

Club Felis

*You only live nine times
Cats do what cats do best
A cat always lands on it's feet*



A larp by Martin Brodén, Ada Fredelius and Anna-Karin Linder

"Welcome all you cats and friends to Club Felis! Not everyone is welcome here, but you are! Are there any dogs among the audience maybe? Not so? Are there any mice among the audience? Not that either? But can everyone who belongs to the family of cats raise their paws and give me a resounding MEOW! Thank you! Dear friends, today we will offer you something extraordinary: Our favorite singer Missy will squeeze the last drop of blood from a couple of wonderful old hits (pause for applause). We will announce who is the deserving winner of the Cat of the Year award! Those of you who want to brave the competition should talk with Agent Orange. Apart from that, enjoy the milk and other extravaganza. You have been here before, so you know what the deal is. Please welcome Scat Cats! (music!)"

- George - master of ceremonies at Club Felis

Introduction

Club Felis is a larp for 20 - 40 players. This is a larp about cats living in the city, and meeting in their very own nightclub - Club Felis. Here the stray cats and posh house cats mingle. They flirt, play, drink milk and enjoy their cat mint. In particular they participate in or enjoy watching the Cat of the Year competition, which is held every week. The recommended time frame for the game is one evening. The organizers should also schedule some time for a workshop before the game for people to practice playing anthropomorphic cats and for putting on make-up and costumes. In the following document you will find sections on the world of Club Felis, a presentation of the characters and some guidelines on what the organizers need to do to prepare the game.

The world of Club Felis

Find your inner cat

This playing style of this larp should be quite physical. The characters are all cats, although not regular "realistic" cats. They are antropomorph cats like you will find in a cartoon or in the musical "Cats". To be able to behave like a cat you have to move and use your body in a different way than in a regular larp where people play human characters. One guideline can be to aim at moving around like you're 70% human and 30% cat.

Cat of the Year

During the course of the evening someone will be awarded as Cat of the Year, something which happens every week at Cub Felis. Cat of the Year is a talent competition. If you want to do something on stage, go ahead! During the year many cats have won Cat of Year. Mephestoffilies is sure to remind you that it has won the competition many times. You can prepare something or do something completely spontaneous. The winner is decided by a jury of some of the most prominent cats present at Club Felis tonight.

Scatcats

The resident jazz band of Club Felis. It varies from night to night exactly which cats are playing in Scatcats. It also varies which instruments they play. The only thing you can be certain about is that Scatcats will play some great his during the night and that Missy will sing her heart out with them.

Housecats and alley cats

The house cats and alley cats are like oil and water. Those alley cats which once were housecats but who ran away talk about always having humans around them and not being free to do whatever they wanted when they wanted. On the other hand an abandoned summer cat can tell about the longing for a living hands, warm and dry houses and regular meals. The alley cats can't help sometimes almost despising the house cats, who sacrifice freedom for comfort. But the housecats know better, they sit dry and comfortable in the window looking down on the scruffy hairballs in the gutters.

But can a house cat and an alley cat love each other. The thought is absurd and ridiculous, the alley cats and the house cats play a paw length apart. To join the other's dance is to cross an invisible border. A lone house cat venturing onto the alley cats' territory should watch their step. Loving is even more difficult. But nothing is so difficult that a curious cat doesn't consider the adventure. Maybe Club Felis will have their own Romeo and Juliet?

The name of a cat

*But I tell you a cat needs a name that's particular
A name that's peculiar, and more dignified
Else how can he keep up his tail perpendicular
Or spread out his whiskers, or cherish his pride?*

Most cats have two names. The house cats gets their first name from their human owners. This name often says more about their owners than about the cat itself. A scarred fighter living with humans might well end up with a name like Maia. The last name of a house cat describes the area of the city it's living in.

Example:

Lola from Downtown

The first name of an alley cat often refer to something the cat is associated with. The second name can similar to the name of a house cat say something about where it lives. But more often it says something about who the cat is or what it has achieved.

