Shows Reviewed

- Adventures of Baba Yaga…, The
- AFTER THE PICNIC
- AMAZING FOX SISTERS, THE
- Anaesthesia…
- BLOODSUCKERS!…(3)
- Borge Again!
- BOXCAR BERTHA
- CACTUS
- Carry's Nation
- CHE GUEVERA Experience, The
- Cheap Goods
- Cream and Sugar
- CREEPING MURMUR…
- CURSE OF THE TRICKSTER, THE
- DINKY
- Enter Captain Rogue
- Ernie's Incredible Illucinations
- Finding a Chord
- Flawed Genius
- FRINGE SHOW: A Love Story
- HAROLD AND MAUDE
- Heracles…
- Hope Slide, The (2)
- Horror of Macbeth, The (2)
- If Ugly Was a Color (2)
- Jill's War (2)
- JOY SHOW, THE (2)
- Kentucky Waterfall
- King of Love, The
- Late Night at the Fringe… (2)
- Lunatic Van Beethoven
- Marco Polo Sings a Solo
- More Tales From A Dodo
- My Brother Sang Like Roy Orbison
- MY REALITY
- Needle & Branch
- Never Swim Alone
- One Man Lord of the Rings, The
- One Small Life (and then some)
- Penetration
- Perseus (2)
- Pilk's Madhouse
- Pinocchio
- Pith!
- Prairie Salt (2)
- Preacher, The
- Punch and Polly
- PygM@lLion
- Reeferman, The
- R.O.C.–Republic of Confusion
- Root of All Squares, The (2)
- S & M
- Shadows from the Story Box
- Shel Shocked
- Sightless Steer, The
- Song of Solomon, The
- Sound & Fury's 'Testacles...'
- Swashbucklers
- Swimming Lessons with Paisley Kite
- Therese's Creed
- Trouble in Tahiti (2)
- Truth About Daughters, The
- Two Brown Don't Make a White (2)
- Under Elko
- Urgent
- Weapons of Mass Deception
- Where Was I?
- Whiskey Bars (2)
- Whistling Imps, The
- Worst Fringe Play in the World, The
- Year of the Panda, The (3)

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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.


Photo by Leif Norman

The Silly People cap a performance with display of flaming cabbage hurling on the Market Stage

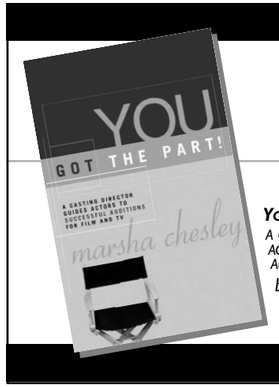
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Hard Falls


Photo by Leif Norman

Stars of BEARD exploit principles of fuzzy logic in face-to-face encounter

A week into the Fringe, and the drama starts. Or maybe ends.

If, in the recent past, you noticed a cast going at it hammer and tongs in public, it wasn't a provocative teaser for their show.

It was the cast of New York's Firebrand Theory Theatre demonstrating the irreconcilable differences that caused the resignation of their stage manager and the subsequent cancellation of RomAntic aGE's remaining four shows at the Warehouse. So we'll never know why the hell they spelled it that way.

Warehouse Venue Tech, Paul Thullner encouraged the company to stay and, stepped into the void left by the SM, but the company was unable to find a much needed sound tech—maybe because, according to their Help Wanted poster at hospo, they were offering a whopping $4 per show. Canadian.

These rumours of cheaper Canadian production rates are out of control. Of course, maybe no one saw the poster because it was blocked by the pile of Fringe techs, prostrate on the floor with laughter.

■ **Falling for you.** Speaking of techs on the floor, that's where you can put yours Thursday night at the King's Head, if you have good aim and $5. As mentioned in Monday's issue (which says it's Saturday's issue but has a logging donkey and a Whack-a-Tech ad on the cover), the techs are prepared to be shot with their own (Nerf) guns and die horrible deaths as a fund raiser to replace bicycles stolen from two of their workmates. Prepare to see some of the worst acting in Fringe history. And from the perspective of the person in the corner, trying to gather her thoughts, prepare for it to be noisy as hell.

