

STONES MICK AND KEITH SPEAK! | **PRINCE** SIGN 'O' A GENIUS!



MUSIC

The Music Magazine

55TH
ANNIVERSARY
SPECIAL

**"WE LOST
THE NAIVETY!"**

**PETER
GREEN**
MAN OF THE
WORLD R.I.P.

IDLES
NEW PUNK
REBELLION!

THE BEATLES

RUBBER SOUL: INSIDE THEIR FIRST MASTERPIECE

172
REVIEWS
BILL CALLAHAN,
RICHARD & LINDA
THOMPSON,
KEVIN ROWLAND
& MORE

THE FALL
MARK E SMITH'S
SAVING GRACE

**PHOEBE
BRIDGERS**
A SONGWRITING
STAR IS BORN

MORRICONE
THE ULTIMATE GUIDE



THE FINAL SCORE

ENNIO MORRICONE, who died last month, was the ultimate soundtrack *auteur*—influencing all corners of music, from Metallica to Massive Attack. Overleaf, MOJO writers celebrate the work. But first, **JAMES MCNAIR** remembers the man...

ENNIO MORRICONE DIDN'T romanticise his art form. Perhaps that's why he was so prolific. "Other people see the moment of creativity as magical, but it is not," he told me in 2004. "For me it's simply, 'I have to get from A to B—how am I going to achieve this?'"

We'd met at his 17th century apartment in Rome, which had views to the Forum. Short, dressed in a sky blue cardigan, an intense stare through tortoiseshell glasses, the maestro was all smiles when patting the chaise longue and encouraging our translator Roberta to join him there, but also plain rude.

I quizzed him about *The Good, The Bad And The Ugly*. He jabbed Roberta's leg with a toothpick. Afterwards, I took playful revenge in print, but with hindsight perhaps the maestro's *froideur* was a statement. All I knew then of his vast body of work were the spaghetti westerns and *Cinema Paradiso*, so why should he have taken me seriously?

Morricone was born in Rome in 1928 and rarely left it. He studied composition at the Conservatorio di Santa Cecilia, and became an arranger at RAI and RCA-Italy in the late '50s, by night moonlighting as a jazz trumpeter under the pseudonym Don Savio.

His formal training attuned him to the genius of Bach, Monteverdi and Stravinsky, and he was passionate about the atonal melodies of the "absolute" chamber music he composed outside of cinema. But it's for the 450-plus movie scores he wrote between 1960-2016 that Morricone will best be remembered. Though his productivity rivalled that of Fiat Motors, each bespoke score was potent, perfectly realised. Directors from

Leone to Pasolini to Almodovar to Polanski learnt that a movie without a Morricone soundtrack was only half a movie.

The maestro was musically omnivorous, often innovative, and no kind of Luddite, snob or prude. Psychedelia, *musique concrète*, bossa nova, baroque, jazz-rock, electronica, lounge and traditional Spanish and Italian folk motifs all found a place in themes that might be outlandish or music-box pretty, brazenly erotic or chastely divine. He did horror for Dario Argento and John Carpenter, pop songs for Françoise Hardy and Paul Anka, was sampled by Jay-Z and The Orb, and had the hat tipped to him by The Sopranos and The Simpsons.

When Morricone died on July 6 aged 91 after complications arising from a fall, the vast spread of his influence echoed. Alison Goldfrapp acknowledged the debt *Felt Mountain* owed him, posting a Morricone playlist on Spotify, and tributes came from Metallica, cellist Yo-Yo Ma, The Flaming Lips, Massive Attack, Yo La Tengo, Jean Michel Jarre, and Morricone's fellow film-scorer Hans Zimmer.

In Rome, *La Repubblica* reported that attendees at Morricone's private funeral were given copies of a text the maestro had composed prior to his fall. Titled, *I, Ennio Morricone, Am Dead*, his words seemed conscious of his own stature, but it was a heartfelt farewell.

