

THE GROUPE GROPE

Volume 1, Issue 11

November 1996

Price 69¢

You Might Be From Michigan If...

- you define summer as three months of bad sledding.
- you define a small town as any municipality without a lake.
- your family becomes violent during any MSU-UM game.
- snow tires came standard on all your cars.
- at least 50% of your relatives work in the auto industry.
- you ever have sustained sunburn and frostbite in the same week.
- you can identify an Ohio accent.
- you learned how to pilot a boat before the training wheels came off your bike.
- possession of a Japanese car was a hanging offense in your home town.
- you think Alkaline batteries were named after a Tiger baseball player.
- you have the faintest notion of how to pronounce and can identify "Bob Ucer."
- you point to the palm of your upraised right hand to show people where you live.
- someone asks you whether you've toured Europe and you answer, "No, but I've visited the People's Republic of Ann Arbor."
- you think "Down South" means Toledo.
- travelling Coast-to-Coast means going from Muskegon to Port Huron.
- you call Lower Peninsula relatives "Trolls."
- you call Upper Peninsula relatives "Youpers."
- you just don't call Detroit relatives at all.
- the Big Three can mean either Ford, Chrysler and GM or Little Caesar's, Domino's and Hungry Howie's.
- if the Big Mac is something you drive across.
- you can spell Mackinac.
- you have as many Canadian coins in your pocket as U.S. coins.
- your kid's baseball and softball game have ever been snowed out.
- you know there really is a place named Kalamazoo.
- you bake with "soda" and drink "pop."
- you know what a "pastie" is. (Hint for outstaters: it's not an item a stripper wears.)
- you drive 75 on the Interstate and always must pass on the right.
- your favorite hockey team's mascot is an Octopus.
- you *have* a favorite hockey team.
- you don't suffer coughing spells when sipping Vernor's.
- you can play Eucher.
- you *like* playing Eucher.
- you think the term Indian Reservation is a euphemism for "Casino."
- you think Bad Frog beer is date-expired Budweiser.
- your car's license plate is 17 years old.

Saying Goodbye and Good Luck to a Friend...

Or Rather – Until We Meet Again

Seems like only yesterday John Morand called and said "I've got someone new for everyone to meet – you women are really gonna like him." Who are we talking about? RICK RICHARD! And, you know what, John was only partly right – seems we all really like him.

So why are we saying goodbye? Well, that lucky dog has met a wonderful female companion and is moving to Minnesota to be with her! Whipped. Infatuated. Smitten. You name it – seems like Rick fell hard. (Not to mention Bridget did too!)

In honor of his last days in the Detroit area as a permanent resident, Rick is throwing a party. (As if we wouldn't have thrown one for him.) And he's inviting the whole gang.

So clear your calendar for SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16. The festivities will begin at 8:00 at Rick's place in Royal Oak. He providing a keg and some food and would appreciate if you brought a food item to share.

Now, for anyone who is not quite up to speed on the story, here is a condensed version. This summer Bridgett Dunnigan, Chris Ozdarski's cousin, came for a visit and a break from vet school. A light bulb went off and Chris came up with the idea of introducing these fine people. Well, shall we say... rockets? The short of it is Bridget actually convinced Rick to go on the annual canoe trip even though it involved tent camping. And the rest is history. If you want a longer version, you'll have to come to the party.

Keeping the Grope Alive

Chris asked, and a few people answered. So I'll ask again. Do you want the Grope to stay alive in 1997? I am willing to spearhead the effort, collect the info, etc. but I'll need help.

Specifically, is anyone willing to commit to putting together a few issues? And, is anyone willing to be our treasurer?

Putting issues together is not so hard. In fact, it's safe to say there will always be contributors. And hopefully, with more people out of town, folks will use the Grope to communicate what's going on in their lives... whether they live local or out of town.

The treasurer would need to collect money early in the year and then issue a check to cover expenses once a month, or whenever we publish, to that editor's editor.

