

Daniel Craig in  
*Casino Royale*, 2006



**LIFE**

# JAMES BOND

On the Run with 007, from  
*Dr. No* to *No Time to Die*

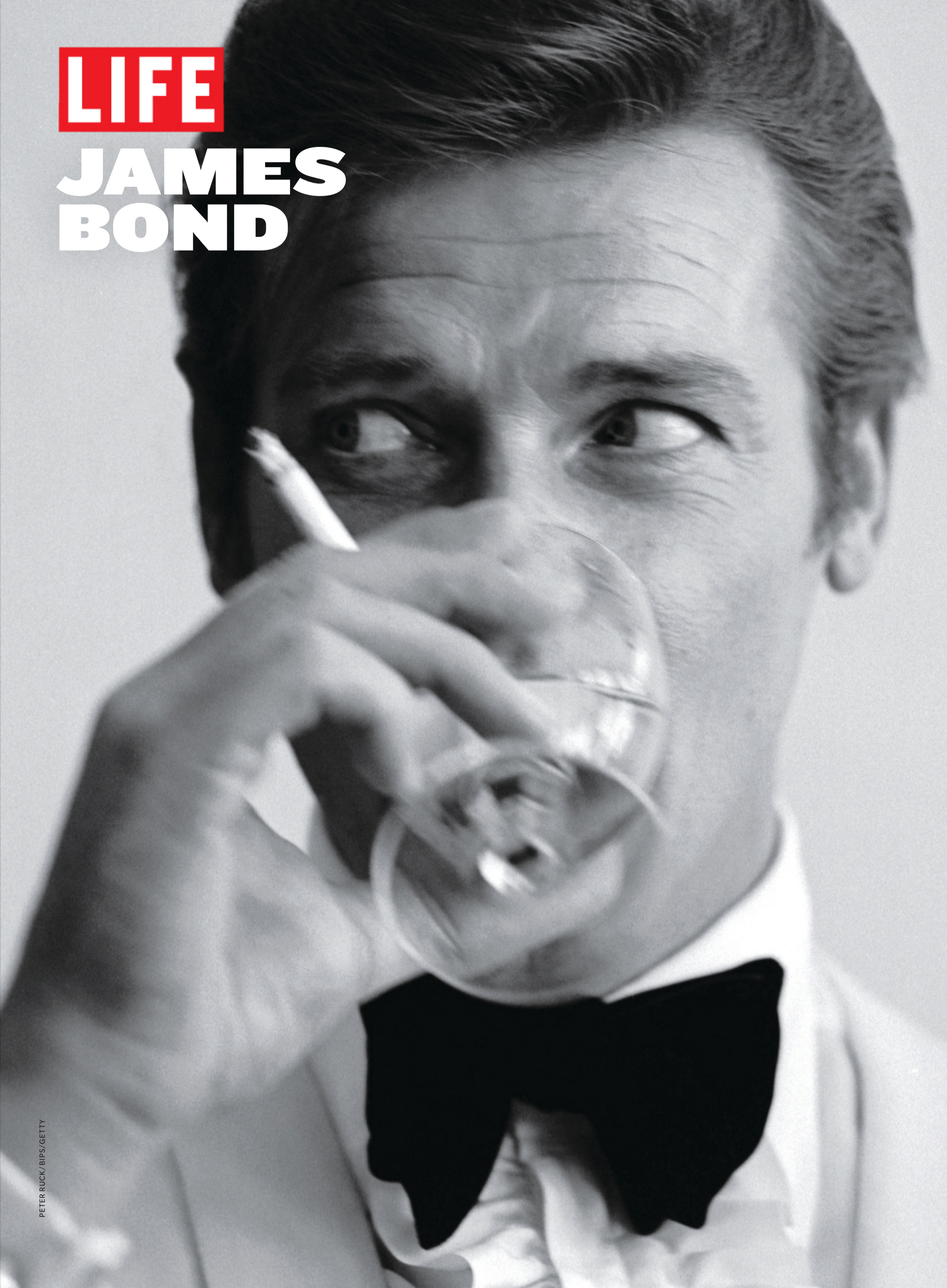
ALL  
**25**  
MOVIES





**LIFE**

**JAMES  
BOND**

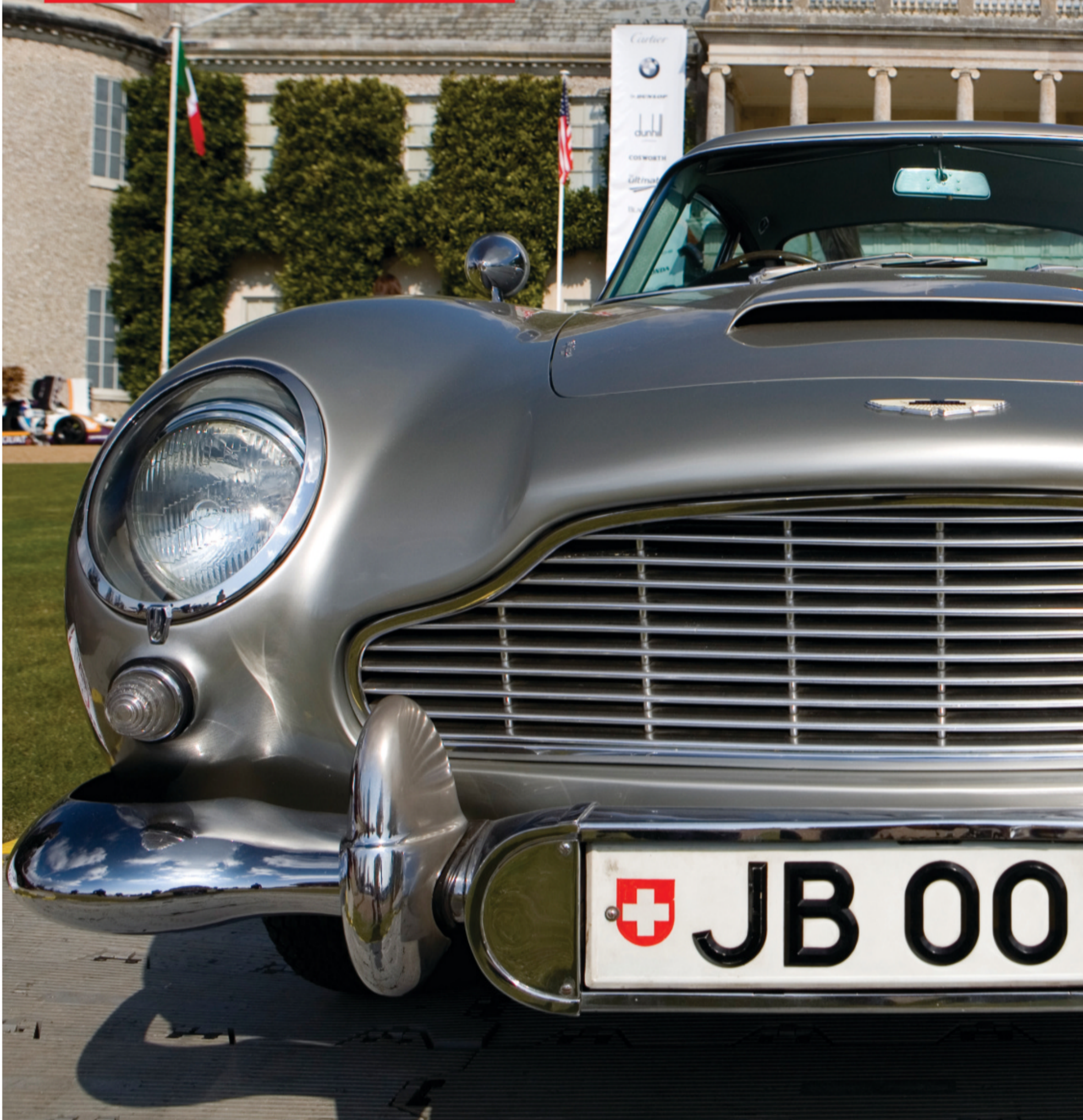


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## James Bond

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**ON THE COVERS:** Sean Connery, 1963, COURTESY EVERETT; Daniel Craig, 2006, © SONY PICTURES/EVERETT

**THESE PAGES:** Bond's Aston Martin.

MICHAEL COLE/CORBIS/GETTY

# HAPPY 25TH, COMMANDER BOND

**As Daniel Craig embarks on his latest and final adventure as 007, an enduring film franchise modernizes for the years to come.**

**E**ven Her Majesty has a thing for James Bond. In a short film for the opening ceremony of the 2012 Olympics in London, Queen Elizabeth II stepped out of sober character and into a chaste dalliance with Daniel Craig, Bond himself. The film shows Craig arriving at Buckingham Palace and escorting the queen (below) into a helicopter. Later, Her Majesty parachutes from the helicopter into the Olympic stadium as jaws dropped around the world. Okay, it was stuntman Gary Connery, in a pink dress similar to the queen's who did the skydive. Still it's a measure of 007's enormous appeal that the monarch partook.

The faces of Bond have changed over the years. A

half dozen actors have portrayed him, and his missions have evolved in line with the global political climate. But the winning formula remains the same: evil villains, femmes fatales and (usually) shaken martinis have kept the franchise thriving. No superhero has been brought to life on the screen as often as James Bond has.

He embarks on his 25th adventure in 2020, with Craig taking his final 007 turn, 58 years after Sean Connery first declared his name: Bond. James Bond.

The franchise's growth is never more evident than in this year's *No Time to Die*. The film is the work of director Cary Joji Fukunaga of *True Detective* and writer Phoebe Waller-Bridge, who is only the second



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MGM/ENTERTAINMENT PICTURES/ZUMA (4)



*No Time to Die* (clockwise from top left): Rami Malek as the villain Safin; Lashana Lynch (of *Captain Marvel*) as Nomi, a new 00 agent who doesn't get along too well with 007 upon first meeting, saying, "The world has moved on, Commander Bond. Stay in your lane. If you get in my way, I will put a bullet in your knee—the one that works"; Ralph Fiennes as M; and Daniel Craig back as Bond.

woman to be credited on a Bond script, after Johanna Hardwood who co-wrote 1962's *Dr. No* and 1963's *From Russia with Love*. And this the first Bond tale since the dawn of the #MeToo and Time's Up movements. In 2015, Craig told the *Red Bulletin* that Bond is "actually a misogynist."

Waller-Bridge, a three-time Emmy winner and the creator of the comedy series *Fleabag*, has said that the newest Bond adaptation treats female characters better than they

were treated in previous films. "There's been a lot of talk about whether or not [the Bond franchise] is relevant now because of who he is and the way he treats women," she said. "I think that's bollocks. I think he's absolutely relevant now. It has just got to grow. It has just got to evolve, and the important thing is that *the film* treats the women properly," Waller-Bridge told *Deadline* in 2019. "*He* doesn't have to. He needs to be true to this character."



# **BOND** OF THE BIG SCREEN

Times may have changed, but 007 keeps saving the world from crime masters and mediocre martinis.

BY RICHARD CORLISS

**T**he air is electric at the posh London casino. A beautiful woman has been losing big at chemin de fer. How does the stranger across the table manage to keep drawing better cards out of the shoe? Desperately, the woman borrows more to cover her bets, and the stranger says, “I admire your courage, Miss . . .”

“Trench,” the brunette answers. “Sylvia Trench.” She appraises her rival with an envy edging toward lust. “I admire your luck, Mr. . . .”

“Bond.” The silver cigarette lighter snaps shut to reveal a face of elegant cruelty: dimples welded like scars, incredible long whips of eyebrows, a full mouth ready for any challenge—to spit out a witticism, to commandeer a kiss, to sip from the cup of revenge. To say his name: “James Bond.”

Moviegoers first heard that terse exchange in a London theater on October 5, 1962. That same week, Johnny Carson became host of *The Tonight Show*, and Pope John XXIII adorned the cover of *Time*. In two weeks, Khrushchev and Kennedy would go eyeball to eyeball in a dispute over Cuban missiles. So who cared about the world premiere of *Dr. No*, the first film made from Ian Fleming’s James Bond novels, or about the introduction of Sean Connery as Her Majesty’s hunkiest secret servant? Who knew?

Fifty-seven years later—also 10 Presidents, five popes, three *Tonight Show* hosts and some 2,800 issues of *Time*—the Soviet Union has disappeared, depriving the West of its longtime world threat, and Bond of a favorite nemesis. The entertainment landscape has changed, as most people see movies on home video or personal electronic devices. Fleming himself died in 1964, having written 12 Bond novels and eight short stories. Yet the Bond films abide, in movie

theaters, on DVD and as spin-off animated series and video games.

Before sequels became the most reliable way to make a buck, Bond set the standard for lavish serial adventures. Before Hollywood found gold in big-budget adaptations of comic-book sagas—in the *Superman*, *Batman* and *Spider-Man* blockbusters—Bond was the movies’ first franchise superhero. Spanning more than half a century of feature films, Bond is also the longest-running continuous English-language movie series. Things change, including the actors who play him, but Bond goes on saving the world from megalomaniacal crime masters, heartless femmes fatales and indifferently prepared martinis.

This multimedia legend has also weathered many changes of leading actors. Bond was first played by Barry Nelson, in a 48-minute adaptation of *Casino Royale* on the 1954 American television anthology series *Climax!* (with Peter Lorre as the villainous Le Chiffre). In the 1967 spoof version of the same novel, at least six actors—David Niven, Peter Sellers and Ursula Andress among them—laid claim to being 007.

But in the official Bond films supervised by Harry Saltzman and Albert R. “Cubby” Broccoli, and then by Barbara Broccoli and Michael G. Wilson, so far, there have been a half dozen: Connery in six films (*Dr. No*, *From Russia with*

*Love*, *Goldfinger*, *Thunderball*, *You Only Live Twice* and *Diamonds Are Forever*, plus the “unofficial” *Never Say Never Again*), the Australian model George Lazenby in *On Her Majesty’s Secret Service*, Roger Moore in seven (*Live and Let Die*, *The Man with the Golden Gun*, *The Spy Who Loved Me*, *Moonraker*, *For Your Eyes Only*, *Octopussy* and *A View to a Kill*), Timothy Dalton in two (*The Living Daylights* and *Licence to*



Kill), Pierce Brosnan in four (*GoldenEye*, *Tomorrow Never Dies*, *The World Is Not Enough* and *Die Another Day*), and Daniel Craig in five (*Casino Royale*, *Quantum of Solace*, *Skyfall*, *Spectre* and *No Time to Die*).

Bond is a family business: Barbara Broccoli is Cubby's daughter, Wilson his stepson. And over the decades, the creative team has remained remarkably consistent. Richard Maibaum wrote or co-wrote 13 of the first 16 films; Neal Purvis and Robert Wade have written or co-written the last seven. Composer John Barry, production designer Ken Adam and Maurice Binder, who created the swirling opening-credits sequences, stayed with the franchise for a generation or more.

Directors have been chosen usually from the middle rank of the British pack; the Broccolis, who run this producers' franchise, haven't followed the trend of Marvel comics movies, where quirky auteurs like Sam Raimi and Joss Whedon stamp their personalities on blockbuster projects. When they needed a new man behind the megaphone, the Broccolis often have promoted from within: editor Peter Hunt, second-unit director John Glen. This familiar loyalty has extended to the supporting cast. Only four actors (Bernard Lee, Robert Brown, Judi Dench and Ralph Fiennes) have played Bond's spy boss M; only three (Desmond Llewelyn, John Cleese and Ben Whishaw) have played the gadgetmaster Q.

The series is big business too. The first 24 Broccoli Bonds have earned something like \$7 billion around the world. (Broccoli did not produce the 1967 *Casino Royale*—the team would finally film that property in 2006—or Connery's freelance return to the role in the aforementioned 1983 *Never Say Never Again*.) In “real dollars,” the series has

earned much more; the 1965 *Thunderball* took in today's equivalent of more than a billion all by itself.

**M**oney's nice, and if Bond hadn't made a bundle he wouldn't still be around. But the true measure of the franchise is its cultural and political impact. Begun in the deep freeze of the Cold War, as the world was suffering its worst case of nuclear nerves, the Bond films lifted grim reality airborne into wish fulfillment. It could almost be said that this fictional British spy changed the world as much as any actual secret agent.

Any actual British Secret Service operative in 1962, a year after the Berlin Wall went up, might have been underground in the U.S.S.R. or the German Democratic Republic, matching wits and fists with members of the Soviet spy syndicate SMERSH (a Russian acronym for “Death of Spies”). The agency figures importantly in three of Fleming's first five Bond novels: *Casino Royale*,



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*Live and Let Die* and *From Russia with Love* (even though the real-world organization had technically dissolved in 1946). Yet SMERSH is mentioned in just two of the Broccoli Bond films, *From Russia with Love* and the 1987 *The Living Daylights* (and in the 1967 non-Broccoli *Casino Royale*). In the entire Bond canon, only one scene is set at the Berlin Wall—at the beginning of the 1983 *Octopussy*, released six years before that cold war fixture crumbled. Otherwise, Bond left the grittier aspects of British spying to the films made from John le Carré and Len Deighton novels.

That was fine with the Broccolis, who always had sharp business instincts. They realized that, with a worldwide audience lapping up the franchise, it would be fiscally irresponsible to write off the whole communist world by casting

Soviets as bad guys. So Bond found villains in rogue warriors, not cold warriors. In six of the first seven installments, Bond grapples with the international conspiracy known as SPECTRE (SPeCial Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion), a clear inspiration for the League of Shadows in Christopher Nolan’s Batman films. Throughout the Bond series, the U.S.S.R. remained an irrelevance, occasionally a gruff ally. Indeed, in *A View to a Kill*—released in 1985, two years before Ronald Reagan went to Berlin and challenged Mikhail Gorbachev to “Tear down this wall!”—“Comrade Bond” was awarded the Order of Lenin.

“Make no mistake,” real-life U.S. secret agent Valerie Plame wrote in *Variety*, “Bond is an assassin, as his special ‘00’ code indicates. His job isn’t to form relationships, it’s to end them.” Yet in the permanent fantasy land of popular entertainment, this assassin gave the traditional action hero modern attitudes and equipment. He brought a killer’s lightning instincts to Sherlock Holmes, a suave caress to crude Mike Hammer, the microchip age to Dick Tracy’s gadgets. His films were comic strips with grown-up cynicism, Hitchcock thrillers without the artistic risks.

