

3rd Weekend Issue

Minnesota Renaissance  
Festival  
press

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EDITORS

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Golly, Wallylook at all  
them Coke trucks!!



Gee, Beev,  
where are we going to put it?

Bonnie Jacobson  
Assistant Food and Beverage Director

Tim Streiff  
Commissary Coordinator

### HELP WANTED

Receptionist/General Office for busy,  
out-of-ordinary office. Experienced in  
multiple line phone system and dealing  
with public. Accurate 60 wpm typist,  
word processing helpful.

If you are an aggressive, quick learner  
with good organizational skills and the  
ability to work on your own under pressure,  
this is an unusual opportunity.

Written application only to Lois at Minn-  
esota Renaissance Festival, 3525 - 145th  
St. W., Shakopee, MN 55379.

No phone calls, Please.

### Job Opportunities

Fun Characters, a Twin Cities company  
specializing in children's entertainment,  
needs males to portray cartoon characters  
such as He-man, Superman, and clowns.  
These are paid positions and the only  
requirements are a reliable car and the  
ability to work with children.

To find out more call Debbie Mack at  
831-2683. Mary Kay Orman at [redacted] or  
Nina at [redacted].

Our cumulative attendance for the first two  
weekends is roughly 68,000. This weekend  
promises to be even better.

### ATTENDANCE FIGURES

Aug. 16	12,500
Aug. 17	17,000
Aug. 23	21,000
Aug. 24	18,000

Travelers Shop items are available to all  
participants at 10% discount. Show your  
I.D. and get 10% off.

### Deal of the Century

1984 & 1985 short sleeve T-shirts offered  
to you at an incredible bargain!!! Act  
now to receive these special prices!!!

- 1 - \$4.00
- 2 - \$7.00
- 3 - \$9.00

See Travlers Carts near Children's Play  
Village and the Celestial Circus.

To All Participants From Glenn Baird.

Results of our 1st two weekend polls  
shows our customers are very pleased.  
Written comments show one glaring  
gap and I feel it must be addressed.  
From the polls: "More Renaissance  
people should come up to you and joke  
around more"... "the people in costume  
are boring".

Please, we are here to entertain people  
and sell our wares. It is every costumed  
person's responsibility to interact more  
with our customers. Please don't be  
complacent and expect people to have fun,  
we all need to help if not make them  
enjoy their experience with our village.  
Talk more, Talk loud, Have fun with our  
customers. In the end we all win when we  
satisfy our customers.

Image Courtesy of



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#### Vandalism & Theft

In view of the recent rash of vandalism and theft in our village, I am compelled to inform you that anyone apprehended in the execution of said offences will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. If you become aware of any incidents of vandalism or theft please notify Safety Services or one of the Festival staff. Your cooperation would be most beneficial and appreciated.

#### SPECIAL NOTE

While we are on the subject, a big Thank You to all participants who have assisted Safety Services in various situations.

Thanks to all who assisted in the apprehension of the two counterfeit bill passers on Sunday. Case closed!

All participants are expected to be in costume at 9:00a.m. and remain in costume in their sales space until 7:00p.m.

Question: Why do the showers cost money?

Answer: They could not exist without an income.

Reason: The showers cost \$9,800 to build. The showers produce about \$100 per week, total income for the year approx. \$800. The cost of heating water, disposing of the sewer water and electricity is \$150 per week. The cost of building the showers will never be recovered and the operating cost is greater than the income. So the bottom line is, we are providing a service for your benefit not for our income.

To all Participants at the Camp ground. You are a great group, thanks and keep it up!

**FOOD**

**SPECIAL DEAL**  
J's Pizza has supplied the Blue Lion Tavern with 7" pizza's for your evening consumption. See The Rug at the BLT.

**Participant Food Books**  
Only a limited number are available each day. They are sold at Gate C from 6:30a.m. to 1:00p.m. and from 1:30 until the supply runs out at Gate B.

Breakfast will again be served at Bad Manor from 7:00-8:00, Sat., Sun., & Mon. Bacon, eggs, rolls, juice, and coffee for only \$2.00.

