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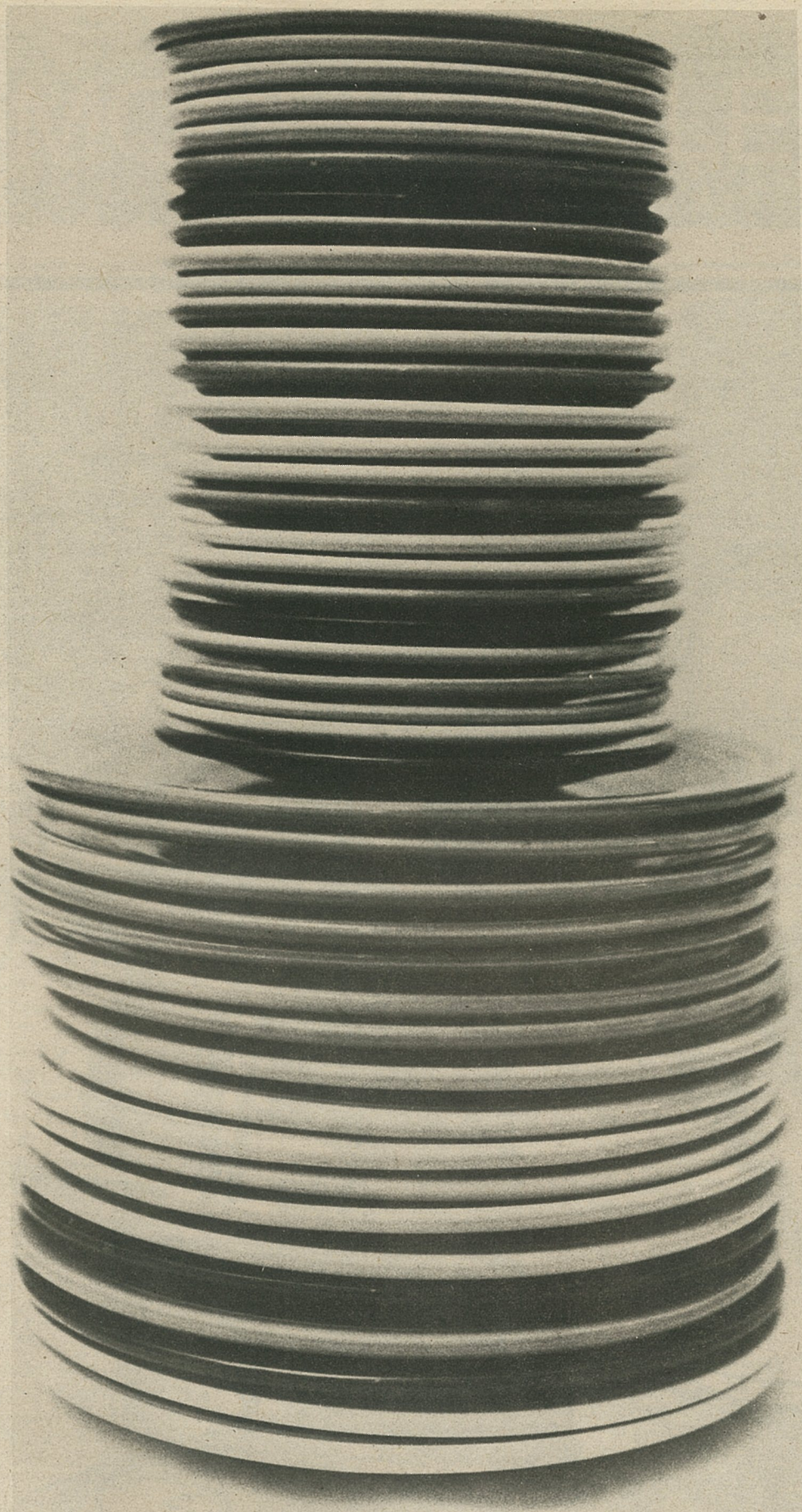
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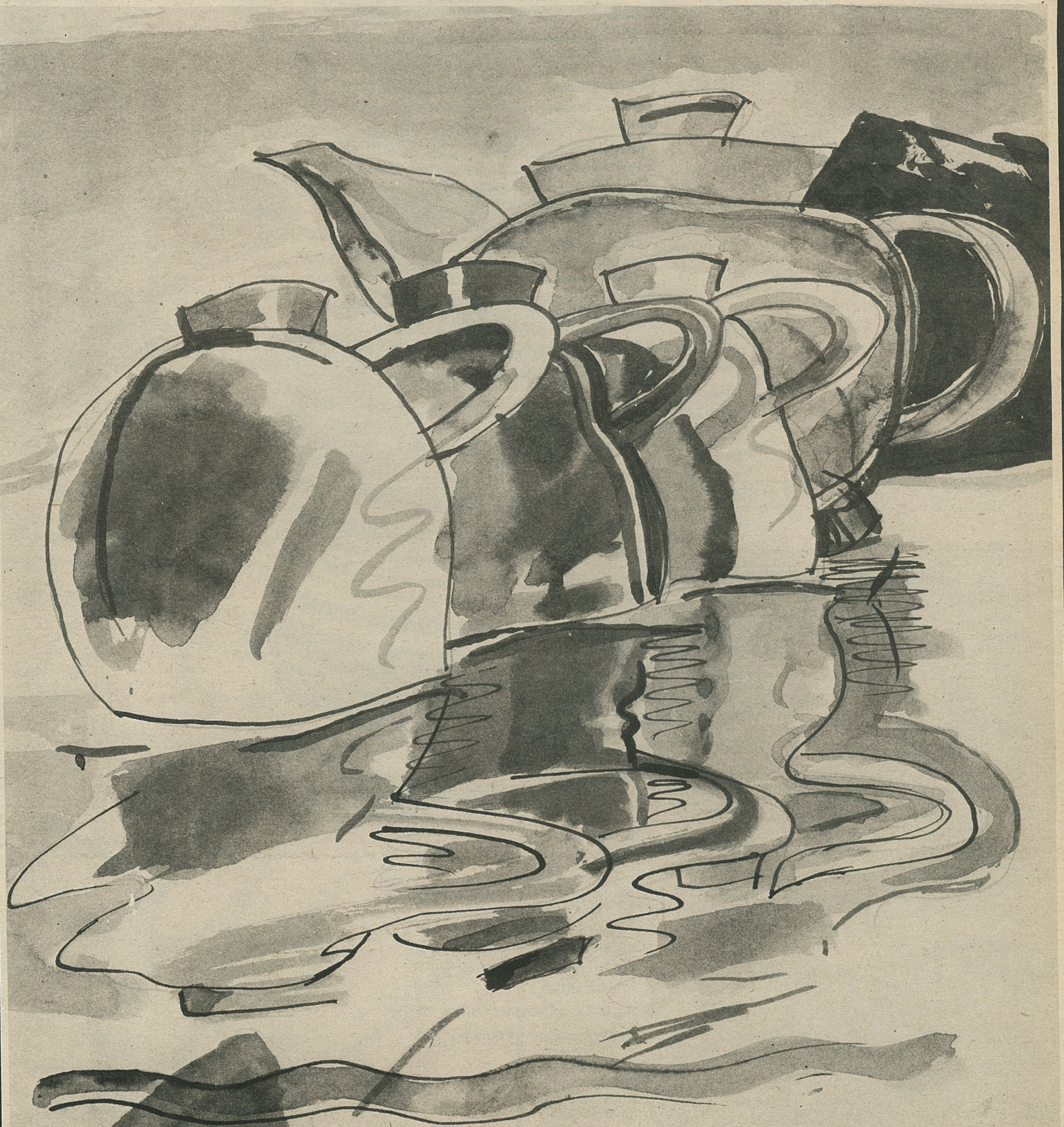
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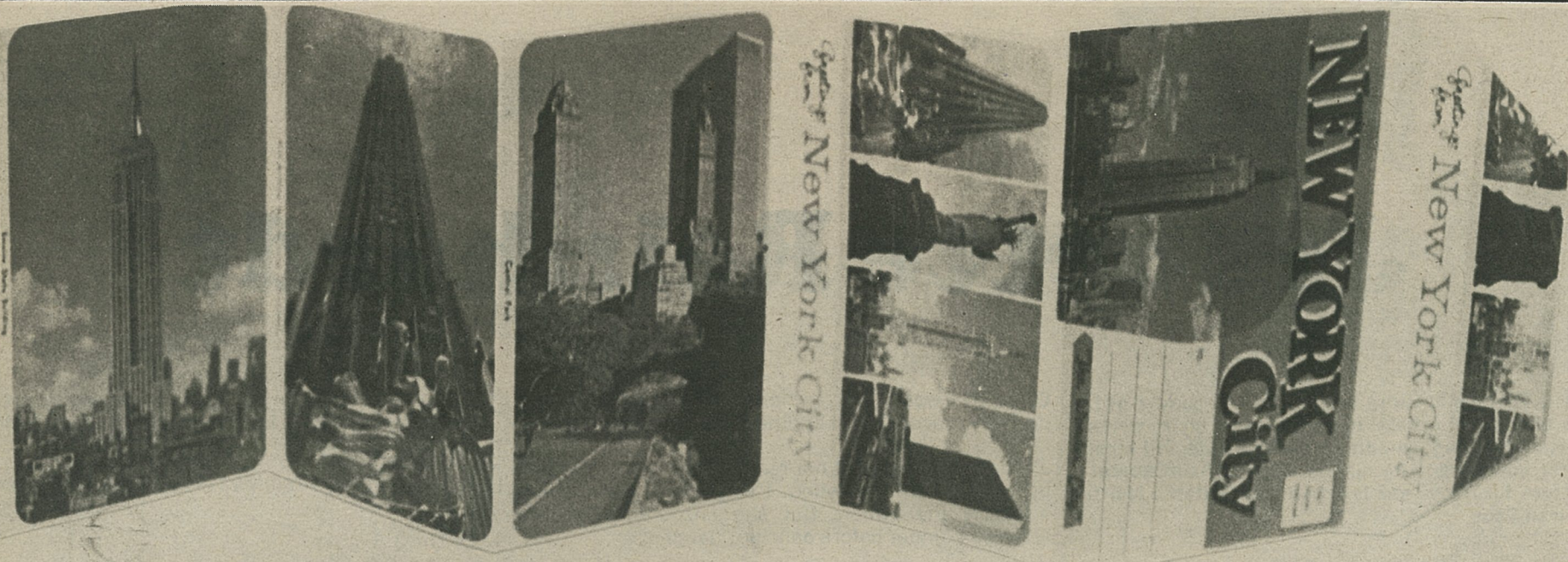
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Supplement to Video Guide—Jan./Feb., 1980



