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Kacjan, Mozart, Rudin  
Koncerti za flavto / Flute concertos

»Kdaj smo resnično to, kar smo?« Vprašanje, ki ga je pred kakega pol stoletja zapisal v poemi *Sončev kamen* mehiški pesnik Octavio Paz, je staro, prastaro vprašanje: bržčas za umetnost ni bolj samoumevnega in nepogrešljivega vprašanja. V podnebjju pragmatičnega uma, kjer živimo danes, je seveda drugače: vprašanje se zdi kakor eksotična rastlina brez stika z okoljem in brez pravih možnosti za preživetje; zato zveni nekako nespodobno tudi znotraj institucij, namenjenih produkciji in refleksiji umetnosti. Tu je celo Pazov stih slišati kot malce bizaren pesniški domislek ali zanimiva naplavina njegove nadrealistično vzburkane domišljije. In vendar, ponavljam: za umetnost ni bolj samoumevnega vprašanja. Od tega, ali se zares zastavi ali ne, sta odvisna nastanek in življenje umetnine. Seveda se v umetnosti ne zastavlja nujno prav s temi besedami, ki so zgolj miselni očrt, formulacija nečesa veliko obsežnejšega: temeljne resničnosti našega bitja. Ta resničnost presega območje, nad katerim imamo racionalni pregled, in se zato razliva daleč preko robov vsake formulacije: je nekaj izvorno nebesednega. Čeprav vedno smo, kar smo, in to na neopisljiv način vemo, čeprav vedno nekako čutimo, da živimo iz nje, pa naše občutje življenja ni enakomeren tok; včasih upade v depresivne nižave do meja zaznavnosti, včasih pa se tudi tako silovito zgosti, da je vse siceršnje obstajanje postavljeno pod vprašaj ali pa nedoumno potrjeno in osmišljeno. Umetnost je bila zmeraj neločljivo povezana s takimi trenutki zgostitve, ko se občutje samega sebe nesluteno okrepi in obenem zabriše, ko postane čudno vprašljivo, kje se končujem jaz in se začinja svet, kje se sploh kaj končuje in začinja ... Morda je skrajna zmožnost umetnin



to, da nam s celoto svoje snovnosti in simbolnih struktur lahko približajo našo lastno temeljno resničnost, da nam ob dotiku z njimi ta prihaja nasproti po nenavadnih ovinkih, od tam, kjer je sploh nismo pričakovali. Umetnost ni narava ne nasilje, zato se to ne zgodi nujno in brez našega pristanka. Brez pripravljenosti, da sprejmemo same sebe v svoji neizčrpnosti, nerazpoložljivosti in presežnosti. Drugo ime za to pripravljenost je ljubezen: ljubezen, ki ne ustvarja iz nič, ampak odpira oči za to, kar je najresničnejše;

ki, če po spominu navedem besede Maxa Schelerja, najgloblje odklepa svet. Umetnost pa tudi ni, vsaj ne nujno, mistika, ki potaplja vse "vidno", empirično, v mrak resničnejšega ozadja. V umetnosti nas obkrožajo stvari, ki jih poznamo iz vsakdanje izkušnje (ali pa jih lahko z njo z večjim ali manjšim naporom povežemo), a zdi se, da jim je nekdo odpahnil hrbtno stran: povsem domače so, a obenem jih vidimo prvič (in to se ponovi ob vsakem resničnem srečanju z umetnino); naše so, a obenem presegajo vse kroge znanega življenja. Iz silovitega kontrasta

med običajnim samodoživljanjem in eruptivnim občutjem samopreseganja v umetniškem doživljanju samodejno vznikne vprašanje: »Kdaj smo resnično to, kar smo?« In svetloba teh trenutkov, ko »bolj bivamo«, v istem hipu nanj že odgovarja z isto nenasilno samoumevnostjo. Ena najčistejših oblik, v kateri se je kdajkoli zastavilo in bilo odgovorjeno, je Mozartova glasba.

