



The Knight After

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Faire-folk



Unofficial Newsletter of the
Minnesota Renaissance Festival

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Notes From The Editor

Has everyone regained their senses after the heat and humidity of last weekend? I thought we were in the Tropics rather than Minnesota. The thunderstorm on Saturday was refreshing however. I personally managed to get a free shower, including washing my hair right outside of my tent!! I did not hear of any street characters going down from the heat, maybe we finally learned how to take care of each other and ourselves? One of the times I was at First Aid refilling the Unicorn's ice vest, there was no one there except for the personnel. When I went in, the attendant welcomed me and asked what my injury was. Feeling a bit frazzled, I stated that my only injury was...AGE and that I didn't think he could fix that for me. That got a hearty laugh from him.

This week's issue of The Knight After has the debut of a new column... "Mush's Musings". Be sure to check it out on page 2 which will be its permanent placement in this paper. If anyone else would like to write a column or has something to contribute, I welcome any submissions. Also, remember that this paper is FREE, but any contributions to help me cover the cost of paper and ink are greatly appreciated. (I publish and write this at my own expense on my personal computer at home.)

Blessings,

Sherry (Rosally Bud)

Tidbits

Behold the turtle; he makes progress
only when he sticks his neck out.

- James Bryant Conant

When we dream alone it remains only a dream.

When we dream together, it is not just a dream;

it is the beginning of reality.

- Don Helder Camara



Royal Ale Festival

Toast to the 30th
anniversary of the Festival
with a Homebrew beer.
Experience the adventure of
the Battle of the Bartenders.

Mush's Musings
For the tortured ramblings
of a melting mind

Perceptions
by Mush L.O.L., K.O.C., B.A.B and M.O.M

My first article could have been about something more juicy. This season is a bottomless pit of tough topics and controversy, having been in that doghouse before, I figured starting out with something softer would be prudent. Please do not think that I do not have opinions on all this other crap. I DO!!!! But, as I mentioned earlier, I have been in the House-O-Dog so much I have been given special member status and my own bowl in the corner. That is why I have chosen perceptions for my first topic. Maybe next week I will rant about the injustice of only getting chocolate chip cookies and no milk during parade or the lack of a decent gallows in the town square, can't beat a good hanging for drawing a crowd ya know! This week is about how we look at each other.

As a lunatic I have a slightly different view of reality than the people that populate the foreign land of Normalcy. A "normal" situation for me can often lead to a terribly frightening experience for your average fishmonger or member of the Royal Court. I believe this is a simple perception problem. If the average "sane" person could redefine their own reality, look at things through a slightly old and cracked piece of glass if you will, there would be far less friction between those who are "reality" impaired and you troublesome "sane" people. Those of us in the "out there club" find it hard to believe that all of those looking at us with wondering eyes are not, on some level, crazy themselves. YOUR CLOTHES ARE MADE OF MORE LAYERS OF VELVET AND SILK THAN ANY GOD OR GODDESS IN KNOWN EXISTANCE WOULD PUT ON AND IT'S 90

DEGREES AND RAINING OUT.....AND I'M NUTS????????? Even a sane person must see my point here.

We try to blend in with you, as much as we can wearing rags and ash cans on our heads. "Keeping in mind" has an altogether different meaning to us. We repeat it over and over in a vain attempt to remember it when it's important. But even though we try, we still say those little things like "okay, I'll get in the trunk" or "why is that the hole" and who can forget the very potent "you're a liar"? We make those little mistakes that end us up in the House-O-Dog, slack jawed and drooling. Mistakes like borrowing a part of your costume and parading around like you do or reaching up your dress to see just how historically correct your costume is, all very innocent....really. Remember, it's those little details that make our show the best!

We of the "out there" club, including the Black Sheep, the talented but difficult to work with (from a management point of view), the so insecure you come across a arrogant, the so arrogant you have to be insecure and the attitude puppy's, we all would just ask that you bend your perception a bit for the sake of a closer family. Because we will continue to do the things that we have been doing, it's just that much easier for you sane people to deal with it and we won't get in as much trouble. We are the insane. Love us (PLEASE!) or just use us for sexual gratification, we don't care! Just don't leave us (alone in a room you care about). And remember, It ain't breakfast unless it's Mush for breakfast.

