

Easyriders

September, 1974

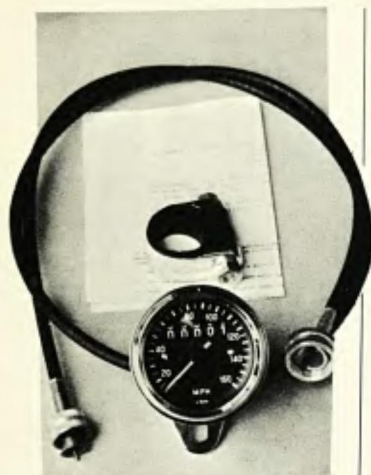
75¢



In This Issue!
FREE
Iron-On Transfer
for T-Shirts

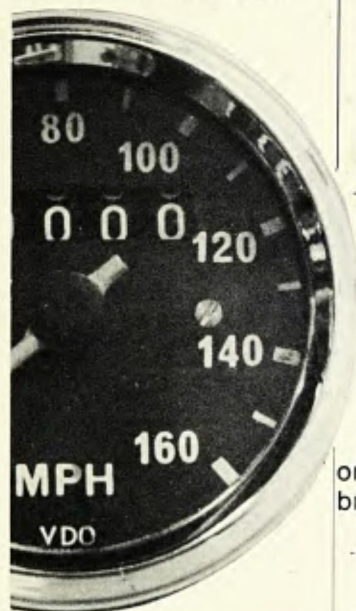
Arguments *Against*
The Daytime
Lights-On Laws

The World's
Ugliest Chopper!



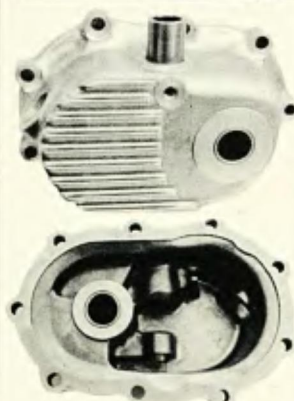
**160 mph
Speedometer
Exclusively
for the
74 Chopper!**

Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2 1/4" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer designed especially for the 74 chopper.



Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and it has an odometer. Simple to install. Price includes cable and light.

\$44.95



74 Kick Cover
Super strong—and reinforced! **29.95**

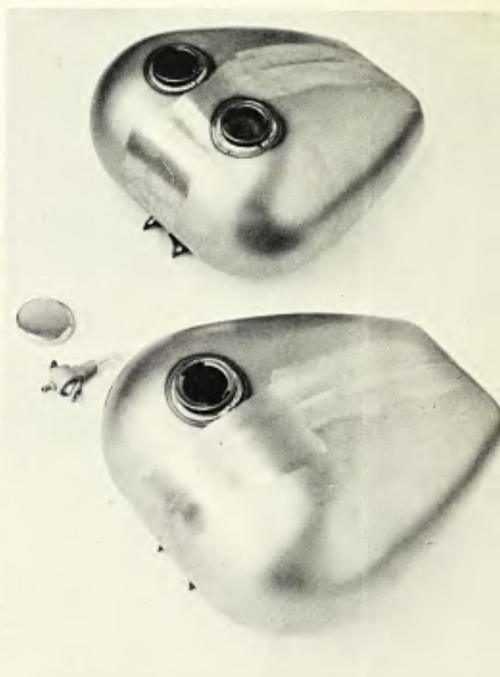
Your Gasoline Hassles Have Ended!

No longer do you have to carry canteens full of gas, strap gas cans to your sissy bar, or stash bottles of gas in your bed roll—now you can buy a **FOUR-GALLON tank!**

That's right—a big mutha that'll get you there and back and let you give the finger to the gas stations—while not screwing up the looks of your scooter. From the side it looks the same, from the top it looks wider, and it shouldn't change the overall appearance of your bike too much. But if it's too big for your taste, then use it for long runs and then put your smaller tank back on for short putts or profiling.

It measures twelve inches wide, nine inches deep and sixteen inches long. It should fit most bikes. It is made of 16-gauge steel and is heli-arc welded, with a Frisco style tunnel.

There are two styles available: The one-hole costs \$60. The two hole costs \$65. Chromed gas caps (\$2.50 each) and a stock Sportster type shutoff with reserve and filter (\$7.95) are also available to fit this tank.



Steel Braided Oil Lines

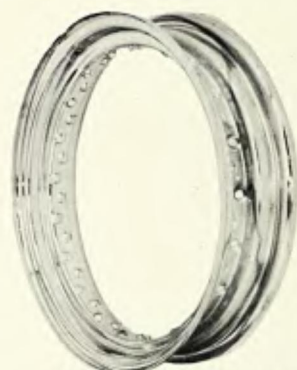
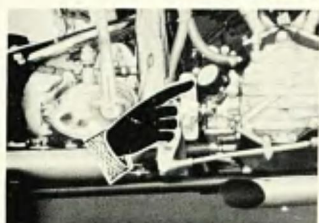
Aircraft type for 74s only. Intake, return, and breather—all 3 for only **29.95**



Oil Gauge (Chromed)

Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs. A must for long rides. Fitting supplied for 74s and Sportsters, but you must specify which one when ordering. Can be modified to fit other bikes

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_____	(1) KAWASAKI
_____	(1) NORTON
_____	(1) TRIUMPH
_____	(1) YAMAHA

Please Send Me _____ Total Number of Panties

STRETCHES—ONE SIZE FITS ALL—COLOR COORDINATED FOR BIKE SYMBOL

New process restores serial numbers:
NASA has come up with an ultrasonic vibrator that will restore serial numbers that have been filed or ground off. Numbers can be restored to copper plate in 20 minutes and to steel plate in less than 4 hours. You can bet that police departments are scrambling to get 'em.

Those goddamn bikers dept.: The following came sailing at me from someone out there in televisionland. He said he got it from a friend who got it out of a law enforcement magazine:

"The Los Angeles, Calif., Police Department has advised law enforcement officers to conduct thorough inspections of both motorcyclists and their vehicles when involved in criminal activities. Close attention should be paid to bolts carried on the suspect or having no apparent purpose on a motorcycle frame. A lethal weapon capable of firing a .22 caliber long rifle hollow point or standard cartridge can be constructed, for example, from a standard 5/8-inch machine bolt.

"The weapon is composed of five segments, each machined out of the original bolt, which can be inconspicuously fitted into the motorcycle's frame as if it were standard equipment. By removing the threaded barrel from the shank of the bolt and inserting the cartridge in the open end, the weapon is loaded. The barrel is then replaced, and the gun is fired by pulling back and releasing the spring-loaded hexagonal bolt head which drives a firing pin against the cartridge.

"Officers are advised that this weapon is very innocent appearing and can be easily overlooked. The bore of

the gun is sometimes disguised with greasy or dirty paraffin wax. An easy way to determine if a bolt may be a gun is to attempt to turn the hexagon head of the bolt while holding the shank portion fast. If the head or the shank turns independently of one another, the bolt should be examined closely."

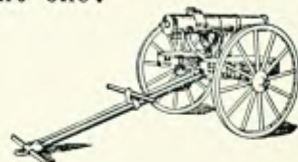
Now, you got that, didn't ya?
"Conduct thorough inspections of both motorcyclists and their vehicles . . ."
No one else — just bikers. So, I guess if you're gonna have one of those things you'd better keep it in your car, or your ol' lady's twat (but not while she's packin' on a rigid).

Speaking of the Heat: A motorcycle "gang" of 30 bikers were parked in a public square in Clinton, Illinois, which of course puckered the local police, who in turn told them all to shove off, which they did — no sweat. They went to the next town and the local police, backed up, or egged on by, the Clinton police, informed them they couldn't stay there either. A newspaper said that the "gang" dispersed and that there was no trouble. Sorta sounds like a hack plot for a TV western, doesn't it? But it happens all the time — like in the following.

Cut 'em off at the pass: Speaking of TV westerns and police harassment, dig this: Pagans from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, and Alabama met at a Chester County farm to make a run to the Bill Huber Memorial Race at Reading, Pennsylvania. Well, 165 of 'em hit the expressway, and when they came to Reading, at a point where the expressway funnels through a valley, the state troopers formed a road block — complete with "sharpshooters stationed on adjacent ridges above the roadblock." The troopers stopped and arrested them — now get this — for following too close." They hauled the first 29 before district judges, but issued \$15 tickets to the rest when the arrest chore became too large to handle. All for doing nothing but making a run to a race — except for flying colors. It's not against the law to fly your colors — but there's always a law (of some kind) when they want one.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



Number 23

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WORDMONGER'S WORD-HEARD

Wants The Edge

□ You assholes approach the helmet issue like the lawmakers do choppers. Yes, there is a whiplash problem associated with full-coverage helmets—but it's easily remedied by a small neck extension piece. You say survival is a roll of the dice. I say bullshit. A helmet may only give you a slight edge, granted, but I'll take every fucking one I can get.

Chase
Parma, Ohio

■ I said the staff feels that it's a roll of the dice. Do whatever you want. But if you really want to be safe, don't ride at all. Stay at home in bed.

Digs Spider

□ There is one column in your mag that I read as soon as I get it, and that's the Taking it Easy column by Spider. I really dig it. Why don't you do a feature on him? I'd be interested in knowing what he looks like, what kind of a guy he is, where he lives, and a lotta other stuff.

Peggy Swensen
Flushing, N.Y.

■ So would the police, his parole officer, a couple of ex-ol' ladies, and a few groupies who hang around the office back door.

A Mama Speaks Out

□ I fly a patch that says "Property of the Club." In this way I've got my cake and some of the ol' ladies' too. I'd die if I couldn't give head and ball every night—and can any ol' lady's man go seven or more times a night? I can, and I get variety as well. If an ol' lady likes to feel a guy's body next to hers, a mama doesn't have any

problem at all. Right now I sleep with a certain guy more times a week than his ol' lady—and she never gets to go on runs.

Mama
Chicago, Ill.

Big Armond

□ I've noticed in previous issues that you turn certain editors who make mistakes over to Armond. Is he really as big as you say he is?

Sue Halliday
Chicago, Ill.

■ Seeing is believing, so take a look at the subscription ad on page 29 in this issue. That's Armond—all 330 pounds of him.

Another Mistake

□ You guys fucked up again. I mean you really let me down. On the cover of the June issue you said "Home Remedy for the Gasoline Shortage." So I turn to the page where it tells me to use my ol' lady's douche bag hose. Having complete confidence in you

slobs, I tried it. But shit, it's not possible—I mean I tried to shove that fire hose into a gas tank, but I couldn't get the big brass nozzle past the opening. You guys are rip-offs.

Egor
St. Louis, Mo.

■ The dude who runs around with Mutha tried to use hers and he got pissed at us too—she uses her finger.

Spider's Right

□ You know, Spider was right about his way of stopping the cops from infiltrating biker clubs by having them earn their red wings. But if you really want to make certain they don't get into your club, make 'em earn their brown wings. That ought to do 'em in.

Tim Cahill
St. Paul, Minn.

Cover Girl

□ Man, that tummy on the June cover was something else. I could see the fuzz on the soft skin and I could

imagine running my tongue over it and then burying it in her navel.

Sticky Tongue
N.Y., N.Y.

From Greece

□ I thought I'd let you know that your righteous rag is sold over here in Athens. The Military Junta has even stopped putting black dots on certain parts of the chicks in your mag. It costs 45 drachmas or \$1.50, but it's worth it. I read the last issue five times.

Mike Caccavo
Athens, Greece

The Man

□ That cop who wanted to know about biker runs and meets must not have gotten the idea from the answer you gave him, because he wrote to another scooter rag and asked the same thing.

Scooter Trash
Galesburg, Ill.

■ He probably mimeoed it and mailed it to all the biker rags—only some of 'em aren't as hip (paranoid?) as we are.

We Did It Again

□ You guys always fuck up. In the June issue you printed Van West, Ohio, and it was supposed to be Van Wert. Don't blow it again or I won't get high with your rag again.

Guru
Van Wert, Ohio

More Photos

□ Don't you think you're hitting the fiction bit a little heavy? I like to see a lot of photos in the chopper magazines I buy, not page after page of type.

Larry Johnsen
Wichita, Kan.

■ The June issue was heavier than usual, but that was a special issue. As to photos, we have more good photos than the others—any dipshit can see that.

Office Chicks

□ You know, you guys are pretty strange, which makes me wonder about the chicks you have working for you. What are they like? How can they get any work done



"I learned it from my daddy. He does it under the dash of our car, when you pass by."

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around you horny bastards?
Curious
Lexington, Ky.

■ That's what they ask.

Digs Streaker

☐ Your streaker was great,
but you forgot one thing—
streakers have sneakers.
You wouldn't want that
sexy-lookin' streaker to
hurt his feet, would you?
Hog Lover
Jackson, Miss.

Real Dicks

☐ For us ol' ladies who
dig your rag, it's good to
see a few dicks instead of
tits—even if they're just on
a cartoon streaker. How
about some real ones?
Sandy
Wytheville, Va.

Preoccupation With Death

☐ My husband just received
his June copy of **Easy-
riders**. Having read it, I'm
quite disturbed with all the
preoccupation with death.
Even David Mann's paint-
ing!

I'm sure we all have
known someone who has
been killed or seriously
injured because of careles-
sness either on his part or
more often on the part of
some nut behind the wheel
of a car, but we're certainly
not obsessed with death. If
my husband were, I am
sure he would never set
foot on his Harley nor would
I. But I also know that if
he should be killed while
riding, he was doing some-
thing he had to do. Riding
is in his blood. We know
there is a possibility of
death—there is in just walk-
ing down the street—but I
don't dwell on the fact that
either one or both of us
may be killed while riding;
otherwise I'd be scared shit-
less every time we got on
that bike.

A biker lives to ride—he
doesn't ride to die. So
enough with the death
scene, and continued suc-
cess with your magazine.
Marguerite Oliva
Franklin, Mass.

■ We were just on a trip.

Death Issue

☐ It was different, and you
caught me off guard—who
ever thought a magazine
would go on a death trip?
But if there was gonna be
one, it would be you ass-

holes. It was great—I really
dug it.

R. Stevens
FPO, N.Y.

☐ What righteous scooter
people want to see shit like
the death's head center-
spread and the fucked-up
biker? What the hell is your
hang-up with death?

Little Man
Florence, Ariz.

☐ I just wanna say that
Dave Mann is really some-
thin' else when it comes
to dreamin' up a bitchin'
poster.

Sapo
El Rio, Calif.

☐ Dave Mann's death pos-
ter in the June issue was
just fantastically outtasight!

Pete
Hauppauge, N.Y.

☐ Man, your June rag was
one helluva great issue.
Billy Shore is fucking fan-
tastic!

Digger
Parma Hts., Ohio

☐ Why so morbid in the
June issue? Cheer up—the
good weather is here again
and there's much partyin'
to be done.

Mike Motorhead
Smithfield, R.I.

☐ Your last issue had
nothing but death in it. Now
if anything was ever a bring-
down, it's death.

Claudia Neufeld
Nevada City, Calif.

☐ "Ride To Oblivion" and
"Down The Road" were the
best stories I've read in one
helluva long time.

Warlock
Fort Bliss, Tex.

☐ What does 666 mean on
the skull in Dave Mann's
painting?

Curious George
N. Hollywood, Calif.

■ All religious, bible-totin'
Easyriders readers (both of
'em) know that it's an anti-
Christ sign from the book
of Revelations.

More Tech Features

☐ Your rag lacks one im-
portant feature: tech arti-
cles and how-to-do-it's —
like all the other chopper
magazines. Why don't you
guys loosen up and start

shooting the facts to us? I
know that if you guys did
them they'd be accurate—
as long as you stayed off
the good stuff.

Bike Freak
Wilmington, Del.

■ Due to chromosome dam-
age, our tech editor is
afraid of making a goof
and, in turn, facing a no-no
session with Armond.

Questions, Questions

☐ My ol' man rides, but he
never lets me go along.
Does that mean anything?
Mother
Detroit, Mich.

■ It could mean several
things: You're ugly, you talk
too much, or you give lousy
head, for example.

Another Question

☐ Are there any Harley
riders who would like a
woman like me?
Queenie
RR #1, Box 199
Lexington, Mo.

■ It's safe to say yes —
most bike riders dig any
kind of woman.

Doesn't Understand

☐ I have read through
many issues of my boy-
friend's copies of your so-
called magazine. I fail to
understand its popularity. It
is beyond belief that enough
people would buy your mag-
azine to make it profitable
for you to go on publishing.
Nancy C.
Philadelphia, Pa.

■ Profitable? We're doing
it for weekly rations of rain
pie and smokes.

More Hair

☐ I sorta dig the chicks
you've been featuring, but
I'm interested in more than
mere photos of tits. I want
to see some hair. Man, I
dig a jungle-like bush on
the broads I nuzzle.

Hair Freak
Des Moines, Iowa

■ Spider rips off all the
split-beaver photos before
we can do an issue, so we
publish what's left over.

Is Robinson Weird?

☐ I really dig Robinson's
cartoons and illustrations in
that miserable rag of yours.
I'd like to know more about



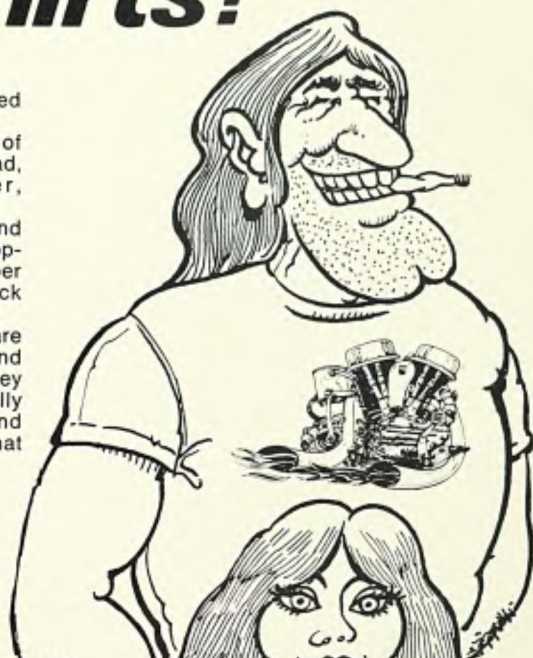
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____ Panhead ____ Skull
____ Sportster ____ Miraculous Mutha
____ Honda 4 ____ Keep On Tokin'

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- ☐ **Herbal Aphrodisiacs** — A fascinating guide on natural and mostly legal substances which excite erotic desire, also includes a section on nutrition for sexual potency. **B9 \$1.00**
- ☐ **Home Grown Highs** — A wonderful new guide on growing organic highs at home including information on psychedelic mushrooms, peyote and other cacti, morning glory, woodrow and more. **B10 \$1.00**
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- ☐ **The Peyote Story** — This book explains the peyote experience and all aspects of this drug including information on the age-old Indian rituals surrounding peyote. Perfect bound, 90 pages. **W6 \$2.00**

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- ☐ **A mini-clip necklace**, same style as the mini-clip necklace only with a full-size roach clip on the gold-colored chain. **H4 \$2.50**
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him. Is he as weird as you make him out to be? What about the rest of you? What do you guys look like? Are you weird too?

J. Garcia
Roswell, N.M.

■ I checked around the office for an answer, and there wasn't anyone who would say anything bad about Robinson. Then I checked further and I couldn't find anyone to say anything good about him either. As to the rest of the crew, everybody took the fifth.

Lousy Jokes

□ You guys sure print some lousy jokes. Can't you do better than what you're doing? They're like they're from Boy's Life.

Sal Trask
Seattle, Wash.

■ Whatta ya expect for ten bucks?

Broads In Rag

□ I don't think that broads and bikes should be mixed together. Who can think of a bike and a broad at the same time? It fucks up my head to have to separate the two—so why don't you take it easy on us true bikers and leave the broads to the skin mags and stick to what you know best, bikes.

Jack Shulman
Peoria, Ill.

■ If we stuck to what we know best, we'd be in pornography — and earning more than a piece of raisin pie a week.

Literate Rag

□ I am surprised that your rag is as literate as it is. I get the impression that you are all a bunch of pot-smoking assholes, but your rag is quite well written—surprising, really surprising.

Frank Shea
Tucson, Ariz.

■ Mutha's the only asshole on the staff—and even she has her good points (in a dark room).

Message For Mutha

□ Will you give Mutha a message for me—that I'd like to screw her?

Hard Up
Selma, Ala.

■ I wouldn't dare. She might misunderstand me—and I'd be had before I could explain.

Kick Ass

□ I oughta kick your collective asses for printing "Weekend Run." I laughed so hard I pissed my pants—and when my ol' man came home and read it, he did the same. Now you fuckers owe me two bits for an extra load of wash.
Ding
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Serious Question

□ I recently found myself in an unusual predicament and I'd like your advice. I was completely innocent, but for one reason or another I found myself surrounded by some shotgun-carrying cops and they were aiming them right at me. I hadn't done anything, and they had no right to level their guns at me, but they told me to put my hands on the wall, which I did. I didn't like it. What would you have done in a similar situation?

Jim Bibey
Lincoln, Neb.

■ Shit.

She Hates Us

□ Your statement that attitudes change when they (men) move up from Schwinn's is the most fucked-up thing I've ever heard. Your magazine is the most fucked-up thing on the market.

Respected Woman
Kalamazoo, Mich.

■ Gimme a kiss.

Another One

□ I'm sending you this hate letter because I'm in a shitty mood.

Blue Funk
Denver, Colo.

Problems At The Y

□ A word of warning to all you dudes: Speak softly when you talk about your feats of eatin' at the Y. This fuckin' state has me wrapped up for 6 months to 50 years on a Mickey Mouse "sex perversion" beef. They said a felony was committed by me because I unlawfully participated in the act of copulation with my mouth and the sexual organ of another (a chick). Now I ask all you beaver cleavers, wha' hit me?

Pony Soldier
Folsom, Calif.

■ Yeah, but you must remember that they've got to be willing (so they won't, if you'll excuse the expression, blow the whistle). They've also got to be "of age." And you should try not to do it on top of a table at the local beer joint (no witnesses). Kidding aside—our view is that sex, any sex, between consenting adults is nobody's business, no matter how freaked out it gets.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Easyriders

"Hey man, bring me a horsecock san and a side order of shit on a shingle, and a couple of brews."

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

More concerned with politics...

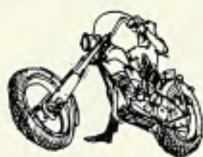
... I know my "visibility" has little to do with my "being seen." With monotonous regularity a chagrined motorist stands over a sprawled biker and tells the investigating officer "I didn't see him." Usually it is a lie. Rarely it is a valid reason. I don't happen to believe that we're all that invisible to the average motorist — but I do believe we should ride as if we were.

Apart from the dubious, unproven safety claims, the most insidious thing about enforced self-protection is — it's a delusion. The novice motorcycle rider is the top candidate for an accident (and here is where our major safety efforts should be concentrated). But when the law forces him to wear a helmet, the implication is that so long as he obeys that law, he is safe. The law forces him to ride with his headlight on and the implication is that he will be seen. The experienced biker knows that he is *not* safe and he is *not* seen! The inexperienced rider assumes that complying with the laws provides him with legal protection. Entirely too frequently he is tragically wrong. Such laws — supposedly above the questioning of mere citizens — are hideously deceptive and so far as I'm concerned, when a new biker gets it under those circumstances, those laws should be listed as contributing causes!

Prejudice and discrimination being what they are, our lawmakers tend to dismiss or ignore the opinions of experienced motorcyclists. They usually prefer to place their faith in pseudo-experts bearing a governmental seal of ap-

proval. Should our elected representatives perchance listen to the hundreds of thousands of experienced cyclists whose opinions go counter to one or two Department of Transportation non-practicing un-riders, the Feds pull out their trump — they withhold tax moneys until the state government complies with the dictates of this appointee bureaucracy. I object to laws being ordained by the civil servants of the Executive branch of the Federal government. And I question their motivations which obviously are more concerned with politics than with honest safety.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider



Just consider...