Beseda neiskanost morda označuje neko njeno zelo obrobno kvaliteto, vendar diskretno zrcali tudi tiste attribute, s katerimi so zelo pogosto opisovali njeno

bistvo: »naravnost«, se pravi nesporednost in spontanost. To pa sta bistveni prvini, ki določata življenje subjekta, osnovni kvaliteti notranjega življenja, v katerem je evropska kultura dolgo videla jedro človekove osebe. Pojme subjektivnost, individualnost in notranji svet smo navajeni povezovati z romantiko in ne z Mozartom. Toda: ali jih res čisto dobro razumemo? Danes, ko je notranje življenje izgubilo središčno vlogo v kulturi in ga razumemo predvsem kot nasprotje (objektivne) realnosti, morda spregledujemo nekaj zelo pomembnega: da so te za nas tako značilno romantične prvine, dejansko samo zgodovinsko pogojene oblike, v katerih se izraža prvotnejša človeška težnja – prodreti globlje v lastno temeljno resničnost. Ta prodor je vedno osebno, notranje dejanje, a nikakor ne zgolj psihični dogodek (nič bolj ne zastre njegove prave narave kot psihološka razlaga), temveč bivanjsko prebujenje, ko človek zares stopi vase in se naenkrat dotakne sveta z vsem, kar je: s svojo osebo. Takšno »romantično« držo subjekta srečamo tudi drugod, tudi pred Mozartom, zagotovo npr. v baročni glasbi, le da je tu bolj zadržana, bolj vezana na »objektivne« mere. Kultura, v kateri je nastajala, je bila še osredotočena na notranje življenje, ki se izliva v transcendenco. V njenem obzorju je bil tudi zunanji svet – narava, družba, zgodovina – prežet z duhovnim elementom. Dogajanje v človekovi notranjosti je bilo tako v relativni kontinuiteti z vidno resničnostjo in zato tedaj ni bilo ne potrebno ne smiselno stopnjevati »subjektivnosti« in individualnosti, teh znamenj, ki ju presežno pošilja v svet zgodovinske pragme. Družbena priznanost duhovnega in osebnega je pomenila, da se ustvarjalec giblje v odprtem skupnem prostoru



z drugimi ljudmi. Norma njegove individualnosti je bila »vidnost« v tem prostoru. Njegovo gibanje tam, kjer vsi vedo, da resničnost ni le to, kar se vidi, je bilo nujno manj samosvoje, počasnejše, previdnejše, obzirnejše do drugega. Odtod vtis o večji shematičnosti in predvidljivosti izraza: vtis, ki pa spet izvira iz ustaljenega prepričanja, da so baročne harmonije lepe stavbe, v katere je zazidano življenje, in ne visoki stolpi z razgledom v neskončnost. A to je že druga tema ...

V romantiki, še posebej pozni, se zgodi, čeprav seveda ne naenkrat, radikalna sprememba: svet »potone v ustvarjalčevi duši«. V dolgi verigi intenzivnih desetletjih, ki so vmes, se je kultura evropskega človeka psihologizirala, sociologizirala in ekonomizirala. Ko se je iz nje izselila duhovnost, je življenje izgubilo globino, toda zato je postalo nepredstavljivo hitrejše; konkretne, posamezne stvari, odtrgane od metafizičnih korenin, so začele vpijati vsa človekovo pozornost: dinamizirana površina je postala vsa resničnost. Toda osvoboditev od metafizičnih shem in zasuk k »vidni« konkretnosti nista okrepila človekovega občutja, da je v stiku z lastno temeljno resničnostjo, niti ugasnila žeje po njem. Nasprotno: umetnost tega časa ga je začela iskati v davnih »srečnih« časih in predvsem v kraljestvih duše, ki so bila zdaj radikalno zoperstavljen družbeni resničnosti. Umetnik je postal samotni potnik v lastno notranjost; junaški morjeplovec po fantazijskih oceanih, v katere se je potapljal svet pragmatične vsakdanjosti in iz katerih so vstajali čudežni, sanjski kontinenti ... Življenje je bilo zdaj drugje: stopiti vase je pomenilo odpotovati daleč ...

