

the Jenny Revue

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50¢
Suggested Donation

Out of the Silent Planet

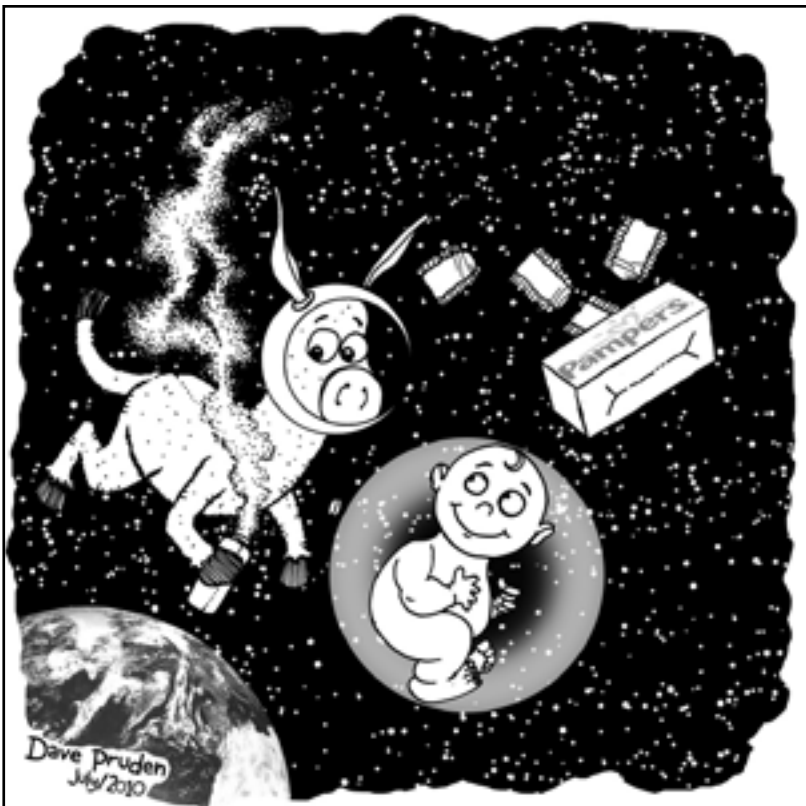
The weekend warp in the Jenny's space-time continuum has resulted in a rare Wednesday issue. It is being constructed by sleep-deprived humans, robbed of their usual mid-Fringe nap, so bear that in mind should we accidentally attribute the review you wrote to PHLEEBORK 237 from a planet in the Horsehead Nebula. And we'll understand if you start a rumour that the Jenny staff actually comes from a galaxy named for the other end of the horse.

We're apparently not the only ones feeling the weight of eight days of Fringeing. It was quiet at the King's Head last night. Oh, there were lots of people, especially on the patio, dutifully drinking and chatting, but not exercising their vocal projection abilities with their usual gusto.

Come to the Cabaret—It won't be that way tonight. Come midnight, forty-five performers will run rampant through the upper floor of the King's Head, as part of *Doctor Caligari's Accelerating Cabaret*, also known as "lucky day, the five wildstuff spacetrip riots versus the star-celeb red-cell lovebank malarium in the 13th smartish-seduction people-pie revue".

I haven't attempted to solve the long, hint-filled title, but I'm guessing by the short version that the show will start at a normal pace, become a blur as it approaches warp speed, and end when the entire cast disappears into a vortex emerging at a Fringe far, far away.

Banjo warp—Well, it seems everyone took a breath, and calmed down. Banjo player, David Nishikawa, was back on the fence by the Fyxx yesterday, banjo and coffee in hand; and no one seemed bothered about it. Long before the Jenny account hit the streets, word had spread through the neighbourhood with at least one supporter promising to fire off an email to the Fringe director; and yesterday



Thank You!—Speaking of Michelle Cook, she was attending to the Planetarium Jenny box when a Fringe volunteer came up and handed her a \$20 donation, saying "I know how hard you work."

We were delighted. And we sincerely thank the lady, (who did not give her name).

That brings up a point. If you feel moved to support the Jenny beyond throwing a couple of quarters in the can, please contact us. The donation cans and review slots on the Jenny boxes are not exactly state of the art, security-wise, hence it would be better to use the contact numbers above or find us...wait, what am I saying? If you have money for us, we'll find you!

Closing Cacophony—This is as good a time as any to talk about the show at the end of the Fringe universe, the fabulous *Jenny Awards*.

one fellow musician took to the same part of the street, playing and singing loudly.

News also came that the Flaming Trolleys, a marching band formed mostly of people who live and/or work in the Exchange, had also been told to cease and desist when they struck up the band.

Mind you, brass and drums ARE loud enough to disturb people watching an outdoor show, so it's just a matter of picking your moments and respecting your fellow artists.

Ad Fees—Just a reminder to ZeekTech Productions (*2-Man No-Show*) and Naomi Forman Productions (*StarBach's: The Coffee Cantata*) to contact us about ad payments. If you're not denizens of the night who can look for us at the King's Head around midnight (except tonight because we'll be upstairs at the cabaret 'til all hours) please get in touch. Either email me at jennyrevue@shaw.ca or call Michelle at 772-5170.

It happens in all its ear-splitting glory on the upper floor of the King's Head (Venue 14) at 10:30 PM on Sunday, July 25. We create 13 ridiculous categories, and nominate a host of shows for a myriad of ridiculous reasons. The nominees and their supporters create a racket, and whoever assaults our auditory senses the most, wins.

The award is a gorgeous little donkey, each one unique, hand-made by our own Michelle Cook (costumer to the stars).

Two notes: In order to qualify as a nominee, your show or company members must have gotten ink in the Jenny, be it review, SSP, ad, or column mention. And you must be on hand at the show to get it. So if you won't be here, please let us know.

That's it. See shows, write, and we'll read you later.

Coral McKendrick

The Jenny Revue is a proudly independent publication NOT affiliated with the Winnipeg Fringe Festival

