

# the knight after

unofficial newsletter of the minnesota renaissance festival



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by Wednesdays or at Cast Call each weekend.

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## Notes From The Editor

Week Number 3 already! How the time flies, doesn't it? Be sure to read the two special articles about Phoenix Project and the rebuilding on page 4 of this newsletter. Also, if you haven't done so already, make the trip down to Cartwheel Cove! It is worth the effort to see all that was accomplished in such a short amount of time. Thank you to everyone who is supporting Phoenix Project with their time and donations. Remember that shirts with our logo imprinted on them are still available.

May the Spirit of our Festival always be with you, Sherry.

## THE SOLILOQUY OF HAMLET'S CAT

To go outside, and there perchance to stay  
Or to remain within; that is the question;  
Whether 'tis better for a cat to suffer  
The cuffs and buffets of inclement weather  
That Nature rains on those who roam abroad.

Or take a nap upon a scrap of carpet,  
And so by dozing melt the solid hours  
That clog the clock's bright gears with sullen time  
And stall the dinner bell.

To sit, to stare  
Outdoors, and by a stare to seem to stare  
A wish to venture forth without delay,  
Then when the portal's opened up, to stand  
As if transfixed by doubt.

To prowl; to sleep;  
To choose not knowing when we may once more  
Our readmittance gain; aye, there's the haliball;  
For if a paw were shaped to turn a knob,  
Or work a lock or slip a window-catch,  
And going out and coming in were made  
As simple as the breaching of a bowl,  
What cat would bear the household's petty plagues,  
The cook's well-practiced kicks, the butler's broom.

The infant's careless pols, the tiptoed cars,  
The trampled tail, and all the daily shocks  
That fur is heir to, when, of his own free will,  
He might his exodus or entrance make'  
With a mere mitten?

Who would spaniels fear,  
Or strays trespassing from a neighbor's yard,  
But that the dread of our unheeded cries  
And scratches at a barricaded door  
No claw can open up, dispels our nerve  
And makes us rather bear our humans' faults  
Than run away to unsuccessful miseries?

Thus caution both make house cats of us all;  
And thus the bristling hair of resolution  
Is softened up with the pale brush of thought,  
And since our choices hinge on weighty things,  
We pause upon the threshold of decision.

Success is to be measured not so much  
by the position one has reached in life,  
as by the obstacles he or she has  
overcome while trying to succeed.

-Booker T. Washington-

## Quote Of The Week

While Corvus Elrod was in character ranting about his fear of our Unicorn on the tables near the Pavilion, a boy about 10-12 years old looked up at him and said, "You need to take a Prozac!"



Discover  
The Magic!

## Y-1-K Problem

Canterbury, England. A.D. 999.

An atmosphere close to panic prevails today throughout Europe as the millennial year 1000 approaches, bringing with it the so-called "Y1K Bug," a menace which, until recently, hardly anyone had ever heard of. Prophets of doom are warning that the entire fabric of Western Civilization, based as it now is upon monastic computations, could collapse, and that there is simply not enough time left to fix the problem.

Just how did this disaster-in-the-making ever arise? Why did no one anticipate that a change from a three-digit to a four-digit year would throw into total disarray all liturgical chants and all metrical verse in which any date is mentioned? Every formulaic hymn, prayer, ceremony and incantation dealing with dated events will have to be re-written to accommodate three extra syllables. All tabular chronologies with three-space year columns, maintained for generations by scribes using carefully hand-ruled lines on vellum sheets, will now have to be converted to four-space columns, at enormous cost. In the meantime, the validity of every official event, from baptisms to burials, from confirmations to coronations, may be called into question.

"We should have seen it coming," says Brother Cedric of St. Michael Abbey, here in Canterbury. "What worries me most is that THOUSAND contains the word THOU, which occurs in nearly all our prayers, and of course always refers to God. Using it now in the name of the year will seem almost blasphemous, and is bound to cause terrible confusion. Of course, we could always use Latin, but that might be even worse-The Latin word for Thousand is Mille which is the same as the Latin for mile. We won't know whether we are talking about time or distance!"

Stonemasons are already reported threatening to demand a proportional pay increase for having to carve an extra numeral in all dates on tombstones, cornerstones and monuments. Together with its inevitable ripple effects, this alone could plunge the hitherto-stable medieval economy into chaos.

A conference of clerics has been called at Winchester to discuss the entire issue, but doomsdayers are convinced that the matter is now one of personal survival. Many families, in expectation of the worst, are stocking up on holy water and indulgences.

