

DaDa Means Nothing

Dada is a new tendency in larp. One can tell this from the fact that until now nobody knew anything about it, and tomorrow everyone in Knutpunkt will be talking about it. Dada comes from the dictionary. It is terribly simple. In French it means "hobby horse". In German it means "good-bye", "Get off my back", "Be seeing you sometime". In Romanian: "Yes, indeed, you are right, that's it. But of course, yes, definitely, right". And so forth.

An International word. Just a word, and the word a movement. Very easy to understand. Quite terribly simple. To make of it an artistic tendency must mean that one is anticipating complications. Dada psychology, dada Germany cum indigestion and fog paroxysm, dada literature, dada bourgeoisie, and yourselves, honoured poets, who are always writing with words but never writing the word itself, who are always writing around the actual point. Dada world war without end, dada revolution without beginning, dada, you friends and also-poets, esteemed sirs, manufacturers, and evangelists. Dada Tzara, dada Huelsenbeck, dada m'dada, dada m'dada dada mhm, dada dera dada, dada Hue, dada Tza.

How does one achieve eternal bliss? By saying dada. How does one become famous? By saying dada. With a noble gesture and delicate propriety. Till one goes crazy. Till one loses consciousness. How can one get rid of everything that smacks of journalism, worms, everything nice and right, blinkered, moralistic, europeanised, enervated? By saying dada. Dada is the world soul, dada is the pawnshop. Dada is the world's best lily-milk soap. Dada Mr Rubiner, dada Mr Korrodi. Dada Mr Anastasius Lilienstein. In plain language: the hospitality of the Swiss is something to be profoundly appreciated. And in questions of aesthetics the key is quality.

I shall be reading poems that are meant to dispense with conventional language, no less, and to have done with it. Dada Johann Fuchsgang Goethe. Dada Stendhal. Dada Dalai Lama, Buddha, Bible, and Nietzsche. Dada m'dada. Dada mhm dada da. It's a question of connections, and of loosening them up a bit to start with. I don't want words that other people have invented. All the words are other people's inventions. I want my own stuff, my own rhythm, and vowels and consonants too, matching the rhythm and all my own. If this pulsation is seven yards long, I want words for it that are seven yards long. Mr Schulz's words are only two and a half centimetres long. It will serve to show how articulated language comes into being. I let the vowels fool around. I let the vowels quite simply occur, as a cat meows . . . Words emerge, shoulders of words, legs, arms, hands of words. Au, oi, uh. One shouldn't let too many words out. A line of poetry is a chance to get rid of all the filth that clings to this accursed language, as if put there by stockbrokers' hands, hands worn smooth by coins. I want the word where it ends and begins. Dada is the heart of words. Each thing has its word, but the word has become a thing by itself. Why shouldn't I find it? Why can't a tree be called Pluplusch, and Pluplubasch when it has been raining? The word, the word, the word outside your domain, your stuffiness, this laughable impotence, your stupendous smugness, outside all the parrotry of your self-evident limitedness. The word, gentlemen, is a public concern of the first importance.

There Are Some Rules

- 1.** Read the manifest. This is your introduction. It is for you to interpret and play the larp. There will be no explanations; there will be no clarifications. Neither will there be a conclusion.
- 2.** Take a role. You are yourself, but you are also your role.
- 3.** The larp has already started; there is no out of game.
- 4.** There is one more rule: You may discuss and plan with someone, out of character, meta if you will. You do this by touching their shoulder while you talk to them.
- 5.** When everything ends, the larp ends. You may leave the room and thus the larp, but your role will always be with you. Forever.
- 6.** Larp is not art. But then again, neither is art.

Do

You will need: A dark room, this document, some objects, post it's, a thick felt pen, a roll of paper tape, controllable spotlights, a projector and screen, a computer, the soundtrack.

To make the larp:

- 1.** Find a dark room
- 2.** Place som objects at similar distance from each others and the walls, without forming an obvious pattern.
- 3.** Make a pattern of tape on the floor. Rooms and corridor, or a maze if you wish. You may write META in one room. You may write Cabaret Voltair on a wall or the floor, or you may use the sign in this file.
- 4.** Place the wall posters on the wall where the cabaret is marked.
- 5.** Rig the light to make spots of light aimed at the objects
- 6.** Connect to a manual mixer board.
- 7.** Rig the sound to play the soundtrack.
- 8.** Rig the video to play the video track.
- 9.** Place the characters outside of the room.
- 10.** Place the introductory text and the rules sheet on the door to the room.
- 11.** Be ready to influence the environment. Observe closely and visually. Use the notes and the felt pen to adapt scores by the wall posters. Use the points calculator. Turn to dark and quiet when the larp ends. Stay at the middle of the room. If there are chairs you may arrange them in a circle.
- 12.** Do not explain, do not discuss. Interpretation is for the player, not for you.

