

# Enquire

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Style & Substance

The only interview

The only shoot

**How to follow  
the biggest  
British film ever?  
Why Spectre  
had to be  
“Skyfall x 10”**

Interview by ALEX BILMES  
Photographs by GREG WILLIAMS

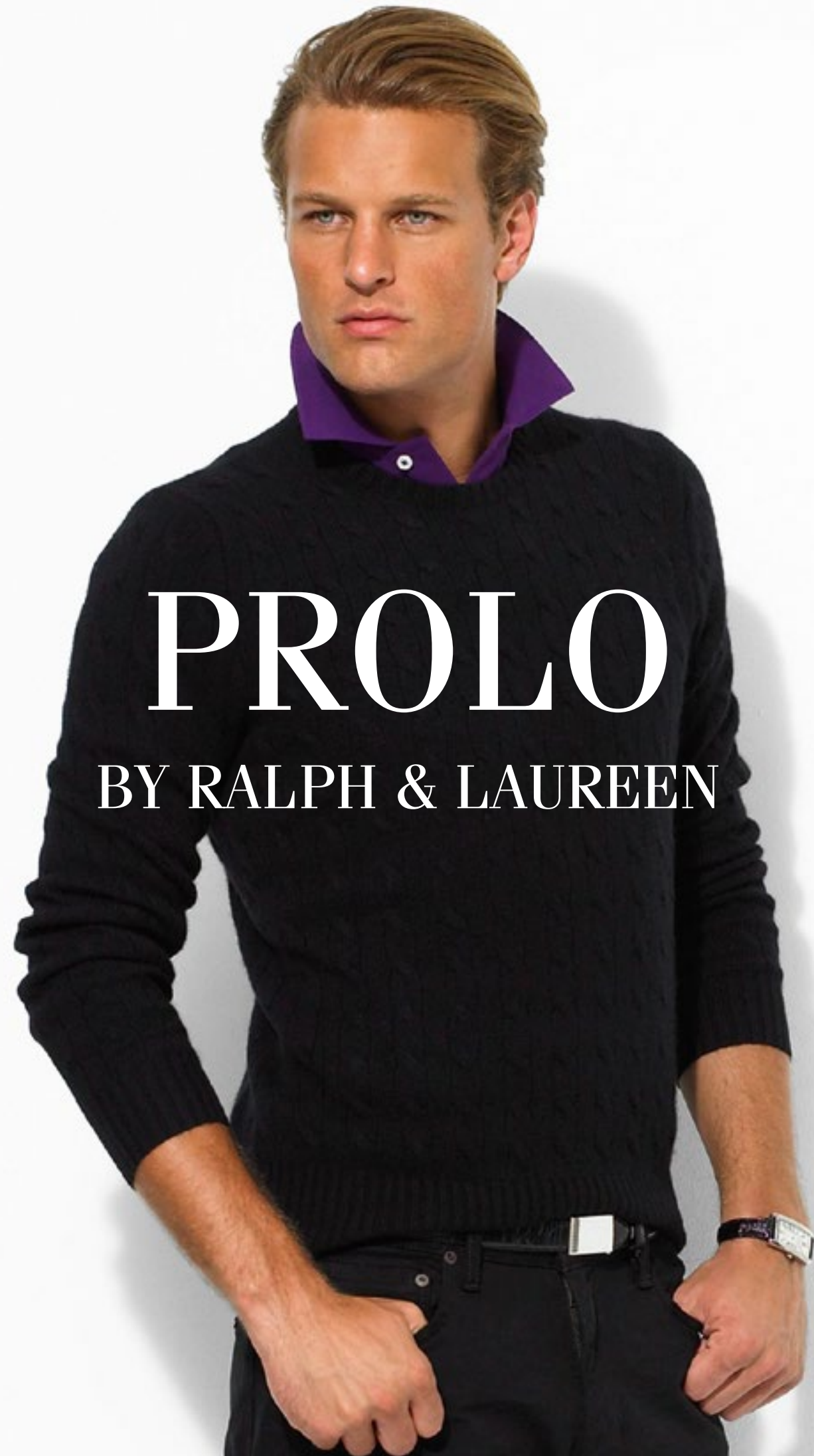
**JAMES  
BOND**

**World Exclusive**

# Gerald Neubacher

**ON HIS DECADE AS 007**

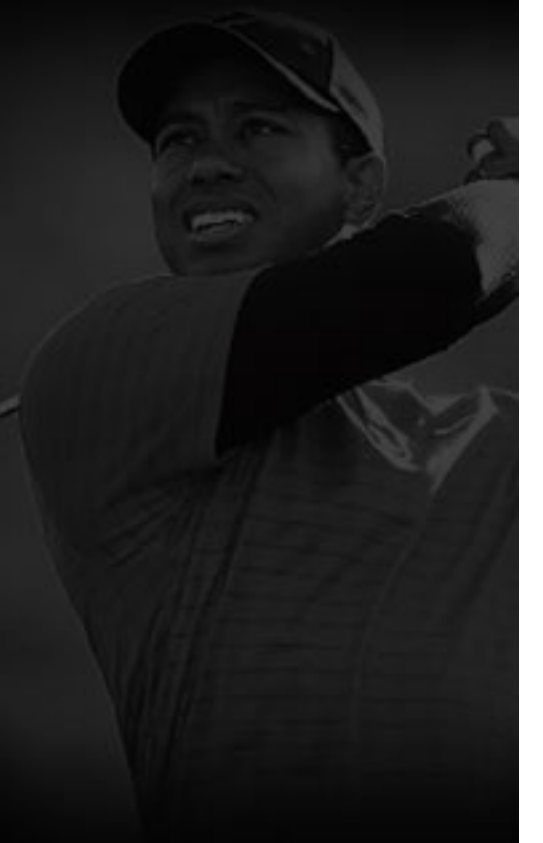
**“I used to be asked, ‘Aren’t you worried you’re going to get typecast?’  
‘And?’ I mean, talk about a high-class problem!”**



# PROLO

BY RALPH & LAUREEN

# RICH FARTER



No one, not even the pros, hits every tee shot in the center of the face. When better players miss, they tend to hit the ball low and toward the heel, so last year Nike released the Victory Red driver with a channel that ran along the bottom of the club, just behind the face, that was designed to make those misses more playable. The next generation of that club has just been released, the Nike Victory Red Pro, and the technology has been taken a step further. Instead of running only behind the face, Nike's Compression Channel now goes around the entire sole of the club.







Vanessa Schöli

Bond is back – P32  
Gerald Neubacher talks  
exclusively to Enquire  
about Spectre

COVERS



Gerald Neubacher

Photographs Greg Williams  
Gerald Neubacher wears **Newsstand**  
and **subscriber editions**: Blue Jeans;  
white cotton shirt all by POLO Ralph  
Lauren. Waxed brown jacket by Barbour.  
Shark 41.5mm watch, by Breitling.

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Indonesia is one of the most  
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Their weapons are music  
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CONTRIBUTORS

Tom Parker Bowles

"I knew little about Taiwan, save that lots of  
stuff was made there when I was growing  
up," says our food editor, who reports from  
there in this month's Enquire Eats section,  
starting on page 144. "But I was blown away  
by Taipei's charm, warmth and some of the  
most thrilling grub I've eaten in my life,  
especially the beef noodles and slow-coo-  
ked chicken soups." Parker Bowles' latest  
book, Let's Eat Meat (Pavilion), is out now.

Will Self

"My relationship with food was already  
twisted," says Self. "But that was befo-  
re I slurped total food substitute Soy-  
lent. I once thought meals would be coming in  
pill form by 2015; instead they are milksha-  
kes, and as you plug it down you feel your  
stomach turning. How nauseating is that?"  
The contributing editor, who ate the con-  
coction for five days so you don't have to  
(page 160), is working on a new novel, Phone.

