lifetime friends.

I settled down with an international fannish man of Mystery known as Pat McMurray. He is the most important part of my life, a secret inspiration of mine that keeps me going. Before him I was a rogue agent with no direction. Then he came along and gave me a direction, passion and love.

My next mission as an international woman of mystery is to

JULIE MCMURRAY - INTERNATIONAL WOMAN OF MYSTERY





apply for GUFF. I have enlisted the help of key contacts in fandom to assist me.

James Bacon: He's an adventurous fan who does not let anything stop him. He organises conventions with such a passion and a powerful force it sometimes can blow you away. He charms the ladies and inspires fellow fans. You can't help but be daring in his presence.

Emma King: She is an enigmatic, beautiful and sophisticated woman of fandom, along with her dashing handsome husband Jonathan Ely. They run a Larping business, "Bladelands", where fans train in the secret arts of re-enacting fantasy adventures. They run amazing live action storytelling events on their vast beautiful lands. You are truly taken to another world when you are there.

Jim Mowatt: He is an educated scholar of history and has a deep imagination. When he talks the ideas flow out of him like a cool refreshing waterfall, inspiring you to do amazing things. You can't help but be intellectually inspired when speaking to him. He is also a double agent a fan by day and a ZZ9ner by night. ZZ9 is an elite fan club where fans show their loyalty by carrying around a "Beeblebear" or Towel saying "Don't Panic" and where the answer to life the universe and everything is 42. He has a charm and wit like none other.

Richard Crawshaw: You'll find him hidden in the depths of any convention usually organizing and problem solving. He's the Fixer or the main Ops contact. He keep a low profile but what he does has a phenomenal effect around him. He is my go to guy when things need fixing. He'll be a great addition to the Australian Branch of Fandom. He is one of my Australian contacts, an ally who I will certainly reacquaint myself with if I am successful in my application for this mission.

Dave Cake: Is the the DJ Extraordinaire. He hopes to open his own record label one day and is an editor of a small press magazine *Borderlands*. He is an internationally well renowned Australian fan and has a passion to travel the world. He recently succeeded in his own mission for DUFF and returned home safely.

They are the amazing team of people who have offered to help me in my mission to go to Australia. If I am successful in my application, I will represent European Fandom and its many wonderful genres, explore Australian fandom, and see amazing places and meet interesting people.



I'm not quite one of the original readers of Bond. In the Kennedy era I was too young. I vaguely recall turning the channel on the presidential debates so I could watch Captain Kangaroo. But when I was a little older, I picked a Pan pocketbook from one of my father's pockets. I was about 14, so this was around 1965. By that time, the president who had made Bond a runaway best-seller was two years dead, and the author of the James Bond novels, Ian Fleming, was recently dead. A dozen years had passed between *Casino Royal* and *The Man With the Golden Gun*, and most Bond books had been through double-digit printings. At best I'm a second generation Bond reader. I doubt I'd have understood them at the age of six anyway...

Even at 14 I wasn't very comfortable with 007's numerous affairs. For the time, and my age, they seemed racy, unsavory... mainly boring. I wanted to know more about diamond smuggling, gentleman's golf, night life in Jamaica, antique Rolls Royces, and sinister health spas nestled among the White Cliffs of Dover.

Sean Connery made the best Bond, no question of it. Though Roger Moore was very popular as Connery's replacement, he was basically a genial prankster who had no aura of danger about him. The movies were increasingly played for laughs as the series progressed. Did anyone take "Jaws" seriously? I'm not surprised many fans remember those films fondly, but they just weren't Bond as envisioned by Fleming. They were the Saturday Morning Cartoon version that appealed to people who had not grown up with the Cold War, or the twilight of the British Empire.

There was also George Lazenby, Pierce Brosnan and Timothy (with the disco hair!) Dalton. As a whole they fell somewhere between Moore and Connery as characterizations – neither too hammy, nor especially charismatic. One and all, they were undistinguished. By then, though, the spectacle of Bond films had taken over, and each tried to outdo the last with ever more fantastic gadgets, even more unbelievable stunts, still more megalomaniac villains.

Now there is Daniel Craig. After having seen him in *Casino Royale*, Craig is clearly the best Bond since Connery. Some might argue the best, but they would certainly be thinking in modern terms. To contradict a certain ex-president, in fact we live in an less kindly, less gentle time. Despite being a superb action-adventure actor, Craig does not embody the ideal Bond for me. For one thing, I don't like his thuggish looks and blond hair. (Couldn't they have at least darkened his hair with dye?) With his somewhat Slavic features, he looks more like ex-KGB than MI 6. But he has recaptured something of Connery's unique blend of menace and puckishness. A more athletic Bond you couldn't imagine – he'd have to wear spandex and a cape. But Craig is more menacing than any Puck, I think. And he lives in a different world than Connery's fading memory of Edwardian cosmopolitan grace.





Roger Moore aficionados might feel the films have lost their sense of humour. Having grown up with a clowning version of Bond, they would. It was Moore's trademark as Bond that he could kill six drug-crazed mujahidin bare-handed, and not muss his hair. Then came the quip – "Pardon my Russian off like this." But this was an overly broad kind of humour that wasn't present in the books, and quickly turned the Moore films into slapstick. Ironically, Harry Saltzman, who produced the early films, favoured Roger Moore for the role. On the other hand, Fleming described Bond as looking like Hoagy Carmichael with crueler eyes.

We needn't dwell on David Niven or Woody Allen for even one moment.

Much as I enjoyed *Casino Royale*, I had doubts about *Quantum of Solace* before I even saw it. It was not encouraging that it was an original story, and didn't carry on with the next novel in the series, but I was determined to have an open mind. I had initial doubts about *Casino Royale* as well, after all. While the first film was about fifteen minutes too long, it was an excellent movie nevertheless. Without a single rocket pack, or laser hidden in a condom, the film was even more exciting and as big a spectacle as any Roger Moore spoof.

Quantum of Solace, though exciting to a fault, turned out to be a muddled and over-complicated film whose climax left much to be desired. It ended on a fake-looking set of banked solar panels that inexplicably exploded when sabotaged. (Like computers on *Star Trek*. When was the last time your light-powered calculator blew up, by the way?) The sequel

will probably propel the series through a new cycle of Bond films, but I've already lost interest.

If I only had sixty million dollars, I'd

love to make my own Bond film -- *Moonraker* is the one I've had my eye on for years. I'd set it in 1955, the year Fleming's second novel was published. The Broccoli films forsook the original context of Bond's adventures. They bore no resemblance to the plot of any book. Finally, they abandoned even the titles. Authentic intelligence procedures and equipment were neglected for fantasies about U.N.C.L.E.-style organizations and super gizmos like submersible high-end sports cars. The movie Bond flew jet belts, and cut through steel doors with lasers

built into his wrist watch. I had total contempt for the Inspector Gadget approach. By contrast, I'd film *Moonraker* as a period piece, depicting M16 as it was, using the antiquated radio tracking devices and outdated firearms of the time. The *Moonraker* itself would not be the sleek, futuristic missile of Harry Saltzman's film, but only the next step up from a captured German V2. In 1955, what else would it be? Bond would drive his custom Bentley, not the latest model Aston Martin or Lotus. He would be apparelled in narrow lapels and narrower tie. Telephones would be black barbells on a cradle faced with a dial. There would be no cell phones, no lap tops, no digital cameras, and the BBC would have but one channel. It would be Ian Fleming's world.

After Fleming there were many writers who continued the Bond saga. To my mind, the only successful one was *Colonel Sun* by Robert Markham, who was Kingsley Amis writing under a pseudonym. You couldn't mistake "Markham" for Fleming. The two authors wrote in no way alike. But *Colonel Sun* unmistakably belonged to Ian Fleming's world, and caught many of the underlying motifs – cold war rivalry, sadomasochism, British chauvinism and human grotesquery, to mention only a few.

I cannot say the same for the writers who followed. John Gardner was most successful, measuring by the number of titles and volume of sales. Gardner was a hugely popular writer before he was asked to write for 007. He completed fourteen novels and two novelizations from films before his death in 2007. But they are not satisfyingly Bond. Gardner's 007 had an eye for the latest spy gadgetry, and would never

have thought of defying M over an order to exchange his favourite Beretta .22 for the more powerful Walther PPK. He would be more likely to ask if there was anything



newer. This 007 drove the latest-model supercar from the showroom, not the real Bond's beloved open coach-work, 1920s Bentley. The Hong Kong and Cairo of Gardner's novels were the modern cities we see on CNN, not the exotic locales of Fleming's day, stocked with colourful ethnic stereotypes. One rightly fears that this Bond could be caught dead in a disco.

Raymond Benson added another dozen undistinguished titles to the Bond canon, further degrading continuity and atmosphere.

Worth noting is John Pearson's "non-fictional," 1973 James Bond, *The Authorized Biography of 007*. Though its contents are highly disputed by fans, it is in fact truly "authorized" by Glidrose Publications, who holds the rights to 007 in print.

Last of all, Christopher Wood wrote two completely new novelizations that share only the titles – *Moonraker* and *The Spy Who Loved Me* – with their originals.

There's a new book in town, *Devil May Care*. The author is Sebastian Faulks, a mainstream writer who seems to have a liking for genre fiction. (A trend, I think. Look at Michael Chabon, who unlike Margaret Atwood writes superb genre fiction that he isn't ashamed to give its proper name.) Faulks writes "as Ian Fleming" and picks up from 007's last canonical adventure, *The Man With the Golden Gun*. Faulks takes the business of writing as Ian Fleming seriously. He has the style down pat – though, perhaps, he is unable to write quite down to Fleming's sturdy, proletarian level. More importantly, Faulks is able to match Fleming's pace, diction and economy of narrative. He captures Fleming's love of good food, and forces the reader to imagine every plate of grilled herring, every spoonful of black Caspian caviar, and every bite of the lapin à l'ancienne. There is the love of sport, of invigorating showers, of comfortable, tasteful clothing, of good liquor and fast driving.

This Bond has just recovered from his nightmarish experience in Blofeld's garden of death in Japan, and barely scraped through his probationary assignment to take out Scaramanga. On his return to England he dresses in his favourite navy worsted suit, knitted black tie and moccasins ("loafers" to us). Once again he is smoking custom-packed Morland's cigarettes with the triple gold bands, and ordering his martinis with vodka – shaken, not stirred. We hear the whine of the Arnot supercharger powering the custom built, convertible Bentley Continental.

This Bond is a man of tradition, not pleased by change. He laments the tourists

and modern hotels at Cannes, but there is precious little he can do about it.

Time goes on, regardless. In one deliciously wry scene, Bond catches up on news with his "Scottish treasure," the elderly May who looks after his flat. "Those pop singers have been arrested for having drugs," she says. Who, Bond asks, The Beatles? "No, the ones with the hair down to their shoulders who make such a racket. The Rolling Stones, is it?" It is still the Cold War Era, but we are reminded that the past seamlessly catches up with the present.

The plot of *Devil May Care* is typical Fleming as well. It almost needn't concern us, except that it is so true to form. We begin with allusions to the recent past, ending with a recall to M's office. The mission is briefed. A threat is revealed – this time drugs from the Middle East. Inevitably the Bond Girl enters his life. This time it is Scarlett Papava, "papava" being Farsi (or Persian) for the poppy. 007 reconnoiters, is caught, the villain tips his hand, an improbable escape with the Bond Girl ensues and disaster averted with only seconds left in the countdown. It's not the plot that matters, though. It is the restaurants and clubs. It is the glimpses of life in far-off parts of the world that had not yet been entirely contaminated by Western life. It is the details of converting opium to heroin, or the workings of a French morgue. One reads a Bond novel for ambiance and the esoteric, rather than to see how it comes out in the end.

Sebastian Faulk's *Devil May Care* has it all!

And if one must have hi-tech gim-crackery, there is the Ekranoplan. Apparently it's practical, but, still, only the Russians could think up something that half-baked.

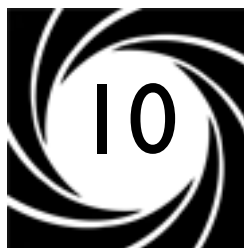
□

Any number of books have been written about James Bond. Here are a few rare editions that I've read and did not go into the writing of this article.

007 James Bond: A Report, by O.F. Snelling, 1964

The James Bond Dossier, by Kingsley Amis, 1965

For Bond Lovers Only, edited by Sheldon Lane, 1965



“Going to see *Skyfall* tonight,” a woman informed me by way of small talk at a Dublin bus stop a few weeks ago.

We were off then, chatting away about all things Bond. We agreed that we both loved Daniel Craig in the role (oh boy do I. I carried a torch for that man for years until that Rachel Weisz stole him right from under my nose, I tell you). She knew exactly how many there are, and named the number. “Some people, you know,” she said to me, “they don’t like them, they say *oh, no, they’re going to make another one!* but they’re good fun, aren’t they? An escape from everyday life, you know?”

Yes, I do know. But she’s right, lots of people don’t like James Bond. They say he’s out of date and should have been put out to pasture long ago. He’s racist, sexist, and too firmly a product of his time to really be updated to twenty-first century mores. The Craig era has, in part, attempted to address those concerns, but can it be done? Or is Bond just too trapped in his own legend? Certainly a kinder, gentler, more sensitive Bond is no Bond at all.

My original plans for this piece had been to write a feminist critique of *From Russia with Love*. I thought it would be both fun and kind of funny, and never having read Ian Fleming, I was eager to weigh the sexism of the Bond movies against the sexism of the books and see where the chips fell. What ended up happening, though, was that reading the book led me to some broader thoughts about the Bond film franchise in general, about sexism in pop culture (and why I’m not as bothered as I might be by the sexism in Bond), and about the racism and homophobia embedded in the books (both of which I actually did find offensive).

From Russia with Love has only two significant female characters: Tatiana Romanova, the Russian spy sent to seduce Bond and the infamous and loathsome villain Rose Klebb. In two different scenes, however, the depiction of women as, literally, animals, was downright horrifying. The first is Bond’s ally Darko Kerim—a character we come to know and respect—describing an incident from his past:

“I had a little Bessarabian hell-cat. I had won her in a fight with some gipsies here in the hills behind Istanbul. They came after me, but I got her on board the boat. I had to knock her unconscious first. She was still trying to kill me when we got back to Trebizond, so I got her to my place and took away all her clothes and kept her chained naked under the table. When I ate, I used to throw scraps to her under the table, like a dog. She had to learn who



FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE: THINKING ABOUT BOND BY LYNDA E. RUCKER

was master.”

I usually like to try to be a little more articulate than this, but—wtf, Fleming? Men like Darko Kerim appear in fiction aplenty, of course—but the dude who kidnaps women and keeps them chained under the table eating table scraps tends to be the serial killer, not the ally of the protagonist.

And then we get the clincher: “‘My mother brought her some of her own clothes from the house. The girl put them on, but when the time came, she refused to leave me.’ Darko Kerim laughed hugely. ‘An interesting lesson in female psychology, my dear friend.’”

Indeed. Now Darko Kerim the character is not Ian Fleming the writer, and I doubt Fleming was a particularly strong advocate of abducting and chaining women naked to tables. Bond’s world is a brutal one (and I’ll come back to this point later), and a story like this reinforces this. Nevertheless, we cannot overlook the fact that this story has been told by a “good guy,” not a villain, and Fleming trusted that a reader wouldn’t be so put off by it as to disengage (and, indeed, remaining engaged with Kerim is key in making the novel work).

The second incident that struck me is referred to in jocular fashion in the introduction by Charlie Higson as a “gypsy catfight,” which it is, and I guess it’s over the top and campy, in its way, but in light of the earlier story recounted by Kerim it failed to have the same effect on me. The trouble with it is the depiction of women as livestock—they are described as “beautiful, taut, sullen animals” and Bond later tells the head gypsy that “he will need these two girls to bear children for the tribe.”

