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On the Fiddle

Back in 1961 a film was made which I would guarantee nobody reading this has heard of. A year later another film was made starring the same actor which I would absolutely guarantee, everyone reading this has heard of.

The 1961 film was *On The Fiddle*. It starred two aspiring leading men but the film itself was dire, a staid post-war British comedy that was not at all funny. The script was flat, the characters uninteresting and the plot forgettable. The protagonists must have wondered at this point where their chosen career was leading them.

One of them was Alfred Lynch who sadly passed away a few years ago. Never a household name but a fine actor.

The other was Sean Connery.

Watching *On The Fiddle*, there is no indication that just a few months later, the film world would change forever, along with the life of its star. None at all. Is there a hint of Bond in Connery's character? I can't see it. Is there a hint of the charm, strength and charisma which would flow from the screen in *Dr. No*? No!

None of us know what lies ahead, good or bad. If Connery had already been approached for Bond, I doubt he would have acted in *Fiddle*. Most likely, he had absolutely no idea that his life was about to change forever, that he would become the most talked about person in film for years to come.

Change can be sudden and massive. Behind the ordinariness of life, many of us live on hope of one kind or another. It doesn't always materialize, but sometimes it does. In the current predicament, hope plays an even more critical role in the stage play of humanity.

Maybe more relevant to us mortal folk, there is the possibility of filling a uniquely perfect niche where everything simply works. Perhaps Cubby Broccoli happened to see *On the Fiddle* and made a quantum leap of faith, but whatever the sequence of events, I couldn't help but watch this film with a sense of wonder at how fortune truly does turn on a sixpence.