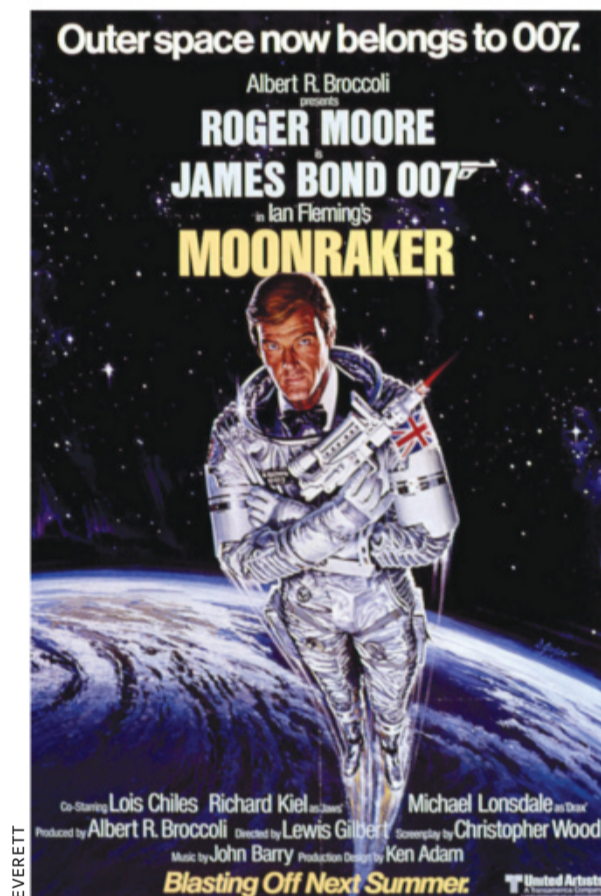
Bond, especially Connery’s Bond, was an existential hired gun with an aristocrat’s tastes—just right for a time when class was a matter of brand names and insouciant gestures. “My dear girl,” Bond tells a new conquest in the 1964 *Goldfinger*, “there are some things that just aren’t done. Such as drinking Dom Perignon ’53 above a temperature of 38 degrees Fahrenheit. That’s as bad as listening to the Beatles without earmuffs.” Minutes later the dear girl’s body is lacquered to death by Auric Goldfinger’s

Korean manservant. But death doesn’t shake Bond’s assurance in his infallibility—or in his mandarin musical prejudice against the other great British export of the 1960s.

To an empire that had seen its realm shrink with the loss of the Indian subcontinent, and its secret service embarrassed by the Cambridge Five and Profumo scandals, the notion of an agent from the U.K. saving the free world was an intoxicating tonic. Britain mattered. Britain was cool. (And the U.S., as epitomized by Bond’s CIA ally Felix Leiter, was just a sidekick.) If the Beatles made

England swing for the young, then Bond was a travel-poster boy for the earmuff brigade. The Bond films even put a few theme songs, such as Paul McCartney’s “Live and Let Die,” on the pop charts. In its first flush of fame, the Bond series spawned a whole genre of superspy imitators—Matt Helm and Harry Palmer in ’60s movies, Maxwell Smart and the men and girls from U.N.C.L.E. on TV. The Beatles shot some of their second movie, *Help!*, in the Bahamas partly because they heard that the latest Bond film, *Thunderball*, was going there for location work. The upstarts were following the big boy.

Later a young generation of filmmakers found inspiration in the series’ success. You hear its echoes in hundreds of high-tech adventure movies, from *Star Wars* (with Darth Vader as a more sepulchral Dr. No) and *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (007 as an archaeologist) up to *The Dark Knight Rises* (superhero vs. maniacal, aphorism-spouting villain). Some of the influence was direct: John Stears, the effects wizard of *Star Wars*, supervised the visual tricks on six early Bonds. Other directors learned just by watching, as enthralled kids who grew up to



bring their own spin to the brut effervescence and special-effects expertise bottled in Bond.

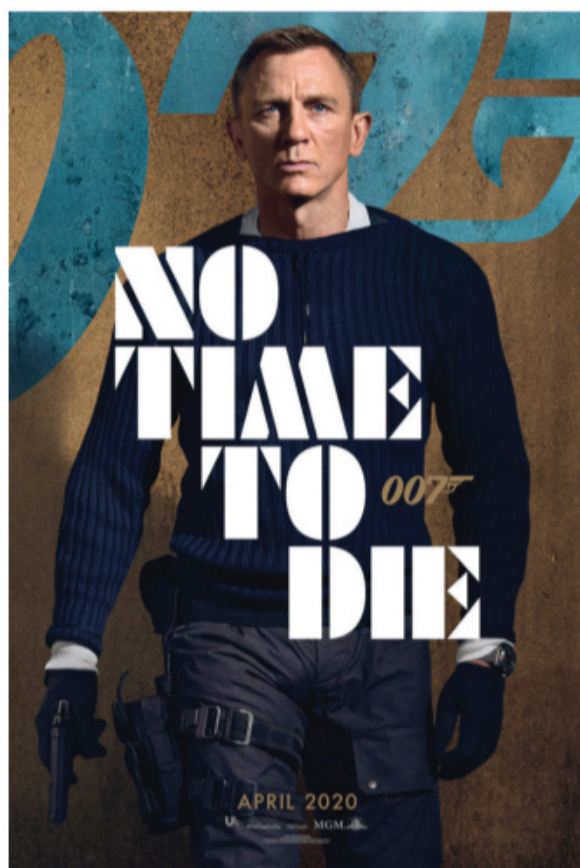
**J**ames Bond could have been Jane Bond. In 1955, not long after the publication of *Casino Royale*, the Russian-born producer-director Gregory Ratoff optioned the book and hired the young Lorenzo Semple Jr. (who later did the screenplay for *Never Say Never Again*) to write a script. Neither man thought much of the main character. “Frankly, we thought he was kind of unbelievable and as I recall, even kind of stupid,” Semple recalled in *Variety*. “So Gregory thought the solution was to make Bond a woman, ‘Jane Bond’ if you will, and he even had a plan to cast Susan Hayward in the role.” The notion of a top dramatic actress from Brooklyn to play the veddy British, type-A male 007 came to naught, and a few years later Harry Saltzman snagged the rights to most of Fleming’s Bond books.

As the first two decades of Bond films made celebrities of his enemies (Oddjob, Rosa Klebb, Ernst Stavro Blofeld, Jaws), so they incited schoolboy snickers with the names of his women. Pussy Galore and Octopussy! Kissy Suzuki and Plenty O’Toole! Mary Goodnight and Holly Goodhead! They were as indispensable and interchangeable as 007’s other accessories, the Walther PPK and the Aston Martin. In the early ’60s the Fleming books enjoyed a boost in popularity when President Kennedy sang their praises in *LIFE* magazine. The endorsement was apt, for Bond in the early Connery years comprised equal parts Jack Kennedy’s playboy glamour and Hugh Hefner’s Playboy Philosophy.

In that man’s-man’s world, women were to



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MGM/ENTERTAINMENT PICTURES/ZUMA

be valued as playmates, allies or adversaries, and mostly as ornaments. *Goldfinger*’s Pussy Galore (Honor Blackman) might be a judo expert who could toss Bond like a crepe, but he would pin her with a wolfish double entendre: “We must have a few fast falls together some time.” Or, as he says when his bedtime with another *Goldfinger* lovely, Jill Masterson (Shirley Eaton), is interrupted by an urgent phone call from Leiter, “No, look, I’m sorry. I can’t. Something big’s come up.” Back in 1964, Bond’s allusion to his tumescent member earned a gasp or a giggle. That suited suave 007; recall that most films gave him two “Bond Girls” (the blonde, the brunette) to tangle with. The playboy would enjoy his sport with them and then move on.

His roving eye was in part a function of a spy’s globe-trotting itinerary. Other movie superheroes could form lasting partnerships—Superman/Clark Kent with Lois Lane, Batman/Bruce Wayne with Rachel Dawes—because they lived and worked in one city (Metropolis, Gotham). For all their preternatural skills, they were tethered to their

jobs as, respectively, reporter and philanthropist: essentially working stiffs. Bond was always working, and often stiff, but his jet-set escapades virtually demanded that he get in bed with the enemy. That job requirement would put a crimp in any affair back home with, say, Miss Money Penny.

Yet, even at the start, the Bond Girl was as clever, efficient and often as ruthless in combat as she was exciting in bed—a Jane Bond, if you will. And though the series never merited a citation from *Ms.* magazine, it gradually insinuated a certain sly feminism. Bond was still susceptible to European beauties of no fixed abode or accent,

but he began to rely on their intelligence and independence. They could fight manfully; he could fall in love. He married one of them, Contessa Teresa di Vincenzo (Diana Rigg) in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, which of course meant she had to die violently.

More than a few Bond girls had the IQ and skills set to match his: ace pilot and former CIA operative Pam Bouvier (Carey Lowell) in *Licence to Kill*; rocket scientist, also ex-CIA, Holly Goodhead (Lois Chiles) in *Moonraker*; nuclear physicist Dr. Christmas Jones (Denise Richards) in *The World Is Not Enough*. Some overage boys could drool as Andress emerged from the sea like Aphrodite in a bikini in the 1962 *Dr. No*, or 40 years later when Halle Berry reprised that scene in *Die Another Day*. But others could cheer the high kung-fu kicks of Michelle Yeoh's Wai Lin in *Tomorrow Never Dies*, or lose their hearts to Eva Green's Vesper Lynd in the 2006 reboot of *Casino Royale*.

**D**epending on the actor, portrayals of 007 have alternated between Rough Bond and Smooth Bond. Moore was amiable and reliable. Dalton, a West End stage luminary with heartthrob looks, played Bond with the ironic scowl of a killer who is battle-ready yet war-weary. Dalton did a lot of his own stunts, and he cut a smart figure in a tuxedo—especially the one with the Velcro lapels, in *The Living Daylights*, that could fold over to give him the guise of a priest-assassin. But he seemed to be performing under protest, and after two films he broke out of Bondage and returned to the London stage.

Paging a Smooth Bond: the puckish Irishman Brosnan, who imported his blithe persona from the *Remington Steele* series. Radiating TV-star warmth rather than movie-star heat, Brosnan escorted the series into late middle age, through the 2002 *Die Another Day*. Still immensely popular, the Bond films had become increasingly irrelevant, a chipper anachronism in a decade of tortured heroes from comic books (Nolan's *Batman Begins*)

and spy fiction (Matt Damon's amnesiac secret agent Jason Bourne).

Bond needed a makeover, and got it in the 2006 *Casino Royale*. The movie showed a perfect figure rising from the sea—lubricated and lubricious, like Ursula Andress in *Dr. No*—but this body belonged not to any Bond enchantress but to Daniel Craig, with Sisyphus shoulders and pecs so well defined they could be in Webster's. If Craig spent more time with his shirt off than all previous Bonds combined, it was to make the point that this secret agent was his own sex object.

Figuring that modern audiences preferred murderous fights to martini-sipping, the Broccoli brain trust made Craig's 007 a working-class bloke, as much thug as thinker. Instead of the 007 of the Fleming canon—a tough gentleman spy, schooled at Eton and Cambridge—Craig is nearly a cyber- or cipher-Bond. In lieu of the bons mots assigned to Connery, Moore and Brosnan, Craig communicates in grunts and sullen, conceivably soulful, laser stares. For this 007, spying is no game; it's work, a job that has become a compulsion. Craig's 007 is a brute: Rambo in a tux and, even more so, a Bourne-again Bond.

Rather than losing faith in the traditional Bond by jolting 007 into gritty modernism, the Broccoli team is simply showing the adaptability that has sustained the series for more than a half century. The Craig Bond might in fact be what the Connery Bond would have been if the franchise had started from scratch now. Movie heroes no longer sit in tuxedos and smoke cigarettes at a *chemin-de-fer* table; the fights are longer and more vicious; and every *entendre* is single. The Broccolis

were right to bring 007 into the 21st century, rather than serve as curators of the James Bond Museum. After all, that archive is kept faithfully in the memories of millions of fans—and in the bright and lively pages of this celebratory book.

#### **RICHARD CORLISS**

(1944–2015) was *Time magazine's* film and cultural critic for 35 years. This essay has been updated from 50 Years of James Bond.

#### **MOST COMMON BOND**

Six actors have played 007 in the "official" Bond films.

■ **ROGER MOORE • 7 FILMS**  
Years of release: 1973–1985

■ **SEAN CONNERY • 6**  
1963–1967; 1971

■ **DANIEL CRAIG • 5**  
2006–2020

■ **PIERCE BROSNAN • 4**  
1995–2002

■ **TIMOTHY DALTON • 2**  
1987–1989

■ **GEORGE LAZENBY • 1**  
1969

# THE MYSTERIES OF

# IAN FLEMING

Was the creator of the character  
the man who would be Bond, or was  
Bond the man who would be Fleming?







It has been said: Many millions of men around the world have wanted to be James Bond. Ian Fleming was the first.

That's as it should be, of course; he had ownership rights. Quite literally, Bond was Fleming's baby, born of nothing but his febrile imagination. From the first, Fleming formed his fictional hero in his own self-image, and wasn't shy about this even as he was also happy to cultivate a certain air of mystery. He was one of a few successful British male authors including Graham Greene and John le Carré (the latter of whom will not like being lumped with Fleming and has voiced a strong distaste for Bond) who wrote exclusively or occasionally about espionage; who were happy to acknowledge that their own past histories in wartime intelligence informed their fiction; and who were good-looking guys, not shy in front of a camera. Many of the best portraits of Fleming have the ubiquitous cigarette smoke swirling in a frame around his handsome face, his fixed gaze encouraging the question: Who is this man? Is he James Bond?

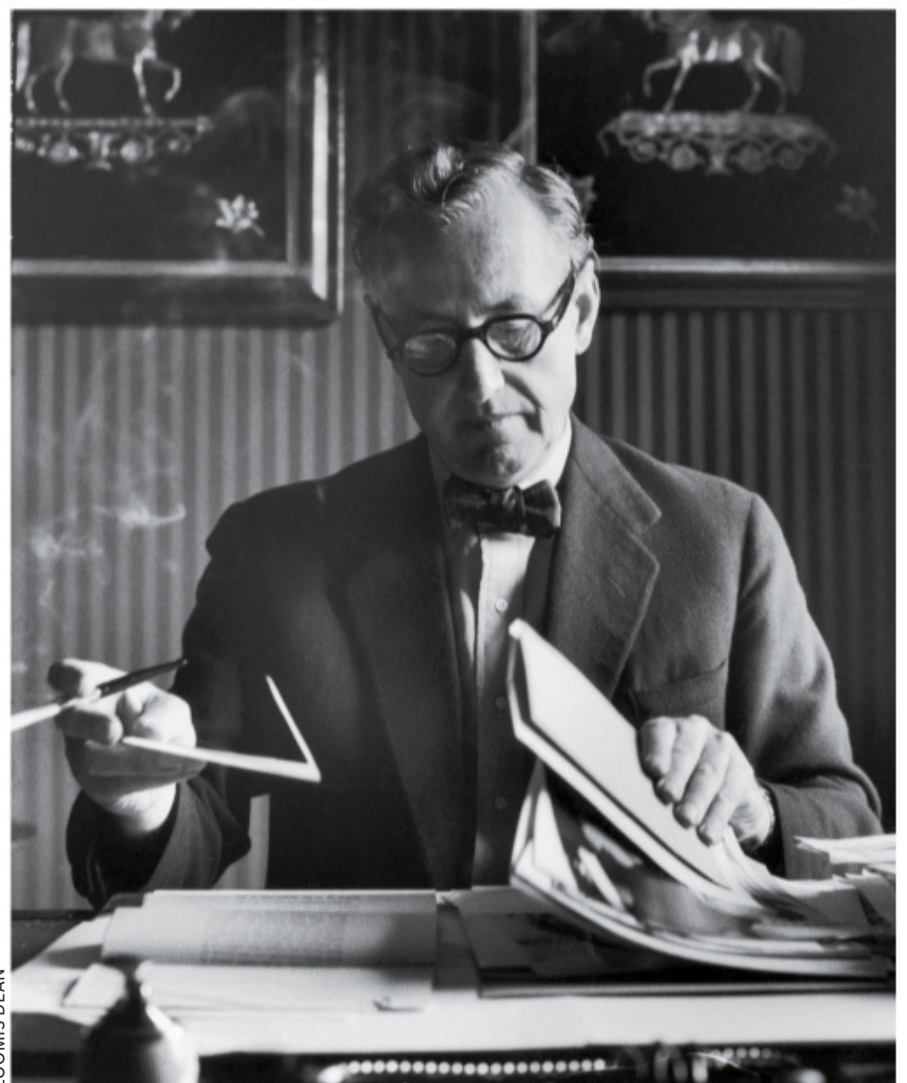
In certain essentials, yes, yes he was.

Both Ian and James were, to return to those photographs, chain smokers—Fleming worse even than Bond, who early in the first novel lights his 17th cigarette of the day (Fleming reportedly enjoyed four times that). Both liked to drink, certainly too heavily. Both were attractive to women, and both were womanizers. If Fleming calmed down (somewhat) after his marriage in 1952 at age 43 to Ann Geraldine Charteris, it can be noted that it was his affair with Ann that led to her divorce from Viscount Rothermere. Bond, too, had occasion to sleep with married women.

This kind of symbiosis goes further back. M (well, Fleming, writing as M) submitted an obituary of Bond to *The Times* of London in *You Only Live Twice*, and many holes were filled in. Bond's birthdate was never given (perhaps in a moment of self-loathing, Fleming once awarded his own birthdate, May 28, 1908, to the arch-criminal Ernst Stavro Blofeld), but it was said that Bond had lied about his age in order to qualify for active service

in World War II; this, coupled with a passing reference to retirement age in *Moonraker*, would peg Bond, born sometime in the late 1920s, to a younger generation. Valentine Fleming, Ian's father, was killed in action during World War I when the boy was 9; Bond's parents both died in a climbing accident when he was young. Bond and Fleming attended Eton and excelled at schoolboy athletics (Fleming, however, was not expelled for a sexual liaison with an Eton maid as Bond was). Bond's height (six feet), hairstyle and eye color are the same as Fleming's.

The most interesting parallels have always been based upon Fleming's World War II career, which drew him and his fictional counterpart into the world of British Military Intelligence. During the war, Fleming rose to the rank of lieutenant commander in the Royal Naval Volunteer



LOOMIS DEAN

On the previous pages and on these two, Fleming adopts suitable poses for a successful writer of espionage thrillers—all photographs taken circa 1960. He is at this point in time known as James Bond's author, and more than two thirds of the oeuvre has been written, but Bond is still several months away from his debut on the big screen.