But these scenes, as misogynistic as they are on the surface, are to some degree even more about class and race than they are about women in particular. These Romanys are clearly just a step up from animals in general. We’d never see the likes of Tatiana Romanova portrayed in such a light. Along the same lines, a masseuse at the start of the novel is described as a “healthy animal peasant girl,” and I think it’s no accident that her attitude toward sex is equally what Fleming would describe as “animalistic”—she responds to unwanted propositions during a massage “by digging sharply down toward the sciatic nerve” but “if she found the man attractive, there would be giggling arguments, a brief wrestling match and a quick, delicious surrender.”

It’s not that there are no intelligent women in Bond’s world, but intelligent women in his world fuck because they are after something—secrets, or love, or pro-

tection. And it’s not that they don’t enjoy sex, but they never seem to have sex for the sake of sex, and the ones who do are animals. Men, of course, get a free pass here.

But homosexuals and foreigners come off even worse than women. In addition to being evil and physically repulsive, Rosa Klebb is also (gasp!) a lesbian. At one stage a superior informs Bond that “I thought we were all agreed that homosexuals were about the worst security risk there is. I can’t see the Americans handing over many atom secrets to a lot of pansies soaked in scent.” Darko Kerim may be a Turk, but not like those *other* Turks, we learn, because his handshake is “a strong Western handful of operative fingers—not the banana skin handshake of the East that makes you want to wipe your fingers on your coattails.” Later, Bond, on board the Orient Express, thinks how anxious he is to get “out of these damn Balkans and down into Italy. Then Switzerland, France—among friendly people, away from the fur-tive lands.”

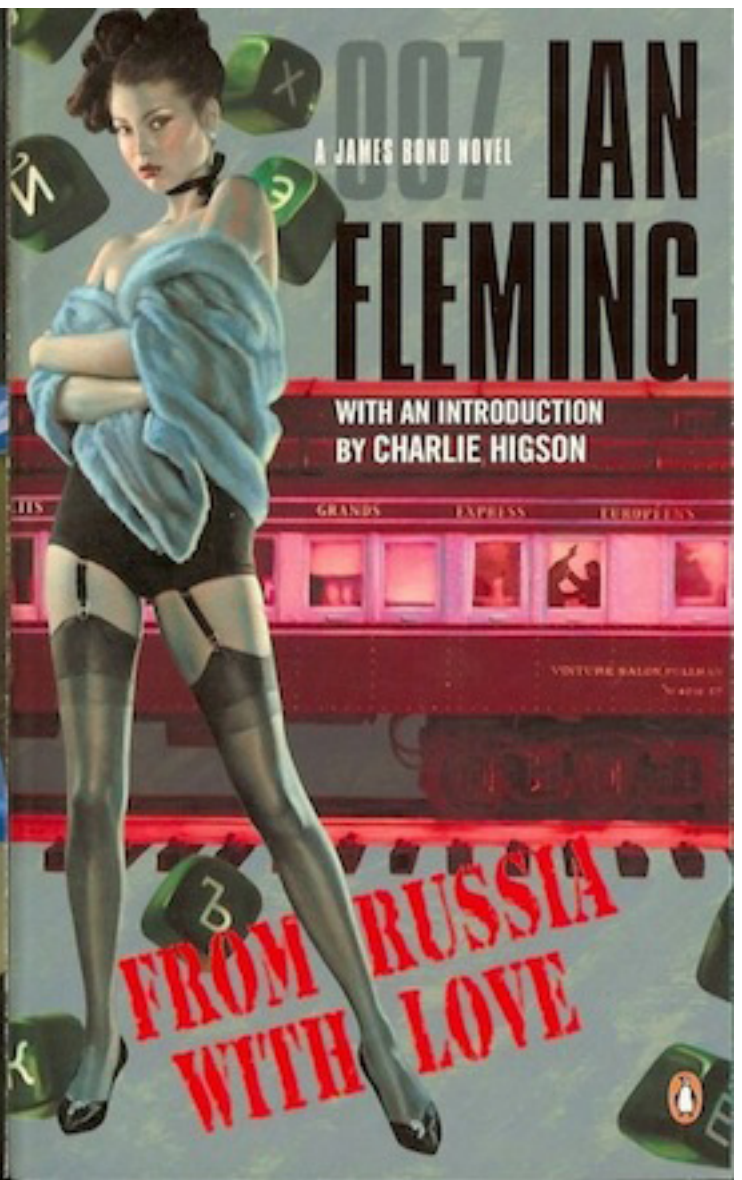
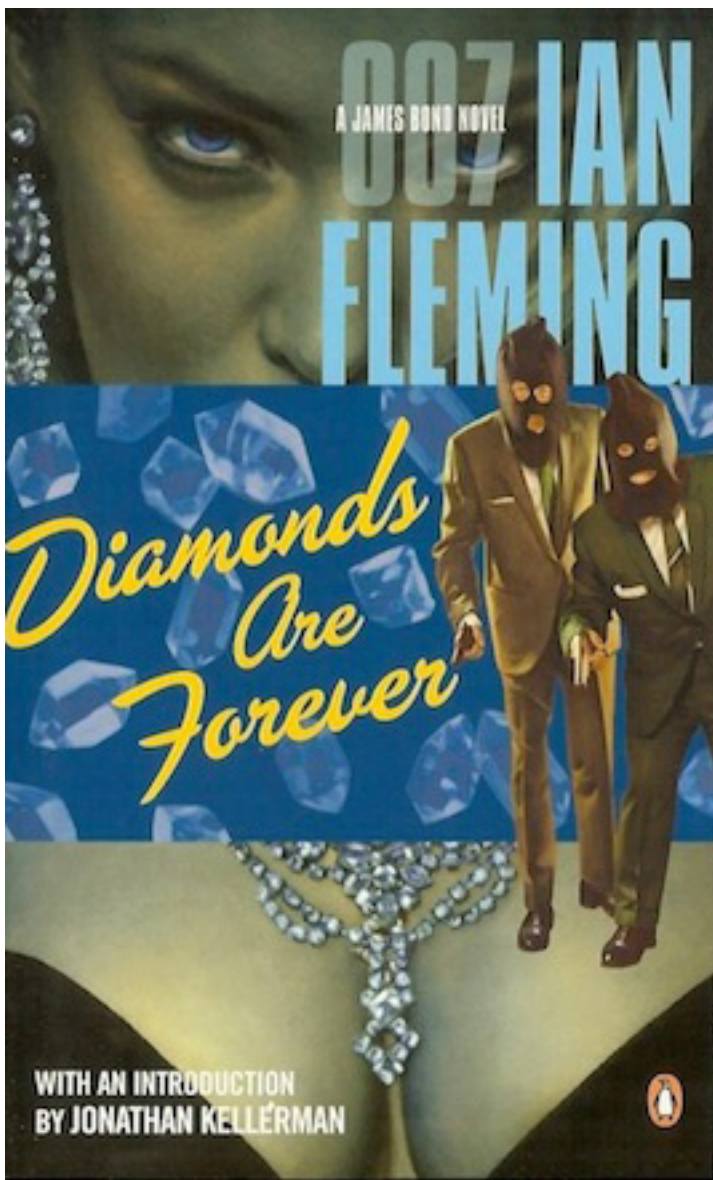
How do we read this today? Is Bond redeemable by current standards? Do we want him to be?

I’d wondered beforehand which incarnation of the movie Bond I would meet in the novel. I gotta admit, I prefer the Bond of the 1960s and 1970s as Connery and even Moore portrayed him, the sexy, sleazy Bond knocking back martinis and bedding women left and right. I love the science-fiction gadgetry, the *fun*. Yet, as mentioned, I do love Daniel Craig. But in the Craig films we get an edgier, more stripped-down Bond, and while the movies are suspenseful and entertaining, they’re at some remove from the pop art silliness that infects the first couple of decades of the Bond franchise. In reading *From Russia with Love*, though, I see that this tone is actually far more faithful to the books, which are set in a world where the brutality depicted toward “animal” women is simply one more expression of savagery in a generally savage world.

Ultimately, though, I’m not particularly offended by the sexism in Bond because it is so over the top. The more insidious forms of sexism in pop culture, to me, are the “harmless” kind that play on and reinforce essential “hilarious” perceived gender

differences in men and women—actor Seth Rogan’s turning up on a talk show to tell a story which involved explaining that his fiancée has, like all women, been dream-





ing of her wedding day since she was a little girl, for example. Unfunny comedians and regular people of both sexes whose shtick revolves around playing up stereotypes of men *and* women, demeaning to both genders, and oh, it's just a joke, have a sense of humor, I'm told—but if your joke must rest on tired stereotypes it's not a funny joke in the first place. The stereotypes are lazy and stupid, and we are all far more diverse individuals than these generalities ever acknowledge—but they are insidious, because some people actually *believe* these things to be true, and these “jokes” subtly reinforce that dynamic. No one needs to be told that chaining women naked to a table against their will is wrong, but plenty of people out there are still shocked that a woman might not, say, love shopping, or want children—or for that matter that men actually might be good at looking after themselves or doing things like housework or being single parents. I'm more concerned about the types of undermining sexism that have repercussions in the real

world I live in than anything I encounter in the cartoon world of Bond.

So. Bond. Racist, sexist, classist, homophobic—check, check, check, and check; did you really need to ask? Irredeemable, surely, but then, he always was. The Craig era then emerges even more clearly for me as an attempt to preserve the hard-edged Bond minus the most blatantly offensive stereotyping of earlier eras. Critics and audiences alike would say it's a success, but I'm not entirely sure. But like so many things fueled by nostalgia, the “fun” Bond I think back on fondly was the product of a slew of unexamined attitudes that are pretty repellent to me. I definitely don't want to see 007 mothballed; I think there's room for a little more levity, though, without falling back on the old stereotypes.

But maybe that's still one more reboot away.





CASINO ROYALE BY DANIEL M. KIMMEL

I've seen every James Bond movie on screen and every one since *Goldfinger* first run. (I was only seven when *Dr. No* was released and saw it on a double bill with *From Russia with Love* a few years later.) I think Sean Connery is the definitive Bond but enjoyed some of the Roger Moore films (particularly *Live and Let Die* and *The Spy Who Loved Me*) and I think listening to the James Bond Theme and title songs of all the movies is a good way to get a history of contemporary pop music over the past half century. I think Daniel Craig brings something new and interesting to the role and is 1 for 2 so far, while I await the newest entry. Oh, and I was sad when I read that Desmond Llewellyn died in 1999 and loved the fact that his portrayal of Q outlasted several Bonds.

I say all that because I want to demonstrate that I am a serious Bond fan even as I want to talk about the bastard child of the Bond series, the 1967 version of *Casino Royale*." I love it. It's one of my favorite guilty pleasures. I've lost track of how many times I've seen it and I have tracked down the soundtrack recording which contains two bona fide hits, Herb Alpert's rendition of the title song and Dusty Springfield singing "The Look of Love." You may not have realized the latter was introduced in the movie as it has gone on to become a romantic standard. It's there all right.

**IT'S DEPRESSING
THAT THE WORDS
"SECRET AGENT"
HAVE BECOME
SYNONYMOUS
WITH
"SEX MANIAC."**

It's there, along with a cast that includes David Niven, Deborah Kerr, Ursula Andress, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Orson Welles, Dahlia Lavi and cameos by William Holden, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Charles Boyer, Peter O'Toole, George Raft, Ronnie Corbett, and young Jacqueline Bisset. It also had the object of my first adolescent movie crush, Joanna Pettet. (She's adorable in this.)

YOU CAN'T SHOOT ME! I HAVE A VERY LOW THRESHOLD OF DEATH. MY DOCTOR SAYS I CAN'T HAVE BULLETS ENTER MY BODY AT ANY TIME.

Ian Fleming had sold off the rights to this novel separately from the rest of the series and it was made into a quite interesting American television one shot in the 1950s with Barry Nelson as an American Bond and Peter Lorre as Le Chiffre. That meant that when Bond became a '60s movie phenomenon, the rights for *Casino Royale* were available for a movie spoof. The resulting movie is a complete and utter mess. Five directors are credited (Val Guest, Ken Hughes, John Huston, Joseph McGrath and Robert Parrish) and three writers (Wolf Mankowitz, John Law, and Michael Sayers). However the Internet Movie Database indicates many more were involved but did not receive writing credit adding the names of Woody Allen, Peter Sellers, and director Val Guest plus Ben Hecht, Joseph Heller, Terry Southern, and Billy Wilder. It may have been a chaotic production but it sounds like a hell of a party.

Actually, it wasn't all fun and games. Allen claimed in later interviews never to have seen the finished film. Peter Sellers and Orson Welles apparently got into an

argument where they refused to work together. That might not have been a problem except Welles was playing Le Chiffre and Sellers was one of many "James Bonds" in the movie and the one who has to beat Le Chiffre at baccarat. Their scenes together were shot separately and created in the editing room.

Casino Royale was one of a number of '60s comedies that may not have been great filmmaking but offered such a roster of a talent it couldn't help but have some bright spots, like *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* and *A Guide for the Married Man*." Perhaps it's the multiple directors and writers who are to blame for creating a movie with little in the way of a coherent storyline. Instead it is more of a collection of scenes spoofing some aspect of James Bond or other aspects of the era. Joanna Pettet's psychedelic adventures in Berlin, as "Mata Bond," seem to be from another movie, but she looks smashing. How they got people like John Huston and Deborah Kerr to participate is a mystery, whether it was a paycheck, a friendship or a lark. David Niven (another "Bond") has fun cavorting with Scottish lasses in one scene. Peter O'Toole's cameo contains a great in-joke. The Burt Bacharach score is the perfect counterpoint to the overproduced nonsense appearing on screen. It's as if everyone decided that money was no object and they should just have fun and hope it would all come out all right in the end.

As a film critic I have to testify that it did not. The movie is a disaster, prefiguring future self-indulgent star vehicles like *Ishtar* or *Hudson Hawk*. Yet there's no denying the film has an exuberance that makes my critical faculties shut down (or at least go on hold) while I simply enjoy the movie in all its silly excess.

It would take another forty years until Ian Fleming's novel was done justice on the big screen. The Daniel Craig reboot is, indeed, a good film. I respect it and like it, but it doesn't make me smile like this curio from 1967, when it was possible for John Huston and Woody Allen to appear in the same movie.

Daniel M. Kimmel is the Hugo-nominated author of Jar Jar Binks Must Die and other observations about science fiction movies. His first novel, Shh! It's a Secret: a Novel about Aliens, Hollywood and the Bartender's Guide will be released in January.



A photograph of Daniel Craig as James Bond, wearing a black tuxedo and a bow tie, sitting at a casino table. He is looking down at a handgun on the table. The background is blurred with warm, bokeh lights.

CASINO ROYALE: NOVEL VS 2006 FILM BY ALISSA MCKERSIE

PREFACE:

Okay, so I wasn't going to write for the Bond issue. I figured it was the 50th Anniversary, they've probably got everything covered, and honestly, I wasn't coming up with any brilliant ideas. Besides, there's just WAY too much going on to even THINK about writing right now! But, then I was house sitting, and I plopped in the *Casino Royale* (Daniel Craig) DVD to watch...BIG MISTAKE! And self declared brilliance followed (well...) :-/ So, I sent a quick message to Chris asking if anyone else has already had my epiphany and also details (how much time I had, how many words, etc., etc.). Only two weeks! Holy hell, I'd better get started... AM

“IT’S NOT DIFFICULT TO GET A DOUBLE O NUMBER IF YOU’RE PREPARED TO KILL PEOPLE. THAT’S ALL THE MEANING IT HAS. IT’S NOTHING TO BE PARTICULARLY PROUD OF I’VE GOT THE CORPSES OF A JAPANESE CIPHER EXPERT IN NEW YORK AND A NORWEGIAN DOUBLE AGENT IN STOCKHOLM TO THANK FOR BEING A DOUBLE O. PROBABLY QUITE DECENT PEOPLE.”

~BOND. JAMES BOND.

