

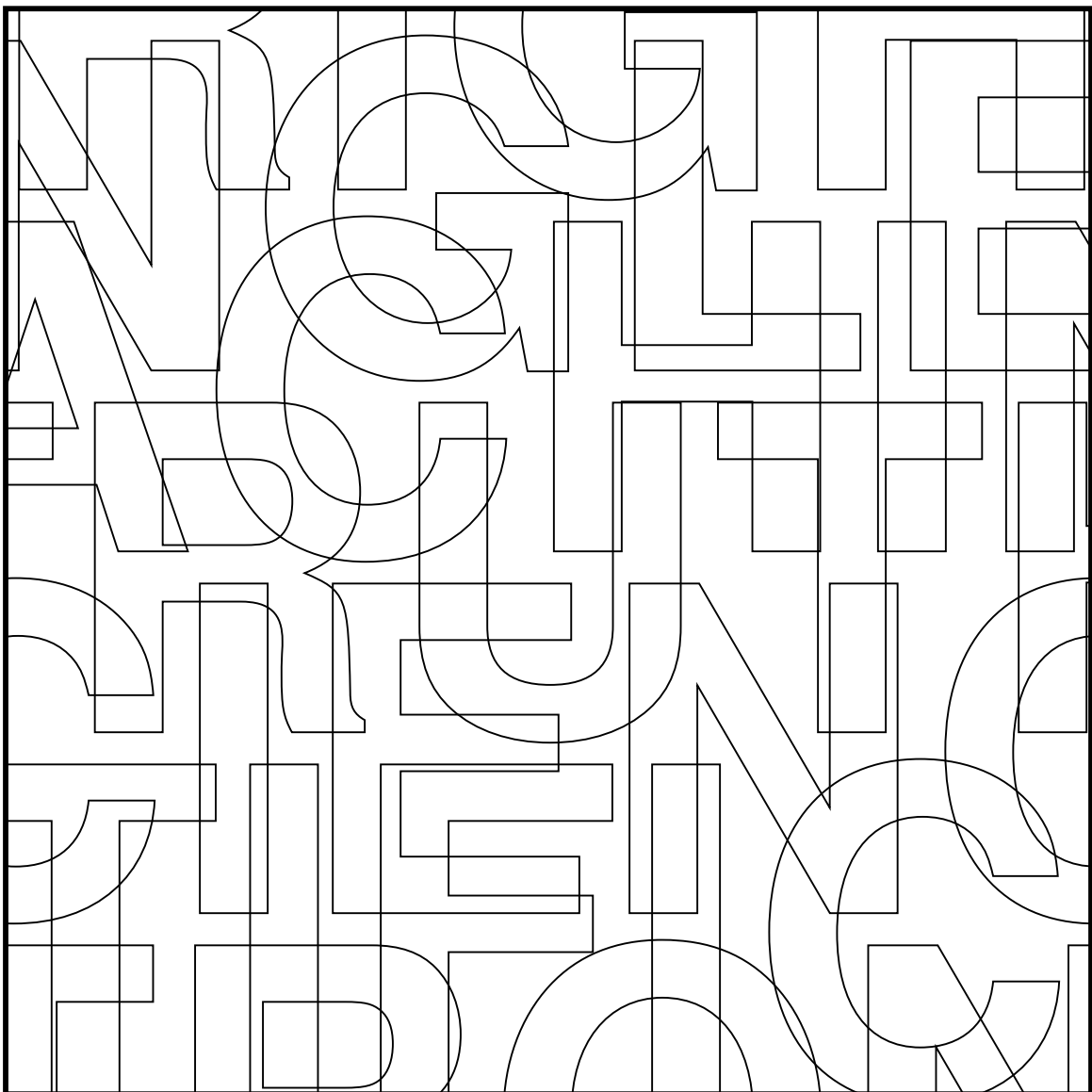
# PROVIDENCE MACHINES

No. 2 - Cooling 2003

**PROVIDENCE  
MACHINES  
ISSUE #2  
COOLING  
2003**

**INTRODUCTION  
LUTTENBACHERS  
VECTOR FIELD  
MODS & SCOOTERS  
TROTSKY / BRETON  
PDP6 AD  
FRANK JONES  
CREDITS**

during the early part of the twentieth century the communists and fascists agreed that science and technology would inevitably lead to utopia yet their utopias bore no common traits



## Defining the Compositional Aesthetic of The Flying Luttenbachers - Weasel Walter

The continuity running through the often seemingly disparate output of my ongoing project, The Flying Luttenbachers, has to do not with concerns of conforming to any particular set of idiomatic or stylistic traits (i.e. one fictional upstart gushes that her band is a cross between "mid-period Fishbone, Bestial Warlust and Conlon Nancarrow... only with heavy zydeco overtones!"), but rather with continuous elaborations upon a particular set of abstract ideals which I have been honing since the mid-Eighties.