Example:

Felix from the Docks

A cat is always it

Even though most cats know which gender they are this is not considered important when they are not in heat. This is a larp that gives the participants the opportunity to play with gender stereotypes. When they are not in heat, a cats biological gender isn't important - at least not in this game. All characters can be played by both men and women. A man can play a posh diva and a woman a rough alley cat. The important thing is that the gender of the player shouldn't limit which character one can play. The personal pronoun to use for a cat is it, not he or she.

Example: Ye, I've met Waddy, and I like it.

Physical play

Cats don't have sex, they mate. This is something they do when they are in heat and is not linked to love or romance. The cats are not in heat during the game. Cats are however quite physical with each other. They show physical tenderness through playing and touching each other with paws, arms and face. since most cats have very ticklish stomachs, they don't like to be touched there.

A mystical world

We are living in a mystical world. Every cat knows this and accepts it. Humans don't understand this. They live too high above the ground, their noses and ears are too weak. Their bodies too strange. But we cats know something. We know that something happens every full moon. We know something happens, but not exactly what. There are strange scents all over the city in March. We don't know who is making these scents, but it's something we can discover. The world is big. It is unexplored. Even here in the city there are white spots. A ball can be a ball, but it can just as well be something else. A cat keeps its eyes, ears and nose open. If there is one thing a cat knows, it is the fact that nothing is constant and unchangeable. Nothing ever remains the same.

Visiting the Moon Cat is never Easy. It lives by the botanical garden, but keeps itself well hidden. Only a brave cat with a lot of determination and who really seeks knowledge will be allowed to meet the Moon Cat. The answers it gives are not always those a cat would wish. The phases of the moon changes the world. In March the Moon is heavy and fertile, in December cold and distant. Only the Moon Cat knows what a Cat should do and which signs of the moon will bring luck for different adventures. It is said that the moon cat has nine times nine lives.

What this larp is aiming at

Yes:

Sensuality

Playfulness

Respect

Catlike non-logic

An open mind for the other players' initiatives.

No:

Sexism

World of Darkness

Power-gaming

Violence

To sit in a corner and look enigmatic the whole evening.

Preparations

The setting for this game is a nightclub for cats, so you need to find a place that you feel that will work for this. You could rent an actual bar or club if they allow you to have a closed party for a night, or you could just find an empty room which you can fill with some scenography. The scenography can be very simple or you could go wild with lights, pillows and carpets. There should be an area designated as the stage for the Cat of the year competition and a bar selling milk drinks. The drinks can be with or without alcohol, depending on your venue and the group of people you're targeting as potential participants. A nightclub also needs music. Club Felis has their own band, Scatcats. In your game Scatcat can be an actual jazz band if some of the participants play instruments and want to take the time to prepare some songs for the game, or it could just be an appropriate soundtrack which you have prepared in advance.

In addition to being a larp about playful cats, Club Felis is also a game about the city itself. In this English translation of the game the parts of the city where each house cat lives is just indicated generically. When the game has been played in cities in Norway and Sweden these cats were given names from specific parts of the city. If you do that as well the characters can also work as parodies of how people perceive different areas of the city, and the participants can use conceptions on the social and cultural boundaries between the posher and the poorer areas of the city when they construct their characters.

You need to inform the participants in advance which type of costumes to bring. We recommend just using regular "human" clothes which says something about the character and getting hold of some theater make-up so that everyone can paint themselves like cats before the game begins. If you want you can also add tails and/or ears.

Club Felis is a playful game emphasizing atmosphere and interaction ahead of pre-scripted plots or mysteries. Each character is just a paragraph. You should encourage the participants improvise from this base and feel free to generate new content. Since it's such an open game it is not important either exactly which characters are present at this particular night at Club Felis. If you have fewer players than characters, just let the participants use the characters they want and leave out the rest. We recommend that you prepare a short workshop for the participants to be held immediately before the game begins. Here you should let the players introduce their characters to each other and let them practice how they will move and use their bodies in the game. You can also add some drama exercises to warm everyone up and to get them comfortable playing with each other and leave behind the fear of making a fool of themselves.

The game starts with George, the master of ceremonies at Club Felis, making his introductions. The game should last for a couple of hours with the Cat of the Year competition continuing throughout the night. When eventually a winner is declared the game should end not too long after that. It has become a tradition that Club Felis ends with everyone singing the song "Everybody wants to be a Cat" from the Disney cartoon "The Aristocats".

