

# The Group Grope

Masturbate your mind (Somebody's got to do it)

Volume 1, Issue 2

February 1996

69¢ pickup or delivery

*Justinquery. . . Front Page Musings*

## Masturbating My Metaphors and Arousing All Allegories

by Justin Smith

Without any question, one of the events from this year past that has left an indelible mark on my soul was an evening down at Alvin's Grille, circa Valentines Day, 1995. Please bequeath me the pleasure in allowing me to elaborate. Yes, the event that shook the very foundation of my schizophrenic being ("rocked my world" as a few would put it) was EROTIC POETRY night at Alvin's. As regular as Rosanne after a prune sundae, the event is annually upon us again this February 10, 1996, Saturday.

Last year's momentous happening commenced in grand style with a few readings from some frightful, trench coat-clad gents sporting pubescent moustaches while possessing the aura of come-hither-I-have-something-to-show-you. In spite of the disconcerting beginning of the spectacle, the evening's poetry did contain some wonderfully read poetry for those of the super-charged sexual ilk; indeed, many of the readings left this columnist slack-jawed and possessing a fear of unwelcome bodily intrusions.

At evening's end, all experienced the ethereal extravaganza as presented by the "musical group" known popularly (ahem) as the Demolition Dollrods. The members comprised two LSD indulgent, C-cupped females with duct tape masking their nipples and an androgynous, Edgar Winter look-alike bassist. To appeal to those of us with an appreciation for deliberately obscuring the line between food and sex, the players wore bananas around their labial region and encrusted their bosoms with grapes. The optically-challenged, tempo-disregarding drummer was particularly entertaining. The singer tossed one of her crotch bananas at me, clocking me in the head and thereby leaving banana slugs on and about me. Unremorseful, she exclaimed for all to hear, "YOU'RE LUCKY IT WASN'T MY DILDO!" Truer truths were never before spoken.

*Contact Justin for more information about joining us for this annual Group outing.*

## Luge Anyone?

*Group Grope news dispatch. . .*

You've seen it on the Olympics. . . now you can try it too! We're going lugging at Muskegon State Park on Saturday, February 17.

The outing begins at Ellen Bristol's new place in Grand Rapids. (She knew she'd find something to get you to visit). From Ellen's the group will head to the park and one of only three luge tracks in North America.

We'll race down a 142 foot track on sleds that you control with leg pressure! Sounds like fun, eh?

Cost is \$15 for adults on the lower track. (Unless you've lugged before and can prove it, the park requires that you start here.) For the fee, you get instruction, a helmet, and a sled. And don't forget. . . when you pay your \$15 you'll also have to show proof of health insurance.

If lugging is not your style, you can still have fun at the park on ski trails, ice skating rinks and more.

Park hours are from 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., so plan an early start. Call Ellen at (616-942-1111) to make plans. Lugers and all others are welcome to spend the night Friday &/or Saturday.

### Important Note:

Do we have your correct phone number(s) and address(es)? (Snail mail and e-mail?)

The Group Directory will only include what we have on file. . . so please get us your information if you want it included. Especially you lazy bums who subscribed but failed to complete our little info sheet.

*Thanks*

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## March Grope to include Group Directory

by Christopher Ozdarski

When we came up with the idea for a monthly newsletter, we had many goals. One of the goals was to make it easier to get people together for social occasions. *Inform the masses about events via The Grope and they will come.* But let's face it. Some of our best groping opportunities are difficult to plan a month in advance. Wouldn't it be nice if you had a list of everyone and how to contact them so that an evening out can be thrown together at the last minute?

Now, I know it's not convenient to call fifty people to let them know you're getting a group together to catch a movie. But a one

page quick-scan list of the group would sure make it easier to plan last minute outings. Even the small ones. So, since many people already call me when they need a phone number, I thought I'd just publish a list.

The Directory will include phone numbers, mailing addresses and e-mail addresses. I'll do my best to be as complete as possible. But *I got what I've got.*

If there are any questions about the directory - give me a call. Otherwise, I hope you will all take full advantage of this informative tool when planning your next night on the town.

