

# ENTERTAINMENT

## GROPE AND FEEL'S BEST SELLER LIST

- 1. RECREATIONAL GUIDE TO NUCLEAR DEVASTATION  
Featuring games for the whole family, such as: Hide and Stay Hidden  
Hot Potatoe (An amusing little number that can be played with any object found within a 200 mile radius of a strike zone)  
X and Oh-oh's  
I Spy (for whatever its worth the day after)
- 2. THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO THE FALL-OUT SHELTERS OF THE STARS  
Includes the shelters of the major political figures.
- 3. THE HITCH-HIKERS GUIDE TO UNDESIGNATED STRIKE ZONES
- 4. THE HALF EARTH'S GUIDE TO IGNORANT GARDENING
- 5. DR. SPOCK'S GUIDE TO RASING MUTANTS.
- 6. EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT RADIATION SICKNESS, BUT WERE REALLY TOO AFRAID TO ASK.
- 7. BACK TO BASICS — A GUIDE TO SINGLE CELL EXISTENCE.

Salvaged By BARRY PARKINSON

The following was submitted to the *Bandykin* mailing list on ARPA-net by N.M. Rosenblum.

Christians at War  
(Tune: Onward, Christian Soldiers!  
(by John F. Kendrick)

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain:  
Slay your Christian neighbours, or by them be slain.  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill;  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill.  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.  
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ okay the bill.  
Steal the farmer's savings, take the grain and meat;  
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat.  
Burn the peasants' cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehovah's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers too;  
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;  
God decrees your enemies must all go to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet;  
Trample human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his chosen race!  
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace.  
Trust in mock salvation, serve as tyrants' tools;  
History will say of you: "That pack of God damn fools."

-from the 34th Edition (1973) of the Industrial Workers of the World songbook: "Songs of the Workers: To Fan the Flames of Discontent". (This song was originally published in the book's 9th edition, in 1913)



**Princess  
Blane opens  
new shop**

Blane, Princess of Males attended the opening of London's newest store, "Ye Olde Sexxe Shoppe." She is pictured here about to show off the shop's hottest selling item, edible underwear.

## EDITOR LOST



The *Grope and Feel's* Mangling Editor, Cal Abdul Akim Rifkin, was sold 10 years ago to pay the office rent. We're rich now and would like him back. The *Grope and Feel* will reimburse the \$40. Drop him in the nearest mailbox, postage guaranteed.

# Spook speaks on specters of Hex

## DR. SPOOK SPEAKS

Feeling sluggish, listless, depressed, run down, out of sorts for some unknown reason. Maybe you aren't coming down with a virus of some kind. Maybe you are under a hex.  
Yes a hex. You know, a nasty spell cast on you by your basic witch.  
Do you have a desire to hop down to the ol' pond, grab a comfy lilly pad and croak out your favorite "Air Supply" tune? That's a big clue - developing a fondness for incredibly syrupy music - that and a sudden craving for flies.

Either you're hexed...or pregnant (and a craving for flies probably indicates you're going to deliver something pretty scary).

Or have you noticed a slight physical change occurring in connection with the lunar stages? It's possible you've contracted Werewolfonia. This is a major curse, right up there with Vampiritis, herpes and the heart-break of psoriasis. Now although electroclists will help elevate some of the symptoms, self treatment is not advised. Now is the time to seek professional help.  
Selecting the proper witch

doctor is crucial. Specialists in minor spells (warts, bunions, protruding nose-ear) are not qualified to deal with the major problems (lunacy, transformation, a fondness for music by Wham or Air Supply).

Check with the MPA (Magician Physician Assoc.) before you make an appointment. Once you've found a qualified practitioner - you should consider the heavy traffic times when trying to get an appointment. If you've developed Werewolfonia around Walpurgis Night or Halloween, you shove some raw hamburger through the

mail slot to tide you over.

If you've been hexed during a slow traffic period (Christmas, Easter, St. Patrick's Day) the only problem will be confirming your Wednesday night off to play Dungeons and Dragons, but in fact, sever do. They can be interrupted in case of a real emergency. (ie. acute demonic possession) during these games...but you'll something to do while you're with the doctor.

If your doctor makes house calls, it's advisable to become acquainted with your physician's familiar. Many doctors will not make house calls

because of unfamiliar familiar problems. (A friend of mine with a family practice in Transylvania showed up at a home as a bat and almost ended up in the soup).

And finally, remember to follow your doctor's advice to the letter. Taken incorrectly, the cure can be worse than the curse.

Well that's all for this column. Next time we'll discuss Hypochondriac-hexes, or the Exorcist Syndrome, and the proper way to exorcise demons (the 20 Minute Workout will not work for this).

Until next time...More Power To You.

