KLATCH 3

survey:
"Impact:"

no cat mascot

9.46 pm

Centre of power
no orange

KLATCH 3

"sudden"
"impression"
9:57.5
cop says

hemisphere?

aquarial
film museé

Lake merritt
dark

lower margin?
May?

less emissions

May or mante?

Putney Sube
Cl
smell, elfs

"I don't know
the word
impact" 10:00pm

"painful
Crash"
~~to~~ 9:50 p.m

"Many
things"
9:55 AM

The taxis
don't like
here

If the minority is
vocal ~~to~~
& the majority remains
silent,
who do you listen to

Klatch No.3 (4)

14th May 2010

Certain members of the Klatch collective, along with other interested parties, met on Friday 14th May 2010 in London (England) at "The Horse", in pub near the South Bank of the Thames.

The purpose of the meeting, among other things, was to collect together a magazine of creative works which we have chosen to call "Klatch No.3". These creative works are presented in this volume.

A happening was also instigated, which we have chosen to call a "Dérive". This involved short spontaneous journeys around the city, with the aim of engaging with built environments in new ways. A brief introduction to the concept of a "Dérive" is provided in the form of extracts an essay by Ivan Chtcheglov.

A number of "maps" were used to help navigate around these journeys, and these maps are also included in this volume.

Michael Zand

Gilles Ivain [Ivan Chtcheglov]

October 1953
printed in *Internationale Situationniste* #1

Translated by Ken Knabb (Extract)

Sire, I am from another country

WE ARE BORED in the city, there is no longer any Temple of the Sun. Between the legs of the women walking by, the dadaists imagined a monkey wrench and the surrealists a crystal cup. That's lost. We know how to read every promise in faces – the latest stage of morphology. The poetry of the billboards lasted twenty years. We are bored in the city, we really have to strain to still discover mysteries on the sidewalk billboards, the latest state of humor and poetry:

Showerbath of the Patriarchs
Meat Cutting Machines
Notre Dame Zoo
Sports Pharmacy
Martyrs Provisions
Translucent Concrete
Golden Touch Sawmill
Center for Functional Recuperation
Sainte Anne Ambulance
Café Fifth Avenue
Prolonged Volunteers Street
Family Boarding House in the Garden
Hotel of Strangers
Wild Street

And the swimming pool on the Street of Little Girls. And the police station on Rendezvous Street. The medical-surgical clinic and the free placement center on the Quai des Orfèvres. The artificial flowers on Sun Street. The Castle Cellars Hotel, the Ocean Bar and the Coming and Going Café. The Hotel of the Epoch.

And the strange statue of Dr. Philippe Pinel, benefactor of the insane, in the last evenings of summer. Exploring Paris.

And you, forgotten, your memories ravaged by all the consternations of two hemispheres, stranded in the Red Cellars of Pali-Kao, without music and without geography, no longer setting out for the hacienda *where the roots think of the child and where the wine is finished off with fables from an old almanac*. That's all over. You'll never see the hacienda. It doesn't exist.

The hacienda must be built.

We don't intend to prolong the mechanistic civilizations and frigid architecture that ultimately lead to boring leisure.

We propose to invent new, changeable decors. . . .

Architectural complexes will be modifiable. Their aspect will change totally or partially in accordance with the will of their inhabitants. . . .

The architecture of tomorrow will be a means of modifying present conceptions of time and space. It will be a means of *knowledge* and a *means of action*.

A mental disease has swept the planet: banalization. Everyone is hypnotized by production and conveniences — sewage systems, elevators, bathrooms, washing machines.

This state of affairs, arising out of a struggle against poverty, has overshot its ultimate goal — the liberation of humanity from material cares — and become an omnipresent obsessive image. Presented with the alternative of love or a garbage disposal unit, young people of all countries have chosen the garbage disposal unit. It has become essential to provoke a complete spiritual transformation by bringing to light forgotten desires and by creating entirely new ones. And by carrying out an *intensive propaganda* in favor of these desires.

We have already pointed out the construction of situations as being one of the fundamental desires on which the next civilization will be founded. This need for *total* creation has always been intimately associated with the need to *play* with architecture, time and space. . . .

This new vision of time and space, which will be the theoretical basis of future constructions, is still imprecise and will remain so until experimentation with patterns of behavior has taken place in cities specifically established for this purpose, cities assembling — in addition to the facilities necessary for basic comfort and security — buildings charged with evocative power, symbolic edifices representing desires, forces and events, past, present and to come. A rational extension of the old religious systems, of old tales, and above all of psychoanalysis, into architectural expression becomes more and more urgent as all the reasons for becoming impassioned disappear.

Everyone will live in their own personal "cathedral." There will be rooms more conducive to dreams than any drug, and houses where one cannot help but love. Others will be irresistibly alluring to travelers. . . .

This project could be compared with the Chinese and Japanese gardens of illusory perspectives [*en trompe l'oeiI*] — with the difference that those gardens are not designed to be lived in all the time — or with the ridiculous labyrinth in the Jardin des Plantes, at the entry to which is written (height of absurdity, Ariadne unemployed): *Games are forbidden in the labyrinth*.

The districts of this city could correspond to the whole spectrum of diverse feelings that one encounters by chance in everyday life.