Mozart ne stoji med tema obdobjema samo časovno; ampak po razmerju, v katerem je v njegovi glasbi človek s svetom in samim seboj. A tega seveda ne more zajeti nobena duhovnozgodovinska geometrija: po tem je morda najbolj edinstven umetnik sploh. Dvojna domačnost preveva ozračje v njegovih pokrajinah. Najprej tista preprosta: stvari so »zarisane« v jasnih linijah, telesa in duše nosijo močno individualne poteze, kakor v tistih umetnostih raznih zvrsti in obdobjih, ki se ravna po principu zvestobe vsakdanji človeški izkušnji: vse je torej realistično v nezgodovinskem pomenu te besede. Tu smo, v svoji empirični in zgodovinski realnosti; nikamor ne bežimo in ne strmimo v metafizične meglice onstran vidnega. Toda kako je spremenjen ta naš »tu«! Blaga avra ga prežema in vse je postalo neopisljivo lahkotno, razbremenjeno dognanosti, odrešeno moreče peze rutine in dolgočasje. Nekaj, *un je ne sais quoi*, se je naselilo v njem, da se je kar naenkrat, a vendar nesunkovito razmahnil v zračnejše sfere, da je v njegovi notranjosti začelo plivkati presežno. A tudi ta preobrazba je nekako domača in prav v tem globljem vidiku domačnosti je morda najpristnejši čudež Mozartove glasbe. Kakor da smo jo od nekdaj nezavedno pričakovali; kakor da smo po naključju vstopili v neko neznano hišo in takoj, ko smo prestopili prag, prepoznali svoj dom, ki ga nikoli nismo pozabili, čeprav ga nismo sploh še nikoli videli. Ne da bi se iskali, smo srečali same sebe, resničnejše, bolj neulovljive in bolj preproste kot kdajkoli. In potem nezgrešljivo Mozartovo znamenje: igrivost. Nikakršne distance do življenja, nikakršne nezaresnosti ali celo posmeha ni nikjer; samo vedrina, globoka vedrina, brezkončni izvir teh igrivih oblik. Vedrina, ki se poraja iz

občutja neizčrpnega obilja biti, iz pogleda, uprtega v prosojne vode življenja, ki nimajo dna. Na obzorju te vedrine, se zdi, ne plešejo le ljudje in živali, ampak tudi hiše po ulicah, drevesa po parkih, gozdovi in zvezde nad njimi in naše misli ... Plešejo. Milo se iskri nikoli utrujena mladost. Čutiš, kako v vsaki stvari nežno pulzira vir biti. Niti takrat, ko se svet razpre v dramatične prepade in pade nadenj senca nepopisno globoke melanholije, igrivost ne ugasne. Kako je to mogoče? Najčistejša bolečina je bolečina odtekajočega časa: bolečina, ki človeka ne muči zaradi lastnih napak ali obupa nad samim sabo, temveč ga spreleti takrat, ko stopi na skrajni vrh lastne lepote in od tam uzre svojo nepopolnost. Te bolečine igra umetnosti ne more zajeti in je obravnavati kot svojo temo, saj presega resničnost narave in zgodovine; lahko jo samo prikliče in zrcali. Takšna igra je Mozartova glasba.

Brane Senegačnik

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Flavtist **Aleš Kacjan** se je rodil leta 1958 v Ljubljani. Tu je končal študij na Akademiji za glasbo pri prof. Borisu Čampi. Izpopolnjeval se je v Londonu pri Michie Bennett ter Ireni Grafenauer na Mozarteumu v Salzburgu. Že med študijem je dobil študentsko Prešernovo nagrado, leta 1986 pa je zmagal na Tekmovanju jugoslovanskih glasbenih umetnikov v Zagrebu. Koncertira doma in v tujini, in to kot solist in kot član Pihalnega kvinteta Slowind, s katerim je prejel Župančičevo nagrado mesta Ljubljane ter nagrado Prešernovega sklada (2003).

Sodeloval je s številnimi zvenečimi imeni, npr. Radovanom Vlatkovićem, Mario Graff, Ireno Grafenauer, Aleksandrom Madžarjem, Arvidom Engegårdom, Vinkom Globokarjem, Heinzem Holligerjem, Aleksandrom Rudinom, Robertom Aitkenom in drugimi. Od leta 1985 je solo flavtist Orkestra Slovenske filharmonije, njegovo umetniško poustvarjanje pa je zapisano na številnih zgoščenkah in radijskih posnetkih.

Ukvarja se tudi s pedagoškim delom – predava komorno glasbo na Akademiji za glasbo v Ljubljani ter vodi mojstrske tečaje flavte doma in v tujini. Sodeluje tudi v različnih mednarodnih žirijah na tekmovanjih v Italiji in Srbiji.

