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Cultural Imperialism and James Bond's Penis

You've caught me with more than my hands up.

(Sean Connery, in *Diamonds are Forever*

(Guy Hamilton, 1971))

[M]y conception of Bond is not of a man who enjoys killing. I shan't be a Sam Peckinpah character, getting obvious enjoyment out of killing, but when the time comes to squeeze the trigger, Bond does it quicker and with greater accuracy.

He enjoys the good things in life, a good attractive woman, and he will combine business with pleasure. He is not averse to taking a lady to bed, and then giving her a sharp clip around the ear to find out why she went to bed with him—was it the enormous size of his Hampton or for information? . . .

We are making anything but a political picture.

(Roger Moore 3, 44)

With all due respect, M, sometimes I don't think you have the balls for this job—Geoffrey Palmer

Perhaps. The advantage is that I don't have to think with them all the time—Judi Dench

(*Tomorrow Never Dies*, Roger Spottiswoode, 1997)

[E]very woman wants to be with him.

(Halle Berry, quoted in Seiler)

Chapter 4 looked for points of weakness in the domination of class and governmentality. The burden of this chapter to discern something progressive may seem more formidable. The James Bond books and films are routinely held up as significant contributors to, and symptoms of, imperialism, sexism, Orientalism, class hierarchy, and jingoism; even as the first form of mass pornography (Baron 69–70; Bold; Drummond 66–7; Moniot 29; Denning 225). And the usually non-moralistic Manny Farber refers to *Thunderball* (Terence Young, 1965) as 'a catalogue of posh-vulgar items for licentious living' (Farber 161). The films are definitely guilty as charged—but frequently in a chaotic

manner that is more complex and contradictory than teleological accounts of a colonialist, phallic hero will allow. It is misleading, for example, to argue that they 'must be relegated to a footnote in any discussion of international relations in popular culture' (Gregg 99). This is not least because the nominal enemy of Bond, his organization, and his country—the Soviet Union—is rarely a substantive enemy in the films. Rather, like THRUSH (which was modelled on it) we have SPECTRE—Special Executive for Counter-Intelligence, Terrorism, Revenge, Extortion. A multinational corporation (MNC), it owes allegiance to nothing but profits—'the corporate world gone [not very] haywire' (Gilbert and Appelbaum 20). Bond's preoccupations are not really with the Soviets (Thomas J. Price, 'The Changing').

This chapter follows up some previous work on both cultural imperialism and masculinity, using methods that are comparatively rare in screen studies but are available in both popular culture (Cohen; Paley) and social theory (see Miller, 'Short History', *Technologies of Truth* 101–40, *Sportsex*, and *Well-Tempered* 49–94; for anthropology, see Beidelman; for film, see Lehman and Hunt, and Lehman). These methods are not beholden to the unsaid, the repressed, or the hermeneutic turn. Instead, they are mundane, positive knowledges that work with conventional public truths as common-sense ways of making meaning. It will be my contention that the Bond series offers a finely honed exemplification of cultural imperialism's enduring relevance, and that far from being the *alpha* of the latter-day Hollywood *macho* man, as per Sylvester Stallone, Bruce Willis, Arnold Schwarzenegger, or Wesley Snipes, Bond was in the avant garde of weak, commodified male beauty. Given that he has been used to develop college students' knowledge of chemistry (Last), I trust that this reading against the grain will not be considered unprecedentedly distant from the texts' intentions!

Cultural Imperialism

It's almost as if Bond was written for the purpose of being read for his ideological incorrectness by angsty academics who felt decidedly uncomfortable that they actually enjoyed these unsound films.

Where could you find a better example of xenophobic, chauvinistic behaviour? Whether as a fantasy of post-colonial or masculine power, James Bond films are rampantly reactionary. So how do you explain their popularity?

(Suzanne Moores 44)

The co-ordinates for compressing space and time under contemporary globalization derive from three key events: the Treaty of Tordesillas in 1494 and the Washington and Berlin Conferences of 1884. The Tordesillas Treaty acknowledged the emergence of empire, as the pope mediated rivalries between Spain and Portugal through a bifurcation of the world—the first recorded conceptualization of the globe as a site of conquest and exploitation. The Washington Conference standardized Greenwich as the axis of time and cartography, the same year as the imperial division of Africa took place at the Conference of Berlin. These developments effectively marked out the world as a site of interconnected government and commerce (Schaeffer 2, 7, 10–11), with Western Europe and the USA as its domineering epicentre.

From the first, culture was crucial. In 1513 one of the early major Spanish excursions to destroy pre-Columbian civilization was provided by a theological committee with a manifesto for the Indians. It was a world history told through the anointing of Peter as Christ's vicar on Earth, which was used to justify later popes dividing up the world. The document concluded with a chilling warning of what would happen in the event of resistance to imperial conquest: Indian women and children would be enslaved, their goods seized, and culpability laid at the feet of the vanquished. So overt are its precepts, its careful attention to ideology, its alibi in divine nomination, and its political use of non-combatants as symbols, that this is a remarkably modern text. Of course, its superstition (Christianity) is non-modern, and the text's mode of address is incantatory. But it is also reasoned in its brutality—fire and the sword will prevail, so follow the direct line of reasoning from God and you will be spared. The Spanish did not present themselves as superior. Rather, they had been selected by God's delegate (Brown 203–5), and they felt the need to textualize the fact. This use of superior military technology and ideology to transfer beliefs and seize goods was a model for much European practice, something wryly troped in the postcolonial African saying that 'When the white man came he had the Bible and we had the land. When the white man left we had the Bible and he had the land' (quoted in McMichael 17).

Capitalism's uneven and unequal development parallels the violent cartography of Tordesillas, Washington, and Berlin. The mercantilist accumulation and imperialism of 1500 to 1800 were followed by the classical era of capital and its Industrial Revolution, founded on the use of natural resources for manufacturing copper, steel, and fuel.

Northern industrial development and agrarian change were partnered by European emigration to the Americas (to deal with population overflow) and the division of Africa and Asia (delivering raw materials and enslaved labour) (Amin i, x; Reich). Cinema technology and narrative emerged around the same time as the USA invented and appropriated a vast array of cultural machines—the airplane, the typewriter, electric light, and the telephone. They made the USA the very image of a mechanical dream or nightmare, depending on where you stood (Grantham, *Some* 13). There were also transformations in colonial politics: the USA seized the Philippines and Cuba, the European powers ran Africa, and Native American resistance was crushed. And while First Peoples' rights were being trampled, commercial cultural export and sovereign authority were synchronizing (with an array of genocidal stories being enacted on-screen). A key economic shift also occurred between 1870 and 1914, when average annual global output and exchange increased by more than 3 per cent—an unprecedented figure (Hirst 411). Not surprisingly, Bahá'u'llah coined the phrase 'New World Order' in 1873 (quoted in Calkins and Vézina 311). (It took over a century for Bush the Elder to pick up on the idea, but then that family always was slow on the uptake.) In response to these governmental and business developments, European and US socialists, syndicalists, and anarchists formed large international associations of working people (Herod 167).

Up to the Second World War, international trade focused on national capitals, controlled by nation-states. The period from 1945 to 1973 represented an 'interregnum between the age of competing imperial powers and the coming of the global economy' (Teeple 57), while the international regime following WWII was based on US military and diplomatic hegemony, articulated to the expansionary needs of its MNCs. As other economies grew, so did the interdependence between nations, and between companies within nations. After 1950 world trade was dominated by the triad of Europe, Japan, and the USA, 'each with their immense hinterland of satellite states' (Jameson 2). Between 1950 and 1973 total trade increased by almost 10 per cent annually, and output by more than 5 per cent, most of it amongst the triad (Hirst 411). Whereas modern manufacturing techniques had been restricted in the nineteenth century to Europe and the north-eastern USA, they came to proliferate across the world, as applied intellect and science deterritorialized (Hindley; Reich). Politically, CWI and II constructed a polarized world of two totalizing ideologies that struggled for control,

just as empires had done over the previous century. This totality, which obscured other differences, encouraged the view that the future would see the triumph of one pole (Bauman 58). Hence today's mavens of *laissez faire* celebrating the supposed demise of the state—the sense that the USA's anti-Soviet security policy of 'Containment' has been displaced by 'Entertainment', that 'MTV has gone where the CIA could never penetrate' (Gardels 2).