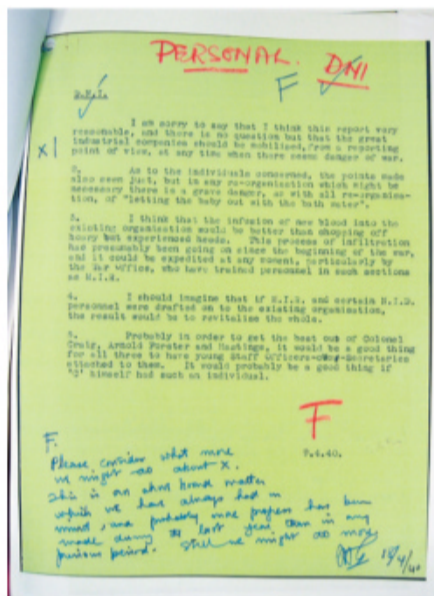
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LOOMIS DEAN



LOOMIS DEAN



THE TIMES/NI SYNDICATION



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**THE LIFE AS LIVED**

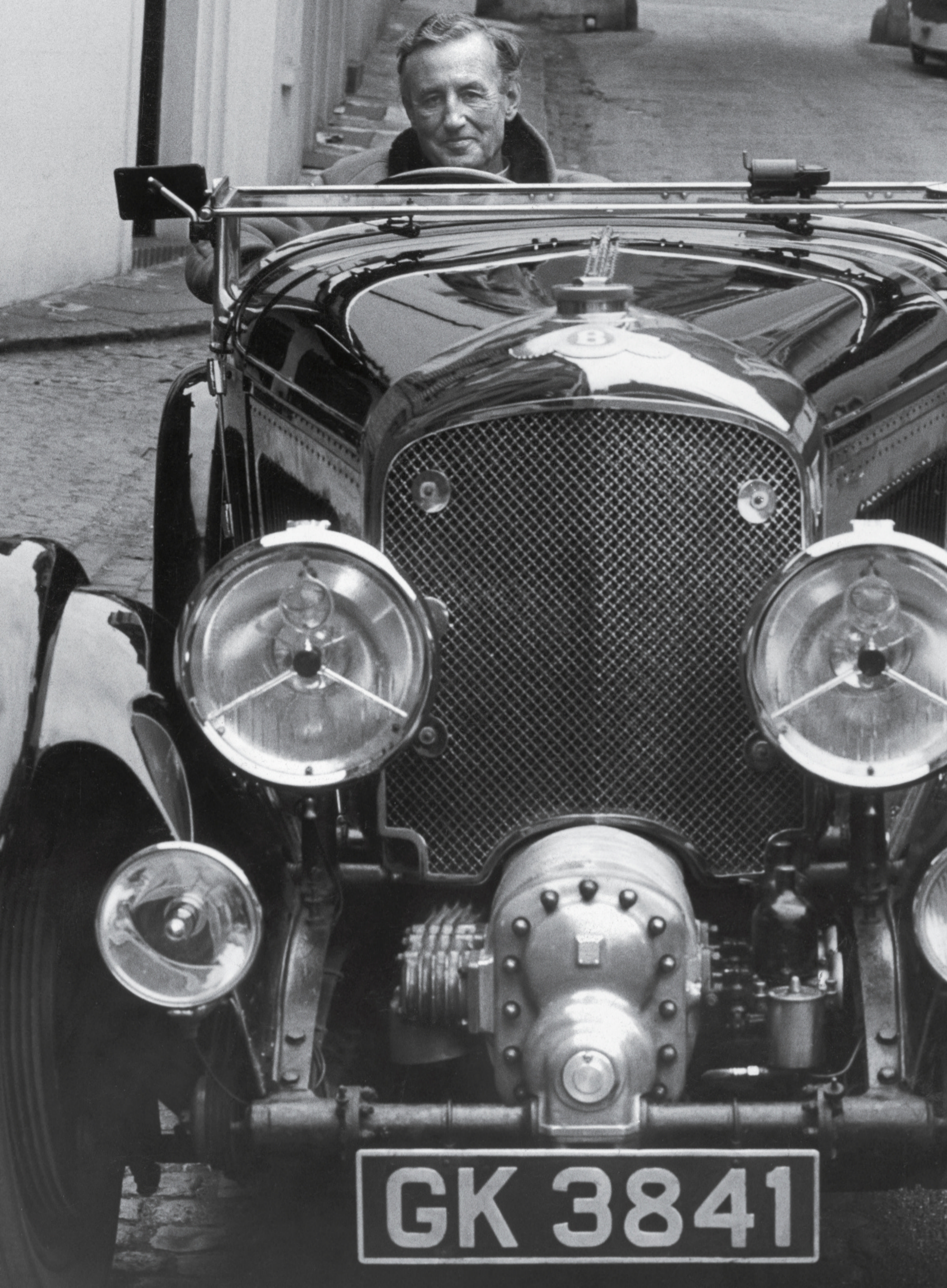
On this page, at left, Fleming is seen with his wife, Ann (top), and son, Caspar (below). Theirs was not a solid family unit; Ann considered her husband's writing "cheap pornography"; he would not attend her dinner parties; neither paid attention to Caspar, who was shuffled off to boarding schools. During his years at Eton, Caspar was discovered with a cache of guns; he dropped out of Oxford and died by his own hand in 1975. Ian Fleming was self-absorbed and career oriented, whether posing for LIFE with handguns (top right) or fancy cars (opposite) to further the Bond legend, contributing information during the war to the director of Naval Intelligence (above, center) or working for the Times. Above, right: An unbylined piece by foreign correspondent Fleming in 1939.

Reserve (as would Bond) and worked directly, and admirably, for the director of Naval Intelligence. His so-called Trout Memo, which urged a fly-fishing deception method, was instrumental in the successful Operation Mincemeat of 1943. "A Suggestion (not a very nice one)," was how Fleming headlined his memorandum. "The following suggestion is used in a book by Basil Thomson: a corpse dressed as an airman, with dispatches in his pockets, could be dropped on the coast, supposedly from a parachute that has failed. I understand there is no difficulty in obtaining corpses at the Naval Hospital, but, of course, it would have to be a fresh one." Fleming was also in charge of Operation

Golden Eye, an intelligence and sabotage initiative in Spain, and of No. 30 Commando unit (also known as Assault Unit 30), an intelligence-gathering military detail. He consulted as well on T-Force, whose operations greatly informed the action in the third Bond novel, 1955's *Moonraker*.

During World War II, Fleming confided that one day he hoped to write a spy novel. He was certainly gathering the goods. "[Bond] was a compound of all the secret agents and commandos I met during the war," he later acknowledged. Foremost, besides himself, were his revered older brother, Peter, who was instrumental in behind-the-lines ops in Norway and Greece (and who would go on to be a

LOOMIS DEAN



GK 3841



noted travel writer, his literary career preceding Ian's); Conrad O'Brien-French, a skiing spy; Patrick Dalzel-Job of No. 30 Commando; and Wilfred "Biffy" Dunderdale of the MI6 office in Paris, a man of great charm given to handmade suits, fine cufflinks and Rolls-Royces.

So Fleming, who took jobs in journalism in the postwar years, had the stuff of James Bond, but not yet the impetus. That arrived early in 1952 when he and Ann, who was pregnant, agreed to marry. To relieve tension, Fleming took to the desk at his Goldeneye estate in Jamaica and wrote *Casino Royale* in little more than two months.

Fleming lived long enough to author 14 books, to enjoy some of Bond's success (but not the über-celebrity that would follow the *Goldfinger* and then *Thunderball* movies) and to shore up the notion that he was Bond. Fleming loved to travel, and all Bond novels except *Moonraker* featured travel; he loved Jamaica, and *Live and Let Die*, *Dr. No* and *The Man with the Golden Gun* have settings there; he loved cars; he loved golf, and his Royal St. George's

Golf Club in Sandwich, Kent, is certainly the model for Royal St. Mark's, where Bond and Goldfinger duel; he loved skiing and the Alps, and these are integral in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*; he loved snorkeling and scuba diving, and there, then, is *Thunderball*; he loved bridge, and Bond bests Sir Hugo Drax in *Moonraker*; he loved scrambled eggs, and Bond, epicure though he is, does too.

There was a history of heart disease in Fleming's family—plus there were all those cigarettes smoked and cocktails imbibed over the years—and he suffered his first major heart attack in 1962 at 53 years of age. He was never the same, and was stricken again at the Royal St. George's Golf Club on August 12, 1964—the 12th birthday of his son, Caspar. (A decade on, tragically, Caspar would take his own life.) Fleming would die at the hospital, but en route he said to the ambulance drivers, "I am sorry to trouble you chaps. I don't know how you get along so fast with the traffic on the roads these days." The eternally composed James Bond might have said the same.



DAVE G. HOUSER/CORBIS NX/GETTY

His Goldeneye retreat in Oracabessa on the north shore of Jamaica meant everything to Fleming, and was where just about all of the Bond prose was fashioned—when the dogs would leave him be. He bought the property atop a cliff and built his three-bedroom house before fame overtook him; he enjoyed entertaining there and hosted many friends from the cultural and political worlds. At one point, he said the estate's name was a tribute to Carson McCullers's novel *Reflections in a Golden Eye*; at another point he said it was a nod to Operation Golden Eye, with which he had been affiliated during the war. The name was never used by him for a Bond novel, but was the title of the first film starring Pierce Brosnan as 007 in 1995. Twelve years after Fleming died, reggae star Bob Marley looked into buying the property, but it was ultimately sold to his friend Chris Blackwell, the music mogul and producer. Fleming used to enjoy Goldeneye's private beach. Today, the adjacent James Bond Beach, where Ursula Andress once filmed scenes for *Dr. No*, is known for its two-story *Moonraker* bar and its annual music concerts and festivals, which have featured such stars as Bob's son Ziggy Marley and Rihanna.

# THE REEL HISTORY

In 1964 the word in New York City's Times Square was: Bond is back! More than half a century later, 007 is as lethal as ever.



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# CASINO ROYALE

As has been mentioned earlier in our book, the first movie adaptation of a Bond novel appeared on television in 1954, when *Casino Royale* was Americanized one year after its publication as a novel in England. As an episode in the CBS anthology series *Climax!*, the film, broadcast live, didn't create much of a stir at the time and was believed lost for years. But since a recording of the original *Casino Royale* was found in 1981, the film has achieved a certain cachet. *Casino Royale* is one of the rare episodes of *Climax!* that currently is available commercially, another being an adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* written by none other than Gore Vidal. You can also find the 1967 comedic version of *Casino Royale* and MGM has updated their Bond 50 box set to include the 23 official 007 films up through *Skyfall*, so there is much for Bond aficionados to explore and enjoy.

## WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?

He was a newly successful writer of thrillers, so of course was thrilled in turn by a quick adaptation of his first book, especially since *Casino Royale* hadn't sold well in the American market. Having his austere Bond turned into a CIA agent called Jimmy probably amused as much as it rankled. No doubt the conflation of certain characters necessitated by the 48-minute running time seemed odd to Fleming.

## CLASS ACTS

For such a run-of-the-mill project (American television in the mid-1950s was becoming adept at churning out product to feed the beast, and in four years there were no fewer than 166 episodes of *Climax!*), *Casino Royale* featured personnel of pedigree. Le Chiffre was played by the legendary Peter Lorre (in the white dinner jacket, at right, during the torture scene—much toned down from the novel—with Barry Nelson as Bond in the tub). The music for the teleplay was composed by Jerry Goldsmith, who went on to score scores of TV shows and films (including five *Star Treks*) and who won an Oscar for *The Omen*. Then of course there was Nelson himself, a fine actor, and also the coscreenwriter Charles Bennett. Bennett not only scripted Alfred Hitchcock classics of the 1930s when he and Hitch were still at home in England but went on to write *Curse of the Demon* (1957), *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* (1961) and *City in the Sea* (1965).





### TOP SECRET

■ The Barry Nelson character is a CIA agent, not MI6, and for his prowess at baccarat, which will thwart Le Chiffre in a climactic scene, is given the code nickname “Card Sense Jimmy Bond.”

■ *Casino Royale* was the third episode in the first season of *Climax!* and was followed by an adaptation of *Sorry, Wrong Number*. Eventually the series strayed from its hard-boiled roots and included versions of American literary classics such as *The Adventures of*

*Huckleberry Finn* and *A Farewell to Arms*, and even baseball movies, including *Fear Strikes Out* and *The Lou Gehrig Story*.

■ It is not true that Peter Lorre, playing the just-killed villain Le Chiffre, arose during a live shot and walked off set. That is a durable myth, albeit with some basis in fact. In the very first episode of *Climax!*, the fabulously named Tristram Coffin, playing a stiff in an adaptation of Raymond Chandler’s *The Long Goodbye*, did rise from the dead a mite too soon, stunning the audience at home.



## TOP SECRET

■ Do you remember Byron Lee and the Dragonaires? The pioneering Jamaican ska band, who backed such stars as Jimmy Cliff on recordings, contributed several songs to the film and appeared in one scene as a hotel house band performing “Jump Up.” The “Bond music” itself was, from the first, composed and orchestrated by Englishman John Barry—with the important caveat that Monty Norman was credited with the famous theme, after there was some discussion about who contributed which notes.

■ It’s fitting that *Dr. No* was the initial foray into feature films: The novel was born, in

1956, as a screenplay—done by Fleming for what would have been a British television series entitled *Commander Jamaica*. When that didn’t pan out, Fleming used his script as the basis for a book, sixth in the Bond series and published on March 31, 1958.

■ There is evidence that the producers wanted to really churn out these Bond films: The initial contract offered to Connery was for six movies in just three years. The actor had previously had a bad experience with 20th Century Fox and demurred, which certainly proved a good thing for moviegoers everywhere. Connery retained the liberty to play other roles, and the Bond frequency was reduced to one per year.

# DR. NO

Obviously, it took a while for James Bond to make it to the big screen, and by the time he did Ian Fleming was a success story, with his yearly thrillers selling impressively on both sides of the pond. Following the American TV production of *Casino Royale* in 1954, there were overtures and even plans for more adaptations, but nothing happened for the longest time. In 1960, Canadian producer Harry Saltzman set his mind on Bond and approached Fleming. To make certain Saltzman would put considerable energy behind any

project, Fleming asked a king's ransom: \$50,000 for a six-month license to get something moving, and an additional \$100,000 when a film was released. Saltzman drew a breath, said yes, and then partnered with coproducer Cubby Broccoli. *Dr. No* was chosen to be the first feature film. The talent search to "Find James Bond" yielded a few finalists, who auditioned for Saltzman, Broccoli and Fleming, and a leader emerged in male model Peter Anthony (a harbinger of actor George Lazenby?), but he was ultimately nixed by Broccoli. The chosen one: Sean Connery.

## WHAT'S UP, DOC?

Joseph Wiseman, seen opposite at left with costars Sean Connery and Ursula Andress and, at right, insulated against his own poisonous malevolence, was not only not Asian, he really had little concept of what was going on. A native of Montreal, he was a veteran of the stage, praised for his turns in *King Lear*, *Uncle Vanya*, Clifford Odets's *Golden Boy* and Jean Anouilh's *The Lark*. "A life being enacted onstage is a thing of utter fascination to me," he once said. "And acting, it may begin out of vanity but you hope that it's taken over by something else. I hope I've climbed over the vanity hurdle." So he wasn't some villainous add-on, he was a thinking person's thespian. In movies, he had played opposite giants: Kirk Douglas in *Detective Story* and Marlon Brando in *Viva Zapata!* To him, *Dr. No*, for which the late Joseph Wiseman will forever be remembered, looked like a paycheck: "I had no idea what I was letting myself in for. I had no idea it would achieve the success it did. I know nothing about mysteries. I don't take to them. As far as I was concerned, I thought it might be just another grade-B Charlie Chan mystery."



UA/MPTVIMAGES



### **BOX OFFICE**

Boffo, considering it was the first. Released on May 8, 1963, it sold 19 million tickets in the States, grossed \$16 million in the U.S. and \$59.5 million worldwide; converted to 2020 dollars, that's more than \$500 million—a solid hit by anyone's standards.



## FUN IN THE SUN

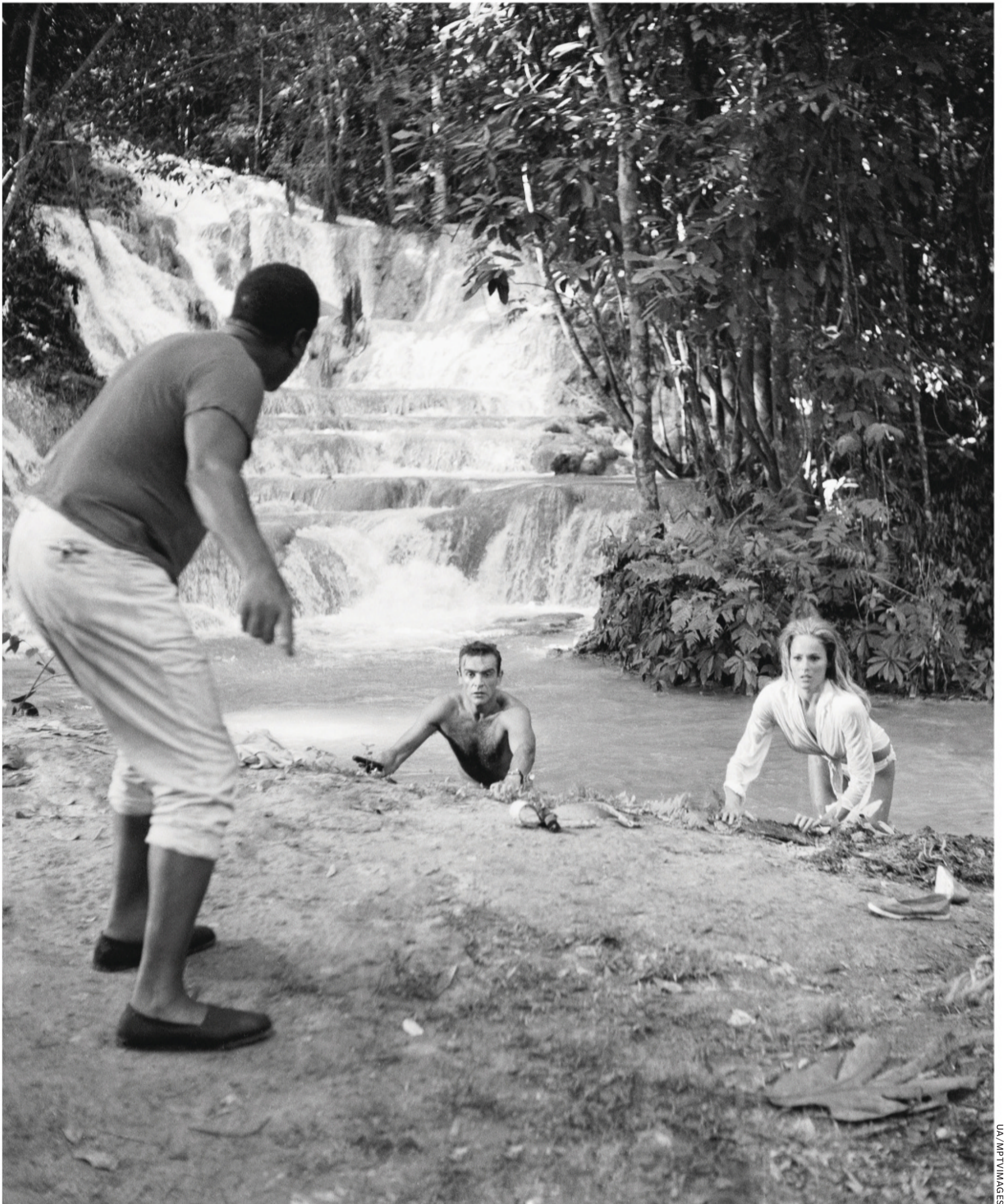
Filmed in part in Ian Fleming's beloved Jamaica, hard by the writer's estate Goldeneye, *Dr. No* was a lighthearted affair for the production crew and cast. The set was absent the kind of pressures that would eventually accrue on Bond productions, when expectations were set so high. This prevalent attitude infected the film, which director Terence Young and Sean Connery saw as much more comedic and less severe than Fleming's gripping novels.



