

PROVIDENCE MACHINES

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2004
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1

OUT OF PHASE

FLUTE

Bb CLARINET

BASS CLARINET

HORN

TRUMPET

BARITONE

PERCUSSION

PIANO

1X PPP OUT OF PHASE

2X

1X PPP OUT OF PHASE

2X

1X PPP OUT OF PHASE

2X

1X PPP OUT OF PHASE

2X

1X PPP

2X

PPP

3X

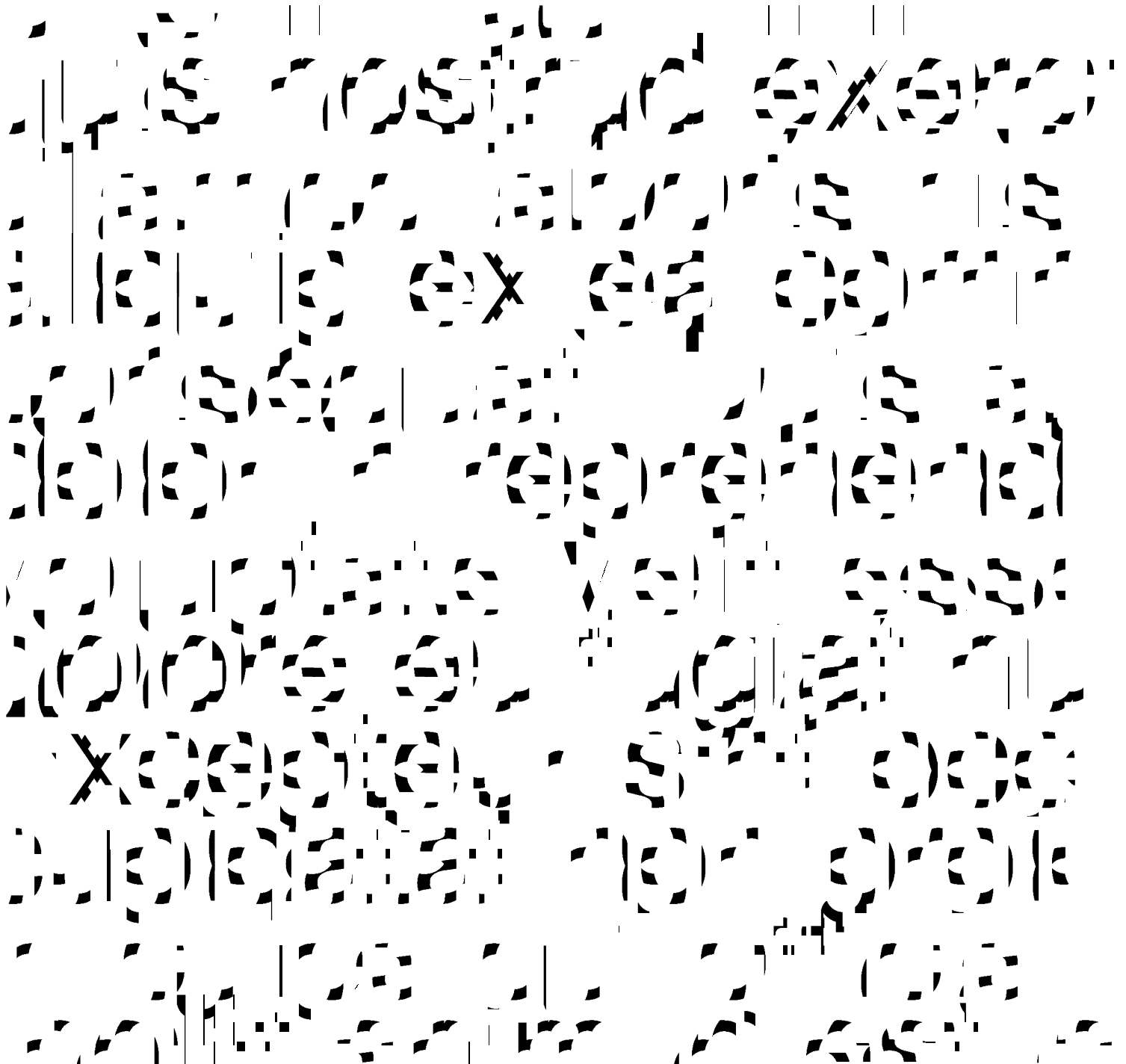
2X

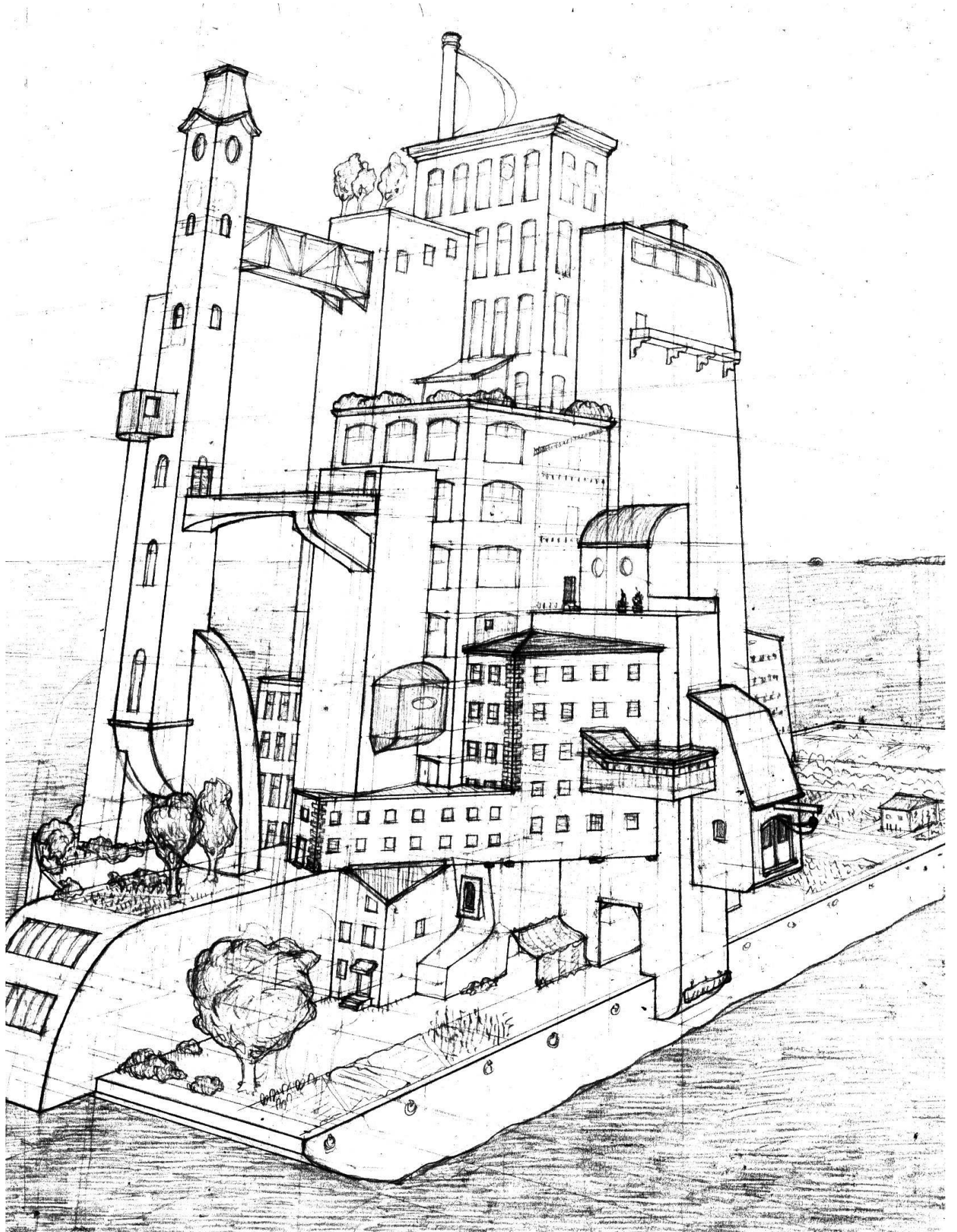
A fragment from **Imaginary Places** for small orchestra.
By **Brendon Wood**

