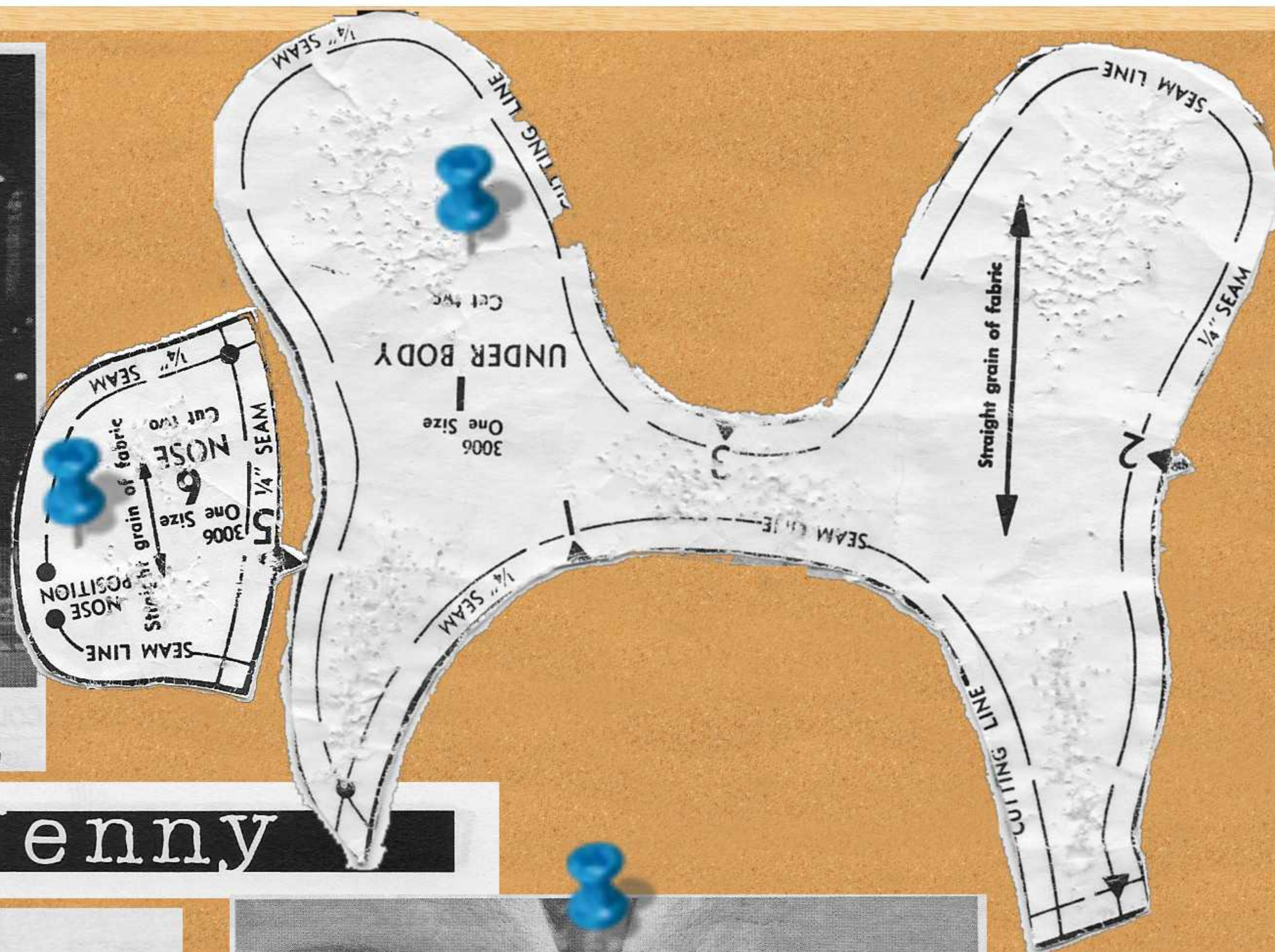
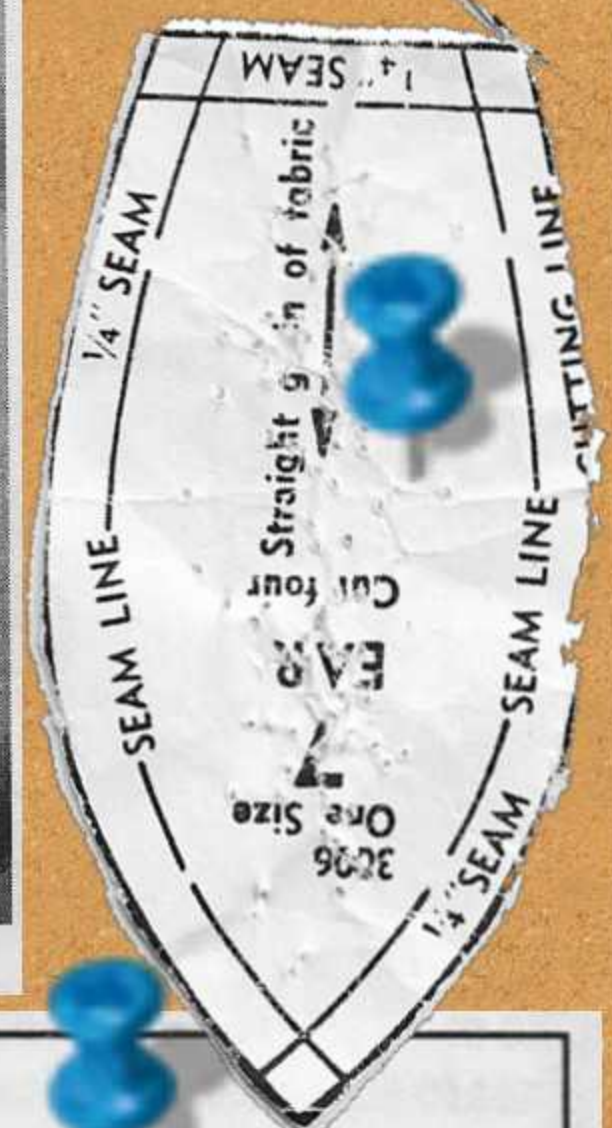