VIEW OF THE WEST END FROM KITILANO
CR 80

GINA = MODERN TELEVISION



Downtown--Uptown--Where?--
When?--Can you put me on the list?
Otherwise I won't be able to make it.

Yes, johnnies and janies, beer in the delis is good and cheap, but club liggering is expensive. So you're always going to see bands you know, 'cos that way you can at least get on the comp list. Except for TR3, which is about five blocks away from the Mudd Club and if you've just made a bit of money it isn't the end of the world not to be on the comp list because the cover's only \$3.00. But TR3's a funky little club and not a very profitable one to play in except on the weekends. And when there's a crowd it's difficult to see the band. Hurrah's, being a converted disco, has a lot of room and therefore more options. Stay at the bar if you can afford it; stand up front and watch the band; or else make yourself comfortable in your own corner. At TR3 the band usually sounds better from either outside or from the upstairs lounge and washrooms.

The Futants are a three-piece (guitar, keyboards and drums) who should do well for themselves. They

New York Post Card

have an electronic pop approach similar to some of the newer English bands but looser. At their Squat Theatre set last week they formed a backdrop for jazz trombonist Joseph Bowie which was a wonderfully bizarre coupling. Free-form jazz against electronic pop. After the Futants disconnected Joseph kept blowing; and the crowd which loved the combination of the two became hostile.

Half of the ex-Contortions (guitarist Jody Harris, bassist George Scott, and drummer Don Christiansen), plus saxophonist/organist Pat Irwin, played a set the same evening. The sound is like a slightly angular Booker T. and the MG's, or, of course, the JB's, but without the craziness of the old Contortions. Irwin plays well but isn't either James Chance or Adele Bertel; and Pat Place's loony open tuning slide guitar is missed. However, Jody Harris can be wicked with his whang bar, and the rhythm section is wonderful.

Robin Crutchfield used to play keyboards for DNA; now he has his own band, Dark Day. The music is all Gothic and stately; there is no Arto Lindsay-type flailing guitar, but there is a lot of mood. Hypnotic repetition, like Kraftwerk but with low-budget accessible instruments, which changes the scenery; giving the music an urgency it wouldn't have in a travelling laboratory. Video images are implied and therefore missed, but the music is strong in composition if not in performance.

I never get to see the Lounge Lizards because they always have to play the same nights the Government has to play. This probably isn't terribly significant.

The Static are a three, sometimes four, piece guitar-oriented band led by Theoretical Girls' guitarist Glenn Branca. They have an almost kabuki-like flair for bringing out distinct elements of their songs, which usually start ominously, veer into

ridiculous English rock (Who and Kinks), and then violently veer off into high energy improvisation. The Static have a single out on Theoretical Records (My Relationship/Don't Let Me Stop You), it's fine, but the band is a long way beyond that now. Sounds familiar, huh.