LOREM IPSUM

dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt

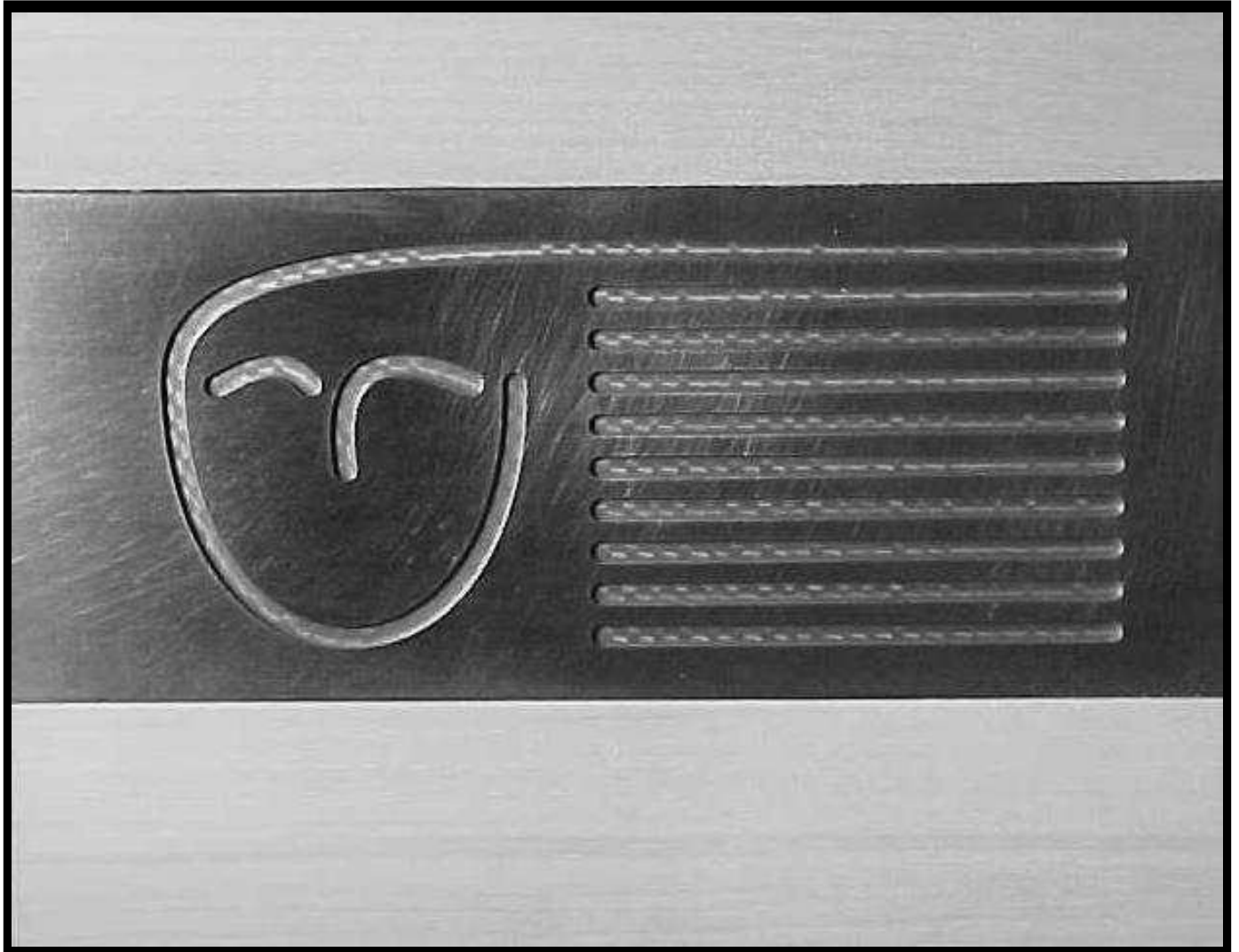
ut labore et dolore magna aliqua.