Characters

The Automatic Writers

✂

The one

Group: The Automatic Writers

Of the all, there is one that is the first, and among them the first is the one they follow. After one there is two and three. But need there be? Why could not falganum follow? Or the wretched divide? Why then does it always follow linearly? There are other ways! We read linearly, we write linearly, we think linearly. But we do not need to! One day there will be a revolution, and that day may be today.

✂

Now who's talking?

Group: The Automatic Writers

There are always questions. Questions of who? Of what, and of reality. We are what we want to be, but also what the world makes us. But do we need to? I say we need not be limited by others' definitions. We can be filled with truths and lies all of our own. Of things we decide to like, of things we decide to hate, of realities and amazing dreams. I say sing! Sing it all! Sing the praise of the belief we chose!

✂

And then there was the others

Group: The Automatic Writers

There are those that do not fit. That do not find a place. There are those that march along in grey shadows even though they see there are other ways. But they do not reach those other ways. Those are sad and sorry, but they are locked. Maybe one day they can break out, but I see not how. On the other hand, there are those that see through it all and build their own world. Maybe they are the same, maybe they just don't see how locked in their ways they are. Maybe we are the real fools.

✂

Of the old

Group: The Automatic Writers

There are ways that have always been. Older than men, older than gods. There are ideas and thoughts that want to break free. Out of our world there are those others. We could love it or fear it. Maybe its thoughts and ideas, maybe something more. Maybe it has a form, a pattern, a body. Maybe it will reach us here in time, in future or in past.

✂

Once the love is gone

Group: The Automatic Writers

No more is the vast open landscape, now there is a smaller place, a room, a box, a dark and dimly lit square without visible borders. No end, no beginning, only a void of infinite darkness. Within and without. Never to end, never no more. But there, a light, a pattern, a thought. Maybe...

The fools way

Group: The Automatic Writers

Singing of fools, singing of other ways. Happiness and glamor. An ever ever everlasting shimmering of infinite joy. Of happiness and openness, of losing oneself. But losing is forgetting, is to never more be what one was. The joy to emptiness, the emptiness to sorrow. Nevermore, no more. Never no.

Mysteris are all around

Group: The Automatic Writers

Mysterious and questioning. The meaning of a word, a word that could be anything, that could mean anything. Why is jambalaya a word? Why is dog a word? Why is gogolongonong a word? Why are they all words? No matter where you put the space they are real words. The questions the questions? The questions with the answers that are the words, the words that are the world. And why, oh why are those two almost the same?

The Cutups

Dead at the houseparty

Group: The Cutups

The dead are leaving their graveyard to dance with the living, one last time. This is your first real house party. No parents. It's the important party where everyone shows up and anything might happen.

Shakesperian singalonger

Group: The Cutups

Through dance we pass through sorrow and grief, in search of what is needed to move on, out in life or into the great beyond. It is an adaptation of Shakespeares darkest and most powerful play. It's a sing along, not karaoke - so all can join no matter of vocal skills.

Evil schoolchild

Group: The Cutups

You're in high school; you know who you are, what your social position is and most importantly, who you want to be. In five acts we re-create the story about the destruction that follows when evil is chosen as a way to fulfill the ambition for power.

Three close friends

Group: The Cutups

A star, a producer and a caretaker – three close friends going away for a short holiday together to have the best time. And in life you don't get second chances. We explore the Western European female world and its expectations, norms, blessings and curses. The key to the game is exploring the power – not of feel-good, but of focusing on what's good and positive and explore the delicacy of not just shared fantasy, but shared happiness.

✂

A piece of jewelry

Group: The Cutups

The Tiara has always been handed down from mother to daughter – it is a useless outdated piece of jewelry that should be sold, or a priceless family heirloom that connects the past with the present and the future. It is a horror scenario about jealousy, trust and desire in two acts.

✂

Modern times

Group: The Cutups

The game caricatures corporate culture in a fast and fast-paced way, using music and rituals in a cartoonish way to energize the players. It takes place in a modern day setting, with two parallel stories set in two different times. At some point in the story the two merge, as the past invades the present.

