Editorial

Where do I start? The FRINGE, the way it was first explained to me (Edmonton 1984, Possible Nudity), was as a festival where the people - the consumers - the Janes and Joes, were encouraged to comment on the shows. They were to feel comfortable approaching fellow consumers, to offer and solicit opinions on the shows they have seen.

I envisioned crazed, freedom loving theatre consumers running from line-up to line-up; from beer to beer; from urinal to stall; desperately looking for a face that would listen and share passionate endorsement or pitiless calls for boycott. Only a fool would fall for poster hype - only the innocent would open a program and make a decision without consulting someone, anyone, everyone who had seen, heard, loved, hated or touched the show in question. Very cool, I thought Tres hip.

So why not collect some of these opinions, as they form, and publish them in a free daily review paper? We'll just put collection boxes in the beer tent and in surrounding businesses so people can write down their opinions and drop them into the boxes. Why not take this feeling of people telling people and...

Well, first off, there are slander laws; then there are administrators that see subversion in every idea; then there are insecure actors, writers and directors who talk the talk, but can't walk. Finally, there are publicity starved shows who want to know who JENNY is and what performance she would like a comp for...

So, where do I start? JENNY is the name of a Review paper. The paper wants reviewers. The paper publishes written and signed reviews deposited by your public, your people, your consumers, even you. The JENNY is understood by the administration. We have a Lawyer. We will take responsibility for our actions. We will have fun ... we hope you do, too.

Stephen E. McIntyre

Editor -in-Chief

A letter to the Free Press and the Sun

I am writing in response to the heartless and severe diatribes masquerading as reviews in our local daily newspapers.

It was the unfair treatment of the Ooh-La-La Late Show that prompted me to

Reviewing a show objectively is one thing, but to start tearing it apart and belaboring its mistakes or weaknesses is just childish.

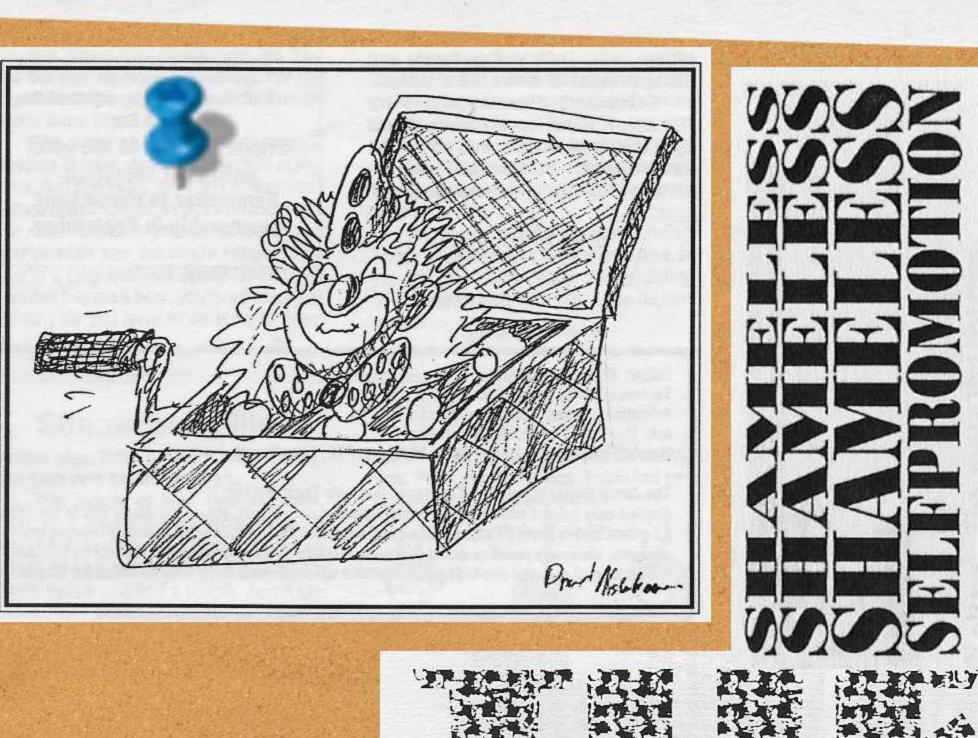
The people reviewing the shows (for the dailies) have missed the point of the Fringe entirely. Sure, some shows are rough

around the edges, but that is their charm. Also, a lot of these works are being performed for the first time and need constructive not destructive reviews.

