

LABYRINTH #5: MELANCHOLIA



SUNDAY NOVEMBER 12TH, 2023
COMPLETE LIST OF PERFORMERS AND THEMES

LABYRINTH 5

MELANCHOLIA



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BAR. The WELTSCHMERZ CAFÉ

13:30. Chris Lloyd, Piano
Lori Baldwin, Actor
1781collective.com
Ballet Sur_real - Renato De Leon, Mihael Belliov

IG @ballet_sur_real

17:30. Valentina Migliorati + Marie Therese Zechiel, Dance

IG @valentina_migliorati @mariezechiel

1. ALIENATION, WERTHER'S SORROWS

13:30. Adam Goodwin, Bass

IG @zoparthe

2. ABYSS, NIETZSCHEAN TRAGEDY

13:30. Corinna Ruba + Juan Cernadas

IG @majorceee + juancernadas

17:30. Crown the Muse - Rachel Fenlon, Mireille Lebel

crownthemuse.com

3. ANATOMY of MELANCHOLIA, HUMOURS

13:30. Shasta Ellenbogen Quartet - Johannes Ascher, Julia Sandros-Alper, Lydia Paulos

IG @shastaelbow

4. ABSURDITY, the FUTILITY of CAMUS

13:30. Alexey Kochetkov, Violin

IG @5string.theory

5. MOURNING, MELANCHOLIA of FREUD

13:30. Twin Flames - Marouïta de Kol, Penelope Gkika

IG @twin_flames_ensemble

6. MELANCHOLIC GAZE

13:30. Moritz Ebert, Cello + Riley Davidson, Performance
mortizebert.com + IG @guttergucci

7. SUFFERANCE

13:30. Dima Ustinov, Keyboard
IG @domustinova

8. VULNERABILITY

13:30. Anna Schors, Voice
IG @annaschors
17:30. Siegfried Wahnreich, Voice
IG @wahnreich

8. ENNU

13:30. Laurence Caudreau, Cello
IG @gauleurence

10. NOSTALGIA

13:30. Duo Dead Mermaids - Cicely Parnas, Amber Fasquelle
IG @duodeadmermaids
17:30. Bertied - Sophia Stern, Charlie Zhang
IG @bertiedfestival

X. INTROSPECTION

13:30. Jonas Urbat, Tuba, with 11 Concerts
jonasurbat.de / 11concerts.de

BALLROOM. GESAMTKUNSTWERK

13:30. Melancholia Ensemble
arranged by Shasta Ellenbogen

AMBULANTE. SERENDIPITY

Elizabeth Talbert, Flute
talbertflute.com
As You Like It Actors - Janina Picard, Oliver Urbanski
IG @janinapicard + oliver-urbanski.squarespace.com

CREW

Chris Lloyd, Director
Janina Picard, Creative Director
Jared Philipp, Creative Producer
Silvia Vitale, Costumer
Helena Antonopoulou, FoH Manager
Thomas Laigle, Lighting
Brett Ortgeisen, Photography
Louise Vangilbergen, Event Administrator
Alex Finis, SM/Production Manager
Moritz Ebert, Public Relations

1781 would like to thank our volunteer assistants, as well as Jens Reule Dantas & Iven Hausmann of MUSIKBRAUEREI



1781collective.com



berlied
CONCERTS

the 1781 Collective
presents
**LABYRINTH 5
MELANCHOLIA**

was funded entirely by your support through ticket sales. Labyrinth is an ongoing series produced by the 1781 Collective, in cooperation with our musical allies:

I. TRAGEDY or the ABYSS, in a Nietzschean Sense

THE ABYSS: AN ENDLESS, BOTTOMLESS CHASM. A PLACE WHERE NO LIGHT ENTERS, WHERE NO POSSIBILITY OF RESCUE EXISTS. TO STAND AT THE ABYSS IS TO PONDER THE POSSIBILITY OF TAKING IRREPARABLE ACTION - TO DESTROY SOMETHING BEYOND REPAIR; TO ANNIHILATE THE POTENTIAL OF REDEMPTION. ONE DOES NOT RETURN FROM THE ABYSS - AND THOSE WHO ENTER UNDERSTAND THIS BEFORE WILLINGLY TAKING THE NEXT STEP. FORTUNATELY, THIS IS NOT THE ONLY POSSIBLE OUTCOME: THE SIMPLE ACT OF PONDERING AT THE ABYSS (BEFORE WALKING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION) OFFERS US THE POWER OF SALVATION. AS NIETZSCHE WROTE, "THE THOUGHT OF SUICIDE IS A GREAT CONSOLATION: BY MEANS OF IT ONE GETS THROUGH MANY A DARK NIGHT."

