Shows Reviewed

- Anaesthesia…
- BLOODSUCKERS!…(3)
- Borge Again!
- BOXCAR BERTHA
- Carry's Nation
- CHE GUEVERA Experience, The
- Cheap Goods
- Cream and Sugar
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- DINKY
- Ernie's Incredible Illucinations
- Finding a Chord
- FRINGE SHOW: A Love Story
- Hope Slide, The (2)
- Horror of Macbeth, The
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- Kentucky Waterfall
- King of Love, The
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- My Brother Sang Like Roy Orbison
- MY REALITY
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- Pilk's Madhouse
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- Sightless Steer, The
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- Trouble in Tahiti
- Truth About Daughters, The
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- Whiskey Bars (2)

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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.



Coco the Dodo returns from abroad with more exotic tales to tell in More Tales From A Dodo

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Letter of Reference



Jason Broadfoot and Maryth Gilroy pump it up in Winnipeg in MY REALITY

Whoever said three's the charm was off by ten. Thirteen is the magic number.

It's sure working for us. We have never had this much buzz on so many shows out by the opening weekend.

True, we might eventually have to bring Kevin Longfield down with a tranquilizer gun for his own good. But until such time as zombies eat his brains and he starts reviewing his own dinner, all we can say is: Bertram Schneider, you're an idiot for passing him up as the CBC reviewer! Your loss, our considerable gain.

But don't leave it all to Kevin. We're at that point where the dreaded complacency sets in—where you figure someone else will write about that fab show you saw, or you'll do it in the email tomorrow, or the day after that.

To which I say: NO! Bad zombies! Grab some paper and a pen (we're always equipped with both plus a laptop at our late night King's Head office) and write the damn thing NOW.

If you need a little ego massage to help you on your way, here it comes. As another first, I am handing over the rest of the front page to someone I've never even met.

He emailed this letter which I've stripped of the single mention of his show so no one will complain he got a 700-word SSP.

Now, it's possible he was captured, tortured, and made to eat the white paste by an over zealous wing of the Winnipeg Boosters club, but the way I see it, you shouldn't have to wait 'til the end to be praised. Plus, maybe this will get Jenny a grant from Manitoba Tourism. And most importantly, I get the rest of the day off. So here it goes.

Coral McKendrick

A REALLY BIG LETTER TO JENNY

Wonderful us—I never would have believed it! A big city Toronto kid like myself is bred to believe that Toronto is the centre of the universe. And I believed it, truly. Toronto, after all, is a pretty great city. But it pales in comparison to the warmth and soul of the people of Winnipeg.

Toronto, you can keep your CN Tower and Sky Dome; just give me the friendly smile of a woman volunteering for the Winnipeg Fringe Festival. That's what Toronto is missing—its smile.

When I arrived here on Monday, I was greeted at the airport by my billet, Dianne Doney, who had graciously picked me up to save me the expensive cab ride. That was just the beginning of the warm hospitality Dianne, and all the staff and volunteers for the Fringe have shown and continue to show me. I feel like I'm home in Winnipeg, and it's my first time!

Another amazement for me is how people in Winnipeg ("Peggers"?) actually go to the Fringe. You enjoy theatre. You have cultivated a love and support of the arts—which is such a rich part of life—that Toronto has, too, but not in the same embracing way.

In Toronto, it's like Fringe patrons come into the theatre, arms crossed with a "show me what you've got" attitude. But in Winnipeg, audiences embrace the performer from the moment they buy their tickets. The Fringe is everywhere in this city. There are even posters up in major supermarkets! (You'd never see that in Toronto.)

And so I want to thank the City and people of Winnipeg for making the Fringe such an important event, and supporting all the writers, directors, actors, artists and performers. Because one of the most beautiful abilities we have as humans is the ability to create. Stories, paintings, sculpture, photographs, videos, films, and music all reflect our society and our humanity, making our lives richer and more vibrant.

Winnipeg has shown me, in less than a week, how a city can be a thriving mecca of culture and the arts, allowing us to share our stories and our experiences, and grow into a more tolerant, peaceful and enriched society. I offer up Winnipeg as a beacon to the world, as a cultural mecca.

Here is a quick anecdote to show you what I mean about the nature of Winnipeggers:

Two nights ago I walked up and down Osborne Village with a yogurt container of homemade paste, a paint brush and a stack of small paper squares with my show logo. I thought I would be very clever, and snag the attention of every pedestrian walking down the street. I hit every lamp post, garbage can and bus shelter in a five-block area. How clever I am, I thought.

However, when I biked down Osborne Street the next morning, to my amazement, every single paper logo had been removed. I couldn't believe it!

Upon arriving at Hospo I found a firm, mildly-threatening but courteous letter from Osborne Village, explaining why my actions were inappropriate. When I went upstairs to the Fringe office, I was not chastised, as I anticipated. Instead, I was merely asked if I had received the letter. Then we carried on business as usual.

How wonderful Winnipeggers are! No one freaked out on me. No one made me feel badly or treated me with condescension. I was simply and respectfully told my actions were inappropriate.

This makes me respect the Fringe employees and volunteers even more. Because now I really feel terrible for breaking the postering rules, and am truly sorry.

It is very difficult to do a solo show—the writing, rehearsing and performing is one aspect of it, but the organization of an eight-city tour and marketing for my first time is equally challenging. And doing it all by myself, I often feel very lonely, drowning in the sea of other performers and posters and flyers. So I resorted to what I thought would make me stand me out from the crowd: "Look at me, look how clever I am." Instead, I just ended up looking like an egomaniacal ass.

Well, you live and learn. Thank you Winnipeg Fringe Festival for teaching me with dignity and respect. I feel like I am at the feet of a wise old master. Winnipeg is wonderful.

Russell Bennett

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