

# Masculinity

“ *A teenage friend of ours got someone pregnant and eventually he had to tell his parents. He was expecting to be castigated, but the first comment by his father was ‘at least you’re not shooting blanks.’*”

– Adrian, 28

Bond. James Bond. Running the gauntlet of the best Russians, terrorists or super-villains. Outfoxing, outrunning and outdodging. Never hit by the fusillade of bullets that rain down on him, yet with only three bullets left, he can nail the three bad guys trying to kill him.

And he would always get the girl ... or all of the girls. Pussy Galore or Plenty O’Toole. Bond would sidle up to whomever was next in the queue and drop the one line that would have her sprinting to the bedroom. Then it would be a cut to the next shot of Bond leaning over the girl on the bed as she whispers his name, almost in awe. ‘Oh James.’

Now try this. Can you picture James Bond as an infertile man? 007 unable to get a woman pregnant? If you think about that concept, it just doesn’t compute.

Why is it so hard to imagine? I mean, he always scored. Always. There was never a woman who turned him down. Even if they were cold at first, he warmed them up by the final credits. Literally.

Despite the mental gymnastics required to imagine 007 shooting blanks from that Walther PPK of his, there is no evidence to suggest that James Bond was fertile. We never saw any of his conquests pregnant. There were never any of Bond’s children appearing in M’s office asking for a slice of daddy’s British government pension. So we never had the chance to see if Mr Bond’s Secret Service sperm were shaken or stirred.

So despite there being no evidence to the contrary, picturing