AND WHAT OF DESTRUCTION? THAT WHICH AT FIRST THOUGHT SEEMS ENTIRELY NEGATIVE: CAN THERE BE ANY BENEFIT? NIETZSCHE BELIEVED SO: ARGUING THAT THROUGH ART AND MUSIC, AND SPECIFICALLY THE REDISCOVERY OF DIONYSIAC TRAGEDY AND PESSIMISM, ONE COULD ACHIEVE THE 'DESTRUCTION OF ORDINARY SELF'. THROUGH ART, ONE CAN EXPERIENCE VICARIOUSLY THE DARKEST OF EMOTIONS AND SUFFERING, AND THROUGH THIS, REACH A DEEPER UNDERSTANDING, APPRECIATION, AND INDEED A PROFOUND AFFIRMATION OF LIFE! REMARKABLE THEN, THAT AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE ABYSS CAN IN FACT, HELP US TRANSCEND IT.

"My melancholy wants to rest in the hiding places and abysses of perfection: that is why I need music." - Friedrich Nietzsche, 'Nietzsche contra Wagner: Out of the Files of a Psychologist'

"Battle not with monsters, lest ye become a monster, and if you gaze into the abyss, the abyss gazes also into you." - Friedrich Nietzsche, 'Beyond Good and Evil'

"To those charged with tragedy, the destruction of the individual is their true meaning and purpose, and only those who are initiated into the deep mysteries of the Dionysian and who can sense within themselves the prodigious stirrings of universal life can participate in the great contest... Dionysian art can intoxicate even to madness: in the ecstatic orgies of the Dionysian state, every individual experiences not only himself as an individual but also the oneness with other beings." - Nietzsche, 'The Birth of Tragedy'

II: SOLITUDE & ALIENATION

THE FEELING OF STANDING ALONE IN THE WORLD, WHERE NOTHING AND NO ONE MAKES SENSE, NOR DO THEY HAVE THE ABILITY TO UNDERSTAND YOU. HAVE YOU EVER FOUND YOURSELF IN A CROWDED ROOM, OR A BUSTLING METROPOLIS, AND FELT SO UTTERLY AND INEXPLICABLY ALONE, THAT WHILST THE WORLD EXISTS ALL AROUND, YOU INSTEAD CEASE TO EXIST IN ANY FORM OF MEANINGFUL WAY? DO YOU LOOK AROUND, EARNESTLY TRYING TO UNDERSTAND THE MOTIVATIONS OF SOCIETY, OF THOSE AROUND YOU, ONLY TO REALISE THAT YOU HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON WITH THE VALUES AND PHILOSOPHIES OF THE WORLD? ALIENATION IS THE FEELING OF BEING THE ONE PERSON ON EARTH THAT UNDERSTANDS YOU, AND ALL YOU WANT IS TO CONNECT WITH SOMEONE; YET, BY VIRTUE OF HILARIOUS IRONY, THAT ONLY BEING IS YOU.

“The dazzling wretchedness, the boredom of the hideous folk all rubbing shoulders hereabouts, their obsession with status, how they watch and spy out their chances to get one step ahead – such wretched, lamentable passions, quite without fig-leaf.... I tell you, I do not understand how people can be so witless as to trade themselves so grossly.” - Goethe, *‘The Sorrows of Young Werther’*

“He values my understanding and my talents more than my heart which is, in the end, all I am proud of, the one source of everything, all my strength, all my bliss, all my wretchedness. Oh, anyone may know the things I know - my heart is mine alone.” - Goethe, *‘The Sorrows of Young Werther’*

III: 'ABSURDITY', OR THE FUTILITY OF CAMUS

IT ALL SEEMS ABSURD REALLY, THIS SEEMINGLY MEANINGLESS EXISTENCE ON EARTH. WE'RE BORN, OSTENSIBLY TO CONTINUE THE NEVER-ENDING SURVIVAL OF THE SPECIES, A LAST GASP ATTEMPT BY OUR DNA TO ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY THROUGH PROCREATION - BORNE INTO SOCIETY, WRAPPED IN LOVE, TOLD WE'RE SPECIAL, UNIQUE, AND THEN SENT ON THE INEXORABLE MARCH TOWARDS MENIAL MEDIOCRITY - WAKE, WORK, SLEEP, REPEAT. WAKE, WORK, SLEEP, REPEAT.

