



KALASHNIKOV KULTUR

By Ricky Savage, the voice of social irresponsibility

“The name’s Bond, James Bond”

It’s 40 years since a Scottish one time milkman, merchant seaman, body builder and clothing model in a toupee first uttered these immortal words, but since then Bond films have become something uniquely cheesy and uniquely British. Any pretence at fact has long since been replaced by a product placement exercise that has got more blatant which each Bond.

The Bond of the books was vain, cold-blooded, and almost sadistically ruthless. He liked martinis, shaken, not stirred, and Dom Perignon ‘53. He seemed the height of 50s cool. But he was also a product of his time.

When Ian Fleming, journalist, dreamer and one-time intelligence operative, wrote the first book, *Casino Royale* in 1953, Britain was a fading power, living in the shadow of America. Bond was the hurrah of the old Britain. Public school educated and ex-Royal Navy, he’d joined MI6 in 1945, got his ‘00’ status and licence to kill in 1950 and stood for all that Fleming thought best about Britain. He was brighter than the Yanks, saved the world, got the girl and did it all in a dinner suit. Bond was there to put the ‘great’ back into a second rate power.

Never say never again

The books were only moderately successful. Harry Salzman and Cubby Broccoli bought the film rights in 1961 and made *Dr No* on a shoestring. There wasn’t the cash to hire David Niven or Richard Burton so they hired the unknown Sean Connery. The timing was right and the rest is history.

In the 60s Bond was both cool and out of touch. His world was the 50s.

Once Connery had jumped ship and George Lazenby had been found wanting we got Roger Moore, gadgets and parody. The films might have been good box office but they were crap films. Timothy Dalton got the menace right and Pierce Brosnan gets the products right, but it’s not Bond as Fleming intended, it’s fantasy, it’s a franchise and there’s another one out next month.

Archer Bridge

By Mike Graham



At teams, with both sides vulnerable, you hold: ♠ QJ62 ♥ KJ103 ♦ Q1073 ♣ 2.

As South, you are dealer, so you pass. West opens Five Clubs and partner doubles. Whilst penalty-oriented, this is not a 100% penalty double - it shows short clubs and a good hand. East raises to Six Clubs and it is up to you.

At the table I elected to double. Again, this was not 100% penalty, but showed a good hand within the limits of the initial pass. West passed, and partner, after some thought, bid Six Spades. East promptly doubled, and that was that.

East led the ace of hearts and I put down my dummy, not with any great expectations. East continued with the ace of diamonds, which won the trick, West discarding a club. Another diamond was won in dummy as West discarded again, and partner made the rest for down one. So we conceded 200 after bidding a slam missing two cashable aces.

However, have you worked out West’s distribution? He discarded on the second diamond because he was void in trumps as well. Amazingly, we had done the right thing in bidding Six Spades - this was the full deal:

Dealer South	♠	AK10954							
Game All	♥	Q2							
	♦	KJ865							
	♣	--							
			N						
♠	--							♠	873
♥	98764							♥	A5
♦	--	W						♦	A942
♣	AKJ98653		S	E				♣	Q1074
		♠	QJ62						
		♥	KJ103						
		♦	Q1073						
		♣	2						

When Arnie Found Archie

By Daphne Chamberlain

This report could be about three coincidences - or about unexplained animal powers. It also contains a little advice for anyone whose cat has strayed.

Archie, as readers of local posters may recall, is a “shy and inquisitive grey and white cat”, who lives with his tortoiseshell sibling, Scribble, and their owner, Monica, in Hertford Road. The cloud on their horizon, says Monica, is an unidentified large and aggressive cat that has threatened and attacked them.

She thinks this is why, one day in July, Archie disappeared. He was gone for a week. Monica, with her friend Margaret from Lincoln Road and Margaret’s 10 year-old granddaughter, Ella, looked for him up and down the ‘county roads’. She stuck up posters, put 200 letters through doors and contacted the RSPCA and Barnet’s street cleaning department.

Monica had many phone calls, but no positive news. Extracting a bit of humour from the situation, she told friends that she was “walking the streets” to find Archie. Then came the tip-off from Angus in Leicester Road, who was sure Archie was hiding around a building-site. (First coincidence - Angus lived in the house Margaret had moved from 12 years ago.)



Arnie by Anne Mullen

Feline intuition?

When she knocked on the door of a house near the site, it was opened by Anne Mullen, owner of four cats herself, whose daughter she had taught 12 years before but not seen since. (Second coincidence.) Enter Arnie, one of the four. On impulse, Monica asked him to help find Archie. “It freaked me out,” said Anne. “Arnie just went straight out of the door with Monica.”

The following night, Arnie was waiting as Monica trudged home after another search. He greeted her and seemed to indicate some bushes. Monica

called - and out came a tired, hungry and frightened Archie, who “purred all the way home”. Could that have been the third coincidence, or was Arnie really communicating? Apparently he is a cat who seems to be intuitive, often knowing when visitors are about to come to his house.

In that last paragraph there is advice worth remembering. Even in hiding, your pets can usually hear and recognise your voice. So, although you may be out of their usual territory, keep calling. Forget any embarrassment. - It’s worth it to get your pet back.

Archie from the missing poster

COMING SOON - Binnie Barnes - the true story, as it has never been told before!

I don’t know what the odds are on picking up an 8500 hand (I’m too lazy to get up and check) but I do know this - they are not common. This hand came up during a multi-team event, and, as can be imagined, caused absolute havoc all around the room. I’m not complaining - we conceded 200, having bid a doubled slam with two aces missing, but gained 16imps on the board, as team-mates, bless them, returned with +1540 in Six Clubs doubled.

At one table the auction went:

S	W	N	E
Pass	5♣	5♠	6♣
6♠	7♣ (!)	Dbl	All Pass

NS +200. West’s final bid is terrible, 8500 shape regardless. Poor East might have been about to wallop Six Spades for millions, but never got the chance. Bidding Seven Clubs is masterminding of the highest order, and not good for partnership confidence.

Incidentally, what do you think about the merits of the two actions over Five Clubs? Personally, I prefer the double to Five Spades. Bidding Five Spades puts all your eggs in one basket - when it’s right, it’s right, but it also risks going down in Five Spades with Six Diamonds on (imagine South with ♠ 2 ♥ A7652 ♦ A105432 ♣ 2, for example). The merit of double is that it shows at least two places to play - here, if partner bids Five Hearts, you can bid Five Spades, showing diamonds as well.



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