We are behind all biker interest organizations. We will publish material on the aims and efforts of all, but we consider the National Custom Cycle Safety Institute (NCCSI) the only one now in existence with any real potential for helping the bike rider fight the adverse legislation pending on federal and state levels, and the only one with a potential for upgrading the quality of custom bike industry products. The other two existing organizations, ABATE and MMA, are largely consumer affiliations, and as such are relatively powerless to help themselves. We feel that consumer objections to adverse

legislation or unsafe products can do very little to correct, but an industry association under aggressive leadership can do much.

—Larry Dumferman
Custom Chopper



They look different...

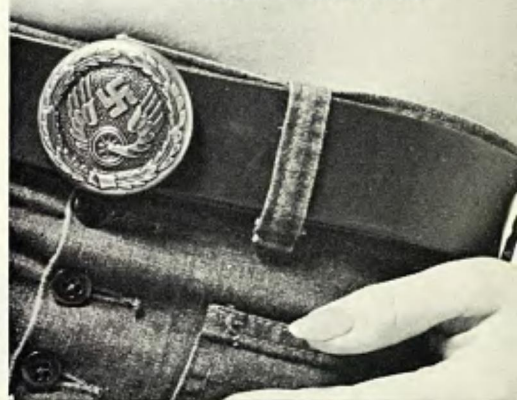
Choppers and cafe racers provide a kind of artistic relief in motorcycling simply because they look different. To the untutored eye, the seventeenth chopper mocks the first one, the tenth cafe racer repeats the second one. But apart from their kin, choppers and cafe racers stand out. They jump to center-stage in a full chorus of look-alike Hondas and Kawasakis and Yamahas and Suzukis.

Cafe racers may produce the next departure point for motorcycle styling. Choppers could never do that; they are built for visual impact, and function has little place.

—Cycle Magazine



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Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of tough wear.

Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2 1/2" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick.

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 3/4" wide and is available in three colors: light brown, dark brown, and black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

Send \$12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

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This buckle is of the same high quality as the Righteous buckle you have already received. If you want only a buckle, just send \$10.00 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle.

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Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work.

Get together the following materials: Ironing board and an iron; razor blade; transfer from this magazine; scissors; sheet of white tissue paper; and a used or new 50% polyester-50% cotton T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern

1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over the ironing board, centering the upper front (or back) of the shirt on top of the magazine.
3. Place the transfer page inside down on top of the shirt, aligning it with the bottom edge of the magazine. Place a sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer paper.
4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and the opposite bottom corner, through all thicknesses.

5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the pattern, especially to the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting rather briskly from 101 to 127.)
6. Lift the edge of the transfer page and peel it off, pulling straight up. That's it! Your *Easyriders* T-shirt is ready to wear.

***Iron this
Iron-On Transfer
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**Builds Up
Good Will**

**Cuts Expense
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**Eliminates
the Expense of an
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The *Only* Means of Getting the Hurry-Up



THE TELEPHONE
RINGS - FAST WORK
IS NECESSARY



The DISPATCH-TOW Is on Its Way. Any One
Can Drive It.



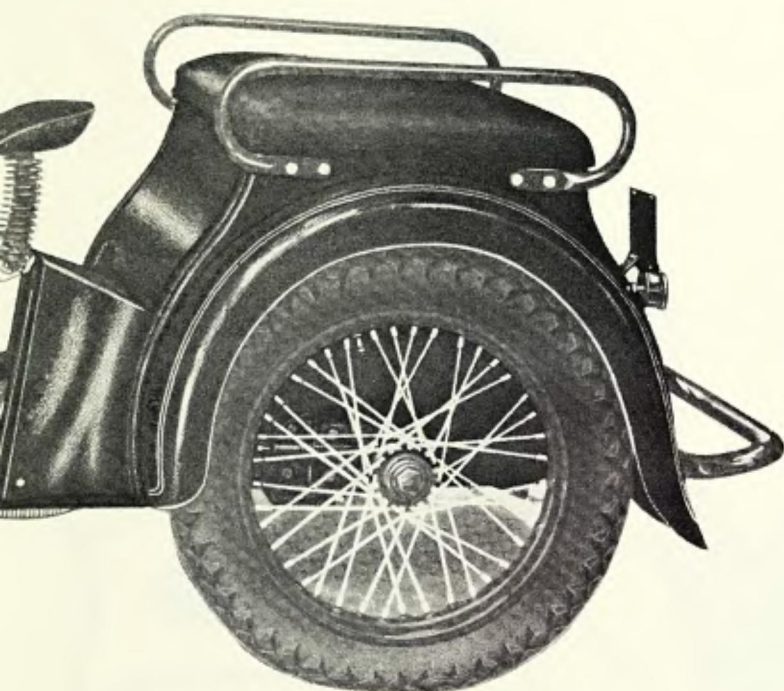
Slipping Through Traffic. Advertising Your Pro-
gressive Service All the Way.

Every garage owner—automobile dealer—tire dealer needs the service that an Indian Dispatch-Tow can give him. He owes it to his business to get in touch with the nearest Indian dealer and see this great business-getting unit demonstrated.

The Dispatch-Tow is a rugged, compact unit especially designed for the type of service. It is powered by a two-cylinder, 45-cubic-inch, air-cooled motor incorporating cam ground T-slot pistons and full roller main and connecting rod bearings. Motor lubrication is by the Indian Dry Sump method, having continuous circulation and insuring maximum oil mileage.

The *Indian* DISPATCH

DISPATCH-TOW

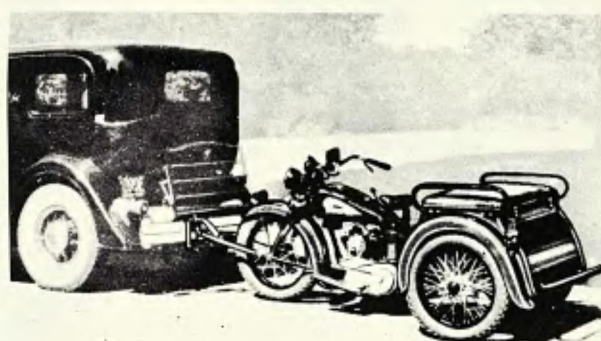
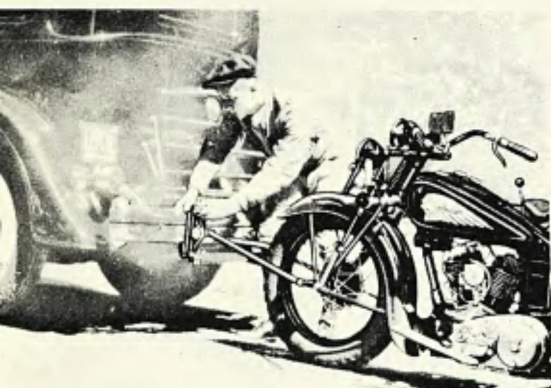


Broadens Your
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Increases Repair
and Parts Business

Is an Effective
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...the *Cheapest* Means of Getting *Any* Job



Faster
More
Economical
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In a Few Seconds the Heavily-Padded Clamps
Are Attached.

In Comes the Job with the DISPATCH-TOW
Riding Securely Behind.

The rear axle is of seamless tube construction. Differential is fully enclosed and of standard automotive type, having six bearings on the axle shafts. The chain drive operates a sprocket on the outside of differential housing—no chance for dust or dirt to enter the differential.

A big body, styled up to the minute, affords plenty of room for service tools and accessories. A rear tubular bumper is standard. Bodies available with either metal top or upholstered seat with hand rails, making accommodations for two extra service call men. Body leaf springs are controlled by double friction snubbers.

Easyriders

DISPATCH-TOW... *Builds Sales*



Typical Tuesday

Brinngg! Brinngg!
"Wha? Wha? A raid? A fire?
What the hell is that goddam noise?
The alarm? Oh, shit!"

What dumb dipshit set the alarm, anyway? And why the hell don't the ol' lady turn it off? Less thoughts, boy. Turn it off! Ahh, finally silent. Cast an evil eye about for the ol' lady. Nowhere. Now where did she go? Ain't nothin' goin' right today? Then I remember, it's Tuesday. Got to pick up the rockin' chair today. Oh, my achin' ass!

And, oh, my achin' head, too. Shit! Ain't nothin' in the house, and I got a head like this. I'll be lucky if I can find a butt to smoke this morning. Pick up the check today, see if I can't lay in a supply that'll last a week. Said that last week. Shit!

Pick up. Yeah, man, like maybe I had better pick my fat ass up outta this bed and get movin'. But where the hell is the ol' lady? Ain't in the bed, ain't under it either. And, oh, my head. Don't bend over, you shithead! Think back. No, don't think she got her tit in a wringer and left again. Gotta be around someplace.

"Hey! Lard-ass!"

No answer. What a pisser! Ol' fat-ass, she ain't never around when I want 'er, but just let some chick eyeball me an' the scoot, and wham! Just like radar, the way she shows up. All well and fine, boy, but it ain't agettin' you outta this bed. Remember, bright-ass, take it slow. Feet over the edge, now sit up. Now, stand. Ooh, ooh, ahh. Made it. Now to the head. Careful, boy, careful.

Now, just what the fuck is *that*? Big bundle of blankets in the tub. What *were* you doin' last night? Better check this shit out. Lift corner of blanket. Ahah! Hair. Long, shiny, black hair. Remove some more. Better and better. Great big purple-nippled boob.

A hand reaches out, pulls blanket back. Familiar ring on finger. Damn! So this is where she went. Thought for a minute I'd get me some strange stuff.

"Hey! Lard-ass! Come on, bitch. Get up. I need me some breakfast."

"Lemme 'lone."

"Hey, no shit, Garbage-gut, get outta there! And what the hell you doin' here, anyway?"

"I'm sleepin'. And I intend to go on sleepin'. Anyone who comes roarin' in at three in the morning, wantin' to play silly games with popsicles can damn well fix his own breakfast. So piss off, chum."

Popsicles? Oh, yeah. Now, I remember. Ha, ha, ha! Whoo, yeah, I remember. Came home lookin' for somethin'. Anything. 'Course, there weren't nothin', no reds, whites, grass, or even any booze. Even looked in the icebox. Saw a popsicle. Bright idea. Grabbed one and snuck into the bedroom, makin' no more noise than a passin' freight. Put a hand up the ol' lady's nice, warm leg. Rubbed a bit. Pretty damn quick, she spreads 'em, and wham! I feed her the popsicle! No shit, man, I swear she went two feet, straight up, without movin' a muscle. She let out a scream, farted, and hit the floor arunnin', takin' a swipe at me on the way by. I was laughin' so hard I forgot to swat her back.

Well, looks like I'm agonna have to fix my own breakfast. What we got here? Mush? Baa! None of that shit. Bacon an' eggs? Yeah, man, but can you hold 'em? Decide to try. Throw in some taters and toast, too. Make it a meal. Coffee doesn't sound too bad, so give that a whirl, too.

Iron skillet. Bacon, three slices. Hey, shithead, turn on the stove. Right! Rinse out coffee pot, add water. Measure out the grounds? Naw, just dump in some grounds,

that'll do. Now, boy, turn your bacon.

"Eeeee-yowieeee!"

Oh, fuck! You stupid shithead! Oooh, that smarts! Why ain't you bright enough to put some shorts on? Ice cube, ice cube, quick! Fumble with ice tray. Why don't these things function the way they're supposed to? Because, you dumb bastard, they only function as well as you do, and you know how well *that* is. Ice cube, finally.

"Ooh, ooh, ahh!"

That's better. Cool the ol' dong. Rub it up and down. Now don't freeze the little bastard. But it feels sooo good. Sure hope nobody happens to walk in, I'll be bitchin' tight to explain it. Just like the time with the toilet.

The toilet. That bit happened long ago, afore the ol' lady and I started shackin'. Bunch of us bikers were batchin', sharin' grub and things. We fixed up a pot of ham hocks and beans, which nobody ate. So, we flushed them down the toilet. Then, the first time some one flushed the damn thin, shit and water all over the damn place. Forgot the ham hocks. Tried everything, plungers, Drano, every fuckin' thing we could think of. Nothin'. So, we unhooked everything an' took it outside. Bein' the smallest, I was *elected* to go in after those damn ham hocks. There I was, arm in up to my elbow, when our neighbor, a pure, simple simon, straight guy, walks by. He takes one look, and with a shit-eatin' grin, asks, "Lose something?"

I coulda killed him, but my arm was stuck up that damn bowl. And he just walked off, laughin'.

Sniff, sniff. Somethin' burnin'?

The bacon! Pull pan off. Three black strips. Man, they're blacker'n the ol' lady's heart, but not as hard. Looks like eggs and toast for me.

—Continued on page 62



The 2074 Mind Games

Kenny met me at the plane and I gave him my tulip as I looked him over. He looked to be the same Kool Kenny Kuhlman, the first white man to wear the Hendrix 'do. I was sure he hadn't changed when he greeted me with "Good to see you, man. Hey, let's get stoned. This place is a bringdown." He glanced distastefully about him to the throng that clogged the Amsterdam airdrome.

We walked to his Fiat and as we boarded I began my pitch.

"I'm good, coach. I know I'm good. I'm at the top of my form. I really feel like I could be the best in the world. I've been into some really heavy things lately. Yoga. Zen. I don't think I took two breaths on the plane the whole time coming over. I'm in terrific shape." Strictly speaking, I was "puffing my wares," but not being dishonest, to my way of thinking, since exaggeration is such a convention in our inflationary age.

"Open that glove box, man," he directed. I took out a short-stemmed ceramic pipe and a bag of what looked like red clay.

"Is this what we'll be using?" I asked.

"Right," Ken replied. "The regulation item. There must be a million pipes in Europe right now. Same with the hash. Moroccan red. We got it in special for the Games."

I put a gram-sized chunk into the pipe and touched it with a wood match. While I made sure it was going I whiffed the aroma that uncurled heavily through the car. It was like the incenses of all the high masses ever celebrated in all the gothic cathedrals of Christendom. It became a serpentine presence that swam about us. I ventilated. I emptied my lungs till my belly was flush against my backbone, having exhaled for a full minute. Then I toked. I took a hit that could have filled tractor tires. I had to lean my head way back so the burning hash wouldn't set my hair on fire. I clenched shut my eyes against the blastfurnace-like red glow. I sucked and sucked until my guts were blown and my cheeks distended trumpeter-style. The gram disap-

peared just as I reached my limit. My lungs were topped off with highest. My air sacs shrieked to one another in soundless delight and wonder and fear. My trachea held high pressure molten fire and my stomach belched enough hash-gas to stone all the unfortunately straight prisoners of all the penal systems of the world. We drove on for miles in silence, past pleasant Dutch traffic cops and stout housewives on bicycles whose plump cheeks were not much slimmer than my own expanded jowls.

Finally, after having lost all track of time, but after having drummed out Innagoddadavidda eleven times on the dashboard with my forefingers, I exhaled.

"Hey, man, my ear drums," Kenny protested, winding down a window to equalize the sudden overpressure in the car.

"Sorry, man," I panted, my head reeling, my breath redolent with spices and perfumes.

Ken looked at me with knowing eyes. "You'll do, kid, you'll do."

We arrived at the Team America training camp, a communal establishment called the Great Hall of the People, Inc. Other members of the team were already there. I recognized The Mind at once. He'd been into acid from the very first. There were some who considered him to be the avatar of the drug itself. He looked out on the world through staring bloodshot eyes that had seen everything imaginable in time and matter and being and nothingness. He was our great hope in the million mike event, if only he wasn't past his prime. "Eek. Boop," he greeted me. We'd spent time together in Nepal. I respectfully made namasti back. A girl wiped saliva from The Mind's chin. She was fantastically beautiful. For a moment our eyes met and once again I lost all track of time. I started the drum part from "Do What You Like" but had just gotten past the first few bars when Kenny interrupted by introducing us.

"Gentle Violet, I'd like you to meet Iron Lungs LaCrosse. Gentle Violet," he explained, "is our roller. She has her B.A. from Parson's in

origami. She can roll a perfect jay in less than a second, man. She has beautiful hands."

"Yah?" I replied. She was stunning. She made me proud to be an American. I was so glad to be on the same team.

"I have something for you," she said. She handed me a novelty tee shirt, our team uniform, which was decorated with the peace flag and cannabis leaves and "Keep On Truckin'" and all kinds of shit.

"Would you like to fuck?" I asked. I saw the words forming on the tip of her tongue, "Okay, smooth-talker," but before she could speak Kenny had interrupted angrily, "None of this fuckin' shit, man. You're in training, both of you!"

I knew, however regretfully, that Kenny was right. "You win, coach," I said resignedly.

"Anyway," said Gentle Violet, "I only ball the champ."

The next days were spent in a speedfreak's nightmare of frenzied, frantic and frenetic preparations. Kenny was an unwonted but effective taskmaster as he whipped us into shape for our respective events, nor was he sparing of himself, for he was to represent Team America in the burndown competition. I spent my hours in sleepy meditation from which I'd emerge at intervals to essay some remarkable trick inspired by the tantras. I blew out the candles of every Catholic church in Amsterdam without stirring from my room. I caused meteorologists' anemometers to rotate giddily, lifted the hats off of dowagers, blew cold drafts up the skirts of the Dutch royal family, all from a distance of many kilometers. Mostly, though, I just waited. Held my breath and waited. Breathed incense and waited. Inhaled auto exhaust and waited. Smoked Parodis and went for hours without breathing. I came to identify with Boreas, the wind god, as my respirations came to influence the pattern of European weather, causing highs and lows to oscillate erratically across the midcontinent.

And I dreamed of Gentle Violet. She came often to watch me as I sat puffed up like a football bladder. Perforce conversation was conducted

on my part by means of hand signals. I told her of my life-long search for meaning and reality, of my perusal of Gita and Koran, of secret potions and obscene ceremonies. She told me how her father had backed the family car over her puppy as a child and how she returned from classes one day at Parson's to find the seat missing from her bicycle. While she talked she rolled joints with the perfection of one born to the talent. She could do one in each hand simultaneously as easily as snapping her fingers. I would playfully scatter her papers in exhaling and we would laugh and chase after them and our hands would touch and we would be without words and she would break the silence by rolling a huge paper penis and we would burst again into laughter. But between us there stood an unspoken barrier, an understanding born of those few words we and Kenny had exchanged on the day we'd met. Unless I took the gold, I knew I'd never get anywhere with her.

On the great day we gathered in one of Amsterdam's public parks, competitors from all the nations of the world. A Persian Zoroastrian caught the rays of the sun in a burning glass and lit the first joint. From his we all ignited our own and smoked a ceremonial smoke in solemn silence. Gentle Violet and I exchanged glances. She had rolled this joint for me. Afterwards expressions of approval were heard in all the languages of man. "C'est bon!" "Righteous!" "Khoroshol!"

"Let the games begin!"

The first contestants walked or were led forward. This was to be the million mike event. Each player had only to drop a million mikes of Sandoz every hour. The victor was the last who could continue. The silver and bronze had often to be mailed out to whatever sanatorium had provided a refuge to their winners. It was impossible to tell from The Mind's mobile features whether he would disincorporate momentarily or hang in to set a new world's record. The contestants sat in a circle on the greensward while a few officials stood nearby. To the hyperactive senses of the players the most casual act of a competitor could assume the most awesome significance, a fact of which they demonstrated their awareness by gibbering and wiggling their toes in attempts to freak one another out.

I found Gentle Violet at my side and we walked along to see the other events. We didn't linger at the cocaine competition, where none of our fellow countrymen had entered against the funnel-nosed South Americans, who now stood waiting their turns to snort up flour-bag-sized quantities of coke from the flagstones like human vacuum cleaners. We walked together past the needlefreaks, who, outdid one another with shining steel like fencers or swordswallowers or human pin-cushions. Past the o.d. event where the smackheads were going down like flies on DDT. As we walked I'm sure we both reflected on the changes that would be wrought by the events of the day, not only in our personal lives but also in the standing of our country in the brotherhood of men as we represented her to the world.

Ahead of us the burn-down event was being held. We stopped to see Kool Kenny Kuhlman in action. He was still in after the first round, the eliminee from which remained on hand to receive first aid. The regulation joint went from player to player, growing steadily shorter. It got to Kenny as an inch-long butt and he hit off it masterfully, taking until his lips were scorched and he could barely grasp it in his fingernails. No roach clips in this man's game! He passed it on to the next player, a stout youth in a robe, who received it badly, was immediately burned and fumbled.

"You're out!" the official cried. "The Indian entry is eliminated."

Kenny exhaled a cloud of smoke as we exchanged confident smiles and the contestants, their number lessened, moved closer together. There was no question in my mind that I watched a champion at work. Gentle Violet occasionally checked her watch as we watched the other contestants being one by one eliminated. She had to compete in the next event. Finally only a coal black Jamaican dude remained on the grass with Kenny. He had horny calluses on fingers that were streaked with scar tissue, making him virtually fireproof, but correspondingly depriving him of the agility required for the successful completion of a pass. It was his turn to start off the jay and he did so by holding a smoldering cone of incense arrogantly between forefinger and thumb, in an attempt to psych Kenny out. But not for nothing was the representative of Team America called Kool

Kenny Kuhlman. The nonchalant Kenny perfunctorily kissed the joint and then handed it back. The Rastafarian toked moderately and passed it again to Kenny, who had been waiting to make his move. Now he made it, taking prodigiously until only a sliver of burning paper was left. He made the pass to his opponent, whose asbestos-like digits closed on . . . nothing.

"Jamaica fumbles!" the official shouted. "You're out! And, I might add, your shirt is afire."

The next event was the rolling competition. Kenny went off to an Indonesian restaurant to celebrate his win as I escorted Gentle Violet to her position. "Good luck," I wished her. She touched one of her fabulously talented fingers to one of mine. "Luck," she said, "will have nothing to do with it."

She took her place before a row of rolling papers, each measured to the millimeter, together with handfuls of meticulously screened grass. The contest was to be for absolute speed. The players would roll off by pairs, the winner to be he or she who could toss down the first completed joint. Gentle Violet gauged her competition carefully. She deliberately held back, pacing herself to produce a jay just ahead of any of her opponents. Heat after heat, as the speed built up, so did the tension. Still she rolled every joint perfectly, winning each time with ease, playing with a coolness that can be shown only by those who are truly great in the heart. At last only one other entrant remained, a Japanese girl who had been playing in much the same way as had Gentle Violet. This was it. Gentle Violet and I exchanged looks of determination.

"Go!" cried the starter.

Then an incredible thing happened. The officials conferred in consternation to announce a dead heat!

Back into the lists. The Japanese girl and Gentle Violet exchanged looks of new appreciation. I could see that they were steeling themselves. "Go!"