**Aleksander Rudin** velja za enega najboljših violončelistov našega časa. Leta 1983 je na znani ruski Glasbeni akademiji Gnesin diplomiral kot čelist in pianist, leta 1989 pa je na Moskovskem glasbenem konservatoriju zaključil še študij dirigiranja. Zmage na najprestižnejših glasbenih tekmovanjih, med

drugim je dvakratni nagrajenec slovitega tekmovanja Čajkovski, so bile sijajna popotnica za začetek umetniške kariere. Izstopa tudi po svoji posebni osebnosti; njegovi različni talenti glasbenega ustvarjanja se pri muziciranju zlijejo v popolno ravnovesje. Od leta 1988 je umetniški vodja in stalni dirigent komornega orkestra Musica Viva. Rudin redno nastopa po vsem svetu, bodisi kot solist ali dirigent številnih priznanih orkestrrov, je reden gost festivalov kot sta Kuhmo in Edinburgh, poučuje tudi na številnih mojstrskih tečajih. Poleg tega je tudi redni profesor na Moskovskem glasbenem konservatoriju, kot dirigent pa redno sodeluje tudi z ruskimi mladinskimi orkestri. Skupaj s komornim orkestrom Musica Viva ali kot solist je za vodilne ruske in svetovne glasbene založbe posnel več kot trideset nosilcev zvoka.

Ni veliko simfoničnih orkestrrov, ki bi se lahko ponašali s tako bogato in dolgoletno tradicijo kot **Orkester Slovenske filharmonije** s svojimi predhodnicami *Academio philharmonicorum* (1701), *Filharmonično družbo* (1794) ter prvo Slovensko filharmonijo (1908-1913). Med številnimi uglednimi umetniki, ki so bili častni člani Slovenske filharmonije, naj omenimo le Haydna, Beethovna, Paganinija, Brahmsa ter Kleiberja. Po ponovni ustanovitvi leta 1947 so orkester vodili priznani domači dirigenti, med njimi Bogo Leskovic, Samo Hubad, Lovro von Matačić, Oskar Danon, Uroš Lajovic, Milan Horvat, Marko Letonja ter George Pehlivanian. Z oktobrom 2008 je vodstvo orkestra prevzel francoski dirigent, maestro Emmanuel Villaume. Svoj sloves je orkester potrdil na številnih gostovanjih (Evropa, ZDA, Japonska)

ter mednarodnih festivalih (Dunajski slavnostni tedni, Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Praška pomlad, Varšavska jesen, Dubrovniške poletne igre, Ravenski festival ...). Med njegove goste se uvrščajo vrhunska svetovna glasbena imena: dirigenti Carlos Kleiber, Riccardo Muti, Zubin Mehta, Kurt Sanderling, Dmitrij Kitajenko, Rudolf Baršaj, Leopold Hager, Theodor Guschlbauer, Jurij Simonov, Serge Baudo, Hartmut Haenchen, Heinz Holliger ... in najboljši domači in tuji solisti - Irena Grafenauer, Marjana Lipovšek, Dubravka Tomšič Srebotnjak, Bernarda Fink, Igor Ozim, Arthur Rubinstein, Yehudi Menuhin, David Ojstrah, Arthuro Benedetti Michelangeli, Svjatoslav Richter, Gidon Kremer, Anne-Sophie Mutter, Vadim Repin, Ivo Pogorelič, Lazar Berman, Elisabeth Leonskaja, Schlomo Mintz, Julian Rachlin, Sarah Chang, Jurij Bašmet, Mario Brunello, Zoltán Kocsis, Håkan Hardenberger, David Garrett ... Koncertna dejavnost orkestra je zabeležena na več kot 40 laserskih ploščah.







“When are we truly what we are?” This question, as formulated by the Mexican poet Octavio Paz in his poem *The Stone of the Sun* about a century ago, is an old, very old question: as regards art there can hardly be a more self-evident and indispensable question. In the climate of practical reason in which we live today, it is of course different: the question appears as if being an exotic plant without contact with its milieu, and without real possibilities of survival; hence, it sounds somewhat improper also in institutions intended for artistic production and reflection. Here, even Paz’s verse appears to be a slightly bizarre idea or a rather interesting deposit of his surrealistically stirred up imagination. And yet, I repeat: for art there is hardly a more self-evident question. The coming into being and the life of a work of art depend on whether the question has been actually posed or not. In art, though not necessarily in these very words, which are but a mental scheme, a much greater matter is addressed: the basal reality of our being. This reality exceeds the range under our rational control, and therefore trespasses any formulation whatsoever. It is something inherently non-verbal. Although we are always what we are, and in an undiscrivable way aware of it, although we always somehow feel our living this reality, our sense of life does not flow evenly; sometimes it descends into depressive lows, to the limits of awareness, sometimes it thickens to such a degree that one’s very being becomes either questionable or undoubtedly confirmed and therefore meaningful. Art has always been inseparably linked to such moments of condensation, when the sense of oneself intensifies unimaginally and, at the same time, blurs, when it