A Mobile Future City

Jean Cozzins



Face #11
Brass & Wood
Dave Fischer

Manifesto of Futurism

1 We intend to sing the love of danger, the habit of energy and fearlessness.

Courage, audacity, and revolt will be essential elements of our poetry. **2**

Up to now literature has exalted a pensive immobility, ecstasy, and sleep. We intend to exalt aggressive action, a feverish insomnia, the racer's stride, the mortal leap, the punch and the slap. **3**

We affirm that the world's magnificence has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed. A racing car whose hood is adorned with great pipes, like serpents of explosive breath - a roaring car that seems to ride on grapeshot - is more beautiful than the Victory of Samothrace. **4**

We want to hymn the man at the wheel, who hurls the lance of his spirit across the Earth, along the circle of its orbit. **5**

The poet must spend himself with ardor, splendor, and generosity, to swell the enthusiastic fervor of the primordial elements. **6**

Manifesto del Futurismo

7 Except in struggle, there is no more beauty. No work without an aggressive character can be a masterpiece. Poetry must be conceived as a violent attack on unknown forces, to reduce and prostrate them before man.

8 We stand on the last promontory of the centuries! Why should we look back, when what we want is to break down the mysterious doors of the Impossible? Time and Space died yesterday. We already live in the absolute, because we have created eternal, omnipresent speed.

1909 **9** We will glorify war - the world's only hygiene - militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of freedom-bringers, beautiful ideas worth dying for, and scorn for woman.

Marinetti **10** We will destroy the museums, libraries, academies of every kind, will fight moralism, feminism, every opportunistic or utilitarian cowardice.

11 We will sing of great crowds excited by work, by pleasure, and by riot; we will sing of the multicolored, polyphonic tides of revolution in the modern capitals; we will sing of the vibrant nightly fervor of arsenals and shipyards blazing with violent electric moons; greedy railway stations that devour smoke-plumed serpents; factories hung on clouds by the crooked lines of their smoke; bridges that stride the rivers like giant gymnasts, flashing in the sun with a glitter of knives; adventurous steamers that sniff the horizon; deep-chested locomotives whose wheels paw the tracks like the hooves of enormous steel horses bridled by tubing; and the sleek flight of planes whose propellers chatter in the wind like banners and seem to cheer like an enthusiastic crowd.

What Beast is This? by Jay Davis

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Being a church man at the time, I was on my way to worship one Sunday morning, when I experienced an odd sensation. Moving along at a leisurely pace, I suddenly felt light headed. My feet seemed to hover slightly above the sidewalk, and my legs had turned to jelly. It was a bright, sunny day. There was not a cloud in the sky. It was pleasantly warm. A bird chirped. A car drove by... and I became invisible to animals.

I might have known at once that it was so, for, at that moment, a gorilla rushed into the street with a garden shovel in its grip. With this tool, it violently murdered a small dog crossing there. Then, turning quickly back with its hideous meal, the monster nearly trampled me as it hurried to conceal itself again behind a large hedge.

I was, of course, overwhelmed by the unprecedented spectacle. My first impulse, on regaining my wits, was to run, and I did so at once. Reaching the temple steps, and pushing past a scrubbed, fresh smelling congregation, I met the priest chatting affably amidst his flock. They milled about him, mumbling in low tones.

"My good man," I said, interrupting his polite conversation with an older woman, "may I use the phone? It's an emergency."

"But of course. Brother Merkeley will show you the way." and he snapped his fingers at a stout, red faced man, "Brother Merkeley, please take Mr..."

"Frankle."

"Please take Mr. Frankle to the phone. There's been an accident."

Brother Merkeley pursed his lips and led me to a small office. I immediately phoned the police and described what I had seen. The authorities assured me that they would look into the matter at once.

Joining the others in a forward pew, I then enjoyed the lengthy sermon, raised my voice in chorus during the hymn, and made a joyous sound unto The Lord. This bolstered my courage a bit. When the final prayer had been prayed, and my colleagues headed out into the sun once more, I took a moment to reflect upon Our Saviour in a depiction above the podium. Then my thoughts returned to the beast at large in our community, and I was again filled with fear.

