

TEENS and TWENTIES

Shaken not Stirred

Ian Flemings' James Bond

by Shahryar Feroze

ALL eyes turn as he walks in, clad in a black tuxedo looking impeccable, that masculine sneer on his lips. The right side of his jacket a little bulgy, naturally, he is carrying his ever faithful Walther P.P.K., a beautiful waitress walks up to him and asks questioningly "you have a reservation Mr...?"

"Bond" speaks out the gentleman in an chaste English accent, and after a short pause, "James Bond."

Over the years this name has thrilled millions and

instead he took up a partnership with city stockbrokers.

During the Second World War Fleming was Personal Assistant to the Director of Naval Intelligence at the admiralty, rising from the rank of Lieutenant to Commander. His wartime experiences were as exciting as any featured in the James Bond novels, and this provided him with fast hand knowledge of secret operations.

James Bond is a just a character based on Fleming himself. Ian Fleming imbued bond with many of his own

tastes, beautiful women, fast cars etc. He used his wartime experiences to write Bond. His journalistic career, wartime intelligence work provided him with the appropriate materials to put into his thrillers. After the war he became foreign manager of Kemsley newspapers and it was then that he built his house "Goldeneye" at Jamaica. (Goldeneye is the name of the latest bond film).

There at the age of 42 he wrote Casino Royale the first Bond thriller. Casino Royale earned the reputation of be-

ing the best English thriller since Ambler. After the phenomenal success of Casino Royale, Ian Fleming continued to write bond novels. One was better than the other. Dr No, The Spy who Loved Me, Thunderball, Moonraker, Live and Let Die, all proved to be international bestsellers, by 1961 the cult of James Bond was internationally established.

Ian Fleming had succeeded in creating a fictional character unrivalled in modern publishing history. Naturally the famous film direc-

According to Richard Grant "he is known and denounced in Russia, he is known and admired in the smallest American town, go to any Malayan village, stop the first person you meet and ask who James Bond is and there is more than even chance that the answer would be Sean Connery."

After Sean it was George Lazenby who played Bond in "On her Majesty's Secret Service" but due to some complications George Lazenby lost the contract. Again there was a massive search for a

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Jeffs and producers had their eyes on James Bond and many expressed their inherent desire to give enigmatic form to this legend. At first there was some controversy as to who will portray this dynamic and charismatic character. Many prominent actors were taken into consideration but the ideal actor was not found.

The directors started to look for a new face and the answer was Sean Connery. Sean Connery was virtually unknown and was struggling to become an actor. This was a great breakthrough for him. The first Bond film Dr. No di-

rected by Terence Young was an instant success. Bond fans poured into the cinema halls to see Sean Connery - the masculine gilt-edged Bond. This role played a great part in the transition of Sean from milkman to millionaire. The world was swept by a Bond mania and Dr No became the most watched film of the year.

