

Shows Reviewed

- Adventures of Baba Yaga..., The
- AMAZING FOX SISTERS, THE
- Anaesthesia...
- BLOODSUCKERS!...(3)
- Borge Again!
- BOXCAR BERTHA
- CACTUS
- Carry's Nation
- CHE GUEVERA Experience, The
- Cheap Goods
- Cream and Sugar
- CREEPING MURMUR...
- DINKY
- Ernie's Incredible Illucinations
- Finding a Chord
- FRINGE SHOW: A Love Story
- Heracles...
- Hope Slide, The (2)
- Horror of Macbeth, The (2)
- If Ugly Was a Color (2)
- Jill's War (2)
- JOY SHOW, THE (2)
- Kentucky Waterfall
- King of Love, The
- Late Night at the Fringe...(2)
- Marco Polo Sings a Solo
- My Brother Sang Like Roy Orbison
- MY REALITY
- Needle & Branch
- Never Swim Alone
- Perseus (2)
- Pilk's Madhouse
- Pith!
- Preacher, The
- Punch and Polly
- Reeferman, The
- R.O.C.—Republic of Confusion
- Root of All Squares, The (2)
- S & M
- Shadows from the Story Box
- Shel Shocked
- Sightless Steer, The
- Swashbucklers
- Swimming Lessons with Paisley Kite
- Therese's Creed
- Trouble in Tahiti (2)
- Truth About Daughters, The
- Two Brown Don't Make a White (2)
- Under Elko
- Urgent
- Weapons of Mass Deception
- Where Was I?
- Whiskey Bars (2)
- Worst Fringe Play in the World, The
- Year of the Panda, The (3)



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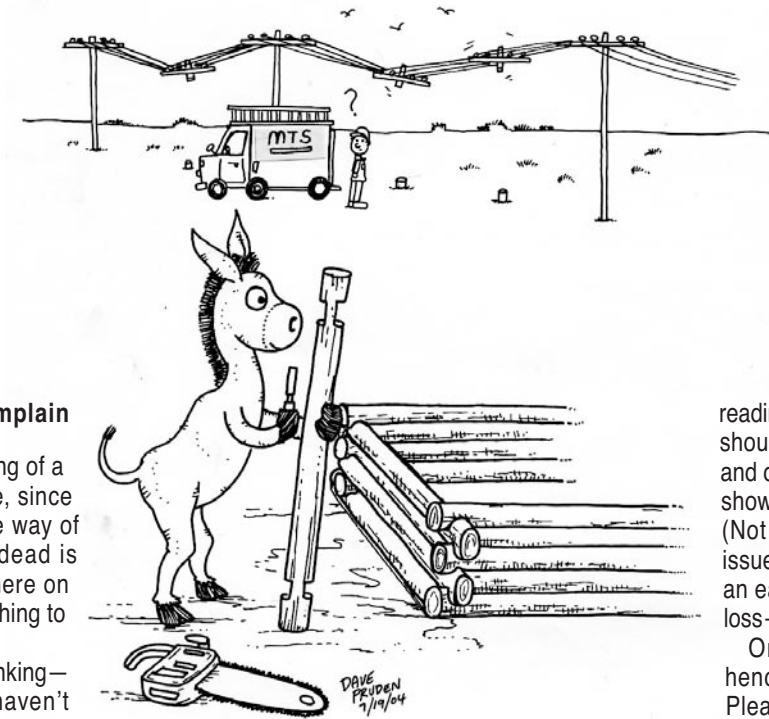
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And here's an advance Thank-You to all you nimble-fingered typists who will come prepared (hopefully with your own laptops) and manage to track either Coral or Michelle down and indenture yourselves briefly to the greatest little donkey goddess this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

Not Stumped for Words



Well I have nothing to complain about.

This leaves me in something of a pickle—which is appropriate, since pickling, as we know, is one way of preserving the dead. And dead is pretty much what I am out here on the front page, without something to chew on.

Now I know what you're thinking—at least those of you who haven't already drifted off to daydreams of sex or food. (Well, I know what *you're* thinking too. And who's to say it isn't a better use for your brain than this, just as "Zombie Lunch Special" might be a better use for mine.)

But the rest of you are saying "Oh, come on, now. Having nothing to say has never stopped you before. Witness the foregoing paragraphs."

I admit it. I do tend to run off at the keyboard. And I was prepared to address the problem by handing off as much of this space to other people as I could, as often as possible. I had rounded up a coterie of purportedly willing scribes, but then their minds drifted off to sex and food...

Write Off—But if *they* don't want to opine, muse, rant, rave, or pontificate in print, there are plenty of people who do. Today's paper seems to be some sort of essay contest of which I was totally unaware (but which I'm slowly winning).

Over 5000 words have been lavished on 28 shows (more with the shameless come-ons), 23 of them seeing Jenny ink for the first time.

Also, our new and enthusiastic shutterbug, Leif Norman, has delivered us a gallery of new photos from which to choose.

By the way, those of you wondering where Jenny's usual photog, Rosey Goodman is this

year, well, she's in Jamaica (suffer, suffer). You know, that island in the West Indies, just down and to the left of Haiti? Land of voodoo? Night of the Living Fringe? Coincidence?

The End is Near—(I always like to give my readers hope).

I should add that just because this wordy tome will provide us with hours of bathroom

reading over the next year, doesn't mean you should stop now. It's time to do some down and dirty, or tight and bright write-ups of the shows as yet unmentioned in these pages. (Not that I'm restricting you, but the next issue will probably be smaller due to either an early print deadline or Jenny staff brain loss—pesky zombies).

One last thing. I have an unsigned—hence unusable—review for "Fairy" here. Please contact us by Jenny box, or at the King's Head, oh mysterious writer, and we will make the Fairy people happy, (which is always a smart idea when battling the forces of evil.)

Remember there are more shows to see and more issues to come.

Now if you'll excuse me, I have a grave matter to attend to.

Coral McKendrick.

WHACK A TECH!

Last week, two Fringe Technicians had their bikes stolen from their homes. Catherine Famega (Venue 3) and Dean Cowieson (Venue 5) awoke to find that their garage had been broken into and their bicycles had been taken.

On Thursday night, the Venue Technicians will get together at the King's Head to raise funds to offset the cost of new bikes.


As many of you know, the technicians play an after hours shoot-em-up assassination game. You may have noticed people dying horrible gruesome deaths all around the

King's Head; those are technicians not performers who have just read their Free Press reviews.

For a minuscule \$5.00 donation you can join in the fun and shoot the technician of your choice with their own gun and watch them die like a dog in the street, or on the patio, or the second floor.

Please support your local Working Stiff.

[Ed. Note: All technicians will be brought back from the dead. Again. Performances as scheduled.]



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