Speed, velocity, tension and ferocity have always been primary concerns. There is a certain amount of pure desperation that I require from the musicians in the group. This primal intensity manifests itself in both in the physical instrumental attack and the audible results. The deliberate attitude of maintaining extreme urgency insures that the music can never settle into complacency for too long, whether the result is judged to be "good" or "bad". Progression is never a safe, easy process, and its pursuit must be fearless. The timbre of the instruments must always be forceful and cutting. Any melodic or harmonic material should aim to sound stringent, unsettling and discordant; enough banal, symmetrical "pretty" music has been made, and it is high time to establish new standards for beauty in music. Tonality is still completely valid, but that there is plenty of exploration left to be made in new, less common combinations of vertical and horizontal tones (including precise microtonalities).

I am seeking to create intelligent, complex music that still offers the gut-wrenching stimulation of the hardest rock and roll forms - a nexus where the high - and low - brows meet, and neither are compromised. I want to express the elements of the conceptual threads that I see running through musics as diverse as Death Metal, No Wave, Tibetan ritual music, Free Jazz, Hardcore, Japanese Noh music, 20th Century Classical Modernism, Balinese Gamelan forms,

Noise, et al. It is almost easier to talk about my music in terms of what it IS NOT, than what it is. The group was first assembled in 1991 and so far has existed in eight discretely different formations, each with its own separate modus operandi accomodating the specific abilities and strengths of each set of musicians.

1 - trio formation dealing with acoustic instruments (two saxophones plus percussion) and variations in the organization of outbursts of free-jazz based improvisation (1991-1993)

2 - quartet/quintet (saxophones, guitars, drums and assorted electronics) dealing with varying degrees of composition and improvisation (1993-1994)

3 - solo formation (utilizing both live instruments and tape backing tracks) expanding on tenets of intensity and density not fully explored by group 2 (1994-1995)

4 - electric power trio based on the surrealistic perversion of the primitive structures, loud dissonance and brute physicality of rock music (1995-1998)

5 - an amorphous collective of musicians exploring (mostly) acoustic means of defined improvisation with a deliberate avoidance of the prevalent rhythmic/tonal/timbral conventions in popular music forms (1998-2000)

6 - electric trio (two bass guitars plus percussion) expanding on matters of structural and technical complexity not fully explored by group 4 (2001-2002)

7 - another solo formation correcting various problems found in performance etiquette of group 6 as well as extrapolating further upon the complex compositional nature of that line-up (2002-2003)

8 - still in early stages, but ostensibly redefining

issues/problems about the practicality of executing overly complex compositions while remaining in an extremely intense ("confrontational") performance mode.

The compositions themselves have varied wildly from completely arrhythmic/atonal pieces based on a minimum of rules, to highly codified contexts for group improvisation; from minimalistic noise-rock songs to painstakingly composed modernist structures (particularly the 20 minute long "Rise of The Iridescent Behemoth" from the 2003 album released on Troubleman Unlimited). Significantly, the duality between composition (the act of premeditating sonic events) and improvisation (a term that has increasingly lost meaning for me, but here denotes the act of creating sonic events with less premeditation than composition) has proven to be a recurring theme/issue/problem within my body of work. I have primarily viewed improvisation as a means to create certain musical complexities that would have been too demanding to compose/rehearse/execute at the time of conception. Intensive recent studyings of scores by Xenakis, Webern, Stockhausen, Penderecki, et al. and the acquisition of adequate home recording equipment have allowed me to reach a concrete turning point in my ability to realize compositions of a significantly higher level of quality. The matter of live performance is another, more difficult issue altogether. I believe that the recorded versions of my ideas will have to suffice until I have access to an ensemble with the discipline and technique required to play the newer compositions with the correctness and intensity I demand. (Young, easily influenced instrumental prodigies inclined towards totally unpopular and uncommercial music: please send those resumes.)

I strongly feel that "Rise of the Iridescent Behemoth" is the single most densely packed exposition of my aesthetic ideals so far, and will refer to it here as the model with which I will attempt to explain my app-

roach. "Rise" is a 20 minute long composition which has a literal (sound) meaning as well as a symbolic (metaphor) meaning. Symbolically, the piece embodies the emergence into the cosmos of a monolithic planetoid being which erupts from the cellular chaos resulting after the final extermination of all earthly matter. To human senses, this horrific entity has an appearance both cosmetically ugly and structurally unrecognizable (a stylized artistic depiction of the behemoth is contained in the artwork of the album.) The composition itself reflects this perception of the beast its sonic counterpart is ceaselessly dissonant, frenetic and almost completely overloaded with an endless barrage of parts with functions at first unknown to most listeners. However, "ugly" is in the eye of the beholder (or, to quote Dewey Redman, in the ear of the behearer) and although I realize that this piece of music is probably the exact opposite of what most contemporary casual music consumers would find enjoyable to listen to, I posit to the public that this caustic landscape contains its own highly coherent logic which may eventually reveal to them a rare structural beauty, not unlike that of architecture or the microcosmic realities within natural forms. I believe that the visceral nature of "Rise of the Iridescent Behemoth" can be easily understood on a visceral level without explanation, but my hope is that by explaining my methods, further enjoyment may arise from more informed future listenings.