In comparing *Casino Royale* the novel to the 2006 movie with Daniel Craig playing Bond, there are some very obvious differences that one can pick up on right away: M is female instead of male (we learned that from prior movies), Bond is blond instead of dark haired (also in prior films), and the game of choice is Texas Hold 'Em in the movie instead of Baccarat, as in the book.

I had heard of Baccarat, though I had never played. In the book, Bond describes it to Vesper as follows:

“The object of the game is to hold two, or three cards which together count nine points, or as nearly nine as possible. Court cards and tens count nothing; aces one each; any other card its face value. It is only the last figure of your count that signifies. So nine plus seven equals six – not sixteen. The winner is the one whose count is nearest to nine.”

It reminds me of blackjack, to a degree. And, honestly, I can see why they changed the game for the movie. Not only is Texas Hold ‘Em extremely popular, and most people have virtually no idea about Baccarat anymore, but I find more strategy in the betting process of the Texas Hold ‘Em than in Baccarat. But, perhaps that is because I’ve played it before.

The most interesting thing I found when comparing the novel to the 2006 movie of *Casino Royale* is the complete opposite of what you find in most book to movie comparisons: there is more movie content that is not found in the novel. In my experience, it’s usually the other way around.

In the novel, Le Chiffre does have his henchmen, as he does in the movie. However, obviously there aren’t code words being texted as signals to pick up bags at museums and such. But, one of the major action scenes in the movie was the bomb scare at the Miami airport, and no such thing like this happens in the book. There’s nothing even comparable to it in the novel.

Perhaps my favorite scene in the movie is where Le Chiffre’s girlfriend poisons Bond’s drink. He realises it just after he’s drunk enough of it to be fatal. Of course, going through MI6 training, he quickly throws his chips on the table and grabs a glass and some salt and runs to the bathroom and fills the glass with water and salt to induce vomiting (sorry for those of you with weak stomachs). Knowing that that would not be enough, Bond stumbles out to his car, opens the glove box, and connects to MI6 Headquarters. With modern technology, they are able to test his blood and find out that he’s been poisoned with Digitalis. As James Bond is dying, HQ is trying to give him instructions on how to save his own life. He has to stick paddles to his chest, then inject an antidote for the Digitalis into his neck, and then finally, at the precise moment, hit the red button when the defibrillator has reached its full charge. Nothing happens. Why is nothing happening? He presses it again and again...nothing...WTF?? Sweat pouring everywhere, heart beating fast, delirium setting in, thoughts racing as to what’s going on, Bond looks down to find a little red wire which has come unattached from one of the paddles on his chest and then he passes out. So

much for the infallible James Bond! Luckily, Vesper has come looking for him. She quickly assesses the situation, plugs the little red wire back into the paddle where it belongs, the defibrillator charges, and when she presses the red button, it finally works! James Bond gets shocked back to life! Of course, where would we be without James Bond?

(Ironically, this scene reminds me of my favorite scene of my favorite episode of my favorite show: “Doctor Who: The Unicorn and The Wasp.” If you’ve seen it, you know what I’m talking about. I see David Tennant running around the kitchen shouting, “I need ginger beer!”)

**WAIT... THREE
MEASURES OF
GORDON’S; ONE
OF VODKA; HALF A
MEASURE OF KINA
LILLET. SHAKE IT
OVER ICE, AND ADD
A THIN SLICE OF
LEMON PEEL.**

Interestingly, the whole Solange/Dimitrios plotline doesn’t even exist in the novel. In the film, M tells Bond to “go stick his head in the sand” because he can’t be trusted. Bond had traced an “Ellipsis” text to the Bahamas. I guess he thought, “Well, there’s sand in the Bahamas!” In the Bahamas, Bond figured out that the text originated with Mr. Dimitrios. We also meet his beautiful wife, Solange. Soon after, Dimitrios loses his car to Bond in a great hand of poker, and he loses his wife to Bond for being an asshole. Of course, there’s a tie from Dimitrios to Le Chiffre, and that’s the connection that draws us into the rest of the story in the film.

The relationship between Vesper





Daniel Craig: Vladimir Putin's secret love child?

and Bond seems quite short lived in the novel compared to what is depicted in the montage on film. However, I find that not to be the most important factors in comparing the Vesper/Bond relationship.

Initially, in the novel, Bond thinks of Vesper as “the girl” and that she most likely will get in the way. He is cold and aloof, and Vesper is very taken aback by this. As I stated before, there is no point where she saves his life by coming along and fixing the defibrillator at the very last moment. However, James Bond finds himself suffering through unthinkable torture and worrying about what is happening to Vesper in the other room. He has done the most unlikely thing; he has developed feelings for this girl. Once the torture is over, and he is in the hospital and healing, Bond is considering resigning and spending the rest of his life with Vesper. He is extremely sensitive about the horrible torture he’s been through, but he finally asks

for her. Once she visits, he starts healing in leaps and bounds. He has reason; they are going away together. They have one amazingly passionate night in a quaint bed and breakfast. Bond wakes before Vesper and goes for an ocean swim. When he comes back, Vesper is startled as she comes out of the phone booth in the lobby. She behaves strangely, and nothing is the same after that. There is a wedge between them. It is here when I expect to read that she is going to take off with the winnings, as she does in the film...but no. The money doesn’t enter into their relationship again. There is one night where she gets a bit drunk, he tells her that he was going to ask her to marry him before she started acting erratic, she gets very emotional, and they have another amazing night together. This time Bond doesn’t fall asleep in her room; he just goes back to his adjoining room. He wakes to the Patron bursting into his room with Vesper’s suicide letter to him. It begins with “My Darling James.” She goes on to tell him that she’s a double agent, and she’s been spying on him and informing on him almost the entire time. The novel ends with Bond saying, “The bitch is dead now.” The film also used that.

Some things are very similar, however. Bond losing and wanting to drop out of the game, and Felix Leiter fronting the money to buy back in, and then the last hand with Bond and Le Chiffre bidding

against each other with Bond winning. These are all accurate, even though it’s with Baccarat. Also, in the novel, Bond has a Citroën that he drives everywhere, but since it’s totaled in a car chase (just like in the film), I guess he has to get a new car. And, the infamous torture scene (I’m sorry boys, it has to be brought up)...it’s actually worse in the book, as Bond passes out, but it is virtually the same.

I have to say, I’ve never even thought of reading a James Bond novel. In fact, I didn’t even know that some of the Bond stories aren’t novels but are actually short stories. So, as I was telling Chris the other night, I think I’m going to have to start reading the rest of the James Bond stories, because I really enjoyed this one!



When the Columbia logo shows up on the screen in black and white, you know things are different. The first Bond film, way back in 1962, was in full living colour. I half-wondered if this was the right theatre, if this, in fact, was *Casino Royale*. It was. The logo was followed by what I could best describe as a gritty face-off between a desperate man who attempts to save his own life and James Bond, basically there to make his bones. This is a noir-inspired scene, reminding me of one of the moments between Fred McMurray and Edward G. Robinson in *Double Indemnity*. Actually, it's more like the Pacino-DeNiro in *Heat* when you look at intensity. It's a great scene, but it's also important to look at the way the scene is cut together with the scene of Bond getting his first kill, a completely UN-Bond brutal beating in a bathroom. You'd have never seen anything like it from Connery or Moore, maybe from Dalton. It's visceral, tough, heavy. Looking back at the various Bond films, I can't think of any of the other Bond films that used the technique. There were flashbacks, but never with the abrupt style they used here. This was not your typical Bond film. There was swagger in the way that Craig's Bond dealt with the man he was dispatching, but the way that was intercut with the Bond thrashing around in the bathroom, bustin' up the porcelain, making a mess of his first hit. It's a scene that is so non-Bond, and yet at the same time, all the Bond trademarks are there. The fight in the bathroom, while it's a different kind of violent, fits in beautifully with the tradition of Bond fights. The suddenness with which Bond pulls the trigger to dispatch his tormentor (and a traitor) says everything that we've always known about Bond, that he's uber-patriotic, that the greatest crime you could commit is to sell out your country. We also know that he's a thug, and he's sardonic, to a degree, and that he can kill a guy with seemingly no remorse. The end of the sequence features the guy he was beating in the bathroom pulling a gun when Bond was leaving and Bond turning for the signature shot down the rifled barrel of a gun.

That was continuity and change all in one segment. That is how you do a re-boot.

The credits sequence is a Bond tradition that's had some amazing entries. My favorite is possibly *For Your Eyes Only*, though I really do enjoy *A View to a Kill*. Here, the title song is from Chris Cornell, no relation to Paul, who was once the lead singer for Soundgarden. He's a talented guy, and here the song is perfect for a reboot. It is both completely respectful to the tradition of Bond themes (it had a tinge of both Tom Jones and the orchestration of John Barry) and it's a wonderful piece of music for what is a visually dazzling credits sequence. The motif is a gambling one, with traditional Hoyle border designs and the various suits of the deck. While other intros have used computer graphics, none what used them to the degree that *Casino Royale* did. This was another semi-departure, but it also plays perfectly well with the tradition of Bond openings. The use of the graphics is so strong, The interesting thing is that there's less of the sexy women in silhouette and far more about a black-and-white Bond beating on bad guys who are red, and when they are dispatched, they break into diamonds or hearts. Visually, that is an amazing piece



THE FIRST 20 MINUTES: HOW TO SHOW-NOT-TELL A REBOOT

BY CHRIS GARCIA

... What the bloody hell is Parkour?



This is the parkour-inspired chase from a Cobra fighting pit, through a construction site and into an embassy. It's an amazing chase, far more physical than any that has taken place in a Bond film before. Bond is more athletic here than in any other Bond film. I certainly couldn't see Roger Moore or Timothy Dalton doing the jumps and climbing like Craig does. This is another sign that we've got a new kind of Bond. This is a powerful, athletic, and more awesome Bond. The chase, about ten minutes, is frenetic and beautifully shot. While it is very different, it is also well within the tradition of Bond chases in that Bond is willing to go the extra distance to make a capture. This shows not only his dedication, but the amount he's willing to put himself through to make a collar.

The film is more serious than most Bonds. It gives Bond more humanity, the love story with Vesper being both tenderly played at the same time as showing Bond's seriously sociopathic behavior. There's a scene where Bond climbs into the shower with Vesper to comfort her that feels

of work, but it also tells us something very important about this reboot: this is more about Bond the fighter than Bond the lover. The way this credits sequence contrasts with the black-and-white segment that preceded it is striking, and makes it stand out more. This portion of the film might be the most memorable of all the Bond films.

This is followed by our introduction to the villain, played with admirable amazingtude by the great Danish actor Mads Mikkelsen. His work in films like *Adam's Apples*, *Brothers*, and especially *Coco Chanel & Igor Stravinsky* has been awesome. He's very much the kind of actor that has played Bond villains in the past. This is a short segment, serving to set up that this is a Bond film that is not concerned with the Russians. It's another tradition in Bond films where the villain has some sort of physical deformity or short-coming, a Richard III sort of thing. In this case, it was asthma and an eye that dripped blood. A nice touch that falls in perfectly with the long-list of evil Bond baddies. Of course, this scene is followed by the most memorable chase sequence I've ever seen.

so unlike any other Bond moment, it's tender and real, the kind of thing that someone who is in love with someone who has been attacked. Then he starts sucking on her fingers. That's perfectly in character with the sociopathic Bond that Craig seems to have been what he's aiming for. What's amazing is that most film critics think that Bond is at his worst when he is made into a human being instead of a superhero. This is flat proven wrong, but in order to make that happen, they had to reboot the franchise in such a way that it is possible for Bond to be a human being. The reboot requires that at the start, you know things have changed, and *Casino Royale* does that perfectly with a pair of assassinations, a computer animated segment of awesome, and a chase, all of which are among the best of the entire series. After that, you can do a traditional Bond story, one that plays closer to the Bond of Fleming's novels, and still have it feel like everything has changed because of those first twenty minutes.

And that's exactly what they did in exactly twenty minutes!.



Roger Moore was my first Bond, back before I knew the series was even a series. Back in the dark days when there was no Internet and Showtime only owned the rights to a half-dozen movies, I saw *Octopussy* a good dozen times, and enjoyed it (as much as any kindergartner could) for its campy superhero silliness—but even then, I knew better than to think of it as a real movie.

After all, when *Star Wars*, *The Wrath of Khan*, *The Great Muppet Caper*, *The Secret of NIMH*, and *War Games* were also playing on the same channel, there really wasn't any contest. James Bond was mind candy for six-year-olds, the movie you watched when you didn't want to think about anything important. Boobs went **bounce**, women went **gasp**, guns went **bang**, buildings went **boom**, and exotic locales stepped in front of you from time to time and shouted "Look how foreign I am!" I classed it with *Looney Tunes* and *Johnny Quest*—James Bond was a grown-up cartoon, as far as I was concerned, and that was just fine.

But it wasn't special.

Scooting forward a few years, I managed to stay blissfully unaware of *A View To A Kill*, as I was otherwise occupied with learning to write in cursive and negotiating the social hellhole that grown-ups benignly labeled "elementary school." I kept up with my other geeky pursuits, of course. *Back to the Future* and *Return of the Jedi* and two new *Star Trek* films all helped me wear out the family's VCR (and helped me fill up stacks of notebooks fan fiction and the critical articles of the most earnest sort). Big Films with Big Ideas, enough to keep my mind whirling every which way with possibility. With all that going on, who's got the time for adult cartoons?

I did see *Dr. No* at one point, and was confused by the whole convention of 60s camp that mixed the brutal with the unbearably silly. At the time, it seemed like a step backward from *Octopussy*—not quite a cartoon, and less enjoyable because of it.

Such was my relationship with James Bond, and so it might have stayed had I not been watching *Entertainment Tonight* in the summer of 1987. That evening, some guy named Timothy Dalton was talking about his new take on the character, in an interview interspersed with some very slick clips from his new project. I don't remember now exactly what it was that caught my interest—it might have been the concept of spies hunting and killing other spies, or it might



BRING ON THE THUGS
TIMOTHY DALTON AS JAMES BOND
BY J. DANIEL SAWYER

have been the skydiving—but I wheedled my father into taking me to see *The Living Daylights* for my tenth birthday.

I was, by this time, a hardcore espionage and foreign policy buff. I was fascinated by statesman-level politics (not electoral or party politics) as a phenomenon—the complicated dance that people and nations do when both are heavily armed and neither wants to lose, but neither wants to fight. I watched disarmament talks with my parents, I kept a world map with pins in it to keep track of the latest Middle Eastern hostage crisis and South American skirmish. I hadn't been able to choke down Tom Clancy yet, but I loved Ludlum and le Carre, and I did read everything I could find on the actual history of espionage and its effect on warfare. I kept binders with newspaper clippings on the latest ousted moles, ultra-cool miniature cameras, disguised weapons, and intelligence kerfuffles (all affixed to dot-matrix printer paper with scotch tape, and annotated with magic marker).

On the night of my tenth birthday, my father and I sat in the balcony of the tumbledown old single-screen theater in my hometown. The lights went down, the music came up, and Timothy Dalton shot at the audience before the gun barrel opened up to reveal the Rock of Gibraltar. Four spies jumped from a plane, armed with chalk-guns, and proceeded with an infiltration exercise that, thanks to a KGB assassin, got completely ballsed up. These first few minutes introduced me to something new in my universe: A scary James Bond.

This Bond wasn't exactly a good guy—frankly, he was the kind of guy who good guys usually try to catch and put in prison. He was, to put it mildly, a bit of a jerk. He killed people because his bosses told him to, he seduced and stole the hearts of courageous women because he needed the information she had, he took revenge on people who crossed him, but only when it was convenient according to his own priorities (and those of his controller). He had his standards, a kind of obsolete British Chivalry, but it wasn't an expression of his deeper character. It was his deeper character.

The hero on screen was a killing machine. A brutal asshole. A bloody-minded thug.

