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Familiaritas Adsumo

Or as you've come to love... The Group Grope

Vol. 2, No. 1

Letter from the Editor

Well, here it is; year two of the Grope, and I am fervently hoping to avoid the dreaded Sophomore slump. A new beginning, a bridge to the future and all the rest of those pukey platitudes spring to mind. Hey, change is exciting right? I mean hell, I've been married, changed jobs (again), moved (again) and become a great uncle (almost) in the past year, so what's the big deal with putting out a rag like this? This should be cake, right? So why do I feel like I'm in that dream where I am naked except for my fez, in a room full of black tie party-goers? And, if I'm in that dream, where the hell are the Baywatch bimbos and why aren't they inviting me to join in their Jell-O wrestling grudge match against my wife and my cartoon heroines Josie and the Pussycats? And, why isn't Robert Goulet sitting in with Paul Schaeffer and the Late Night Orchestra as they play the ESPN Sports Center theme music? (I think I may be watching way too much TV.) So anyway, here it is. Those who contributed are hopefully going to be regulars. I know I loved everything they scribbled and I have no doubt you will as well. Everyone else is truly encouraged to put pen to paper or finger to keyboard and indulge that secret fantasy of seeing your name in print under that author by-line.

I also want to remind you, gentle reader, that I am not operating a non-profit corporation here. I need your cash. I figure that I haven't seen all of you, and I haven't always remembered to ask for cash when I do see you, so for this month your bill will slide. Next issue thought, I'm publishing names and showing Freshman Year High School photos: braces, big hair, bad clothes, awkward gawkiness and everything. I'm serious. That should be all the warning you need. Enjoy!

John

Predictions

by Craig Mitchell

When the new editor asked me for a contribution to the inaugural '97 edition I remember thinking how easy it would be to come up with a feature back in December (or was it November?). Well, it's the week after New England got its ass kicked and I'm just getting started. (Look up procrastination, you'll see my picture.) It's like I haven't been to the store to get supplies for the working volcano to be done for the school science fair on Monday. Mr. Morand gave me free reign and I still wasn't able to come up with a topic which I thought would interest the majority of the broad base making up "The Group." It would be easier to convince Ozdarski to sit through Kenneth Branagh's "Hamlet." (All 4-1/2 hours of it.) With that in mind, please bear with me as I forecast for the new year.

- **Dan Pinkos** will be arrested by the F.B.I. for his connections with the Cuban government and the smuggling of laser technology that enabled Fidel Castro to beam pro-Communist slogans over the skies of Miami.
- **John Flynn** will become a disciple of Anthony Robbins and Gary Smalley and join the public speaking circuit.
- A meteor will crash into Lake Huron causing the lower peninsula to shift and **John Morand** will appear to be walking straight.
- After a chance meeting at a Barnes & Noble book signing, **Dianne Lee** will become a highly-paid consultant to Martha Stewart and have her own weekly segment on "Good Morning America" by year's end.

Predictions, cont. on page 3

Oh Baby, Baby

Welcome...

Angelo Joseph DiPonio

Born Friday, April 11, 97. 8lbs. 10oz. 21in.
Proud Parents: Grace & Tony
DiPonio

Congratulations...

Chris "Spike" and Todd
Dressell expect to be parents
in the coming months!

From a 1950 Home Economics Book... Duties of a Good Housewife

Get your work done, plan your tasks with the clock. Finish your jobs an hour before he gets home.

Prepare yourself. Take 15 minutes to rest so you will be refreshed when he arrives, touch up your hair and be fresh looking. He has just been with a lot of work-weary people. Be a little gay and a little more interesting. His boring day probably needs a lift.

Clear away the clutter. Make one last trip through the main part of the house just before your husband

arrives, gathering up school books, toys, paper, etc. then run a dust cloth over the tables. Your husband will feel he has reached a haven of rest and order, and it will give you a lift, too.

Prepare the children. Take just a few minutes to wash the children's hands and faces. Comb their hair and if necessary, change their clothes. They are little treasures and he would like to see them playing the part.

Have dinner ready. Plan ahead to have a delicious meal on time. This is a way of letting him know that you have been thinking about him and are concerned about his needs. Most men are hungry when they come home and the prospect of a good meal are part of a warm welcome home.