The main activity of the inhabitants will be CONTINUOUS DRIFTING. The changing of landscapes from one hour to the next will result in total disorientation. . . .

Later, as the gestures inevitably grow stale, this drifting [dérive] will partially leave the realm of direct experience for that of representation. . . .

SCHIBBOLETH Paul Celan (from *Von Schwelle zu Schwelle,* 1955)

SHIBBOLETH *version by Harry Gilonis*

Along with my stones,
wept-large
behind the bars,

they dragged me
into the middle of the market,
there,
there where the flag unfurls to which
I swore no allegiance.

Flute,
double-flute of the night:
remember the dark
twin-redness
in Vienna and Madrid.

Set your flag at the half-mast,
memory.
At the half-mast
for today and forever.

Heart:
here too make yourself known,
here, in the middle of the market.
Call out the shibboleth, call it
in the foreign country that is home:
February. No pasaran.

Einhorn,
you know about the stones,
you know about the water,
come,
I will lead you away
to the voices
of Extremadura.

A *doppel-flöte* is an organ-stop, not an ethnic or ancient Greek instrument. There are many revolutionary Februaries; here, specifically, the 1934 'February Uprising' in Austria, and the 1936 electoral victory of the *Frente Popular*, a Spanish leftist coalition overthrown by Franco by civil war (July 1936-1939). Celan was among students in Czernowitz who celebrated this electoral victory. For *shibboleth* see Judges, 12: 5-5. "¡No Pasarán!" has been a left slogan since La Pasionara's speech rallying defenders of Madrid against Franco in July 1936; here Celan doses not italicise it or give it its proper acute accent, making it a German phrase – as I have made it an English one. I owe to conversation with Edouard Roditi the observation that Einhorn (sometimes translated literally as 'unicorn'!) was the surname of a school-friend of Celan's, Erich Einhorn, active in left politics. Early in the Franco upising most of Estremadura fell to the Nationalists. Celan met refugees from Franco in France on several occasions – in Tours in 1938 with his school-friend Manuel Singer, and again in Normandy in 1962.

IN EINS Paul Celan (from *Die Niemandsrose,* 1964)

IN ONE *version by Harry Gilonis*

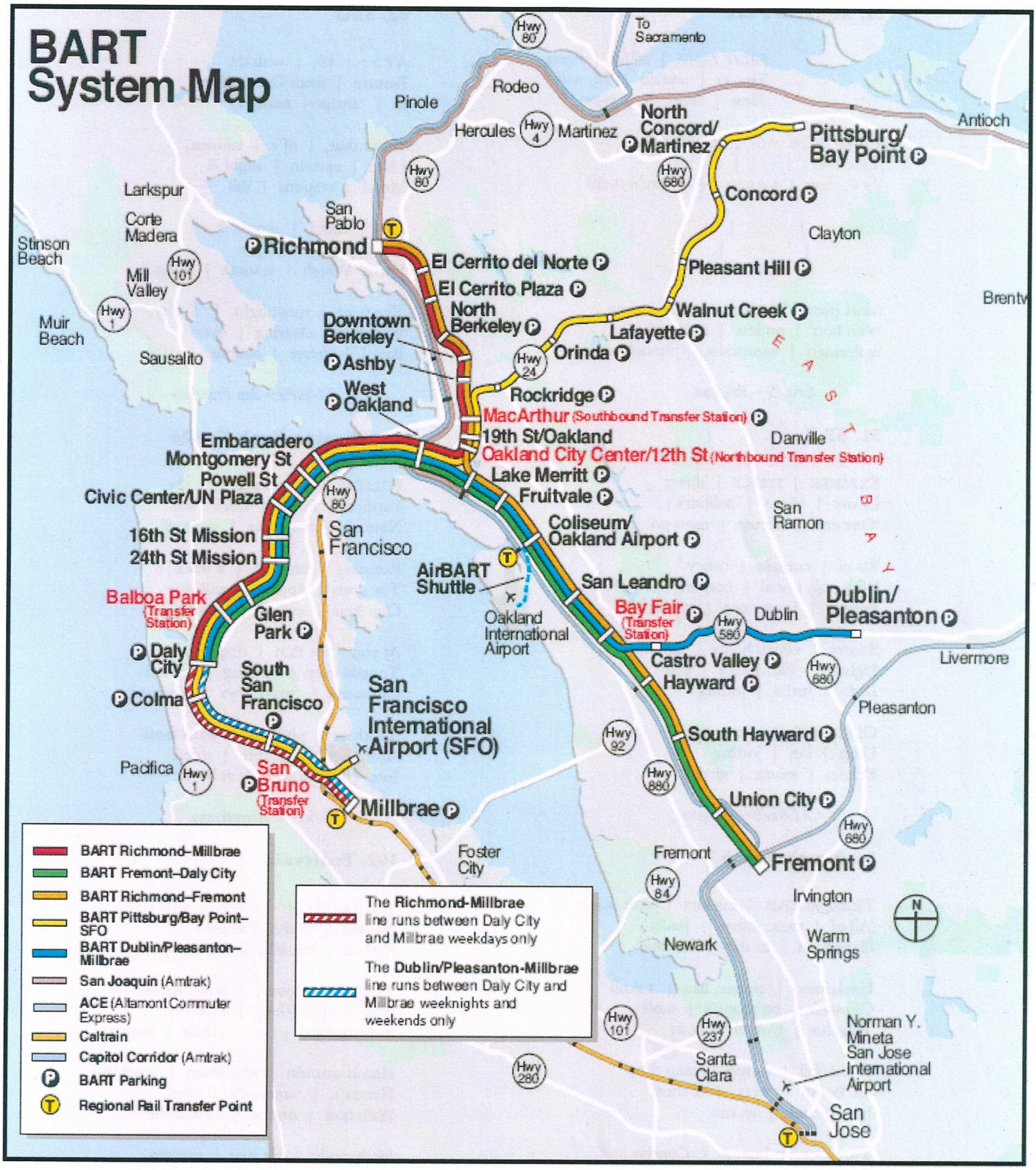
Thirteenth of February. In the heart's mouth
shibboleth awoken. With you,
peuple
de Paris. *No pasarán.*