I'm sure Ms. Cooke and her writers and performers would be the first to accept fair criticism, but dishonest reviews-where the critic has not done his/her homeworkshould be torn up.

Face it. You newspaper people, you're part of the entertainment industry just like the actors, dancers and writers. Keep your perspective. The show will go on, with or without your blessing.

Dave Pruden



Bye Bye Beer Tent

Don't Panic! The friendly yellow and white tent on the square is still trading refreshing bevvies for hard coin. It's just not the beer tent anymore.

Last night a contest at the Macaroni Bar, challenged Fringers to come up with a new monicker for this festival oasis, which,

at one low point, cringed under the label:

The redoubtable Wayne Buss! (director of "Beirut" and Venue VIII Fringe tech) canvas tavern "Venue Zero Eight," prov ing himself as both an able punster and a man who at least knows the legal limit, if not always his own.

Wayne will be rewarded for his spirited wit with a beer and, if there's any poetic justice, a free breathalizer as well.

公中公中公中

THE BUZZ

Something's weird here. Poster plastering has diminished so much that we can actually see the surface of the beer tent tables for the first time in five years. No one's complaining about hot venues (rotten weather, yes, but not hot venues), on one has cancelled or folded their tents and slipped, sobbing, back to the real world and the Jenny Revue hasn't received a single death threat. But then, it's only day four.

Stranger yet, there's an actual plan for putting an end to all of this. Head Fringe Fester, Craig Walls, has an idea. (Not that Craig's having an idea is all that strange. There was that time in 1979...) Yes, he's plotted a Fringe Festival Finale.

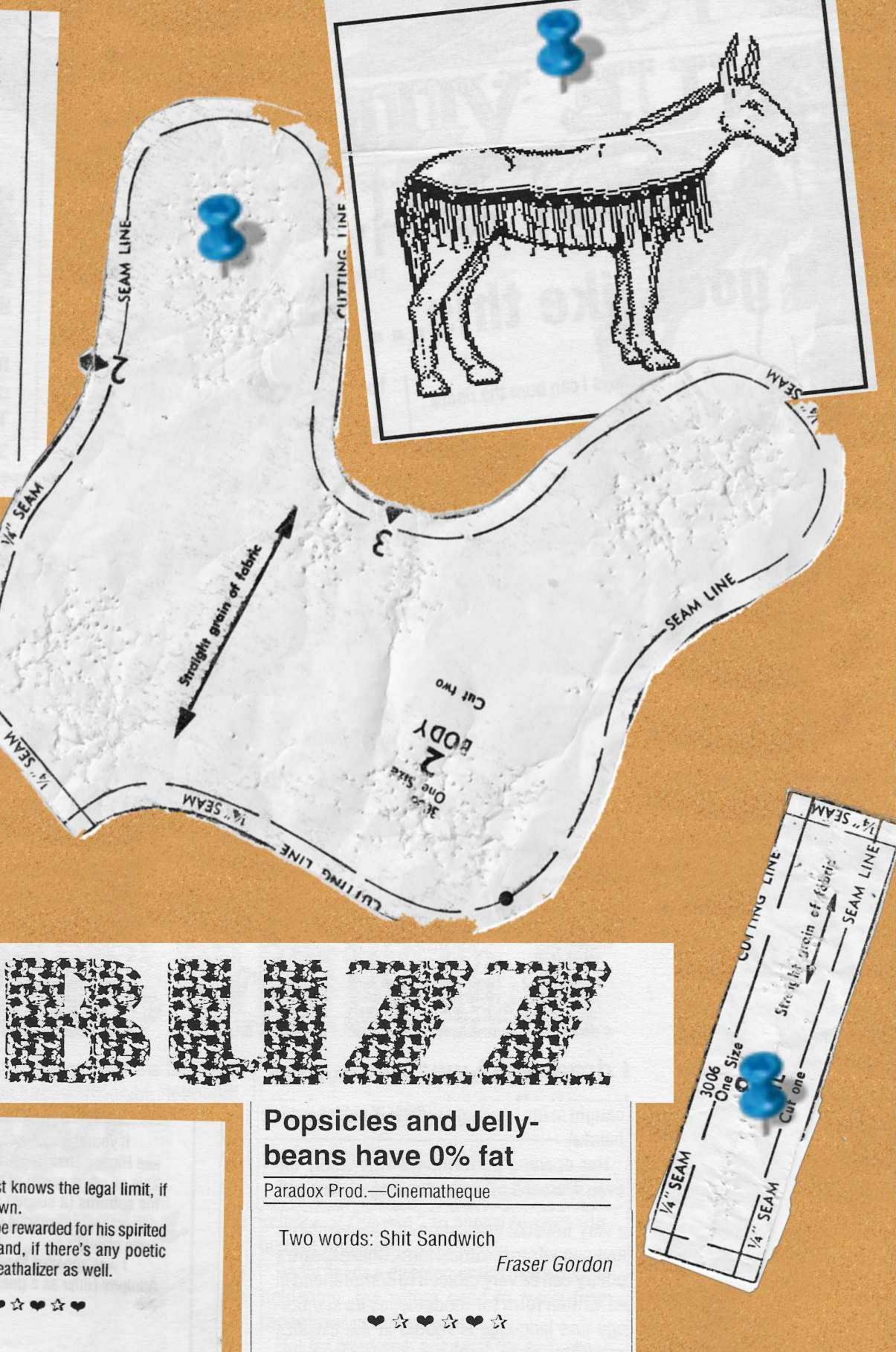
On Sunday Night, after Sak wrings the last hatful of change from the outdoor stage crowd, aliens land and force us all to wear our underwear on the outside of our clothes. (No, wait, that happens afterwards, at the Jenny Awards). What actually happens at 9:30 on Sunday, July 26th, is the First annual Fringe-For-All.