The back-story to this tripartite division of the world is complex, and it need not have gone the way that it did. Starting in 1945, two historic promises were made by established and emergent governments: to secure (a) the economic welfare of citizens and (b) their political sovereignty. At the end of WWII the promise of economic welfare seemed locally workable, via state-based management of supply and demand and the creation of industries to substitute imports with domestically produced items. The promise of universal sovereignty required concerted international action to convince the colonial powers (principally Britain, the Netherlands, Belgium, France, and Portugal) that the peoples whom they had enslaved should be given the right of self-determination via nationalism. The latter became a powerful ideology of political mobilization as a supposed precursor to liberation. When this second promise was made good, the resulting postcolonial governments undertook to deliver the first promise. Most followed import-substitution industrialization (ISI), frequently via state enterprises or on the coattails of MNCs that established local presences. But Third World states suffered dependent underdevelopment and were unable to grow economically. Their formal *political* postcoloniality rarely became *economic*, apart from some Asian states that pursued Export-Oriented Industrialization (EOI) and service-based expansion. The ISI of the 1950s and 1960s was progressively problematized and dismantled from the 1970s to today, a tendency that grew in velocity and scope with the erosion of state socialism. With the crises of the 1970s, even those developed Western states that had a bourgeoisie with sufficient capital formation to permit a welfare system found that stagflation had undermined their capacity to hedge employment against inflation. We know the consequences: 'the space of economic management of capital accumulation [no longer] coincided with that of its political and social dimensions' (Amin xi). Today, governments are supposed to deliver the two promises to voters via ongoing formal sovereignty and controlled financial markets, but neo-classical orthodoxy and business priorities call for free international

capital markets. This amounts to what the *Economist* calls an '[i]mpossible trinity' ('Global Finance', 4 Survey Global Finance).

After WWII the former colonial powers and the USA told the rest of the world to instill nationalist fellow feeling and individual/state sovereignty as habits of thought in order to become viable independent states. The daily prayer called for a 'modern individual' who would not fall into the temptation of Marxism-Leninism. Development necessitated the displacement of 'the particularistic norms' of tradition by 'more universalistic' blends of the modern, as part of the creation of an 'achievement-oriented' society (Pye 19). The successful importation of media technologies and forms of communication were touted as critical components in this replicant figure, as elite sectors of society were trained to be exemplars and leaders for a wider populace that was said to be mired in backward, folkloric forms of thought and to lack the trust in national organizations required for modernization.

But along with a certain obedience came a widespread reaction against the discourses of modernization that foregrounded the UK and US capitalist media as crucial components in the formation of commodities, mass culture, and economic and political organization in the Third World. Examples included the export of US screen products and infrastructure. Critics claimed that the rhetoric of development through commercialism was responsible for decelerating economic growth and disenfranchising local culture, with emergent ruling classes in dependent nations exercising local power only at the cost of relying on foreign capital and ideology.

Apart from their unreconstructed narcissism, classical development precepts disavowed the existing international division of labour and the success of imperial and commercial powers in annexing states and/or their labour forces. Although diffusionist theorists and others came up with neo-modernization models that were more locally sensitive to conflicts over wealth, influence, and status, they did not measure up to critical theories of dependent development, underdevelopment, unequal exchange, world-systems history, centre-periphery relations, and cultural and media imperialism. These radical critiques of capitalist modernization shared the view that the transfer of technology, politics, and economics had become unattainable, because the emergence of MNCs united business and government to regulate cheap labour markets, produce new consumers, and guarantee pliant regimes (Reeves 24–5, 30).

The development of a cultural-imperialism thesis across the 1960s argued that the First World was transferring its dominant value system to others, with a corresponding diminution in the vitality and standing of local languages and traditions that threatened national identity. From this complex background, major studies have looked at US and UK control of world media, the role of international press agencies, TV programming and film flow, village versus corporate values, and US dominance of international communications technology and infrastructure. Another significant area of work has deconstructed the rhetoric of development via commercialism, particularly in advertising, which was found to discourage the allocation of resources to industrialization (Reeves 30–5; Roach 47; Mowlana).

During the 1960s and 1970s, cultural-imperialism discourse found a voice in the Non-Aligned Movement and the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) (an irony this, as the USA had fought so strenuously after WWII for the Organization to emphasize the impact of the mass media and information flows: Sewell 142–3). In the 1970s UNESCO was run by the Frenchman Jean Maheu and the Senegalese Amadou Mahtar M'Bow, who set up the MacBride Commission to investigate cultural and communication issues in North–South flows and power. At the same time, Third World countries lobbied for a New International Information Order or New World Information and Cultural Order (NWICO), mirroring calls for a New International Economic Order and a revised North–South dialogue. The MacBride Commission reported in 1980 on the need for equal distribution of the electronic spectrum, reduced postal rates for international texts, protection against satellites crossing borders, and an emphasis on the media as tools of development and democracy rather than commerce. Annual Roundtables on the MacBride Commission's legacy continue, but US insistence on the free-flow paradigm was a successful riposte to NWICO strategies and claims (Mattelart and Mattelart 94–7; Roach 48; Mowlana 61). The USA and the UK withdrew payment and support from the Organization in 1985 on the grounds that it was illegitimately politicized, supposedly evidenced by its denunciation of Zionist racism and support for state intervention against private-press hegemony. UNESCO soon ceased to be the critical site for NWICO debate. The past decade has seen UNESCO distancing themselves from NWICO, in the hope of attracting their critics back to the fold. The UN has also downplayed its prior commitment to a New Order (Gerbner 112–13; Gerbner *et al.*, pp. xi–xii). The USA

finally rejoined in 2002, when it needed UN support for its aggression against Iraq.

Cultural imperialism provides a key backdrop to the concerns of this chapter. Half the world's population is said to have seen at least one Bond film (Smith and Lavington 1), and in many ways the series represents the end of empire and the start of commercial globalization. The Bond books emerged shortly after India gained its independence in 1947, whilst the films began as the 'Winds of Change' had begun to blow, following the independence of Ghana in 1957 and the successive freedom granted to British 'possessions'. The series's mythic imbrication of sex, secrets, and the slide from an Empire to a Commonwealth of Nations, drawn across the body of 007 and others, is quite overtly a 'postimperial fantasy life' (Cockburn 30). It's the fantasy life that saw huge public support in Britain for the Suez folly of 1956, a folly that ended when Dwight D. Eisenhower told Anthony Eden to stop, and for the Malvinas farce of 1982, a farce that continued because Ronald Reagan told Margaret Thatcher to keep going. Bizarre sexual activities by politicians at home helped to bring down both British administrations, even as this desperate staging of global authority played out antediluvian hegemony. The setting for *Dr No* (1962) was Jamaica, at the point of independence, while *Live and Let Die* (1973) is set in the Caribbean and at the UN, where the NWICO paradigm and the supposedly undemocratic ways of the Third World are implicitly and explicitly criticized.

Dr No

[A] beguiling Caribbean hideaway. . . . The estate being used by the moviemakers [of *Dr No*] is owned by the aristocratic Scottish Mrs. Minnie Simpson, who is the daughter of the late Sir John Pringle.

(Halsey Raines)

Jane, 17, was quite indignant when I asked her if she found the films sexist. She replied sharply: 'I think a lot of women would love Bond to have his wicked way with them, don't you?' It was a rhetorical question, so I didn't answer.

(Maria Manning 13)

Umberto Eco has identified the following narrative structures in James Bond stories: M subdues Bond, the villain subdues the woman even if Bond seems to have converted and protected her, capitalism subdues

state socialism, a white Britain subdues other racial groups, death subdues love, and moderation subdues excess. This series of contests takes place as follows: M assigns a task to Bond; the villain or his agents appear to Bond; the villain and Bond do battle; the woman appears to Bond, who seduces her; the villain captures Bond and sometimes the woman, then tortures his captives; Bond kills the villain and/or his perversely proportioned assistant; and Bond escapes to temporary happiness with the woman, who is then taken from him (Eco, *Travels* 156). These sequences vary in order and frequency, but the pattern is clear across the novels and films.

Eco proposes fourteen pairs to each narrative. The first six pairs are as follows: Bond and M, Bond and the villain, the villain and the woman, the woman and Bond, the free world and the Soviet Union, Britain and non-Anglo-Saxon countries. The above are all about relationships between actants (human or organizational figures in the narrative). The next eight binary opposites are pairs of human tendencies and experiences: duty and sacrifice, cupidity and ideals, love and death, chance and planning, luxury and discomfort, excess and moderation, perversion and innocence, and loyalty and disloyalty (ibid. 147). These apparent opposites merge in a series of conflicts that demonstrate how each side of the pair is logocentrically dependent on its other.

