

FILMING JAMES BOND IN THE BAHAMAS

Foreword by Martin Campbell

The Bahamas was just terrific. Bloody hard work, but terrific.

Casino Royale afforded me my first visit to The Bahamas. Already written into the script, EON Productions had various deals in place that dictated the country, if not all of the specific locations within. But it was all very simple. As part of the scouting process, we stayed at The One&Only Ocean Club which I found to be the best holiday resort on Paradise Island. It was so stunningly beautiful and leant itself so well to Bond that I ended up in choosing to use it for both our base and for filming Bond's apartment and where he meets Solange.

But the huge plus of course was discovering the stretch of south coast on New Providence island that held both the half-built and abandoned hotel building together with the equally abandoned house and pool for the snake and mongoose fight; this which provided for the introduction to the Parkour Chase sequence. Being an abandoned building site, it meant there wasn't a construction company breathing down our necks to prevent us from filming over a long enough period to allow us to finish the sequence. It then became Peter Lamont's job to 'dress' the set with a steel framework and "working construction site" vibe. Frankly, it was a miracle finding that building.

The work was intense. I had had the whole Parkour sequence storyboarded so we knew exactly what we needed and what we had to achieve, but it was still a massive scramble. What is a huge plus though is the fact that the Bond films do have the money to help smooth our way through.

Location Managers never get any credit and absolutely no kudos. Their job is really tough; they have to sort all the permissions, the parking and the legal issues to allow anything to happen. But before they do that, they are the ones providing you with location suggestions based on interpretations of your demands. Inevitably you turn them down, again and again. "No, get me this, get me that. It needs to be wider, smaller, leafier, more rugged, less flat. I want mountains, but with a pond at the bottom, and now a cactus in the foreground. Get it for me." These guys are the unsung heroes, and ours were terrific at their job. We went to The Bahamas ahead of filming, flew to Nassau, picked up the people, and we were there for about a week. We stayed at One&Only Ocean Club. We had Peter Lamont, Chris Brock, Martina Carroll, the Bahamian location manager, and maybe one or two of Peter's team.

At 8am every day, we would all get into the van and thunder off. We were driven all over the island of New Providence. Perhaps because we were concentrating on coastal locations, I remember it being very flat, not a hill in sight. But the whole thing was a total pleasure; it was very well organised and while it might not add to future stories, we didn't have any incidents.

Maybe there were two incidents.

Daniel Craig was new to action and to his credit, he went at it like a trooper. Bond is chasing Mollaka on a road to the embassy. It was a narrow road, there were cars passing on one side and he took

off, ran, tripped, and fell head first into the gutter. It was his first accident, a bit of a fall and a bump to the head but he was terrific. The second incident was contrastingly less heroic. I remember we had stopped once for lunch, and there was a two or three hour wait. And that was it. But did it stop me from getting very ratty? I had to remind myself; "Martin, you're in The Bahamas!"

The people of The Bahamas were wonderful. With a smile, we were always allowed to build everything we wanted. For a very low angle shot I was after in the Parkour chase, they even allowed me to dig a hole in their road to sink a camera.

And even though it might be superfluous to report, the islands' weather was everlastingly glorious.

Dedication – My Man in The Bahamas

Having a man on the 'inside' is an invaluable proposition in the pursuit of any endeavour. Corners are quickly cut, Introductions are effectively made, Answers are economically supplied; in effect one can stand on the shoulders of a giant and come to rely on the network of a man whose job it has seemed to be to know everyone on the twenty mile by seven mile island of New Providence. That he has also been affiliated with both the Bahamas Film Commission and the Bahamas Ministry of Tourism connects dots between both the creation of this product, and its eventual promotion thereof.

