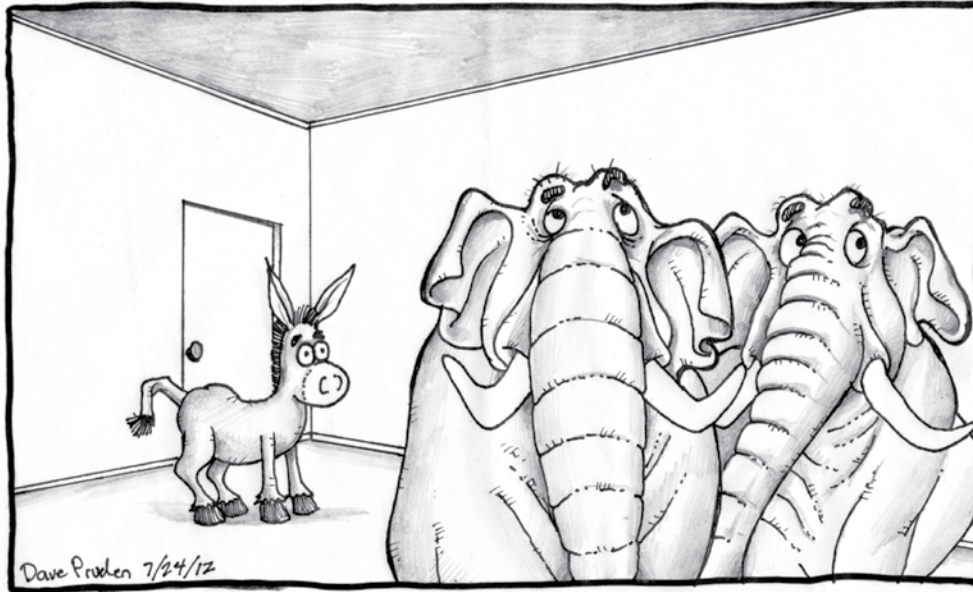


the Jenny Revue

©1991 Suggested Donation 50¢

Done!



It never ends...until it does. The Jenny Revue, I mean. There's a whole weekend of Fringing left for you, but we are done.

There's sound reasoning for this. There's an awards show to be written, awards to be built and, oh yeah, complete physical exhaustion.

But at this time yesterday, I thought maybe we were ending even earlier. There was not one shred of copy left to print, with exception of Theresa Fawcett's Fringe parody of 'Twas the Night Before Christmas, which waited in the files for the deluge of reviews and SSPs to die down.

Today looked like it was going to be its day. I was prepared to wrestle its unwieldy stanzas into our skinny columns—heck, there was no need for columns!

But after contemplating turning the centre spread into a colouring book, and lying in ambush at the King's Head to coax submissions from various actors, innocent bystanders, and at least one advertiser (thanks for the cheque, Ruus; now write, damn you, write!), I came home and found a paper.

The Email alert began to beep...and beep...and beep and, well, the result is in your hands today.

Our last issue for 2012 sports over 19 reviews—nine for shows we hadn't covered yet—a couple of letters, Kevin Campbell's slightly abridged interview with Chuck McEwen (there is a podcast of it at jennyrevue.ca) and, well, the upshot is that poor Theresa's poetic paean to the Fringe got pushed off the page again. (We pushed it onto another page, our Facebook page, or at least it will be there once Shawn Kowalke gets a break from his three shows to post it.)

All told, you lovers of the theatrical arts have submitted 146 reviews of 112 shows (or thereabouts. I've been awake a very long time), enhanced by Alix Reynolds' photos.

Dave Cramer, Michelle Cook, Kevin and Lisa Campbell, Eric Rae, Murray Hunter, and Arden and Dave Pruden have lost who-knows-how many hours of sleep and how many thousands of brain cells to exhaustive Fringing, writing, and dealing with me.

Of course I still owe them (and Kevin Longfield, Den Valdron, and Robin Chase) big thanks for the 2011 edition which they got on the streets last year, despite tropical heat, high humidity, and tech and communications difficulties, all while I basked lazily in an air-conditioned hospital watching the Food Network.

They did an amazing job then and they did it again this year. Thanks, gang. While evidently you can do it without me, I could never do it without you.

Party Time—Now it's time to get down to serious Jenny business—drinking. Well, sure, making up some Jenny Awards categories for Sunday night's show and taking in Saturday night's Dr. Caligari's Midnight Cabaret of Sweat; but before, during, and after all that...drinking.

And I'll take time to raise a glass to all of you who make the Jenny Revue your own every year. Can't wait to see you do it again next year.

Coral McKendrick

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