## The Astrological Connection

by Mary Ann the Mystic

For February 1996

**ARIES** (March 21 - April 19) Take a trip to someplace warm. Try Hawaii, I hear Wannalayou is nice. Beware of the chicken missing a leg. Best Sex: 2/4; 2/19 & 2/24.

**TAURUS** (April 20 - May 20) Be sure you are on your best behavior. Law enforcement is watching. Don't worry if your bad though, maybe you will be given early probation. Best Sex: After being celibate.

**GEMINI** (May 21 - June 21) Do your laundry this month. Be sure to use a clean butter knife. Be extra sociable this month by reading your exotic poetry out loud. If you don't like doing it alone, find a partner. Keep the PDA's to a minimum. Best Sex: In a public place.

**CANCER** (June 22 - July 21) Love is oozing out of your every orifice. Remember to keep the Public Displays of Affection to a minimum or people will say "I liked you better when you weren't getting any." Best Sex: 2/30.

**LEO** (July 22 - Aug. 22) Your vision quest has only just begun. Let yourself go with your most sensual fantasy. Remember to

always ask "What kind of sauce is that." Best Sex: Well in the month of romance. . . 2/1, 2/2, 2/3, 2/4, 2/5, 2/6, 2/7, 2/8, 2/9, 2/10, 2/11, 2/12, 2/13, 2/14, 2/15, 2/16, 2/17, 2/18, 2/19, 2/20, 2/21, 2/22, 2/23, 2/24, 2/25, 2/26, 2/27, 2/28 & 2/29.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22) Well here is your chance. There is an extra day this month for wooing. So woo away and don't quit wooing. If you are lucky maybe someone will calculate your boom. Best Sex: After continuous wooing.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 - Oct. 23) Whatever you do, don't try having sex while wearing a "Breathe Right." It will make you sound like a porno star. Best Sex: When you sound like a porno star.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 - Nov. 21) Always remember. . . a picture is worth 1,000 words. And quit saying you were only playing leap frog. We all know what you were doing. But I must say you would probably enjoy it more if you and your partner switched positions. Best Sex: While playing leap frog.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21) Don't worry if you look down and notice that your pubic hair is turning gray. It was bound to happen sometime. Besides, if it bothers you that much - dye it. Best Sex: Without gray pubes.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19) You must be extra circumspect this month or you will be saying those words you swore would never exit your lips: "I have fallen and I can't get up." Best Sex: When you can get it up.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18) It is time for you and your sweetheart to get away for a while. Last month was more stressful than you thought. Try the "No-Tell Motel" because they will leave the light on by the hour. Best Sex: At the No-Tell, Motel.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 - March 20) Since everyone knows "You love them," take some time for yourself. Don't feel guilty about already breaking those New Year's resolutions. Get plenty of exercise this month. Remember, sex is a form of exercise. Best Sex: While exercising with someone special.

## How Well Do You Know Your Fellow Group Members?

by John Morand

How many times have you stumbled in after a date; embarrassed, ashamed, disgusted, or maybe even bloody? Everything started out with such promise, only to have it thrown back into your face like last weeks garbage. I know I've had a few dates go sour. Hell, I've had whole relationships leave a vile taste in my mouth. I really think that it's a necessary, albeit unpleasant, part of growing up. To look back at some of these disasters and smile, or even laugh at yourself, is a real sign of. . . something. I'm not sure what, but it's something. Anyway, since just about everyone I know has had some sort of dating/relationship mishap, I thought I would play a little game. See how well you know your fellow groppers/gropees by matching the numbered quotes with the following names. Good Luck!

(Answers are on page 7.)