Sometimes quicker than the internet, and not averse to chasing me up for progress or where he might be of further help, Craig Woods is a Bahamian with a big heart and a bigger smile. Meeting each other on West Bay Street's Fish Fry for the first time after various "Covid's friend" Zoom calls and multitudinous emails, and fortified by the life-affirming properties of a Bahamian Goombay Smash cocktail, it is quickly apparent this man is vital. Although having moved on from the Tourism to the Film Commission department, and having retired from the latter to pursue his personal business endeavours, it became clear Craig was not averse to popping each of these past hats on his head for this book's consideration from all the alternative perspectives. And in quick succession did all the relevant names fall into my lap to amply cover said considerations.

It is to this end, and for his ceaseless help, and for his winning smile that this book is dedicated to this man.

Thank you Craig.

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## **Introduction**

Providing sublime backdrop to some of the most beautiful images committed to film, The Bahamas is home to the world's clearest waters, the most perfect of beaches, and a surface that if only slightly scratched, will pour forth stories of a past steeped in pirates.

Not only have the James Bond movies been famously filmed in the islands, but the very birth to the character's filmic origins occurred here in The Bahamas on both New Providence Island and Paradise Island. The 1959 Screen Treatment that became the Book, and later became the Film of the same name, Thunderball's place in James Bond lore is central to the character's fascinating history and creation. A creation that later led to the remake, Never Say Never Again, Daniel Craig's first Bond film, Casino Royale, and the Bond films, You Only Live Twice, The Spy Who Loved Me, For Your Eyes Only and The World is Not Enough whose script requirements needed underwater clarity, all cementing an eternal association between the character and the country.

Looking first to understand the personalities who lived in The Bahamas who later contributed to the birth of a cinematic James Bond, we will consider The Bahamas of yore and how with vintage imagery it looked at the time in the books, Thunderball and Quantum of Solace, and then with the stories and memories from interviews with select film crew and those who own or owned the locations, understand how and where each of the movies were filmed and how The Bahamas welcomed, charmed, beguiled and exerted on all alike, its charisma to eternal effect.

## First, there was a dream...

Ian Fleming didn't like Nassau, the capital of The Bahamas. He may have already warmed to the warmth of the Bahamian islands and its ever-smiling populace but, however they may have been received in respect of the capital, first impressions count. And they counted with an Ian Fleming whose incisive writing style was equipped to ensure those reading his words were left in no doubt as to his opinions; as he had later proved in his Thrilling City books, the un-redacted versions of his series of travelogue articles for the UK's Sunday Times that only saw release in the newspaper after the editor's blue pencil had done its politically-friendly work. In the case of The Bahamas however, and as he was wont to do with so many of his thoughts and impressions being voiced through the mouthpiece of his hero, James Bond, he told us so through Bond's thoughts in his short story, Quantum of Solace.

"Bond didn't like Nassau. Everyone was too rich. The winter visitors and the residents who had houses on the island talked of nothing but their money, their diseases and their servant problems. They didn't even gossip well. There was nothing to gossip about."

The Bahamas being an eminently lovely place to be, what possibly could have been the cause of Fleming's, ultimately transient distaste? Let us consider.

Following Ian's thoughts and advice on her converging tax implications, Fleming's mother, Evelyne Beatrice St Croix Fleming, left the UK and bought a Bahamian residence on the north shore of New Providence on Cable Beach in July 1950. It was called Emerald Wave. In 1951, Henry Paulet, the then aged 90 year old Marquess of Winchester, became engaged to Mrs Fleming, then aged 66. The harmonious effects of impending marital bliss perhaps having waned, and Eve certainly fearing the marriage would end her widow's annual stipend, a modern woman's independence became a clear and present consideration. Manifesting a distasteful control from beyond the grave, the conditions of the inheritance from her deceased husband, Valentine Fleming, stated that all supporting monies would be transferred away from Evelyn should she ever remarry. There must have been a pause for thought.

