

Editor: Sherry Roth

Submissions: by

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cloudnet.com) or

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Women

Entitled to

Nights of

Continual

Happiness

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The Knight After

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MAP Donation Update

If you were not at cast call last Sunday you missed the announcement of how much Robert and Steven (Puph & Phluff) have collected thus far for M.A.P. (Minnesota Aids Project). The total so far is \$560.00! Remember, if you would like to help them in their endeavor, please contact them. They should be highly commended for their hard work!

Say What?

The following are winners in a New York Magazine contest in which contestants were asked to take a well-known expression in a foreign language, change a single letter, and provide a definition for the new expression.

HARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?-Can you drive a French motorcycle?

EX POST FUCTO-Lost in the mail

IDIOS AMIGOS-We're wild and crazy guys!

VENI, VIPI, VICI-I came, I'm a very important person, I conquered

VENI, VIDI, VICE-I came I saw, I partied

VENI, VIDI, VISA-I came, I saw, I bought

JY SUIS, JY PESTES-I can stay for the weekend

COGITO EGGO SUM-I think; therefore, I am a waffle

RIGOR MORRIS-The cat is dead

RESPONDEZ S'IL VOUS PLAID-Honk if you're Scots

QUE SERA SERF-Life is feudal

LE ROI EST MORT, JIVE LE ROI-The King is dead. No kidding.

POSH MORTEM-Death styles of the rich and famous

PRO BOZO PUBLICO-Support your local clown

MONAGE A TROIS-I am three years old

FELIX NAVIDAD-Our cat has a boat

HASTE CUISINE-Fast French food

QUIP PRO QUO-A fast retort

ALOHA OY-Love, greetings, farewell, from such a pain you should never know

MAZEL TON-Lots of luck

APRES MOE LE DELUGE-Larry and Curly get wet

PORTE-KOCHERE-Sacramental wine

ICH LIEBE RICH-I'm really crazy about having dough

FUI GENERIS-What's mine is mine

VISA LA FRANCE-Don't leave chateau without it

CA VA SANS DIRT-And that's not gossip

MERCI RIEN-Thanks for nothin'.

AMICUS PURIAE-Platonic friend

L'ETAT, C'EST MOO-I'm bossy around here

L'ETAT, C'EST MOE-All the world's a stage



Yes, it's Love
and Romance

weekend! Also
known as "Lust
and Revenge".

Get your sweet
words ready for
the Wooing
Contest at the
Pavilion.

tidbits

A truly wise man never plays
leapfrog with a unicorn.

Always remember to pillage
BEFORE you burn.

The Chocolate Ritual

Materials required on the altar:

brown candles, a Tootsie Roll (the great big one-as the athame), a large glass with milk in it (the chalice), a small dish of Hershey's Syrup and a spoon, a small dish of chocolate sprinkles, a plate of cupcakes, some Yoo-Hoo along with a goblet, and a small dish of chocolate ice cream.

The Celebrants: Handmaiden (Henceforth known as Swiss Miss)

High Priestess (Henceforth known as Betty Crocker)

Page (Henceforth known as Pillsbury Dough Boy)

High Priest (Henceforth known as Mr. Goodbar)

Cleanse the Sacred Space, then Pillsbury Dough Boy takes the small dish of chocolate sprinkles and says: Chocolate sprinkles where thou art cast

No calories in thy presence last.

Let no harm adhere to me

And as I will so mote it be!

Swiss Miss takes the small dish of Hershey's Syrup, spoon and large glass with milk and says:

Hershey's Syrup where thou art cast

Turn this milk to chocolate, fast...

Let all good things come unto me,

And make my milk all chocolatey!

Now Cast The Circle, Betty Crocker using a tootsie roll as athame walks around the circle thrice.

Mr. Goodbar intones the invocation:

In the beginning, there was the word. And the word was Chocolate. And it was good.

(Confections: 1.5 oz., 240 cal.)

Call the Quarters

Betty Crocker: Mousse of the East, Fluffy one! Great princess of the palace of dessert! Be present we pray thee, and guard this circle from all moochers approaching from the East.

Pillsbury Dough Boy: Fondue of the South, Molten one! Great prince of the palace decadence! Be present we pray thee, and guard this circle from all diets approaching from the South.

Swiss Miss: Cocoa of the West, Satisfying one! Great princess of the palace of thirst quenchers! Be present we pray thee, and guard this circle from all carob approaching from the West.

Mr. Goodbar: Rocky Road of the North, Cold one! Great prince of the palace of crunchy comfort food! Be present we pray thee, and guard this circle from all cheap imitations approaching from the North.