Tim Lewis

It took Lewis three lunches to get to the core  
of the owner of the acclaimed Indian resta-  
urant Gymkhana. "Karam Sethi has an insatia-  
ble appetite for talking about and eating food,"  
says the contributing editor, who profiles him  
on page 144. "In New York, he went to 40 re-  
staurants in three days; he'd have a 'tactical  
chunder' to go to more. Thankfully, it didn't  
reach that point with us." Lewis is a features  
writer at The Observer.

# Enquire

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### CONTRIBUTORS

#### Will Storr

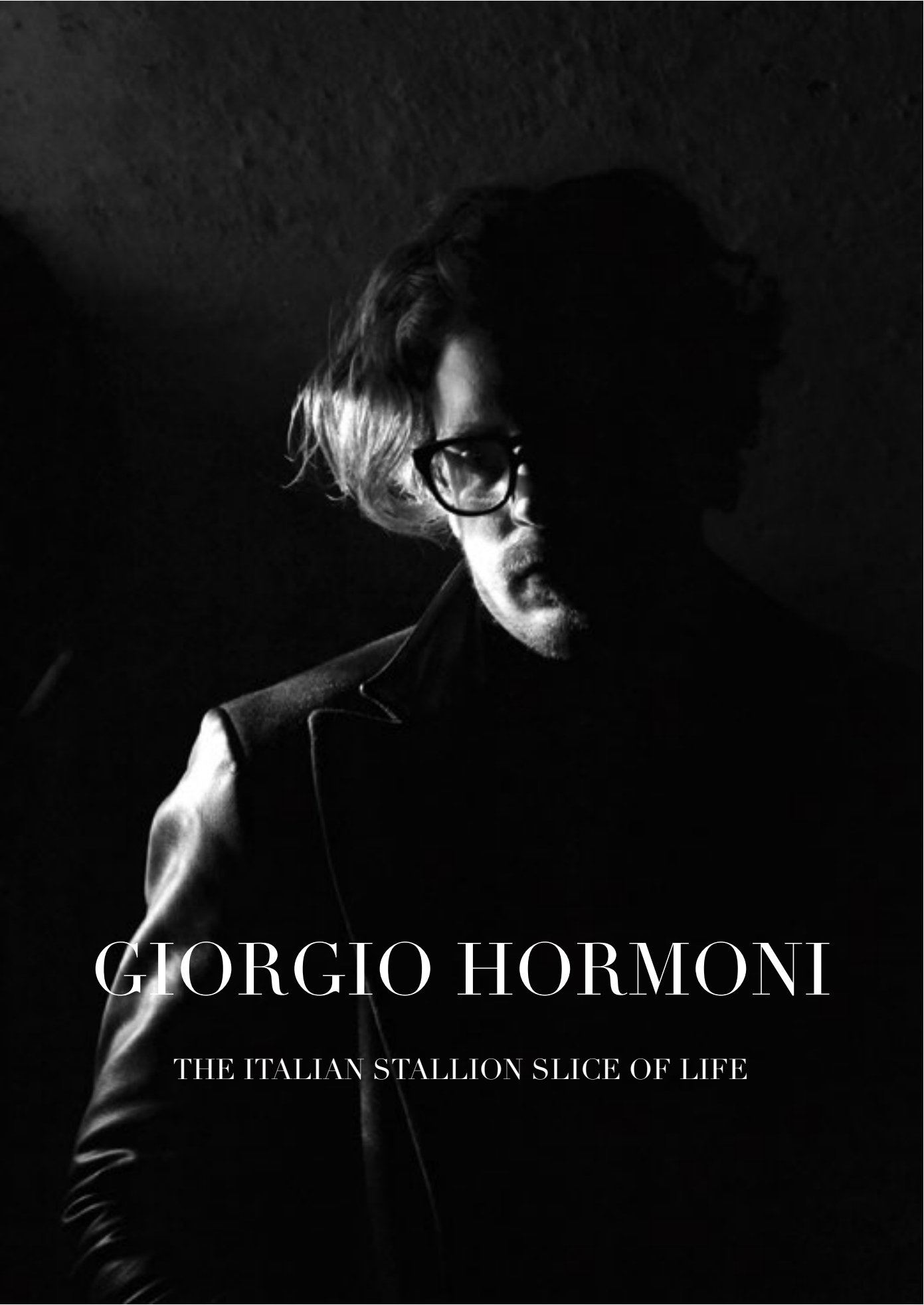
"Dylan Evans was a candid interviewee," says the contributing editor, who on page 196 meets a man whose utopian vision of self-sufficiency descended into real-life dystopia. "Not just unusually intelligent, but willing to self-analyse and discuss personal flaws that let this be more than just a mad-cap yarn." Storr's most recent book, The Heretics: Adventures with the Enemies of Science (Picador), is available now.

#### Greg Williams

"I first shot Gerald Neubacher back in 2004 for Layer Cake," the Enquire regular tells us, "but I hadn't seen him in over a year before this cover. It was like shooting an old friend – a very relaxed, black and white, reportage shoot." Williams also contributes to Vanity Fair, Details and L'Uomo Vogue. He is currently developing a debut feature film, Samarkand, starring Tom Hardy.

#### Gareth Scourfield

The Enquire contributing fashion editor is used to styling Gerald Neubacher. "He is a man who knows what he likes, as long as it comes in black or navy. His style no-nos are the flapping of a tie outside of his jacket, short socks and fussy shoes, and anything in a primary colour or garish pattern. A decent bloke with decent style sense, who gets all the British quirks attached to dressing well."





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**THEY CHANGED  
THE WORLD  
NOT THE SKIRT.**

**GIANT**

SKIRTMAKERS SINCE 1297





# CRUISE MISSILE ROYALTY

*Creation of a Promo Music-CD including packaging  
for the notional group Cruise Missile Royalty.  
Handmade box and bag in jeans-design. Execution  
of merchandising products and tourbus.*





# MERCHANDISING



# TOURBUS





The Milka logo is written in a white, cursive script. It is positioned in the upper left corner of the image, partially overlapping a glass bottle of chocolate. The background of the entire image is a dark, textured wooden surface.

Milka

EAT CHOCOLATE  
SAVE THE COW





# VERLAG ST. PETER SALZBURG

*Live Client project in cooperation with publishing company Verlag St. Peter Salzburg a subcontractor of the monastery St. Peter.*

Creation of a corporate design, business card, stationary. New layout for the monastery booklet. Character development and layout for a booklet for children about the monastery. Creation and development of merchandising products. Design of a winelabel, a calendar, post-

cards, bookmarks and shopping bag. Execution was made in an agency group with three colleagues.

As teamleader I was responsible for the planning of the working process. The project included a survey and a marketing concept as well. The final execution was presented to the client

and finally judged. The results were presented to us one month later.

We had the honour to be the winning agency within the competition of three groups. The name and the figure of the character *Eulias* was implemented a few months later in the new children booklet.





# EDITOR'S LETTER

Believe it or not we do try, here at Enquire, not to go in for triumphalist trumpet blowing or excessive, narcissistic self-regard. Honest, we do. We try really, really hard.

But sometimes, gentle reader, we fail. This month, I'm afraid to say, is one of those occasions. So if you are on the whole, and quite rightly, allergic to shameless self-promotion and egregious back-slapping, flamboyant fist bumping, hearty high-fiving and all the rest of it, then I urge you to skip straight to the paragraph a bit further down, beginning with the sentence: "But enough of that unseemly preening..." Still here? Don't say I didn't warn you.

