



SELF-PORTRAIT

AN IMMERSIVE SHOW ABOUT THE SELF WITHIN US ALL



by **Felipe Hirsch**



SELF-PORTRAIT IS A PLUNGE INTO OURSELVES.

An invitation to see our reflections through other eyes and with other eyes, just as the spirit of Amsterdam is reflected in São Paulo in this show.

Amstel invites you to plunge into a collective and recognize the power of your uniqueness.

Presenting a self-portrait to the world that translates the truth you see in the mirror.

Discovering all your reflections in Self-Portrait.

And don't forget to invite them to enjoy an Amstel afterwards.

AMSTEL[®]

THE SPIRIT OF AMSTERDAM THROUGH THE EYES OF FELIPE HIRSCH

An immersive experience, a new Night Watch. A self-portrait expands the idea of singularity. We are all unparalleled, fundamental.

Rembrandt painted himself almost a hundred times. A self-portrait is a snapshot of a moment, similar to the idea of reflection (every light reflects, every reflection illuminates), and is thus an awareness of our uniqueness.

I am what I am. You are what you are.

Selfies are another form of ourselves, moving away from the self-portrait concept by acquiring characteristics less committed to self-reflection and more engaged in constructing an image and sharing it. A kind of fictional autobiography, where the author is both character and narrator.

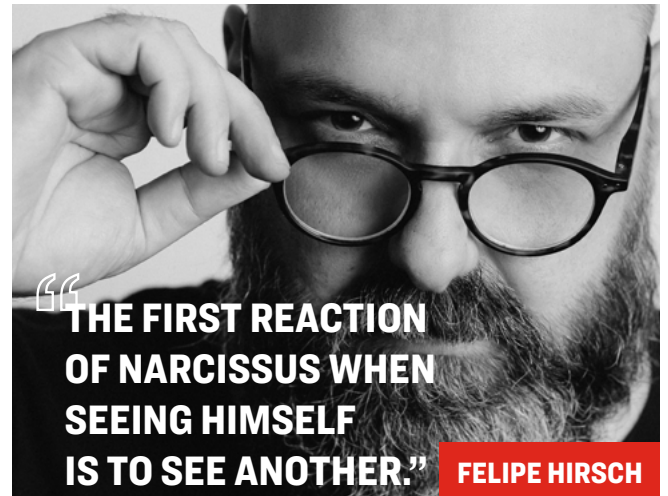
I am what I want to be. You are what you want to be.

This doesn't mean that a self-portrait is always the embodiment of truth. Neither is a selfie merely

a simulation. Both reflect a journey towards self-knowledge.

But also, the myth of Narcissus (falling in love with his own image seen as another) makes us wonder if his downfall was recognizing himself, or not plunging deep enough, enchanted only by the pool's surface.

Felipe Hirsch has always imagined a collective space for these singularities to perform.



Today, we seek refuge in the mimetic world of performances, eager to pique curiosity and prompt delight in audiences eager for unique experiences. A new cabaret imposes its freedom, allowing genres to blend and merge: artists take turns in acts that slanted towards the visual arts, music, theater, literature, manifestos, humor, dance, and avant-garde initiatives. The audience watches this show, immersed in an intense sensory environment.

(sensory, immersive)

This is the ideal venue to host the impermanent and singular spirit of contemporary artistic expressions. In bustling São Paulo, where people from many different cultures converge, a broad-ranging set of auditions selected the performers for this journey, each sui generis.

Self-portrait is a new Night Watch.

At night, I roam the city, seeking MYSELF.

Every visit to the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam culminates in the contemplation of Rembrandt's most famous painting: Night Watch. Who might that girl be? Why is she there?

Not in Amsterdam of 1642, we are rather in a world where São Paulo and Amsterdam are closer than ever. Where you can explore Rembrandt's masterpiece through your screen. And you can also open your eyes and ears, surrendering all your senses to this singular and multiple experience.

Self-portrait: collective, utterly individual, asystematic, unique.

Just look around, MYSELF and other WEs.