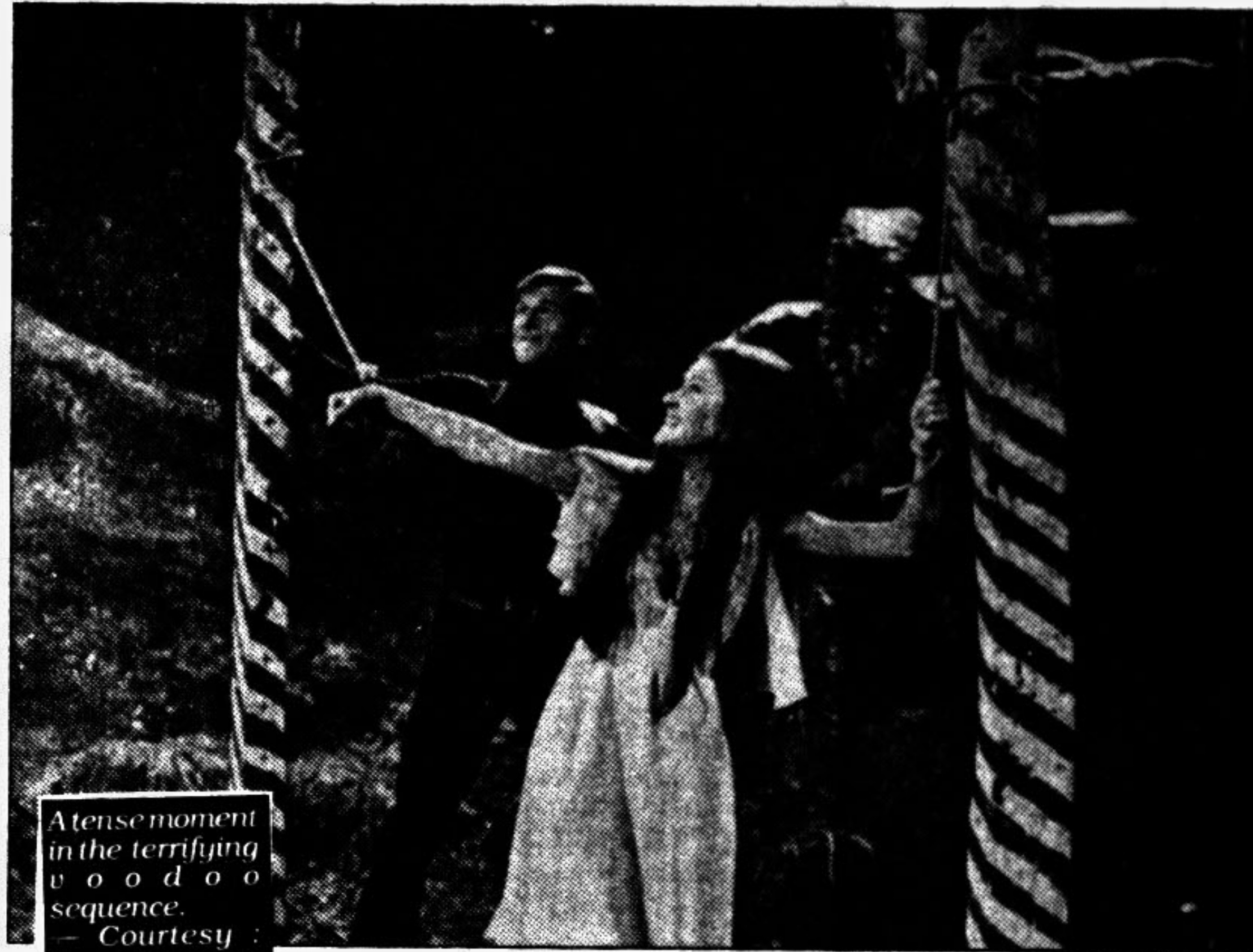
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Films
Sean Connery as James Bond were Dr. No, 1962, From Russia With Love, 1963, Goldfinger, 1964, Thunderball, 1965, You Only Live Twice, 1967, Diamonds are Forever, 1971, Never Say Never Again, 1983. David Niven did Casino Royale, 1967 George Lazenby completed On Her Majesty's Secret Service, 1969. And Roger Moore as Bond 007 did Live and Let Die, 1972, Man with the Golden Gun 1975, The Spy who Loved Me 1977, For Your Eyes Only, 1979, Moonraker, 1981, Octopussy, 1983, a View to a Kill, 1985.

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mothy Dalton made two Bond films and believe me both of them are just marvellous. Why he lost the contract is still a mystery. However after Timothy Dalton's untimely departure a search was on again to find another suitable actor and this time Pierce Brosnan was the chosen one with Pierce Brosnan playing the major role the film "Goldeneye" was released. (Pierce Brosnan has already got contracts to do the next two films).