## Rhapsody in Newark

By FELICITY-SUE DONYM  
Precious Lamour gracefully executed a perfect Siberian Crab-Craw, slicing the water in the Deluxe Junior Tadpole above-ground pool from K-Mart, with the ease of a lame duck.

From his hiding place behind the exotic giant Succatash plant, Clint Steele studied her movements with the eye of an art lover. Unaware of her audience, Precious was allowing her usually controlled presence to become relaxed, displaying an earthy sensual quality. This unguardedness was highlighted by the fact that she wore none of the usual 60 pounds of make-up, but especially in the way she would stop swimming, pause,

and wait until the tiny stream of sparkling bubbles surfaced behind her, before continuing.

Clint could conceal his presence from this goddess no longer. Stepping out from his hiding place, he crept silently, but masterfully, to pool side. Precious surfaced before him like the Phoenix from the flames, only soggy. Wiping the water from her eyes with the back of her hands, she distinctly yet not without grace blew the pool water out of her nose. When she opened her baby blues, she drew a sudden breath, surprised to see a tall dark stranger wiping snotty pool water off his original copy of a designer original synthetic cashmere jacket. "Oh". She caught her breath again, and yet again. Clint drew a silver

plated flask from his pocket and offered it to the hiccupping Precious. She took a dainty sip, they looked at the crest on the side of the now empty container. "Family crest?" she cooed. "Canadian Tire" he replied in a tone of barely controlled lust. Precious smiled a shy quivering smile, and Clint lowered his rugged yet not too far from sensitive face closer to her own. The quivering of her upper lip turned into a noticeable twitch as he reached for her tanned supple shoulders with his large strong yet masculine yet gentle hands. As his grip tightened, the twitched moved to her right eye causing her to wink at him every 3 seconds in a manner he found sensual yet not too far from innocence. He drew her hair closer, his hot breath steaming her contacts. His lips drew back in an artistic snarl, his eyes became animal-like in their intensity. Precious felt her insides heave, surprised to feel passion this great being caused by a man who now looked something like a gopher. He drew her nearer still, and her stomach churned again. As he bent his face to meet hers, she parted her moist lips, and burped in his face. Her stomach stopped churning and she felt much better. With the smell of onions and sardines invading his senses, his head spinning with nausea, he did the only thing he could do.

When she surfaced and wiped the pool water from her eyes and blew it out of her nose once more...he was gone. The only thing she was left to remember him by was the bill from the gas company tacked to the side of the pool. A tear traced its way down her cheek as she stood alone in her slowly deflated Junior Tadpole pool, watching the setting sun disappear behind the evening smog.

## GROMYKO REVEALS HE HAS "HAPPY FEET"

By PIGE STYE  
A. Gromyko revealed recently in a Baaba Waawa interview that he has had "Happy Feet" since he was a youngster.

Gromyko, who spoke of his idol Fred Astaire frequently throughout the interview, said if his political career had faltered in the least in his early year he would have defected to the U.S. to join a Vaudeville Act.

As a child Gromyko could not control his wild outbursts to tap dance in public. He stated somberly, "My mother was always proud of my natural rhythm and soul, however, my father has aspiration of my being a girl, Papa never forgave me for being a boy."

At the age of thirteen however, severe frost bite to his toes made tap dancing impossible for the young

Gromyko. "That winter was horrible for me. I had all this magnificent energy but I could not dance." To utilize this energy he found that back and hand spins, along with waving arm and body motions, were the perfect outlet for his creative dance urges. "It gives great pain to my heart to hear these American street children credit themselves with this dancing method."

Gromyko spoke to Baaba on his dancing habits of today. He frequents Soviet gyms to stay limre and has been rumoured to have contacted Jackson Enterprises to discuss an extension of the Victory Tour to the Soviet Union (with the stipulation that Gromyko be given a fifteen minute dance solo during Beat It).

Baaba asked Gromyko on how his "happy feet" went over with his Kremlin peers. "Very well, very well, former comrade Chernenko himself was once an aspiring Bolshoi member. A well...he was...um, one of the dressers.

## Entertaining on a smelly track shoe-string budget

Last time we discussed the use of GRAVOL as an appetizer. Today we shall discuss the entrée's that complement that gastric delight, but still remain in our 'Entertaining on a Smelly Track Shoe-String' budget.

Hamburger Helper has always been a personal favorite of mine, but since the rising cost of meat has put that delicacy out of the reach of most consumers, we are now looking for a time saver with its own meat source that can be used as a macaroni noodle helper. Dr. Ballards, for example, is a perfect sauce base. Each can is complete with meat, meat by-products and a sufficient amount of vegetable matter to make it the perfect addition to any noodle base. There is also a protein and mineral supplement that will give you a sleek and shiny coat.

For those occasions you want a seafood entrée, there are several sources of aquatic delicacies to tickle your tastebuds. Miss Mew Seafood Mix is excellent for anything from a chowder stock to a seafood salad garnish. Your family will love it, friends will swear you've spent hours in the kitchen, and your cat will

never walk away from table scraps again.