In any case, I didn't yet understand that I was in no

danger at all, for, as I've mentioned already, I'd become imperceptible to aught else but my own species, the human race; I no longer existed upon the senses of animals, including all bugs, birds, and sea life, as the reader shall see.

Heading back into town by a different route, I noticed some roses in bloom, and stopped for a breath of their heavenly scent. Then I felt a sharp pain in my left shoulder blade. Turning back at once, I was terrified by a crazed pigeon that wildly beat its wings about my face. Dropping to the sidewalk at length, it ran a circle around me, then flew off again in a state of evident confusion. The thing had rammed its beak into my body with real force, and, inspecting the back of my white shirt in a car window, I saw that I was bleeding, so hurried home for an antibiotic, fearing disease.

Of course, I at once suspected that some avian virus had infected my brain, for I began to see nonsensical things on my way: a hedgehog pushing itself along the sidewalk on a roller skate, a cricket dancing with a centipede. I felt sick, or, rather, experienced a sort of vertigo; the giddy sensation that I had come too close to the edge of some great precipice. Indeed, everything seemed to be at a slight angle, and my powers of perception became acute. I was able to process impressions at a much faster rate, and the information my eyes received was very strange.

It would be inaccurate to say that I hadn't already noticed an enormous number of squirrels about by then, but nothing could have prepared me for the overpopulation I beheld on a detour through Sylvester park. Hardly an inch of tree bark was visible as they scurried every which way in great swarms... keen to keep from being seen by my brethren. Of course, it was impossible for all of them to remain concealed from every eye at all times in such abundance. So, when one of the many thousands of them moved too slowly, or found its path impeded by the body of another, it necessarily leapt forth into view and carried on as we are used to seeing them do... dashing left and right, sniffing the air and scratching the earth. The wily thing then scampers off at the first possible opportunity. We accept that they are skittish creatures, so think nothing of it when they disappear behind the trunk again. Observing their unseemly behavior undetected, I learned the truth. They are swift and cunning, devilish things, and much more numerous than we know. Horrified, I watched them hauling their unholy cargo to the tree tops: dead

lizards, frogs and chicken bones... a whiffle ball, a length of rope (and worse!) - a clump of hair - and a human hand...

This shocking revelation staggered me, and my skin began to crawl at the thought of them everywhere in demon plenty.

"Do you not see it?" I screamed. "Stay clear of the trees... for God's sake, leave this place!"

Then, picking up a handful of stones, I scattered a dozen or so of the creatures closing in on a family picnic. This came off badly, however, for the action was misinterpreted as an assault on the people I'd been attempting to protect. A huge man rose from the blanket where he'd been sitting with his wife and children. Then, flexing both muscular arms in front of his chest, the body builder approached, only coming to a halt when I'd taken a step backward, away from him.

"You alright, friend?"

"No, sir," I said, "you and your family are in terrible danger."

"Really? Are you sure about that?"

"Just look, and see for yourself!" and I pointed to a tree that was writhing with fur.

He turned his head, and the rodents retreated from sight again. Only the token squirrel remained in our field of vision... wiggling its tail cleverly to distract my friend's attention from its kindred at work in the branches above.

Smiling ironically, the man took another threatening step in my direction and said, "I see what you mean."

"You do?"

"Oh, sure. Looks like a mean one."

Glancing over his shoulder, and observing hundreds of little eyes peaking from behind the tree, I backed away as he continued pushing rudely forward.

"I was only trying to help..."

"Want to throw some more rocks? Throw a rock at me, then."

"I didn't mean any harm..." I said, arriving at the park steps, "Well, I'm leaving. I advise you to do the same."

"Let me give *you* some advice," he countered, ramming a thick finger into my rib cage, "don't come back, or somebody *will* get hurt."

Such instruction was unnecessary. I was glad to leave the place, and certainly meant to avoid that area in the future.

"Good day."

"Don't come back!"

Every nerve in my body was sorely strained by the time I came to a small garden alcove aside my apartment. There, I startled three cats engaged in an outrageous

activity. Passing by the Satanic things without a word, I found my keys, and opened the car-port door in a hurry.