Narcissus

Everything indicates that the myth of Narcissus was not among the most famous in the Ancient Greek and Roman worlds. This is why we have few variants on this story, even today. The best-known version was recounted

by Ovid, in Book III of his *Metamorphoses*.

In this version, Narcissus was the son of Cephissus, the river god, and the nymph Liriope, whom he had raped. It was said that a few days before his birth, the renowned blind seer Tiresias prophesied that the baby would have a long life only if he never knew himself—a cryptic prophecy filled with truth, as always. Like any child in Boeotia, Narcissus grew up peacefully until his sixteenth year, unaware of many things in the past. Over time, he grew so beautiful that he ignited love and desire among the men and women who saw him. However, he was proud of himself and rejected all propositions, never allowing anyone to seduce him. Even nymphs fell in love with him, including Echo.

Let's take a pause and look at Echo, who had her own story before meeting Narcissus. According to Ovid, Jupiter used this nymph's easy chatter to distract his wife Juno with idle gossip, while he engaged in yet another of his famous adulterous affairs. However, on one occasion, after a long-winded conversation, Juno discovered the trickery and—without punishing her husband—condemned Echo to repeat forever the last words spoken by others, never able to form a new sentence of her own. This was when she saw Narcissus, who completely ignored her. Consumed by her violent passion, Echo began to waste away from despair, until only her voice and bones remained, which eventually turned into stones. Thus, she became the disembodied echo that rings through desolate regions.

Going back to Narcissus: one of the people spurned by that beautiful and arrogant young man invoked the intervention of Nemesis, the goddess of vengeance. She granted this request and finally sentenced Narcissus to know himself when he saw his reflection in Echo's pool. There, as he sat to drink, he saw his own face mirrored in its crystal-clear waters. Enchanted by his own beauty, he finally fell in love,

unaware that the image on the other side was himself and not someone else. Astonishingly, when he shows affection, he sees affection in the other's face; when he hesitates, the other hesitates; when he smiles, the other smiles; when he weeps, the other weeps too. But when he touches the water, this face vanishes as though spurning his love. Captivated by this image of himself, which he slowly came to understand but could not fulfill his desire, Narcissus lingered by the edge of the pond, losing his mind until, realizing that he would never see that beloved face again if he left, he chose death. He then spent eternity contemplating himself in the waters of the Styx, one of the rivers surrounding the world of the dead in Ancient Greek mythology. After his death, the laments of the nymphs, repeated by Echo, transformed his body into a flower: the Narcissus that we all still know today.



ECOS

We live in a time obsessed by images. As creatures of this era, we are, by extension, obsessed with our own image. Discursively, we are trapped in ever-tightening spirals woven by our expectations of what

others might think of us.

Socially, we exist in a culture where, thanks to the power of social media, others' views of us can indeed change our lives from one moment to another, with disproportionate cancellations or hypes.

Few things illustrate this fixation better than the contemporary cult of the selfie. Never before have there been so many images of each human being circulating in the world. We are undoubtedly the most physically represented generation (or at least the MOST represented) in all human history. In earlier times, our fascination with our own faces could lead to long hours spent in front of a mirror, if one was available.

However, we did not record these moments, nor did we distribute them to friends and strangers.

Nevertheless, this culture also has deeper roots. The representation of the self-image has a long history in the trajectory of art. Some of the earliest images produced by ancestors of modern humans, for example, are handprints on cave walls, created when someone blew pigment onto the stone, leaving a negative imprint of their hand for the future: a signature of sorts.

Sumerian, Egyptian, Greek, Mayan, Aztec, and other civilizations developed incredibly formal ways to represent the human face and body, among animals, plants, and gods. However, self-portraiture seems to have been set aside in all these cultures. The image was always of others, for others, and the artists were often journeymen for hire, rarely signing the work, let alone showing their own faces.

On the other hand, medieval and Renaissance painters took every opportunity to record their own faces (and those of their acquaintances) in the background of portraits of powerful dignitaries (patrons) or biblical scenes. For example, who could forget the tiny figure of Jan van Eyck reflected in a fish-eye mirror in the background of his magnificent portrait of the Arnolfini?

