

# the Jenny Revue

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## Last Call

Okay, it was inevitable. Every year there comes a day when I need to apologize to someone for something, and today is that day.

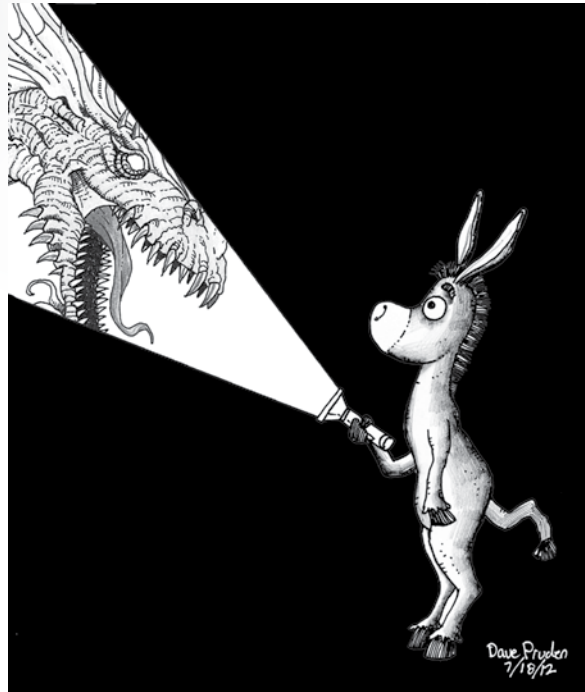
In our last issue, I claimed that reviewer Richard Ball was part of the comedy team of Fallis and Ball. He's not. As I am sure everyone but me remembers, Rory Fallis' comedy teammate is Sebastian Ball not Richard Ball.

Therefore, I offer apologies to both Sebastian and Richard and congratulations on being part of my first major screw-up of the year.

Of course if I had been a little less sleepy, I might have realized that I obviously had the name wrong, because it would have taken a Fringe comedy company with enormous internal fortitude to resist the opportunities inherent in having a member, so to speak, named Dick Ball.

**Last Call**—This is your penultimate issue. If you're still waiting for someone to review that show we haven't yet covered, to see if they agree with you, well, you're not going to get a chance for a rebuttal.

Yes, Friday's issue will be the last of 2012 and as of 10 AM Thursday morning, there's nothing left to print. I'm sure with nine days of Fringing under your belts you must have seen stuff you love or hate or just want to talk about. Write a review, send a late breaking Shameless Self Promotion, or write us a letter about anything Fringe related. Our pages are yours for the taking. (One note: don't send us anything that has all ready been printed or posted elsewhere.)



And for those who ask why we print our last issue on Friday, well, see the forgoing paragraph for one thing; and for another, we need time to sit down, order up some beers and write an Awards Show.

**Jenny, Jenny, Jenny**—When you hear Little Richard wailing those words, you know that The Jenny Awards are about to start.

It's the last show of the Fringe, it's free, and it's your chance to expend whatever energy you have left, shouting your head off in support of the shows you loved.

Any show that has had its name or its cast's names or pictures in our pages is eligible to be nominated—eligible, but not guaranteed. To find out if you are nominated, you actually have to show up—and someone from your company has to be there to accept if you win.

That is why we ask those companies who know they aren't going to be anywhere near the second floor of the King's Head at 11:30 Sunday night to let us know that so we don't give your

fans an opportunity shout themselves hoarse to help you win a handcrafted, stuffed donkey trophy, only to be disappointed when you're not there to accept.

**BUT First**—You should head for the King's Head's upper floor a whole night earlier to catch *Dr. Caligari's Midnight Cabaret*, at...well, midnight, Saturday. It will cost you \$10, and if you look at the ad contained herein, you can try to guess who's in the cast.

**Ka-ching**—That's a sound we haven't heard much this year. The Jenny Boxes have coin cans on them, but despite a big round badge at the top of every front page suggesting 50¢ as a donation, Jenny Revue readers apparently haven't noticed. (And I offer this reminder knowing full well that I will receive my yearly hate email calling me...well, I believe "money grubbing bitch" is about the nicest comment from said anonymous pusher of the poisoned pen...or should that be pounder of the poisoned keyboard?)

Strangely I'm told the least used coin can is on the Jenny Box in the MTC Lobby, home of volunteer central!

And in other money matters, those companies who still have to settle up for their ads, please contact me by Email, or look for me at the King's Head. Weather permitting, I'll be on the patio; and on the weekend I'll be sitting on a big red walker, should you fail to distinguish me by my disreputable straw hat. Or you can ask the bar staff who know us by sight and disreputation.

Coral McKendrick

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