In the composition, one is immediately confronted by a jarring sequence of rhythmic shifts held together by the sludgy, scabrous guitar racket that enshrouds the entire piece. (I think of this omnipresent electronic texture as the protoplasmic filth covering the creature, unifying its bizarre body segments/ various musical vignettes.) I have always been a firm believer that musical first impressions are paramount, so I've generally sought to hit the listener very hard from the first instant. To load the introduction with so much information upfront seems like an excellent device to

disorient the unsuspecting listener, hopefully neutralizing any expectations altogether. I personally enjoy the visceral shock of rapid shifts in structure/density/velocity/timbre. No change, outburst or interruption is ever too abrupt. Although lately the idea of dealing with matters of gradual transformation in music has become an interest, most of my writing for the Flying Luttenbachers has featured these sorts of aural jumpcuts.

Early on, the piano exposes the most predominant theme of the composition: a simplistic eight note riff generally underlined by blasting 32nd note snare rolls (widely referred to as the "blast beat" in death metal jargon.) Let us refer to this particular figure and its developments as (A). Immediately after this motive appears the first time, it is transposed around in pitch, creating harmonic shifts while the drums and bass rapidly drop in and out. The piano continues with various ostinati based on (A) as the other instruments begin to create tension by executing a series of odd unison accents before issuing a rising chord progression that will appear again later in the work. The piano finally catches up and joins the unison accents before (B) is revealed as a fleet and fairly linear bass/piano unison line made up of a long stream of straight 8th notes (this line will form the basis of the final coda of the piece as it is transposed and harmonized to create background for the concluding guitar and clarinet solos).

I believe that important continuity is established by constantly transforming a limited amount of material within a composition. In "Behemoth" almost everything is derived from about six or so discrete musical motives. Strength and focus are the results of these limitations, especially important when constructing a long form like this. I made a conscious effort to restrict the majority of the structural interaction in this piece to the foundation of the drums, piano and bass. Various guitars and wind instruments appear specifically

as coloration, varying the density and shifting the mood or ambience of any given section, while the meat of this creation remains firmly rooted in the intersections of the rhythm unit.

After the (B) segment, there is a transmogrified repeat of the entire (A) riff sequence - this time more sinister and cruel in tonality - before a brief, mechanistic piano interlude. Another further deformed but vastly shortened (A) sequence appears before slamming right into the (A2) theme of the piece which consists of: the (A) motive repeated ad nauseam by the piano, a series of blast-beat variations, and harmonic tension supplied by slightly flattened, long horn tones. This whole event is topped by a screechingly nimble guitar solo which functions to fill the music with a quick, asymmetrical slash of emotion. It is soon cut off dead by several hard sforzando rhythm section accents before a careening trumpet line slaloms through a stuttering, disjointed background figure. That too is quickly ground to a halt to reveal a short funereal vignette which leads to a ludicrously lengthy and non-repetitive unison (X) figure covered by a haze of electronic shards and scrapes.

(X) is one of my favorite parts of the composition. Its clunky, speech-like rhythmic pulsing has a jarring effect not unlike the vision of an irritated marathon runner trying desperately to maintain a forward sprint while being tripped up by vicious, randomly stabbing obstacles. I harmonized the instruments with a dramatic set of rising chordal movements that ultimately unfurl into another, even more frenzied (A2) segment, this time minus piano. The cacophony from the slide guitar is much more dense and crazed than its previous soloistic counterpart in a deliberate attempt to bump the unhinged mood up to a higher plateau before the most anarchic section of the entire piece, (C) kicks in.

(C) is absolutely rabid but rigidly controlled and

perversely insectoid in tone. When the piano finally re-enters, it sets up an imposing wall of blocked chords before the real chaos begins. This section keeps double timing its tempo beyond reason and integrating more of these erratic, irrational unison lines which serve as demonic inversions of the original (X) sequence.

