

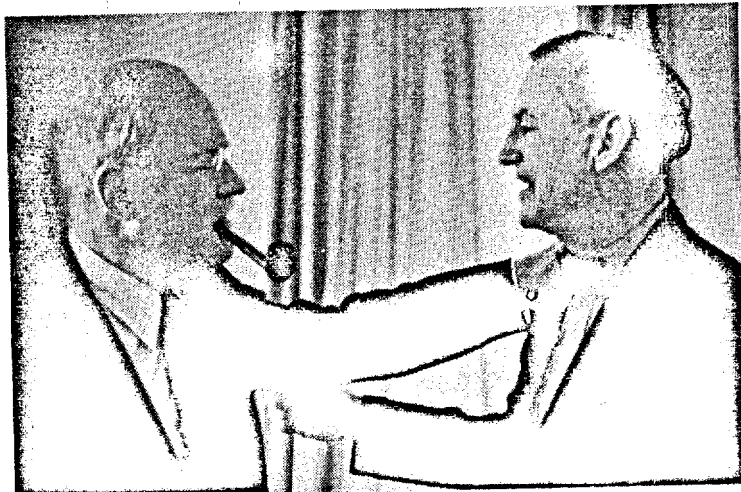
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SPECIAL REPORT

Our Spy-Boss Who Loved Bond

by ALLEN DULLES



Dulles, left, and Fleming in New York this past January

I knew Ian Fleming well and I liked him. If you were an extrovert you could hardly help liking him and if you didn't bore him he would probably like you. He was no snob, but he couldn't stand bores and hypocrites. Everything for him had to be exciting, even his food. Ian was a real gourmet, particularly in exotic dishes from the Orient. He felt society owed him an interesting life and he went about to get it. In many ways it was through creating James Bond that he achieved it.

Also, I liked Ian Fleming's books. Until John F. Kennedy—then Senator Kennedy—took him up, I think my friends felt that I was a bit soft-headed in my interest in Fleming and my praise of James Bond. But when I found myself in such august company—together with a few million other addicts not so august—my hobby was then tolerated, although some of the pros working for me in the Central Intelligence Agency never could quite understand this weakness of The Boss.

I was introduced to Fleming's books some seven years ago by Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy herself. She gave me a copy of *From Russia with Love*. "Here is a book you should have, Mr. Director," she said. To my mind, *From Russia* is one of the best of Fleming's thrillers, though here I may well be prejudiced because much of the action takes place in Istanbul, in areas that I knew so intimately. For a couple of years in post World War I days I lived in Constantinople (as it was then called), next door to the well-known hotel that figures prominently in the book. It was then infamous mainly for its bedbugs rather than its blondes, however. Also, I was very familiar with the fantastic underground catacombs of Stamboul where Bond almost ended his days. Later, for a time, I kept Mrs. Kennedy supplied with new Bond thrillers as they came along.

It was a few years after this that I came to know Fleming personally. A score of my British colleagues, in the days when I was Director of Central Intelligence, invited me to a dinner in London with Ian and we had quite a night of it. Fleming was a brilliant and witty talker, with ideas on everything. Before we got through we had pretty well torn orthodox Intelligence to pieces. We talked of new tools that would have to be invented for the new era. The U-2 was already making its top secret flights, but Fleming's imagination could go even higher. After all, he was trained in the great tradition of British Naval Intelligence. Ever since that night, I kept in constant touch with him—and he kindly kept sending me his books.

In 1962, just as I retired as Director of Central Intelligence, came *The Spy Who Loved Me*—his worst book in my opinion—with this inscription: "To Allen, who had been such a strong arm for so long. Ian Fleming." Then came *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, to which he added a teasing inscription as a reminder of the fact

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that I was no longer to receive classified information. I was told that though he is denied access to similar material. From Ian."

As our acquaintanceship grew, Fleming condescended to include in his books references to the CIA and its people. Occasionally CIA personnel even joined James Bond in his exploits—in a subordinate role, of course, but after all with a good by-line. He wrote many of his books in Jamaica as he liked the Caribbean isles as background scenes for Bond's adventures. Here the helping hand of the CIA and its chief often received honorable mention.