The Characters

Agent Orange



House cat, bartender and member of the Felis crew. War gamers. Role-players. In short, nerds. Agent Orange didn't mind, once it learned not to walk on the kitchen table on gaming nights. Agent Orange didn't mind lots of things, being sterilized. But it is the best god damn bartender in town.

Ajax from the posh city area



House cat, nip addict and diva. A fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity. Most cats believe that even its' owners are a bit afraid of Ajax.

Amadeus Ophelia from the Grand Old Theatre



Amadeus Ophelia is the ecstatic director of Club Felis. He has been the owner of the club for many year after taking over from Humphrey, the previous director. Under the loving paws of Amadeus the club has become the place to be for all cats in the city. Everything except fighting and mating is allowed. Amadeus is a big fan of musical acts and long-tailed housecats.

Sing cats, sing!

Asphalt



Har du nåt eller?

Alley cat. The summer cat.

One day the cottage was empty. The family was gone, no one had put out any milk. It wandered into the city. There it found other cats. Cats that learned it about the hard but free life as a cat. Cats that knew where to get nip and mice. Above all else nip. Asphalt can often be found next to an empty package of nip with eyes empty, remembering the cottage of summer.

Butler

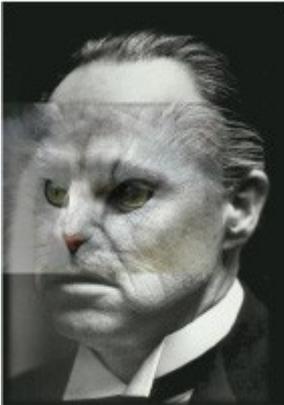


House cat, Caligula's right paw.

This black Burmese cat is the shadow of Caligula. Always in the vicinity of it's cat master, or working for it´s bidding. No one has ever dared to mention that Butler has won more prices at the cat exhibition. In general, there are a lot of things you don't dare to tell Caligula...

Of course, you don't have to return the toy mouse right now. You can wait until tomorrow night, though it is at your own risk.

Caligula from the posh suburb



House cat. Provider, pusher and definitely not to be messed with.

When Caligula is present, Butler is nearby. No one has ever dared to mention that Butler has won more prices at the cat exhibition. In general, there are a lot of things you don't dare to tell Caligula.

Two packages of nip? No problem. Eighteen cans of Tuna until Friday? Come and get them at the dock. No need to thank me, next time you´ll get to do me a favor. I´ll contact you.

Claws



Muckar du med mig?

alley cat, has a tendency to get into trouble

A cat does not pick a fight with Claws. It was banned from Club Felis two months ago, but has been allowed to enter after promising George that it will keep calm.

Talking to me?

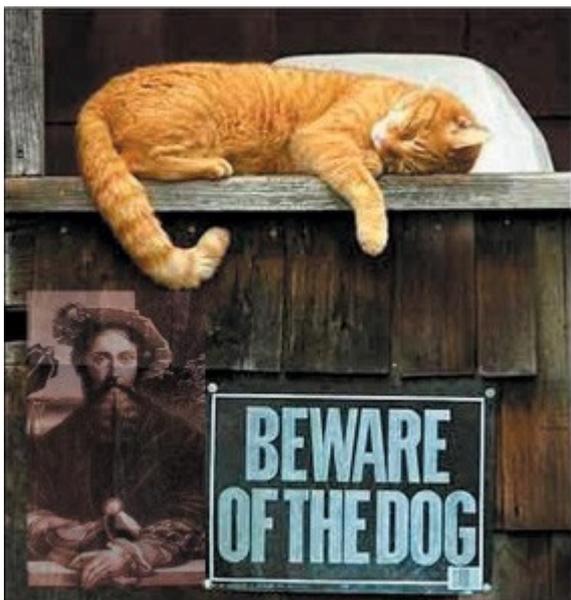
Crocus



"Just a cat and it's will to survive.."