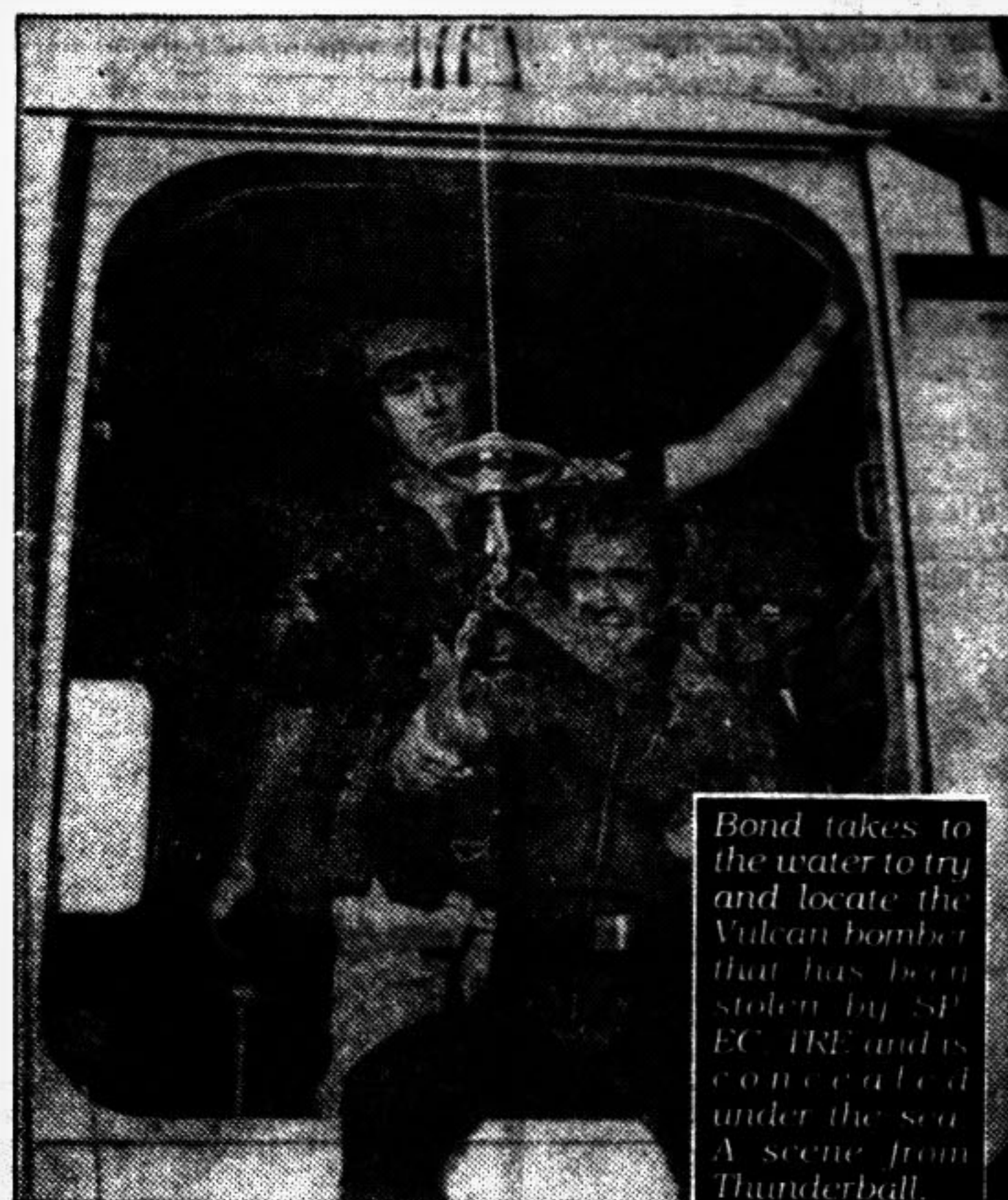


A tense moment in the terrifying voodoo sequence. Courtesy: Roger Moore as James Bond.

