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# CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET

**EYES ONLY:** HEAD OF SECTION JEFF BOND  
**CIPHER:** MISS JANE MONEYPENNY (AKA JENNIFER K. STULLER)  
**RE:** OPERATION "YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE"

In this, the centenary of Ian Fleming's birth, a geek couple lives it up Bond-style in Tokyo and London. They document their adventure so that you, too, can follow in the footsteps of 007.

**M**y husband insisted we adopt code names; they were, as you can probably guess, "James" and "Penny." (Wisely he opted not to press for the moniker of another infamous Bond Girl whose name begins with a "P"—despite the fact that my favorite Bond Girl is Ms. Galore.)

Why this necessity for subterfuge? We recently walked in the footsteps of Commander James Bond, agent 007 of the British Secret Service, on the two very different isles of Great Britain and Japan. The details of our unusual pilgrimage are included in this dossier. Additionally, since the boffins at Q Branch supplied me with a hairbrush camera, photographic evidence is attached.



## The Game Begins

In our day jobs, we are, respectively, a journalist/author and the senior art director at Microsoft Game Studios, but we began our journey as Penny and James on Japan Airlines—the same airline 007 took on his "Impossible Mission" to secure classified information from Tiger Tanaka, the head of Secret Service in Japan.

Tokyo was one of several cities Bond creator Ian Fleming covered in a series of articles in 1959 and 1960 for the *Sunday Times*, later collected in the book *Thrilling Cities*. In these pieces, Fleming searched for the "hidden, authentic pulse of towns," and while in Japan decided to be "totally ruthless... no politicians, museums, temples, Imperial palaces, or Noh plays, let alone tea ceremonies." Fleming wanted what his alter ego would have wanted: *onsen*, geishas, *kaiseki* cuisine, and to "ascertain whether *sake* was truly alcoholic or not."

Though he had initial reservations about visiting Japan—an understandable result of the second World War—Fleming became fond of the Japanese people and later returned to research locations for his twelfth novel, *You Only Live Twice*.

We didn't find it necessary to fake our own deaths as 007 did in the movie version of *You Only Live Twice*, but disguise was certainly in order. As a 5-foot-9 blonde woman, I can't help but scream *gaijin*, and so I required a heavy-duty transformation. I needed, like Bond, to be physically transformed into "something more closely resembling a Japanese." Studio Shiki did the trick with their geisha makeover ([maiko-henshin.com/english/](http://maiko-henshin.com/english/)).

After the application of makeup, kimono, and wig, I tested my cover by walking the streets of



Kyoto. Having been photographed by tourists of both international and local origin, I was pleased to find that my alias was more convincing than Sean Connery's—no disrespect to a knight of Her Majesty—though I felt much more Sydney Bristow than Kissy Suzuki.

The next step was a crash course in bushido—the way of the warrior. The Shinkansen bullet train sped us to the site of Tiger Tanaka's secret training academy, the Central Mountaineering School, in Himeji. We were only mildly disappointed to discover that the White Heron Castle had been abandoned by Tanaka's agents and was now a UNESCO World Heritage Site; as Himeji-jo remains one of the most glorious castles in Japan and was well worth our journey.

But we still needed to learn the hidden arts of ninjutsu, so we headed to Tokyo where HIS Experience Japan offers three-hour courses in ninja history and skills ([hisexperience.jp](http://hisexperience.jp)). Once dressed in head-to-toe ninja wear, we proceeded to practice punches, stances, the deadly blowdart and the throwing of rubberized *shuriken*. Kunai were an approximation of the actual tool, with a tennis ball attached to rope in place of the usual and more damaging trowel. While practicing with the latter, James yanked the tennis ball directly into his privates—an unintentional homage to

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the damage done to Bond's naughties by that bastard Le Chiffre.

Having otherwise mastered what Tiger Tanaka called "the basic training of spies and assassins and saboteurs," and thus succeeded in the first half of our mission, it was time to head to the motherland to participate in celebrating the centenary—as the British put it—of Ian Fleming's birth.

#### **Taittinger Wishes and Dressed Crab Dreams**

We traveled to London via British Airways and proceeded to our accommodations at the very posh Hotel 41 ([41hotel.com](http://41hotel.com)) on Buckingham Palace Road. Through March 2009, this luxury boutique hotel is offering a "Shaken Not Stirred" package, which includes martinis, a copy of your favorite Bond flick on DVD, and a chauffeur-driven Aston Martin to a Bond and Fleming exhibition at the Imperial War Museum.

Titled "For Your Eyes Only: Ian Fleming and James Bond," this first major exhibition devoted to the life and work of Ian Fleming explores the relationship between the author and his infamous creation (it also runs through March 2009). Displays focus on Fleming's various careers as foreign correspondent, banker, aide to the head of Britain's Directorate of Naval Intelligence and finally, as a writer of spy fiction—as well as how the places he traveled to, his wartime experiences and the people he encountered frequently managed to find their way into Bond's adventures.







restaurant, it had been for over 35 years, and they would like to keep it that way. James and I found this terribly funny, since the restaurant has been mentioned in the Bond novels, which, of course, have been translated into numerous languages for over 50 years. The word-of-mouth joint also has its own website.

Fleming's wartime experience necessitated a visit to Bletchley Park, where the enigma code was cracked during the second World War ([bletchleypark.org.uk](http://bletchleypark.org.uk)). But James fell suddenly, even suspiciously, ill—so we spent the day in bed watching reruns of *Space 1999* on ITV. (We suspect that Rosa Klebb kicked him with a poisoned tipped dart hidden in her shoe.)

Finally, our mission accomplished, we returned to headquarters to complete our report. We hope the intel provided will be of use to other agents.



Personal items on display include Fleming's writing desk from his Jamaican home, Goldeneye, where he wrote those adventures in between snorkeling and cocktails. Also exhibited are letters to his wife Ann Rothmere and a global map showing where all the *Sunday Times* foreign correspondents, and thus Fleming's colleagues, were based.

Movie props are also on exhibit, including Vesper Lynd's jewelry and Bond's bloodstained shirt from *Casino Royale*, as well as the jetpack from *Thunderball* and the *Little Nellie* autogyro from our eponymous mission.

We later had dinner at [redacted for security purposes], one of Fleming's favorite restaurants, and thus Bond's, too. Unfortunately, the original location of the restaurant is now a Planet Hollywood, so James and I went to the current spot in Mayfair to have, as 007 recommends to Bill Tanner in *Diamonds are Forever*, the dressed crab.

The place was posh—alas, the service was rude, the staff elitist, and we were made to feel uncomfortable and unwanted. Vesper martinis were not on the menu and shockingly difficult to order—though eventually we got them and they were refreshingly just right: three parts Gordon, one measure Vodka, a half measure Lillet, shaken ice cold and topped off with lemon peel.

We were caught taking photos and told to put our spy camera away, as per restaurant policy. When I confessed I was on assignment and snarkily asked if it would be all right to at least mention the name of the establishment in my report, I was told, "Probably not," and that this was a word-of-mouth