Next issue: The Bakery-a stage or just a hot bed for sex, violence and the American way?

Futuro stories: The Dew Drop jugglers- Manly men or sissy boys with manual dexterity? Those Italian women- Bakers or thumb breakers?

Why does Mush keep picking on that one stage-insanity or stupidity?

Head of Mush found on pole, cookie stuck in ear-Bakers claim no knowledge.

The Open Fly

Advice For The Eternally Flustered

Critical Praise For The Open Fly

"Good luck, I'll be back in a week" -Alex Daves

"Where is my God damned Puppies Show?" -Lucky

"And MAN was she PISSEDF" -Bribe Lites

We now interrupt your regularly scheduled programming to bring you this weather update. It is HOT in August! Most patrons made the best of the sweltering heat by consuming huge quantities of alcohol and carbohydrates. The CRC workers discovered it was possible to trade food for smokes. A freak storm raged, while the sun was shining on opening day. (???) Alex was in Michigan, and a rare form of "phone ear" caused his assistants to develop multiple personality disorders. Minor conflicts developed when the J or 4 Musketeers performed on top of the Tatter's heads as per the grid schedule, and The Mintons of Mud were scheduled to perform their first show at 1100 and 1150, bringing the first show to a halt to perform the next one. The Smoker Show was saved this week since the people who used to perform it bought tickets, and they then proceeded to perform it from the seats, thereby rescuing the host who stole it from them. Since no 12-year-old girls were present at the Smoker, everyone was safe for the time being. The Festival is celebrating it's 50th anniversary, and a party was thrown for the first 500 people through the gate. The patrons didn't care to attend since no free beer was offered, but entertainers trying to stretch their resources in this year of 50% across the board budget cuts ravenously devoured the cake. It was pretty good.

Imagine our surprise when the dormant Entertainment Office atop Bad Manor was opened for a new season, and the box for submitting questions to the Open Fly (trademark) was nowhere to be found! We are not kidding this time! We suspect our previous Entertainment Director stole it of a souvenir to her reign of terror, when we were all given much more money than we were supposed to get. Or perhaps it was Uncle Jane. A new box will be placed in the Office as soon as we feel like it.

The new Mintons of Mud debuted with rave reviews and television coverage. Feeling quite at home at the new Mud Stage, the demons re-created the eight and 3/4 level of purgatory with an appropriate Wild West backdrop, and a mud pit that can fit at least one person comfortably. Botch has attributed the wild success to the intensive 4 days of rehearsals, the overabundance of quality props found discarded behind the Puke and Snot Stage, and costumes that were dug up out of the box marked "Dunk Tank."

This week marks the writing debut of Peevish, who will answer the questions submitted along with Botch! This should give us a more

balanced forum for answering your most perplexing questions. Ask your question directly to Peevish or Botch when you see them, or email them to jicky@vivist.com!

Folk: Dearest Anous, Considering I am already in hell, I wonder why every morning when I drag my weary butt to the screen to check my e-mail my small parrot masturbates furiously. Is it me? The e-mail? Or the parrot of last night's coffee? Ridiculous minds want to know. (Roxanne, last name withheld to protect her innocence)

Botch: Maybe that "Birds of Paradise" screensaver is sending your poor undersexed parrot in convulsions of sensual pleasure. It has been proven at the 4th level of purgatory that parrots need love too please don't ask me how I know. I suggest you either get a nice soft down pillow for your parrot to "sleep" with and provide him with ample amounts of claw lotion, or let him out of his cage occasionally to copulate with the many inanimate objects around your house he finds appealing. Just make sure you look in you coffee cup before you drink it, and disguise your computer as a houseplant.

Peevish: I smell the love here. Your parrot feels the separation anxiety from its mother and allowed himself to be fixated on you as a replacement mother. He is a VERY angry parrot and instead of working out his anger by pecking out your eyes, he has transferred his anger in to perverted fantasies involving his substitute mother (YOU). Get thy parrot to a nunnery post haste.