I got a charge out of the Death of Rock 'n Roll at the Mudd Club. Emceed by Uncle Willoughby, highlights included Taylor Mead reciting Street Hassle a la Jimmy Durante; a wonderfully speedy poem by Gary Indiana on the disposability of rock 'n roll; plus all the gorgeous coffins upstairs. The Mama Cass buffet! Really!

Boris Policeband is a star at Dave's Luncheonette at the corner of Broadway and Canal. One never knows what Boris might pick up on his cop radio.

I hope I feel up to catching Chinese Puzzle at TR3 tomorrow night before heading for Der Ratskellar in Boston. I have a comp.

Watch out for Basic Motel.

Andrew James Paterson

Video Art Tuesday Nights 11 30 PM

Gina Show

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Doggie , Doggie , Doggie !

Jeanette Reinhardt

Jeanette Reinhardt, bred and butter Vancouver girl. She is the perfect artists' model; creates style; works hard at performing; co-editing Video Guide and most recently co-co-ordinator of the Mondo Arte Cabaret. Don't look for her ... she is scheduled to start a North American Tour.

Charles: If you think I'm going to pad this interview because of this fabulous breakfast, you're a smart girl.

Jeanette: I wouldn't expect that.

C: I would like to know a little of your childhood. You came from a family of five sisters and no brothers. I'd like to know if there was any family ambition, five sisters being a phenomena, and there being several sister groups to inspire you?

J: We played with the idea when we were younger. Sheila, Linda, Dianne, Marlene and myself, but there weren't any talent scouts cruising our neighborhood. Anyway it didn't last long, my sisters left home, got married ... until most recently, they've all become single again--so perhaps we'll reunite the Reinhardt sisters.

C: A comeback! Family acts usually have strong parental figures, some one to pay for the piano lessons. Do you think your mother would take you back after all these years?

J: My mother was a strong woman bringing up five children on her own, I'd say she had a strong influence over us.

C: Musically? Would she be in the group?

J: Not unless her health got better, otherwise she's got a great voice.

C: You've had great adventures abroad

J: I have lived in other cities. When I first left home it was for Honolulu, me and my girlfriend, hoping to travel the islands, but our funds ran short so most of my memories were of Maui.

C: You had to earn a living then. That must have taken the edge off the glamour?

J: It was quite difficult in that I needed a social security card. I finally got a job, but I could never work in one place long.

C: What kind of jobs did you take?

J: Taxi dancing for a while.

C: What's that?

J: That's when someone pays you to dance.

C: They actually pay you to dance? Is there a madame who runs these places?

J: Yes, she was quite flamboyant. A leftover from the Pearl Harbour days ... Chinese ... but she could have been Polynesian.

C: What did she expect?

J: She wanted us to socialize and definitely become friends with the clientele there, not only for herself but for us as well. The friendlier you became the more they would pay to dance with you.

C: So this was a place where men would come and possibly procure services other than just dancing.

J: That happened, but not really in the club. That was up to your own discretion. I was driven home every night by the owner. But she encouraged you to arrange a dinner before dancing. (laughs)

C: You kept it straight? How long did you last at this job?

J: About four days.

C: Four days!

J: Four nights.

C: There wasn't enough money in dancing alone?

J: No. Not if you were just dancing. You had to go into dark corners.

C: Well, your demureness is attractive. You've been the model for several artists. How have you accomplished this. Flattery? Artists need so much acknowledgement.

J: No. I'm flattered. Artists are very good flatterers.

C: Hmmm, artists have always been known for that. All through the history of art you notice beautiful men and women. There is more than just the talent of painting apparent there ... Jeanette you're turning red ... how did you become the artists' model of the year?

J: You're not saying that I had affairs with all of them?

C: No, I didn't say that. I'm saying, did anything happen in any of these relationships?

J: Yes, I had the experience of being a product, a commodity.

C: We should all see you now. You're wearing bright blue socks, canary yellow ... what are those things over your socks, feet cozies?

J: Yes.

C: Yellow feet cozies, bright green ...

J: Emerald green ...

C: Emerald green pants with ...

J: Turquoise tee shirt ...

C: Turquoise tee shirt ... with what would you call that, aquamarine?

J: Yes.

C: Coat ... mmmm ... turquoise boots that are identical to your gloves. Too bad this is just a black and white conversation. Yes, it's true you have quite a flair for dressing, as well as window dressing, though you're not doing that any more.

J: Perhaps I'll do it again.

C: You are still interested?

J: I like to coordinate. I love working hard, you know. I like pressure. I was being very creative when I was working. Like the performance festival, it was quite a challenge. I am not a sales girl. It's not an easy thing to relate to. I mean it's not one of the hardest ... but it's one of the most distasteful. The act of creativity is second, the most important thing is recognition and selling of the store image.

C: Recently Monique Gabin asked you to return to do her windows. You refused. You also left after a row.

J: The second time or the first?

C: The first?

J: Both times.

C: Both times! You're really a trouble maker.

J: I didn't realize I had such an ego.

C: You have to have an ego to be an artist, everyone expects that. You will be going on tour with Paul Wong ...

J: That will be in February, Paul, Ann, Carol, Deb and I.

C: The S.S. girls.

J: The S.S. Girls.

C: And how many dates?

J: Ummm, there'll be Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal and New York!

C: So you'll be hitting all the hot spots?

J: Yes, it will be exciting. I'm getting itchy feet. This afternoon I bought two books called the Encyclopedia of World Travel, Parts I and II.

C: The S.S. Girls have come on strong this year. It's a great name, it embodies what you are into.

J: Trouble.

C: Is it political?

J: You know what it stands for? Sisters of Sluthood.

C: You've turned on since Hawaii?

J: (laughs) It's part of my education ...

C: What performances have the S.S. Girls done?

J: We did a performance at the Quadra Club ... where Ann and I terrorized the management. We more or less told them to fuck off.

C: You eventually got the boot as well.

J: (laughs) Yes. I almost got killed!

C: Beat up! I remember you being sore and bruised for a long time after that.

J: You should see the bruises I got raging the other night. Do you want to see where I'm bruised?

C: I'm a fan of the S.S. Girls and of all their activities. How do your activities work?

J: I see them as a statement as to how people are easily manipulated by force and power as well as by women. Though it is not feminist or for women only.

C: Would you dress in Nazi uniforms?

J: Yea, yea, no, no, changing ... changing outfits. The S.S. Girls don't have to look like that; part of it is subliminal, it doesn't always have to be overt. Destroying relationships, it's totally part of being bad girls all over.

C: Is there hope for other girls seeking entry into this sorority?