## The Talented Octopus

A guy walks into a bar with an octopus. He sits the octopus down talented octopus. He can play any musical instrument in the world. He hears everyone in the crowd laughing at him, calling him an idiot, etc. So he says that he will wager \$50 to anyone who has an instrument that the octopus can't play. A guy walks up with a guitar and sets it beside the octopus. The octopus starts playing better than Jimi Hendrix, just rippin' it up. So the man pays his \$50. Another guy walks up with a trumpet. The octopus plays the trumpet better than Dizzie Gillespie. So the man pays his \$50. Then a Scotsman walks up with bagpipes. He sits them down and the octopus fumbles with it for a minute and sits it down with a confused look. "Ha!" the Scot says. "Can't you play it?" The octopus looks up at him and says, "Play it! I'm going to make love to it as soon as I figure out how to get its pajamas off."



See you at the Funky Formal.

Yeah, Baby!



# Faire Folk Fly

Advice For The Eternally Flustered  
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## Critical Praise for "Open Fly:"

**Pam Silver:** "Would someone please tell me why there is a rigid pair of shorts in my office?"

**Lois Hendries:** "Even worse than there show!!"

**Mikael The Mime:**

**President Clinton:** "The Best! More fun than sex-hungry Intern!!" (OK, we promise that is the LAST Clinton joke you will hear from us! It's old already.)

Our hopes were fulfilled when we came upon the entertainment office to collect the questions, and were astounded to find heaps of scattered carefully folded papers, completely engulfing the box! "Here," mumbled Pam, "There's another garbage bag full. Perhaps you should consider a PO Box." Our jaws dropped as the response was overwhelming! Thank you all for your questions, and please give us a few weeks to sort through them all. Please DO NOT send anymore questions, we will be hiring a staff to sort through them all. But sadly, since we do not have the funds to obtain a PO Box, we are asking for a donation. Please contribute to The Puppet Project, simply place your money in the box located at Bad Manor. We sincerely thank you for your help. We will also be holding an auction soon to raise money by selling the things that did not sell at our last garage sale. We only need \$50, but we promise to keep the rest and use it for helpful medications to ease stress. Thank you for trusting us, we won't let you down.

1. I saw the official schedule the first weekend, and I noticed a PG-13 rating next to your show! Since I work a 13 hour day out here, I couldn't see it, but I quit last weekend so I could! I was mighty disappointed when you were not even on it. All weekend I camped out but you were nowhere to be found. What happened? (Rob - Turkey Roaster)

**Wily:** Lawyers, them shysters. A lawsuit has been filed by everyone who saw one show we did the first Saturday. Seems when Lucky said "masturbation" during a show, he ignited a spontaneous outbreak of Tourette Syndrome, and Patrons and Participants alike spent the rest of the day spewing forth obscenities to everyone they encountered. The effects were temporary. We were court-ordered not to appear the following weekend, as our lawyers wrangled. We are happy to announce that we have won a temporary injunction that should last the run. That is if Lucky can keep his f\*\*king mouth shut.

**Penelope:** Well I don't know about the other puppets, but I spent my weekend off hanging out at the Maul of America.....most of the time at FAO Schwarz flirting with the totally boss puppets there.....lions and tigers and bears....oh my !!! I didn't find anyone who would last five minutes in our Puppet Troupe. And no trip to the mall is complete without a Cinnamon, boy am I glad puppets don't need to watch their weight....one size fits all....I had as much fun there as I do at Festival.....and I love the Renaissance Festival !!!.....uh what was the question again?

2. What the f\*\*k is wrong with me? I was just f\*\*king sitting there and now I can't f\*\*king say sh\*t! This sucks royal c\*\*k and can blow my a\*\*hole! How do you G\*\*ddamn think I can say sh\*t like this at my f\*\*king church? God would shoot f\*\*king razor sharp spears of sh\*t-hot lava down my neck and out my a\*\*hole! F\*\*kin G\*\*ddamn !!! (Dick - A Rude Motherf\*\*king C\*\*ksucker)

**Wily:** Censorship is an ugly thing. It makes you fill in the dirty words when only a \*\*\* appears. If you think it is WORTH fighting for your First Amendment Rights, please donate to The Puppet Project, as we will use these funds to protect your rights to swear like a redneck. Goddamn right.

**Penelope:** Oh my virgin ears !!! ....do you kiss your mother with that mouth?..yeah you probably do you pervert....I bet you work Jacobs ladder, or used to...

