

Yet, no matter your denomination, or your viewpoints on God, you will enjoy the works of St. Jimmy, and when he asks you to take the jello, do so and immerse yourself completely into the show.

*Intentional Icing*, a play by C.S. Wyatt takes on the concept of a woman who has the skills and talent to reach the lofty height of the NHL. What problems will she face, what barriers will she overcome? Some of them are obvious and yet others not so.

The writing, and the acting supporting this play were exceptional and oh-so realistic. At times I felt as though the stage slipped away, the false backgrounds filled themselves out, and the actors with their conflicts and plot nuances became all too real. Tyson Sears played Robby Rowan, a one-time hockey star who had to face the end of his days on the ice. He had grit, and sensitivity all rolled up into one. This actor has a future out there, and I expect to see him again. Cindy Jackson played the part of Joe Bulloch the woman who would make history in the NHL. Imagine a woman on the ice checking, and skating, scoring and fighting. It could change so much and I am sure somewhere a young lady battles, even now, for the chance to make it. I've never even thought of the idea. **It needs to happen.** Cindy played the part exceptionally. Sure she had so much of the stereotypical qualities, but you would have to have them. This woman would have to be tough, and hard headed, and stubborn. She would no doubt have a chip on her shoulder the size of New York City, but she also could still be a woman, albeit a proud woman. Cindy made me believe, and I became transfixed as the play unfolded.

All of the cast from the coach, to the reporter to the team's owner are due a nod for their effort. They had a chemistry that brought the play to life. I loved it and would go see it again if the chance arose.

Ok, it had been a long weekend. Hot and humid with too much golden sunshine heating the city. It hadn't rained, thankfully. *Resurrection* screamed "different" from the start as I had to go to Fringe Central and ask the people there how to gain access. They presented me with a piece of paper to sign and then they told me where and when to attend. It felt surreal to me. What had I gotten myself into? I had to sign up for it, and lo and behold my name had been the only one on the list.

And so the adventure took me all the way to Tripoli Street where I located the venue. I explained to the people at the door who I represented and they ushered me in, and the show began. An hour later I discovered that I had just seen the wrong show, and as I proceeded to the front door they tapped me on the shoulder and said *Resurrection* could be found upstairs. Filled with curiosity I wound my way up the stairwell which ejected me out into the remnants of an old church with pews and a decaying altar. Here I would find *Resurrection*. Within moments a tall blond haired woman shook my hand and she asked me to follow her which I did without hesitation. She asked me to lie on the floor and take a few moments to gain some comfort. She explained how she would be outlining my form in chalk.

"Similar to an outline if I had been murdered?"

"Precisely, now you can talk to me while I draw your outline, or be quiet. This can be a new beginning. You can let all that is wrong go"

"Like a Catholic Confession?"

"Yes, exactly!"

Now, I'm paraphrasing above, but you get the idea. And so I had my outline done, and then she cut the black paper where she had etched my image, and I stood. She asked me to look and explain what I saw. I said, me but small. She said yes, and then rolled it up my outline and handed it to me. The artist explained how her exhibit waited in this embryotic stage and it will change as it matures. I agreed, thanked her and left. I believe she gave her name as Hudson, and so with this memento of an outline, which I keep in the back seat of my car, I departed from the North Shore. Pittsburgh Fringe had ended for me. Somehow I am a bit more alone as I drive away. *Resurrection?*