It happened again! Another dead heat. The tension became electric. The officials had no choice than to start them again, although it was obvious that each was doing her best possible, that they were, in fact, a perfectly even match. Again the contestants exchanged appraising looks. I thought I detected the flash

—Continued on page 60



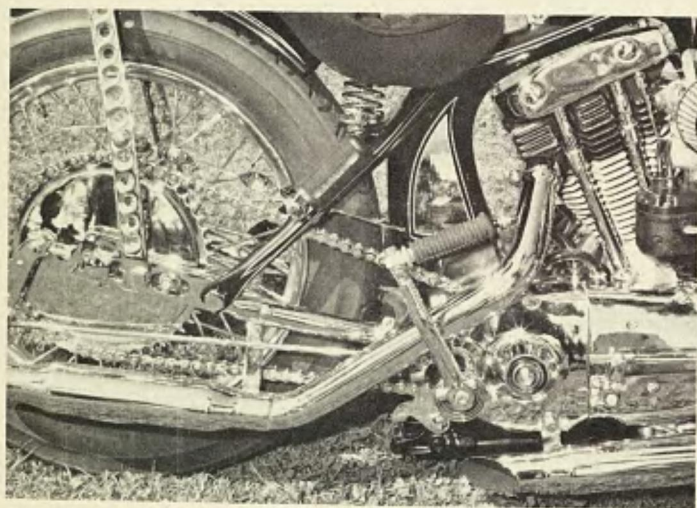
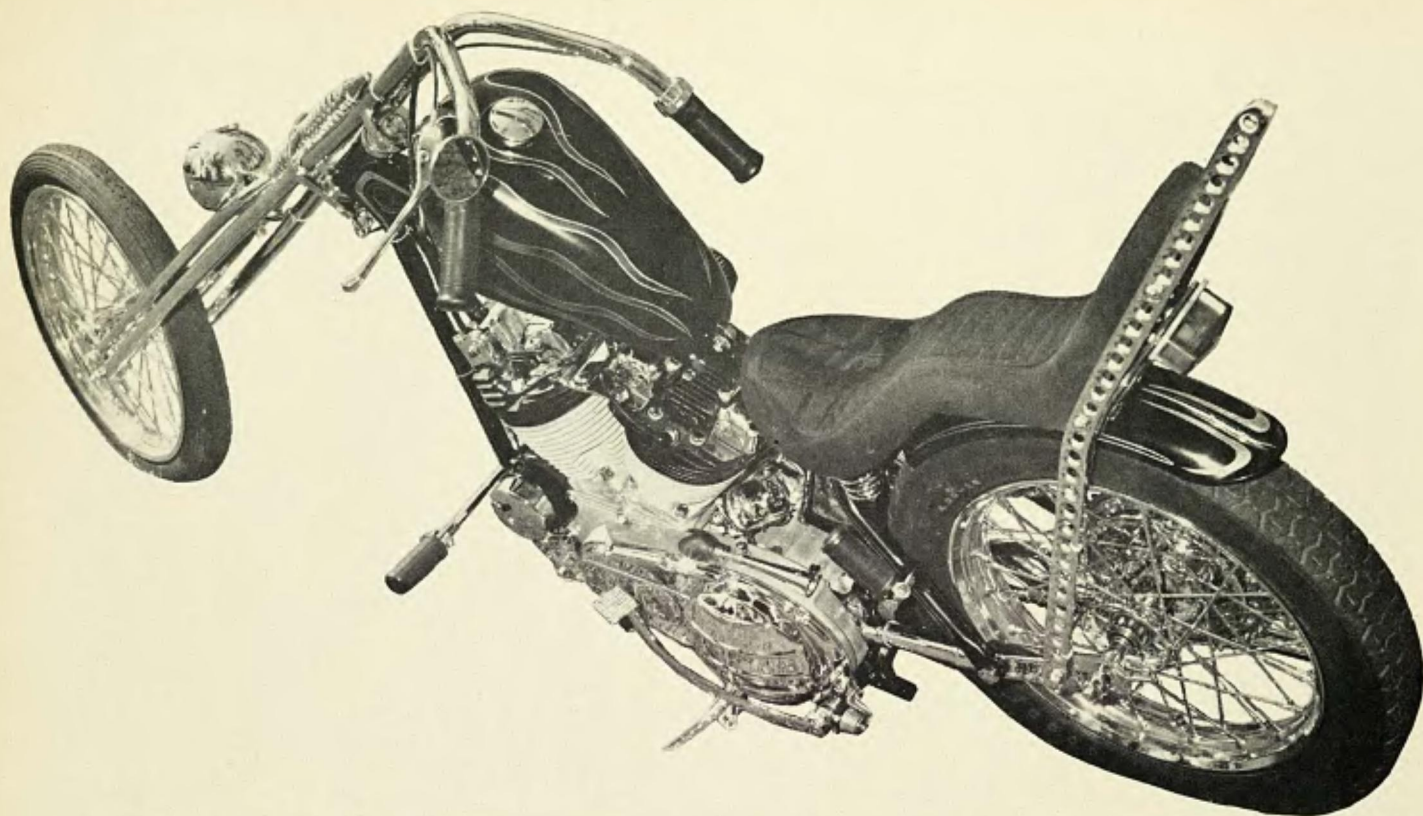
***He's been saved--
he's seen the light!***



This bike makes me feel good. Now I know what it's like to see a person who's been saved — who's seen the light, been converted and put on the righteous path.

True, some of us are born lucky — we know the truth from the beginning — no one has to convert us—we believe, have always believed and always will. Because of that we really get turned on when we run into a convert.

This story should serve as an inspiration to every one of you who has the faith, to keep it. And it should educate those of you unfortunates who haven't recanted, haven't given up your



devious ways, your slithering down back streets, haven't seen the light, don't know the truth — haven't been saved.

How many times have you been in the local bar gettin' behind a few reds and some pitchers of draft while you scheme on the chesty barmaid, when you hear the sound of a two-stroke pull up out front?

The barmaid's jugs flop back and forth as she leans over to clean the glasses. You have visions of having a go at them after closing time — and after a putt on your scoot. You're the only biker in the place when the guy walks up and sits down on the stool beside you. He orders a pitcher and starts to shoot the shit with you.

Great — that's all you need — a dude wanting to rap motorcycles with you.

The barmaid reaches down to pull the plug. The neckline of her blouse droops. Goddamn! that's all her! You start getting turned on and it's still an hour to closing time.

The two-stroke is rappin' a bunch of technical shit at you, but nothing really sinks in. Nothing wrong with the dude, but how can anyone talk about Sifton cams while being mentally (and slightly physically) involved with a sex machine? And besides, Sifton sounds too much like syphilis . . . As I said, nothing sinks in, until he says that he thinks choppers are dangerous.

—Continued on next page



Owner: Russ Murrell

City: Visalia, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: Tom McKibben

Year and make: 1966 H-D

Model: XLCH

Value: \$3,000

Assembly by: owner

Time: 1 yr.

Chroming by: Obispo Plating

Chassis

Frame builder: Tom McKibben

Year and make: 1966 H-D

Rake: 48°

Stretch: 2 in.

Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Bars: Tom McKibben

Risers: none

Fender(s): ribbed

Headlight: small custom

Taillight: Lucas

Speedo: none

Foot pegs:

Front: folding, shortened

Back: folding

Gas tank: Sportster

Oil tank: 3 qt. tank & frame

Primary cover: stock

Seat material: suede, Mike Smith

Sissy bar:

Height: 30 in.

Material size: 3/8 in. thick, 1 1/2 in. flat

Engine

Year: 1966

Model: XLCH

Builder: H-D

Ignition: magneto

Displacement: 55 cu. in.

Balancing: stock

Pistons: stock

Cam: P

Lifters: solids

Carb(s): 38mm Mikuni

Air cleaner: K & N

Shifter: foot extended

Pipes: straight

Muffler(s): shorty

Gearing:

Engine sprocket: stock

Trans sprocket: stock

Painting

Molding: owner

Painter: Gene Chan

Color: Deep Pearl Purple

Type: acrylic lacquer

Forks

Type: Springer

Type front rail: 7/8 in. round

Extension: 22 in.

Builder: Tom McKibben

Wheels

Front

Size: 19-in.

Hub/brake: Vantech

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Tire size: 3.00 x 19

Make: Avon

Rear

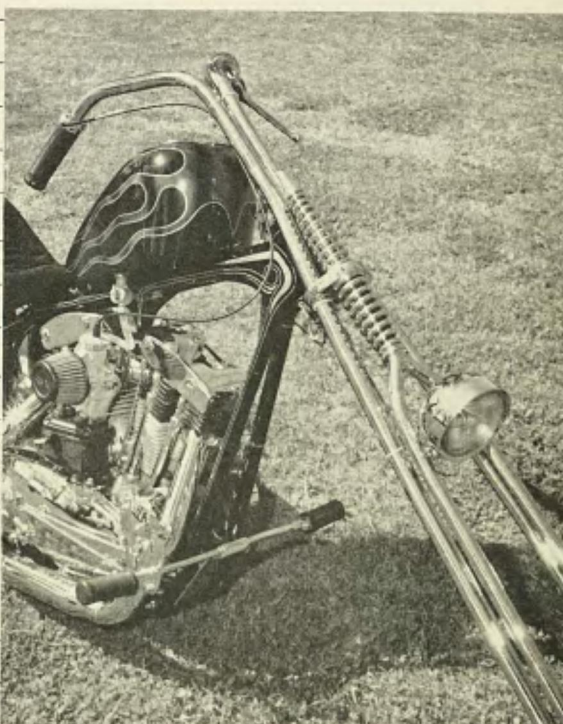
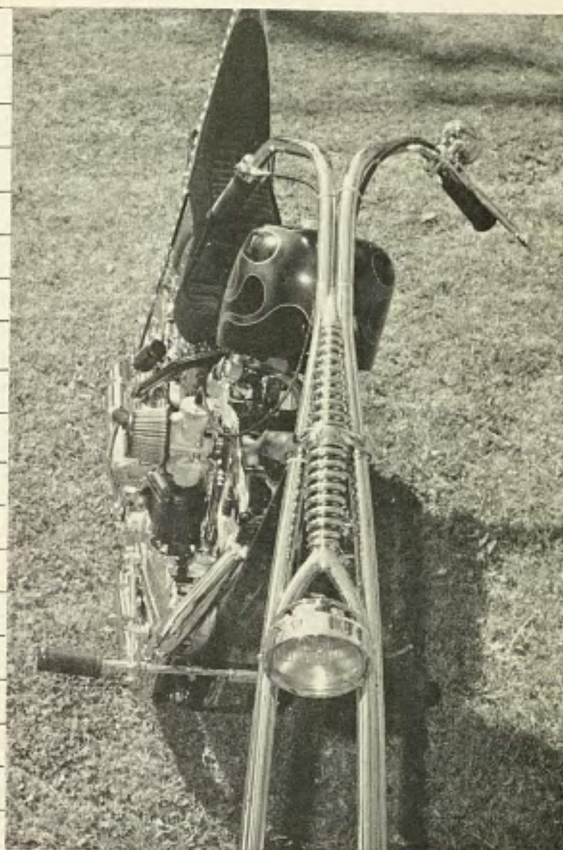
Size: 18-in.

Hub/brake: stock

Rim width: 4 in.

Tire size: 4.00 x 18

Make: Goodyear

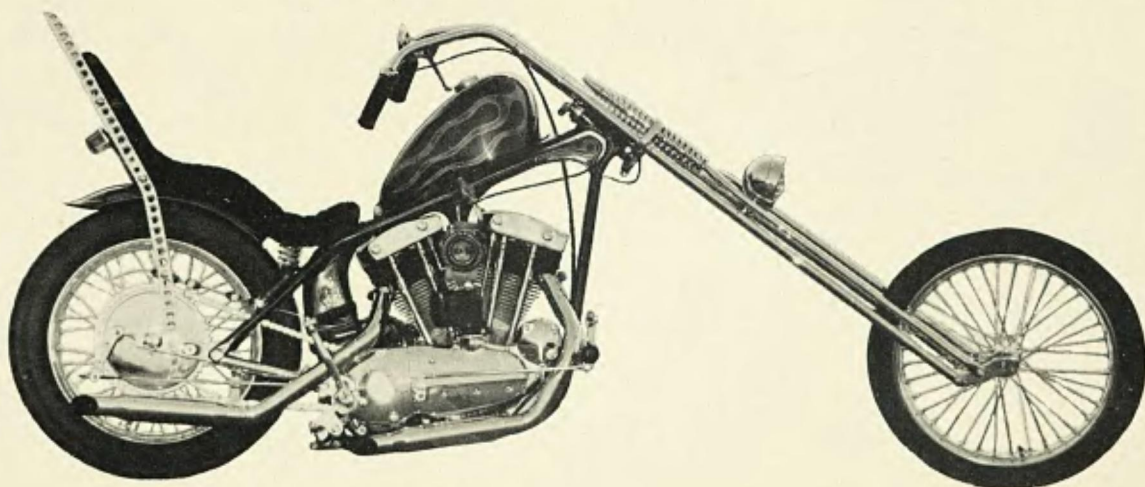


That gets your attention, and as you help yourself to a mug of beer from his pitcher, you start to give him the facts of life. To save him. To convert him, to uplift him from his lifestyle — to let him be reborn and **live**.

Now, it usually doesn't work. A guy's bike is his bike until death do (does?) them part. I think that's the way it should be. I tried to get this guy to take a putt (to the corner and back) on my scoot, but uh-uh — no way. He tried to get me to do the same — I fought to keep down my beer. No, there was no way we'd ever agree. We were two different types and that's cool — that's what makes the ol' world spin. But maybe someday he'll take a putt on somebody's Harley — and then he'll be had. He'll be converted and I won't even say, "I told you so."

The sharp sporty you see here belongs to Russ Murrell. And would you believe that he had ridden stock bikes and had raced bikes eight years before throwing his leg over a Harley? You know what? He was converted. This is his first chop and he has nothing but praise for it. I won't bore you with all the good things he says about his new life. Most of you already know them. The point is, don't give up on the backsliders, the disbelievers. They'll come around someday. ■

— Dog Breath.



Paroled!



Priest was lying in the soft, cool grass, holding a foxy redhead in his arms. A full moon was shining brightly overhead and nearby a clear, freshwater stream gurgled musically along its way. Next to the stream was parked one of the most magnificent two-wheeled machines ever to devour asphalt. It stood there strong and proud, chrome glistening in the moonlight.

Priest felt mellow all over from the half-gram of Pakistani black hash and the soft, sensuous little chick who was at that moment kissing his chest all over, setting off tiny explosions everywhere her lips touched. Finally he could stand no more; he had started to roll over on top of her when a sharp pain suddenly struck his hand and shot up through his arm.

"Sonuvabitch!" he spat through clenched teeth. It had happened again. That same recurring dream—he'd had it at least a million times since the State had stamped a number on his ass and made him a part of their human zoo. He sat on the edge of his bed rubbing the knuckles he'd just rammed into the concrete wall and cursing the red-haired girl he hadn't seen in years.

Her name was Gloria, and she'd been Priest's ol' lady since he and Pretty Smitty had established the Forbidden Wheels M.C. in 1964. There had been a few letters at first but, since he never wrote

back, he could hardly bitch when they stopped coming. Not being the sentimental type, he really didn't give a damn—what he missed about her wasn't her conversation anyway.

He lit a cigarette and checked his Timex in the momentary light. Three o'clock. Six hours, he thought, just six more hours and that lousy dream can be a reality...

Just then a night officer strolled by making his hourly round. "What's wrong, Ramsey, can't sleep?"

"Man, fuck you. I ain't asleep, am I?"

The old roller stepped back with a look of true amazement on his face. He'd spoken to Ramsey several times in the past years and had never been snapped at like that. There was one very important difference this morning that the roller was unaware of: this morning Vic "The Priest" Ramsey was going home—paroled at last. Never again would he hide the animosity that he felt for those green-suited country hicks who kept him locked in a cage—all the while wanting to smile and act like friends. He drew heavily on the Kool until the fire cut into the filter and burned his throat.

"At times such as this he felt more than ever as if he actually were in a zoo. He envisioned a plaque in front of his cell reading something to the effect of:

"BIKER"

This is one of the more savage species of the human race, somewhat rare in mid-Michigan. Roving bands of wild bikers have been known to take over small towns, wreak havoc, rape and murder (this particular specimen cut an honest man's throat with a switchblade knife). Bikers are known to be drug users, and have a total disregard for morals, law and order, personal hygiene, and patriotism. Although considered dangerous in groups, an individual biker is surprisingly weak and vulnerable.

I need another cigarette, he thought. "Hey, Reed, are you up, man?" he called to the cell next door. No reply. He pounded his fist on the concrete wall that separated the two cells. "Reed, wake up, damn it!"

"Huh? What? Hey, what's the deal, Priest?"

"Run me over some coffee and cigarettes. I'm all out."

"What? You woke me up at two o'clock in the goddam morning for some bullshit?"

"It's three o'clock and damn all that. Just run me over some coffee and cigarettes."

"But..."

"But shit! Don't make me kick your ass the next time I come out of this cell!"

This really wasn't Priest's style; usually he minded his own business and didn't go out of his way to hassle anyone, but today was special. Besides, Reed was a punk and Priest didn't like him anyway.

A few seconds later Reed passed a pack of menthol cigarettes around the corner to Priest's cell. "Where's the steam?" Priest asked grimly.

"Here, take the whole damn jar," the punk whined as a jar of Taster's Choice came around the corner.

"I will."

Priest sat back on the small bunk with a large cup of coffee and lit up a cigarette. He was

by Phillip J. Lippert

angry, disgusted, and, somewhere deep inside, he was happy. These were the mixed emotions churning away inside him after four years of incarceration — having finally reached his day of release. He was still angry at the system that had convicted him of a felony for defending himself, and at the turn of ill-fated circumstances that took him away from his brothers and sisters, the open road, and all the thrill and excitement that was part of being a biker. He was disgusted over what the last four years had been; the harassment they called justice; standing in long lines for shit-food; being locked in a cage, horny to the point of distraction; and the loneliness of being the only scooter character in a penitentiary that boasted of holding more pimps and rapists than any other in the country.

But finally, today had arrived. Finally there was an emotion that threatened to outweigh the hatred, anger and disgust that had mounted and grown a little every day since day one of this bad trip. Finally there was something to be happy about.

Refusing to recount the nineteen bars down and six bars across the front of his cell, he allowed his mind to wander along different paths. Almost inevitably, "that night" did a rerun through old memory lane.

The evening started out just as any other might have: a few frames of pool at Kelly's, a couple of beers, and later on, a club party at the gravel pits. He had just finished a short swim when a voice from somewhere nearby suggested, "Hey, Priest, let's take a quick run up to Mariam Springs."

He looked around to see his right-hand man, Pretty Smitty, and his ol' lady sitting on top of a huge mountain of sand, both zonked on marijuana. Smitty was smiling one of those big, silly, stoned-on-weed grins through his bushy blond beard.

"Where the hell is Mariam Springs, man?" Priest asked in amusement.

"It's a little open space be-

tween two cornfields, about forty miles from here. Paul's ol' lady is gigin' in the town bar."

"Yeah, why not, man? Let's ride."

Walking back to their machines, they split a couple of joints and abducted a bottle of Ripple Red from a couple who had abandoned it to wander off into the bushes.

After they'd developed a nice buzz, the warm night air was exhilarating as they cruised along the highway at 80, the wind blowing through their hair and making their skin tingle. The moonlight ride was so refreshing that it was no less than a crime against nature for it to be marred by a chain slipping from the primary sprocket on Priest's custom Hog.

It could have been the wine and reefers that made it so difficult for him to replace the drive chain, but he had since suspected that it was merely fate's whim that they should be there when an old '62 pickup screeched to a halt next to them on that country road. The decrepit old machine reeked of corn silage, while its pilot and co-pilot resembled a bad batch of home brew.

Priest and Pretty Smitty immediately went on guard. Their club had been feuding with local sobbusters for some time. Bikers and farmers in mid-Michigan maintained a rapport similar to that of G.I.'s and Viet Cong in Southeast Asia.

Priest never did know exactly how the fight had begun that evening, but he would never forget how it ended: with a hoe handle that opened a gash over his left eye and a flash of silver that came instinctively from his hip pocket and planted itself in the side of farmer John's fat neck — just one micro-second after the blade had snapped open.

The jury said manslaughter.

The judge said six to fifteen.

The law said twenty-four months off for "good behavior" — and that made today the day. Freedom again — after four years of the damnedest.

At seven o'clock he heard the

electro-magnetic lock on his door release and suddenly he was amazingly apathetic about this day of release. After all, he wasn't gone yet. So far, today had been just like any other day. He sat on the small bunk just as he had been sitting since three o'clock — staring at the barred door that was no longer locked. A turnkey appeared in front of his cell. "Well, Ramsey, today's the big day!" he announced cheerfully.

What is wrong with these flaky muthafuckas? Priest thought. Don't they have any friends on the street? He sat still with the cigarette burning between his fingers, allowing the smoke to curl up around his face. "And what big day is that?" he asked quietly.

"Why, you're going home this morning," the roller replied, confused.

"No shit," Priest stated flatly in a toneless voice.

"Er . . . you have two hours yet, do you want to get a shower before you leave?"

Priest flicked his cigarette to the floor and dug the cleanest dirty towel he had out of his old footlocker. The roller interpreted this as a "yes" to his question and went on about his business.

In the shower, Priest admired the tattoo on his large right biceps as he soaped it over. The club insignia. There were only two things in the world he prized more: his machine and his colors. He wondered if Smitty still had his old colors stashed somewhere. It would feel good to have them on his back again.

After returning to cell 19, he dressed out in his "penitentiary originals," the same blue jeans he'd worn into the joint in '69. One T-shirt and a denim jacket later, he was ready for the free world.

At eight-forty-five, the door brake snapped again and he pulled the door open to step forth from the 6 x 8 for the last time. Never again, he thought as he pushed the steel door shut behind him and heard the automatic lock seal it shut.

—Continued on page 58

Hairy Problem

Simple question: Do you shave your beaver?

Charles Roe
Beaver, Ohio

● If I shaved my box, I'd have to shave my legs, because it's all entangled. Having never shaved anything, I'd probably catch cold—and a runny nose would probably scare the crap out of all my intimate friends. (Is there any other kind?)

One Hung Low

The other night my ol' lady discovered something that's got me shook. My left nut hangs lower than my right. Is this normal? If not, what should I do about it?

Papi
Denver, Colo.

● That's easy. Just have her switch to the other one, or make sure her aim is right. Have you had her eyes checked?

Dumb Question

Does it make any difference to you whether a crotch cannibal has teeth or not?

Eater
Detroit, Mich.

● What have teeth got to do with it? Personally, I do dig a nip now and then.

Personal Question

Do you really have big boobs?

Swordfish
Rangeley, Maine

● Gross is the only way they can be described.

Sick, Sick

I just received the picture of you and I think I'm in love.

Hop
Atascadero, Calif.

● I think you're sick. The only time anyone tells me they love me is in a dark room.

Goody-Goody

I think you'd be a nice piece of ass. I'd like to screw you in the ear, nose, ass, arm pit, feet, toes—your entire body. When can we get together?

Hog
Cincinnati, Ohio

● I don't ball squares.

A Slight Problem

A while ago a guy slipped me some pills, and ever since he's wanted to rape me. Later I found out that they were hormone pills and my tits have gone from size 32A to 44D. My problem is not that someone wants to rape me. I'd dig it if it were a chick, but a guy turns me off. You see, I'm a guy too.

Boobs
San Jose, Calif.

● Don't knock it if you haven't tried it—or have you?

Stinky Problem

Girls with stinky armpits really turn me on. I was wondering how I could stop the sale of underarm deodorants.

Sniff Freak
Detroit, Mich.

● Screw chicks who use deodorants—go to the other side of town where the chicks with class live. What are your views on ripe crotches?

Dipshit

Could you tell me something? After I get my Sports-ter, do I go scootin' on my putt? or do I go puttlin' on my scooter?

Jim
Boston, Mass.

● If you don't know, then after the first two blocks you won't need to know.

Service Rates

I was wondering if you charged set rates for your freak sessions, and if so, how much?

Candy
Bergenfield, N.J.

● Depends on who's asking, and I usually have a special rate for young stuff.

Why? Why?

If God created man in his own likeness, why did he put hair around so many peoples' assholes?

Pious but Puckered
Suffern, N.Y.

● I think dingleberries were fashionable then.

Prison Problem

A chick wrote me and said she'd wait until I got out of the joint, provided I meet three requirements. No problem with the first two, but the third one was that I must have a 12-inch dick. My problem is, do you think I should cut three inches off?

Tom
Bellefonte, Pa.

● The hell with her—I'll wait for you.

Panama Snatch

When I used to go down on my ol' lady, my face always broke out. Now I'm in the army in Panama, and when I dive on a broad my face doesn't break out. Do you think it's the difference in the food they eat?

Beetle
Chicago, Ill.

● No, it's what you eat.

Bike Problem

I've got a 750 Norton and I've always had trouble getting chicks to ride on the back with me. They always tell me that they're scared.

Puzzled
Mansfield, Ohio

● Zip your fly, take a bath—and quit grabbin' their boxes.

Big Bulge

As you know, tight pants are in. Well, I'm so big that my pants bulge out and everyone seems to be always looking at it. Is there anything I can do about it?

Mary
Springfield, Mo.