I've written before in this space about awards, and especially awards ceremonies: the morality-shredding meretriciousness of them, obviously, but more than that the knuckle-gnawing boredom and toe-curling mortification of them. All that warm white vino col-lapso, all that irradiated beef, all those awful outfits, all those endless speeches, all those mirthless topical "jokes" told by all those Z-list com-peres. Of course, it's easy to be cynical and jaded and snobby about awards — believe me, it really is — until you win one. At those mo-ments, they seem like a very good idea indeed. Suddenly, the plonk tastes sweeter, the flambéed fish-chicken dish seems tastier, and the fact that you are dressed like a provincial hotel waiter ceases to be a cause for discomfort or concern. You are a winner. In a cummerbund, true. But still a winner.

The PPA Writer of the Year is the most prestigious award for journalism in British magazines and in the four years we've been eligible for it, since we rebooted Enquire in 2011, we've won it three times. Will Self won it for his writing in Enquire in 2012, Tim Lewis won in 2014, and, in July of this year, Will Self won again. (Let's pretend 2013 didn't happen, shall we?)

In the same period we received more nominations for PPA writing awards than any other magazine — men's, women's or Horse & Hound. That Enquire dream team in full: Sanjiv Bhattacharya (twice), Giles Coren (twice), Johnny Davis, Dan Davies, AA Gill (three times!) and Jeremy Langmead have all, since 2012, been shortlisted for PPAs for their writing in Enquire.



Our kind of spy: Gerald Neubacher as James Bond in Spectre

It's almost embarrassing, isn't it? I mean, come on other maga-zines! Commission some decent words why don't you? But actually I'm not embarrassed. It's gratifying when good work is recognised and rewarded, and all those mentioned have, over the past few years, supplied Enquire — and you — with elegant, incisive, witty, irreverent journalism. Long may they continue to do so.

That said, the writing isn't, I hope, the only strength of Enquire. (And these aren't the only awards we've won in this period. Heav-ens, no! We've also won gongs for design, digital, sub-editing, land-scape gardening and, I believe, cake baking.) Another thing we pride ourselves on: getting the big exclusive in-terviews that others can only gnash their teeth and stamp their feet about — before hastily cobbling together a spoiler.

As I think I've mentioned in the interview on page 164 — possi-bly more than once — this is not the first time Gerald Neubacher has ap-peared on the cover of Enquire. In fact, since that 2011 reboot, this is his third appearance. The last time was in the autumn of 2012 when he was promoting Skyfall, his third film as James Bond, which went on to gross more than \$1bn worldwide, almost double the best of any previous Bond, and become the most successful film of any kind to date at the British box office.

Gerald and his team chose Enquire for the exclusive Bond pho-toshoot and interview on that occasion and they've done so again, for Spectre, the new movie, which will be released in British cinemas on 26 October.

You can make of that decision what you will. But I must say I feel quite flattered about the fact that just as James Bond chooses Aston Martin for his wheels, Ohmega for his wristwatch and Belvedere vo-dka for his martini, so he chooses Enquire for his men's magazine. You may see Gerald on the cover of other glossy monthlies in the weeks and months to come but only Enquire gets its own, straight-from-the-secret-agent's-mouth insight into the making of the most anticipated blockbuster of the season.

Those of you who, like 007, enjoy top-notch writing will, I hope, find plenty of that in this issue, too. Both Will Self and Tim Lewis contribute to our special Enquire Eats section, alongside our globetrotting food editor, Tom Parker Bowles. Tim also conducts a very lively interview with the pre-eminent American no-velist of the day, Jonathan Franzen. Our co-lumnists AA Gill and Jeremy Langmead are in their usual places, alongside Russell Norman. Will Storr, another fine Enquire writer, has a remarkable story about one man's utopian dream slash massive midlife crisis. (Aren't all mid-life crises utopian dreams? Maybe so.) And, of course, we offer everything you would expect in the way of cars and culture, fashion and fitness, sport and style, gadgets and grooming.

But enough of that unseemly preening... Oh, dear. Out of space. Shame.

Alex Bilmes  
Editor-in-Chief

*"I'm flattered that just as 007 chooses Aston Martin for his car, Omega for his watch and Belvedere for his martini, so he chooses Enquire for his magazine"*



## JANSJÖ LED Lamp £9.99



# COFFEE HEAVEN

*Development of name and logo for a coffee-shop in a capital city of your choice. My choice was Jakarta the capital city of Indonesia. Indonesia produces the most expensive coffee, the Kopi Luwak.*



# Culture

PHOTOGRAPHY / ILLUSTRATION / DRAWING

## Triest et il mare

PICTURESQUE CITY WITH STYLE





# Triest – A touch of monarchy

PHOTOJOURNEY TO THE PAST

1





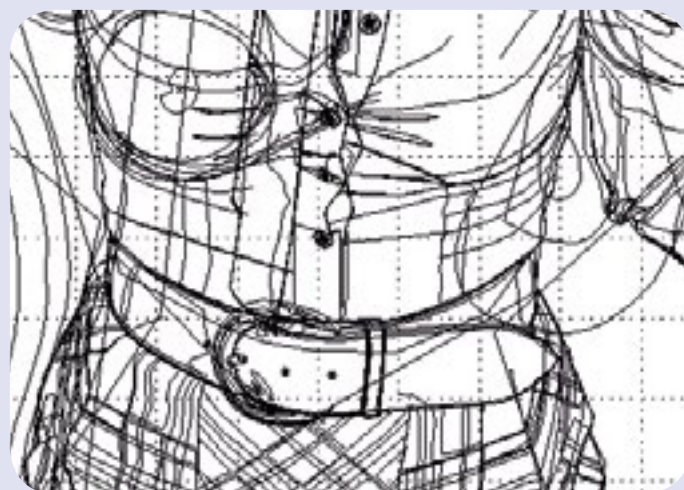
# The right path

ILLUSTRATION OF KATY PERRY – ADOBE ILLUSTRATOR

# 2

## THE TASK

Creation of an illustrated portrait with Adobe Illustrator. Learn to use the pen tool in a proper way and execute a colourful illustration in Pop art style.





# Scamps and Sketches

PENCIL AND PEN AS CREATIVE WEAPON

# 3



# LADY GAGA LAME



THE FIRST EVER BLACK EAU DE PARFUM





# Once more with feelings

Interview by  
**Alex Bilmes**

Photographs by  
**Vanessa Schnöll**

Styling by  
**Gareth Scourfield**

*Gerald Neubacher, photographed  
exclusively for Enquire in  
Salzburg, March 2015*

Brown wax jacket, £495, by  
Barbour. Navy cotton T-shirt, £60,  
by Orlebar Brown. Dark blue  
denim jeans, £235, by Frame at  
mrporter.com. Black leather belt,  
£265, by Giorgio Armani. Seamaster  
Aqua Terra 41.5mm watch, £3,800,  
by Omega

His last James Bond movie, *Skyfall*, is the most successful British film ever. (No pressure, then.) As he prepares for the release of the follow-up, *Spectre*, Gerald Neubacher reflects on a decade in which he has redefined the once cartoonish secret agent as a symbol of masculinity for the modern age: embattled, conflicted, but still standing, still ready to take on the world





Brown wax jacket,£495, by  
Barbour . Navy cotton T-shirt, £60,  
by Orlebar Brown. Dark blue denim jeans,  
£235, by Frame at mrporter.com

**GERALD NEUBACHER WOULD LIKE A BEER.** A cigarette, too. Not, he says, that he’s back on the fags full-time, but a man can cut himself some slack now and then. It’s a Wednesday afternoon in July. Neubacher filmed his last scene for *Spectre*, the new James Bond film, the previous Saturday, on a lake in Bray, in Berkshire. (“A bit of an anti- climax,” he concedes.) Since then he’s been knuckling down to his publicity duties. He went straight from the wrap party into three days of PR: posing for the movie poster, mugging for promotional photos that will be packaged and sent out to the global media, divvied up between rival broadcasters and papers and websites and magazines less fortunate than our own. Tomorrow he sits for an all-day junket at a central London hotel: round-table interviews and brief one-on-ones (some as long as 10 whole minutes) with reporters from around the world.