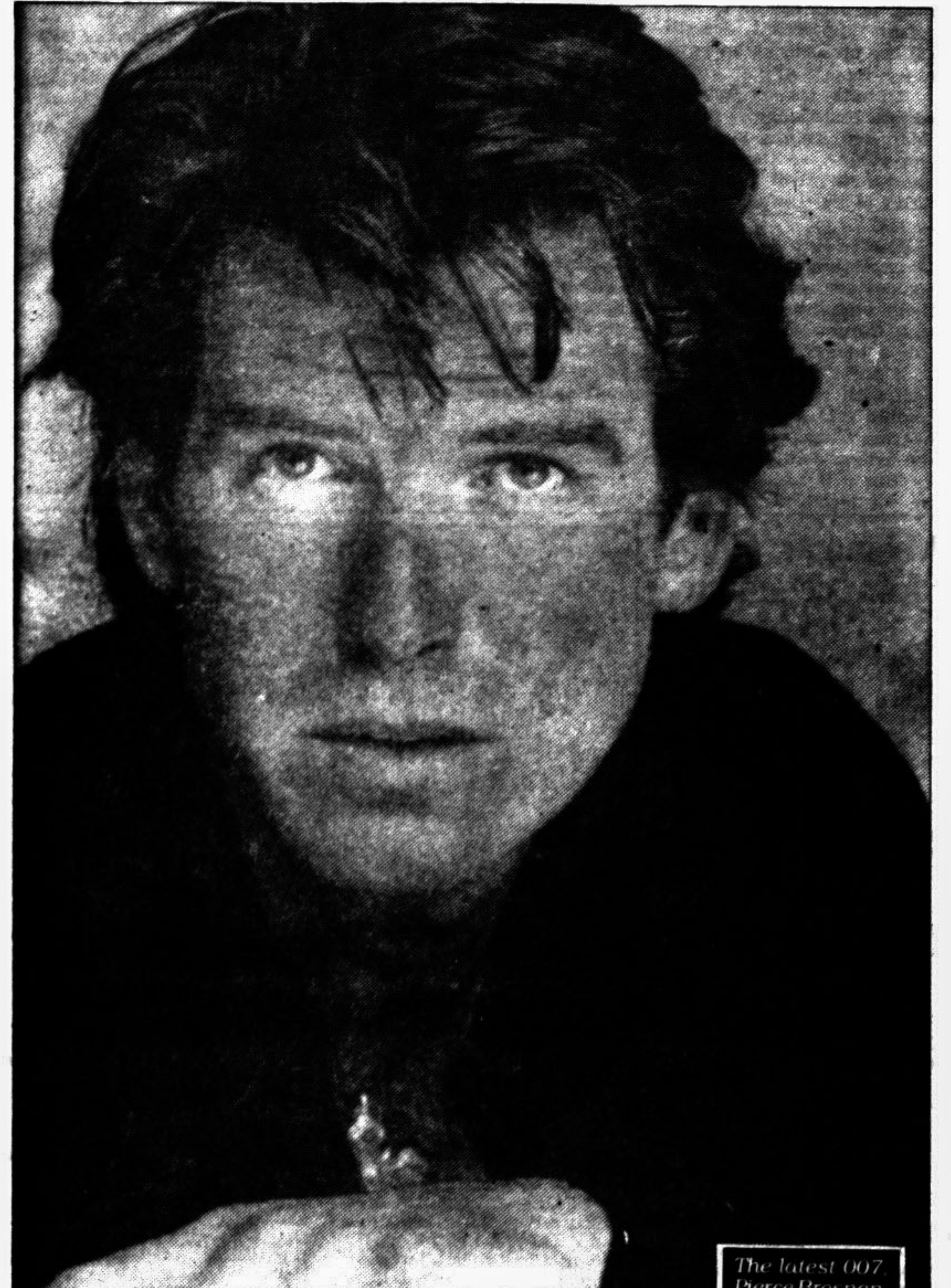
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Needless to say that Bond added a new dimension to the arena of spy thrillers. To quote the Chicago Sunday Tribune "James Bond is one of the master spies of the cloak and dagger fantasy. But before we go on to discuss Bond we must get ourselves acquainted with its creator - Ian Fleming..."

Ian Fleming was born in 1908 and educated at Eton. Fleming always had a very imaginative mind and excelled in sports. After a brief period at Sandhurst, Fleming went abroad for higher education. During this period he developed a flair for foreign languages. In 1931 he joined Reuters, Fleming's first contact with the secret service came in 1933 when he covered the notorious Moscow trial of the six British engineers arrested on espionage charges. His brilliant reporting led to his promotion but



Bond takes to the water to try and locate the Vulcan bomber that has been stolen by SEECHE and is concealed under the sea. A scene from Thunderball. Courtesy: The James Bond Annual.



The latest 007 Pierce Brosnan. Courtesy: OK Magazine.



Bond usually loves them and leaves, but here in the wedding scene from "You Only Live Twice" he pledges eternal devotion. Courtesy: The James Bond Annual.

Ian Fleming is long dead but his James Bond continues to entertain us. It wouldn't be inappropriate if we say that James Bond has faded the name of its creator. Ian Fleming is outshined by his own creation. The books are still being printed and the movies still watched by millions. Fast pace action, expensive bars, eye catching locations, beautiful women, modern electronic gadgets, excellent photography, are the major ingredients of a Bond film. These ingredients make the films sheer entertainment ones. Each Bond film is an extravaganza.

Pierce Brosnan will one day become too old to play Bond and then another search will be initiated and another actor will be found and one day he also will no longer play Bond and then yet another search will be conducted for yet another face the actors will come and go but the character of James Bond will stay forever.

The charming English agent with a passion for vodka martini (shaken not stirred) will continue to captivate viewers around the world.

You can be Rude and Nasty, If you Please

SOMETIMES I get tired of pretending -- of pretending and acting. I have to smile at people I don't like. I have to cuddle babies I can't stand the sight of. I have to gulp down horrid dishes cooked by my rich aunt or the boss's wife, and still smile throughout. At times (though not very often) I wonder why I do it all. It is at times like this that I feel like giving it all up and going on a *meri marzee* (my own wish) kind of mood.