ART KEEPS US OCCUPIED, YES - IT MAKES US BELIEVE IN BEAUTY AND TRANSCENDENCE, BUT WHAT IS IT ALL FOR, REALLY? WE EXIST, WE CONSUME, WE MAKE CONNECTIONS AND SHARE EXPERIENCES DEEMED IMPORTANT, THAT FOR THE MOST PART WILL BE FORGOTTEN EVEN BY OUR ANCESTORS IN ONLY ONE SHORT CENTURY FOR NOW. IT IS, IN A WORD, POINTLESS.



BUT WHAT IF THIS LIFE COMPLETELY DEVOID OF MEANING WAS IN FACT THE GREATEST GIFT EVER? WHAT OF 'POSITIVE NIHILISM' - THAT IS, NOTHING HAS ANY MEANING, AND THEREFORE WE ARE FREE TO CREATE WHATEVER MEANING WE WANT?

WHAT IF WE DECIDED THAT OUR ONLY REASON FOR BEING, OUR ONLY CONTRIBUTION TO A WORLD (THAT IS BY DEFAULT MEANINGLESS), WAS TO BE KIND TO OTHERS, TO PROVIDE AND INDULGE IN MAGICAL MOMENTS AND HAPPINESS - COULD THIS ABSURD LACK OF MEANING AND PURPOSE IN FACT BE THE MOST LIBERATING KNOWLEDGE ONE COULD EVER OBTAIN?"

"WE GET INTO THE HABIT OF LIVING BEFORE ACQUIRING THE HABIT OF THINKING."
— ALBERT CAMUS, *'THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS'*

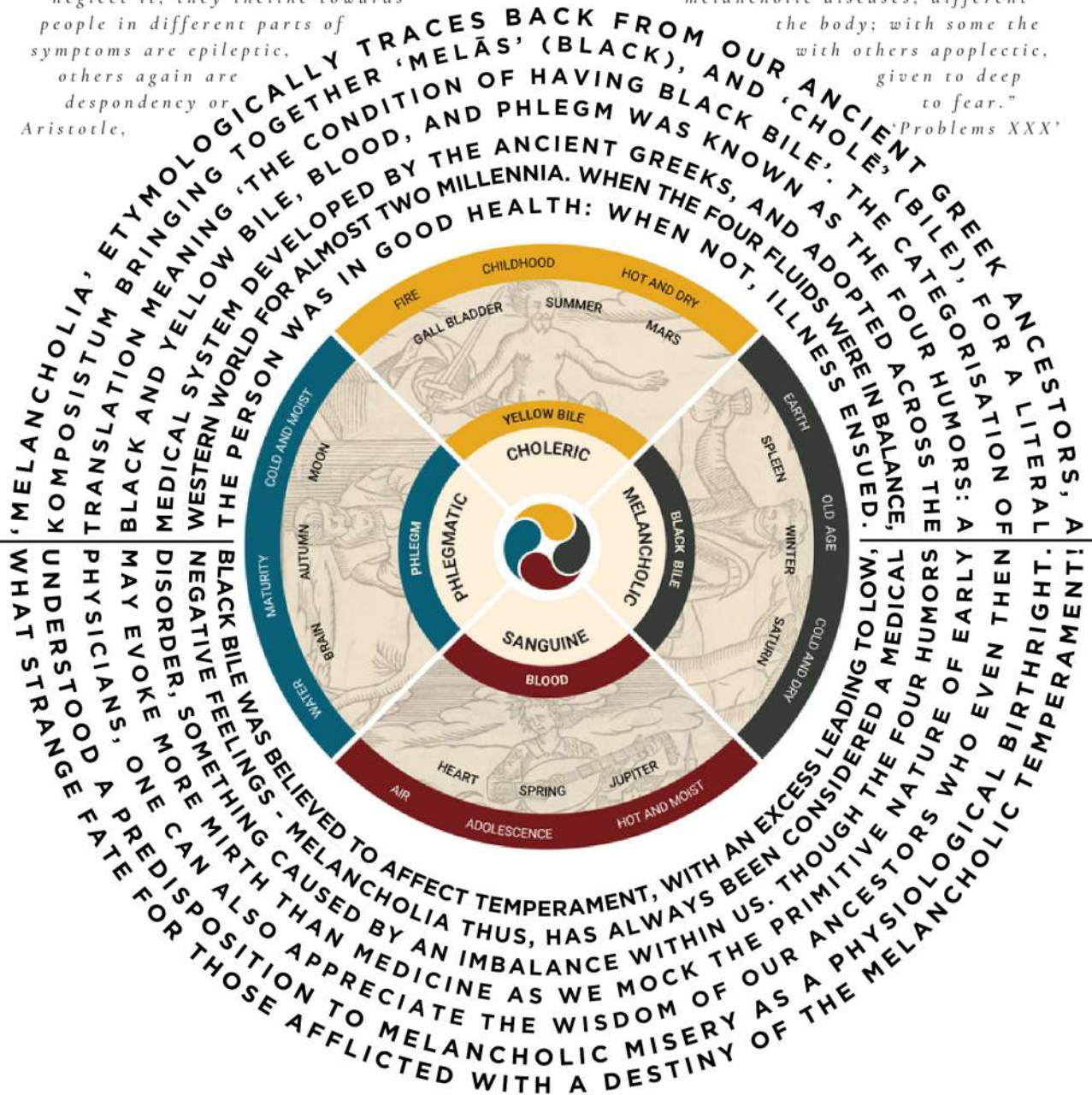
"I SEE MANY PEOPLE DIE BECAUSE THEY JUDGE THAT LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING. I SEE OTHERS PARADOXICALLY GETTING KILLED FOR THE IDEAS OR ILLUSIONS THAT GIVE THEM A REASON FOR LIVING (WHAT IS CALLED A REASON FOR LIVING IS ALSO AN EXCELLENT REASON FOR DYING). I THEREFORE CONCLUDE THAT THE MEANING OF LIFE IS THE MOST URGENT OF QUESTIONS."
— ALBERT CAMUS, *'THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS'*

