

the Jenny Revue

20TH ANNIVERSARY!

EXIT, STAGE DOOR, JENNY

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Hot enough for ya? — If you've been suffering in the heat this past week, you're not alone. People have passed out in the beer tent and a couple of them even needed to be taken to hospital with heatstroke - though I'm told one of those was back later that day with a beer in his hand. Uhm...what a trooper? It's cooled off considerably as I write this on Friday morning, but everyone please be careful and stay hydrated. Find some shade if you're feeling the burn, and keep in mind that most venues are cooler than the streets. So if you really need a break, take in a show!

An outdoor performer departed for cooler climes for different reasons, however. After 10 minutes into her act, she described Winnipeggers as "too cheap" and packed it in.

TOO CHEAP?! You know what I have to say to THAT?!

Yeah, you're right. We are cheap (though I prefer "thrifty"). Know what else we are? Loyal. Impress us and we'll come back tomorrow, with our friends. You won't get rich off of us the first time (or the second, or probably the third) but if we like you we'll spread the word. Just be patient with us, we've been hurt before.

To be fair, we might be easier to impress with more variety on the outdoor stage. Remember the good old days when you could see not just a band and a juggler, then 4 more of the same, but an improv group, storytelling, acrobats, and a comedy act all in one afternoon? I know there's only so much control the Fringe has over who applies for the outdoor stage, but surely something could be done to make it more appealing to a wider variety of performers. My suggestion is to cut that giant steel monstrosity into souvenir-sized cheese graters for every successful applicant. ("Come To Winnipeg And Cut The Cheese!")

Some people never learn — Let me try really really hard to break it down for you: **IF YOU LEAVE A SHOW YOU CAN'T COME BACK IN!** Apparently, a performance of *Monkey Puppet* was traumatized by a woman who left the theatre then began screaming at volunteers who wouldn't readmit her. The details I have weren't completely clear, but it sounded like she berated every person in sight, threatened to take this scandal straight to the top (who would that be? TJ Dawe?) and there may have been firearms involved, or I may have imagined that.

And again at a late showing of *ONEymoon*. This is third party information but a friend at the performance stated "I've never been so disgusted with an audience in my life." There were people walking in and out of the theatre, yelling and heckling at the



performer Christel Bartelse, and it sounds like they were a single brain cell away from hurling feces at any given time.

But the suicide bomber of all interruptions happened on Thursday evening at PTE when the fire alarm went off at Portage Place and they tried to evacuate the entire mall! The mainstage was between performances so nothing was disrupted, but *Blind To Happiness* in the Colin Jackson was not so lucky. The alarm went off close to the end of his show and the theatre needed to be evacuated. I am told that Tim C. Murphy would not be so easily broken however, and continued to entertain his audience outside of the theatre.

Sadly that's all the gossip I'll be bringing you, as our 20th year now comes to a close. We did our best without Coral at the helm, and we sure as Hell couldn't have done it without Greg at UPS and his amazing staff. Plus Jay and Mae and everyone else at the King's Head, without whom this publication might degrade into something literate, and I'll be damned if I let that happen.

The anniversary inserts we had this year were unbelievable. Kevin and Murray did amazing work putting those together, and they really made this year sing.

I would also like to personally thank Michelle Cook. She's the one who sews our little donkeys for the awards every year, but she does so much more than that. She really stepped up the organization this year and we couldn't have gotten through this without her.

And speaking of awards... — Our last hurrah happens on Sunday night at the Kings Head. Starting at 11pm we pack the whole lot of you (well, 200 of you anyway!) into the upstairs and begin our

shameless who's who popularity contest called the Jenny Awards. We'll cram as many shows as we can into our funny-to-us categories and the chosen few walk away with a trophy more powerful than Poseidon himself.

You must be present to receive your award. Otherwise, the prize goes to the runner-up.

The King's Head* is open till 2 am this Sunday, so we don't have to bail as soon as the awards are over anymore! In our goal to honor as many companies as we can, it would be much appreciated if companies that will no longer be in Winnipeg on Sunday would let us know ahead of time. Everyone else—can't wait to see you there!

Shawn Kowalke

MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

The 20th Anniversary is china, so if you've been wondering where I've been...Beijing is quite nice this time of year.

I should regret not spending 16 to 20 hours a day sweating in front of a computer in what I understand has been a heat wave. But frankly, I don't. If you've got to spend time in a nicely air-conditioned hospital room, this past 12 days was certainly the time to do it.

In the meantime, I am both grateful and proud that I've been smart enough over the years to assemble a team of such competent if somewhat crazed individuals as have brought the Jenny to you during this our 20th year.

I owe all due thanks (and so do you) to our own inestimable Mr. Dave (KC) Cramer, the always-on-top-of-it Michelle Cook, the ever-ready-with-eight-hundred-words Shawn Kowalke, and our pinch-hitting columnists Kevin Longfield and Robin Chase, and extra-at-bat reviewers Yvette Jones and Arden Pruden.

Not to mention, but we will, our reviewing teams of the Campbells, Den Valdrón, messs Longfield and Chase, and a huge welcome to the newcomer whose work I've been admiring, our bubbly Photo Demon, Emmeline Guerrero. Well done, gang. Whatever the results of the Jenny Awards might be, you can't blame me this year.

A big thanks to everyone for carrying on without me. Sorry I missed the Cabaret and will miss the 20th Anniversary Jenny Awards this year. I'm sure Michelle's donkeys will be lovely as always. Hope you enjoyed being a Jenny reader as much as I have. Even if the only thing thinner about me is my blood, I will see all here next year.

Layin' back in the constant AC...

Coral McKendrick

*Upstairs at the King's Head, maximum capacity is 200. If you're coming to the Jenny Awards Show, be sure to come early enough to be one of The Chosen. The Rapture may not be televised, but it is limited to 200.