## GIFT FROM THE SEA

So one day producers Broccoli and Saltzman are sifting through a sheaf of publicity shots of beautiful young women whose agents would like to have them be considered for the role of Honey Ryder, who would be—unbeknownst to all at the time—the original (and, many think, the quintessence) of a substantial sorority of Bond Girls. Suddenly, Broccoli pauses on a photo of Ursula Andress walking out of the surf. “Well,” he says, “this is the girl, Harry.” And indeed she was. Andress, seen here larking about with Connery on the set, was a Swiss actress about to make a substantial splash—and then a couple of career mistakes. Her iconic scene where she rises from the Caribbean Sea in a white bikini was an entrance equal to Connery’s “Bond . . . James Bond.” (By the way, Ursula’s swimwear sold at auction in 2001 for nearly \$60,000.) Despite having her role entirely dubbed—she had a Germanic accent—Andress won a Golden Globe as Most Promising Newcomer in 1964, which today seems laughable. She posed nude for *Playboy* magazine the following year, explaining her rationale: “Because I’m beautiful.” Then she said goodbye to Broccoli and Saltzman by agreeing to appear in the Bond parody *Casino Royale* in 1967. She has been heard from since, but not often.

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## WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?

We know he didn't think Connery was right for the role, we know he wanted a more cerebral and brutal Bond and we know he had a nice time visiting the set (opposite). We know he was happy with the initial checks mailed by Saltzman and Co. and then thrilled with the subsequent ones after the movie opened, not to mention the booming sales of his books. Commander Fleming was now on board.





# FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

**T**here was little doubt after *Dr. No* that James Bond would return to theaters, and would again be personified by Sean Connery. Crucially, director Terence Young returned for a second turn as well, and he and Connery refined their winking vision of Ian Fleming's superspy. Add-ons, including cool toys deployed by Bond and his SPECTRE nemeses, were firmly installed as de rigueur parts of the Bond formula as well, and still today Rosa Klebb's blade-hidden-in-the-shoe is revered by Bond fans. (In *From Russia with Love*,

the actor Desmond Llewelyn as Major Boothroyd, Head of Q Section—the British military intelligence gadgetry unit—stamps himself an early Hall of Fame associate along with Bernard Lee as M and Lois Maxwell as Miss Moneypenny; the character Felix Leiter is on hiatus after *Dr. No*, but will return to the series, though Jack Lord, the original Leiter, will be banished after a contract dispute.) *Russia* remains today among the most thrilling Bond entries: a true spy caper. Many consider it the very best Bond film of all.

## BOX OFFICE

Boffo, and certainly reason to forge ahead. A total of 26.8 million tickets sold in the U.S. translated to domestic grosses of \$24.8 million, up more than 50 percent over *Dr. No*. Worldwide grosses of \$78.9 million would equate to \$664 million today, besting four Roger Moore films and all of Timothy Dalton's and Pierce Brosnan's.

## WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?

A point to be made here: During the time that Fleming was alive for the production of four sanctioned Bond movies, including the TV offering, filmmakers were actually adapting the books. They weren't just attaching a Fleming (or Flemingesque) title to an entirely unrelated plotline; they were paying attention to source material. *Russia* was a Fleming movie, and the reviews following its October 1963 release were terrific.



CHRIS WARE/KEYSTONE FEATURES/HULTON/GETTY

UNITED ARTISTS/MOVIEPIX/GETTY



## TOP SECRET

■ Desperate to come up with a successor to Ursula Andress, the producers sent out a press release summoning a “voluptuous, young Greta Garbo.” Name actresses were considered, but ultimately the Italian model and Miss Universe runner-up Daniela Bianchi (seen on these pages) was chosen (reportedly with Sean Connery’s urging).

■ Another note on Bianchi: Part of her screen test was a session on the bed with a Connery stand-in (the photo on the opposite page is from the rehearsal, and that’s the real Bond). After her selection, this horizontal

audition before the director and producers was legendarily the most important test a prospective Bond Girl needed to pass.

■ LIFE magazine was talking with U.S. President John F. Kennedy, and he allowed that *From Russia with Love* was one of his 10 favorite books. This made news, and producers Saltzman and Broccoli, sniffing free publicity, chose *Russia*, Fleming’s fifth novel in the series—published in 1957 and with events set in the summer of ’54—as their *Dr. No* follow-up. On November 20, 1963, JFK screened the film at the White House. This was the last movie he ever saw, as he left for Dallas shortly thereafter.

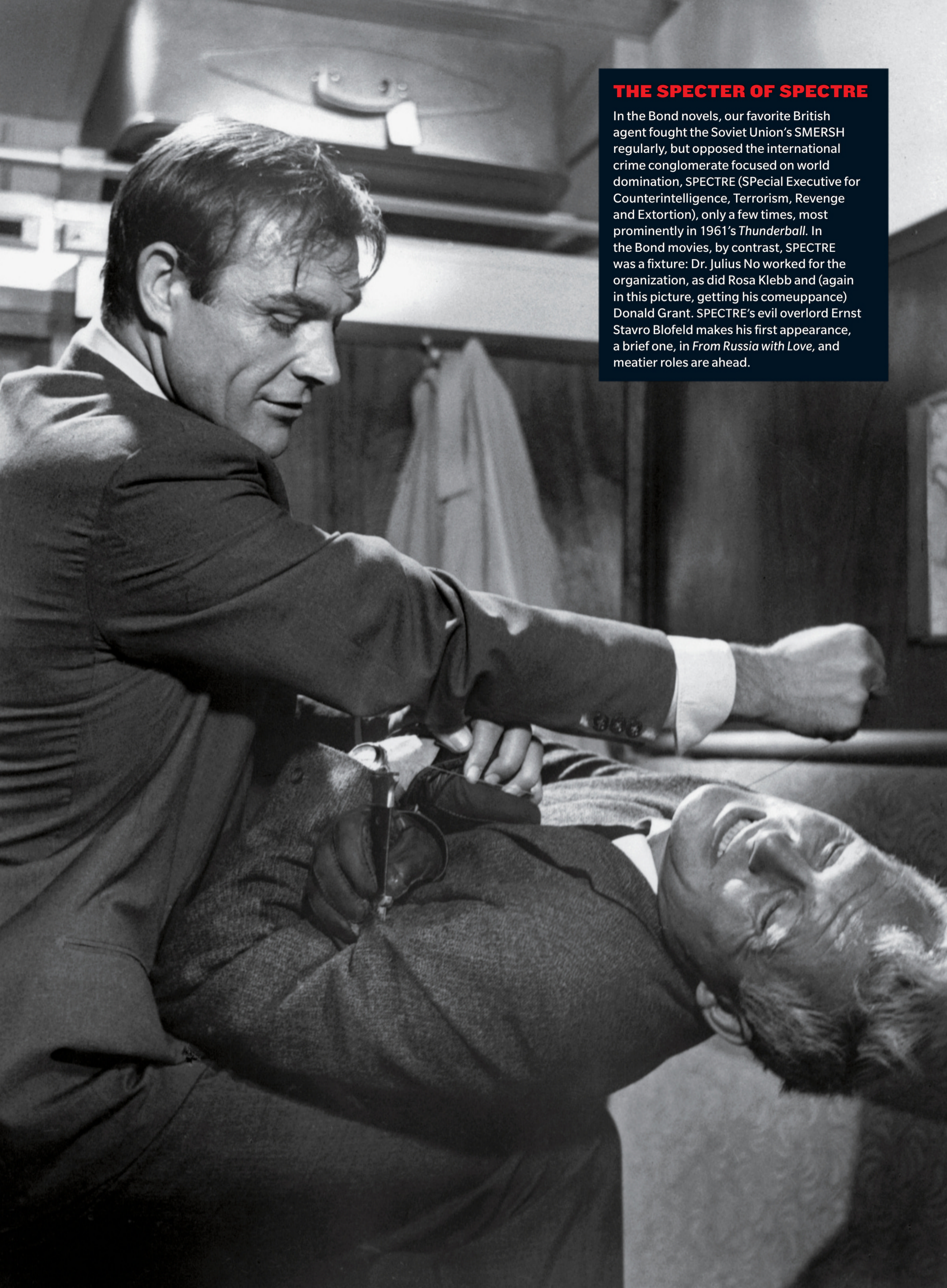


## CLASS ACTS

The James Bond films have in their 50-plus years featured a large number of famous folk (or folk who would go on to greater fame) who have dropped by to portray heroes or villains—people from cultural icons of the moment like Grace Jones (May Day in *A View to a Kill*) to eternal legends like Orson Welles (the villain Le Chiffre in the comedy version of *Casino Royale*). In *From Russia with Love*, a semi-legendary Austrian actress/singer and a British fellow destined for great cinematic things were memorable baddies. Do you recognize the actor behind the grim visage of assassin Donald Grant? It is a young, buff, blond-on-blond Robert Shaw, who would later play Henry VIII in *A Man for All Seasons* and, indelibly, the shark-hunter Quint in *Jaws*. His female accomplice here is none other than the Tony Award-winning (for her husband Kurt Weill's *The Threepenny Opera*), Oscar-nominated (for *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*) Lotte Lenya as the sadistic Rosa Klebb. Lenya—yes, she gets a shout-out in the “Mack the Knife” lyrics as belted by Louis Armstrong and later Bobby Darin—was an enormous theatrical and classical music figure well before she accepted the role in a Bond film, but because of her classic last scene when she is trying to kick Sean Connery with the poisoned toe spike that had been hidden in her shoe (she's eventually shot dead by the Daniela Bianchi character, Tatiana Romanova), Lenya was always remembered by some for one thing only. She said that for the rest of her days the first thing people did after being introduced to her was to look at her shoes.

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## THE SPECTRE OF SPECTRE

In the Bond novels, our favorite British agent fought the Soviet Union's SMERSH regularly, but opposed the international crime conglomerate focused on world domination, SPECTRE (SPecial Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion), only a few times, most prominently in 1961's *Thunderball*. In the Bond movies, by contrast, SPECTRE was a fixture: Dr. Julius No worked for the organization, as did Rosa Klebb and (again in this picture, getting his comeuppance) Donald Grant. SPECTRE's evil overlord Ernst Stavro Blofeld makes his first appearance, a brief one, in *From Russia with Love*, and meatier roles are ahead.

# GOLDFINGER

Everything about it was golden: The song, the soundtrack, the number of tickets sold, the general furor—if furor can have a hue. MI6 and CIA agents and SMERSH veterans couldn't wait to see *Goldfinger*, and neither could anyone else. This was one of those event openings that we have become used to, along the lines of *Star Wars: The Last Jedi* or *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Men Tell No Tales*. A successful series has built a fan base, the producers know they have a terrific movie in the hopper, and suddenly all the world is queuing up. Back in 1964, such excitement over the latest installment in a film franchise was novel, and the rules that have led us to worldwide midnight screenings were just being written. In looking back, we now know that mistakes were nearly made—Harry Saltzman tried to kill the theme song, for goodness' sake!—but in the end, *Goldfinger* got just about everything right. Needless to say, it was richly rewarded for this. It reaped the gold.



DANIAQ/EON/UA/KOBAL/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK (2)



## SCENE STEALER

If Lotte Lenya was forevermore remembered for a custom-made shoe, then Shirley Eaton, who made the cover of LIFE magazine in her golden girl get-up, left a legacy that was all asterisk: She was the British actress who played Jill Masterson, who suffered death by “skin suffocation” (a Fleming invention, scientifically impossible) after being painted head-to-toe by Goldfinger’s henchman,

Oddjob. Eaton, here with Connery and opposite in the midst of her hour-and-a-half-long gilding session with makeup artist Paul Rabiger, was apparently so convincing in her death scene that an urban myth grew that she had actually been killed during filming. In fact, she retired from acting not long after to raise her family. She had a long marriage that ended with her husband’s death.

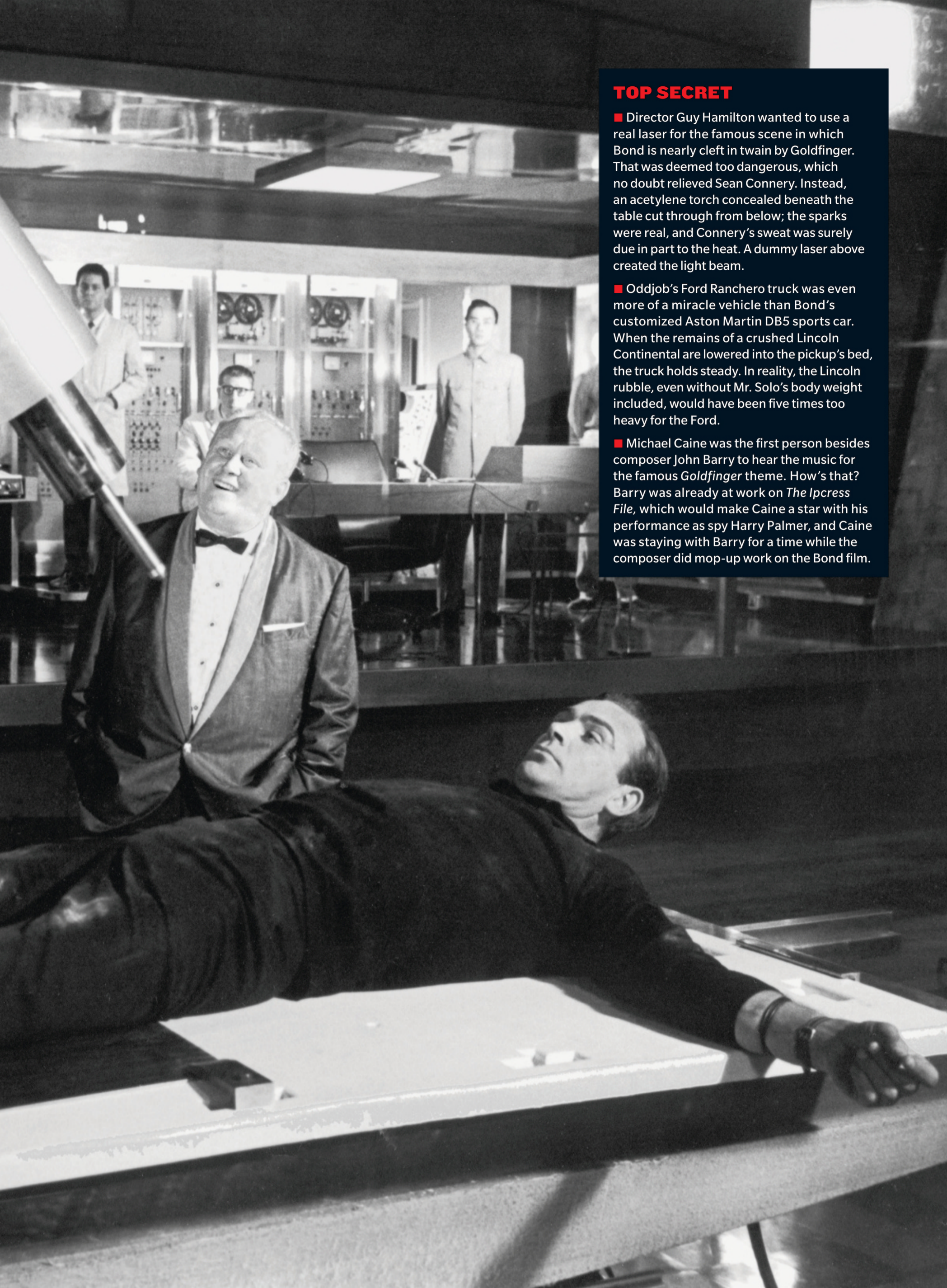


## A BOND-WORTHY VILLAIN

Gert Fröbe, who played Auric Goldfinger as he engineered a caper to knock off Fort Knox and make away with enough bullion to sate even his outsize appetites, was a German actor whose accent was so thick that his dialogue was dubbed (retaining a hint of the Germanic). Fröbe's career is rife with Bond six-degrees-of-separation associations. Among the movies in which he starred was *Three Penny Opera*—the music for which was composed by Kurt Weill, husband of Lotte Lenya (*From Russia with Love*'s Rosa Klebb), and for which Lenya, on a New York City stage, won her Tony Award. Another Fröbe vehicle was the 1968 hit musical *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*, based on Ian Fleming's children's book and produced by Bond series chieftain Cubby Broccoli. Besides Fröbe, *Chitty* featured *Mary Poppins* veteran Dick Van Dyke and composers Richard and Robert Sherman. *Time* magazine said the film's songs had "all the rich melodic variety of an automobile horn," but that nonetheless the family-fare movie was welcome relief in an era rife with the kinds of films the *Goldfinger*-spurred Bond craze encouraged: "At a time when violence and sex are the dual sellers at the box office, *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* looks better than it is simply because it's not not all all bad bad."

UA/MPTVIMAGES





## TOP SECRET

■ Director Guy Hamilton wanted to use a real laser for the famous scene in which Bond is nearly cleft in twain by Goldfinger. That was deemed too dangerous, which no doubt relieved Sean Connery. Instead, an acetylene torch concealed beneath the table cut through from below; the sparks were real, and Connery's sweat was surely due in part to the heat. A dummy laser above created the light beam.

■ Oddjob's Ford Ranchero truck was even more of a miracle vehicle than Bond's customized Aston Martin DB5 sports car. When the remains of a crushed Lincoln Continental are lowered into the pickup's bed, the truck holds steady. In reality, the Lincoln rubble, even without Mr. Solo's body weight included, would have been five times too heavy for the Ford.

■ Michael Caine was the first person besides composer John Barry to hear the music for the famous *Goldfinger* theme. How's that? Barry was already at work on *The Ipcress File*, which would make Caine a star with his performance as spy Harry Palmer, and Caine was staying with Barry for a time while the composer did mop-up work on the Bond film.



## GADGETS AND GIRLS

The early books had been all but devoid of gadgetry, and the coolest stuff was in the hands of the bad guys, and that was the case with the first two feature films as well. *Goldfinger*, and particularly Bond's car, changed all that. The idea of the Bond Girl underwent a sea change too—and a template was drawn that would prove enduring. There could be several girls per movie of different kinds, including women brought over from the dark side. Both Shirley Eaton's Jill Masterson (this page, and opposite, bottom, joking after the big scene, and proving she's

not really dead) and Honor Blackman's Pussy Galore (opposite, top) turned on Goldfinger, thanks to Bond's charms. As to how to get that name—Pussy—by the censors, publicist Tom Carlile had an idea: Before the film opened he sent Blackman to the London premiere of *Move Over, Darling* and made sure she was photographed with Prince Philip. He coaxed his pals at the *Daily Mail* into running a photo with the caption headline "Pussy and the Prince." No public outcry ensued, and the censors allowed the original Ian Fleming name to stand, paving the way for Plenty O'Toole, Holly Goodhead and all the others.





UA/MPTVIMAGES



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### WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?

He visited the set in April 1964 and died in August of that year at age 56. The movie, a global sensation beyond anything he had realized with his books or the first two feature films, was released in the United Kingdom in September and in the U.S. three days before Christmas. Maybe he would have wished he had taken better care of himself, and lived to enjoy the transcendent fame and great fortune. But then, you read the scenes he wrote with horror about aging Florida retirees in *Live and Let Die*, and you think: maybe not.



MIRRORPIX/COURTESY EVERETT

## BOX OFFICE

Beyond *Boffo*. *Goldfinger* was the game-changer, there is no question about that. Using all of the good things director Terence Young had invented on earlier films—from pizzazz to sly humor—*Goldfinger* helmsman Guy Hamilton delivered a masterwork, and audiences, primed by a host of magazine articles, were ready for it. (One example: *Sports Illustrated* sent a reporter along with LIFE photographer Loomis Dean to England to do a piece on the terrifically tense golf match between Goldfinger and Bond, where Connery got pointers from Bernard Lee, above, before the shoot. The best athlete on the course that day was Goldfinger's caddie, Oddjob, played by Harold Sakata, who had been an Olympic silver medalist weightlifter and was even then a well-known pro wrestler.) Soon after, *Goldfinger* mania hit Times Square in New York City (opposite), and the numbers started ticking up rapidly: More than 50 million tickets sold in the U.S., for a gross total of more than \$50 million. The worldwide take of \$125 million converts to over \$1 billion today, which places it as the third biggest Bond film ever.