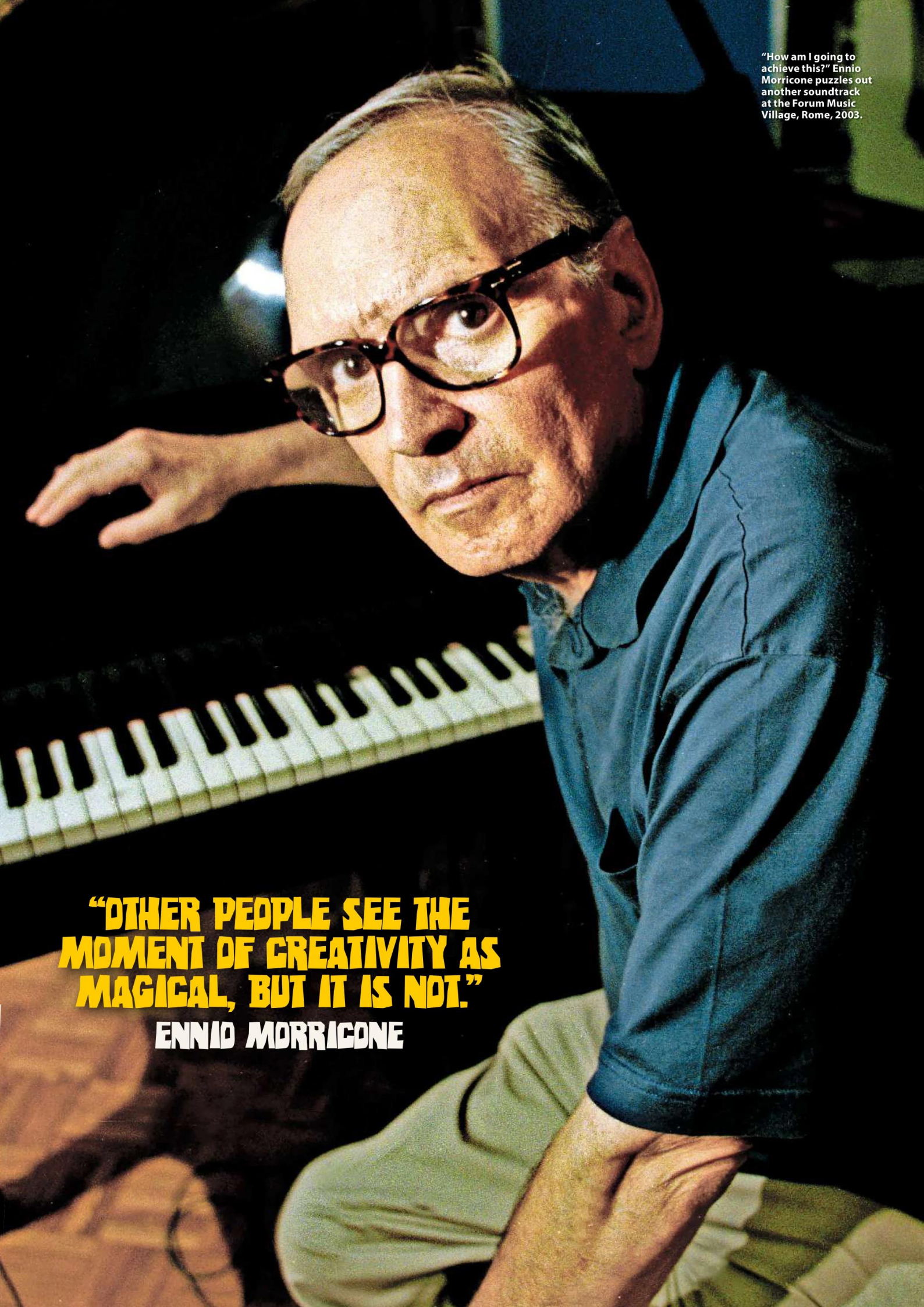
"I renew to you the extraordinary love that has held us together," the maestro wrote to his wife Maria.



Ugly meets Good: Eli Wallach (left) and Clint Eastwood talk soundtracks; (above) the young Ennio and his work.



TURN FOR MORRICONE'S 20 KEY RECORDINGS 

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of Ennio Morricone. He is wearing his signature thick-rimmed glasses and a blue polo shirt. He is leaning forward, with his right hand resting on the keys of a piano. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on his face and hands, and deep shadows elsewhere. The background is dark and out of focus.