In my short life, he was the first movie spy ever to be worth the job title. This was someone plucked from the MI6 East Bloc counterintelligence operation in Berlin, the sort who'd stab a diplomat with a ricin-filled umbrella tip because it was his job. Sure, he was glamorized, and he was sometimes funny, but he was deadly serious when it came to being deadly.

The world he inhabited was deadly serious, too. Sure, it had its cartoony gadgets (like that gorgeous Aston Martin V8 Vantage), but in this world, there were no crazy ethnic people hanging around looking all international. It wasn't (obviously) torted up for the camera. Tangier was lively and gorgeous and typified by a dirty, bustling Moroccan street market, just like Tangier really is. Afghanistan was a desert filled with Mujahadeen who hated the West as much as they hated the Russians—a nascent Taliban, though I didn't know it at the time. Bratislava was gorgeous, Gothic, and crawling with secret police. Snipers and assassins could be women, and defectors could be con men in the pocket of organized crime just as easily as they could be heroes turning coat against the KGB. And the men on the other side of the Iron Curtain could be dignified and pragmatic without being cuddly or somehow un-Soviet.

**“WE HAVE
NOTHING TO
DECLARE.”**

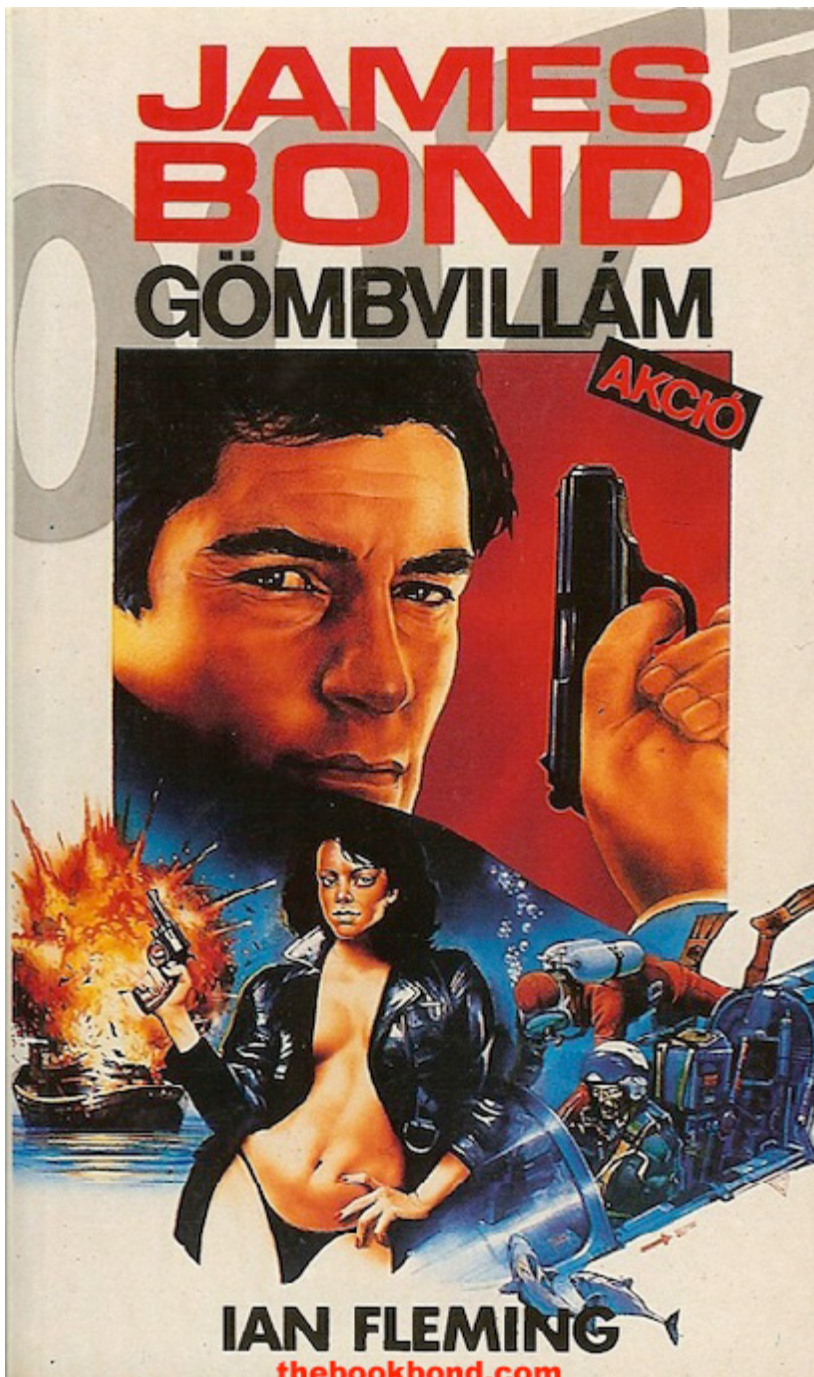
**“EXCEPT THE
CELLO!”**

After a movie like that, I had to see the other Bonds. After all, I thought with my ten-year-old brain, I might have been wrong about them. I raided the library's video collection, then the local video store, thinking that maybe I'd just been too young when I saw *Octopussy* and *Dr. No*. I'd understand them this time. I was older, and smarter, and I had the capacity to enjoy a good spy movie now. I'd be happy with the older Bonds.

Except I wasn't. If anything, the earlier Bonds were even more of a joke to me. Fundamentally un-serious, cartoon-stupid, internally incoherent, with the personality of a cheeky first grade ass-kisser who somehow managed to be irresistible to women and men alike. They were fantasy of the most puerile sort.

And when Brosnan came along...well, it hardly bears mentioning how bad (and how badly written) that whole mess was. The fact that the producers had to reboot the entire franchise in order to save it after the Bros-





and Lazenby and Connery were on about. The other Bond films are the kinds of spy movies you want when you're living under the threat of immanent destruction every day. They're *Get Smart* with a serious face—or, in the case of Brosnan, *Die Hard 2* with a British accent.

But that's not how Bond started. The Bond of Ian Fleming's *Casino Royale* was an empty shell of a man, a hollow suit into which the British Empire poured its failing ambitions. He was a soldier who couldn't let go of war, a man so deeply shallow that a quality brand of a cigarette brought him as much pleasure as the scent of a high-born woman or the slick feeling of his knife gliding between the ribs of a SMERSH assassin. The only times Fleming's bond achieves any depth, it only highlights the essential emptiness of his soul—and, as unappealing as that sounds, this emptiness is the very reason the character caught fire in the 1950s.

Let's face it: James Bond is a sociopath, he's a cheap thug in an expensive suit, with the smoothness to seduce anybody, to play anybody, and to screw anybody over—and that's why people bought the books. It's why the film of *Casino Royale* was the most successful Bond to date. Bond fascinates us the way Dexter does, and for the same reason: he's a tame tiger, a human firearm. And we like him because he's on our side.

Timothy Dalton understood this, and played it up. He was the first serious James Bond to slide down the silver

nan films says more than I could ever say—and I love Pierce Brosnan as a (non-Bond) actor.

But Dalton...well, Dalton was Bond. Anonymous, rough-hewn, cruel, efficient, and very realistic. We only got two outings with him—the tightly written *The Living Daylights*, and the tragically overdone *License To Kill*—and in both cases, Dalton takes the material (in the latter case, fairly pedestrian material) and spins from it a character that is utterly, wonderfully, horrifyingly believable.

My view of those other Bonds has mellowed over the years. As I grew up, I found them easier to enjoy for the bit of fun that they are. Watching *The Avengers* (British TV, not Marvel comic) taught me enough about camp that I started to grok what Moore

screen. His success in the role (his short tenure was due to internal studio problems, not to any lack of box office panache) is what paved the way for Daniel Craig, who also delivers an excellent, highly nuanced performance even when the scripts (such as *Quantum of Solace*) are comparatively weak. Dalton may have been the (second) most overlooked, and may be the least-liked among the fans of the earlier Bonds, but he gave us what no one before him had dared:

A real James Bond.



The image features two slot cars from the Scalextric brand. The car in the foreground is a silver Mercedes-Benz 190 SL, shown from a front-three-quarter view. It has a prominent grille with the Mercedes-Benz logo, round headlights, and a license plate that reads 'RPL 873'. The car in the background is a black Aston Martin DB5, also shown from a front-three-quarter view. It has a sleek, classic design with round headlights and a prominent front grille. The background is a vibrant, abstract pattern of orange, yellow, and red, suggesting a high-speed race track or a dramatic scene.

BOND AND SCALEXTRIC - THE BRITISH SLOT CAR BY JAMES BACON

You would think that James Bond would be easy fodder for a Scalextric set, and you'd mostly be right, but it took some time. Boys' toys always tend to get too serious, drifting from toys to something more, into models, into miniature engineering, into something that adults can enjoy just as much, and sometimes misappropriate. Somehow Scalextric have managed to bridge both markets very skilfully, but it has taken real work.

Starting in 1957, although based on various previous incarnations, the 1:32 electric slot car that was Scalextric was born, and it was a fantastic toy. The press of a button could rocket a car around a track, and now over fifty years later, it is still very popular.

In 1967 Scalextric seemed to be drifting away from being a toy and towards more serious aspects, with scenery and modifiable engines, but then came what must have been the ultimate in toys, The Bond Car Chase set.

Now in fairness it was a little late. The *Goldfinger* film, which had featured the DB5, had been released in 1964 and at the beginning of the *Thunderball* film, the following year, a DB5 again featured briefly. In fairness to the filmmakers, the Bond car in the *Goldfinger* novel was a DB3, so this was pretty close to the literature, although the 5 has much nicer lines and a meatier look than the 3.

Toy makers were just not as savvy perhaps or maybe marketing and merchandising wasn't what it is now, but the Bond set was only out two years after that in 1967. The set was pretty amazing, with chicanes or rather places where the slots narrow in, forcing only enough space for one car, and frantic crash points, a cross over, again for crashes, and a boulder.

The cars were heavily modified. The bad guys, be-masked, one with a gun, were in a black open top Mercedes Benz 190 SL. This car had a spring loaded wire arm under the boot that bounced the car off the track when the rear number was hit.

The Aston DB5 was, well, white, but then it still was modelled fairly well. Inside there was bond and a bad guy, armed with a gun, pointing at Bond. This car also had some gadgetry based on the Q-modified one from *Goldfinger*. The rear bumper if rammed triggered a rear shield and the boulder would twist each time the car went by, eventually turning to a point where a trigger would catapult out the villain through



the roof.

To be honest, in the movies, Bond had a lot of ropey cars after this. The AMCs were just not a brand that has the longevity as other US brands and a Renault 13, BMW Z3 or 7 series is just not the same as a DB5.

Not that Astons were in short supply. The 1969 DBS appeared in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, but you know it's as much wedding car as hearse, so probably not the best choice for kids, from bouquet to wreath. Strangely, despite some awesome car chases in *Die Another Day*, and given that Scalextric have got Jaguar XKRs, they didn't have the licence and a set with an XKR and an Aston Martin V12 Vanquish was not on the cards, and neither is the lively snow-capable Aston from *The Living Daylights*, the V8 Vantage.

Casino Royale, or perhaps Daniel Craig, did a huge amount for the Bond franchise. To say that Craig is a great Bond is an understatement. He seethes, a harnessed violence bubbling under taut muscular skin, always in control, but brutal in its beauty. With *Casino Royale* the movie came a 'Goldfinger and *Casino Royale*' set, with the classic Aston Martin DB5 and the more recent Aston Martin DBS both built to a 'super resistant' standard, meaning the glass is blacked in, and they are tougher, ready to be driven off the track and crashed and not come off too badly for damage. A toy. Of course both cars appeared in *Casino Royale*, with the DB5 being won by Bond.

Quantum of Solace had cars in the movie in a serious way. Again the Aston featured, and here the Alfa Romeo 159 was also made into a slot car. The most recent *Skyfall* has also seen a set released. This set contains an Aston Martin DB5 and Range Rover. Which is pretty cool, as you can get a horse box attachment and horse box to scale and pretend it's from *Octopussy*, or just go with *The Living Daylights*, *Die Another Day* and *Casino Royale* which all had a Range Rover in them. If of course, you prefer the books, one might consider the Bentley 4 1/2 litre, a car which won Le Mans in 1929. The Blower Bentley, which Bond has, was a phenomenal car, and seemingly a pride and

joy, as Fleming describes;

"Bond's car was his own personal hobby. One of the last 4 1/2 litre Bentleys with the superchargers by Amhurst Villiers, he had bought it almost new in 1933 and had kept it in careful storage through the war."

This was a grey Bentley convertible, and it was in the movies—well one at least—when Bond drives to the health clinic in *Never Say Never Again*.

"They don't make them like they used to," says a valet to Bond as he arrives. "She's still in pretty good shape," says Bond.

Although Scalextric did not release the convertible, they did release the Blower version in racing style and British Racing Green and so, the potential is there to re-enact the great chase from the book *Casino Royale*, although you'll have to chop up a Revell Model and add your own motor and electrics if you want the Citroën Traction Avant to be the villain's car.

Although if you are desperate for a Citroën, SCX, the Spanish version of Scalextric do a 2CV.

Carrera make quite a few Bond cars, and have the licence also, while other scales exist, and I haven't even thought about the ubiquitous Corgi range of cars that have been with us throughout the history of the movies, diecast metal with its spring loaded gadgets, but that is a whole different article.

As if it is some cycle, Scalextric have decided to release 3 special limited editions of the DB5 each linked to a movie, built to a very high standard, with clear glass, and more model than toy:

The *Golden Eye* one, registration BMT 214A, where Pierce Brosnan races against a Ferrari F355 GTS driven by Xenia Onatopp in an exciting but rather fanciful chase scene in the hills above Monte Carlo which may not be that hard to reenact.

The *Casino Royale* one, where Bond makes a serious killing in a poker match, although it has a different registration, 56526.

And finally a *Goldfinger* one, registration BMT 216A. This has an ejector seat, this time activated by a bollard, and a manually triggered rear shield.





BOND GETS BEAT BY CHRIS GARCIA

Bond always wins, in the end. He is always the one who saves the day, even if he has his new wife shot in the end, but along the way, the man gets his ass kicked. It's a impel formula: have exotic people beat on Bond for a while, maybe have him KOed and taken in to meet the mastermind, or have him come to grips with the battle and win in the end. Either way, Bond ends up bruised, bloodied and somehow sexier than he was when it all started.

I find myself enjoying these more than the ones where he smacks the guy around and wins. What makes the ones where he takes a powder so cool is the fact that the ones beating him up are so interesting. It's always some tough guy brawler, or perhaps a beautiful damsel of destruction, what puts the hurt on him.

The first time I noticed this was during a rewatch of *The Man With The Golden Gun*. While parts of it are kinda silly, the silliest part has to be when James Bond is drawn into what he thinks is going to be a dinner where he's posing as Scaramanga, but alas, he's been tricked and is jumped by two sumo wrestlers.

That's right, rikishi. In Hong Kong. Two of 'em. And not big guys, maybe 225 or so. One of them manages to get Bond in a bear hug, and is obviously hurting him until Bond manages to grab den cakes! He gives the guy who's squeezing the life out of him right in the biscuits, then turns his attention to the mawashi, twisting it until the wrestler let go of him.

Then he's hit over the head with a trident thin gee by Knick-Knack: a three foot tall gentleman wearing a weird mask.

Yeah, it was weird.

True, this was completely silly, the kind of weird that is done to make things seem exotic, but it turns out to just be weird and kinda dumb. True, Hervé Villechaize is a bad ass, but watching Bond get beat up in such a hilariously rickdickulous way was a joy! He later beats on Bond, interrupting him mid-coitus, though Knick-Knack loses in the end.

