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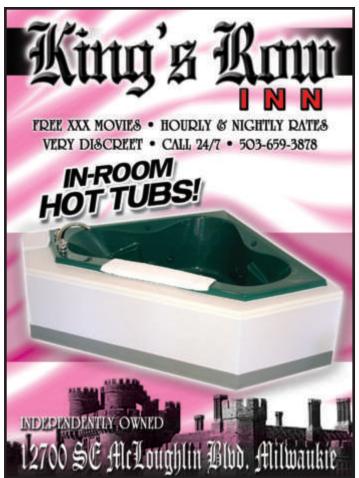
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# IT'S MY GIRLFRIEND CALLING.

I can tell it's my girlfriend, because it's the only girl I'm currently fucking whose REAL NAME is displayed on my cell phone when she calls.

Mistress #1, who slept with me last night, is identified as my friend Steve when she calls. Mistress #2 pops up on the display as my good buddy Phil.

Cell phones are made for cheating. My camera phone is also good for taking pictures of my cock, which I forward to my e-mail account and then on to other women in the hope that I'll have more and more covert affairs without my girlfriend's (or mistresses') knowledge.

So long as they don't know.

I want them to suspect, but I don't want them to know.

There's too much trouble when they know.

That's why I've spent the last three hours washing the bedsheets and sweeping the floors and emptying the wastebaskets and running long strips of clear packing tape over the couch and pillow covers, hoping I caught every last long strand of Mistress #1's hair. And just when I thought I'd cleared all the evidence, I saw one of her hairs stuck to the toilet while I was taking a piss. And while showering all of last night's sweat, cum, and girljuice off me, I found one of her hairs tangled around my fingers.

Can't ever be too careful about hair evidence. Could sweep the place a hundred times and I know there'd still be one renegade strand out there.

After Mistress #1 left a couple hours ago, I hung pictures of my girlfriend back up all over the apartment. I vowed that when she came over, I would not accidentally call her by one of the other girls' names. I turned on my cell phone's ringer and removed all suspicious middle-of-the-night calls from "Steve" and "Phil" from its history log. I cleared my e-mail inboxes and outboxes of all flirtatious and/or explicit correspondence with other ladies, especially the married one who flew cross-country to stay at a hotel a block away so I could fuck her.

Last thing I do before answering my girlfriend's call is hide my notes for this article. When she asks me what I've been doing all day, I can hardly say, "Writing an article about cheating on you."

I'M NOT PROUD THAT I'M A TRIFLIN' MAN AND A SERIAL PHILANDERER. It makes me feel all ghetto, and not in the cool, MTV kind of way. I know it's juvenile. I know it's contemptible. But I don't know whether it can be cured.

I mean, I promised myself I'd be a good boy at least while writing this article, and I couldn't even do that. I nailed Mistress #1 last night and Mistress #2 the night before. And as I'm typing this, if some naked chick were to fall out

of the sky and land on my cock, odds are that I wouldn't pull her off it.

Let's just say I have a bad history with women.

Imagine the worst, because it's far worse than that. I'm a
serial faller-in-lover. I fall in love easily, fall out of it even easier, and fall in
love with someone new while the old relationship is still flailing and half-alive. I
start off collecting their love letters and wind up documenting their death threats.

I'm a strong man. I can usually last a few hours without female company. After that point, I become achingly, gnawingly, desperately lonely. It always feels worst when the sun goes down and I realize no one will be sleeping next to me tonight. My crushing fear of romantic isolation sends me out into the darkness seeking to pair up, to find a body—any warm body—to drag home next to me. Soon enough, sooner than I'd prefer, I'll enter a postmenopausal

void of pain and decay. Loneliness is the true death, and I flee it like a shrieking woman.

But as much as I fear being alone, I also dread being smothered. I use women to stave off loneliness, but I never let them get too close. I walk a tightrope strung between loneliness on one end and suffocation on the other. I'll keep one girl at arm's length until I find another one within arm's reach.

I believe in love. I know I've felt it. And I've found a way to destroy it every time. Love...when it's good...is the best thing in the world, the only thing that feels better than sex.

But love is unstable like plutonium, and I won't allow myself to get hurt. So I wrap myself in armor and seek love. I'm a steel-claw-equipped lunar land probe, scuttling over cold rocks looking for someone to cuddle.

I'll risk STDs and legal charges, but I won't risk a broken heart. Better to be a bastard than a sucker. I have found, against my better wishes, that the nicer you are to women, the less they desire you. Their pussies are likelier to lubricate if you forget their name than if you send them flowers. If you were to become the sensitive guy they say they want, they wouldn't want you anymore. So I never spend money on them. I never make the first move. I never make them feel remotely secure that I'll be around tomorrow. And precisely because—not in spite—of all this, I've never been dumped.