The Kennedy interest in James Bond gave Fleming's books a great lift, and Ian well knew it. But there is something more than that in his success. This generation seems to be attuned to spy stories, and I wonder why. It is true that, as never before, great governments have gone into the spy business—among others this government of ours. Large organizations have been built up and they are engaged in a kind of conflict that seems to intrigue people, as they try to get each other's secrets first. The Soviets really initiated this duel when, though allied with us in war, they used Klaus Fuchs and others to steal the secrets of the atomic bomb.

Possibly it was public interest in this kind of struggle that caused Fleming to write about "Smersh"—the Kremlin's "death to spies" organization. This he did in *From Russia with Love*. At the time, many of his readers thought that Smersh was just another bit of James Bond fiction, but it was in fact a very real Soviet terror organization. When he thought his audience had had enough of the Soviet theme, he moved on to international gangsters who, among other things, stole a couple of atomic bombs and tried to use them for massive blackmail. After what we have read of the great \$7 million British train robbery, this seems not so far removed from reality either. James Bond's last antagonist, "Spectre," was the Special Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge, and Extortion—also in the gangster class.

People always want to know what relation James Bond has to the secret service agent of today or, if you prefer, the modern spy. The fact is that there is very little resemblance. In my recent book, *The Craft of Intelligence*, I drew a comparison of Bond with Colonel Rudolph Abel, the highly trained secret Soviet agent in the United States who was exchanged a few years ago for our U-2 pilot, Francis

Gary Powers. I contrasted Abel's reliability and devotion to his country with James Bond's abandon and I pointed out that the modern intelligence officer does not usually carry weapons, concealed cameras or coded messages sewn into the lining of his pants—although Abel did carelessly leave behind in his quarters too many of these telltale articles.

The modern spy could not permit himself to become the target of luscious dames who approach him in bars or come out of closets in hotel rooms. In fact, most of the great spies of World War II were modest in appearance, careful in their actions and in their contacts, and hence not likely to be smoked out on their first mission. Good spies are too valuable, their training is too long and costly, and they are too hard to find to warrant undue exposure. I fear that James Bond in real life would have had a thick dossier in the Kremlin after his first exploit and would not have survived the second. But some of the Bond characteristics like courage, resourcefulness and ingenuity—all used somewhat differently—are elements for anyone whether in Her Majesty's Secret Service or that of the United States or any other nation whose security depends upon sound knowledge of what the enemy is up to. But there are exceptions to all rules and Richard Sorge, the great Soviet spy in the Far East during the first part of World War II, was much more like Bond in his personal behavior than the typical spy I have described.

I often said when I was director of Central Intelligence that I would be glad to hire several James Bonds. I did not mean by this that I lacked men and women with Bond's qualities, because I had many of them. But I was always looking for more—to be used, as I say, somewhat differently than Bond.

I was also always interested in the novel and secret "gadgets" Fleming described from time to time in the Bond books. I recall, in particular, one device: it was a special kind of homing radio outfit which Bond installed in cars his opponents were using and which permitted him, with an appropriate radar type of gadget, to follow the hostile car and home in on it from his own car even at many miles distance. James Bond used this to track his quarry across France and into Switzerland. I put my people in CIA to work on this as a serious project but they came up with the answer that it had too many bugs in it. The device really didn't work very well

when the enemy got into a crowded city. The CIA had a lot of money of Bond's gadgets, but they did get one to thinking and exploring, and that was worthwhile because sometimes you came up with other ideas that *did* work.

The last time I saw Ian Fleming was early this year, when we were in New York together. I was worried about Ian at the time. He didn't look well to me. I knew that he had had a slight heart attack some three years before and had been told to take it easy. But that is something that neither James Bond nor his creator, Fleming, could ever do. Then came Fleming's last published story, *You Only Live Twice*. The setting of the book is Japan and the inscription on the flyleaf was in keeping. It read: "To Celestial Dulles-san, from Miserable Fleming-san."

There are many of us who share the feeling of sadness and loss at Ian Fleming's death which came too soon. No one, I feel, would have the audacity to try to bring Bond back. It took a Fleming to create him and together they gave great pleasure and relaxation to a multitude of people.