



# The Knight After

of  
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## from your editor

I wish all the special moments I have had at the Minnesota Renaissance Festival for the past 13 years (has it really been that long already?) could be frozen and relived at will. Then all those that have left this realm could be brought back whenever we felt lonely or sad. Each one of them left a legacy that lives in our hearts and many joyful memories were given to the patrons they entertained. As we walk the grounds their fleeting images are still there and they are smiling upon us all. I lift my eyes to them and say, "Thanks for being you." Remember, do not be afraid of the darkness, for that is when stars shine their brightest! Please read "For The People Left Behind" on Page 2.

To all my Fest Family...have a wonderful, happy 2001 season!

*Sherry Roth*

### "The Knight After" Info

If you have never seen this paper before, welcome. To those that have followed it in the past, thank you for your patronage. Remember this is a free paper that I publish for fun. Article submissions of just about anything are welcome and encouraged. I will only edit for language and spelling. Contributions are always welcome to help defray the cost of printing. Send your articles to my email addy at the top of the page by Wednesdays each week. Thank you!

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## For the people left behind...

When tomorrow starts without me,  
And I'm not there to see,  
If the sun should rise and find your eyes  
All filled with tears for me;

I wish so much you wouldn't cry  
The way you did today,  
While thinking of the many things,  
We didn't get to say.

I know how much you love me,  
As much as I love you,  
And each time that you think of me,  
I know you'll miss me too;

But when tomorrow starts without me,  
Please try to understand,  
That an angel came and called my name,

And took me by the hand,  
And said my place was ready,  
In heaven far above,  
And that I'd have to leave behind  
All those I dearly love.

But as I turned to walk away,  
A tear fell from my eye  
For all my life, I'd always thought,  
I didn't want to die.

I had so much to live for,  
So much left yet to do,  
It seemed almost impossible,  
That I was leaving you.

I thought of all the yesterdays,  
The good ones and the bad,  
I thought of all the love we shared,  
And all the fun we had.

If I could relive yesterday,  
Just even for a while,  
I'd say good-bye and kiss you  
And maybe see you smile.

But then I fully realized,  
That this could never be,  
For emptiness and memories,  
Would take the place of me.

And when I thought of worldly things,  
I might miss come tomorrow,  
I thought of you, and when I did,  
My heart was filled with sorrow.

But when I walked through heaven's gates,  
I felt so much at home.  
When God looked down and smiled at me,  
From His great golden throne,

He said, "This is eternity,  
And all I've promised you."  
Today your life on earth is past,  
But here life starts anew.

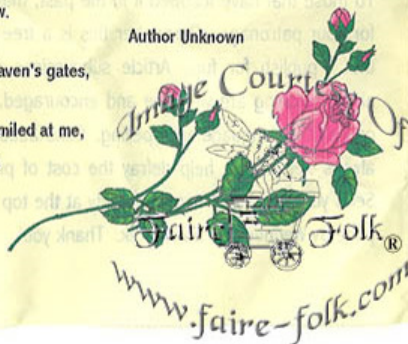
I promise no tomorrow,  
But today will always last,  
And since each day's the same way  
There's no longing for the past.

You have been so faithful,  
So trusting and so true.  
Though there were times You did some things  
You knew you shouldn't do.

But you have been forgiven  
And now at last you're free.  
So won't you come and take my hand  
And share my life with me?

So when tomorrow starts without me,  
Don't think we're far apart,  
For every time you think of me,  
I'm right here, in your heart.

Author Unknown





# An Inspirational Letter Faire

by Dan Hasselius, aka Wilsome

Earlier in my life, I was widdershintracked, I went for the corporate life. One day, I looked into the mirror and I saw an old man wearing the same black shiny shoes, the same tie, and the same white shirt. I hate that costume. I broke. I slipped into a world of nastiness. I left the crappy costume behind and I think I have only put on a tie a half a dozen times since. I became a bartender/bouncer at a nasty dive and I turned mean and sour.