Little sheep to the left: he, Abadias,
the old man from Huesca, came with his dogs
over the field, in exile
hung white a cloud
of human nobility, he spoke
the word into our hands, the word that was needed, it was
shepherd's-Spanish, therein,

in icelight of the cruiser 'Aurora':
the fraternal hand, signalling
from the world-wide eyes
with the named blindfold – Petropolis, the
wandering city lay
Tuscanly close to your heart also.

Peace to the cottages!

There are many revolutionary Februaries, and some revolutionary February 13ths. The 1934 'February Uprising' in Austria was crushed first in Vienna on 13 February when Dollfuss had the workers' quarter of Vienna shelled with artillery fire. (The 1936 electoral victory of the Spanish *Frente Popular* is a near-miss – 16 February.) There was a series of demonstrations in Paris in late 1961/early 1962 to protest the activities of the OAS and the colonialist war in Algeria, in which the police killed dozens if not hundreds of demonstrators; after one in February 1962 in which 8 Communist demonstrators and a young boy were killed by police in the stairwell of the Charonne métro station, there were mass demonstrations of solidarity at their joint funeral in the Père Lachaise cemetery - on 13 February. Derrida makes the link between this and Celan's poem, written shortly afterwards. Celan performs a *détournement* on the French Fascist Pierre Drieu la Rochelle's article 'Le peuple est avec nous' (published in *L'Emancipation Nationale* on 13 February 1937). '¡No Pasarán!' has been a left slogan since La Pasionara's speech rallying defenders of Madrid against Franco in 1936. Celan met refugees from Franco in France on several occasions – the 'Abadias' of this poem in Normandy in 1962. Huesca was the scene of bitter fighting during the Spanish civil war. For *shibboleth* see Judges, 12: 5-5. The *Aurora* was a Russian cruiser in the Baltic squadron, stationed at Petrograd. Many of her crew were swept up in the 'February Revolution' in early 1917, and the refusal of her crew to take her to sea sparked the October revolution of that same year – notionally ended by her shelling of the Winter Palace. Osip Mandelstam (to whom Celan's book *Die Niemandsrose* was dedicated) calls Petrograd 'Petropolis' in his book *Tristia*, notionally published in 'Petropolis' in 1922; a poem therein refers to the 'black velvet of Soviet night'. 'Tuscan' hint at Mandelstam's obsssion with Dante, who (like Celan and Mandelstam) was an exile. "Peace to the cottages! War to the palaces!" was a slogan in an 1833/34 revolutionary pamphlet by the German playright Georg Büchner; it led him, too, into exile. Celan's obsession with Büchner is wll-known – see his famous 'Meridian' speech.



R.T.A. Parker – from *from The Mountain of California* …

44. Aquatic Park

FRUIT TASTE | all till | regain
That, or | who the | Thy with
Above | things, & | prefer,

& thou | on with | [that] preg
Nant *what* : | to I | the first
View. Say | parents ; | 'Heav'n their

One who | revolt | guile dec
Eiv'd his | Heaven | angels,
Himself | trusted' | — if ag

Ainst [that] | rais'd proud | power.
With bott | omless | chains the
Spacemen | vanquisht, | though more.

6/ix/9 – Brighton

51. SF Zoo

EXPANDS | ITSELF | direct
Ly out | of the | ballpark ;
'One can | accuse | most po

Ets of | compla | cency.'
With rad | ical | corners
Fuller's | huge deep | upturned

Saucer | which holds | tea thus
Lightly, | Newport's | geo
Desis | just a | jotting

Of the | fugi | tive past.
Utop | ian | jotting
Echoes | *missile* | girder.

11/ix/9 – Glasgow

54. North Beach

THESE ROOMS | instinct | with death
(All of | these things | really
Happened | to me) | buttons

Unclaimed | corpse, like | a skull
Of monk | on monk's | table
Thus his | careful | body

Freed (foll | owing | snap drop
Of 'bomb' | over, | & then,
Inev | itab | ly, on

To, pluck, | Japan). | Condor,
Our an | atom | ies re
Main locked | separate/ | the same.