"BASICALLY, AT THE VERY BOTTOM OF LIFE, WHICH SEDUCES US ALL, THERE IS ONLY ABSURDITY, AND MORE ABSURDITY. AND MAYBE THAT'S WHAT GIVES US OUR JOY FOR LIVING, BECAUSE THE ONLY THING THAT CAN DEFEAT ABSURDITY IS LUCIDITY."
- ALBERT CAMUS, *'THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS'*

"THE ONLY THING I DO KNOW IS THAT WE HAVE TO BE KIND. PLEASE, BE KIND. ESPECIALLY WHEN WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON."
- WAYMOND WANG, *'EVERYTHING, EVERYWHERE, ALL AT ONCE'*

IV. THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLIA

"Why is it that all men who have become outstanding in philosophy, statesmanship, poetry or the arts are melancholic, and some to such an extent that they are infected by the diseases arising from black bile? And if the characteristic is very intense, such men are very melancholic, and if the mixture is of a certain kind, they are abnormal. But if they neglect it, they incline towards melancholic diseases, different people in different parts of the body; with some the symptoms are epileptic, with others apoplectic, others again are given to deep despondency or to fear."
Aristotle, 'Problems XXX'



ARE WE CONDEMNED TO ACCEPT THIS CURSE AS A FATAL DIAGNOSIS; OR COULD IT SERVE SOME PURPOSE FOR OUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD? CAN A BODILY OVERINDULGENCE IN BLACK BILE BE AN INVITATION TO THOSE SO BLESSED, TO CHANNEL THEIR AFFLICTION INTO A BODY OF WORK THAT TRANSCENDS PHYSICAL BEING, ALLOWING AN AUDIENCE GENERATIONS FROM NOW TO AVOID OUR SAME FATE, BY VICARIOUSLY EXPERIENCING THE WORK WE LEAVE BEHIND? AND WHAT HAPPENS IF WE NEGLECT THIS VOCATION...?