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## ENTERTAINMENT

- PLAY TO & WITH THE PATRON!!!! MORE NOISE!!!!
- This weekend marks the 3rd annual Morris Ale. Take no prisoners, Brook no Babble, wear no bells. Enjoy!!
- This weekend wears on a person. Pace yourself  
Take care of your health  
Get some good rest
- Read the Grid.

### PACKAGES AND MAIL

Mail will continue to be delivered to the Hall of Masters daily. The container has changed to a blue and white cooler to keep things waterproof.

On weekends the mail pile will be cleared and delivered by your area monitors. This will help in keeping things relatively current.

Packages will be delivered to the Site Office daily at 3 p.m. by Julie. If you are expecting a package, be at the Site Office to pick it up. Any packages not claimed at that time will be left there under lock and key, a note will be issued regarding said package, and you will have to arrange to pick it up with someone who has access to the Site Office.

Did you know that our customers expect all village participants to be hawking in costume and speaking the king's english.

### For Sale

20 ft. travel trailer, bathroom, shower, hot water, fridge, stove, and heater. Dishes, etc. included. Must sell by 4th weekend. See JoAnn Chase AKA Duchess of Bedford. Asking \$1,500.



### AN APPOLOGY TO

TO THE LADY LEFT LONELY IN THE LIGHT OF  
THE BLUE LION

'Tis only by misfortunes chance

I missed your beckon to romance  
Your audience I did abuse

by reading not the Royal News,  
If I had known or seen or heard

I surely would have sent you word

That I was elsewhere promise bound

and in this land could not be found,  
Had I been free of pledge that night

I would have stayed to see the sight

Of lips so red, of eyes so bright,

of golden locks by fire light,

I beg you to forgive my error

and realize that I do care

I shall be in the candle light

of the Lion Blue on the 30th night.

P.S. If you wish to end this game and find from whence these poems came then seek a message in your name where the Lion pours out sober bairn.

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Larry LaBonte  
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# CRAFTS

## Office Hours at Hall of Masters

9:30 - 10:30 Patrick Lewis  
5:30 - 6:30 Becky Stevens Kirby

If you have questions, problems, suggestions or good ideas, please come and see us.

Our apologies to Peter Potter whom we forgot to list as having a new shop. He sells pottery and built Shop 233 this year. Our congratulations and Huzzahs to him.

## Booths for Sale

#158½-159 20' x 30' space with upstairs and downstairs storage. Excellent floor plan and traffic flow. Great race track view, many extras. Asking \$6,000. See Gray and Gray Woodwrights.

#344-345 Double corner booth with storage loft. \$8,000. See Nann Miller

The Minnesota Craft Council and the State Department of Tourism are compiling a four-color brochure of Minnesota craftspeople. We are actively looking for quality Minnesota craftspeople outside the metro area. See Nann Miller, Booth 344, near Tree Top Stage for more information.

## HALL OF MASTERS EVENING PROGRAM

8:30 Saturdays

Aug. 30 - A Hawking Program given by Patrick Lewis and Steven Boyd, previous Hawking Award winners. Michael Phillips, a poet and writer of rhyming ditties and catchy phrases will lend his eloquence.

Sept. 6 - Marianne Johnson of the United Arts Council will speak on sales techniques and attracting and maintaining clientele.

Craftspeople: Grrrr!!! We've had a problem with a few shops not being staffed during all show hours. If you are late, leave early or are gone without good reason, you are in violation of your contract agreement with us (Grrrr!!!) The first time we give you a verbal reminder, the second time a written notice and the third time, you're out of the show. If you are leaving for a few minutes, please leave a sign (back in 10 min.). If there is an emergency, tell your neighbor and ask them to notify the monitor. Get word to us ahead of time if you know you'll be gone.

Each weekend we highlight a country as part of our Special Events. If you responded to our questionnaire that you have a craft that pertains to the Special Events country, we will place a Special Events Banner at your booth to let the public know that you are a Special Event. Pretty special, huh?



There was a flurry of activity as Isabella rushed into the courtyard. The body guard was assembling, strapping their swords and wheel-lock pistols into handy position. Attendants scurried over the yard fetching gear, waiting on guards and harnessing the nervous horses. The carriage was being readied for the journey.