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### **A BOND-WORTHY VILLAIN**

Emilio Largo was SPECTRE's No. 2 to Ernst Stavro Blofeld, and in *Thunderball* he was the main bad guy as he masterminded a daring bombnapping. The climax of the movie is a spectacular undersea battle/ballet between Largo's forces and our hero's (*Thunderball's* team won the special-effects Oscar). The Sicilian actor Adolfo Celi played Largo, and for a second time in a row the principal villain's voice was dubbed due to a thick European accent. Two years after *Thunderball*, Celi made the egregious error of appearing in the Bond spoof *Operation Kid Brother*, which starred, yes, Sean Connery's kid brother, Neil.

# THUNDERBALL

The 1965 entry in the Bond series had everything to lose: *Goldfinger* had set an impossibly high bar. So Broccoli and Saltzman proceeded with purpose. Question One: Which book? *Thunderball* had been their original choice, over *Dr. No*, to launch the series, but there had been complications. Even before *Thunderball* had become a novel, elements of it had been kicked around in a collaborative screenplay project involving Ian Fleming, Kevin McClory and Jack Whittingham. McClory started claiming that much of *Thunderball*, including the inventions of SPECTRE and the fiendish Blofeld, belonged to him, and Broccoli and Saltzman walked away—at the time. Now they wanted *Thunderball* on the big screen, and made a deal with McClory: He'd be a third producer on the film and in turn would let Eon Productions use SPECTRE and Blofeld now and for a dozen more years. That's why the evil genius and his criminal enterprise disappear from the "official" series after *Diamonds Are Forever*. As for *Thunderball*: With *Goldfinger*'s lead-in, Connery and director Terence Young back, Blofeld on board and a slew of new toys, it couldn't miss. It didn't.



GAMMA-KEystone/GETTY

EVERETT

## BOX OFFICE

Beyond boffo and belief. We'll get to the conversions, but focus on this for a second: *Thunderball* sold 74.8 million tickets in the U.S., nearly half again as many as *Goldfinger* and triple many of the pictures from Roger Moore, Pierce Brosnan and Timothy Dalton. The worldwide gross of \$141 million translates to well over \$1.1 billion in 2019 dollars, putting *Thunderball* up into some rarefied air.

## TOP SECRET

■ The jetpack was one of the ideas in the mid-1960s that everyone was sure represented the future; the *Jetsons* cartoon show was no doubt responsible. All such ideas were used in Bond films eventually, and in *Thunderball*, 007 employs the Bell rocket belt (left), supplied by Q, to escape two gunmen after killing SPECTRE agent No. 6, Colonel Jacques Bouvar. A jetpack was also used in 2002's *Die Another Day*—it's definitely a Bond Hall of Fame gadget—but a nearly two decades later, it has yet to make its mark in our daily life.

■ The great Shirley Bassey, having hit the heights with the *Goldfinger* theme song, recorded the John Barry–Leslie Bricusse song "Mr. Kiss Kiss Bang Bang" as the *Thunderball* theme (Dionne Warwick did a second version). But the producers wanted a song with the title in it, and Tom Jones was available to sing the new tune; he held the last note so long he fainted. The singers, both Welsh, have been dubbed by the queen of England Dame Shirley and Sir Tom.

■ Bond cynicism began to set in. From the *Time* magazine review: "Though *From Russia with Love* remains the liveliest Bond opera to date, *Thunderball* is by all odds the most spectacular. Its script hasn't a morsel of genuine wit, but Bond fans, who are preconditioned to roll in the aisles when their hero merely asks a waiter to bring some beluga caviar and Dom Perignon '55, will probably never notice. They are switched on by a legend that plays straight to the senses, and its colors are primary."

# CASINO ROYALE

There were of course lots of imitations, farces and spoofs made in hopes of cashing in on the Bond craze, especially during the post-*Goldfinger* mania in the 1960s. (Weirdly, the most successful was the *Austin Powers* franchise, launched decades later, when most folks this side of Mike Myers thought sending up James Bond was hopelessly passé.) Singular among the knockoffs and satires was the 1967 version of *Casino Royale* because it was actually based on an Ian Fleming novel (sort of), starred an A-list cast, including the man who might've been the "real" Bond if Fleming had had his way (David Niven), and is still watchable today (kind of), even if best appreciated as an artifact. How had this bizarre undertaking come to pass? Well, *Casino Royale's* rights had come into the possession of producer Charles K. Feldman, and after he was rebuffed on a partnership overture by Broccoli and Saltzman, and by Sean Connery to star, he turned the project into a spoof. One problem: Many of the stars who had signed on hadn't been told.



MARY EVANS/COLUMBIA PICTURES/FAMOUS ARTISTS/RONALD GRANT/EVERETT

COLUMBIA/FAMOUS ARTISTS/KOBAL/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK



## TOP SECRET

■ Ursula Andress, who has the drop on Niven on the page opposite and is rolling in the dough here, plays a spy named Vesper Lynd, and at least there was such a spy in *Casino Royale*. But the book's Lynd turned out to be a double-agent for the Russians and committed suicide after she fell in love with Bond. The Andress version had no such scruples.

■ Deborah Kerr, no less—she of *The King and I* and *An Affair to Remember*—appears

as a SMERSH agent who pretends to be the widow of M, after M is killed and Sir James Bond is pressed to take his place at MI5 (not MI6, in this movie). The elegant agent of course can't keep from falling for Bond, which made Kerr, at 46, the oldest actress at the time to play a Bond Girl.

■ Once the wild and crazy production was underway, cameos were planned for Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren and Barbra Streisand that, for one reason or another, didn't pan out. But George Raft did appear, flipping a coin.







## WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?

Well, he would have been horrified, of course. The plot, such as it was, has five agents take on the name “James Bond” in an effort to mess with SMERSH—five in addition to Niven’s Sir James Bond. This was the first film to depart so egregiously from what had been written. Some future productions would take the titles and ignore the books altogether.

## CLASS ACTS

If the movie was, ummm, stupid—and it surely was—many of its lead actors and other personnel were anything but. One of its five credited directors was John Huston, who back in the early 1960s had wondered about making a Bond movie starring Cary Grant. Woody Allen not only acted as one of the ersatz Bonds, he contributed some (uncredited) writing, as did Huston and Orson Welles, who also costarred. Niven, at left with Angela Scoular and below in the white suit with Joanna Pettet in the foreground, was an Oscar winner. We have mentioned Deborah Kerr, and then there was Peter Sellers and Jacqueline Bisset as Giovanna Goodthighs and William Holden and Burt Bacharach’s music.



EVERETT (2)

# YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

So much seemed to be precisely the same—Sean Connery as Bond, Bernard Lee as M, Desmond Llewelyn as Q, Lois Maxwell as Moneypenny, a high-tech subplot (space capsules highjacked in outer space!), sensational Bond Girls, sinister Asians, John Barry's music, a cool theme song (Nancy Sinatra on vocals). And there were new treats: the pleasure of Donald Pleasence's company as Blofeld, the first time that character was allowed to truly strut his vile stuff onscreen, replete with the scary scar and the equally disquieting Persian cat; a screenplay by none other than Roald Dahl (who meantime was adapting Ian Fleming's *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* as a family film); and finally the first 007 film premiere attended by the queen of England. So *You Only Live Twice* was sent to the theaters with all due fanfare. But there was something the slightest bit wrong. A lassitude, perhaps: a sense of having been there, done that. Or maybe it was finally proving true: James Bond, long suspected of not being quite right for the changing times of the 1960s, wasn't made for 1967. Much of the old gang would reunite a few years later in *Diamonds Are Forever*, but here they looked like they needed a vacation.

## BOX OFFICE

Down but not out. The film sold fewer than half as many tickets at U.S. theaters as did *Thunderball*, but interestingly that lesser figure—36.2 million—nevertheless makes it one of the most-viewed Bond films ever. Its converted worldwide gross of almost \$860 million places it sixth all-time behind *Skyfall*, *Thunderball*, *Goldfinger*, *Live and Let Die* and *Spectre*, but still: At the time, it seemed that the bloom might be coming off the rose.

## WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?

In this instance, what Fleming might think is a hard question to answer. When he wrote *You Only Live Twice*, he was already quite ill. It is uneven, not the best, but it includes that fascinating and premature 1962 London *Times* obituary of Bond, and it is intriguing in other ways. It follows directly on from the murder of James Bond's wife by the arch criminal Blofeld, which occurs at the end of *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. Producing *Twice* first as a movie, before establishing the grief and waywardness in Bond that prompts M to send him on a mission to Japan, probably would not have made sense to Fleming. Oddly, he may have found the relative lack of zip in the cinematic proceedings as a good fit for Bond's personal malaise during *You Only Live Twice*. At the end of the day, personally, he might well have seen the writing on the wall, as this was the first Bond movie to largely ignore most of what he had written in terms of plot and the evolving nature of his main character.





### TOP SECRET

■ British actor Charles Gray, seen here dead on his feet, is ill-fated Bond ally Dikko Henderson in *You Only Live Twice*. In *Diamonds Are Forever*, he will be promoted to the role of awful genius Ernst Stavro Blofeld and will acquit himself ably, even in the considerable wake of Donald Pleasence and Telly Savalas.

■ For some reason, in *You Only Live Twice*, James Bond did not pilot any kind of vehicle—first time ever.

■ The soundtrack, probably linked to the film's subdued performance, didn't sell well, but has since come to be regarded as a John Barry masterwork. Shirley Bassey covered the theme song many years after the film's release.



### **TOP SECRET**

- As if the producers weren't sure about their new course, and their new Bond, clips from the previous five features in the series were included in the movie's introductory montage.
- After several top 40 hits, this theme song was an instrumental. And why? Composer John Barry didn't think "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" could be shoehorned into a lyric. The non-theme song "We Have All the Time in the World" was performed by the immortal Louis Armstrong. These are also the last words Bond says to his dying wife, Tracy, after she is shot by Blofeld.
- If Diana Rigg and George Lazenby had any hope of chemistry, it was dealt a blow when Rigg found Lazenby arrogant on the set. He was "really difficult . . . just difficult offstage," she told the BBC's Mark Lawson years later, adding that Lazenby "was the architect of his own demise as a film star."

# ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE

**D**ecades later, this production still is associated with the talent-search contest staged by Broccoli and Saltzman after Sean Connery retired (for the first time) from the Bond role. Some 400 entrants vied for the part, and the selection of Australian model George Lazenby overshadowed other non-Lazenby aspects of the film. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* was blessed with a great plot, which was sufficiently preserved in its translation from page to screen. The film featured one of the most distinguished actresses ever to accept the appellation Bond Girl in

Diana Rigg (seen and discussed below), and it honored her (in a way) by allowing her to become Mrs. Bond (just before she was murdered). It featured, as well, a second great Blofeld, with Telly Savalas following Donald Pleasence as Bond's arch nemesis. But also, it had a running time of two hours, 20 minutes, which is indicative of several things: Bond, even if it was still getting many things right, was bloating on jokes and gimmickry; Bond was losing sight of what worked best; Bond was, in its first post-Connery outing, more than a little bit lost.

## BOX OFFICE

Floppish. Its worldwide gross, adjusted for inflation, was \$575 million, a drop from all four previous films except the first official Bond, *Dr. No*. On the upside, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* outpaced four of Moore's films.

## CLASS ACT

George Lazenby's film career all but dried up when he chose not to re-up for future installments. Diana Rigg, too, made only the one Bond film, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, but her résumé did nothing but expand. Born in 1938 in Yorkshire, England, Rigg was already a big star in her native land when she accepted the role in *Secret Service*. She had performed many times onstage in the 1960s, starring in everything from Shakespeare on down, and had gained fame as the jumpsuited Mrs. Emma Peel in TV's *The Avengers*. That series was picked up in the States, too, but Rigg has said that a principal aim in becoming a Bond Girl was to raise her profile in America. This she did, and then proceeded upon a career dotted with triumphs in the West End and on Broadway, on the big screen and the small (memorably, opposite Laurence Olivier in *King Lear*, and then in *Rebecca*, for which she won an Emmy). She was made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire in 1994, so the Bond series has two Sirs, in Connery and Moore, and two Dames, in Rigg and Judi Dench, who played M opposite Daniel Craig but was killed off in *Skyfall*.



# DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

This is one of the more fascinating entries in our Reel History. There's little question that, less than a decade old, the franchise was at a crisis point. If Broccoli and Saltzman didn't want to admit it, their distribution partners at United Artists were eager to, and they said, essentially: Pay him. The "him" was of course Sean Connery, who, moving about in the movie world—unsigned—was a solution, a fix-all, an antidote, a stopgap—crassly put, a plug to their leaking ship. He surely couldn't be counted on to represent "the future," if ever a decades-long future was then imagined. But the producers needed at least a bridge to that future, and as the 1970s dawned and George Lazenby bid farewell as 007, there seemed only one answer if the series wanted to stay on course. Rather wonderfully, when Connery returned to the role, the production took on the trappings of a happy reunion, and *Diamonds Are Forever* has a spark that *You Only Live Twice* was sorely lacking. Sean was older, sure, and softer in physique, but Bond's audience was, too. Before this whole thing had to be blown up and rebuilt, one more romp.

## BOX OFFICE

Connery's last (true) hurrah. He would raise his graying head once more in 1983's "unofficial" *Never Say Never Again*, but *Diamonds* returned the great Scot to comfortable confines, and the audience returned too: It sold over 10 million more tickets in the U.S. than did *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* and made a converted worldwide gross of \$737 million—a take that would be bettered by three of Roger Moore's seven films.

## CLASS ACTS

The Connery Bond movies, as opposed to those starring, say, Timothy Dalton or Daniel Craig, have always had a comic-book aspect. In the more somber Bond films, for instance, the goofy Fleming-inspired character names seem a disconnect. Happy to be back together, that old gang of ours—M, Q, Money Penny, *Goldfinger's* director Guy Hamilton—had a gay old time in *Diamonds Are Forever*, and their esprit de corps was shared by newcomers called Tiffany Case, Plenty O'Toole and the memorable (and really gay) Mr. Kidd and Mr. Wint. Bernard Lee, Desmond Llewelyn and Lois Maxwell were certainly happy to have former colleague Connery back at MI6, and Jill St. John (opposite, as Case), Lana Wood (Natalie's kid sister, who played O'Toole) and none other than Jimmy Dean (as a Howard Hughes-type villain named Willard Whyte) chewed all available scenery in their supporting roles. The actors who played Messrs. Kidd and Wint deserve naming, too: Putter Smith and Bruce Glover, forevermore members of the Bond Bad Guys Roll of Dishonor.



DANJIAQ/EON/UA/KOBAL/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK

TERRY O'NEILL/ICONIC IMAGES/GETTY



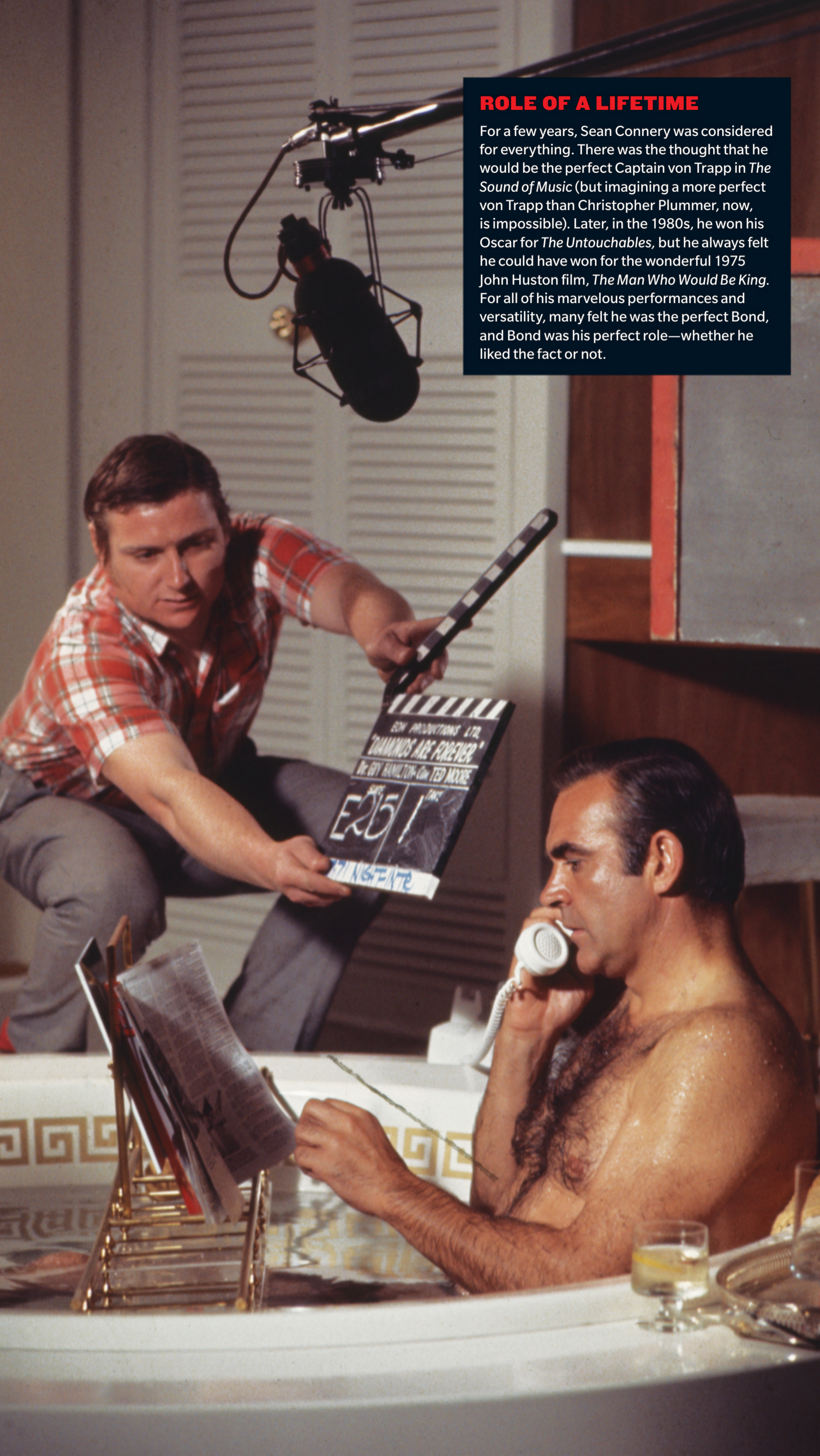
### **WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?**

He might've been amused by all of the outer space stuff, and he might not have been. Remember: This well-received novel, with Bond focused on the diamond-smuggling pipeline from Sierra Leone to Las Vegas, was published in 1956, well before even Sputnik. This was an earthbound narrative. Interestingly, *Diamonds Are Forever's* first adaptation was as a Fleming-sanctioned comic strip that ran in the *Daily Express* (and in syndication) in 1959 and '60.



