



The Knight After

Unofficial Newsletter of the
Minnesota Renaissance Festival

Publisher/Editor - Sherry Roth Email - rosally@cloudnet.com

Image Courtesy Of



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~~~~~ Notes From The Editor ~~~~~

Last weekend proved even more how all of us are a family and how much we care for each other. That was proven with the outpouring of love for Mac the Mugmaker at his memorial on Saturday night. He took a part of us with him and left a piece of himself within all our hearts. We have that to hold on to.

Our caring was shown again with the help given to Anjila Kozel. I am happy that everything turned out for her. Then the caring and coming together happened again on Sunday when a good friend of mine, Steven (Rudy) Rudolph went down in severe pain outside of his tent in the campground. My husband happened to be nearby and heard of the call for help. He rushed up the "Hill of Death" twice, once to get something to drink for Rudy (the campground soda machine was not working) and then again to get safety services to come to his aid. Luckily, I had my cellphone with enabling me to contact his parents in St. Joseph and keep them apprised of his situation. The word spread quickly that he was taken to the hospital and a great many performers, crafters, Jaycees and CKC workers sent their energies to him. I truly believe that all those good wishes helped him through his crisis. I am sure that Rudy would like me to thank everyone who helped and was concerned.

Blessings,

Sherry (Rosally Bird)

Tidbits

Many people will walk in
and out of your life,
But only true friends will leave
footprints in your heart.

To handle yourself, use your head.
To handle others, use your heart.

Romance & Melodies



Renew your wedding
vows in a 16th century
setting. Enjoy the
Wooing Contest,
Wench Press, and a
variety of music.

Faire Folk
Mush's Musings
The tortured ramblings
of a melting mind"

IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE!

By Mush

Lord of the Lunatics, etc.

Some of you may be aware that I have been attempting to oust our current king and replace him with a completely incompetent and useless new king, namely, Myself. Now this is strictly based on my own delusions of grandeur and mental instability, not on any particular failings of the current king of the "sane" people. For those of you that are not aware of this attempt, where the Hell have you been and why are you only getting here now?!

Having given my current campaign and it's likely time-line some consideration, I feel that I need a diversion to satisfy my lust for power while my final thrust for ultimate control is launched.

Translation: It's gonna take a freaking long time for me to be king and I am bored. MUSH FOR MAYOR!

I do not want my loyal followers to think I have given up my claim to the thrown of the sane people but one should have a back up job, just in case the other one doesn't pay enough. So, having said this, I would like to announce my candidacy for the position of mayor of our little town. Having spoken with the current mayor I feel it is time for a change-I could not understand a word he said! We are hoping to set up a debate so that the voters can get a true picture of the inept and scatter brained way he is running this dump...um...town. Like all my campaigns I will make sure all my ideas for this du...town are out side the box, free flowing, if you will. Free wine for all my supporters! I have strong backing based in the Italian provinces and hope there is no need for violence, really, I mean it. I do hope my loyal readers will bring in the vote in my favor, it's a nice town and it would be a shame if something was to...happen to it.

Now that I have used the power of the press to

shamelessly push my own agenda forward I would like to mention something of importance to our community. Like so many other things that are missing out here this year, street performers, stage acts, energy, life, a secure outlook to the future, there is one huge thing missing that I demand, be put back! It has been a staple for almost ten years for me and has imparted the true feelings and depth of caring that is directed towards the street performers and stage acts. It personifies and characterizes our daily life out here. You can take away our pay, you can take away performers that have been out here for decades, and you can cut the cast and remove our will to live. You can kick us and hit us until we are lifeless heaps in the middle of the lane, gasping out our last breath staring at a too bright sun! But DON'T, I repeat DON'T stop reminding us to drink lots of water on these hot days and watch for dehydration! Have I heard, even once at cast call, "if you stop urinating you may be dehydrated"? NO! Does no one care about us anymore? I am sorry, my loyal readers, but mentioning heat and the need for water once on the first weekend just-does-not-cut-it! I want it hammered into my very being that if I do not hydrate myself I may go down and, in turn, inconvenience some poor safety service person because I was stupid for not paying attention to my urine! The lack of caring exhibited this year just pisses me off.

My but that felt good. So, I would like to introduce a new facet to my articles-letters from my readers! Since I have not received any letters this is still only something I would like to do. Since I can not have a letter to Mush portion in my article I will simply give sage and wise advice. Watch your urine, if it is clear you may be dehydrated. Either that or you drink enough water and have cleansed your system to the point that your are very healthy, you make the call. (If you pass out it was the first one.)

Next time: Cavalier hats: not period or just looking stupid?

Future Articles:

Clyde: Man, Mute or Myth?

Why do sharks have dark, lifeless eyes?

Does that thing work or is it just there for chewing?

The Open Fly

Advice For The Eternally Flustered

Critical Praise For The Open Fly:

"Just because your name ends in a vowel, everyone thinks you're connected to the mob." -Francesca Pantini
 "Never eat hot dog buns on Friday." - Dan Hasselius
 "It gives me a laugh at work once a week!" - Heidi Klima
 "This is not a place to share your favorite joke or recipe..."
 -Robert Schug

(All quotes above are true and proof of their authenticity can be found at the Office of Registers, Scott County Courthouse.)