2. I saw your show last week, and I saw you grab a poor young girl's purse, and throw it into the mud. I was appalled. How can you even pretend that is entertainment? (concerned and easily fooled patron)

Botch: Well, when I grab it violently out of her hands, find the Playtex Gentle Glide tampons inside, and place them up my nose, the audience is in on the joke. After I fill it with mud and spike it on stage, our well paid stage crew grabs the purse, rushes out to a professional cleaner, and returns it before the end of the show, minus all the money inside, of course. Hey, it worked for Andy Kaufman, and it works for us.

Peevish: What do I care? It's only a woman's purse. Now, if it were a man's wallet that would be a different story. I could slip my phone number in his wallet and I might get lucky. Or, I could look up where he lives on his driver's license and just show up. So many men, so little time. Ahhhhhhh. It's good to be a minion of the eighth level of purgatory.

Botch: Eight and 3/4 level of purgatory.

Famous Quotes from people we know!

"When you steal an idea from something you saw at a Renaissance Festival, it's called plagiarism. When you steal an idea from anywhere else, it's called research."

-Brian Murphy (copyrighted)

MOTHERLY TEACHINGS

My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE -

"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside - I just finished cleaning!"

My mother taught me RELIGION -

"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."

My mother taught me about TIME TRAVEL -

"If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"

My mother taught me LOGIC -

"Because I said so, that's why."

My mother taught me FORESIGHT -

"Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."

My mother taught me IRONY -

"Keep laughing and I'll give you something to cry about."

My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS -

"Shut your mouth and eat your supper!"

My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM -

"Will you look at the dirt on the back of your neck!"

My mother taught me about STAMINA -

"You'll sit there 'til all that spinach is finished."

My mother taught me about WEATHER -

"It looks as if a tornado swept through your room."

My mother taught me how to solve PHYSICS

PROBLEMS -

"If I yelled because I saw a meteor coming toward you, would you listen then?"

My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY -

"If I've told you once, I've told you a million times - Don't Exaggerate!!!"

My mother taught me THE CIRCLE OF LIFE -

"I brought you into this world, and I can take you out."

My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION -

"Stop acting like your father!"

My mother taught me about ENVY -

"There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do."

Thank you Roxanne for sending this

More Rennie Personal Ads

Voggie Justice boy seeks saucy, wench for sticky times; I will love you, Picante style! Kiss the tomato! We will make beautiful catsup together!

Ditzy chick looking for established father figure with trailer. "Almost 21" musicians a plus.

Noo pagan, now ago, golden dawn, sub-genius, left handed black dye job boy (8 piercings connect the dots!) seeks neo-cabalist Gemini with Virgo rising, Goth, ambidextrous, anti-pokemon (except for butterfree) red head Gal for fanatic research. Satanist, Black Hats need not apply.

Joustier with Big Lance seeks Fly to favor. I have a mental copical! Wanna ride my pony? Included: Bear and trailer! Not included: breakfast.

Bored, overworked Per-Gal seeks Local entertainer to spice up life. Alcoholic O.K. local connections required.

Wanted Mom seeks kid stolen by circus. Jesus can forgive you so I will at least try. You can still be dull!

RonBoy with hard house and power seeks femata with electric blanket. Send picture of blanket. Weekenders welcome: blanket stays.

Ronnie with bus seeks Ronnie with gas money. Dogs, wolves, mastiffs, cats, ferrets, tirantula, hodgohogs, snakes, rabbits, cooties and rats O.K. No jousters.

Bodacious thespian seeks fodder for Wenching. Tights a plus, dance belts a minus! Kits bump you to the top of the list. Tortugas welcome.

Verly and well not, good genfice. A lord of the SCA bo I, in soothe, and a kin to Elves on thine mothers side, anon. Hoar ye, unto the Fane do I Goeth, seeking mine Lady Fair, be she thee? Hozzah! Unto the Ollintesy go we in all our Garb, to sup as Lady and Lord!

One Tiners
This station is where a bus stops, a train station is where a train stops, on my desk I have a work station.....

If Fed Ex and UPS were to merge, could they call it Fed UP? It's a tin whistle is made out of tin (and it is), then what, exactly, is a fog horn made out of?

