

1-2 **Le Rappel des Rameaux** (2009)

for piano solo

3 **Landscape with Birds** (2010)

for violin and piano

4 **Kells** (1999)

for violoncello solo

5 **Brahms versus Wagner**

(**Imaginarium super Mathilde Wesendonck**) (2012)

for piano quintet

6-8 **Barocus ex Machina** (2014)

Concerto for piano, hammerklavier, harpsichord and orchestra

9 **Laus Solis** (1996)

for orchestra

1-2 **Mario Angelov** piano

3 **Ludmil Nenchev** violin, **Alexander Vassilenko** piano

4 **Anatoli Krastev** violoncello

5 **Teodora Hristova** violin, **Yordan Dimitrov** violin, **Demna Gigova** viola, **Hristo Tanev** violoncello, **Elena Dikova** piano

6-8 **Bulgarian National Radio Symphony Orchestra**

**Georgi Dimitrov** conductor

**Daniela Dikova** piano, **Galina Draganova** hammerklavier, **Vasily Ilisavsky** harpsichord

9 **Bulgarian National Radio Symphony Orchestra**

**Milen Nachev** conductor

**Gheorgi Arnaoudov**  
**FLOW AND STAY**



1 - 2 **Le Rappel des Rameaux**

Le Rappel des Oiseaux emballé – 3:58

De L'autre côté du miroir sonore – 5:52

**Mario Angelov** piano

3 **Landscape with Birds** – 4:15

**Ludmil Nenchev** violin, **Alexander Vassilenko** piano

4 **Kells** – 7:37

**Anatoli Krastev** violoncello

5 **Brahms versus Wagner** – 6:54

(**Imaginarium super Mathilde Wesendonck**)

**Teodora Hristova** violin, **Yordan Dimitrov** violin, **Demna Gigova** viola,

**Hristo Tanev** violoncello, **Elena Dikova** piano

6 - 8 **Barocus ex Machina**

I. Moderato – 4:11

II. Poco andante – 3:09

III. Toccata. Allegro – 4:47

**Bulgarian National Radio Symphony Orchestra,**

**Georgi Dimitrov** conductor, **Daniela Dikova** piano,

**Galina Draganova** hammerklavier, **Vasily Ilisavsky** harpsichord

9 **Laus Solis** – 8:49

**Bulgarian National Radio Symphony Orchestra**

**Milen Nachev** conductor

1 - 2 **Le Rappel des Rameaux**

Опакованият Призив на птиците – 3:58

От другата страна на звуковото огледало – 5:52

**Марио Ангелов** пиано

3 **Пейзаж с птици** – 4:15

**Людмил Ненчев** цигулка, **Александър Василенко** пиано

4 **Kells** – 7:37

**Анатоли Кръстев** виолончело

5 **Brahms versus Wagner** – 6:54

(**Имагинариум по Матилд Везендонк**)

**Теодора Христова** цигулка, **Йордан Димитров** цигулка,

**Демна Гигова** виола, **Христо Танев** виолончело, **Елена Дикова** пиано

6 - 8 **Barocus ex Machina**

I. Moderato – 4:11

II. Poco andante – 3:09

III. Toccata. Allegro – 4:47

**Симфоничен оркестър на БНР**

**Георги Димитров** диригент, **Даниела Дикова** пиано,

**Галина Драганова** хамерклавиер, **Василий Илисавски** клавишин

9 **Laus Solis (Песен за Брата Слънце)** – 8:49

**Симфоничен оркестър на БНР**

**Милен Начев** диригент

Reading Arnaoudov's texts with as much absorption as his music I wondered how his style might be described, how I could outline the system of aesthetic choices and solutions mapping the prospects and the sustainable model of the cultural landscape he plunges us into with his works, at once revealing and engaging with the horizons of a worthwhile, accomplished presence, with that accord and concurrence brought about by the world and time of his works.

What is it that makes Arnaoudov's artistic world so recognisable, while mystifying at first with its seeming eclecticism, as if mirroring and if not resounding the very diversity of contemporaneity?

How might I depict in words his musical language, so abundantly influenced by Borges, referred to as the alchemist of words himself, whose texts Arnaoudov admires for their exhilarating, intoxicating power, as he has often admitted in interviews and writing?

Isn't Arnaoudov's tonal world precisely that musical equivalent to Borges's universe and his library of Babel winding into eternity composed of an indefinite and perhaps infinite number of hexagonal galleries, with vast air shafts between, uncountable volumes in a multitude of languages and versions, and a spiral stairway, sinking abysmally downwards and soaring upwards to remote distances?

Might he not be the librarian and reader in one, and the writer as well, rearranging, rereading, rewriting volume upon volume of stories born by his imagination as a result of encountered texts, images, sounds, places, events or anything else he has experienced up and down the floors of the winding stairway or across the vast shelves of the library of the universe?

In this act of rewriting interpretations further flexed through his personal attitude and individual expression, would a surreal meeting of personalities of different ages not be possible, a homogeneous blend of tonally narrated texts and timbrically depicted images, as well as matching with ultimate precision technological devices from diverse artistic practices into effective artistic mechanisms?

It is perhaps this particular mode of rewriting that allows for bonding phenomena across the abyss of time and infinity of space together, into an immediate adequacy of the here and now – the proximity to our very own cultural environment; phenomena shared as personal contemplation on the meaning of experiencing the reading itself. Arnaoudov's imaginary and musically imaginative stories are spellbinding with their inimitable peculiarity and the magnetic power of their sonority. Their exquisite narration, assertive expressivity and exuberant figurative language enthrall one into their imaginary-phantasmagorical world and make you want to reread them again and again.

*Iliya Gramatikoff, Kultura – Issue 19 (2899)/2017*



The Idleness within which one would contemplate the self-arising sound which dwells in infinity and flows through the light of eternity.

Beyond that, far from this bliss there are wanton incarnations of variably ordered tones locked with the chains of the work – vane in its expectations, anxious to be caught into the spider web of comparisons and the poison of attachment, incapable of accepting the reality of infinity, submerged into the austerity and futile seriousness of professionalism and tradition.

The works compiled into the current publication are the tangible sound mark of such prolonged, deliberated wanderings, of processing a variety of sound events and the laborious arrangement and systematisation of their occurrences. They are born of incredibly slow writing – so slow that I am not even certain when or in fact if at all I have been writing.

They are my groping through various manifestations of my biography, incidents so impossible or incredible that I cannot but wonder at times if I didn't simply make them up. Substantial photo evidence is proof of the contrary though and deny me of the opportunity to rate my imagination higher than the incredulous events Life has invented for us.

They are also my groping through briefer or longer stays at the most unusual of places round the globe, in ancient temples or small streets of old towns, sites where I have taken photos of weird objects, galleries and pinacoteche, bookshops and libraries where I have stumbled upon old books or clumsily tried my hand at depicting ancient hieroglyphics and characters, or finally, before bright screens onto which I have drawn pieces of heard sounds like the artists.

People have said that these occurrences and dwellings have hurled me into some space between floors, or between the shelves of the library of Time – something that has deprived me of the sense of and sensitivity to Contemporaneity and art today – but perhaps that was meant to be...

*Gheorgi Arnaoudov*



With time a composer's biographical notes should become briefer and briefer until they turn merely into a couple of words and figures – the name and possibly the year of appearance into this world. This is hard to achieve and only valid for those who have properly walked their path, overcoming passions and starting to prepare to transit into an Unnamed. By doing so the author eventually becomes his own works, which, as Borges claims, is far from a bad reincarnation. It also means that one could dive into Boundlessness, stand at the border between Heaven and Earth, and drown in Idleness.