■ **And falling.** It was more scary than funny, however, when, during a performance of Assiniboine Theatre's Harold and Maude, senior icon of Winnipeg dance and theatre, Daphne Korol, veered off course during a fade-to-dark exit and fell off the stage. Proving what a lifetime of dance training can do for a body, Ms. Korol, simply got up and went on to finish the show without complaint. This earned Paul Thullner's respect, especially since he admits, at age 22, he intentionally jumped off the same stage, sprained his ankle and had to hobble around for four days.

■ **Too Far.** Well, they may be Too Far From The Fringe, but the Toad in the Hole pubs have been perennial Jenny supporters, so we're going to take this time to mention you will find Crumbs' Lee White reading with (in order of appearance): Margaret Sweatman (Wed), Deb Patterson (Thurs), Alicia Johnstone (Fri), and Sarah Constible (Sat), at 10:45 nightly.

Presumably, they will be reading Steve McIntyre's new script "So Far From Eden," rather than, say, the newspaper. The email is a little vague. Steve does claim they've stopped "ranting and improvising" (aka workshopping). Can we presume then that the canny McIntyre is currently putting the audition process on stage as a show? Hey, it works on reality TV. Look at the Idol shows and Last Action Hero.

And speaking of reality and last actions, we have a very real early print deadline today so I've got to wind this up.

But if you want to see someone really wound up, check out Shawn on the other part of this page. This guy can really rant.

Coral McKendrick

HARD CALLS

There is a point during every Fringe where I heave an exasperated sigh. Not regarding the quality of shows, which is always excellent. Not because a show sells out just as I get to the front of the ticket line (surely frustrating for all of us at some point).

No, it is a sigh regarding the bane of modern Fringe performers: the cellular phone. During a performance of "Year Of The Panda" a cell phone rang about halfway through the show. The actors didn't react in any way, but I talked to them afterwards, and they definitely heard it.

This is bullshit. How can anyone lack the common sense to know that all electronic devices that go beep in the night need to be shut off during performances? It's not like there aren't signs at every venue saying "Please Shut Off Your Phones," and house managers opening each show by telling us to do so. Yet I have actually seen people have phone conversations during shows, who seem to think these rules don't apply to them.

The guilty party this time looked immediately embarrassed and remorseful, and waited only long enough to check the call display before shutting it off. He presumably just 'forgot.' Obviously it's okay to interrupt a show if it was a memory lapse instead of malicious intent.

I am of the opinion we need to make an example of someone if this is ever going to stop. A single execution should do, if it's public enough.

Perhaps we should equip each venue with an Uzi. Twenty thousand years of evolution that should have inspired the concept of not interrupting someone who is putting on a performance for your benefit might kick in if there were automatic weapons to back it up.

And honestly, wouldn't you rather have your phone on vibrate anyway? Consider the possibilities:

Picture if you will, a play you are not enjoying. For some reason you were expecting more from a show titled 'RUBS' than a social commentary on drug abuse (think about it…and continue). Suddenly, Aunt Esther rings to find out if you'll be at dinner on Wednesday and did you ever get that maple syrup stain off your favorite shirt and, oh we finally trained Puddles to fetch Edgar's pipe, and isn't Marianne's baby just the cutest thing? But you never speak to Aunt Esther, because your phone never leaves your pocket. It just vibrates, and vibrates, and vibrates, and that kid on stage with no teeth just starts to look like the happiest little bastard you've ever seen. Now doesn't that sound nice? And the alternative:

RING RING "Hello? Oh, hi, Aunt Esther…I'm not sure...look, I'm at a play right now, Aunt Esther…I'm not sure what it's about...well, uhm, they've actually stopped and they're all looking at me...uh, drug abuse, I think...one of them is actually pointing an Uzi at me, I'm going to have to let you go...yes, I've seen Puddles do that, but he…OHGODITHURTSOHMYGODCALLAFUCKINGAMBULANCETHEYFUCKINGSHOTMEJESUSCHRISTITHURTSOHGODOHGODOHGOD…beeeeep…"

That's my rant for today. I'll be in the beer tent if you want to hear my opinion on mimes or pinball.

Shawn Kowalke

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