"THE DISTINGUISHING MENTAL FEATURES OF MELANCHOLIA ARE A PROFOUNDLY PAINFUL DEJECTION, CESSATION OF INTEREST IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD, LOSS OF THE CAPACITY TO LOVE, INHIBITION OF ALL ACTIVITY, AND A LOWERING OF THE SELF-REGARDING FEELINGS TO A DEGREE THAT FINDS UTTERANCE IN SELF-REPROACHES AND SELF-REVILINGS, AND CULMINATES IN A DELUSIONAL EXPECTATION OF PUNISHMENT. THIS PICTURE BECOMES A LITTLE MORE INTELLIGIBLE WHEN WE CONSIDER THAT, WITH ONE EXCEPTION, THE SAME TRAITS ARE MET WITH IN MOURNING." - SIGMUND FREUD, 'MOURNING AND MELANCHOLIA'

V. MOURNING & MELANCHOLIA, AFTER FREUD

WHEN SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENS, WE DON'T ENTER INTO A PERIOD OF INEXPLICABLE SADNESS - NO, INSTEAD THERE IS A CLEAR CULPRIT RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR MISERY. WHEN AN AWFUL ACCIDENT OCCURS, OR A TRAGEDY TOO COMPLEX TO UNDERSTAND ERUPTS, OUR SENSES BEGIN TO RADIATE WITH FURY; WE DEMAND COMPREHENSION IN THE MOMENTS WHERE NONE OCCURS - WE EXPECT LOGOS TO GIVE MEANING TO THAT WITHOUT REASON, AND THUS FALL INTO THAT FAMILIAR CYCLE: DENIAL, ANGER, BARGAINING, DEPRESSION, ACCEPTANCE.

ACROSS THE WORLD, EVERY SOCIETY DEVELOPED A SYSTEM OF RITUALS TO HELP PROCESS TRAGIC OCCURRENCES, AND WE TERMED THESE RITUALS MOURNING. A PROCESS DEDICATED TO THE EVENTUAL GOAL OF ACCEPTANCE: THE KNOWLEDGE THAT OCCASIONALLY IN OUR EXISTENCE WE MUST ENDURE THE SIMPLE FACT THAT AWFUL THINGS HAPPEN, FOR NO RHYME OR REASON. TO MOURN IS TO ESCHEW THE FORCES OF MELANCHOLIA FROM TAKING US.

”

"THE MELANCHOLIC DISPLAYS SOMETHING ELSE BESIDES WHICH IS LACKING IN MOURNING - AN EXTRAORDINARY DIMINUTION IN HIS SELF-REGARD, AN IMPOVERISHMENT OF HIS EGO ON A GRAND SCALE. IN MOURNING IT IS THE WORLD WHICH HAS BECOME POOR AND EMPTY; IN MELANCHOLIA IT IS THE EGO ITSELF." - SIGMUND FREUD, 'MOURNING AND MELANCHOLIA'

"JUST AS MOURNING IMPELS THE EGO TO GIVE UP THE OBJECT BY DECLARING THE OBJECT TO BE DEAD AND OFFERING THE EGO THE INDUCEMENT OF CONTINUING TO LIVE, SO DOES EACH SINGLE STRUGGLE OF AMBIVALENCE LOOSEN THE FIXATION OF THE LIBIDO TO THE OBJECT BY DISPARAGING IT, DENIGRATING IT AND EVEN AS IT WERE KILLING IT." - SIGMUND FREUD, 'MOURNING AND MELANCHOLIA'



VI: THE MELANCHOLIC GAZE

TO SUFFER. TWO WORDS SO SIMPLE UPON FIRST ENCOUNTER, WHICH OPEN TO MYRIAD POTENTIAL INTERPRETATIONS WHEN CLOSELY EXAMINED. WHAT IS IT, TO SUFFER? IS IT A SIGN OF WEAKNESS, OR A STATE OF CONDEMNATION THAT RENDERS THE UNFORTUNATE SOUL WHO EXPERIENCES IT TO A LIFETIME OF PAIN, FOR NO APPARENT REASON OUTSIDE OF SHEER BAD LUCK? WE SUFFER IN SILENCE, YET THE RESULT IS INEVITABLY CHANGE; ONE WHO SUFFERS ANY AFFLICTION MUST NECESSARILY EMERGE AS A DIFFERENT BEING. WE ARE BORN WITH THE GIFT OF NAIVETY AND PURITY, AND WITH AGE ENDURE A SERIES OF SUFFERINGS THAT MOULD US, AND BUILD US INTO THE PERSON WHO STANDS HERE NOW. LIKE ANY PAIN, WE WISH TO AVOID IT AT ALL COSTS, THOUGH AS WE ARE ALL AWARE, SUCH BLISSFUL IGNORANCE IS TEMPORARY - AROUND ANY CORNER LIES THE POTENTIAL FOR AN OCCASION THAT CAN AFFECT US FOR THE REMAINDER OF OUR LIVES. TERRIFYING? YES. EXCITING? MAYBE. WHAT IF EVERY MOMENT OF SUFFERING COULD BE TURNED INTO AN OPPORTUNITY FOR GROWTH? TO BE SURE, THERE ARE SOME THINGS SO TRULY AWFUL THAT NOT ONE ELEMENT OF BRIGHTNESS CAN BE FOUND, BUT JUST AS SURE, THE POTENTIAL FOR POSITIVE EVOLUTION IS THERE FOR THOSE WHO ARE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO DISCOVER IT.