Being a politically tenderized male, I'm supposed to be especially interested in Bond's relationships with men, so I'll fixate here for a moment on how he negotiates with M and the various villains. The tension between M and Bond derives from the fact that the narrative's protagonist is dominated by his chief, who has 'a global view of events', via a direct line to secret information and government. Bond is M's executive functionary, a worker who lacks an omniscient hold on geopolitics and is expected to perform in awkward situations that compound his lack of certainty. In keeping with this difference, M is a careful, cool figure who embodies stereotypical English virtues of distance, formality, and unflappability. Bond, by contrast, is easily distracted, hot and bothered, but driven by a strange determination that ultimately makes him a fellow of his boss. The villain and Bond are more clearly contrasted, in that Bond's virility and beauty stand in contradistinction to the sexual impotence and ugliness of the mastermind (ibid. 147-8). The criminally inclined other is never a servant to anything but personal gain. He has no ideals, unlike Bond and M, and is driven towards technocratic domination by a warped past. In short, the villain is beyond ideology. Between Bond and the villain stands the

figure of the Bond girl, who is beautiful and true, but perverted by adolescent mistreatment into a frigidity. As a consequence, she does the bidding of the impotent but powerful villain. Bond introduces her to goodness and sexual charisma, so she goes to him; but their union is ultimately impossible (*ibid.* 154). No place can be found for her down the mean streets where Bond must go.

Semiotician Arthur Asa Berger offers a syntagmatic analysis of *Dr No* (Terence Young, 1962) that looks at the functions of the classic fairy story, as mapped out by narratologist Vladimir Propp. Propp's schema sees a tale go through a set number of phases. There is an initial situation (we encounter secret agents in Jamaica), followed by villainous action (people are murdered), mediation (Bond is charged with his mission), reception of a magical agent (he is given a new gun), departure (he heads for Jamaica), attack (attempts are made on his life), search (he investigates Dr No's island), pursuit (Bond is sought by the enemy), difficulty (capture, ordeal, and escape), transformation (his or the girl's role shifts), and coupling (they make it) (Berger 24).

Berger argues that Honeychile Rider (Ursula Andress) and Dr No (Joseph Wiseman) are the two poles of the story, not Bond and the villain. Her name symbolizes sexual lubrication and exchange, his represents negation. She is open-hearted and positive, he is misanthropic and deceitful. She loves nature, but he is the physical product of technology. She is all-white, he is German-Chinese. She emerges from the sea like an innocent aqua-goddess, he lives in a submarine world of villainous artifice. She is unschooled, he is the embodiment of knowledge. She loves, he tortures. Where Honeychile is childlike, Dr No is paternalistic. And finally, she is delivered to transcendence, but he meets the typical fate of the wicked. Bond resolves the contradiction between Honeychile's beauty, heritage, and innocence and Dr No's disability, miscegeny, and evil (*ibid.* 25–6, 125).

There are other critical figures in the text, notably Quarrell (John Kitzmuller), the freelance Cayman Island boat captain who works with Bond, helps him with special expertise, and is both mocked for his superstition and used for his knowledge. In the book Quarrell is laughed at much less than in the film, where this mistreatment culminates in his pointless death. Honeychile is also less autonomous and competent in the movie. The novel finds her eluding a trap, the film sees her depend on Bond. Earlier in the screen text two women are savagely treated by men, when a secretary is brutally murdered and a photographer assaulted, the latter in keeping with Bond's sense of

pleasure. Regardless of race or class, women beware. If they display initiative, they risk punishment (Bold 322). At the same time, women have a terrible power, a capacity to distract men from their task of building culture.

Dr No was sixth in the series of novels, but the first one to be filmed. The picture opened in England late in 1962 and in the USA in May of the following year. The semi-science-fiction plot posed some difficulties, because the genre smacked of B-movies at the time. But it was selected because its animating conceit—explaining why rockets were ‘toppling’ from US launch pads—could be connected to current affairs: Cape Canaveral had seen numerous real-life problems of this nature. Early screenings, especially the sequence with Dr No and Bond in direct confrontation, drew huge audience applause (Anez 311–12). Ayn Rand recalls this spontaneous expression of feeling when she attended the film, attributing it to a desire for a pre-Existential, pre-political search for heroism and the great and good man who can deliver audiences from their tepid circumstances and fears. In short, Bond is a true Romantic in this picture, far from the cheap wisecracker he became later. US reviews, however, were frequently negative, although *Variety* called it ‘a high-powered melodrama’. There was a great deal of controversy about Bond’s casual sexual encounter with a Miss Taro and his callous approach to executing a professor. United Artists, the distributor, hated the film—hence a delayed US release—and predicted financial failure (Yule 106). But it was extremely popular. UK critic Penelope Houston suggests that the film succeeded because of a ‘short, sharp exploitation campaign’ (*Contemporary* 176), but it was regularly rereleased over the next few years in concert with others from the series.

The producers cast Connery knowing full well that he was not the ruling-class figure of the novels, in the hope that he would appeal to women sexually and encourage cross-class identification by men (Broccoli with Zec 171). Co-producer Broccoli called this ‘sadism for the family’ (quoted in Barnes and Hearn 20). (Connery’s successor Lazenby was criticized by the producers for being too *macho* by contrast with the first film incarnation: ‘one could wish he had less *cojones* and more charm’: quoted in Barnes and Hearn 93) And Connery’s Bondian sex, fairly progressive for its day, was too much for US critics. He was frequently criticized as a wuss during the 1960s, in keeping with the notion that his s/m style embodied the weak-kneed and decadent cossetting that was losing an Empire. While the splendidly named

Product Digest noted that Connery was chosen after a thorough 'search for the exciting figure who was designed to set masculine pulses hammering and feminine hearts throbbing' ('Dr. No'), *Time* labelled him a 'used-up gigolo' after *Dr No* (quoted in Barnes and Hearn 16) and *Newsweek* condemned him as of interest solely to 'cultivated sado-masochists' (quoted in Anez 314), while many US magazines objectified him mercilessly by listing his bodily measurements (Dore 11). As far as the *New Republic* was concerned, Bond was 'stupid. . . His only genius lies in an infinite capacity for taking pain' (Grella 17). Identical critiques came from the German Democratic Republic's Communist Party youth paper, *Junge Welt*, and the Vatican City's *L'Osservatore Romano*, which discerned 'a dangerous mixture of violence, vulgarity, sadism and sex' (Sann 34; *L'Osservatore*, quoted in 'Church Says'). Britain's *Daily Worker* found 'appeal to the filmgoer's basest instincts' and 'perversion', and the *New Statesman* lamented the text's stimulus to 'sadistic day-dreaming', while on the other side of politics, the *Spectator* deemed the film 'pernicious' because of its 'insidious economy of girls'. *Films and Filming* called the 'sex and sadism' a 'brutally potent intoxicant' and identified Bond on-screen as a 'monstrously overblown sex fantasy of nightmarish proportions'. He was 'morally . . . indefensible' and liable to produce 'kinky families' (quoted in Barnes and Hearn 16–17, 26–7 and Smith and Lavington 22). But for proto-feminist Susan Douglas, growing up, the film of *Dr No* was a sign that 'sex for single women [could be] glamorous and satisfying' (Douglas 72), and Penelope Gilliat in the *Observer* saw 'self-parody' by contrast with the books (quoted in Smith and Lavington 22).

The equal legitimacy of male and female extra marital desire lives contradictorily within Bond's violent patriarchal attitudes. In *Dr No* Connery hands a woman he meets in a club his card and invites her to come up and see him some time. This is an invitation for the woman (Eunice Gayson as Sylvia Trench) to exercise her desire—which she does, astonishing him by breaking into his apartment within the hour. He encounters her practising golf in his rooms, attired in just a business shirt. So it should be no surprise to find that the first *Sunday Times* magazine colour supplement (1962) features Mary Quant clothing, worn by Jean Shrimpton and photographed by David Bailey; a state-of-the-nation essay on Britain; and a James Bond short story—or that the inaugural *Observer* equivalent includes fashions from France and stills from the forthcoming Bond movie (Booker 49, 238). This is the all-powerful brute at work, with women cowering defensively?