Intrepid Jenny photog Leif Norman discusses <PRODUCT PLACEMENT> in Jenny Revue with editor Coral McKendrick (not shown)

*products not necessarily as shown



The many faces of Shawn Kowalke, reviewer, director, photographer, and all-around Jenny slave



Letters to Jenny

Dear Jenny,

Thanks to the theatre mums!

I don't know what I would do without mine. I sure as hell couldn't get myself dressed in the morning, and I probably couldn't get a show put together.

Thank you all for sewing our costumes, typing our programs, taking our messages, proofreading everything, feeding us, and chauffeuring us.

Thanks for seeing all the shows, laughing in all the right spots, and all the opening night gifts. Thanks for disagreeing with the reviewers or agreeing with the reviewers. Thanks for hearing our thoughts, all the hugs, and always saying the right thing. But most of all, thanks for the incentive you give us all to do more of our craft, and to not regret our lives as actors.

Thank you, all theatre mums!

Karen Hamm (Mum-St. Betty), Michelle Field (Mum-Geraldine Field), Maryth Gilroy (Mom-Marybet Gilroy, Surrogate-Betty-Anne Pratschler), Bronwynn Mertz (Mum-Raye), Kelly Finnegan (Mum-Ollie)



In Between

Brigette DePape—Playhouse Onstage

This 50-minute emotional rollercoaster ride, is well written, well staged, and well acted by one of the youngest members of the Winnipeg Fringe Festival.

A great deal of thought went into the storytelling, and given the methodical way it reaches its conclusion, you would have thought a professional had written, directed and acted in this one-woman show.

Anne Wyman's direction is to be applauded, as she guides the character through her emotional ride. It's about a teenager and when the show is over the stage looks like a teenager's bedroom. But fear not, this is a mature and compelling story, told in a mature and compelling style of theatre...bet you can't stop yourself from being pulled into the story and going on the rollercoaster with her.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, BRIGETTE DEPAPE!!

Tony Frost

MIDNIGHT CABARET

Pics PHOTOBUZZ



The Winnipeg Free Press

Constructive Criticism — your doorstep, news-stands

Who are these pompous fools? Does anybody actually know them?

Not all of them are bad. There are always a couple of good ones. But too few of these reviews are actually insightful. They'd save a lot of paper if they just wrote: "I didn't get it. ☆☆☆".

Oh, and there's nothing like the sweet prose stylings of a marginally competent journalist turned "critic" for 10 days. Lord, please tell me, what is "protracted spontaneity?"!

Devon McCracken

Hi, Bertram

I have really enjoyed this year's fringe. The overall quality is very high.

I understand that problems at Eaton's may have incurred some extra costs, and I have a suggestion that might help pay those costs. Actually, it is not my idea, but Diane, my wife, is too shy to pass it on, so I am doing it for her.