## ROLE OF A LIFETIME

For a few years, Sean Connery was considered for everything. There was the thought that he would be the perfect Captain von Trapp in *The Sound of Music* (but imagining a more perfect von Trapp than Christopher Plummer, now, is impossible). Later, in the 1980s, he won his Oscar for *The Untouchables*, but he always felt he could have won for the wonderful 1975 John Huston film, *The Man Who Would Be King*. For all of his marvelous performances and versatility, many felt he was the perfect Bond, and Bond was his perfect role—whether he liked the fact or not.





### **WHAT NOW?**

Connery, napping on the set, hardly sleepwalked his way through *Diamonds Are Forever*: He earned his hefty fee, a considerable chunk of which went to charity in Scotland (better there than in Cubby Broccoli's well-stuffed wallet, Connery figured). Yes, he worked for his reward, but now he would leave Bond for a second time. The producers required a solution that might last longer than a single film. Roger Moore, who had been considered earlier, was now free of his TV show *The Saint* and prepared to ride to the rescue.

## TOP SECRET

■ “I was the only Bond Girl who was accidental,” actress Jane Seymour, who played the stunning Solitaire, told *People* magazine in 1983, a decade after making *Live and Let Die*. Seymour, at age 21, had said she was not interested, ready to join a principled club including Raquel Welch, Catherine Deneuve, Faye Dunaway and others who had just said no. But the Bond folks called back, and Seymour realized “I had no money and only one good coat.” She signed, but

later lamented: “I’ve spent my life living down that part.”

■ Paul McCartney, who cowrote the theme song with his wife, Linda, brought Beatles producer George Martin in to compose the film’s score.

■ To show his Bond was different from Connery’s, Moore never wore a hat, drank bourbon instead of martinis, smoked cigars instead of cigarettes and used a Magnum handgun, not a Walther.



## BOX OFFICE

Moore Better. *Live and Let Die*'s worldwide gross of \$161.8 million in 1973 would translate into \$937 million today—an impressive notch above *Diamonds Are Forever* (\$737 million). So everybody was pleased and figured they had found an answer in Moore: a seeming Connery equivalent, as far as ticket-buyers were concerned.

# LIVE AND LET DIE

**T**hough the producers were prepared to move on from the Connery era, they made him a final, astounding offer of \$5.5 million for yet another go. Sean demurred, and later was gallant, calling Moore “an ideal Bond.” In many ways he was: He had personality, charisma, great charm. Bond’s filmmakers, even as they allowed Moore to put his own stamp on the role, tried to cocoon him in ways the audience would find comforting, with Bernard Lee as M, Lois Maxwell as Money Penny, and Guy Hamilton of *Goldfinger* and *Diamonds Are Forever* back at the helm. They began to pump up the thrills—soaring boats and such—and there’s an irony here: Even as they embarked on the gadget-happy Moore era, the character Q went temporarily missing. One story is: The actor Desmond Llewelyn had a prior commitment, and by the time he had freed up enough time for Bond, Q was written out of *Live and Let Die*. A second account has it that Q was cut because the producers thought too much was being made of all the gadgets. Llewelyn was reportedly sad not to be included, but was later elated when fans demanded him back.

EVERETT



DANJAO/EON/JA/KOBAL/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK

## WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?

Roger Moore’s Bond would have driven the author crazy. His obvious affection for dinner jackets and appreciation of the glamorous locales in which he found himself was of a piece with the written Bond. His constant wise-cracking and bad-joke-making would have left Fleming cringing. The performance was predictable: Many traits and tics, including the debonair insouciance and arched eyebrow, were imported wholesale from Moore’s TV role on *The Saint*.

# THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN

This was, in 1974, Guy Hamilton's fourth and final James Bond film, and this is both a good and a bad thing. He did make four, and those, added to Terence Young's three (among the first nine Eon films), got the series off to a rip-roaring start. Also: Based upon the quality of *The Man with the Golden Gun*, it's probably good that there wasn't a fifth Hamilton movie. But it is nevertheless sad that the man who made *Goldfinger* would depart with a considerably lesser offering. Watching *The Man with the Golden Gun* today, an inescapable conclusion is that after *Live and Let Die* launched the Roger Moore era successfully, all concerned felt the prudent thing to do was to paint by numbers: this many bikinis, check; this many outrageous stunts (maybe add one or two), check; this many stupid double entendres, check; drag in a couple of contemporary themes (in this case, the 1970s energy crisis and the martial arts craze), check, check and double-check. Then simply open the ticket booths. Doesn't always work that way.

## BOX OFFICE

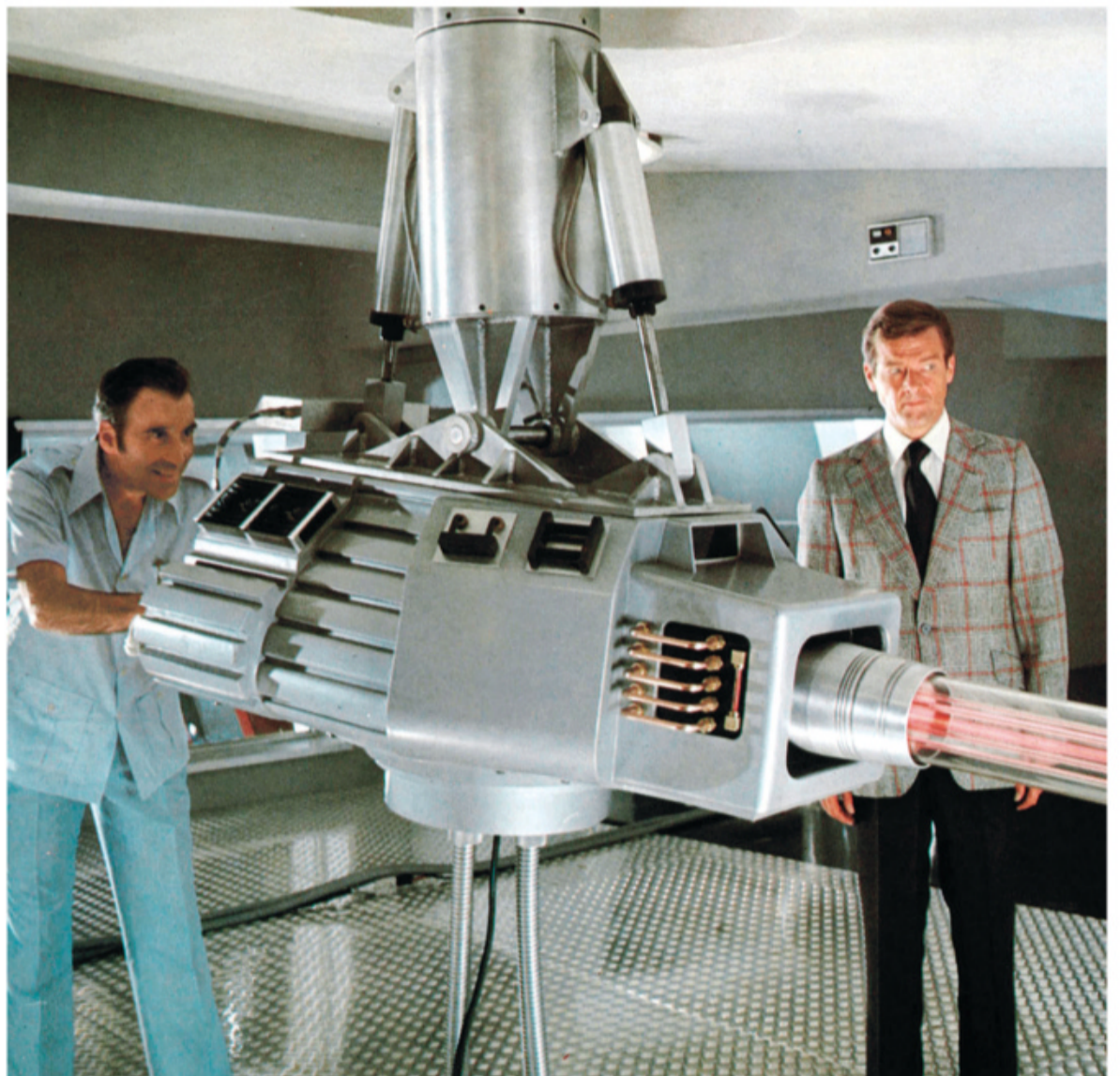
A wake-up call. The people in line (well, the lines weren't very long) let the producers know that they couldn't just plop Bond ingredients into a blender and have a megahit every time out. Ticket sales in the U.S. were barely half of the first Roger Moore film, and the worldwide take was off by a fifth.

## TOP SECRET

■ Alice Cooper, of all people, wrote a theme song for the film, but the producers opted for a John Barry composition with less than intelligent (and downright dirty) lyrics by Don Black. This was recorded by Lulu. Cooper included his own tune on his 1973 Top 10 album, *Muscle of Love*.

■ Another musical note: Bond-veteran Barry wrote the film's score in three weeks and it showed: Not even the composer liked it. "It's the one I hate the most," Barry later said. "It just never happened for me."

■ The Moore-era gimmickry—the dastardly Scaramanga has a flying car in this one, to chase *Live and Let Die*'s flying boat—was being noticed. "Overtricky, uninspired," wrote Jay Cocks in *Time* magazine about how the franchise was going wrong. "These exercises show the strain of stretching fantasy well past wit."





### **BOND-WORTHY VILLAINS**

Much about the movie was forgettable. Certainly Britt Ekland was no all-star Bond Girl, and if her fellow Swedish model Maud Adams made a better impression in a similar role, she would be better still as the title character in 1983's *Octopussy*. But Christopher Lee as Francisco Scaramanga, the man with the golden gun (opposite page, and also here, left, dueling with Moore), and Hervé Villechaize as Nick Nack, Scaramanga's dwarf servant and accomplice (his silhouette here in the foreground), were memorable.

This was a good thing, for the casting of Lee could have been deemed favoritism, despite his strong pedigree in vampire films: He was Ian Fleming's cousin and golfing companion. The story goes that Fleming had nominated Lee as Dr. No, and the second part of the story is that maybe he forgot to tell the producers. Anyway, when Jack Palance passed on Scaramanga, Lee got the gig, and everyone was acquitted. Lee went on to immortalize another evildoer filed in the Movies Bad Guy Section under S: Saruman, in *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy and *Hobbit* films.

## TOP SECRET

■ Roger Moore (below) rather hoped his *Spy Who Loved Me* costar would be Brigitte Bardot, but it wound up being another BB: Barbara Bach, a great beauty whose résumé was heavy with spaghetti westerns. She (seen on the opposite page, left) was a real asset to the film, and it boosted her career. On the set of *Caveman*, she met her costar and future husband, Ringo Starr, and they continue to make sweet music together.

■ The 1977 film is best remembered for two of its players: Bach, and Richard Kiel, the seven-foot-two-and-a-half-inch actor who portrayed the steel-dentured Jaws (opposite, right) to such effect that he was invited back for the Bond follow-up *Moonraker*. It

is perhaps interesting that Kiel—so visually useful, particularly as a henchman—had earlier guested on the Bond-influenced U.S. television series *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, *Honey West* and *I Spy*.

■ The director Lewis Gilbert, who had made *You Only Live Twice*, returned (and he would return again for *Moonraker*). Freed from having to adapt anything, he and his screenwriters made a crackerjack entertainment from whole cloth involving nuclear submarines, the KGB and other elements. The success of *The Spy Who Loved Me* surely emboldened Bond's producers with the idea that they no longer needed Ian Fleming source material. Big-name stars might help.



## BOX OFFICE

Boffo. Quite a comeback after *The Man with the Golden Gun*. Suffice it to say: The adjusted worldwide gross of *The Spy Who Loved Me*, \$787 million, would place it seventh all-time among Bond films, after Craig's *Skyfall* and *Spectre*, Moore's *Live and Let Die* and Sean Connery's middle-'60s big three: *Goldfinger*, *Thunderball* and *You Only Live Twice*.

# THE SPY WHO LOVED ME

**T**he ultimate rarity: a successful movie based upon (no matter how loosely) a novel so bad that even its author sought to disown it.

Ian Fleming in the earliest 1960s got it in his head, perhaps after too many shaken martinis, to write a Bond book from the standpoint of—in fact, in the voice of—a young woman. The novel, 10th in the series, was very short, sexually explicit, barely plotted and a grievous disappointment to the author's fans. Fleming quickly admitted the error of his ways. He moved to have a paperback version in the U.K. blocked, and occasionally said he wasn't jesting in the book's prologue when he wrote that he had found the manuscript and had simply decided to facilitate its publication. When Fleming sold film rights to the bulk of his books to Saltzman and Broccoli, he made sure the action of *The Spy Who Loved Me* was not included, only the title. This was okay with the producers, and when Eon Productions finally made the movie in 1976, they took only the name and two star henchmen, including one who would become immortal as Jaws.

## WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?

In the final years of his life after writing *The Spy Who Loved Me* in 1961, Fleming tried to run away from the book. By the time production began on the movie in 1976, Fleming had been dead for nearly 12 years. If he had known that the filmmakers would take his provocative title, model one of his characters into a memorable screen villain named Jaws, and drape those morsels in a larger, successful entertainment, well, Fleming probably would have said: "Whew!"



BOB PENN/DANJAQ/EON/UJA/KOBAL/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK



UJA/MPTVIMAGES (2)



# MOONRAKER

Certainly no one was getting fired after the success of *The Spy Who Loved Me*. Roger Moore was back, director Lewis Gilbert was back, even *Jaws* was back. It is interesting to note: The events of *Moonraker*, in the Bond world as created by Ian Fleming in his third novel, took place over five days in the early 1950s. They involved Bond trying to stop Sir Hugo Drax from destroying London with a nuclear weapon. But the events of *Moonraker*, as the movie laid them out in 1979, took place only yesterday: There were astronauts; there was the midair theft of a space shuttle; there was Moore happily tumbling around in space with Holly Goodhead (Texas-born actress Lois Chiles, who played an interesting evolution of the Bond Girl—an astronaut and CIA agent; as Chiles put it: “Bond’s concession to women’s lib”). *Moonraker* would prove an almost equivalent hit to *The Spy Who Loved Me*, and rather surprisingly in the late 1970s, the Bond series, with middle-aged Moore steering the spaceship, was on a middle-aged roll.

## BOX OFFICE

Cruise control. Who, exactly, James Bond was appealing to in the disco/club-hopping/bad-hair latter half of the 1970s does not matter. What does: He was catnip to a lot of people. *Moonraker* sold a fifth again as many tickets in the U.S. as had *The Spy Who Loved Me*, and it made nearly as much money as that film worldwide. If *Goldfinger* was a loud grand slam, these two movies were solid back-to-back doubles, equivalent to *From Russia with Love*, *Diamonds Are Forever* or *Live and Let Die*.

## TOP SECRET

■ Who in the world are Leila Shenna and Jean-Pierre Castaldi, besides being the two people in the left half of this photograph? They are the actors who portrayed evildoers who gave our hero trouble on an airplane. Shenna, a Moroccan actress turned Bond Girl, had one line in the film: “Any higher, Mr. Bond, and I’m afraid my ears will pop.” Castaldi, from France, had earlier been in *The French Connection II*. They stand in here for the hundreds of Bond actors and extras who simply passed through.

■ Certainly in the casting of the savvy Chiles as Holly Goodhead, there was a reach back to the Honor Blackman/Pussy Galore-style Bond Girl. “There is an equal type of thing between Bond and myself,” Chiles told *People* magazine. “I’m not a sex kitten.” Maybe not, but that name was without doubt the most provocative since Pussy’s, was it not? “I thought it a kind of compliment,” Chiles said jokingly. “I think my parents thought it meant I was smart.”

■ Cubby Broccoli as the sole producer of the film. He had been impressed by George Lucas’s 1977 *Star Wars* and particularly its box office superpower, so he urged that *Moonraker* become as spacey as possible. The novelization of the far-out screenplay, *James Bond and Moonraker*, became a second literary (ahem) best-seller, after Fleming’s original.



PATRICK MORIN/DANJAQ/EON/UA/KOBAL/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK



## WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?

He probably would applaud. Fleming was always a modernist, forcing Bond to deal with the latest twists in the Cold War or life in the wider world. In his *Moonraker*, the concerns of British society were the V-2 rocket, a reemergence in England of fascism and particularly a romance with communism, not to mention the so-called "threat from within," accentuated by the activities of turncoat spies like his former MI colleagues Kim Philby and Anthony Blunt. If moviemakers two generations on could imagine James Bond fighting it out in zero gravity, so might have Fleming himself.



## **BOX OFFICE**

Money in the bank. *For Your Eyes Only* sold 22.4 million tickets in the U.S. and earned nearly \$200 million (about \$553 million today) in the world market. This was the kind of performance Eon Productions was pleased with. There wasn't going to be another *Thunderball*, but if "routine blockbusters" could be churned out, everyone got a raise, and the franchise rolled on.

# FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

As the 1980s dawned, the filmmakers felt it was time for another tweaking—specifically, that the recent films had gotten a bit too out there and needed to come back to earth. “We had gone as far as we could into space,” said director John Glen. “We needed a change of some sort, back to the grass roots of Bond. We wanted to make the new film more of a thriller than a romp, without losing sight of what made Bond famous—its humor.” To that end, the filmmakers cobbled together a script that underwent regular revisions by committee, from various Ian Fleming writings: two Bond short stories (“For Your Eyes Only” and “Risico”), plus unused bits from novels, including *Goldfinger* and *Live and Let Die*. There’s a hidden missile-command system; episodes in Italy, Greece and England; undersea scenes shot in the Bahamas; a soupçon of cold war tension for old times’ sake. Rather amazingly, it all worked okay as a film, and in 1981 the series celebrated another success. One conspicuous absence: The actor Bernard Lee had died, and rather than immediately replace him as M, a surrogate gave Bond his marching orders.



JOHN BRYSON/SGMA/GETTY

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## TOP SECRET

■ Who was Richard Maibaum? He was a screenwriter and producer (*The Big Clock*, *The Great Gatsby*), born in New York City in 1909. Maibaum came to the *Dr. No* project through his association with Cubby Broccoli in the 1950s, and he went on to script or coscript all but three of the Eon Productions Bond films between 1962 and 1989 (Maibaum died in 1991). Praise him or blame him, the writer had something to do with all those stunts, all those wisecracks, all those seduction lines that never would have worked in real life.

■ Who is Carole Bouquet? She is a French actress of considerable renown in Europe and, along with Diana Rigg, a Bond Girl of accomplishment to equal her beauty. In 1977 she gained note in Luis Buñuel’s *That Obscure Object of Desire*, and on the other side of her Bond experience she won the César Award for best actress for *Too Beautiful for You* (1989). In between, there was the role of Melina Havelock in 1981’s *For Your Eyes Only*. In these two photographs, she is on the set with her costar Roger Moore.

■ Who is John Glen? He is an English film director who in 1981 had been a veteran film editor and second-unit director on three Bond films. He soon assumed the top job, which he would retain for all five “official” Bond films made in the 1980s—setting the record for most Bond films directed. (Legal entanglements after *Licence to Kill* in 1989 would force an unprecedented six-year hiatus in the series.)

## WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?

He might be amazed. The book *For Your Eyes Only* wasn’t really an entity in his eyes: A bunch of half-baked TV scripts that were never produced, that were then turned into stories, that were then collected, that were then dispersed to the movies as bits and pieces of plots and cool titles—“From a View to a Kill,” “For Your Eyes Only,” “Quantum of Solace” and so forth. Elements of the story “The Hildebrand Rarity” were used in *Licence to Kill*, and it can be said that cloned cells from this book contributed as much to latter-day Bond films as those from any other. So: an afterthought by Fleming, with an enduring afterlife.

# OCTOPUSSY

“You don’t expect to see Octopussy walking down the aisle at your local supermarket,” Maud Adams told *People* magazine back in 1983, adding that she “was quite shocked” when told the title of the next Bond opus, for which she was being recruited. The former model overcame her alarm, signed on the dotted line and thus made history: She would be the first two-time Bond Girl (as opposed to two-timing Bond Girl, of which there had been a few). The provocative title of the movie did in fact originate with Ian Fleming: It had been attached to a short story published posthumously. The source material from the page provided backstory for Adams’s title character in the film: empress of a business conglomerate whose name was inspired by Fleming’s own pet mollusk. In the ensuing action she assists Bond as he foils a communist plot to nuke West Germany. “Not going to win me any acting merits,” admitted Adams, who was 37 when the film was released to much critical smirking. By then, the Bond team was thoroughly inured to smirking.

## YEAR OF THE SHOWDOWN

The annual slogan on posters in the early years of the franchise was: “James Bond Is Back.” In the early ’80s the phrase whispered with a hiss in the hallways of Eon Productions was: “Sean Connery is back.” Here’s what had happened: Screenwriter, producer and director Kevin McClory had always retained the rights to his *Thunderball* elements and plotlines even after “coming inside” to make that hugely successful film in 1965. Now he, with Connery starring for an exorbitant fee (\$5 million, plus a percentage), was going to use those elements and plotlines for a film that would certainly compete with whatever offering Cubby Broccoli sent to the theaters in ’83. This created many Fleming-quality subplots, chief among them: Would this



be a Moore-Connery face-off? Roger Moore’s contract had been up after *Moonraker* and he had agreed to stay on for *For Your Eyes Only*. He was disinclined to make a sixth Bond film, and the name Timothy Dalton was floated as a replacement, and James Brolin made three screen tests as Bond. Finally, though, it was decided the movie needed the tried-and-true if it were to face down the formidable Scotsman. Moore was approached again, and he accepted the challenge. The bout was set. When the bell rang, *Octopussy* stepped first into the ring, and as if to give royal sanction to the “official” film, the world premiere at the Odeon Leicester Square in London on June 6, 1983, was attended by none other than Prince Charles and Princess Diana (left). If the Crown seemed to have a rooting interest, down the road, it would elevate both Roger and Sean to “Sir.”

LEFT: HENRY MYERS/SHUTTERSTOCK. RIGHT: © UNITED ARTISTS/COURTESY EVERETT



## BOX OFFICE

Winner by decision. *Octopussy* grossed less than half a billion in adjusted dollars, not as good as *For Your Eyes Only*, but the film easily outpaced the next installment, Sean Connery's *Never Say Never Again* in 1983. The figures seemed to satisfy Cubby Broccoli: *Octopussy* didn't delivered a knockout, but it was a clear decision. A win was a win.

## TOP SECRET

■ Vijay Amritraj, who portrayed the MI6 agent Vijay, was a very fine Indian tennis player. Amritraj had appeared in those screen tests with Brolin and was subsequently cast opposite Moore in the film.

■ British actor Robert Brown had already appeared in a Bond movie, *The Spy Who Loved Me*, as Admiral Hargreaves. After the producers rested the role of M for one movie out of respect for the late Bernard Lee, Brown began a run as the MI6 chief that would

last until 1989. So he is the answer to the question: Who played M in between Bernard Lee and Dame Judi Dench (discounting for a moment Edward Fox, who played the role in the "unofficial" film we discuss on the following page)?

■ It was never made precisely clear whether Brown's character was the same M that had been played by Lee or an entirely new boss. Incidentally: The role of Q, as still portrayed by actor Desmond Llewelyn, was expanded.



## TOP SECRET

■ Kevin McClory has popped up more than once in our book, always as part of the *Thunderball* plotline. Who was he, beyond a collaborator on a script with Ian Fleming that won him a lifetime of legal rights to play around with Bond, Blofeld and company? He was a handsome Irish World War II veteran (when his ship was torpedoed, he spent two weeks in a lifeboat in the North Atlantic) who, postwar, involved himself in the production side of movies and was once romantically involved with Elizabeth Taylor. Before McClory's many legal skirmishes with Ian Fleming, he and the writer were close friends. Even after the profitable satisfaction of making *Thunderball* and then *Never Say Never Again*, McClory kept trying to spin his slice of Bond, but *Warhead 2000 A.D.* never came to pass. He died at age 80 in 2006.

■ The great Max Von Sydow, who made 13 films with Ingmar Bergman during his career, portrayed Blofeld here, and certainly the role of this evil genius is the most richly and variously portrayed in BondWorld—besides, perhaps, that of 007 himself. Oddly, in von Sydow's interpretation, Blofeld kept the white cat, even though this was an affectation created for the earlier Eon films and not by Fleming.

# NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN

There was a long-running legal battle between Ian Fleming and his one-time collaborator and former friend Kevin McClory, over the development of the James Bond character, and the upshot was: McClory retained the rights to have his own vision of Bond come to the screen in the future. He exercised that right with *Never Say Never Again*—a reference to Sean Connery’s emphatic vow after *Diamonds Are Forever* that he would “never again” play Bond. But money talks, and so the most famous of all 007s returned to battle against Blofeld. Even the toupee was streaked in gray this time out, and Connery, as ever, had good sport with his character’s conceits and foibles. The movie was fine—it was better received, critically, than *Octopussy*—and Connery’s fans were glad to see him again. But they were also willing to bid him, 52 when he shot the film, a final adieu. As Roger Moore, too, was learning at age 56: The world had little need for an old James Bond.

## BOX OFFICE

Runner-up. As mentioned in our assessment of *Octopussy*, *Never Say Never Again* was slightly less profitable. But a few points to note: Both movies made plenty of money; together they made about a billion in adjusted (2020) dollars. And interestingly, while *Octopussy* earned more worldwide, *Never Say Never Again* had only a marginally lower take in the U.S., where, perhaps, the idea that Connery was Bond remained stronger.

## THE SHOWDOWN, PART II

This of course would not be just about Connery versus Moore, it would be about competing M’s and Q’s, which plot was better and, not least, a battle of the Bond Girls. The *Octopussy* production tried to proceed carefully, just as it had in entreating Moore to return. Sybil Danning was considered as the title character, as was Barbara Carrera, who actually claimed to have turned down the part to become what would turn out to be the competing *Never Say Never Again*’s Bond Girl No. 2. Finally Cubby Broccoli decided Maud Adams would return to the Eon series, hair darkened so she wouldn’t look precisely like the other Bond Girl she had recently played. Over in *Never* land, Sean Connery’s wife, Micheline, became acquainted with the 29-year-old American actress Kim Basinger (opposite) and suggested she might be right as Domino. Connery concurred, and the producers were quickly concurring with just about everything he was concurring with. Basinger, like Adams a former model, went on to portray a second memorable “girl” role as *Batman*’s Vicki Vale, then to a distinguished career that included a Best Actress Oscar for *L.A. Confidential*. A footnote: Also in *Never Say Never Again*, in a small role, was the British comedian Rowan Atkinson, who would later skewer Bond deftly in *Johnny English*.



EVERETT





## **BOND-WORTHY VILLAINS**

The singular recording artist and club queen Grace Jones, seen here, made for the best pictures, but, as May Day, girlfriend and henchwoman of the evil Max Zorin, she was only the second most impressive Bond nemesis in *A View to a Kill*. Zorin was played by Christopher Walken, and his over-the-top

malevolence was, many thought, the best thing in the film. (Roger Moore didn't agree, as is explained on the opposite page.) Also on board against Bond (for the first time) was real-world Jones boyfriend Dolph Lundgren as a KGB bodyguard. He had been visiting Jones on the set one day, and director John Glen gave him a job.

## A VIEW TO A KILL

**S**uddenly, there was something about Roger Moore's looks. Sean Connery saw it: "Bond should be played by an actor 35, 33 years old. I'm too old. Roger's too old, too!" In 2007, long after the film had had its run and Moore had retired from the role, Moore good-naturedly avowed, "I was only about 400 years too old for the part [in *A View to a Kill*]." But that wasn't the only reason he was walking out of MI6 headquarters for the last time: "I was horrified on the last Bond I did. Whole slews of sequences where Christopher Walken was machine-gunning hundreds of people. I said, 'That wasn't Bond, those aren't Bond films.' It stopped being what they were all about. You didn't dwell on the blood and the brains spewing all over the place." But it was now 1985, and the films, which had always piled on the jokes and gadgets, were piling on in other ways. If they had left Connery and Moore behind—finally, after 23 years of movies—well, then they had left Sean and Roger behind.

### BOX OFFICE

Holding Pattern. The film, generally derided by the critics, performed ably with the public: just over 14 million tickets sold in the U.S., another worldwide take of more than \$150 million (just over \$365 million when adjusted for inflation)—reflective of the steady-as-she-goes success of the franchise for most of the 1980s. Now we would see if that could be maintained in the post-Moore era.

### TOP SECRET

- The casting of Grace Jones would have pleased Ian Fleming: She hailed from his beloved Jamaica. She started her career as a model and, taken under the wing of Andy Warhol, she became a fixture at New York City's Studio 54 during the disco era. She had a bunch of dance-club hits—representative: "Pull Up to the Bumper"—then started her acting career, playing to type since, really, looking as she did, she had no option.
- The movie starred one hitmaker in Jones, and almost starred two: David Bowie was sought for the role of Zorin, and Sting was discussed, before Christopher Walken took the part and made it his.
- This was the 14th and last Bond film to feature Lois Maxwell as Miss Money Penny. Along the way she had also appeared in the TV series *The Saint* and *Danger Man* (in the U.S., called *Secret Agent*) and in the Bond spoof *OK Connery* (in the U.S., *Operation Kid Brother*).

# THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS

Everyone knew Roger Moore was done, and for a short time everyone seemed to know Pierce Brosnan would replace him. *People* magazine said as much. But then—thanks to all the publicity “the next Bond” was getting—Brosnan’s TV series, *Remington Steele*, was renewed for another season; Brosnan was contractually committed to continue; and Cubby Broccoli said, “Remington Steele will not be James Bond.” Brosnan lamented: “Certain things in life are meant to happen—this obviously wasn’t one of them.” The tall, handsome, classically trained Welshman Timothy Dalton, who had felt he was too young to play Bond when considered for *On Her Majesty’s Secret Service*, was signed in his stead. When *People* asked for an interview in 1987, Dalton’s reps demanded a four-page cover story “like you gave Pierce Brosnan.” *People*’s editors declined. Perhaps they knew something. Dalton’s tenure as Bond would be short-lived—two movies that, while appreciated by certain critics (*The Washington Post* felt *The Living Daylights* was the best Bond ever), quickly seemed to fall flat with the public. The public, Cubby Broccoli always knew, was paying the bills.

## WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?

He would be thrilled. After years of seeing filmmakers ignore his written word in devising their plots, he would be pleased that the beginning of *The Living Daylights* follows the plot of his short story of the same name, in which Bond seeks to protect a Soviet defector. Moreover, he would be happy with the tack toward the more serious, grittier Bond of the page. Lastly, considering all from the vantage of today, he would note that *The Living Daylights* was the last film until the Daniel Craig era began in 2006 to even bother using one of his story or novel titles as the name of the movie.

## TOP SECRET

■ Desmond Llewelyn, seen at right, was the last of MI6’s Big Three, along with Bernard Lee as M and Lois Maxwell as Money Penny, to still be persevering with the franchise. A Welshman like Timothy Dalton (opposite), Llewelyn had been a second lieutenant in the British army when captured by the Germans during World War II; he spent five years as a prisoner of war. Terence Young had worked with him in the 1950s, and brought him aboard the Bond series in 1963. Llewelyn would make 17 Bond films before being killed in a car accident at age 85 in 1999. Interestingly, the man who will always be, for many of us, Q, was not tech savvy—nor was his successor, the Monty Python alum John Cleese.

■ In between his two Bond films, Dalton returned to the London stage and starred with Vanessa Redgrave in Eugene O’Neill’s *A Touch of the Poet*, for which he (and she) received strong reviews. The two were a couple from 1980 to 1994.

■ Dalton returned Bond to the cigarette habit, but his would be the last smoking 007. As for martinis, Dalton said later, “I don’t think I’ve drunk one since I’ve left the Bond movies.”



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### **BOX OFFICE**

Wait and see. *The Living Daylights* performed admirably if not spectacularly. It was up in worldwide gross over Moore's swan song, and it sold only about a million fewer tickets in the U.S. The critics were happy, Cubby Broccoli was happy enough. Timothy Dalton would be back.



## TOP SECRET

■ Carey Lowell, seen here with Dalton and opposite with him and Llewelyn, was the latest of the new generation of intelligent, formidable (but still lovely) Bond Girls. The actress is also known for taking her turn as an intelligent, formidable and lovely assistant district attorney in TV's *Law & Order*.

■ The working title of the screenplay, a script that would have precious little to do with Ian Fleming source material, was *Licence Revoked*, because a major plot

development was to be the suspension of Bond's famous 00 license to kill. Perhaps sensing, correctly, that this wasn't what fans needed to hear, the film's title was altered, but the plot twist was retained.

■ Budgetary and tax reasons mandated that *Licence to Kill* was the first Bond film not filmed at the famous Pinewood Studios outside London, which had been up and running since the 1930s and, in film circles, synonymous with the Bond franchise since the '60s.

# LICENCE TO KILL

In 1989 the critics, as if finally hearing the murmurs of many longtime Bond fans—murmurs that had begun the very day *The Living Daylights* had opened two years earlier—started to question the rightness of Timothy Dalton in the role. Some twigged to the fact that, as Richard Corliss put it in his essay earlier in our book, the theater guy “seemed to be performing under protest.” Gritty and authentic are good; dour is not. There were lively enough costars working the bad-guy side of the aisle in *Licence to Kill*—a young Benicio Del Toro! a not-young Wayne Newton!—but they weren’t able to sufficiently enliven the proceedings. The release and reception of *Licence to Kill* brought the movie franchise to one of those occasional moments of truth: Was Bond, at long last, toast? In a blessing of sorts, legal squabbles forced the moviemakers to take time off, and it would be more than six years before 007 reappeared on the big screen. By the time he did, he had a new face. And a new energy.



KEITH HAMSHIRE/MGM/MPTVIMAGES

## BOX OFFICE

Blah. The producers pointed out that the film was profitable, and that it had faced stiff competition in the 1989 marketplace from *Batman*, *Lethal Weapon 2* and *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* (costarring Sean Connery—curse him!). But the movie was off about \$100 million (adjusted) worldwide from *The Living Daylights*, and it sold fewer than 10 million tickets in the U.S.—the first time any Bond picture had done that. American audiences, in particular, hadn’t warmed to Timothy Dalton.

# GOLDENEYE

Critics and fans alike were prepared to pronounce it D.O.A. The Bond series had been gone so long that many thought it was gone for good. The start of *GoldenEye*, even after the legal hurdles were cleared, was so often delayed that Timothy Dalton simply informed producers he was quitting. When Pierce Brosnan finally agreed to take over as the new 007, there was little of the buzz that had attended his near-signing nine years earlier. Barbara Broccoli, not her legendary father, was now in charge. The Berlin Wall had fallen, leaving Bond without one of his *raison d'être*. There was so much going against this film... but then: There were so many smart decisions—or at least half-decisions—made. The real-world MI6 in London had named a woman chief, and so the film brought on the great Judi Dench as M. Bono and the Edge were brought in to write the theme song. Sean Bean (below, with Brosnan, as an MI6 colleague who would soon go bad) proved an intriguing villain. James Bond truly was back, for the first time in a long while.



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## TOP SECRET

■ Famke Janssen, a Dutch A-list fashion model, cut a ferocious figure as the villain Xenia Onatopp, seen here in close contact with Brosnan's Bond. She, in different ways than Judi Dench, was not destined to be remembered exclusively (or even best) for her Bond affiliation. As Jean Grey/Phoenix in the *X-Men* movies, she is a living legend among teenage boys.

■ Judi Dench, it is now clear, is the one person who could have been cast as precisely the right M for both the Brosnan years and the Craig era. Supremely talented, she can play wry, smart, tough, funny—whatever is asked. She quickly sized up agent 007, as personified by Brosnan, as a “sexist, misogynist dinosaur,” and the audience smiled. Finally: a gag worth smiling at! Apart from her work in the Bond franchise, which continued through *Skyfall*, Dench has won an Oscar for Best Supporting Actress, a Tony for Best Actress and been named Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

■ Sean Bean is a third member of the supporting cast of *GoldenEye* who has bucked the trend of being defined by his Bondness. He was, indeed, memorable as Alec Trevelyan—MI6 agent 006 left for dead, who really wasn't, and who rose to oppose 007 with an international crime organization. But no one would claim this British actor is better remembered as Trevelyan than he is as Boromir in the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy, which in the years subsequent to *GoldenEye* made James Bond look like a nice, successful enough little film series.

## WHAT WOULD FLEMING THINK?

He might have been flattered. This was the first Bond film with zero story or title elements from the author. “*GoldenEye*” was merely a tribute nod to Fleming's Jamaican estate and maybe to that World War II mission he had been involved in. But Fleming was a vain man, and perhaps that alone would have assuaged him.



### **BOX OFFICE**

Boffo. Were Brosnan playing Superman, he could not have swooped more dramatically to the rescue. *GoldenEye* sold three times as many tickets in the U.S. as had *Licence to Kill*—24.5 million—and earned nearly twice as much money worldwide. Overnight, Bond—freshly dead and buried—was whistling past the graveyard, ready for Brosnan's aptly named second turn in the role, *Tomorrow Never Dies*.



# TOMORROW NEVER DIES

**M**any things had come full circle since the Bond series' heyday in the 1960s. Consider, for just a moment, how different Bond and the Beatles seemed back then, a point made earlier in our book. And now here we are with the title of a Bond film being inspired by a Beatles song ("Tomorrow Never Knows," from the *Revolver* album). With no Fleming novels left to adapt, and not even worried about using Fleming titles anymore, the writers were playing with the Lennon-McCartney phrase and when the folks at MGM saw the variation "Tomorrow Never Dies," they said: That's it. So there it is, a Bond-Beatles rapprochement after all these years. Other things were different too. Cubby Broccoli had died before this 1997 release was made, and so Bond would have to soldier on without even his blessing. Perhaps ominously, this became the first Brosnan Bond to not open at No. 1 in the U.S., debuting as it did on the same day as *Titanic*. But for all the change, everything came out well enough—and it was clear that, for Bond, the final end was not yet in sight.

## BOX OFFICE

Just fine. The Brosnan years were remarkably consistent in terms of both artistic achievement and performance at the ticket booth: In neither realm was there anything earth-shaking, but there were no disappointments. *Tomorrow Never Dies* did a little better in America than *GoldenEye* had, and a touch worse worldwide. But still, an adjusted gross of \$544 million indicated great strength for the franchise.