Connery's prior careers as Scottish Mr Universe, Carnaby Street model, and Royal Court Shakespearian background the intersection of body, style, action, and performance perfectly. Connery showed that the look of a man could transcend his class background and *politesse*. He was a postmodern figure of beautiful male commodification *avant la lettre* (Synnott; Manning 13; Bold).

Thunderball (Terence Young, 1965) finds Connery chided by Fiona Volpe (Luciana Paluzzi): 'I forgot your ego, Mister Bond. James Bond, who only has to make love to a woman and she starts to hear heavenly choirs singing. She repents, then immediately returns to the side of right and virtue. But not this one. What a blow it must have been—you, having a failure.' From the first, Connery was the object of the gaze, posing in 1966 besuited for *GQ* and bare-cleaved for *Life*. The harbinger of a new male body on display, he made it clear that sexiness did not have to be associated with a choice between ruggedness and style (McInerney 26, 32), a message that has become increasingly familiar across the 1980s and '90s. Consider male striptease shows performed for female audiences. This fairly recent phenomenon references not only changes in the direction of power and money, but also a public site where '[w]omen have come to see exposed male genitalia; they have come to treat male bodies as objects only' (Barham 62). Something similar is happening in feminist 'slash lit' fanzines that recode male bonding from TV action series as explicitly sexual, depicting hyper-stylized, hugely tumescent cocks at play in sado-masochistically inflected pleasure (Penley, 'Feminism' and *NASA/TREK*). Such texts trope Cyril Connolly's 1963 spoof 'Bond Strikes Camp', which finds M coming out as gay and 007 a transvestite.

Similar questions are posed by the character of Derek Flint, a quasi-parodic US Bond played by James Coburn. His first adventure, *Our Man Flint* (Daniel Mann, 1965) sees him defeat a natural element—the weather—and the evil multinational called GALAXY that has learnt to control it through agent Gila. The return film, *In Like Flint* (Gordon Douglas, 1967), puts him against a group of women business tycoons who are sending subliminal messages through tape-players concealed in salons' hairdryers to pervert the women of the world against men. Clearly, these are intensely sexist stories, but what is interesting about them is that Coburn's sophistication bedevils straightforward *machismo*. He is an intellectual skilled at ballet, who wears form-hugging clothes, knows science and the arts, and is the object of women's desire. There is an equal legitimacy of male and female extra-

marital fun in the pictures that is bold for its day. We can trace this development as part of socio-economic shifts impelling the long, slow, move that makes the male body the object of routine public ocular dissection and increases the options for toying with its symbolism, as per Connery.

Thirty years on, Connery's was *the* style, the way to be. The *London Review of Books* published poetry about his Bond three decades after the fact (Crawford), and when CNN devoted ten minutes to the summer 1995 release of a new book on the culture of the martini, the story was divided in two. The principal diegesis was the launch in a Manhattan bar. Increasingly unappealing-looking yuppies were interviewed after their first, second, and third martinis. As hair went askew, ashtrays overflowed, words slurred, and mascara ran, the viewer was offered another diegesis: Connery's martini order from each of his Bond films, lovingly edited together by the Turner team.

A decade after *Dr No*, producers Harry Salzman and Albert 'Cubby' Broccoli selected Roger Moore as the new Bond. They sought to 'deal' in some way with critiques of popular culture from second-wave feminism and anti-violence temperance. Rather than doing away with sexism and violence, these tendencies became objects of parody, as a matter of policy. Moore made his punning way between sex and other forms of combat (A. Walker 58–9), declining to pose as a *Cosmopolitan* centrefold simultaneously with the release of the movie because he did not wish 'to be the bunny for liberated ladies' (ibid. 4), but showing no qualms that *Playboy* was to run a feature on women from the film (ibid. 60). I wish to examine this text out of sequence in the series, and three years after this book's main chronological focus, because it is in a sense *Dr No*'s twin—each is a debut for a Bond actor, and each addresses the UK and the USA as colonial and neocolonial powers, while Quarrel's son (Roy Stewart) appears in the later film, as loyal as his father to a system that despises him.

Live and Let Die

There's no sense in going off half-cocked.
(Roger Moore, in *Live and Let Die*)

We begin with a shot of the United Nations building on Manhattan's upper east side. A representative from Hungary is addressing the General Assembly. The camera pans past several delegates, including a

sleepy-looking white British plenipotentiary, on to the soundproof booth where simultaneous translators are working away. A black hand emerges ominously from off-screen space to remove a plug from the unit connected to the UK diplomat and replace it with one that sends a shock to kill the Brit. We cut to the mythic Caribbean island of San Monique, and then to New Orleans, where a white man watching a black jazz funeral is knifed by an African American. The marchers' sorrow and slowness are transformed into joy and jive. A return cut to San Monique offers the frenzied voodoo-style ritual killing of a white man through snakebite, as the last moments of The Beatles' 'A Day in the Life' segue into Paul and Linda McCartney's theme song—complete with its middle-eight appropriation of reggae. In the space of a few minutes, the compromised nature of the UN, the duplicity and emotional inconstancy of blackness in southern Louisiana, and the superstition of blackness in a postcolonial state have all been made known, with nary a word of lugubrious comment. It's a glittering example of location shooting, match-on-sound, and filmmaking technique, all achieved under the sign of wealth and racism.

Live and Let Die was not filmed for twenty years after the novel appeared, supposedly because of its racism (Parish and Pitts 187). In Tom Mankiewicz's screenplay the Solitaire character (eventually played by Jane Seymour) was a black woman, which director Guy Hamilton and Moore both believed 'would have been more interesting', but US distributor 'United Artists would not stand for' (Moore 27). Nevertheless, on release, the film was attacked not for what the producers had anticipated—sexism and violence—but for its treatment of race, with people of colour caricatured as either brutish or superstitious (A. Walker 59–60), although reactionaries like Vincent Canby in the *New York Times* thought it was more realistic than Blaxploitation films of the same era (Parish and Pitts 187). All the black characters die, and all but two are evil and deceitful. And during production, black stunt workers expressed anger that their white counterparts, 'blacked up and bewigged', were chosen to do a scene doubling for black actors (Moore 37–8).

When Yaphet Kotto, who plays the double role of a New York master criminal ('Mr Big') and a 'San Monique' diplomat at the UN (Dr Kananga), appeared on the set, he gave 'a black power salute', captured by press photographers. The publicity director claimed such 'pictures would rouse resentment from the rabid whites' and be seen to endorse 'black power by militant blacks'. This criticism polarized people on

the set. Moore himself psychologized the gesture by proposing that Kotto felt the need to assert his identity in a white-dominated industry, but also acknowledged the actor's professional qualities (ibid. 44, 135). When a publicity photo appeared in the *Daily Express* of Moore with black actress Gloria Hendry, he received—and reprints much of in his published diary—a letter from a fan of reactionary British politician Enoch Powell that attacked him for compromising his status as a 'perfect specimen of what a well-groomed Englishman should look like' by appearing in company with a person of colour, whose race supposedly intended to take over Britain and murder whites (ibid. 129). It is pretty clear from the fact that he quotes this correspondence extensively, then leaves the diary entry, that this quotation is a critique. For while Moore does not endorse black politics, he identifies with the liberal ideology of civil rights, provided that it is kept at a distance: 'Driving uptown to Harlem was an eerie experience. There is no welcome for Whitey', writes Moore, and he notes that the producers hired 'a squad of young Black Muslims' for crew protection during the shoot (ibid. 170–1).

If *Dr No* marked the last gasp of Britain's confident control of Jamaica, albeit at the moment of independence, *Live and Let Die* marked British and US aggression towards the Non-Aligned Movement's use of the UN as a forum to seek economic and cultural justice *contra* cultural imperialism. Making Kotto's Dr Kananga a Third World diplomat who is really a First World drug dealer (whose business is in turn hidden behind a restaurant chain) captures perfectly the anger felt at the time by Western powers at their 'loss' of the UN and its development as an anti-racist, anti-capitalist forum for NWICO and other progressive projects. Twinning a Caribbean politico with an uptown New York criminal made a ghastly connection that reversed the solidarities inscribed in *Négritude* and Pan-Africanism, just at the moment when one of the periodic US 'Back to Africa' movements was gaining some momentum. The film attacks black commercial enterprises via the shady nature of the Fillet of Soul chain, in reality a system of heroin distribution. This amounts to a perverse, reverse solidarity, with independence politicians revealed to be doubling for criminality. It bespoke the West's irritation at the geopolitical shift that accompanied independence and collided with Cold War struggles once the Soviet Union enthusiastically embraced the new states and their heavily polemical addresses to the UN (Zubok and Pleshakov 206–7).

