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Unofficial Newsletter of the  
 Minnesota Renaissance Festival

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Notes From The Editor

*This is dedicated to those we  
 have lost this year at festival.*

Around the corner I have a friend,  
 In this great city that has no end,  
 Yet the days go by and weeks rush on,  
 And before I know it, a year is gone.  
 And I never see my old friend's face,  
 For life is a swift and terrible race,  
 He knows I like him just as well,  
 As in the days when I rang his bell.  
 And he rang mine if, we were younger then,  
 And now we are busy, tired men.  
 Tired of playing a foolish game,  
 Tired of trying to make a name.  
 "Tomorrow" I say, "I will call on Jim"  
 Just to show that I'm thinking of him."

But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,  
 And distance between us grows and grows.  
 Around the corner, yet miles away,  
 "Here's a telegram sir." "Jim died today."  
 And that's what we get and deserve in the end.  
 Around the corner, a vanished friend.

*Remember to always say what you mean. If you love someone, tell them.  
 Don't be afraid to express yourself. Reach out and tell someone what  
 they mean to you. Because when you decide that it is the right time, it  
 might be too late. Seize the day. Never have regrets. And most  
 importantly, stay close to your friends and family, for they have helped  
 make you the person that you are today.*

Blessings,

*Sherry (Rosally Bud)*

**Tidbits**

Beautiful young people are  
 accidents of nature,  
 But beautiful old people  
 are works of art.

Yesterday is history.  
 Tomorrow is mystery.  
 Today is a gift.

**Irish  
 Folklore**



The luck of Irish  
 begins by tasting  
 fine Guinness  
 products, enjoy  
 traditional Irish  
 dance and a village  
 scavenger hunt



## Mush's Musings

"Or the tortured ramblings  
of a melting mind"

### A Big, Bad, Mish-Mash of Mushy Stuff

by Mush, Lord of the Lunatics

Last week I had a hard time finding something with teeth to write about and this week I have more than I can fit into one article, what is one to do? I will do my best to cover all that I can and make sure all the issues are given there due. My first comment is about our valiant boys in red and gold, yes, that's correct, the Safety Services folks. There has always been something we could say that was negative about our protectors. AAAAAAAAAA and there have been good things to say as well. This season seems to have a corner on the negative market. I have been guilty of looking at Safety Services in a poor light just like you. Based on a bad experience with one individual, I mentally dressed the entire safety staff in black uniforms and high topped goose-stepping boots. For this, I apologize. It was not fair and after further research I have found that the people we look to for protection from the drunken and abusive masses have been seriously crippled by new rules from above. Look at entertainment, given our new situation aren't we just a little touchy? Under the circumstances they are doing the best they can with what they are allowed. They may come across as testosterone addicts at times, this I have to grant (sorry guys) but these are the folks I want facing down the D.A.M Patrons (drunken, abusive, mass patrons)...so I don't have to. Talk to them, ask how things are going, you might learn what I did. Now we come to the really important stuff. I have been tormented by this topic for some years and have left it alone for the most part. Time for a change. I refer to the sexual predator that Renaissance seems to attract. Perhaps it is the over abundance of young vulnerable girls and boys, perhaps it is the permissive mind set that is dominant out here. Combination of both maybe? We all know what goes on, we all have seen it and perhaps ignored it so that we did not appear too prudish or become unpopular. Time for a change. These young girls and boys come out here for the same reason we do, with the exception of the sexual predators. These young people want to have fun and laugh and forget the problems that the real world may present. They are vulnerable and in danger. They may not even know what is being done to them until it is too late. Their first love poem, how exciting...from a man old enough to be their father or grand father?? An adult that seems to actually listen to

me and treats me like another adult, it is so different and special...yes it is, but when he starts touching you and trying to kiss you he is treating you like his next victim. Others are aware and are too afraid to say anything to anyone. Don't be, tell someone. Help stop this animal from victimizing anyone else! YOU ARE NOT AT FAULT! DO NOT FEEL GUILTY!