An extrapolation upon the slow theme originally appearing before the initial (X) follows. Here, wounded guitar lashings and piano filagree wander restlessly over a torn landscape of held brass harmonies, descending bass and sporadic drum outbursts. I thought at this point some space was needed to contrast the hyperkinetic speed and density of the previous nine minutes. A reappearance of the final unison figure from (C) gradually emerges as layer upon layer of piano trills increase the overall sound mass. After a very brief set of stabs by the piano, the entire band then engages in a full version of this figure, with the bass and bass drum offering complementary rhythmic counterpart to the main thrust of the piano and horns. Each repeat of the rhythm becomes more and more disjointed before the lone piano pounds the note clusters that lead to the very straight ahead, song-like section following, (D).

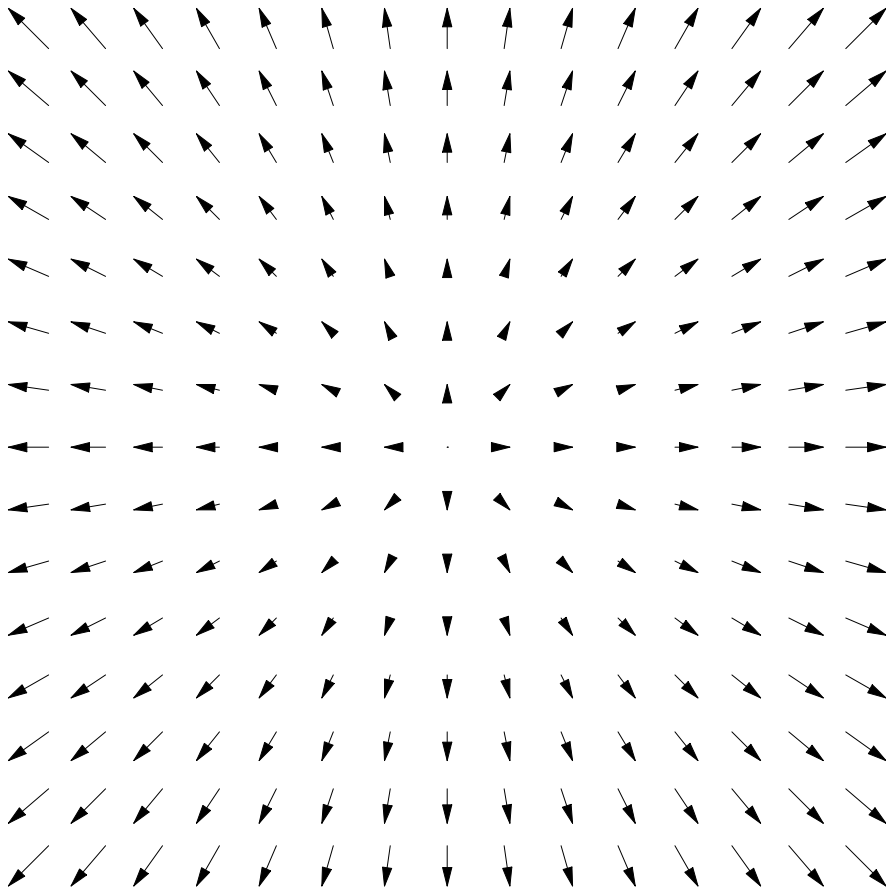
(D) is what I would consider a brief period of normalcy within this composition. It is very obviously structured within itself: A/A/B/A/A/B2/A2 (11:49-12:46). I still have plenty of use for the directness of simplicity, so I thought it would be nice to throw a catchy little melody in there someplace, just for the blue-hairs out there in radio land. The segment ends with a lengthy coda consisting of a simple four-on-the-floor drum beat with a trebly, strangulated guitar tone which foreshadows the ending of the piece.

Another dirge-like mood topped with dying-cattle guitar mewling interrupts the proceedings. The piano part is an extremely slowed down transposition of

the short piano solo originally appearing at 2:28. The horns wander across each other in sick, languid counterpoint as an acrid electronic mist floats through the stereo spectrum. Wood blocks and triangles punctuate the malaise but never mark any particular meter. The guitar culminates into a smattering of morse code blips and a flurry of chinese temple blocks mark the slow descent upwards into the final (A) sections.

The rhythm section gradually accelerates through the (A2) motive underneath a combination of florid but slightly sleepy piano statement and slowly defrosting guitar activity. When (A2) finally reaches its full tempo again, the piano resumes its familiar repetitions and the electric guitar snaps immediately into a bout of furious screaming, along with the horns. The drums eventually break rank and join in the fracas before snapping back into line and cueing an even faster and more violent set of variations on (A). There is a small section of seeming disembowelment that finally leads to the concluding (B2) section, signalled by the slightly nauseous strains of mellotron violins. (B2) features various harmonic transpositions of (B) between the piano and bass. The drums repeat minimalistic isorhythms underneath and the strangulated guitar color briefly warms up the stage for a flutter-tongued, forcefully bubbling clarinet solo. A whining guitar joins the clarinet and submissively duels with it before the mellotron violins re-emerge to chirp their birdsong of infirmity and decline. They succeed in killing off everything except for the drums and the thin, assaultive 12-string guitar attack, but it isn't long before the drums give out and finally the guitar meets its end, shattered into oblivion.