Time awaiting no woman, the Marquess instead married Bapsybanoo Pavry, a then 50 year old Indian Parsi socialite and aristocrat in 1952 thus making her the Marchioness of Winchester. Portending the fractious future, the wedding night was spent in separate hotels. Following angry communications between the estranged couple, "May you stew in the vile juice in the pit of your stomach", in 1953, and amid rumours of an impending action for non-consummation; one assumes with whom the responsibility lay, he escaped this latter responsibility by fleeing for a winter in Nassau with a still maritally independent Eve Fleming.

Not unreasonably, the Marchioness, or Balpy as she was more commonly known, sued Eve Fleming in the Bahamas for enticement. This action concluded in a settlement under which they agreed not to interfere with each other's lives following which, and in efforts to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory, the Marquess then brought an unsuccessful nullity action in the Bahamas. Believing this breached the previous agreement, the Marchioness sued, again claiming Enticement in that Evelyn Fleming had financed the nullity suit and was Harboursing the Marquess. In the accusation of financing she was correct; Eve had paid £1100 to cover his court debts. All of this was a gift for the press and their clamouring readers, especially when Mr Justice Devlin threatened the Marchioness with imprisonment for contempt if her behaviour did not improve. Continuing his controlled clarity

he concluded in 1958, Harboursing was unactionable if brought by the wife but, for Enticement, he found for Balpy.

It was a short-lived victory as shortly following, and much to Balpy's disgust, the decision was overturned in the Court of Appeal. While Bapsy spent the remainder of her days unsuccessfully attempting to penetrate high society, the Marquess and Mrs Fleming lived happily and presumably companionably, in Monaco until his death in 1962. Balpy died in 1995.

The case finding against Eve was in 1958. Quantum of Solace was published in 1959. Thunderball was published in 1961. While we do not know the date of the Court of Appeal, was the New Providence home to all this sordidness sufficient for Ian Fleming to express dislike for a presumably gossiping Nassau? Certainly something happened in between these dates since, as we are all aware, the genesis for another court case also began in Nassau for what turned out to be, in the beginning at least, a more favourable impression of the islands and their charms.

The conflicting opening to this book notwithstanding, considering the words 'Bond in The Bahamas'; they do rather roll off the tongue. It is an indisputable fact that merely considering this statement, provides warmth and well-being. It describes a long term, cultural partnership that upon hearing the nearly alliterative title, warms the heart, betters the day and cures ills. Bearing in mind its geographical proximity to James Bond in another Caribbean island and the history involved in that connection, one might be forgiven for thinking the association must surely have been worthy of the creator of James Bond himself, Ian Fleming. But, of course we must thank the roguish Irishman, Kevin McClory, whose Life aspirations far outreached his Life realisations, but whose undoubted charm was integral to the title, Thunderball, commencing a literary and cinematic history with The Bahamas that included Thunderball, Never Say Never Again and Casino Royale all being predominantly filmed on and around the islands, and its world renowned clear waters providing aquatic envelopment to You Only Live Twice, The Spy who Loved Me, For Your Eyes Only, and The World is Not Enough.

Including cays and islets, The Bahamas are made up of 700 islands, of which only a handful are populated. North Andros is the largest island, New Providence is the most populated and on which we find Nassau, the capital, and just to the north sits Paradise Island. Eleuthera sits to the east and 500 kilometres to the south lies the southernmost islands of the Lucayan Archipelago, the Inagua Islands. All of which covers a predominantly marine area of 470,000 square kilometres.

On 12 October 1492, the occasionally disoriented Christopher Columbus reached an island in the Bahamas and claimed it confidently for Spain; an event long regarded by the Europeans, if not the indigenous Indians, as the 'discovery' of America. This island was called *Guanahani* by the Lucayan, and *San Salvador* by the Spanish. Columbus visited several other islands in the Bahamas before sailing to present-day Cuba and thereafter to Hispaniola.