"How am I going to achieve this?" Ennio Morricone puzzles out another soundtrack at the Forum Music Village, Rome, 2003.

**"OTHER PEOPLE SEE THE
MOMENT OF CREATIVITY AS
MAGICAL, BUT IT IS NOT."**

ENNIO MORRICONE



A Fistful Of Dollars (1964)

Shot for pesetas in Almería by an Italian crew, Sergio Leone's first 'spaghetti western' is characterised by the director's lean style and long takes, the latter stretched to provide a suitable canvas for Morricone's inventive, budget-busting score. His kitchen-sink approach combines Hank Marvin-indebted guitar, military snare, chanting ("We can fight!"), whistling, hoedown and mournful mariachi trumpet. A bell is struck, tympani rumble, an ocarina appears. A laconic Clint Eastwood kept shtum rather than compete, thus finding his onscreen brand. AC



For A Few Dollars More (1965)

Second bowlful of prairie pasta from Leone, with Il Maestro incorporating diegetic footsteps, humming and six-gun recoil, but built, narratively, around two eerie musical pocket-watches belonging to Lee Van Cleef's bounty-hunting ex-Colonel Mortimer and Gian Maria Volonté's psycho-killer El Indio. Morricone plays it minimal and tense, bags of white space amid chiming church bells and a rationed jaw harp. The climactic road to El Paso is lined by a male chorus and insistent electric guitar, but it's the duelling timepieces that count. AC



The Battle Of Algiers (1966)

Director Gillo Pontecorvo's lyrical indictment of imperialism – personified in Jean Martin's cadaverous Colonel Mathieu – is matched by a brutish and beautiful score. Theme Of Ali – after a melody of Pontecorvo's – uses isolated woodwinds to summon the voices of Arab resistance. The battering snares and martial brass of Algiers, November 1, 1954 – calling up swarms of French paras – was quoted in Quentin Tarantino's Inglourious Basterds soundtrack, a patchwork of steals from QT's favourite movie music, much of it Morricone's. DE



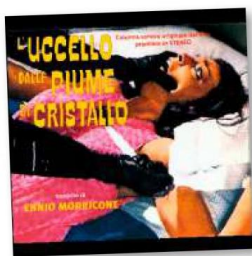
The Good, The Bad And The Ugly (1966)

"Leone wanted more from music," Morricone recalled, and his Promethean score for TGTBATU gave Leone more, expanding and defining the spaghetti western's sonics. That unforgettable 'Coyote call' motif was deployed on ocarina, flute and voices, while Pino Rucher's psycho-surf guitars reached a zenith of posturing twang. Interviewing Morricone, I ventured that Alessandro Alessandrini's whistling prowess was a dying art. "Perhaps in England," he replied. "It's so cold there nobody feels happy enough to whistle." JMcN



Il Giardino Delle Delizie (1967)

Silvano Agosti's Catholic symbolism-rich film finds the groom of a shotgun wedding meditating upon Bosch's titular painting before cheating on his new bride. Enter Morricone with Adonai, a freakbeat tune with ecstatic female voices, harpsichord, and a demonic guitar riff. Elsewhere, Primo builds on otherworldly strings, tympani and Edda Dell'Orso's wordless vocals. The film was not fêted and the Italian censor cut 20 minutes, but its spare score is exemplary. Find it on *Le Musiche Di Ennio Morricone Per Il Cinema Di Silvano Agosti* (GDM, 2004). JMcN



L'Uccello Dalle Piume Di Cristallo (1970)

Morricone's trippy title theme for what Anglo-phones call *The Bird With The Crystal Plumage* employs atonal chimes, hand-bells, and a baroque-sounding choral section, but this diverse score also packs transporting bossa nova and some breathlessly erotic, freak-out jazz (Corsa Sui Tetti, AKA Black Glove Underground Part One). There's a claustrophobic feel that's perfect for director Dario Argento's stylised thriller about an American who witnesses a woman being murdered in a Rome art gallery. JMcN



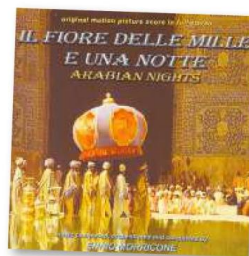
Maddalena (1971)