$$\begin{aligned} f(x, y) &= x^2 + y^2 \\ \nabla f(x, y) &= \left( \frac{\partial f}{\partial x} \right) \mathbf{i} + \left( \frac{\partial f}{\partial y} \right) \mathbf{j} \\ &= 2x\mathbf{i} + 2y\mathbf{j} \end{aligned}$$





## **Mods & Scooters: Form, Function, Practicality**

### **Ron Black, aka Ron "the Mod"**

The Mod movement began in London's east end in the final years of 1950s. Modernist youth movement was a direct reaction to the state of post-war England and the changing times of the world. The movement reached its peak in 1964 at the "Battle of Brighton" where Mods and Rockers clashed on the beach of the quiet seashore town of Brighton, among others. The Mods did not die here but their original ideals became a background noise of what became a violent time for English youth. In the late 1970s these ideals would be reborn in what is now known as the Mod Revival, which went worldwide by the 1980s. Modernism has gone on to out last any youth movement in history and remain true to its original philosophies. The Mod philosophy was simply put as "Clean living under difficult circumstances.". Modernists believe in style and that form should be combined with function. Mods are highly into fashion, wearing slim-cut suits and tailored clothing, and always looking sharp. Thus the sleek lines of the Italian motor-scooters are a perfect match for both the beliefs and style of the Mods.

The Italian scooters, like the Lambretta and Vespa, we developed in the 1940s shortly after World War II to meet the need for affordable and reliable transport on the ravaged roadways of Italy. Carradino d'Ascanio designed the Vespa on the basic principle of a man sitting comfortably on two wheels. Combined with a curvaceous body style and incased engine the Vespa was neat, sharp, and clean, the ideal machine for the Mod.

Scooters set the Mod apart from the rest of society. On a scooter you can easily slip through traffic, or down a back ally, or even down the sidewalk when you have to, avoiding contact with the general public. The scooters size and encased engine have a lot to do with its appeal to the Mod. Scooters are much smaller than the average motorcycle and have eight to ten inch wheels giving them great maneuverability in unconventional travel ways. Scooter engines are covered by what is called a side cowl. On a Vespa the engine is side mounted, unlike the Lambretta where it is centered and thus covered by two panels. This covering gives the scooter its clean ride, therefore you can wear you best slim-cut suit without the worry of messing it up. Another advantage of the scooter to the Mods is the reliability of its working parts. In the 1960s motorcycles were always in need of repair, much as they are still today. Where scooters just seem to work, most of the time. It was, and is, considered uncool for a Mod to get his hands dirty working on a scooter engine, or doing anything else dirty for that mater.

Scooters are highly fashionable. Like a good suit you can outfit a scooter with accessories. The Vespa, and Lambretta, have numerous accessories that can be added to both stylize and customize the ride to the owners taste. Chrome "crash bars" for the legshield, cowls, and the front mud guard, chrome luggage racks for the front and the back, and the ultimate Mod accessory a chrome and leather "iron board" back rest were all popular. Mods also liked mirrors and lights, and lots of them. The urban legend is that the English government required the Mods, and other scooterists, to have two lights and two mirrors. So in response to this the Mods rebelled by adding as many lights and mirrors as they could. One Mod in the early 60s was said to have as many as 75 lights mirrors and other accessories added to his scooter! This tradition as lasted right up to today. All this flash adds weight to the scooter, but Mods do not care about speed, they care about being scene and looking good doing it. Speed was secondary to all.

You might be lead to believe that the Mod was a materialistic, egotistical, and self-centered individual. On the contrary, Mod was a youth rebellion not unlike the greasers of the 50s or the punk rockers of the 80s. Mods just preferred to show there rebellion in a mocking image of the upper class, by out doing them at their own game (at least in appearances). The scooter was their ultimate rebellion and fashion.