● It's not because you're so big. It's because of all the shrubbery that's covering it. But so what? Let 'em stare—or better yet, let 'em see!

The Extras

My boyfriend won't do all of the extras that all of the other guys do in bed—you know, all the unconventional things. What can I do to get him to get with it?

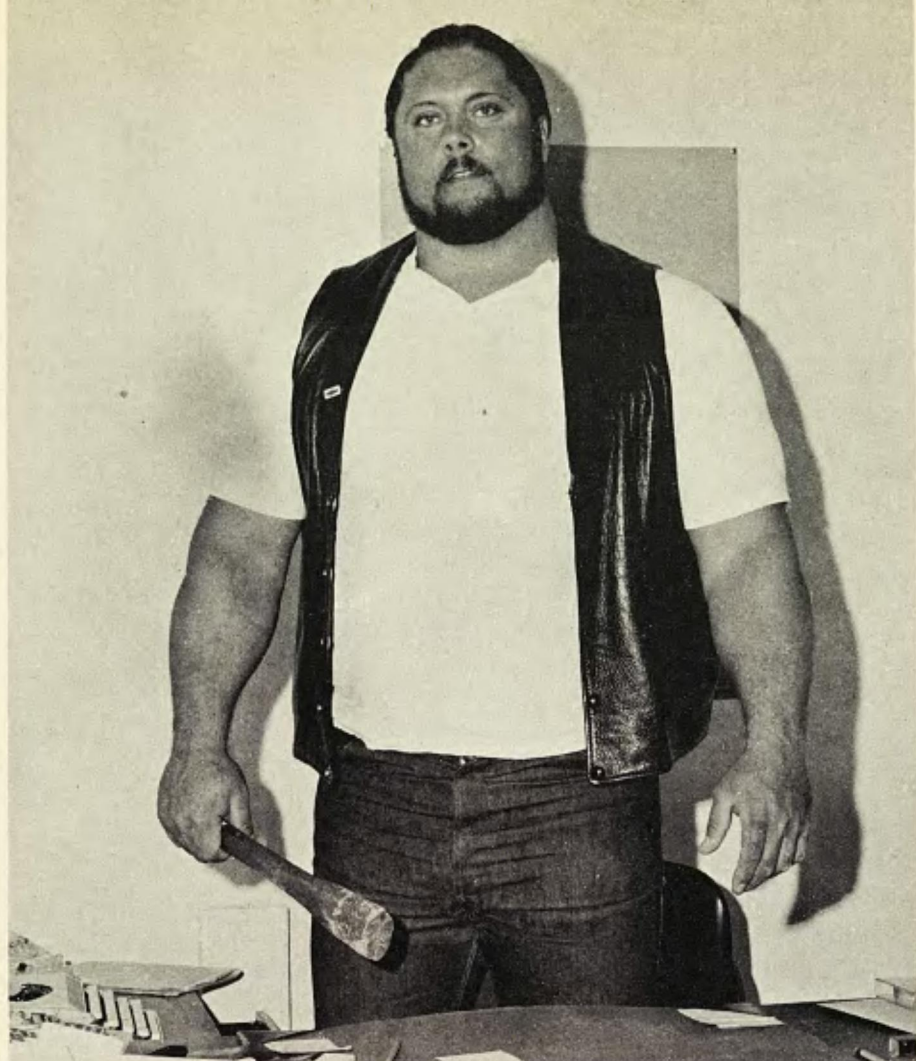
Horny
Portland, Ore.

● I don't know what you're talking about. I don't know of any unconventional things that can be done in bed. I've done them all, and for so long that I've lost track of which is conventional and which isn't. I go on the basis that if it feels good, do it.

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o EASYRIDERS, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha.

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL





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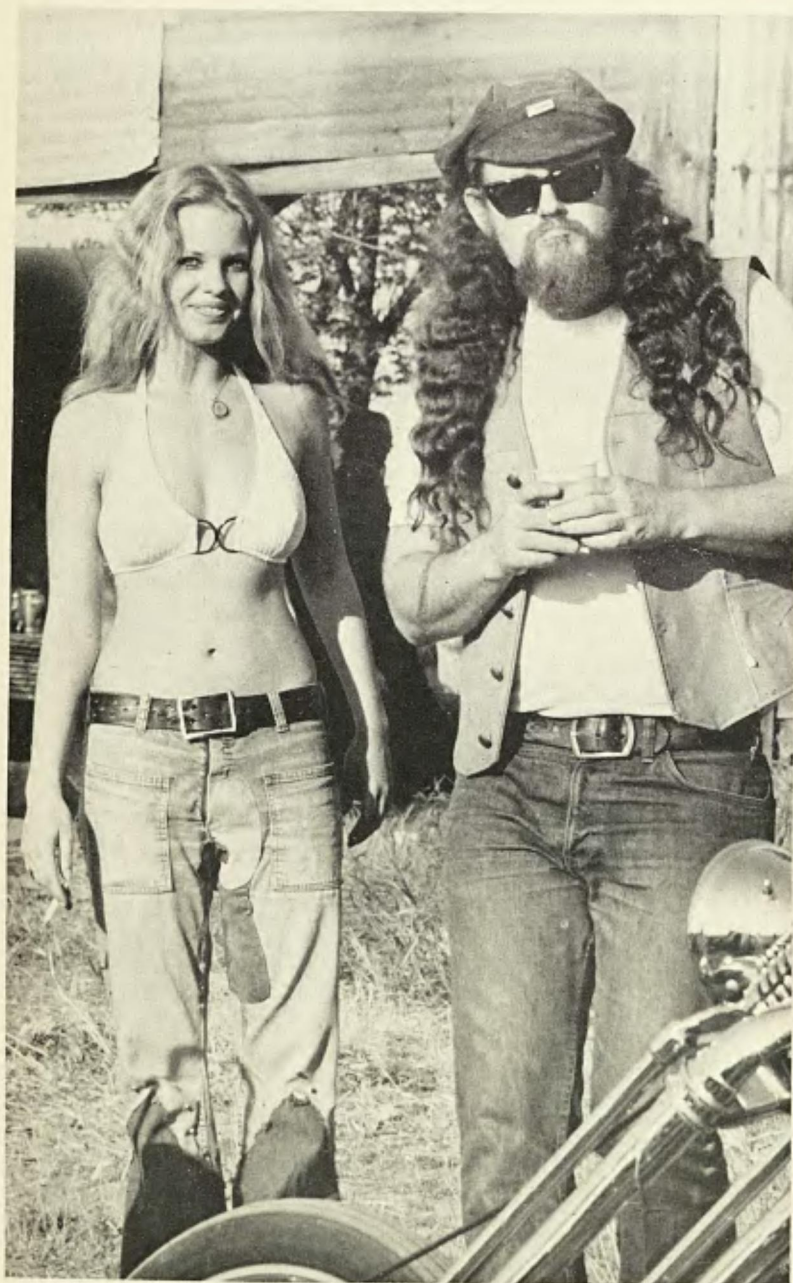
Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like best about Easyriders magazine? _____



As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else. As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—

This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.



—From P. A. Asch, APO San Francisco (Vietnam)



—From Lawrence Drumman, Weirton, W. Va.



—From Red Ellington, Irving, Texas



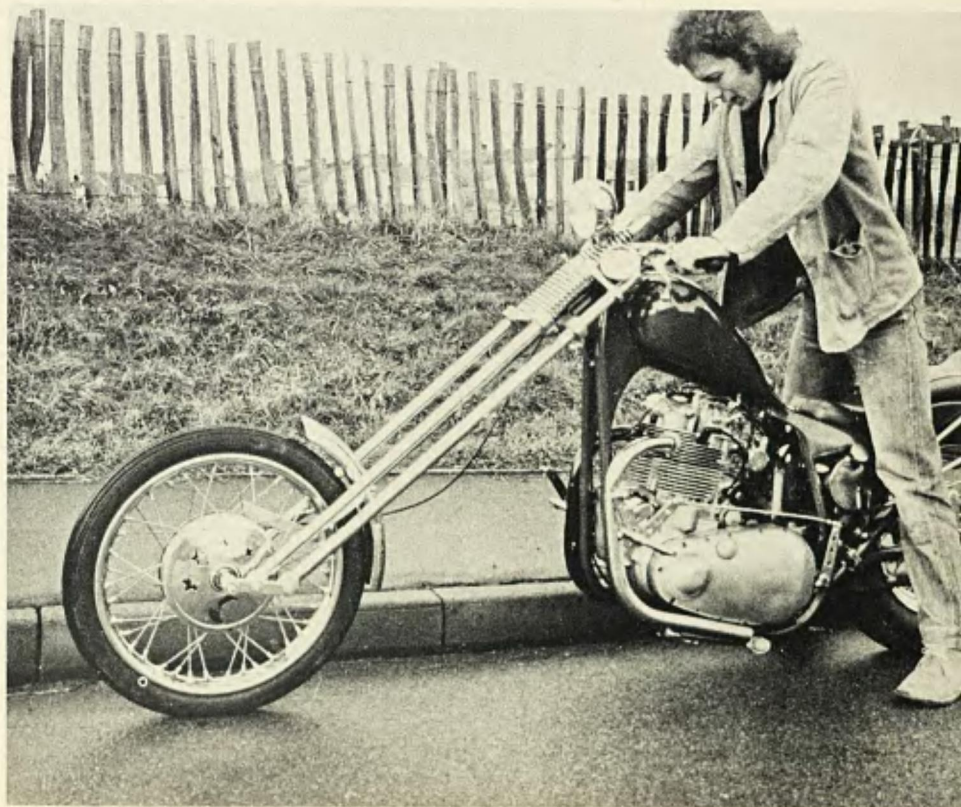
—From Bruce Burgin, Beckley, W. Va.



— From Jack Wassell, Baltimore, Md.



— From Buzz & Debbie McCoy, Walnut Creek, Calif.



— From Tony Thacker, Kent, England

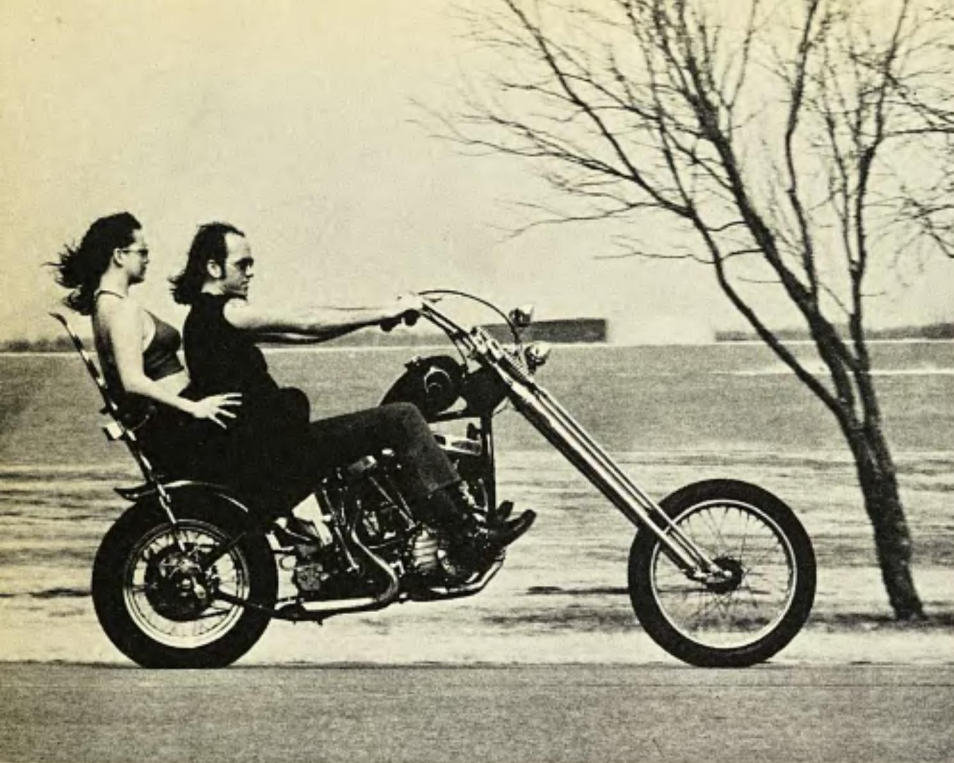


— From Ralph Gerkens, Lexington, Ky.



— From Eddie Harrison, Norfolk, Va.







— From Donald Sill, Belleville, Ill.



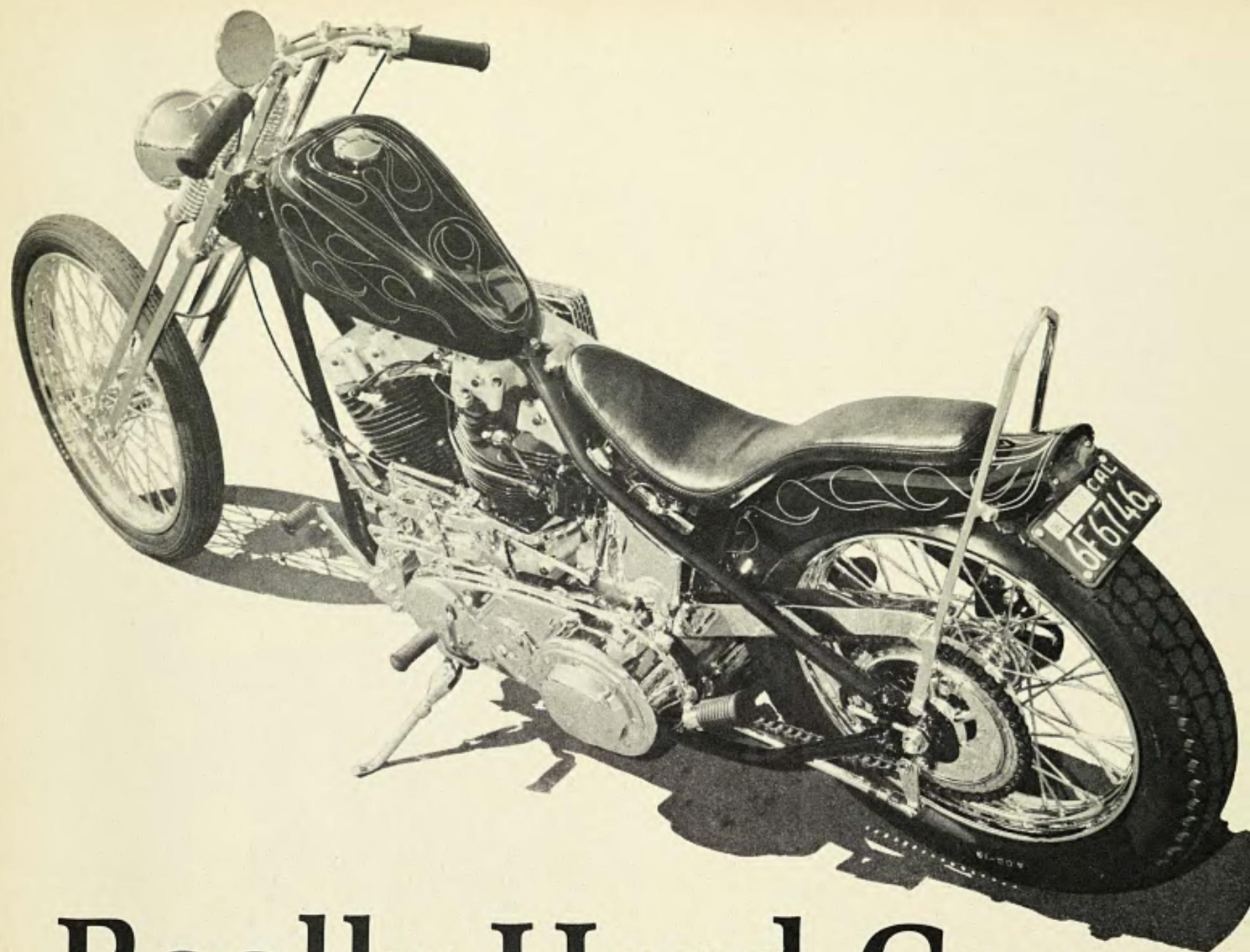
— From Rogue, Bridgeport, Conn.

As usual, Dave Mann's painting (on the following pages) tells it all. Freedom—that's what it's really all about—and we think the painting needs no further comment. Turn the page and see if you don't agree.



Freedom!



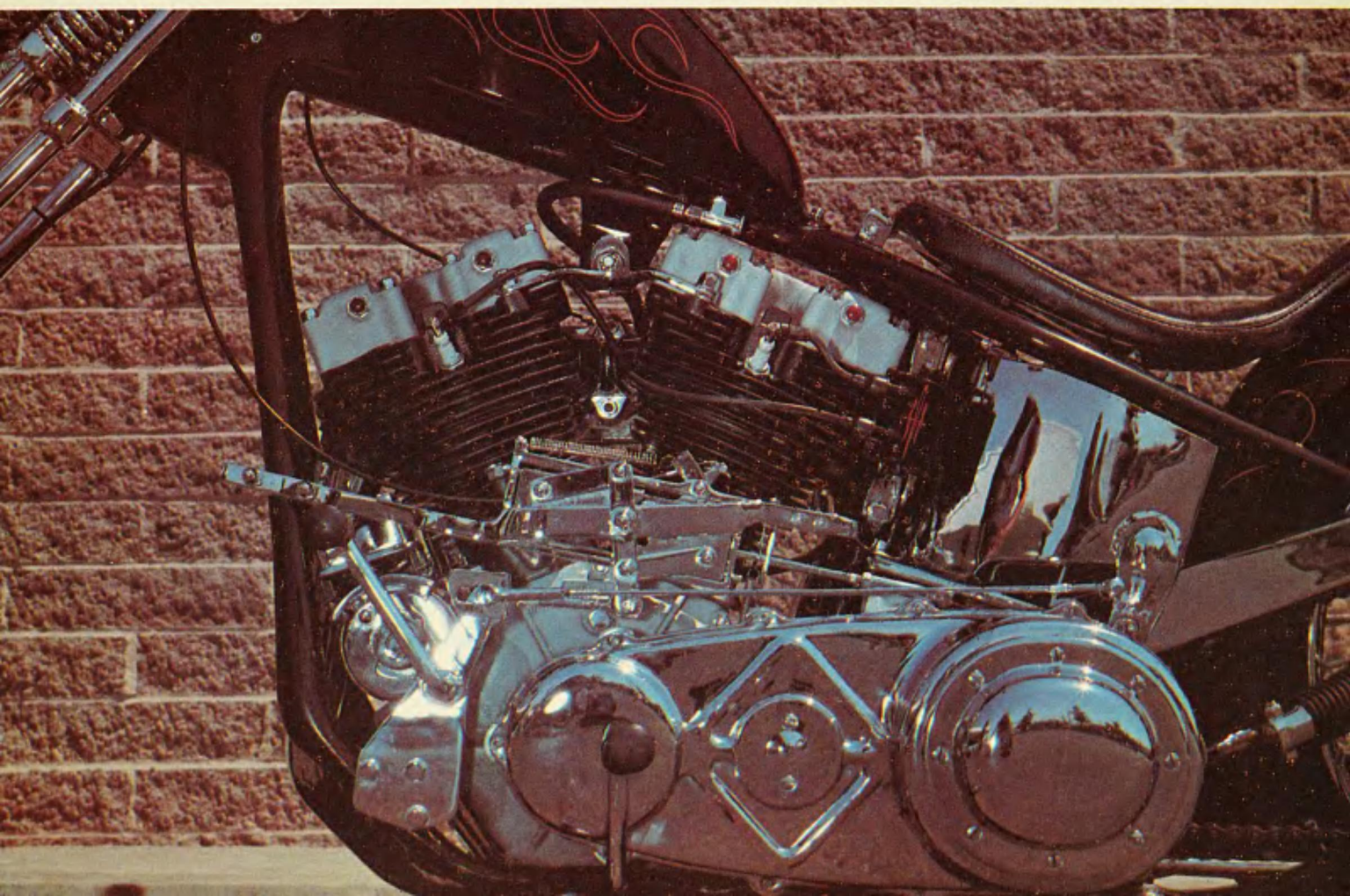


Really Hard Core



Now don't get your hopes (or anything else) up too high. Since this here is a family rag, we try to keep the filthy stuff down. So there won't be a luscious little Ivory Soap lady acting out the Kama Sutra — at least for the next few pages.

But if you've got any porcine plasma coursing through your veins, then you may wet your pants just the same over this scoot. It's the creation of Jerry Buttles in Fresno, California, and even Spider had to admit it was the next best thing to Marilyn Chambers he'd laid eyes on recently. Jerry's bike is so hard-core Hawg that he doesn't even use a ratchet top trans. But his ancient jockey lid, combined with a chromed, restored, and carefully reworked speed-e-shift makes the old clanker bang gears like a B&M Hydrostick. The



