

# the Jenny Revue

©1991

50¢  
Suggested Donation

## Picking Up the Pieces

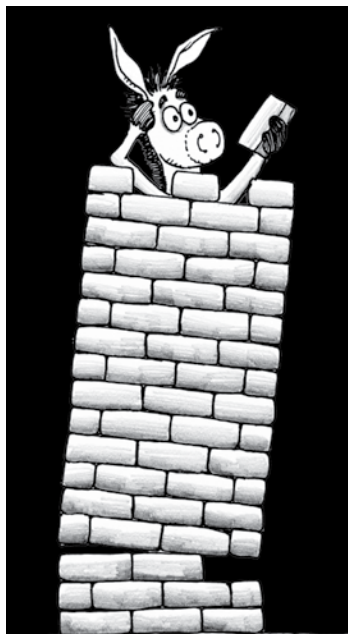
When I woke up this morning covered in welts, with a headache, a backache, burning thighs, and a desperate need to eat real food and drink not-beer, I made a decision. I have to stop pretending I'm as young as I used to be.

I have done three shows in a Fringe before. But that was back in my "early 30s" and it's been a few years since I've been able to get away with that descriptor. Those shows, while enjoyable, were not nearly as intense as what I'm putting myself through right now. *Wings of Darkness* is undoubtedly the most physically demanding show I've ever done, *Cabaret* is one of the most emotionally taxing performances of my life, and *Horrible Friends* holds a serious risk of getting the shit kicked out of me at every performance.

I'd love to throw out some of my usual smarm about things, but right now sore and tired are all I have to offer.

So why do I do it? Every performer wonders that sometimes when a show goes badly, or a reviewer skewers you when you were already feeling fragile about things, or the audience just doesn't respond to what you were offering them and you know it's because you were having an off-day.

But whatever the reason is for asking the question, the answer is always the same: because nothing in the world feels as good as a



performance where everything goes right! When you see an audience member leave the theatre with tears streaming down their face, whether it's from sadness, laughter, or joy, you have just given them something that they will likely never forget. You've given them a memory that they will always associate with you, and you can bask in the knowledge that you've changed them. Maybe just a little bit, but a change in one

person's outlook is a change in the world, and artists, more than most other people, can use that influence to change the world for the better.

Until the next show, when your delightful, talented, and wonderful self just isn't feeling as delightful as yesterday. Maybe it was that dick who took your parking spot, but the bad review didn't help, and why-oh-why did I stay so late at the Kings Head last night? Every moment of pure genius has one of mere pretty-smartness, and another of that-was-kinda-dumbness. So maybe you only have one show out of ten that is actual genius, and maybe you only change one life out of a hundred at one of your shows, and maybe the rest of the time you know you could have tried harder. And every time you feel a little down on all these things, you start to wonder why you put yourself out there this way, and if it's really all worth it.

Yes, it is. Abso-fucking-lutely yes. You put the aches and pains aside, and you rise above the negativity, and you know that today will be the best performance of your life and the day you change the world for the better. Because the power to make people laugh, and cry, and smile, and gasp in horror or surprise or delight is a responsibility. Use it wisely, Fringe faithful, for there is no greater gift.

Shawn Kowalke

No time to be clever today (or ever, apparently), there's business to get to.

First off, you can get to bed early tomorrow night because this year, the *Midnight Cabaret*, is on the final Saturday of the Fringe, rather than its usual midweek time slot.

We eagerly anticipate further correspondence from our chef du Cabaret, Jem Rolls, who is no doubt cooking up another mind bending, multi-word tongue-twister of a title containing the names of the acts who will form the roster of talent on display at this year's extravaganza.

**Sunday, buddy, Sunday**—It's the final day of the Fringe, but it's a full one.

It's kicked off by the aforementioned cabaret, since any post midnight moment is actually Sunday. Then, the first two time slots at any Fringe venue will be filled with Best of Fest shows.

And the day of rest will come to a close with a scream, rather than a whimper or a bang (well, the latter would be up to you and your pelvic associates) as the 21st annual Jenny Awards rocks the upper floor of the King's Head Pub.

**Critics cornered**—Finally, inside you'll find some artist responses to various reviewers. Susan Jeremy wants them to know that *Teacher in the House* isn't a comedy, because it isn't.

Long time Jenny contributor, Kevin Longfield's has a second opinion about *Social Dialysis*, which he feels got a bum rap both from the Freep and us.

And finally they say a picture is worth a thousand words but Joseph Aragon's photographic reply to CBC's Kaj Hasselriis' review of *Illuminati III* only seems to need two.

That's it. See (and read) you Thursday.

Coral McKendrick

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