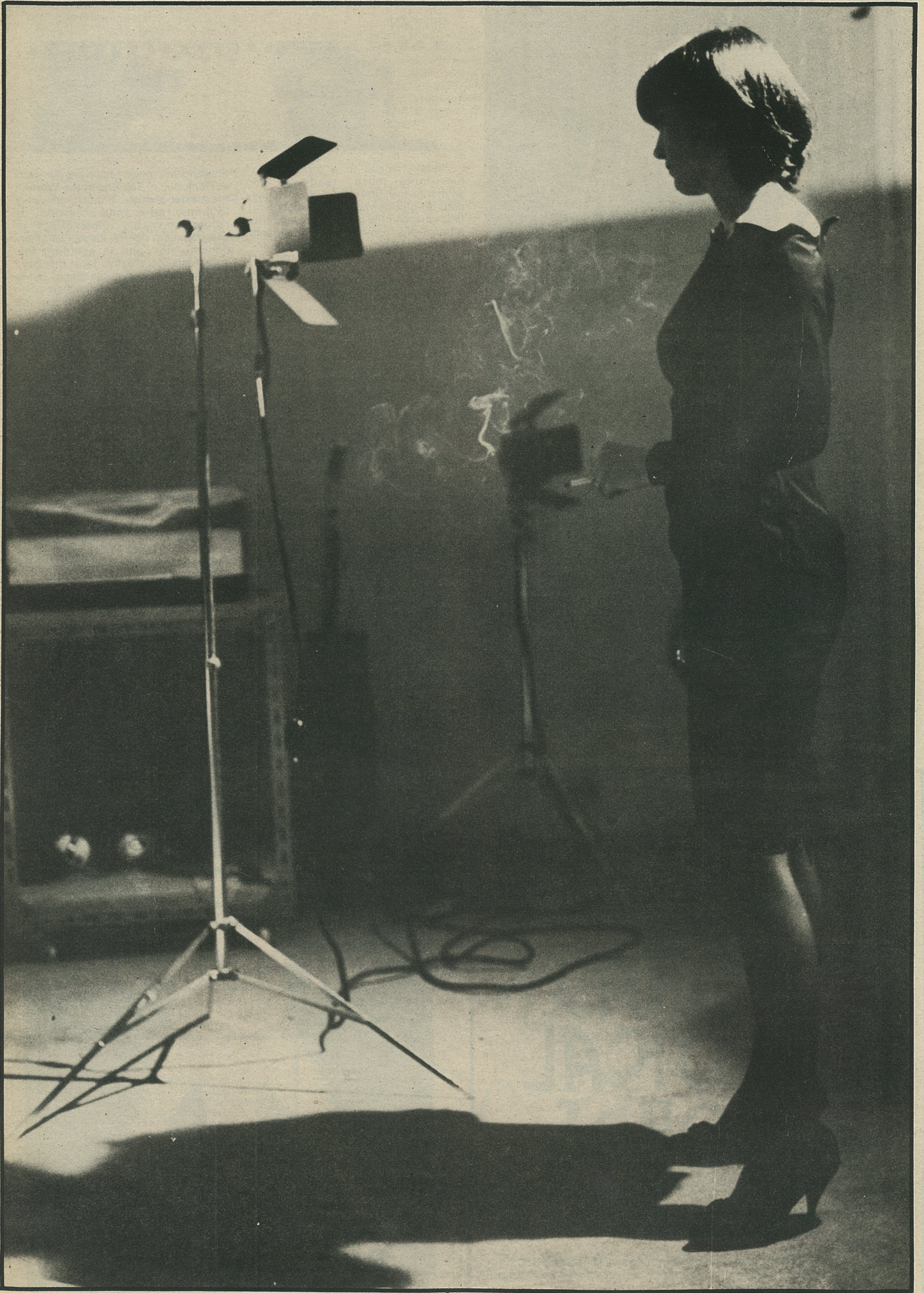
J: No, I don't think so. It's pretty tight already. The Girls' Club takes up a lot of slack, they're always looking for new members. I really think it would be interesting with other S.S. Girls, but ...

C: Traditionally, four has been the number of chaos. What ideas have you thought of working with?

J: Grouping people at performances; demanding to see their tickets, segregating nationalities, sects, cliques, people of similar sexual preferences, humiliating everybody, stuff like that.

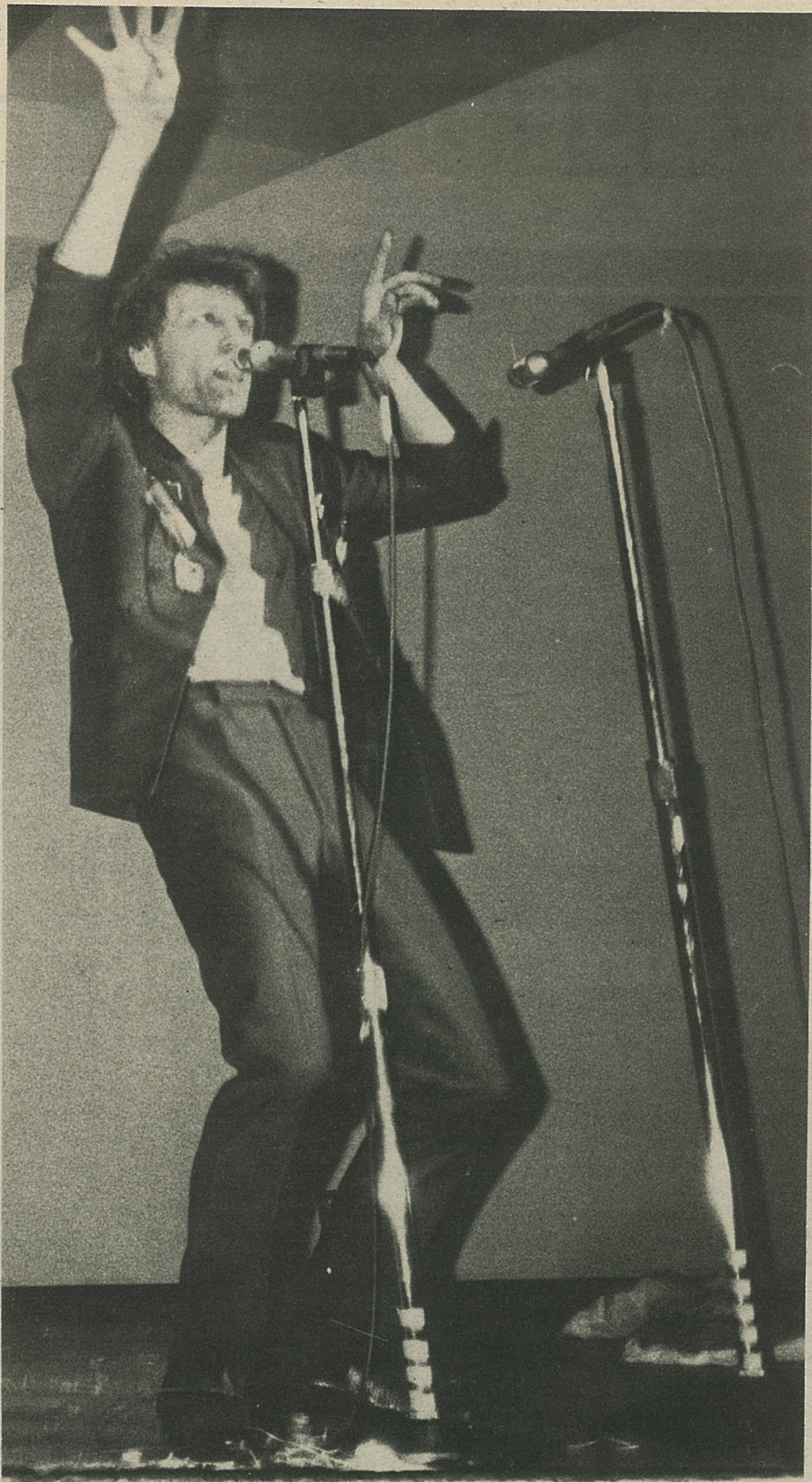
C: Have you been compared to the Hummer Sisters?