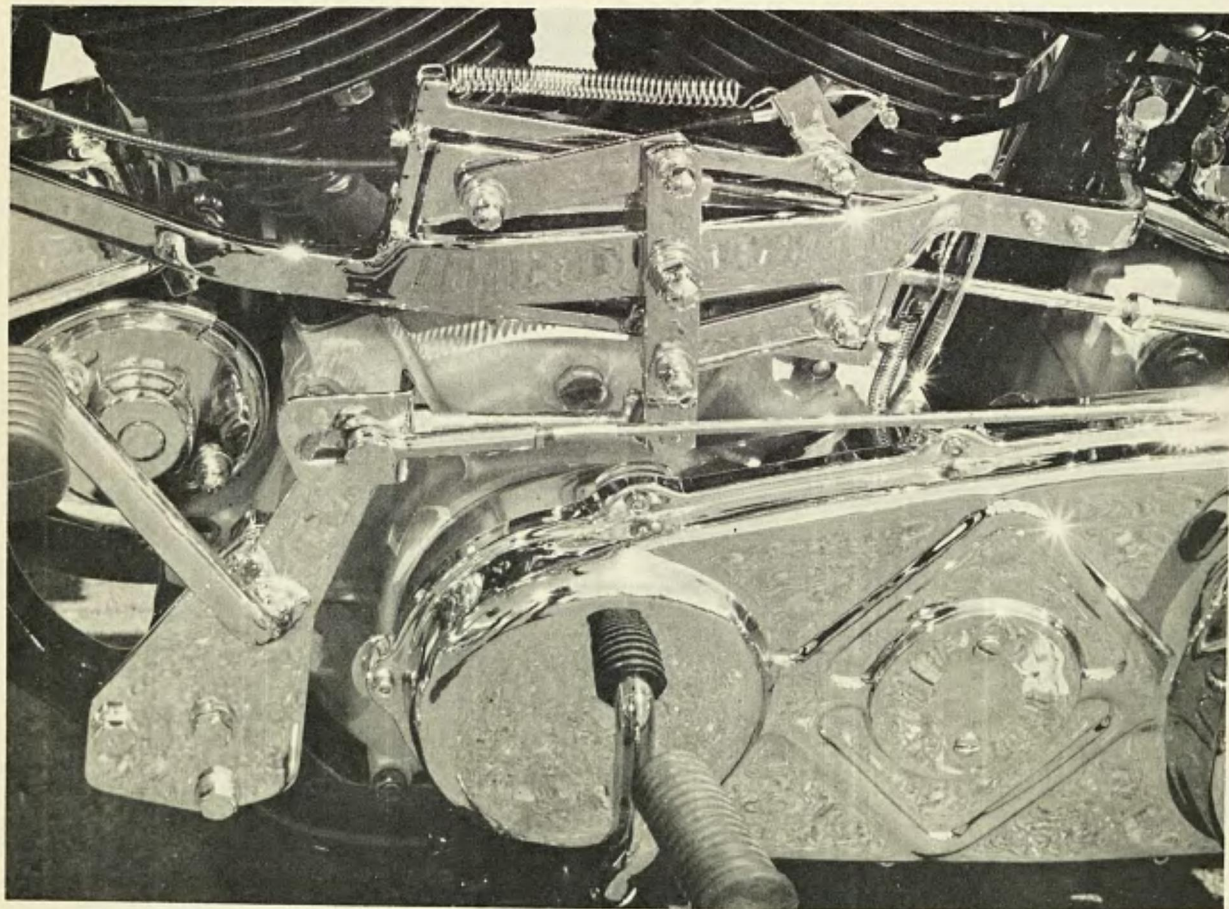


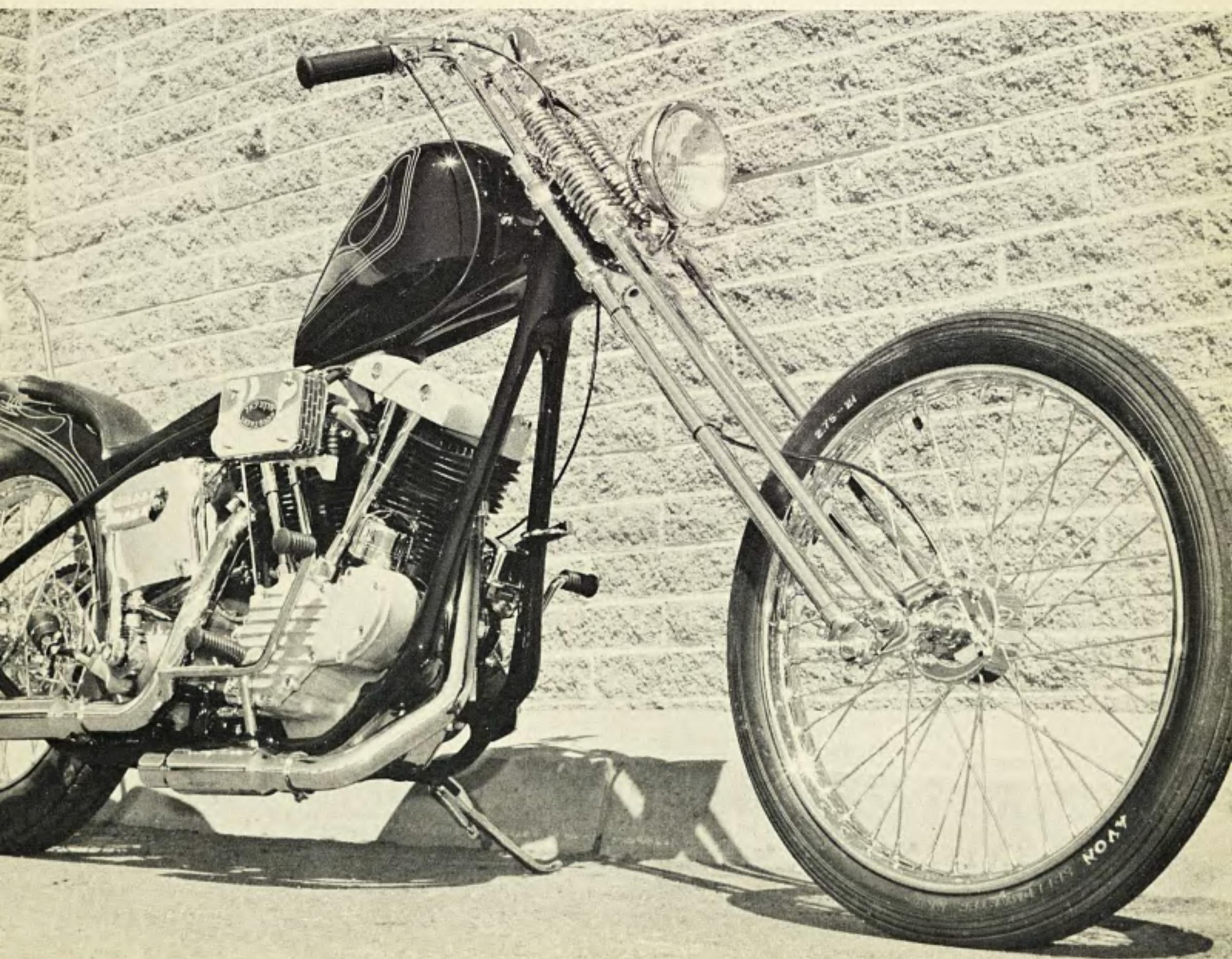
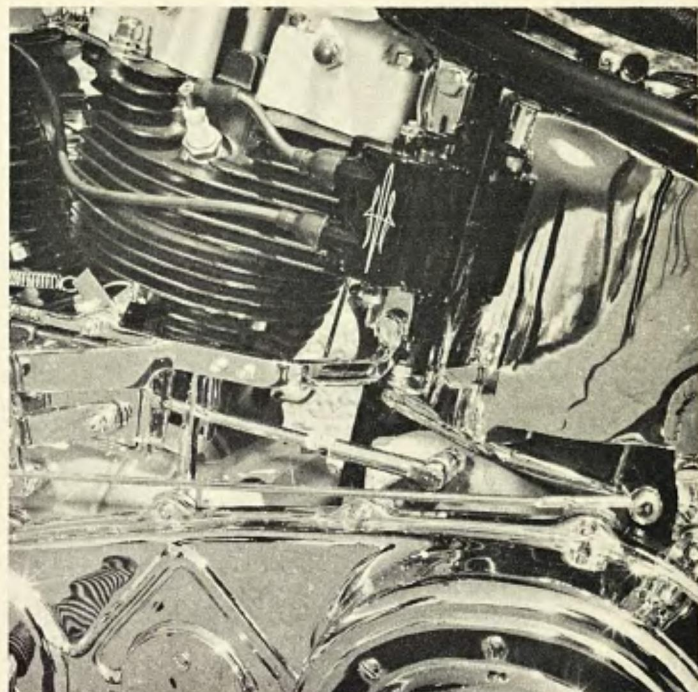
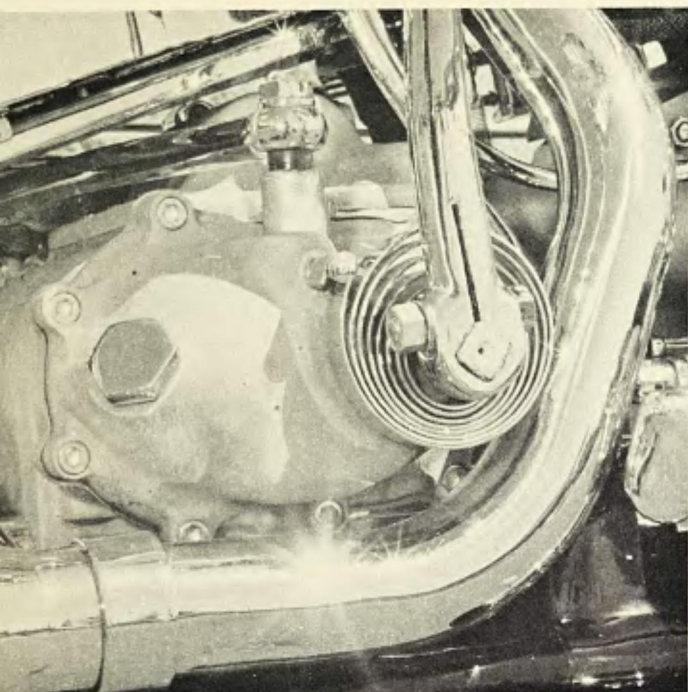
machine is also based on a knuckle lower — that's about as stone old-time H-D as you'd want to get without running into the total-loss oil systems of earlier years. However, the top end has been modernized with late model shovel heads and an Andrews 45mm pumper carb. The changeover required fitting the knuck cases with a shovelhead cam and lifter blocks, plus a lot of fiddling with the lube system to make sure oil squirts where it should and doesn't ooze where it shouldn't.

And in case anybody accuses Jerry of being as filthy as Miraculous Mutha's shitter, you'll note the shovels and cases are sanitarily bead blasted, and both the kicker cover and generator mount with countersunk socket head bolts.

Well, we've managed to keep Spider's attention on this scoot for 45 seconds, which must be some kinda record; but now he's beginning to run from his eye teeth again while he mangles the photo files for a little pure-ient interest. Shit, some dudes just don't really appreciate good machinery when they see it . . . well, *metal* machinery, that is. ■

—Continued on next page





Owner: Jerry Buttles

City: Fresno, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1947 H-D

Model: FL

Value: \$3,000

Assembly by: owner

Time: 3 months

Chroming by: Marcum & Redding

Engine

Year: 1947

Model: Shovel top, knuck lower

Builder: owner

Ignition: 6V battery-coil

Displacement: 80 cu. in. (UL wh.)

Balancing: Edelbrock

Pistons: Robbins 10:1

Cam: Sifton 468S

Lifters: Sifton solids

Carb(s): 45mm Tillotson

Air cleaner: Bap-Geon

Shifter: foot speed-e-shift

Pipes: drag

Muffler(s): Dixie Distr.

Gearing:

Engine sprocket: 22

Trans sprocket: 23

Painting

Molding: Ron Scharmek

Painter: Scharmek & Averill

Color: Black

Type: acrylic enamel

Other special modifications: Andrews close-ratio gears in trans, 6V

Chassis

Frame builder: mod. by Lloyd Winston

Year and make: 1957 straight bar

Rake: $\frac{5}{8}$ inch

Stretch: none

Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Bars: drag, narrowed

Risers: 8 in., by Carter

Fender(s): 1928 Indian

Headlight: Bates

Taillight: Gary Bang

Speedo: none

Foot pegs:

Front: Stan Dishong, Vallejo

Back: Sportster

Gas tank: Sportster

Oil tank: H-D

Primary cover: H-D diamond

Seat material: leather, by owner

Sissy bar: Bill Lacy

Height: 8 in. above seat

Material size: $\frac{1}{2}$ in. round

Forks

Type: narrow springer

Type front rail: round

Extension: 10 in.

Builder: Nick Carter, Fresno

Wheels

Front

Size: 21-inch

Hub/brake: Hallcraft

Rim width: WM 1

Tire size: 2.75 x 21

Make: Avon

Rear

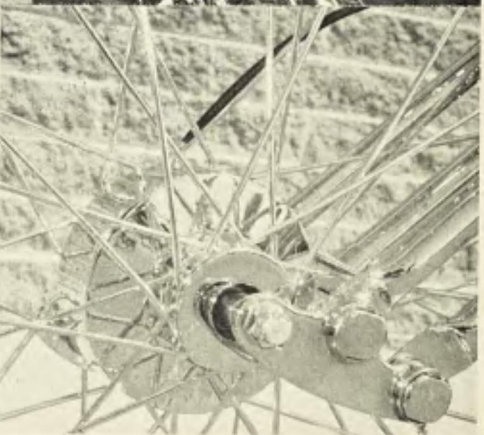
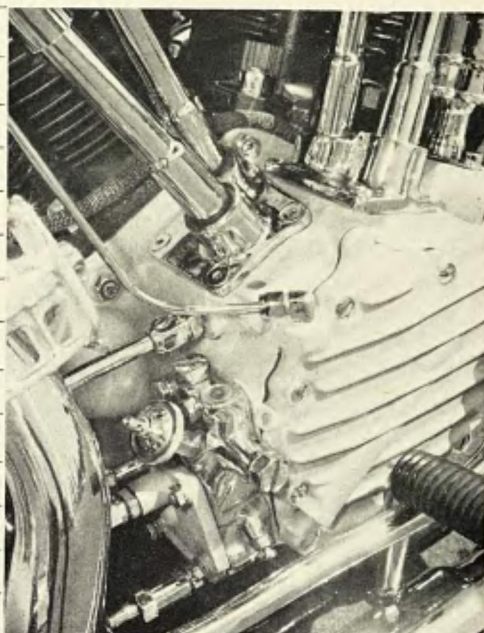
Size: 19-inch

Hub/brake: H-D

Rim width: WM 3

Tire size: 4.00 x 19

Make: Avon



Poster A



Poster B



All we want for each poster is \$3.00, plus 50¢ for postage and a special mailing tube.

The Hell's Angels

are raising a legal defense fund to finance legal fees for appealing Sonny Barger's recent prison conviction, as well as building a legal fund to defend other Hell's Angels that may need legal assistance.

To do this we are selling t-shirts and tank-tops with the lettering "Free Sonny Barger" on them.

We are also selling bumper stickers: One measures 10½" x 3" in red, white, and blue and simply says "Free Sonny Barger"; the other measures 2" x 7", printed red on white background, and says "Support Your Local Hell's Angels."

We also have a heavy poster that should be in

every biker's pad. It measures 2' x 3'. It is black and white and depicts numerous scenes of Angel brothers doing all sorts of things. In the middle of the poster, we state our case—a case in which we're sure you'll agree.

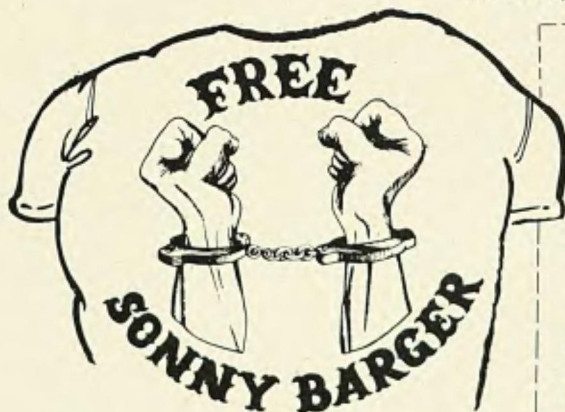
There may be

some of you who will want to aid us in our effort, but don't have use for the above items—and would just as soon send a contribution. We can dig it. Any amount will help—legal battles cost money, so contribute what you can.

**SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL
HELLS ANGELS**

★ **FREE SONNY BARGER** ★

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.



"Free Sonny Barger" t-shirts and tank tops sell for only \$5.00 each, in all sizes—small, medium, large, extra large.

Send your orders to
Free Sonny P.O. Box 5295
Oakland, California 94605
Please send me the following items:

Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 5%

For fastest service, send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks must clear your bank before we can ship your order. Allow three weeks for personal checks to clear.



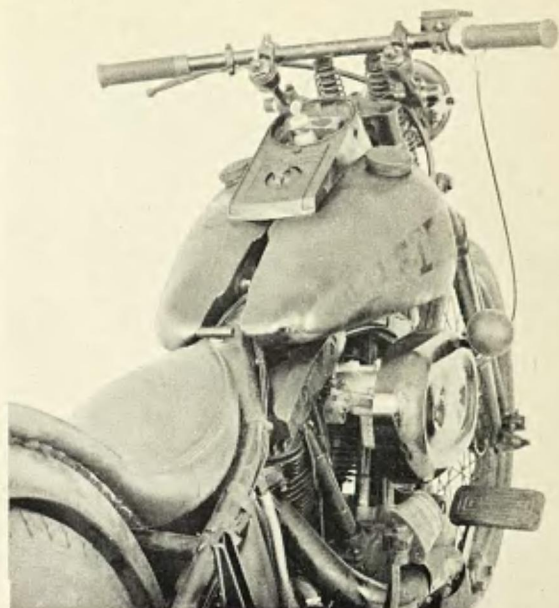
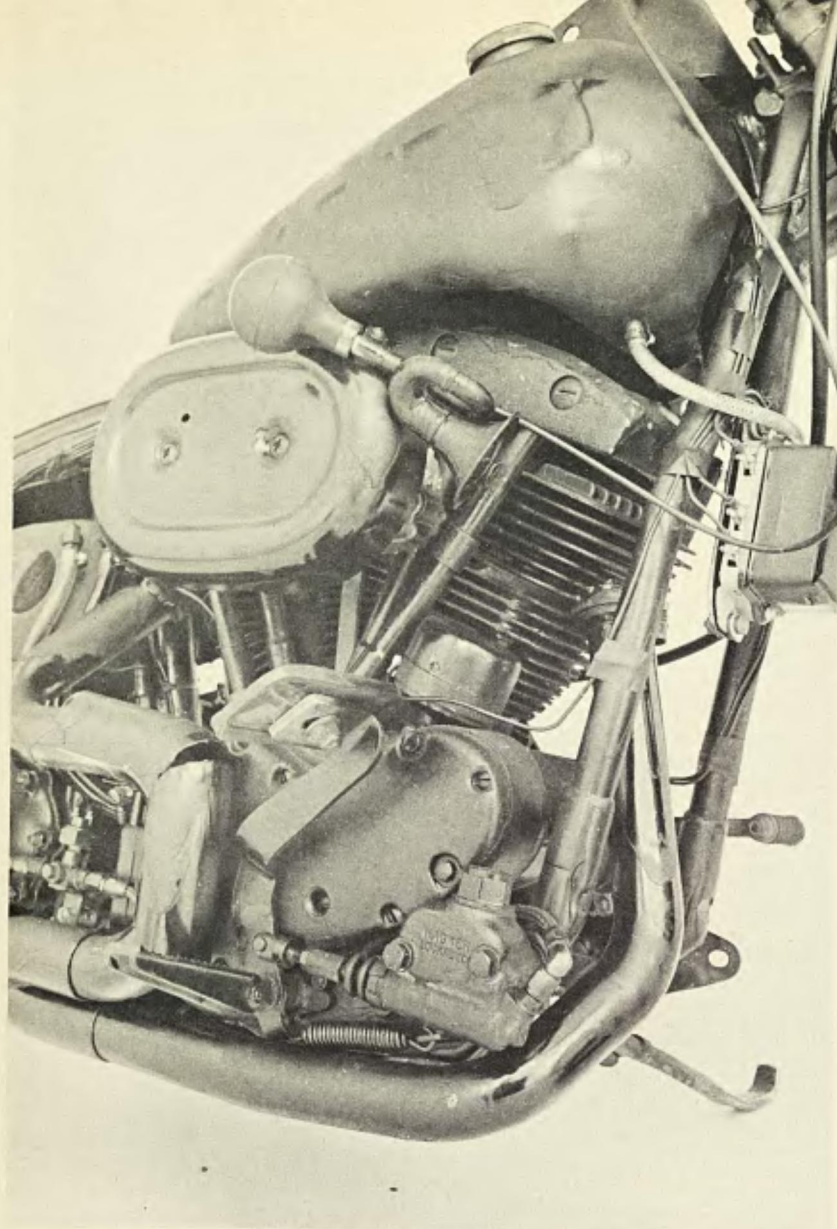
Talk about a Meat Machine!

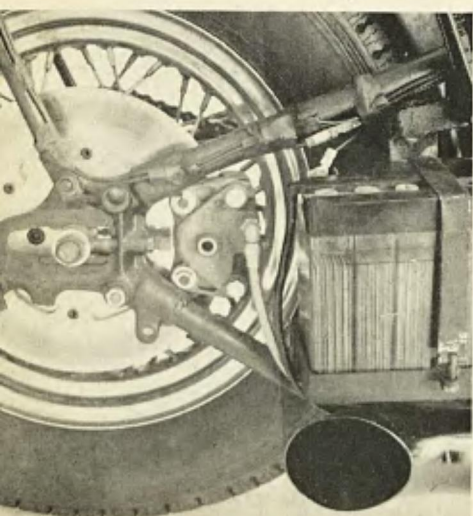
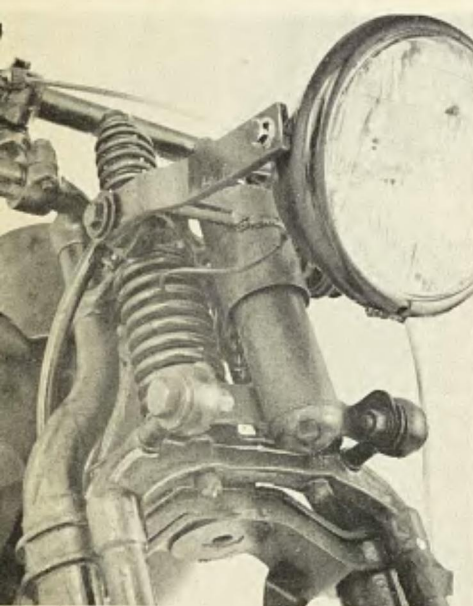
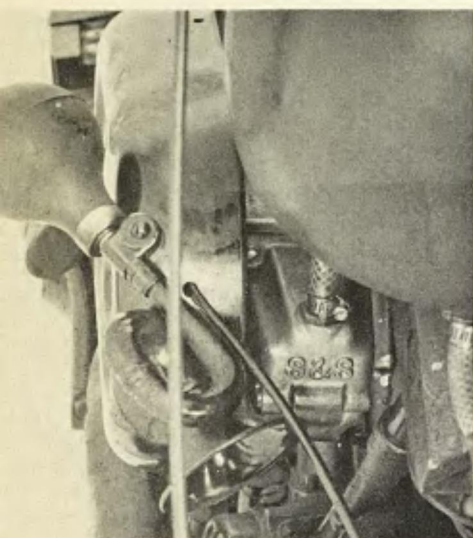
Most of you usually kick your ol' lady's ass and make her get out and polish your scooter so you can go profiling. A shiny, righteous bike attracts the chicks — as we all know. But going through the bit of having to kick the ol' lady's ass, and sometimes having to take a little lip before you let her have a crescent under her nose, is sort of a hassle. And if you have any conscience at all, it's a drag to pull away from the pad on your way to the action and look back to see your ol' lady standing there with both rug rats in her arms looking as

forlorn as possible — anything to ruin your evening, right?

Well, meet Andy. He's got the situation knocked. First, there is nothing, n-o-t-h-i-n-g, on his bike that needs polishing, or has ever been polished, so that solves one problem.

Knock off the snickering, because Andy has a few things goin' for him that aren't readily apparent. Those of you who think chicks dig only shiny chrome had better talk with an owner of a rat bike. It seems a badass-looking rat really has sex appeal, and Andy has no problem picking



**Owner:** H. A. Hanson**City:** Culver City, Calif.**General****Chassis**

Fabrication by: H. A. Hanson

Frame builder: H-D

Year and make: 1969 H-D

Year and make: 1952 cradle

Model: FLH

Rake: none, reinforced under trans

Value: \$1,500

Stretch: none

Assembly by: H. A. Hanson

Rear Suspension: rigid

Time: 6 mo.

Accessories

Chroming by: none

Bars: drag

Engine

Risers: 4 in.

Year: 1969 H-D

Fender(s): Webco flat

Model: FLH

Headlight: Bates

Builder: H. A. Hanson

Taillight: Lucas

Ignition: 12V beefed condenser

Speedo: none

Displacement: 91.5 cu. in.

Foot pegs:

Balancing: Auto Electronic

Front: Anderson

Pistons: 10:1 Venolia

Back: Anderson

Cam: Sifton 468+

Gas tank: 3 gal. fatbobs

Lifters: Sifton solid

Oil tank: Paughco small wraparound

Carb(s): S & S 1 7/8 in. gas

Primary cover: Keith Ball

Air cleaner: stock

Seat material: naughahyde, Hanson

Shifter: ft.-rat. close ratio 1st gr.

Sissy bar: H. A. Hanson

Pipes: Dick Allen Collector

Height: 36 in.

Muffler(s): glass pack insert

Material size: 5/8 & 1/2 round solid

Gearing:

Forks

Engine sprocket: 24

Type: X-A Springer

Trans sprocket: 22, rear 46

Type front rail: stock w. hyd. fork da

Painting

Extension: stock

Molding: none

Builder: H-D

Painter: H. A. Hanson

Wheels

Color: black wrinkle

Front**Rear**

Type: cheap

Size: 21-in.

Size: 15-in.

Hub/brake: sgl. act.