The Fringe-For-All will encapsulate the entire Winnipeg Fringe in 30 minutes. Come Sunday night, the first 15 acts who can get to Craig without knocking him over or otherwise damaging him, get their names on a list. This will be sent to every law enforcement body in the entire world. But first, these acts, in rapid fire order, get to do 2 minutes on the outdoor stage. They can do less, but one second more and they get the hook - literally. Gotta be down and dirty, fast and slick. No tuning, no tech, no fiddling with the microphones. Strictly schtick or get off the pot.

So, on Sunday, you got your shows, your Fringe-For-All and your Jenny Awards (10:30, Macaroni Bar). Sounds like way too much fun for normal humans. Consider yourself warned. Sunday we'll never be the sane.

Coral McKendrick

Soon-to-be-pun-ished-Author Jenny Does The Fringe



JENNY REVUE

20th Anniversary Special ALook Back 1991 - 1995

Censorship and the Jenny

1994 was the year of the great big C. A group called the English Madhatters produced a collaboration called The Happy Cunt. The play's title was part of a short-lived tradition of putting profanity in the titles of plays.

News outlets had to decide how to handle the too-hot-to-handle word. The Free Press went with the standard-issue cop-out of asterisks. So did the Fringe program. The Jenny, on the other hand, spelled it with a K in the reviews, but in the listings of plays reviewed used the proper c spelling.

I was at the premiere of this play, which used Son of Warehouse, the regular season rehearsal space. That became important when the smoke machine started up after a few very long minutes and tripped the fire alarms. Wayne Buss!, the venue tech, ambled to the front of the house, and told us that the alarm was probably bogus, but that we were all going to have to leave anyway and the audience stood around waiting for the fire trucks. Eventually we were offered the opportunity to re-enter and see the rest of the play, but we declined.

Reviews were not kind. The Free Press reporter saw very little merit in the production. Two Jenny reviews, one by my son Brian, praised the performance skills of the two actors but criticized the script for being stagnant and didactic.

Regardless of the artistic merits of the play, its title caused a lot of serious discussion, but I guess the best measure of its influence is that no one has put "cunt" in their play title since.

Kevin Longfield

she's Jenny Elbowpucker, who

died tragically last December, fro-

zen to death in the exact same

position as these little statues we

last surviving offspring of Zebula

Elbowpucker, founder of the the-

atrical arts in Manitoba. History

has it that Zeb settled the entire

Jenny was, of course, the

found in the trophy store.