Crocus has learned the hard way. Scarred and battered but with many friends among the alley cats. Has a soft spot for cool house cats, but it's something that it will never admit. Just a cat and it's will to survive.

Columbus the Sailor



Alley cat. Takes a strange interest in boats.

A lively cat with a happy go lucky attitude. Columbus has made friends with the old man who drives the small ferry across the river of Metropolis. It often brags about its travels at sea, although no one of the other cats understand why anyone would set paw on a boat.

Dandy from the even more posh suburb



House cat, often seen at exhibitions.

Dandy glides through life, pampered with toys and expensive cat food. A night at Club Felis might of course be... exciting.

If the alley cats get no Whiskas why don't they just eat Sheba instead?

Felix from the docks



Alley cat. Dreams of participating in Cat of the Year.

Is it because of the red fur, or because it slept in a carton that had once held Felix Tomato Ketchup? Nobody really knows, and Felix itself couldn't care less. It's probably too busy stealing food from the closest garbage can.

Fimp



Alley cat who ran away from its owners

The kind bohemian of the slum. An untroubled kitten that takes the day as it comes and always manages to get itself a meal by managing to look absolutely adoring. A run away from a year back.

And the cat went its own little way and wiggled its wild little tail, you know!

Four and Five



Alley cats, the gang of Scobie, the "siamese twins"

Four and Five were the last ones of their litter and sometimes they argue about who is and who. Most cats can't even tell them apart.

We are the pretty petty thieves

George



Master of ceremonies at Club Felis

"Welcome all you cats and friends to Club Felis! Not everyone is welcome here, but you are! Are there any dogs among the audience maybe? Not so? Are there any mice among the audience? Not that either? But can everyone who belongs to the family of cats raise their paws and give me a resounding MEOW! Thank you! Dear friends, today we will offer you something extraordinary: Our favorite singer Missy will squeeze the last drop of blood from a couple of wonderful old hits (pause for applause). We will announce who is the deserving winner of the Cat of the Year award! Those of you who want to brave the competition should talk with Agent Orange. Apart from that, enjoy the milk and other extravaganza. You have been here before, so you know what the deal is. Please welcome Scat Cats! (music!)"

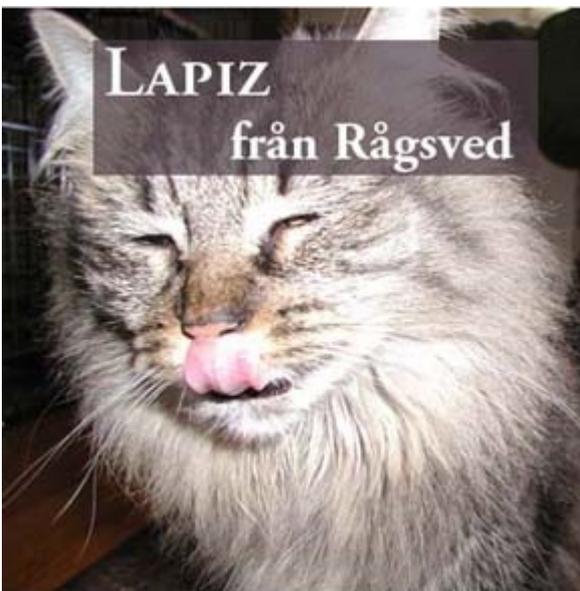
Guinness the Red



Alley cat. survivor

Bitter? No, not me, definitely not me, cat. Let me introduce my old friend Old Grey, a nice old chap. Where I live? In a box for Guinness bottles, right in the middle of the city. Want to know anything about life, little cat? The only thing worth knowing is never trusting that anyone will take care of you.

Lapiz, from the villa suburb



House cat

Lapiz is a jovial and easy going cat with a slight tendency to put on weight. It lives with a lovely old couple who adores it and overfeeds it. Lapiz often participates in Cat of The Year, but so far Mazarin has beaten it. Is a bit too fond of nip.

Little Blacky



Abandoned house cat, "summer cat".