THE MAIN RITUAL

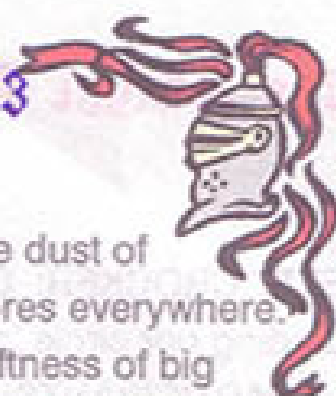
PILLSBURY DOUGH BOY: Listen to the words of the Mother of Chocolate, who was of old called:

Godiva, Suzi Q, Little Debbie, Dolly Madison, Fanny Farmer, Sara Lee, and by many other names.

SWISS MISS: Whenever you have one of those cravings, once in a while and better it be when your checkbook is full, then shall you assemble in a great public place and bring offerings of money to the spirit of Me, who is Queen of all Goodies. In the mall shall you assemble, you who have eaten all of your chocolate and are hungry for more. To you I shall bring Good Things for your tongue. And you shall be free from depression. And as a sign that you are truly free, you shall have chocolate smears on your cheeks, and you shall munch, nosh, snack, feast, and make yummy noises all in my presence. For mine is the ecstasy of theobromine, and mine is also the joy on earth, yea, even into high orbit, for my law is "melts in your mouth, not in your hand". Keep clean your fingers, carry Wet Ones always, let none keep you from Me. For Mine is the secret that opens your mouth, and Mine is the taste that puts a smile on your lips and comfy padding pounds on your hips. I am the gracious Goddess who gives the gift of joy onto the tummies of women and men. Upon earth, I give knowledge of all thing delicious, and beyond death, well, I cannot do much there. Sorry about that. I demand only your money in sacrifice, for behold, chocolate is a business, and you have to pay for those truffles before you eat them..

(continued on page 3)





PILLSBURY DOUGH BOY: Hear now the words of the Goodie Goddess, she in the dust of whose feet are the cheap imitations, whose body graces candy racks and finer stores everywhere.

BETTY CROCKER: I, who am the beauty of chocolate chips, and the satisfying softness of big bars, the mystery of how they get the filling inside truffles, and fill the hearts of all but Philistines with desire, call unto thy soul to arise and come unto Me. For I am the soul of candy, from Me do all confections spring, and unto Me all of you shall return, again... and again... and again... and again. Before My smeared face, beloved of women and men, thine innermost divine self shall be enfolded in the rapture of overdose. Let My taste be within thy mouth that rejoices. For behold, all acts of yumminess and pleasure are My rituals. Therefore let there be gooeyness and mess, crispness and crackling, big slabs and bite size pieces, peanut butter and chocolate covered cherries all within you. And you who think to seek Me, know that your seeking and yearning shall avail you not unless you know the Mystery: "We shall sell no chocolate until you pay for it." For behold: I have been with you since you were just a baby, and I am that which is attained at nearly any shop in the land. Messed be.

PILLSBURY DOUGH BOY: Hear now the words of the Chocolate God, who was of old called: Hershey, 3 Musketeers, Fudgesicle, Devil Dog, Mars, Willy Wonka and by many other names.

MR. GOODBAR: I am the strength of the candy rack, and the piece that fell on the floor but looks like it may not have gotten too dirty, and the deepest bitterness of dark chocolate. No matter how you try to resist the call of chocolate, I will hunt you out, and I will become your sacred prey. I am warmth of hot cocoa in the dead of winter, and the call of the road that leads you to that really expensive Godiva store downtown. I give you, My creatures, the fire of love of chocolate, the power of jaw strength to bite off a piece of that frozen Milky Way bar and the shelter of Haagen Dazs when that big date didn't work out. You are dear to Me, and I instill in you the power of a piece of chocolate that you had forgotten you had hidden, and the power of vision and magickal sight with which you can spot a candy counter a mile away. By the powers of the half melted bar in the glorious sun, I charge you, by the darkest depths of the bottom of the cocoa pot and lingering smell of bittersweet chocolate, I charge you, and by the beauty of a perfectly formed Reese's Peanut Butter Cup, I charge you. Follow your heart and your instinct, wherever they lead you. The wealth in your pocket can buy you treats that a Mayan king would envy. Take joy in that first bite of lecithin emulsified cocoa, and in the last satisfying slurp of Yoo-Hoo. Yet you must be wary of deceit. Eat not of that which is called "baking chocolate", for it is vile and bitter. Lastly, always remember to leave some chocolate behind you. Be not greedy, but let yourself be known as a connoisseur. Leave a little for someone else. I am with you always, just over your shoulder, or around the next corner. I am the Lord of Chocolate, and when you have reached the end of your hoard, I will never be further away from you than that 7-Eleven on the corner. I am the spirit of the wild child, the inner child who can never get quite enough. If you are a true chocolate lover, then your soul and mine are intertwined.