VII: SUFFERANCE

"To live is to suffer, to survive is to find meaning in the suffering. If there is any purpose to life at all there must be a purpose in suffering and in dying." - Gordon Allport, Preface to Victor Frankl's *'Mans Search for Meaning'*

"Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seared with scars." - Khalil Gibran, *'The Prophet'*

"Man, the bravest of animals, and the one most accustomed to suffering, does not repudiate suffering as such; he desires it, he even seeks it out, provided he is shown a meaning for it, a purpose of suffering. The meaninglessness of suffering, not suffering itself, was the curse that lay over mankind so far." - Friedrich Nietzsche, *'On the Geneology of Morals'*

VIII: VULNERABILITY

Experiencing Melancholia vicariously through the artistic lens: a safe way to encounter your darker thoughts and emotions? Rather than endanger ourselves by risking the actual experience of these feelings, we are gifted the protection of the artistic glass that separates soul from sorrow. The artist is the martyr who sacrifices their comfort for your consumption - but would you dare to put yourself in the vulnerable position of the afflicted, even for just a moment? Would it be worth the risk; or is there all too realistic a chance that when the demons enter, they'd prove too hard to expel? Or is it already too late?

"The artist creates the pain, not the therapy" - Gottfried Benm

I X : E N N U I

Of all the forms of Melancholia, *Ennui* may just be the most sinister. What is the moment of conception, that first seed of boredom, that maliciously latches itself unseen and unheard, until that one moment we realise that nothing - absolutely nothing at all - is of interest to us? To experience *ennui* is to find oneself utterly underwhelmed and disgusted at the lack of magic in the world, whilst simultaneously being disappointed at one's own inability to find anything to appreciate. Nothing inflames, nothing inspires. Nothing, save for emptiness. Is there anything to be gleaned in the absence of matter or anything that matters? Or can this emptiness be the tilled soil in a large field, ready for the seeds of creativity to be sown? Every painting begins on a blank canvas, every piece of music from the empty score.

"I felt very still and empty, the way the eye of a tornado must feel, moving dully along in the middle of the surrounding hullabaloo."

— Sylvia Plath, *The Bell Jar*

"The artist's job is not to succumb to despair but to find an antidote for the emptiness of existence."

— Gertrude Stein (Kathy Bates) - *Midnight in Paris*

"Beyond the edge of the world there's a space where emptiness and substance neatly overlap, where past and future form a continuous, endless loop. And, hovering about, there are signs no one has ever read, chords no one has ever heard."

— Haruki Murakami, *Kafka on the Shore*

"At first I felt dizzy - not with the kind of dizziness that makes the body reel but the kind that's like a dead emptiness in the brain, an instinctive awareness of the void."

— Fernando Pessoa, *The Education of the Stoic: The Only Manuscript of the Baron of Teive*

"My soul is a black maelstrom, a great madness spinning about a vacuum, the swirling of a vast ocean around a hole in the void, and in the waters, more like whirlwinds than waters, float images of all I ever saw or heard in the world: houses, faces, books, boxes, snatches of music and fragments of voices, all caught up in a sinister, bottomless whirlpool."