For historian-critic Ed Guerrero, the film shows ‘the nation’s black–white confrontation . . . played out on a grand allegorical scale’ (Guerrero 105). No wonder that Kananga is illegally listened-in on by the CIA and is under twenty-four-hour observation. (All that they hear is a heavily ideological tape planted by him.) These rhetorical spirals around the travails of nations ‘bullied by United States industry’ may be a trick on the CIA, but they are equally a sign that the NWICO is duplicitous code for self-seeking hegemony of postcoloniality. This issue of the power of the sign is of even greater and more consistent moment when we turn to sex.

James Bond’s Penis

The history of the motion picture industry might be summed up as the development of the serials with the blade of the sawmill moving closer and closer to the heroine’s neck, to modern movies with the laser beam zeroing in on James Bond’s crotch.

(Pauline Kael, quoted in Turner 101–2)

I think my mouth is too big.—Daniela Bianchi

No, it’s the right size . . . for me that is.—Sean Connery
(*From Russia With Love*, Terence Young, 1963)

Bond’s penis is a threat to him—a means of being known and of losing authority, a site of the potentially object that must instead be objectified as an index of self-control and autotelic satisfaction. In the character’s first film incarnation, Connery was very much a spectator to his own, publicly shared, penis, its stark movements between patriarchal power and limp failure embodying the coming commercial republic of man. Socio-economic shifts impelling the long, slow move that has gradually made the male body the object of routine public ocular dissection have also increased options for toying with its symbolism, in a very conscious, highly unimaginary series of material encounters. Governmentality, the refinement of human bodies as part of rationalization and utilitarianism described in the previous chapter, connects to capital accumulation in a network of power dispersed across the conditioned and consuming body. The male body references these complexities of contemporary capitalism, played out over the public bodies of headlined workers.

Rand adored the 007 books for what she saw as their unabashed Romanticism and heroic transcendence. But she was appalled by the

films, because they were laced with 'the sort of humor intended to undercut Bond's stature, to make him ridiculous' (Rand 138). These qualities of self-parody are key aspects to the unstable masculinity on display. The penis is mockingly troped again and again in details and stories from the series. (The film of *Dr No* featured condoms as special-effects devices. Loaded with explosives, they blow up the sand in puffs when Bond and Honeychile are shot at (Barnes and Hearn 13). The producers, keen from the first to defray costs through product placement and merchandising, refused permission, however, for a line of 007 condoms, despite pressure from the Salvation Army to refer on-film to the use of prophylactics (Pfeiffer and Lisa 218–19).

Bond's gender politics are far from a functionalist world of total domination by straight, orthodox masculinity. Excoriating evaluations of women's bodies have long been a pivotal node of consumer capitalism. Now, slowly in many cases but rapidly in others, the process of bodily commodification through niche targeting has identified men's bodies as objects of desire, and gay men and straight women as consumers, while there are even signs of lesbian desire as a target. Masculinity is no longer the exclusive province of men, either as spectators, consumers, or agents of power. And Bond was an unlikely harbinger of this trend.

Why not use psychoanalysis, the nineteenth-century meta-narrative that claims to deal with repression and displacement? After all, the hermeneutics of spotting hidden genitals may be the most enduring Freudian legacy. People 'effortlessly and unembarrassedly identify the phallus in dream objects, domestic objects, and civil objects' (Scarry 282), its real nature mystified by a metaphorization away from sex. Psychoanalysis holds that the phallus represents power. The phallus itself lacks a universal material sign. The closest signifier is the penis, given male social dominance (and Freudianism's dependency on sex as the epicentre of life and analysis). The penis fails to live up to this responsibility, however—it is not as powerful as the phallus. At the same time, its unsuitability as a signifier, and the taboo on its public emergence, are said to metaphorize phallic power. Suppression of penile representations is generally attributed in psychoanalytic cultural theory to castration anxiety and the formation of the superego.

Psychoanalysis has certainly been the preferred system of inscribing ethical incompleteness onto Bond, Fleming, and their male readers. Mythological and psychological criticisms of the series have been

prominent for almost four decades now, stretching from Lacanian interrogations of woman and her lack, to an object-relations account that says the gold in *Goldfinger* is faeces, Goldfinger himself the father's cock, and spying a regressive primal-scene pastime that makes men gay (Holbrook; Cawelti and Rosenberg 126–55). In their work on the film–novel relation, Tony Bennett and Janet Woollacott go so far as to suggest that the ritual humiliation of Bond by his superiors because he uses outmoded weaponry sets up an Oedipal issue of castration anxiety and authentic male power that the rest of the narrative is dedicated to resolving, with Bond's battle for the father-figure M's respect played out in a struggle to the death with the similarly authority-laden villain (Bennett and Woollacott 135). Such approaches have made their way so successfully into the language of Bond that *Goldeneye* (Martin Campbell, 1995) finds Pierce Brosnan alluding to the issue. Conversely, alternatives to Jungian and Freudian methods have generally involved either genre thematization or ideology critique. Here, the penis disappears beneath a welter of spy-story precedents, class politics, and international relations.

Or does it? The gun as phallus is encoded in the textuality of Bond. It does not await the textual analyst to uncover this fact. Rather, the symbolism is played with deliberately. In Fleming's *The Man With the Golden Gun*, a report is read that says 'the pistol . . . has significance for the owner as a symbol of virility—an extension of the male organ—and that excessive interest in guns . . . is a form of fetishism' (35). Critics of the time recognized this. Sydney Harris regarded *Goldfinger* as giving permission 'to eat our Freudian cake and keep our All-American frosting at the same time', and the *London Magazine* pointed to the 'consciously Freudian structure of the fictions', evident in the father–son conflicts that Bond has with his superior M and the master-villains (Ormerod and Ward 42–3). *Newsweek's* *Goldfinger* review was entitled 'Oedipus Wrecks', referring to Bond's relations with M and the title character. Canby looked forward to a moment when writers would use these symbols as an alibi to uncover 'some anxious, fundamental truth about our time', and the *New Yorker* found *You Only Live Twice* 'Freudian and intentional' in its use of a 'lip-and-orifice motif' across much of the set, whether through 'gaping jaws, or openings in the earth, or gadgets with trick cavities' ('Nether'). As Houston put it, 'Mr. Fleming drives straight for the subconscious' ('Dr. No').

Of course, the great point about the deliberate insertion of phallic

and vaginal symbolism is that it both references psychoanalysis and problematizes it. The reference is via the dutiful trotting-out of repression encoding, and the problematization derives from the fact that the unconscious and subconscious are not relevant—for there is no way of using Freudianism as a secret code for deciphering itself. When the penis appears, foregrounding its sex, it becomes paradoxically difficult to know in this discourse, because it fails to conceal its true nature. Hence the problem of the filmic penis. What is to be done when the penis is encountered as an overt textual sign: not secreted behind phallic signifiers or sedimented psychic narratives, but straightforwardly present on-screen? As per my critique of film theory in the Introduction, I find its standard moves rather unhelpful here.

Psychoanalysis is a factor in what follows to the extent and on the occasions when Freudianism and its kind are invoked intratextually as systems of thought (like in *Gilda*), but not as an extratextual truth to be used as a metacode. The human sciences (linguistics, psychoanalysis, and so on) divide the person into discrete entities that are set up as in need of amendment, reconciliation, and renewal because they are ethically incomplete. This search is asymptotic—it never reveals or creates that person's supposed expressive totality—but also productive, in that its legacy is a set of cultural norms that construct inadequacy. Such endeavours should be displaced by an historicized use of social theory to assist in the generation of new selves derived from the detritus of our present past. The penis is always already located in a symbolic order: distinctions between the imaginary and the symbolic, or the phallic and the penile, are distinctions of discourse. They reside in sometimes parallel and sometimes overlapping formations, with different material effects depending on their mobilization at specific moments and places.

Because Bond is such a complex series of social texts, his film persona needs to be understood across sites, starting with the originary novels. Their trace was significant to film reviewers of the day and also provides an abstraction from contemporary viewing positions in order to get at 'the affective structure' of Bond (Bergonzi 221). This structure spoke to 8-year-old Jay McInerney when the film of *Dr No* was released. Bond had come 'to save America, and not incidentally to liberate me from my crew cut and help me to meet girls'. McInerney's parents forbade him to see the film because it was said to be 'racy' and because junior's hairstyle attested to his father's domestic mastery (McInerney 13). Now that's an affective structure.