11/ix/9 – Glasgow

82. SFO

AT 5 : | 15, | with de
Parture | from Cal | iforn
Ia | 'imma | nent', I

Knew that, | of a | sudden,
I had | certain | slight &
Moral | respons | ibil

Ities | that I | should &
I am | able | to per
Form. Which | is some | thing in

The faint | moonlight. | Today,
With fog | clearing | over
Bay, I | define | actions.

24/ix/9 – San Francisco

95. Mission Peak Trails

FOLLOW | THE track | to the
Farm, a | forest | track : see
Note on | trace, the | sport of

Running | on such | a track
The gods | appear | with fire
Out their | eyes & | looking

At you | or that | dog with
Tongue grey | & slung | out left
Of mouth | 'twixt rows | of guard

Tooth or | pink the | trails tooth
Arm, they're| purple | sided
Into | green gods | at heels.

5/x/9 – Abergavenny

102. Fruitvale

THUS GUILE | deceiv'd | that Greece.
Heaven | at this | angel's
Agreed | himself, | their sought

Trusted | ardour, | arms/hands
If ag | ainst [that] | then thy
Rais'd proud | Greece, their | power.

Hands wouldst | spacemen | wash thou
Hector's, | vanquisht | even
With bott | omless | chains the

Bitch could | n't stay | my pro
Gress, cash | rich, rich | content
My ci | ty by | the Bay.

6/x/9 – Abergavenny

Shale

Take a green triangle –

a whiplash

disembodied colours spread over the entire surface

Green, red and blue twist around each other in turn four times within a continuous band

and by mirroring these vertical bands a series of colour zones appears

along the path beside you go tamarisks, gorse and stony lichens like a moving frieze of pinks, greens and yellows

and mutability

a mass of tiny glittering units like a rain of arrows

travelling horizontally

But two is a difficult situation, it can be like a full stop

and the rocks and cliffs are reduced to either plain silhouettes or smoky shades of grey.

which can be seen as an even, linear movement – or as a three-dimensional form in space

They are shifts within a particular envelope.

Shekasfeh #2

michael zand

://///

://///

://///

is gone is
blocked
but there
and the . Blocked ://///

://///

near ramallah rats . rat at at

://///

east jerusalem . is blues
wafting / along the narrative

:- - -

fcol . enough for a
soldiers . now
prism . and then
connate . by the the

://///

open in the gates . sheets
or the splits . in territories
near ramallah rats . rat at at

:((((

if only . i cou
chip . bit by bit
taste her again
bit by bit by
a light breeze
hashem
strawberries
like all . Ever ://///

://///

i still pang . my darling)

://///

(but I'm still a jew

://///

:-oo

://///

then i . would
even if it
when it . men
i truly would
stretch . me
is a cross

://///

://///

://///

lots of girls and lots of boys
the scent of jesus . scares
ashara . the love of ashara
staked in an open concourse
we are closed / they are inside
habibi . like bang on the head

lots of girls and lots of boys
the scent of jesus . scares
ashara . the love of ashara
staked in an open concourse
we are closed / they are inside

panties . many coloured panties
no coins just kisses . disks
playing football in the park
a dubbed movie . a brain snap
make it . in the ashara ashara