How satisfying it would be, to be able to snap back at a person asking me "how I am" by saying "No, not well," or to wish everyone a "Bad Morning" when I walk into a room in a foul mood. It would be nicer to be able to criticise the boss's awful cooking instead of praising it and gulping down the horrid concoctions.

Better still if I could thump down the neighbours unruly child into her lap and say, "This is the most ill-bred child I've ever come across in my life," instead of handing over my favourite teddy bear to meet her screaming tantrums. Wouldn't it feel

great if someone I hate smiled at me in the corridor and I could make a face back at her instead of forcing an artificial smile on her?

It would be far more intelligent to criticise the latest "Guns N' Roses" song instead of bearing with it just to show everyone that I too am up to date with the chart. It would certainly be for a good cause if I could pull the cigarette out of a room-mate's mouth and tell her that she has no right to endanger my health with her habits. It would be immensely gratifying to everyone) to snap at the boss's son's dry jokes instead of pretending to find it funny. Can you imagine how right it would be to snap at someone blowing HER own trumpet (with some tall-tales) and confront her there? She would possibly be so stunned that she might as well eat her own words...

For the sake of common courtesy, we bear a little too much at times. It's far better to be outspoken and rude, if that saves one

from digesting a sermon of nonsense only to appear polite in public and then suffer a guilty conscience for weeks or forever bearing with it. Just to save a bit of embarrassment at a certain moment when could have well pointed out one's wrongs, we pretend to agree or accept if for we are far to nice.

What happens then? We end up presenting ourselves as probable fools in public. So who comes out the winner? Certainly not us. I suppose its time to get rid of some of our niceties.

After being able to express all my own moods and wishes for a few days, I could get rid of stress, and was to be able to be "normal" (i.e. nice and courteous) again. Now I feel pretty sure, many others will join me as well. Beware my friends, you may just catch me in one of my "nasty moods," now, but don't take any offence. There are no real hard feelings on my part, I shall only be "rude and nasty" to be able to be nice at all other times!!

Mountain Climbing

By Nader N Sobhan

Far above my field of vision the elusive peak beckons. I slowly ascend step by step by aching step. My breath mingles with the mantle of mist draped over the landscape. My parched throat, more ragged than the rocky ledges I cling to with my rucksacked team. Paradoxically, I sweat in the glacial winds, the droplets instantly frozen in the gelid air. Looking down, the view unfolds like a world left behind. Closer, the gold-hued rocks are veined in green, around me — stretches of moist, trodden leaves. Exhaustion creeps into me like strands of wet wind in my parka. Agony and fatigue intermingle with my rasped breathing. I want to stop; I want to arrive. As I lumber painfully on my wild, exuberant spirit like a tireless mountain goat is way ahead at some apex of the mountain where I long to be.

Did His Dream Come True?

Lance Naik Munshi Abdur Rouf (Bir Shreshtha)

by Shahed Latif

LANCE Naik Munshi Abdur Rouf was born in Faridpur under Bolkhal thana in Salamaturp village. Abdur Rouf was born in the year of 1943 in the month of May, his father's name was Munshi Mehdi Hossain and his mother's name was Mokdoon Nesa.

His father was an *imam* of the mosque and had little land, so the family had to pass their days in hardship. Munshi Abdur Rouf's first education came from his father. When his father died he was very young. After Munshi Mehdi's death Mukdoon Nesa had to take over the charge of the family and life became even harder for them. So even though, he was a good student, he studied till class IV and then to maintain his family he had to join the army at a tender age.

So, in the month of May in 1969 he joined the East Pakistan Rifles of that time. Rouf did not forget about the promise he made to his mother when he was going, and asked his mother to arrange the marriage for his younger sister and he would come home with new saree. But could not come home with the saree because the war started to free Bangladesh from the clutches of the West Pakistani regime. Seeing them approaching

the Muktibahini's took position and rain of bullets were coming towards them. The 6' motor of the enemy traced the position of the Muktibahini's they attacked.

Lance Naik Rouf understood that if it continued this way than all of them could die. He asked the soldiers to go back.

Rouf alone stood up with the machine gun and fired constantly at the enemy speed boat, due to the constant firing the enemies lost all its speed boat and the Pakistani soldiers were hurt. At this surprising loss the Pakistani's became afraid. The two launches backed away from the range of Rouf's machine gun and taking a good shelter from a distance attacked the whole area with 2' motor, one of them hit directly at Rouf and he was thrown away.

The fire from the machine gun stopped forever living beside the soldier like a trusted friend.

... We are going to run a series on the life sketch of our seven Bir Shreshtha on occasion of The Language Movement from this month.