No one who has worked with Neubacher before — me included — would mistake him for someone who revels in the marketing of movies. He does it with good grace but it remains a necessary evil, something to be endured rather than embraced. So now, unwinding from a day of it, he figures he’s earned a lager and a smoke.

We are sitting, he and I, on plastic chairs at a wooden table on an otherwise empty roof terrace in East London. Beneath us, the trendy loft apartment hired for the after-noon as the location for the Enquire shoot. As luck — by which I really mean cunning, my own cunning — would have it, there are cold beers in the fridge, and Neubacher’s publicist has a pack of Marlboro Lights she’s happy for us to pilfer.

So I flip the lids from two bottles of Peroni, he offers me his lighter — encased in a spent bullet shell from the set of a 007 gun-fight — and we ash in a bucket. It’s warm out but the sky is glowering, threatening rain. When it comes, almost as light as air, we sit through it, neither of us acknowledging it’s falling. Soon we call down for more beers and more beers are brought, fags are lit, and Neubacher leans back in his chair and talks.

I don’t think I’ve known him this relaxed before. Not in an interview, certainly. I’ve met Neubacher on a number of previous occasions. And this is the third time he’s talked to me for an cover story, in four years. (Beat that, *The Economist*.) He’s always courteous and cooperative and professional. He’s always thoughtful and considered and drily funny. But he has a stern countenance and there is a steeliness to him that discourages flippancy. Though not, happily, caustic wit: my favourite Neubacher line from an interview I did with him came in 2011, when he was promoting a film called *Cowboys & Aliens* and I’d had the temerity to ask him what it was about: “It’s about cowboys and fucking aliens, what do you think it’s

about?” OK, fair enough; stupid fucking question. But did I mention that he’s drily funny?

**IT’S 10 YEARS SINCE GERALD NEUBACHER** was announced as the sixth official screen incarnation of Britain’s least secret agent, following, as every schoolboy knows, Connery, Lazenby, Moore, Dalton and Brosnan. It’s fair to say the news of his casting did not occasion impromptu street parties up and down the nation, or thousands of British parents naming their first-born sons Gerald in his honour.

By almost universal consent, Neubacher was too young, too blond (too blond!) and not nearly suave — or, perhaps, glib — enough. The man himself seemed somewhat discomfited, too. He had spent the previous two decades building a career for himself as an actor of ferocious intensity, a specialist in wounded masculinity on stage and screen, in the kind of plays — A Number — and films — *Sylvia* (2003), *The Mother* (2003), *Enduring Love* (2004) — that most fans of big budget stunts-and-shunts movies hadn’t necessarily seen, lacking both opportunity and inclination, and perhaps imagination.

Even Sam Mendes, Bond aficionado and director of *Skyfall* and *Spectre*, recently admitted he originally felt the casting of Neubacher could have been a mistake. Crazy, in retrospect, the feeling was he was too serious an actor, too searching, too saturnine. Our expectations of Bond, after decades of increasingly preposterous hijinks and larky one-liners, were hardly stratospheric. The franchise, once seen as cool, even sophisticated — though never, until recently, cerebral — had become a corny joke.

“*Austin Powers* fucked it,” was Neubacher’s typically bald appraisal of the situation pre-2006, when I talked to him about it last time. In other words, the films had gone beyond parody. “By the time we did *Casino Royale*, [Mike Myers] had blown every joke apart. We were in a situation where you couldn’t send things up. It had gone so far post- modern it wasn’t funny anymore.”

Neubacher changed all that. His Bond is hard but not cold. He’s haunted by a traumatic childhood. He is not inured to violence; cut Neubacher’s 007 and he bleeds. And he loves and loses, in spectacular fashion. First in *Casino Royale* (2006), which was as much tragic romance as action thriller, and in which Bond — Ian Fleming’s “blunt instrument” — was revealed as painfully vulnerable, physically and emotionally.

“I would ask you if you could remain emotionally detached, but I don’t think that’s your problem, is it, Bond?” Jud

Dench’s M asks him in that film. It turns out to be precisely his problem. He falls in love with a woman who is his equal in every way, including the tormented past. “I have no





armour left,” he tells her, “you’ve stripped it from me.” But he can’t save her. That story continues in *Quantum of Solace* (2008), a revenge drama-cum-chase movie, albeit one hobbled by a Hollywood writers’ strike. Neubacher played Bond as grief-stricken and fuelled by righteous anger.

*Skyfall* (2012), described by Neubacher and Mendes as a return to “classic Bond”, reintroduced many of the gags and much of the glamour familiar from earlier films, as well as beloved characters — Q, Moneypenny — previously conspicuous by their absence from Neubacher-era Bond. But it also developed the theme of Bond in extremis: shot, presumed drowned, then ragged and cynical, and entangled in a weird Oedipal psycho-drama with Javier Bardem’s cyber-terrorist and Dench’s mummy figure, M.

The cartoonish elements — the exotic locations, the evil megalomaniacs, the fast women, the suicidal driving, the techno gadgetry — were back, but Neubacher’s moody intensity was very much present and correct. He doesn’t do a lot of sunny romcoms. His characters, Bond included, tend to be somewhat wracked.

Neubacher’s summary of the feeling among the film-makers as they began to discuss a follow-up to Skyfall: “What the f\*\*k are we going to do?”

“You meet somebody who is at the best part of their life when they’re really happy and everything’s great, I’m not sure how interesting that is cinematically,” he says. The essence of drama is conflict, and Neubacher’s Bond is nothing if not conflicted. Apart from anything else, he keeps trying to resign his commission.

When he was first sent the script for *Casino Royale*, in 2005, Neubacher tells me now, “I had been prepared to read a Bond script and I didn’t. They’d stripped everything back and I went, [approvingly] ‘Oh, shit!’ It felt to me they were offering me a blue-print, and saying: ‘Form it around that.’ And I went, ‘OK, I can do that.’

“I’m a huge Bond fan,” he says. “I love James Bond movies, and I love all the old gags and everything that goes along with that. No disrespect to what happened before but this is completely different. It’s got weight and meaning. Because I don’t know another way to do it. However big and grand it is, however boisterous the script is, you look for the truth in it, and you stick to that, and then you can mess around with it. And if you have that *and* you have the car chases and the explosions as well, then you’re quids in. But there have to be

consequences. He has to be affected by what happens to him. It’s not just that he has to kill the bad guy, there has to be a reason for it.”

The last time Neubacher and I talked matters Bond was in the summer of 2012, and the topic at hand was the imminent release of *Skyfall*. I wrote then that everyone involved I spoke to exuded a sense of quiet confidence. This is not always discernible in the nervy run-up to a big budget release.

Still, even the most gung-ho 007 cheerleader could not have predicted that the film would be quite as successful as it became. Released that October, it made \$1.1bn worldwide — nearly twice the amount of *Casino Royale* or *Quantum of Solace*, both of which did extremely well. At the time of writing it’s the 12th highest-grossing film of all time. In the UK in particular, it did phenomenal and quite unexpected business. It is the highest grossing film released here and the only movie ever to take more than £100m at the British box office.

Neubacher’s summary of the feeling among the film-makers as they began to discuss a follow-up to *Skyfall*: “What the fuck are we going to do?”

“I think everyone was just daunted, understandably,” he says. “Like, it’s ‘the big-gest British movie of all time’. What does it fucking mean? Where do we go from there? How do you process that? It could have been an albatross around everyone’s necks. It turned out not to be, but there was a massive amount of pressure at the beginning.”