Follow that up with *The Spy Who Loved Me* and one of the most iconic of all the Bond henchmen. Jaws. After getting beaten up by a dwarf, Bond gets battered by a GIANT! He's a monster, and when we first see him, we see him kill a guy with nothing more than his metal teeth. He and Bond have a great fight where Bond takes a great beating. This is, of course, right after Jaws goes after Bond's lady-of-the-moment. He gets beat-up just enough, and is being choked when he grabs a lamp, breaks the bulb, and shocks him, then kicks him off the train. Jaws also fought him in Egypt, where he didn't look quite so tough. Jaws is as close as we'd get to a horror villain in the Bond films. He survives where there's no way he ever should.

He also finds love, which just goes to show there's someone for everyone.

In the earlier films, there are a few fights where Bond takes a powdering. Fanene Leifi Pita Maivia, perhaps better known as Peter Maivia, the grandfather of Dwayne The Rock Johnson. He and Bond get in a great fight in *You Only Live Twice*, where he was also the fight co-ordinator. The funny part of it is that, though Bond wins, Maivia looks far better in losing. He gets hit with a sofa and keeps coming at him! It's a great fight scene, and while it may sound comical, it's a more realistic and powerful fight than other Bond fight I can think of in the

early Bond flicks.

That can not be said of what I consider the most fun Bond fight up until *Casino Royale*. That would be from *Diamonds are Forever* and the contestants would be James Bond, Bambi and Thumper. Bambi, Donna Garret, who is best known as a stunt woman, and Thumper, played by Trina Parks, who I saw in the Fabulous Palm Springs Follies a few years back, are acrobatic fighters who do all sorts of tricks like cartwheels and so on while beating on Bond. It's a great battle, and eventually Bond gets them into the water of the pool and that's when the rest of the heavies get involved. It's one of those ridiculous moments in Bond film history that are also just plain awesome.

MR. BOND, YOU PERSIST IN DEFYING MY EFFORTS TO PROVIDE AN AMUSING DEATH FOR YOU

Then there's *A View to a Kill*. It's one of my all-time favorite Bond films, and my favorite Bond theme. The fight between Christopher Walken and Grace Jones that turns into sex is cool, but the real gem is watching Bond get himself beat-up by a bunch of guys on horseback.

Now, this is why Bond is cool. He plays the role of a millionaire horse owner looking to buy a new stud. After having his identity discovered through Zorin Industries facial recognition software that would make the NSA the kind of jealous that only 13 year old girls possess, Zorin brings him out for a ride where the guys that are riding with him are beating him with riding crops and punches. Bond does manage to unhorse several of them. Walken, in a wonderful moment, ends up pressing buttons that raise gates and lengthen water troughs. It's wonderfully silly, and Bond gets his butt beat! I love it!

What's funny, and maybe it's why I'm not a huge fan of the Dalton films, is that he rarely gets beat down. There are a couple of decent fights, but really, it's mostly Dalton being dashing. There is the awesome cello case chase where Bond and Miriam d'Abo escape. I think Dalton was a good carousing Bond, and *The Living Daylights* a really good addition to the series, but there just was not enough Bond as punching bag.

Perhaps my favorite of all the peo-

ple who get to hammer on 007 is Famke Janssen, who played the orgasmic Xenia Onatopp. The scene where she beats on Bond, including wrapping her incredibly, LETHALLY, powerful thighs around James and squeezing, is easily the best beating that he takes in the later films. She's amazing, obviously having an amazing time in a role which must have been a lot of fun. At one point, I believe after he managed to briefly escape from her and pin her down, she snaps at him. Not like an ill-tempered terrier nipping at a finger, but like a Great White taking a trailed seal carcass from a research vessel. Without a doubt, it's one of the sexiest moments in the entire Bond series, and its Bond getting pounded. This is what made me fall in desperate lust with Famke. She gets my vote as the hottest Bond woman, without question.

Two times, we get to see Bond get legitimately tortured. Partly, this is why I think Brosnan's Bond is so important. Watch *GoldenEye* and you'll see that there's a lot of Roger Moore in the film, especially the script, but as his four films happen, they get more and more, I don't think realistic is the right word, but less goofy, maybe. *GoldenEye* is a good Bond film. It could have been written by the guys who did *The Man With The Golden Gun*, but by the time we get to *Die Another Day*, it's more realistic, a bit grittier. Bond is tortured in *Die Another Day*, though we only see a bit of it, it's still pretty hard for a franchise like Bond. Compare to how they kill off Xenia in *GoldenEye*, pulling her up into a Y in a tree, breaking her back but showing nothing really. Here's it's slightly grittier.

Speaking of gritty, we finally get a really gritty Bond in the Daniel Craig films, starting with the exceptional *Casino Royale*. The opening of *Casino Royale*, the amazing Parkour race through a construction area, but it's the scene where Bond is tied to a chair with the bottom cut out that is the peak of Bond grittiness. Taken directly from the novel, Bond is beaten with a knotted rope to the delicates. It's an intense scene, even with Bond trying to laugh it off, but it's ultimately what shows how the Bond franchise has changed. It's brutal, almost terrible, but it's also a showing that it's no longer a world of super-advanced gadgets and whacky come-on lines, but it's a spy world as it is envisioned by those of us who grew up reading spy novels that felt rougher.

So, I like to see Bond get beat up. I guess that makes me weird, but then again, I'm the kind of guy who will rematch films like the Bond franchise even after I've seen each individual film more than a dozen times. And some of those Moore's feel like torture!





BOND: AN EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN BY JAMES BACON

I have been thinking about James Bond, and I must admit, some of this consideration has been spurred on by Alan Moore's unusual portrayal of a character called "Jimmy" in *League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*—well, initially at least.

While it is easy to get carried away with the good looks, flashy cars and charisma of the actors who portray James Bond on screen, I found it quite refreshing that Alan Moore decided to use the name "Bond" in the comic *The League of Extraordinary Gentleman*.

In the first two volumes, we meet Campion Bond, who we later find out is the grandfather of a later character known as Jimmy who works for an intelligence agency. Everything is implied; nothing is ever stated, due no doubt to the licensing. Campion Bond is a link between the *League of Extraordinary Gentleman* (LOEG) in Vol I and II and M, and sets them on various tasks. He is a sinister and smarmy type.

In the *LOEG Black Dossier*, we get to meet Jimmy and a terrible scrote he is too, violent, misogynistic and treacherous. In many ways he is rather the star of the comic, his behaviour first with Mina Murray, who deals with him beautifully, the way that M speaks to him, and later then with Night and Drummond; quite amusing to see the nation's favourite sky-jumping spy in less than honourable situations.

Moore's "Jimmy" is more transparently brutal than his screen compadres; he is vulgar, quite unpleasantly boorish and predatory, a beater of women and only kept on by MI5 due to his being "fun". Of course his whole character is much darker and more contemptuous, he is pretty rubbish at his job and what's worse, he has betrayed Britain to the Americans, who even gave him an alibi. As Mina explains, there was even an in joke regarding the fictitious enemy in Jamaica that he was allegedly off fighting, a science villain, but there was no Doctor.

In *LOEG Century 2009*, we get to see all the Bonds, who are referred to as J1 to J6. And we can see a succession of Bonds through the films, too of course. The distinct difference between the brusque Daniel Craig and genteel and mannerly Roger Moore a small nod to the way the character has changed, and more to the point, the way the audience want him. Daniel Craig has been a storming James Bond, assaulting the box office with astonishing ease, Bond's brutal edge more visible than ever.

Along with brutality, of course, there is also the elegance, and that turns up in the merchandising associated with the character. This year we now have the Bond fragrance available to buy, something for everyone, as not all can afford Aston Martins, Omega watches and the Levi Leather Vintage jacket for £600.

There is no shortage of Bond items available to buy (2), and although I do not have the £3,500 for the celebratory 50th anniversary Omega watch, I did have the £40 for the *From Russia with Love* Swatch watch in 2002 and I am tempted by the 2008 “Max Sorrin” villain watch, also from Swatch. Interesting how the films and villains both get watches.

The high-end merchandising can't disguise the fact that Bond himself remains problematic. While the portrayal of “Jimmy” is a good satirical take on a character, who after all is a womanising cold-blooded killer, Alan Moore, back in 1986, gave some insight into what he thought of characters generally, including James Bond.

“The fictional heroes of the past, while still retaining all of their charm and power and magic, have had some of their credibility stripped away forever as a result of the new sophistication in their audience.... As our political and social consciousness continues to evolve, Alan Quartermain stands revealed as just another white imperialist out to exploit the natives and we begin to see that the overriding factor in James Bond's psychological makeup is his utter hatred and contempt for women. Whether most of us would prefer to enjoy the above-mentioned gentlemen's adventures without spoiling things by considering the social im-

PLICATIONS IS BESIDE THE POINT. THE FACT REMAINS THAT WE HAVE CHANGED, ALONG WITH OUR SOCIETY, AND THAT WERE SUCH CHARACTERS CREATED TODAY THEY WOULD BE SUBJECT TO THE MOST EXTREME SUSPICION AND CRITICISM.” (1)

Twenty-six years later, I tend to disagree. I think that there is much about Bond and the “bad boy” image that many in society like, admire even. I think that some women find his edginess attractive, the danger mixed with the desire to protect the country. “Why did you come back?” asked M in *Skyfall*, and in his answer we find the juxtaposition that is James Bond. Commitment to his country, to do his duty; he is indeed monogamous, to the Queen and Country.

The sexist quips throughout the 60s and 70s movies, the way women are treated, patted on the bum, told to run along, criticised, patronised, compli-

mented in a back handed fashion, slept with and then just a plot device, destined to die, it all seems jocular and funny, or necessary for the satisfaction of the story but it un-



derlies the continual sexism that permeates Bond. Yet that is James Bond the character. He is a total sexist, not because of these things, but because of the way he looks at women; they are merely a tool that will assist him to achieve his goals, or to serve him.

Of course M in Judi Dench made it clear what Bond was when she said to him in *GoldenEye*, that he was a ‘sexist, misogynist dinosaur’ and making a point that his ‘boyish charms are wasted on him’. Interestingly though she makes it clear that she has the ‘balls’ to send a man out to die and no compunction in sending him to his death.

Unfortunately it was to the Pierce Brosnan Bond, who rather like Timothy Dalton before him, was of a different time and in some ways, reflected a different gritty Bond, but the women still died and the sexism was still present.

In the latest movie, *Skyfall*, I was impressed

that the production team allowed some of the more cold-hearted side of Bond to be clearly seen. He chastises the villain, Silva, for wast-



I think part of Bond is much more of an honest reflection of the imperfection that is many men, and the complexity of human nature that means that he is attractive and admired.

Ian Dunt on Politics.co.uk seems to point out that Bourne is the modern man "Matt Damon's Bourne was a Bond for the new age: He was monogamous. He was reluctant to fight. Far from fighting for his country, his country was fighting him. He was in touch with his feelings. In fact, his entire character arc was based around the therapy-ideal of finding out who he really was." (4)

I sorta laughed as read this; in one hand, I am sure that the modern calm mature approach would be that it is good that a person is out there finding their feelings, but in another, I am not altogether sure it would get me very far, as a single man. Or that it is what the audience care about, I have seen very limited complaints about *Skyfall* and from the random jottings of my "friends" on face craic it seems it was liked.

Unfortunately, Dunt shows his ignorance then, quite badly.

"The Bourne challenge was answered by *Casino Royale*, which saw Bond arrive in a much more vulnerable light. He could be physically hurt, but most importantly he could be emotionally hurt. Bond didn't even

ing "good whiskey" as Sévérine, a woman who trusted Bond, who had been shown a window of hope and escape, who was a sex slave from childhood, suddenly presented with a way out, is then cast aside, easily killed to provide a moment for a cold quip, nothing but a device.

Commentators have varied on their opinions; one clearly feels that there is a flaw, (which reminded me of "Women in Refrigerators") with Bond and therefore the franchise, which he, Bond and the creators, cannot deal with. Perhaps his inability to love and care is at issue here.

Is it a surprise that Bond treats women in such a disdainful way in movies and yet is still liked. It obviously disgusts some people. But then is that the political remove of the internet, safely ensconced in the arm chair. Do the armed forces of America and Britain, now as I type, cause death in far off countries to innocents? Are the uniformed killers then not embraced by their families, loved ones, lovers male and female upon their return with not a question asked?

sleep with the first Bond girl of *Casino Royale*, Solange. He fell in love with the second, who betrayed him. This act of betrayal was the film-makers' effort to justify Bond's philandering nature in later films."

Actually, the severe beating and a long sequence with *Vesper* come directly from the 1954 book. *Vesper* betrayed Bond. It is the hardest part of the book, as one wants the heroic Bond, who has been brutally tortured and who is in love with *Vesper* to succeed, but it all very slowly goes wrong. Her betrayal of Bond is deep as she also betrays England. His anger, his tone when he informs MI6, is harsh.

"This is 007 speaking. This is an open line. It's an emergency. Can you hear me? Pass this on at once. 3030 was a double, working for Redland. Yes, dammit, I said 'was'. The bitch is dead now."

The passion and care that he had shown is gone, as he calls her a "bitch", and I am pretty sure in 1954 that was as harsh as I read it, and as a reader it's a hard mo



First things first. I love James Bond. I've read all the books (well, the Ian Fleming books). I've seen all the movies. I've even enjoyed all the movies. Even the crappy ones. Roger Moore was campy, but then again so was the writing when he was in the role. Timothy Dalton and Pierce Brosnan offered so much potential that was never realized. George Lazenby is underappreciated (although that may be, to some extent, fondness for Diana Rigg speaking). Sean Connery, Sean Connery. He could brighten the worst Bond script ever.

But I've got to cheer even louder for the legion of spy spoofs that followed in Bond's wake.

I'm sure someone is writing about the '67 *Casino Royale*, and it's a great/horrible Bond spoof. Get the special edition DVD with the Val Guest interview, and it will all make more sense.

But that's a Bond spoof, not a more general spy spoof. What about eurospy farce *Operation Kid Brother* (OK Connery for the rest of the world) starring Neil Connery? What about *Get Smart*? What about *The Avengers*? What about Austin Powers?

(I love Austin Powers, but there were very few original spy jokes in any of the Austin Powers movies).

Or what about the two kings of spy spoofs?

By that, I mean Dean Martin and James Coburn.

If you haven't seen Derek Flint and Matt Helm, you haven't seen the movies Mike Meyers stole all his best jokes from. The ones that aren't fart jokes, at least.

On the other hand, where Austin Powers did a "nudge, nudge, wink, wink, weren't the 60s sexist even while they thought they were liberated?" flavor of comedy, Flint and Helm give you a real view into 60s entertainment and what was mainstream comedy sexism at the time. You will see a few uncomfortable jokes and scenes.