Minimize all noise. At the time of his arrival, eliminate noises of the washer and dryer, dishwasher or vacuum. Try to encourage the children

to be quiet.

Make him comfortable. Have him lean back into a comfortable chair or suggest he lie down in the bedroom. Have a cool or warm drink ready for him. Arrange his pillow and offer to massage his neck and shoulders and take off his shoes for him. Speak in a soft, soothing, pleasant voice. Allow him to relax, to unwind.

Listen to him. You may have a dozen things to tell him, but the moment of his arrival is not the time. Let him talk first.

Make the evening his. Never complain if he does not take you to dinner or to other places of entertainment. Instead, try to understand his world of strain and pressure, his need to be home and just relax.

The Goal: Try to make your home a place of peace and order where your husband can renew himself in body and spirit.



The Way Out World of Sports

by Brian Darga

I just want to preface my first article by saying that I'm honored to be asked to write for such a respected publication as The Grope. My column will attempt to shed some light on some of the "less respected" sporting events throughout the world. So hang on to your helmets all ye uninitiated late night ESPN2 viewers. This month's column takes us to the far east where an unprecedented upset recently took place...

Monk Gloats Over Yoga Championship

"I am the serenest!" he says.

Lhasa, Tibet – Employing the cocky style that first brought him to prominence, Sri Dhananjai Bikram won the fourth annual International Yogi Competition with a score of 863.6, a mere tenth of a point off world record pace.

"I am the serenest!" Bikram shouted while vigorously pumping his fists to the estimated crowd of over 25,000 yoga fans. "No one is more serene than Sri Dhananjai Bikram! I am the greatest monk of all time!"

Bikram set the pace for the star-studded field by averaging a scarce 1.89 bpm (breaths per minute) over the entire competition, nearly .3 bpm fewer than his closest challenger, and two time champion, Sri Salil "The Hammer" Gupta.

The heavily favored Gupta was visibly upset after the loss. "I should be able to beat that guy with one life tied behind my back," Gupta said. "I'm totally beside myself right now, and I don't mean trans-bodily."

Bikram got off to a fast start at the Lhasa meet, which like most World Cup events, is a six-event competition. In the opening event he attained total consciousness (TC) in a mere 2 minutes 34 seconds. He then proceeded to set the tone for the rest of the meet by repeatedly goading his fellow competitors with taunts of "I'm blissful! You blissful?!? I'm blissful!" The defeated Gupta denied that Bikram's taunting was a factor in his inability to attain TC. "I just wasn't myself today," Gupta commented. "I wasn't **any** self today."

In the second event, flexibility, Bikram maintained his lead by supporting himself on his thumbs for the entire 20 minutes while touching the back of his skull to his toes, a feat

duplicated by Gupta, who first used the position in the 1991 Tokyo Zen Off.

Bikram burst onto the international yoga scene with a Gold Mandala performance at the 1994 Bhutan Invitational where he premiered his aggressive style. At one point during the flexibility competition going so far as to stick his middle toes out at his fellow yogis. While no rules exist against such behavior, WYL (World Yoga League) commissioner Grand Swami Prabhupada stated that such "maneuvers during the flexibility competition are decidedly "Un-Buddha-like."

Before the Bhutan meet, Bikram had never placed better than fourth. In the years following that meet, many experts believed that he had forsaken rigorous training for the celebrity status accorded by this Bhutan win. Such distractions as a world wide promotional tour coinciding with the release of his new yoga sandals, the Nike Air Prayer, as well as his heavily publicized existential affair with the Hindu goddess Shakti led to Bikram's plummet in the world rankings. However, his performance this week in Lhasa will regain

Sports, cont. on next page

"I wanna be like...Chris?"

Or Confectionery Darwinism

by John Morand

Whenever I get a package of plain M&Ms, I make it my duty to continue the strength and robustness of the candy as a species. To this end, I hold M&M duels. Taking two candies between my thumb and forefinger, I apply pressure, squeezing them together until one of them cracks and splinters. That is the "Loser" and I eat the inferior one immediately. The winner gets to go another round.