Oddly enough, this Dutch painter may have been the first to take the next step, slipping out of the background, away from these slyly concealed representations and becoming a real character in his own work, creating what might be the first modern self-portrait, in the painting known as *Portrait of a Man in a Turban* (1433).

Changing regions, how can we overlook *Las Meninas* (1656), the classic painting by the Spanish painter Diego Velázquez, in which he appears painting the young Infanta Margarita, surrounded by her royal entourage? And how can we not be obsessed with the figure in the background, caught as if in a photograph, or what appears to be the parents in the background, the couple in what looks like a kind of mirror? It's no wonder Velázquez also devoted much time to the fascinating art of self-portraiture.



Back in the Netherlands, the best-known development of this idea lies in around a hundred self-portraits painted by Rembrandt during his lifetime, studying his face as Monet was to study Rouen cathedral centuries later. He spent his life obsessively examining the emergence of wrinkles and shifts in mood, which were no less significant or relevant than changes in light, setting, and technique.

However, it may be argued that this entire trajectory—from handprints in caves to modern selfies and encompassing the entire history of art—is best synthesized by the Ancient Greek myth of Narcissus. So enchanted by his own image reflected on the surface of a pool, he withered away and died in this contemplation.

Of course, not everything in this long fixation on our own image is merely and purely narcissism. It is no coincidence that van Eyck's portrait proudly displays an eccentric turban. It appeared on the threshold of a period that would witness the birth of our modern idea of the individual: each of us has value as a singularity. This was far from obvious in the worldviews of religions or pre-capitalist feudal

and monarchical societies. The same goes for the almost kaleidoscopic conjunctions of Velázquez, or Rembrandt's history-imbued self-portraits.

The history of self-portraiture as we know it today follows the history of the emergence of our modern notion of the SELF: we are objects worthy of knowledge, exploration, and research.

Untangling what exists as futility (let us acknowledge) but also the potential for discovery in our current version of self-obsession with the self, the face, the representation of our own image, is not a task that can be handled simply, in a linear and direct manner, within the duration of a conventional performance.

What we are attempting to do in our SELF-PORTRAIT is to blend an assortment of these lines of thought, from the most remote ancient times to the most contemporary artistic expression. The next step is to weave them into a fertile and even self-contradictory setting, fueled by the talents, inclinations, and questions of many different selves (individuals, personalities, artistic personas) that strives to probe, pinpoint, and spotlight some of the paths that seem

most interesting, productive, and also disturbing.

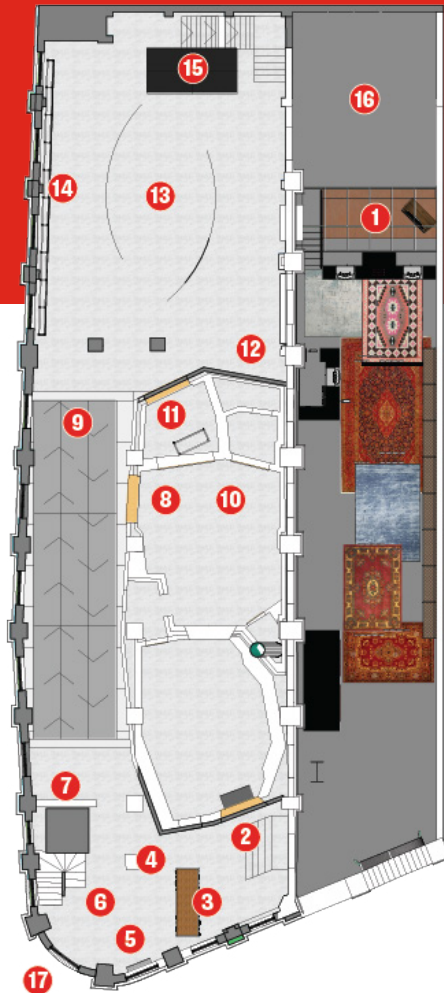
This history of self-portraiture is not a single straight line with a clear start and end. Instead, it resembles a roller-coaster packed with possibilities. SELF-PORTRAIT is also a journey whose detours, contours, climbs and descents form a fundamental part of the experience, which ultimately involves everyone as part of the venue, together with the performers.