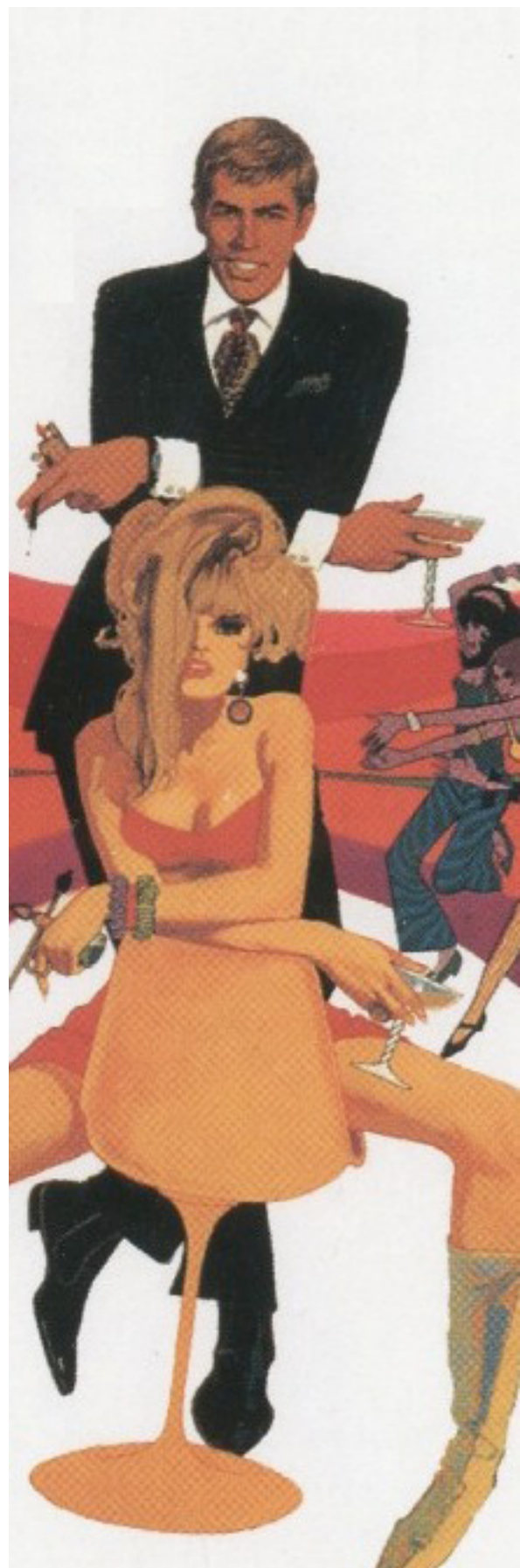
So that warning out of the way, let's dig in.

Derek Flint was a creation of 20th Century Fox, a new spy hero to compete with Bond. Suave, debonair, and played totally cool and unflappable in an absurd world.

How absurd? His first opponent is Galaxy, a group of scientists intent on creating an orderly new world order, led by the Chinese Doctor Schneider, the German Doctor Krupov and the Russian Doctor Wu. His second opponent is the international feminist conspiracy Fabulous Face.

James Coburn saunters through all of this, Derek Flint acting as if there's nothing abnormal around here. The fourth wall is unbroken. There are no knowing winks. The only concession to anything being odd is Z.O.W.I.E. Chief Lloyd C. Cramden's ongoing amazement over what Flint uncovers as he follows the evidence.

A QUANTUM OF SILLINESS BY ANDY TREMBLE





Buy *Our Man Flint* and *In Like Flint*. Watch them.

Matt Helm, on the other hand, is the hero of 27 almost noir-ish spy novels by Donald Hamilton. A photographer and writer by trade, and a reluctant counter-intelligence agent usually tapped to kill agents from competing powers, Helm operated in the dark places.

Doesn't sound very spoofish. But when Irving Allen and Columbia Pictures wanted their own covert cash cow, they called for Helm.

They kept the name. They kept the photographer job/cover. They ditched the wife and kids. They cast Dean Martin to play him as Dean Martin. Dean Martin the character, not Dean Martin the person. Though that may have made an even more interesting, if not funny, version.

Where Flint was cool and suave, Martin's Helm wasn't just in on the joke, he was telling the joke. A bit ironic, considering Martin's reputation of being cold and distant as soon as the curtain fell. The movies were laden with references to Martin's music, and that of other rat pack members. They featured fantasy vignettes showcasing Helm's "slaygirls." They featured the most obvious and silly spy gadgets that could be conceived. Who can forget the backwards-firing gun? The giant (even by 60's standards) grenade jacket buttons?

The Silencers was a hoot. Victor Buono in yellowface (yeah, a bit racist) eating canned low-cal egg foo young. Vikki Carr's killer theme song. Cyd Charisse doing a tassel dance. A faux-woodgrain station wagon spy car. Daliah Lavi. Stella Stevens. Daliah Lavi in the faux woodgrain station wagon spy car. Stella Stevens in the faux-woodgrain station wagon spy car.

Murderers' Row wasn't quite as over-the-top. Still, it had Karl Malden, and beautiful second-unit work to make up for Martin's unwillingness to go to Europe to film.

The Ambushers was Helm's first foray into real science fiction, with a flying saucer that killed male pilots, an ex-girlfriend driven mad (maybe) by torture, and a battle in a Mexican beer factory.

And then we come to *The Wrecking Crew*. Don't watch it. Michael Medved considers *The Ambushers* to be one of the 50 worst films of all time, and the weakest movie in the Helm franchise, but he's full of shit. *The Wrecking Crew* was the first Helm movie produced under the new MPAA rating system, and the first not written by Herbert Baker. Both are probably responsible for the very different feel. It lacks the freewheeling naughtiness of the previous movies, and is a chore to watch. It's a total waste of the cast.

So buy the Matt Helm Lounge 4 DVD set but don't watch the fourth movie.

And then we come to the ultimate spy spoof. No, not Austin Powers. We're not talking about Mike Meyers. We're talking about James Coburn and Dean Martin here. We're still talking about James Coburn.

How is it the best spy spoof doesn't feature a spy in the lead role? Damned if I know, but it works.

Doctor Sidney Shaefer, the world's most well-adjusted psychiatrist is hired to be The President's Analyst in 1967. Satire and social commentary ensue. Canadian Intelligence, the FSB, the CEA and FBR (CIA and FBI, who apparently put pressure on the studio because they didn't like how they were portrayed) all want Shaefer. It's a comic *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. It's much crazier than the psychedelic '67 *Casino Royale*, while still remaining coherent. The writing is tight. The casting is inspired. The performances are solid. The cinematography is beautiful.

I should be writing a lot more about this movie. But I won't. Too many people haven't seen it.

It's a must-see for any spy movie buff.

I wouldn't normally be a "no spoilers" kind of guy about a movie that debuted over 40 years ago, but seriously, if you haven't seen *The President's Analyst*, you're going to want to see this movie unspoiled. It's a "down the rabbit hole" kind of experience, and best enjoyed at least once not knowing all the twists and turns.

I could even imagine it being remade today. Recast the ultimate villain (kind of like switching Texas Hold-em for Baccarat in *Casino Royale*, not necessary but timely), and that's about it. Sadly, much of the social commentary still holds.

The President's Analyst was also released on DVD a few years ago, and it belongs on your media shelf.

Now you'll need to excuse me. It's time for me to go see *Skyfall*.



We all know James Bond. Of course we do. Or at least we think we do. That's because he is one of the iconic characters of our time. More than that, James Bond is an archetype who has inspired multiple generations of fictional spies. When a single character becomes such a major part of our culture, it is only the natural course of things that they will be satirized. Unencumbered by the need to be larger than life heroes in many ways these satires came much closer to the original 007. Of all of the imitators none come closer to Bond than Sterling Archer, from FX's *Archer*.

That's right, I said it. I know you're thinking: "Isn't Archer just an alcoholic, misogynistic sociopath?" Well, of course he is. But so is Bond. Your next thought is probably something along the lines of "but ... but ... Sterling Archer isn't a very good person." To that my answer is simple: Of course he isn't. He is an alcoholic, misogynistic sociopath.

ARCHER: I AM THE BEST AT THIS, RAIN MAN! OK. I'M LIKE...

CYRIL: WHO? JAMES BOND?

ARCHER: WELL, I DON'T LIKE TO INVITE THAT COMPARISON, BUT YEAH, BASICALLY.

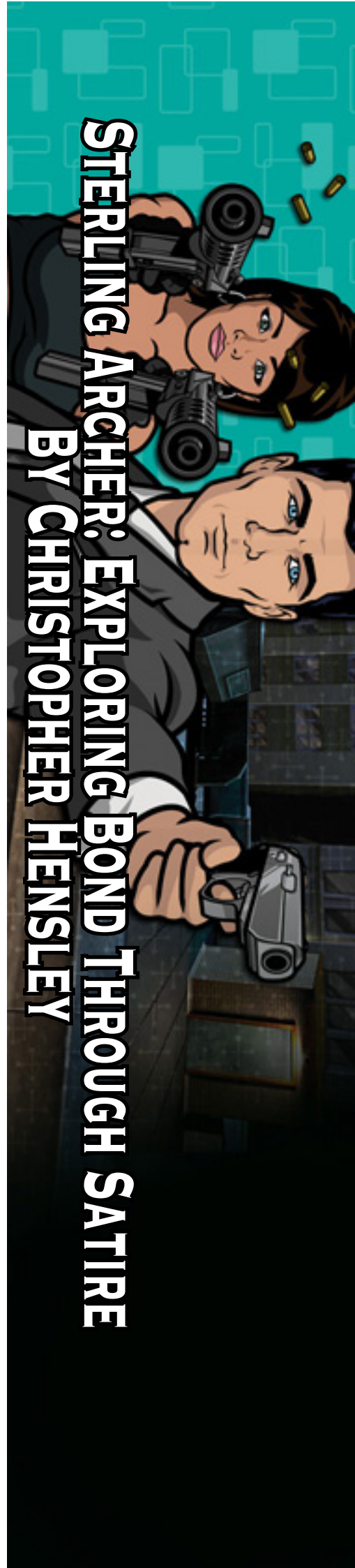
ALCOHOLISM

To say that Archer abuses alcohol is an understatement. In the course of three seasons we have seen him quaff many things including bottles of scotch, mason jars of moonshine and pitchers of Bloody Mary. While James Bond regularly guzzles concoctions of vodka and gin, straight whiskey (mostly scotch and bourbon) and champagne by the bucket-full it isn't really fair to compare the two. Or is it? Well there is an easy way to answer that question. Let's compare the alcohol content of their signature drinks:

First, consider James Bond's Vesper, which first appeared in Ian Fleming's *Casino Royale* (1953): "Three measures of Gordon's, one of vodka, half a measure of Kina Lillet. Shake it very well until it's ice-cold, then add a large thin slice of lemon peel."

Compare that to the ingredients of the Archer's most potent go-to, the Green Russian, as documented in *How to Archer: The Ultimate Guide to Espionage and Style and Women and Also Cocktails Ever Written* by Sterling Archer (2012): 2 ounces absinthe, 2 ounces vodka, 1 ounce crème de menthe, 2 ounces milk (or heavy cream)

At first it would seem that with 2 parts of absinthe (~140 proof) Green Russian is the stronger drink. However that is just not true. In



1953 the alcohol content of Gordon's gin was higher (94 proof). Plus there is the milk in Green Russian (ideally 0 proof) which must be taken into account. Indeed the Green Russian is only 35% ethanol, while the Vesper is 42% ethanol. Ounce for ounce the Vesper is the stronger drink, proving that 007 does, indeed, have a problem with alcohol.

MISOGYNY

Archer has unprotected sexual relations with many women. One would expect nothing less from a James Bond, super spy clone. By itself that is not enough to say he has no respect for women. The way he conducts those relationships is. Through the course of the show it becomes clear that he is incapable of having a sexual relationship with a woman that does not involve humiliation, both public and private, and that he possesses a most unhealthy obsession with table tennis paddles. Perhaps the most disturbing turn is the way that the pattern of abuse continues with ex-lovers. It becomes clear that Archer is not just dependent on humiliation for his sexual desires, but it is the only way he has of relating to women.

James Bond has unprotected relations with many women. One would expect nothing less from James Bond, the originator of the super spy archetype. These casual relationships are an anachronism that carries over from his origin in the 1950s. Bond's dysfunctional relationships with women go much deeper however. Archer uses humiliation as a necessary part of his sexual relations, but he clearly enjoys sex. James Bond does not. Even in intimate moments Bond retains his reserved British demeanor. It is clear that while Archer uses manipulation as a means towards sex, Bond uses sex as a means to control women. While he flirts with poor Money Penny, it is clear that he has no intentions of forming a relationship. Why would he? 007 already has control, and uses it not for Queen and Country, but for his own perverse amusement. Bond doesn't just lack respect for women, he sees them purely as things to be used for his own purposes.

SOCIOPATH

The word sociopath is used to refer to someone suffering from Anti-Social Personality Disorder. The DSM-IV defines Anti-Social Personality Disorder as a pervasive pattern of disregard for and violation of the rights of others. This pattern is categorized by deception, impulsiveness, irritability including

frequent assaults, reckless disregard for the safety of others and a total lack of remorse.

This seems like the perfect description of Sterling Archer. He certainly uses deception, or at least tries to, but is generally inept in this regard. He is also prone to picking up firearms and going on "bloody rampages" rather than, you know, having a plan of attack. Combine this with a knack for destroying vehicles of all sizes, having crashed everything from a snow mobile to a space shuttle, and the sheer number of workplace injuries he is responsible for, and the case for sociopathy is clear.

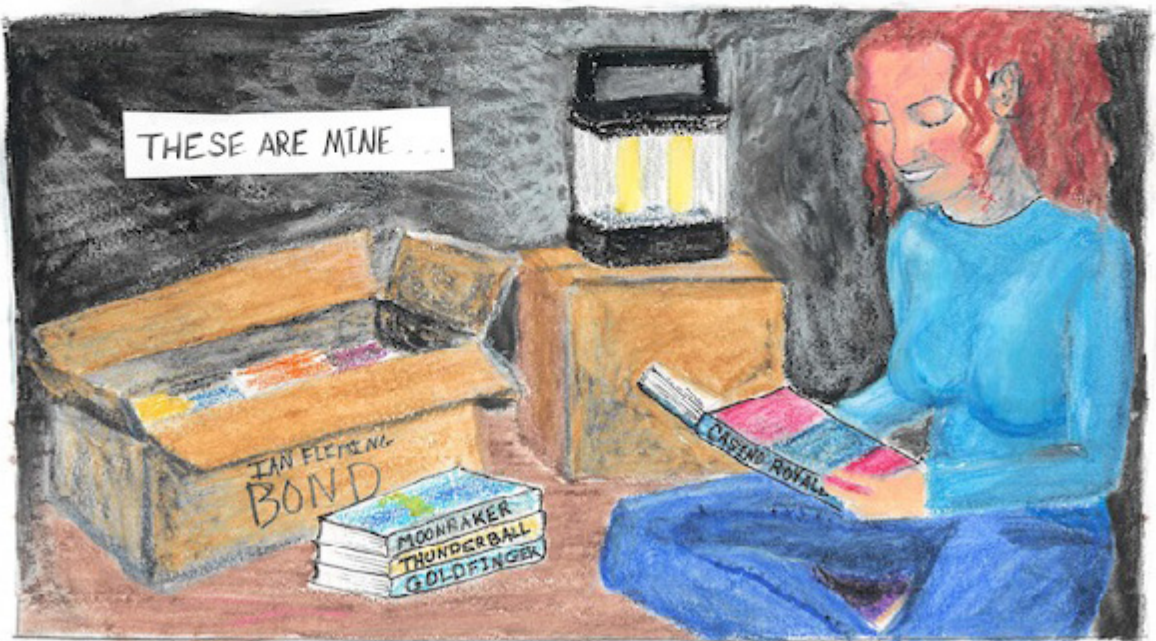
James Bond, on the other hand, is a little more difficult (but we'll get back to that in a minute). He is certainly impulsive, leading to his problem drinking (remember that from earlier) and his problem gambling. He certainly commits many, many assaults. Sometimes it is Archer's bloody emrampagement. Other times 007 strangles a man, tosses him off a moving vehicle and then recovers with a zinger. Many times these assaults are accompanied by car crashes, explosions or just indiscriminate use of automatic firearms. In other words: disregard for the safety of others. As for the lack of remorse, James Bond repeatedly uses his License to Kill as an Excuse to Kill.

This gets us back to the first issue we listed, the one of deception. That Bond manipulates women for his own twisted pleasures we've already addressed. Bond does something far more sinister. Archer is a terrible person in a world of terrible people. That fact is not just revealed in, but the source of much of the series' humor. Bond is manipulating his own audience, that is to say you and me. James Bond does terrible things, but with his deft wit and boyish smile he has us forgiving him. We excuse his inexcusable actions, making us accomplices in his crimes. That really is the hallmark of a sociopath.