"Remove the colors of the house," shouted Isabella. "We will not announce ourselves but go in secret." The guards, startled by the order, nevertheless removed their overvests and changed the colored blankets on their steeds. The instant all was ready, they departed. Isabella sat alone in the speeding carriage, anxious for what lay ahead. Disconnected thoughts raced through her mind — images of the newest manuscript in her collection, the growing political power of the Borgias' Popedom and their alliance with France — would their forces attack Milan? What was to become of the portrait? Would Lodovico ever sell her that manuscript with the intricate Celtic title page? Her husband's efforts at horse-breeding had indeed produced a fine strain of stallion. And the portrait, what would become of the portrait?

The carriage drew to a halt and she stepped down to the familiar doorway. Her guard went ahead, swords drawn and after quickly checking the studio, announced her arrival. As she entered the room, everyone bowed, not daring to look at her directly, waiting in anticipation for her command.

She first saw the portrait, as she had seen it so many times in the past. It was almost finished, yet something about it had changed. Yet there it was, its golden light reflecting every feature in her face. He had captured her perfectly, sitting with a beloved manuscript upon her lap, her head held high, her eyes sharp yet gentle and a soft smile betraying her feelings. It was as if he had framed a mirror that revealed not only her true self, but the hand of the artist as well; the two of them as one.

And then she saw him. His body was laid out upon the work table just behind the portrait. They had lifted him there, brushing aside the myriad sketches and studies, his body now resting in pools of paint, his hand still clutching a paint brush. There was no wound or sign of struggle, only a deadly stillness which was in such contrast to how she remembered his lively eyes, his wild intensity and quick wit. It was a quiet so final she felt her heart breaking.

"Arise," she commanded, holding back the sorrow.

The others in the room stood upright and saw her composed and in control, her tears discreetly held in abeyance. The housekeeper was nervous and frightened, wringing her hands in her apron while the two apprentices stood wide-eyed and still, trying not to look at each other. Only the priest remained calm, his hands folded in the fullness of his sleeves. "What has happened here?" she demanded of the housekeeper.

"He's dead," she said. "I found him, there, in front of your portrait. He was painting on it when I left. And when I came back, he was dead." Isabella stared hard at her.

"He likes to paint alone in his studio in the afternoon, as you know, my ladyship." The housekeeper bit her lip. "So I left him to go to my wash and then spent the evening at my sister's. When I came back he was... he was dead. I didn't know what to do. The boys returned just then and I sent one of them for a priest."

"And where were you?" Isabella directed her question to the two young apprentices.

They both began at once, stopped and then the older boy spoke. "We went to the stream on the north outskirts of town and followed it up the hillside to a ledge where there are special rocks that we collect for grinding into pigment. It makes a certain hue that the master likes and he sends us for it every month or so. We stopped on our way back to check the squirrel traps and found we'd caught a big one. I took it back to my family's for dinner and my mother cut the tail off for us. The master likes the tail fur for brushes. When we got back here, well, it's like she said. He was dead."

The other apprentice spoke up. "I was sent to get a priest and after I ran out the door, I saw this one here further down the road and ran after him. He came back with me to help us. And after looking at the master and pronouncing him dead, we all lifted his body onto the table. We had just asked the priest to say the last rights when you came."

"Yes, your ladyship," said the priest. "I am here to pray for the soul of our brother, Giovanni Altoviti."

At the sound of his name, she was struck with the finality of his death.

"Pray continue, Father," she said. "Administer the last rights and a Rosary for my sake." The priest began to recite the prayers in Latin, his voice intoning the words in a rhythmic, hypnotic fashion. As she walked towards the table, tears began quietly escaping from the corners of her eyes. He was dead. She looked at his face so dark and handsome, his black hair falling across his brow lay still and motionless. Beside him on the table were three books; Bransante's *Notes on Perspective*, a Bible which she had given him and a third book, which she had never seen before. She picked it up. "He keeps his notes in there," said one of the apprentices, "on his paintings and things he sees."

She carried it over to the chair where she had sat for many hours while he painted her portrait and sank into its familiarity, holding the book in her lap. It was his diary. She held it in her hands for a long while, not quite able to move, lost in her sadness. Without knowing how, she opened the diary to the first page and began to read.