

the Jenny Revue

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We Come In Peace

Stardate: 2010—WE ARE ORBITING THE FRINGE, A CLASS M PLANET WITH AN IRREGULAR ORBIT, POPULATED BY AN EVEN MORE IRREGULAR SPECIES WHOSE MAJOR ACTIVITIES SEEM TO BE ENTERTAINING EACH OTHER AND IMBIBING LARGE QUANTITIES OF ALCOHOLIC SUBSTANCES. OUR MISSION: TO OBSERVE AND REPORT.

There's no shortage of things to report. Just a shortage of space to do it in. And we're picking up some interference.

The Jenny and technology have always had an uneasy alliance but in recent years we had reached some sort of détente. It ended Saturday.

We were typing away like dilithium crystal-fueled cyber-monkeys at warp speed, when our print shop called to say "we canna' take the strain". Seems the presses, (aliens, all of them) decided paper was a tasty snack rather than a medium for communication.

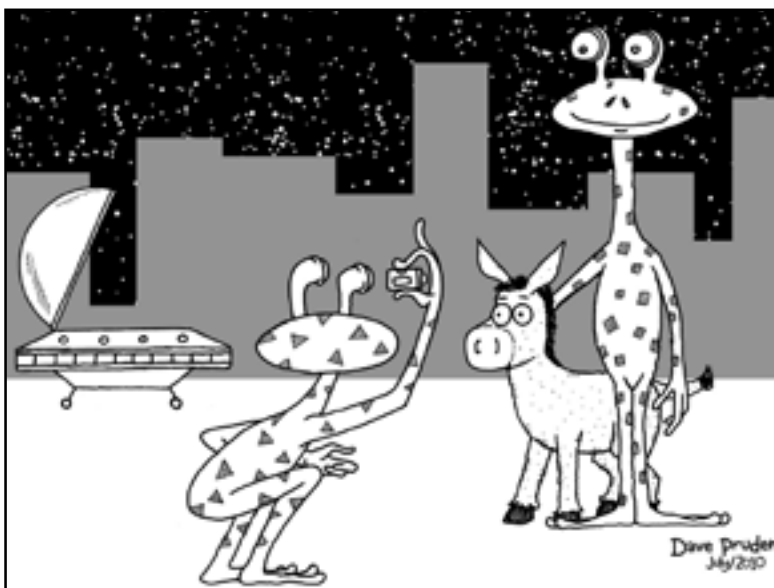
Of course, Scotty couldn't fix it until Monday, which is when talks broke down...talks, telephone, Internet, communicators. The Romulan ship Shaw was spotted off the starboard bow. Using ancient earth communications systems—morse code, semaphore, african drums, Canada Post—we foiled their nefarious plot and sent issue number 2 through a wormhole to the Jenny boxes.

And here we are (or aren't) again. And now the news:

Banjo Wars—David Nishikawa, a member of Winnipeg's **Magnificent 7's**, just back from a tour which included Edmonton's Improv Festival, had resumed his usual summer activity schedule—sitting on the fence beside the Fixx sipping coffee and talking with an acquaintance while playing his banjo—when confronted by a Fringe volunteer.

"You can't be here," she said.

Never one to resist an existential debate he replied. "Yes, I can."



That wasn't the answer she was looking for and before he knew it, he was arguing first with her, then a Fringe Supervisor, and finally with three police officers.

The Fringe supervisor accused him of "hassling people" over at the Crocus Building, beside the square, across Bannatyne, although David had not stirred from his Fixx-side fence and no one mentioned a "hassler" carrying a banjo.

The real bone of contention for the Fringe seemed to be that he was busking. Well he was, sort of, but he pointed out "There was an amplified drum group on the stage in the park, and way down the block on Albert, there was a juggler completely surrounded by a crowd who didn't even know I existed."

At issue seemed to be that he needed a permit—presumably a permit from the Fringe because you don't need one to play on the streets in Winnipeg, though his three requests as to how to get one were ignored by his accusers.

Now David tends to shout a lot when excited, and he did just that, yelling apologies for yelling but asserting he was helpless to stop doing so.

More importantly, the original volunteer had claimed David said, "If you were a man, I'd hit you."

The thing is, he didn't say that, nor anything approximating it. Dave's companion had witnessed the entire conversation and voluntarily attested to both the Fringe supervisor and the local constabulary that David had done and said nothing of the kind, nothing remotely threatening, and had merely asserted his right to sit on a fence, drink a coffee, and play a banjo.

The tack taken by both the Fringe and the WPD, was that Dave was some sort of criminal, telling him—when he was packing up the banjo—to stop because they apparently felt his banjo-packing was threatening, though how three heavily armed men, each easily twice the size of David, could be threatened

by a man putting a banjo in its case, is open for debate.

The fact that comedian/writer Al Rae, as well as members of Edmonton's Rapid Fire Theatre, dropped by to shake hands with David and say hi while all this transpired (with Leif Norman hovering nearby, camera at the ready), probably helped to defuse the situation, which ended up with David not in jail—though it's interesting to speculate what the charge would have been.

Calling Dr. Caligari—Another Wednesday midnight of Fringe madness and debauchery ensues upstairs at the King's Head. Tickets go on sale at 10:30 at the King's Head. Read our ad tomorrow and try to guess from the long title just who will be performing.

TO Bound—Mikaela (a Fringe Tech) is driving home to Toronto at the Fringe's end and is looking for riders to share expenses. Need a ride to TO? Reach her at mikaelaordyke@gmail.com.

END REPORT. KIRK, UH, CORAL OUT.

Coral McKendrick

The Jenny Revue is a proudly independent publication NOT affiliated with the Winnipeg Fringe Festival