Remembering the Past

THEATRE ETIQUETTE: A Reminder

Theatres are not living rooms. You are not in a theatre attending a play to talk about your in-laws' hernia operations, how well the Blue Jays are doing, searching your pouch, purse or pack for something or tearing the cellophane off of hard candies. People do this in movie theatre where it is also annoying, distracting and infuriating. If you want to talk, wait until it comes out on video and stay at home. Please don't distract everyone else.

Harry Rintoul.

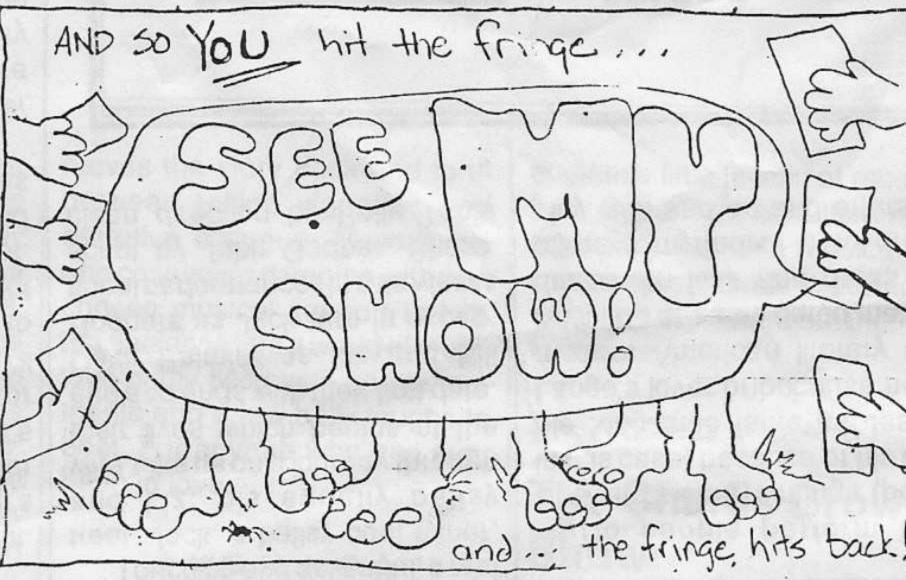
Fringe Festival July 13, 1991

Issue No.1 Price: FREE

WHO IS JENNY?

Jenny is a day-by-day, onthe-fly tip sheet to the Fringe Festival. Down and dirty reviews, gossip, rumour, off-the-program and on the edge reporting of what's what, who's where and everything else except what i means. It's kind of like hanging around the beer tent all day, except it only costs you a buck.

Jenny is an impressively tacky award given to those Fringe shows who prove to be outstanding at catching the eye or the ear, raising the eyebrow or the gorge, or making appropriate spectacles of themselves. Categories will be announced in coming is- day, July 21. Doors open at 8 sues or make up your own. You and the statues are awarded just fill out your ballot on any piece of recycled paper and drop it in one of the ballot boxes at the Armadillo, The Parlour Arts Club, Stars or the Beer Tent. Feel free to cheat and stuff. The beer tent crew will thank you for ripping all those posters off the tables at 9 p.m. come Sunday.



You can find out who wins the Jenny at the Jenny Awards at the Armadillo Restaurant on Sunafter Larry's sparkler burns out You can get your tickets at the Parlour Arts Club on Monday. July 15th or at the Armadillo any old time. Parlour Arts Club members get a deal - \$6. The rest of you pony up \$10. It's worth it.

And now you probably want to know who Jenny is. Maybe (for which he served as writer, You figure it out.

director, producer and star), "Suck the Fringes On my Dead Deer Jacket."

Zeb premiered his piece to family, farm animals and a vicious critic sent by the Macdonald government. Bad box office and scathing reviews led to foreclosure, banctruptcy, cheap hootch and an early grave.

To honour the memory of this Fringe pioneer, Jenny dedicated her life to raising the money to remount her father's show in the 1991 Fringe festival by selling laurel wreaths in Old Market Square during the winter. She figured it was easier than trying to get an Arts Council Grant. She was right, but she forgot to dress for the climate and hence met her sorry end.

So, maybe a Jenny is away to honor the memory of Jenny, Zeb and all those others on a collision course with Fringe fate.

downtown area of Winnipeg and Or maybe a Jenny (O.E.D. then mortgaged all his land to definintion: n. 1. a female donproduce his first and only play key) is just another braying ass.