We can say without exaggeration that never has civilization been menaced so seriously as today. The Vandals, with instruments which were barbarous, and so comparatively ineffective, blotted out the culture of antiquity in one corner of Europe. But today we see world civilization, united in its historic destiny, reeling under the blows of reactionary forces armed with the entire arsenal of modern technology. We are by no means thinking only of the world war that draws near. Even in times of "peace" the position of art and science has become absolutely intolerable. Insofar as it originates with an individual, insofar as it brings into play subjective talents to create something which brings about an objective enriching of culture, any philosophical, sociological, scientific or artistic discovery seems to be the fruit of a precious chance, that is to say, the manifestation, more or less spontaneous, of necessity. Such creations cannot be slighted, whether from the standpoint of general knowledge (which interprets the existing world), or of revolutionary knowledge (which, the better to change the world, requires an exact analysis of the laws which govern its movement). Specifically, we cannot remain indifferent to the intellectual conditions under which creative activity takes place, nor should we fail to pay all respect to those particular laws which govern intellectual creation. In the contemporary world we must recognize the ever more widespread destruction of those conditions under which intellectual creation is possible. From this follows of necessity an increasingly manifest degradation not only of the work of art but also of the specifically "artistic" personality. The regime of Hitler, now that it has rid Germany of all those artists whose work expressed the slightest sympathy for liberty, however superficial, has reduced those who still consent to take up pen or brush to the status of domestic servants of the regime, whose task it is to glorify it on order, according to the worst possible aesthetic conventions. If reports may be believed, it is the same in the Soviet Union, where Thermidorian reaction is now reaching its climax. It goes without saying that we do not identify ourselves with the currently fashionable catchword: "Neither fascism nor communism!", a shibboleth which suits the temperament of the philistine, conservative and frightened, clinging to the tattered remnants of the "democratic" past. True art, which is not content to play variations on ready-made models but rather insists on expressing the inner needs of man and of mankind in its time - true art is unable not to be revolutionary, not to aspire to a complete and radical reconstruction of society. This it must do, were it only to deliver intellectual creation from the chains which bind it, and to allow all mankind to raise itself to those heights which only isolated geniuses have achieved in the past. We recognize that only the social revolution can sweep clean the path for a new culture. If, however, we reject all solidarity with the bureaucracy now in control of the Soviet Union, it is precisely because, in our eyes, it represents, not communism, but its most treacherous and dangerous enemy. The totalitarian regime of the USSR, working through the so-called cultural organizations it controls in other countries, has spread over the entire world a deep twilight hostile to every sort of spiritual value. A twilight of filth and blood in which, disguised as intellectuals and artists, those men steep themselves who have made of servility a career, of lying for pay a custom, and of the palliation of crime a source of pleasure. The official art of Stalinism mirrors with a blatant unexampled in history their efforts to put a good face on their mercenary profession. The repugnance which this shameful negation of principles of art inspires in the artistic world - a negation which even slave states have never dared to carry so far - should give rise to an active, uncompromising condemnation. The opposition of writers and artists is one of the forces which can usefully contribute to the discrediting and overthrow of regimes which are destroying, along with the right of the proletariat to aspire to a better world, every sentiment of nobility and even of human dignity. The communist revolution is not afraid of art. It realizes that the role of the artist in a decadent capitalist society is determined by the conflict between the individual and various social forms which are hostile to him. This fact alone, insofar as he is conscious of it, makes the artist the natural ally of revolution. The process of sublimation, which here comes into play and which psychoanalysis has analyzed, tries to restore the broken equilibrium between the integral "ego" and the outside elements it rejects. This restoration works to the advantage of the "ideal of self", which marshals against the unbearable present reality all those powers of the interior world, of the "self", which are common to all men and which are constantly flowering and developing. The need for emancipation felt by the individual spirit has only to follow its natural course to be led to mingle its stream with this primeval necessity - the need for the emancipation of man. The conception of the writer's function which the young Marx worked out is worth recalling. "The writer", he declared, "naturally must make money in order to live and write, but he should not under any circumstances live and write in order to make money... The writer by no means looks on his work as a means. It is an end in itself and so little a means in the eyes of himself and of others that if necessary he sacrifices his existence to the existence of his work. The first condition of the freedom of the press is that it is not a business activity." It is more than ever fitting to use this statement against those who would regiment intellectual activity in the direction of ends foreign to itself, and prescribe, in the guise of so-called reasons of state, the themes of art. The free choice of these themes and the absence of all restrictions on the range of his exploitations - these are possessions which the artist has a right to claim as inalienable. In the realm of artistic creation, the imagination must escape from all constraint and must under no pretext allow itself to be placed under bonds. To those who urge us, whether for today or for tomorrow, to consent that art should submit to a discipline which we hold to be radically incompatible with its nature, we give a flat refusal and we repeat our deliberate intention of standing by the formula complete freedom for art. We recognize, of course, that the revolutionary state has the right to defend itself against the counterattack of the bourgeoisie, even when this drapes itself in the flag of science or art. But there is an abyss between these enforced and temporary measures of revolutionary self-defense and the pretension to lay commands on intellectual creation. If, for the better development of the forces of material production, the revolution must build a socialist regime with centralized control, to develop intellectual creation an anarchist regime of individual liberty should from the first be established. No authority, no dictation, not the least trace of orders from above! Only on a base of friendly cooperation, without constraint from outside, will it be possible for scholars and artists to carry out their tasks, which will be more far-reaching than ever before in history. It should be clear by now that in defending freedom of thought we have no intention of justifying political indifference, and that it is far from our wish to revive a so-called pure art which generally serves the extremely impure ends of reaction. No, our conception of the role of art is too high to refuse it an influence on the fate of society. We believe that the supreme task of art in our epoch is to take part actively and consciously in the preparation of the revolution. But the artist cannot serve the struggle for freedom unless he subjectively assimilates its social content, unless he feels in his very nerves its meaning and drama and freely seeks to give his own inner world incarnation in his art. In the present period of the death agony of capitalism, democratic as well as fascist, the artist sees himself threatened with the loss of his right to live and continue working. He sees all avenues of communication choked with the debris of capitalist collapse. Only naturally, he turns to the Stalinist organizations which hold out the possibility of escaping from his isolation. But if he is to avoid complete demoralization, he cannot remain there, because of the impossibility of delivering his own message and the degrading servility which these organizations exact from him in exchange for certain material advantages. He must understand that his place is elsewhere, not among those who betray the cause of the revolution and mankind, but among those who with unshaken fidelity bear witness to the revolution, among those who, for this reason, are alone able to bring it to fruition, and along with it the ultimate free expression of all forms of human genius. The aim of this appeal is to find a common ground on which may be reunited all revolutionary writers and artists, the better to serve the revolution by their art and to defend the liberty of that art itself against the usurpers of the revolution. We believe that aesthetic, philosophical and political tendencies of the most varied sort can find here a common ground. Marxists can march here hand in hand with anarchists, provided both parties uncompromisingly reject the reactionary police patrol spirit represented by Joseph Stalin and by his henchman Garcia Oliver. We know very well that thousands on thousands of isolated thinkers and artists are today scattered throughout the world, their voices drowned out by the loud choruses of well-disciplined liars. Hundreds of small local magazines are trying to gather youthful forces about them, seeking new paths and not subsidies. Every progressive tendency in art is destroyed by fascism as "degenerate". Every free creation is called "fascist" by the Stalinists. Independent revolutionary art must now gather its forces for the struggle against reactionary persecution. It must proclaim aloud the right to exist. Such a union of forces is the aim of the International Federation of Independent Revolutionary Art which we believe it is now necessary to form. We by no means insist on every idea put forth in this manifesto, which we ourselves consider only a first step in the new direction. We urge every friend and defender of art, who cannot but realize the necessity for this appeal, to make himself heard at once. We address the same appeal to all those publications of the left wing which are ready to participate in the creation of the International Federation and to consider its task and its methods of action. When a preliminary international contact has been established through the press and by correspondence, we will proceed to the organization of local and national congresses on a modest scale. The final step will be the assembly of a world congress which will officially mark the foundation of the International Federation. Our aims: The independence of art - for the revolution. The revolution - for the complete liberation of art! Youth for Socialist Action - fighting for a world worth living in!

