

the PRIVY COUNCILOR

September 18 -19 6th Weekend Articles found within this newsletter are only reprinted by Bondage Kitty. No Creative thoughts sprang forth from her muddled brain this week.



Live, right here, right now, on this Very Stage...

It's that time of year!

TALENT SHOW TIME!!! Here's the scoop: It's **TODAY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8TH**, (unless of course it's Sunday and you're just getting around to reading this) from **8:30pm - 11:30pm, at THE PAVILLION**. You can sign up in the Entertainment office (located above Bad Manor, check the back stairs). **Sign up between post cast call and 7:00pm**. Please include **your name**, the **name of the act**, and the **type of act**. (And sorry about the short notice, but you're all amazingly talented folks capable of brilliance at the slightest notice, so we're not worried.)



UNCLE SAM WANTS...YOU!

On **Sunday, September 26**, from **Noon - 4:30pm**, a representative from the State Tax Department will be at **GATE B**. Get your little feet over there!!

From the Short Woman in Black:
To All...YES! Damn, we're
Good!!



FIRE!

Putsina the Face Painter (Peddler 04) discovered the need for her fire extinguisher. The water bottle sitting on her table acted as a magnifying glass and started a fire on her table cloth a few weekends ago. The fire was put out without incident or major casualties.



"Short Woman In Black" AWARD to
Robin and Little John Show...BRAVO!

RICH & FAMOUS VISIT FESTIVAL!!!

How many of you had your Star Power Goggles on Second Weekend? The Festival was visited by Emilio Estevez of "Young Guns" and "Stakeout" fame. Did you get his autograph?



Warning to Participants

Do Not accept checks or credit cards from the following people:
Paul Reiser, Lee Edward Anderson,
Michael Bishop, Stephanie Rowlinson

What's left in the Costume Shoppe?

We still have limited sizes of China Flats and Boots. We recently acquired Language Tapes. *Trippingly on the Tongue* is finally IN. We still have limited numbers of cowls and hoods, **BUT** no capes.

On the 12th Day of Ren-Fest this Season dealt to me...

Twelve Drunken Patrons

Eleven Empty Kegs

Ten Sleepless Nights

Nine Endless Hangovers

Eight Days of Raining

Seven Tons of Mud

Six Defective Showers

Five Flooded Tents

Four Festering Wounds

Three Swollen Glands

Two Aching Feet

And One Wet Pair of Tights Chafing Me

by Stuart & Georganne

Gemini Glass



Geist Brown Geist Brown Geist Brown Geist Brown

Attention Crafters and Food Independants: Geist Brown Insurance Company is phasing out insuring for Festivals. If you are currently using them, you should begin looking eleswhere for your insurance Now.

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Where are We Going?

We've been Festival merchants for umpteen years in Minnesota. We have also had shops in Texas, Kansas, and Colorado for several years. None of these Festivals measured up to Minnesota when rated on organization, quality of entertainment, and quality of merchants. Up until 4 or 5 years ago, our Festival customers would comment often that this was a great place to get away from the cares and stress of today's world and, at least for a day, step back to a time when life was less complicated. The entertainment was directed to the whole family with an occasional innuendo inserted for spice that only the adults understood and appreciated. The merchants had shops filled with handcrafted anything you could want for the entire family. We hawked our wares in an unoffensive manner and generally had fun interacting with village characters and entertainers. Shopkeepers helped each other and there was a feeling of belonging and camaraderie. Each year we looked forward to renewing old friendships and another seven weekends of fun, hard work, and good sales.

Yet there are some almost imperceptible changes occurring here at the Festival. The following are some of my personal observations from over the years. Are these things slowly changing the Festival Atmosphere?

Once upon a time, it was common to see a merchant or an entertainer kiss the hand of a Festival visitor or comment on her beauty in a Shakespearian manner. Now it is not unusual to see visitors kissed on the lips and made the object of lewd and graphic comments.

Once upon a time, the belly dancers were the only Festival participants to wear revealing costumes that were tastefully worn. Now many entertainers and merchants, male and female, dress as though they're going to dance a stag or stage party. Does this help in their entertaining or merchandising? "I don't think so."

Once upon a time, the hawking of the merchants was fun to listen to and take part in. Now there is less hawking and more often merchants drag visitors into their shops. "Is their product and shop appearance not enough to draw the visitors in?"

Now, walking past the food areas is a deafening experience for instead of catchy verses, visitors are subjected to ear shattering yelling. It gives a new meaning to the term "canine barking."

Once upon a time, the entertainment was geared to the whole family. Now I see parents rushing their children away from some shows because they're no longer appropriate for young children. Things like these, unfortunately to the visitors, reflect on all of us who are doing our part to keep the Minnesota Festival from slipping away from what it started out to be.

GOOD FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT.

Signed,
A Concerned Merchant

P.S. Many Thanks to all the Festival characters, entertainers, and merchants who have clung to the belief that visitors are the most important part of the Festival and should be treated as such.

