

Ladyvision**junglepork prods.—Son of Warehouse**

Hilariously hilarious!

I thought I'd take a chance on a one-person show, which I normally don't do. I was completely surprised!

Jill Pollock is hilarious! The singing, the ukulele playing, the jokes (the swearing) are all well done. Even the story about the only girl left on the planet, doing a TV show and losing her mind is the good type of quirky. I travelled all the way out here from Toronto for the Winnipeg Fringe and *Ladyvision*, by itself, was worth it. Great job!

*Sean Chant***The Shadowy Waters****Eternal Rose Theatre—MTC Up the Alley**

This is a play for the viewer in search of a true drama—no guffaws here.

The script is taken from the poems of William Butler Yeats, but you won't realize you are listening to poems. Transported to ancient Ireland, you are in a dreamworld of magic and mystery.

The director's wish is that the play "can reveal to us a new understanding of the currents that plow deep beneath the hurly-burly of our mundane existence."

Forget your woes for an hour and enter this fantastical world!

*Lisa Campbell***Saturday Night House Party****GabelManwell Productions—Warehouse**

The Hills meets *90210* in this comedy-laced drama of teen angst. But these kids are too young to get into Les Deux or Goa so a Saturday night house party will have to suffice.

Hookups, breakups, makeovers, and unrequited love are the standard storylines here, with a head-scratching deviation involving a couple of characters' sexual orientation thrown in for contrast. It's a lot of sleazy fun, and the actors are appealing.

The couplings are apparently different at every show, which is weird because I can't picture these characters hooking up with anyone other than the ones they did at the one I saw. I wonder what the character of Jaclyn Hale would be doing if cell phones had never been invented. Jaclyn's ex reminds me of Chad from *Sonny with a Chance*. And, like all those TV shows, the ubiquitous red cups are present.

Minor quibble: No one shows up with record bags, gets into deep discussions about albums and groups, or creeps surreptitiously around the stereo, waiting for the record to end at a time when no one's paying attention so that he can put one of HIS records on. Well, I guess it's not the '70s anymore.

*Beau Hajavitch***Foiled by the Feathery Wife****Magic of One—Playhouse Onstage**

We went to this storytelling show as part of our Heritage Day at the Fringe. Their choice to have musical accompaniment was inspired, evoking a time centuries ago when a winter's evening might include people swapping yarns while others contributed by playing a tune.

I knew I could expect first-rate work from Mary Louise Chown and Kay Stone, but I also had the pleasure of hearing Tom Roche for the first time. The highlight for me was the story he sang.

This show is much quieter and more low-key than the usual Fringe fare, so take a moment to breathe before the show starts.

*Kevin Longfield***Daydream****Cultural Imaginary Prods.—MTC Up the Alley**

This play has an interesting plot considering the timely topic of video game addiction. This mother/son pair are very believable together. The program blurb says "relentlessly paced" and it is, too much so. The son's deterioration seemed to happen too quickly.

Since the show ended almost 1/2 a hour earlier than its stated 90 minute running time, they could have developed the son's descent into insanity more fully. Worth seeing, though.

*By Lisa Campbell***F**KING STEPHEN HARPER...****Ten Foot Pole Productions—MTC Up the Alley**

Political junkies, you've a home. NO, Rob did not fuck the 22nd Prime Minister. He just wants to get you in his seats so he can poke you in the funny bone to stir up your political opinions. He decries the ignorance and/or indifference the average Canuck has about politics. Rob shares his story and political views with a hilarious PowerPoint show throughout the play. Should he decide to run, he's got my vote.

*Lisa Campbell***The Big Oops****To the Moon—Playhouse Studio**

Cara Yeates is back in town! She brought us the wonderful *Knee Deep in Muck* and *Bye Bye Bombay*, both of which I loved, especially *Muck*.

This rapidly rising star in the theatre world has Fringe god T.J. Dawe directing this play written by the Fugitives' Brendan McLeod.

As kids entertainer Sammi Sam, she uses her singing and dancing talents, and the audience joins in, too.

The contrast between her squeaky-clean Sammi side, and her real life—kinky sex in the bathroom with her fertile, wannabe, filmmaker boyfriend, and real weighty adult dilemmas—is the crux of this play.

All this backed by quirky children's repetitive soundtrack punctuations to all the meaty material. Go see it and keep an eye out for Cara in the future.

*Lisa Campbell***Theatre Anywhere**

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