"He's a great fuck, but emotionally unavailable," one of my exes told another girl. "He's absolutely worthless as a human being, but the best fuck of my life," said another. I savor such comments. Better a great fuck than an open, bleeding, emotional wound.

why can't i be Honest with them? Most of them wouldn't fuck me if I was honest. So I maintain the charade. I don't trust myself to be trustworthy. And I don't believe that absolute trust is possible. During nasty breakups when all the

mean things are said, you realize that most of your suspicions were right. There's always SOMETHING—even if it's only a mildly negative opinion—that you're going to hide from them, and something they're hiding from you. You really can't share everything. If you tell the whole truth, the whole world will fall apart.

Dad never cheated on mom. They stayed miserably together for nearly four decades until cancer gobbled him up like a Pac Man food particle. I observed firsthand their faithfulness. And their unhappiness.

There are several reasons why I cheat. Sex.
Boredom. Spite. Ego. If my girlfriend begins withholding sex, I feel a near-moral obligation to cheat on her. Or even if she doesn't and her pussy's starting to taste a little stale, I'll get some action on the side. If she's being bitchy, I'll subvert

her attempt at domination by fucking someone else.

If she's trying to make me jealous, I'll fuck every girl she knows. Or if some other girl is making moves on me, nine times out of ten I'll take her out for a test drive.

The vagina is a wonderful thing. Some are better than others, but most are fairly spectacular. But none is so good that it made me forget there are more than three billion other vaginas out there. Women wield considerable power over men due to the fact that we crave their pussies. But the surest way to short-circuit this power is to continually remind women that their li'l fishie isn't the only one in the ocean.

Right now my girlfriend is across town, and I'm not sure what she's doing. And I'm here all alone. And here are my cell phone and the Internet, just begging to be used.

# MY CHEATING HEART

BY HERMAN FRAGMENT

WHY I'VE LOST FAITH IN MY ABILITY TO BE FAITHFUL

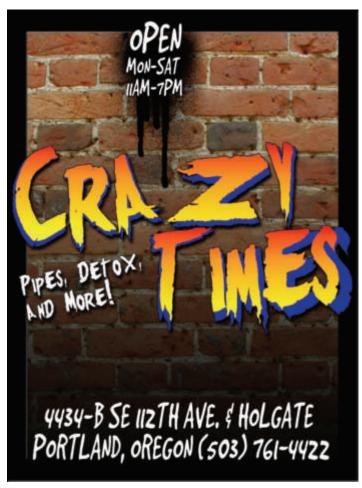
















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February 2006

lelcome back. Portland. Hopefully by now. vou're aware there have been some changes in the pages of the Rose City's ONLY Adult Entertainment Guide. Last month I spent a good part of this column excusing my own scandalous presence back at the wheel of my former wrecking ball of a column, but I forgot to fill you in on a couple of important details. The new direction we're taking this mag (editorially speaking) has only just begun. In uncoming months, we hope to showcase local Portland talent of all kinds; bands, artists, DJs, entertainers and more. This month's feature is a little hung-up on love and romance (or the lack thereof). but next month we'll be hoping to bring you some of the best entertainment Portland has to offer. But I'll need your help on this...you know someone who belongs stuck in the middle of our naughty lit-

or let's be friends on our new myspace page. www.myspace.com/xmag. Remember. kids. this is *Exotic* magazine, so no wimps, posers or wannabes need submit. In the past I just would asuggested one of our competitors for that, but hev. they're all gone now, what can I

tle pages? Pass it on and contact us

here at *Exotic* at xmag@qwest.net,

On to the news! Our kick-ass sales staff overloaded the hell out of me this month with loads of special events so I'd keep my mouth shut and keep 'em outta trouble...so here goes!

Sava

**Lush** fires off this smorgasbord of sinful entertainment with AVN Hall of Famer Stephanie Swift as

well as a Limo Party sponsored by *Exotic* magazine. **Don't get upset** You won't wanna miss this one. Being a veteran of a

several Exotic limo trips myself, I could tell you some stories (if I could only remember them). April will bring the return of the mother of all contests-the Miss Nude Oregon Pageant will boast a \$4000 prize booty. It's open to all entertainers, so start getting your "act" together and go for the crown, ladies.

It's kinda fun to watch from afar as the "talent rotation" continues to shuffle in our fine little industry. Atlantis Showgirls (formerly the Hideaway), now completely remodeled, is offering a free Texas Hold 'Em tourney every Tuesday and Wednesday, and ladies, there is no house fee...EVER! Atlantis is now under the command of Claude Da Corsi and his crew. Let's see-Claude (formerly of Safari and Viewpoint) wants us to know he wasn't fired. "In this industry...you don't lose your job...you just lose your turn." True, true Claude. I've seen certain PDX individuals (who shall remain nameless) that have circled every premier club in town two or three times now, and I'm talking about management-dancers can do that in a month.

**BA Video** on 52nd wants us to know they are now stocking a huge selection of rare videos that um...bring out the "animal" in you. Stop by for an Erotic Pajama Party at the **Dolphin I** on Thursday, Feb. 16th and **Dolphin II** on Thursday, Feb. 23rd. One of my favorite porn stars, Janine, will be the Mistress of Ceremonies celebrating the grand opening of **Stars Salem** on February 25th at 6PM. Tix are \$30 in advance, with tons of VIP perks, thousands in prizes, and a Jane Doe casting contest for the upcoming film Welcome to Detroit.

