



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

Remember to do something special for your significant other this weekend! Roses given during the day to your sweetie are always a nice way to say, "I'm thinking about you." Show that you care! I'm sure that the Yellow Pages will be busy running flowers, love notes, and gifts both days. Huzzah to them for all their work! On another note, it sure was quite a storm we had last Saturday. It's a good thing that the Funky Formal was held early this year. Let's hope the weather will be kinder to us for the Talent Show. Lucky and Amy of the Pusanami Puppets were pleasantly surprised that some of you actually have submitted questions for The Open Fly! Keep it up, even though there is only one more week remaining of this season. Hopefully they will agree to write the column again next year! Their sense of humor and the ability to poke fun at ourselves is wonderful! A very BIG Thank You to both of them for getting their article in on time every week.

Blessings, Sherry

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A HIGH-TECH SOUTHERNER IF:

- * your e-mail address ends in @overyonder.com.
- * you connect to the World Wide Web via a "Down Home Page."
- * the bumper sticker on your truck says "My other computer is a laptop."
- * your laptop has a sticker that says "Protected by Smith & Wesson."
- * you've ever doubled the value of your truck by installing a cellular phone.
- * your baseball cap reads "DEC" instead of "CAT."
- * your computer is worth more than all your cars combined.
- * your wife said either she or the computer had to go and you still don't miss her.
- * you've ever used a CD-ROM disk as a coaster for your beer.
- * you've ever referred to your computer as "Ole Bessie."
- * your screen saver is a bitmap of your favorite truck, tractor, or farm animal.
- * you start all your e-mail with the word "Howdy."
- * your spell checker knows words like "Y'all", "Yonder", and "Reckon."
- * your cars sit in the yard because your garage is full of dead cups, printers, modems, and monitors.
- * your belt buckle is made of a dead 3.5-inch floppy disc.
- * you ever felt you had to move your computer desk so it didn't block the velvet picture of Elvis.

Wine & Romance

Weekend!





~ Sir Gawain's Choice ~

Young King Arthur was ambushed and imprisoned by the monarch of a neighboring kingdom. The monarch could have killed him, but was moved by Arthur's youthful happiness. So he offered him freedom, as long as he could answer a very difficult question. Arthur would have a year to figure out the answer; if, after a year, he still had no answer, he would be killed. The question was, *What do women really want?* Such a question would perplex even the most knowledgeable man, and, to young Arthur, it seemed an impossible query. Well, since it was better than death, he accepted the monarch's proposition to have an answer by year's end. He returned to his kingdom and began to poll everybody: the princess, the prostitutes, the priests, the wise men, and the court jester. In all, he spoke with everyone but no one could give him a satisfactory answer. What most people did tell him was to consult the old witch, as only she would know the answer. The price would be high, since the witch was famous throughout the kingdom for the exorbitant prices she charged. The last day of the year arrived and Arthur had no alternative but to talk to the witch. She agreed to answer his question, but he'd have to accept her price first: The old witch wanted to marry Gawain, the most noble of the Knights of the Round Table and Arthur's closest friend! Young Arthur was horrified: she was hunchbacked and awfully hideous, had only one tooth, smelled like sewage water, often made obscene noises... He had never run across such a repugnant creature. He refused to force his friend to marry her and have to endure such a burden. Gawain, upon learning of the proposal, spoke with Arthur. He told him that nothing was too big of a sacrifice compared to Arthur's life and the preservation of the Round Table. Hence, their wedding was proclaimed, and the witch answered Arthur's question: What a woman really wants is to be able to be in charge of her own life. Everyone instantly knew that the witch had uttered a great truth and that Arthur's life would be spared. And so it went. The neighboring monarch spared Arthur's life and granted him total freedom. What a wedding Gawain and the witch had! Arthur was torn between relief and anguish. Gawain was proper as always, gentle and courteous. The old witch put her worst manners on display. She ate with her hands, belched and farted, and made everyone uncomfortable. The wedding night approached: Gawain, steeling himself for a horrific night, entered the bedroom. What a sight awaited! The most beautiful woman he'd ever seen lay before him! Gawain was astounded and asked what had happened. The beauty replied that since he had been so kind to her (when she'd been a witch), half the time she would be her horrible, deformed self, and the other half, she would be her beautiful maiden self. She then asked the knight which would he want her to be during the day and which during the night? What a cruel question? Gawain began to think of his predicament: During the day a beautiful woman to show off to his friend, but at night, in the privacy of his home, an old spooky witch? Or would he prefer having by day a hideous witch, but by night a beautiful woman to enjoy many intimate moments? What would you do? Make your own choice before you read Gawain's choice.

