

COPIOUS TIMES

A PERFORMER'S

NEWSLETTER



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Image Courtesy Of

IT'S LOVE AND ROMANCE WEEKEND!!



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And the **C O P I O U S**
T I M E S asks, "Have
you had your shots
yet?"

Side effect of
poison robs
Sheriff of sexual
prowess. Sheep
relieved!!! p. 23

Sex starved
sailors descend
on village after
year at sea. No one
notices!!! p. 47

Report from the Wenches

by Wenches 'R Us

Well it's Love and Romance weekend and we wenches are ready and more than willing. The action this year as been fair to partly cloudy. They just don't make men like they used to. But this weekend promises to bring them out of the woodwork. As for action: wooing is tame. Look for marathon sessions of tights checking and bodice adjustments. Of course the regular season games of Hide the Salami and Connect the Dots will continue. As usual most of the activity will be after last cannon. Fear not! Wenches 'R Us will be ready!



WOMAN COURTS FISH!
RATES HIM A 9 ON SCALES
OF 1 TO 10!!

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Advice for the Lovelorn from Mother Superior

Dear Mom:

Lately I seem to have trouble attracting the attention of the opposite sex. No matter what I do they just seem to stay away. What should I change?

Bewildered

Dear Bewildered:

First of all, since you didn't specify which sex you are I'm as bewildered as you. As for what you should change: have you tried your underwear? There's nothing worse than cooties when you're getting romantic.

MOM

Dear Mom:

I love men! They're the greatest invention since running water. But although I can keep them for one night, it seems they never want to come back.

Alone and Blue

Dear Blue:

See the advice in the previous letter. As for keeping men, why bother? Variety is the spice of life. Just remember which spices you are allergic to.

MOM

WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE OR Etc!

WANTED!

Seasoned players of Hide the Salami for play-offs. Bring resume and pictures to All The Way Inn. Apply in person only.

WANTED!

Massage oil. Must be non-flammable. Flavors a plus. See Slick.

REWARD!

To anyone permanently losing the antidote for the Sheriff. Will pay in wool. See Baa-Baa.

LOST!

LITTLE BLACK BOOK

Handsome reward for return. Bring to back door of Summer Palace. See Henry personally.

PERSONALS

POOKIE

At least in your bodycast I can keep hold of you. Have prescription from your Doctor. Let's try it Sunday night.

Smoochie

SWEET POTATO

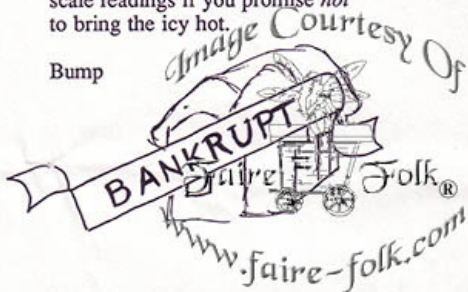
10G's is OK but was thinking 'round the world would be more fun.

Swinger

ARMCHAIR

Will promise to lower Richter scale readings if you promise *not* to bring the icy hot.

Bump



WITCHWOOD DECLARES CHAPTER 11

A reliable source has reported Witchwood Inc., a not-for-very-long-corporation, has filed for Chapter 11 protection, citing bench relocation losses as a major drain on meager resources. An auction of all convertible Witchwood Inc. assets will be held September 28, 1992 at Bad Manor. Watch for new turkey leg booth next year in Witchwood's former location.

by Anonymous Donor

SING ALONG WITHOUT PITCH!!

And now it's time for that favorite activity at Festival: the sing-along. Each week we will try to type up the words for another folk version of one of Festival's favorite songs. This week: CAVIAR COMES FROM A VIRGIN STURGEON. (And you thought we'd never get to it!) Next Week: Who Knows??

CAVIAR COMES FROM A VIRGIN STURGEON

CHORUS

Caviar comes from a virgin
sturgeon
A virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish
Virgin sturgeon needs no urging
That's why caviar is my dish.

I fed caviar to my Grandpa
He's a spritely ninety-three
Yesterday he broke his ankle
Chasing Grandma up a tree.

CHORUS

I fed caviar to my uncle
He's been sterile all his life
Now he has thirty-seven children
Thank the lord I'm not his wife.

CHORUS

I fed caviar to my hound dog
My old hound dog's name is Greg
Now he acts just like a puppy
He won't let go of my leg.

CHORUS

I fed caviar to the Vicar
He's deprived of earthly joys
Now he's in an institution
For molesting little boys.

This is the official set of verses. Of course, it being the kind of song that it is (where everybody makes up verses as they go along) there are probably several others floating around that we as editors don't know about. Teach them to each other. To inspire you, here are two verses that were written as recently as last season.

I fed caviar to the Sheriff.
All the roe that he could keep.
Now there's panic in the kingdom
Not the women, but the sheep.

CHORUS

I fed caviar to Mama Zola.
Her best years were long ago.
Now she chases men all over
Just to hear them answer, "NO!"

And now for a special treat, for those of you who missed the traditional focus on Morris and his men and women Labor Day weekend. I have a submission from a Morris man who happens to work in the same building as the editors. Here it is. It doesn't have a title but enjoy it anyway.

Here at Ren-Fest, we do our
best,
We dancers of the Morris,
To walk around without a
sound
When music stands before us.
But still they glare, they pout,
and stare
With condemnation stinging.
Don't reprimand. Please
understand:
How can we keep from ringing

The bagpipes play so it's okay.
They're louder than a banshee.
Now softly tread, harpist ahead.
She can't play louder, can she?
That lutenist looks really
pissed.

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Although he's just restringing.
 What can we do? He knows it's
 true:
 How can we keep from ringing?

I'm sorry ma'm. I truly am.
 I'll do what's in my power:
 I'll walk real slow,
 rock heel to toe,
 At fif-teen feet per
 hou - r,
 And try hard not to drown out
 what
 You seem to think is "singing."
 So just relax, put down that
 axe.
 How can I keep from ringing?

TOM BAXTER
 (To be sung to the "Apprentice" song
 from Pirates of Penzance.)



MAMA ZOLA GETS NEW
 LOVE INTEREST!!



CHURCH
 APPROVED COURTING
 DISTANCE!! (as
 demonstrated by an
 Irishman and a young lass)

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

COMING SOON TO A
 BOOKSTORE NEAR YOU:

"I Was a Teen-Age
 Sheep Slut"

Hurry i get
 yours today!

Courtesy of Allia Baa-Baa
 She names names...and
 quotes sizes!!!

Watch for it in
 bookstores near
 you!!!

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

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"Unsaddled, unbridled"
 Gene Siskel

COMICS PAGE

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The editors, Mac and Tosh, would like to encourage anyone eager or crazy enough to want an article, idea, song, or artwork published in this paper, please send them to:

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THANKS!!

Postscript #1: In a family argument - if it turns out you're right, apologize at once.