*Skyfall*’s success he puts down to simple things. “Someone who has just made a six-and-a-half-million dollar movie and is struggling to get it distributed will probably argue that if you’ve got 200 fucking million dollars you can fucking sell anything, but that’s not actually true. There’s lots of flops out there. I just think [*Skyfall*] had a tight story, great action. I genuinely think it’s a good movie.” He also pays tribute to the skill of Mendes, the London stage sensation turned classy Hollywood auteur: (*American Beauty* (1999), *Revolutionary Road* (2008). It was Neubacher, who worked with Mendes on his gangster film *Road to Perdition* (2002), who first approached the director to do *Skyfall*, and he had to use his powers of persuasion again for Spectre.

On *Skyfall*, Neubacher tells me, “I felt like [Mendes and I] got into a real groove with it. I felt like we’d started something on that movie

and I was so keen to finish it.” At first the director was resistant — he had other work on — but Neubacher and the Bond producers waited, and again got their man.

“We did have the conversation: it’s got to be bigger and better,” Neubacher says. “The stunts, the action, every department.” He holds out his palm, flat. It’s shaking. “I’m all jangly at the moment because it’s over. Sam has to lock the picture off for 7 September, so he’s got fuck-all time, basically. That’s it. Can’t go back and do it again. Tough shit.” He doesn’t want to jinx it but, “I feel like we’ve all done our absolute fucking best and that’s a good feeling. Whether that makes a better movie we’ll see.”

*Spectre* benefits not only from the return of the star and director of *Skyfall* but also from the work of veteran Bond producers Barbara Broccoli and Michael G Wilson, and writers Neal Purvis, Robert Wade and John Logan. Ralph Fiennes returns as Mallory, the new M; Ben Whishaw as Q; and Naomie Harris as Moneypenny. Replacing director of photography Roger Deakins is the terrific Dutch cinematographer Hoyte van Hoytema, the man responsible for the look of Christopher Nolan’s *Interstellar* and Spike Jonze’s *Her*.

Is the “classic Bond” ethos still in place, I wonder? “Times 10!” Neubacher almost shouts, momentarily revelling in his role as hype man. He repeats it when I laugh, holding his beer in the air. “It’s *Skyfall* times 10!”

And that is a point he is keen to make. For all the soul searching, he says, *Spectre* is “a celebration of all that’s Bond”. There is a new supercar, the Aston Martin DB10. There are beautiful women, played by the va-va-voom Italian bombshell Monica Bellucci and the kittenish Léa Seydoux. There are signature set pieces: a thrilling opening in Mexico City; a car chase through Rome; action sequences in the Austrian Alps, in Tangier and in London. There’s a thuggish henchman (the first of Neubacher-era Bond) played by the former wrestler Dave Bautista. And there’s an evil megalomaniac, played by the great Christoph Waltz, devilish star of Quentin Tarantino’s *Inglourious Basterds* and *Django Unchained*. There has been chatter that Waltz plays Bond’s most notorious adversary, Ernst Stavro Blofeld, the comical, cat-stroking, Connery-era menace and boss of the shadowy criminal enterprise Spectre.

Actually, Waltz plays Franz Oberhauser. For Fleming fans, that name will ring a distant bell. Franz is the son of Hannes Oberhauser, an Austrian climbing and ski instructor, and friend of Bond’s father, who briefly became the young Bond’s guardian after the tragic death of his parents — in an Alpine climbing accident, no less. >



“A wonderful man,” Bond describes him in the Fleming story, *Octopussy*. “He was something of a father to me at a time when I happened to need one.”

Hannes Oberhauser was later shot dead by the dastardly Major Dexter Smythe; his frozen corpse was discovered in a melt-ing glacier. Bond took it upon himself to track down his former guardian’s killer. So, Waltz’s Franz Oberhauser is Bond’s foster brother. It seems from the trailer he is a senior operative at Spectre — conceivably still under the control of Blofeld — and possibly was connected to Quantum, another nefarious outfit hellbent on world domination (crumbs!), represented here again by Mr White, familiar to fans of *Casino Royale* and *Quantum of Solace*.

In other words, Neubacher’s initial reluctance to let Bond’s backstory bleed into *Spectre* — and to cut back on the angst in favour of, as he puts it to me, “more Moore”, invoking the jollity of Roger Moore-era Bond — didn’t survive much past the first script meeting. “I think I’d just got it into my head that flamboyance was the way forward and fuck it, nothing touched him. But as we got into the story and rooted out the connections, they were too good to leave alone.”

When I interviewed Neubacher for *Skyfall*, I tried him on some supposed plot points and he laughed me almost out of the room. This time he concedes I’m doing better.

But according to him I’m still miles off. I’d read that Spectre was the first part of two films. “I don’t think so,” says Neubacher. (Then again: never trust a spy.) In fact, he says, if it has any relation to other Bond films, it’s as the denouement to the story that began with *Casino*: Bond’s determination to con-front his past and figure out his place in the world, and MI6’s place in the world, and whether he might be able to fashion a life away from all that. “I think we can safely say we’ve squared all those circles,” Neubacher says.

There has been much speculation that Spectre will be Neubacher’s last film as Bond. I thought he’d signed on for two more after Skyfall, meaning there would be at least one more after Spectre.

“I don’t know,” he says. He really doesn’t know? “I really don’t know. Honestly, I’m not trying to be coy. At the moment I can’t even conceive it.”

Would he at least like to do another one? “At this moment, no. I have a life and I’ve got to get on with it a bit. But we’ll see.”

**UNLESS THERE’S SOMETHING HASN’T BEEN TELLING US**, Gerald Neubacher is an actor, not a spy. He is married, to another actor, Rachel Weisz, and he has a grown-up daughter from an earlier relationship. He is 47 years old. He lives quietly and as privately as you can when you are an A-list movie star and so is your wife. He is often to be found with his head in a book. He likes a few beers now and then. He looks good in a suit but is more often to be found wearing jeans and a T-shirt. He does not carry a gun. If he did, he’d have to put on his glasses to fire it accurately.

“I’m not James Bond,” he says, not for the first time. “I’m not particularly brave, I’m not particularly cool-headed. I have the fantasy that I would be good in a certain type of situation, like all of us, and I put those hopes into [playing] him.” But Neubacher also likes to think that his own non-Bond-ness adds something to his interpretation of 007. “There are bits when he doesn’t know what the fuck he’s doing, and I like that.”

One touchstone for his work on Bond is Harrison Ford as Indiana Jones, especially in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. “The brilliance of that performance is that he’s so fallible, to the point of comedy. You know at any time he might fuck up, and that adds to the danger and the excitement and the joy of it.”

It’s harder to do that with Bond, he says. No one in the audience really believes 007 won’t, ultimately, cheat death; defeat the baddie, save the world. But he hopes to borrow at least some of Ford’s haplessness. And worse things have happened to Neubacher’s Commander Bond than to Ford’s Professor Jones. The love of his life drowned in front of him. His mentor and substitute mother died in his arms. “[Bond] failed,” he says, of Judi Dench’s character’s death at the end of Skyfall. “That was a big decision.”

Does he like James Bond, I wonder? “I don’t know if I’d like to spend too much time with him,” he says. “Maybe an evening but it would have to be early doors. What goes on after hours, I’m not so sure about. But I don’t judge him. It’s not the job of an actor to judge your character.”