My old alma mater **Union Jacks** is turning up the heat this month with a brand-new series of cabaret acts on Friday, February 24th, including feature theme sets from former local porn star Solara Starr, Exotic Covergirl Gia's Old School burlesque review and one of the "hottest" fire dancers of all time, Ty Fyre.

Wow, looks like **Stars** is broadening their horizons this Valentine's Day as they present the Star's Fetish Circus, featuring body-mod manipulations and suspension, live tattoo art, fire

> shows and tarot-card reading. And just to think, I remember the days when Ink-n-Pink was just too darn freaky for 'em. Way to go, guys, sounds like a blast, wish I could be there.

Welcome to Crazy Times out on 112th and Holgate-stop by and check out their amazing selection of glass pipes, detox aides, and more. When in Salem, be sure to stop by LaDonna's, where you can get free private dances with paid admission and drink purchase every Monday. Fascinations on Foster has re-adopted its former name back to **Scarlett Ribbons**. Rockstar Promotions is now shaking up one of PDX's classic skin joints, The Dancin' Bare. Babydolls &

**Honeysuckles** are looking at reopening next month—phew, that was a lotta info in one paragraph, I told ya they're choking me with news here, kids.

Onward-Wildcats, home of the best tail in town, is tearing it up on Fat Tuesday with a Wild Mardi Gras bash, and of

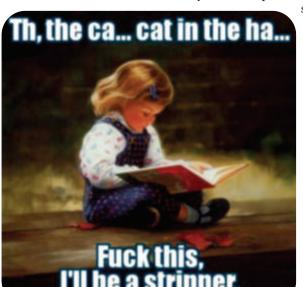
we're on the subject of the Super Bowl, at press time I'm gonna be so bold as to say GO SEAHAWKS! (Fingers crossed.) Other venues to take in the game include **Bottoms Up**, with specials all day long and a massive big screen for your viewing pleasure. Tommy's II & III are offering a free buffet from noon to the final tick in addition to lots of giveaways. Dream On Saloon is throwing some prizes into the pool on game day as well, in addition to a dance contest on the 23rd with cash prizes. Then hop on over to the **Pallas** on the 24th for Gary the Retard plus Jade and Kami's Birthday Bash. The Pallas is also featuring a free buffet on Mondays through Wednesdays from noon to four. Last and certainly not least, **Jody's Bar and Grill** presents Nightcap Friday on Feb 24th featuring the all new "bed-stage," plus "Girl-Next-Door Night" every Thursday.

course a HUGE Super Bowl party on Sunday, February 5. While

That's it, kids, I'm out, enjoy the lineup this month, looks pretty damn good from here.

(exoticunderground2004@yahoo.com)

SpookyX



—a stripper sent this to us!

# EXOTICA INTERNATIONAL



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T's February, Let's pretend for a second that I'm a typical single.

The second that I'm a typical single.

t's February. Let's pretend for a second that I'm a typical single woman affected by the prospect of another lame-ass Valentine's Day, and I'm looking to get laid some time around the 14th. So as I'm surfing the Web, I decide to follow one of those obnoxiously over-advertised links to MSN.com, and suddenly, there it is. An article titled "9 Pick-Up Lines for Women," where they ask the question, "Are you afraid of appearing over-eager or even desperate if you approach a man?" (Objection, your honor—leading the witness!) Wow. As I read these dating tips from MSN, I find them to be lacking at best, insulting at face value.

Thankfully, they start by giving us permission to be forward with men by explaining that "If the move is tactful and genuine, you won't come off as loose or frantic—or a stalker." Whew, let me tell you, that is good news, because I was on the verge of becoming a lonely spinster, so inadequate in my flirting techniques am I.

Following is their list, explaining to millions of women how to snag Mr. Right. While they do give us the earth-shattering news that it's OK to "simply say what you feel," or to "just ask him" (noooo, really?), there are a number of other demoralizing suggestions that put women right where MSN wants them—needing more advice.

Let's give this list a little makeover, shall we?

Number 2 on their list: "Touchdown." If you're a sports fan, you've got a leg up on some of the other girls. With football season in full swing, use your sports acumen as an entree. "I always respond to a cute girl who knows her sports," says Lars, 24, of Boston. "Make a comment about a play or a draft pick, and you'll definitely get my attention."

Oh no, not Lars again. Don't you think we've caught on by now, MSN?? That guy is the one that ends up in front of the TV every waking hour, dictating our lives with sports statistics and demands for more beer. Sure, there are some hot women out there that are actually into sports, but what if you're not? Well, ladies, you better bust out the old almanacs and get to reading, because there's no way Lars is gonna be interested in anything you might like, unless you have applied at Hooters and know who Ben Rothlisberger is. Try this...talk to Mr. Potential about things you may have in common and let that be the indicator, not how well you can fake it.