✂

Three close friends

Group: The Cutups

Three close friends going away for a short holiday together to have the best time. But each character have their own baggage, and the weekend is pulled apart by quarrels. The characters will gradually get more in contact with their conflicting personality and as the game goes on we travel from despair to hope and from love to hate and back again.

✂

The male gender role

Group: The Cutups

We explore the male gender role world – it is the expectation, the right and the burden of the oldest son to take over the family Farm. What traditions should, must and can a father pass down to his son? We'll sing and dance out our emotions for maximum drama.

✂

Two dramatic sisters

Group: The Cutups

In a time and a class when marriage was the most important economical decision a person could make we follow two very different sisters in finding a partner and a future life. Argue it out about sex, porn, and what the main point of feminism really is. It's love, drama, music, party and the last days of the disco.

The expressive poor

Group: The Cutups

Follow how they, who have limited financial means, act very differently in finding a future life partner and somebody to love. It is playful and surreal experience at a company visited by management consultants. We use music, light and different techniques to construct a story like no other.



A winner and loser

Group: The Cutups

What is the difference between the winner and the loser and what happens if we turn it all around? Ancient family secrets come to light, and people finally get to confront each other. Let's explore the delicacy and intimacy of happiness together. Some say that playing without tragedy is not believable. But I believe we simply lack the skills to do it, and the language.



The one with two messages

Group: The Cutups

About the beauty of friendship and the difficulty to communicate even though your intentions are good. What happens when your inability to see others suddenly leads to the realization that it's too late? If you had the chance to do it again, how would you change it? You will share a character with another player - each of you playing one of the character's two personalities.



The Onomatopoeists



Lankartatuyö

Group: The Onomatopoeists

Ronkattattuyö. Phio. Gungötttöt.
Lankattatatyö.



AAAHHHHHHHhhhhh!

Group: The Onomatopoeists

AAAHHhhHHH! IIIHHHHHHHHHHIIIiiiiII!!!!
Gnhhhhhh!!!! OOOHHhhhhhhh!!!! AAHhhhAAAHhhaahhhAAAA!!!!



Miiiiiiiiiii

Group: The Onomatopoeists

Mmmhhhhiiiiiii... Ehiiii. Ghiiii!!! Ighi ighi ighi. NNnnjjjjiiii.....
Ih.
Ih.
IIIIIIiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!!!!!

Oh!

Group: The Onomatopoeists

Oh! Ah! Aha!

Oh! Ah! Aha!

Oh! Ah! Aha!

AAAAaaaahhhhhhhh.....

✂

Neeee

Group: The Onomatopoeists

Nnnnhh

Neeeeeeeeeee

Nijieeeee

Ne ne ne ne ne.

✂

The Readymades

✂

The producer - Kim

Group: The Readymades

"I am only what I do - otherwise no one likes me"

Kim produced everything from school trips to big theatre productions. Kim is successful and works as a producer at the dramatic theatre in town, but is stressed tired of always organizing everything. Including this weekend at the parents' summer house. Kim will end up fighting with Alex.

✂

The star - Alex

Group: The Readymades

"I need to be seen - otherwise I'm nothing"

Alex is an actor who wants to be a star. There is always a lot of drama and new things happening for Alex, whether they are potential new great successes or great failures. Working as a freelance actor, Alex constantly hunts for the next job, and is messy both when it comes to planning ahead and having money for the future. Alex's love life is much like the search for jobs - always seeking the next big unique thing. Alex will end up fighting with Kim at the summerhouse.

✂

The caretaker - Robin

Group: The Readymades

"I cannot talk about my real feelings - then no one will like me"

Robin is kind and sweet, listens to everyone, and takes care of people. Robin constantly puts others' feelings before Robin's own feelings. Robin is educated as a pedagogue within theatre and is working as a children's theatre teacher, and sometimes coaches child actors. Robin is sick and will die during the scenario. Because of this Robin has gathered the friends in hopes of one last weekend like it was in the old days. Robin doesn't want to spoil the weekend with the news, and won't tell the others about the illness.

Wall Posters

The Cutups

**The Automatic
Writers**

**The
Onomatopoeists**

The Copycats

The points calculator

**The
Automatic
Writers**

**The
Cutups**

**The
Onomato-
poets**

**The
Copycats**

1

1

-1

The Cabaret

Voltair

Cabaret

Anoter headline