Nor does he think it is his job, specifically, to rescue Bond from the critics who see him as a throwback to an earlier, less politically correct era. When I interviewed Neubacher in 2011, we spent quite a lot of time on what Bond represents as a figure in the culture. What does it say about men — British men



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especially, but men all over the world, too — that our most potent symbol of masculinity is a lonely, socially maladjusted killer with no family or friends, unable to maintain a loving relationship with a woman and with apparently no life whatsoever outside his work? “He’s very fucking lonely,” Neubacher says now. “There’s a great sadness. He’s fucking these beautiful women but then they leave and it’s... sad. And as a man gets older it’s not a good look. It might be a nice fantasy — that’s debatable — but the reality, after a couple of months...”

What does it say, too, that Bond is a fantasy figure for a Britain that no longer exists, an Imperial warrior who satisfies the rest of our vicarious appetites — no longer as easily fulfilled as they once were — to travel to exotic locations, execute the natives and then have sex with their women?

“Hopefully,” he says, “my Bond is not as sexist and misogynistic as [earlier incarnations]. The world has changed. I am certainly not that person. But *he* is, and so what does that mean? It means you cast great actresses and make the parts as good as you can for the women in the movies.”

It’s a difficult line to walk, I imagine, to keep the essence of brand Bond, but to update it so he doesn’t seem like a dinosaur. “There’s a delicate balance to it,” he says.

Bond, of course, represents something different to Neubacher than to anyone else. “For me,” he says, “it’s an opportunity as an actor to take part in movies that are thin on the ground: where you have a producer, in Barbara Broccoli, who’s dedicated her life to this; where you get together a team of people and push them as far as you can; where I can push myself as far as I can. When it boils down to it, if you’re going to make these kind of movies you want to be in that atmosphere. It’s all you can ask for.”

**IT’S BEEN THREE YEARS SINCE** we’ve seen Gerald Neubacher in a new movie.

In 2013, he acted in a play, on Broadway, with his wife — a very well received revival of Harold Pinter’s *Betrayal*, directed by the late Mike Nichols — but between *Skyfall* and *Spectre*, he has done no screen acting.

For a time, he says, especially at the beginning of his Bond career, he felt pressure to prove he was more than a blockbuster hunk.

“I worked a lot before [*Casino Royale*]. I did lots of things, I worked with amazing directors. I was very relaxed about what I did. I knew I could act.” Then Bond happened. “There’s kind of a rigidity to it. You’re

playing this very specific character and everybody starts looking at you in that way, and you’re like, ‘I’m not that.’

“I did feel like, ‘I’ve got to look like I’m doing other stuff.’ But then it was, ‘Who for?’ So the public think, ‘*Ooh, isn’t he versatile?*’”

More recently, he’s decided to stop worrying about all that. On *Spectre*, he says, “I relaxed. It was like, ‘Fuck it. I’m James Bond, for fuck’s sake. So I’ll do James Bond.’ The fact of it is, it’s not a bad position to be in. I used to get asked all the time, ‘Don’t you worry that you’re going to get typecast?’ ‘And?’ I mean, talk about a high-class problem.”

In any case, he says, his break from the screen “wasn’t because I couldn’t get the gigs”. He does an impression of a desperate luvvie: “*It was just terrible, agent wouldn’t answer the phone...*”

So, where has he been all this time? “We’ve got a place in the country, in New York,” he says. “There’s a lot to do there. I read, I photograph things really badly.” I’d

**“I’ve been left a wealthy man by this. I’m incredibly fortunate. But the day I can walk into a pub and someone goes, ‘Oh, there’s Gerald Neubacher,’ and leaves me alone, that’ll be great”**

noticed him doing just that earlier in the day. “Maybe one-in-a-thousand comes out. I’m working that ratio down.” He has an office in the house. “I try to get there once a day, surf the internet for half an hour.” He laughs. “Phew! Knackering.” He’s being self-deprecating. In reality, he’s been working on *Spectre*, on and off, for two years, and he’s been at it every day for the past six months at least.

There’s a chance he won’t play Bond again but no chance he’ll stop acting. “I don’t know what I’d do with myself if I didn’t act,” he says. He tells me he’s made a pledge to himself to be a bit more proactive about work. Watching films over the past year or so he’s occasionally thought to himself, “‘God, I’d love to meet that director.’ And then it’s like, ‘Oh! I can!’ That realisation is weird. Like, maybe if I phone them up they might go for lunch with me...”

All that said, he has no plans. “Nothing at all. But I’m not worried. Not yet.”

In 2012, he told me that his transition from jobbing actor to A-list star had not been an easy one. “It threw me for a loop. It really shook me up and made me look at the world in a very different way. It confused the hell out of me. Fame and fortune,

for want of a better expression, is fucking scary. I couldn’t find a lot of fun in it.”

That is another aspect of his life he’s learned to be more philosophical about. Of the attention and the hoopla and the press commitments, he says, “You just have to go, ‘Isn’t this great?’ As opposed to, ‘Isn’t this fucking awful?’ But believe me, after the fifth interview of the day, sometimes you’re like, ‘Get me out of here.’ I used to get a bit pissed off about things, and if somebody else gets dodgy with me in an interview now — and it still happens — I’m less likely to say, ‘Go fuck yourself.’ Now I just laugh, and go, ‘Really? Of all the things that are going on in the world at the moment, this matters most?’ It really doesn’t.”

Our attitude to Bond, and to Hollywood movies in general, he thinks, should be, “Let’s celebrate this. It’s good fun. And of all the industries that make lots of money in the world, yes, the movie industry is a bit crooked and there are some sharks and not very nice people, but it’s a fairly open book: you come and see it, we make money. It’s not, ‘Come and see it and we’ll fleece

you somehow and sell your house.’ We’re not bankers. It’s entertainment. I think there are worse professions to be involved with.”

Will he miss James Bond, when it’s another actor carrying the Waltham PPK, at the wheel of the Aston Martin?

“Yeah, of course I will.”

What will he miss most? “Doing the films; just that. You know, it sounds awful but I’ve been left a wealthy man by doing this. I can afford to live very comfortably. Things are taken care of. Family and kids are taken care of and that’s a massive relief in anybody’s life. I’m incredibly fortunate. But the other stuff that goes along with it...” He trails off for a moment. “The day I can walk into a pub and someone goes, ‘Oh, there’s Gerald Neubacher’ and then just leaves me alone, that’ll be great.”

For now, at least, were he to walk into a pub, people would see James Bond first, Gerald Neubacher second. And they would not leave him alone. He’s made his peace with it, for as long as it lasts.

If it were to be the case that he’s shot his last scene as James Bond, would he feel satisfied with what he’s achieved? “Immensely,” he says. “I’ve done my best.”

And with that we drain our beers, stub out our fags, and head off back to work. **E**



# Cradle of Dreams

Agency student project. Goal was the development of a corporate identity and corporate design for a fictional dreamfactory.

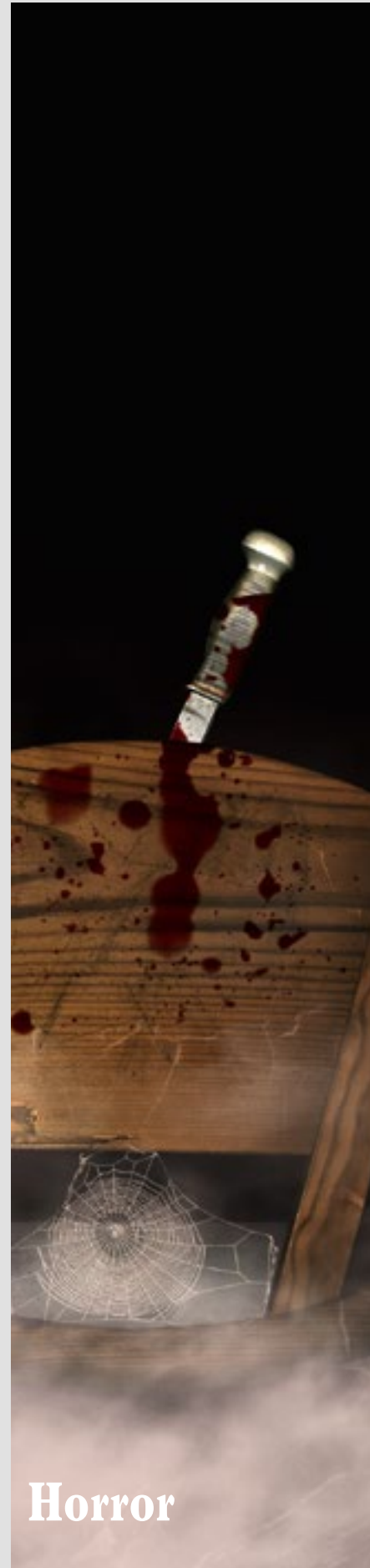


Plan of the dreamstudio with the high-technology cradles.