I speak now to the predator's this is intended for, one in particular actually. You have hurt my friends, you have molested children and gotten away with it, you have hidden amongst the rest of us in a perfect disguise and gotten away with rape and the murder of innocence and hope. For these crimes you will be held accountable, for hurting my friends you will pay.

If you are reading this and think I am attacking you for some reason, maybe I am. Why would you feel this way if there were not something to base it on? If you are reading this and have wanted to stop this from happening for so long that your anger is almost unbearable-DO IT! STOP IT! YOU CAN!

If you are reading this and you are the one person, in particular, that I am aiming at stopping and seeing punished...it is too late. Your time is borrowed and we are angry.

I do not intend to start a "sexual predator witch hunt". I am basing my personal vendetta upon fact and written proof. I have done the research and am satisfied with the evidence, now it will be up to higher forces. But you all know that what I have written about happens, it is up to us to protect these younger members of our microcosm. Don't you wish some one would have protected you once, or your child?

I have been out of favor for so long I am not sure what it would feel like to be accepted again, so this leap into an unpopular position is not a big jump for me. But for others this is as uncomfortable as being fondled by someone you are too scared of to stop... Perhaps standing up for those in trouble is a better place to be after all, you won't be alone.

Image Courtesy Of

Next time:

My defense for all those who will be angry over this time.

Future Articles:

Alex's popularity rating-will he be the next survivor voted off the island?

Mush's final farewell after Alex reads the rating, "Hey man I just report 'em, I don't rate'em".



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# The Open Fly

## Advice For The Eternally Flustered

ASS Edition

Week 5 Sept. 9-10 2000

### Critical Praise for The Open Fly:

'Call 612-302-9252 if you want to help form a union out here.' -Mikael 'Bull's-eye' Rudolph

'Very informative. We find the information is very useful.'

-Brent 'The Hit Man' Reichow

'F'ck you, motherf'cker. I'm fired? I quit yo ass.'

-Jimmy 'Juiceman' Eubanks

'Kill Whitey.' -Jek 'Former JC's' Whitey

(All quotes are true and proof of their authenticity can be hastily prepared if necessary.)

The wild and crazy HUMP weekend of 2000 is but a memory. The show is more than half over, and our biggest crowds have yet to come. Management has been bemoaning the fact that attendance is down, but expectations are high that at least 300,000 more people will attend the final three weekends, and save this ass broke little cash strapped festival, not to mention creating a traffic jam from here to Chicago. The now-famous 'Prominent Entertainer' that was involved in an alcohol related incident with a Jaycoos was nice enough to provide more than enough rope to hang his own finely sculpted ass. Another Jaycoo guy freaked out and openly invited people to torch his OWN ass, and everyone was eager to help. Lawyers for the Festival have decided to enforce the truth in advertising laws, and have prodded The Royal Court to rename the Summer Palace to ASS HEADQUARTERS. Whole lotta ass running around.

The Minions of Mud are enjoying their 15 minutes (days?) of fame. Botch did, however, suffer a breakdown during the grueling, optily named 'Labor Day', and spent part of the day under a tree gently singing 'It's Not Easy Being Gross.' The site crew took care of the foul odor of 'ass' emanating from the mud pit by throwing in 400 pine tree air fresheners. Patrons resisted the efforts by throwing in 300 half-eaten turkey drumsticks. Peevish, in a rare mood of empathy, offered to eat the mud, but refused to take less than \$20 to do it.

Here is this week's recipe!

### Botch's Bacteria Bonanza

32 tons topsoil, sifted and manure removed  
 300 half-eaten turkey drumsticks  
 20 lbs. industrial strength pesticide  
 300,000 tons gravel  
 17 gallons bleach  
 Hot sun and high humidity  
 Moldy blue tarp to cover  
 Water to taste

Prepare 300,000 tons gravel for commerce by building a Renaissance Festival on top of it. Mix topsoil, drumsticks, and pesticide, adding water to taste, until you achieve a soupy consistency. Bake outdoors in hot sun until it smells like ass. Sprinkle toxic bleach on surface to mask odor. Walk in it until you stir up 300,000 tons of gravel to the surface. Cover with moldy tarp 5 sites too small. Ferment for 5 weeks. Eat. Die of infection.