J: No, I don't think so. The statements we make are quite different from the Hummers. We are all terrorists but pacifists at the same time. None of us would really want to hurt anybody, but at times we would sure like to frighten them. Show them where they're really at and what they're being subjected to, and for them to react, is our initial outset. We look forward to reactions. It's a love of humanity.



Front cover: Jeanette Reinhardt, photo by Mary Janeway

M. Janeway

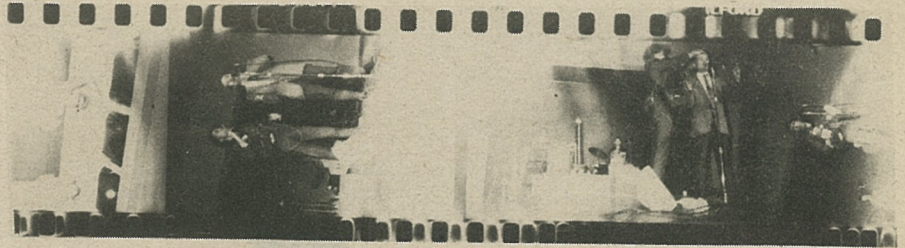


HANK BULL

photo: Mary Janeway

taking the stage

RELICAN



... today--trapped in a corner--outta luck--outta touch, ready to do anything--the first thing that comes natural--quickly you throw the body in first--suspend the senses--suspend the rational--the body is a numbed and lifeless artifact--an extended thermometer held to gauge what (if anything) is to follow--you're numb and speech has been suspended but illiterates read you like a book.

In terms of entertainment value, a category wholly opposed to the natural flow of speech or thought or action, first of all requiring the removal of the first person and first of all the removal of spontaneity and first of all the removal of error ...

meaning a person with a built in flaw, a speech impediment, a runaway lymph gland, a nervous disorder can be found a source of entertainment at home, at parties or maybe on the street but cannot make entertainment value in the known sense of the word, not without that special focus

social significance depends and relies on a certain level of literacy through which entertainment makes and addresses culture; the audience in turn certifies this, but it's beside the point since only the "me" mode of judgement is employed (a retrospective constituent)

there is little in the stories being told which include or bracket anyone in our lives, they in fact remove, take up a lot of (my) time and I'm told, permit me to practice the twenty-first century art of noninvolvement, to act as I'm not reacting

taking the stage today people such as Hank Bull n' **The End of the World**, the master phonetic himself, choosing to mimic rather than entertain, to reduce the mostly vulgar design of entertainment to its lowest common denominator, and in avoiding the anesthesia of a creative label this boy, quicker than the eye can catch, deals language a cruel and vicious blow

Hank knows well and good the rules and orientational qualities of language and he calls it, "the plague which allows us to communicate"

DISORIENTATION: one separate individual, dwarfed in an ill fitted green polyester suit, Hank Bull plays the mysteron, the mimetic, the Ed McMahon of the bedizened after hours non-language talk show, coming to you ... dollar signs right between the eyes

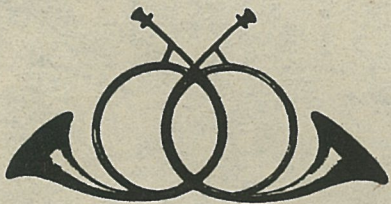
Hank Bull says that life as we knew it before the End of the World was merely an endless series of encounters with props--on the stage of **The End of the World** are those so-called props meant to represent a blank stage to an audience which faces backwards walking away

my close friend Richard once said, "... the subtle insertion between logic and accident, ... choose this always ...

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NEGAVISION

This interview was made in the Pumps darkroom while the three members of the group Negavision printed a photograph. Walter Gulezko knew the band from their early days in Montreal and was happy to hear that they had taken up residency in Vancouver.

WALTER: so you have eight songs
GINETTE: ya
W: what are the titles of some of them
G: Ballade du Tzar, Needle in Red, Mommy Find me Bury me, (inaudible)
W: what Vancouver Bands do you really hate
JEAN: the pointed sticks
G: the modernettes
COLETTE: tous les autres, tous les gang, tous les bands, ya, ya ...

J: we call them ya-ya bands, you know bands that go ne-ne-ne-ne-ne-
G: but i like .08
W: oh i haven't heard them yet are you doing any songs in french

G: ya we've started doing a couple that are halfn'half, but it's different to sing in french, it's hard when you're not used to it
W: there used to be this band in mtl, in laval
G: oh Francon

W: ya, his band was called outre chose autre chose
J: which either means other thing or something else
G: oh ya Jean was supposed to shoot a film with him for the national film board
J: ya but i don't know what will happen when i get back to Mtl

C: j'ai faim
G: we're hungry
W: you're hungry, what did you have for lunch
G: a sandwich
W: can you describe it
C: comme tous les jours
G: big, like that, and a bomb of coffee
W: a bomb of coffee?
C: at the St. Francis Hotel

J: that's where we have dinner every night at about three in the morning
G: after the buddha we go there with the three dollars in our pockets we made from playing
W: how's the studio where you live coming along

pause
W: am i talking too fast
G: no, no, but we don't live anywhere now
W: don't you live in aloft

G: not anymore we got kicked out of there by the fire inspector
J: well we're still saying to people that we live up there, but because right now we're sort of staying at [redacted] but we don't want anyone to know about it
W: i'll have to make sure and cross that part out of the interview

J: actually we came out here to rehearse, like we had the band together in Mtl but we started to figure out that winter was coming so the best thing for us was to move out here to try to rehearse over here

W: are you planning to leave in the spring
G: well we don't know we really don't know

J: we're in a tense situation, like we'd like to stay here as long as we can but since we're living on a day to day basis, like we have to think about tomorrow where are we gonna eat, where are we gonna sleep, it makes things a bit difficult, like always being out of balance or on a tight rope in some weird way, the next step you take will still be on the same rope all the way until you get across.....