If you are able to help, please call Ellen at (616) 535-5555. And if we get volunteers, watch for a subscription sign up in the December Grope.



News of the Weird

lifted from *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, October 1996

- At the average time lapse of four minutes from the height of the preorgasmic state through the end of climax, you can expect to burn only 25.6 calories at a go – and remember to subtract 5 for each helping of semen.
 - French President Francois Faure expired in a bordello in 1899 during the act of copulation, which so terrified his lady of the evening that her vagina constricted intractably, necessitating the surgical removal of the dead man's member.
 - The most truncated foreplay occurs in rural China, where couples report spending less than a minute on frivolous detail.
 - The Caramoja tribe of northern Uganda tie a weight on the end of their penises to elongate them – sometimes to such a degree that the men literally have to knot them up – while the Mambas of New Hebrides wrap theirs in yard after yard of cloth, making them look up to 17 inches long. (Hey, they never showed THAT in *National Geographic*!)
 - **THE FASTEST MAXIMUM SPEED AT WHICH EROTIC SENSATIONS TRAVEL FROM SKIN TO BRAIN HAS BEEN CLOCKED AT 156 M.P.H.**
- In 1609, a doctor named Wecker found a corpse in Bologna with two penises. Since then, there have been eighty documented cases of men similarly endowed.
- Castrati live an average of thirteen years longer than more – or less? –fortunate males. And as a group, nuns live longest of all.
 - When men of the Walibri tribe of central Australia greet each other, they shake penises instead of hands.



For November 1996...

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)– Perversely, you are perplexed by his proposal. For now, your wisest course is to postpone decisive action. Thanksgiving is sweetly nostalgic. Best Sex: When you relive the past.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)– Although the nomad in you has found a new cave to call home you still can't get your name on the answering machine. Maybe you should try sweet talking the cave owners. Best Sex: While sweet talking your cave man/woman.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)– Your career this year has been full of its peaks and valleys. But never fear if you can get through the rest of the year, the new year will be on cloud nine. Best Sex: After a god days work.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)– Ease into a new position in bed or you will pull a groin muscle. Most of us forget that proper stretching can add to the foreplay and make the main event more exciting. Best Sex: When you reach for the stars.

PISCES (Feb. 19-March 20)– Well it is time to take your winny ass out of here. Hop on the proverbial Radio Flyer and head west. Know when to say when and when to bet on green. Best Sex: In your fantasy after betting on green.

ARIES (March 21-April 19)– You've got it all these days – incandescent allure, effervescent creativity, shimmering exuberance and fresh approaches to just about every situation you encounter. Especially when it comes to your employment situation. Best Sex: When you use your effervescent creativity.

The Astrological Connection

By Mary Ann the Mystic

TAURUS (April 20-May 20)–As a faithful consumer of the Astrological Connection you can of course invoke my expert demon-scouring abilities absolutely free of charge. I now dissolve all bad spells placed on you. Best Sex: When you work that black magic.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)– Remember that those who imitate you are showing their admiration. Others are just thrilled you are going to fulfill your commitment to satirical mutterings. Best Sex: When you commit to feeling full.

CANCER (June 22-July 21)– As your 5 year anniversary approaches, you are reminded just how important friends really are. Take a break from your traveling and spend some time with friends. Best Sex: Nov. 3, 2001.

LEO (July 22-Aug. 22)–If hand holding by the fire seems tame, why not bring out that cunning sex toy your ordered last month. Pushing erotic limits breaks through emotional barriers too. You and your button down love connect as never before. Best Sex: When pushing erotic limits.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)–Research before tackling that touchy professional assignment without doing your homework first. Think again or your mental hygiene will go sour. Dazzling them at work will add to your physical prowess in the bedroom. Best Sex: When you are on the prowl.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)–The behavior of canaries might be useful for you to know about during this, your mating season. After all they can smell unseen dangers before you realize it. Best Sex: With a canary on your shoulder.

I have no fail chemistry. A guy turns me on, he's the wrong one for me.

