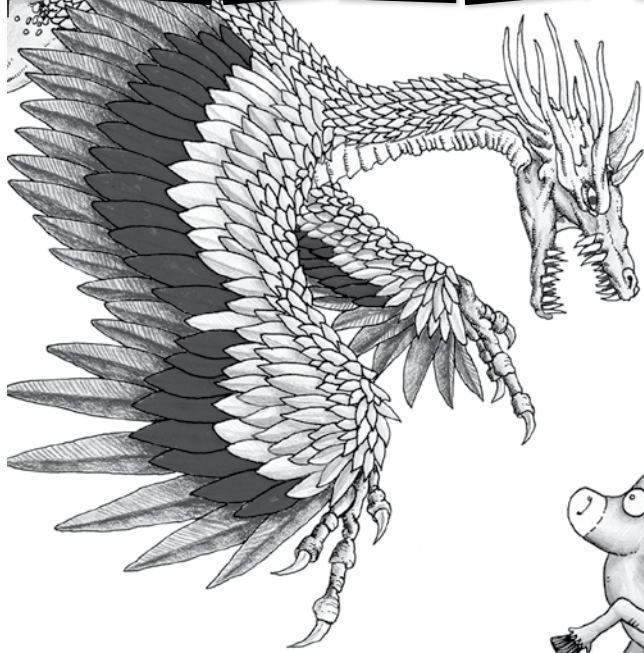


the Jenny Revue 50¢
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Exit, Pursued by Dragon



During the marathon of last night's editing and copy setting, I snapped awake from an unscheduled mini nap in the midst of transcribing Richard Ball's hand written review of *N.C.S.I.S.N.Y.P.D.* to find that I'd followed his line "Definitely worth the trek"—which I had sleepily mistyped as "trip"—thusly: eee...and so on, down the page, a lexicographic representation of the sustained cry of someone plummeting a long, long way.

Nice. I interrupt his perfectly nice review to push him off a cliff...in my sleep. He would still be falling if I hadn't woken up and removed my errant digit from the "e" key.

Well, at least it was a literary rather than a literal cliff (which are in short supply around here in any case). I have no idea why my subconscious should so mistreat Richard but I blame it on the fact that his partner's name is Rory FALLis.

(Of course, if Rory's last name is pronounced as if it were spelled with a "ph" at the start and a "u" instead of an "i," that's puts a whooole different spin on things. Calling Dr. Freud).

And that's the long way of getting down (not to develop a theme here) to the fact that this issue contains a grand total of 38 reviews—one of them written by me.

That's right. For the first time in almost 20 years, I took a leap, saw a play, and wrote a review.

Of course, the first thing you might think upon reading it, is that for someone who has spent decades encouraging everyone to “write tight and bright”, that I’m crap at following my own advice.

And you might also think that the cast of Bitter Pill would say the previous sentence is five words too long.

But when I told Dave Pruden, (one of the cast of three, and creator of the always excellent Jenny cartoons) not to expect a rave, he shrugged it off, saying, in essence, that their group didn't care about reviews, they were in it for the pure joy of it.

And that's the Fringe in a nutshell, isn't it? There are the pros, whose daily subsistence depends on them employing their finely-honed theatrical skills to entertain and enthrall, sharing venues with companies of amateurs, who define that word (origin Fr. "lover of") by labouring to write, rehearse, tech, costume, and handle all the minutiae necessary to staging a performance, while simultaneously toiling at a separate vocation to pay the bills.

Mixed in the Fringe stew are the young 'uns who don't know which camp they'll end up in, but are going at it full tilt boogie until they figure it out.

Jenny nepotism—Of course, another reason for Mr. Pruden's nonchalance toward his own review could be that he's busting his buttons with pride over his daughter Arden's well-received work in the Knavish Hedgehog's ambitious production of *The Tempest*.

While there's been no review so far in the Jenny (for shame) of this young company, who were the leadoff act at The Jenny Prevue, an individual from no less a land o' Shakespeare than Stratford told her personally that while she had seen many professional productions of *The Tempest*, she had never seen a performer, of any age or experience, so ably inhabit the role of Ariel.

That, along with similar paeans of praise in the Twitterverse, and the enlarged image of Arden, resplendent in one of her mother's elegantly crafted costumes, currently displayed on the Hedgehog's sandwich board outside MTC—well, it's enough to turn a young girl's head, or would if she had the time between performing and writing reviews for the Jenny.

But since Arden first accompanied mom Michelle on Jenny runs while still an embryo, and has been helping to fold the paper since she was tall enough to reach the table, she's accustomed to humbly toiling in the Jenny salt mines.

Picture Perfect—And speaking of salt, a woman who is evidently worth hers is Jenny's new photo gal, Alix Reynolds, whose work graces these pages, and more than meets the high standards set by previous Jenny shutterbugs Leif Norman, Rosey Goodman, and Emmeline Guerrero.

And to all a good night—And speaking of images, flashing on the back of my eyelids every time I blink are thousands of words and bits of punctuation, and it's getting difficult to tell the difference between them and the ones on the screen, so—while you all go out to see shows and review 'em—I'll just go.

Coral McKendrick.

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