Lisa Gastoni plays the titular succubus, a witchy stripper-siren intent on defrocking vulnerable priests and fishermen in Jerzy Kawalerowicz's religious parable that never truly makes sense. What gives it shape and weight is Morricone's proud and dramatic score which moves from the nine-minute breakbeat organ'n'choir groove of *Come Maddalena* to the keening lament of *Chi Mai*, later recycled in less-than-riveting 1981 BBC drama *The Life And Times Of David Lloyd George*, resulting in a Top 5 chart hit for Il Maestro. AM



A Fistful Of Dynamite (1971)

For a film that found Sergio Leone reworking his operatic western template to tell a story of Irish gun-runners in the Mexican revolution, Morricone turned in a similarly reconstructed work, shuffling the elements of his earlier western scores (wordless female choirs, whistling, a rhythmic ostinato and reverby electric guitar jangle) into something simultaneously strange, haunting and pleasingly off-kilter. An automated score heralding the dawn of a sad, new, mechanical age. AM



Il Fiore Delle Mille E Una Notte (Arabian Nights) (1974)

Morricone wrote several scores for Pier Paolo Pasolini – including one for the horrific *Salò, Or The 120 Days Of Sodom* – and while much of the music on this retelling of the *Arabian Nights* is solo organ, there are also sumptuous orchestral pieces – not least *Tema Di Dunja*, its haze of strings drizzled with harp arpeggios. *Tema Di Aziza*, meanwhile, sounds like Charles Ives' *The Unanswered Question* transported to the shimmering desert night. DS



The Thing (1982)

At the time of its release, many criticised Morricone's score for John Carpenter's sci-fi body-horror thriller for sounding too much like the score for, well, a John Carpenter sci-fi body-horror thriller. Using a full orchestra where the director – known for scoring his own films – might have employed a lowly synth, Morricone remains in tune with the movie's relentless icy dread. Like "the thing" itself, Morricone is imitating and mutating, taking the droning, pulsing fear-notes of Carpenter's earlier films and transforming them into something vast, terrifying and unknowable. AM



Il Grande Silenzio (1968)

Set in Utah during the Great Blizzard of 1899, Sergio Corbucci's 1968 western is a slow-burn snow-bound tone-poem, an allegorical tale of murder, revenge and defeat starring Jean-Louis Trintignant as a mute gunslinger and Klaus Kinski his deranged nemesis. Fittingly, Morricone's score dispenses with the grandiose drama of his '60s spaghetti western work, instead delivering a noble and elegiac score of resplendent melancholy, rich with the slow melodic sweep of heroic failure. The anxious, one-note piano intro to the climactic duel scene is beyond genius. *AM*



Once Upon A Time In The West (1968)

Charged with writing a definitive elegy to the Old West, with themes of deception, revenge and time, Morricone turned to harpsichord, harmonica and guitar, with Edda Dell'Orso and Alessandro Alessandroni returning. Then he handed over the score early so Leone could shoot scenes to fit (call an ambulance if your heart doesn't swell like the orchestra as the camera pans from Claudia Cardinale arriving at the frontier town then travelling on to Monument Valley). This soundtrack sold 10 million copies. *DH*



Metti, Una Sera A Cena (1969)

If God has his own airport lounge, Morricone's breezy, ever-modulating title theme – all blissed-out wah wah and heavenly voices – must surely loop there on repeat. Uno Che Grida Amore, too, is most elegant; like Delibes' Flower Duet slowly morphing into a *molto sofisticato* swingers' party. Retitled Love Circle for English-language release, Giuseppe Griffo's film centered upon the glamorous bed-hopping undertaken by a bourgeois playwright and his wife in chic Italian villas. As ever, Morricone's music magnified the mood. *JMcN*



Vergogna Schifosi (1969)