Noble Gawain replied that he would let her choose for herself. Upon hearing this, she announced that she would be beautiful all the time, because he had respected her and had let her be in charge of her own life.

What is the moral of this story?

THE MORAL IS THAT IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOUR WOMAN IS PRETTY OR UGLY;
UNDERNEATH IT ALL, SHE'S STILL A WITCH!



www.faire-folk.com

Advice For The Festival
Critical Praise for the Open Fly
Faire-folk

Chuck Bowers: Mine is bigger.

Wendy Meinhardt: Yeah, this is funny. Where's my pig? Maybe we let you stay....

Bill Lechen: You sure are cute, Virgo. Who's this a*hole?

Tim Wick: It's about a guy biting his own p'nis. I'm serious.

Alas, as soon as the Festival begins, it seems like it is almost over. The days have rushed by and only two weekends remain. A hush fell over the crowd as Pam announced at Saturday's Cast Call, "I wrote a question to The Open Fly, but they ignored it. To Hell with those fascist pig-dog fart-mongers!" As the crowd cheered her on with this tirade, Virgo and I exchanged horrified looks, and we raced to the Entertainment Office to check the box we had so grievously ignored in days past. Imagine our surprise when we found actual questions that had been submitted! The shock of this discovery led Virgo to weep openly. "Thank God," she said. "Now we don't have to make them up this week!" Lucky quickly apologized to Pam in a private moment, and she responded by casting Lucky in the Trail of Terror Show as "Getting Better But Almost Dead Hobo Cannibal Victim Who Gets Punched By Jocks Repeatedly." "I suggest you get health insurance," she said. In a flash of brilliant casting, she also gave Virgo the role of "Jock." The days have gotten colder, and the nipples have gotten harder. All involved eagerly anticipate the Cast Party next week, where we will all party with people we have never seen before, and stretch out our blinding hangovers to our performances, and "Who The Hell Cares If I Get Fired" Day soon approaches. Check out this years performance by Pulanami Puppets at the Talent Show, where we attempt to bring a little intellectual and thought-provoking artistic integrity to the blatant plagiarism running rampant these days. We will be performing our version of the beautiful song "Wildfire" by Poco. Bring your lighters. And your wooden spoons.

1. I am concerned that people like me too much, considering that I am part of evil management. I don't want to stop being nice, but I don't want to confuse the masses, either. What should I do? (Well....you know)

Willie: You know, I used to think that everything was a paradox, until I realized it was all merely ironic. The masses aren't as confused as you think, and they all secretly hate you. You have the upper hand, however, since you possess the keys to the Kingdom. Who would want your job, really? How could anyone listen to the rantings of an overblown egotistical pig-dog fart-monger day after day and still have a smile for the next overpaid community theater reject that has been standing in line for two hours? I suggest you let your evil tendencies take over,

and ignore them all completely. It humbles them.

Penelope: That reminds me of a Director I once auditioned for. He was impressed with my extensive work in the Adult Industry, and brought me to his house for a private audition. Everyone else hated him, but I loved him every chance I got. I got the leading role, of course, and everyone hated me then, too. I was a bit disappointed that it turned out to be a training film for Subway Sandwiches. What was the question?

2. Hey! What the Fck is up with all these 45+ women wearing halter-tops and loincloths and not much else? (Nauseated Nancy)

Willie: Who's complaining? I think shriveled aging skin SHOULD be scantily clad in little bits of shriveled aging leather. Then we can see the shriveled aging tattoos that have stretched to five times their normal size. Alas, it is also a phenomenon we cannot halt, because we all know their husbands would never let them dress like that around the house. Just console yourself in the fact you would look much better if you tried it once, wouldn't you?