# PDP-6 TIME SHARING SOFTWARE

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# Frank Jones

by  
Dave Fischer

Frank Jones slowly roused himself enough to throw back the bedclothes and face the morning sun. He shakily got himself into a bathrobe and slippers and slothedly into the kitchen, where a fresh cup of coffee, a danish, and the morning paper were already awaiting his arrival.

A few sips of coffee revived him enough to glance at the headlines. Printed in bold letters across the top of the page, he was startled to read the headline:

**RUSSIA DECLARES WAR ON FRANK JONES**

He read the headline over four times trying to make sense of it, and was about to try again when he was interrupted by the doorbell. Gratefully for a distraction, and confident that the newspaper would make more sense when he came back to it, Frank Jones walked to the front door and opened it.

Outside a half dozen journalists elbowed each other and each other's camera crews out of their way as they tried to get Frank Jones's attention to answer their questions.

"Will you retaliate?"

"Have you mobilized your armies?"

"How will you respond to a nuclear strike?"

"Have you engaged your missile defense systems?"

"Have you maintained diplomatic contact with the Soviets?"

Frank Jones was in no mood to deal with strangers first thing in the morning on his day off from work. He shut the door and locked it.

Frank Jones was beginning to feel worried now. He didn't have any armies or missile defense systems, did he? No, not that he remembered. There was some equipment in the corner of the garage, covered with a tarp that he couldn't remember... oh yes, that was the lawn mower he was supposed to repair. Had he? No, he had bought a new one instead, but refused to give up on the carcass under the tarp. He couldn't admit defeat, it would be too much of a blow to his self-image as a handy-man. So the broken mower remained in its corner, year after year.

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Missiles, missiles, missiles. Was there anything else that he had forgotten? He wandered into the garage and began poking around old boxes and shelves. No, nothing in terms of military hardware came to light. Maybe a pointy stick in among the broken rakes, but that was all.