becomes strangely questionable where one ends and where the world begins, or rather where anything whatsoever ends or begins ... The utmost ability of works of art might lie in the fact that through their materiality and symbolic structures we can approach our basal reality, and that in contact with the former the latter nears us in devious ways we would have never expected. Art is neither nature nor violence, it does not - without our consent - need to occur; without our readiness to accept ourselves in all our inexhaustibility, undisposability and transcendentalness. Another word for this readiness is love: love which does not create out of nothing, but opens our eyes for what is most true; which, if citing Max Scheler's words from memory, unlocks the world most deeply. On the other hand, art is neither - at least not necessarily - mysticism which immerses everything that is "visual", empirical, into the darkness of the rather more real background. In art we are surrounded by things known to us through our day to day experience (or they can be linked to the latter more or less easily), however, it seems as if somebody had unbolted their rear side: they are quite homely, and yet we see them for the first time (which repeats itself at each true encounter with a work of art); they are ours, and yet they exceed all spheres of life known to us. Out of the striking contrast between the usual self-experience and the eruptive feeling of self-transcendence in artistic appreciation there, quite automatically, emerges the question: "When are we truly what we are?" And the light of those moments - when we are "more alive" - in the very same instant gives an answer with the same casual non-violence. One of the most clear forms in which this has ever

been asked, and answered, is Mozart's music.

The fact of not being "searched out" might characterize but a marginal quality of his music, it nevertheless discretely reflects those attributes that have often been used when describing its essence: "naturalness", i.e. directness and spontaneity. Which are the essential elements that determine the life of an individual, and the basic qualities of inner life which has for long been seen as the core of man's personality by European culture. Terms such as subjectivity, individuality and inner life are usually to be heard in connection with Romanticism, not with Mozart. However: do we really understand them adequately? Today, when inner life has lost its focal role in culture, and is above all understood as the opposite of (objective) reality, we might be losing something rather important, namely the fact that these - for us so typically romantic - elements are only historically conditioned forms that reveal man's primary striving to delve deeper into one's own basal reality. Such a breakthrough has always been a personal, inner deed, and by no means just a psychological event (nothing can blur its true nature more than a psychological explanation), but an existential awakening, when man truly steps into himself, and all of a sudden touches the world with all there is: with himself as an individual. Such a "romantic" attitude of an individual is to be found elsewhere as well, also before Mozart, and certainly e.g. in baroque music, only that in this case it is more reserved, more bound by "objective" measures. The culture in which it developed was still focused on inner life that flows into transcendency. Within its horizon, there was also the external

world - nature, society, history - steeped in the spiritual. Happenings in one's inner life represented a relative continuation of visual reality, so that it was neither necessary nor reasonable to intensify "subjectivity" and individuality - idiosyncratic signs sent by the transcendental into the material world. The social recognition of the spiritual and personal meant that the creator was moving within open space, in common with other people. The norm of his individuality was "visiblenss" in this space. His movements, in areas where everyone knew that reality exceeds what can be seen, inevitably less eccentric, slower, and more cautious as well as considerate towards others. Hence the impression of greater schematicalness and foreseeableness as regards expression: an impression that again originates in the wildly held conviction that baroque harmonies are beautiful structures into which life is walled in, and not high towers with views of eternity. But that is another story...

In Romanticism, especially in its late phase, a radical change occurs, though not all of a sudden: the world "sinks into the creator's soul". In the long series of intensive decades in between, European culture became imbued in psychology, sociology and consequently became unimaginably more hectic; concrete, individual matters, torn from their metaphysical roots, began to absorb man's attention completely: the dynamically sped-up surface became the whole (and only) reality. However, the liberation from metaphysical schemes and the turn towards "visual" reality did not strengthen man's feeling of being in contact with his own basal actuality, nor did they extinguish his thirst for the former. On the contrary: the art of that period

began to search for this feeling in the "good old days", and above all in the kingdoms of man's soul that was now radically confronted with social reality. The artist became a lonely traveler into his inside world, a bold mariner of invented oceans, into which the world of pragmatic everyday life was sinking, and out of which miraculous, dreamlike continents were emerging ... Life was now somewhere else: stepping into yourself was understood as a journey that was to take you far, far away ...

