

Open Call

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Lag kunst. Hos oss. Får du penger? Tja, det finnes litt, og vi prøver å få tak i mer, men vi kan ikke love mer enn litt (haha, skriker lommeboka)*

**Kabaret Zapffe vol. V har mottatt noe støtte og søker mer, hvert innslag som velges ut vil bli honorert likt innenfor den gjeldende økonomiske rammen*

Hva du vil altså, ikke noe problem, vi får det (kanskje?) til å fungere, så lenge du ikke trenger et jetfly eller en katakombe fylt med menneskelige skjeletter eller to tårn (helt spesifikt, uansett størrelse, vi har ikke to tårn). e

KABARET ZAPFFE

Hva: SØKNAD SEND INN

Hvor: Faen vetta jeg vel

Hvordan: Per kråke, eller til magnuslovseth@gmail.com

Når: I tidsrommet 18:04–19:32, 24. mars 2025 (eller før)

Hvor: Slutt og spør, men visning blir femte mai tjuetjuefem/totusenogtjuefem

MEN HVA: Altså, send inn noe du har lyst å vise fram

Hvilke: Hva spør du om nå?

Hvis: (H)vi og du trenger kunst.

Hvorfor: Legitimering av kunst er på egen kappe, men vi stiller som emotional support

Hvo: Det er ikke et spørreord, men vi backer!

Hv: Går det bra?

H: Er oppriktig bekymra på dette tidspunktet.

“if a deserted island is no tragedy, why is a deserted planet?”

— Peter Wessel Zapffe

The magic of a __yellow__ word—Dada—which has brought __famous__ journalists to the gates of a world unforeseen, is of no importance to us. To put out a __slimy__ manifesto you must want: ABC to fulminate against 1, 2, 3 to fly into a rage and sharpen your wings to conquer and disseminate little abcs and big abcs, to sign, shout, swear, to organize __silly__ prose into a form of absolute and irrefutable evidence, to prove your non plus ultra and maintain that novelty resembles life just as the latest-appearance of some __Godly__ whore proves the essence of God. His existence was previously proved by the __fucking__ accordion the __nice__ landscape, the wheedling word. To impose your ABC is a natural thing—hence deplorable. Everybody does it in the form of crystalbluffmadonna, monetary system, pharmaceutical product, or a bare leg advertising the ardent sterile spring. The love of novelty is the cross of sympathy, demonstrates a naive je m'enfoutisme, it is a transitory, positive sign without a __groggy__ cause. But this need itself is obsolete. In documenting __snill__ art on the basis of the supreme simplicity: novelty,

KABARET ZAPPFE

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we are human and true for the sake of amusement, impulsive, vibrant to crucify boredom. At the __boring__ crossroads of the lights, alert, attentively awaiting the years, in the __sexy__ forest. I write a __groovy__ manifesto and I want nothing, yet I say certain things, and in principle I am against __poopy__ manifestoes, as I am also against __peey__ principles (half-pints to measure the moral value of every phrase too convenient; approximation was invented by the __french__ impressionists). I write this manifesto to show that __german__ people can perform contrary actions together while taking one fresh gulp of __italian__ air; I am against action; for continuous contradiction, for affirmation too, I am neither for nor against and I do not explain because I hate common sense.

Dada Means Nothing

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