Then Festival came into my life and filled a gap that was missing. Now I am sitting here, years later, my costume is sitting out and I look at it and I am amazed. How the hell did I end up a Circus clown? I am only minus the face and I might bring a big fat squeezey horn too. I have tried to describe the inside joy that happens when I am entertaining. It validates my existence. It makes up for all the bonehead things I do in my life. All the damned things I don't want to start looking back on. As we get older, we lose the sense of wonder that we had as children. The sun coming up in the morning?? MAGIC. The sun setting at night? Magic. It was almost like we were not sure if it was going to rise the next day or not. What new crazy thing was going to happen today? I always had this sense of excitement like I was about to go on an adventure.

Then as we get older we start to know that we are caught by the force of chance on a planet precariously alone (or seeming like it) in a dead galaxy, one of uncountable others all swirling in mathematical precision towards chaos. That just about stops most of us. We start to work and raise families and eat the same suppers and have sex the same way until we too become part of the machine moving inexorably onward towards meaningless nothing.

Every once in a while, I put on the clown suit. The superhero costume of Scottish plaids. I strap on all my devices of wizardly magic. My mug to drink water with, my dagger to eat with, my 16th century spoon and fork, I grab amulets and rings of atmosphere. I step into another person, Wilsome, my alter-ego, my therapy. I am physically transformed but the mental thing doesn't happen until I am drawing some little kid a story in the dirt or telling some old lady that she is my favorite. I give them a piece of the magic. I give them a framework. I build the circle and begin the incantation. As soon as one of them steps away from the outside world and into mine...BAM! The earth might be flat and hills are hollow. Unicorns dance in streams of flowing silk, Fairies dance in mushroom rings.

(Continued on Page 6)

THE ZIPPER

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Image Courtesy Of

# The Open Fly

by Paul Pleasants

Noteworthy Quotes:

*"Yeah, I love Potatoes. Want to do a Mud Show?" - Erin Kasper, Ordinary Secretary*

*"I retired at the end of 2000, remember? A whole year not enough notice for you?"*

*- George Herman, Ordinary Guy*

*"He is off fighting the French.....(then quizzically)...and Indians." - Bill Lochen, Ordinary Guy*

*"I'm not coming back this year, I can't deal with this shit anymore." - Ordinary Guy*

*"Naw, I'm not crazy, they just outlived their usefulness. I need someone cheaper now. You say this hash is from Lebanon? Jeez: I'm flying!!!" - Jim Peterson, Ordinary Capitalist and Substance Abuser*

*"Whaddya mean, volunteer contract???" - Michael Anthony Border, Ordinary King*

Hey, it's baaaaack! Welcome to the season's first edition of The Open Fly. The staff here usually spends the entire first edition explaining what the heck this Open Fly is. So, if this is your first time reading it, first of all, everything you read here is TRUE! Anyone who says it is full of crap is just trying to deceive you. To find out how this all began, see the preview edition for this season, and the previous 3 seasons' worth of editions, you can access all that drivel at [www.renfest101.com](http://www.renfest101.com). Just click on the little zipper there. Send your advice questions to [lucky13@mn.rr.com](mailto:lucky13@mn.rr.com), and we will get to as many as we can!!

So for the rest of us, we move on to the present. There is just too much to make fun of right now. What crazy kookoo weirdness this season has been, and we haven't even started! It just gets scarier and scarier. Where do we begin? They make it SO EASY!! But us here on The Open Fly staff would never, ever pander to your basic emotions and just rattle off the easiest way to skewer what is already a despicable situation in search for a desperate laugh just so we can be noticed: we'll leave that to Mark Lazarchic. We are striving for much more than that. We are here to make money!!!

Our editorial editor, Lucky, is proud to announce he has a contract in his hands right now. He hasn't signed it; he's been very busy. He'll get to it soon, though. This is no ordinary contract: It's the arrival of the act that will finally topple the financial stranglehold Puke and Snot have had on this Festival for too many decades. Imagine how many dollars would be saved if Jim didn't have to pay them \$4000 EACH PER DAY on the contract alone; you know some of that money would trickle down. And as sure as Reagan was once president, you would end up seeing some of it. We all would. That kind of cash would rent the entire Sim's Security workforce for a season, eh? We could all feel safe once again.