The Bahamas held little interest to the Spanish except as a source of slave labour. Nearly the entire population of Lucayan, almost 40,000 people, were transported to other islands as labourers over the ensuing 30 years. When the Spanish decided to remove the remaining Lucayans to Hispaniola in 1520, they could find only a solitary 11 remaining souls. The islands remained abandoned and unpopulated for the next 130 years. With no gold to be found, and the population absent, the Spanish effectively abandoned the Bahamas. They retained the titular claims until the signing of the Peace of Paris treaties in 1763 to end the American Revolutionary War when, in exchange for East Florida, they exchanged these islands to Britain.

Pirates, slaves and transitory governance by Great Britain provide further colour to the country's

history. The English showed temporary interest in the islands in the 1600s but later granted them to the Lords Proprietors of the North American Carolinas, in essence, meaning they rented the islands from the King but with granted rights to trade and govern. With gold and silver laden ships passing the islands and heading to Europe, and high seas pirates having little interest or concern for Honest Trading and Governance, they created a constant threat to the harmony of the West Indies. This led to an 11 year self-proclaimed Republic of Pirates based in Nassau and which ruled New Providence from 1706 to 1718. The Republic not being formal, and the Pirate Code being entirely informal, it nonetheless entrenched a civility between all visiting pirate ships even if that same civility was not extended anywhere else. Led first by English privateers-turned-lawless-pirates and later by pirates of all nationalities, Nassau was completely taken over by piracy whereby the Governor of Bermuda surmised Nassau was home to 1000 pirates and that which outnumbered the mere 100 inhabitants. And then Blackbeard was voted by the pirates of Nassau to be their Magistrate, to use only his version of a moral code by which to enforce law and order. In last-straw and game-changing fashion, this led Great Britain to make The Bahamas a crown colony and to be under the guiding force of one Woodes Rogers, newly appointed as the first Royal Governor of The Bahamas. Demonstrating commendable intelligence and breadth of shoulder, and manifestly disinterested in a pirate's lack of transferable professional skills, Woodes threatened to execute them if they did not take from the King, a Royal Pardon. In 1718, ten pirates intent on testing the strength of his resolve were captured; nine of which were summarily executed. Piracy in The Bahamas, and in particular, Blackbeard, was suppressed by 1720.

The then-modern day sensitivity to slavery was making the era's hashtag headlines and, in 1807, the UK passed an Act for the Abolition of the Slave Trade allowing the Royal Navy to intercept ships and free the slaves within. Leading by example, the UK pressured other countries to do the same. Of a differing opinion, the US was reticent to follow so closely and, after the Royal Navy intercepted US ships and freed the slaves to The Bahamas, tensions increased between the two countries. Having by then given the high seas' pirates pause for deliberation, US - UK political tensions were smaller beer for the UK and, while the northern US States were the first to modernise its thinking, it still took until 1865 for the US to abolish slavery in all the country's States.

The by then already abdicated Duke of Windsor was appointed Governor of The Bahamas in 1940. No stranger to courting controversy, he archetypally referred to the islands as a 'third-class British colony' and, with his wife, ingenuously travelled to outlying islands on the yacht of a good friend of Nazi Germany's, Hermann Göring. Minor deeds for the good aside, he resigned in 1945 leaving in his wake the genesis for a movement that led to The Bahamas' independence in 1973. However, to this date, the islands are still known by the full appellation of the Commonwealth of The Bahamas and the relationships between The Bahamas and both the UK and the US, are strong.

70% of The Bahamas' population resides on the island of New Providence. Prior to being burned to the ground subsequent to a Spanish attack in 1684, the capital was formerly known as Charles-town. Upon being rebuilt in 1695 by one of the Lord Proprietors, Nicholas Trott, it was newly named Nassau in honour of the Dutch Prince William of Orange-Nassau who later became William III, King of England, Scotland and Ireland.

With 50% of its GDP coming from tourism, the waters' sea life-filled clarity and the beaches' golden hues provide the lion's share of the visitors' draw. But, a propos of very little, Nassau is also home to the world's third largest wine cellar. 250,000 bottles of wine sit in one of the most prominent New Providence restaurants. We will later visit.