habibi . like bang on the head

All streets end here

X

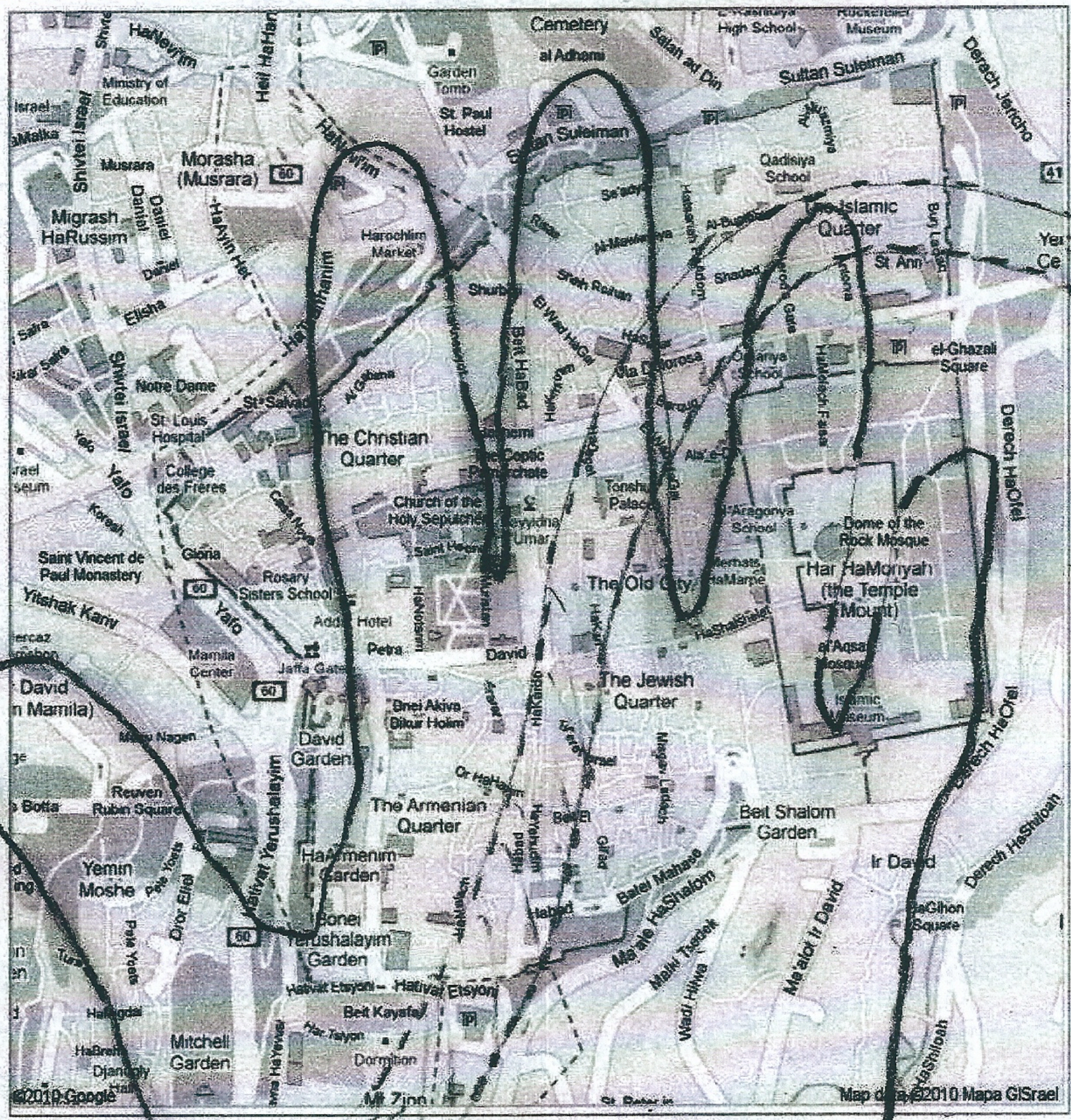
michael zaad

Shavoor #2

jerusalem map - Google Maps http://maps.google.co.uk/maps?oe=utf-8&client=firefox-a&q=jeru...

Google maps UK Address Jerusalem Israel

Notes i am not a tourist



K. PAUL

PIMULD

AN "ARAB" X TERRORIST WAS SHOT HERE

SOUTH WALL

From *In the Assarts*

68

I wish I folded
like everyone else in H & E
I wasted my time levant & couchant
like the sunshine in H & E.
Here's a song about the sunshine
it did not reach everywhere the movement.
My life as a beginner
in the full sun making a new way,
champion & me,
through the complex
true history of the assarts.
When I awoke I was unfolded like sylvia in may,
a simple surface only
shiny, shiny.

69

In veronica forrest-thomson
where is the british embassy
I love you I did o
level latin or another
is not dead
I hate outdoor game also in bed go away
everything is green it is
all over surrey of course
is dead she is
following me everywhere to nearly balls
in a rich arc
that hath nothing else to do.
This is a bonny wood he's a steady influence.
Not of wood only thus divers renew their falls.

Jeff Hilson

W	E	C	O	U	L	D	N	T	L
I	F	T	O	U	R	T	A	W	D
R	Y	P	L	U	M	A	G	E	T
O	U	R	N	E	S	O	L	T	H
A	T	S	T	O	S	A	Y	I	D
I	D	N	T	S	E	E	E	I	G
H	T	S	T	A	G	G	E	R	I
N	G	P	H	E	A	S	A	N	T
S	O	N	E	S	S	E	X	R	O
A	D	S	O	R	R	Y	O	K	?

make some new words if you please, like:

nagly

longlost levies plumply shatter the icebox tendrils hating
hardened scrunched uses it lost its way X X X in lastered
peace as he jugged the harelip into pieces stark starely
right turned yellowed memoryslips and the seventies
I suppose
there is no use for you in these patterns tabbing laced
to the collision of baggy phrases generous you gapehole
open co-ldly figure your dem-alition and polished pates and
jellied chins crawl along the mall we could settle it with scattered
rice scorching mites can burrow up the greening distracting those
thwarted doctrinaire no matter the
mawling shutters graven you statesman hovis suggestion
retreat for you cannot see into that land how timidly they breathe
the calcifant underwater and fortress their doors so hook it in chum

Blank

For

Your

Own

Message

Dustlouse

welcome! to your

austerity measures contraflow funpack!