Ladies and Gentleman, allow us to introduce that act. The Sturdy Beggars (trademark) are coming to town! They

have a raucous Mud Show (yes, that is trademarked, also I'M SERIOUS THIS TIME) that has to be seen; no... witnessed; no... Experienced to be understood. It defies description, but we'll try: The Mud Show is a wonderful juxtapositioning of social mores which illuminates mans' foibles thus erupting their audiences into geysers of cathartic laughter. And it kicks some Puke and Snot ASS, we might add. They have 22 years in the business, and they are so tight that their butts squeak when they walk. The addition of two new pubs right next to the Mud Stage insures the success of this rowdy headlining act. And we also need to introduce the newest Sturdy Beggar: Lucky 13!! True enough, after perusing Jim Peterson's first offer to write a show from scratch, Lucky sensed a need, and quickly cemented a deal with the Sturdy Beggars first: they were unable (personnel - wise) to do this show without him. He then presented them to Jim as the only choice, and we reeled him in like a frisky shark on a Saturday afternoon in the Bahamas. Lucky approached things the way all good businessmen do things: surround yourself with people who are better than you. They make you look good. Contract without Sturdy Beggars = coupon books and comps. Contract WITH the Sturdy Beggars = RESPECT! Time to SELL OUT!!!

Until the Sturdy Beggars crank up sales of T- shirts, autographs, and a home version of the games, we are raising money the old fashioned way: earn it from you guys. Hey, it's a sound business practice, and it has worked in the past! We have decided to profit from all the outrage and disgust that has been generated when everyone found out Safety Services had been cut in size from a pit bull to a ferret, or when everyone figured out contracts were on hold until 7 days before Festival to facilitate signatures without reading it. Want to register with your disapproval, but hate to leave a voice message with Erin? Pretty sure the office people won't be forwarding your email or letter because they are too busy filling their prescriptions to keep sane? We have in our possession the phone number to Jim Peterson. No, we are not kidding. We'll say it again: through clever spy tactics and a secret mole planted in management, we have secured Jim Peterson's phone number. Do any of you want to register your displeasure, re-negotiate your contract, make fart noises, threaten the current attached condition of his genitals, or tell him you think he should quit doing drugs? What do you mean, all of you? We got the number, and it will only cost you \$5.00. What a deal. It will keep you busy for weeks. See us during the run.

If you are a Shakopee Jaycee, and are reading this, it is because your fine organization has contributed to the production costs of The Knight After, and we thank you all for being the people with the booze license who gave Sherry Roth money. They evidently have money just lying around to throw away, since they don't pay any of you. Thank you also to the fine babes who distribute it. You can rest assured we will have newsworthy tidbits that relate directly to the Jaycees, and we will try to leave out words like sh\*t, cunt, and jerk so you can maintain your wholesome family image. The heat you get for being a bunch of drunks is your problem. And if any of YOU would like Jim's number, your special discounted rate is \$4.00. And free beer for the mud show guys, all day long. It's ok now; MAF removed the previous "drinking" clause from entertainer contracts this year. Let's hear it - for those guys right there!

Continued on Page 6

*(Inspiration-continued from Page 3)*

THEY take ME off into that world of enchantment where I am the master that makes the grass green. Where the stars are sugar sprinkles, Mountains are giants, and trees can speak. It reshapes my world.

Am I excited about this year?? Hell yes. I am peeing myself with anticipation. I am going to ride an elephant, I am gonna play with kids, I am going to run around with the most talented people I have ever met. We are going to pull them out the mundane machine (even if for only a moment) like the grand wizards in mythology. Like the rest of you, I spend more than I make. But when a single person gets a memory that they will carry to the grave, I get paid in a way that money cannot touch. By the end of the festival, I am so bloody rich I could buy out Microsoft.

Please feel free to express dissatisfaction, after all, you have more than earned the right. There's bad with the good. It is all part of the yin and the yang.

Somewhere out there, there is a little girl (maybe even 50 years young) that no longer believes in magic. You are going to change that. You are brilliant freaks that I am honored to stand with. To quote my friend Dale, "I love you all; individually, and as a group."