Here goes. You may know that this year the annual outcry about Morley Walker's reviewing has been fierce. People are really starting to lose patience with him, particularly after he misrepresented the audience response to a Crumbs show.

Why not have a dunk tank in the square, with Morley as the target? I am sure the proceeds would more than pay for any additional costs the Fringe may have had this year. It might bankroll the Fringe for years to come. It would probably draw new people to the Fringe as well. My contacts in the book and publishing industry tell me most of them would welcome a harmless way to extract some revenge, although they said they would rather the event take place in February or during a thunderstorm.

Just a suggestion.

Kevin Longfield

the Jenny Revue

Memories of Harry

When I think of Harry, the first thing that comes to mind is the word honesty. A lot of people in the arts community seem to have forgotten (or have never learned) that an artist's stock in trade is the truth. They seem to live by the Deteriorata credo, "know what to kiss and when." Many of these people also have tender egos and long memories for any slight to what they imagine to be their reputation.

That was never Harry's way. Harry always delivered the straight goods, whether on stage or in person. Therefore I never knew how to take his frequent motions at ACTRA branch council meetings that we pay to have so-and-so kneecapped. (The target changed from meeting to meeting, and we always sympathized with the motive if not the method.)

One of the toughest tasks I ever faced occurred when I had to review the first play of Theatre Projects' second season for a

national theatre magazine. I knew that Harry had put everything he had into getting the company off the ground, yet there before me was one of the poorest examples of theatre art I had ever seen. Although the temptation to gloss over the production's faults was strong, I stayed more or less true to my journalistic principles. I dreaded seeing Harry afterwards.

When we did finally cross paths, I mumbled some weasel words about being sorry to write what I felt I had to write.

Harry's response was, "Don't worry about it, Kevin. You were right on the money. I knew that play was a dog from the first rehearsal."

It took a very big man indeed to be that generous and that honest.

Kevin Longfield

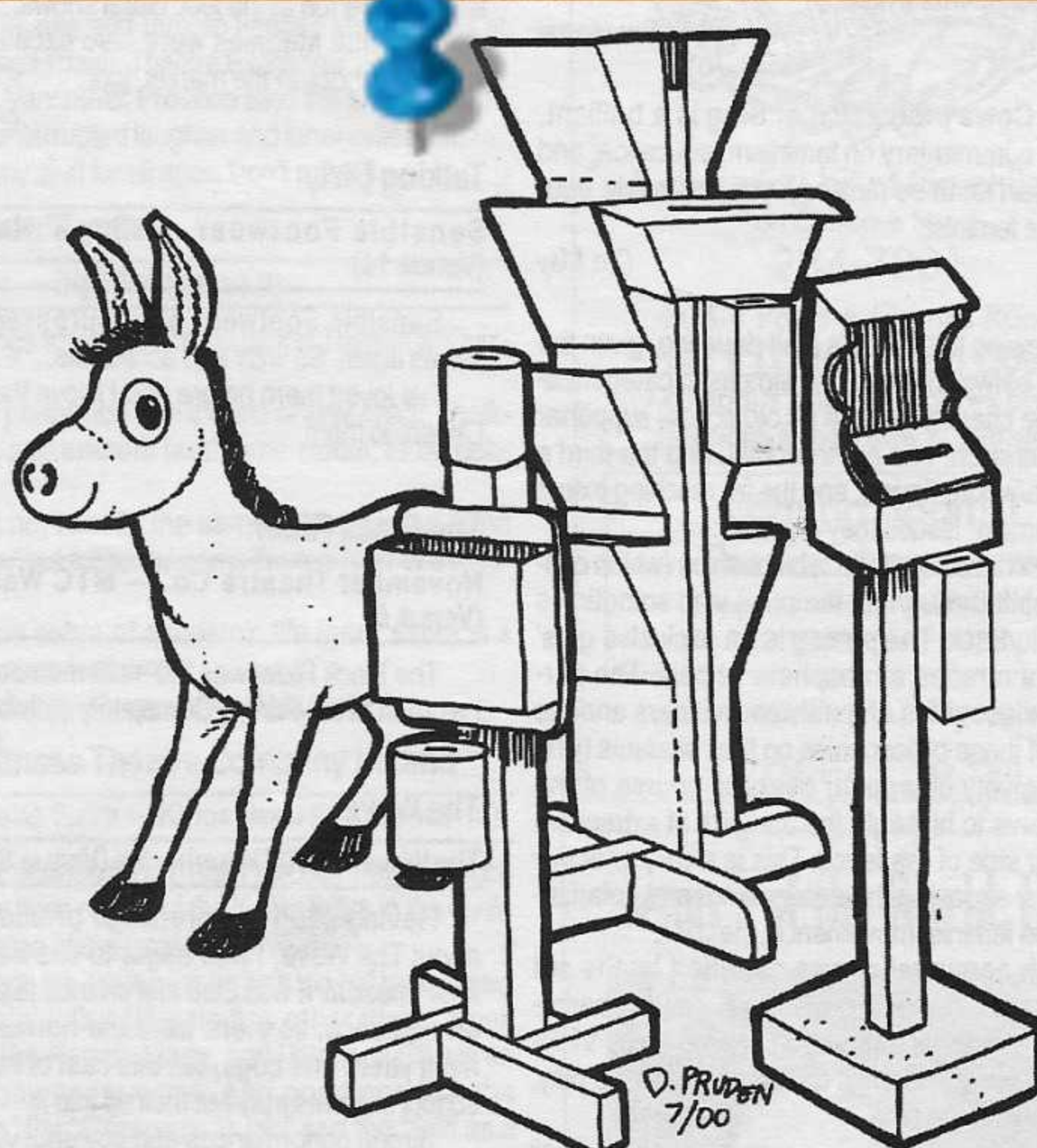
I first met Harry when he interviewed Robert Slade and me for Winnipeg Alive. My first impression of a hairy, scary, little man