Greetings, and HELL WEEKEND is upon us. Once we are done doing it, we have to do it AGAIN for another day! Don't forget to stock up on the traditional breakfast of Over Worked, Underpaid Entertainers, Pepto-Bismol (copyright), Twinkies (trademark), and caffeine pills. Drink plenty of alcohol so that you cannot feel the pain of severe dehydration and vocal cord eruption. Speaking of alcohol...

Top Five Ways For Entertainers to Purchase Alcohol During Show

1. Try tipping them, for God's sake! Would a damn dollar kill you?
2. Bring a lady friend with a huge bosom to distract them while you reach around the counter.
3. Date within their ranks.
4. Go BEHIND the booth, you idiot!
5. Date within their ranks.

And the number 1 way to purchase alcohol during the show IS:

1. Get in your damn car and get it yourself!

Last weekend seemed a little tense. The Management was angry at Safety Services, who in turn became snotty with the CKC workers, who in turn decided to completely snub the Royalty, who in turn were really peeved at the Jaycees, who then got visibly upset at the Entertainers. And everybody, of course, was pissed off at Alex. Stories have been exchanged, and it seems clear that EVERYBODY working for the Show this year has taken a pay cut to be there, in one way or another. So why take it out on others? Tell how you feel to the one person who can change it all, Jim Peterson's Lawyer. His number is 1-800-CETINLINE.

The Minions of Mud (That's Dum, spelled backwards) added another level of authenticity to their show this weekend with the addition of a distinctive 'BUTT' odor to their mud pit home. The

smell doesn't bother me, but it does taste more chunky for some reason," said Botch. Peevish responded by saying "I can't breathe, take me to a hospital." Deano, director of Minions of Mud (copyright), offered his comments on the problem by mentioning "It's mud. What do you expect?" The Site Crew has decided on a practical solution by adding pesticides, since the smell is obviously caused by the horde of bugs that bogged on the site.

This week's recipe: Really Mud Pie

2 1/2 lbs Dirt

Water to taste

Mix dirt and water to soupy consistency. Put in pits.

Bake until it smells like butt. Eat.

Send your jokes, recipes, and photos to lucky13@vsn.com today!

I. "What can be done to bring us all back down to earth and laugh at themselves again, and stop sullying others?"
 Concerned Entertainer

Botch: I suggest a mass outbreak of French kissing! Or maybe some co-ed naked mud bathing? How about some mushrooms and a joint! Seriously, maybe a couple of hatspins to pop over inflated egos...aw, that won't work.

Peevish: That's what I like to hear. Let's all get together like a bunch of Hippie-freaks and have a peace-in. NO! Stop whining like a bunch of babies, get on your high horses and ride like there was no tomorrow. After all, I could use the company in purgatory. Botch can be quite a bore. Margaritas anyone?

2. I was minding my own business in the campground Saturday night, and bunch of squad cars and an ambulance came down and took someone away. What happened? - Concerned Camper

Botch: Gowd, that wasn't me! I didn't do it! The corpse was just lying there, and I got hungry!

Peevish: Safety Services came across human remains in the Royal Guard campground late Saturday night. Police are in the process of investigating Cannibal-like tribes at festival where they feast upon human flesh and drink blood like wine. Ooops, I got them confused with the Christian faith. Anyways, you know who you are. I would reserve your feasts for after the fair so that you can do it in the privacy of your own home and dispose of the bodies properly (a little limestone and acid goes a long way). Perhaps the campground director needs to add another rule after the 'No Dopin' in the Open' rule, like 'Human flesh eating is not allowed!' God, you people give me the creeps.

Love Spell

This young man goes to the High Priestess to ask for a spell for his girlfriend to fall back in love with him. The HPS and the coven explain that it wouldn't be proper to cast a love spell on someone without their permission. But they do offer him some advice. They give him some pills and tell him to bury one in her front yard each day. Several days later, the couple is back together. The young man asks if they had cast a spell for him anyway. They explained that he was only showing his affection for her, which is what truly won his lover back. The young man looked confused so the HPS elaborated:

Nothing says lovin' like something from the coven,
and pills buried says it best.

A Husband's Gift

A married couple was in a terrible accident where the woman's face was severely burned. The doctor told the husband that they couldn't graft any skin from her body because she was too skinny. So the husband offered to donate some of his own skin.

However, the only skin on his body that the doctor felt was suitable would have to come from his buttocks. The husband and wife agreed that they would tell no one about where the skin came from, and requested that the doctor also honor their secret. After all, this was a very delicate matter.

After the surgery was completed, everyone was astounded at the woman's new beauty. She looked more beautiful than she ever had before! All her friends and relatives just went on and on about her youthful beauty!

One day, she was alone with her husband, and she was overcome with emotion at his sacrifice. She said, "Dear, I just want to thank you for everything you did for me. There is no way I could ever repay you."

"My darling," he replied, "I get all the thanks I need every time I see your mother kiss you on the cheek."

Image Courtesy of

Faire Folk
www.faire-folk.com

Announcing

Eddie Jeff Cahill (Bathos)

and

Terry Foy (Zilch)

Appearing at the

Cedar Cultural Center

416 Cedar Avenue

Minneapolis, MN 55454

612-338-2674

Thursday, September 7, 2000

8 P.M. - Tickets \$8.00

Snoose Boulevard Jokes

and Culture - You Betcha!!

Jeff Cahill's Theory of Evolution

Darwin was adopted!