In many important ways Archer is one of the truest representations of Bond. As a parody, all of the important character traits can be exaggerated. That is also where the comparison fails. As a comedy series Archer needs a level of pathos, and the characters need to be sympathetic enough for us to have an emotional, a human connection. As a larger-than-life figure, more icon than man, James Bond doesn't need to appeal to us as a person. He needs only appeal to our subconscious, our desire to win and our desire to be righteous no matter how awful we are. Archer is just a bad person in a world of bad people. Bond is more than a bad man, he is a monster, whose only redemption is that the monsters he faces are worse.



"Mom Chores" Episode 1: OOTreasure By: H.A. Pearlman



The James Bond oeuvre is filled to the brim with bars, casinos, nightclubs -- and, of course, cocktails. In the novels, Bond not only drinks and smokes, but not infrequently resorts to benzedrine to keep his edge. In *Moonraker* (the novel) he apologises to M for insulting good vodka by cracking black pepper into it, a habit he acquired as a technique to sop up the fusel oils contaminating the cheap vodka he drank while attached to the Moscow Embassy.

Bond somehow manages to come across as both an epicure and a film noir hard-case -- the novels in particular are filled with marvelous descriptions of food and drink in exotic locales around the world. While he enjoys everything from whiskey (according to some who have counted, his most frequent drink) to pink champagne, there is no question that in the public's mind, Bond's signature cocktail is the martini.

And (let's get this mini-rant out of the way), regardless of what your favorite trendy eatery or bar may say in its drink menu, not every drink served in a "martini glass" is a martini. That glass is in fact an "up glass" designed for serving chilled drinks "up" (with the ice strained out), as opposed to "rocks" (over ice), or "neat" (poured straight from the bottle into a glass). The stem lets sip the cold drink while keeping the warmth of your hand from heating it up. While there are numerous variations on the martini (and partisans for them all), those cosmopolitans, gimlets, and numerous assorted vodka-and-too-many-ingredients concoctions may be perfectly lovely refreshments, but they are up drinks, not martinis.

BOND: VODKA MARTINI.

BARTENDER: SHAKEN OR STIRRED?

BOND: DO I LOOK LIKE I GIVE A DAMN?

In its essence, a martini is a mixture of a clear spirit (gin), an aperitif wine (vermouth), perhaps a dash of bitters, and a garnish. In one form or another, it's has been around for over a century; in 1887, you could drink a "Martinez" comprising equal parts Old Tom (sweet) gin, sweet vermouth, with dashes of gum syrup, bitters, maraschino and a slice of lemon. A bartender of my acquaintance who specialized in vintage cocktails prepared me a "pre-Prohibition martini" with three parts gin, one part dry vermouth and a dash of orange bitters. Also of note, before the Second World War, the "correct" garnish for your martini was lemon peel, not an olive. (And, as Mame Dennis noted, olives take up so much room in that little glass. Before the 7 1/2 oz Brobdingnabian behemoths in use by bars became de rigeuer, a single martini was about 2 fluid ounces. I own a couple of vintage steel shakers and spun-steel up glass sets with a six of those charming small stemmed beauties). My favorite version of the classic is the 1930s dry martini (the kind savored by Nick and Nora Charles) -- a three-to-one gin and vermouth concoction that (according to Nicky) must always be shaken in waltz time.

You read that correctly -- a dry martini was one-quarter vermouth. This is before the various and sundry bartender pissing contests of the 50s to prove how little of the aperitif they could add to the cocktail. I do like the "fill the shaker with ice, fill with vermouth, pour off vermouth, add gin" technique for its cheekiness. My favorite odd sidenote in the dry-as-a-bone martini competition is Paul A. Pollock, who claimed a bottle of vermouth was



classic martini since after WWII, with contests and ad campaigns for innumerable variations. Bitters, olives, garlic, you name it, people have tried it. FDR added fruit juice. In the end, however, it comes back to that very basic recipe -- the clear, fresh spirit of gin with the savory, bitter spice notes of the vermouth. Other aperitifs can fulfill that duty admirably -- I have had delicious variations on the classic made with Lillet Blanc, Cocchi Americano, and, in a truly desperate camping situation where a rodeo director forgot to buy vermouth, a very dry white wine with a dash of bitters. That was less delicious, but succeeded in assuaging my martini cravings until we could get back to civilization.

Which brings us to the James Bond Martini, the Vesper, created by the secret agent in Fleming's first Bond Novel, *Casino Royale*:

"A dry martini," he said. "One. In a deep champagne goblet."

present at the atomic testing grounds in White Sands, New Mexico, and promoted the "fissionable martini" -- simply holding his glass of gin out the window of his home in Lowell, Massachusetts. (How Heisenbergian!) These days, I find I have to order a wet martini to get my 1930s dry martini, and watch the bartender like a hawk to make sure the vermouth actually makes it into my drink. Frankly, I'm with my husband Andy -- a martini without vermouth isn't a martini, it's simply iced gin, and iced gin is the refuge of depressed housewives.

The start of the Cold War and the 50s is when vodka got involved in the martini scene (drinking Russian vodka being yet another dissident act on the part of the Beat Generation). Smirnoff had first arrived in the US just before WWII, and a number of other high quality vodkas followed. Ian Fleming's Bond, of course, drank lots of vodka, and his movie incarnation ordered his martinis that way. I am a bit of a purist, myself, and believe that a martini requires gin, but I have friends who are fatally allergic to juniper, so I make allowances for those who prefer vodka. By all means order a vodka martini, if that is what you prefer, but without the modifier, a martini should always start with gin. Vodka, however, since it lacks the strong flavor notes of gin, encourages the mixologist to stray further afield from the clean simplicity that makes a martini unique. (It does matter which gin -- a very strongly flavored gin like Tanqueray is probably better suited to a gin and tonic, as it may well overpower the other flavor notes in a dry martini. I like a



relatively delicate gin like Bombay Sapphire for martinis.)

Drinkers, distillers and distributors have been doing their best to tart up the





the 50s, in 1930 Henry Craddock of London's Savoy Hotel argued for shaking the shaker as hard as one could. In point of fact, both work quite well for the intended purpose of mixing and chilling the martini. They also introduce a hint of icewater into the mixture in the process. The difference is one of clarity of one's vision. I prefer a shaken martini -- shaking creates a very cold drink (often with tiny frozen shards that make it through the strainer), but it also delivers a

"Oui, monsieur."

"Just a moment. Three measures of Gordon's, one of vodka, half a measure of Kina Lillet. Shake it very well until it's ice-cold, then add a large thin slice of lemon-peel. Got it?"

"Certainly, monsieur." The barman seemed pleased with the idea.

He watched carefully as the deep glass became frosted with the pale golden drink, slightly aerated by the bruising shaker. He reached for it and took a long sip.

"Excellent," he said to the barman, "but if you can get a vodka made with grain instead of potatoes, you will find it still better."

This is my favorite variation on the martini. The bit of vodka "tempers" the juniper notes of the gin, and the 8-to-1 ratio of spirits to aperitif ensures plenty of flavor notes from the latter. Kina Lillet is no longer made, but its quinine-free successor Lillet Blanc works admirably as a substitute, with its hints of bitter orange. Cocchi Americano, recently become available on the US market, is an Italian aperitif that, according to experts, duplicates the flavor notes of Kina Lillet. I find a Vesper made with Cocchi has a tiny hint of sweetness compared to one made with Lillet Blanc or vermouth.

And finally, to that question of "shaken, not stirred." This is another of those pointless religious wars. W. Somerset Maugham insisted that a martini should never be shaken lest it bruise the gin. Before Fleming in

slightly cloudy cocktail due to the aeration that occurs. Stirring, on the other hand, delivers a crystal clear martini, but it may take a bit longer and may not be quite as cold as its shaken counterpart.

So, indulge your urge to experience this symbol of sophistication. Whether you prefer Nick & Nora's 3-to-1 classic gin martini shaken in waltz time, a glass of Russian vodka with an atomizer of vermouth sprayed nearby, or 007's savory yet sprightly Vesper, try a martini. Shaken or stirred, lemon twist, olive, or cucumber, as you like.

Or have that cosmopolitan. Just don't call it a martini.

References:

- The Cocktail: The Influence of Spirits on the American Psyche*, by Joseph Lanza, 1995, St Martin's Press
- High Spirits: A Celebration of Scotch, Bourbon, Cognac, and More...* by H. Paul Jeffers, 1997, Lyons & Burford, Publishers
- Atomic Cocktails: Mixed Drinks for Modern Times*, by Karen Brooks, Gideon Bosker, and Reed Darmon, with Kirsten Pierce, 1998, Chronicle Books
- The Ultimate Book of Cocktails*, by Stuart Walton, 2003, Hermes House

Mo[(o)r]e Craig
CJG Insane Plan...or is it?



Could Daniel Craig Remake
Roger Moore's Bond Films?



LET'S REMAKE THE BAD ONES BY CHRIS GARCIA

OK, there are a lot of bad Bond films. Still, a bad Bond film is better than a lot of only OK movies. In my eyes, there are only 4 actual Bad Bond films - *Diamonds Are Forever*, *Live & Let Die*, *The Spy Who Loved Me*, and *Moonraker*. The problem with most of these is that the scripts were weak and they go far into the world of the lame by playing around with stupid concepts like lame villains. Or dumb sound effects.

So I got to thinking, how would I make them better?

What would I do to make these into better movies today. Three of them suffer from terrible casting decisions and that's something that can be fixed. If I had a lot of money, ten or so zeroes after a 1 perhaps, I'd remake those four today with AWESOME work!

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

OK, so then you've got the Daniel Craig Bond, the one that's rougher, more demanding, and I'd even say smoldering. To make the script more believable, you'd have to sort of move the story away from the book a fair bit. The diamond smuggling thing works perfectly, and making them conflict diamonds can tie up a number of things. The thug-gier Bond, as Craig plays him, would be thrust into a world more vibrant than Bond has been in before, especially when he goes to Vegas!

Now you need the Bond Girl. There are a lot of options. The key is to understand that Tiffany Case, the central female of the novel, is a tough cookie, but she's also got that sort of vulnerability that you find in character actresses playing small roles in indie dramas. The best candidates available today would include three wonderful Canadians - Mia Kirshner, Serinda Swan, and Cobie Smulders (which sounds like a Bond Girl name already, no?). One who is just waiting for that great role that Tiffany Case would provide to make her into a real movie star after years in television. Gillian Anderson. Add her combination of sexuality, intelligence (and Tiffany Case was supposed to be intelligent, not as she was played by Jill St. John) and vulnerability. It would be a solid choice, and she would work wonderfully with Daniel Craig.

But she doesn't win it.

The best actress who physically fits the idea of a Bond Girl is the amazing Christina Hendricks. From *Mad Men* to *Firefly*, she's been awesome in just about everything she's been in. She's got badda-boom, mixed with a wonderful kind of on-a-dime emotional range that really makes her something special. I would LOVE to see Christina Hendricks play Tiffany Case!

Now, Tiffany Case is set, so you've got to get to get the rest of the Spangled Gang cast. These are two brothers, Jack and Seraffimo, who run diamonds to run their organization. These two would be a good role for guys who are slightly older, but also awesome! I got a pair of bald guys

(though I don't think either are bald in the book) who would be great: John Malkovich and Bruce Willis. Willis is a far better actor than anyone gives him credit for, and Malkovich is over-the-top and awesome!

Now, there's the matter of Mr. Wint and Mr. Kidd. This pair of lovers are the henchmen of the story and they need to be portrayed with something approaching the smooth terror that the best serial killers get played as. There's a guy who's already played that type of character: Paul Bettany. He's great in everything! And, I think, he'd be excellent teamed with Ethan Hawke. I like that pairing! Or, perhaps Michael Fassbender playing both roles...

A script that's good and more true to the book is important. There are a lot of screenwriters who are good at adaptations, and the best working today is John Sayles. From *The Spiderwick Chronicles* to *Eight Men Out*, he's solid every time out. I wouldn't have him direct, but writing it, absolutely. Follow that up with my man Michael Apted directing and it's perfect!

LIVE & LET DIE

First off, NEW THEME SONG!!!!

I'm sorry, I hate Wings. Mostly, it always feels like Paul McCartney just had pieces of a bunch of songs so he just jammed them all together to make an average length song. "Band on the Run" and "Live & Let Die" are the two best examples of that. Meh! In my eyes, Bond themes need to be both of the moment (the themes of the 1960s were PERFECT for that, as were things like "A View to a Kill" and "The Living Daylights") and then they also have to treat the Bond tradition well. So, there, I go with a band like Muse. I like them!

Honestly, the way that *Live & Let Die* was made was a bit too cutesy. Literally, just bring the same directing/writing team, do a script that is closer to Fleming's novel (I've got friends who say it's the second best of all the books) and give Daniel Craig a bit more to work with. There is an amazing scene in the book where the villains break one of Bond's fingers. Craig can pull it off. As a story, it's a tough story from the series of novels.

Bond Girl - Solitaire

She's a fortune teller who is the girlfriend of Mr. Big, the heavy. She's played by the great Jane Seymour in the film version and she was AWESOME! Who would play her today? My choices include the great Olivia Wilde. Diane Kruger, best known for her roles in the National Treasure films, would be awesome too. Vi-



JAMES BOND



olante Placido has all the necessary components to play Solitaire, but to me, you need someone with the ability to act as if she's shut herself off from the world AND be the kind of woman who would fall for a rake like Bond. For that, I go with Emily Blunt. There's a certain ethereal quality to Emily that I think would work.

Now, Mr. Big. Here might be a good choice for a change as over the years, accusations of racism in the way that Mr. Big was written and portrayed have been raised. Of course, you can change that

by writing things with the bare similarities there, but written with a careful eye. I mean, it's not easy to have a voodoo practitioner portrayed as he was in a film set



Tennant. as Bond? There is an inherent playfulness in Tennant that can work very well as a Bond. Dare I say it, he's basically a skinny Connery. He would be amazing as James Bond, and here, especially with the section where Bond doses Sit Hugo Drax and cheats him for tons of dough playing Bridge.

And there's another casting moment you've got to get right. Drax might be the most fun you get to have as a Bond villain. That scene at Blades, M's club, is amazing. I could think of one guy who they would 100% cast in it, but also would only be OK: Eddie Izzard. He's a natural villain, he's a great actor, and I'd love to see him try, but I think there are a couple of folks who would be awesome. The first one in my eyes has been in a Bond film before: Ulrich Thomsen. He's an awesome Danish actor (often teamed with Mr. Mads Mikkelsen) and could be great. The other guy, who would play very well and has that sort of feeling about an actor who plays villainous better than almost anybody is Michael Fassbender. The guy is amazing. Of course, he can't play everything, so what are you gonna do?

The story needs an overhaul, but one thing with today's world stage, Russians can be bad guys again!

Then there's Gala Brand. She's a Bond girl who would be so much better than Holly Goodhead, who was played with almost total fail by Lois Chiles in the Moore *Moonraker*. She's an interesting character, one of the less thorough of all of Fleming's women. That's saying something. When I finally read more of the novel, I realised one, you have to have Jaws back if you're gonna try to do this novel as a movie, and two, there are a limited number of women you can turn to in situations like this. The one who jumped out was Gemma Arterton, who was already a Bond Girl, but I did see a fine performance from an actress named Lyndsy Fonseca in the film *Kick-Ass* which I believe would stand her well in the world of Bond girls. Of course, that would require accent work! On the other hand, I could totally get behind Felicity Jones of *Hysteria* and *The Tempest*.

But the key is get it back to the book! This is one of the books that should have been deeply mined instead of just lightly used. Keeping Jaws, because he's a great henchman, would be awesome, but get rid of all the space stuff (except for the part where they're trapped in the area where the rocket is about to take off!) and you've got a much better movie.

in today's world, not to mention Asamova and Jaws, and not have a totally lame premise. Going to the novel isn't a good idea as it's one of the most different things that Fleming ever wrote. It doesn't even have Bond in it for 2/3 of the novel! Still, there are a lot of good things that could have been done with these characters that they didn't even attempt. Imagine that it's done as Putin's Russia and the current MI-6. are locked in a period of co-operation trying to ferret out a series of Indian spies. Or something like that.