Linda Barnes

Love is like the measles. The older you get it, the worse the attack.

Mary Roberts Finehart

The Group Gripe

This page set aside for complaining, whining, etc so that all who desire may read the Grope without reading all the whining.

Another Opinion from Editor Chris

Dear Fellow Groppers:

I couldn't let a whole page titled the *Group Gripe* go by without expressing my opinion about something... you are not surprised I'm sure. So here goes...

It occurred to me the other day

And then, a So I said,

Well, I'm sure you can guess what happened next.

Suddenly,

I, as if

So I And then I I mean how could anyone put up with THAT!

I ask you,

Sincerely,

Chris

Editor's Note: Agree or disagree. He's already said enough. Just believe me when I say, you're glad we spared you this one! Ellen

Regarding Telephone Calls

You have just gone to the part of the house where you are the furthest away from the phone when, of course, Murphy's Law requires the phone to ring. You're expecting a call, so you run up the stairs, hurdle over the dog and reach the phone seconds before the answering machine is to pick it up. "Hello," you breathlessly say. "Hello," replies the voice on the other end of the phone. "Is Mr. or Mrs. X home?" You ask, "Who's calling?" "This is a courtesy call." A courtesy call? Yeah right you are thinking. So you ask "What are you trying to sell?" "Well, this is a courtesy call. Are you Ms. X?" Some courtesy call this is when they won't even tell you who is calling. Could it be because if they do tell you and you ask them not to call again and they do it is illegal? So if they don't tell you, how can you report them. Well from now on I guess when they reply "this is a courtesy call" I will just have to respond with "don't you mean an inconvenience call?" and promptly hang up. That is my Group Gripe and I hope you will join me in my crusade. Hell, it worked with the pink jelly beans!

Mary Ann Trapp

Editor's Note: My personal favorite responses are "Now is a bad time for me. Can I have your HOME phone number so that I can return this call when you get home from work?" OR, "I'm sorry. I won't be able to use your fabulous product. I'm going home to planet Pluto tomorrow and we don't use XYZ there." Ellen

An Ozdarskiist Rant with Something to Offend Almost Everyone

"Too much information running through my brain. Too much information, driving me insane. Overkill, overview, over my dead body, over me, over you, over everybody." The Police

I have some problems with our culture and our group.

First, I'm disturbed by this preoccupation our society has with being connected, networked, on-line, in-the-know, GPS'ed, accessible, downloaded, uplinked and turned into the "It's a small world after all" players. What are you afraid of missing? Are you less a person if you aren't totally reachable? We seem to have traded depth of knowledge for breadth of exposure.

Keep in mind that I work for a very cutting edge, high tech firm in a job I treasure, and I have no fear of technology. I am not a Luddite (look it up), nor do I disdain the pleasures that science has given me, but back off already! I am the son of a teacher, the cousin of five more teachers, the nephew of a teacher, and once dated a teacher. I went to graduate school and I have a serious Jones for developing new skills and exploring my world, so it should be apparent that I place an extremely high value on education and taking personal responsibility for personal development, but this need to reach me at any hour of the day, through a vast array of methods and then bombard me with an endless amount of minutia and detail is too much.

At last count I had one home phone, call waiting at home and work, two answering machines, a world-wide pager, a cell phone, two direct lines at the office, an e-mail account, a Ford Profs account, an Audix voice mail account, and MS Mail through the Internet. I could (and don't) watch Hard Copy, Cops, Entertainment Tonight, A Current Affair, 20/20, 60 Minutes, Today, Tomorrow or any sleazy talk show I could possibly want. I subscribe to the Free Press, watch the news, have cable, have a VCR, get the Grope, listen to the radio, and live next to a deaf neighbor who screams her phone conversations and observations about the world in general to whomever is there. I am in danger of living in meetings and not meeting enough life. There is a scene in "Sex, Lies, and Videotape" where James Spader's character says that he only has one key in his life and that's the one to his car. Anything more would complicate his life. At the time I first saw the movie, I scoffed at such a seemingly backward sentiment.