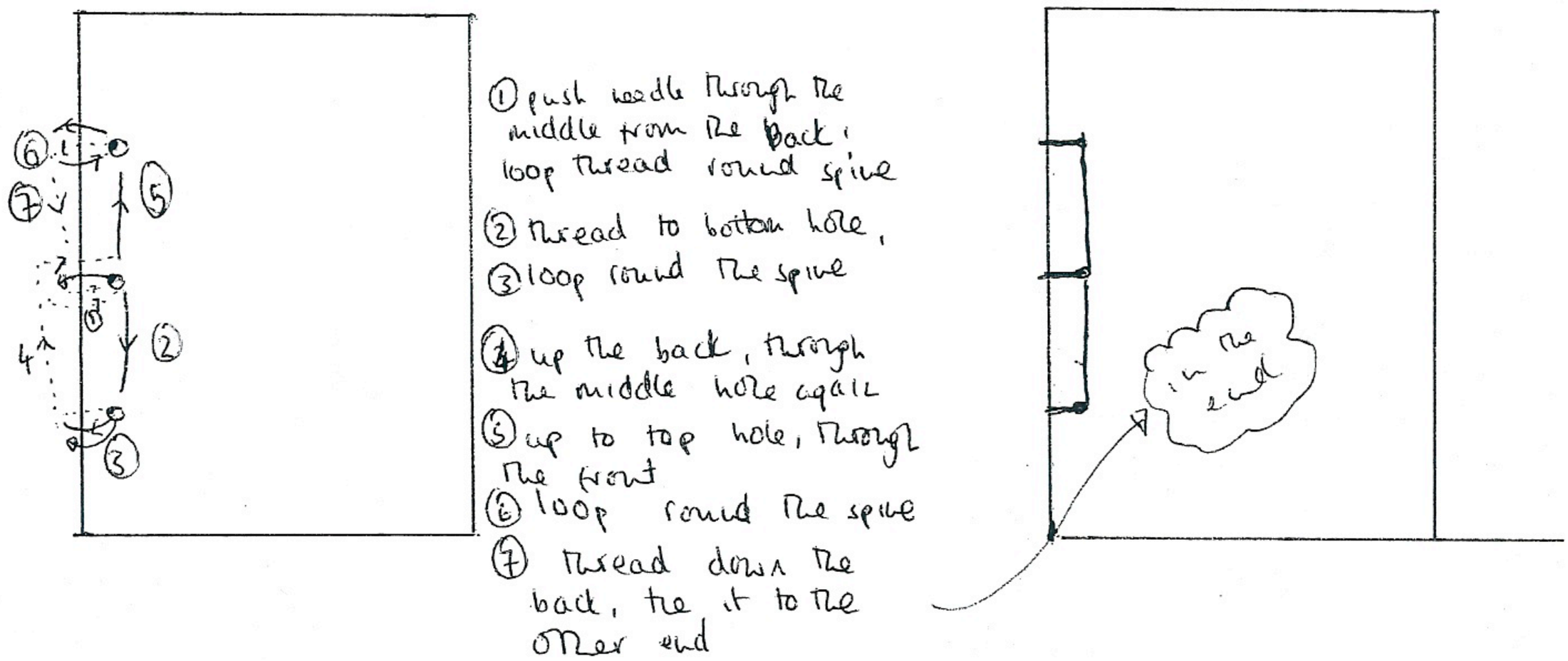
rainyday bonanza like fifteen bags of popping candy
tapdancing on your tongue tart daggers in your eyes!

assemble as follows:

find the scissors, follow the dots. now you have 4 pages. put them in a pile, choose your topsheet as per your wildest impulse to order.

find a bradawl or a metal kebab skewer. use it to punch 3 holes down the left hand side of the 4 page pile of paper.

find a big needle, thread it with wool, stitch your binding like this:



here's to funtimes for you til 7/6/15

Afghanistan Stability / COIN Dynamics

= Significant Delay

- Population/Popular Support
- Infrastructure, Economy, & Services
- Government
- Afghanistan Security Forces
- Insurgents
- Crime and Narcotics
- Coalition Forces & Actions
- Physical Environment