However, respecting the laws of sequence, How did James Bond forge his canonical relationship to The Bahamas, Who were the players in this historical story, Where did they live, What has happened

to their residences and locales, What minor locally sited inspirations later played major parts in the furthering of the James Bond legend?

## **'M' - Evelyn Fleming**

The 1920s saw an evidentiary growth in tourism at Longitude 78 West. The warm and minimally fluctuating year-round temperatures tantalised the sun-seekers at a time when it was thought exposure to the sun was considered a healthy proposition. As the Caribbean islands' trade products such as bananas, bauxite and sugar became competitively devalued, so tourism became a main focus. While the comparatively rich holidayed, the truly rich could purchase their own little corner of paradise. And those with both means and imagination, built.

Ian Fleming's mother, Evelyn Fleming inherited from her husband, Valentine Fleming, £265,596 upon his death in active service in 1917. He was 35. While the wealth was accrued by Valentine's merchant banker father, Robert Fleming, Valentine exerted a commensurately steely grip and management of the funds that, as aforementioned, prevented his widowed wife from ever remarrying unless she was content with losing the fund and continuing only to subsist on a miserly annual sum of £3000. The hard realities of financial management undoubtedly handed down, or at least noted for future implementation, Evelyn never remarried, but she lived well having lived in the 13<sup>th</sup> century The Abbey in Sutton Courtney, The Bahamas and Monaco.

In July 1950, Eve Fleming sighed her last over the azure Mediterranean and wrenched herself away from the Grand Hotel in Cannes to live in tax anonymity in The Bahamas. A house built in that same year, she bought Emerald Wave on Cable Beach, on the north shore of New Providence. It is found off West Bay Street and opposite Oxford Avenue. It is possible that while this may in the 1950s have been one home for the expansive, it has subsequently been divided into four dwellings for the more constrained. Apartments either side frame the view out to sea and its flat horizon and, whereas in 1950, Eve would have had the 85 feet of ocean frontage, the pool and the 0.6 acres to herself, modern times have decreed a necessity to share. At the time of writing it was on the market; the asking price being an account-slimming \$1.7million. While the rear of the house is easily visible from the road, attaining a beach front view of the pretty-in-pink residence requires either investing in a short term holiday rental at Emerald Wave or, to negotiate the sandy tracks giving access to the beach either side of the house, followed by, as I did with contumelious camera and incriminating identification tied to my head, a refreshing swim along the sometime rocky coast line to the private beach.



# Italy

## Foreword

Sean Connery was a tough act to follow, as George Lazenby was to discover. Roger Moore fared somewhat better and after "The Spy Who Loved Me" he had made the 007 role his own.

Roger was well known for his practical jokes and school boyish humour which endeared him to the film crew. We would make a film within a film capturing amusing incidences, and there were many, not only of Roger blinking when he fired a gun and of course his trademark lifting of eyebrows, but other members of the crew misbehaving.

In Egypt Roger was walking across the desert with Barbara Bach, dressed immaculately in evening dress. Roger allowed Barbara to get ahead and slowly loosened his belt. She turned to see his trousers around his ankles, she did not laugh! On another occasion Roger's backside was set alight when a stunt misfired. We filmed Roger racing around the set trying to grab the fleeing special effects man. Roger wore Vaseline dressings for two weeks and later joked that he had two holes where most people had one.

Joking apart Roger was a model professional, a much better actor than he gave himself credit for, always on time, never fluffed a line, considerate to other members of the crew and kind to his fans, even when they invaded his privacy.

Another brilliant person I had the pleasure of working with in Italy was Willy Bogner, the son of a famous sportswear designer and the ski genius for so many snow-bound Bond films. During the filming of On Her Majesty's Secret Service, I was immediately impressed with his handheld camera setup, having adapted both a Hasselblad viewfinder to his Arriflex camera, and his skis to include points at both ends which enabled him to ski both forwards and backwards with ease. He even volunteered to ski in the bob run which involved tying him to the bob with a cable to maintain the correct distance from the action.