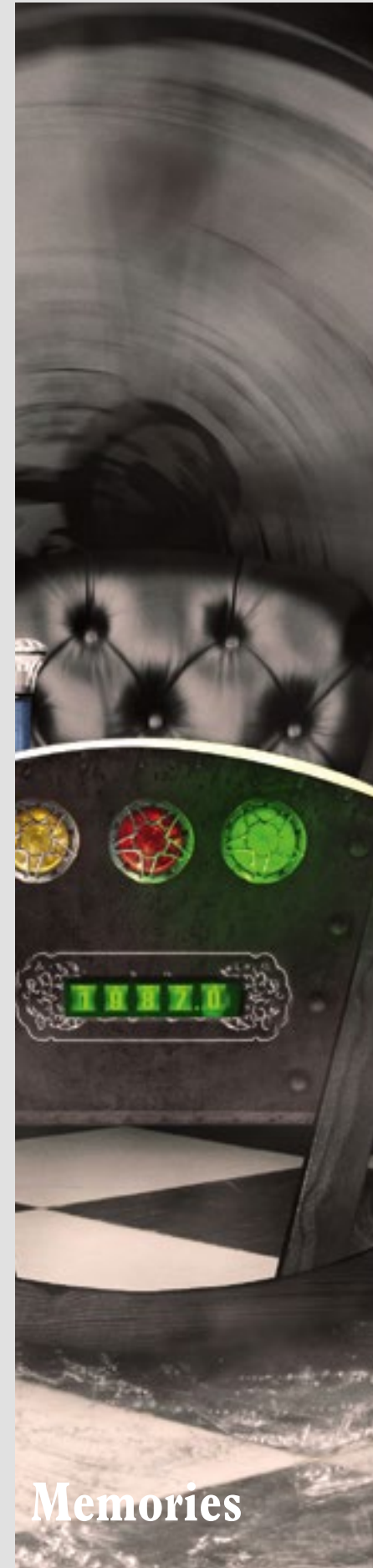




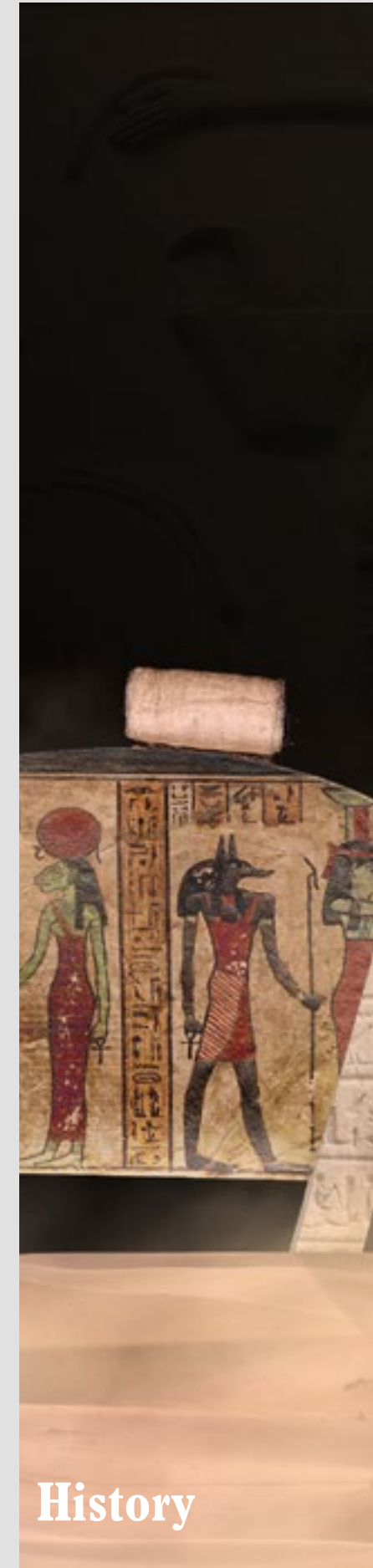
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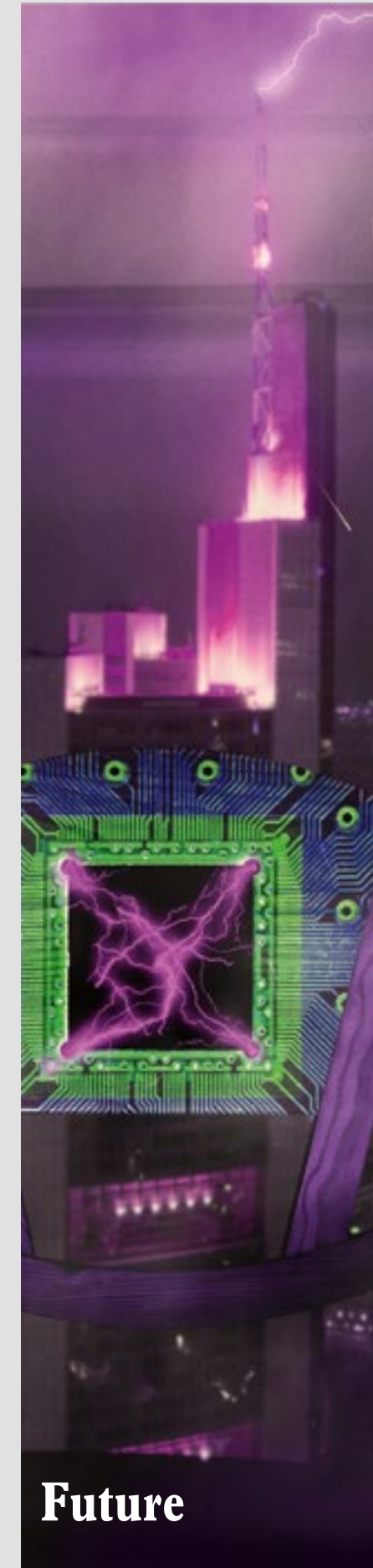
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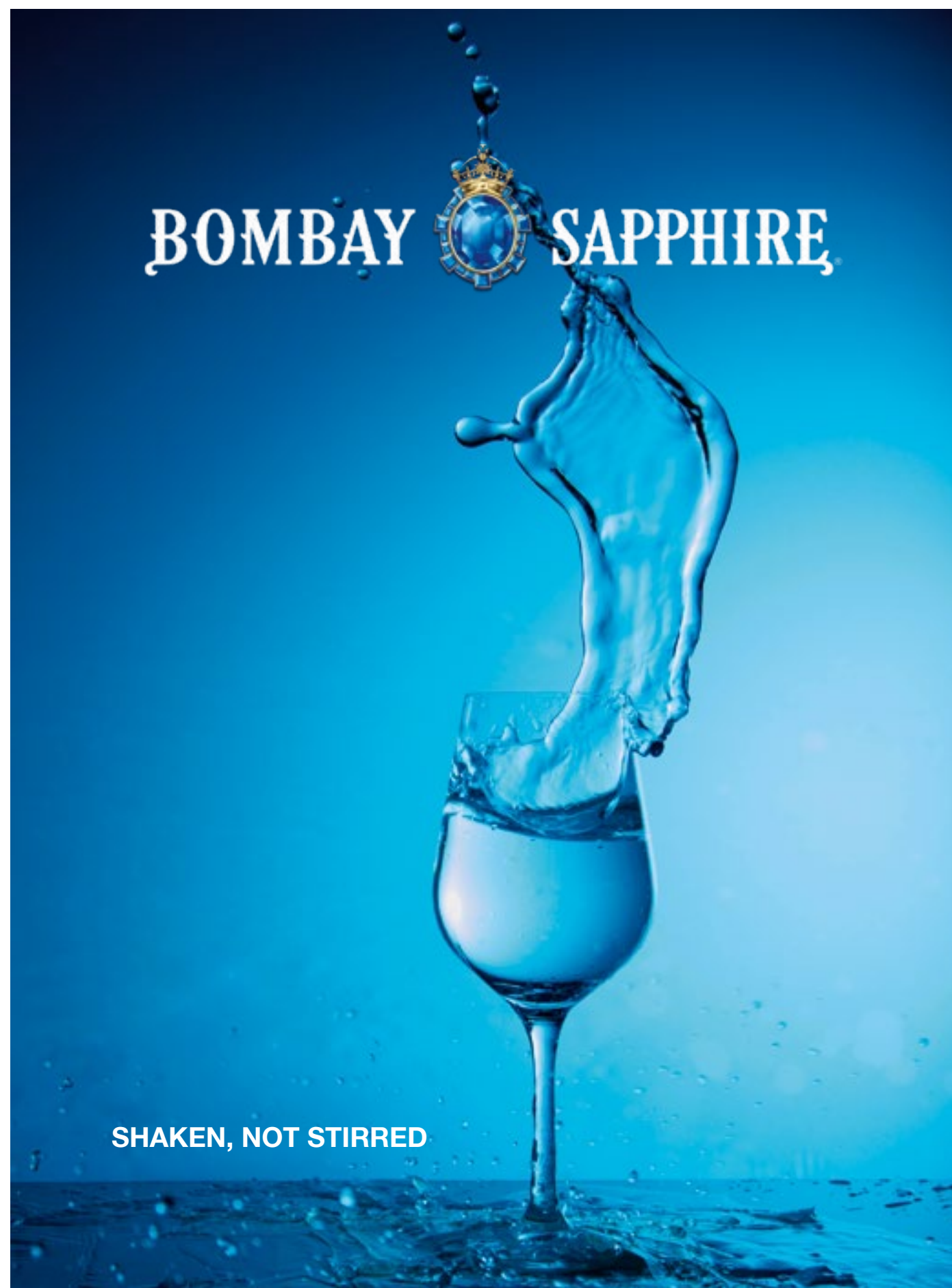