Hub/brake: Hurst A

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: 5 inches

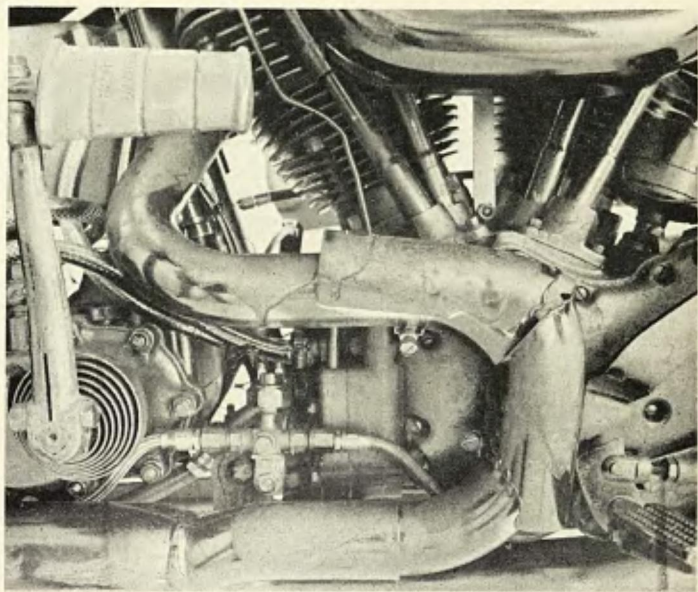
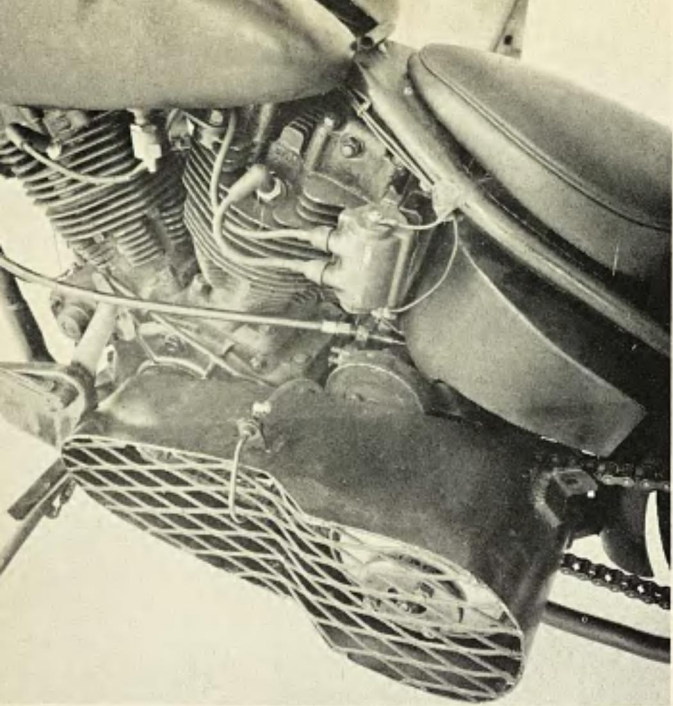
Tire size: 3.00 x 21

Tire size: 165 x 15 r

Make: Avon

Make: Pirelli

Other special modifications: S & S 4 3/4 stroke flywheels, sunk valve seats, cut & matched valve springs for cam specifications, rods polished & magnafluxed, Open breather valve to relieve crankcase pressure, H. A. Hanson clutch pressure plate.



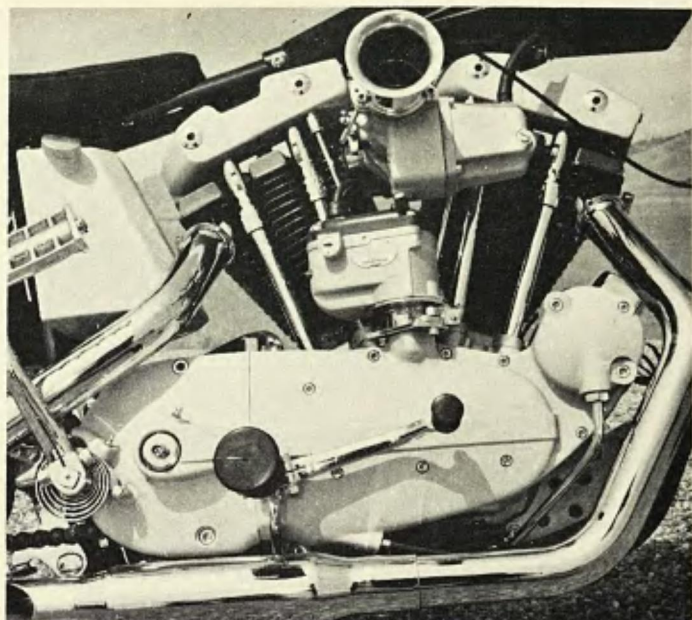
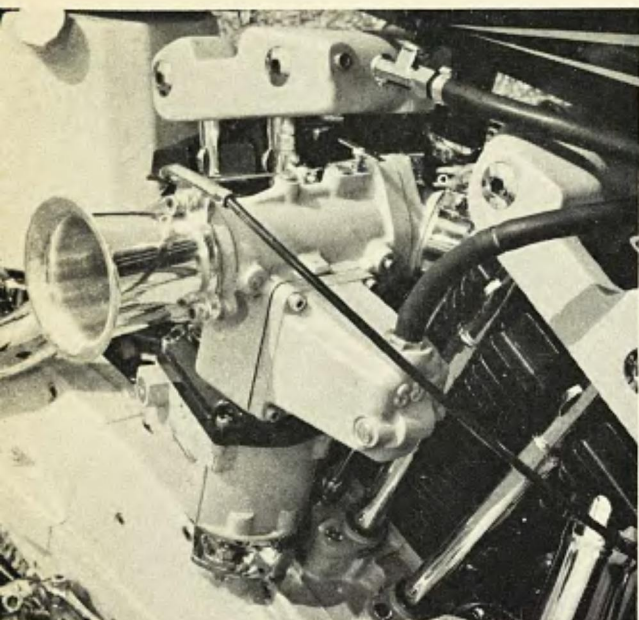
up the chickies on his meat machine.

Now we don't want any libbers snappin' at Andy's balls, but he claims that most chicks don't know a damned thing about a bike. They do, he says, dig speed and excitement. "A chromed nut doesn't mean shit," Andy snorts. "But pop a wheelie in second and you can feel them climax."

Which brings us to another feature of Andy's scoot. It's a bomb in disguise. It's not just a rat — it's a 91.5-inch rat that assassinates the unwary ass-up cafe dude regardless of what he's on.

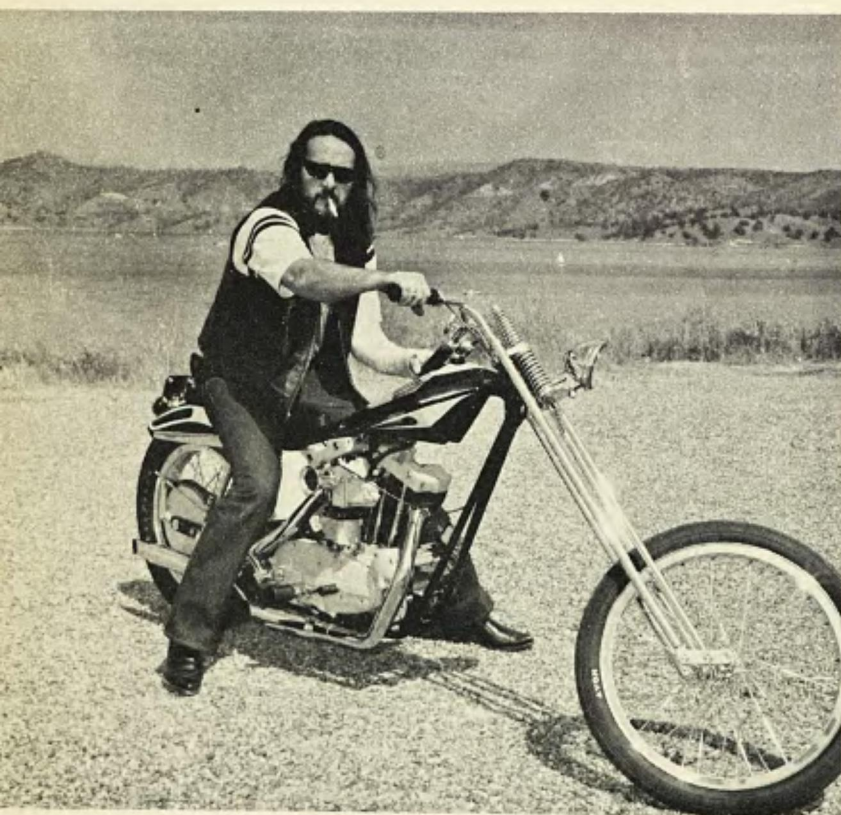
So you see, Andy has it many ways. A low-upkeep scoot that looks bad and attracts the chicks. It's fast, which means the chicks snuggle tight. It looks like a pile of shit and hides 91.5 inches and wipes out the flakes. I ask you — what more could a guy want? ■





Socket-heads

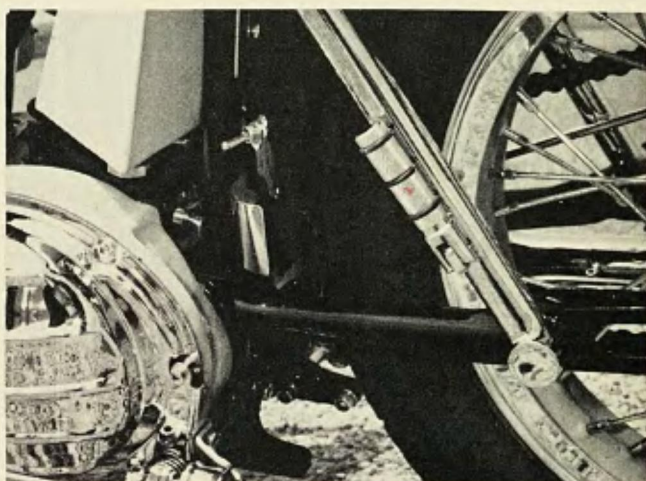
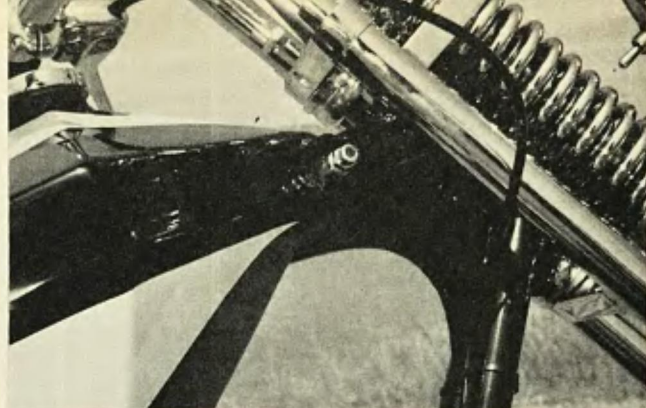
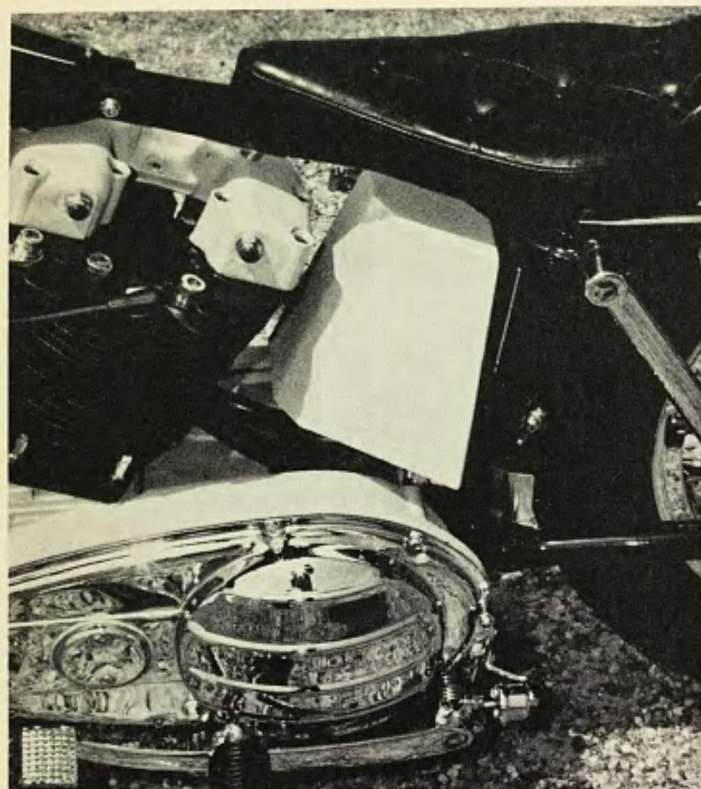
--every damned one of them!



If you're gonna be a picky asshole tryin' to find a slot or cheese headed screw on John Dove's bike, you might as well forget it. They're all socket heads. All we got was a snootful of gravel and six-sided spots in front of our eyes from looking for one that wasn't. Even the wheel rim locks, carb screws, rocker box studs, and crankcase bolts have been converted to the chromed little mothers.

No way you can snivel about the rest of the scooter, either. John, who freely admits to being a sano freak (he keeps the socket thing under wraps, you understand), has done up the engine and frame so clean you could probably fry your lunch on it. All the aluminum parts have been glass beaded — rocker boxes, cases, carb body, oil tank, brake backing plate, even the center of the wheel rims. And the rest has been treated to chrome and black lacquer with molding so simple and clean you're hardly aware of it.





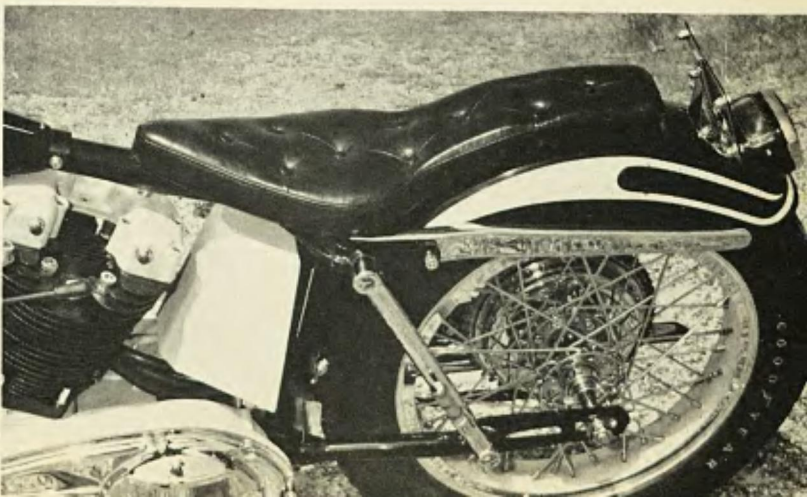


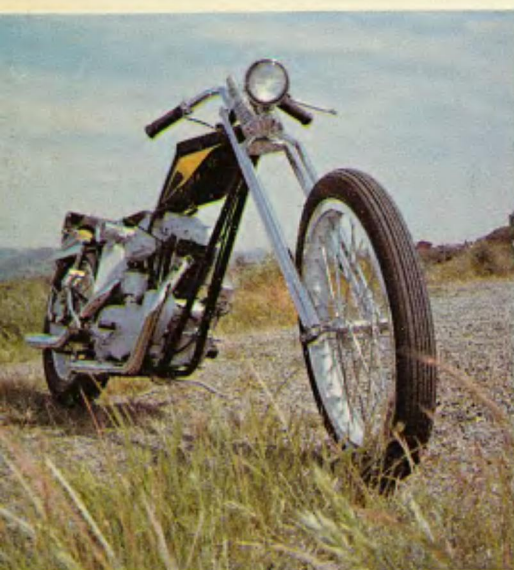
Easyriders photography by Jake



If that ain't enough for you doubting Milhouses out there, there's one more thing. John built this whole machine from start to finish with a busted arm. You know how much fun that is. After a few weeks with the cast on, it turns as ripe as half-year skivvies. And dudes are always giving you heat about being a poor cripple. Well, John put up with all that, with just a little left-hand help from Bill Lacy. His only current complaint is, "I'll be glad when I get rid of this goddam plaster cocoon and really get it on." Right now he "only" putts for an hour or two every day.

—Continued on next page





Owner: John Dove

City: Fresno, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: spec. constr.

Model: H-D Sportster

Value: \$3,000

Assembly by: owner

Time: 3 months

Chroming by: Meclic Plating

Chassis

Frame builder: Uni. Eng. (Arlen Ness)

Year and make: new

Rake: 40 degrees

Stretch: 6 in.-front

Rear Suspension: UE Struts

Accessories

Bars: Drag bars, Arlen Ness

Risers: integral w/bars

Fender(s): steel, by Kenny West

Headlight: H-D foglight

Taillight: Sportster

Speedo: none

Foot pegs:

Front: H-D

Back: UE custom

Gas tank: UE, aluminum

Oil tank: UE, aluminum

Primary cover: early steel Sporty

Seat material: leather, Arlen Ness

Sissy bar: none

Height:

Material size:

Engine

Year: 1958

Model: XL

Builder: owner

Ignition: Sportster mag

Displacement: 61 cu. in.

Balancing: Rutter Army

Pistons: late Sportster

Cam: PB's

Lifters: lightened solids

Carb(s): 1 7/8 in. S & S

Air cleaner: velocity stack

Shifter: foot

Pipes: drag

Muffler(s): shorty-baloney slice

Gearing: "C" series trans. gears

Forks

Engine sprocket: stock

Type: Springer

Trans sprocket: 20

Type front rail: round

Painting

Molding: J.P.

Extension: 10 in.

Builder: Universal Eng. (Arlen Ness)

Painter: Scharmek & Averill

Wheels

Color: black and yellow

Front

Rear

Type: epoxy

Size: 21-inch

Size: 18-inch

Hub/brake: UE sport

Hub/brake: H-D

Rim width: WM 1

Rim width: WM

Tire size: 2.75 x 21

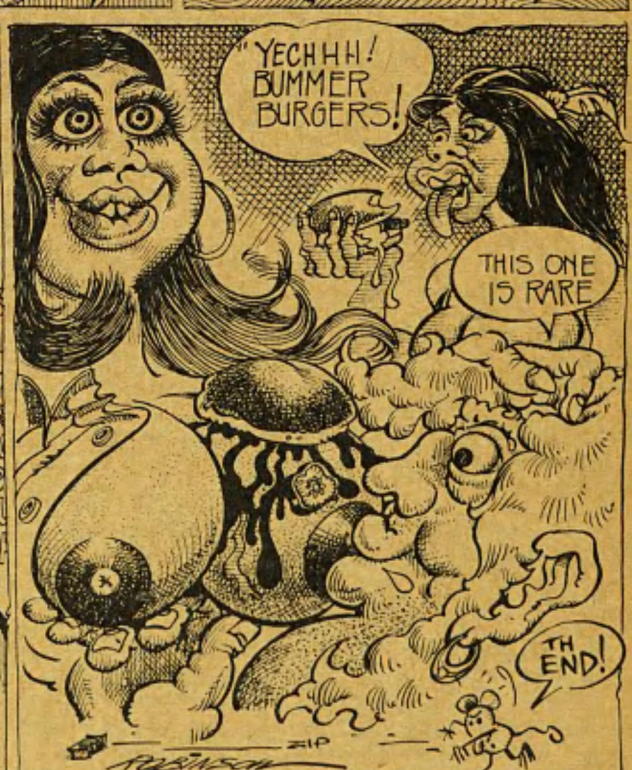
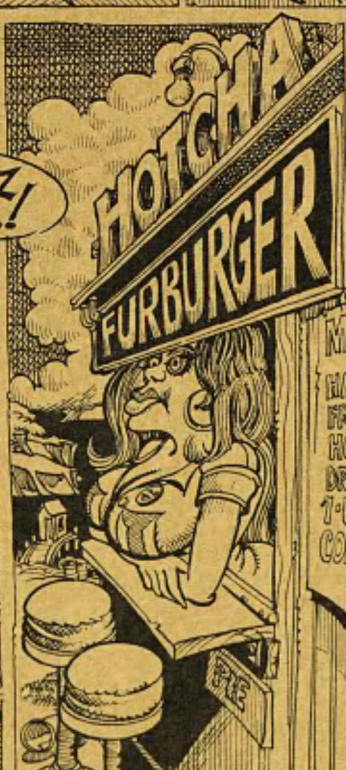
Tire size: 4.25 x

Make: Avon

Make: Goodyear

Other special modifications: 1000cc heads by Riffel, machining by Nick

Carter, striping by Soggy Bananas, Akront alloy wheel rims.





ABATE's Stand Against the Daytime Lights-On Law

The law requiring brothers to turn their headlights on during the day is a popular legislative trend that is spreading rapidly across the country. It begins, in almost every case, with little research and no regard for the effects it may have on the bikers. As so often is the case, the law is not only inconvenient, but it also attacks the problem of motorcycle accidents ass-backwards. Especially when you consider that 74 percent of all bike/car incidents are the motorist's fault.

On the surface, the law ought to have at least one positive effect: Bikers with their headlights on during daylight hours should no longer fall prey to the half-assed excuse of motorists who claim that they "couldn't see the motorcycle."

Until recently, ABATE's efforts to combat lights-on laws have been frustrated for several reasons. First, there was the speed with which such laws were adopted. Twelve states passed lights-on laws in just two years. And, as usual, the laws were enacted in many localities with little or no public notice—with special care apparently exerted to withhold the information from those who would be affected by the law. For example, in the state of Washington, the measure was attached to a Stolen Property bill, and thus passed unnoticed by Washington bikers!

When the idea of daytime-headlights-on first came up, it was so new that there was no information available on which to contest the law. Only minimal testing or research had been done on the question, and therefore no conclusive statistics were on hand.

Currently the tide has turned, and information concerning the effects of lights-on laws are beginning to surface. A large number of grievances voiced to ABATE by concerned bikers have revealed many negative aspects of the law—complaints that should definitely be considered by legislators contemplating the passage of any similar bill in their states. They should also

be used by ABATE brothers or other organizations planning to contest proposed laws.

The lights-on law discriminates unfairly against bikers. First, only bikers had to wear helmets. Now, only bikers have to run daytime lights. What's next—for bikers only?

In effect, daytime-lights laws give official sanction to the notion that motorcycles are invisible on the highway without some special action on the rider's part. If motorists were held accountable for failure to see a cycle with its lights on, then such laws might make sense. But the same old excuse still seems to work for the car driver—motorcycle lights on or not.

In the beginning, the lights-on law apparently offered little if any inconvenience for the cyclist as far as the operation of his bike was concerned—except, of course, when he forgot to turn his lights on during daylight hours. Then: a ticket.

It was soon revealed, however, that there were other considerations. Most cycles have only one headlight. If it burns out (as it might well do in continuous daylight use), there is the question of getting a replacement. Motorcycle repair shops, though many in number, are often closed on weekends when most riding is done, and gas stations almost never carry cycle bulbs. Therefore, if a cycle headlight blows, it is almost inevitable that the cyclist will be cited for breaking the law. To make matters worse, a burnt-out headlight does not usually become apparent to the rider during daylight hours unless it is pointed out to him—usually through issuance of a ticket.

These laws are enacted to enhance the visibility of cycles; however, the negative effects of a taillight burning constantly during the day have apparently not been investigated. A motorist who is unaware of the law may assume that the biker's brakelight is on, and after following it for some distance he will probably decide that it is malfunctioning and totally

disregard it. And since in daylight the intensity change from taillight to brakelight is minimal in effect, it may go unnoticed by even an attentive motorist. Therefore, the brakelight's usefulness, which is paramount during sudden braking by the cycle, is completely lost during the day and may actually increase the chance of rear-ending of the bike by an automobile.

Finally, Bill Otto, engineer/physicist consultant to ABATE and NCCSI, says that visibility of a motorcycle may actually be reduced by the use of a headlight during daytime hours. Because of glare, fatigue, and visual distortion, the motorist may be aware of only a light. He may not even see the whole motorcycle. Also, the bike's speed of travel may be difficult to perceive—may, in fact, be totally misjudged by the motorist. Here, again, the lights-on law is found to be negative rather than positive in its intended effect.

Once a law has been enacted and enforced for some time, statistics can be gathered, and in this case of the daytime-lights law (as in the case of the various helmet laws) the statistics show negative results. Nevertheless, states continue to adopt such measures.

