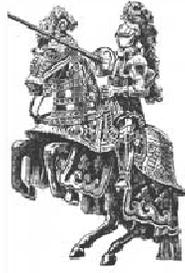


“News you won’t
hear from the
Kingdom”

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W T F ?

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Online: <http://www.trfwtf.com>

Our Weekly Source of
Must-Know Faire Gossip,
Opinion and Useless News

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THIS WEEK’S FEATURED TOPICS

HUBBA HUBBA HUBBA, MONEY MONEY MONEY; WHO DO YOU TRUST?

This article has been a long time coming, but we felt like it could not be put off any longer. To put it rather bluntly, TRF management has created a real credibility problem for itself. This is not intended to be a bash of TRF, but more of a plea for sanity. The subharmonic attitude of disregard for the vendors and participants has been getting steadily worse over the last three or four years, but given what we are hearing this year, has finally hit a sort of critical mass where more people are going vocal about it. In all fairness, yes, the upgrades of the grounds have been quite exhilarating to see. But there is a dark side to the money being spent and the move away from “renaissance festival” and towards full tilt “commercial theme park”. It just may have gone too far. We hinted at this in the first issue, but two weekends of observation have confirmed it. The recent, alarming orgy of spending and the blatant expressions of commercialism that have accompanied it has created a toxic atmosphere that used to be just a bane of the vendors, but is now becoming evident to the patrons, as well. It is a classic case of haves vs have-nots. Simply put, the faire now looks too big, too rich, too contrived and too fake for the time period depicted.

We’re sure you have noticed it. It is evident in the in-your-face corporate sponsorships. It is evident in the declining emphasis on tradition, in both conduct seen and merchandise offered. It is evident in the obviously and ridiculously inflated attendance numbers claimed by TRF. It is evident in the visible and almost meth-driven sense of urgency and desperation among some old-school vendors that are struggling to “make their numbers” so they can continue to just be here, much less make a living. In fact, the general sense now is that the only one making the living on these hallowed grounds is the corporate entity that is TRF.

Is that why TRF exists now? To continue feeding the growth of the regime at the expense of the struggling people that should be the heart, soul and attraction of this renfaire? And the worst part is that the decisions and decrees appear to be handed down from the gods of Olympus without so much as a token attempt at assimilating input or understanding the viewpoint of the vendors and other participants.

You know, as much as we love TRF, there is another faire within easy driving distance that some of us volunteer

for, that values their patrons and participants so much that they actually have gatherings several times a year just so participants and patrons alike, can reconvene and reinforce themselves. It is such traditional renfaire community that there are no “outsiders” there. People go to these events because they want to and without expecting to bear the burden of preprogrammed commercialism. They go to help improve and strengthen “their” faire and the resulting sense of involvement and sense of ownership this achieves throws the business model of TRF into such stark contrast that it is impossible to disregard. Need more convincing? A recent example can be found in the rebroadcast of the long-standing prohibition of TRF participants from even visiting the patron campgrounds to mingle with friends and family. How illogical. How utterly ludicrous. In order to be successful for more than just the chosen ones, a renaissance festival has to be more than a genetic splice of Disney World and Wal*Mart, with some artificial flavoring and a dash of the GOP agenda thrown in. It has to be about the people. All the people.

We’re not saying TRF can’t do what they want with their money, of course they can. What we’re saying is that when your values change to accommodate your love of money, you risk leaving many of your old friends behind. A reader recently reminded us that King George (blessings and peace be upon him) once said, “Manifest me into reality!” We long for the days when this described TRF perfectly.

Maybe all this new commercialism is the look that the owners and financiers of TRF are shooting for. If so, then we can all take off our hats and bow our heads for a moment of silence in memory of when TRF was for the people as much as for the corporation. If not, then TRF management should make their next improvement campaign focus on repairing the relationship of TRF with it’s participants and vendors - and yes, many of it’s longtime patrons, too. This is what we would really like to see. The old TRF community gestalt with the new TRF business acumen would be unstoppable.

EXIT... STAGE RIGHT

We would like to extend copious thanks to whoever decided to leave the Greenhouse Gate open after 4:30. We are also fairly sure there are a bunch of patron campers in the Fields of Whatever-It-Is that won’t have to fight for a share of the exit that thank you too.

ENTERTAINING PATRON SHENANIGANS

What a relief the weather gifted us with this past weekend! It was literally a breath of fresh air, or at least cooler air. However, it did not stop some of our honored guests from indulging in idiocy and skullduggery. Fortunately it wasn't as bad last weekend as we have seen in the past.

There was the usual Parade of Lost Kids™ (hmmm, wonder if we could actually trademark that? It gets used so much here...), and above average incidences of people locked out of their cars. We sat around and burned a few clock cycles trying to decide if the increase in lockouts was due to an aging patronage, or increased beer consumption on the drive in, but the results were inconclusive and the issue was tabled. However, the undisputed crowning achievement of the weekend was presented on Sunday morning when a driver that apparently stopped drinking around dawn managed to fly his otherwise rolling conveyance far enough to land on a gas main out in id10t camping. No gas escaped (at least not from the beseiged pipe, anyway) during removal of the offending vehicle and patron, and nobody was ever in any danger.

The return of nice weather also triggered the return of the Order of Devout Users of Cannabis, who apparently had some sort of religious gathering in the Faerie Swamp on Sunday afternoon. The fragrant emanations from that area scented most of the southern end of the grounds for several hours. Also, there was reportedly a house fire somewhere in Todd Mission on Saturday night. If anyone has any info on that, please drop us an email.

HEY GEORGE...

So, you want to
stay open later?

NO!

DOES THIS STILL HURT? HOW ABOUT THIS?

We continue to hear from the email box and chatter around the grounds that the contracted EMTs are still not winning any awards or generating a lot of confidence. In most cases they do okay, but there are still disturbing reports that EMTs continue to present a lackadaisical attitude, or worse, are failing to show up at all on occasion when a call goes out for medical assistance. This was brought up last year after a miserable failure to assist a participant was revealed by this publication. It appears that the problems still haven't been adequately addressed by TRF management. We will continue to keep our attention on this issue and report any new developments.

I SPY WIFI

Information was received in the TRF(WTF?) email box in response to our bit in the last issue about cell phones and wifi:

"MIL has provided WIFI services to our guests around our shops since last year, which covers most of the area inside the front gate, the front of Dragonslayer, the new gazebo, over to our shops (Pavilion(201), Rose-N-Thistle(200), Indulgences(274), and Honey Lodge(273), as well as around Noble House(16) and part of Globe Stage. Of course this isn't an official WIFI hotspot, and we won't guarantee it's availability, but we did/do have some vendors use it along with the patrons of our shops. The SSID is MIL-HOTSPOT, which [was] changed from last year to make it easier to identify. Of course, we use it with a splash screen to help promote our shops."

We offer thanks and gratitude to these great folks for their generosity and for caring. Not every vendor has the time or money for a hardwired internet connection just for point of sale purposes.

HAPPY HALLOWEEN FROM TRF(WTF?)!



TRF NIPPLE INDEX™ FORECAST

- Oct 26th - AM: 4.0 NOON: 2.9 PM: 5.0
- Oct 27st - AM: 4.8 NOON: 1.0 PM: 2.3

**HEY, WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED READING,
PASS THIS NEWSLETTER ON TO A FRIEND!**

See you next week!