I had directed the ski parachute jump on Mount Asgard; aside from Rick Sylvester and his assistant who were both American, I had a mostly English crew for the Canada-based shoot. The Union Jack parachute had been made in California to a design that I had sent them from Pinewood. While there had been a Canadian cameraman positioned immediately beneath the take off point who got a very good shot of his own feet, the filming was a success and the footage was very well received. As this was such a very important film for Cubby, producing his first Bond without his partner, Harry Saltzman, he wanted to show the footage to everyone. People would bring their friends, Roger wanted to show his friends; I was concerned we might have worn the film out before it ever got to a cinema. The result of the appreciation was that Cubby Broccoli and director, Lewis Gilbert, gifted me the opportunity to direct the ski chase that preceded the parachute jump.

I went to Willy Bogner. We went to St Moritz.

Willy Bogner provided the logistics and, together with Swiss cameraman Alex Barbey, they photographed the chase with various uncredited skiers of which one, Jake Lombard, later successfully doubled for Bond in the pre-title sequence of Moonraker.

Willy had all his people, he organised all the stunt doubles for Roger Moore and Michael Billington. He also came with his PR people for his clothing line business which became a bit of a crowding

issue. And the mountain he chose for filming was the Italian Pizzo Scalino, hence why we were based in St Moritz.

When we were recce-ing the location, it was a day when the light fell on glacier at a specific angle, seemingly shining right through it and giving off beautiful greens and blues. When we came to film, there had been a snow storm the previous night and the glacier had been completely covered up. This involved a huge digging out process before filming could proceed. Unfortunately it never looked as magical as when I first saw it.

Every morning, a small crew, and the PR people, would take two helicopters to Scalino for the filming. Frankly, the PR people became a real pain; there were just too many of them.

During filming, a storm rode in and cut us off. I demanded all non-essential personnel leave the location immediately but only one Heliswiss helicopter, as piloted by Bruno Bagnaud, had returned from St Moritz. I decided that Willy Bogner, myself and Ed Lincoln (the stunt double for Roger Moore) would take the last flight out in the ever worsening conditions. The remaining crew were mountain people, used to the conditions and had the skills to fashion a snow house and weather the night out even if it meant beating their chests to keep warm.

The flight to St Moritz was terrifying; the wind was throwing the machine around, the snow was beating at the windscreen, the snowflakes stuck to the windshield making it virtually impossible to see where you were going. Ed Lincoln, still wearing the yellow ski suit, was positively green with fright. We managed first to land at a psychiatric hospital and it was there we deposited Ed for the night. The rest of us managed to get a train for the remainder of the journey to St Moritz.

The next morning the storm had abated but, while we were able to retrieve everyone, we had to abandon the day's shoot.

## **John Glen**

James Bond commenced his co-ordinated assault on the world in 1953 and, by way of the marketed product motifs, proceeded to demonstrate an extravagance of exotic location that would later become a by word for both book and film promoting. Taking on the lions' share of the responsibility to alleviate Britain's post war ration book woes and later the world's fantasies, Ian Fleming's Bond fought the dragons in only the sunniest of welcoming climes; Jamaica being central to that thrust; the likes of The Bahamas, Japan and Europe providing sterling support.

But running contrary to the present day popularity for this book's eponymous country to appear in all but one of Daniel Craig's Bond films, Italy was largely absent on Fleming's radar for potential battlegrounds. Indeed it appeared only once as a footnote in a short story.

Misquoting Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's Naples originated phrase, See Rome and Die, it is possible Ian Fleming came close to doing just that if his opinions on the Italian capital in Thrilling Cities were anything to go by and so might have concluded that since the death would likely not be a peaceful one, he'd take one for the team and ensure Bond had nothing more to fight than the villains. Italy would otherwise not feature widely in Fleming's books.