Let's jump ahead to number 5 on their list, where MSN again reminds women of their exact place in the household—dependent on the man, of course. "Monkey Wrench." Spot a hottie in the hardware store? Getting help is a great icebreaker. "I was getting a plunger and saw a cute guy in the plumbing aisle," recalls Anna, 45, of Portland. "I asked if he had any recommendations, and he did. To pay him back, I offered to buy him coffee. It worked."

Hmmmm...instead of asking a man for more help in a department we're perfectly capable in, why not try showing off your expertise (unless you don't know how to work a plunger)? Let Mr. Hardware Boy overhear you talking to the PIC about your upcoming project and how time-consuming remodeling your bathroom has turned out to be. Unfortunately, men are still completely shocked and awed by a woman who knows her stuff, so instead of appearing helpless, show him you are sexy AND self-sufficient.

Oh, the humiliation of number 6: "Tongue." Feeling daring? Up the sexy factor. "I started talking to a man at a local bar," says LouAnne, 39, of San Antonio. "We'd been talking for over an hour when I suddenly realized I was attracted to him. I flirted a little, and when he didn't immediately respond, I showed him how I could tie a cherry stem into a knot with my tongue. After he quit blushing, he asked me to dance."

OK, first of all...I'd like to see what it looks like when a woman "suddenly realizes she's attracted to someone" after an hour of talking to him. Do her eyes bug out of her head as though he just said something outrageous? Does her jaw drop? Is it hard to refrain from admitting, "Oh my God, I just found you attractive at this very moment! I can go home with you now!" Leads one to wonder how many drinks she'd had in that hour...

Setting the beer goggles aside, let's focus on the meaning of this advice. The woman had somehow kept the man's attention for a full hour. There was something other than sucking on cherry stems that he found attractive and engaging. I find it interesting that the minute she pulled the "ditzy girl" routine, Mr. Intellect "didn't immediately respond." It would appear he was as

surprised by her sudden attraction to him as she was. As soon as he realized the intelligent person he was just talking to had been

replaced with a sex-crazed airhead, it's no wonder he asked her to "dance." Should we assume her cherry

stem twirls won't keep him around for long? As for our little counter-advice, ditch the cherries for

brainpower, unless you want to wake up alone.

Finally, let's end this charade with a little common sense, which I was amazed to find anywhere in this article. Their answer number 9: "Results."

Sometimes you have to skip the formalities. "I was sitting in a club the other night, wracking my brain for something pithy to say to a nice-looking man down the bar," says Mandy, 33. "I came up empty. I moved to the stool next to him and told him just that. At the end of the night, he asked for my number, and we've been on two dates. I guess the direct approach works."

OK. Now this makes sense. Actually telling a man the truth about who you are and how you feel, instead of sucker-punching him and tricking him into thinking you're some sports-crazed dimwit who can't unclog her own toilet. Allow me to let you in on a little secret: *It doesn't matter what you say*. If the attraction is there, it's there, and no list of "how to kiss a guy's ass" is gonna change that. Not to mention, the guy you snag with these tricks is the guy you're stuck with in the end. The real you has to come out sometime...why not use that upfront and attract the real men?

Here's an icebreaker he'll never forget: "Hey, you remind me of my Grandfather...but I haven't fucked you yet!"

Happy V-Day, kids.

ou would think getting caught sleeping with the boss' boss would've gotten me fired, but thanks to my quick action to save the store manager from choking on his French fry, I managed keep my job. After the big embarrassment of getting caught in such a public manner I really wasn't interested in pursuing anything further with the district manager, but much to my chagrin, that was-

**n't what she wanted.**During the subsequent week, I ignored the strategically placed notes left by her or the veiled messages announced over the loudspeaker during the day. It wasn't like she turned ugly or began to wear on me, but I was more interested in a quick fuck rather than a long, drawn-out affair. I had to send her a firm sig-

Scanning the sales floor, my eyes locked onto a woman in the eye-care department. She stood looking like a young Isabella Rossellini dressed as a leather-clad beatnik. My head was suddenly drawn to her as I floated toward her direction with the rest of my body scrambling along, finger combing my hair and performing a quick breath check.

I introduced myself to her. "I'm sorry, do I know you?"

"You're the portrait studio guy, aren't you?"

I acknowledged my job as the portrait photographer and suggested we talk somewhere a little more private. She put on a pair of shades and looked at me as if she were looking through X-ray specs, then asked me to follow her. The district manager jealously watched me through the security-camera monitors in the back room.

I hopped into the sporty black Porsche owned by the mysterious, leather-clad beatnik

woman. The car zipped down the streets as she drove like a race-car driver to a nearby restaurant. She got out and handed the keys to a valet. Sipping on wine, she asked, "What makes you think you can get a woman like me—I'm a rich bitch?" she asked. "You don't know who I am," I said. "Who are you?" "I'm a pornographer." "In disguise?" "Taking a break." "Break from what?" "I made some bad moves with some bad people." "And now you're just the lowly portrait guy in a department store..." "...On a break," I reminded her. Just as I was about to go another round with her, the district manager showed up at our table. She was livid. This Angie Dickinsonesque district manager—who led a reserved, kinky lifestyle under her blouse—made it known to everyone that I was hers and no one else's. With the flip of a hand gesture, two very built men came to our table and escorted beatnik girl out of the restaurant. The restaurant seemed a little stuffy after that.

Racing off in the Porsche again, we arrived at her apartment. The leather-clad beatnik Rossellini discarded her jacket to reveal a dominatrix suit complete with bitch boots and leather corset. I knew

# THE PORNOGRAPHER

# by Anonymous

(names changed to protect the innocent and guilty)

something was a bit different about this woman and with that thought, I received a swift kick to the groin and was on the floor in a fetal position. Her name was Mistress Colette, and the Mistress felt the need to torture me. She took hold of my ear and dragged me across the marbled floor to her dungeon where she began to strip me, whip me and inflict pain like I'd never felt. It all happened so fast I really didn't have time to process the whole experience.

She had me naked in shackles with my cock in a leash. Part of me tried to get into it, maybe find something enjoyable about my first S&M experience. This just wasn't my cup of tea.

It was 10AM on a Friday and I was being dragged out of the apartment by a cock harness and into the passenger seat of the Porsche. I couldn't see anything as my head was covered in a zippered leather hood but from the sounds of it, we were going somewhere in the suburbs. "Uh, Mistress, might I ask where we're..." "SHUT UP!" The car's engine revved and the gears downshifted. We came to a sudden stop and she got out of the car. I was confused and I completely turned around. The door opened, she pulled me out onto the pavement, then poured baby oil all over me and feathered me. There was a roar of

laughter and I realized I was being laughed at by large group of kids. I pulled off the hood to see I was at a high school. There I stood in my cock harness, with my pubes shaved and dyed pink into a heart shape, doused in baby oil and feathered, the high school kids laughing at me hysterically. Some of them were even rolling on the ground. I could see Mistress

Colette's car in the distance driving away. I saw a pair of teachers coming over, and that's when I made my break. I grabbed my crotch with one

hand and ran as fast as I could looking for the nearest exit into the woods, but it seemed every turn was a wrong one and my condition was exacerbated by the high-school kids running alongside me, laughing at me as I ran. Some cheered me on and even tossed boxer shorts at me. At first I was followed by a dozen kids but within seconds, the crowd tripled as they eagerly followed me through my frantic sprint through the mezzanine, the lunchroom cafeteria and then through the gym. It was like a tsunami wave had broken through the doors when I entered the gym accompanied by at least a hundred kids. A track team joined in as I made my way out onto a track field. The runners easily matched my speed and stamina, leaping in unison with me over the three-foot-high hurdles. I crossed a football field where the quarterback tried to take me out with the football. A forest was in sight as I hopped a fence. The majority of the crowd stopped at the fence, but the runners kept going. By the time we entered the forest, there were only a handful of the runners sprinting alongside me. They were so ecstatic they were screaming like wild natives giving a war cry. After a while they all gave up and I managed find an old tarp to cover up.



# Welcome back to the all new



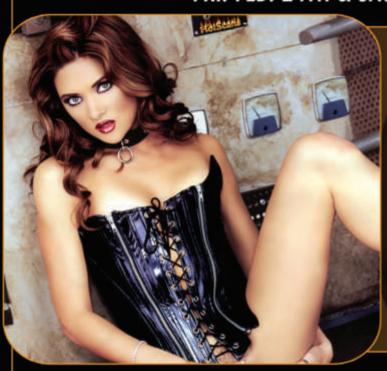
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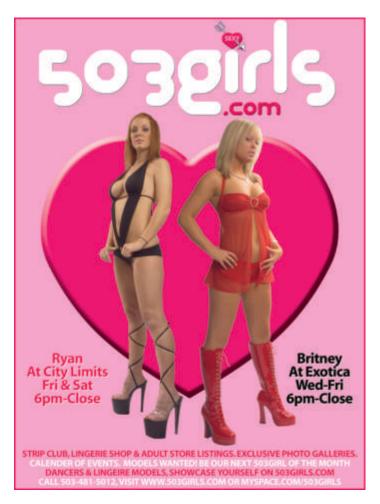
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# MY KIND OF LOVE

Happy Valentine's Day!!! Oh baby, here it comes! Dressed in crinkling red cellophane with its bloated, chocolate-dipped expectations...and its inevitable grim disappointments.

Every year I go through the same maddening inner dialogue. It starts out defiant: "Fuck Valentines Day! I don't need a blinking DAY to tell ME how to LOVE!" Then as it gets closer, I get a little defensive: "Man...I should do SOMETHING... get him some flowers, write him a nice card...dinner? Shit, why do I have to do anything? I ALWAYS do stuff." Then, around the 12th of February, I start to hate my boyfriend. "Fucker. He isn't going to do anything, I KNOW it...he NEVER does. I do so much for him and he just takes takes TAKES...I should just leave." The awful day comes and goes with an awkward exchange of half-assed written Fred Meyer Valentine's cards, a flower he stole, and probably an argument after our "nice romantic, 'specially-for-him-to-show-off-how-much-better-l-am-at-being-thoughtful, you fuck" dinner.

Nice. Nice freakin' holiday.

This year I'm going to consciously and continuously acknowledge My Kind Of Love. I will celebrate the flawed, fun and filthy sense of intimacy I share with my sweetheart. My Kind Of Love is certainly not fit for TV. You can have those gorgeous and squeaky-clean models who glowingly exchange diamonds and cars and have sex front ways not sweating or queefing in bed. Keep 'em—they all leave me dry.

The most romantic thing my boyfriend ever said to me was he loved holding me so much, he wanted to cut me up and wear me. On the phone recently, after I was nearing the end of a ten-day road trip, I asked him what he wanted me to do to him when I got home...we had been sending each other photos of our genitals to show how much we missed each other...he said in a murderous whisper, "I just want you to lay there and look scared." With that I shouted that I would love him forever and would he like to be my first husband. THAT'S love.

When we first got together, in the throes of the first blush of falling in love...you know, when you just fuck, pretty much nonstop and everywhere possible...my body looked like I had passed out naked in bear country sprinkled with potato chips. Bitten, bruised and clawed raw, we had sex like it was a fierce battle of who can out-fuck whom...we both won and lost equally. THAT'S romance.

Some women, and even a few men, have a laundry list of what they need to get into sex and ultimately get off. In the saddest of cases, the women think that vanilla candles, Norah Jones and tender, loving words will curl their toes, yet they are still left unsatisfied.

That's just horrible. Again, the awful influence of advertising and selling what love and intimacy should look like, swelling our already-ridiculous expectations.

You want to know what intimacy looks like? Me with gas and a couple of Bioré blackhead strips glued across my nose and chin, fucking my boyfriend like a prisoner 'til I come screaming and farting and we both laugh collapsing in a heap. THEN when he won't go get me some water, I call him a fag and fart on his leg. THAT'S intimacy.

How about the morning wood, dick-in-the-back scenario? Most long-term relationship veterans have their own way of dealing with that demanding, painful erection most guys get early mornings. If you're like me, it takes you a bit longer to get going out of a dead sleep. So, sometimes I just push my bare backside into that drum-tight exclamation point and yawn, "Go ahead and take one, baby." And he does, like a dog takes the strip of fat off your steak without hesitation (or chewing). Later on I e-mail him or text him that he owes me and had better watch some Internet porn and get some sick ideas before he gets home... 'cause he owes me. THAT'S trust.

Take your love in whatever form it exists and celebrate it daily—I know you do in your own way. Let the phony pageantry of Valentine's Day pop and fade into what we're all really waiting for...SPRING! Love to you all...My Kind Of Love...or yours.



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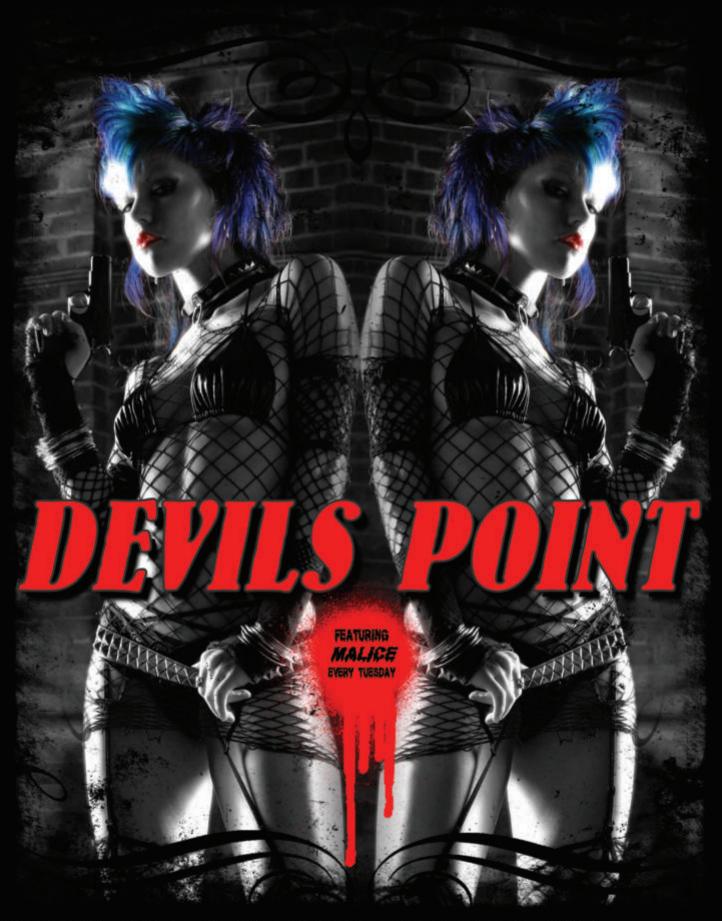
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# CHUCK KICK

**huck Zito** Can kick your ass. Let's make that clear right up

Hell's Angel. Ex-con. "Bodyguard to the Stars." Actor on HBO's Oz. Golden Gloves boxer. Black belt in karate and jiu-jitsu. Movie stuntman. Pro wrestling personality. But these grand feats only detract from his primary vocation: ASS KICKER.

Fifty years ago, Chuck Zito was born to kick ass. In his life, he has kicked miles of ass. There he is on the cover of his autobiography Street Justice, poised to kick your ass. The book is filled with tales of Chuck kicking various assesasses on the New York streets, asses in prison, asses of rival biker-gang members, and the famous asses of Hollywood stars such as Jean-Claude Van Damme. One gets the impression that there are no asses he couldn't kick, only asses he hasn't kicked vet. Sometimes, it's almost conceivable that Chuck Zito could kick God's ass.

You can try to kick Chuck Zito's ass, but you'll just wind up getting your ass kicked. He'll kick your ass until you don't even have an ass anymore.

"I'd rather kick someone's ass than have my ass kicked," Chuck tells me via telephone as I listen respectfully, mindful that he might hunt me down and kick my ass if I misquote him. (In 1997, Zito flattened New York Daily News columnist AJ Benza with one punch after Benza misquoted him in print. Days later, Benza would write that he still had to drink with a straw.)

"I basically knock out anyone I hit with either hand," Chuck tells me. "One guy was in intensive care for three weeks-broken nose, broken jaw, punctured lung, the whole nine yards."

Chuck Zito is the Anti-Sissy. That's all you need to know about him. There are other facets to the man, but none so compelling as his rep for kicking mucho

watch what you say about ass. For kicking ass en masse.

Q: What is tougher than Chuck Zito? A: Nothing. Nothing is tougher than Chuck Zito.

"Badass"—that word surfaces most often when I blurt out the name "Chuck Zito" to people.

Some typical responses:

"He's a badass."

"That guy's a badass."

"Oh, you mean that badass guy?" But to dub him a "badass" does him a disservice, because it ignores all the other parts of him besides his ass that are tough.

He learned to be tough at age five in the Bronx, where he was getting routinely thrashed by Butch, the neighborhood bully. "Butch was a jerk," Zito writes in Street Justice, "but he taught me a valuable lesson: Sometimes, when you turn the other cheek, you get smacked twice."

> Zito's father, a professional boxer who lost only twelve fights in 228 bouts, began schooling young Chucky in the art of fisticuffs. Since then, Chuck estimates he's scrapped in "over a hundred" street fights. "And I've never lost. Someone once split my head wide open with a champagne bottle. But I still won the fight....I don't think I have an anger problem," Chuck says, "but I will not

be abused by anyone. Every man's responsible for his own actions....I try to talk my way out of a fight, but sometimes you can't. Sometimes you have to take it to the next level. [pause] A lot of times."

Chuck's father taught him to be more than a simple palooka-he welded the idea of self-defense to a broader theme of personally administered justice. "I still believe what my father taught me: that

you stand up for yourself, you do what you think is right, and you take shit from no one," Zito writes.

It is this combo of ass-kicking in the service of a per-

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sonally defined moral code that makes Chuck Zito such an ironically heroic figure.

"We love our outlaws," says film director John Milius of Zito, "yet he's also such a fine example of the old values that we used to live by: honesty, courage, and personal integrity."

"He has witnessed firsthand the best and worst of people and is an incredible judge of character of who's telling the truth and who's not," says Chris Sloan, a USA Network programming director. (The channel once planned a reality show with Zito presiding as a streetwise judge in small-claims cases.) "He believes people should respect one another and should be fair to one another. He has a real sense of what's right and wrong. He doesn't kowtow to anybody."

"He's got this rare combination of gumption and morality that I haven't seen before," says Jim Miller, another USA Network executive. "I don't think I've met anybody who's so strong, yet so gentle—so angry, yet so calm...."

"He has this kind of amazing innocence in that he actually trusts people at their word," says *Oz* creator Tom Fontana of Zito, whom he cast as Italian prison enforcer Chucky Pancamo. "He gets truly angered when someone doesn't keep his word. It's refreshing to meet a man so true to his own code of ethics."

When I ask Chuck to use three words to describe himself, he generously gives me seven:

Real deal Old values Lots of integrity

"There's a lot of people who've lost respect for each other," Chuck theorizes when asked what's wrong with the world these days. "If we had more respect for one another, we'd have a better society." He disagrees with his *paisan* Machiavelli and says it's better to be loved than feared: "When people fear you, it means they have no respect for you—it's just the fear that they feel. So if it comes down to it, I'd rather be loved. Love and respect go a lot farther than fear."