I have found that in general, the brown and red M&Ms are tougher, and the newer blue ones are genetically inferior. I have hypothesized that the blue M&Ms as a race cannot survive long in the intense theater of competition that is the modern candy and snack food world.

Occasionally, there will be a mutation, a candy that is misshapen, or pointier, or flatter than the rest. Almost invariably, this proves to be a weakness, but on very rare occasions it gives the candy extra strength. In this way, the species continues to adapt to its environment. When I reach the end of the pack, I am left with one M&M, the strongest of the herd. Since it would make no sense to eat this one as well, I pack it neatly into an envelope and send it to M&M Mars, A Division of Mars, Inc., Hackettstown, NJ 17840-1503 U.S.A., along with a 3X5 card reading, "Please use this one for breeding purposes." One time they wrote back to me, sent me a coupon for a free 1/2 pound bag of M&Ms. I consider this "Grant Money." I have set aside a weekend for a grand tournament. From a field of hundreds, we will discover the true Champion. There can be only one.

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Grope Predictions

by John Morand

Media and marketing giant Nike, after establishing a level of media saturation and mind share so great as to make use of eight copy or alphanumeric identification with its ads redundant, will in 1997 shed the last remaining vestige of symbolic language. Dumping the "Swoosh", the shoe, sport, lifestyle purveyors declare their new corporate logo to be a "Space". A multi-million dollar Campbell-Ewald campaign, centering on lavishly blank magazine inserts and television commercials consisting of 30 second segments of white noise, has unprecedented success. Polls show 17-24 year olds overwhelmingly identify pictures of white walls, un-used Kleenex, and clear blue sky as "Nike." In December, the company will be named *Advertising Age's* "Marketer of the Year." Shortly thereafter they are named God.

In 1997, people will eat more butter – much, much more butter – thanks to a complex chain of events that begins when Fabio loses his position as the "I can't believe it's not butter" spokes-model to Sally Struthers, actress turned advocate turned info-mercial hostess. The resultant upsurge in the popularity of margarine will inspire a new butter campaign titled "It's like butter," with the alternative title "I can believe in butter" including ads featuring well known celebrities pictured with "Butter beards." Butter sales skyrocket.

AOL, in a desperate attempt to become America's fifth network, will in late fall '97, take the route of previous efforts by television stations to boost their ratings. In a bold break with their past, AOL has decided to abandon its famously wholesome "Terms of Service" as well as its monitoring of on-line chat rooms, opting for a "grittier, edgier AOL" which responds to the needs of its users, specifically the 17-34 year old, pale, friendless virgins. In a move straight from the Fox network, AOL will promote its newest content areas such as, AOL in da 'hood, CyberCops, and the adult oriented Byte Me.

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Sports, cont. from previous page

him the number one computer ranking earning new respect for him and his controversial guru Mahananda Vasti. "My training diet for Bikram leading up to the Lhasa meet consisted of one supercharged, carbo-loaded grain of rice per day," Vasti said. Rumors regarding he impending split of the formidable yogi/guru team are already circulating, however. Vasti is said to be considering an offer from GNC to market his rice in the United States and Canada.

(paraphrased from
<http://www/theonion.com>)

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Predictions, cont. from page 1

- **Bob Sherman** will be featured in "People," "Men's Health," "Esquire," and "GQ" after "lumberjacking" becomes the summertime fad.
- After mistakenly drinking developer which he mistook for a 40-ounce Mickey's, profanity will disappear from **Justin Smith's** vocabulary.
- **Mary Ann Trapp** will become an animal rights advocate and open her home to strays. She will have so many animals her signature will no longer appear on any cards she sends.
- After being bitten by the home-owning bug, **Ellen Bristol** will become the largest property owner in south-western Michigan. Before the next century she will join forces with Donald Trump in creating the first

garden supply casino. (After a mention on one of Ms. Lee's segments, the "Dig for Gold" helps Grand Rapids become the "Eastern Las Vegas.")