The question of which wines to serve now arises. I personally am not held to tradition and feel it is quite acceptable to have red wine with cat food, as I feel it is equally acceptable to serve white wine with Alpo, or

Corn Flakes. I guess the best rule of thumb is to let your taste buds be your guide. As with anything else, do not let the price of the wine affect your judgement when making a purchase. It need not be expensive to be palatable. Actually when entertaining on a

smelly track shoe-string budget, the cheaper the better. Here volume counts more than anything else. A four litre jug of sewer-e-will before dinner, and your guests will be happy to eat linoleum.

Anyway, that's it for today. Next time we will take a look at desserts that can be made

from nuclear waste and whipped cream...for those intimate candlelit dinners when you can't afford candles, but want something that glows in the dark. Until next time...remember that old saying. "If you don't eat you can't shit...and if you can't shit...you die." Bon Appetit!

## BRIEFLY

FREDSVILLE (PIG) - Miss Piggy's life fell apart last week after a police investigation ended in her arrest. It was disclosed that Miss Piggy's real name is "Brownie". Piggy was under police surveillance after a complaint from one of her neighbours. The neighbour, Mr. Hugh G. Rekshun, told the *Grope and Feel* he had witnessed "Brownie" fondling and abusing an ugly creature. "It looked like a bear," said Rekshun.

The police followed "Brownie" to the corner of Queen and Regent in Fredericton, N.B. An area known as the hangout for Fredericton's worthless scum.

Officer Testes of the Fredericton Police Organ Abuse division, stated "Brownie" was observed harassing "any" male passerby



Photo by Badger

for some "Beer". After acquiring a substantial amount of "beer", she was followed by Police to a nearby house on the slimey side of the river. Police entered the house where an illegal "Beer stain" collection was found. "Brownie" was arrested on the spot.

"Brownie" is in jail awaiting her trial. If convicted, she could be sentenced to death, HA!

OF A SERIOUS NOTE-The Council of the Arts- Fredericton through its ONSTAGE Series, will present Edith Butler in concert at the Playhouse April 24-25, at 8:00 p.m.

NOT OF A SERIOUS NOTE-Edith Butler will be donating all concert proceeds and her body to Ethiopia.



## No ShiT Here!!

HONEYWOOD (YEP) - Film star Vicki Trick and her husband Mark Spot have called it quits after a 27 minute honeymoon in front of the Church.

## Record Review

The Continuing Saga of Giving One's Opinion.

### Twisted Blister.

We're Not Going To Take That is one of those songs with video's that express the true essence of music. The angles of the camera shots and the convincing acting overwhelm me. So did they hire actors or what? Bette Midler never looked so good.

By Bat Patrol Host

I Wanna Rock is a pretty f\_\_\_\_\_ poor attempt at expressing ones dreams. The concept of a poor ghetto boy from Chicago with his own pet beach rock is just sentimental B.S. Worst of all they made a gosh darn video that had nothing to do with rocks, but I'm a sucker for blonds. Four Stars.

Coitus I

# MUSIC CHART

Top 30 Not as April 5, 1985

1. Dartroom - Pest of Time
2. Images of Ugly - Call It Bad (please)
3. Fears For Tears - Shut up!
4. Simple Men - Don't You ... (sing this song)
5. Various Failures - Bad Samples.
6. Blotters - Hard Time.
7. Watergirls - A Pleasant Place.
8. The Reagans - Meat is Murder.
9. Cabaret Vulgar - Macro Phonies.
10. Scatch-A-Kid - Scratch-A-Kid.
11. Lost Hobos - We hope the Canine Dies.
12. Northern Dikes - Northern Dikes.
13. Blue Bellies - Sisters.
14. Unwanted Advances - 2 Much.
15. Grapes of Whine - Grapes of Whine.
16. Western Styes - Western Styes.
17. Hugh G. Moo - The Bear Doo Doo's in the Woods.
18. Parts Found Not On MY Body - Parts Found On His
19. Fat Doggie - I Was a Skinny Puppy.
20. Dallas Truck - We Sound Dead, We Look Dead.

Grac... cent...  
E...  
Stras... Europe... unanim... unlimit... on impo... from hu...  
The C... had rec... skinnin... Divers c... season...  
Seub... hunted f... but in... number... die. Th... making... ches an... dice the... view mi...  
The g... govern... ing sam... grounds... any no... with So... they wa... rubber... and eve... much o... sex org...  
This... you th... has not... great r... author... finally... ty of T... such as... V-E D... War II... such an... ble that... will be... section... dulgen... Theref... per-us... obituar... Ballard... of the... Garden... versior...  
A...  
Map... today... Harold... owner... profes... Toron... died o... Ballar... tack... Vaive... cept... awar... an un... Worl... Pragu... his fi... Vaive...