James Tranquill, state coordinator for the New York Motorcycle Rights Organization, has made much progress against the lights-on law in New York, and is assured that repeal is just around the corner. Much of NYMRO's effort was based on the following data concerning motorcycle accidents in New York from 1967 through 1972:

Year	Registrations	Total Accidents	Percentage
1967	67,177	3,161	4.70
1968	75,632	3,598	4.75
1969	87,795	3,618	4.01
1970	88,623	4,282	4.83
Headlight law in effect April, 1971			
1971	84,030	4,985	5.93
1972	86,891	5,141	5.91

As is apparent from the statistics, the percentage of motorcycles involved in accidents jumped by a significant percentage after daytime lights were made mandatory. As an added note, motorcycle registrations actually went down during the first year the law was in effect, whereas accidents increased.

There has to be a more positive way of dealing with the indicated increased rise in motorcycle accidents than enacting laws or forcing protective equipment on our brothers—which for the most part only gives cyclists a false sense of security. A better law might give motorcycles a right of way similar to that afforded to pedestrians or sailboats at sea because of their smaller size. Or a strong stand should be taken against automobile drivers at fault in car/bike collisions—hold motorists accountable for car/bike accidents.

Motorists should be educated in the particular problems of cycling so that they can better relate to the problems of biking. Whatever is to be done, a barrage of legislation discriminating against the cyclist has shown itself not to be the solution. If the accident rate cannot be controlled through "normal" procedures, then the states should consult their street biker organizations not only for answers but for the basic questions involved.

ABATE Interview with Rep. Perry Bullard, Lansing, Michigan

There is in the Judiciary Committee of the Michigan State Legislature a repeal of the Michigan State helmet law. The petition was prompted by Bob Smith of Cycle Stuff, G6274 Corunna Rd., Flint, Michigan. Introduction and support of the bill was accomplished through the efforts of State Representative Perry Bullard, Michigan House of Representatives, Lansing, Michigan 48901. Paul Emery of Mr. Bullard's office contacted ABATE for support of the measure and offered ABATE an exclusive interview. ABATE talked with Mr. Bullard about helmet laws, legis-

lation and the repeal.

ABATE: What is your opinion of the helmet laws as they now stand?

Rep. Bullard: I'm opposed to any compulsory helmet law with criminal penalty. I think that creates a typical victimless crime. The government is passing a restriction on individual behavior where the only person who can be injured is the individual whose behavior is being regulated. So the traditional libertarian position of allowing people to take risks with their own lives is, I think, the main reason behind my opposition to helmet laws.

ABATE: Are you aware of helmets' drawbacks?

Rep. Bullard: Yes, that's a whole additional argument. There may in fact be dangers in wearing helmets, and I wish I had gotten a good statistical case for that. I've seen several articles and I'm not sure we're in shape to win in that area, however. If you can't convince the police and the other agencies involved, it's unlikely that you'll make it through the legislature. The other aspect of the helmet laws is that people and legislators realize, I think, the unfairness of that sort of a law only when it is something that they're involved with all the time themselves. The state senate here defeated a compulsory seat belt law rather substantially. So if you're dealing with a situation that people understand as behavior that they themselves engage in, then the passage of laws through the legislature making that behavior a crime is much harder.

ABATE: In the past few years, the discriminatory aspect of much legislation has been exposed, and I'm surprised this logic has never been applied to the helmet law. For example, if you're going to make motorcyclists wear helmets, then motorists or even bicyclists should wear them.

Rep. Bullard: Well, you can argue that, and I think that's the ultimate position—why not have everybody wearing body armor? I think if everyone wore a flack vest, there'd be fewer chest injuries whether they were in a car crash, a motorcycle accident, or whatever. You can carry this protection thing to the point of absurdity. It's very impractical to ride around town, going into different stores or stopping at a restaurant, with helmets. You've got to lock them to the bike, or carry them with you, or check them under the counter, or some other damn thing.

ABATE: What can bikers do to help your bill get passed?

Rep. Bullard: Up here in Michigan we're trying to get petitions

signed, and we're urging people to write their state representatives, and also members of the judiciary committee. People from out of state can also write to committee members, particularly the chairman, Thomas Costello, House of Representatives, State Capitol, Lansing Michigan 48901.

ABATE: What, if anything, do motorcyclists do to harm a repeal?

Rep. Bullard: They do very little harm by themselves, but there's the sad fact that most legislators don't view people who ride motorcycles as very legitimate or upstanding citizens. People who ride bikes a lot and are into that as a cultural thing are considered less likely to vote or even to be aware of the political process by legislators, and are usually ignored. There's sort of the attitude, screw the motorcyclists, who the hell are they? They're a bunch of drifters. They don't vote, they don't make themselves heard. They're not organized. That image is the biggest problem that motorcyclists have to contend with.

ABATE: How can the motorcyclist gain more support from legislators?

Rep. Bullard: To succeed in the legislative process, people have to organize and be able to focus their attention on the specific lawmakers involved in a decision. For example, if there is a helmet repeal bill in a judiciary committee, you have to have people aware and informed about the issue in every legislative district which has a member on the committee, so that your support for the bill can be communicated even at that early stage. And then when an issue gets beyond the committee onto the floor, you have to be able to get letters and phone calls and visits to legislators by people from every single district. When you're that well organized, then legislators will have a feeling that they may be held accountable for the way they vote, and that at least some people will remember, and vote accordingly, during the next election. An important aid to organization is money—particularly contributions to re-election campaigns. The most effective lobbies are labor unions and specific businesses and professions who have a continuing economic interest in the course of legislation. They follow legislation very closely with a full-time paid lobbyist, and then make or withhold political contributions during election time to reward their friends and punish their enemies in the lawmaking process. This way they can not only insure the passage of a certain bill, but they can influence elections as well.

ABATE: That partially answers

the next question. It seems that more and more legislators are less and less responsive to the people.

Rep. Bullard: They're responsive and unresponsive at the same time. On a broadly held, strongly emotional issue, legislators are responsive to the people in the districts they represent, where they think the majority of voters are. On less visible issues they are unresponsive because the public doesn't know what the pending bill is about or is not very concerned about it. That's where special interests and lobbyists are able to prevail.

ABATE: Why are so many laws passed without any apparent investigation or research beforehand?

Rep. Bullard: A lot of legislators are involved with hundreds of complex issues and bills over the course of a session. It's very hard to know anything in depth about more than a few of these, so in a sense many decisions are made in ignorance—a sort of follow the leader mentality. You persuade one person who is considered an expert in that area by the other legislators and you've persuaded the whole legislature.

ABATE: Do all or most states rely on federal agencies for recommending vehicle laws?

Rep. Bullard: Yes. There's a whole group of traffic safety experts intertwined with police officers, who are either working for the federal government, the state, or various highway safety institutes funded with insurance money. These people are in and out of these agencies, and they exchange information back and forth.

ABATE: Now, we've all heard about the federal blackjack—that is, the threat of the Department of Transportation to withhold highway funds from states that do not have helmet laws. How much effect does this actually have?

Rep. Bullard: A big effect. What the federal government does is provide monetary incentives in the forms of matching grants and outright apportionments of federal safety funds to the state depending on what laws are in effect. For example, an incentive program encouraging mandatory seat belt laws is about to be released, with a 10 percent incentive for a state law requiring the use of lap belts by front seat passengers, 15 percent for the use of lap belts by all occupants, and 25 percent for use of all belts in the car. The incentive for the motorcycle helmet law is apparently 10 percent additional funding for the states that have such a law. So that's the carrot they hold out. The states don't want to give up any of this federal money, and it becomes a very strong argument in the legislative

process for simply going along with the federal safety program.

ABATE: Why do state legislators accept such a policy? Aren't they supposed to be the defenders of states' rights against exactly such federal encroachment and controls?

Rep. Bullard: Oh, they bitch about it all the time. But when the chips are down, and after they've finished fuming about governmental dictatorship and the feds taking over everything, they succumb to it.

ABATE: You mentioned before that you felt the helmet law is unconstitutional.

Rep. Bullard: Yes. We had a case here in Michigan, where the AMA filed against the state police, won in the Court of Appeals, and had the law thrown out in 1967.

ABATE: Why do you think that another helmet law was passed again after all that?

Rep. Bullard: Because it's hard for a court to foresee what the legislature is going to do in the future. And the legislature can argue, after all, that society is responsible for the welfare of families that are left behind by motorcycle deaths, for the hospital costs of people who are severely injured. In other words, the state has an interest in seeking the lowest rates of serious accidents, to keep the costs of government down. Another argument is that, since driving on a highway is a licensed privilege, the government can make the use of that highway and the exercise of that license depend on compliance with certain safety precautions. To say it another way, there is no inherent right to do anything on any public highway.

ABATE: But there seem to be more people involved in so many other situations that could be applied to this public-burden theory. The number of motorcyclists injured each year compared with injuries from other causes is minor. The last question, Representative Bullard, is this: Taking into consideration that only one helmet law has ever been repealed, what do you think the chances are for your current bill?

Rep. Bullard: There is a good chance, I think, but it may be getting a little late in the legislative year.

ABATE: Thank you, Mr. Bullard. House Judiciary Committee Members: Representatives Traxler, Brodhead, Bullard, Fitzgerald, Guastello, O'Neill, Rosenbaum, Vaughn, Cawthorne, Dively, Geerlings, Smeekens, Stackable, Warner, Ziegler.

Send all correspondence to House of Representatives, Capitol Bldg., Lansing, Mich. 48901.

—Continued on next page

Brothers Battle Helmet Laws

Although the legislative sessions in most states have ended, many brothers will continue to plug away against helmet laws, for it won't be long until the various legislatures will be back at it and pounding out anti-motorcycle legislation again. Consequently, state organizations and concerned brothers fighting the laws have only a few weeks to regroup, reload, and prepare to revive their efforts for the next legislative session. Over the summer ABATE will continue to research new information, new ways in which to combat negative legislation such as helmet laws. And as always, ABATE will do its utmost to keep its people informed of any new developments.

Recently two brothers expressed to ABATE a reasonably inexpensive way to contact your congressman or legislature—a way to flash your representative or any elected official that you may have a beef with

—and that's via a telegram for low bucks. Two bills zips a telegram to any elected official in Washington, D.C., and 95¢ will fly the words to your own state capitol. That isn't bad, considering the effect a mass of telegrams would have on a committee about to vote on an issue.

This method relates directly to another example brought to ABATE's attention by a brother who happens to be a private pilot. Donald Fallick informed ABATE that when Nixon worked out the fuel rationing plan, he cut aircraft fuel allocations by 48%. Just enough for airlines and the military (sounds like Nixon), but zero for private aviation. Donald said that there are about 750,000 private pilots in the states and they decided to fight. Members of the various aviation organizations used the two-buck telegram rate and wired their congressmen. Then each called two

fellow pilots who in turn did the same. Well, it snowballed and, because of the mass of telegrams that arrived, within a week the allocation plan was altered.

An identical plan would work for bikers in any state, with a minimum amount of communication and organization. If a measure were introduced that our brothers did not agree with, those aware of it could get the ball rolling. Even if only a handful of bikers in the state knew about the bill, they could begin by calling their nearest political headquarters (Democratic or Republican) and request the names and addresses of their elected officials. They could then write or wire the officials, call a few brothers and motivate them to do the same. The representatives or state senators would be so overrun with mail that they would think twice about passing the bill. An example of our brothers' power in this country occurred after Harry Reasoner of ABC News gave an extremely biased report on the negative aspects of motorcycles and their riders; he was stormed with letters from all parts of the country and consequently modified his viewpoint.

Sooner or later—and hopefully sooner—we, the brothers of this land, will get it all together. We will then be the ones to influence what laws need to be passed to reduce accidents. Federal bureaucrats, privately backed "experts," and self-appointed bike-haters will be down at the unemployment office instead of working up new anti-motorcycle legislation. We who ride the city streets and highways will be recognized as the real authorities on the problems—and advantages—of motorcycle operation.

The following is a review of anti-helmet-oriented activities going on around the country: Rick's Custom Cycle, 725 South Arizona, Butte, Montana 59701, notified ABATE that pending legislation reduces the penalty for breaking the helmet law from the proposed \$500 tab and 60 days in jail to a five-buck fine. The penalty bill (SB503) has not yet been passed, and Montana brothers interested in it can contact Rick at his shop for further information. A newspaper clipping concerning the bill mentioned that Montana bikers expressed the dangers of reduced seeing and hearing while wearing a helmet, a reduction that greatly increases the probability of accidents. However, they conceded that in the event of an accident, the helmet could be of some limited protection.

A Virginia brother (Richard D. Moore, 108 Shore Drive, Williamsburg, Va. 23185, phone 229-2623)

has seen his representative concerning a possible helmet repeal and is currently passing out petitions. He requests that Virginia brothers discuss the repeal with their legislators, and if anyone in the Tidewater area is interested in getting involved, feel free to contact him.

Jeff Fraley, 2110 Vermilion Road, Vermilion, Ohio 44089, has prepared petitions (to support a referendum against the helmet law) and has begun to circulate them throughout his state. Brothers interested can contact Jeff and he will send out petitions. Wesley L. Meyer, 418 Cuyahoga Street, Akron, Ohio 44310 (434-6287), is also circulating petitions. Ohio brothers have these two people currently active against the helmet law in their state and should, if at all possible, support their efforts with action.

As usual, there were some other off-the-wall laws in the works that ABATE was notified about recently. A pending California proposal (bill S. 1577) would prohibit the sale of any vehicles capable of 60-plus mph after 1975. Bill H.1103 in Iowa would make wheelstanding illegal, and Minnesota bill H. 2654 recommends that riders be required to wear "enclosed" shoes. In Maryland, handlebars will have to be at least 18 inches across if H.925 goes through. Finally, one half-way positive measure: Virginia's H.895 proposes the mandatory use of sissy bars (yes, you read that right) at least 12 inches high "to prevent passengers from sliding off the seat." Before you think they're on our side, however, another Virginia project under consideration would examine choppers closely.

California: Due to the ABATE modification case in El Monte, Judge Norwood requests that any bikers ticketed in the San Gabriel Valley area for extended front ends or raked frames transfer their cases to his division, El Monte Division #2. Brothers being cited can legally request the transfer on the spot and the officer must comply.

Join and/or Contribute

Reprints of ABATE engineering reports that prove the safety of extended and raked front ends are being mailed all over the country in response to ABATE member requests for ammunition to fight anti-bike legislation.

This is just one of the services that ABATE performs, and even though there is much being done, we never have enough funds to do all of the things we know, first hand, that must be done.

If you gnash your teeth at the injustice of some laws, imagine the frustration that we feel when we receive pleas for help, for personal appearances at legislative hearings, and are not able to do more than send our printed mate-

rial, whereas an engineer, in person, would carry much more weight.

We don't want to be corny, but ABATE needs your support—and you need, or will need sometime, somewhere, ABATE's support. ABATE has no commercial ties. Its only purpose is to protect the rights of the street biker.

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Phone _____ Can you help us in your state? _____

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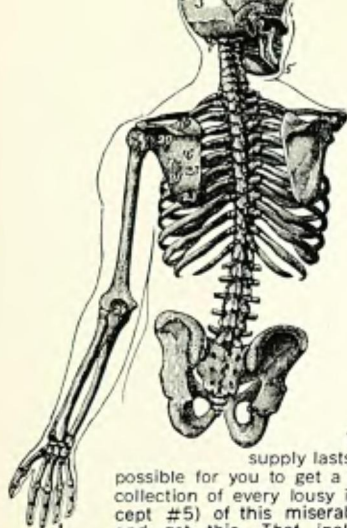
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BACK ISSUES

Box 711, Burbank, Calif. 91502

Paroled!

—Continued from page 27

He smiled sympathetically at his neighbor. Reed already had a new black eye and had only been out of his cell long enough to go to breakfast and return. He sat on the edge of his bed with his hands clasped together between his knees, his head hung.

"Here, man," Priest said as he tossed the borrowed jar of coffee in on the punk's bed. "I can't take it out with me."

"Gee, thanks, Priest!"

Priest immediately regretted his gesture of kindness. You goddam punk, he thought, it's your fucking coffee! "Gee, thanks, Priest." Shit!

Walking along the rack, he completely ignored the "Congratulations" and "be cools" that were offered by most of his neighbors. "Save that shit for someone who wants to hear it, you chumps. You never wanted to be my friends before."

During the ten minute wait on the Hall Office bench, the reality of his situation intensified until it was almost believable. Freedom . . . parties with the club . . . tearing down the highway . . . wind in his face . . . blowing his hair everywhere . . . beer . . . weed . . . sex . . . the real female kind!

His thoughts were interrupted by the shift captain. "Ramsey, take this pass up to the front gate. Good luck . . ."

Ignoring the beginning of the speech and the offered handshake, Priest turned rapidly and made his way to the legendary "Front Gate." The roller running the gate accepted the blue slip and had started into the old "I-hope-we-don't-see-you-around-here-anymore" thing when Priest cut him off. "Damn all that, friendly muthafucka! Just lemme outta here!"

The cop automatically went into the "Well-with-your-attitude . . ." thing, but unlocked the gate. Priest didn't stay to listen but started down the walk. The cop shouted behind him about a bus station being a quarter-mile down



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"BRING A FRIEND . . . !"

the road and some silly shit about he had better catch the next Greyhound through.

He stopped at the edge of the parking lot and took a long, close look at the world that had been protected from him for so long, the world that had rested easier knowing that Priest Ramsey was being rehabilitated. It was upsetting that the sight of trees, automobiles, and a stray dog should seem so foreign. Shifting his line of vision, he beheld a beautiful sight, one he had longed for more than anything else. But what the hell were a couple of choppers doing in a prison parking lot?

Suddenly he recognized the closest one — it was Pretty Smitty's old panhead! Parked next to it was Priest's Harley — as proud and magnificent as ever. Leaning against his machine with her back to him stood the short, well-proportioned frame of a female-type human — topped off with dazzling red hair. FORBIDDEN WHEELS MC — PROPERTY OF PRIEST was displayed across the back of her worn denim vest.

Priest had no idea how long he had stood gazing before they noticed him. Gloria kicked over the Hog and brought it to a perfect stop in front of him. Beautiful, he thought. She must have been shining the chrome for a week.

Something the man had said about his driving without his parole officer's written approval being a parole violation touched on the back of his mind as he mounted the huge machine and piloted it gracefully toward the highway.

It was a re-birth: to have 74 cubic inches of pure hell roaring between his legs, Gloria perched behind him, and Pretty Smitty at his right side again.

Later that night, Priest was lying in the soft, cool grass, holding a foxy redhead in his arms. Overhead a full moon was shining brightly, and nearby, a clear, freshwater stream gurgled musically along its way. He moved to put his arm around her and this time his hand touched soft, warm womanflesh. This time he knew it was real. He was home at last. ■

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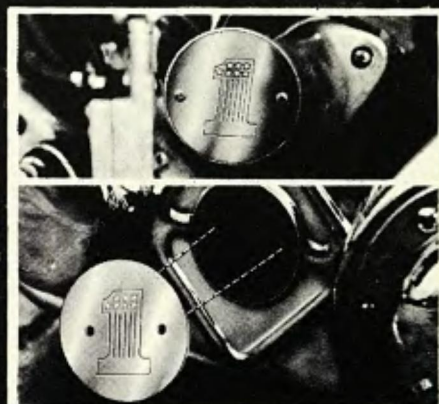
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Mind Games

—Continued from page 20

of respect between them that is said to occur under such circumstances when East meets West. Perhaps not.

"Go!" the starter cried and for the third time two joints appeared at once. The officials and the crowd were equally dumbfounded. Amongst them all only the face of Gentle Violet showed anything other than astonishment. Her mouth was set with sudden determination. "Mine," she said, "smoke it."

I rushed forward to take up the just created jay and set it alight. At the first toke I realized that something marvelous was about to happen. Something that would be talked about for years wherever grass grows and there are men who smoke it. All eyes focused on the jay at my lips. At the second toke it began to unroll. For a moment I was horrified, but then this incredible crazy joint began to take on the shape of a butterfly, which wagged its paper wings

as it burned, simulating a flight through a garden as I toked it to oblivion.

Every eye turned to look at the Japanese girl. She said nothing, but across her face there began to creep the pink stain of humiliation. With that the crowd exploded. Gentle Violet had taken the gold for America. And for Parson's.

The next event was mine, pulmonary endurance. I took my place on the lawn with the other entrants, men from every country on earth. We'd all come here to bear witness to the twenty-first century's evocation of the Greek ideal, "A sound mind in a sound body." We looked one another over carefully. I realized that the competition for the gold was to be strictly *pro forma*—with one unhappy exception. Among this lot of asthmatics and consumptives, "Butch" Capacity stood firm as a boulder.

"Howdy, Iron Lung," he said.

"Howdy, Butch," I replied. "I thought that I represented the U.S. in this event."

"I'm Canadian now," he answered.

"So that's how it is," I said.

"Yep," he agreed, "that's how it is."

The competition began. Each contestant was to post the best out of three tries after coming up in rotation. For both Butch and me the first two tries were throwaways, tiny sips that were sure to be the lowest scores of the day. Each of us placed it all on the line for the third and final toke, the one that would decide it all.

It was time. A Brazilian kid had posted a respectable eight and a half minutes. That would be the bronze. All eyes were now on the two of us. It was strangely quiet. The crowd recognized a grudge match. I recognized Gentle Violet and Kool Kenny amidst the press of ashen faces. Butch could be heard noisily ventilating over the general stillness. He toked. He hit on a full gram and held it all in. The officials started the clock as soon as the pipe left his lips. His mouth was puffed out like that of Linda Lovelace. He began to look like Mr. Toad. Ten minutes. The veins on his forehead turned blue. The veins in his neck pulsed like firehoses. Twelve minutes. "Go

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on, you bastard," I muttered, "have your aneurism and get it over with." Fourteen minutes. Butch had turned as blue as Krishna before he spouted like Moby Dick. "Whoosh . . ." There were drops of blood on his lips as he gave me a taunting smile. "Fifteen minutes!" Everyone was shouting. "Fifteen minutes!" It would be a world record unless I could break it.

It was up to me. I toked. All the colors of the universe were driven out by Moroccan Red. Aromatic vapors filled my skull. Everything was blood-struck, except, very far away, a tiny image of Gentle Violet. I lost all track of time. I shut my eyes and went into Spoonful, tapping out the rhythm with my nails on the bowl of the now cold pipe. After what seemed to be hours I opened my eyes. With difficulty I found the clock.

Thirteen minutes! It shot through me like an ice water enema that I wasn't going to make it. That I couldn't beat Butch Capacity's fifteen minutes. My lungs felt stiff. My blood had turned to syrup. I couldn't go another second. It was fourteen minutes and I was through. I resolved on suicide as I thought of losing the gold, of losing Gentle Violet.

It must have been evident to the crowd what was happening. Suddenly Kool Kenny Kuhlman elbowed his way to the front of the crowd and did something beautiful. He began to fart ultraviolet purple poison clouds of noxious post-Indonesian gas. Around him people began to scream or were mummified. A look of awful concentration took its place on his face as he broke wind for a full five minutes, at first as steadily as a semi bleeding off its airbrakes, and finally with the echoing report of a jackhammer. Had there been a farting event he would have been the uncontested champion. As it was, he made a champion of me. I had no choice but to hold my breath until a merciful breeze had decontaminated the scene. Only then did I dare exhale.

"Twenty-one minutes!" shouted an official. "A new world's record!" Pandemonium broke loose. Fists began to fly and Kenny had to flee. It was like V-J Day and it was all over me. Naturally, I felt wonderful. I'd thank Kenny later, but right now I had thoughts only for Gentle Violet, who came running into my arms. This was the real prize for me. ■

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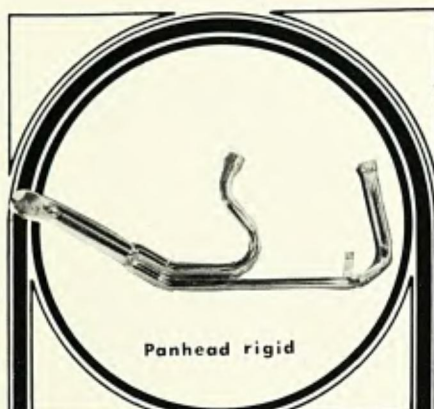
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Typical Tuesday

—Continued from page 17

The eggs go well, and toast and coffee do, too. Even feel like they will stay with me. Great. Now for a smoke and second cup of coffee. I'm sittin' there smokin', mind wanderin' all over the place, when I hear the ol' lady gettin' up. 'Bout time. She comes in wearin' a tee shirt and nothin' else. I reach out. She catches the look in my eye, dodges my arm, and goes back to the bedroom. Comes back wearin' pants. Ain't nothin' goin' down today?