- **Jay Milliken** will be the grand prize winner on "America's Funniest Home Videos" after Michelle captures their refrigerator being struck by lightning again as Jay is reaching for a beer. (Jay is also responsible for white hair making comeback in the fashion world.)
- After suffering a nervous breakdown while instructing vertically-challenged females in the art of fencing, **Lt. Col. Matt Dosmann** hermits himself in his room with a stash of Cuban cigars, a Sony Playstation, and Doom II.
- **Heidi Huges** will become the state's most vocal proponent for John Engler's reelection after taking a spill from on her bike while not wearing a helmet.

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CULTURE

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Here's the idea, someone, Matt Dosmann in this case begins our story. The story can be about anyone, anything, anywhere. But the beginning is all he gets. Next issue, the authorship migrates to another writer who can change the story in any way they see fit. The story then moves on until at the end of the year, we have several installments of a tale, as explained by multiple authors or groups of authors. Feel free to change the tone. Feel free to add characters. Feel free to have group members play prominent parts in this unfolding saga Whatever. Enjoy...

The Grope Of Our Lives... or One Grope At A Time

Raul slipped smoothly through the knots of people in the crowded room. Everything he knew told him that he was taking a huge risk coming here. If someone recognized him or spotted something in the way he moved, he wouldn't live through the night. Yet he was drawn here. The muted din of half-heard conversations, the way a woman's laugh would carry against the noise, and soft aura of subdued lighting comforted him. He had never been here before and yet he knew this place. The plants decorating the bandstand, he had never bothered to learn their names, were the same as in his club, as though this was their natural habitat. This had him imagine some stone-age club with Neanderthals beating rocks together while hide-clad women with huge foreheads stomped out a dance, and the same damned plants in the background. Raul smiled at that and at the feel of this place. There were subtle differences between this place and where he had spent his life; the preference in drinks and the attire of the wait staff were counter points to the overwhelming familiarity of the place. Yet there was no mistaking the textures of home.

But as familiar as the surroundings seemed, Raul would not have risked his life for simple comforts. Coming here was not his choice, he was compelled. The music pulled at him. No, not pulled, as that would indicate that there was resistance. Its rhythms, melodies and harmonies controlled him. As the moon pulls the tides in, Raul's coming to this place was so much a part of his nature that to deny it would be to deny himself. So there was no choice; to come was to risk death, to not come was to destroy what he was.

Anyone who observed him would see that he was more than just another Latino dandy. The walk that other men worked diligently to duplicate, he did without effort. Where the silk of their suits hung

on them, it flowed with his every move. While they strutted, he enticed. While the others acted suave, Raul was suave. And he was on the prowl.

He knew he had only a little time to find the right woman. Whether he found someone to stay with for life or just for tonight, it didn't matter. His desire was long-term, his need immediate. He was beginning to feel a little dismayed that he might have to settle for someone less than perfect when he saw her. More to the point, he saw her move. The sleek black dress and the eyes that darkly sparkled from her olive face were wasted on him. He only saw the strength and grace of her step.

She spied him coming towards her while he was still half a room away. She knew what he was and what he wanted, the arrogant confidence of his manner left little doubt. This offended her for a moment. Then she handed her drink to one of the two men she was speaking with and went to him.

When they met at the corner of the dance floor, there was no exchange of pleasantries or mindless small talk. They knew where they were headed. A nod of greeting and then Raul led her out onto the floor. In a display of timing that would have most people believing in destiny, the band began the prelude to a tango the moment his foot hit the floor. Of course, Raul had tipped the band leader well. Each shaped his own destiny.

It was only during the tango, for a tango is not to be called a mere dance, that Raul noticed that his partner was not only a worthy complement to his own skills, but also of heartbreaking beauty.

Where to go next?

The O.J. Simpson Trial as told by Dr. Seuss

submitted by Brian Darga

I did not kill my lovely wife.
I did not slash her with a knife.
I did not hit her on the head.
I did not know that she was dead.

I stayed at home that fateful night.
I took a car, then took a flight.
The bag I had was just for me.
My bag, my bag, Hey! Let it be!

When I came home I had a gash.
My hand was cut from broken glass.
I cut my hand on broken glass.
A broken glass did cause that gash.

Did you take this person's life?
Did you do it with this knife?

I did not do it with that knife.
I did not, could not kill my wife.
I did not do this awful crime.
I could not, would not anytime.

Did you hit her from above?
Did you drop this bloody glove?