3. I heard through the grapevine that the entire Pulanami Puppet Troupe was arrested last year in a vice sting. It was also strongly suggested that Virgo and Lucky were observed selling sex slaves to the Press on Media Day. Is it true? (Anonymous Gossip With Sh\*t For Brains and Believes Everything He Hears)

**Wily:** Hey, that is the most twisted piece of crap gossip I have ever heard. Besides, all the charges were dropped. Get a life.

**Penelope:** Now that is how vicious rumors get started.....Our totally cool masters were not selling sex slaves. They were smelling six Slavs.....and boy did they stink !!!!! Its like they don't believe in deodorant or something....you should have seen their fingernails.....yuck.....and their teeth! I suppose they will just find a job in Castle Kitchen.....I think there are openings for turkey roasters....

**Thought of the Week:** "The belief in a supernatural source of evil is unnecessary, man alone is capable of every wickedness"

(from Lucky Thirteen)

"You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say will be misquoted, then used against you" or "Half the people you know are below average."

(From Virgo)

## Words To Be Fair Folk® Treasured

www.fairfolk.com

Saturday night was simply magical. Crafters, entertainers, gamers, site crew and more came together for a special celebration; the dedication of the Cove by the people who helped rebuild it. Phoenix Project played a very important role in the rebuilding effort. A very special thanks goes out to Phoenix Project.

But Phoenix Project is more than just a steering committee. It is each one of you who contributed your time and talents, labored under the scorching sun, or made a donation; whether you emptied the change from your pockets or paid \$120 for a ripped old pair of blue jeans. The dedication you showed brought hope to the crafters. The cheer you gave the site crew eased their slave-like days. The love you showed this community raised it from the ashes.

Special awards were given to people whose contributions went above and beyond our expectations. But a special thanks is owed to each one of you. That thanks comes from the Cove. It sparkles in the smiles of Merv and Lisa Miller, it beams from the eyes of Roxanne and Viren Brown. The light of gratitude shines through the Phoenix windows, which adorn the second floor of Elemental Clay. The spirit of the Phoenix lives on in the Cove, with each building standing as a testament to our dedication. Go to the Cove; let the crafters show you their new shops, listen to their stories, and let them give you the thanks you deserve.

This morning the sound still rings in my ears, "Thank you,"...words to be treasured.

## The Gift Of Time

Now that our Festival season is in full swing, I look back at all that has been accomplished this past year. Last February 26th, when the fire tragedy happened we were all devastated. Being the family that we are, the response to take action was met with starting a fund for the crafters. It was decided to have a permanent non-profit organization developed and Phoenix Project was born. Many meetings and many hours were put into making all this possible. The groundwork of setting up this organization was tedious and very time consuming, but vital and necessary. In between all the paperwork, we also had several fund-raisers and had shirts made with our logo available for purchase. I took on the responsibility of becoming the Reconstruction Volunteer Coordinator. Originally the plan was to be a "barn-raising" type of rebuilding. The outpouring of people that volunteered to help was tremendous. However, because of delays beyond the crafters controls, new construction codes and various other setbacks, this was not possible. Again we rallied together when the time finally came to work. After that first weekend of work, my husband and I drove home to St. Cloud physically exhausted, but mentally exhilarated. We even had a paid professional construction worker thank us for helping! In the weeks that followed there were many highlights that brought joy and laughter to us. When the last board on Elemental Clay's deck was put in, everyone that was working on that shop stopped whatever else they were doing and all participated in nailing that last board. When the first wall was raised there was thunderous applause and cheering. The thank you's that were heard when workers came by the Volunteer Center to take a break and get something to eat or drink was heartwarming. Hearing from the crafters that getting money from us was wonderful, but they never could have accomplished the rebuilding without all the volunteer help. Considering that over 1100 volunteer hours have been donated (at a minimum of \$10/hour) think of the money the crafters were saved. Volunteers were even working until 3:30 AM, the morning of opening, refusing to quit until what they had started that evening was completed! Many volunteers are still helping during the week when they can.

I am so very proud of all of you. Getting to know you and the new friends I have made during this time has been wonderful. Giving of your time has meant so very much to everyone.

To quote Brian Murphy who put it so eloquently: "The Phoenix lives as a foundation that will continue to serve as needed. We have the knowledge that we helped."

Sherry Roth  
Volunteer Coordinator

Angelique Montag  
Phoenix Project Treasurer