The Novel Bond

The most successful saga in postwar popular culture got off to a start after breakfast on a tropical morning in Jamaica on January 16, 1952. Ian Fleming . . . knocked out about two thousand words on his Imperial portable . . . two months later, he was done, with Commander James Bond recovering from a near lethal attack on his balls and Vesper Lynd dead by her own hand. A major addition to the world's cultural and political furniture was under way.

(Alexander Cockburn 27)

As we have seen, many critics of the mid-1960s interpreted Bond as a symptom of Imperial decline, evidenced in his lack of moral fibre and an open sexuality that assumed the legitimacy of strong women desiring heterosexual sex outside marriage (Denning 223; Cannadine 49–50; Brabazon). This aspect made *littérateur* Bernard Bergonzi deride Bond as not 'an ideal example for the young', because women are 'only too eager to make love to *him*' (Bergonzi 222, 225). The Salvation Army's *War Cry* journal objected to the same tendency (Woolf 86). Bond represented the casual pleasures that derived from a perverse intermingling of American consumer culture with European social welfare—what the *New Statesman*, in a celebrated essay on Bond, referred to as 'our curious post-war society' (Johnson). Connery stood for the right and the space—for men *and* women, albeit in unequally gendered ways—to be sexual without being 'committed', and he also symbolized polymorphous sexuality (Bold 320). In *Doctor No*, Fleming describes Honeychile Rider's buttocks as 'almost as firm and rounded as a boy's'. This drew a rebuke from Noël Coward: 'really, old chap, what could you have been thinking of?' (quoted in Richler 343). Any scan of the popular sociology and literary criticism of the time indicates how threatening this was to the right, which drew analogies between the decline of Empire and the rise of unruly personal libertarianism (Cannadine 46, 49–50; Booker 42–3).

For all his supposed association with fast living, high-octane sex, and a dazzling life, Bond basically runs away from fucking in the novels, leaving the desiring women who surround him in a state of great anxiety. Attempts to match Bond with other literary-historical figures, notably via claims that the novels are based on *Beowulf* or *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, explain this rejection of women as Fleming's 'medieval blueprint' of chaste valour (Webb; H. R. Harris 30–1). In *Doctor No* Bond is confronted with his desire for Honeychile

Rider, her 'left breast . . . hard with passion. Her stomach pressed against his'. In response he 'must stay cold as ice . . . Later! Later! Don't be weak' (142). 007 risks being taken down by desire, the threat of woman exhausting man's capacity to control his environs and be transcendent. This refusal draws a mocking retort when Honey addresses him in the third person: 'His arms and his chest look strong enough. I haven't seen the rest yet. Perhaps it's weak. Yes, that must be it. That's why he doesn't dare take his clothes off in front of me' (144). Bond's struggle with the attraction he feels for women stands in contrast to Scaramanga, the villain of *The Man With the Golden Gun*, an assassin who 'has sexual intercourse shortly before a killing in the belief that it improves his "eye"', according to a briefing provided by the British Secret Service (Fleming, *The Man* 30). But Bond's chasteness is more than that: 'God, it was turning towards his groin! Bond set his teeth. Supposing it liked the warmth there! Supposing it tried to crawl into the crevices! Could he stand it? Supposing it chose that place to bite? Bond could feel it questing amongst the first hairs' (Fleming, *Doctor No* 65). Of course, 'it' is a centipede heading for 'that place'. Everyone recalls the tarantula spider (supposedly easier to film) doing the same in the movie *Dr No*—after which, Connery runs to the bathroom and is violently ill. But the steadfast way Bond eschews sex in the original stories might as well have made it a human being that 'liked the warmth there', for all the horror of intimacy.

Bond's terror about 'that place' is also evident in *Casino Royale*. Le Chiffre tortures him with 'a three-foot-long carpet-beater in twisted cane'. The details are fetishistically enumerated in three pages of purple Fleming prose that describe the evil mastermind making his way across what he calls Bond's 'sensitive part', while the latter awaits 'a wonderful period of warmth and langour leading into a sort of sexual twilight where pain turned to pleasure and where hatred and fear of the torturers turned to a masochistic infatuation' (119–22). This tendency is clearly on display in *Goldfinger*.

Goldfinger

One vast, gigantic confidence trick to blind the audience to what is going on underneath.

(Nina Hibin, *Daily Worker*, quoted in Houston, '007' 14)

[T]he audience at the London press show gave that concerted yell of innocent happiness, that great collective sigh of satisfied

expectation, which has become the standard accompaniment to the exploits of 007.

(Penelope Houston, '007' 14)

[*Goldfinger*] may . . . go down as one of the most effective trailers ever made—as well as the longest (122 minutes) and most expensive (\$2,950,000). . . . [T]he success of 'Goldfinger' is now triggering the buff reissue of the first two James Bond pix.

(*Variety*, 'Goldfinger')

Feminist critic Janet Thumim reads *Goldfinger* as a paean to 'personal liberation . . . privileging the young and the new' through the blurring of espionage with comedy, where the unpacking of secrets (the *fabula*) is less important than the work of spectacle (the *syuzhet*). *Punch* called the film 'little short of burlesque' (quoted in Smith and Lavington 50). Finding out what *Goldfinger* is up to pales next to exploring his lifestyle: a luxury Miami hotel, a personal jet plane, gold bullion holdings, private laser weaponry, and regal sports. The real 'secret' is the capacities of Bond's Aston Martin (Thumim 73–6). Bond offers transcendence from the bonds of origin via a form of life that uses commodities and sex to go beyond, without any drive towards accumulating power and authority. He is the drifter in a tux, whose body bears the signs of social stratification, but who never stays in one place long enough to adopt the mantle of patriarchy through its trappings of soil, blood, and home.

For David Holbrook, an object-relations Leavisite (a cosmically horrendous and improbable meeting-point), there is something particularly immature and degrading about this form of commodified popular culture. As both novel and film text, *Goldfinger* exemplifies the psychic illness that sees people held at a stage of 'infantile fantasies' and 'fears'. These emotions, aroused by Bond's adventures, are 'paranoid-schizoid' responses, signs of the regression-addiction that popular culture induces (Holbrook, *Creativity* 131). This is a heavily psychoanalytic version of the disdain for the popular and its configurations of violence that we find in denunciations of the time from *haute couture* literary critics such as Bergonzi and the *Daily Worker*. All are troubled by the stories' casual viciousness and bureaucratized lack of interest in human life. But such easy critiques fail to acknowledge the spectator's invitation to unpack the constructed artefact of the text that flows from the preposterous nature of the pacing, coincidences, and technology of the film: Houston suggests that *Goldfinger* 'converts Bond into a human equivalent of the cat in the Tom and Jerry cartoons,

with the same ghastly resilience' ('007'). In short, it's obviously a joke, not least thanks to the enormous and lovingly detailed set designs of Ken Adam, where steel, concrete, and gold organize life through power in monumental form, virtual memorials to authority and control (ibid. 14–16). *Variety* saw it as a 'splendidly witty and zestful slice of hokum' that was 'not afraid to laugh at its own conventions' (Otta), while *Life* magazine put a gold-painted Shirley Eaton as Jill Masterson on its cover and called the film the 'funniest' of the series ('A Matter'). Even the *Saturday Review's* rather severe Hollis Albert found it in his critic's heart to forgive the film's 'scarifying violence' in the light of its 'good-humored and insouciant style'; he knew this was 'some sort of spoof, but of what I'm not sure'. For semiotician Roland Barthes, it represented a chance to undertake structuralist narrative analysis (Barthes 79–124).