I did not hit her from above.
My hands don't fit that bloody glove.
I could not have killed my lovely wife.
I was not at home that fateful night.

I did not do it with a knife.
I did not, could not kill my wife.
I did not do this awful crime.
I did not, could not anytime.

And now I'm free, I can return
To my house for which I yearn.
And to my family that I love,
Give me back my other glove.



For B.W.D.

Entwined in the possibility
of you and I,
lavishing lovers kisses
on one another...
Soft skin on sinew.
Tender touches
driving down
upon us
exploding in
nights unending...
Thoughts woven together
with sweet,
sultry voices
by day and
into the night.

from Ellen Bristol

Valentine Nightmare

by Robert C. Paterson, SWM

*Valentine's Day sucks for those who are single.
It's hard, these days, to get out and mingle.
So here's a little story that will make you stop and think
the next time someone looks over and gives you a wink.*

I say this blonde with a really nice rack
and started thinking to myself "I bet she's great in the sack."
A few minutes later I walked up with a smile.
I bought her a drink and we spoke for a while.
Shortly thereafter she got up to leave.
Then gave me a wink and started caressing my sleeve.
"I'm headed to a party a friend recommended.
You're welcome to come if you're not easily offended."
"Why not" I answered and off we went.
Little did I know how my evening would be spent.

We arrived at the door - even in full swing.
Some guy on the couch was stroking his *thing*.
"Oh my" I thought. "What have I done?"
Then my date softly whispered "Let's leave him to his fun."
"Fine with me," I replied. "Let's find the beer."
Then on our way she delivered a devilish leer.
"This could be trouble," I started to think.
"But what the hell - I'll stay for a drink."

Our host offered a blow job - but I took a pass.
I have a hard time getting my lips over the glass.
She kinda frowned and then walked away.
Muttering that there was no Kalua or Baily's anyway.
On that note I started slamming the brews.
I began to relax and kicked off my shoes.
The next thing I know I was half in the bag

and I suddenly noticed two guys dressed in drag.
One said something about docking, without mentioning a boat.
No more time with that conversation did I need to devote.

I turned and walked away - staggering down the hall.
Then my date reappeared and asked if I wanted a snowball.
"Snow?" I questioned. "It's 50 degrees!"
"Where are you going to get snow tell me please."
She licked her lips and gently grabbed my groin,
giving me a look like I was a piece of sirloin.
At this point I headed for the door,
but I must have passed out - ending up on the floor.
When I awoke I was feeling unstable.
Then I realized I was beneath a coffee table.
Imagine my surprise when I looked up through the glass
and saw a squatting man with a hairy, naked ass.

I rolled away and ran from the room,
passing a woman having sex with a broom.
"I'm outta here" I cried, "before the felching begins."
I don't care to see guys with cum on their chins.
My date grabbed my arm and stuck her tongue down my throat.

I just kept thinking "where is my coat?"
"Problem?" she asked. "What are you, a prude?"
So I stopped to explain, not wanting to be rude.

"Look," I said. "orgies just aren't for me.
I prefer monogamous, heterosexual fun don't you see.
You guys are perverts - not that there's anything wrong
with that,

Continued on next page

Gone to the Movies

RAPTURE – GRAND IN SUBJECT, SHORT IN SUBSTANCE

From Justin Smith – When John approached me with the idea of reviewing obscure films, I jumped at the idea. Maybe, however, I should have slept-in on the day that we decided to spend \$2.25 to rent Michael Tolch's Rapture.

I cannot deny that this allegorical tale is not without some fascinating metaphors describing the realization, adoption and rejection of the Christian God, but those moments are intermittent. I is inescapable, further, that one questions what is so captivating about some Hollywood director's vision of divinity. I don't. Nor would I seek Macauley Culkin's aid for an explanation of the "Big Bang" theory of galactic expansion.

At least the protagonist's involvement in the swingers and swapping scene had my interest for the first fifteen minutes. Yes, perhaps I feel more at home viewing a movie filled with sex and drunkenness (sorry John & Mary Beth) than I would with this director's introspection regarding the realization of God.

