

Selection of Master Project Journal

4th try-out - Choreomaniac seeds (February-March 2025)

8th of February

So much has happened this past week. One of my dearest friends left this world to rest in peace. I traveled back to Spain for her funeral—it was utterly devastating. Her parents asked me to play at the ceremony, and I know in my heart she would have wanted that too. She loved Ludovico Einaudi's Nuvole Bianche; for her, it was the soundtrack to her journey with cancer since her diagnosis a year ago. I played it for her, letting myself speak with sounds where words failed, improvising as I thought of her, as I felt her. The forecast had promised rain, yet the sun shone brilliantly. I will never forget the endless green of the grass, the weight of sorrow in every hug, the silent pain shared in a single touch.

It's strange, isn't it? Just last week, I was performing a piece about letting go—about releasing the weight that holds us down, about surrendering to liberation. And now, this week, I am forced to let go of one of the most important people in my life. She, too, has let go. She, too, wanted to be free.

9th of February

In a conversation with Giuliana after the performance, I shared my idea of combining the three try-outs into a triptych performance lasting 1 hour and 30 minutes. Without any prompting, she immediately associated it with Dante's Divine Comedy—the first part representing the inferno, the second purgatory, and the third paradise. Her observation took me back to my first weeks in The Hague and at NAIP, where the initial seeds of this project were planted. It felt as though a full circle had been completed, a unity revealed through its own origins.

What struck me most was how Giuliana independently recognized this connection, reinforcing the idea that it had been present from the very start. Yet, throughout the

process, it had evolved in unpredictable ways—zigzagging, shifting, and taking unexpected turns. And somehow, in the end, it found its way back to where it all began.

Now, after being some days grieving the loss of my friend, I think of a way to honour the memories. The thoughts and energies of the ones that cannot express them anymore in a tangible way. What if the inspiration now is the energetic aftermath of those who experienced choreomania episodes? Everyone questions what happened at those events and their origins, but what about the ones who left us? Where do they go? How are they judged? By who? Are they judged at all? How is their existence?

23rd of February

The last couple of days I've been thinking quite a lot on the next performance and reflecting on the previous ones. The concept of this performance emerges from the idea of life beyond life—an imagined space untouched by time, matter, or language, yet charged with an undeniable presence of energy.

My personal loss intertwined with the thematic trajectory of Choreomaniac seeds: the first volume embodied anger, vulnerability, and fear, while the second sought liberation through pain and exhaustion. In this progression, the fourth try-out naturally evokes what could be the final volume of Dante's Divine Comedy, "Paradiso", symbolizing a passage toward transformation and the possibility of renewal.

In making the mood board for the conceptual development, I found an image with fog, which made me think it would be a great idea to get a fog/smoke machine for the performance. Also, this image helped me a lot visually:



25th of February

In a conversation with Giuliana some days ago, we came to the conclusion that maybe this time, we could already approach the audience engagement from the beginning, as an intrinsic part of the performance. Maybe, a good question is: what do we want the audience to leave with?

2nd of March

I have refined the mood board, although I'm not entirely sure if this is the definite version:

