

# just say YO!

I came close to getting laid this month. After all that talk last month about how **huuge** my dick was, some women were interested (dare I say aroused?) and wanted to have their wicked, wanton way with me. Careful not to **ejaculate** prematurely at the thought that my three year drought could almost be over, I played the babes for all I was worth: "I can't take you *all* home — so who wants to be lucky?" As most of my male hetro readers will know, there's nothing better than having a half dozen **drop dead gorgeous** women fighting over you — especially when it's in public and other guys are watching. With their big hair flailing and their luscious breasts almost **bouncing** out of their short black dresses I couldn't help feeling I was in a Twilight Zone of **Dyke Action Videos** as they duked it out for Nick's Dick.

Being the caring and sharing sort of guy I am I decided to put a stop to their **shameful** display lest the Bar Manager rope our section off and start selling tickets. Quickly unzipping my fly I **flopped out my willy**, promising them there was more than enough to go round. Let me tell you right here, right now: don't ever flop your willy out in public. Swear to god, I thought it was big — it *looks* plenty big to me. But no, a deathly silence befell the bar only to be shattered by gales of laughter from six women pointing derisively at my tiny appendage.

Waking up in a cold sweat I quickly whipped back the duvet and stared down at my dick. It was still all there, it hadn't shrunk, it was still **enough meat to feed a family of four**. Phew! Giving my willy a fond five-fingered cuddle I slumped back into bed and tried to analyse this nightmare. It was true that I'd been getting a lot of inquisitive looks from women since last month's column, but so far no-one has enquired about me filling their vacancy. I'm an unemployed **Stud for Hire**, a rentboy without an apartment (or is that the point of being a rentboy?), a **ToyBoy** forced to oil his own Mechanno Set — surely there's someone out there who can save me from hairy palms?

If you're interested I'll be the guy in the **Official Michael Jackson Dangerous Tour Jacket** by the left side of the right speakers at *The Brain 1993*. It's certain to be NZ's largest and phatest dance party, and full marks to the Bassline Boys (*no bootlegs here matey*) for **pulling it off**. Which is what I *don't* plan to be doing Friday July 2. Nosireee Bob — not with my **hunk of burning love**. Well, it's not actually burning, no — I took the pills and the inflammation has cleared completely. But you know what I mean.

Speaking of men with **E-Normous P-Nises**, some wag sent me a copy of Australian *Playgirl* — together with the suggestion I pose as the centrefold. Looking at the men inside with their **long dangly bits** I can see why y'all would prefer a proud peacock like myself to strut my stuff. Trouble is I'm not to keen on having my nipples stapled. I know **body piercing** is all the rage right now (isn't the George Michael video great?) but the thought of having my tits pierced (let alone my dick!) turns my blood cold.

Something else that made me laugh (aside from all those gay models with smouldering eyes trying to turn on straight women)(who are only looking at those **long dangly bits** anyway) was their story on **Shannen Doherty**. They report that she is a total bitch, the proof being that she had a little girl **dying with leukemia** thrown off the set of *90210*. "Get her out!" shouted Shannen, "she's so ugly I can't work with her around". The girl had been brought to the set by the *Make A Wish Foundation*, and died days later.

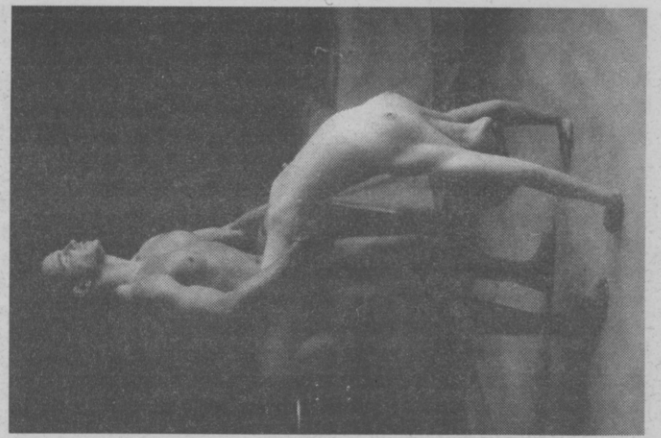
If you believe that story then you probably believed me last month that **Marcus Lush** was bun-running. The Shannen story is great, but it was first reported in 1987 with the **Beastie Boys** telling a German fan with leukemia "You're so ugly — **fuck off Baldy!**". Urban myths are a wonderful thing — they allow you mortals to try and qualify your dreary excuse for a life by devaluing our celebrity lifestyles with wholesale lies and fabrications. By the time we hear about them they've become accepted as fact. You've probably all heard the stories: *Martin Crowe is a Pillow Biter*, or *Belinda Todd and Anita McNaught are Lovers*, or maybe *The Minister of Police John Banks is a Closet Homosexual*, but my current fav is *Things are Getting Better*.

The opinion polls show that the Government's message is getting through, but whether this is reality or **perception** remains to be seen. The advertising agencies will tell you that perception *is* reality and if you've got the budget they can sell anything. The Government ad campaigns have just begun with the government spending **millions of dollars of your money** to convince you that things are coming right. What are these campaigns telling us?