W: you think you'll put a record out while you're here
G: ya we want to

J: we're looking mostly to get a record deal because once you have then it's more secure giving shows you don't make any money off that, you can't even cover expenses even ...

... there's no way like at places like the Buddha that you can cover expenses, we don't have any equipment other than our instruments, we don't have, any amps or a PA or microphones, like we don't have any picks or guitar straps or a spare set of strings

G: ya and someone stole two of our lead cables when we played at the Buddha
W: really

G: ya so now we only have two left
C: now what kind of asshole would do a thing like that
W: what are some of your favorite bands

J: public image
G: have you heard of the specials
W: no i haven't

G: they're english too, i heard them when i was over there last year



Negavision are Ginette Duval, Jean Brisson, Guimond Colette



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[NIR] NEEDLE IN THE RED

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TELEPATHIC VAMPIRES STAND ABOVE THE CITY
FIRECRACKER SHOWERS/POWERPLANT BLACKOUTS
THE MAGNETIC FIELD IS ALREADY ESTABLISHED
SOLENOIDS IN FUNCTION/JUST TO SMASH YOU
PAPER THIN EDGE OF A NIGHTMARE
WE ARE SLICING THE CURTAIN OF TITANIUM
TIME PATROL SCANNING THE PSYCHIC WORLD
PATCHES OF SCHIZOID FOG SWEEPING THE CROWD
DEATH SPEEDLINES ON THE MAGNETIC HIGHWAY
PANIC SIGHTS/FIVE LANE WIDE KARAVANS
EARTHQUAKES SHATTERING ALL THE MIRRORS
TO BE ALIVE OR DEAD MAKES NO
DIFFERENCE TO ME

© 1979
JEAN BRISSON



Summary of the 70's, Reckless, Glamorous, Slightly out of focus.



Talking Heads and Iggy Pop: the congenial and the reviler. How can two bands be so different, yet attract the same audience and give the best concerts of the year? Just one of life's little mysteries.



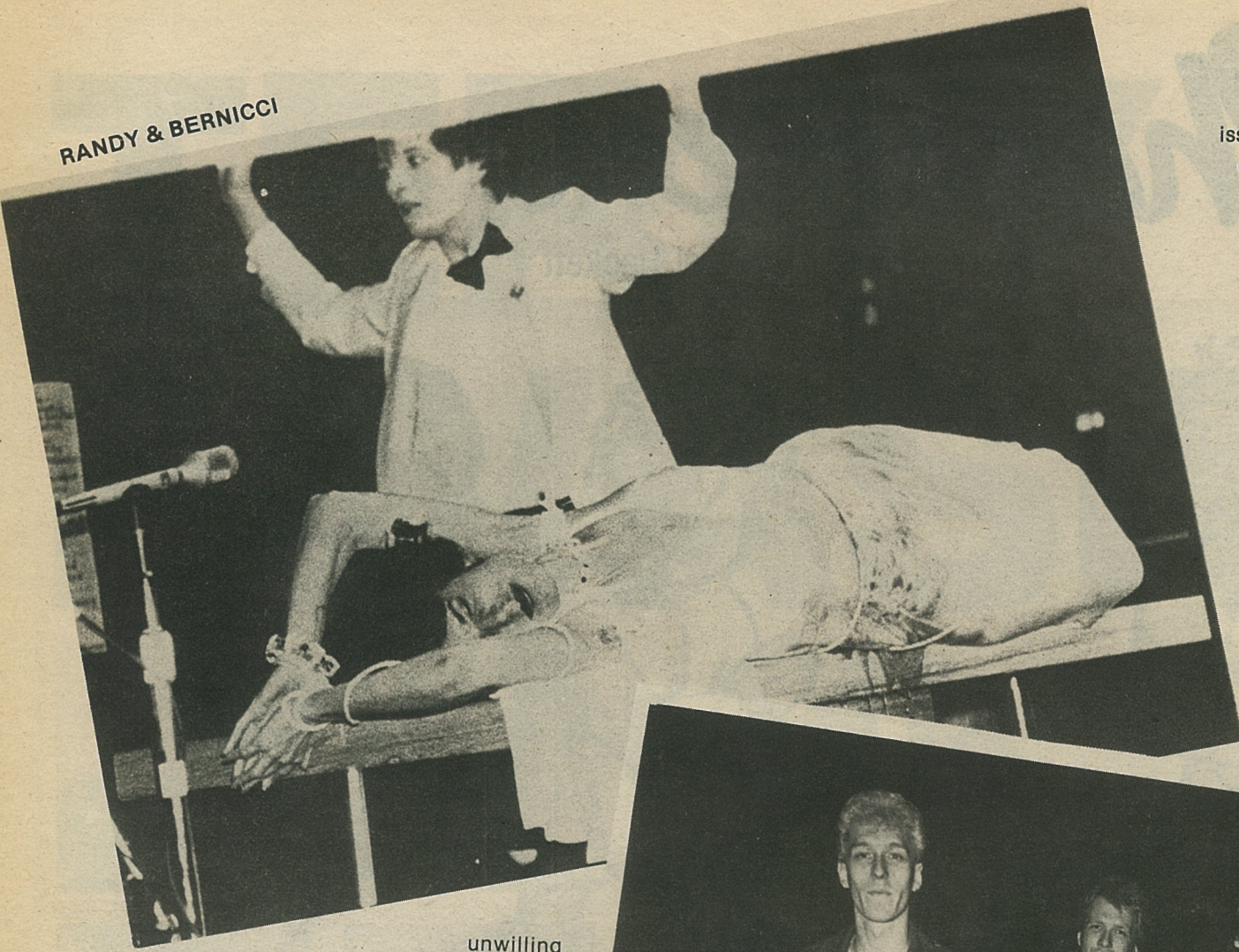
MUSIC THAT LOOKS BACK AT THE FUTURE
MUSIC THAT LOOKS BACK AT THE FUTURE

POP

TARTS

where were you in '82?

RANDY & BERNICCI



unwilling

to face the consequences. Since I'm not one to interpret matters for myself, I'll just set the tone of some of the backbiting among the performers. One performer was heard to say about Glen Lewis's Pygmy performance: "Oh, it reminds me of my Grade 8 science class." Why doesn't she pick on someone her own size, was the first thing to come to mind, but it just remained a thought as another captured the moment by quickly remarking: "She has a lot of growing up to do ..."