remained throughout our friendship but the adjective "passionate" soon came to easily precede "hairy."

I have many memories of my fast talking friend—including a fourteen hour ride in his little red truck from Calgary to Winnipeg that became a words-per-hour landspeed record—but the one moment I've chosen to keep closest, is of a tiny, vulnerable, teary-eyed playwright jumping into my arms on the opening night of Brave Hearts (Sept. '92).

One way-too-enthusiastic kiss and a true hugging thank-you, and he was bounding off to do the same to Brian Drader. And Rick Skene. And Per Brask. And David Hewlett, John Gilmore and Katie East. And the people he knew who'd seen the show, and the people (booting for the escalator) who'd seen the show but didn't know that this freaky, wet, leaping, kissy people hugger approaching them was...Harry.

Steve Eric McIntyre



■ In The Dark — I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard about the Eaton's Building in the past few days. It's on the news and on the nerves of many a Fringe-goer. It's not just a sound bleed problem, either.

The entry doors are on Portage, so there was a full house crowd in the vicinity on the day of the recent stabbing incident. Whether they were witness to it or not, I don't know, but the entire area was chock-a-block with police and emergency vehicles, making it a tough act for any show to follow.

Red lights on the stationary escalator down to the basement venue caused it to be dubbed both the Hell Hole and the Brothel. I think they should split the difference and call it Hell's Brothel. (Now there's a fringe show name).

Apparently the trip there is a harrowing fumble through the pitch black, with no usher to guide patrons to the way down. You'd think there'd be a volunteer with a flashlight, if only to make sure that people don't trip at the top where the stairs are uneven.

It's too bad things aren't going smoothly there. Had it worked as a venue extraordinaire, (Nine Floors! Nine Shows!) it could have helped save the old store. The way things are, there'll be Fringers cheering on the sidelines when the wrecking balls start swinging. Now that's a Fringe show.

Coral McKendrick

■ The Wall — There's some good news from Eaton's. Even now, Fringe techs are baffling. But before we try to figure them out, they're going to build a wall, which will, it's hoped, create a sound barrier between the Men's Wear and Cosmetics venues.

No word on whether Pink Floyd will play, but hopefully soon every Eaton's venue performer can say, with some pride, "Ich bin ein Eaton'er!"

■ Store Wars — Another thing to survive is being in an Eaton's venue. Seems the sound of audiences entering and exiting for all three venues intrude on the main floor shows, and the sound bleed between those two venues is such that it's practically a two-for-one deal. So, its not just the basement that has bargains.