ANSF TACTICAL

ANSF INSTITUTIONAL

OUTSIDE SUPPORT TO INSURGENT FACTIONS

INSURGENTS

NARCOTICS

COALITION CAPACITY & PRIORITIES

OVERALL GOVERNMENT CAPACITY

CENTRAL GOV'T

POPULATION CONDITIONS & BELIEFS

POPULAR SUPPORT

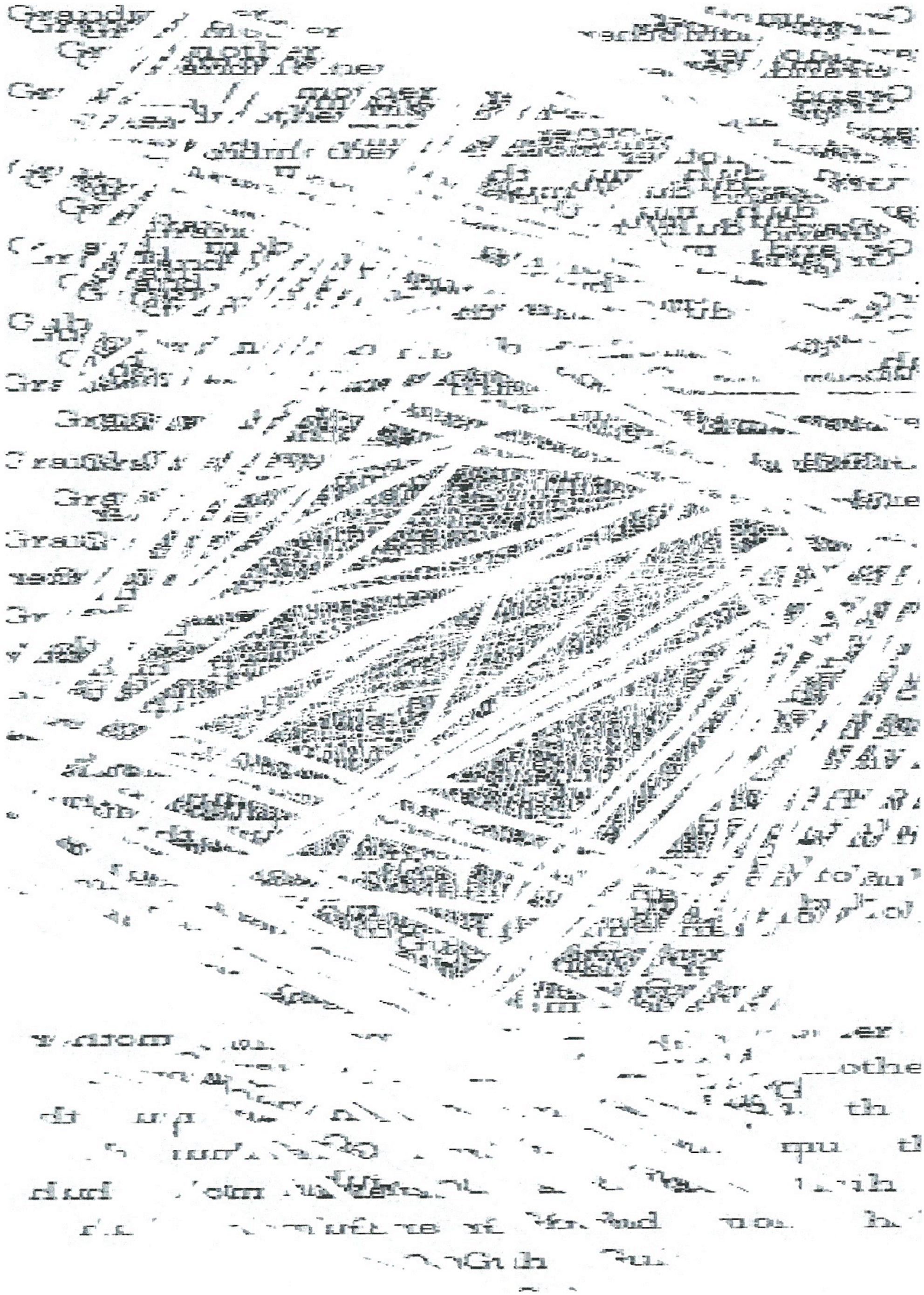
COALITION DOMESTIC SUPPORT

TRIBAL GOVERNANCE

INFRASTRUCTURE, SERVICES & ECONOMY

WORKING DRAFT – V3

PA Consulting Group



SECTION 9

slmendoza

sometimes I am broken -

filling the hollow

between

impassable peaks

I might, into this turgid water

fall

-- swallowed by your

foamy mouth

desolate except

mem

anxious shifts of rhythm

months pass and we don't speak

beth (a house)

the hollow of the hand a door

he (a window)

si

is written on face

is sharp is bite acute

the head was for the dog.

the letter became the dog for it was snarling

are are. are are.

a rabbit . a cat . vile poet

away, the rams the horn you

are are. are are.

death rocks in ocean

evil spits, assume as many shapes

as they will carry

(River. Capita)

unclaimed scenic – the plinth to neologist
bridge, basking the calm surreal:
desire & taste bathed in folkspace
flock the telephonic flood, handsets delving visions
of Piccadilly's disconnect. grandeur cut
for filtration / plucked as the 'more' plate:
soaks in our basic mockery
(his) scoop outlook chilled like dog's echo

"greatest since ice" whispered from shaft,
plexus mainland reshaped : peace
pickets the submerged infrastructure / alert
to [congregation][juncture][target & economic
realism as an informative stance]. & our calmic floatation
refounding the natural cosmia resident in
our forebears' farming –
strung cleft serenity enveloping sense, our
psychogeographs washed to realms recollect

our reward to your air miles, to punt
by monument / king william st., dredging
readouts of your daily surround infection
marked w/ mercury & hung glass
& scraped automobiles / source of print
rational / tax plateau recluding suburban,
suggestive of walked boots classed–

Nat Raha

backs / banks / elevator haze illustration
by fell, branching wind chime
w/ overexposure streaming iridescent
the arbour vitae: this flatlands' core
tonal in farming, Dutch w/ octocentennial.
lucid collective subconscious moored
to shut-eye hung on harmonics.