Each visitor, each 'spectator' (rarely has the inadequacy of this word been more apparent) will leave our home with different views and versions of our history: the history of how we are still deepening our fascination with our image, the history of how we might perish or triumph when confronted with this powerful enemy, our own face, reflected, crafted, or constructed by us.





MAP: GROUND FLOOR
SUGGESTED FLOW



1. Gazing at Narcissus | Bar 1

On entering, the audience is welcomed by a figure who introduces himself as the MC. He demonstrates the dilemmas of the image, the self-image and our fixation on the always incomplete representation of ourselves. Above all, we learn about the story of Narcissus, his fascination and his condemnation.

2. Oracle

Invited to break the surface of the water and explore the reflecting pool of Narcissus, the audience is greeted (as might be expected), by an image. It challenges us directly with a simple question.

3. Photo Booth

In a photo booth, the audience wonders why the image that is offered does not always match its expectations. This is where the process of dissolving into the pool of Narcissus begins.

4. "O", "R", "U"?

After these initial relativizations of the self, the audience becomes confused by fragments of other people's lives. This is the most powerful play in fiction, allowing them to connect deeply with images (portraits and narratives)

of others; and taking other pictures from there before returning to their own self-portraits.

5. You – So Real. Me – So Chimera

Other people (and other processes) may also see the audience differently and from other angles.

6. Flashback | Mezzanine

Here, sounds reinterpret a reality, showing that even the recent past – arrival at the venue – begins to undergo a slow and inexorable process of dissolution.

7. On the Same Side of the Other Mirror

A young actress is seated in front of a dressing room mirror. An actor is rehearsing the role of Ovid. The actress gazes at the actor's reflection with the same fascination as Echo felt for Narcissus. She is not looking at her own image. Instead, the mirror serves as a triangulation point between her and the other, who seems more attractive to her.

8. Narcissus Tries to See His Nape

What would have happened if Narcissus had seen his back in the pool, instead of his beautiful face?

9. At the Pool

Narcissus finally awaits the audience here. The act of spying on Narcissus gazing at his own image on the pool's surface also briefly fills the role of Echo.

10. Self-Portrait

A song draws the watchers away from their fixed gaze at the pool. But it then tricks them, as this pop music is actually made up of reflections on the ideas that are constantly hammering at them by this stage.

11. Red District

a) Are you attracted to me?

The apparent idea of total hedonism, of pleasure at the expense of another without the cost of personal, involvement and feelings (represented here by a sex doll), is shattered by confronting the mechanical image with the flesh-and-blood persona of a woman. The seed of identification and finding images in the things the world makes us, incorrigible Narcissi, find human faces even in inanimate objects. But here it germinates into its opposite, when the machine seems to take over humanity.

b) Sweet dreams are made of this

The same idea of total hedonism, represented here by a dancer, is shattered by confronting a picture of a Greek mask with the flesh-and-blood persona of a woman.

c) Bodybuilding

Carving a living body to create a statue of ourselves expresses and surmounts the fixation on appearance. Is the sculpted self the excess or the reverse of Narcissus?

12. Echo Dub

An enigmatic figure crosses the settings at the venue, carrying sounds from one place to another. Is this an Echo double? Is it the real Echo, if the other is played by a young actress?

13. Screen Tests

The dilemma of Narcissus at his pool takes on other proportions, assailed by an overwhelming wave of images that surrounds the audience. Its members are lost in this ocean of other selves.

14. Beauties Are Things Lit from Within

Other Narcissuses gaze at themselves in the mirror, while reflecting on their tears.

15. "You are not here anymore" - Super Fish

Center-stage, a performer plays himself, an endless source of infinite selves, able to fascinate the audience with its reflections, but also with the presence of other characters, particles of that same pool. The gesture of inviting the spectators to wear a mask might be, in the same instant, the erasure of one's own identity and the creation of another identity that could stick to the person, depending on the circumstances.

16. The Clowns | Basement

The basement represents the materiality and performance of the modern world, showcasing actors isolated, emphasizing depersonalization and temporary identities.