Still, in a pinch, fear will work. And I can't think of anyone who inspires fear like Chuck Zito. The ability to instill primordial dread in others is a gift accorded to few humans. I'm fascinated with mythic destruction machines such as Mike Tyson in his prime. It

comforts me to know that these monster sharks are swimming out there, predatory and uncivilized, uncouth and appealing.

Chuck Zito has made fear, charm, and honesty work to his advantage. His career has progressed from being a bodyguard for Hollywood's upper crust....to becoming a Hollywood stunt man and actor in his own right...and finally to beating up some of Hollywood's

top stars.

The deed he's most famous for was when he decked Belgian action hero Jean-Claude Van Damme at a Manhattan strip club in February, 1998.

"The man who calls himself The Muscles from Brussels went down like a sack of potatoes and curled up in the fetal position after taking a blow from his former bodyguard," read an article in *The Globe*. "This ain't the movies!" Zito reportedly shouted as Van Damme lay in a heap, "This is the street, and I own the street!"

"[Van Damme] is just a very arrogant and disrespectful person," Zito told the New York Post, whose front-page headline was JEAN-CLAUDE VAN SLAMMED! "He was saying, 'Chuck Zito doesn't have any heart.' There are people who will take that kind of abuse. I am not one of them," claimed the man who came to be known as "The Van-Damminator."

Although one news account says Zito knocked out actor Gary "I'm Ugly" Busey, Chuck tells me he only "bitch-slapped" him. "He's just another guy who's disrespectful. He just got stupid and jumped in my face, so I bitch-slapped him because he had a plate in his head. I said, 'I bitch-slapped you like a girl.'...Maybe that's why I don't get so much work—I'm known for cracking a few celebrities," he laughs.

I ask Chuck whether he could kick California Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger's ass. "Without a doubt," he says. "But I did four movies with Arnold, and I got a lot of respect for Arnold. He couldn't even speak English, and he went from becoming the world's greatest bodybuilder to the number-one action hero, to the governor of California. I respect that."

So if Arnold's the governor of our biggest state, and Chuck can kick his ass, it only follows that Chuck Zito should be president.

Actually, the mythic figure he most reminds me of is the Muslim divinity Allah, who is beneficent and merciful until you cross him. Then he'll kick your ass.

With so much ass kicking

With so much ass-kicking goin' on, I ask Chuck how he's able to avoid assault charges. This was his original answer:

"I've been pretty lucky that nobody's pressed charges. I guess they're afraid to get their asses kicked again."

After I faxed him a transcript of his quotes for this article, Chuck

left a
voicemail message
asking me to
tweak the second
sentence:

"Make it read, 'I guess they're afraid to get beat up again' instead of 'their asses kicked.' There's too many asskickin's in there."

I disagree, Chuck, even at the risk of getting my ass kicked. When it comes to Chuck Zito, there are never too many ass-kickin's.



"You can try to kick Chuck Zito's ass, but you'll just wind up getting your ass kicked. He'll kick your ass until you don't even have an ass anymore."

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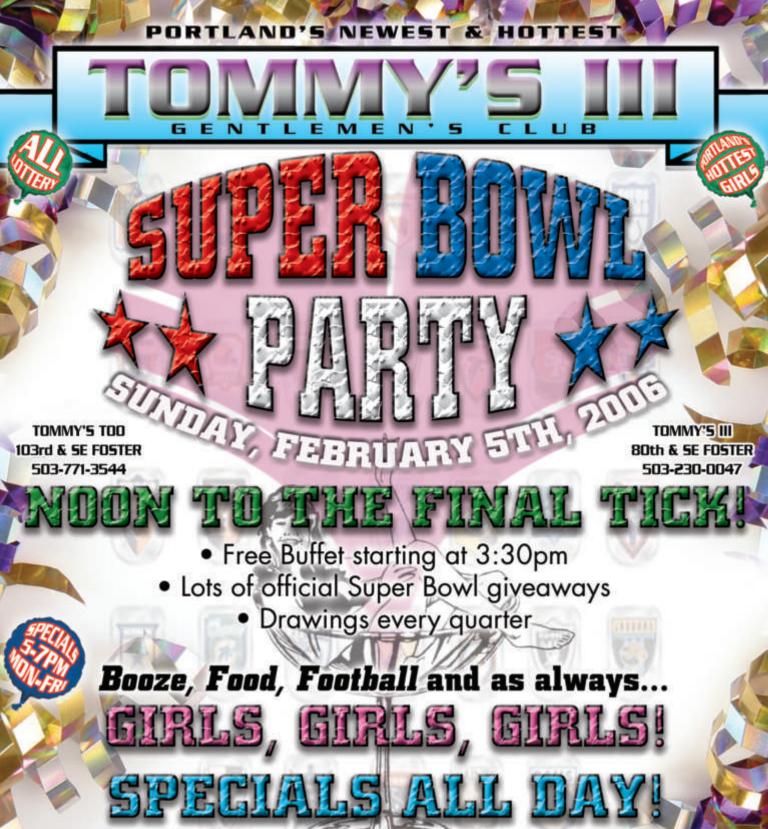












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