— Fernando Pessoa, *The Book of Disquiet*

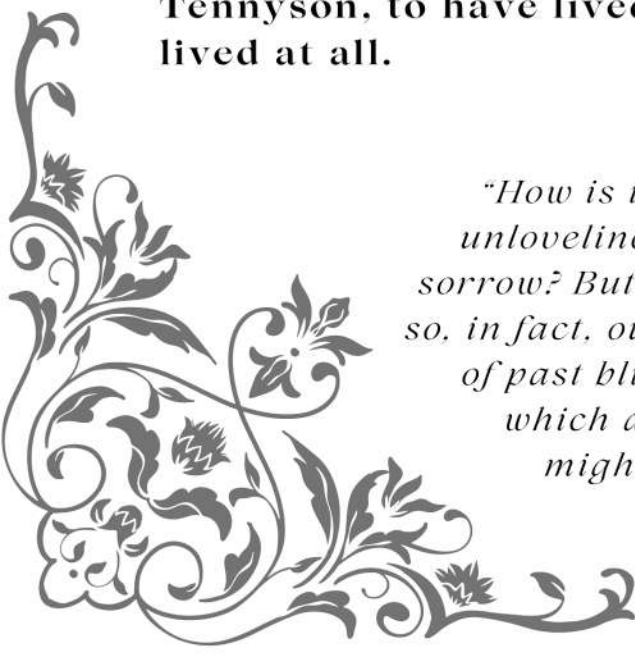
"Boredom is therefore a vital problem for the moralist, since at least half the sins of mankind are caused by the fear of it."

— Bertrand Russell, *The Conquest of Happiness*



X: Nostalgia

The most beautiful, special and contradictory form of Melancholia: Nostalgia. An act indelibly linked to the time-honoured march of age which we inexorably all participate in, Nostalgia is the futile longing for the one thing we cannot ever attain: *what has already been*. An example: imagine coming together for an event - picture a wedding perhaps - with old friends and loved ones you've not seen in years; spending one or two days and nights replete with blissful silliness, fun, delights - before saying farewell all too soon, knowing it may yet be years and years before you see them again. That magnificently paradoxical feeling of joy and sadness, intermingling into a unique emotion. The knowledge that you've lived something wonderful, and that it has already ended and you can never experience it again. Is it worth having these moments, only to experience this beautiful melancholia (and accompanying pain); or would it be better to eschew moments of happiness in order to avoid any potential for sadness? Or is it better to feel bad, than to feel nothing at all? Yes, the melancholic sadness is worth it, for every shared moment of elation: to bastardise Lord Tennyson, to have lived and lost, is better than never having lived at all.



"How is it that from beauty I have derived a type of unloveliness? from the covenant of peace, a simile of sorrow? But as, in ethics, evil is a consequence of good so, in fact, out of joy is sorrow born. Either the memory of past bliss is the anguish of to-day, or the agonies which are have their origin in the ecstasies which might have been." - Edgar Allan Poe, 'Berenicë'

LABYRINTH #5: FULL LIST OF PERFORMERS

ROOM 1:

SESSIONS 1 & 2

CORINNA RUBA / JUAN CERNADAS

SESSIONS 3 & 4

CROWN THE MUSE

ROOM 2:

ADAM GOODWIN

ROOM 3:

ALEXEY KOCHETKOV

ROOM 4:

SHASTA ELLENBOGEN QUARTET

ROOM 5:

TWIN FLAMES

ROOM 6:

MORITZ EBERT & RILEY DAVIDSON

ROOM 7:

DIMA USTINOV

ROOM 8:

SESSIONS 1 & 2

ANNA SCHORS

SESSIONS 3 & 4

SIEGFRIED WAHNREICH

ROOM 9:

LAURENCE GAUDREAU

ROOM 10:

SESSIONS 1 & 2

DUO DEAD MERMAIDS

SESSIONS 3 & 4

BERLIED FESTIVAL

UPSTAIRS BAR:

LORI BALDWIN (MC)

SESSIONS 1 & 2

BALLET SUR_REAL

SESSIONS 3 & 4

VALENTINA MIGLIORATI & MARIE
ZECHIEL

SERENDIPITY:

JONAS URBAT & 1 TO 1 CONCERTS

AMBULANTE:

ELIZABETH TALBERT

JANINA PICARD

OLIVER URBANKSI

FINALE

CHRIS LLOYD (PIANO) AND
ENSEMBLE (ARR. SHASTA
ELLENBOGEN)

ULRIKE KERBER (PROJECTIONS)

CREATIVE AND ADMINISTRATION TEAM:

CHRIS LLOYD	- DIRECTOR
ALEX FINIS	- PRODUCTION MANAGER / DESIGNER
JANINA PICARD	- CREATIVE DIRECTOR
SILVIA VITALI	- COSTUMER
JARED PHILIPPO	- CREATIVE PRODUCER
LOUISE VANGILBERGEN	- EXECUTIVE ADMINISTRATOR
ALBERTO LÓPEZ TALAYA	- SOUND TECHNICIAN
HELENA ANTONOPOULOU	- FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER
MORITZ EBERT	- PR
BRETT ORTGIESEN	- VIDEO/PHOTO