She comes back in, looks at the mess I've made of the kitchen, goes on into the living room. Loud screech. I look in. She's bitched 'cause I leaned the scooter on the couch last night. Naturally, it leaked. Oil all over. No big thing. Now the couch matches everything else, so what's she bitchin' about?

Somehow, I manage to operate well enough to get dressed and head out the door. Look at the yard. All tore up again, as much mud as grass. And one of these days I've got to fix that fence. Four-foot gate in that damn thing, you think I could hit it? Hell, no. I've got to hit the post, knockin' down six feet of fence. Ten-foot hole now. Ain't often I miss that fucker. Maybe better leave it be.

I roll the knuckle out, key it on. The 74-incher coughs, dies. I hit it again. This time, she roars. Oh, sweet mother, she roars. Moose Miller ain't the only one whose neighbors wish to hell he'd move. Half past eight, man, and the ol' knuck ain't muffled. I sit there in the early morning greyness, lovin' the moment. Ain't often I'm up this early rousin' the neighbors. Generally get 'em bitched 'bout two or three in the a.m. Special treat, fuckers, twice in six hours.

Finally, it's time I was movin'. I put the bike in gear, and head downtown. The morning is cool yet, and the wind feels good as it whips by me. Traffic is light until I get right downtown, then it jams up. Piss on it, man. I take to the sidewalks. Little office girls and outraged businessmen flatten themselves against the buildings. No cops out. Good.

At least one thing is goin' right—I find a parkin' space. I park the scooter, dig out the chains. One through the rear drive, the other around the meter. Time was, you didn't need fool with all that shit.

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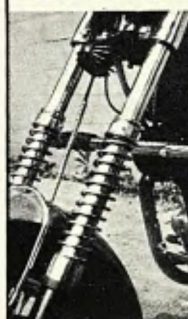


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But now, ain't nobody got no respect. Used to be, nobody, but nobody would fool with an outlaw scoot. Now, rip-off artists'll steal your belly button if you ain't lookin'.

But I've found a way to beat 'em. Oregon law allows you to carry any weapon, except fully automatic, as long as you do so openly. No concealed shit (Christ! Don't I know it! Two months in the county slammer!), but anything open goes. So, I've strapped a holster to the side of my scoot. A big one, one that fits my .38 police special, the one with the six-inch barrel. Now, some dude comes along eyeballin' my scoot, and he can't help but notice that holster. It's empty, which means I'm carryin' my heat with me, and he gets to thinkin' about just what kind of trouble he's agonna buy into if I spot him messin' with my scoot. I ain't had nobody messin' with it since I started packin' that holster. Don't always carry the heat, but how them dudes know that?

Like every Tuesday, I'm on time. Which means I gotta stand in line with a bunch of jerks for maybe an hour. Bet your ass, man, I just love gettin' up with the birds to wait in a shitkickin' line! Damn well told I do! Finally, my turn comes. I step up to the counter. Then I'm told I've got to see a counselor. Bitchin'!

You cats been down this road before, every biker has. They see your colors, man, and right away they think you're some form of lower life, and you don't got no rights. They spot those colors, and automatically they think, a dope-dealin', lyin', stealin', death-wheelin', son of a bitchin' motorcycle freak. They think that money is theirs, man, and they don't like handin' it over to no long-haired biker. Fuckers! Ain't no way I'm gonna let that go down.

I walk back to see the man. He hands out the usual crap, and sits back waitin' for the common limp excuses. 'Cept I ain't playin' his silly games. I call him a few names and tell him where it's at. Ain't no damn pencil pusher gonna keep what's mine! I tell him to hand the check over or go to court. He hands it over. These shitheads, man, they just got to be educated.

Back on the street, I head for a bank. Change the paper to some foldin' stuff. Feels good, havin' some bread. I'm all out of damn near everything, so I head for the market.

Things are quiet on the campus. Still early yet, but I manage to hunt

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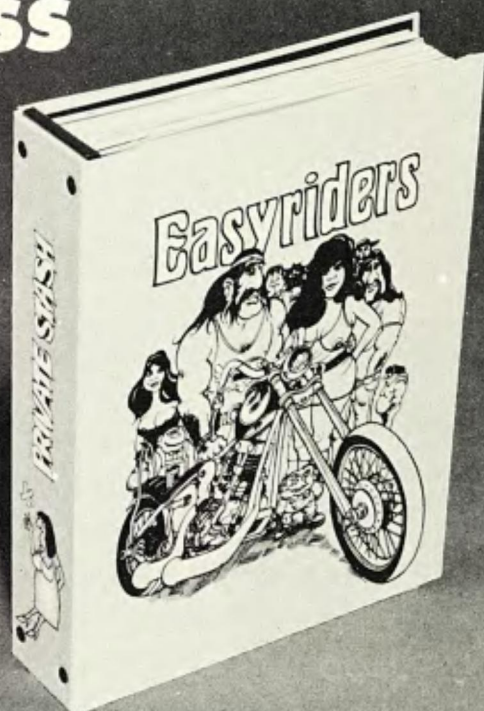
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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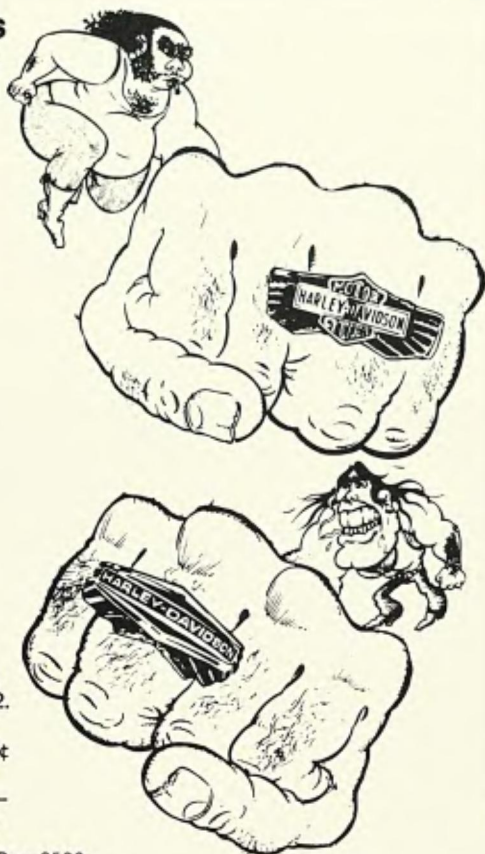


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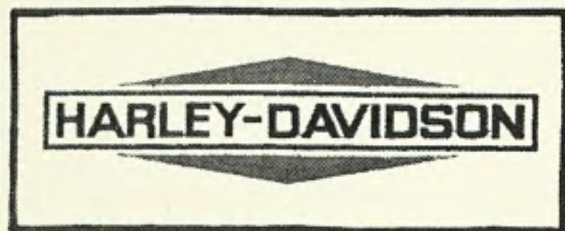


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up the grass man. Ten bucks buys a lid, and the man and I have an early morning toke. 'Cause I want it, and 'cause it's safer. Only a hundred buck fine if you're caught with less than one ounce, but heavy shit, man, if you're packin' more. Two tokes take the lid down to the allowable. I ask about the chemist, but nobody's seen him. Promise myself I'll catch him later, and go hunt up some food stamps.

These kids really got a racket, man. They tell the boards they ain't got no money, and could they get food stamps to get by on. Most of 'em can. But a lot of 'em are gettin' money from home, and if they run low on bucks, they'll sell the stamps. If you got the time to look, you can usually do a hundred for twenty bucks. But I'm early, and don't want to spend that much time here. Cops see one biker hangin' around, they figger him for a dealer, and I don't need none of that shit. The best bet is to come with some buddies. Then the fuzz think you're just chasin' pussy. I come up with a deal of eighty-six stamps for twenty, and figger, what the hell, that's close enough.

Since I've got the stamps and some grass, I'm diggin' headin' for home to enjoy it. Pick up a half-gallon of grape on the way, might just have use for it. I head home feelin' like maybe some tokin', sippin', and pecker dippin', but shit, the ol' lady's sister is there. Well, why not, I muse, she's not that bad.

I park the scooter, hook the jug on my finger, and swagger in.

"Hi, Sugartit," I greet the ol' lady's sister.

A mean glance is my only answer. I hand the jug and food stamps to the ol' lady, askin', "What's bitin' her?"

"You, mostly," she answers.

"Me? Hell, I ain't been near her for two weeks. Or is that the problem?"

The ol' lady gives me a dirty look. Her sister stalks off, nose in the air.

"Well, what the hell's the beef?" I roar.

Her sister wheels on me. "You and your goddamned *Easyriders* magazine, that's what! That damned bit about F.O.W.L. that was in there! Every time somebody makes a comment about women, or women's rights, you yell F.O.W.L., clenched fist in the air. Well, it ain't funny!"

Man, I'm lost. I've been doin' that since the April issue came out, and

that's the first time she's gone through the roof about it. I shoot the ol' lady a questioning glance.

"It's Chuck," she explained, her sister's six-year-old son. "Chuck thought it was funny when you said that, fuck off women's lib. But being only six, he got it scrambled. In school today, the teacher made some remark about women's rights. Chuck stands up and yells, 'Fuck-a-da-fowl!' Now, Sue has got to go down there and try and explain that her son isn't a demented chicken fucker, just a male chauvinist pig."

Damn kid, can't get anything right. And me either, I guess. I was laughin' so hard at the story, they both got mad and took off. Gee, looks like I'm all alone. Just me, this half-gallon, almost full lid, and some money in my pocket. Tears me up, it do.

First, some grape. Don't want to be hoggish, so pour a small glass full, say about ten ounces. Then, better comb out the lid. Put on some music, too. Some really heavy shit, get my ol' head awhirlin'. Turn it up, maybe the neighbors'd like it too. I'm combin' out the grass when Wolf comes around.

"Hey, man. What's goin' down?" he asks.

"I am, if you got a willin' cunt handy," I reply.

"You crazy bastard! Don't you think of nothin' but nookie?"

"Hell, yes. I think of pussy, Harleys, pussy, grass, pussy, music, and, oh yes, pussy."

"No shit, man. You mean you put some ol' rotten snatch ahead of your scoot?" he asks, incredulously.

"Oh, hell, man. No way! But you know, times I ain't ridin', eatin', or sleepin', I'm either doin' it or thinkin' about it."

"You must be one hell of a horny bastard," he says, helpin' himself to the goodies. (There ain't a bigger mooch in town. There also ain't no better wrench in town. Wolf shares anything we got, be it pussy, grass, or food. If you got somethin' you ain't sharin' with the brothers, Wolf better not hear about it. He's a mooch, but he's loyal, man, loyal.)

"Naw, not really. It's just that ridin' turns me on. You know, man, makes me feel really alive. I hop off that scoot, and man, I feel like a woman. Right now!"

"Feel like a woman? What you got, man, ovaries?" Wolf laughs.

"Ya dumb shit! That's not what I meant, and you know it. Hey, moth-



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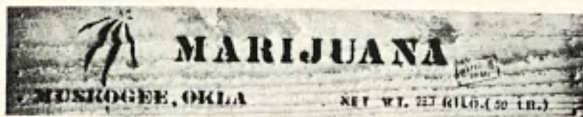


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erfuck, let's take a ride. I got a good head goin'. Everything's just kinda nice and . . . well, loose. Dig it, man?"

"Heavy shit. But how's about layin' back a bit, let me catch up with you?" he asks, pointin' to the goodies.

"Fuckin' A. But don't let's take all day. The ol' lady comes back, finds all the shit spent and gone, she'll get pissed."

"Let 'er," he says.

I shrug my shoulders, but hope he hustles it up. He ain't had to eat as much of my cookin' as I have.

"What you got in mind?" he asks.

"How 'bout the campus? I didn't score the chemist this morning. Thought maybe we'd take a look."

"Outta sight, man. And maybe hustle us some broads, too?"

"No shit," I deadpan.

Wolf has an old pan. What can I say, the cobbler's kids? That Hog has got to be the all-time, number one ratfuck. It started out right, but just got lost on the way. It was a black and chrome scooter, until the rust got it. Now it's just streaky rust and dents. But it runs good.

We light the fires. Knuckle and pan. One thing about inches, you sure as hell can hear 'em. Sweet, sweet, sweet. Ain't nothin' like it, nothin' at all. Once you've heard that sound, you never forget it. And once you've sat on top of it, even the sound of a faraway Harley will tingle your blood. It's an excitement you can feel clear through. Your pulse picks up, your breath is shorter, and the adrenalin starts flowin', and man, it's good to be right there where you can hear it.

But Wolf and I, we've got a headful, and for a while, at least, we're satisfied to just run loose and easy. You're diggin' what I mean. You're up there, all power and meanness, and sooo cool, man, and challengin' the squares is a blast. Let 'em look. Let 'em hate or envy, there ain't no middle ground. You've got somethin' they can't have, at any price, and they know it.

We hit the campus. Nothin' goin' down. The chemist has been busted, and I ain't buyin' off no street dealer I don't know. Last time I did that, I got some STP mixed in. Bad news, mother. That shit'll really bend your skull around.

Well, none of that, so we see if we can dig up some broads. Takes one hell of a technique. Just park the scooter, and wait till some chick

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comes up and falls in your lap. Wolf
and I are tokin' a bit, takin' it easy,
and sure enough, up strolls a coupla
broads. They ooh and ahh the bikes,
eyeballin' us all the while. Finally,
I ask them if they would like a ride.
Would they! They ain't done nothin'
but eyeball them scoots, and I'd bet
they could set teflon afire!

We wheel 'em around the cam-
pus, then ask 'em if they've had
enough. 'Course not. So, we get
them to dig into their kitty and
come up with some scratch for an-
other lid. They do, we score the
grass man again, then wheel 'em
around the beltline. On the road, in
the wind, we push the scoots up past
eighty, and them chicks are out of
their heads, man. They're really
diggin' the trip, the close traffic, the
speed, and all that wind.

We wheel into the new shoppin'
center, park the scoots 'way off from
the cars, on one of them grassy
things they're puttin' in these days.
We dig into the cunts' lid, layin'
back, rappin' with the bitches, just
enjoyin' life. Things are fine, man,
'cept I could dig some music. I men-
tion this. Wolf, he's caught the
pitch. He agrees, and says, why not
wheel over to his pad. The pussy—
they'd do anything for another ride
—agree, thinkin' they'll get a ride
back into town the way we come.
But Wolf lives about a half mile
from where we're sittin', over a
honkytonk. One minute from the
parkin' lot, we're climbin' the stairs
to his pad.

Wolf's Hog is a bummer, but
nothin' like his pad. I don't mean to
badmouth the place, but when you
see maggots hoverin' over the toilet
an' sink, you get the idea things
ain't all they could be. The girls
wrinkle their noses, but Wolf ig-
nores 'em, digs out the music and
some wine, and after we've been
there a bit, they don't notice it so
much.

'Specially since we're all busy. It
doesn't take much pullin' to get the
broads outta their pants. Even less
for us. The chick I'm with, man, she
must be related to King Kong or
somethin'. She's the hairiest thing
I've ever seen. Nice, soft, warm hair,
but more of it than a single hand
can part. Two hands for beginners,
I guess.

Now, all morning I've been horny
as hell, never once thinkin' about
my burnt banana, and it occurs to
me that this might be a bit painful.
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down there that it's just like stickin' your finger into warm oil. 'Cept it ain't my finger, and it ain't oil. It throbs a bit more than usual, a sharp, tingling sort of pain. Ooh, ooh, it hurts so goood!

Wolf and I ball these chicks, then come back around to more tokin'. Wolf's pad, it ain't got much, especially privacy, so we ain't really tryin' to be too uptight about it. What I mean is, ain't nobody paid much heed to gettin' dressed. It ain't a flash of flesh, it's more like a mountain of it. Pretty soon, I'm eyein' Wolf's chick, an' gettin' it back. Wolf, he's as horny for my chick, so we swap. What the hell are brothers good for if not for sharin'?

All afternoon, and into early evening, it's fun and games. But as much as I hate to admit it, a man does get pooped. 'Sides, we've drunk up all the wine, and the grass is just that pleasant feelin' we've got in our heads. All gone, man, and so am I. I leave Wolf to the broads, take off for home. Home. That's the place you go when you're all bent, battered, and busted.

The ol' lady musta found some lost shit in the house, 'cause she's in a good mood. I demand some food. No arguments, she just smiles and goes to fetch it up. I sit down to relax, and my poor ol' balls, they're achin'. And that reminds me, I'd better wash up. The ol' lady sees 'em, she's agonna know about the strange stuff.

Poor little feller, he looks like he been dipped into a bucket of Elmer's glue-all. Very carefully, I start to wash him up. I got him almost clean, when I notice somethin' strange.

"Jesus Bald-headed Christ! I'm ruind!" I yell. I can't believe it. Right where I burnt myself this morning, there's a great big blister. I finger it gently. Ooww!

The ol' lady comes to see what I been abellowin' about. She takes in my sore head and laughs.

"What the hell you laughin' about, cunt?" I ask, threatenin' to swat her one. "As long as I'm like this, you ain't gettin' any either."

"Oh, yes, I will," she teases. "You ain't got a blister on your tongue, have you? You ain't gettin' fed without eatin'—if you know what I mean."

Well, hell, a man's gotta eat . . . What a shit-kickin' day this has been. Biker's luck, I guess. ■

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Santa Maria Cycle Parts 2160 W. Lomita Blvd., Lomita, Ca.
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C J Custom Cycle Parts 2224 Waterloo Rd., Stockton, Ca. 95205
D&D Jammer 800 S. San Fernando Blvd., Burbank, Ca. 91502
Elson's Cycle Center 3546 Barnett Ave., San Diego,
Carl Spott's HD 3045 Gross Valley Hwy, Auburn,
3 Wheels Or Less 2717 Hwy. 50, P.O. Box 9937, S. Lake Tahoe, Ca.
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C&C Cycle Ent. 13019 E. Imperial, Whittier, Ca.

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The Cycle Works 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Groton, Ct.
The Other Horse 345 Forbes Ave., New Haven, Ct.
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Lee's Chopper Shop 2513 Mission Dr., Baton Rouge,

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Calif. Chopper Specialties 230 Hillman, New Bedford, Mass.
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton St., Worcester, Calif.
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Cyclops Choppers 5457 Mimosa Dr., Jackson, Miss.

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St. Joe HD 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph, Mo.

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NEVADA

Shadow Kustom Cycles 3049 Rigel Ave., Las Vegas, Nev.

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BROTHERS & SISTERS! NOW you can tune up your SEX organs!! Only 2 bucks gets details. Order from: Blair, Box 26ER, Pedro, Ohio 45659. (23)

English biker coming over to California for Holiday would like to write anyone over there. 7 Council Cottages, Clothall, Baldock, Hertfordshire, England. R. J. Diw (23)

Biker needs lady. No female contact in seven years. Not an ugly dude, just a loner. Statistics, color or status unimportant. If you're loud, tope it. No butt replies. Nick Pallak, 14215 Kapowsin Hw. E., Graham, Wash. 98338. (23, 24)

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CIGARETTE LIGHTERS: Harley-Davidson, BSA, Triumph, or Honda fired enamel emblems on brushed chrome lighters. \$4.50 each and 50¢ postage & handling to T & C Industries, Inc., P. O. Box 205, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18701. (26)

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WARNING — If you value your own life as much as I value this bike don't Fuck with it — Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-1, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (23)

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Jim Williams, one outafuckinsite brother. Thanks one helluva lot for sticking by us during our court hearing, and for all of your help. But couldn't you have left your bike outside in the parking lot? Buzz and Cherry.

Spider will buy (cheap) any old Harley advertisements. Harley books, manuals, magazines, photos, goodies—anything old. He'll share them with the readers of Easyriders. Write him at Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Mail Call

The following names and addresses are bikers who are in jail and would like to hear from girls. We've had to condense the listings in order to get as many as we can listed every issue. Be sure to use entire address given, exactly as given, to be certain your letter is received.

Any biker who's doing time and has nobody to write to can drop me a line. Donna Boyd, 1200 Allgood Road, Apt. 6, Marietta, Georgia 30060.

I could use some scribes. Robert Hinterberg, 728 2nd Ave., Eau Claire, Wisc. 54701.

Ex-drug abuser and biker needs correspondence. Phil Duke, Bloomington (Monroe Cy.) Release Center, 320 N. Lincoln, Bloomington, Ind. 47401.

Downed percenter needs solid packer to tighten with. Write Tom Szack, #10754, Wallkill C.F., P.O. Box G, Wallkill, N.Y. 12589.

I could get off on some lines from a crazy woman. Phil Haynes, 24832-R, Box 538, Jefferson City, Missouri 65101.

Bay area dude in S.Q. would dig some writing and flicks from a local woman, or any woman. Manuel Talavera, B-46761, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Brother locked-up down south would like to gain a pen-pal. Archie Miller, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

Three dudes down for quite a while, ol' ladies spit. Need a few words of female encouragement. Manuel Carrillo, PMB 29002-138, Richard Ward, PMB 87095-132, Osmond Herbert, PMB 87361-132, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Hog man misses his scoot, but a little female consolation would sure help. Lawrence Williams, A037001, P.O. Box 221, Cell A-14, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

I would appreciate scribin' back and forth with anybody. David Sutton, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Been doin' without my two loves—bikes and women. Maybe you chicks can help with the last part. Please write, Luckie Dieckmann, P.O. Box W-2828-156, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Downed songwriter hopes to receive letter and snap from lonely divorcee or any lady companion. Lonnie Hill, P.O. Box 177, Halifax, N.C. 27839.

Lonely con sure would groove on a scribe or two from biker chicks. Chester Larimore, #036936, Cell P-2-S-12, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

I've been doing a long number in the camp and would really like words from some heavy foxes. Jim Schiros, B45590, P.O. Box 645, Springville, Calif. 93265.

Two slamed bro's would get off on any attention from righteous mamas. Joe Ostigren, #36669, Greg Shipp, #38865, P.O. Box 535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Perhaps some of you babes could supply a line or two to a brother in need. Richard Kislung, P.O. Box B-53686, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I feel pretty well forgotten, hope a chick will write me. James LaPorte, #136765, P.O. Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

On inside looking out. How about a little something from someone aware, fine and female? John Schatz, Box 32898-N, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Put away and lonely. I'd like to get hold of some letter-writing ladies. Richard Filby, P.O. Box B52918, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Three lonely fools locked down for a while wish to hear from righteous babes anywhere. Jerry Swafford, B-54337, 49-05; Carl De-Fraites, B-39769, 47-09; John Delaney, B-54581, 47-14. P.O. Box 497, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Sure could use the pen-and-paper bit from a biker woman. Lunsford, #88716, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Two horny bikers could really get a rush from a few female letters. Larry Cekander, 85729, and Rolly Gaymer, 88468, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Gettin' no mail is a real bummer. Chicks, please write. Larry Smith, Box 1146, Marietta, Georgia 30060.

A letter from a girl would sure be a ray of light in this hole. Carson Cook, Box 51325, Represa, Calif. 95761.

Would like to know how things are on the outside. William McAllen, 038023, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Still got two years to go. Havin' an Alabama chick to write to sure would trip me out. Roger Simm, C-1, Box 1107, Elmore, Alabama 36025.

D.C. area dude captured in mid-west desperately needs vibes from any young lady. Richard Griffith, #21138-175, P.O. Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Need some scribes from far-out midwest chicks to ease the pain. Nelson Monk; John Hopper, P.O. Box 386, Audrain County Jail, Mexico, Missouri 65265.

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