Please send your questions to 'The Open Fly' by placing your head up your ass. We don't need your stinking questions.

'Exactly what is the relationship between Botch and Peevish?' -Rabid Fan

**Botch:** I love her. Well, I would like to love her, anyhow. I have been unable to properly express my lust for her, because Demons have no genitals. That is what makes them so evil. I have to be satisfied instead with licking the mud from her toes, and cleaning up the privy after she has done her business. Besides, we all know she could kick my ass.

**Peevish:** We all know and understand the relationship between Botch and myself. It is no different than that of any other relationship between man and a woman. He constantly tries to pursue me and I deny him on a regular basis. Sure, every once in a while I will give him a milk-bone dog biscuit and pat his dense 'pit-bull' like head, but he is nothing more than a dog and I am his master. With the festival going on, I have so many males to choose from and so little time. Botch only serves me for the small scraps of attention I give him.



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## NEW BARBIE DOLLS

*At long last, here are some NEW Barbie dolls to coincide with her and OUR aging gracefully.*

- 1. Bifocals Barbie.** Comes with her own set of blended-lens fashion frames in six wild colors (half-frames too!), neck chain and large-print editions of Vogue and Martha Stewart Living.
- 2. Hot Flash Barbie.** Press Barbie's bellybutton and watch her face turn beet red while tiny drops of perspiration appear on her forehead. Comes with hand-held fan and tiny tissues.
- 3. Facial Hair Barbie.** As Barbie's hormone levels shift, see her whiskers grow. Available with teensy tweezers and magnifying mirror.
- 4. Flabby Arms Barbie.** Hide Barbie's droopy triceps with these new, roomier-sleeved gowns. Good news on the tummy front, too. Muu-muus with tummy-support panels are included.
- 5. Bunion Barbie.** Years of disco dancing in stiletto heels have definitely taken their toll on Barbie's dainty arched feet. Soothe her sores with the pumice stone and plasters, then slip on soft terry mules.
- 6. No-More-Wrinkles Barbie.** Erase those pesky crow's-feet and lip lines with a tube of Skin Sparkle-Spackle, from Barbie's own line of exclusive age-blasting cosmetics.

**7. Soccer Mom Barbie.** All that experience as a cheer-leader is really paying off as Barbie dusts off her old high school megaphone to root for Babs and Ken, Jr. Comes with minivan in robin-egg blue or white, and cooler filled with doughnut holes and fruit punch.

**8. Mid-life Crisis Barbie.** It's time to ditch Ken. Barbie needs a change, and Alonzo (her personal trainer) is just what the doctor ordered, along with Prozac. They're hopping in her new red Miata and heading for the Napa Valley to open a B&B. Includes a real tape of "Breaking Up Is Hard to Do."

**9. Divorced Barbie.** Sells for \$199.99. Comes with Ken's house, Ken's car, and Ken's boat.

**10. Recovery Barbie.** Too many parties have finally caught up with the ultimate party girl. Now she does Twelve Steps instead of dance steps. Clean and sober, she's going to meetings religiously. Comes with a little copy of The Big Book and a six-pack of Diet Coke.

**11. Post-Menopausal Barbie.** This Barbie wets her pants when she sneezes, forgets where she puts things, and cries a lot. She is sick and tired of Ken sitting on the couch watching the tube, clicking through the channels. Comes with Depends and Kleenex. As a bonus this year, the book "Getting In Touch with Your Inner Self" is included.

*Age is mind over matter -  
If you don't mind, it doesn't matter.*

### SOME WORDS TO LIVE BY

Doing a job **RIGHT** the first time gets the job done. Doing the job **WRONG** fourteen times gives you job security.

If you are calm, while all around you are in chaos...then you probably haven't completely understood the seriousness of the situation.

If at first you don't succeed, try management.



**LaJo Russo & Funks Grove**  
invite you to the  
**Albuminum Blue CD Release Party!**

**Thurs., Sept. 21st**  
**7:30 - 10 PM**

We'll do songs from the album  
and an "All Request" set!

Tix are \$8 in advance  
\$10 at the door

(Bring your pass and receive  
\$2 off the door price)