

Finger in the Dyke Productions

Lesbian National Parks...—Planetarium

Who doesn't love a girl in uniform? Lesbian Rangers Shawna Dempsey and Lorri Millan somehow manage to maintain good posture while serving and servicing the lesbian wilds.

These well-pressed, poly/cotton Goddesses are here to guide you down life's bush path. Learn the ins and outs of lesbian camp[ing]! You may even decide to join the Force!

Don't miss this life-altering and hilarious opportunity! Come to the Planetarium Auditorium and get to know Sapphic species in air conditioned comfort!

THE CHOP

Patti Fedy...THE HUNT—Sch. of Contemp. Dancers

This is a really funny, heartbreakin, and edgy one-woman clown show. John Turner (of Mump & Smoot fame) was the clown coach for this perversely pitiful search.

Patti Fedy, (Vancouver's clown sweetheart), sets off on an extremely terrifying hunt to catch the elusive unicorn, and she damn well better catch the bugger!

With an original score and the corner on the "sexy geek" market, Patti tells it like it is—and sometimes the truth hurts

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Jenny's Higher Powers:
 Editorial Goddess Coral McKendrick
 Computer Demiurge David Cramer
 Production Queen Michelle Cook
 Web Wiz Murray Hunter
 Shooting Star Leif Norman
 Comic Superhero Dave Pruden

Jenny Staff Elves: Shawn Kowalke, Kevin Longfield, Devon McCracken, Arden Pruden, Robert G. Slade, Tanis Treneman

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And here's an advance Thank-You to all you nimble-fingered typists who will come prepared (hopefully with your own laptops) and manage to track either Coral or Michelle down and indenture yourselves briefly to the greatest little donkey goddess this side of the Rockies.

**The BOOK you can't
LIVE without!**

You GOT THE PART!
A CASTING DIRECTOR GUIDES ACTORS TO SUCCESSFUL AUDITIONS FOR FILM AND TV
by Marsha Chesley

"You Got the Part!" is a remarkably informative book about the "dark side" of the acting profession—the auditions!"
—Eric Peterson

**J. GORDON SHILLINGFORD
PUBLISHING INC**

Shows Reviewed**Prairie Boy Productions****The Preacher—Cinematheque**

Above all else, Rod McDonald is a story teller. One Edmonton review called him: "the Stewart McLean of the Fringe — only grittier."

Rod thinks this is a compliment.

This show combines a hard hitting drama with tons of black humor.

It is a story worth hearing and a show that should be seen.

Gluttons For Punishment**Wild Cards—Cinematheque**

They're back!

By popular request (i.e. theirs) the award-winning Gluttons For Punishment return for their sophomore year at the Winnipeg Fringe Festival, bringing with them a wild and unpredictable night of sketch comedy entitled "Wild Cards."

If you're looking for intelligent, meaningful, thought-provoking and witty humor with socially relevant overtones...look elsewhere! This is sheer lunacy! We DARE you not to laugh!!!

That's "Wild Cards", live from the Cinematheque (Venue 10). See ya there, cats!

MAKING CONTACT

So you've got something to say, do you? An opinion to share?

Great. Tell us. We'll tell everybody else. Write your comments and reviews.

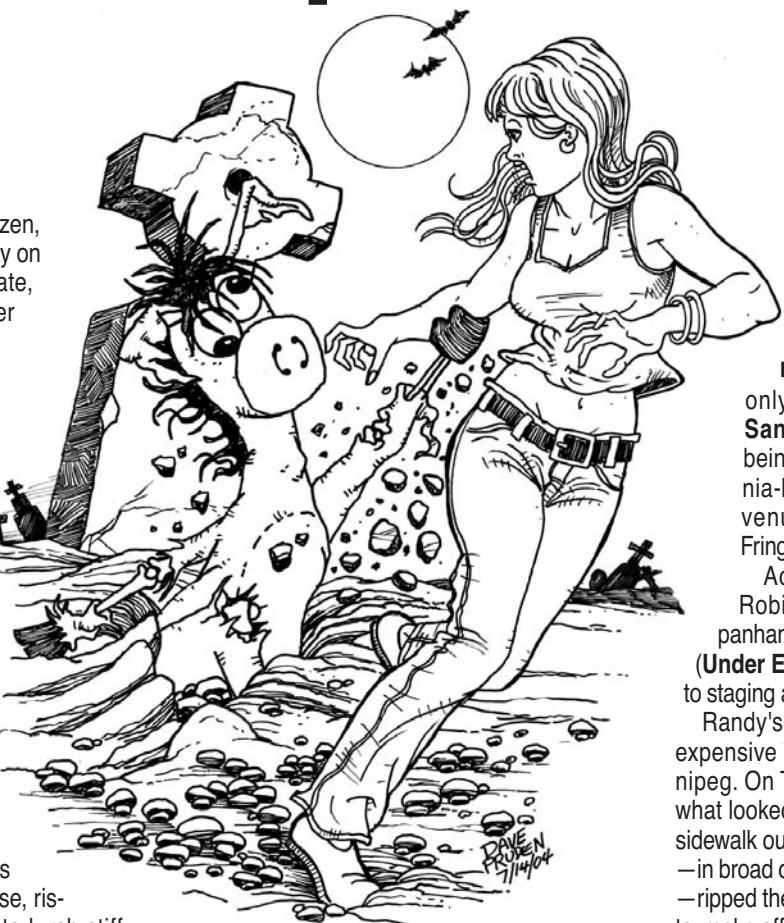
Sign your written submission and include a phone number or e-mail address where you can be reached in case we need clarification (phone numbers, etc., will not be printed or given out); and get it to us by one of these methods:

E-mail it: jencor@autobahn.mb.ca (words)
dacramer@shaw.ca (pictures)

Jenny Box it:

The Beer Tent
 (including back issues)
 MTC Hospitality (lobby)
 MTC Warehouse
 The Toad on Main
 The King's Head
 The Planetarium

Visit Jenny's Website at:
www.jennyrevue.com

the Jenny Revue**Triskaidekaphobia-a-a-a-h!!!**

If you shudder at a baker's dozen, and nervously check every Friday on your calendar for a particular date, maybe you should put the paper down and back away slowly.

That's right folks — Welcome to Jenny Number 13!

We had to return for this one. We want to see if that traditionally malfortunate numeral will be a lucky charm against , or in cahoots with, the Jenny Curse. And this year's Fringe theme is irresistible, since we think it's named after us.

Or sure, it's "Night of the Living Fringe", but we all know that's a play on the recently revived zombie fest, Night of the Living Dead.

And who better (dis)embodies the spirit of the reanimated corpse, rising once again from the grave to lurch stiff-legged and glazed-eyed through the night, ravenous for fresh brains and new blood, than the Jenny Staff? It's nice to be recognized, even by accident.

■ **More or less** — So now that we're here in our new incarnation (to completely switch life-after-death metaphors) the question, as always, is where are you?

As I give the terminally lost a moment to contain their panic, I will explain to those of you holding a Jenny in their hands for the first time, that this is a literal free-for-all (or maybe a literary free-for-all).

The Jenny is an open forum for anyone who can string together enough words to form a lucid thought, opinion, diatribe or musing about anything Fringe. You wander the site, you see things, you hear things, you tell us, we tell the world (or at least that part of it that either picks up a paper or connects to www.jennyrevue.com).

Just scribble your beef or bouquet on a piece of paper and put it in one of those psychedelic

wooden boxes where you pick up and pay for your Jenny copies (a complete list of locations is on the back page).

Make sure you sign your submission with your full name (initials and pseudonyms won't cut it) and a phone number or email address where we can reach you if we need clarification.

You can also email us at jencor@autobahn.mb.ca, or come to the King's Head Pub, beside Old Market Square, 'round midnight, where you can hand us your submission and then indulge in great eats and imbibable treats.

And just to show you how much this is your paper, both the number and the size of the issues this year is completely dependent on you.

We've decided that since our rest can't be eternal, it might as well be sporadic, so we're starting off with an issue every second day. Now, when we fail to publish two days in a row, it's intentional, not just another screw-up.

The size of those issues will also be deter-

mined by what's in the copy file on any given press night. If you want big juicy Jennies, then inundate us with all your news and reviews.

■ **San Francisco Blues** — Okay, so only Randy Rutherford (*My Brother Sang Like Roy Orbison*) is listed as being from 'Frisco, but both the California-based denizens of the Bull & Bear venue, have been working toward a Fringe through Adversity award.

According to astute Jenny reporter Robin Chase, Randy's been forced to panhandle his audience, while Freddie Long (*Under Elko*), is giving a whole new meaning to staging a one-hander.

Randy's billet hosts kindly loaned him their expensive mountain bike to use while in Winnipeg. On Tuesday, Randy locked the bike to what looked like a secure metal post along the sidewalk outside The Fyxx on Albert. Some thief—in broad daylight and with people in the vicinity—ripped the post right out of the ground in order to make off with the bike.

Naturally, Randy wants to replace it, and hence is passing the hat post curtain. Help him out if you can—especially if you know of a mountain bike shop with some suitable stock, and a hunger for some good press—and even better karma.

Freddie, meanwhile is doing her shows in between sprints to St. Boniface hospital to have an infected wound on her hand drained. She is in such pain that she can't even gently shake hands, and she can only pick up very light objects." Robin relates.

"Freddie needs special intravenous treatment every eight hours, is on strong medication, and wears a tensor bandage on her wrist during performance. She'll be lucky if she gets out of Winnipeg without having to have surgery to drain the infected fluid."

Infected fluid? Zombie bite! Gotta be.

Just goes to show, you can never be too careful at the Night of the Living Fringe!

Coral McKendrick

This is NOT a Winnipeg Fringe Festival publication