The Mondo Arte Cabaret was hosted by a famous used car salesman and a late-night TV regular, who, between their prime times, were able to pick up a few stars...notably everyone backstage on whom the curtain never rose, but had it the production would have been acclaimed.

Randy and Bernicci's "I Am Your Mind" summed up this year's fine string of gothic horrors, which gave us the Alien, Dracula ... and, most recently, Dawn of the Dead. The special effects were awesome ... cosmetically speaking, this pair of Torontosylvanians could set the mood for any real tragedy in our lives.

Ron Hubbard wrote sciencefiction before inventing scientology; well, Hank Bull wrote space age scripts for TV and radio before discovering Relican. The vacuum they created by leaving their former pursuits intrigues me to wonder who will come out the other end of the Black Hole ... maybe Billy Graham or the Pope with glowing reports of aliens on other worlds.

Bore, Bored, Boring

Boredom --the malaise of the seventies-- affects assembly line workers, receptionists, housewives, heart surgeons, teachers and stage managers alike. The problem may be worsening despite efforts to motivate unstimulated, uninterested, sluggish employees such as job rotation, work teams, participative management, management by objectives, job enrichment and flextime. Industrial psychologists fear it will be the epidemic of the eighties. Artists who surely by now have given up trying the above solutions affect boredom at the drop of an eyebrow ... at grand openings, soirees, as well as in the upper chambers or back room studios. One hardly has to put ear to table to overhear confessions of boredom. Parties, family, parents, relatives, sympathetic listeners are all boring ... romance is boredom ... the banalities of love!!!!

Where did it all begin. The first reference in the language comes from the French equivalent *ennui* (on-nwe'), the modern form of the old French *anoi* (from which we get the English word "annoy")--a painful or wearisome state of mind due to the want of any object of interest. "The only fault of it is insipidity which is apt now and then to give a sort of *ennui*,

Every now and then

we experience the roots of expressions like "clean as a whistle" or "a penny saved is a penny earned." Well, the other night when first seeing the Payolas I was confronted with the saying "face the music." It was stern, no-nonsense Rock and Roll, the kind that gives you exactly what you deserve.

Before the Payolas went public and various members of the U-J3RK5 were in limbo, the A.K.A. kept "going out" interesting. Fronted by Dennis Mills and Randy Pandora for a while, this duo was destined to collapse considering their respective influences: James Chance and the Bride of Frankenstein. Randy went back to being a bored housewife, but not for long. This boy has ambition. He's formed his own promotion company and is back on the scene in a new band ... Point 08.

which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing ..." (Grays' letter). Bore (bor), v.t., pret. & pp bored; ppr. boring came into use about the middle of the eighteenth century, usually considered a particular use of bore and compared with the bore to drill, perhaps resting on some forgotten anecdote, at any rate, the word independent of bore to drilling, with its own meaning ... to weary by tedious irritation or repetition, tire, especially in conversation, by insufferable dullness, even tease, annoy, pester.

"Society is now one polished horde. Formed of two mighty tribes: the bored and the boring." (Lord Byron) "Learned old, who french you with aesthetics till you feel as if all beauty were a ghastly bore." (Lowell in Cathedral) Possibly boredom is a very necessary thing ... the basic ingredient could be inspiring. Boredom is a warning. It tells us we need to re-assess our lives, our goals, our activities and our relationships to enrich our lives.

ENNUI invites you to share the everyday boredom by sending in your boring thoughts, your boring images ... we are not afraid to be bored. How to be a

Should this be a review to highlight events between issues we should have certainly plenty of material; of course, this being our first issue, we could go back a long while trying to find a place to begin. I could bring you all up to date, but I'll just mention a few books to save me the trouble of saying what has already been said. "The Outline of History," by H.G. Wells. and "On Art and Artists," by Aldous Huxley. With that aside, we will deal with the time that has yet to come into historical perspective ... as T.S. Eliot said, "only the hearsay, the uncollected discretions."

--What happened?

--Oh, we played a couple of games, they won one and we won one.

--Did you just play two?

--No, they won the third.

What can be said about the Performance Festival that hasn't been said already ... but not published. I am curious to see what it looks like in print but

PAYOLAS



Paul Wong



Kim Tomczak

GERARD PAS *

bore from the French classic "L'Homme sur la nature": "Le secret d'ennuyer est ... de tout dire." (The way to be a bore ... is to say everything, everything.)

Next issue: The Manifesto of Boredom ... send in your boring version!!!!

Signed;
Son of Bore

(excerpt from article "Bore, Bored, Boring" by T. Bus)

* Gerard Pas, Dutch performance artist
You might think this is headed under the wrong column and therefore should've been forwarded to the Phenomena column.

Phenomena

Carol Hackett



PHENOMENA

The mathematical roulette of genes has produced a vast variety of humans. Rarely, a remarkable form of twins is born, those physically connected to each other and, until the last few decades, joined for life.

Chang and Eng Bunker, born in Siam in 1811, adapted well very early. There were connected by a fleshy ligament resembling an arm, from the lower chest to the navel. Their natural position was facing each other, but much exercise stretched their bond of union so they could almost comfortably stand side by side. They evolved from fishermen to successful merchants, and in 1829 they were taken to the United States by an entrepreneur. They called themselves "The Siamese Twins," and this soon became a household word in early America.

There are frequent incidents showing the wit and humour throughout the trials of being a public spectacle. Swathed in a large cloak, they boarded the train, and a conductor came to receive their tickets. Chang handed over his, but Eng said he had no ticket.

"No trifling, you pay, or I'll put you out."

"If you put me out, you put my brother out," replied Eng, rising with Chang beside him. As the cloak fell and revealed their connection, Chang protested, "I have paid, and I won't leave." The flabbergasted conductor could say nothing. At the end of the journey, Eng had paid his fare.

In correspondence, they more often referred to themselves as a single being. Their level of communication with each other was highly developed, for they rarely spoke, yet they moved with perfect grace. They admitted they did not enjoy playing checkers with each other, explaining it was no more fun than playing the right hand against the left.

They had different constitutions and personalities. Chang was more robust, and Eng was quieter but with wider interests. Infrequently, they had differences of opinion and twice nearly came to blows. The impossibility of physical resolution to their problems taught them self-control.

With their marriage of two sisters in 1843, they gave up touring until they were much older. The four started a farm, but, as children were born and problems grew, Chang and Eng built another house to maintain domestic harmony.

They agreed that each in turn would take control of the other. For three days, one of the twins would be master and the other would "blank-out," allowing his brother and his wife some mental privacy. Their marriages lasted almost 31 years and produced a total of 21 children.