Mozart does not stand between these two eras only temporally but also as regards man's relation - in his music - with the world and himself. This of course cannot be encompassed by any historically spiritual geometry: in this respect he may be the most unique artist in general. A kind of double homeliness pervades the environment of his landscapes. First, the simpler one: objects are "drawn" in clear lines, bodies and souls reveal highly individual features, like in those arts of various genres and periods that follow the principle of fidelity to man's everyday experience; everything is realistic in the non-historical sense of the word. Here we are, in our empirical and historical reality, we don't flee anywhere, and don't stare into metaphysical nebulae beyond the visible. However, how this "here" of ours has changed! It is embedded in a faint aura, and everything has become undiscribly easy, relieved of ascertainment, delivered from the stifling burden of routine and boredom. Something, *un je ne sais quoi*, seems to have settled in it, as if all of a sudden, though not jerkily, it had reached into more airy spheres so that in its inside the transcendental could begin to bubble. However, this transformation

has been somewhat homely too, and in this deeper aspect of homeliness lies perhaps the most genuine miracle of Mozart's music. As if we had been unconsciously expecting it from old; as if we had by accident stepped into an unknown house, and had, immediately after crossing the threshold, recognized our home we had never forgotten, although we had never seen it before. So, without searching, we now encounter our very selves, truer, less attainable, and simpler than ever before.

And then, Mozart's unmistakable feature: playfulness. There is no keeping distance from life, no unseriousness or even derision; just sheer cheerfulness, profound cheerfulness, the endless source of all those playful forms.

Cheerfulness that emerges from the feeling of the inexhaustible abundance of existence, from visually concentrating on the translucent waters of life, which are bottomless. It appears that on the horizon of this cheerfulness it is not only the people and animals that dance, but also the houses in the streets, the trees in the parks, the forests and the stars above them, as well as our thoughts ... All of them just dancing. Never weary youthfulness seems to be sparkling gently. You feel, in every single thing, the tender pulsation of the sources of life. Even then when the world is torn asunder by dramatic abysses, and covered by the shadow of undescribably profound melancholy, playfulness does not go our. Now is that possible? The purest pain is that of time going by: the pain that does not torment us because of our own mistakes or self-despair, but the pain that flashes through our mind when we ascend the ultimate peak of our own beauty and perceive our defectiveness. This kind

of pain cannot be embraced by the game of art, and be treated as its subject, since it exceeds the reality of nature and history; it can only conjure up and reflect it. And such a game is Mozart's music.

Brane Senegačnik

Translated by Andrej Rijavec

Flutist **Aleš Kacjan** was born in Ljubljana in 1958 where he took a degree with Prof. Boris Čampa at the Academy of Music. He perfected his technique with Michie Bennett in London and with Irena Grafenauer at the Salzburg Mozarteum. During his academic studies he obtained the Student Prešeren Prize, and in 1986 won at the Yugoslav Performing Musicians' Competition in Zagreb. He has given concerts at home and abroad, both as soloist and as member of the Slowind Woodwind Quintet that - as a performing body - won the Prešeren Foundation Prize in 2003.

He has played together with notable names, such as Radovan Vlatković, Maria Graff, Irena Grafenauer, Aleksandar Madžar, Arvid Engegård, Dag Jensen, Heinz Holliger, Alexander Rudin and others. Since 1985 he has been solo flutist of the Slovenian Philharmonic Orchestra, and his performing endeavours have been eternized on numerous CDs and radio recordings.

Aleš Kacjan is pedagogically active as well, teaching chamber music playing at the Academy of Music in Ljubljana. For many years he also taught at the International Summer School in Piran. He is also a member of different international juries in Italy and Serbia.