- Paul Marquis
- Barb Sierp
- Dave Messina
- John Flynn
- Bob Sherman
- Matt Dosmann
- Justin Smith
- Kryz Pesta
- Chris Ozdarski
- Mary Ann Trapp
- John Morand
- Ellen Bristol
- Dianne Lee
- Mary Beth Pauline

1. "I knew there wouldn't be another date when she said 'Got to go, the kids waiting in the car'."
2. "When she kissed me good night, she kissed me so hard my tongue bled."
3. "He wouldn't ask me for my phone number, and I wondered what was wrong with him."
4. Was once told "I should have killed you when I had the chance!"
5. Worst relationship included witnessing "several psychotic episodes, and occasionally being the target of them."
6. "She was a two bagger who called 20 minutes after our date to tell me I was hard to read and to ask how I thought the date had gone."
7. Was once told that "Kissing you was like kissing my brother."
8. "My Valentine's Day date gave 'taking the plunge a new meaning when he presented me with a toilet plunger and said 'Everyone ought to have one'."
9. "I dated a guy for 3 months before I found out that he had a 5 year old kid."
10. "When I was dancing with my girlfriend's mom, she nibbled on my ear and grabbed my genitals!"
11. "The first time we made love, we ended up spending the night in the hospital trying to stop the bleeding."
12. "My boyfriend's mother told him in front of me that maybe he could meet a nice girl at a church social."
13. "During the course of our first date, he urinated in front of me twice and kissed another guy at the gay bar he had taken me to."
14. "I can't choose between the arsonist or the James Dean guy with 3 tattoos and 3 earrings."

**LATE BREAKING NEWS  
FOR JANUARY 1996. . .**

Sun., Jan. 28:

**SUPER BOWL @ FLYNN's**

Since he was fool enough to mention that he was considering having people over to watch the Super Bowl, John Flynn has been nominated for (and has accepted) the honor of providing his humble quarters for this popular groping opportunity. Contact John at (810) [redacted] to RSVP so that he knows how many pizzas to order. (As always. . . this event is BYOB.)

**Event Information**



**Sat., Feb. 3:** Groundhog Day Football Classic. Rain, snow, or shine. Sponsored by Nike. 'Just Hog It.' Winter football game at Kenwood Park in Royal Oak. (By Mary Ann's house.) 2:00 p.m. *sharp*. . . and don't wuss out. Bring your machismo. Contact Justin at (810) [redacted].

**Wed., Feb. 7:** This woman I met at a pancake house (Liz) told me about this happy hour thing from 6:00 to 8:00 at Big Fish II. \$3 for munchies galore. Cash bar. Sounds like fun. I'll go if you go. Call me - *Christopher*.

**Sat., Feb. 10:** Group Outing to Alvin's Twilight Bar & Finer Delicatessen for Detroit's 9th Annual Erotic Poetry Festival. This year's festival features *BOOTSIX* and *The Lovemasters*. Justin Smith is coordinating this groping opportunity, so give him a call at (810) [redacted].

**Sat., Feb. 17:** Road trip to Grand Rapids for an 'all-nighter' at Ellen's place. (With hope, nobody will come down with a sudden case of the stomach flu during charades.) Saturday entertainment will include a side trip to Muskegon State Park for some thrill seeking on the Olympic-size luge run. Contact Ellen at (616) [redacted] for more information. See related article on page 1.

**February 1996 Groping Opportunities**

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1	2  Groundhog Day	3 Groundhog Day Football Classic (Contact Justin)
4 Full moon!	5 Linda Dimmer's Birthday (1967)	6	7 Single's Happy Hour at Big Fish II (14 & Stephenson)	8	9	10 Erotic Poetry Festival @ Alvin's (Contact Justin)
11	12  Lincoln's Birthday	13	14  Valentine's Day	15	16	17 Gathering @ Ellen's (Luge Anyone?)
18	19	20	21	22  Washington's Birthday	23	24
25 Christopher Ozdarski's Birthday (1965)	26	27	28	29		



*In honor of Valentine's Day,  
The Group Grope is proud to present  
this special collection of poetry.  
Enjoy.*



**First Poem**

*by Bob Sherman*

A plan  
for a long scan.

Three red roses,  
for chinses and noses.

What is the time?  
Or is that a crime?

A random mind.  
A great find.

A lovely smell.  
Be my Belle.

Left or right,  
with all my might.