CUPCAKES AND YOO-HOO

Blessing of the Yoo-Hoo

MR. GOODBAR: Be it known that milk chocolate is not better than dark chocolate.

BETTY CROCKER: Nor is dark chocolate better than milk chocolate.

PILLSBURY DOUGH BOY: For both are better than the falsely named "white chocolate".

SWISS MISS: And neither one is carob.

MR. GOODBAR: As the frosting is to the cupcake,

BETTY CROCKER: As the creamy nougat is to the Milky Way bar,

PILLSBURY DOUGH BOY: And when they are eaten, they are yummy in truth,

SWISS MISS: For there is no greater snack in all the world than one made of chocolate.

Blessing of the cupcakes

MR. GOODBAR & PILLSBURY DOUGH BOY: Frosting is keen,

BETTY CROCKER & SWISS MISS: Frosting is neat,

ALL FOUR CELEBRANTS: Great Goddess! Let's eat!



(The Chocolate Ritual Finale)

DISMISS QUARTERS

BETTY CROCKER: Oh, ye mighty goodies of the East, we thank you for attending our rites and guarding our circle, and ere you depart for your sweet and sticky realms, we say unto you,

ALL PARTICIPANTS: "Choooooooooc-laaaaate"

PILLSBURY DOUGH BOY: Oh, ye mighty goodies of the South, we thank you for attending our rites and guarding our circle, and ere you depart for your sweet and sticky realms, we say unto you,

ALL PARTICIPANTS: "Choooooooooc-laaaaate"

SWISS MISS: Oh, ye mighty goodies of the West, we thank you for attending our rites and guarding our circle, and ere you depart for your sweet and sticky realms, we say unto you,

ALL PARTICIPANTS: "Choooooooooc-laaaaate"

MR. GOODBAR: Oh, ye mighty goodies of the North, we thank you for attending our rites and guarding our circle, and ere you depart for your sweet and sticky realms, we say unto you,

ALL PARTICIPANTS: "Choooooooooc-laaaaate"

MR. GOODBAR: After all quarters have been dismissed, give a final satisfying belch at the East.

OPEN CIRCLE

PILLSBURY DOUGH BOY: Go now in perfect love, perfect trust, and perfect chocolate!

A Fyne Whine

Thoughts...

Isn't it amazing that Uncle Jim's lips don't move when Bonnie speaks? And the strings are nearly invisible to the untrained eye.

Wouldn't Uncle Jim's face look good up on that billboard ad for the Halloween show as we exit the site heading north? Any volunteers with access to large-scale reproduction equipment? No, I'm not referring to anything under a kilt.

Is it really true as a former classmate of "Old Lard Ass" told one of our cast recently, that Uncle Jim began his illustrious business career selling the services of female classmates out of his high school parking lot? If not-it is certainly a great rumor.

(If you haven't heard the story of the origin of the "Lard Ass" nickname, it is well worth tracking down an old vet of 15 years or so to hear firsthand how an offended patron bestowed it upon our leggy super-owner.)

Uncle Jim didn't make an appearance at or send a gift to the party celebrating Lois' 25 years of devoted service to MAF-is anyone surprised? She has no retirement fund either.

Please join me in boycotting CKC food booths for the rest of the run in protest of all the wonderful vendors that have been the victims of hostile management takeovers over the last few years. Remember when we had good coffee sold out of a booth? I thank you for your support. Your digestive tracts thank you for your support.

-ANONYMOUS-

Coming In Issue 5

"How To Be Annoying"
"Bible Stories As Retold
By Young Scholars"

*Top Signs You're At A Bad
Renaissance Festival - Part Three:*

*The Children's Realm has more
contemporary, anachronistic
corporate sponsorship logos than
the outfield fence at a minor league
baseball stadium.*

*Does the new children's stage
adjacent to the Gypsy Camp leave
anyone else wondering how many
entertainment stages you can fit
into a phone booth?*

*Does anyone else have a
recurring nightmare involving last
year's Entertainment Dominatrix
and naked P & D drivers?*

-Anonymous-