**Alexander Rudin** stands out as one of the world's finest cellists of his generation. In 1983 he received his degree in music (cello and piano) at Moscow's Gnessin Academy of Music. Later he pursued conducting studies at the Moscow Conservatoire where he graduated in 1989. Triumphs at the most

prestigious European music competitions, including two gold medals at the renowned Tchaikovsky competition, gave a brilliant start to his artistic career. He stands out for his extraordinary personality: he is talented in various aspects of musical performance, with all his talents creating a perfect balance. Since 1988 Rudin has been Artistic Director and conductor of Musica Viva, one of the finest chamber orchestras in the world. Nowadays Alexander Rudin performs worldwide with the world's most renowned symphony or chamber orchestras as a soloist as well as a conductor, participates at festivals such as Kuhmo or Edinburgh and gives regular master classes all over the globe. He is professor at the Moscow Conservatoire and regularly works as a conductor with youth orchestras. Rudin has recorded over 30 CDs, both solo and with the Musica Viva Orchestra, for leading Russian and foreign labels.

There are not many symphony orchestras that can boast such a rich and long tradition as the **Slovenian Philharmonic Orchestra**, with its predecessors Academia philharmonicorum (1701), The Philharmonic Society (1794) and the first Slovenian Philharmonic (1908-1913). Amongst the many celebrated artists who have been honorary members of the Slovenian Philharmonic we need mention only Haydn, Beethoven, Paganini, Brahms and Kleiber. Since being re-established in 1947, the orchestra has been led by recognised Slovenian and international conductors, including Bogo Leskovic, Samo Hubad, Lovro von Matačić, Oskar Danon, Uroš Lajovic, Milan Horvat, Marko Letonja and George

Pehlivanian. In October 2008, the leadership of the orchestra was taken over by French conductor Emmanuel Villaume.

The Slovenian Philharmonic Orchestra has confirmed its reputation with a number of international tours (Europe, USA, Japan) and numerous appearances at international festivals (Wiener Festwochen, Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Prague Spring, Warsaw Autumn, The Dubrovnik Summer Games, The Ravenna Festival, etc.). Amongst the orchestra's guests are some of the greatest names of the music world: Carlos Kleiber, Riccardo Muti, Zubin Mehta, Kurt Sanderling, Dmitri Kitajenko, Rudolf Barshai, Leopold Hager, Theodor Guschlbauer, Jurij Simonov, Serge Baudo, Hartmut Haenchen, Heinz Holliger, etc., as well as some of the very best Slovenian and international soloists: Irena Grafenauer, Marjana Lipovšek, Dubravka Tomšič Srebotnjak, Bernarda Fink, Igor Ozim, Arthur Rubinstein, Yehudi Menuhin, David Oistrach, Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, Svjatoslav Richter, Gidon Kremer, Anne-Sophie Mutter, Vadim Repin, Ivo Pogorelič, Lazar Berman, Elisabeth Leonskaja, Schlomo Mintz, Julian Rachlin, Sarah Chang, Yuri Bashmet, Mario Brunello, Zoltán Kocsis, Håkan Hardenberger, David Garrett, etc.

The concert activities of the orchestra are documented on more than 40 compact discs.



# Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

## Koncert za flavto in orkester v G-duru, K. 313 / Flute concerto in G, K. 313

(kadence / cadenzas Tadeja Vulc)

(1) <i>Allegro maestoso</i> .....	9:35
(2) <i>Adagio non troppo</i> .....	10:12
(3) <i>Rondo</i> .....	7:36

## Andante za flavto in orkester v C-duru, K. 315 / Andante for flute and orchestra in C, K. 315

(4) <i>Andante</i> .....	3:19
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## Koncert za flavto in orkester v D-duru, K. 314 / Flute concerto in D, K. 314

(kadence / cadenzas Tadeja Vulc)

(5) <i>Allegro aperto</i> .....	8:31
(6) <i>Andante ma non troppo</i> .....	6:01
(7) <i>Allegro</i> .....	6:26

trajanje / total timing .....	55 :01
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## Aleš Kacjan flavta / flute

## Aleksander Rudin dirigent / conductor

## Orkester Slovenske filharmonije / The Slovenian Philharmonic Orchestra

Posneto v sodelovanju z RTV Slovenija v Dvorani Marjana Kozine, Slovenska filharmonija,  
od 2. do 4. februarja 2009.

Recorded in cooperation with RTV Slovenia in the Marjan Kozina Hall of the Slovenian Philharmonic,  
2 - 4 February 2009.



Slovenska  
filharmonija  
*Academia  
philharmonicorum*