East or west,  
at the crest.

Let me exclaim  
the words I proclaim.

I love you.



**Wedding in the Heavens**

*by John P. Morand*

There's a wedding in the heavens  
it's the gossip of the skies  
Young Neptune - the lucky groom  
Venus - the heavenly prize

There's a wedding in the heavens  
It will be a big affair  
Celestial stars in that book of blue  
will make their debut there

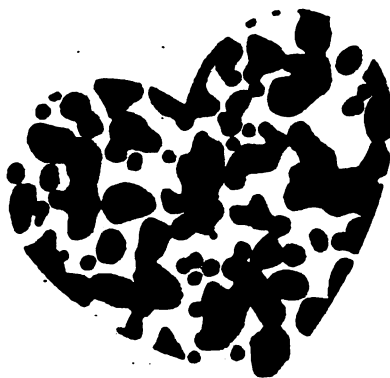
They'll be dancing and romancing  
along the milky way  
Thunder clouds will roll with song  
shooting stars will swing and sway

There's a wedding in the heavens  
now you ask me how I know  
Old man moon wears a face of June  
as I stand here in a blanket of snow

**The Key**

*by Christopher Ozdarski*

Come.  
Come be with me.  
For I am alone and trapped.  
You have the key.  
Use it. Set me free.  
And forever yours I will be.



**A poem for lost love**

*(anonymous)*

I would like to see you float  
in an endless river of shit  
I want to watch you choke  
on your own frothy, bloody spit  
How did I ever treasure those lips?  
when the thought of you nearly makes me get sick

**untitled**

*by Dianne Lee*

Eyes of azure pierce through me  
Do they see my heart, lonely?  
Am I foolish to deny  
Stirrings of passion and desire.  
Will he notice my passive advance  
or will I go unnoticed,  
like a wallflower at a dance.

***The Sensuous Ride***

*by Mary Ann Trapp*

It starts with a small quiver  
and the sensation continues to grow.  
From my inner core it travels  
to my fingers and my toes.  
The intensity increases and my heart skips a beat.  
The rhythmic throbbing becoming louder  
and the vibrations feel so sweet.  
Enjoy the moment and let yourself go  
for the ride of sensuality  
on a train you really love and know.

***untitled***

*(anonymous)*

Love unreturned is not necessarily unrewarded.  
You would run if you knew how much I care.  
So for now, I have a secret  
in your friendship and smiles.  
When you laugh, when your face lights up  
with child-like delight -  
When you call with your latest news  
or even troubles,  
I am rewarded.  
And mostly, when I call you my friend  
and you call me yours, I know  
that love unreturned is often rewarded.

***untitled***

*by Mary Ann Trapp*

The night was brightened  
as the smile came across his face.  
I was warmed by his closeness  
as I listened to the sincerity of his words.  
Calmness overcame my soul  
as I looked into his eyes.  
I shuddered as his passionate fingers swept down my cheek;  
feeling the hotness of his breath on my neck, so sweet.  
Someone tell my heart to beware  
because it is starting to really care.

***The Train***

*by Christopher Ozdarski*

Do you hear that whistle blowing?  
Do you hear the clackity clack?  
Train's coming.  
  
Rain or shine, through all kinds of weather.  
The engineer knows when to speed up,  
and when to pull back.  
Train's coming.  
  
The train and engineer know where they are going.  
Amazing. How they work together.  
Hear the rhythm?  
The sound alone is like an aphrodisiac.  
Train's coming.  
  
I stare out the window, the full moon is glowing.  
One head is heavy, the other - light as a feather.  
How can I sleep when satisfaction is what I lack?  
I hear a train coming.  
Lucky train.

***Rock Fortress***

*by Dianne Lee*

Children scurrying on the gentle shore,  
building dreams with soggy sand.  
Each grain carefully molded,  
as if to last a life time.  
Each creation treasured and shown with pride,  
to be only washed away with the ebbing tide.  
  
