

divorcing Jean Pierre.¹⁸ She too was swathed in furs against the weather. Armando was dressed in a traditional dark gray suit, his balding head adorned with a sprinkling of confetti. His distinctly wolfish smile was accentuated by a straggling moustache.

The press was invited to take more pictures at the reception held at the Kensington Palace Hotel. Anna happily showed off her magnificent ropes of black and white pearls, matching earrings and rings, all wedding gifts from Armando. She was now in a sleeveless satin dress and it was noticeable that she'd gained a lot of weight. Marisa slipped off her fur to reveal an elegant dark suit with three small gold brooches in the shape of branch coral. Clutching a glass of champagne, Anna smiled and hugged and kissed her groom for the cameras, which he accepted with good grace, looking slightly bemused by all the attention.

The couple returned to Rome to live in a luxurious apartment on the Via Polibo, and according to Enrica, things started to deteriorate almost immediately. Armando had acquired a trophy wife, he had no desire, or need, for companionship. "He thought about nothing but work," she said. "He locked himself in his bunker composing his music, and there was Anna, thinking of everything, ready to do anything for him. She made him a present of a Mercedes—and what did he give her in exchange? Nothing. Indifference. Once inside his bunker nothing else existed. For days and nights we didn't know what he was doing, and when Anna went to look for him he had no scruples about saying he wanted to be left in peace. Anna was constantly frustrated. She started to suffer from insomnia and then to drink, because when she drank she slept, and when she slept she didn't need to go looking for him."¹⁹

During 1962–63, Trovajoli composed



Pier and Armando Trovajoli outside the Kensington Register office, London, February 14, 1962, the day of their marriage. (Photograph courtesy of Keystone Press/Getty Images.)

the scores for no fewer than eight movies, including the famous *Ieri, oggi e domani* (*Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*) in which he also acted a small role. He spent very little time with his new wife who, although surrounded by luxury, longed for companionship, as well as a little spoiling. "I did everything to help him with unstinting enthusiasm," Anna told a friend many years later, "and I do not regret that.... What did I ask in exchange other than a little affection, a little tenderness, a little love? But I did not find in Trovajoli the companion I had hoped for. How many times had he taken me to a restaurant, or gone out with me, or given me a present?"²⁰

Not very often it seems. For Trovajoli, work came first and everything else a