One says if you're thinking of employing someone then the government will help pay the wages for the first six months. The government? No — they're spending **your** tax dollars! No wonder unemployment is supposedly falling, the government is paying private business to take the unemployed off the governments hands — for six months!

Another campaign with **lots of cute kids** jumping out of a lift tells us what? It tells you to pick up a pamphlet to see if your kid is entitled to cheaper medical care!! Yet another campaign infers that anyone who rents, flats, or even owns their own home *could* be entitled to a Housing Benefit. **Yeah, right!!** These campaigns drive me nuts because you, the public, are so gullible. You believe it, the polls prove that. You have forgotten just what this government have done to you — **they've been smacking you in the head** for the past two years and now it's election year they offer you a cup of tea. Like the pathetic peasants you are you lap this up, and believe that maybe things are getting better.

Now, I know I promised to tell you this month which TV star was considering a **Playboy** shoot but I lied. Why do that when I can have you looking quizzically at every female actor on **Shortland Street** (past or present)? I'll give you a clue — *it ain't Marge!* (Thank god). Or was it someone on **Marlin Bay** wanting to be a centrefold? Oh well, one Shortland Street star who has already been **seen naked by millions** of viewers both here and overseas is **Greer Robson**. Sadly the bathtub scene in *Smash Palace* wasn't quite the salacious treat I was hoping for — I'd forgotten how young she was when she made it. Still, it was a great film even if I did have to stay up all night to see it. Yes, Channel 2 have brought back the **all night** movies on weekends! Watch those lakes drain as viewers remain riveted to their TV



Many women's magazines will tell you how to get the man of yo dreams, but only *Cleo* will show you how to keep him.

screens all night with the heaters on full! Luckily they're only showing NZ movies and **boring** old repeats so there isn't actually much chance of that really happening.

Following the TV footage shown last year of cars being used for **smash 'n' grab** burglaries there have been a spate of similar **robberies** in NZ. Which is why perhaps there has subsequently been little coverage of Compton's latest craze: **Carjacking**. What is carjacking? Well it's a very simple way of getting a car, but to say more could invite trouble for me, so **my lips** are sealed. (But all you need are **balls**). Anyway in Auckland recently there has been a spate of thefts from sports shops, with the most popular items being Starter gear. And who have we seen swanning around town lately in brand new Starter gear? None other than Shortland Street star **Rene Naufahu!** Could he possibly be **personally involved** in the crime wave sweeping the country? Can he show receipts for the purchase of these items?

In the United States of America, the **Land of the Brave** and the **Home of the Free**, Dr David Gunn was allegedly murdered by David Griffen. The defense is saying that Griffen **killed** Gunn in defense of the unborn children who would otherwise have been **aborted** by Gunn. That Gunn was legally performing abortions doesn't seem to matter to the anti-abortion lobby — in their opinion the law is wrong and some believe it should be changed **by any means necessary**. Local pro-choice people watch out!

In New Zealand, the **Land of the Long White Bread** and the **Home of the Free Market Economy**, we are getting change by any means necessary. No-one asked for **User Pays Healthcare** and ACC Levies that you pay for but **don't actually have you covered** — but we've got 'em!! As I said earlier, the millions of dollars the government is spending to tell you things are alright are coming from your tax dollars. They're not being spent on Health or Education, they're being spent on pre-Election propaganda. As I've also said before, I haven't been laid since the last Labour Government. **My sexual gratification rests in your hands** — so vote wisely and don't be fooled by slick advertising. Peace, out!!

NICK D'ANGELO®

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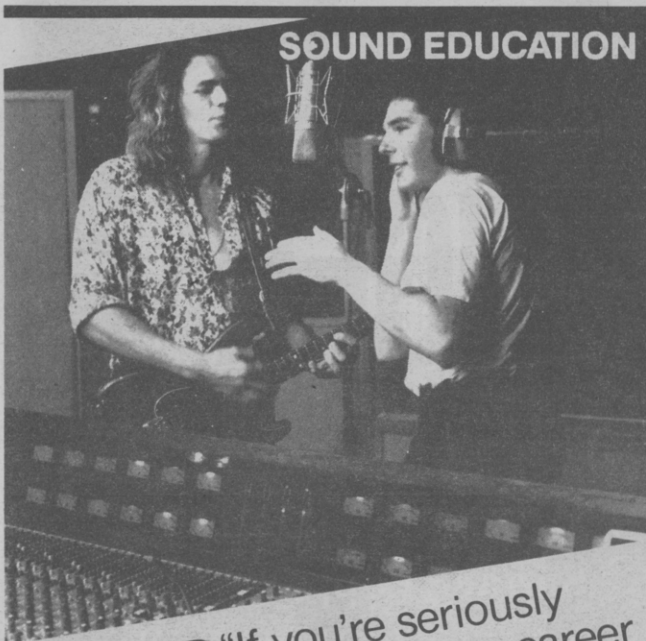
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