Little Blacky manages to get by thanks to peoples kindness. People like Pusher-Pete and Maggie from the red light district usually give it warmth and shelter. Most of all, Little Blacky longs for love, love and tenderness

Lola from downtown



House cat, longs to take Missy's place as singer at Club Felis

Whatever Lola wants

Lola gets

And little cat

Little Lola wants you

Why would anyone want to hear a shabby stray cat, when I'm around?

Marx from the ethno-hood

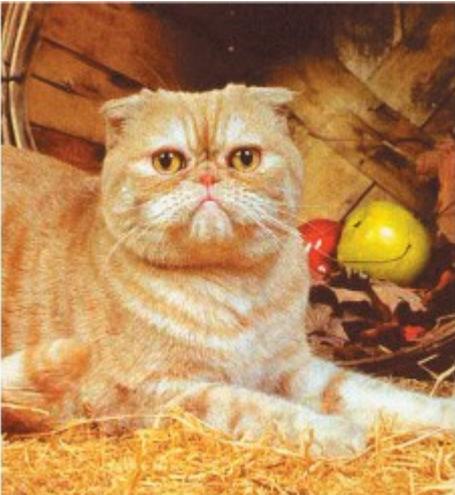


House cat, agitator

A cat should do its' duty. If a cat is fed at home, it is not solidarity to eat other cats' mice. We cats should stay together. Shake paws instead of scratching claws.

Marx fought for the rights of stray cats, and found Sparta.

Mazarine from the white middle class suburb



House cat, of Rag-doll breed.

Mazarine was the last one left in the box when its' siblings was given away at the animal shelter. It mewed for Mum and its' siblings, but none came. And then, Edith came, with a neat bun of gray hair and a hand bag on her shoulder. Mazarine wasn't alone anymore. Edith has six grandchildren who all love the cat. They play with it all the time and are not always careful. Sometimes Mazarine thinks that it hates humans, but not Edith of course. Rag-doll cat: A large, Persian like breed with a peculiar behaviour. When lifted or held its' entire body relaxes. This makes it an ideal pet for families with small children.

Mephestoffilies



The whussie bouncer, alley cat

Mephestoffilies believes itself to be brave and fearless. Until, that is, it gets itself into trouble. Mephestoffilies has the responsibility to be the bouncer of Club Felis, a mission it fails miserably, trying to be everybody's friend. Often tells dull stories about "The brave Siamese".

Missy



Mjau!

Alleycat, singer of Club Felis

Missy is the undisputed first voice of Club Felis, and is as such a part of the Club Felis crew. Her favourite tune is "Summer cat" (tune: "Summertime" - the classic song from Porgy and Bess).

*Summer cat, you think life is easy
Fish are jumping and the water is wet
And your mistress is rich
And your master good looking
So don't cry kitty
Sweet, sweet dreams*

*But then one morning
You 'll be waking up lonely
You must sharpen your claws
And get by on your own
But until that morning
There is no need to worry
So don 't cry kitty
Sweet, sweet dreams*

Moses



House cat, the stray that found a home

It was all rough on the streets. Mostly I would find myself roaming the streets, longing for food. It was hard just surviving. But then master appeared in my life and I got a ribbon. Being here, it almost feels as if I cheat on master. Maybe I should be an indoor cat. But I still like to roam the streets sometimes. Because I know there will always be a bowl of fat cream waiting for me. At home. That is love - the love between cat and man.

Mog the Rat-killer from the farm



The rural house cat

An independent cat from the barn, scarred and bruised after many battles with the different wild animals surrounding the farm. Lives on rats. Often travels out in the wilderness for long strides, returning with fresh scars. It's best friend are Daisy, Rosy and Mayflower, the barn's cows.

Nietzsche from the the bohemian quarters



House cat, poet and philosopher

My purr can be heard

O'er the roofs, can be heard

Into the night

O'er the roofs

Like a cat

Like a sad cat

Like a happy cat

I run, o'er the roofs

Nietzsche was always number two at the exhibitions, and number one at being a know-how.

Ninja



The house ninja cat, the Juliet of Club Felis.

The quickest cat in town, Ninja moves like lightning and stings like a bee. Not in any way aggressive, but never the less totally unable to keep itself calm. But it carried some strange kind of love for Scabie, the stray cat, that was totally unfit, Ninja being a house cat.