Upon seeing the error of historical ways, present day compensation has been admirably afforded with a leather-bound permanent Italian visa for MI6's James Bond, and such has been his rapid accumulation of air miles to and from the country, one might be forgiven for thinking the UK will soon lose him to Italy's AISE. Although in saying this, one is aware then that Bond would have to

operate anywhere But Italy. We might keep him. Of Sir Roger Moore's Bond films, Italy was featured three times. Of Craig's five films, four times.

So why now the interest?

**What does Italy mean to the films' producers that encourages further and more frequent use of its cities and scenery?**

And if that cannot be readily answered, what does Italy mean to an audience? Pasta, pizza, furious gesticulation, the Mafia, fashion, bite-the-back-of-your-hand-off beautiful cars, architecture and an explorer who got lost on his way to China and claimed to have 'discovered' a new land, irrespective of the few hundred thousand native American Indians who had by then already mapped the landscape.

Previously made up of separate territories such as the Papal States, the Kingdom of Sardinia and the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, Italy has only been a country since 1871. Notably thigh-high and boot-shaped, the peninsula has a coastline of 7600 km and is surrounded by no less than five seas. Clockwork from top right, they include the Adriatic, the Ionian, the Mediterranean, the Ligurian and the Tyrrhenian Seas. Due to the country sitting at the point where the Eurasian and African Plates meet, Italy boasts seismic and volcanic activity that in part reflects the colourful gesticulation of its population; Mounts Etna and Vesuvius both being, the best known, and currently active. And indubitably, that does nothing to answer the questions above.

And likely as not, neither will what immediately follows but, with shoulders adroitly squared...

James Bond's spiritual home was very clearly Jamaica. Ian Fleming's home in Oracabessa, Goldeneye where the Bond books were written; three books being set in Jamaica including Dr No, Live and Let Die, The Man with the Golden Gun, one short story, Octopussy; and three films being filmed on the island, Dr No, Live and Let Die and the perennially postponed No Time to Die all testify to that indisputable understanding. But in shameless attempts to offer greater gravitas and emotional connection to this book's raison d'être, so too is Italy, a spiritual home to James Bond.

'Impress me,' I hear you say.

Unknown to each other, Giovanni Broccoli and Cristina Vence were born and raised in the Calabria region of Italy's most south western toe point. Hailing from Carolei, Giovanni and his brother were descended from the Broccolis of Carrera who were the first to cross two Italian vegetables, cauliflower and rabe, to produce the dark green, thick-stalked vegetable that took their name and later provided financial support. In the late 1890's, Giovanni and his brother emigrated from Italy to New York for a new life. Having later met and married Cristina Vence in New York in 1902, while his working life commenced with common labouring, it did nothing to dampen the aspirational heights he had for his family and especially, his new born son, Albert Romolo Broccoli. Born April 5, 1909 in the borough of Queens, New York, Giovanni gave Albert the middle name Romolo, after Romulus, one of the two mythical founders of Rome.

By this time, Giovanni's brother had bought and started a broccoli farm on Long Island which utilised all the hands and knees of the wider Broccoli family until, inspired by worlds afar, Albert followed his cousin, Pat DeCicca, to the movie capital of the world, Hollywood. And thus the story commences.

But what of Calabria? And who are mythology's Romulus and Remus? And will the answers to these provide an alternate, if not entirely spiritual home for James Bond?

Occupying tiny instep to dainty toe, Calabria's coastal vista within the Mediterranean looks upon both the Tyrrhenian and Ionian Seas and, as 42% and 49% is respectively mountainous and hilly, the chances are any Calabrian position will afford a sea view. Twenty-first century tourism rejoices, but Giovanni's Calabria was an altogether different prospect.

