

Translation:

Beauty is a rare synthesis of intelligence and sensitivity, creative beauty, the kind that is expressed. It is symptomatic that Salome Jordania's beauty is a supreme element that distinguishes playing well from playing sublimely. Especially when tackling Chopin and the most beautiful repertoire, Piano Concerto No. 2. In Jordania's intentions, Chopin's heart is the heart of everyone, a sort of parallel universe of earthly expressiveness. Even though in her hands, Chopin's sound becomes a sound beyond time, an indefinite time, an inner time. Jordania manages to trace the paths of the heart, of emotions, to enable the attentive and diligent listener to scale the peaks of intensity and deep-sea depths. Those waters that are vital substance for anyone who knows they must face a world of so many emotions. It is obvious, perhaps even banal, to confirm how Jordania's skill is accompanied by a technical expertise that is a natural familiarity of a personal dynamic. Alfred Cortot would have been pleased to know that his Chopin prophecy has found an ideal correspondence in a very young interpreter. She absolutely is. But in her hands, I mean Jordania's, the flowing current recalls Berman, Richter, Rubinstein; as if in her, many sounds, many memories converge to become a unique song of passionate remembrance of an eternal past/present. In short, this young girl with an exceptional charisma, as if she has already lived various lives, was exciting, convincing, and above all, loving. She conquered the audience of the Church of St. George in Salerno, to whom she gave more Chopin and rare syntheses of a definable but belonging to an irregular time writing. With her, the Verdi Philharmonic Orchestra, directed with great vigor and technical skill by Francesco Ivan Ciampa, son of art, already experienced in conducting with confidence, seriousness, and magnificence. Indeed, in the Beethoven preamble with Coriolan, Ciampa demonstrated his mastery, his versatility in having the orchestra within himself, an external part of it, an internal part of it. Just like Mozart's Jupiter,

a wise definition of a narrated time starting from what would have been the idea of romanticism, of emotional synthesis of times when, by candlelight, without any electronic or media-driven social distractions, people knew how to understand what it meant to live. Of passions, certainly, of sources inspired by lives. Well, Ciampa's direction of the Jupiter can be included among those performances that should be remembered, certainly over time, certainly in a dimension of an Italy that is often not known for its very positive and creative entities. Enthusiastic applause from the numerous audience of the Church of St. George, a perfect gathering place for those who want to experience time as it may not seem.