I maintain that *The Spy Who Loved Me* was, by far, the worst Bond (at least *Moonraker* had the first twenty minutes) and the one that should most be re-done.

MOONRAKER

Now, this has the worst portion, the worst moments, but I thought that the first part of the film was actually pretty good. It wasn't until we got into space that things really hit new lows, including a lover for Jaws. This one requires smart Bond, and while Daniel Craig is great in the realism department, the other Bond I would really love to see, and if you go

with a script that toes much closer to the original novel (and in this case, that would be awesome!). It's gotta be David Tennant. Now, I know what you're thinking: David



SO, four re-makes! That's what the franchise needs.

Ric Bretschneider

First appeared at Fanboyplanet.com (<http://www.fanboyplanet.com/movies/rb-skyfall.php>)

Bond sits manacled in a chair, while the incredibly hospitable villain engages him in conversation about his operation.

Bond: Everybody needs a hobby.

Silva: So what's yours?

Bond: Resurrection

And resurrection is what *Skyfall* is all about.

Daniel Craig is back in his third outing as James Bond, 007. It wasn't that long ago that we met this untested agent on his first mission in *Casino Royale*, that we were introduced to a new type of Bond. Craig was cold and calculating, and sold his credentials as an action oriented Bond, no smirking or quips, a physical agent who harkened back to the original novel's agent provocateur. The new series stumbled somewhat in the oddly titled *Quantum of Solace*, a muddled revenge story that was almost as confused as its title or the choice of Jack White and Alicia Keys to duo for the theme song. Arguably some faith may have been lost there.

But it has been renewed, regained by a back to basics Bond story with more than a few surprises.

Skyfall's main plot is very simple. A list of spies currently under cover in various terrorist organizations is stolen, and the thief is making the identities public. M (Dame Judi Dench) is the oblique target of this revenge, repayment for some shadowy prior betrayal. Bond is challenged to maintain his allegiance to M, and his desire to continue working for MI6. There's not a world-endangering threat here; it's all very personal.

Every James Bond film has points that typically, almost ritually, thrill the 007 fan. The first trill of the various Monty Norman themes. Q assigning Bond his equipment, and reminding him to bring it all back intact. The bad girls and good girls, the villain's master plan exposed, and of course the elegant master spy in evening wear walking boldly into the lair of his foe. For years it's been a checklist, but perhaps one that's become perfunctory and predictable. But again, in *Skyfall* we have a real resurrection of it all.

And we start with a severely damaged Bond, in a sub-plot not unlike that from the novel *You Only Live Twice*. Physically and mentally damaged from the brutal events at the beginning of the film, Bond returns to service unfit for duty. But he is assigned to the task at hand by M against all advice.

SKYFALL - REVIEWS BY RIC BRETSCHNEIDER





Joan @JoanReginaldo

1h

@johnnyeponymous A new gun? That's it? All the awesome new gadgets in the world and he gets a dinky gun? Q fail.

[View conversation](#)



Joan @JoanReginaldo

1h

@johnnyeponymous That dinky gun represents Skyfall's downfall. Promises to be awesome, delivers predictability.

[View conversation](#)

Is this her belief in his eventual ability, or is she just tossing him onto the chessboard as another pawn to be sacrificed? It's a plot that's been danced around in several prior Bond outings, but never so convincingly and mostly due to Craig's superior portrayal.

Fans will love this film. They will love it because it is a resurrection without being a complete reboot of the series. Characters and elements thought abandoned are reintroduced. There's some genuine tragedy, carefully exposed again by Craig's acting rather than by exposition. And of course, there are the aforementioned "thrilling elements."

Cinematography and almost a travelogue agenda have been part of the James Bond legacy since Ian Fleming started writing, and *Skyfall* does not disappoint. From Istanbul to the Scottish Highlands, Bond chases and is chased over some beautifully stunning and romantically somber scenery. The Singapore night scenes are particularly striking, having an almost science fiction feel to them.

The action direction is absolutely first rate, with Craig's physicality conveying the dangerous unstoppable agent with an ease already firmly established in the two prior films.

The "Skyfall" musical single by Adele is notably the best since Chris Cornell's "You Know My Name" in *Casino Royale*. The song's slow simple rhythmic piano gives way to the eventual triumphant orchestral surge, and that bluesy voice a nostalgic reminder of earlier Bond themes. This coupled with amazingly surreal title graphics following Bond's watery death and resurrection will raise the hair on the back of any true fan's neck. The lyrics carry the opening scenes directly into the main film, where Thomas Newman's excellent score blends with Norman's classic themes and take over.

Best of Adele album, this is a marketing and profits move that is sure to disappoint fans.

But what will satisfy fans is the choice of this film's villain. *No Country for Old Men's* Oscar winning Javier Bardem dons a blonde wig to play Silva, a powerful and unflinchingly deadly master computer hacker and retired spy who lives in the shadows of the criminal world. Undetected and successful, he has apparently grown tired of his near limitless power and has decided on an overdue play for revenge. Silva is elegantly cordial in his menace, genuinely funny and a strategic planner almost beyond belief.

He's a wonderfully believable amalgam of several recent comic book film characters, easily capturing the best elements of Heath Ledger's unpredictable Joker, Bane's long-term planner and strategist, and Tom Hiddleston's hero-manipulating Loki. Scenes with Bardem light up, and the audience anticipation is palpable.

This resurrected Bondverse is alive with characters that we may have forgotten we've missed, including an "old mechanical friend" that will make any fan smile. Q is reintroduced by *Cloud Atlas's* Ben Whishaw as a very young man that Bond notes still has "bumps on his face." But there are many other surprises waiting for you along this line that we won't spoil here, including a couple unexpected good-byes. Be aware that although there is no post-credit scene, there are two very big surprises with ramifications for the series overall in the last five minutes.

Skyfall is an excellent film. A savory morsel for fans, with a reminder that this is the 50th year for the property. The subtle rebooting of the film series wasn't something obviously needed, especially since Craig is only three films in, but given the changes made we're even more excited about the next fifty years of Bond to come



JDobbsRosa @jdobbsrosa

1h

@johnnyeponymous Skyfall: A love letter to our original love affair with 007 while dealing with the fact that we've grown apart over time.

[View conversation](#)

The Committee on Evil Literature was set up in by the Free State government of Ireland in 1926.

Kevin O'Higgins, the Minister for Justice, seemed to think that the existing obscenity laws were good enough in 1925, but in a Free Ireland this was not at all acceptable in some quarters, that the government should not interfere with people's freedoms, and he came under huge pressure.

Sure enough, a committee of two religious and three laymen was formed to consider "whether it is necessary or advisable in the interest of the public morality to extend the existing powers of the State to prohibit or restrict the sale and circulation of printed matter".

This was The Committee on Evil Literature.

As one might expect, they decided that the existing laws were substandard and that the state had a duty to enforce controls on "morally corrupting" literature. And so was formed the Censorship Board. They got straight to it, and banned books by Marie Stopes and Aldous Huxley; it didn't stop and *Brave New World* amongst a raft of others was banned in 1932. Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms* was banned in 1939 and Brendan Behan's *Borstal Boy* was banned in 1956.

On the 18th of November 1942, some seventy years ago, in the Irish Upper House, Seanad Éireann, Sir John Keane put forward a motion on the Censorship of Publications, looking for the Censorship Board to be reconstituted due to a loss of confidence on the part of the public. He made much mention of three books which "in my opinion, have been improperly banned."

Hilariously, the senator quoted from the books, and Senator Professor Magennis suggested "to the Chairman that before Senator Sir John Keane reads the remainder of the passage an instruction should be given to the official reporters not to record it. Otherwise, we shall have some of the vilest obscenity in our records, and the Official Reports can be bought for a few pence."

And so, it was recorded thus: [Here the Senator quoted from the book.]

Interesting, it being 1942, is the comment from Sir John Keane: "If we are going to be put under what I suggest is a literary Gestapo, we are entitled to know the facts."

And so in 1954, the Irish Censorship of Publications Board banned *Live and Let Die* under the Censorship of Publications Acts of 1929 and 1946.

I asked my dad about the books, as I vividly recall a row of Pan paperback on his bookshelf in his bedroom, the uniformity of the covers about the books and getting them. He said:

"I loved them. Couldn't put them down. Like many, I started reading them after the first film - *Dr No* - but am sure I read all the others before the films. One of them (not sure which) was allegedly banned because Fleming described the Irish language announcement at Shannon as rigmarole. At the time there was a heavy 'Irish' thing (like compulsory pass to get in your inter and Leaving Cert) and the suggestion was that some Minister took it very badly.

"*Casino Royale* was allegedly banned because of the inclusion of sex. Wasn't in any copy I ever read! Always a mystery to me why it was banned.

"*The Spy who Loved Me* was also banned because of sex. (When in University he gave his girlfriend a jab on the floor of a box in the cinema but it wasn't very explicit.)

"Things were very repressed back then. All that was needed was, as I said some overzealous Catholic to send a book in and it would probably be banned automatically.

"The register of prohibited publications had the same size print as a telephone directory but was bigger."

Now, this led me to make some investigations and *Live and Let Die* was





indeed banned. It was published on the 5th of April 1954 and by the 8th of May 1954, it was banned in Ireland.

Diamonds are Forever did have a few derogatory lines about a layover in Shannon.

“...the Stratocruiser trundled towards the unloading bay. Steak and champagne for dinner, the wonderful goblet of hot coffee laced with Irish Whiskey and topped with half an inch of think cream”

“A glance at the junk in the airport shops, the ‘Irish Horn Rosaries’, the ‘Bog Irish Harp’. And the ‘Brass Leprechauns’, all at \$1.50, and the ghastly ‘Irish Musical Cottage’ at \$4, the furry, unwearable tweeds and the dainty Irish linen dollies and cocktail napkins.

“And the the Irish rigmarole coming over the loudspeaker in which only the words ‘BOAC’ and ‘New York’ were comprehensible.”

The Spy Who Loved Me came into some serious trouble as there were a number of harsh passages, and although Dad mentions that sex may have been the cause, there were also passages about rape and abortion.

“All women love semi-rape. They love to be taken. It was his sweet brutality against my bruised body that had made his act of love so piercingly beautiful.”

“The business of my abortion, not to mince words, was good training for my new role...” “...It was as mentally distressing but as physically painless as I expected...”

This would probably have been viewed as extremely obscene, given family planning material, let alone information on

abortion was totally unacceptable and banned.

In the course of the 20th century, some 12,491 works were banned in Ireland, and over 1,000 in the bumper year of 1954 alone.

Since the 1967 Act, there is a 12-year rule for banning books and so since the last selection of books to be banned was in 1998, in 2010 there were only a handful books left on the banned book list, all of which were exempt from the rule and are still banned, which deal with birth control or abortion.

In 2012, there are some 279 periodicals banned in Ireland, including *True Detective Stories*.

In recent times, it is the lack of complaints and submissions rather than the board’s heavy handed approach which has sounded the end, with the last reported book that was referred to the board being *Guantanamo Jihad* by Niall De Souza, and it wasn’t banned.

Irish author Frank O’Connor spoke eloquently on the matter to the Trinity College Historical Society during a debate on Censorship on February 14th, 1962. *The Dubliner* No.2 from March, 1962 reprinted his words thusly;

“But to me the most awful thing about the censorship is the way it perpetuates the negative attitude we oppose to every manifestation of intellect and scholarship. We can find no better employment for two brilliant judges of our High Court than a task that could be adequately performed by a policeman with a bit of intelligence.

“We have a Censorship Board and a Censorship Appeals Board, but we have no such thing as a Society for the encouragement of Irish literature, over which Mr Justice Haugh or Mr Justice Conroy might preside with honour to himself and honour to his country.

“We have a Censorship Board but we have no publishers. We have a great literature, published by Englishmen and Americans, and, thanks to our censors, ninety-nine per cent of it is out of print and unobtainable, so that, as I have said before, we have brought up a generation which knows nothing of its own country, or its own literature. Be as moral as you please, have all the censorships you think necessary, but be positive about it. Don’t merely ban books, publish them.”

Senead debate: <http://historical-debates.oireachtas.ie/S/0027/S.0027.194211180006.html>

List of publications banned in Ireland today <http://>

www.inis.gov.ie/en/JELR/Register%20of%20Prohibited%20Publications%202010.pdf/Files/Register%20of%20Prohibited%20Publications%202010.pdf



James Bacon - Editor,

A Member in Good Standing of the League of Irish Jameses, James has a Hugo, a Nova, and a love of trains. He lives in London (or near it, this editor isn't quite sure).

Christopher J Garcia - Editor

Chris likes fanzines. He does a few of 'em. He's currently working on reading more PKD so he doesn't embarrass himself for that issue!

Ian Fleming

Wrote several novels of James Bond, starting with *Casino Royale*. He didn't actually like the idea of Sean Connery playing James Bond, but he did come around somewhat. He was also Christopher Lee's cousin.

Alan F. Beck

Alan's amazing! He's been nominated for the Hugo for Best Fan Artist and he's a popular artist at art shows all over the place. His mouse images are so well-known that they've been adapted into film for *Dinner for Schmucks!*

Ric Bretschneider

Ric is a BArea fan and one of the forces behind the *FanboyPlanet* podcast (fanboyplanet.com) and he's a gamer and he's a Man of Leisure. He also does Pechakucha. He's one of the busier humans I'm aware of.

Christopher Hensley

Chris Hensley, also known as Glug, is a fan out of the Carolinas. I'm never sure which one. He's excessively fun to drink with!

Daniel Kimmel

Dan is a Hugo-nominated film critic and author from the Boston area. He's also one of the best roommates I've ever had at a convention when we shared a room at Raleigh. His first novel, *Shh, It's A Secret*, is well worth reading!

Julie McMurray

Julie is running for GUFF. I totally voted for her! I suggest you do too!

Alissa McKersie

I have no words for how awesome she is! She's a martial artist from Arizona.

CONTRIBUTORS





Hillary Pearlman

Hillary is one of the best young artists you'll see around zines today! Her paintings are awesome, we love her drawings, and whenever she passes Chris in the halls at WorldCon, she gives him a Hi-Five! She needs to get a site so we can make sure y'all go there!

Kevin P. Roche

Kevin's a scientist. He's also awesome. I just had dinner with him at the Daily Grill. He had the filet with the bleu cheese crust. I had the chicken parm. His zine *YIPE!* is amazing (Yipezine.com) and he's 1/2 of the team Chairing Westercon 66 (westercon66.org)

Lynda E. Rucker

Not only is Lynda a helluva writer (she's got a piece, "Where The Summer Dwells," in *F&SF*). She's also been INCREDIBLY helpful in looking over this issue! lyndaerucker.wordpress.com is where you can find her thoughts!

J. Daaniel Sawyer

Dan's a writer, and we were on the first panel, on the first day of the first Steampunk Convention (along with Mike Perschon). His writing of Clarke Lantham stories makes Chris happy! You can find more info at jdsawyer.net.

Maurine Mo Starkey

MO WON A HUGO!!!! She also does a ton of art for the various Bacon-Garcia Projects (and things like Askance, Argentus and co on) and she's awesome and you can find some of her art at <http://colmahouse.deviantart.com/>

Andrew Trembley

I'm writing this bio with Andy sitting across from me in the lobby of the LAX Marriott. He's a writer, one of the chairs of Westercon 66 in Sacramento in July.

JC Vallacqua

JC's awesome! He's a recent BASFA regular, and is one of the forces behind Nerdvana. He's also a helluva graphic designer! He also has a Ghostbusters outfit and it's so real, it made me feel scared that there may actually be some ghosts...

Taral Wayne

Taral is an artist (11 nominations for Best Fan Artist) and a helluva Fan Writer. He's out of the beautiful city of Toronto. The man needs himself a Hugo!



SPIES

MyS 2012 JADEMCALA STOCK