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ATTENDANCE FIGURES

Day	1992	1993
Day 1	15,682	7,102
Day 2	15,265	12,984
Day 3	22,723	23,494
Day 4	19,859	11,833
Day 5	21,963	23,406
Day 6	18,921	17,210
Day 7	16,670	24,930
Day 8	29,968	30,012
Day 9	10,025	19,643
Day 10	25,992	23,028
Day 11	12,941	21,368
Day 12		
Day 13		

Hall of Masters Exhibit Schedule

This weekend

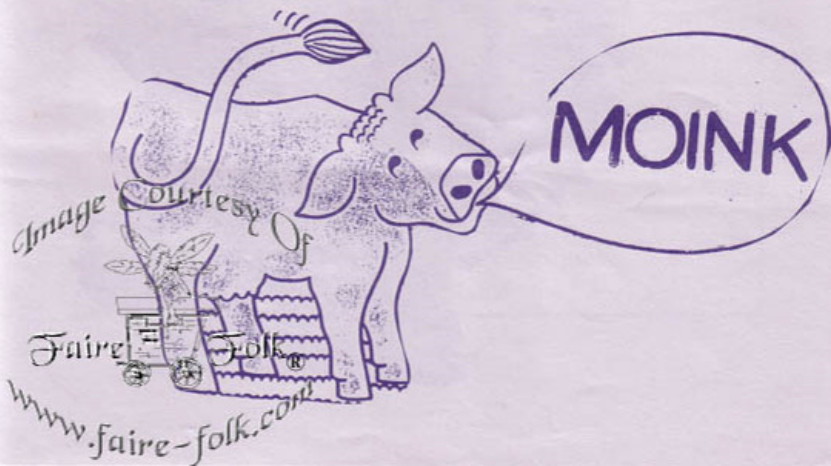
Sept. 18 - 19

Metals, musical instruments, paintings, potters, prints, and wallhangings

Sept. 25 - 26

Masters, Artisans, and Nominees to the Masters Program

And don't Forget...Pick up your displays on Sunday!



From a fellow participant...

All right, who was the moron...I mean MORON!!!
who put the chain letters on the participants' cars? Can
we say Stupid? Are you trying to bring bad luck to us -
eh? Let's think a little. How about next time put them
on cattle...I mean Patron cars.

BUS UPDATE..

Miss Julia must thank those awesome bus
greeters of Gate B for a super job last weekend.
A record 45 busses were welcomed by your
bright, shiny faces on September 11th. Get
ready for an even bigger weekend coming up!

Craft Shops for Sale

#133	Jeff Kidder
#134-A	Sue Sigurdson
#829	Lance Campbell



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Confessions of a Costume Not See

It was a dreary, near dark morning, south of a Pavillion when I met them. He was dressed in the unmentionable tie-dye pseudo doublet purchased locally, his legs wrapped oh so carefully in a festoon of color - vivid blues, green, raspberry and teal. The skullhanging from his nose ring swung gently in the breeze. The pale light reflected on her magenta shoulder length hair, caught in the multi-pieced decor of her soft earlobe, and rested on the detached sleeves of the eyelet peasant blouse she'd chosen to wear a top her floral printed gauze skirt. Both walked quietly, their bare feet and ankles soft ajangle with chains and bells.

As we passed I caught her downward glance and his defiant stare. It spoke volumes. I thought back to the countless times I'd heard the familiar refrain. You know the one...If you have children or have been a child, the line is always the same. "So and so does it..." "But, I've done this for eons."

I thought about being professional, about the disruption of my early morning walk, about being young and then wanting to stay young, about growing up in the 60s and wanting to bleach my hair a wicked shade of blond, just to see if blonds did have more fun. I thought about the hassle of seeing and commenting, trying to improve the picture versus being a Costume Not see. I thought about the unkind words that have been repeated by a child to my eight year about what my job said I was supposed to do. I weighed it, and just for that morning, as the two passed closer, I opened my mouth with a smile in my eyes and said only one word. A word that for me, and perhaps for them also, spoke volumes. "Groovy." Later I thought, how sad that we all can't be the best at recreating history, for whatever it's worth. How sad that we all can't truly see, or not see, depending on the circumstance.

Six things you Must remember if you want to be part of a quality Historical Recreation:

Remove ALL modern jewelry!!!

Don't wear tie dye!

Wear Shoes that are appropriate, and Always for safety purposes wear shoes!

Always wear a hat!

Do NOT smoke or drink Costume!

Speak the King's English.

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Happy Big 5 - OH to June !!

Love, Bun Buns

Love and Romance does Not necessarily mean S & M!

Get your Ferret out of my skirt!



Confidential from JB to NJ...

In answer to your perplexing, mind-disturbing question of what one gets when a Shriner is crossed with a Girl Scout, my response would have to be the Following: A big winner at Mystic Lake who spends all his money on Samoas and Thin Mints.

DOMINIQUE

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