## TOP SECRET

■ The principal villain in the movie, played with pizzazz by Jonathan Pryce, is Elliot Carver, a media mogul bent on world domination—he's hoping to start a global war to make it easier to obtain exclusive broadcasting rights in Asia—and if that sounds like Rupert Murdoch, it shouldn't. The character was said to be modeled on Murdoch's late, great rival, Robert Maxwell.

■ Also on the villain front, it is quite possible that the actor Götz Otto, Pryce's henchman and chief agent of torture (he prefers the Chakra method), delivered the shortest audition in the long history of Bond films. Given 20 seconds to convince the filmmakers he should be cast, he took five: "I am big, I am bad and I am German."

■ Lastly on the villain front: Actress Sela Ward, then pushing 40, auditioned to play Pryce's wife, but in the brutal way of the Bond world—and Hollywood in general—was reportedly told she was fine but needed to be 10 years younger. She couldn't pull that off, and 32-year-old Teri Hatcher got the role. Ward's small consolation: Hatcher said later, "It's such an artificial kind of character to be playing that you don't get any special satisfaction from it."

KEITH HAMSHERE/UA/MPTVIMAGES



### **CLASS ACT**

Michelle Yeoh, the talented Malaysian actress, was cast as Colonel Wai Lin, a Chinese spy whose martial arts expertise makes the term *Bond Girl* seem foolish; Brosnan himself said it was better to think of her as a "female James Bond." Yeoh did most of her own stunts in the film, and she would gain worldwide renown for her prowess later in the 2000 film *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. She would later still be deported from Burma after portraying the prodemocracy leader Aung San Suu Kyi in *The Lady*.



## TOP SECRET

■ Michael Apted is among the most interesting choices as director in the history of Bond. A noted documentarian (the *Up* series) and a bit of a legend in England, with a strong reputation for working with women (Sissy Spacek won the Oscar for *Coal Miner's Daughter* and Sigourney Weaver and Jodie Foster have been nominated for their work in Apted films), Apted stands out as particularly artsy in the roster of Bond helmsmen. But when all was said and done, he made a Bond film.

■ Peter Jackson, a big Bond fan since his boyhood in New Zealand, had been

considered as director. Barbara Broccoli had been impressed by his feature *Heavenly Creatures* starring the rookie Kate Winslet. In the end, Apted was signed—and after Jackson made his *Lord of the Rings* trilogy he said he doubted he would get another shot at Bond anytime soon, since the series rarely employed celebrity directors.

■ Joe Dante, the American director of *Gremlins*, was another interesting candidate for this project, and a further indication that the series' new bosses were willing to think outside the box—an attitude that would be reflected in the choice of Sam Mendes for 2012's *Skyfall*.

# THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH

**T**he plot, assembled by three credited screenwriters, involved the assassination of a British oil billionaire by a former KGB agent-turned-terrorist and Bond's effort to protect the billionaire's daughter, Elektra King (played by Sophie Marceau, opposite), who had earlier been kidnapped but escaped, and the subsequent discovery by Bond that there existed a plan to inflate petroleum prices with a nuclear meltdown off Istanbul, and Elektra was probably involved, and . . . The plot, as we were beginning to say, was so convoluted that Pierce Brosnan himself admitted to being confused. But such trivial problems never kept a Bond film from being made in the past, and they wouldn't now. Maybe all would become clear in the record-breaking roughly 14-minute prelude sequence that fronted the film before credits rolled. Then again, maybe not. It hardly mattered. By now, Bond and Brosnan fans knew what to expect, and that was the familiar formula, slickly delivered: cool vehicles, egregious jokes, psychotic bad guys. It really was time, however, with the millennium drawing to a close, to wonder anew how much longer the producers could get away with this.

## CLASS ACTS

Was Q quitting? It seemed he might be when the MI6 quartermaster, played for the 17th time by Desmond Llewelyn, introduced Bond to a somewhat younger man he was training, played by John Cleese. "If you're Q," asked Bond, "does that make him R?" The question is never answered, but Llewelyn was killed in the aforementioned automobile accident shortly after wrapping the film, and Cleese played the Q—or R—role in the final Brosnan film.

## BOX OFFICE

Brosnanesque. *The World Is Not Enough's* performance was the mirror image of that of *Tomorrow Never Dies*: maybe a touch worse in the U.S. market, a touch better overall with an adjusted worldwide gross of over half a billion dollars. Such boring, predictable accounting does nothing but make moviemakers smile.

MARY EVANS/EON/RONALD GRANT/EVERETT



DAN/AG/EON/UA/KOBAL/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK

## BOX OFFICE

Boffo. Ironies abound in this being Pierce Brosnan's last Bond film. It was his biggest hit of the four and with an adjusted \$617 million at the worldwide box office, registered solidly in the middle of the earning scale—even above such crowd pleasers as *The Man with the Golden Gun* and *For Your Eyes Only*. There certainly were discussions about bringing Brosnan back, and he was keen, but finally the producers had the nerve to seek a thorough reboot of the series, and thus ended all plotlines already established in the franchise.



# DIE ANOTHER DAY

In a way, the viewing audience had said goodbye a decade before to a Bond it had long known and loved. Yes, yes: the franchise has lived on for more than half a century, but the Sean Connery–Terence Young template of a suave, devilish, wisecracking superspy was used for the last time in 2002’s *Die Another Day*. George Lazenby, Roger Moore, Timothy Dalton and Pierce Brosnan each put his individual spin on the character, but for 40 years there were rules that couldn’t be broken. Now (some would add, finally) the producers themselves felt a new direction was necessary. They certainly must have been influenced by *The Bourne Identity* starring Matt Damon, released the same year as *Die Another Day*. Had the two films been booked on a double bill, the Bond would have looked like a cartoon lead-in. So the producers wanted some of that kind of action, and a whole new kind of Bond. Whether they could pull it off was yet to be seen. First, the fans of the old Bond gave 007 a grand send-off by thronging to the multiplexes for *Die Another Day*.



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## NEW TOYS

CGI technology became the thing, and so of course it became a Bond thing. Too much so? Director Lee Tamahori (above, with Brosnan) played with it in *Die Another Day*. Excessively, said some critics. One of the boo-birds was none other than Roger Moore: “I thought it just went too far—and that’s from me, the first Bond in space! Invisible cars and dodgy CGI footage? Please!”





## CLASS ACTS

In *Die Another Day* a true Hollywood superstar and former beauty queen, Halle Berry (left), appeared as the principal Bond Girl, Jinx Johnson. In 2001, the year before *Die Another Day* was released, Berry had appeared in *Monster's Ball*, for which she won the Best Actress Oscar. (She remains, to date, the only African American woman so honored.) She acquitted herself as Jinx, if not as Catwoman, for which she was given, in 2005, the Golden Raspberry Award for Worst Actress. Class act that she is, Berry showed up in person to accept. Also showing at a gala, below, was Queen Elizabeth II, who attended the world premiere of *Die Another Day* at London's Royal Albert Hall on November 18, 2002. The queen's history with Bond was hardly finished, as she would be memorably accompanied by her Secret Service agent to the Olympics Opening Ceremonies in July of 2012.

## TOP SECRET

■ A PG-13 rating was, the Bond producers knew, essential for the film to bring in a wide enough audience to perform to expectations in the American market, and this rating was in jeopardy due to steamy sex scenes between Bond and Bond Girls. The footage was reedited, and the toned-down version passed muster.

■ The title song for the film was sung by Madonna. She is, of course, a woman of many talents, and so appeared in the film as well: in a small part, as Verity, a fencing instructor to Gustav Graves, the main bad guy.

■ One record set by the production was of dubious distinction: Most Money Received in Return for Product Placements. Reportedly, as many as 24 companies paid some \$100 million or even more to have their goods featured in the film. In articles on the mini-scandal, more than one media outlet opted for the obvious Bondian pun: "Buy Another Day."



ROTA/CAMERA PRESS/REDUX

JERRY WATSON/CAMERA PRESS/REDUX



# CASINO ROYALE

This was the grand experiment, with much more of a commitment made than when Timothy Dalton had been hired. The Dalton films represented, maybe, a big tweak. *Casino Royale* was an overhaul, a reinvention. If the Bond film series was to continue, everything rested on this vigorous left turn. Everything rested, as well, on the strong shoulders of Daniel Craig, a no-nonsense English actor who had gained notice on the telly, in smaller British films and then big-budget Hollywood offerings such as *Lara Croft: Tomb Raider*. When Craig agreed to play Bond, there was a general understanding that Bond was heading in new directions, but he realized as well that the living ghost of Sean Connery was out there; that sex was still part of the deal and if he was asked to pull an Ursula Andress or Halle Berry and stride meaningfully from the surf, then he was to do so; and if he had a hit on his hands, he would return. All was good in 2006, and all was still good 14 years later when Craig returned for a fifth Bond outing, *No Time to Die*.

## CLASS ACTS

One actor only was carried over from Bond's prior cinematic history: Dame Judi Dench as M. She's the same character, but different playing opposite Daniel Craig than she was with Pierce Brosnan. She no longer gets in an amiable huff about Bond's macho tendencies but, rather, tries to help him grow in a difficult and dangerous profession. Craig, of course, has art-house movies in his past (as well as Hollywood fare, to be sure), and photographs like the one on this page, with these two actors, could just as easily have been taken on a *Masterpiece Theatre* set as on that of a Bond film.



JAY MAIDMENT/EON/DANJAQ/SONY/KOBAL/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK (2)

## BOX OFFICE

Boffo. As if playing at the casino named Royale, the producers were rolling the dice: Would they come up Dalton, or Connery? Most likely something in between, and that was the case, but no matter how you cut it, Daniel Craig's first outing was a smash. Adjusted for inflation, in 2006, it took in more than \$758 million worldwide.





JAY MAIDMENT / © 2006 MGM/MPTVIMAGES (2)

## BOND-WORTHY VILLAINS

Peter Lorre and Orson Wells had both played Le Chiffre in earlier *Casino Royales*, but neither they nor anyone else, Gert Fröbe and Götz Otto included, ever brought a better stage name to the Bond Bad Guy Roll of Dishonor than the third actor to take on the card-player's role: Mads Mikkelsen. The Danish actor was, as a bonus, terrific, and later his talent was confirmed with the 2012 Best Actor award at Cannes for his role in *The Hunt*. Also fine in *Casino Royale* was Caterina Murino, whose dark, conflicted character Solange is seduced by Bond (below), then murdered by Le Chiffre.



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## TOP SECRET

■ Barbara Broccoli and her colleagues would never want this to get around, but the 2006 version of *Casino Royale* has more in common with the 1954 television adaptation of *Casino Royale* than it does with most if not all of the other films in Eon's 50-years-plus Bond series. In 1954 the TV folk were trying to bring Fleming's character and plot to the screen, and that was the purist goal in 2006 as well.

■ Reboots do not have technical requirements, but essentially what "reboot" means is: a new telling independent of what you might have seen before. So Bond is fresh to the 00 game here—in fact, at the film's beginning he doesn't yet have his license to kill—and exhibits some of the doubts and insecurities of Fleming's younger Bond. More concretely, various things go missing in a reboot, including, here, the character of Miss Money Penny, who had worked at MI6 in every film since 1962.

■ Not only Charlize Theron but Angelina Jolie was considered for the role of Vesper Lynd, which eventually went to Eva Green, who was fine indeed. Jolie, in particular, might have tipped the focus away from the crucial question at hand: How was the film itself?



## TOP SECRET

■ Paul Haggis cowrote the screenplays for both *Casino Royale* and *Quantum of Solace*. He also produced and wrote *Million Dollar Baby*, which starred and was directed by Clint Eastwood and which was named Best Picture for 2004. Haggis followed that up with *Crash*, which he wrote and directed, and for which he won Oscars in the Best Picture and Best Writing categories—becoming the first person ever to script two Best Picture winners in a row.

■ Having said that about Haggis, none other than Daniel Craig expressed the opinion that his second Bond film could and should have been better, and less of a direct sequel to *Casino Royale*. He said that a writers' strike left the production with an unfinished scenario.

■ Two of Haggis's co-scenarists on *Quantum* and *Casino* were Neal Purvis and Robert Wade. They also helped script the Brosnan films *Die Another Day* and *The World Is Not Enough*. Fascinatingly, they also worked on the spoof *Johnny English*, starring Rowan Atkinson. Back in Cubby's day, that might have gotten them canned from 007 forever.

# QUANTUM OF SOLACE

**M**ichael G. Wilson is certainly a major figure in the recent history of the Bond franchise. He happens to be the stepson of Cubby Broccoli and older half-brother of Barbara Broccoli. Makes sense: The Bond series has long been a family affair dear to the Broccolis, and Cubby was wont to promote from within—writers, directors, even coproducers. Wilson has, in recent years, become a central figure in the rebirth of the franchise, and this film—a huge success—is largely due to him. During the filming of *Casino Royale*,

he started thinking about plot extensions (Bond getting revenge for the death of his lover Vesper Lynd, and other things). He essentially drafted *Quantum of Solace*—for which he appropriated the title (but none of the plot) of an early Ian Fleming short story—in his head. Three screenwriters (including Paul Haggis, discussed on the opposite page) who were familiar with both Wilson and also *Royale*, and who were keen on the new direction of Bond, went to work on Wilson's ideas, and the second film of the Craig era was underway.

## BOX OFFICE

Boffo. Everyone who went to see the new *Casino Royale* went to see *Quantum of Solace*—minus maybe a couple of people—and Hollywood had confirmation that the reboot had been brilliantly achieved. Despite the adjusted \$707 million take of *Quantum*, MGM had financial woes that would slightly slow the start of the next installment in the series, *Skyfall*. But Bond would be back, there was no doubt about that.

## CLASS ACT

Some Bond girls down the decades may have worked as hard as Olga Kurylenko (opposite, with Craig), who played Camille Montes. But none worked harder. She trained for weeks to learn how to handle weapons and do stunts. She watched the previous Bond films and became an admirer of the physical Michelle Yeoh in *Tomorrow Never Dies*. Asked if she was proud of being a Bond Girl, she said she was proud that she did her own tricks.



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# SKYFALL

This installment delivered a new richness to the 007 franchise, introducing the backstory of Commander Bond's troubled childhood at Skyfall, an isolated manor house in Glencoe, Scotland. To take audiences there, the creators tapped Sam Mendes, who had won a directing Oscar for the drama *American Beauty*. "The Bond creation myth never happened," said Mendes. "I felt there was an opportunity there: What made him? And who were the people who affected him along the way? You're sort of telling the story backwards of how Bond became Bond." It was not clearly revealed in *Skyfall* why Bond was so unhappy in the Scottish Highlands, but that is where he traveled to defend his boss and steely mother figure M, played by Dame Judi Dench. The man hunting M was Raoul Silva, a former MI6 agent with a raging grudge against her. It was in the boarded up rooms of Skyfall that Bond's secret was spied in the flickering shadows: a frightened orphan hiding in the tunnel below his home metamorphosed into something new and deadly.



SNAP STILL/SHUTTERSTOCK

DANJAQ/EON PRODUCTIONS/KOBAL/SHUTTERSTOCK

## CLASS ACTS

Judi Dench not only returned, she had a pivotal role as M became the subject of a government investigation after her past came back to haunt her. In the course of the movie, even Bond, having learned too much about M, wondered about her. Dench and Craig (right) were obviously thrilled to be working with director Sam Mendes (above, at right, consulting with Dench). The English stage and film veteran had directed Craig in *Road to Perdition* and brought yet more gilt and gravitas as well as glamour to the Bond franchise.



## TOP SECRET

■ With an eye toward history, the producers of *Skyfall* held a press conference in London to announce their principal cast on November 3, 2011—50 years to the day since Cubby Broccoli and Harry Saltzman had announced that the Scotsman Sean Connery would play James Bond in a new film called *Dr. No*.

■ Javier Bardem, perhaps screen-dom's most suave modern actor, was, in this role, *Skyfall*'s creepy villain, Raoul Silva. ("He's

not only a villain," Bardem insists. "It's more than that.") Bardem is the first Spaniard nominated for a Best Actor Oscar, something he has accomplished twice since 2000, and in 2007 he won in the Best Supporting Actor category for his role as the psycho assassin in *No Country for Old Men*.

■ In a fitting new-millennium touch, *Skyfall* was the first Bond film to open wide in IMAX as well as in standard theaters. It raked in more than \$1.1 billion, making it the franchise's top grosser.





## TOP SECRET

■ Goodbye girls. Director Sam Mendes is switching things up with the women stars of *Spectre*. At 51, Italian beauty Monica Bellucci, who plays Lucia Sciarra, was the most seasoned actress to appear as a Bond love interest. And French actress Léa Seydoux, 30, bears the Proustian name of Madeleine Swann. Quite a change from the days of giggling Bond Babes with names like Holly Goodhead and Pussy Galore.

■ Love lost, love found. Bond is notorious for his endless string of female companions, but in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* Contessa Teresa "Tracy" di Vincenzo finally made an honest man of him. Spoiler alert: There was no happy ending. As Tracy and Bond headed off on their honeymoon, SPECTRE intervened to kill the bride. Another of the spy's amours was Vesper Lynd, who appeared in the first of the Craig films. She too died at the hands of 007's enemies. Thankfully for Bond, Swann survived *Spectre's* closing credits.

# SPECTRE

The dark hints about Bond's early days that shaded *Casino Royale*, *Quantum of Solace* and *Skyfall* are finally explained in *Spectre*. Returning director Sam Mendes weaves the film with a frightening Faulknerian spin, reminding viewers that the past is never dead. It's not even past. For as we learn, Bond's own history has been a catalyst for SPECTRE, the criminal syndicate that originated in the Ian Fleming novel *Thunderball*. SPECTRE is run by supervillain Ernst Stavro Blofeld, who is revealed to be Franz Oberhauser, the son of Hannes, an Austrian mountain guide who taught the young Bond to ski and climb. After the death of Bond's parents, Hannes became the child's guardian. Franz resented the fondness his father showed Bond, and he orchestrated many of the misfortunes that later befell him, including the death of Bond's beloved Vesper Lynd. As Franz blithely tells 007 before he tries to kill him in *Spectre*, "Me. It was all me, James. It's always been me, the author of all your pain." With SPECTRE's tentacles strangling the globe's intelligence services, Bond and his colleagues fight to save not only the 00 program but also the world. For Bond, who at the end of the film drives his beautifully restored Aston Martin off with his newest love interest, it is all in a days work.



CLASOS/GC IMAGES/GETTY

ED/CE/CAMERA PRESS/REDUX

## UNEXPECTED CONNECTION

Quantum, the mysterious organization Bond battles in *Casino Royale* and *Quantum of Solace*, along with the villainous Raoul Silva in *Skyfall*, turns out to be part of SPECTRE.

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2020

## NO TIME TO DIE

In the 25th Bond film—the fifth and last for actor Daniel Craig—007's next adventure is a culmination of the intertwining threads introduced in the previous four films. The plot begins after Bond has left spy world behind at the end of *Spectre*. In *No Time to Die*, 007 is lured back into the spy game when his old CIA pal Felix Leiter (Jeffrey Wright) asks him for help.