During much of the '60s and '70s you could count on an Ennio Morricone score to bring emotional coherence or groovy forward motion to unintelligible art thrillers and chaotic cop dramas. Nowhere is that more in evidence than in his 24-minute collaboration with the otherworldly vocal talents of Alessandro Alessandroni's I Cantori Moderni and star vocalist Edda Dell'Orso. Suddenly, Mauro Severino's sub-Antonioni, Generation '68 thriller has a swirling romantic narrative and a symphonic jazz drama – plus, in Guardami Negli Occhi, a dash of cod-Mersey Beat. Money well spent. *AM*



Burn! (1969)

Morricone's cohesive, rhythmic response to the call-up from Italian Communist firebrand-turned-auteur Gillo Pontecorvo for this Caribbean-set anti-colonial history lesson is crowned by a chanted neo-psychedelic anthem that's part Fifth Dimension, part 14-Hour Technicolor Dream, which serenades an African slave revolt led by Marlon Brando's English carpet-bagger. Constant bongos fight sweeping strings, choral heralds and church organ, though the film's muddy sound mix does Morricone no favours. Here's a score that is definitely heard at its best on the long-player. *AC*

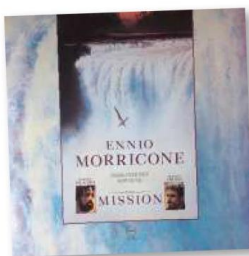


(from left) A Fistful Of Dollars, For A Few Dollars More, The Good The Bad And The Ugly, The Battle Of Algiers, L'Uccello Dalle Piume Di Cristallo, Il Grande Silenzio, Burn!, Malena, Once Upon A Time In America, The Mission, The Thing.



Once Upon A Time In America (1984)

Sergio Leone's long-gestating passion project, and swansong, transplants the romanticism and mannish morality play of his spaghetti westerns to the gangster milieu of early 20th century New York. Once again, Morricone's richly orchestrated, soaring yet melancholy music adds extra emotional patina to the tale of star-crossed Jewish gang members, leavening symphonic eye-moisteners (Deborah's Theme) and tension-builders (Poverty) with poignant instrumentation – not least Cockeye's Song's wistful pan pipes. *DS*



The Mission (1986)

"There was a theft!" Morricone told The Guardian newspaper in 2001, when asked about the Academy Award they didn't give him for his music to Roland Joffe's film, before adding: "Of course, if it was up to me, every two years I would win an Oscar." An insatiable musical appetite pays dividends here, blending a symphony with choirs and South American instruments, the results both romantic and violent. If you saw Morricone live, he seemed to grow a little taller during selections from The Mission, as if acknowledging it to be his masterpiece. *DH*



Canto Morricone Vol 1-4 (1998-99)

Don't trust anyone who refuses to embrace the histrionic in Morricone's music. Back in the late '90s, the great Bear Family label trawled through his 300-plus scores to assemble his deranged, theatrical pop hits (eg. Funny World: the theme to risqué 1964 doc Malamondo) and shouty ballads. *Volume 4*, covering the '80s and '90s, is possibly too tasteful but the other three CDs laugh melodramatically in the face of restraint ("A-hahaha!") and ride off into a ludicrously immoderate sunset. *AM*



Malena (2000)

The constant torrent of work from Palermo wingman Giuseppe Tornatore here offers a '40s Sicily-set adolescent fantasy in an almost sarcastically picturesque Italian town, nostalgically serenaded by the Accademia Musicale Italiana under aquamarine Mediterranean skies. Much appraisal of actress Monica Bellucci's charms occurs to a comical blend of lilting violin, clownish trumpet and clanky piano. Things can only get worse, and Morricone summons the film's inevitable tragedy with ease, letting pan pipes do the talking as warplanes buzz overhead. *AC*



Morricone Pops (2013)

Like John Barry, Morricone was a trumpeter with a gift for arranging, as heard on these singles and scores covering 1959-62, recently compiled by UK label, *el*. Beneath the surface of his takes on canzone Napoletanas, pop ballads, twists and cha-cha-chas, the strings and brass all hint at greater goals. Peter Tevis may be long forgotten, but his 1962 7-inch of Woody Guthrie's Pastures Of Plenty is a crucial cut. The backing track became A Fistful Of Dollars' main-title theme. *DH*

Men with no name: Andrew Collins, Danny Eccleston, David Hutcheon, Andrew Male, James McNair, David Sheppard.