It was dark in the garage and storage space that also served as a laundry room for the tenants of our building. Groping forward toward the stairs, I heard a loud crash behind the dryer. Arming myself with a barbell, I stood stock still for a time, then moved cautiously toward the source of the sound. More bashing about behind the machine sent a wave of terror through me. Two red eyes peered out from the darkness. There was a beastly grunt, then a snort of sorts... several more husky, guttural sounds, and, finally, a screaming squeal. My bones rattled. My blood ran cold, and the urban boar rushed forth - swinging its terrible tusks, spinning and reeling up its body in every direction - it gnashed its awful teeth, and dashed its eyes about, enraged! But I was quick on my feet, and, praise God, escaped up the steps, and reached my apartment unharmed.

I'd arrived at the end of my wits, and went for a bottle of whiskey in the cupboard at once. Disposing of perhaps a pint straightaway, I found my hands yet trembling when I reached for a smoke in a pack by the window. Lighting up and taking a puff, I held the nicotine in my lungs until the insanity passed. Then I relaxed a bit with my head in my hands, considering the day's disquieting events, and took another long pull from The Old Grouse. My eyes fixed lazily on some birds on a wire. A bicyclist moved through the alley below. The vultures stared suspiciously down at the man as he peddled away, then flew after the fellow when he'd come to the road. Crows! What would become of him? I prayed for his safety, and hid myself beneath the blankets in bed.

I lived in perpetual fear for several weeks, and only left the house when I had to. On those rare daytime expeditions, I witnessed animals everywhere engaged in ridiculous activities, and realized that I, alone, could see them. I also saw creatures that one doesn't expect in the city: a polar bear, an elephant (the reader might recall my experience with a blood crazed primate, and the urban boar). These visions provided me much valuable insight into the, so called, "wild kingdom," and I came to the conclusion that most higher vertebrates are more advanced and plentiful than we know. In fact, some have adapted so well to our streets that they are never seen. Yet, only look more carefully, there! a giraffe in the alley... You see how it blends with the texture of that wall? An alligator on the lawn. A lemur. A jackal at the bus bench. I once beheld an entire society of lions travelling stealthily toward the capital building. Alas, we exist nearsightedly assured of our dominance on earth, beside them, as they multiply at a frightful rate, and slyly feed upon our scraps. Do they savor the flavorless found object, or rather anticipate a raucous feast on human flesh? Only consider the

squirrels that already have a taste for the blood of children. Do they not become impatient for the final harvest? Are we yet superior, although able to perceive but a fraction of them in our midst?

But it is not by numbers alone that animals rule us. An unsettling experience at my sister's house convinced me of their intellectual ascendancy as well.

By Thanksgiving, I was well aware of my gift, and used it to study our four legged friends and the slithering things. I no longer feared the powerfully proportioned body, quick temper, and slavering maw of beast, for God had granted me invisibility unto all of his creatures, save my own kith and kin. I therefore perceived them as they are, not as they wish to be seen, with growing curiosity, apprehension, and, at length, resolve.

Now my sister, Ethel, and her family are dog people, as opposed to that other class of fools who feel more comfortable around cats. I suppose I must include that there are fish and lizard lovers, also... In any case, my sister and her husband, Jim, own two large dogs: huge, bearish Rottweilers both; a female called Marie, and Bert, her brother. I knew (or thought I knew) the dogs well, as they'd been associated with the family for some time. I was not surprised, however, when they ignored me at the door with my bottle of wine and a tray of deviled eggs. We'd developed a certain comradery over the years, and I usually gave them both a good pat on the back to establish my identity. In fact, I'd always found them both especially friendly for dogs, although Marie's attention seeking idiosyncracies did tend to make me uneasy at times. I attempted to pass by them without a word. Ethel noticed my nonchalance and I was instructed to "say hi to Bert and Marie."

"Hello, dogs," I said, and they pricked up their ears.

"Marie, aren't you going to say hi to Eric?"

Stupefied by my sister's request, the female backed away with a whimper. Bert, being the bolder, more energetic specimen, proceeded to dance about the hallway in hysterics, barking in every direction at nothing whatsoever.

"Must be the soap I'm using," I said. Having anticipated the scene, I'd prepared my words of explanation in advance, "dogs don't seem to like it much."