Violet and Daisy Hilton, born in England in 1908, were attached at the hip. These vaudeville singing stars explained the alternate mastery process. Says Violet, "At first, when Don came to see my sister, he just stood there, gazing at her. A big thrill ran through the both of us. At that time, I had not yet learned how to will myself to be immune to my sister's emotions. Later on, each of us acquired the ability to blank out the other in romantic moments."

Dealing with the difficulty of being two while physically linked as one must've been far more trying for those rare twins born with shared lower extremities. Most famous, perhaps, are the Tocci Brothers, born in Italy, 1877. Each of the brothers had power over the leg on his side but not on the other, making walking difficult. Rita/Christina, born in Sardinia in 1829, had distinct individual differences, Christina being

much more outgoing. Two Scottish boys were born in 1475. Above the waist, they had no synchronous sensation but below, feeling was common to both. King James III raised and educated them at court. They would carry on animated conversations and debates with each other.

Fortunately, Siamese twins born today can look forward to normal, individual lives. Teresa and Virginia Bunton, born in Tennessee, 1956, joined at the forehead; Sophie and Sonja Trinel, born in France, 1974, joined at the skull; Lisa and Elisa Hensen, born in Utah, 1977, joined at the top of the head; Brenda and Linda McCall, born in New York, 1978, joined at the abdomen; all have been successfully separated with modern surgery.

Although the physical bonds are removed, the inter-connection between the twins lasts a lifetime. The high level of empathy and communication between identical and separated Siamese twins transcends personality differences and physical distance and offers clues to our biological makeup. Consideration of this integral affinity amongst humans may be our winning number for survival in the future.

Dear Madam Kenya.

What is all this Monkey Tree No Pinch Back nonsense about, I would like to ask. I mean, I've heard it several times now, I sort of like the expression as I thought it could be a new reggae tune, and I am positively curious.

Yellow

Dear Yellow.

I'm very glad that you have written. The tree in question turns out to be man's earliest listening tree, or telephone. Messages were left with the tree and communicated later to travellers or absent family members via any local listening tree. It is also interesting that while the tree itself shelters an infinite variety of birds, it also bears the dubious distinction of being able to inflict the most painful kind of lacerations on those unsuspecting environmental tourists such as ourselves.

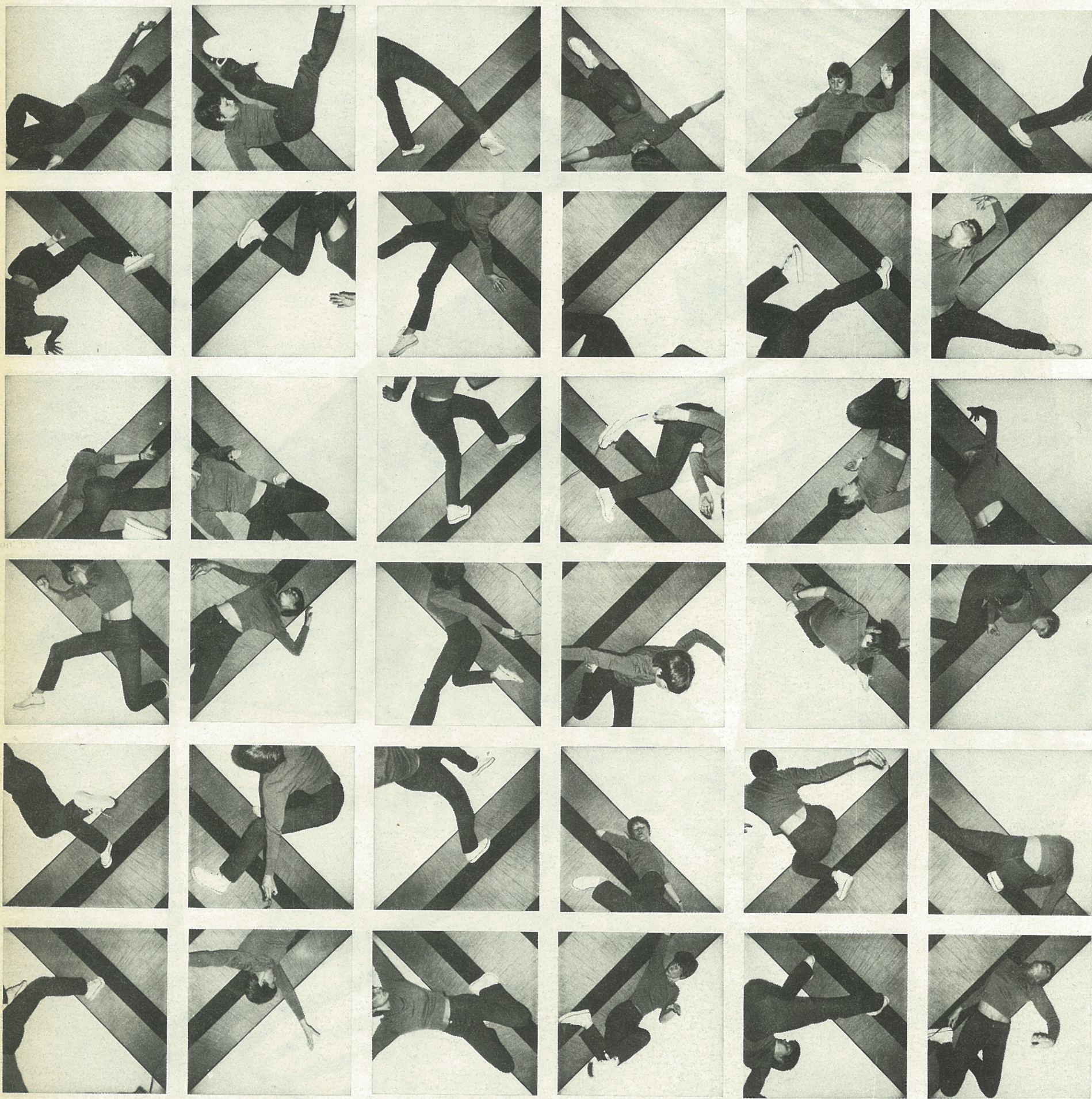
Right on Madame Kenya

As a social pastime, the Monkey Tree No Pinch Back game probably was born one hot evening in the early forties somewhere along the north Pacific coast. The object is to spot a monkey tree before your companion does and claim the right to plant the pinch. Needless to say, uncovering your first monkey tree location can be a sensational experience. But what is it, and where does it come from.

Araucaria Araucana, aka a. Imbricata, vulgarly known as a. de Neuguen, grows to heights of over twenty metres in the regions of southern Chile and the Neuguen national territory, home of the Araucana indigenas. Imagine! They were transported from Chile to Europe in the 18th century as either seed or sapling, surviving the six months voyage in "warming ovens" while sailors often died of scurvy.

Madame Kenya answers all questions. Sincerely.

TERRY EWASIUK



POLAROID

mary janeway



photo: Janeway / Rea

IVORY