The plot itself, certainly, could not have been the inspiration for this film because it is horribly lacking in its development. Anyway, protagonist Sharon is initially featured in her repetitive, mundane, 9-to-5 job as a telephone directory assistance operator. The ying to complement her routine ying is her indulgence in the swing scene. Her lover-in-vice, Victor,

notes during an early polyamorous tryst that "Sharon hasn't found any hints yet."

Sharon begins to receive repeated house visits from some Christian door-knockers. After an initial debated during one visit, she as a Nietzschean cynic leads them to the door.

The next scene introduces Sharon to her eventual and literally short-lived husband. Of course, they had met in an earlier manage-a-to scene. During her last indulgence in swinging, Sharon pleasures in an alluring vixen Angie who was adorned in a complete body tattoo. The tattoo presents an image of the "pearl" held in a large hand. We discover that the pearl is a metaphor for Jesus Christ. The most interesting exchanges (besides the body fluids) of the entire film occur in this scene. Sharon asks her seraphic lover Angie, "Did it hurt getting it?" "Of course," responds Angie. Unfortunately, the rest of this movie hurt as well.

Sharon then finds religion. Her soon-to-be fiancée, Randy is the first she tries to convert. After his conversion, they are a married couple after the "six years later" appeared over the small screen. After finding God, ironically, Randy meets his demise from the bullet of a disgruntled employee. It seems that throughout, whoever Sharon helps to find God,

dies, including her only daughter after they venture into the desert for the imminent second coming of Christ. Sharon performs an Abraham-like act of execution on her only daughter to relieve the child's worldly pains and to expedite the girl's rendezvous with God.

When the world finally meets its demise, Sharon meets her daughter who implores Sharon to accept God into her heart. Sharon can't do this because God presided, or caused, the death of her daughter.

Director Michael Tolch's modern-day adaptation of the story of Abraham has its moments, but so did kindergarten: a couple of fun activities with a long nap-time in the middle. My advice – go to church this Sunday instead of renting this film. You'll feel better knowing that you've spent one third as much for your time (one dollar donation in the basket) and get more metaphors for your money. The food and wine is free too.

My rating: One crucifix upside down.

From John Morand – "I just thought it was a cool movie."

From Matt Dosmann...about Ian



Valentine Nightmare, continued from previous page

so I'll be on my way, leaving you to your tit for tat."
She gave me a smile and then took my hand,
gave me a wink and said "I understand."
I smiled back and then walked away,
determined not to judge others - bi, straight or gay.
The last thing I heard as I walked out of sight:
"Who's in charge of supplying the gerbils tonight?"

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I have recently been able to work out one of the best deals of my life. And, I'm not talking about setting up my fencing club, my new duty position in the Reserves, or that redhead that said I could... well never mind that. What I'm talking about is that I found Ian Kinder, a massage therapist, who was willing to trade massage for fencing lessons.

I cannot tell you how good it feels to have muscles that have been stiff and painful for year finally relax. These are the same aches and pains that when I consulted with MDs, I was told that serious drugs were the way to go. Not wanting to go through life in more of a daze than I already do, I opted to lose sleep and grind away at the molars instead. But no longer. And just in time also, because with the amount of wear and tear I'm putting on this body now, I'd be dead by now if I didn't have some help.

If you're at all interested, give Ian a call, ~~604-607-XXXX~~, or call me at work, 810-6-~~XXXXXX~~. He works out of the club here. If nothing else, stop by for a sample.

My Gripes...

Or A List of Crappy Things That Happen In New York (and Elsewhere)

by Paul Marquis

One of my biggest gripes has to be people who chew their food with their mouths open. You have to take into account that there are always people around, and it's hard to find anywhere quiet to eat. Anyway, most of the time at lunch I'm trying to learn music or some other crazy thing, and all I ask for is a little peace and quiet. But, to my dismay, here is "Joe Banker" chomping away on his damn hamburger and fries. Smack, smack, smack. Well, need I say more.

Another gripe??? How about people who stand up as soon as the airplane or bus pulls into the terminal. What, you think you're going to get out any faster?? The damn door isn't open yet!! Sit down and relax!!! And, while we are on the subject of airplanes, let's explore the world of carry-on luggage.