Marie! It's your buddy, Eric..." my sister continued, unconvinced.

Marie, by then suspicious, gave vent to the rare outburst of rage ever held in reserve for moments of true annoyance or danger. This seemed an excellent moment to affect my escape into the kitchen, and I did so.

"Howdy-do!" said Jim, retrieving a fresh beer from the fridge.

"Howdy to you," I said.

"What's shakin'?"

"Oh... well, it's cold outside."

"No, buddy. How in the hell are you? That's what I meant. Think fast..." and he tossed me a can, "Thirsty?"

"Sure, Jim. How's business?"

"Never been better... Ethel, take a look at this bird. Wow!"

More guests had arrived, and I moved into the living room at length, where my nieces and nephews were playing Monopoly and watching a parade on TV. I returned to the kitchen several times for a few new drinks, and, eventually, the table was set for Thanksgiving.

There were twelve of us, total, and Mr. James Reed, Sr., my sister's father-in-law, said grace. He is an animated, entertaining fellow; an upstanding, religious man, and a world traveller equipped with many amusing anecdotes, and devilishly clever jokes. I have always respected Jim, Sr., and everyone enjoys his company. Nevertheless, he is well over four hundred pounds, and his young French wife is a high-pitched, ridiculous twit. I must also include that, at any point in one of his interesting monologues, he might suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, screw up his face and jerk his head sideways. He will then continue on as though nothing at all had gone wrong. I understand he secured this unusual tick in Korea. It is easy to gauge his level of mirth by the color of his ear lobes, which become flaming red when he is amused, and by his laughter, which is remarkably silly. One always knows when the punch line is near, for, coming to the climactic, humorous twist, his body shakes, and he begins to gasp or wheeze. Concluding the joke with a bird-like peep, he ends up snorting and squealing for several seconds, then giggles like a little girl, so:

"Tee-hee-hee... hee-hee-hee!"

This feature of his personality is infectiously funny, and, once again, he had the table in tears by pie time. At a point, the entire party moved into the living room for an aperitif.

"Come on out, Eric," said my sister, "Samantha brought a bottle of Port."

"In a minute," I said. I'd been too full of food to move at the time.

Left alone in the room, I then heard a sound very similar to Mr. Reed's laughter. This noise, however, came from the floor... where I noticed Bert and Marie shaking and snorting, as though ill. Then they calmed down, and I heard it again.

"Tee-hee-hee... hee-hee-hee!"

Bert, who had been turned away from me, then leapt into the fat man's seat, screwed up his face, and jerked his head in Marie's direction. She grunted and wheezed as the male dog put his mits on the table and tapped a

quick staccato. Taking a steak knife in one paw, and a fork in the other (Bert made better use of these appendages than I had imagined possible) he then cut a large piece of turkey left on the plate. I was amazed when he reversed fork and knife politely before cramming the meat in his mouth. Dabbing his chin with a napkin, and jerking his head again at the proper moment, Bert then blabbered some illiterate sounds (similar to an earlier monologue on American politics) enacting an excellent impression of Mr. James Reed, Sr.

"Tee-hee-hee... hee-hee-hee!"

Marie thumped her forepaw heavily upon the carpet, convulsing with amusement.

I was floored by the insane thing that I was seeing, and watched, astonished, as he poured himself a glass of wine, and savored the bouquet like a true connoisseur. Finally, Bert lit the remnants of a cigar in the ashtray, and puffed away, pleased with the effect of his performance.

Marie started barking at that moment, and her brother dropped immediately to the floor. My sister appeared in the door with a pour of Port. Downing the drink without a word, I then joined the others for a larger portion.

The example, above, should illustrate that dogs, Rottweillers especially, are smarter than they seem, and I took a particular interest in the study of "man's best friend" from that moment onward. Travelling often to the outskirts of town with my journal, a small recording device, and a disposable camera, I observed their behaviour, and documented my findings. Sitting in the field for hours at a time, I drew many startling conclusions.