I see myself, a castle of crystals,  
not I day goes by that I don't grow.  
Painstakingly shaped to form a person,  
smoothing my rough edges.  
Brushing away the crumbs of insecurity.  
Constantly battling the pounding waters,  
to arrive as a survivor on the shore of life.

*More vehement verses  
on page 6.*

*Valentine Messages. . .*

To Cocoon Boy,  
 "I like you because, because, because. . .  
 I forget why I like you, but I do. So  
 many reasons!" Happy Valentine's Day!  
 Love always,  
 Shmoopie

Christopher,  
 Whoo whooo.  
 Mary Ann

Justin,  
 The womans. . . they just don't seem to  
 understand.  
 anonymous

R.,  
 Let's meet at M. A.'s.  
 Hugs and Kisses,  
 E.

Bob,  
 Will you father my children?  
 (Just about all of the  
 women in the group.)

Heidi,  
 I don't like doing it alone either.  
 anonymous

John F.,  
 We love your 'Flynnage.'  
 Some Female Groppers

Ron and Linda,  
 Hope you're not too worn-out to enjoy  
 a little *action* on Valentine's Day.  
 The Group

To all of our Group Grope poets,  
 We may not be the *Shakespeare's*  
 of our generation just yet, but we're  
 working on it.  
 HVD  
 The Editors.

*exiled*

by Justin

Cast from you, castrates me within.  
 Your liberation is my evisceration.  
 Captive in the illusion so meticulously forged,  
 all that was subtle I thought was majestic,  
 you have left me spiralling as the  
 Dead Fish meets its fate of Shit and Piss.

Pure white, now gray; serene black, now is gray.  
 My waking hour is always seemingly met  
 by this dull gray, unsobering fluorescent  
 Morning.  
 You knew how to play me and the song now  
 heard is void of the love notes;  
 Loneliness, introspection and blame crescendos  
 in my imperfect pathetic symphony.

All within is full of confused cacophony and seared flesh.  
 My last good sex was with myself and a  
 Dusty Fantasy.  
 Exiled from what I knew was sanctuary,  
 a dungeon of captive passion shall be my resting place.  
 And in me, I finally realize how I hate this place,  
 the spent illusion, the fucking opiate that was us.

The rediscovery of sanctuary lies ahead.  
 And the trip there will be longer than the first one;  
 its Deliverance shall be real.  
 My savior is the undeniable desire  
 that is captive within and the conviction that the  
 destination of shared emotion is a place  
 I'd like to be.



**Do you know someone who  
 might enjoy a subscription  
 to The Grope?  
 Let us know.  
 We are always looking for  
 ways to expand the gene  
 pool of The Group.**

*Love*

by John P. Morand

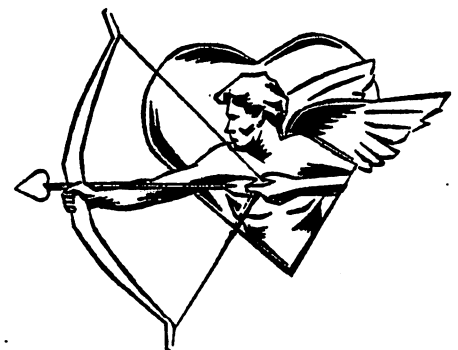
in a night with winds cool and soft  
 the moon is bright, the stars aloft  
 two figures lay in the shadowy grass  
 the contented pale man and the beautiful lass  
 the man sits up and watches the skies  
 the maiden in his lap settles in and sighs  
 excited with change, they do not always see  
 how truly blessed their love is and always will be  
 like a looking glass of crystal through which we see  
 the perfect image of us, or you, or of me  
 the couple just sits, content and secure  
 absorbed in their love, so good and so pure  
 the cool wind is soothing as it whistles and blows  
 the man's head on her lips, as soft as a rose  
 a caress on the cheek, a look in her eyes  
 his arms engulf her as she contentedly lies  
 a kiss on the lips, sweet as honey soft dew  
 to the man's experienced mind, these feelings are new  
 he softly embraces his beautiful lover  
 he bends down and kisses, resting above her  
 she smiles between kisses and holds to him fast  
 for she knows without doubt that what they have made will always last  
 it is love and eternal, it does not know rest  
 the man leans back and promises all of his best  
 the morning sun rises, shimmering from the east  
 the lovers lie together, reveling in their peace  
 they are as one and content in what was dealt them  
 a bond holding them close shining like a perfect white gem