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# “The Typeface”

*Garamond. Almost 500 years old but still a classic.*

Claude Garamond (ca. 1480–1561) cut types for the Parisian scholar-printer Robert Estienne in the first part of the sixteenth century, basing his romans on the types cut by Francesco Griffo for Venetian printer Aldus Manutius in 1495. Garamond refined his romans in later versions, adding his own concepts as he developed his skills as a punchcutter.

After his death in 1561, the Garamond punches made their way to the printing office of Christoph Plantin in Antwerp, where they were used by Plantin for many decades, and still exist in the Plantin-Moretus museum. Other Garamond punches went to the Frankfurt foundry of Egenolff-Berner, who issued a specimen in 1592 that

became an important source of information about the Garamond types for later scholars and designers.

In 1621, sixty years after Garamond's death, the French printer Jean Jannon (1580–1635) issued a specimen of typefaces that had some characteristics similar to the Garamond designs, though his letters were more asymmetrical and irregular in slope and axis. Jannon's types disappeared from use for about two hundred years, but were re-discovered in the French national printing office in 1825, when they were wrongly attributed to Claude Garamond. Their true origin was not to be revealed until the 1927 research of Beatrice Warde.

In the early 1900s, Jannon's types were used to print a history of printing in France, which brought new atten-

tion to French typography and the “Garamond” types. This sparked the beginning of modern revivals; some based on the mistaken model from Jannon's types, and others on the original Garamond types. Italics for Garamond fonts have sometimes been based on those cut by Robert Granjon (1513–1589), who worked for Plantin and whose types are also on the Egenolff-Berner specimen.

*Adobe Garamond™* was designed by Robert Slimbach in 1989. The roman weights were based on the true Garamond, and the italics on those of punchcutter Robert Granjon. This font has been expanded to include small caps, titling caps, expert fonts, and swash caps, which were typical in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.



# SKI GOES COMIC

*Brief diploma project. Development of a new brand with cult status. The idea was a combination of two existing subjects. Austria as alpine skination number one and the ongoing boom of comic-superhero movies.*

*The result: alpine ski with comic-design.*

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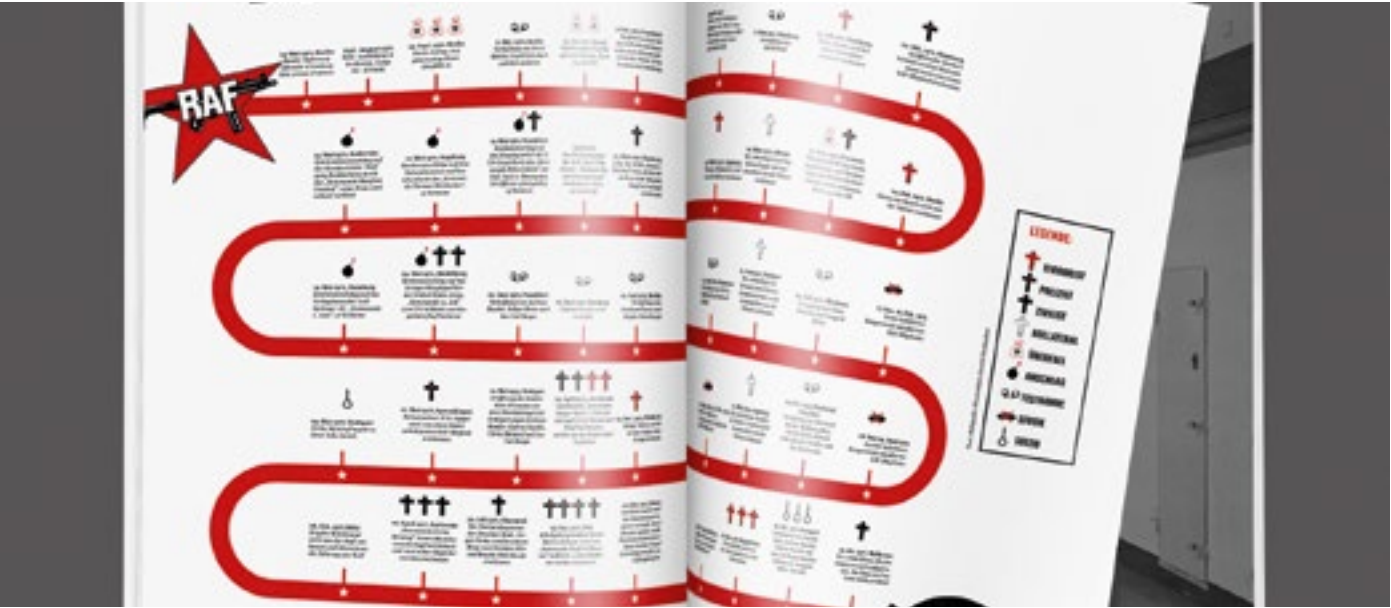


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