

Mp3 Emile Pandolfi - Believe



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The magic that flows from Emile Pandolfi's heart and through his fingertips is eloquently captured in this collection of beautiful melodies that celebrate the emotions that move you, as Emile gently takes you by the hand 14 MP3 Songs POP: Piano, EASY LISTENING: Love Songs Details: Believe... In this album for instance, we hear the arpeggios and trills in My Heart Must Go On: the sea rolling around and over the lovers. Beneath the very first arpeggio, we hear the germ of the melody rising from the deep before it makes its appearance. The beauty of the tune is very touching for a time, with the sea always present. But soon the music rises, or I should say falls, to a climax. The biggest passage is in the bass: deep down in the piano, with a change to a darker key. The rush and flow of the sea prevails. But even in this dark, deep place, the love motif makes one last, defiant call; at last, with the arpeggios gleaming overhead, all subsides. Pandolfi's music tells the story and creates the atmosphere much better, I think, than if we had a singer on hand. Even if you are not aware of every turn of the narrative in such a carefully presented recreation of a song, I contend that such a presentation will have its effect on you, while a mere twiddling of pretty notes will fail. Something in your emotions will react to narrative mastery at this level, not to mention Pandolfi's pianistic mastery. If you doubt this conclusion, read some of the other reader reviews of his albums. Several selections on this album are either drawn directly from classical scores or are inspired by them. Aquarium is Pandolfi's transcription of the section of the same name, for orchestra with piano obbligato, in Saint-Saen's Carnival of the Animals. It is a marvel of tonal beauty and finger articulation. The orchestral part is wonderfully suggested by the left hand. As beautiful as Aquarium is, the most successful of these selections, for me, is the Eighteenth Variation, which Pandolfi has transcribed from Rachmaninov's Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini. I've loved this music since I was a boy and I first heard it played in a recording by the incomparable William Kapell, who was killed at the age on

thirty-one, on 10/29/53. The 52nd anniversary of that date is only three days past, as I write this; maybe that's why this music is so much on my mind. Pandolfi's version is for piano only, remember, and at first, I missed the entrance of the strings and the rest of the orchestra at the second statement of the great theme. But this artist soon had me in his grip once more. The massive chords in the left hand are thoroughly Rachmaninov. The timing is thoroughly Rachmaninov. The music swells with great ardor, then fades poignantly, with no hint of pathos or sentimentality. The pianist is even faithful to the score when he plays accompaniment a time or two; those who know the orchestral melody will hear it even though it is not there. And Pandolfi finishes with two final chords-in utter serenity-not as so many would have, with a third one, reaching a full cadence. With those two chords, he is true to the score, anticipating the Nineteenth Variation. This is beautiful and tasteful playing. As much as anything on the album, this short foray into his old world, the classical world, explains to the listener why everything else on this album, and on every other album by Emile Pandolfi is so very fine. If you're ever fortunate enough to hear and see Emile Pandolfi in concert, as I have been on eight or ten occasions, you're in for a wonderful time. All the qualities that I've described here are on display in abundance. To hear Emile play is to wonder how it can be done, and I've seen many of the world's greatest touring concert pianists. When you hear Emile, you sometimes forget to breathe. And there is a big surprise waiting for you: Emile Pandolfi is a delightful personality and a hilarious stand-up comic. He's not a guy who tells funny jokes; he's a genuinely funny man. A second surprise will come when he plays songs that you've virtually memorized from his recordings; you'll shake your head a bit and wonder, "What is this? "He's playing the song I know, but I never heard him play these notes!" Don't worry; I went through the same thing. You see, Emile improvises. He's that supremely confident, and he's having that much fun. And then he'll play something that's not on any of his recordings, and you'll be on cloud nine. Highly recommended. John Pendley A poet of popular music, November 1, 2005 Emile Pandolfi plays show tunes, movie music, and the Great American Song Book, like no one else. He even includes the occasional classical selection, which is inevitable, since he did graduate studies in piano performance at Julliard. Pandolfi's dexterity at the keyboard is highly polished; yet one hardly notices. One does notice his gorgeous tone, which seemingly knows no depth; his pianissimo playing, which I can tell you, reaches all the way to the back of the hall; his massive fortissimos, which always leave the impression that he has more to give; his melting legato touch, which makes the piano sound like anything but a percussive instrument; and his seemingly

limitless imagination. Once you've heard Pandolfi's presentation of a song, it will be difficult for you to imagine it any other way. Partly, this results from his own imagination: he is able to listen to music and lyrics with such freshness, even to the punctuation of lyrics, that he understands what many of us pass over. Then, he brings the resources of his technique, his sound-all his musical training and experience-to bear on the story in his mind. But not just the story: the character of the story, the atmosphere of the story. The result is nothing short of a recreation of each song Emile Pandolfi plays, and that result is often very powerful. In this album for instance, we hear the arpeggios and trills in *My Heart Must Go On*: the sea rolling around and over the lovers. Beneath the very first arpeggio, we hear the germ of the melody rising from the deep before it makes its appearance. The beauty of the tune is very touching for a time, with the sea always present. But soon the music rises, or I should say falls, to a climax. The biggest passage is in the bass: deep down in the piano, with a change to a darker key. The rush and flow of the sea prevails. But even in this dark, deep place, the love motif makes one last, defiant call; at last, with the arpeggios gleaming overhead, all subsides. Pandolfi's music tells the story and creates the atmosphere much better, I think, than if we had a singer on hand. Even if you are not aware of every turn of the narrative in such a carefully presented recreation of a song, I contend that such a presentation will have its effect on you, while a mere twiddling of pretty notes will fail. Something in your emotions will react to narrative mastery at this level, not to mention Pandolfi's pianistic mastery. If you doubt this conclusion, read some of the other reader reviews of his albums. Several selections on this album are either drawn directly from classical scores or are inspired by them. *Aquarium* is Pandolfi's transcription of the section of the same name, for orchestra with piano obbligato, in Saint-Saen's *Carnival of the Animals*. It is a marvel of tonal beauty and finger articulation. The orchestral part is wonderfully suggested by the left hand. As beautiful as *Aquarium* is, the most successful of these selections, for me, is the *Eighteenth Variation*, which Pandolfi has transcribed from Rachmaninov's *Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini*. I've loved this music since I was a boy and I first heard it played in a recording by the incomparable William Kapell, who was killed at the age of thirty-one, on 10/29/53. The 52nd anniversary of that date is only three days past, as I write this; maybe that's why this music is so much on my mind. Pandolfi's version is for piano only, remember, and at first, I missed the entrance of the strings and the rest of the orchestra at the second statement of the great theme. But this artist soon had me in his grip once more. The massive chords in the left hand are thoroughly Rachmaninov. The timing is thoroughly Rachmaninov. The music swells with

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