So where is the mystery? Where is the sense that there is someplace on this planet that is so remote, so exotic, so difficult to find that I can't get there? Where is my startled or unpredictable reaction of someone I thought I knew? I can watch TV to see Mt. Everest expeditions, I surf the net to explore the Amazon, and I can get all of the world's news in 30 minutes on CNN. I think you can see the paradox. I love learning more about my world, but I don't want it in bite-sized chunks.

Continued on the next page.

Ozdarskiist Rant, Continued from previous page.

It's no wonder this society is re-cycling the 60s and 70s. We're losing our capacity for creative, innovative and independent thought and action. We haven't had to exercise those muscles, MTV does it for us. Act, don't react is becoming a cliché. Thank God that the oral and written tradition has not totally been lost or converted into 30 second sound bites. So Bravo to Chris and Matt and Todd for opening their own businesses. Bravo to Paul for moving to NYC to follow his dream, and Bravo to Barb for following him there. Kudo's to Rick for following his muse, and Kudo's to anyone else who writes actual letters to friends instead of calling or e-mailing or faxing. Find self actualization within your own actions and thought, and don't define yourself by the job you do or whether or not you have significant other.

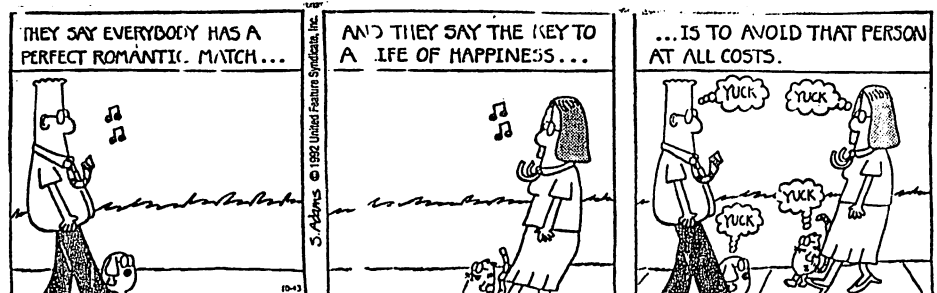
Do people read novels, works of philosophy, or anything else longer than the USA Today McPaper? Danielle Steele novels, work periodicals and the latest from Sports Illustrated or Cosmo don't count. Aside from the sporadic pilgrimage downtown to see a play, or the rare crusade to hear the DSO, do people soak up the rich culture that our society was once based upon? You won't find it watching Pablum like "Friends" or "Melrose Place." I know some people have started writing more, as evidenced by the Grope. I couldn't be happier that so many Gropers take the time and effort to write and publish this rag. Way to go Chris and Ellen. Don't stop there though. Read "The Fountainhead" by Aya Rand, listen to DeBussey, or watch the students act at the Hillberry and expand a horizon or two that doesn't involve passing out nude and thereby providing another couple of years worth of gossip. This leads to my second gripe; conversation in the group seems to center too much around two topics: sex and drinking. Find something else to talk about instead of recycling Ms. Michigan and Mr. Idaho, again! To me, these factors are all symptomatic of the same

issue. Once we know about so and so's little drunken sex thing, we can feel superior or envious or nauseous, in other words, "In the Know."

I have had enough. I have gossiped, speculated, analyzed and commented too much on our group. I find myself losing respect for people who do things in ways that I can't or won't anymore. I know more than I want to with too many of my friends. I don't want to know who insulted who or shy what's his name is sleeping with her or why anyone got drunk with anyone else. If I didn't know better, I'd think that "the Group" was a drunken lot of amoral nymphomaniacs. Familiarity not only breeds contempt it breeds stagnation.