Penelope: Oh my God, I know what you mean! I would just DIE if I looked like that! All the accessories were just wrong! I would throw in a couple of necklaces made of teeth, a crossbow, and I would take off the Nikes and wear a decent boot. A little face paint, some straw in the hair, and for God's sakes, shave your damn legs.

3. How can I become a Master Puppeteer? (Mr. Mime)

Willie: When we first started our show three years ago, we looked everywhere for potential puppeteers! No one was interested in making a living on their knees, and no one wanted to stick their hand up the Ass. Now that years of hard work and blatant brown nosing has paid off, EVERYONE wants to be a puppeteer. We have considered your request, and we think you might be qualified since the current rumor is that you ARE good with your hands. Have your puppets get in touch with my puppets, and maybe you could be performing on a real stage like Witchwood next year.

Penelope: Consider this carefully, being a Puppeteer for Pulanami Puppets is indeed a high-risk venture. No one has survived with their sanity or their relationships intact yet. It would help if you were a bonafide paranoid schizophrenic, but even a semi-normal person can become a puppeteer with naked obsession and a death wish. I recommend hours of mumbling to yourself in the shower, and practicing endlessly with your woody. For stamina, try walking around all day with your hands over your head like a gorilla....and lastly, in your unique situation, you will have to give up your vow of silence and become a cunning linguist.

Thought for the week: "What is the Renaissance Festival, you may ask? My definition would be: 500 comedians, one f*cking joke!" (From Lucky Thirteen, in character, under severe medication and feeling rather cynical.)

"Of course I don't look busy. I did it right the first time."
(From Virgo)

If You Love Somebody, Set Her Free...

"The Old Version"

If you love somebody, set her free...
If she comes back, she's yours, if she doesn't,
she never was....

"The New Versions"

Pessimist:

If she ever comes back, she's yours.
If she doesn't, well, as expected, she never was.

Optimist::

Don't worry, she will come back.

Suspicious:

If she ever comes back, ask her why.

Impatient:

If she doesn't come back within some time
forget her.

Patient:

If she doesn't come back, continue to wait until
she comes back ...

Playful:

* If she comes back, and if you love her still,
set her free again, repeat *

Vengeful:

If she doesn't come back, hunt her down and
shoot her.

C++ Programmer:

```
if(you-love(m_she)) m_she.free()
if(m_she == NULL) m_she= new CShe;
```

Animal-Rights Activist:

In fact, all living creatures deserve to be free!!

Lawyers:

Clause 1a of Paragraph 13a-1 in the second
amendment of the Matrimonial Freedom Act
clearly states that...

Bill Gates :

If she comes back, I think we can charge her
for re-installation fees and but tell her that
she's also going to get an upgrade.

Biologist :

She'll evolve.

The Second Annual

Rubber Ducky Race



Sunday, Sept. 26th, 10:30 A.M.

Children's Realm Water course

Rules of engagement follow:

1. Entrance fee is \$1.00
2. Prizes are distributed as follows
 - 25% for 1st place
 - 15% for 2nd place
 - 10% for 3rd place
 - 50% for charity (see below)
3. The charity is as yet unnamed and will be chosen by the sponsor of the last place duck.
4. Last place will be defined as the last duck to cross the finish line after which no further ducks cross within 5 minutes. This allows for ducks stuck in the rocks.
5. Contestants must provide their own duck, decorated to be easily identified as yours. Examples are available in various craft shops throughout the realm.
6. All modifications to the duck must be strictly decorative, no 'Hot Rod' ducks.
7. *NEW RULE* Rubber Ducks only please, let's keep 'interpretation' to a minimum.
8. Need not be present to win.
9. Present your duck(s) with entrance fee(s) to Wolf von den Ecke (Bruce B.) at Nancy Chien-Eriksen's (shop T22) where your entrance will be recorded. Alternatively you may enter 1/2 hour before post time outside Darius the Dragon's Lair. Look for the landsknechte.
10. Display space may be made available either at Nancy's shop or at Kat in the Hat so handicapper's may examine the entrants.