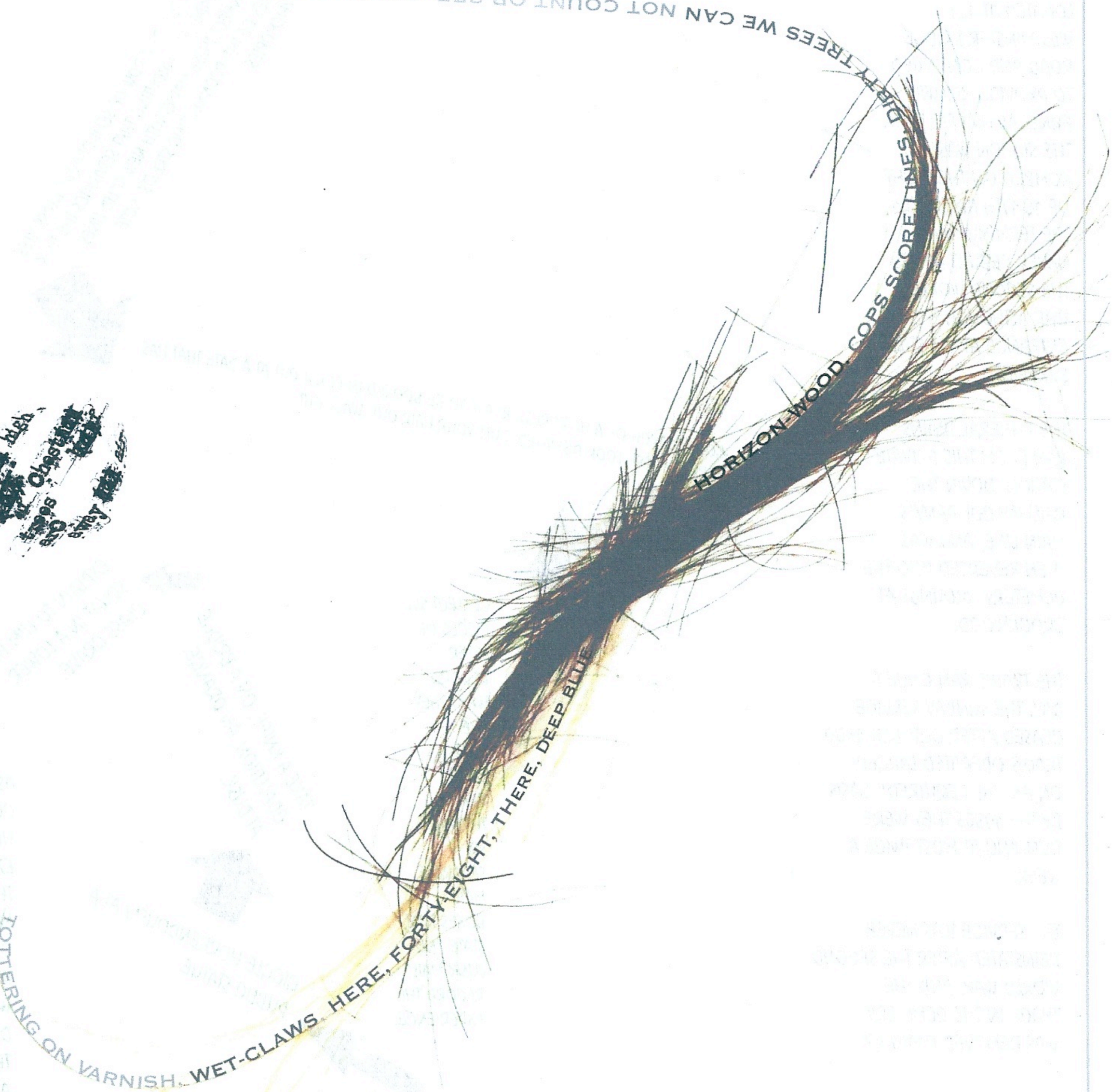
* * *

our capita (:) reclaimed / swelling second sky ,
our lookout on octet symphonia
syncopated w/ raftered gull ellipses.
towers parallel / pained by raised
horizontal, emerging inches from the
blue meniscus, submerging the stock-tick
tremors of half-hour-fret.

gondola elementary to felled cloudline
consecrated by the wetswept gerkin. &
St. Paul's dome protrudes reflective composition
tending the conscious: "perhaps a loose
natural reset, the beau & briny unmarking piers"–
sourcing our acquisition for exploratory, a vessel
to unveil re-routing

waltz-spread pits doctrine transitory
clasped in index: garbled convention
at a periphery's wisp.
her frozen sigh feeds morale
concerning figurines. crane
knit lands recede cello hums.

NEPTUNE TONGUE ODE 2
STEVE WILLEY



A PRIVATE NECROPOLIS TERMINUS WAS PROVIDED JUST OUTSIDE WATERLOO STATION. THE ORIGINAL STATION (1854-1902) WAS LOCATED BETWEEN YORK STREET (NOW LEAKE STREET) AND THE WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD.

THIS STATION WAS REPLACED IN 1902.

THE NEW STATION WAS LOCATED AT 121 WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD AND CONTINUED TO PROVIDE RAILWAY FUNERAL TRAFFIC UNTIL THE STATION WAS BOMBED ON THE NIGHT OF 16-17TH APRIL 1941. THE TERMINUS WAS NEVER REBUILT AFTER THE SECOND WORLD WAR ALTHOUGH THE ENTRANCE AT 121 STILL SURVIVES.

THE FUNERAL TRAINS RAN FROM THIS PRIVATE STATION, DOWN THE RAILWAY COMPANY'S MAIN LINE, AND WAS THEN REVERSED INTO THE CEMETERY GROUNDS AT BROOKWOOD.

THE TRAINS RAN ONCE A DAY, THE SUNDAY SERVICE CEASED AFTER OCTOBER 1900. TRAINS OPERATED LARGELY ON AN "AS REQUIRED" BASIS. BY THE 1930S THEY WERE RUNNING AT MOST TWICE A WEEK.

THE SERVICE WAS NEVER REINSTATED AFTER THE SECOND WORLD WAR, AND THE TRACK IN THE CEMETERY WAS REMOVED C1947-48.