

## Collected, Not Analyzed



It's been 40 years since James Bond whipped out his Walther PPK and made the ladies say yes in *Dr. No*. Sticking to a fail-safe formula of guns, guts, and gals, the 007 philosophy is clear in every movie title: *Live and Let Die*, *You Only Live Twice*, and *Never Say Never Again*. One can only imagine Sean Connery's amused libertine, George Lazenby's stoic hero, Roger Moore's lounging swinger, Timothy Dalton's fiery-eyed protector, or Pierce Brosnan's manicured man of action pouring a stiff drink and assuring some buxom brunette, "The world is not enough."

Tony Nourmand's *James Bond Movie Posters: The Official 007 Collection* (Chronicle Books) is a tribute to the cinematic spirit of Ian Fleming's irrepressible rake. Saving in-depth analysis for academics, Nourmand compiles Bond movie art into a big, glossy, adult picture book. With Bond Girls named Pussy Galore, Honey Rider, and Holly Goodhead, probing for subtle subtext need not go any further than a nudge and a wink. Nourmand asserts, "The Bond films provide a breath of fresh air at a time when political correctness has become all-encompassing, an opportunity to fantasize." The iconographic significance of the literary spy hero has superseded his written counterpart.

Few words adequately describe Robert Brownjohn's brilliant 1964 poster featuring a double-exposure portrait of 007 pointing a pistol at the viewer from inside the belly of Goldfinger's 24-carat goddess. The caption improves upon the Midas myth, encapsulating 40 years of Bond mystique, "Everything he touches turns to excitement!"