'Why do you always wear that thing?' inquires a woman of Connery's shoulder-holster in the pre-credits diegesis of *Goldfinger*. His reply—'I have a slight inferiority complex'—short-circuits the critique and illustrates the interpretability of the penis into and across sites, its community of readers constantly enlarging. Narratively, this exchange bespeaks a gratuitous self-confidence: he lets go of the gun and is subsequently exposed to peril. The film puts Connery's body on display, notably in a wee terry-towling jump-suit that he dons in a subsequent scene following a rub-down from 'the opposition' by a Miami pool. This is 'major beefcake'. A sequence in bed with Eaton is initially characterized by smart-ass conduct during a phone call where he tells a CIA agent that he cannot meet immediately because 'something big's come up', followed by defeat—he is knocked senseless and Eaton is drowned in gold paint. This horrendous punishment for fucking Bond also raises some sexist spectres. First, it is a sign of patriarchal interdiction—the woman is killed for betraying her employer's trust. And second, her body is a warning to Bond, a veritable currency between the two men in death as in life, 'courtesy' of her objectification by the very metal that eponymizes the villain. The commodity that stands for everything, in those days the universal standard for exchange rates, gold's murderous appearance on Jill matches its disembodiment of her, in a gruesome melding of commodity and sexual fetishism.

Back in Britain, Bond beats his adversary in a round of golf. But the squashing of a golf-ball in front of his nose in reprisal sees a medium close-up of a very anxious face. For novelist and critic Anthony

Burgess, the moment when Connery reacts to the crushing of the golf-ball is symptomatic; he is disconcerted rather than imperturbable. This quality of being 'ironic, but never facetious, where '[h]e knows the world, but he is not knowing', makes Connery not only a star, but a strangely esteemed public figure (Burgess 117). His portrayal of Bond involves a reliance on good fortune and suffering, keys to the original novels (Harper 6). Bond's 'masculinity' is more directly at risk in the laser-castration scene, sensationalized on the poster advertising the film. Strapped to a table, Connery is taunted by Auric Goldfinger (Gert Frobe) while an industrial laser cuts through wood and metal between his spread legs. 007's muscles visibly tense, the two men engage in some *badinage*, and a close-up on his face evidences further concern. He looks between his legs and across the room in a series of reverse shots with Frobe. When Bond is spread before the beam, Barry's three-minute musical sequence 'begins by simply sustaining and repeating, with characteristic punctuation from the xylophone, an F-minor added-second chord'. As the beam heads for 007's wedding tackle, violins offer 'an eight-note motif, harmonized by the same chord'. It repeats in crescendo a dozen times then returns to the opening two notes of the previous motif, which also repeats twelve times. Throughout, harmonies are sustained, with volume providing the chief dynamic (Brown 46-7). The segment illustrates sound theorist Michel Chion's concept of 'added value', the mix of information and expressivity with which sound enriches pictures. It is fully achieved at moments of 'synchresis', when there seems to be 'an immediate and necessary relationship' between what is seen and heard, an organic one-on-one correspondence of visual and aural signs that produces empirical faith in the listener-watcher (Chion 5). This scene is as much about the artistry of film, blending different semiotic systems to create an effect, as it is to do with unadorned masculine panic.

Throwing out a last suggestion that he knows something about Goldfinger's intentions, Connery manages to persuade the enemy to turn off the band of light as it is about to reach his wedding tackle. Stunned by a tranquilizing dart, Bond awakens (as do we, through subjective camera) to the face and name of Pussy Galore (Honor Blackman), as if to complete the point. Pussy lacks a real sense of social perspective and judgement to go with her knowledge of Goldfinger's intentions, which only Bond can give her. But she is a figure of great personal power and accomplishment. Pussy dominates him (holding a gun, she offers 'guess where you get the first one'), until their sexual

rapprochement equalizes power with knowledge. Her intervention foils Operation Grand Slam, but we should not ignore the method of her 'conversion', which many see as an unwelcome sexual advance. It's a moot point as to when Pussy and James are mutually coupled.

But Bond's weakness is clear. Caught up earlier by strong feelings over the Eaton killing, he had failed to manicure his conduct as per the technologies of the self that should mark him out as an effective agent. He risked reassignment away from the mission, faced a gendered death, confronted an eponymous other, and now contemplates a specifically gendered death. All this instability leaves Connery, in Bennett and Woollacott's analysis, 'a direct object of desire'. He is caught between power, passivity, beauty, bondage, vulnerability, and infallibility (Bennett and Woollacott 162). For New York critics, he is too much of a failure for the film to appeal (Anez 317), and London's *Sight and Sound* devotes a 1964 centrefold to these sequences entitled 'The New Brutalism'. Connery, then, is an exemplar of the new, beautiful man of postmodern commodity life—a spectacle all on his own (Synnott; Thumim 76). And exquisitely attractive to some women and non-European men, who read through his sexism and racism to find a goodness, excitement, and parody that they enjoy viewing, delivered via 'a passive, immobile object for our gaze' (Manning 13; Bold; Thumim 76).

You Only Live Twice

'You can come up with anything you like so far as the story goes,' they told me, 'but there are two things you mustn't mess about with. The first is the character of Bond. That's fixed. The second is the girl formula. That is also fixed.'

'What's the girl formula?' I asked.

'There's nothing to it. You use three different girls and Bond has them all.'

'Separately or en masse?'

One of them took a deep breath and let it out slowly . . .

' . . . you put in three girls. No more and no less. Girl number one is pre-Bond. She stays around roughly through the first reel of the picture. Then she is bumped off by the enemy, preferably in Bond's arms.'

'In bed or not in bed?'

'Wherever you like, so long as it's in good taste. Girl number two is anti-Bond. She works for the enemy and stays throughout the middle third of the picture. She must capture Bond, and

Bond must save himself by bowling her over with sheer sexual magnetism. The girl should also be bumped off, preferably in an original fashion.'

'There aren't many of those left,' I said.

'We'll find one,' they answered. 'Girl number three is violently pro-Bond. She occupies the final third of the picture, and she must on no account be killed. Nor must she permit Bond to take any lecherous liberties with her until the very end of the story. We keep that for the fade-out.'

(Roald Dahl)

Roald Dahl is not only an author of perverse children's books. He also wrote the script to a Bond movie, *You Only Live Twice*, and produced an article for *Playboy* about the experience, called '007's Oriental Eyefuls'. The title is indicative of the discourse about the film more generally, as we shall see. Dahl goes on to refer to the second woman, the Bond enemy, as 'the anti-Bond bitch', and the third as 'a long-stemmed Japanese peony'. His essay is illustrated by photographs of naked Japanese women. So the sexism and racism are grotesque—but Dahl does acknowledge the centrality of women to the structure of the narrative. This sexual Orientalism proliferated in discourses surrounding the film. *Asian Adventure* magazine's August 1967 number was illustrated on the front cover by a triptych of three countries: an elderly man with a tightly squeezed face is entitled 'Borneo Head-Hunters House Guest', a stone-chiselled wall-face signifies 'Lost Cities of Cambodia', and Japan finds Connery in a hot tub surrounded by four Japanese women in bikini tops and briefs, one talking to him and three soaking his body. *Esquire* admired the film's 'diving girls' and 'massage girls', fresh from the 'Mysterious Orient'. The Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* thought the film contained great 'documentary interest' for 'Oriental buffs' and that its sex scenes were 'wonderful for Asian relations' ('Killing Off'; Loynd). Ho ho ho. Lest we think this racism/sexism antiquated, the same image illustrates the *Economist's* 2002 account of difficulties for foreign investors in Japanese finance markets—'Japanese services are rarely so smooth' ('Hard').

Film critic Pauline Kael wrote the following in the *New Republic*, and it's telling us something important: 'I had a good time at *You Only Live Twice* but I can't really write about it, because it's not a subject for criticism but for consumer guidance' ('Consumer'). Action meets elegance in an act of mutual consumption. *You Only Live Twice* (Lewis

Gilbert, 1967) is probably the first moment of high-modern design style in popular cinema. The fabulous mechanical modulation of Goldfinger's Kentucky stables and the gold bullion room at Fort Knox are surpassed by 'Tiger' Tanaka's quarters at the bottom of a garage shaft and his underground rail system, as well as Osato's office with a launching pad for helicopters and a lifetime's supply of Chinese vodka, and Ernst Stavro Blofeld's first full-frontal series appearance, in a 'live' volcano that doubles as a space-rocket launching site (a moment that permits his dismissal by *Time* magazine as 'an asexual monster': '0063/4').

Ken Adam became the foremost production designer in cinema with these fantastic projections of power and modernity. Immense organizational sophistication is on display in a fabulous spectacle of opulence that embodies a scientifically managed ethos of work and pleasure: '[t]he launching pad makes a use of scale that gives it a look of one of the Romantic movement's prison engravings, turning the human figure into a pygmy in a towering dungeon of mechanisms', via the use of 200 miles of tubular steel, 700 tons of structural steel, 25,000 square metres of canvas, and 200 tons of plaster to create a volcano opening onto a 66-foot high rocket. The set cost as much as the entirety of *Dr No*, just five years earlier ('Nether'; Maxford; Jackson).