I will end my account with an entry, dated May 1st, composed at St. Mary's hospital in the spring of last year:

I am assured of my purpose. Yet, with what scant evidence shall I present my case? How was I to know there are only twenty-four exposures on a roll of film? Almost all of my work thus far has been in vain. God grant me sagacity and strength in these difficult times. Bless and protect us all, oh Lord.

New dressings have been applied to my wounds, and the nurse is a friendly person. Nevertheless, I still reject the anaesthetic, as I wish to remain alert at all times. I must stay sharp for the struggle ahead.

Slipping through a breach in the barbed wire last Wednesday, and entering the field at Marigold Farms, I found the Pit Bulls there again in circular assembly. The fat one was gesturing to some sketches in the sand (strange, elaborate shapes and foreign symbols) grunting in their garbled tongue as the pack pressed in about him. I boldly

moved through the kennel ranks taking photos, and snapped a few chevrons drawn in the dust. These appeared to contain complex equations (undoubtedly diagrams depicting advanced plans of some kind).

At a point, I stood up too fast and felt light headed. My feet seemed to hover slightly above the earth... and my legs had turned to jelly. Nevertheless, I continued with my work.

Recording some of the Pit Bull's language, I despaired when all of the dogs began to bark at once, and held the microphone a bit closer to the leader's mouth. Then it, too, began to simply bark like a beast. I therefore backed away from the thing, and turned around. And that is when, alas, I found their forty sets of eyes upon me...

Eugene Ionesco

When you declared to us, on your honour, that you adored hashed brown potatoes. Yes, you ignobly lied, lied lied! Like alkali! This was nothing but a mean trick unworth of the respect that we all have borne you in this house with its noble traditions, since your infancy. The reality is really this: You don't love hashed brown potatoes, you've never loved them. You never will love them!!!

Steve Martin

I, for one, am going to know what to say when the ducks show up. I've made a list of phrases, and although I don't know which one to use yet, they are all good enough in case they showed up tomorrow. Many people won't know what to say when the ducks show up, but I will. Maybe I'll say, "Oh wonderful ducks!" I practice these sayings every day, and even though the ducks haven't come yet, when they do, I'll know what to say.

Tristan Tzara

two smiles meet towards
the child-wheel of my zeal
the bloody baggage of creatures
made flesh in physical legends-lives
the nimble stags storms cloud over
rain falls under the scissors of
the dark hairdresser-furiously
swimming under the clashing arpeggios
in the machine's sap grass
grows around with sharp eyes
here the share of our caresses
dead and departed with the waves
gives itself up to the judgment of time
parted by the meridian of hairs
non strikes in our hands
the spices of human pleasures

Captian Beefheart

Fast and bulbous!
That's right, The Mascara Snake,
Fastion boolbus!
Also, a tin teardrop.
Bulbous also tapered.
That's right!

Melt Banana

cube runs to be a crown
there is no laughter
cubs scud much faster
upsidedown free speed
how fast should they drive?
seeking for their meanings
how fast should they alive?
"As fast as!"

A Comparison of Absurdism in Literature and Pop Culture

Absurdism in Pop Culture

Beast

Manifesto of Futurism

Face #11

A Mobile Future City

Lorem Ipsum

Imaginary Places

7

Reprints of samples of absurdism, from what is considered "serious literature" (Ionesco and Tzara) and pop culture (Martin, Beefheart, and Melt Banana).

6

Jay Davis is from Cleveland, Ohio and currently lives in San Francisco. Author of "The Bellerro Shie: Readings for Discussion" (Lit-Ex, 2000), and "The Thomsky Fluke and Other Tales" (Regent Press/This Reprint Starcraft, 2003).
manifesto that started the Italian Futurist movement.

4

Dave Fischer is an artist from Providence. He works in paint, metal, legos, and postscript.

3

Since September of 2002, Jean Cozzens has not lived more than 3 months in the same place. She is currently looking for an abandoned barge on which to create a travelling, building-code-free, self-sustaining city.
ditional piece of filler text.

2

Brendon Wood is a native Rhode Islander who has spent the last 23 years pondering the wonders of the world of music. He earned a B.A in Music Composition from the University of Massachusetts/Boston where he studied under Dr. David Patterson. Currently he performs with Devil Music, a group he formed in the spring of 1999.

1