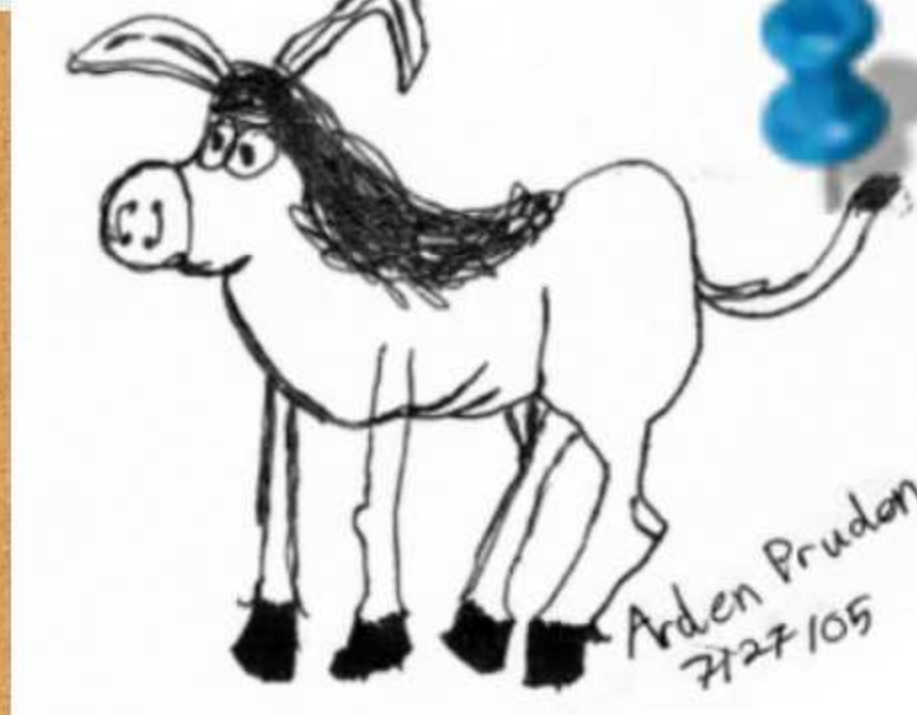
And it would seem we have Eaton's venue techs coming down on both sides of the whole Eaton's controversy. (For the non-Winnipeggers, there's a plan afoot to knock the place down and build an arena for local hockey team, The Moose.)

On the one hand, Arlo Bates, has already started the demolition process, having pounded so hard on the glass doors to get the attention of

the Eaton's security staff that he actually broke the glass (and sliced up his hand as well). Arlo, baby, True North has wrecking balls for that.

And you'd think Lybid Zyla must be on the other side, since she can't be feeling any too moose-friendly these days. On the way in from Ottawa, her company had a close encounter of the moose kind which resulted in the car carnage you can view at www.spywantedhalo.com/transmissions/mooseattack. The moose ambled away, apparently unharmed. His website was not available at press time.

But whether Arlo knocks the joint down or Lybid seeks vengeance on the moose population first isn't the half of it. Seems damn near all the techs are packin' heat, this year. Nerf heat.



Jenny drawn by Arden Pruden, 8 years old.

20th Anniversary Special A Look Back 2000 - 2005

Letter

Dear Jenny,

We're thrilled to have received some wonderful reviews in your fantastic publication. We can safely say that at least two of us are just that much closer to finally getting laid.

All ego-maniacal rambling aside, we here at Evil Bob Live are also proud to have received a review in the Free Press, though we are a little confused as to its content.

Based on her comments, Kim Guttormson disliked our show, though we still received the coveted "HH" rating, while many other companies received two or more stars.

We suspect the HH stands for Hilariously Happy—obviously surpassing five stars—although the surely theatre-savvy Guttormson was possibly alluding to the children's game Hungry Hippos.

In any event, we would like to thank Kim for her magnificent grasp of local theatre, and good luck with that proofreading.

Evil Bob Live

the BUZZ

The (secret) Midnight Cabaret

Various Performers—King's Head

This show was the embodiment of the very best of the Fringe—performers getting together to let their creativity go nuts. It made me realize there are going to be a lot of shows that I would love to see but will not get a chance to. At least I will have experienced some great performances by a number of excellent acts, and all in one show.

Murray Hunter

This show truly showed the spirit of the Fringe. It was generated by the performers themselves, with the money going to the performers.

A lot of performers say that Winnipeg Fringe is the best on the circuit. And a lot of people—volunteers, techs, and general fringe-goers—have said that this is the best Winnipeg Fringe ever, especially in terms of spirit. I think that spirit, and the fact that it was this particular combination of performers, that made this show not just possible but such a success.

Way to go, guys. Bravo!

Michelle Cook

Dear Jenny

A note to all the jerks out there:

Stop covering posters with ones for your own show. As much as I would love to see your show succeed, if you're doing it by covering up other people's work, then piss off.

I hope you realize that when you cover a poster or other type of ad, everyone can see what a big ass you are—it's quite obvious what you've done and how selfish you are in doing it. You can always find another spot or cover an outdated poster instead of being a prick with your ads.

Remember kids: think before you poster. David EisBrenner