

# the Jenny Revue

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ANNIVERSARY!

## GET UR FRINGE FREAKS ON!

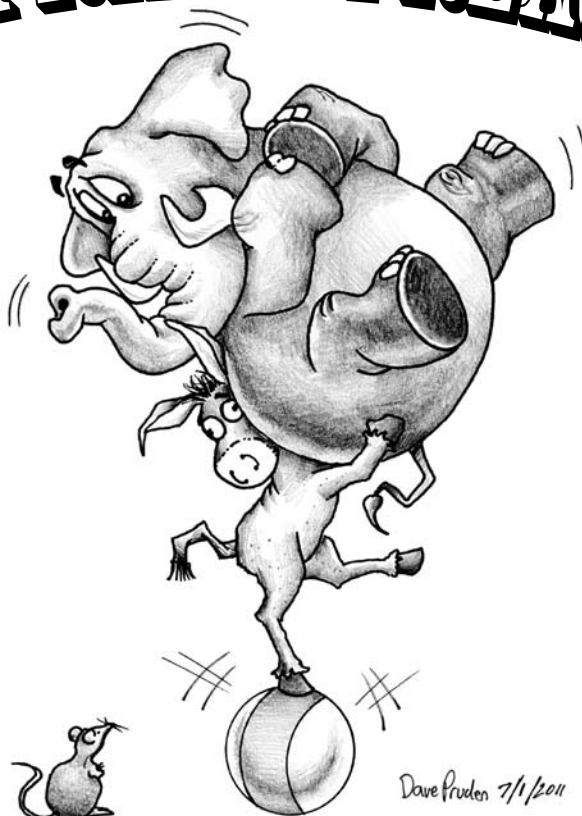
### Welcome back, Fringe Faithful!

The Fringe is only one year away from the quarter-century mark and is celebrating with a circus theme! The gift for 24 years is apparently Opal or musical instruments. You're not getting any of my precious opals but I was going to get you a musical instrument. I found something at a pawn shop that I thought was like a wind chime or cowbell. But then the guy told me it was actually called a "Jew's Harp" and you play it by putting it in your mouth. That made me feel both racist and dirty so I got you tube socks.

The circus theme is missing something, though. We need sideshow freaks. Casual viewers of the Beer Tent at last call may feel like we have them already, but I want the real deal! Where are my bearded ladies? And my half-man/half-cheese people? And my contortionists that can fit themselves into an empty toothpaste tube? And didn't someone promise me a clown named Cheezy Baguette a few years back that was his own twin brother/arch-nemesis? Because this really was the year to make that happen.

But while this is the 24th Winnipeg Fringe Festival, the Jenny is lagging a few years behind. We turn 20 this year, and while we've never had any official association with the Fringe, I've always felt like the ne'er-do-well kid brother. The one that gets his hair tousled while big brother Fringe steps up to the plate to knock one out of the park. Fringe gives us a half-encouraging shrug when we strike out our next at bat. So Fringe goes on to the victory party while Jenny Revue goes home all alone and nails Fringe's girlfriend. And her mom.

You heard right, this is our 20th anniversary, and we started celebrating early.



Any of you who were lucky enough to join us at Aqua Books on June 28th for "The Jenny Revue — A 20th Anniversary Fundraiser" got a real treat. We invited this year's Fringe performers to bring us little morsels of their upcoming shows to whet the appetites of audiences anxious for amusement and absurdity. Sadly, I was absent (fuck you, kidney stones!) but with less than 24-hours notice Matthew TenBruggencate and Stephen McIntyre stepped in for hosting duties and pulled an amazing show out of their asses. The event was taped, so I am doing my best to poke the ribs of those with copies to get it sent to us for posting on our website. Our affable alliance with Aqua Books will return annually, with any aid from the altruistic being amply appreciated.

Check out the center spread of this Jenny Revue for a scrapbooked trip down Memory Lane. What do you remember? (Makes a great Beer Tent game. Win BIG MONEY betting with the young'uns.) The nostalgia continues in three more inserts. Collect all four for your Jenny Memorabilia Shelf!

And speaking of our website (at jennyrevue.com and jennyrevue.ca. Because we care.) we now have posted in our archives every single issue of the Jenny Revue ever printed! Yes my faithful legions, you can go all the way back to 1991 and read our very first scribbblings of Fringes past. It gives me a great warm fuzzy to go back and look at the very first words I ever wrote, then peruse the ramblings of all of those who came before and remember: as much I think I know about this festival and theatre in Winnipeg, most of us haven't been doing it all that long in the grand scheme of things; and we owe a huge debt of gratitude to the people who built this wonderful theatre community and paved the road for everything you see at the Fringe today.

### But enough about us, on to the Festival!

We'll all have had our opening shows by the time this hits print, so those opening night jitters will have passed to the roar of applause. Jitters that may not have passed yet are the feeling that there isn't much keeping you from a drop to the first floor of Portage Place as you wait in line to see shows at PTE way up on the third floor. That's over two miles down by my estimation, but as long as we play it safe around the barricades they've erected no one should be in any real danger. You will also notice that during their renovations PTE does not have washrooms available nor the snack bar open. Inconvenient timing certainly. (Though when would it be a good time to shut things down? They're busy over there!) But if use of the commode becomes a terrifying necessity while waiting in line, there are washrooms of both the male and female persuasion on the third floor just as you come off the escalators.

Shawn Kowalke

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