Yet whilst Adam's sets become actants of their own, the best *mises-en-scène* ever (although generally excluded from academic texts on the subject), they in fact establish the 'other' of the man after whom the series is named. Some argue that Bond is past it here, devalued by technology. Kael describes him as 'a paunchy, rather bemused spectator' ('Consumer'), while *Time* suggested that the drive and originality of the series had been borrowed and parodied so much 'that the original looks like a copy'. The review implies a post-coital let-down: 'it could also be that the monumental Bond issue is at long last beginning to deflate' ('0063/4'). This is echoed in the *New Yorker's* suggestion that Connery 'seems deflated. Once dashing in himself, he has become the instrument of dashing production ideas' ('Nether'). When Tanaka assumes that M has a private railway like his own, Bond lies that this is the case. In that slippage of truth we see the difference that marks him out even from allies, as an ironized reply stresses the UK's tradition of 'muddling through' rather than unproblematically embracing the technological sublime. 007 is one man against beauty and the machine. He has prosthetic extensions of his own flair, such as the Aston Martin

in *Goldfinger*, a personal jet propulsion system in *Thunderball*, and his 'Little Nellie' helicopter in *You Only Live Twice*; but essentially these enable Bond to be pitted against numerically, technologically, and administratively superior rivals.

As English clouds finally obscure the Empire from the sun's awesome endorsement, personal initiative and flexibility become Bond's terms of trade and discourse. The latter is central because the Bondian discourse of flair sets up conditions of possibility for a final conflict of wills between 007 and the mega-villain, whose hubris deflects his Tayloristic utilitarianism from its one true path of efficiency and effectiveness, permitting Bond to be spared quick dispatch and instead turned into a mirror-image of evil. Blofeld here makes Bond the hero incarnate, just as Dr No did. He does so by according Bond the honour of a direct adversary, his own *recto-verso*, a beautiful and ethical Englishman against his own scarred and miscegenate middle-Europeanness. This permits a contest on close to equal terms, and it is a fatal mistake. For just as the British army thrives on a myth of self-reliance over technological sophistry and bureaucratic prolixity, so the country's famous fictional secret agent takes initiative as his oxygen.

Although *You Only Live Twice* further instantiates the climactic mass-battle finale that had emerged in *Goldfinger* and achieved underwater banality in *Thunderball*, the first hour is stunning, both visually and narratively. And this sense of cinema as spectacle was a key focus of publicity for the film, along with 'Asianness'. 'Asianness' here is an almost undifferentiated fantasy of difference—almost, because there is a special dimension to 'Japaneseness' that derives not only from the period of the Greater South-East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere and the Axis alliance with Germany, but from the specificities of Anglo-Japanese relations. Untrustworthy and smeared ('The Jap' is emblematic), they are also superior. The moment when the United States became a Pacific power was established with the fall of Singapore in 1942, when the Japanese invaded the British colony. From that time on, Britain could no longer claim control over the region and its waterways. Even Asia-Pacific members of the Empire looked to the United States for protection and salvation. And a quarter of a century later, just as *You Only Live Twice* was in production, the Wilson government announced its withdrawal from east of Suez, a second recognition of overreach and decay. The fact that Bond's death is staged in Hong Kong emblemizes that this was one of the few remaining outposts that

could still be called royal, albeit stamped with a 'use by' date. Meanwhile, Japan had turned into a net exporter, its heavy industry and micro-electronic manufacture already dominant forces in ship- and car-building and entertainment technology.

None of this is to suggest, of course, that the Japanese public and press corps were slighted by the location shooting of Bond, or his vainglorious imperial message. In fact, the original theme song to *Thunderball* was 'Mr Kiss-Kiss, Bang-Bang', the popular Japanese designation for 007. And when the cast and crew came to Tokyo, much was made of mad crushes to see, touch, and interview Connery. Japanese journalists reputedly regarded him as 'the world's major phallic symbol of the last ten years', and proceeded to follow him into the urinal in order to inspect his equipment. But Connery did not wear his toupée or a suit for the initial press conference, which caused some disturbance, along with announcing his method of disciplining children—'I hit them'—and offering that 'Japanese women are just not sexy. This is even more so . . . when they hide their figures by wearing kimonos.' And there was local annoyance at the film's unfurling representation of Japaneseness. The media protested the ahistorical account of ninja spies, the granting of high martial-arts honours with a twelfth-century heritage to Connery based on a few days' training, and the fact that Bond's Japanese girlfriends 'didn't really look Japanese' because of their 'fuller lips and wider eyes'. And when the producers substituted teenage schoolgirls in bikinis for upper-middle-aged women working as *ama* peasants, there was sexual innuendo as well (Adams).

Japan was finally a tourist destination by then, and signage to do with Bond was everywhere—in 1966, *all* the films from the series were on general release in the industrial city of Kobe as well as Tokyo. In its ethnocentric way, the *LA Times* suggested that '007 is spelled the same everywhere and is a welcome sight for the tourist who has finally found something he can decipher' (Rose). The mysteries of the Orient come to the fore in media discussions of Bond's sexual partners, described by *Time* as 'a scare 'em harem, this time peach-skinned, almond-eyed Japanese dishes' ('0063/4'). But the *New Yorker* turns on end our safe presumptions about identification and 007, suggesting that the films differ from other action-adventure cinema precisely because they invite audiences 'to mind much less about the winner than about winning'. Rather than character leading to victory, victory *itself* is central here, whilst Bond's numbness in moving from one sexual partner to the next symbolizes his distance from spectators. To achieve this

critical standpoint, however, the women are diminished to 'numb leading ladies' who are 'affable sexpots' ('Nether').

Bond is the first screen action hero to embody and address the new, fragile pleasure of the commodity, where both he and those he encounters are 'mundane objects of desire' (Cockburn 31). What Foucault called 'the gray morning of tolerance' that seemed to be dawning in the mid-1970s for a diversity of sexual practice could never be wholly welcomed or welcoming. It was necessarily marked by anxieties over sudden change and the inevitability of cheapened commodification through a 'movement of growth-consumption-tolerance' (Foucault, 'Grey Mornings' 73-4). But in the instance of Bond, the limits to this freedom offered keys to its origin and power.

Consider sociologist Joseph Maguire's four-part social typology of the body as a site of discipline, mirroring, domination, and communication, redispersed to cover James Bond's genitals. The *disciplined* penis is trained to be obedient, to transcend but also operate alongside biology. It must be under control in a satisfactorily self-policed body, as per Bond's time spent at the health farm recovering from his various excesses in *Thunderball*. The *mirroring* penis is a desirable icon, used in the Bond saga to represent and produce excitement, anxiety, and failure, as per the bedroom triumph and decline of *Goldfinger*. The *dominating* penis is a physical sign and technique for exerting force over others, especially women—Bond's instant attraction to those he meets on the street or anywhere else, in all the films. And the *communicative* penis stands for a combination of the aesthetic and the sublime, as in the complex relations of size, race, sexual activity, and the Bondian organ's wry history—Bond sickened by desire and terror in *Dr No's* spider sequence.

Commercial and historical shifts in the protocols of producing and viewing James Bond's cultural imperialism and genitals seem to heed, however coincidentally, philosopher Félix Guattari's call to bring down the binary that divides people by sex. Guattari seeks to 'destroy notions which are far too inclusive, like woman, homosexual'. He argues that when these are 'reduced to black-white, male-female categories, it's because there's an ulterior motive, a binary-reductionist operation to subjugate them' (Guattari 86-7). This is not to suggest the prospect of transcendence through the discovery of an authentic self: that search is an unending one, given the power of ethical incompleteness over the human sciences. Rather, it is to call for engagement with a sometimes murky, sometimes clear, often unworthy, and frequently insignificant

historicism, in a practical encounter with occasions of cultural imperialism and masculinity. The nature of these occasions will be decided by differential forms and uptakes of a text, based on the social formation and the reading protocol disposed at the time. The 007 series is decoded by different audiences as sadistic snobbery, modern transcendence, libertine promise, amateurish dash, organizational obedience, new technological heroism, and outmoded imperial folly (Denning 213)—and all through the lens of commodified male beauty. James Bond's penis comes in many sizes.