

My first physical encounter with the piece *Stabat* was in a big silent empty studio in Budapest. I set down in the middle of the space and put on Pergolesi's music. The vastness of the space and the emotive rollercoaster and intimacy of the music on the other hand help me to experience a strong feeling of solitude. But a solitude that was rich, a solitude with serene strength.

The next day I continued to explore this state of serene solitude. Placing myself on one spot in the far corner of the studio, facing and witnessing the emptiness of the space. The intensity of this opposition, of this relation (huge emptiness vs tiny emotionally full spot) was so strong I didn't have any need to move anywhere. *Stabat*.

I was observing and slightly coloring (accentuating) the small nuances of my responses to the music: the rhythm of my breathing, lifting of my eyebrows, trembling of my knees, softening and tending of my shoulders), and at the same time I was trying to be in touch with my interpretation/understanding of the postures that were emerging.

When I watched the tape without the musical background it appeared as if I were in a way communicating with the music within me.

I took the privilege to practice, discover and rediscover this part of the piece for one week. I was trying to create and fix specific strategies to embody the communicating between »inner« singing and the content that arises from it. Later I was adding the embodiment of the orchestration (the outside, the accompaniment), the embodiment of the listening (the listener) and the observer (my private self).

The work I did in Budapest studio became the beginning part of my piece *Stabat. To be moved*. I named it »my inner opera«.