Old Grey



Alley cat, old, scared and bitter

Old Grey has seen it's days of youth and glory pass. It spends most of it's time with Guinness the Red, telling tales of days past.

Keep away from my curb, kitty

Peaches from the suburb.



Missing! Our cat Peches.

Red cat, about two years old. Was last seen a week ago by the market place. A bit aggressive but we miss her. If you have seen any cat that might be Peaches, please call the number below.

0739327309

The Eriksson family

Paper basket wet fur



Bitter run away alley cat

Oh yes, if a cat lives in a paper basket it will get rather cold. And moist. But one should not complain. I never complain. I never complain that I run away from a nice, warm home with good people. No, not me, never.

Parmesan



Summer alleycat

Abandoned. Parmesan loved it's masters dearly, until the day came when it wasn't worth anything to them anymore. Parmesan saw it's masters go away, tapping Parmesan one final time, Parmesan not realising they would never come back. After almost starving to death, Parmesan found some left over cheers. It then travelled to the city, looking for it's lost masters. The sorrow continues to haunt Parmesan.

Rai from the Indian restaurant



*Bichhdey abhi to hum, bas kal parso,
jiyongi main kaisey, is haal mein barson?
Maut na aayi, teri yaad kyon aayi,
Haaye, lambi judaayi!*

*We have been apart only a day or two
How can I endure year after year?
Death doesn't come to me, why in stead these memories of you?
O this eternal separation!*

Rai's owners is an Indian family owning a restaurant. This has made Raj a cat that doesn't know what hunger is. Long Saturdays with Bollywood movies has made it an incurable romantic with a storming emotional life. It dreams of winning Cat of the Year and that everyone in the club starts a spontaneous dance in honor of Rai!

Scabbie



Alley cat, the Romeo of Club Felis, leader of the Siamese twins Four and Five
The tramp is a lady –
a fleecy, depraved gigolo with a torn elegance and sharp claws. At home in all alleys and back streets, surrounded by the gang (Four and Five). It has a glowing but changeable heart underneath the dull fur. Right now it beats particularly for the house cat Ninja.

Schopenhauer, from the suburban university



House cat, sort of...

None in the student's home can even remember who actually got the cat, but most of the time, they remember to feed it. It moves outside during the summer and returns with autumn. Manages somehow to survive on leftovers from noodles and crusts of pizza. A well-read and carefree cat.

Sparta



Alley cat.

Well, it might not always end up right, but what should one do...

Hardy little broken player that despite the ragged appearance has some style shining through. Something of a clumsy anti hero that manages to get away with the lot and, not without some amounts of trouble, ends up on the other side of the adventure with a smile and a cool pose regardless of whether it was one hell of a success or not.

Sparta's best friend was the house cat Marx from the ethno-hood, wasn't that alone a dare?

Tiny, from the middle class suburb



House cat

When you turn to look, it has just disappeared around the corner. Tiny is here, there and everywhere, leaping from adventure to adventure. It loves to get away from the noisy family and get out to jazz to jazz at Club Felis.

Tipsy III from the calm outer town



House cat, often seen at cat exhibitions

I can not get dirty now, because my mistress just bathed me.

Shelf after shelf of price cups from exhibitions have not succeeded in making Tipsy stuck-up. A slightly over-breaded Persian who wants the best for everyone.

Triple from that boring suburb with just one square



House cat.

A pussycat with sympathy and understanding for everything and everyone. The rumors tell that it doesn't even kill birds. It lives with a loving and harmonic new age family that on occasions tries to make it interested in finger paint art.

Tybalt



The Prince of Cats, leader of the alley cats

The true gentlecat's thief, Tybalt, once a house cat, then a simple cat burglar, is now the unacclaimed leader of the streets. All stray cats pay homage the the prince of cats, and all house cats fear or avoid it.

Left my mistress, didn't look back, and haven't regretted it since.

Waddy from the crossroad suburb



House cat, although not very often at home.

The cat all day with a gleam in the eye. Always heading for new adventure, with an endless line of broken hearts left behind. Welcome to every place where cats dwell, often seen tail in tail with Peaches.