I am not so naive to think that if I don't read or hear about it, that it won't happen. I am not Pollyanna to be pampered. I have not memorized or taken to heart the Unibomber manifesto. I haven't given up on alcohol or sex - not by a long shot. I love my wife and the conversations we have. I care about my family, I care about my friends. If something is troubling you or if you have some good news, please, I would love to share this with you. I would love to discuss a book or a movie or a concept or a philosophy or a political viewpoint. I would love to talk sports or current events or your job or even your hair, but please, don't bring me into the past. Don't come to me with petty bitchings about what a nasty, self-serving liar she is or how he can't commit to a relationship. Don't ask for my cell phone or pager number. I might give out my e-mail address. I'm serious about this, I'm getting too much information from too many sources and too much of it is recycled crap. I don't want to lose my respect, or my sense of surprise or wonder or amazement anymore than I already have.

John Morand



November 1996

Groping Opportunities

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1	2
3	4	5 <i>Election Day - Vote Damnit!</i>	6	7	8	9
10	11 <i>Veteran's Day</i>	12	13	14	15	16 Goodbye Party for Rick -see page 1 for more details
17	18	19	20	21 Brian Darga B'day (1966)	22	23
24	25	26	27	28 <i>Thanksgiving Day - See Cheryl in the big PARADE!</i>	29	30

The Group Grope
Editorial and publication
headquarters: ~~875~~ Phillips,
Berkeley, MI 48072

Published monthly (As timely as possible.)
Subscription rate
(postage paid): In the United States,
territories and possessions, \$8.28 per year.

Republication of news dispatches
originated by the Group Grope is encour-
aged. (Except of course for your mother,
who will probably not approve of Group
Groping.) All other republication rights
are reserved.

Editors: Christopher "Business is so good,
I'm leaving the Grope" Ozdarski and
Ellen Bristol

Contact Christopher @ 810-~~235~~-STUD
with news items, possible articles, advertis-
ing question, or to subscribe.

©1996, The Group Grope.
All rights reserved.

event information

information about specific events and who to contact for more information

Goodbye Party for Rick - 8:00 p.m. Be there or ... be unsocial to our won-
derful friend. See page one for more information.

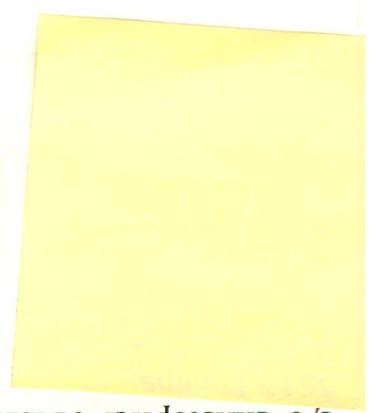
Thanksgiving in Detroit isn't complete without the Lions and the PARADE!
Rumor has it our own Cheryl Bordo will be on one of the floats this year!
Give her a call for the complete scoop.

Barb and Paul for the holidays? - Could it be? Preliminary rumors have it
that the happy couple MIGHT be at Paul's parents home for the Christmas
holidays. Stay tuned for more details.

Stats for Barb and Paul
OR

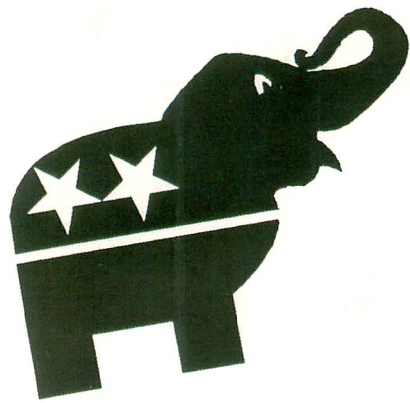
"Green Acres is the Place For Me"

Three percent of all Americans - 7,322,564 - live in the 301 square
miles of New York city. That's more than the number who live in the
930,000 square miles of Kansas, Nevada, Wyoming, Alaska, and
Mississippi combined. *from the Census Bureau*



The Group Grope
c/o Christopher Ozdarski

Democrat, Republican, Libertarian, Reformer, Independent...
it doesn't matter what you are...
"of the people, for the people, by the people"
just doesn't work if you don't vote.



Cast your vote
NOVEMBER 5



NO EXCUSES!