This is where the katabasis takes place, the formal descent to the underworld. Going down to the basement, this is also the rack and place of physical and textual materiality.

a) Siren

The dancing body pointed at a camera shows the audience other behind-the-scenes glimpses into modern life, no longer theater in the strict sense, but rather the generalized performance of networks.

b) Rhapsodists

Thinly scattered, actors underscore the idea of depersonalization and construction of temporary identities, which will be presented to an audience. The water from the pool of Narcissus on the first floor weighs down and seeps into the basement.

17. Theater | Street

The word theater derives from the Greek theaomai and means not only watching, but also contemplating, with all its intensity and an eye for detail that interprets its object. Are we in the pool? Or out of it?

And who are these people who seem to conceive exactly what we are witnessing?

The conversation is a powerful leap of meta-theatricalization of the progress of creation. Here, the basement is deepened and the ascesis begins, until the images dissolve on the roof.





MAP: FIRST FLOOR

SUGGESTED FLOW



18. I am another

Will we be able to see each other face to face? Who are the others who literally cross through us, every time we think about building up our self?

a.Prolepsis

The sound sampler continues to outline a reality, showing the near future, our walk through the venue. The process of dissolution intensifies. An atmosphere of memories, wastes and inventions takes over the space.

b.Narcissus thinks he's ugly, and I think he's cool

And there are Narcissi who can sculpt their personalities at the expense of charm and seduction. The power of these figures, which surpass the mere image and transform the world into their mirror....

19.I exist only in the third person

The interweaving of bodies and technologies, with no way of identifying who is subordinate to whom. At a time when devices are becoming an attached body part we are building our public image, as well as the gaps between the reproduction of reality and reality itself.

20. “You’re not here anymore” - Sir Face

New faces appear, and we no longer wonder who they are, whether they correspond to us or even to reality.

21. Life Story

Other people who don’t necessarily tell us who they are. The life of somebody overwhelmed by the city, from a small hotel room at the in Amsterdam central train station to São Paulo and its ring roads.

a. “Tell me about yourself. I want to know everything about you”

A love story in a hotel room. Voyeurism here takes its place as a mirror.

b. Narcissus cries a River Tietê

A final encounter with Narcissus in a hotel room in a distant city, right here.

22. Not another love story

Choreography reflecting the dynamics of personalities in relationships. Symbioses.

23. 3x4 Cutouts

The pool thickens. Does anyone still remember taking a face shot that came out as someone else? Well, those portraits are here. You see?

24. With Closed Eyes

Some people say that we are a self, and this self is the thread that unites our memories and builds our identity. There are others who say that we are a thousand selves, brand new each day.

25. Immersed Flower

And what could we find at the bottom of the pool of Narcissus, if he is less a person right from the start, more of a symbol, a myth, a metaphor for us and for what we do not know of ourselves?

26. Blank Canvas

One last peek into these shared images and identities, seeing oneself as another, as Narcissus.

27. The Psychopomp

A presence (not necessarily human) appears as a guide for the final stage of the experience. The audience must plunge deeper in order to understand what lies behind the image reflected in the water.

28. Echo Disco

A plunge into the pool of Narcissus, into us, into others, into the Night Watch in São Paulo or Amsterdam, into

the endless series of self-portraits of beings that we were and are... But what awaits us after this?

29. Dissolution

The image of Narcissus in the reflecting pool is shattered by his plunge. He dies, and his image dies as the two movements clash. We are now lost to ourselves, dissolved, curiously isolated and mixed. A drop of water in the ocean, and also an entire ocean in a single drop.

30. Farewell, tot zien

What awaits us on the way out? The same city? Do we emerge as the same selves? What emerges from the pool to the roof? The final ascesis is precisely the invitation to reconnect with others, chatting and reflecting on the work and oneself.

31. The Us of Every Self | Bar 2

The city surrounds the public with its bustling dissonance and its windows, where the audience lives and peeks.