*(Editor's Note: This letter was reprinted with permission from Renfest 101)*

*(The Open Fly-continued from Page 5)*

So, without further comment, let the games begin!

**Dear Open Fly:**

**Where's my contract?**

**Signed, Everyone**

**Dear Everyone:**

*Man, you guys are pushy!! As soon as they build and staff the new Mac's Pub, gut and remodel the Museum, construct the Secret Garden, write and cast the Gladiator show, hire a Queen, contract a King, replace the Royal Court, find a new Sheriff (optional), build new benches, grid the stages, conduct 2,341 auditions, fire the majority of Safety Services, AND bring in the best Mud Show in the country, they will get to you! In the meantime, we also need to announce third auditions are on October 5th, and you all can come in and sign your contracts on the fifth weekend. After we re-hire the Safety Services personnel, fix the Secret Garden, and get Erin darling some serious therapy.*

**WE ARE THE SURVIVORS**

**TIME FOR THE NEW ORDER, ROCK ON PEOPLE**

Thought of the day:

"Nullus cerebrum, nullus capitis dolor"

-motto of The Sturdy Beggars (trademark)



[www.faire-folk.com](http://www.faire-folk.com)



# In The Eye Of The Peacock

Image Courtesy Of



by William G. Verburg-Cunningham  
(Just another Peacock)

[www.faire-folk.com](http://www.faire-folk.com)

Greetings one and all from the Peacock Players and welcome to the 2001 Minnesota Renaissance Festival. We all are new and improved this year. Or maybe just old and improved. Either way we are improved. We, The Peacock Players would like to invite everyone to come and play with us. We are all just one big family after all aren't we? Just think of The Peacocks as those in-laws that have been around forever and that no one wants to talk about but are always fun at parties. And as for the list of those in our motley crew, here it is: Michelle Penna, Lori Baerg, Brad Roth, Sherry Roth, Rob Gilbertson, Donna Cunningham, Edwin Korte, William Verburg-Cunningham, Peter Buckholtz, Ron Brennan, Dayna Brennan, and last but not least the child props Devin Gilbertson and Cole Gilbertson. They are really good for wedging under doors and pulling wagons, wink wink nod nod nudge nudge say no more. Again we would like to invite everyone to come and play with us because we like playing with you, and yes this IS a family show. We are the Peacock Players and we are "Remaking the Renaissance in our own image!"

## Definition of Cats and Dogs

### What is a Cat?

- 1) Cats do what they want.
- 2) They rarely listen to you.
- 3) They're totally unpredictable.
- 4) They whine when they are not happy.
- 5) When you want to play, they want to be alone.
- 6) When you want to be alone, they want to play.
- 7) They expect you to cater to their every whim.
- 8) They're moody.
- 9) They leave hair everywhere.
- 10) They drive you nuts and cost an arm and a leg.

**Conclusion:** They're tiny little women in fur coats.

### What is a Dog?

- 1) Dogs lie around all day, sprawled on the most comfortable piece of furniture in the house.
- 2) They can hear a package of food opening half a block away, but don't hear you when you're in the same room.
- 3) They can look dumb and lovable all at the same time.
- 4) They growl when they are not happy.
- 5) When you want to play, they want to play.
- 6) When you want to be alone, they want to play.
- 7) They are great at begging.
- 8) They will love you forever if you rub their tummies.
- 9) They leave their toys everywhere.
- 10) They do disgusting things with their mouths and then try to give you a kiss.

**Conclusion:** They're tiny little men in fur coats.

## Weekend Theme August 18 & 19

### Mid-East Mirage



*Festivities include belly dancing lessons and competitions, authentic Arabian horse shows and a Bedouin village.*

## I've Learned

by Andy Rooney

That the best classroom in the world is at the feet of an elderly person.

*That when you're in love, it shows.*

That just one person saying to me, "You've made my day!" makes my day.

*That having a child fall asleep in your arms is one of the most peaceful feelings in the world.*

The Editor would like to thank the Shakopee Jaycees for their contribution to help support the cost of publishing The Knight After.