Wasn't his cousin Joe Smith just telling him last weekend, at the barbeque, that he should invest in a missile defense system? What had he said? Oh, no, he had been talking about vinyl siding for the house. Frank Jones had to admit he was right about that from a purely practical view, but he couldn't stand to see such a mechanical, industrial looking house. Houses were supposed to be made out of wood. Or brick.

No, Frank Jones felt very strongly that he would not cover his home in vinyl siding. He would rather endure the trouble and expense of an annual painting!

Just then a shriek filled the air, and a surface-to-surface missile blew up his neighbor Mr. Brown's two-story one-and-a-half-bath attached-garage wired-for-cable ranch house. Frank Jones wondered what that would do to neighborhood property values. Perhaps he should try to buy the now-empty lot and add it to his own property. An interesting thought. Frank Jones smiled to himself, proud of his ability to quickly assess an unexpected situation and find an advantageous angle.

He absentmindedly left his garage and began walking around the side of the house, dodging the occasional burning debris from Mr. Brown's ex-house, daydreaming of what he would do with his soon-to-be new property.

He was brought out of his fantasy world by the sudden appearance of a machine gun being pointed at him by a Russian paratrooper who had just landed in the garden along the side of the house.

"СТОЙ! СТРЕЛЯТЬ БУДУ!" the soldier demanded.

"I'm sorry, what was that? Are you trying to sell me something? I hope you don't think you're going to sell me vinyl siding!"

The Russian soldier said nothing but took a few steps towards Frank Jones, gun held forward in a most menacing fashion.

Just then a shot rang out and the Russian soldier was thrown to the ground at Frank Jones's feet, with a gaping hole where his chest used to be. Frank Jones looked up at the second floor window where his wife was still waving her shotgun in the air, looking for more targets.

"Land in my rose bushes will you! Would you look at that, Frank! Can you see if he damaged them at all? Mrs. Johnson always used to say the Russians were impolite, and we never believed her. Well I certainly do now!"

Frank Jones looked over the rose bushes and didn't see any real damage. "They look ok." He told he wife.

"They'd better be!" She glared at the soldier's corpse, then disappeared inside.

Frank Jones chuckled to himself. "She sure does take her gardening seriously!"

Stepping over the corpse, Frank Jones made a mental note to move the body to the mulch pile before it started decomposing. He smiled at the thought of the enriching nutrients his garden will gain from this.

The smile left his face the next instant however, as he walked around the corner of the garage into the back yard. He jumped back behind the Azalia bush, and peered carefully around the corner, trying not to be seen. His neighbor Mr. Stevenson was standing in his back yard, stark naked, peeing on the giant Oak tree that towered over both of their yards.

Frank Jones swore under his breath and stared in amazement at this unbelievable sight.

As soon as Mr. Stevenson had finished peeing and had disappeared back into his own house, Frank Jones ran out to the tree and stared in utter disbelief at the dark stain of urine running down the side of the tree.

"This is my tree!" Frank Jones thought to himself, in unrestrained anger, as he pulled down his own pants and began over-writing his neighbor's scent with his own marking.

A Mig fighter jet flew by a few times, while the pilot tried to decide if a half-naked man peeing on a tree was a legitimate military target as defined by the Geneva Convention, but Frank Jones paid it no mind. He had more important matters to attend to.

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## **PROVIDENCE MACHINES**

### **Issue #2 - Cooling 2003**

Edited by Dave Fischer

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All layout for Providence Machines is done in raw postscript on a Sun Sparcstation-2 running OpenBSD. (Except for "Vector Field" which was typeset using latex by Miriam Goldberg.)

### **LUTTENBACHERS by Weasel Walter**

Weasel Walter is a composer primarily known for his work in The Flying Luttenbachers.

### **VECTOR FIELD by Miriam Goldberg**

Miriam Goldberg studies mathematics and computer science at Brown University and plays cello in Black Forest / Black Sea.

### **MOD SCOOTERS by Ron Black**

Ron the Mod owns the "Java Speed" scooter shop in Providence, and dresses sharp.

### **TROTSKY / BRETON**

In 1938, while Leon Trotsky was in exile in Mexico, before being killed by assassins, Andre Breton visited him at the residence of Diego Rivera. Together they wrote this manifesto on art and revolution.

### **PDP6 AD**

This was an ad for a timesharing system (multi-user operating system) for Digital Equipment Corporation's first, and not very successful, mainframe, introduced in 1964. The PDP-6 is primarily remembered not for its own capabilities, but for being the forerunner to the extremely successful PDP-10 series of 36-bit mainframes.

### **FRANK JONES by Dave Fischer**

Dave Fischer is the guy behind FELFAT.