Fotos: Pamela Alves

TEAM



FELIPE HIRSCH



WADO GONÇALVES



DIEGO OGNIBENI



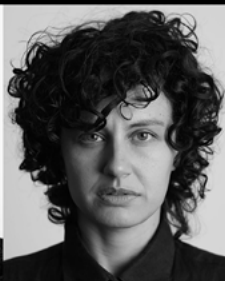
JUUAR



CAETANO W. GALINDO



GUILHERME GONTIJO FLORES



MARIA BERALDO



DANIELA THOMAS



FELIPE TASSARA



STELLA TENNENBAUM



MARISTELLA PINHEIRO



BETO BRUEL



GABRIEL MALO



ALEXANDRE HERCHCOVITCH



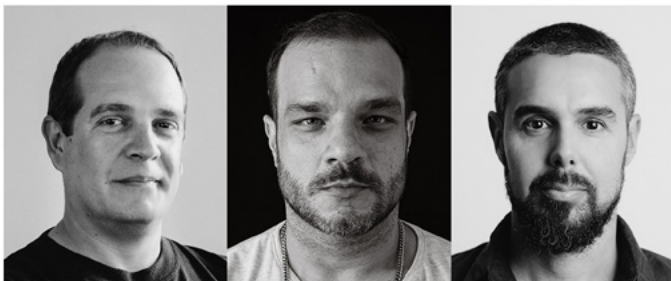
CELSO KAMURA



ABEL DUARTE



CAINÃ BOMILCAR



TOCKO MICHELAZZO

GABRIEL BOCUTTI

DEMÉTRIO PORTUGAL



CAST



A diverse cast in every way, with people from everywhere, endowed with different experiences and reflections: the arts, music, theater, literature, manifestos, humor, dance and avant-garde initiatives.



Stripped of social masks, they will be able to explore all their individual artistic potential, presenting their own self-portraits to the public, showing who they are and what makes them unique.



AMANDYRA

BIA JESUS

ELI CARMO



ENOW

FLORA BARROS

ISA TOLEDO



KENJI OGAWA

LEANDRA ESPÍRITO SANTO

LUIZ BERTAZZO



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MBÉ

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RODRIGO MANCUSI



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THALIN



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Chicão (teclas)
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Jadsa (guitarra e voz)
Lello Bezerra (guitarras, synts e organelle)
Marina Bastos (flautas)
Wanessa Dourado (violino)

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Marcelo Cabral (baixos e synts)
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Meno Del Picchia (baixos e synts)

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DO MESMO LADO DO ESPELHO OUTRO

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by: Ovid
translated by: Rodrigo Tadeu Gonçalves

NA LÂMINA

text: Metamorphoses, Book 3 written
by: Ovid
translated by: Rodrigo Tadeu Gonçalves

AUTORRETRATO

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written by: Thalin
incidental music: Ado (Já fui) written
by: RUBI

RED DISTRICT - ARE YOU ATTRACTED TO ME?

text: Mars
written by: Marcela Jacobina

BELEZAS SÃO COISAS ACESAS POR DENTRO

music: Lágrimas Negras
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“VOCÊS NÃO ESTÃO MAIS AQUI” / O PSICOPOMPO

performed by: Super Fish / Metamorfose
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THE CLOWNS - OSICRAN

music: Osicran
written by: Tomás Gleiser, Ultra

EU É UM OUTRO - NARCISO ACHA FEIO E EU ACHO LEGAL

music: Baby I'm a Star written by: Prince

SÓ EXISTO EM TERCEIRA PESSOA

work: Só existo em terceira pessoa
written by: Leandra Espírito Santo

“VOCÊS NÃO ESTÃO MAIS AQUI”

work: Sir Face
written by: Renan Soare

LIFE STORY - “ME FALE SOBRE VOCÊ. EU QUERO SABER TUDO DE VOCÊ”

text: Life Story
written by: Tennessee Williams
translated by: Caetano W. Galindo

LIFE STORY - NARCISO CHORA UM TIETÊ

music: Cry Me a River, written by:
Arthur Hamilton, translated by Arthur
Nestrovsk





BEBA COM MODERAÇÃO

Proibida a entrada de menores de 18 anos