In the late 19th century, Calabria was neglected under the Kingdom of Italy with the dismissive feeling in Rome that the region was hopelessly backward and poor. About 70% of the population of the wider region, Mezzogiorno, were illiterate and Rome's continued refusal to provide money for schools or teachers did nothing to alleviate this issue. Compounding the above, until 1903, the Roman Catholic Church had prohibited Catholic men from voting in Italian elections. The women were only politically noticed from 1946 and so, the state being in a weakened state, it left a power vacuum. An organised crime group known as 'Ndrangheta noticed this and dominated Calabria in much the same way as the Mafia did Sicily. Considering his wider fortunes, Giovanni's decision to emigrate in the 1890's must be celebrated for he, his brother and separately, his wife-to-be had foreshadowed an exodus of people from Calabria between 1901-1914, who left mostly for both North and South America.

On 28 December 1908, Calabria and Sicily were devastated by an earthquake and subsequently by a tsunami which was triggered by the earthquake. It caused about 80,000 deaths. Cristina and her mother had left in 1897.

Lucky Giovanni. Lucky Cristina. Very lucky film world.

In trying to find the exact address for Giovanni's brief time in Carolei, 2020 world events played against all investigations within the province's church and municipality offices as, missives most numerous went largely unanswered. However, we do know Giovanni's parents, Antonio Pietro Broccoli and Rachaela Lento, were married in the church, Santa Maria Assunta, found at the end of Via Duomo, Carolei.

Taking place in 750 BC, and committed to print only in the 3<sup>rd</sup> century BC, Romulus and Remus is the mythical tale of how Rome came to be. Rhea Silva was a vestal virgin, so named due to selflessly committing to a 30-year vow of chastity to devote herself to the study of state rituals. Rhea was reclining in a sacred grove dedicated to the God of Mars when, the just-named descended from his astral perch for a chat. Depending on the source, Rhea was either unsure of the duration of commitment, took a shine to his looks and threw it all away for a night of passion. Or, Mars raped her. Either way, the act was not sacred and she became pregnant to later give birth to twin boys, Romulus and Remus. As Rhea was the daughter of Numitor, a former king who had been displaced by his brother, Amulius the present king, Amulius who was given to petty jealousy but violent reaction, ordered the twins to be killed. Not killed but summarily abandoned on the River Tiber, the God of Tiberinus took five minutes out of his day and saved the twins, by placing them at the teets of a she-wolf. Suckled back to strength and later adopted by a shepherd, they tended flocks until becoming leaders of their community. Now young adults, politically aware and anxious to right the wrongs to their mother's father, Numitor, the twins became involved in a dispute between Numitor and Amulius leading to the latter's death and the former's regal reinstatement as the King of Alba. Newly invigorated by their win, they then, quite randomly, set out to build a city. Unable to agree on a site, they called upon the Gods to settle an interpretation of omens. Romulus claims victory, an argument ensues and Remus is, again depending on sources, either killed by his brother Romulus, or by one of Romulus' supporters. Not conflicted and now composed, Romulus goes on to form Rome, the city, its government, its institutions and its religious traditions.

Some points come to mind. Having already been made aware of one God who may or may not have raped their mother, but either way should have known better than to mess with a vestal virgin, and another God whose not fully evolved idea of saving someone is to lay them at the feet of a wolf, why then would the binary brothers ever call upon the Gods for decision-making assistance? Having to this point experienced some exciting formative years, and had issues far greater in breadth and scope to surmount, is it likely the boys altercated over which patch of ground to build their first column?

It also calls into question the reverence that the Italians have had for their Gods, irrespective of their track record, and indicates naming ones offspring after a possible murderer might not have its social detractions. Still, simpler times perhaps.

Today's Carolei is essentially a north to south, 2 kilometre, one road, narcoleptic little town. Sharply demarked by the aforementioned hilliness, there is on the east side a somnambulant Via Panoramic track which between the trees and over the Realarico vines takes your eye over and away into a steeply falling valley.

Between Carolei's ownership of such esteemed filmic heritage and the aforementioned referential nomenclature to the domination of Rome, does this constitute a secondary spiritual home for Bond as his journey segues from Book to Film?