Carry-on luggage. Oh my God, what a stupid, stupid, ill used privilege. If they charged everyone a fee for violation of this rule, ticket prices would drop in half. All right, the rule says that you can bring one carry-on bag and it has to fit either under the seat, or in the storage bins above the seat. And to help you figure out if it will fit, the airlines even put a little box out at the ticket counter for you to "sample" the space. But... guess what? Nobody follows this rule. So what's the result of these infractions? We all stand around trying to get on and off the plane as these idiots load and unload their multiple and oversized

bags.

If any of you are guilty of this infraction, and we're on the same plane, I will violate my practice of non-violence, and beat you silly with my one carry-on bag. Thank you very much.

And...still on airplanes. People who stand in the terminal blocking the door as you exit the plane. Have you experienced this?? I find the best way to get through is to announce that I am seriously ill, and an impending load of vomit is going to erupt from my system. People usually step aside for this. (If you actually do have an impending load of vomit in your system, please feel free to let loose on these folks. I see no reason to spare them from their own misguided idiocy.)

Heard enough gripes yet?? I'm sure I can come up with more. Hey, I live and work in New York City! Lots to gripe about here.

Gum snapping. This one is a biggy. You tend to get it on the subway a lot. I'm not sure how one snaps their gum, but boy is this irritating. No solution for this one. Telling the perpetrator that they sound like a cow "chewing their cud" has not proven to be a deterrent.

Paper rustling and paper tearing. Some people have to turn their papers so the whole bus or subway car can hear them. And even weirder, I've observed two different people who would tear out each article to read it. I don't understand why they do this. If you think you're a patient

and flexible person, try listening to 40 minute of paper tearing and see how homicidal you become.

Garlic breath. Oooooooo, this is nasty. Seems like this is especially bad if you have a heavy Italian or Oriental diet (Is that politically correct?? Like I care at this moment!!!) Sometimes, the whole bus or subway car is filled with garlicky air, from only one person. And God help you if you happen to be sitting next to them. Solution to this one? Bury your nose in your own scarf, if you happen to have one. Or stick your nose in your shirt, and sniff your own "BO." Believe me it's a better smell than 'ol garlic breath.

Barb adds that loud Walkmans are also irritating. I agree with this. No way to fix this problem, especially when the listener is 6'4", 250lbs. Yikes!!

This is my gripe list at the moment. Please feel free to submit your own gripe list, or let me know why mine is nothing compared to yours, etc. I thought that some of you might appreciate seeing my "darker side;" also with the possibility of the GROPE changing to a kinder, gentler publication I thought it was time to dive in on this immediately. So, if anyone wants to show this edition to your mother, please make sure you have edited my selection of all references that would be inappropriate.

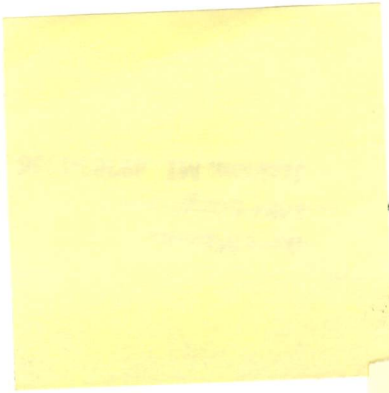
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OK...so this rag took **FOREVER** to get to you.

What are you complaining about...
you didn't type every letter into the newsletter...
you probably haven't even paid John for your subscription.
Pay up... convince your friends to pay up.

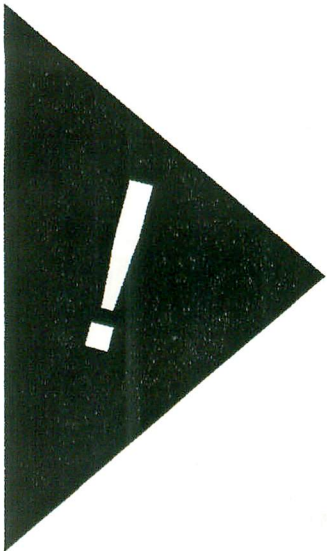
Prompt payment will ensure another issue before
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The Group Grope
 c/o John & Mary Beth Morand



It's back! Just when you thought it was safe to go to your mailbox...

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