*untitled*

by Christopher Ozdarski

*you're!*

Soft skin, warm heart,  
 How I hate when we're apart.  
 That gentle wit of yours you share  
 shows me that you really care.  
 And though you win at little games,  
 you're not the only one who gains.  
 For I too show a generous profit.  
 I love you. I just can't stop it.



**Dispatch from Durango. . .**

It's day 9 here in the small town of Durango, Colorado. I've learned that there's a coffee shop on every block, the women refuse to purchase any sort of make-up, and the men aren't men unless they're wearing dreadlocks.

For those of you who haven't been here before, the town is a combination of Royal Oak, Berkley, and . . . well, I can't think of a town surrounded by mountains in Michigan. Durango has the Royal Oak coffee shop scene without the leather and the unusually large population of persons with alternative sexual lifestyles. It also has a quaint bedroom community feel. For those of you who have been here during the winter, the town is still full of skiing visitors, 4WD Subaru's, and Nissan and Toyota SUV's.

For those of you who want to keep me informed on any dirt back in Michigan, write me at [redacted], Durango, CO 81301. I'm living downtown, working at a nearby ski resort, riding, and writing. Anyone who gets to the area before mid-April has a place to stay!

*Rick Richard. . .  
 self-actualizing in the San Juan mountains.*

**Answers to matching game on page 2**

1. John F.
2. Dave M.
3. Krys P.
4. Bob S.
5. Matt D.
6. Chris O.
7. John M.
8. Ellen B.
9. Barb S.
10. Justin S.
11. Paul M.
12. Dianne L.
13. Mary Ann
14. Mary Beth

The Group Grope  
 Editorial and publication  
 headquarters: [redacted],  
 Berkley, MI 48072

Published monthly and available for  
 the low, low price of 69¢ per copy.  
 (A bargain at twice the price!)

Republication of news dispatches  
 originated by The Group Grope is  
 encouraged. (But keep in mind that  
 all other publications are inferior.)

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Editors: Christopher Ozdarski  
 and Ellen Bristol

Contact Christopher @ [redacted]  
 with any contributions you would  
 like to make for future editions of  
 The Grope or if you have any  
 questions or comments about this  
 superlative publication.

# Miscellaneous Mutterings From an Editor

## Wanted:

### Best (and worst) pick-up lines

Ellen is collecting pick-up lines for use in a *Group Grope* feature item for March. If you've used it, heard it, seen it used or are thinking about trying it - get it to us. Of particular interest... those that worked and those that were so bad that we will pee our pants because we are laughing so hard when we hear it.

### Didn't get your Grope?

Ellen and I are trying very hard to get each *Grope* out by the last week of the month for the following month. But if you don't have your *Grope* by the 5th of any month - then contact us right away. Your mailperson may have

swiped your copy to read in the bathroom. (After all, that's where everyone else seems to read it.)

### Do you have something you want printed in *The Grope*?

Don't be shy. This is a *forum for friends by friends*. Exercise your mind and put some of your thoughts on paper for all to ridicule... I mean see. Deadline for the March edition is February 15th.

### Edited?!?

*Edit. To revise and prepare for publication.* (According to Webster's dictionary. I don't remember which edition.) *As editors*, Ellen and I occasionally *edit*

submissions for *The Grope*. When possible, we will try to get the author's approval. But there are no guarantees. Also, typing errors occasionally occur because we aren't perfect. (Believe it or not.) We apologize now for any changes or errors to your submissions that may upset you for any reason. If that isn't enough, we will *consider* groveling at your feet for forgiveness. Again, no guarantees.

Thanks to all for your contributions, comments, and continued readership.

Christopher

I love you... man.

The Group Grope  
c/o Christopher

